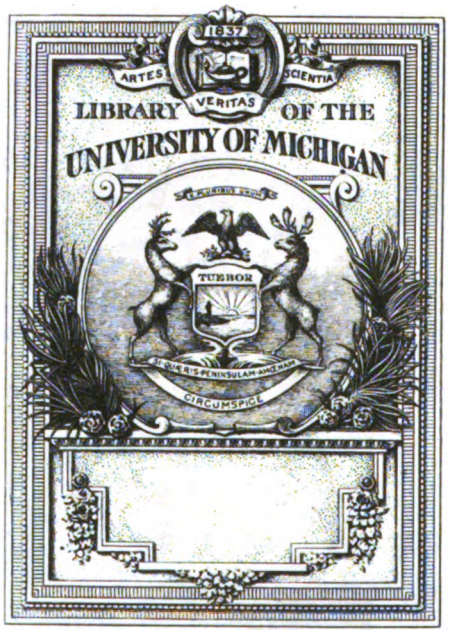
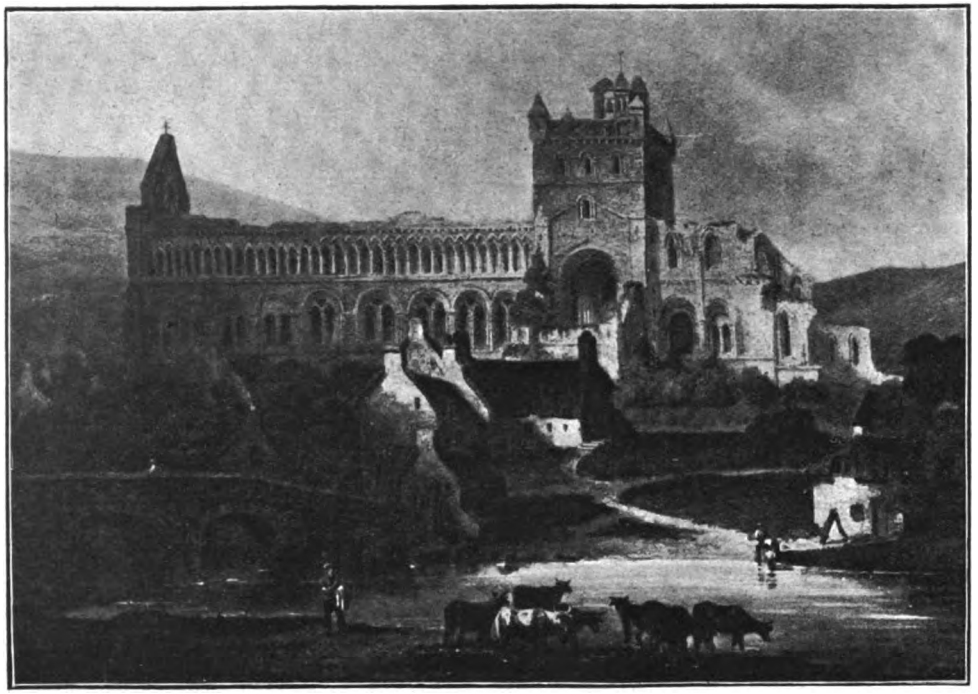
The Border magazine

William Sanderson





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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM SANDERSON.

VOL XI.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1906.

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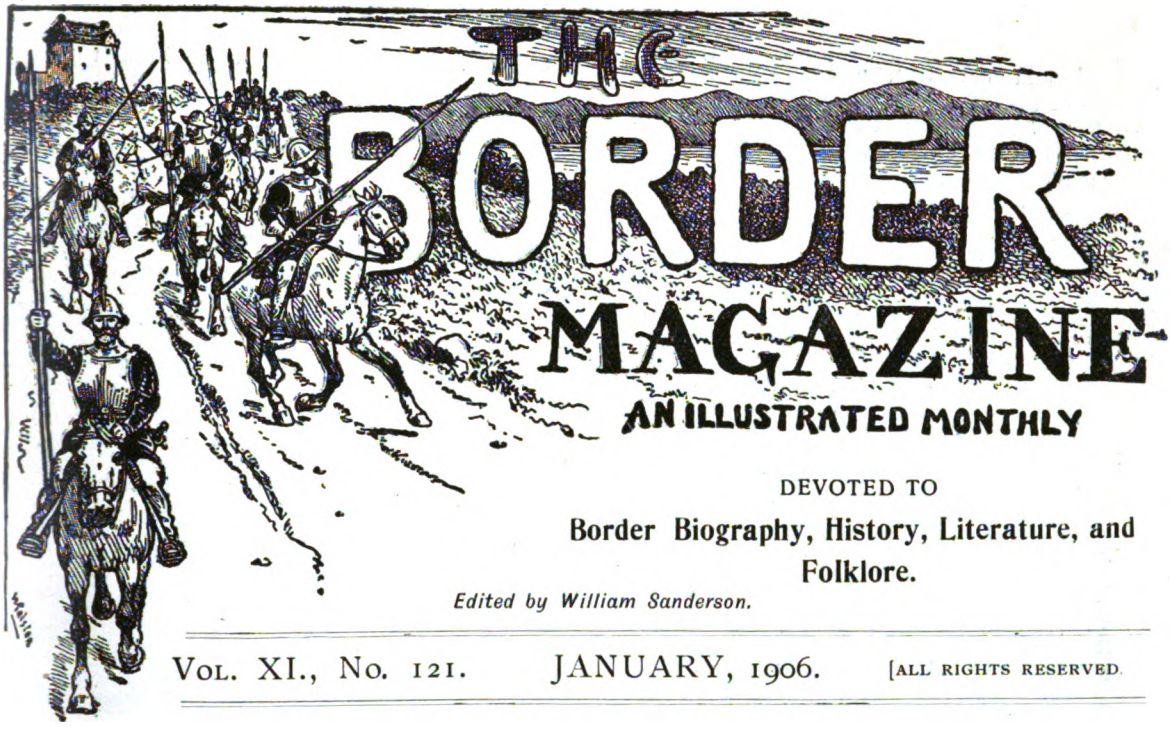


VOL. XI., NO. 121. JANUARY, 1906.

WILL. H. OGILVIE AND HIS POETRY.

WE are accustomed, and not without reason, to look upon the Border Country as the very Home of Poetry. Certainly, the South Country, with its many waters and its picturesque story, has not only produced many native poets, but has also inspired the verse of many writers who were in no way connected with it. With the latter, however, we have in the present article nothing to do, but we have to consider the work of one of the latest of the former—that pleasant singer, Will H. Ogilvie.

The Ogilvies of Chesters and Hartwoodmyre have been Border lairds for over three centuries, and have allied themselves in marriage with most of the families of the Scottish marches, and naturally they must have become wise in the picturesque traditions and exciting history of the country-side, so that, although such a large proportion of Mr Ogilvie's poetry deals with Australia and the wild life of the bush, yet there is a great deal of it that owes its origin to the Border Country.

Mr Ogilvie was born in 1869, and had his early education at Kelso High School and at a preparatory school in Yorkshire, and then later at Fettes College. At the last school, I am informed by a relative, he did not, as one would have expected, write at all for the School Magazine, and was much more interested in games than in books.

As a boy he had written much, always in verse, and after he went to Australia, in 1889, he began to contribute to various papers—particularly to the "Bulletin."

His first book, "Fair Girls and Grey Horses," was published in 1898, and had a success, and his second book, "Hearts of Gold," came out in 1903. He contemplates a further book, which is mainly to consist of verses dealing with his native land.

In his first two books the great part of the verse is inspired by Australia, but when Mr Ogilvie came back to Scotland, and both before and since going to America (where he is now a Professor of Agricultural Journalism), he published in various periodicals verses drawn from the home country.

Mr Ogilvie's style is of extreme simplicity. It has great spontaneity and freedom, but it gives an impression, owing to a certain carelessness of rhyming and diction, that the writer has never cared to revise what he has written.

Rarely is there any excursion into the severer forms of verse. There is a Villanelle in "Fair girls and grey horses" and a "Ballade of Windy Nights," which contain many beautiful lines, but for the most part the poems are entirely

lyrical and narrative, occasionally showing traces of the influence of Kipling.

The verses are full of swing and buoyancy. We live in the open air, in wide spaces, and we feel our horse move under us when galloping.

* "The hot hoofs thunder round the track,
The tugging bit-rings strain,
Three-quarter pace along the back,
Full speed and round again;
So all the sins we've ever sinned
And all good deeds we've done
Whirl round the track on Rosalind
To meet the rising sun.

The white foam on her shoulder creams
Below the breast-plate gear,
We bend above in hopeful dreams,
Outpacing foes we fear;
And not for all the wealth of Ind,
Or all Kalgoorlie's gold,
We'd miss that ride on Rosalind,
Before the day grows old!"

This is the direct note expressing the absolute "joie-de-vivre" that every rider must experience.

It is, I believe, acknowledged that one quotation from a poet's work is worth pages of criticism, and, therefore, it is probably best to let the verses speak for themselves.

If one was asked to pick out the two finest of Mr Ogilvie's Australian poems the choice must fall on "From the Gulf" and "At the Back of Bourke."

Of the former, with its moving picture of the cattle-driving, let us take a verse.

* "Store cattle from Nelanjie! By half a hundred towns,
By northern ranges rough and red, by rolling open downs,
By stock-routes brown and burnt and bare, by flood-wrapped river bends,
They've hunted them from gate to gate—the drover has no friends!
But idly they may ride to-day, beneath the scorching sun,
And let the hungry bullocks try the grass on Wonga run;
No overseer will dog them here to "see the cattle through,"
But they may spread their thousand head—for we've been droving too!
Store cattle from Nelanjie! Their breath is on the breeze;
You hear them tread, a thousand head, in blue grass to the knees;
The lead is on the netting-fence, the wings are spreading wide,
The lame and laggard scarcely move—so slow the drovers ride!"

Then "At the Back of Bourke" we have presented to us another vision—the longing for the old, wild, free life, in spite of all its ugliness, its hardships, and its struggles.

† "Over the Border to and fro,
That's where the foot-sore swagmen go—
At the back o' Bourke!
Sick and tired of the endless strife,
Nursing the bones of a wasted life,
Where all the sorrows of earth are rife—
Out at the back o' Bourke!

Whether the plains are deep or dry,
That's where the struggling teams go by—
At the back o' Bourke!

* * *

That's where the wildest floods have birth—,
Out of the nakedest ends of earth—
At the back o' Bourke!

Where the poor men lend and the rich ones borrow,
It's the bitterest land of sweat and sorrow—
But if I were free I'd be off to-morrow—
Out at the back o' Bourke!

In distinct contrast to this let us look at another poem, which brings us back to Scotland. It is the cry of the exile for the home country that he has known and loved, where he has lived in childhood, to be remembered in later life with the added knowledge years bring. Everyone who has written poems, inspired by the Border country, seems to have been strangely influenced by its rivers and to have sung their praises and thought of them when far away.

* "O, we think we're happy roving! But the stars that crown the night
They are only ours for loving when the moon is lost to sight!
And my hopes are fleeting forward with the ships that sail the sea,
And my eyes are to the Nor'ward, as an exile's well may be,
And my heart a shrine has sought her, when the lights and shadows play
At the foot of Bowmont water, Bowmont water, far away.

O, it's fair in summer weather, when the red sun, dropping low,
Sets a lustre on the heather and the Cheviot peaks aglow;
When the hares come down the meadows, in the gloaming clear and still,
And the flirting lights and shadows play at hidies on the hill.
And the wild duck's mate has sought her, and the speckled hill-trout play
At the foot of Bowmont Water, Bowmont Water, far away."

And again, take the poem "April in Scotland," there is in it the same knowledge of the country in its various aspects, and our poet has painted fancifully, yet truthfully, how the

* The morning gallop. Hearts of Gold, p. 54.

* From the Gulf. Fair Girls and— Grey Horses, p. 39.

† "Fair Girls and Grey Horses," p. 124.

* "Bowmont Water," ibid., p. 195.

earth wakes under the touches of our laggard Scotch spring.

† "Primroses are her fortune, and daffodils her care,
Her hand is slipped in Summer's ere half the world's aware.

* * *

She stands within our garden at breaking of the day,
One hand holds dying snowdrops, and one holds budding May;
She stands within our garden at falling of the night,
One foot on silver dew-drop and one on hoar-frost white.

A month before her coming the thrush to song has thrilled,
A month behind her passing the nestling swallows build,
And this is happy April, fair maid of sun and showers,
With her heart filled with music, and both her hands with flowers."

Probably the poem that has given greater pleasure than any other to South-Country readers is the one on "The Tweed," which was published in the "Scotsman." It begins—

"Shining, shadowy, verdant-walled,
By his banks of spreading beeches,
Thundering over the foaming cauld,
And sliding on silver reaches.
Twisting and turning on haugh and lea,
Tweed goes down to the windy sea.

Out of the west he takes his way,
And out of the Mosspaul heather,
Teviot comes from the hill-mists grey,
And the two take hands together;
Laughing comrades that wander down
From abbey and castle, from town to town."

There is in it a memory of the old, wild days when the Border feuds ran high, a passing thought for the old monks who once built their abbeys near the beautiful river, a recollection of the "Great Dead" who sleeps at Dryburgh, and who so loved and wrote so much about the Border Country himself, and a hint of the tragedy of Flodden, then gradually coming back to the present and ending with the true note that though

"Dead men beckon and grey ghosts call,
Yet Love and his laughter forgets them all."

It would have been a great pleasure to have given many further extracts from Mr Ogilvie's verses, especially from those that have not yet been collected and published in book form, but that, from the limited space at my disposal, I am unable to do. In this brief appreciation I have tried to notice the most characteristic points of his work, and I scarcely think I can end this little essay in a way that would please him, or the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, more, than by quoting his own words—

"I have tried the spots, in order, where the brightest sunbeams fall,
But the land upon the Border is my own land after all.

* * *

And my heart a shrine has sought her that will last her little day—
At the foot of Bowmont Water, Bowmont Water, far away."

MARIA S. STEUART.

† April in Scotland. Hearts of Gold, p. 128.

The Borderland.

OH, Borderland! Our Borderland!
Thy ruined castles round thee stand,
Recalling scenes of ancient glory,
Of heroes famed in song and story,
Who couched the spear or bared the brand
For thee, their native Borderland.

Fair Borderland! Sweet Borderland!
Thine exiles on a foreign strand
Still smell the honey-laden clover,
The breeze still blows thine uplands over.
In dreams they greet the kindred band
Who dwells in their own Borderland.

Thou winsome, witching Borderland!
Thy charms spread wide on every hand,
Whether from Tweed a spell we borrow,
Or Yarrow lure us with its sorrow.
Who can the glamour understand
That hovers o'er thee, Borderland?

Thy mountain streamlets, Borderland,
Go singing o'er their silver sand;
They chant us lays of memories golden,
Of love and hates and legends olden;
Of gallant fight with Southern band,
Of woe and death in Borderland.

My own belovéd Borderland!
From Lammermoor to Solway's sand,
From Berwick bounds to Hartfell lonely
(Where bird and bee make music only),
By wood or meadow, moor or strand,
My heart is thine, my Borderland!

J. W. BLAKE, in "Scotsman."

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles
Which parents, guardians, and advisers lend him,
That he may look through them on land and mansions,
On jewels, gold, and all such rich donations,
And see their value ten times magnified?

Motto ("Quentin Durward.")

Andrew Currie.

A GIFTED BORDER SCULPTOR.

OF the many thousands of patriotic Scotsmen who annually do homage at the shrine of King Robert Bruce, few, perhaps, ever give a thought as to who was the gifted designer of the colossal statue standing on the esplanade of Stirling Castle, and although this gifted knight of the chisel died a few years ago (having passed over to the majority at the ripe age of seventy-eight), perhaps a brief sketch of the career of Mr Currie, the Border sculptor, will be read with interest by the readers of "The Border Magazine."

A native of Ettrick Forest, where his father was a tenant farmer, he was at an early age sent to the Grammar School, Selkirk. As the boy had little taste for farming, but a great desire for handling edged tools, his father was encouraged to apprentice him to a Mr Moody, a mill-wright in Denholm, who was famed all over the country at that time for the construction of country threshing mills. After completing his apprenticeship at Denholm, Mr Currie shortly afterwards procured an appointment in Chatham Dockyard, through the influence of the Minto family—one of the Elliots at that time being Lord of the Admiralty. He remained at Chatham for a few years, during which time (as he used to relate) he witnessed the despatch of the "Erebus" and "Terror" in search of Sir John Franklin. His intense love for the Borderland drew him back to Scotland, and he commenced business in Earlston, in Berwickshire, as a mill-wright, where he established a prosperous concern. His health giving way, he had to dispose of his business, and it was then that he devoted his mind to art. He used to relate a story that before going to Chatham he called on Sir William Allan, who was then president of the Scottish Academy, to ask his advice about making art a means of livelihood. Sir William, after looking at several of the young artist's sketches, remarked that in his opinion the sketches were very creditable for a beginner, but advised him to turn his attention to sculpture. Among Mr Currie's earliest patrons at Earlston were Sir John Murray, of Philiphaugh, and the Coresworths of Cowdenknowes. About this time Mr Currie executed in wood the famous fancy flower-stand descriptive of Thomas the Rhymer. This magnilcent piece of wood carving was exhibited in Edinburgh at the Royal Scottish Academy, and is now in Mertoun House.

After remaining a number of years in Earlston, Mr Currie removed his studio to Darnick, a village lying between Galashiels and Melrose. Of the ancient tower of Darnick the late Mr Peter Caldwell, Border poet, wrote:—

> "The devil he sat in Darnick Tower,
> An' oot on Darnick looket he;
> Quoth he to himself, as he did glower,
> This is the place where I like to be."

Mr Currie remained in Darnick until his retirement from business about two years before his death, which took place at Edinburgh. It was in his interesting studio at Darnick, surrounded by many works of sculptural art, and

ANDREW CURRIE.

under the shadow of Melrose Abbey, that he designed his great work, which will link his name with Scottish independence as long as a spark of patriotism remains in the Scottish heart. Here, too, he designed and executed the following works:—"Mungo Park's" monument at Selkirk; "Hogg's" (the Ettrick Shepherd) monument at St Mary's Loch; his famous conception of "Edie Ochiltree" and "Old Mortality," now on the Scott's monument at Edinburgh; and the "angel figures" on "Drummond Tract Depot" at Stirling. Mr Currie's finest work in wood-carving was an oak mantelpiece standing 15 feet high, which he executed at a cost of £500 for his brother, Mr John Currie, of Larra, Victoria. This fine work was exhibited in the Exhibition of Melbourne, and was

universally admired, prior to removal to Larra. In addition to these works, Mr Currie executed a host of other original works of lesser note, such as St. Patrick's altar and the handsome pulpit in the Catholic Church, Galashiels, to which body he became a convert in his later years.

Mr Currie never looked on his art as a means of gain, but simply as a pure labour of love. He was a keen antiquarian, and very few men now living possess such a fund of Border lore. He contributed many racy and interesting articles and stories to Border newspapers and magazines, but the fact that they were generally unsigned, or only initials used, prevented him getting full credit for the delight he gave to the readers. Not a few of these articles have been reproduced from time to time in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE. It was while in quest of Border folk-lore that I became acquainted with the genial, warm-hearted, and gifted artist, and it is with pleasure that I look back on the many pleasant and profitable hours spent within his art sanctum in the quiet little old-fashioned village of Darnick.

GEO. DESSON.

Paisley.

Reception of Lord Minto in India.

THE arrival of the newly-appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India in Calcutta aroused a great interest in the city, and dense crowds flocked to the line of route, to catch a glimpse of the new ruler. The new platform of the East Indian Railway on the Howrah station was specially decorated for the occasion, rows of flags and foliage lending a picturesque appearance to the scene. The Railway officials had spared no effort to decorate the station in a fit style, and the exit was marked by a triumphal arch with the word "Welcome" standing out in bold relief. The station platform and its precincts were filled with spectators, and large crowds collected on all sides to welcome the new Viceroy. A Guard of Honour of the East Indian Railway Volunteer Rifles was drawn up opposite the platform. A Guard of Honour of 100 rank and file of the 13th Rajputs with the King's colour and band was also drawn up opposite the Howrah platform. The special train which brought their Excellencies, family, and suite, to Calcutta, arrived punctually to time, the journey from Bombay having been an uneventful one.

As the cortege appeared on Hughli bridge, a salute of 31 guns was fired from the Hughli defences by the Royal Garrison Artillery. The Howrah Bridge had been picturesquely decorated, and looked particularly bright and gay, with the large number of flags that floated on either side, and the arches that had been erected. assembled on the grand staircase of Government House to welcome their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto. Here a guard of honour of 100 rank and file of the King's Own Regiment (Royal Lancasters) with band and colours, was drawn up on the right of the gun platform facing the Grand Staircase, and a guard of honour of 100 rank and file of the Calcutta Volunteer Rifles, with band, was formed up in the left of the gun platform facing the grand staircase. Their Excellencies', escorted by the Body-guard and the Calcutta Light Horse, were driven into Government House precisely at half-past nine o'clock, when the guards-of-honour presented arms, and the massed bands struck up the National Anthem. On alighting Their Excellencies were received at the foot of the Grand Staircase by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. His Excellency then, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, first inspected the guard of honour of the King's Own Regiment, and then the guard of honour of the Calcutta Volunteer Rifles. Their Excellencies then went up the grand staircase, and on their way were greeted with salutations, which they very kindly acknowledged. On the top landing his Excellency was introduced by his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor to most of the leading official and non-official gentlemen who had gathered there, af wterhich their Excellencies were conducted to the inner apartment.

The first public function performed by his Excellency Lord Minto shortly after his assumption of office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India was the reception of an address from the Corporation of Calcutta. The ceremony took place in the Throne Room, where a deputation waited on His Excellency with an address of welcome:—

May it please Your Excellency,

We, the Chairman and Commissioners of the Corporation of Calcutta, have the honour to offer to Your Excellency and to Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, on behalf of the citizens, a hearty welcome upon the occasion of Your Excellencies' arrival at the seat of Government of the Indian Empire.

The honoured name Your Excellency bears is already familiar to us, and it has acquired fresh distinction from the services which Your Excellency has rendered in the Dominion of Canada. Your Excellency's appointment as Viceroy and

Governor-General has been hailed with general satisfaction throughout India.

The century which has elapsed since the administration of the first Earl of Minto has witnessed the growth of a new India under the "ægis" of British rule, and nowhere has the moral and material development of the Empire been more conspicuous than here in Calcutta. We are confident that the further progress of this city will be stimulated to the utmost under Your Excellency's administration.

In conclusion, we earnestly pray that a full measure of success may attend Your Excellency's efforts to secure the happiness and welfare of the people of India, and that peace, contentment, and prosperity may reign over this ancient and glorious land during Your Excellency's Viceroyalty.—We beg to subscribe ourselves, Your Excellency's most obedient servants.

The address, which was then enclosed in a handsome casket, and presented to Mr Allen, is the work of Signor Gilhardi. It is printed on vellum in gold and colours, with a panel on the left side representing ancient Cashmere carving work. On the top is a scroll, also in gold and colours, the vellum being backed with silk and bound with gold braiding and tied with a gold band with gold tassels. The casket, which was made by Messrs Hamilton & Co., is of silver. It is rectangular in shape, and is supported by four savans with an elephant on the top as a knob to the lid. The panels are worked in gold with scrolls above them. On three panels are inscribed the coats-of-arms of Lord Minto, the Calcutta Corporation, and the Royal Family, and on the fourth is an inscription bearing the date of the presentation.

His Excellency in reply said:—

Mr Chairman and Commissioners of the Corporation of Calcutta,—

I thank you for the very kind words of your address, and I would ask you to convey to the citizens my sincere appreciation of the cordiality of the welcome they have extended to her Excellency Lady Minto and myself on our arrival at the capital of the Indian Empire.

I thank you too, Mr Chairman, for your reference to my past services, and I can assure you that nothing is more gratifying to me on my assumption of office than to hear from you that I have the good wishes of the people of India.

The century which has elapsed since my ancestor administered the government of this country has witnessed, as you say, not only great territorial additions to the Empire, but a vast increase in material wealth and in intellectual resource, whilst you may well be proud of the development of the beautiful city of Calcutta, a development in which you will always have my cordial sympathy.

I thank you again, Mr Chairman, for your kind expressions towards me, and I share with the Corporation of Calcutta their earnest hope for the welfare of the people of India.

[The foregoing is condensed from "The Englishman," a Calcutta paper of long standing, which has been kindly sent to us by some unknown friend. Ed. "B.M."]

A Link with Henry Scott Riddell and the Coaching Days.

MR and Mrs John Scott, 5 Garfield Street, Hawick, have celebrated their diamond wedding. They received the congratulations of a number of friends on the auspicious and unusual event. The worthy couple were married in Hawick on 13th December, 1845, by the Rev. Mr Stevenson of Wilton Parish, in the absence from home of Rev. Dr MacRae, of Hawick Parish Church, which Mrs Scott attended. Her father (Mr Fulton) was then Governor of Hawick Prison. Mr Scott was born at Stobs Woodfoot, where his grandfather was then gamekeeper to Sir William Elliot. His father was Mr Walter Scott, farmer, Stintie Knowes.

Mr and Mrs Scott set up house at Northhouse Haugh, where they remained for eleven years. They then went to Castleweary, Mr Scott having been employed as roadman. Here they remained for the long period of forty years, during which the roads were kept in splendid order, and are so to this day, Mr Scott having been succeeded in the position of roadman by his son. For nine years Mr and Mrs Scott have resided in Hawick. Mr Scott, who is in his 79th year, is still wonderfully vigorous for his years, and attends to Dr Hamilton's sheep in the Wellgate fields. Mrs Scott is his junior by four years. They have had seven of a family, of whom five survive—one son and four daughters. They have 19 grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.

It is interesting to note that in his early years Mr Scott was intimately associated with Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet," and other well-known lays. When Mr Riddell, who was minister of Teviothead, retired to live in the cottage generously given him by the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr Scott worked the ground which went along with the cottage, and was frequently in the company of the poet, of whose kindly and sterling qualities he speaks very highly. Mr Riddell sometimes visited the family at their residence, and on the death of

one of their sons in childhood sympathetically composed verses beginning—"Why should we weep when children die?" Mr Scott has heard Mr Riddell preach; but being very young at the time, he has not a distinct recollection of the discourse.

Mr and Mrs Scott also remember the old coaching days, when stage-coaches ran regularly with the mails and passengers from Edinburgh to Carlisle, via Hawick and Mosspaul. The latter was ordinarily one of the stages where the horses were changed, but for a time the horses were changed at Castleweary, a few miles on this side of Mosspaul, and Mr Scott had charge of the horses. On one occasion Mrs Scott saw the coach capsize at Binks Haugh. Sandy Elder was driving: and the cause of the accident was a dog which ran from below a passing cart and frightened the horses. The latter started off at a furious rate, with the result that the coach was overturned. Beyond a severe shaking none of the passengers, fortunately, were much injured. There were three horses in the coach at the time, and the leader ran off, and was not captured till it reached Henderson's Knowe, near Falnash.

Ten years ago Mr and Mrs Scott celebrated their golden wedding, at Castleweary, where they entertained a large company to tea, supper, and a dance. During the proceedings, Rev. Mr Dinwiddie gave an address: Mr Kennedy, chemist, in name of the subscribers, presented a silver snuff-box to Mr Scott, and a gold brooch, set with pearls and rubies to Mrs Scott: Bailie Lawson presented Mrs Scott with a pair of gold-mounted spectacles: Mr Walter Scott, on behalf of the family, conveyed a handsome marble timepiece: and in name of the grandchildren, Miss Annie Thomson presented the aged couple with a silver tea service and a set of bronze ornaments. Mr and Mrs Scott received numerous other presents besides; and during the evening Mr Walter Scott proposed "The Guests," to which Mr W. R. Elliot replied.—"Hawick News."

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
O, wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!

"Lady of the Lake."

George Desson, Mechanic, Pressman, Prose Writer, and Biographist.

TO those who peruse the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE the name of Mr George Desson will be familiar as the author of Border biographical and historic sketches, which have appeared from time to time in these columns, and which have to many a Borderer far and near recalled to memory scenes and characters of byegone days. Although not a Borderer in the true sense of the word, his writings exhibit all the real characteristics of a Border patriot, as witness the following passage, extracted from one of a series of articles on the Land of Scott, presently appearing from his pen in the "Paisley Gazette":—"From Melrose right on to Jedburgh every village and hamlet has its monument of antiquity, reminding us of the deeds of our forefathers in defence of Scottish independence."

A native of Aberdeen, the subject of our sketch first saw the light of day under the shadow of that distinguished seat of learning, Marischal College, and here, in its quadrangle, he spent his early play days, while in later life, within its classic walls, he attended special anatomy classes under the late Professor Struthers.

After spending some eight years at St Peter's School, a famous educational institution in those days, he was apprenticed as a reed-maker in the extensive manufacturing firm of Messrs Richards & Co., Broadford Works. During his five years' apprenticeship he devoted much of his spare time to mechanical pursuits, as also to the improvement of his mind intellectually.

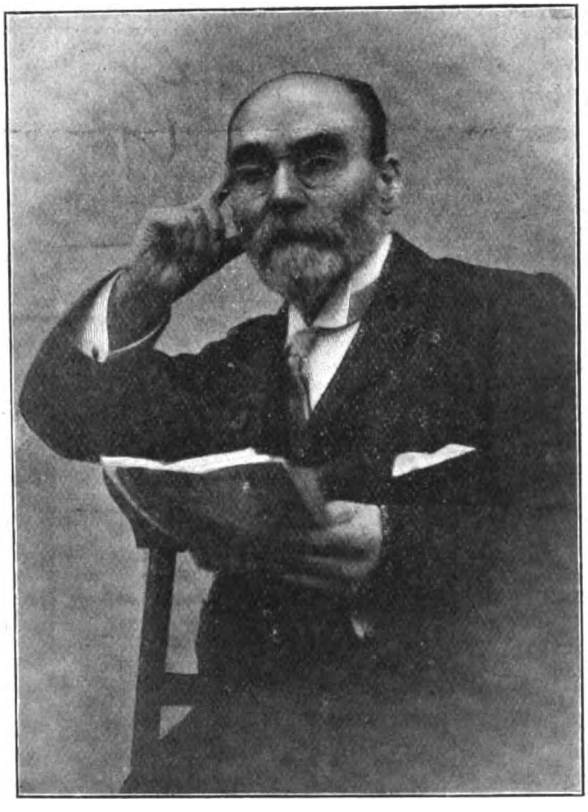
Biography was Mr Desson's special study, and there are few leading men of the past or present of whom he does not possess an intimate acquaintance. On the finish of his apprenticeship he removed to Paisley for the purpose of acquiring a more thorough knowledge of his trade, which, he says, he has never regretted.

Returning to his native city, after two years' residence in "Threadopolis," he was, at the age of 24, appointed manager of the Aberdeen Steam Power Reed Manufactory, which position he held until that firm gave up business.

Starting business on his on account in Aberdeen he successfully conducted the same until 1880, when he was offered and accepted the managership of a branch establishment in Galashiels of the firm of Messrs Baron & Hogarth, reed and heddle manufacturers, Kendal. Here he had ample scope for the display of his enter-

prising and business abilities, and under his managership the branch establishment proved a prosperous concern. The tweed trade was then in the zenith of its glory, and "Yorkshire shoddy" was but in its infancy. With the introduction of the English fabric into Scotland, however, local manufacturers had to adopt a finer cloth in order to outstrip their southern competitors. This necessitated the using of a finer set of reed, which proved detrimental to the finer warps. Mr Desson came to the rescue and introduced a double reed for this class of work (Messrs Arthur Dickson & Co. being the first to adopt them), which surmounted the difficulty, and now the double reed is an indispensable factor in the production of special woollen fabrics. Although engaged in the building up of a new business, Mr Desson found time to develop his literary tastes, and in the early eighties we find him contributing special articles on Border subjects to the "People's Journal" and other papers and magazines. His literary abilities attracted the attention of the conductors of the former journal, as also the conductors of the now defunct "North British Daily Mail," and for both of these newspapers he acted as local correspondent for nearly ten years in conjunction with his other duties.

During this period he had occasion to report some of the leading statesmen, including the late Mr Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.; Sir George Trevelyan, M.P.; Mr Austin Chamberlain, late Postmaster-General, and Mr W. E. Gladstone, M.P., the latter while on his way to contest Midlothian. As a letter writer he has few superiors, and to be favoured with a perusal of his scrap albums is to find one's-self in the possession of a veritable cyclopædia.



GEORGE DESSON

Busy, however, as he has always been in his spare time with literary work, he could afford to devote a portion to social and political affairs, and for several years he was a member of the old Galashiels Parochial Board, and served some time on the committee of management. In 1898 he was appointed manager of a similar

branch business in Alva, and here again he devoted much of his spare time to literary work, being local correspondent for the "Alloa Circular," "Devon Valley Tribune," and "People's Journal," while he also contributed special articles on matters associated with the Hillfoots district, including "A Romance of Alva Glen," a history of "Alva Burns Club," a history of the "Alva Horticultural Society," and a historical article on Culross, etc. The Alva business proving a financial failure, he decided to put his mechanical knowledge to advantage.

About two years ago he was offered a position in a large engineering work in Paisley, which he accepted, and, while business will not now permit him devoting time to ordinary newspaper work, still he can find a portion of each week to literary pursuits. Our portrait is from a photo by Mr Alex. Law, Philip Street, Paisley.

ALEXANDER McGOWN.

Paisley.

"The Story of the Tweed."

THERE was published in October a small and limited edition of a new and beautiful book bearing the above title, the author being the well-known Border litterateur, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., LL.D., F.R.S. This superb Border book contains twenty original illustrations by D. Y. Cameron, A.R.S.A. The edition is strictly limited to 375 copies, of which only 350 are offered for sale. Sir Herbert Maxwell is perhaps the first living authority on the sport and history of the Tweed, and his letterpress has been printed by Messrs Constable of Edinburgh on a special hand-made paper, in a large imperial quarto volume, quietly but finely bound. The pictures by Mr Cameron, whose black and white work bears a very high reputation, have been reproduced on Japanese proof paper by the finest process of photogravure, by Messrs T. & R. Annan of Glasgow, under the personal direction of the artist. The price of each copy is five guineas net, and the splendid work has been published by the well-known London firm, Messrs James Nisbet & Company, Ltd.

Sir Herbert Maxwell writes: "The aim of the following chapters is to indicate some of the sources of interest which enrich the valley of the Tweed. Just as Mr Cameron's pencil has been used to illustrate a score out of the myriad fair landscapes and historical monuments in which the district abounds, so the author's pen has been employed to bring to memory a few of the crowded incidents and characters of the past. . . .

"The intention of the book is to provide what might be learnt from the conversation of an intelligent native by one making a leisurely progress through the scenes described."

The volume comprises thirteen chapters, the scope of which may be seen in the titles:—From Tweed's Well to Drummelzier; From Biggarfoot to Ettrick Water; Ettrick and Yarrow; Abbotsford, Melrose, and Eildon; From Lauderdale to Dryburgh; From Mertoun to Kelso; Teviotdale and Borthwick Water; From Slitrig to Jed Water; Jedburgh; From Kalemouth to Coldstream; Norham Castle and Whitadder; Berwick-on-Tweed; Trout and Salmon.

We quote a short portion of the first chapter:

"Drummelzier Haugh and the steep slopes of Scrape above it are full of misty memories of the wizard Merlin. A little below Drummelzier Kirk, says Dr Pennecuik, writing in 1715, 'the particular place of his grave, at the foot of a thorn tree, was shown me, many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place.' The reputed burial-place is on the Powsail Burn—the stream of willows—just above its junction with the Tweed; but it must be confessed that this clashes with the legend which assigns him a resting-place with King Arthur and his knights, in the enchanted halls under the triple Eildons, nearly thirty miles hence. An ancient prophecy—

'When Tweed and Powsail meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England that day ae king shall have'—

is said to have been fulfilled on the coronation day of James VI. and I., 25th July, 1603, when a tremendous flood caused the two streams to mingle their waters at this spot.

Much confusion exists about the identity of Merlin Wyllt or Caledonius, who was a different person from Merlin Emrys or Ambrosius, also a wizard, upon whom Vortigern, the Prince of south-east Britain, bestowed a town on the summit of Snowdon. This was in the fifth century; whereas the events in the life of Merlin Wyllt recorded by Gildas took place in the latter half of the sixth century. Professors Skene and Veitch laboured to unravel the puzzle, which is unintelligible unless one remembers that by his victory of Ardderyd* (Arthuret, near Carlisle) in 573, at which Merlin Wyllt was present, the Christian Rydderch Hael overthrew the pagan forces under Gwenddoleu, and establishing himself as King of Cumbria or Strathclyde, a Welsh realm extending from the Derwent to Dumbarton.†

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* Pronounced Artheryd, with a soft dental, like th in 'this.'

† Dun Bretan, the fortress of the Britons or Welsh."

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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, 1906.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BEGINNING, as it now does, the second decade of its existence, the BORDER MAGAZINE appears before the public bearing the stamp of stability. We strongly appeal to all true Borderers to make their own magazine an even greater success than it has been in the past. Our Borderland is worthy our best efforts, and our ever increasing literature should have one special repository wherein may be collected many of the valuable but fugitive articles which appear in the daily and weekly press, in addition to those specially contributed to our columns.

Wishing our readers and contributors a Happy New Year, and many returns of the glad season, we begin our new decade full of hope for the future of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

The Border Keep.

A Guid New Year! How lightly the words trip off our tongues amid the general rejoicings associated with the passing of another milestone on life's highway. We are too apt to forget that the quality of the coming year in the life of the friends, for whom we breathe the prayer contained in these familiar words, depends to some extent on our efforts. Giving pleasure to others is one of life's most profitable investments, and a disinterested interest in the welfare and happiness of others is one of the best known antidotes for melancholy and discontent. As I sit here in the solitude of my keep and think over the folks I have known, a long procession of forms seems to pass before me. Many appear dim and indistinct, but others stand out clear and bright, and their cheerie faces seem to speak to me, as they move across the panorama of memory. Recalling the life story of these bright ones I invariably find that they have been specially gifted with the power of inspiring happiness in others, and consequently may be ranked as benefactors of the race.

At the beginning of a new year we are all inclined to form good resolutions, and the old folks are prone to give sage advice to those who are beginning to step out on life's highway. I feel tempted to do likewise, but I prefer to quote Sir Walter Scott, who gave the following excellent advice to a friend who had obtained a situation:—

> You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women very expressly call 'dawdling.' Your motto must be 'Hoc age.' Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the con-

fusion. Pray, mind this; this is the habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well to whom I offer such a word of advice that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution.

* * *

At a recent meeting of Hawick Archæological Society Mr James Sinton, Edinburgh, read a paper from an unpublished M.S. of Wm. Laidlaw, author of "Lucy's Flittin'," giving his recollections of Sir Walter Scott and John Leyden, poet and orientalist. Laidlaw states that the first time he saw Sir Walter was when the Yeomanry received him after his appointment as Sheriff. Sir Walter made a wonderful spring in his exultation, whereupon Archie Park, brother of the great traveller, exclaimed, "What a d——d strong chield that wad hae been, had his left leg been like his richt yin." On another occasion Laidlaw produced "Auld Maitland," a ballad by Hogg "the Ettrick Shepherd." Leyden, who was present, was greatly excited, and paced the room, clapping his hands and repeating, after Scott, expressions of hatred to the Southron, which struck his fancy. Scott was likewise excited, but kept his feelings under command. Leyden subsequently said "This Hogg writes verses, I understand, but I trust he will not pass any of them off on Scott for old ballads." Laidlaw assured him he would never think of such a thing. Scott, observing Leyden putting a stone, remarked, "You are no novice." "No," replied Leyden, "I have often contended at putting on the Common Haugh at Hawick and at St Boswells Fair, and sometimes been victorious." Shortly after Laidlaw and Scott, with Hogg, met at Ramsaycleuch. Laidlaw subsequently went up Gala Water with Scott, the latter repeating to him "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

* * *

The "Glasgow Evening News," which I have frequently quoted in this column, thus links present day events with Scott:—

The recent visit of the Duchess of Albany to Blythswood has a pathetic interest for Her Royal Highness. The Duke of Albany, as Prince Leopold, paid his first visit to the seat of Lord Blythswood in 1874, and returned, accompanied by the Duchess, eight years later, just two years before his lamented death. It may also be recalled that King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, as Prince and Princess of Wales, and two of the young Princesses, also resided at Blythswood when they came to Glasgow in 1876 to lay the foundation stone of the local Post Office. Princess Henry of Battenberg also stayed with Lady Blythswood on the occasion of her visit to Glasgow about two years ago. Amongst other notables who have been entertained at Blythswood in bygone days may be mentioned Sir Walter Scott, who was always in the habit of speaking of the then laird of Blythswood as his cousin and esteemed kinsman, Beardie Watt-Scott of Raeburn, who married Mary Campbell, niece of Colin Campbell of Blythswood, in 1690, being the ancestors of the Scotts of Harden, afterwards Lord Polwarth, and great-great-grandfather of Sir Walter himself. Sir Walter makes mention in his diary of the excellent dinner he got at Blythswood's table, and recounts the capital stories he heard there. Dr Lockhart of Milton Lockhart, a relative of Sir Walter, was at that time minister of Inchinnan. Sir Robert Peel, the great statesman, was also the guest of Major Archibald Campbell at Blythswood, when he visited Glasgow as Rector of the University. It was there, too, he received his burgess ticket, which had been purchased for him by the operatives of Glasgow.

* * *

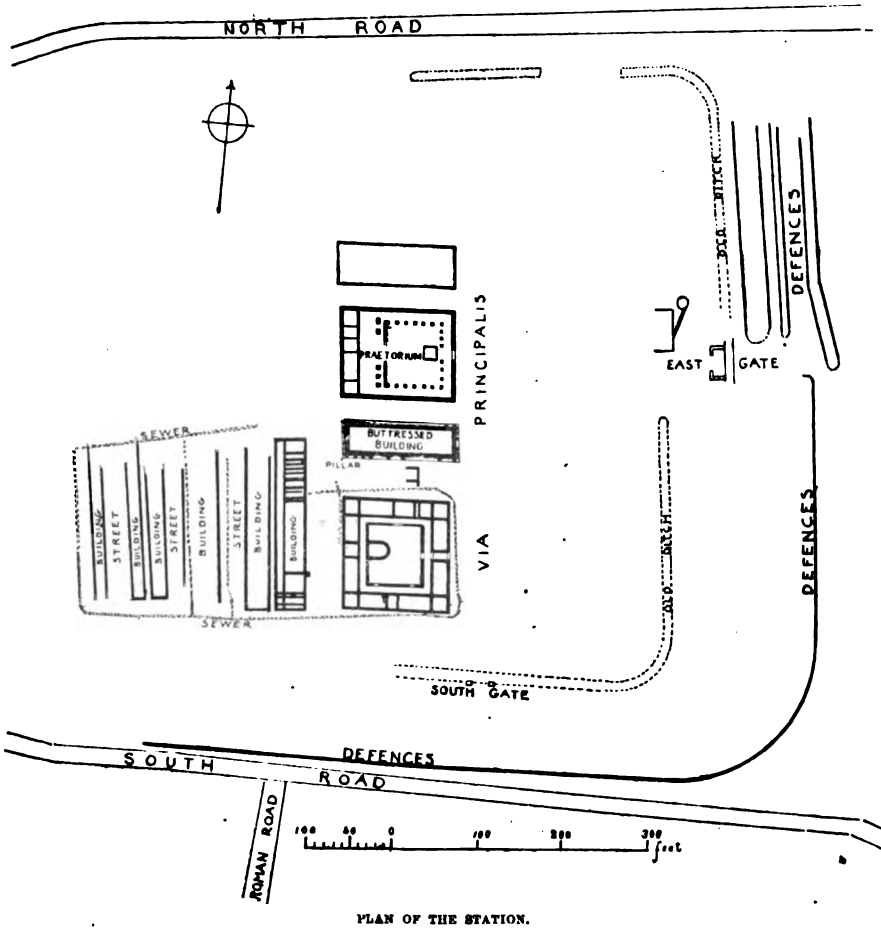
The passing away of a Haig of Bemersyde is always a noteworthy event in Border history, as this is one of the families who have stood the test of time and still retain their connection with the old ancestral home. A Border newspaper thus refers to the event:—

There recently died at St Andrews, in her eighty-eighth year, Marjory, youngest daughter of the late William Haig of Seggie, Fifeshire, by his marriage in 1794 to Janet Stein of Kennetpass, Clackmannanshire, from which latter family the Duke of Fife also descends. Miss Haig's father was some time Provost of St Andrews, and was living when Dr Johnson and Boswell paid their historic visit to that town in 1773. The Seggie family is a branch of the great Border house, Haig of Bemersyde, of which old Thomas the Rhymer declared 600 years ago, "Tyde what may betyde, Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde." The house is of great antiquity, and figures as De Haga at a very early stage in Scottish history. Peter de Haga of Bemersyde was a generous patron of the abbeys of Dryburgh and Melrose, his son and heir being amongst those who swore fealty to Edward I. at Berwick in 1296. The next laird fought at Bannockburn, and eventually fell at Halidon Hill, while at the beginning of the fifteenth century Haig of Bemersyde and his eldest son were involved in a land feud with the Abbot and Convent of Melrose, for which they were both excommunicated. At the battle of Sauchieburn the laird fought for James III., his son and heir being on the side of the rebel Prince, with whom he afterwards perished at Flodden. A subsequent laird married the sister of Andrew Kerr, one of Rizzio's murderers, one of their sons being William Haig, King's Solicitor for Scotland, who was obliged to take refuge in Holland from the anger of Charles I. on the discovery of his authorship of the "Supplication." A daughter of the same marriage became the wife of Haliburton of Dryburgh, and ancestress of Sir Walter Scott.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Excavation of the Roman Military Station at Newstead, Melrose.

THE Society of Antiquaries of Scotland has been engaged since February last in the excavation of Newstead military station, the largest yet investigated in Scotland, which has been found to be strongly defended by a great earthen mound Praetorium, with its pillared courtyard. In the great pit here have been found an altar to Jupiter, a coin of Hadrian (no coins later than the second century have been found) Samian ware, human and animal bones. Beside a skeleton were found 350 metal scales, which, sewn on leather, had formed part of a soldier's armour. The brass of which they are made retains a bright golden colour, owing to having



PLAN OF THE STATION.

some 40 feet in width, faced with a wall 8 feet thick, with three parallel lines of ditches. Some £316 have been already spent, and an appeal under the name of Sir Robert Maxwell is being made from the public for funds to complete these important excavations. Evidence is now forthcoming of at least two occupations of the fort. Within the fortifications have been found the usual buildings of a station; the long barrack houses, the heavy buttressed storehouse buildings, the commandant's quarters, and the been preserved in the wet clay. Fragments of earthenware jars were found, a small bucket, shoes, a couple of knives, the portion of a corselet of iron, ornamented with bronze mountings, and fragments of the plates which protected the arms and shoulders. Other relics include spear heads, a stylus, and various bronze mountings, a beautiful intaglo gem with a representation of Ganymede, fibulae and button-like objects ornamented with enamel. These relics have found a resting-place in the Antiquarian

Museum Mr James Curle, Melrose, is in charge of the Newstead excavations, towards which he has contributed £65. The Hawick Archæological Society has given £10 10s. Lord Strathcona, Mr Roberts, Drygrange; Mr T. Craig-Brown, Selkirk, and many local proprietors have contributed to the excavation fund. The number of members on the roll of the Antiquaries is 706. Among the latest names to be added are those of Dr Russell, ex-Moderator of the Church of Scotland, upon

ROMAN ALTAR.

whose estate part of the Roughcastle excavations have been made, and Mr John Aitken, F.R.S., Falkirk. The Society has examined, near the line of the Antonine Wall, Camelon (now largely built over), Castlecary, and Roughcastle, the report upon which will shortly be made. The stations at Ardoch, Perthshire, Lyne in Peeblesshire, and Birreus in Dumfriesshire have also been reported upon, so that this Society has furnished materials for all future historians of the Roman occupation of Scotland.

R. C.

Scott's Tillietudlem Visited.

A SLIGHT accident the other day recalled memories of almost thirty years ago. When homeward bound we overran our junction, and found ourselves in a somewhat unknown part of Lanarkshire. The surroundings at once reminded us of a summer outing to the picturesque bit of Clydesdale whereon stands the Tillietudlem of "Old Mortality."

We were one of a Glasgow mission band, thirty young men and women, and travelled by way of Blantyre, Hamilton, into the parish of Leshmahagow. Having reached Craignethan, Scott's fictitious Tillietudlem, and a name adopted by the railway company, we soon pitched our tent, and having made necessary provisions the night previous, were not long in having all the phases of picnicking in full swing.

The outward journey, with its memories of Livingstone and new scenes, was most interesting. The picnic, with its intercourse with kindred spirits and its healthful amusements, was enjoyed to the full. But the Castle, charming wooded glen, and steep rugged crags of the Nethan made the most lasting impression. Even at this distant date, thanks to Scott's graphic description, these are with us still.

The old ruin situated amid beautiful scenery overlooking the turbulent Nethan, but a short way from the influx to the Clyde, though somewhat changed since the novelist's days, has much of the picturesqueness and romance with which he surrounds it. Though most easily reached from the station, it can still be approached by a road like that described in the novel—steep, winding, and stony, leading through a ford of the Nethan. It is when approached from this point that Tillietudlem impresses the visitor most effectively.

Tradition tells how that the Castle was built by one of the early fathers of the Hamilton family, and that its extent and strength awakened the suspicions of the Scottish King, who had the builder apprehended and executed for meditating rebellion. Though now a mere shell and wreck of its former self, before the invention of artillery it was almost impregnable. There was a high encircling solid wall, flanked with towers and perforated with loopholes. Beyond that was a deep moat, faced on each side with hewn stones. Within

these were buildings, stabling, and courtyards of considerable extent.

Since our visit the Castle has been extensively repaired, but then it was in a ruinous condition, large quantities of materials having been used in the neighbouring farms and cottages. However, many picturesque combinations of wall and tower, arched ceilings and vaults, battlements and towers could easily be traced. Graceful ivy sprays streamed from the former, and the latter were garlanded with a variety of shrubbery. The remaining towers were crowned with copice, and saughs flourished on the massive walls. Indeed, these were so flourishing that it was said that they were "cut every third year by the cooper as excellent hoops."

Like many other castles, Tillietudlem has its memories of Queen Mary. There is a vaulted hall, with a well beautifully built of polished stone, pointed out as her room. Here she is said to have stayed for three days before the battle of Langside. Tradition has it that the hall formed the entrance to a tier of lower vaults, in which those wretches who incurred the displeasure of their feudal tyrants were hopelessly confined.

As the visitor rambles over the ruins he can easily picture the characters of Scott's story as they played their parts within its walls or near neighbourhood. The view from the ancient walls, wide and impressive, answers well the description of it as viewed by Lady Ballenden and her household. The approach of Claverhouse, with drums beating and banners flying, "when all heads were bent from the battlements which command a distant prospect down the vale of the river" can also be imagined without difficulty. Indeed, "Old Mortality" well describes the position and surroundings of the weather-worn stronghold.

The fortress has been held by the Hamiltons, Hays, and Douglases. It is said to have been rebuilt by Sir James Hamilton, "the Bastard of Arran," who was beheaded in 1840. Though then forfeited it was restored to the family some years later. In 1661 it passed into the hands of the Hays of Tweeddale, and in 1730 it was purchased by the Douglases, whose descendant now retains possession. The walls show the arms of the first families.

Sir Walter Scott visited the Castle in 1799, and was so delighted with the place that the owner offered him the house in the south-west angle, built by Andrew Hay. His novel says a writer was commemorated here by quite a large periodical festivity, held by the families of farmers and others, and was called the Tillietudlem Ball.

Since the days of Scott, as indicated, the whole neighbourhood has somewhat changed. Coal mines have been opened, the moorlands have been cultivated, so that what he described as of a dreary inhospitable character is now studded over with houses and alive with an industrious people.

Many among the thousands who visit the old ruin still endeavour to trace out the Wizard's two prospects, the one downwards, cultivated and highly adorned: the other upward, hilly waste and uncultivated, and manage in a wonderful degree to behold the scene as portrayed by him.

What with clambering over the ruins, exploring woods and corners, feasting within the walls, games in the ancient garden, and several accidents, we have no reason to forget the romantic spot or the outing from the commercial capital of Scotland.

G. M. R.

Robert Burns.

SONNET I.

To such as in our native Scotland dwell,
Whose hearts pay tribute to the well-known name
Of one, tho' humbly born, who compassed fame;
Honour the sterling truth he sang so well,
Break the strong fetters of a hateful spell:
That lust for gold, that greed of gain. Oh, shame!
Who that esteem thee most, but needs must blame,
And if ye Mammon serve, your fate foretell.
To the clear teaching of thy bard prove true,
Cleanse from your heart and mind that foulest blot;
Keep nobler aims and higher ends in view,
Inspired by light-gleams from that lowly cot,
Till kingdoms near and far, old world and new,
Shall consecrate your land a sacred spot.

SONNET II.

As years successive roll, that work begun
Shall prove a beacon bright, to point (to save
Some storm-swept voyagers on refluent wave,
Who, rudderless, thro' life's mad currents run,
And faint and weary see nor star nor sun
To guide them from the cradle to the grave)
Across the harbour bar, where soft seas lave
The pleasant land they seek. The haven won,
And safe at last, all wild-wind tossings o'er;
Doubt's midnight gloom dispelled by faith's clear morn;
They rest, reflecting, from that quiet shore,
Those strains so tender-sweet, that flashing scorn,
And keen prophetic fire, which evermore
Shall be a light to ages yet unborn.

JOHN ALSTON.

A Border Raid.

THERE were three of them—the Professor, the Mining Expert, and the Scallywag.

They were shot out of a train at St Boswells one night in autumn, as if the train was glad to be relieved of them.

Travel-stained, after a long journey, they might have been taken for tramps, but the idea, if entertained, was dispelled at the bookstall, where they were welcomed with cordiality by the Master of Eildon, who bestowed them in his brougham, and drove them to the mansion overlooking the Tweed at Dryburgh.

There they were received by Lady Bountiful, who repeated the hearty welcome.

Her invitation to "make yourselves at home" was not needed by the Professor.

"Whaur wad I be at hame," he said, "if it wasna here, where I ken every stick an' stane an' brier-buss i' the place? Ay! I'm at hame noo wi' the Border air keen on my cheek, an' the murmur o' the Eil watter in my ear."

And when the Professor, on the clear crisp morning of the following day, shouldered his gun and followed the Master, who called to the others to follow with the ferrets, and the guns, and the game-bags, and the luncheons, there were no happier company on the Borders on that October morning.

Pheasants, wild ducks, rabbits, and hares dropped alternately and in quick succession at the rendezvous.

And ever in the front rank stalked the Professor, with a grim determination on his grizzled countenance, which was aye ready to break into smiles on the slightest provocation.

"Man Johannesburg," said the Professor to the Mining Expert, "there's only wan thing wrang wi' ye that I can see, an' that is that ye're no a Borderer. Ye're no great shot, either, but no' bein' a Borderer we canna expeck ye to be a crack."

"Shoot," shouted the Professor, as a rabbit scurried from Scallywag's feet, and Scallywag and Expert blazed away as 'bunny' was going over a rise in the ground thirty yards away.

"Did they hit it? Hev they shot it?" said the Professor excitedly to Tweedside, a kindly native, and Tweedside, as befitted his courtly nature, replied cautionsly, "It seems to me they've blawn it ower the hill."

"Ay! just so," Professor remarked, "Johannesburg nae doot wad hae mair success wi' big game in the Africas, an' Scallywag wad dae better wi' a fountain pen."

A halt was called at mid-day for luncheon on the hill. Keepers, beaters, and all were called together, and there, in sight of the silvery stream, which at Brockie's pool seemed like an unclouded mirror, and Longnewton Forest in a gorgeous blaze of autumn foliage, Lady Bountiful's providing was attacked and extolled by men whose appetites were as real as the game by which they were numerously surrounded.

Picking up a dead rabbit, Mining Expert looked at it, and said to the Professor, "Did you shoot this; its' a big one?"

"Ay!" said Professor, "I claim that."

"I thought so," Expert rejoined, "it's one-eyed, and has been shot on the blind side."

More shooting followed, until all the game bags were filled, by which time Princess Nell, the hunter, was too tired to do more than trot cannily in the Master's footsteps.

And then, when the sun had almost disappeared in the west, a final halt was called, a game bag given to each, and the raiders marched wearily, but joyously, homeward.

"Take your gun out of my eye," said Mining Expert to Professor, "you might have another accident, the same as you had with the pheasant at the fencing in the wood."

"O, I killed the pheasant at the fence a' richt," the Professor replied, "but there'll be nae axident to cause you injury till I get the di'monds an' the feathers ye promised me frae Kimberley."

"Maybe ye'll be in Jedburgh by that time, Professor."

"Jedburgh! What wad I be daein' there, say ye?"

"O, that's where you get justice, 'Jethart justice,'" replied Expert. "What were you up for last time?"

"What was I up for?" said the Professor determinedly, as he fixedly eyed Expert and Scallywag, and fondled the gun in his hand as if he fain would use it, "What was I up for?"

"Ay! that's the question," said his tormentors.

"Weel, if ye will hev it," was the reply, "it was on a chairge o' exceeding ten miles an 'oor in a motor car."

The Master chuckled softly.

Mining Expert declared, "This is the last straw; it's the first time I ever heard of water bailiffs trying to hang a man for motoring beyond the limit."

And then the history of a remarkable day was detailed to My Lady, who listened sympathetically, condoling, and commending by turns, and making everyone feel that a day

on the Borders was worth a month anywhere else.

Professor, Mining Expert, and Scallywag are again doing the world's work in different parts of the globe, but they will not, until it is accomplished, conquer the strong desire in each for a return to the Tweed, and another combined but peaceful raid on the hospitable county of Roxburgh.

J. R. G.

Scott's "Romantic Town."

THE interest in the works of Sir Walter Scott and in Sir Walter Scott the man seems inexhaustible. The first of the long line of modern story writers though he may have been, no succeeding penman has excelled him in the charm and interest he has thrown around whole districts of our country. In truth his memory is a national asset of considerable material value, while the inspiration his genius has given to countless pens and the pleasure many more have derived from his works are beyond all price. Every successive year gives accumulating evidence of this. From "Blackwood" we give the following interesting impressions of Scott's "Romantic Town":—

It is the English youth, if he has a spark of poetry or sentiment in his nature, who finds his heart strangely stirred when he crosses the Border for the first time—especially if he crosses it by what is known as the Waverley route. No wonders of subsequent travel—not even his first view of St Peter's or of the surf beating on the reefs of Jaffa—will ever obliterate the memory of his entrance into the enchanted land of Sir Walter. All is so strange and yet so familiar, like the realisation of some delightful dream—the Teviot and Liddesdale, the Eildon Hills and Gala Water, Ettrick and Melrose.

A thousand memories of the past idealise and dignify the bare and rugged features of the landscape; and the very names of the stations recall a legend of a history. On the wayside platforms he recognises all the familiar types of those immortal novels—the laird and the bailie, the captain and the Provost's lady, the fishwife and "the Dougal creature." Hector MacIntyre is there with his gun-case and golf clubs; and Alan Fairford, advocate; and the burly form of Dandie Dinmont in his homespun. Aye, and if he has eyes in his head our young traveller soon comes to the conclusion that Scott had not to go far to seek his prototypes of Jeanie Deans or Catherine Seyton, for there are the Scottish lasses, fair and pleasant to look upon, with their auburn tresses and blue eyes, with their gentle manners and soft voices, as charming now as in the days of the "Flower of Strathmore" or "Mally Lee." Nor is the first impression of Edinburgh in any sense a disappointment. The view from Princes Street across the valley, with the intervening gardens, strikes and attracts the most ignorant and unobservant tourist. The "Empress of the North" does indeed sit proudly on her throne; and nothing can be finer than the irregular line of buildings which dominate the crags in front of you, storey piled upon storey, and culminating in "a Bass rock upon dry land carrying a crown of battlements and towers." And, by way of contrast, nothing can be more charming on a fine summer afternoon than Princes Street itself—broader than the Corso, statelier than the Rivoli, as crowded as the Quadrant. "Seen in its glory, with soft air coming from the inland hills, military music sounding from the hollow of its gardens, and flags all waving on its palaces—it is what Paris ought to be."

THE VALUE OF CITIZEN SOLDIERS.—The "jowing" of the town bell would bring, at any moment of the day or night, to the cross of each of the Border burghs, 500 men at arms. They were bound together, not by a tie of feudal vassalage, but by a sense of common interest in the defence of the "gude toon," of their goods and gear, and by a patriotic feeling for the central authority of the kingdom. There thus arose trained soldiers, owing no feudal obligations, looking to the monarch alone as their liegelord. The noble part which the burghers of Selkirk and Hawick played at Flodden shows how brave and staunch to their country and their king could be those workers in the peaceful pursuits of industry, notwithstanding the social contempt with which they were treated by an assumptive, arrogant, and illiterate aristocracy. And, on the other hand, they were not unfrequently destined to turn the tide of a hard-fought fight, when the sovereign had so far forgotten his relations to the nation he ruled, or was so driven by circumstances as to fight with a feudal faction against the people. The crucial fight of Langside, where the blanket banner of the guilds of Glasgow was more than a match for all the chivalry of the Hamiltons, with the unfortunate Mary at its head, is perhaps the most emphatic illustration of the power of the burgher element in Scottish history. The last of the Stewarts went down before it, and all that was left her of her kingdom and her patrimony was a night in Dundrennan Abbey, and the cruel mercies of the calculating Elizabeth.—Professor Veitch.

Neither meddle nor mak', nor gie nae offence wi' that clavering tongue o' yours, but keep a calm sough, and let ilka cock fight his ain battle.—"Rob Roy."

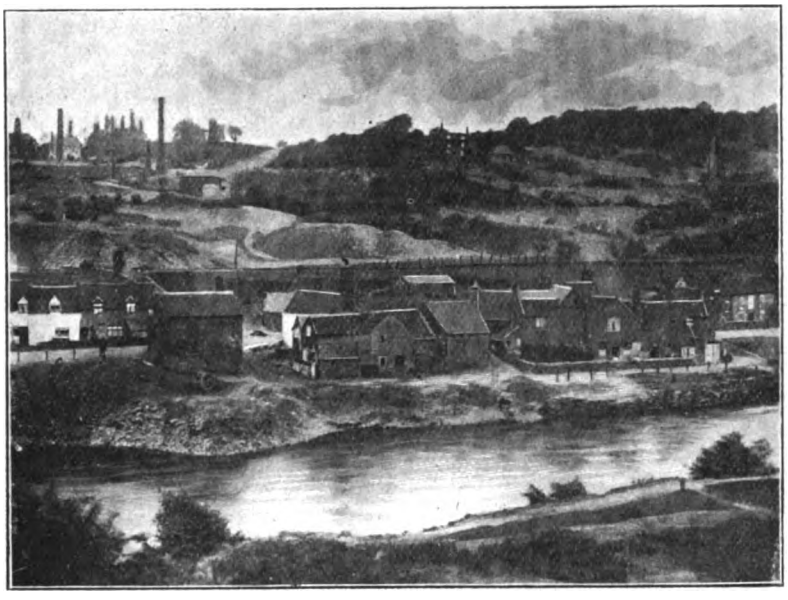
Some Borderers on Severn Side.

LORD DUNDONALD.

"So be their history written, as stories are,
That win from the darkness a gentle circle of light."

ABOUT the year 1780, the widow of the eighth Earl of Dundonald was resident on the estate of Lamancha, in Peeblesshire, and her son Archibald, the ninth Earl, is therefore included in our group of Borderers. This enterprising man was then engaged in various mining and manufacturing ventures in different parts of the country, and amongst these was one for working an invention to extract various products from pit coal.

Selecting a site on the banks of the Severn at the Calcutts, now known as Jackfield, and another higher up at Benthall, which were convenient for getting the coal brought down by tram-road from the pits on the face of the hill, and also for transferring the products into barges for shipment to sea-ports and dockyards, his Lordship proceeded to erect the necessary buildings. The principal part of these were a range of what was called "stew coal ovens," in which the coal underwent a process of dry distillation, and they would be equivalent to the retorts in a modern gas-works, or the old experiment with a tobacco pipe in the kitchen fire. From these ovens, the gases given off by the coal were carried through flues to a large brick



JACKFIELD, SHROPSHIRE.

The Severn Valley in 1784, when Lord Dundonald commenced operations, was a scene of busy industry. The ironworks had by that time, used up as fuel, the timber of the surrounding forests, in the production of charcoal for smelting. Coal was easily procured from the outcrops in the sides of the valley, but the first attempts to use it instead of charcoal were unsuccessful. The difficulty was got over by slowly burning it in heaps covered over, in the same manner as charcoal was produced. This process allowed the gases and other products to escape into the air—and to recover these, was the object Lord Dundonald aimed at in his invention, so as to turn them into a source of profit.

chamber covered with lead, over which ran numerous streams of cold water, which chilled the gases in the chamber, condensing them into tar, which was deposited at the bottom. About four pounds of tar were extracted from every hundredweight of coal. The tar was now pumped into a large boiler and brought to the proper consistency for pitch. The vapours from this second process were again condensed, and from each gallon of tar there was extracted half a gallon of volatile oils, from which in turn were produced various varnishes and japans The Government dockyards were large consumers of these, tar and pitch being necessary for caulking and coating the wooden walls of old England.

From a scientific point of view this venture was a complete success, but commercially it was a disappointment and involved the Earl in heavy losses, for the best laid schemes gang aft agley.

Lord Dundonald, when managing these works, resided in an old mansion called "The Tuckies," on the hillside overlooking the valley. This mansion was an old hunting lodge built by the Earl of Leicester, who is mentioned in "Kenilworth." Perhaps Amy Robsart may have whiled away some of her weary hours in the old house. Lord Dundonald's son, the famous Admiral, lived here with his father when a boy, and derived his knowledge of chemistry from his father's teaching and experiments. It is aid that the Admiral invented gas-lighting, probably from observing his father's experiments, and that Murdoch got the idea from him and carried it out practically.

In the "Scots Magazine" for 1895 and 1896 are a series of articles by Adam Smail, dealing with some letters of the Countess of Dundonald, mother of the ninth Earl. This lady, to judge by her letters, was a woman of sound judgment and great shrewdness. The letters are dated about 1779, some of them from Lamancha, and at that time the Earl seems to have resided at Culross, where he was busy with some schemes. At that time he seems to have been in difficulties, but fond of having his own way. In one letter his mother writes:—"In your letter you leave no room for advice, so I need say nothing nor trouble you and myself with offering mine. . . . If you thus underrate the advice and great aid your best friends have given you, I shall be afraid your affairs will soon go from bad to worse, but you are the proper person to determine in that matter. I see plainly you'll embroil yourself in all quarters and neither will leave youself nor brothers a true friend. Alas, my son, this is not the time for the head of our family to hold such conduct; you wound my heart and distract my mind by such behaviour. You are so positive to have everything your own way, makes me fear this evil will never admit of a cure, at least to me, except the desperate one of weaning myself from all anxiety and concern about your affairs. This is a difficult task for an affectionate parent; perhaps it would be the wisest one for my own peace." In the next letter the Countess writes:—"Perhaps you took amiss the last letter I wrote you. It was wrote under the influence of various warm feelings, all well meant. I'm anxious to know how you all do." It was about five years after these letters were written that Lord Dundonald came to Calcutta, and the venture in the Severn Valley was likely another bid for fortune, for, "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

In the burying-ground beside the tower seen on the sky-line of the illustration, called the Red Church, is a tomb in memory of Thomas Cochrane, who died in 1833, aged 90, and his wife, Lilias Cochrane, who died in 1823, aged 64, and four members of their family. Thomas Cochrane would be a contemporary of the Earl, and very likely assisted him in his works. About three years ago a descendant of the Cochranes visited the Red Church, and, finding the graveyard somewhat neglected and grass-grown, had it cleaned out and repaired.

"The sculptured stone alone can show,
Their name and lineage here below."

The illustration shows the present aspect of the site of the "stew coal ovens." The general features of the valley are probably much the same now as then, but the ground is for the most part covered with brick and tile works, and a grimy village straggles along the bank of the river, with a railway a little higher up. The place illustrates the changes of industries in a locality from one generation to another: the iron and coal mines are long since exhausted, and the clay beds are now worked in their turns, so that the locality has always been a busy scene of industry and enterprise.

Lord Dundonald's long and industrious life came to a close in 1823, when he died at the age of 83.

"He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God
hath said, Amen!"

A Linton Lad.

An Extraordinary Shot.

IN a time when the Border Counties were infested with a lawless band of rapacious desperadoes, travelling, especially night travelling, was rendered extremely dangerous; and he was considered a bold and adventurous individual who could undertake a journey in those troubled times after the fall of night.

At this period a Border youth who

"Ply'd the oar across the ferry"

at Ormiston Mains, in the county of Roxburgh, was on a short December day dispatched to Kelso, the district market town, to purchase provisions and several other articles requisite for domestic use. After transacting his business, which detained him rather long in town, he again took the road, and bent his way homeward.

A dense mist set down on the earth, and in a short time all was still; not a sound was heard save the distant murmuring of the Tweed, as it rippled o'er its pebbled bed, and the occasional screech of the owl as it hovered overhead towards the dilapidated battlements of Roxburgh Castle, sounds which struck terror into the boatman's heart, and as was natural for a youth of his tender years, stirred up in his mind fearful thoughts of the robbers and their deeds of daring. Being alone, benighted, and several miles from home, to reach which he had to pass through a district of the country where the banditti were supposed to lurk, he became greatly alarmed for his personal safety; and lest he should attract their attention, he wended his way with the noiselessness of a shadow; but on arriving at a lonely and secluded part of the road, where a young man who was travelling betwixt Kelso and Jedburgh had been brutally attacked by the banditti and robbed of his little all, a low rustling noise was heard, and before he could turn round to ascertain the cause, a shot was fired which slightly grazed his side, from which blood flowed in copious streams, and trickled down his leg. Uttering a wild and terriffic shriek, which was reverberated by the surrounding woods of that solitary district with fearful effect, he took flight and ran with the celerity of the hart when hotly pursued by the hunter, until he came to a cottage by the wayside, into which he unceremoniously rushed, and fell down in a fit of exhaustion on the floor. The prostrate boatman was speedily surrounded by the surprised domestics, inquiring the matter, which he briefly related in low and faltering accents. After somewhat recovering from his paroxysm of fear, he rose from his recumbent position with the assistance of the domestics, and was conducted to a chair, where he began to examine the wound, but, to his inconceivable astonishment and delight, he discovered that the cause of his alarm had been produced, not by a shot fired by the banditti, as he had believed, but by being struck on the side with a cork, which had sprung with a loud report out of a barm bottle which he carried in the outside pocket of his coat; the barm flowing from the bottle down his leg not unaptly representing the blood flowing from his supposed wound. This discovery, as may be imagined, occasioned a good deal of merriment amongst the domestics, who gave vent to their feelings in loud and unrestrained bursts of laughter.—From the "Chartist Circular," 30th April, 1842.

Sir Walter Scott and Mungo Park.

[From Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*]

SCOTT formed the personal acquaintance of Mungo Park, the celebrated victim of African discovery, during the autumn, 1804. On his return from his first expedition Park endeavoured to establish himself as a medical practitioner in the town of Hawick,* but the drudgeries of that calling in such a district soon exhausted his ardent temper, and he was now living in seclusion in his native cottage at Fowlshiels on the Yarrow, nearly opposite Newark Castle. His brother, Archibald Park (then tenant of a large farm on the Buccleuch estate), a man remarkable for strength both of mind and body, introduced the traveller to the Sheriff. They soon became much attached to each other; and Scott supplied some interesting anecdotes of their brief intercourse to Mr Wishaw, the editor of Park's posthumous Journal, with which I shall blend a few minor circumstances, gathered from him in conversation long afterwards. "On one occasion," he says, "the traveller communicated to him some very remarkable adventures which had befallen him in Africa, but which he had not recorded in his book." On Scott's asking the cause of this silence, Mungo answered, "That in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their faith, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes." This reply struck Scott as highly characteristic of the man; and though strongly tempted to set down some of these marvels for Mr Wishaw's use, he on reflection abstained from doing so, holding it unfair to record what the adventurer had deliberately chosen to suppress in his own narrative. He confirms the account given by Park's biographer, of his cold and reserved manners to strangers; and, in particular, of his disgust with the "indirect" questions which curious visitors would often put to him upon the subject of his travels. "This practice," said Mungo, "exposes me to two risks; either that I may not understand the questions meant to be put, or that my answers to them may be mis-construed;" and he con-

* This seems a mistake on the part of Lockhart, as it was at Peebles that Park set up as a medical practitioner in October, 1801, at the age of thirty.

trasted such conduct with the frankness of Scott's revered friend, Dr Adam Ferguson, who, the very first day the traveller dined with him at Hallyards, spread a large map of Africa on the table, and made him trace out his progress thereupon, inch by inch, questioning him minutely as to every step he had taken. "Here, however," says Scott, "Dr F. was using a privilege to which he was well entitled by his venerable age and high literary character, but which could not have been exercised with propriety by any common stranger."

Calling one day at Fowlshiels, and not finding Park at home, Scott walked in search for him along the banks of the Yarrow, which in that neighbourhood passes over various ledges of rock, forming deep pools and eddies between them. Presently he discovered his friend standing alone on the bank, plunging one stone after another into the water, and watching anxiously the bubbles as they rose to the surface. "This," said Scott, "appears but an idle amusement for one who has seen so much stirring adventure." "Not so idle, perhaps, as you suppose," answered Mungo:—"This was the manner in which I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it—judging whether the attempt would be safe by the time the bubbles of air took to ascend." At this time Park's intention of a second expedition had never been revealed to Scott; but he instantly formed the opinion that these experiments on Yarrow were connected with some such purpose.

His thoughts had always continued to be haunted with Africa. He told Scott that whenever he awoke suddenly in the night, owing to a nervous disorder with which he was troubled, he fancied himself still a prisoner in the tent of Ali; but when the poet expressed some surprise that he should design again to revisit those scenes, he answered that he would rather brave Africa and all its horrors than wear out his life in long and toilsome rides over the hills of Scotland, for which the remuneration was hardly enough to keep soul and body together.

Towards the end of the autumn, when about to quit his country for the last time, Park paid Scott a farewell visit, and slept at Ashestiel. Next morning his host accompanied him homewards over the wild chain of hills between the Tweed and the Yarrow. Park talked much of his new scheme, and mentioned his determination to tell his family that he had some business for a day or two in Edinburgh, and send them his blessing from thence, without returning to take leave. He had married, not long before, a pretty and amiable woman,* and when they reached the Williamhope Ridge, "the autumnal mist floating heavily and slowly down the valley of the Yarrow," presented to Scott's imagination "a striking emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect which his undertaking afforded." He remained, however, unshaken, and at length they reached the spot at which they had agreed to separate. A small ditch divided the moor from the road, and in going over it Park's horse stumbled and nearly fell. "I am afraid, Mungo," said the Sheriff, "that is a bad omen." To which he answered, smiling, "Freits (omens) follow those who look to them." With this expression Mungo struck the spurs into his horse, and Scott never saw him again. His parting proverb, by the way, was probably suggested by one of the Border ballads, in which species of lore he was almost as great a proficient as the Sheriff himself; for we read in "Edom o' Gordon,"—

> "Them look to freits, my master dear,
> Then freits will follow them."†

I must not omit that George Scott, the unfortunate companion of Park's second journey, was the son of a tenant on the Buccleuch estate, whose skill in drawing having causually attracted the Sheriff's attention, he was recommended by him to the protection of the family, and by this means established in a respectable situation in the Ordnance Department of the Tower of London; but the stories of his old acquaintance Mungo Park's discoveries had made such an impression on his fancy that nothing could prevent his accompanying him on the fatal expedition of 1805.

The brother of Mungo Park remained in Scott's neighbourhood for some years, and was frequently his companion in his mountain rides. Though a man of the most dauntless temperament, he was often alarmed at Scott's reckless horsemanship. "The de'il's in ye, Shirra," he would say; "ye'll never halt till they bring you hame with your feet foremost." He rose greatly in favour, in consequence of the gallantry with which he assisted the Sheriff in seizing a Gipsy, accused of murder, from amidst a group of similar desperadoes, on whom they had come unexpectedly in a desolate part of the country.

* The eldest daughter of Dr Thomas Anderson of Selkirk, with whom Mungo had served his apprenticeship.

† This ballad was first printed at Glasgow by the brothers Foulis in 1755. There are various versions of it, but Lockhart probably quoted from memory. The lines are usually given as follows—

> "Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
> Their freits will follow them."

The lines are quoted by Scott in his "Journal" under October 10, 1826.

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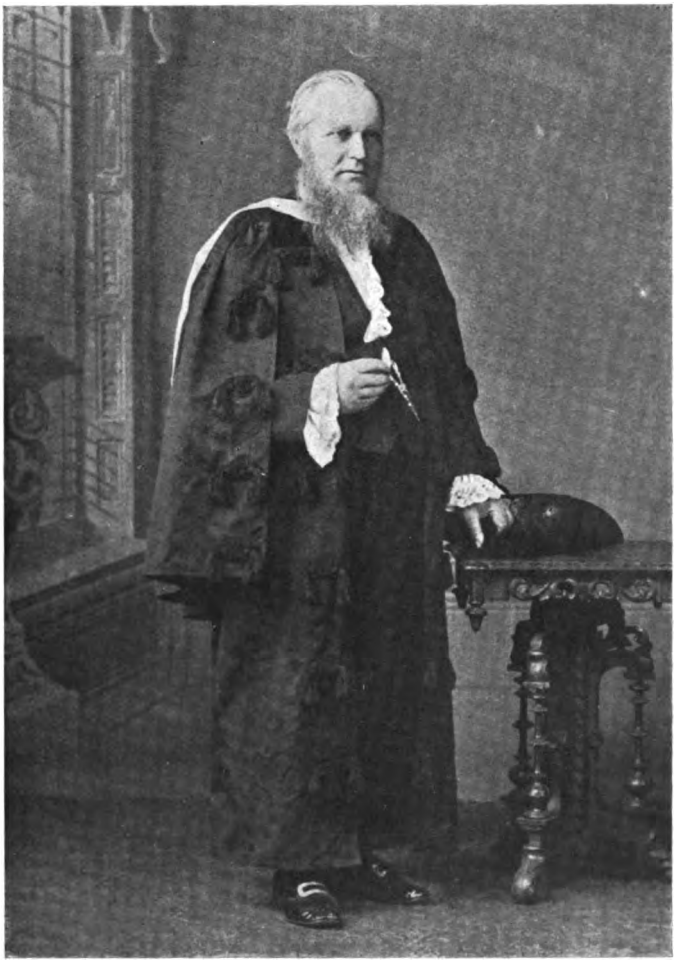

PATON JAMES GLOAG, D D., LL.D.

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PATON JAMES GLOAG, D.D., LL.D.

IN the death of the Very Rev. Dr Gloag, which took place at his residence in Edinburgh, on 9th January, 1906, there has passed away an able Biblical scholar, a man of marked individuality of character, and one whose loss will be sincerely mourned in the parish of Galashiels, where he laboured so devotedly in the ministry of the gospel from 1871 to 1892. He was successor in a long line of distinguished parish ministers. In the beginning of last century, the Rev. Dr Douglas was not only assiduous in all his parochial duties, but he took a keen personal interest in the development of the staple industry of the district, and by means of his large business capacity greatly fostered the welfare of the community. He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr Nathaniel Paterson, whose well-written book, "The Manse Garden," was widely and favourably known. When he was called to Glasgow in 1833, the Rev. Dr James Veitch, for a few years, worthily maintained the traditions of the parish, and gave abundant evidence of that pulpit eloquence which shortly afterwards drew towards him large congregations, both at Newbattle and St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. In 1841, the Rev. Dr Phin was presented, and during thirty years he not only discharged all his parish work with great fidelity, but he was generally recognised as likely to attain distinction in the counsels of the Church of Scotland. When he left Galashiels, he gave his whole time to the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, and his labours and influence in the Home Mission Committee have had a far-reaching and beneficent effect.

On 20th April, 1871, the Rev. Dr Gloag, who had been successively minister of Dunning and Blantyre, was inducted to the church and parish of Galashiels, where his faithful and vigorous ministry was highly appreciated by his own congregation, while he was held in great esteem by those who belonged to other churches, in which he had several warmly-attached personal friends. All who were associated with him in the life and work of church and parish had confidence in his integrity of purpose, his singleness of aim, his conspicuous devotedness to the cause of religion, his open straightforwardness in all his public actions, and his unwearied interest in the spiritual welfare of his people. One who had gained his affection through loyal service wrote of him as "a man whom to know is to respect, whom to know well is to love, whom to know intimately is to revere." He was, indeed, imbued with a high sense of duty, and, bearing the responsibility of the ministerial office with unpretentious zeal and unaffected meekness, he was watchful of souls as one who must give an account.

Very early in his ministry at Galashiels, Dr Gloag saw that it would be necessary in the

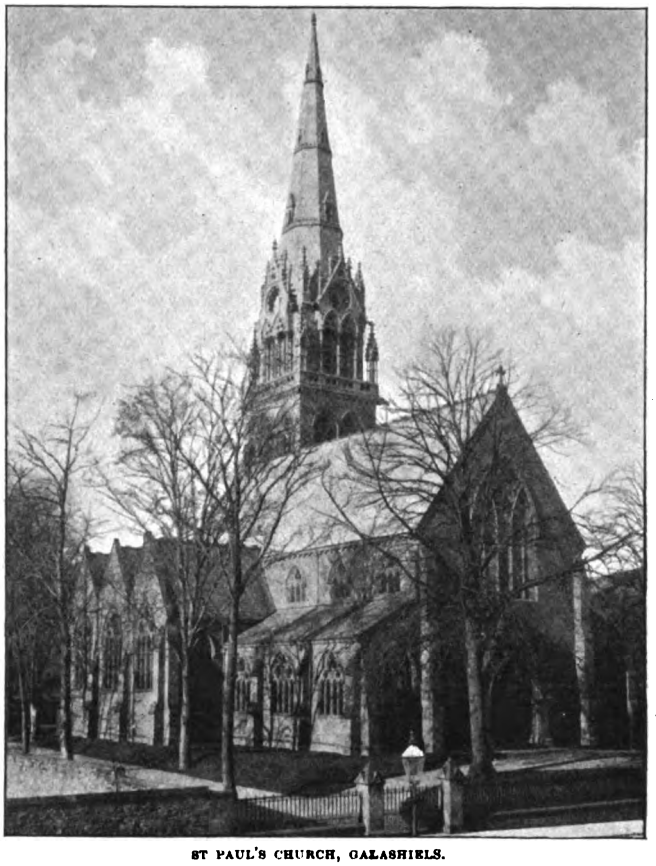
immediate future to increase the accommodation in the parish church, which began to be uncomfortably crowded. The West Church, which had been built to relieve the pressure and to suit those in its locality, was erected "quoad sacra" in 1873, and immediately thereafter steps were taken towards further extension. The ultimate result was the erection of a handsome new church, now known as St Paul's, and to the accomplishment of this work Dr Gloag gave strenuous service. He contributed generously; he stimulated the liberality of his people; he exhorted all to share, as far as possible, in the cost. The success of the undertaking was creditable to the congregation, and at the same time a tribute to the genuine worth of their minister.

GALASHIELS PARISH CHURCH.

The church was opened for divine service in 1881, and when Dr Gloag occupied the pulpit for the first time, his satisfaction was evident as he addressed the worshippers in language so memorable now—"We are not proud of this building; we are grateful to Almighty God who hath put it into our hearts to erect for His worship and glory such a magnificent church." In 1882 he presented a service of silver communion plate, consisting of four cups and two flagons, suitably inscribed, and in 1892 the communion table was his further gift. But it may be said that the church itself is the best memorial of his faithful and fruitful ministry.

It is unnecessary to speak at length of the nature and quality of the pulpit gift of Dr Gloag. His numerous theological works have been appraised by the public. His style is clear, incisive, logical. He sifts authorities, and on this account his writings are of great value to the student, who may rely on the careful investigation of the author, the accuracy of his quotations—they were laboriously verified—and the fairness of his judgment. His sermons possessed the same characteristics, and both in the doctrinal and practical aspect, they were well-reasoned and deliberately enforced. His "Exegetical Studies" are the best examples of his pulpit teaching, while in his "Evening Thoughts"—a recent gift to those who had the privilege of his three-fold ministry—one recognises that devotional spirit and earnest appeal which pervaded all his services. But Dr Gloag was known beyond the Church of Scotland as a distinguished scholar and devoted student of theology. Both in this country and furth of it there are many in all the churches who have been inspired by his reverence of Divine truth and his helpful exposition of Holy Scripture. What he said of one of the leaders of a sister church, who passed away in 1882,

seems so appropriate to be said of himself now, that quotation may be allowed:—"By his catholic and liberal spirit he rose above all sects and denominations. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and was much struck with his great learning, combined with a gentle and loving spirit, great catholicity and entire freedom from sectarianism, and fervent piety; one with whom you could not converse without feeling your own mind elevated and impressed. Being dead he yet speaketh; he has left his writings as a legacy to the Church of Christ."



ST PAUL'S CHURCH, GALASHIELS.

In a large congregation of nearly one thousand communicants, the work of the minister is, no doubt, arduous, but Dr Gloag not only accomplished this, and gave much of his time to theological research, he also took interest in any object which had for its aim the moral or religious welfare of his fellow-townsmen. In the work of the Mechanics' Institute he gave invaluable assistance; in the Free Library Committee his labour was ungrudgingly bestowed; as Chairman of the Landward School Board he did much to promote education. But while he was identified with the life of the community to a considerable extent, it was the organisation of church work in his parish, his visitation of the sick and infirm, and his care of the young in Bible Class and Sunday School, which specially marked a ministry whose associations can never wholly pass from the memory of those who are alive and remain. In all his duties Dr Gloag had the kindly sympathy and affectionate help of his partner in life, and the manse was always a happy home.

Dr Gloag was Baird Lecturer in 1879, and in recognition of his scholarship, as well as of the services he had rendered to the Church of Scotland, he was appointed Moderator of Assembly in 1889. Soon after his retiral from Galashiels he was asked, in 1896, to act as Interim-Professor in the Theological Hall of the University of Aberdeen. His instruction was greatly appreciated by the students, and

as a mark of honour the Senatus bestowed upon him the degree of LL.D.; the University of St Andrews had conferred that of D.D. in 1867. For the past year or two he had been in feeble health, and he entered into rest in the eighty-third year of his age. He had attained his jubilee as a minister of the Church of Scotland eight years before his death, and occasion was then taken by the Kirk-Session, congregation, and parishioners of Galashiels to give expression to their sentiments of respect and affection in a largely-signed congratulatory address.

In his "History of Galashiels," Mr Robert Hall pays graceful tribute to the ministry of Dr Gloag, and written on the tablets of many hearts are abiding memories of "a workman needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

A. T. G.

Talla Re-visited.

A GENTLE breeze from the west is rippling the surface of this great inland loch, winding up Talla valley, from which our future water supply is to come. Where the breeze does not strike, the hills, dotted with sheep, are there in inverted shadow. A water-hen has dived just now; it is up again and swimming away, while nine wild ducks have fled to the Dumfriesshire side of the loch. A firm, smooth road has taken the place of the service railway along the 2¾ miles of Talla reservoir; an iron railing, newly painted, runs along at our right hand. On the south side a paling is being set up to keep the sheep from the rather steep incline into the loch, while the long line of high-level water marks is very apparent there. There are 57 feet 8 inches of water in the reservoir just now, some 23 feet yet from its highest level. We open this iron gate, and from curiosity taste our future water supply. Higher up there the peaty island, of which we have heard so much, lies bleaching on shore, where it will do no further harm. The water to us has no peaty taste, but as we had seen it standing in the measuring house, at the outlet from the reservoir, just now, it had a brownish tinge. But Alnwick Hill has yet to do its best. This concrete bridge, at the top of the reservoir, over Talla stream, is worth inspection. Already stalactites are forming in the arch of the concrete; for this is a concrete bridge, with part of the parapet of stone, and the copestones again of concrete painted red. What would Christopher North have thought or said of this in his favourite angling haunt in front of Talla Linns, and near the foot of Gameshope Burn. A tramp and his wife are crawling down the road which crosses the brae-face leading over from Megget into Talla Glen. In a few minutes Mrs Tramp is begging for tea and bread at this shepherd's cottage, which stands along here at Talla Linns. Mr Tramp is smoking contemplatively on the concrete bridge. We were to see them twice again in our wanderings that day: eating at Tweedsmuir, and resting by Tweedside at Kingledoors. Christopher North, in a delightful essay, "Streams," takes us up Talla in the old days, and gives us a picture of half-a-dozen maidens bathing in the pool below Talla Linns. The scene is done delicately, and with conscious and unconscious humour. It is as good as the story which Dr John Brown tacks on to his "Enterkin" about the Bield at Tweedsmuir, which, with the Crook, is, and was, one of the inns on the Moffat road, between Moffat and Broughton. Campbell, the poet, when a young man, had walked to the Bield, and was snug in bed after his tumbler of toddy, when there was a knock at the door. The poet cried, "Come in." Enter the pretty maiden who had given him his supper, in her short gown and petticoat. "Please, sir, could ye tak' a neebor into yer bed." "With all my heart," said the susceptible poet. "Thank ye, sir, for the Moffat carrier's just come in a' wat, and there's no a single ither place." Exit the dainty little woman, and in came the big reeking man. The poet does not seem to have been inspired by this incident. One remembers that that good and great preacher of righteousness, the late Dr John Ker, Glasgow, was born in the Bield, and that there is a stained glass window to his memory in Tweedsmuir Kirk. One also remembers that Mr John Tod gathered some of the local colour for his "Bits from Blinkbonny" from this neighbourhood, as the late Jean L. Watson did for her "Bygone Days in Our Village" from Broughton.

But the sight of workmen dragging material up the hollow of this hill on the north side recalls our wandering fancy. There are, two reasons, we find, for the work going on 600 feet above Talla reservoir. Two tanks are buried in the hillside at a great elevation, to give a head of water to actuate the valves in the inlet tower at the foot of the reservoir. The other purpose is to supply with water Victoria Lodge, that elegant building for the water man, and for Water Trust outings. It seems paradoxical, but true, that the Water Trust cannot supply their own building with water, as it is

situated at a level above the reservoir. The navvies huts in the vale of Talla have been disappearing; only scattered remnant remain, with the hall for meetings, which is to be painted and cleaned. The top of the dam across the valley is being finished up; so is the coping for the north side of the dyke near the outlet tower. We had watched the puddle trench rising during the ten years since, on a bright September day of 1895, the first sod was cut in Tweed valley by Lady Macdonald. Alas, she is gone, and so is Bailie Colston, and Bailie Archibald, and Mr Wilson, the engineer, and many another whose faces appeared in that photograph of the scene hanging in Tweedsmuir Manse. The process has been gradual. Yet to-day the outer face of the dam across the valley looks greener, with its grass-grown sides, than the peat on the hillside, which has assumed a yellowish tinge. First came the conduit, brick-lined to the thickness of 20 inches, to carry the Talla away into the hillside to the north, and to guide it back again into the original bed of the stream, leaving the workers free to build the dam. This conduit served the useful purpose of carrying the whole of Talla Water while the dam and puddle trench were in course of construction, and now, when the reservoir is all but finished it holds the valves which regulate the Edinburgh water supply, and which also regulate the four million odd gallons of compensation water which still flows down the bed of Talla to join the Tweed. This conduit is plugged up in two places by brick work, built into tapered and recessed granite rings. Behind the first plug, which is placed at some fifty feet from the higher end, the conduit roof has been broken through, and the in-let tower has been built over this gap, thus affording access from the tower to the conduits beneath. In the sides of the in-let tower there are three "in-takes" to tap the water of the reservoir at whatever height it may be. These "in-take" pipes, which pierce the sides of the inlet tower, all communicate with the vertical stand pipe, fixed in the central axis of the tower. Down this pipe the compensation water, as well as the town supply, falls. The vertical pipe turns horizontally along the bottom of the conduit. At the foot, at the bend, it carries a valve, which will regulate the compensation water for Tweed. This will gush forth into the invert of the conduit and pass through the second brick-work plug by a bell-mouthed pipe fixed in the brickwork. The Edinburgh supply passes along one of the two pipes supported on beams over the inverts. The unused pipe may be required at some future date, when the needs of Edinburgh are greater. The valves are of double-faced type, and are to be raised or lowered by the hydraulic power, already alluded to, applied in cylinders at the top of the intake tower. The supply for town purposes passes through the second brick-work plug, 18 feet thick, beyond which are another set of valves for use in emergency cases. The supply pipes, after following the conduit till clear of the embankment, rise into the measuring house. The water is measured and screened here, but the filtering must be done at Alnwick Hill.

It is only eight miles from Tweedsmuir up to Tweed Well, at Tweed Shaws, the source of the river. Here the venturous visitor may drink from the bowl of a cocoa-nut placed, when not in use, on a pole, and watch the infant waters start on their course of 103 miles to Berwick-on-Tweed. The motors whizzing over these silent upper reaches of the Tweed, to or from Moffat, or Peebles, recall the coaching days, and the story of MacGeorge, who perished in the snow here while carrying the mails. Also Thomas Carlyle's dreary journeys from Dumfriesshire to Edinburgh, to one of which only his own eloquent pen can do justice. On 15th February, 1816, he gives his friend, Robert Mitchell, at Ruthwell Manse, this news of himself. "I was mounted on the roof of the coach in one of the most dismal days I ever saw. It snowed heavily; on our arrival at Erickstane particularly the roaring of the wind and the ocean of drift carried with it, together with the bellowings of the distracted coachman and the outlandish war whoops of two Irish doctors, who, along with myself, had dismounted till we should ascend the hill, formed a scene sufficiently wild. At the Broughton Inn, after a day of violent struggling, we finally stopped The kitchen, I remember, when we entered it, was filled with shepherds and carriers, and in the midst, like a breathing ice-berg, stood our guard." Carlyle describes in no very gracious terms the two Irishmen with whom he was to spend the night. One of them, a mummy-like individual, slept in the middle, Carlyle and the other man in Kilmarnock bonnet on either side of him. The mummy-like man was fain to cry during the night as he was squeezed as in a cheese press, "Marciful Heaven, preserve me sowl—what will become of me now." The snow prevented the coach from going further, and so Carlyle trudged by Noble House and Leadburn Moor towards Edinburgh. Sir Thos. Dick Lauder, when at the Crook Inn in the latter half of the eighteenth century, thought it cheerless and uninviting. He found a great change in the valley when he came back in

1807. Could he re-visit the scene, the puffing of the diminutive locomotive on the service railway between Broughton and Talla would astonish him still more. Is the railway to remain? The residents would like it, but unless carried through to Moffat, or elsewhere, how is it to pay.

R. C.

An Eminent Scottish Geographer of a Century Ago.

JOHN AINSLIE, the eminent Scottish geographer and land surveyor of the 18th and 19th centuries, was born of a stock whose progenitor came to Scotland some eight hundred years ago. Having settled in Roxburghshire, they became possessed of the lands of Dolphinston—about five miles from Jedburgh—of which the family retained possession for some centuries. Branches of the stock found their way to Jedburgh, in which they at one time had much influence. In that historic Border town, however, although they were once so numerous, there is now not even one family of that name.

The son of John Ainslie, writer in Jedburgh, the subject of this notice was born in Jedburgh on 22nd April, 1745. He was baptised six days later, John Ainslie, druggist, and Wm. Turnbull, merchant—both Bailies in the town—being witnesses. The future geographer was probably educated at the Grammar School, held in the Abbey, which at that time had a high reputation as a place of instruction. Ainslie makes his first appearance on the stage on which he from that time so ably acquitted himself, with his "Plan of Jedburgh—about a quarter of a mile." In all probability the plan was completed before he was twenty-five years of age. This production is not dated, and it is not recorded when it first appeared; but when he published it he was a "Surveyor." The plan is on four sheets, and measures 3 ft. 10 in. by 3 ft. 2 in. Unfortunately the plates were lost while Ainslie was in London, and in consequence of this there is now much difficulty in securing copies of this interesting production. The present writer knows of only four copies existing in that locality, one of which is in Jedburgh Museum. There is also a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in addition to two copies of Ainslie's "Engraved Plan of Jedburgh," to which we have no further reference. Since the plan is undated, speculation is invited as to the date of its issue. One writer places it as late as 1780; but internal evidence is such that it must be of an earlier date. It has, on very good authority, been termed his "first essay as a draughtsman," and we therefore assign it to the year 1770 or 1771, as it was in 1772 that Ainslie surveyed Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest. This he was encouraged to do by Andrew Pringle—an early patron of Ainslie—who took considerable interest in the promising surveyor. The results of this survey Ainslie published in his map of Selkirkshire on "June ye 21, 1773," on two large sheets, large folio, and engraved throughout—on a scale of a mile to an inch. A second edition of this production was published by W. Faden in 1801. In 1775 Ainslie surveyed the counties of Fife and Kinross, with the rivers Forth and Tay. The map of this district was issued on six sheets, scale one mile to an inch, and it was received with so much favour that another edition was produced in 1801.

On 24th April, 1776, Ainslie issued proposals for the actual survey of the shires of Stirling and Clackmannan, to be printed on four sheets imperial, price one guinea each, the survey for which he vouched to commence as soon as 200 subscribers were secured; but since sufficient encouragement was not forthcoming, the projected undertaking was abandoned. At another date, according to Mr Thomson, Ainslie published proposals for the survey of Perthshire; but this also did not meet with the support he anticipated, and consequently he proceeded with his projected map of Scotland. In March, 1777, our geographer published a map of the country around Edinburgh, dedicating it to the Right Hon. James Stewart McKenzie, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, etc. In the construction of this map, Ainslie was assisted—as he was in many a subsequent enterprise—by William Faden of London, who, it may be remembered, was geographer to the King. On 1st January, 1782, Ainslie's "Atlas of the World" was published. The atlas contained two maps of each country, one of which was a skeleton. This work served to good purpose for a time, but the progress in discovery and political changes soon antiquated it. It is interesting to observe in it that instead of the familiar term now in general use, "as the crow flies"—the earliest reference to which phrase Dr Murray in his English Dictionary gives in a quotation of date 1800—the term "Distance thro' the air" was employed. Opposite each map information regarding the respective countries was given. The only copy which the present writer has seen is in the

Jedburgh Museum. Some of the maps of that copy bear the date 1st February, 1794, so that it probably took twelve years to complete the work, or was issued in two editions. We now find Ainslie at work in a different part of his native land. He made a survey of the "County of Wigton, or Shire of Galloway," which he published on four sheets in 1782. The second edition of this map was issued in 1801. In the years 1784-85 he surveyed the East Coast of Scotland, and the results of this extensive survey were published on five charts in these years. This was deemed a very creditable performance. At another date he surveyed the West Coast. A copy of his "Chart of the West Coast of Scotland" is amongst the Gough maps in the Bodleian Library.

But, however numerous and well-qualified as are Ainslie's productions, he is chiefly known for his large map of Scotland on nine sheets, published on 1st January, 1789. There was much need of such a production, and the disadvantages under which he laboured in order to complete this undertaking were necessarily great. It has been stated that "Dorret, land surveyor, published in 1750 a four-sheet map of Scotland. . . . The defects of Dorret made way in 1789 for Ainslie's nine-sheet map of Scotland." The map, which is designated "Scotland drawn and engraved from a series of angles and astronomical observations," with a map of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, etc., was published by John and James Ainslie, Edinburgh, and measures 6 ft. by 5 ft. 3 in. "John Ainslie," writes an eminent authority, commenting on the map in question, "was a most prolific cartographer; his maps mark the next distinct advance from Adair."* It may be of interest to note, in passing, that Burns, writing from Ellisland on 2nd April, 1789, to his friend Peter Hill, asking him to forward certain books, says:—'I'll expect along with the trunk my 'Ainslie's Map of Scotland.'" Agreeably to this, we find that on 5th December, 1791, Peter Hill signed a quittance to Burns for payment in full of the sum of £8 6s 8d, which included one guinea and a half for a copy of "Ainslie's Map of Scotland" on rollers. The map was reproduced in 1880, and in later years it was made the basis of other geographers' productions. In 1807 Faden published "A Map of Scotland, drawn chiefly from the topographical surveys of J. Ainslie, and from those of the late General Roy." Six years later "Scotland, with its Islands," based upon the same surveys, was published by the same person; while in 1840 Faden's successor, Js. Wyld, issued a similar production from the same sources. Daniel Lizars of Edinburgh, and James Gardener of London, published Ainslie's map with improvements down to 1826, and a second edition was in demand four years later. A "Travelling Map of Scotland," from the results of Ainslie's surveys, appeared in 1842. There are likewise in the British Museum the following additional maps by Ainslie:—A map of Scotland on two sheets; an unfinished proof, 1807; another edition, coloured, 1832; and another of the same, dated 1851.

In 1794 Ainslie's map of the County of Forfar or Shire of Angus, was published. It was engraved on four sheets, and measured 3 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 5 in. It met with much approbation, and was considered such an excellent production that another edition was in request seven years afterwards. The estate of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, was surveyed by Ainslie in 1795. It was quite by accident that we discovered this a short time ago. The probability is that this is but one of many estates that he was engaged in surveying. In 1796 we find him employed with the survey of Renfrewshire. The map of this county was published five year later on four sheets, on a scale of a mile to two inches. Kirkcudbright he also surveyed in 1796, and the results thereof were issued in the same or the following year, followed by another edition in 1801. Ainslie's "Roads of Great Britain," a work which evinced a vast topographical knowledge of the country, was placed before the public in 1797.

We now find Ainslie turning his attention to the construction of canals. He is said to have been the first person who delineated on a straight line that great valley in the north extending from Inverness to Fort William, where the Caledonian Canal now has its course. If this be the case, then he must have entertained the idea when quite a youth, for as early as 1773 the celebrated James Watt was engaged by the trustees of the estates forfeited in consequence of the Rebellion, to survey the line with a view to estimating the cost of making a canal of ten feet water. The successful completion of the Forth and Clyde Canal, the work of which was resumed with much vigour in 1786 under the superintendence of the engineer, Robert Whitworth, and which was completed from Firth to Firth in July 1790, directed the attention of the people to the desirability of having the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow connected by a similar means. To this end

* Adair died in 1720.

several able engineers made surveys for the desired canal. Whitworth and Ainslie worked conjointly in this matter, and the results of their inspection were summed up in a twelve-page report, dated 14th September, 1797, "Concerning the . . . lines surveyed by Messrs J. Ainslie and R. Whitworth, jun., for a canal between . . . Edinburgh and Glasgow, with an account of a running level taken for a new line by Linlithgow and Falkirk." This was published at Edinburgh, as was also their Report, on 22nd October, 1798, "concerning the practicability and expence" of the routes which they had surveyed, including the new line by Linlithgow and Falkirk. They intended, in their plan of the route, that the Canal should communicate with the Firth of Forth and Leith, and the River Clyde at the Broomielaw. The route finally chosen was one recommended by the celebrated Telford, by which the project was considerably modified. It is known as the Union Canal, and extends from Port Hopetoun to Port Downie, in Falkirk parish, Stirlingshire, where it is connected with the Forth and Clyde Canal. In 1802 Ainslie produced his work entitled "The Gentleman and Farmer's Pocket Book Companion and Assistant; consisting of tables for finding the contents of any piece of land by pacing, or by dimensions taken on the spot in ells, etc." In 1803, or perhaps the following year, his "Plan of a Canal proposed to be made between the River Clyde at the City of Glasgow and the Harbour of Saltcoats" was issued. Owing to the baffling winds which at times prevailed in the Firth of Clyde, navigation was rendered somewhat difficult. In addition to this, the navigation of the river Clyde above Port Glasgow was at that time practicable only to small vessels, and was attended with not a little danger. By a canal from Saltcoats or Ardrossan to Glasgow, the projectors thought they could obviate these impediments. The plans chosen were those proposing the canal to be constructed between Ardrossan and Glasgow. The undertaking was promptly commenced, but when the canal had been cut as far as Johnstone, the project was abandoned.

In 1806 John Ainslie drew up a plan of the ground at Haughhead and Eckford, in the county of Roxburgh. Some years previous this resourceful cartographer had published "A Plan of the City of Edinburgh, with the New Town." Another issue of his plan was soon in demand, and this appeared, showing improvements down to 1st January, 1801. Still another edition was needed to satisfy the public demand, which resulted in the issue of his "Plan of the Old and New Town of Edinburgh and Leith" in 1804. The plans of the New Town and of Leith which appear in Grant's "Old and New Edinburgh" are taken from this production. Amongst the Gough maps in the Bodleian Library at Oxford there is a Plan of the City of Edinburgh, with a "list of closses, etc., that cannot be inserted for want of room [and] references to the public buildings, etc. Dedicated . . . by J. Ainslie"; and amongst the Gough prints there is a "large engraved Plan of Edinburgh" by the same cartographer. It was not until 1812 that John Ainslie's much appreciated work on Land-Surveying appeared. It is entitled "A Comprehensive Treatise on Land-Surveying, comprising the theory and practice in all its branches." In it the use of the several instruments employed in surveying, levelling, etc., is clearly set forth. The work, which was published in Edinburgh, is illustrated by forty copperplates, and contains over 170 figures. It was dedicated to John Rennie, civil engineer. A quarto edition of this book, edited by William Galbraith, M.A., F.R.A.S., was published in 1842; while an octavo edition, by the same editor, appeared in 1849. In his introduction to the latter edition Mr Galbraith refers in fitting terms to "the great experience acquired by the late Mr Ainslie in the discharge of his professional duties." The plates in connection with this work were published separately in the same year.

We must not omit to mention his large map of "The Environs of Edinburgh, Haddington, Dunse, Kelso, Jedburgh, Hawick, Selkirk, Peebles, Langholm, and Annan, making a complete map of the south-east of Scotland." This production, which measured 4 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 10 in., was "sold by Thomas Brown, North Bridge, Edinburgh." There is also Ainslie's map of the "South-East of Scotland," 3 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 8 in. in dimension, comprising the counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, Selkirk, Dumfries, and Haddington, and Mid-Lothian. The librarians of the Bodleian Library kindly inform me that, in addition to several of above-mentioned plans and maps, they have amongst the Gough prints a coloured engraved "Plan of the Ground in dispute between Wm. McLean of Medrox and James Miller of Myvet, surveyed by W. Douglas, engraved by J. Ainslie"; two prints of Roslin Castle from the south and north (Cowan del. et Ainslie excudit); a "Print of Dirleton Castle," by Cowan and Ainslie; and a "Print of Craigmillar Castle," by the same persons.

As to the private life of Ainslie, but little is known. In many of his ventures, which proved to be lucrative, he collaborated with William Faden of St. Martin's Lane, London. Several of Ainslie's plans and maps were published by the latter. In addition to other property, Ainslie was part proprietor of No. 11 St Andrew Street, Edinburgh, and in the vicinity of his native town he was the owner of lands in Hindhousefield and Castlewood, in addition to property in the same locality, into possession of which he came by marriage. He was married to Mary Lookup, daughter of Andrew Lookup, sometime Provost of Jedburgh. The fruit of this marriage was two daughters, named Catherine and Mary, the latter of whom became the wife of James Shortreed, son of Robert Shortreed—the esteemed Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire, and friend of Sir Walter Scott. Mary Lookup died on 14th September, 1825, at the age of 77; and on 29th February, 1828, John Ainslie departed this life at his house, 58 Nicholson Street, Edinburgh, in his 83rd year. He is interred under the shade of Jedburgh Abbey, in the south transept of which a marble monument, with a simple inscription, is erected to his memory.

The attainments of this gifted geographer cannot be better summed up than in the words of the writer of the introduction of Thomson's "Atlas of Scotland," in which the writer, having mentioned some of Ainslie's surveys, says that they "have done the country much good, and to himself and family the greatest credit. . . . From these surveys he constructed a large map of Scotland, which has been in use ever since the time of publication, and does great honour to him as an enterprising individual, and will long remain a monument of his scientific acquirements."

G. WATSON.

The Late Sir James Miller, Bart., of Manderston.

SIR JAMES MILLER, Bart., of Manderston, Duns, a sketch of whom appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE of July, 1901, died at midnight on Sunday, 21st January. He was quite well on Saturday, the 13th, when he caught a chill while hunting, which developed into pneumonia, from which he died. Sir James Percy Miller was the second Baronet, and was born in October, 1864. All his life he had been keenly devoted to sport, and was one of the best known owners on the turf. As a sportsman he had some notable triumphs to his credit, having twice won the Derby—in 1890 with Sainfoin, and in 1903 with Rock Sand. In the latter year Sir James also won the St Leger with the same horse. By profession Sir James was a soldier, having been in the 14th Hussars, from which he retired with the rank of Captain and Adjutant in 1892. During the South African war he commanded the 19th Company of Imperial Yeomanry (the Lothians and Berwickshire), and for his services in the field he was mentioned in dispatches, and received the Distinguished Service Order. On his arrival home after the war Sir James was made the recipient of addresses of welcome from his tenantry and work-people, and also from Duns Town Council, in which fitting expression was given to the admiration felt for the courage and patriotism which had impelled him to leave home to fight in defence of the Empire amid all the dangers and hardships of the battlefield.

In public and philanthropic matters associated with the town of Duns, Sir James always evinced especial interest, and for several years he discharged the duties of chairman of both the Burgh School Board and the Parish Council. When, some years ago, a piece of ground covering thirteen acres was gifted to the town by Mr Andrew Smith of Whitchester for the purpose of a public park, Sir James, at his own expense, laid out the grounds and erected a gateway and railings along the frontage. The laying out of the grounds was done in most artistic style, provision being made for a park, gardens, bowling green, and tennis ground. In many other ways the laird of Manderston showed his kindly interest in the town of Duns.

Sir James was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of Peace for Berwickshire; he was Master of the Northumberland and Berwickshire Hounds; and at the time of his death was Major of the Lothian and Berwickshire Imperial Yeomanry. In 1893 he married the Hon. Eveline Mary Curzon, third daughter of the fourth Baron Scarsdale. He was esteemed as a landlord, valued and trusted as a man of business, beloved as a friend, and in him Berwickshire loses one of its most popular county gentlemen—a man who was zealous in all local affairs, and who worthily upheld the traditions of a generous family.

The most cruel wounds are those that make no outward show.—"The Pirate."

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT is our desire that the BORDER MAGAZINE should be widely circulated among the sons and daughters of the Borderland, but we are receiving continual evidence that our publication is appreciated in circles which have no distinct Border connection. To the regret of many, Mr John Wilson, the editor and proprietor of the "Scottish Patriot," finds himself, for several reasons, unable to continue that excellent monthly, and on being asked by a "Scottish Patriot" subscriber to recommend some other magazine of a similar kind, Mr Wilson suggested the BORDER MAGAZINE, he having been one of our subscribers for a number of years.

The Border Keep.

On the shelves which hide the walls of my favourite corner of the Keep are not a few rather old volumes which are valuable to me by reason of their associations. Among these is a set of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon." It is the first edition in nine volumes, and on looking over its pages I was interested to discover in the errata at the end of one of the volumes that Sir Walter had fallen into the Scotsman's error of confounding "shall" and "will." It is a very curious thing this national weakness of ours, and an enquiry into its origin might bring out some interesting facts. From that bright and varied journal, "T.P.'s Weekly," I extract the following interesting item:—

Writing in "Harper's Magazine," Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale University, says that the great author "is saved from an infinity of errors by that fine sense of expression which belongs to him by the right of genius," and "he can therefore afford to disregard, and usually to despise the rhetorical guide-books which more or less ignorantly set out to show him what to follow and what to avoid."

There is, of course, something in this, though great authors, as a rule, carefully observe the laws of grammar. Illustrating this point from Scott who has often been accussed of carelessness in composition, Professor Lounsbury says:

Scott was indeed a very rapid writer, and his style at times exhibits the inaccuracy and slovenliness which arise from haste. Such he would have admitted to be the case, and in fact did admit and correct when these objectionable features were pointed out. But in the great majority of cases the faults with which he has been charged would not have been deemed by him faults at all. Had his attention been called to them, he would not have made the slightest alteration.

We know what Scott himself thought of such matters. In an entry in his published dairy we read: "J. G. L. points out some solecisms in my style, as "amid" for "amidst," "scarce" for "scarcely." "Whose," he says, is the proper genitive of "which" only at such times as "which" retains its quality of impersonification. Well! I will try to remember all this, but after all I write grammar as I speak it, to make my meaning known, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me. . . . I believe the bailiff in the 'Good Natured Man' is not far wrong when he says, 'One man has one way of expressing himself, and another has another, and that is all the difference between them.'" Prof. Lounsbury concludes that Scott was entirely right and Lockhart entirely wrong. But Scott's writing would have been better if he had corrected the solecisms which too frequently occur in it, and in so far Lockhart was right. No writer can afford to be careless, and though genius may be forgiven much, it cannot be held blameless for obvious verbal errors.

Writing in "Blackwood," Andrew Lang says:—Hard by Elibank, on the Tweed, is the thrice-renowned Ashiestiel, a place of Scott's cousins, the Russells, which he rented while in the first years of his poetic renown (1805-1812). On the heath above the house he saw but one ghost, a figure in brown, which vanished off the open moor, re-appeared as boldly, and frightened Scott's mare, Finella, into bolting home, where he was not sorry to find himself. At Ashiestiel is a melancholy relic, a huge chair, borrowed for Sir Walter in the days of his paralysis. Hard by is the Peel burn, which I have only too good cause to remember, as in my boyhood I managed to lose my way in the hills behind it, and, having no provender, suffered tribulation. Here lived the Laidlaws, the family under a strange curse. Mrs Laidlaw was a friend of the Shirra, to whom he gave a pretty set of his poems, now on my shelves. The particulars of the weird story of the Curse may be read in Lockhart; the Laidlaws are now landless. They gave their name apparently to Laidlawstiel, near Ashiestiel. On the Peel burn there must have been a peel tower, now vanished. Williamshope, where the dark Knight of Liddesdale was slain by another Douglas, is in the hill behind Ashiestiel. In Scott's day, I think, Williamshope was tenanted by William Laidlaw, the ballad collector, who brought him acquainted with the Ettrick Shepherd—a very primitive shepherd and poet was he. Below Ashiestiel Tweed comes into all her beauty of sweeping pool, and rack-thwarted linns, and sheltering woods, at Fairnalee (now ruinous), Yair, and the pleasant old Nest, the joy of "Russel of the 'Scotsman.'" Here, like Jamshid, he "revelled and drank deep," and, having lost a salmon at the rock in the Reewheel, held on to the rock for long, not knowing that the fish had escaped—"Russel's Rock" men call it now.

* * *

In the solitude of my Keep I have leisure to watch the ebb and flow of public sentiment, and to weigh the influences which are at work in the world around me. A dominie is not long in seeing the vast importance of apparent trifles, and from studying the characters of the little ones under his charge he looks out upon the great school-room of the nation and sees the same influences at work, making or marring the national life. I am a strong believer in the great importance to the Empire at large of keeping alive the distinct national elements of the various nations composing it, and I rejoice to see that an increasing number of loyal Scots are endeavouring to check any obliteration of our name or rights from the affairs of the United Kingdom. It was a happy day for the Borderland when the two kingdoms were united, but we who acted as the buffer state know that the advantage was not all on one side by any means, though many of our English Histories would have the reader to believe this. The Scottish Patriotic Association is doing much to rectify this, and from their annual report I extract the following:—

EXCERPT FROM THE TREATY OF UNION BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

Article I.—"That the two Kingdoms of Scotland and England shall, upon the first day of May next ensuing the date hereof, and for ever after, be united into one Kingdom by the name of Great Britain; and that the ensigns armorial of the said United Kingdom be such as Her Majesty (Queen Anne) shall appoint; and the Crosses of St Andrew and St George be conjoined in such manner as Her Majesty shall think fit, and used in all flags, banners, standards, and ensigns both at sea and land."

Article III. further provides—"That the United Kingdom of Great Britain be represented by one and the same Parliament to be styled the Parliament of Great Britain."

EXCERPT FROM THE SUBSEQUENT TREATY OF UNION BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

"That the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland shall, upon the first day of January, 1801, and for ever after, be united in one Kingdom by the name of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

STATEMENT BY THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN OF THE UNION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

In his "History of the Union," Defoe, who took part in the negotiations on the English side, says—"That several distinct offices of Admiral, Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretaries of State, and President of Privy Council, sunk in both Kingdoms; and new Commissions were issued.—As, one Privy Council and one President, under the title of Lord President of the Privy Council of Britain, Lord High Chancellor of Britain, Lord High Treasurer of Britain, and the like. The Queen herself (Queen Anne) lays down her separate titles, and is no more Queen of England, Scotland, etc., but Queen of Great Britain: and is called in missives and in foreign accounts 'Her Britannic Majesty;' her troops are no more English and Scots, but British Forces; and the arms of the island are now incorporated and quartered together."

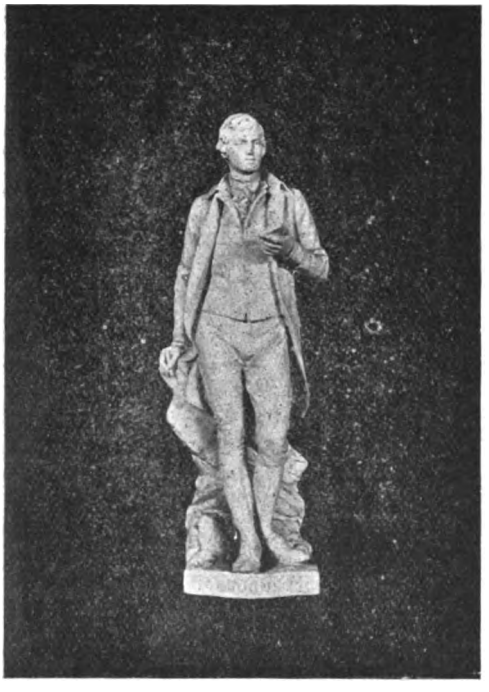
After referring to exceptional arrangements, such as the Scottish nobles taking their part in the United House of Lords by elected representatives, Dofoe sums up thus:—"In all the rest England suffered the same alteration as Scotland, such as dissolving her Parliament, her name as a Kingdom, her Council, great offices, and Title of her Sovereign; and all things began "de novo" in both Kingdoms under the single denomination of 'Britain' and 'British.'"

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Burns' Border Tour.

THE month of May is the anniversary period when 118 years ago the poet, at the age of 29, made that delightful and memorable tour, compressed into a compass of some twenty-six days, but which enabled him to see and enjoy a vast extent of the Border country.

In the Spring of 1787 he had been contemplating, as he expressed it to Dr Moore, "a few pilgrimages over some of the classic ground of Caledonia—Cowdenknowes, Banks of Yarrow,



From Photo by E. Waldie.

STATUETTE OF BURNS.

Tweed, etc." About the middle of December of the previous year he arrived in Edinburgh, and during the stay there made the acquaintance of a young man of amiable character and literary tendencies, just the sort of person who would be fascinated by the poet, and whose cheery and breezy disposition would naturally provoke the attention of Burns. Ainslie was a Border lad, serving his apprenticeship as a writer in the office of one Mr Samuel Mitchelson in Carrubbers' Close. A few years younger than the poet, he chummed with him at once, and the friendship thus formed lasted to the end. A writer in the early fifties of last century says of him:—"I have often conversed with him about the bard, when age, business cares, and the gravity befitting his duty as an elder in the kirk, had given something of a different cast to his character; and never did he once admit, or seem capable of admitting, that the Ayrshire poet was anything but the finest fellow that ever breathed."

Cast so much in each other's company, it was but natural that young Ainslie should paint the glories of the Borderland to his friend in glowing colours, and we can well believe that the visions thus portrayed appealed to the finer fancies of the poet, and urged him to the journey.

Their mode of travel was on horseback, and on Saturday, 5th May, the two friends left Edinburgh. It was only to be expected that young Ainslie's thoughts would turn to his own home at Berrywell, near Duns, at which place Ainslie senior acted as land agent on the estates of Lord Douglas. Journeying by way of the Lammermuirs and Langton edge they reached the father's house on the Saturday night. Burns was touched by the family greeting of his companion, and evidently thoroughly enjoyed himself with the kindly household. They attended service at Duns, where the minister, Dr Bowmaker by name, preached a sermon which strongly condemned obstinate sinners. Ainslie's sister was one of the party, and Burns, taking a slip of paper, wrote:—

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you!"

Pursuing their course on the Monday by way of Coldstream, where they dined with a Mr Foreman, Burns crossed the bridge (at the Scottish side of which was the blacksmith's house, the scene of many a romantic marriage) over the Tweed, which, at this place, is the boundary line between England and Scotland, in order to say that he had been in the sister country. When on the English side, "Mr Ainslie was surprised to see the poet throw away his hat, and, thus uncovered, kneel down with uplifted hands, and apparently rapt in a fit of enthusiasm. Mr Ainslie kept silence, uncertain what was next to be done, when Burns, with extreme emotion, and an expression of countenance which his companion could never forget, prayed for and blessed Scotland most solemnly, by pronouncing aloud, in tones of the deepest devotion, the two concluding stanzas of the "Cottar's Saturday Night."

The Monday night was passed at Coldstream,

and an early start being made the following morning enabled the travellers to breakfast in Kelso. On his way from there to Jedburgh they diverged a little from the direct road to call on a friend of Mr Ainslie at Caverton Mill. The entry in the diary runs thus:—"Mr McDowal (McDougall) at Caverton Mill, a friend of Mr Ainslie's, with whom I dined to-day, sold his sheep, ewe and lamb, at two guineas a-piece. Wash their sheep before shearing—7 or 8 lb. of washing wool in a fleece—low markets, consequently low rents—fine lands, not above sixteen shillings a Scotch acre—magnificence of farmers and farm-houses." This David McDougall here referred to came of a stock who had been for two or three centuries leading farmers in the district of Kalewater; the family were nearly two hundred years in Caverton Mill. A David McDougall was the tenant during the rebellion of '45, and when the rebel army was on its way south the Duke of Roxburghe, afraid of any mishap occurring to the family plate and valuables, sent for his tenant, and arranged that he and his two sons should go to Floors under cover of night and convey the chests containing the plate to Caverton Mill, where it was buried in the stackyard, where it lay till all trouble was over. This man's son, David, who was Ainslie's friend, and tenant of the farm at the time of the visit, was one of the party entrusted with the secreting of the plate. The family took a great interest in the parish, as is evidenced by different references. A letter from the minister of Morebattle, which gives some idea of the times, may be quoted:—

Morebattle, Nov. 26, 1742.

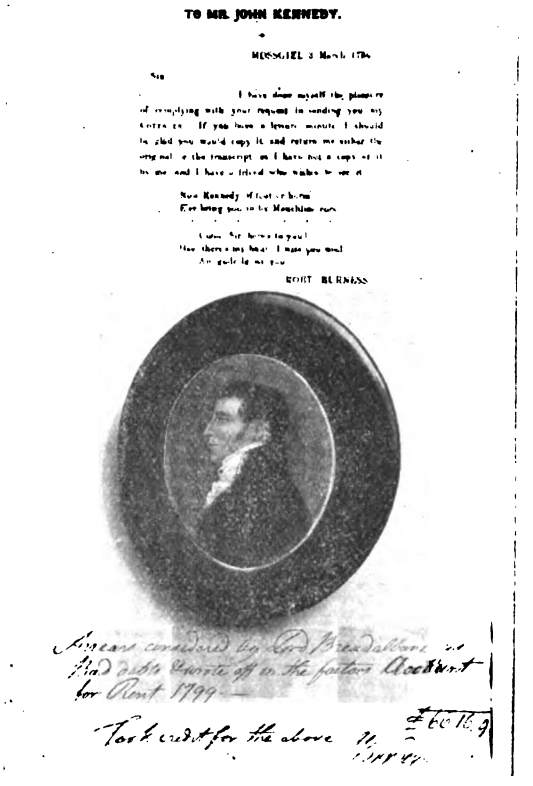
Dear Sir,—I take opportunity by the bearer who comes to demand payment for the duties laid over Grubbet Bridge last winter to inform you that in a letter I had last week from Mr Binning acquainting with the raising of a summons of valuation of teinds in yr. parish, he expresses his desire to hear that the roof of the kirk is covered and care taken to keep the water under the new bridge, neither of which is yet done, and as none of the Duke's tenants who were formerly given up deficient in deviots to David McDougall, have yet brought them in, I desire you'l repeat your orders to them to bring them in as soon as the weather will permit.

As to the bridge, we must have a meeting of heritors in a little time, both anent the poor and for the choice of a schoolmaster, and I don't see how anything can be done in it till then. This with my humble service to Mrs Lindsay, from, Dear Sir, yours, ANDREW CHATTO.

P.S.—I believe I shall trouble you with a message for my stipend to-morrow eight days.

They arrived at the Border town and Royal Burgh of Jedburgh on Tuesday night. It can almost be said with certainty that the house where Burns stayed during his three days' visit was in the Canongate adjoining the Dean's Close. At that time it would be one of the chief houses in the burgh. "The rooms are large, and the marble jambs and carved woodwork round the fire-place of the largest room are relics of last century grandeur.

On the following morning he breakfasted with a gentleman in the town, after which he set out for a roup of grass parks, where he met Captain Rutherfurd, grandfather of the present laird of Fairnington, who had had a most remarkable career in North America, having been captured and held prisoner by a band of In-


TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

ROBT. BURNESS

From Photo by R. Jack.

JOHN KENNEDY.

dians. It is worthy of note here that at the centenary proceedings at Morebattle in 1859, one of those who took part in the arrangements stated that he had a distinct recollection of seeing Burns and Captain Rutherfurd walking together.

After an early dinner with his host he returned to Jedburgh, and started for a walk up Jed, "with some ladies, to be shown Love-lane and Blackburn, two fairy scenes." On the way

thither he met, and was introduced to, Mr Potts, a writer in the town, according to the poet "a very clever fellow," and Dr Somerville, minister of the Parish Church. Burns summed him up as "a man and a gentleman, but sadly addicted to punning." When this character appeared in print, it is stated on good authority that he abandoned the practice.

Undoubtedly the outstanding figure of the party in Burns' eyes was that of Isabella Lindesay. She was a daughter of Robert Lindesay, say, who practised in the town. Originally the family came from Forfarshire, the cradle of the clan. Robert Lindesay had received his medical education in Edinburgh, where his grandfather was a merchant, and, as the following letter will show, his intentions had been to go abroad. The writer of the letter, John Coutts, was partner of the banking house of Coutts Brothers & Co., which, at that time, had its premises on the second floor of the President's stairs, Parliament Close, Edinburgh. The letter was to the Earl of Panmure, and is to the following effect:—

My Lord,—Mr Robert Lindsay, who delivers this to you, is the son of a very worthy man in the country, who has a good many friends in Angus, and connected with a good many of your Lordship's friends in that county. I have, therefore, presumed to recommend him to your Lordship, as your Lordship giving him a little countenance may be of great use to him. The young lad has been educated as a surgeon here, and goes abroad to endeavour, I presume, to get into some employment in the hospitalls. He has carried with him severall recommendations, particularly to his chief, the Earl of Crawfurd. I beg your Lordship will forgive the freedom I use, and I am, My Lord, Your Lor'ps most obed. huble servt.,

JOHN COUTTS.

Edinburgh, 6th April, 1748.

What the influencing reasons were is not known, but young Lindesay, if he went abroad, had not finally located there. From the fact that his father, Alexander Lindesay, was Commissioner for the Duke of Roxburghe at Swineside, near Jedburgh, it is natural to suppose that the idea of starting as a surgeon in the county town would find favour with the family. At any rate he did so, and evidently was able to build up a good practice and occupy a good position, for he was elected to the office of Provost of the Burgh some ten years before the poet's visit. The position of Provost in these days was one of considerable importance. At the time of the Circuit Court the Provost and Magistrates, as representing the Crown, were obliged to give personal attendance on the judges during the sitting of the Court, and provide the requisite accommodation for carrying on the business. "The Provost of Jedburgh, next to the judge, occupied the highest position. It was incumbent on the Provost and Magistrates to go out in state, generally so far as Ancrum Bridge, to meet the judge and escort him to the town, and on their arrival at the hotel door the burgesses were summoned, under the tenure by which they held their property—of watching and warding—to form a guard to his Lordship and the Magistrates. A letter from a judge on circuit, which has been preserved, may be quoted. It is addressed to the Provost (Dr Lindesay) and Magistrates.

Galashiels, Monday, 8th May, 1780.

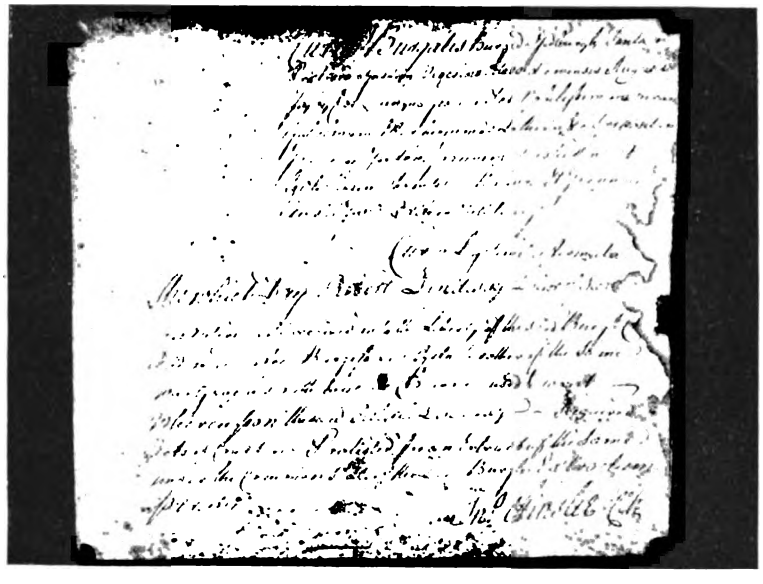
Gentlemen,—I have got this far on my road to Jedburgh to hold the Circuit there. I shall be at Merton this night, and pass to-morrow at that place, and shall be at Jedburgh on Wednesday about half-an-hour after twelve, and I shall go to Court about an hour after. I thought it my duty to give you this information, and am with great regard, Gentlemen, Your most humble servant,

THO. MILLER.

Dr Lindesay occupied, at the time of the poet's visit, the house which had been associated with Queen Mary. When on her Border visit she lay sick with fever in this dwelling, and ever afterwards it was known as Queen Mary's house. Through the courtesy of Mr Simson, writer, the following interesting information has been obtained from the titles regarding it. From these it would appear that two infeftments were granted in favour of Sir Patrick Scott of Ancrum in the year 1704; while a charter of adjudication had been granted by the Magistrates of Jedburgh in favour of the deceased William Ainslie of Black Hill, dated 3rd February, 1694. On the 4th of July, 1740, Sir John Scott of Ancrum disponed the property to George Kemp, Town Treasurer of the Burgh of Jedburgh, for himself, and in the name of the Magistrates, Town Council, and community of the said Burgh, the price of the property being £200 stg., the right of the "Dask" or seat in the Kirk of Jedburgh being included in the conveyance. On 13th June, 1743, the Most Honourable William Henry, Marquis of Lothian, Lord Provost of the Burgh of Jedburgh, the Bailies and Councillors thereof, in respect of a payment of £200, disponed the property to the said Sir William Scott, who some seven years later, by private sale, parted with the property to Mr Alexander Lindesay in Swineside, "all and haill that land or lot, high and laigh back and fore with the yeards, plots, grass, fruit and forest trees, including the "dask" or seat in the kirk, which was near the pulpit on the south, and the entry leading to the Session table on the north." Dr Robert

Lindesay succeeded in 1775, and from him the property passed into the hands of Robert Lindesay Armstrong, who was naturalised in Russia. Some fifteen years ago it was bought by Mr Alexander Scott, in whose hands it now is.

Isabella Lindesay was married to Adam Armstrong, son of the teacher at Hobkirk. He entered the Russian service and reached the rank of Major-General. It was through this marriage that Queen Mary's House came into the Armstrong family. Dr Lindesay had the misfortune to lose by drowning his son, Alexander, who was a much-liked young man. cured him the esteem and favour of all to whom he was afterwards known in the intercourse of society and business. A candid interpreter in the actions of others, he never spoke of any person with bitterness or censure. He was exemplary for filial and brotherly affection, and his parents have been often heard to say that they could not recollect one instance of his having given them any cause of offence or displeasure. He received peculiar testimonies of respect and confidence from the officers and privates of the regiment to which he belonged. At the age of twenty-eight, possessed of a vigorous constitution in the full career of prosperity and honour a fatal calamity prematurely closed the scene of his existence here, admonishing his surviving acquaintances and



From Photo by E. Waldie.

BURGESS TICKET OF JEDBURGH IN FAVOUR OF DR ROBERT LINDESAY.

The following account, by the courtesy of the proprietor of the "Kelso Mail," is taken from the issue of that paper of date 11th September, 1797:—

On Thursday, the 7th current, the body of Alexander Lindsay, Surgeon and Captain-Lieutenant of the Roxburghshire Light Dragoons, was interred in the Churchyard of Jedburgh. The excellent character of Captain Lindsay, and a combination of disastrous circumstances attending his death, render it singularly affecting to his relatives and numerous acquaintances. Endowed with a solid understanding, improved by a liberal education, he was well qualified for the duties of his profession. The mildness of his temper, his modest and unassuming manners joined to a kindly and obliging disposition, attracted the marked attachment of his early companions, and eminently profriends of the vanity and deceitfulness of the fairest terrestrial hopes.

A tablet with this inscription is erected against the south wall of Jedburgh Abbey, close to the entrance to the Tower:—

"Near
This place is interred
the Body of
ALEXANDER LINDSAY,
Surgeon and Captain-Lieutenant of the Regiment of Roxburgh and Selkirkshire Light Dragoons, who was unfortunately drowned in the Jed on the 3rd Sept., 1797, in the 28th year of his age.
In testimony of
the high respect and affectionate attachment to his memory this monument is erected in his name."

To get a portrait of Isabella Lindsay, one cannot do better than describe her in Burns' own words:—"A good-humoured, amiable girl, rather short 'et embonpoint,' but handsome, and extremely graceful—beautiful hazel eyes, full of spirit and sparkling with delicious moisture—an engaging face—'un tout ensemble' that speaks her of the first order of female minds—her sister, a bonnie, strappin', rosy, sonsie lass. Shake myself loose, after several unsuccessful efforts, of Mrs —— and Miss ——, and somehow or other get hold of Miss Lindsay's arm. My heart is thawed into melting pleasure after being so long frozen up in the Greenland bay of indifference amid the noise and nonsense of Edinburgh. Miss seems very pleased with my bardship's distinguishing her; and after some slight qualms, which I could easily mark, she sets the titter round at defiance, and kindly allows me to keep my hold; and when parted by the ceremony of my introduction to Dr Somerville, she met me half, to resume my situation. 'Nota Bene'—the poet within a point and a half of being—in love—I am afraid my bosom is still nearly as much tinder as ever."

Reference has been made to Dr Somerville. Before he came to Jedburgh he had been minister of Minto for some years, enjoying the friendship of Sir Gilbert Elliot. Dr Somerville and his family were much esteemed in the burgh, where he laboured long as minister of the parish. Burns alludes to Mrs Somerville as "an excellent, motherly, agreeable woman, and a fine family."

When in Jedburgh, Burns took occasion to visit his friend, Mrs Scott, at Wauchope, breakfasting by the way with Dr Elliot, "an agreeable, good-hearted, climate-beaten old veteran, in the medical line, now retired to a romantic but rather moorish place, on the banks of the Rule." His host accompanied him well on the way to Wauchope, where he was received in true Border style by Mrs Scott. Returning from there in the late afternoon he supped in the evening with Mr Potts.

On the morning of the last day of his stay in the town he breakfasted with Dr Somerville, where he again met Isabella Lindesay. After breakfast some of the party went to visit Esther Easton, "a very remarkable woman for reciting poetry of all kinds, and sometimes making Scotch dogerell herself." No doubt it would be on the instigation of his fair friend that the visit was paid, because Esther stayed in a house on the Lindesay property, which consisted of no less than ten different lots, which had at varying periods been bought up, after the original Queen Mary's House had been purchased, so that now the ground was of a very compact nature.

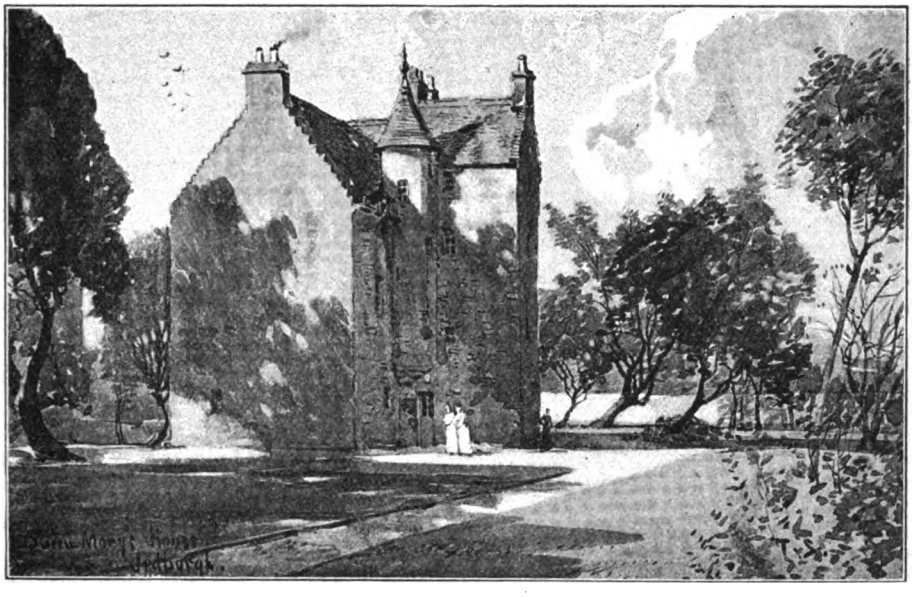
Before leaving Jedburgh, we learn from Burns' diary that he "was waited on by the Magistrates and presented with the freedom of the burgh." There has often been doubt expressed as to the exactness of this, because there is no entry in the Council records. But other Burgess tickets have come to light which are not entered either, so that the benefit of the doubt has always been extended to the tradition. At the present time the matter is being looked into by the Provost, who, when looking through the file of the "Kelso Chronicle," came across an entry in 1843 referring to celebrations held on the anniversary of the poet's birthday. One of them referred to that held in the Spread Eagle Hotel, Hanging-ditch, Manchester, and was in the following terms:—

"In Manchester we observe by the 'Manchester Times' that the annual commemoration was carried out with great success and éclat. Many eloquent speeches were delivered, and toasts given. In the course of the evening Mr Falkner, of "Bradshaw's Journal," showed to the company the Burgess ticket presented to Burns by the Magistrates of Jedburgh on the occasion of the visit of the poet to this place. The relic seems to have been looked on with a good deal of interest."

Efforts have been made through varied sources to try and get on the track of the ticket, but up till the present, unfortunately, without avail. It is a matter of interest, however, to know that a few months ago there was presented to the Public Library the Burgess ticket of Dr Robert Lindesay, who received the honour in 1750. Some thirty years later he was made a free burgess of Lauder.

That same day Burns took his departure from Jedburgh and returned to Kelso, where in the evening he dined with the Farmers' Club, "all gentlemen, talking on high matters." While there he took an opportunity of visiting Newton Don in order to see Lady Harriet Don, sister to the Earl of Glencairn, "my noble patron, Quem Deus Conservet!" From Kelso he started on his visit to Dryburgh and Melrose, reaching the latter place by way of the Leader. After a short stay, to enable them to have dinner, and a view of the noble Abbey, amid very bad weather a start was made for Selkirk. In the original programme of the tour Yarrow and Ettrick were both included, but a continuance of the "rainy season" compelled alterations. Tweedside was substituted, and journey-

ing by Innerleithen, Elibank, and Earlston, he there visited the cottage of Thomas the Rhymer and Cowdenknowes. Before crossing the English Border numbers of places of interest in Berwickshire were brought under his notice, and it is quite evident that he could have made a longer stay. He arrived at Alnwick on the 27th of May. A day or two were spent in this district, and by way of Newcastle and Hexham he reached Carlisle, which place he left for Annan—and it is here that the journal abruptly closes. From other sources it is learned that he arrived at Mauchline on the 9th of June. According to Dr Currie "it will be easily conceived with what pleasure and pride he was received by his mother, his brothers, and sisters. He had left them poor, and comparatively friendless; he returned to them high in public estimation and easy in his circumstances. He returned to them unchanged in his ardent affections, and ready to share with them to the uttermost farthing the pittance that fortune had bestowed."



QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE, JEDBURGH.

Some four years later it looked as if Burns might again visit the Borders. At that time he was resident at Ellisland, Dumfries. Lord Buchan, a great admirer of James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," was arranging for a celebration of Thomson's birthday at Ednam, and among others invited was Burns. "In my first enthusiasm," wrote Burns, in replying, "I overlooked every obstacle and determined to go; but I fear it will not be in my power. . . I once already made a pilgrimage up the whole course of the Tweed, and fondly would I take the same delightful journey down the windings of that charming stream." But it was not to be; a variety of circumstances prevented the wish to be present being carried out, and that tour, which would have been even more triumphal than the former, was nipped in the bud.

It can easily be gathered that his visit had been a great source of delight to the poet, and it is not too much to say that the descendants of the burghers and villagers of those days recall the associations of that incursion with unalloyed pleasure. In the county town it seems reasonable to suggest that some permanent record should be erected of such an interesting time.

J. LINDSAY HILSON.

Law's like laudanum; it's much more easy to use it as a quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician.—Guy Mannering.

A Ballad of Catherine Douglas.

ON the night of 20th February, 1437, King James I. was holding his court in the monastery of the Black Friars at Perth. Through the treachery of some of his retainers a band of disaffected nobles, with Sir Robert Graeme at their head, obtained access to the monastery with the avowed intention of murdering the King. Deserted by all save the Queen and her female attendants the King succeeded in removing a plank in the floor, and hiding himself in a vault beneath the room, Lady Catherine Douglas meanwhile keeping the door fast by thrusting her arm through the staples. When at last this frail bolt was broken and the foemen entered the chamber, so well was the King hidden that they thought he must have fled by some secret passage, and after a careful search they withdrew. One of the King's gloves, however, was found in another apartment, and the band returned to find the impatient monarch preparing to emerge from his hiding place. He died in the narrow vault, fighting fiercely although unarmed. But his fate, if a terrible one, was enviable compared with that of his murderers, who all suffered torture and execution within a few weeks of their victim's death.

Borne on the blast the drifting snow
Lay deep o'er hamlet, dale and down,
But no man feared the wintry foe
In old St Johnstone's storied town.

For in the friars' holy fane
The good King James held festal high;
No thought was there of toil or pain,
Of base design or danger nigh.

But hark! a tumult wild and drear!
The frighted minions fly afar;
Against the thrust of sword and spear
Vain is the fence of bolt and bar.

For sawn nigh through by traitors' aid
Bolt after bolt gives easy way
Until they reach that vaulted shade
Where the royal game must turn to bay.

But here is found no bar to close,
Some traitor fell the bolt has ta'en;
How shall they stay these vengeful foes
Before the king be foully slain.

O noble heart! mine own bleeds sore
To tell again thy tale of harm;
Into the staples of the door
Fair Catherine thrusts her lovely arm.

Then 'neath the chamber's oaken floor
Low lies the king, while overhead
His queen's fair maid thus bars the door
Against the foemens' mailed tread.

Vain hope! the brutal ruffians' force
Breaks the frail guard of flesh and bone;
The traitors onward take their course,
The fainting maid is overthrown.

They searched the chamber through and through,
But of the king found ne'er a trace;
Then back the baffled bloodhounds drew,
Reluctant still to leave the place.

And even so the faithful maid
By this delay had saved his life;
But ah! too soon he left the shade
Where safe he lay from mortal strife.

Some traiter finds a kingly glove,
And back the murderous rout returns;
Vain now the gentle Catherine's love,
Fierce Graeme all prayers for mercy spurns.

Unarmed, the king yet held his ground,
And bravely 'gan his foes repel,
Till pierced with many a mortal wound
Lifeless upon the floor he fell.

Full many an age shall tell the fame
Of good King James the just and true;
And how he strove the might to tame
Of the rude barons' lawless crew.

And still as men the story tell,
Tears come unbidden to our eyes;
With sorrow still our bosoms swell
For noble Catherine's sacrifice.

WM. C. DOUGLAS.

The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1906.

PRICE 1/- NETT.

THE enterprising firm of Messrs A. & C. Black once more issue this valuable guide to the various publications of the day, and all litterateurs would do well to possess a copy. In a concise form, printed in bold clear type on strong paper, the book gives the names and particulars of the current literature of the day, and writers and artists can see at a glance where the products of their pen and brush are likely to meet a market. Much valuable information is given for the guidance of authors in dealing with the various firms of publishers, while beginners will find hints that may save them much trouble and disappointment. We are pleased to note that the BORDER MAGAZINE receives due recognition in the volume.

A New System of Health Exercises.

THE Borderland has always been famous for its athletes, and athletic games which drew large concourses of spectators were common when they were little known in many parts of the country. The true Borderer, as a rule, is a fine physical specimen of humanity, but the hurried and too often artificial mode of modern life make it necessary that everything should be done to guard against its deteriorating influences. Many books are published on the subject of athletic exercises, but the finest we have seen is "My System" (15 minutes' work a day for health's sake), by Mr J. P. Muller, a Dane, who has attained to a high position on the Continent in connection with true athletics. The volume, which is issued by the Anglo-Danish Publishing Co., 188 Strand, London, contains a large amount of most valuable information accompanied by numerous fine photo illustrations. The book is handsomely got up, printed on art paper, and can be had at three prices, 2/6, 3/6, and 5/. Space prevents us quoting from its pages, but our interest in the youth of the Borderland compels us to strongly recommend the volume, which is thus referred to in a publisher's note:—

"The original work appeared on the 3rd August, 1904, and up to the present over 200,000 copies, in nine different languages, have been printed. What distinguishes the book from all works on the same subject is the fact that all the Exercises therein can be performed without any apparatus whatever, beyond the furniture available in an ordinary bedroom.

The book has everywhere been spoken of in terms of high praise, and, in Germany particularly, Educational Authorities have advocated the introduction of the system into the Schools. A prominent School Official in Germany, for example, writes: I should esteem it a piece of good fortune for the entire nation if your exercises were introduced into the Schools and our young people brought to regard them as one of the necessaries of life.

At present, when the question of the physical degeneration of the young in England is to the fore, we believe that this book would be the most suitable means of promoting, in a systematic manner, their physical culture.

We would refer you to the preface for a brief sketch of the author. Special emphasis is laid on the fact that Mr J. P. Muller is an Amateur, and, consequently, does not, like most of the inventors of systems of physical culture, charge high fees (of £5 and more) for imparting his system. On the contrary, it is sufficient to purchase the book, its directions being so precise that anyone and everyone can, with ease, learn the exercise therefrom."

Professor Veitch on the Border Songs and Ballads.

IT would not be easy to estimate or express the degree of refined and elevated feeling in many minds, of which the Ballads and Songs of the Borderland, have been the source. Some men have felt their power so strongly that we cannot look for an increase in the intensity of the gratification or a greater quickening of the poetic faculty than they have already caused. But we may hope that the purifying and refining power of Border Song may be greatly extended, especially among those born in the district, to whom it comes as a natural heritage. The degree in which a Borderer appreciates the poetry of his native hills and vales may be taken as the measure of his culture. The Borderer who is entirely impervious to its influence, if there be any such, may fairly be given up as incapable of education in any true sense of the word.

As a distinctive form of poetry, Border song has a permanent place in our national literature. It is simple, outward, direct, not without art, especially in its later forms, yet powerful mainly because it is true to feelings of the human heart, which are as universal and permanent as they are pure; and because it is fresh as the sights and sounds of the varied land of hill and dale, of purple moorland and clear sparkling streams, which it loves so well. It is a form of poetry with which we can at no time dispense, if we are to keep our literature healthy; and it is especially needed in these times. For we have abounding morbid introspection and self-analysis; we have greatly too much of the close hot atmosphere of our own fancies and feeling. We depend for our interest in literature too much on the trick of incident or story, too little on character which embodies primary human emotion. We need, as people did not at the commencement of the century, some reminder of the grandeur of a simple life, of the instinctive character of high motives and noble needs, of the self-satisfying sense of duty done; and the close workshops of our literary manufacturers would be all the better for a good fresh breeze from the hills and the holms of the Teviot and the Yarrow.—From "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," Vol. ii. p. 366-7.

He that has enough may soundly sleep,
The owercome only fashes folk to keep.
"Black Dwarf."

Lock the Door, Lariston.

[To the Editor of THE BORDER MAGAZINE.]

BY attributing the authorship of this ballad to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Mr John Graham (in his "Condition of the Borders before the Union," reviewed in your November issue), has unwittingly done an injustice to its real author. "The Weekly Scotsman" fell into a similar error several years ago, to which I drew attention at the time, as follows:—

> "Page 216 of 'The Border Exploits,' by W. Scott (published in 1812 at Hawick) mentions it as a 'spirited imitation of the ancient Border ballad from the forcible and energetic pen of Mr Gray, master of the High School of Edinburgh."

As this ballad may be new to many of your readers, its insertion in the BORDER MAGAZINE would interest them, and be a fitting recognition of its talented author's worth.

WM. M. SANDISON.

"Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone!

"Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather-gleam.
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
Yeomen and Carbineer,
Billman and halberdier,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry.

"Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandale and Windermere;
Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay.

"Why doth thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
Thou bold Border ranger,
Beware of thy danger;
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh."

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace.
"Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!

"Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here;
Little know you of our moss-trooper's might—
Lindhope and Sobie true,
Sundhope and Millburn, too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

"I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whitram and all his array;
Come all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland
Here at the Breaken tower, end shall the fray!"

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddesdale,
Red as the bacon-light tipped he the wold;
Many a bold martial eye
Mirror'd that morning sky,
Never more opened on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior's shout,
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne;
Helmet and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain;
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

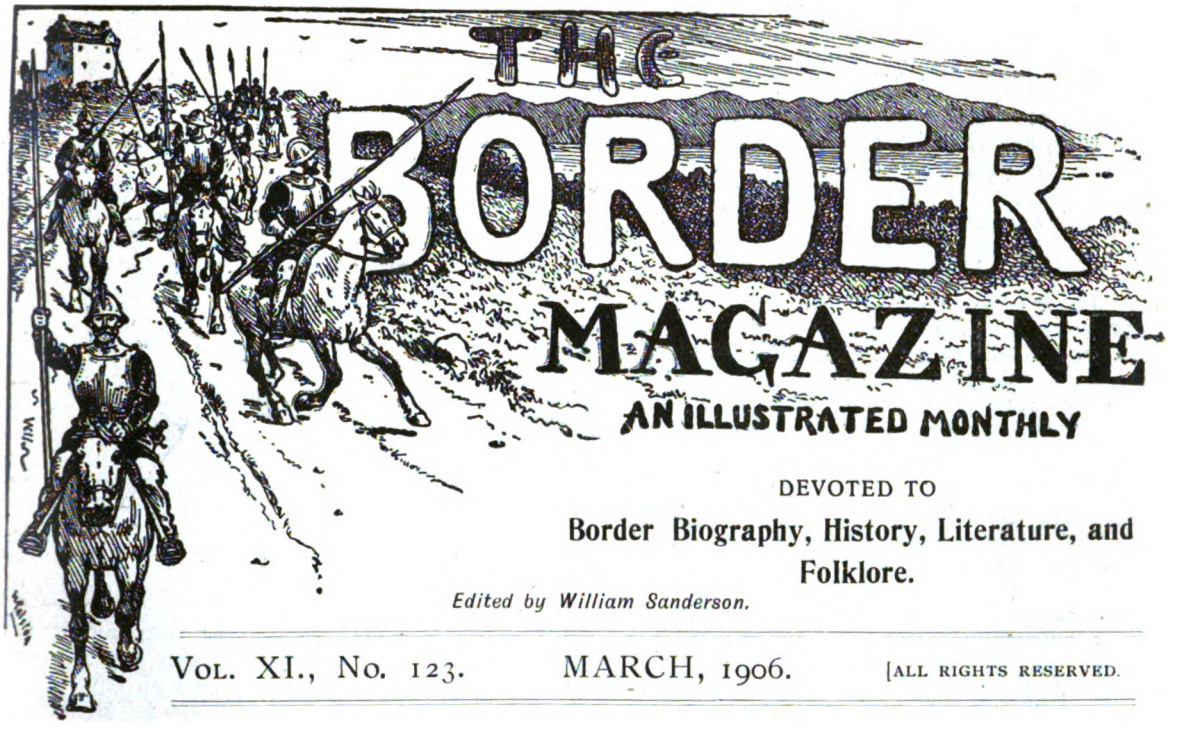
See how they wane—the proud files of Windermere!
Howard! Ah, woe to thy hopes of the day!
Hear the wild welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend—
"Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

[We will be pleased to hear from our readers on this interesting subject, as the poem is included in the Centenary Edition of Hogg's Works without note or comment. Ed. "B.M."]

Lord Byron is reported to have said to Captain Medwin:—Scott as much as owned himself the author of "Waverley" to me in Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, replied—"Ay, I might have done so, but——" There he stopped, and without another word left the shop.' It appears, then, that as not only his intimate friends but also all men of letters at least knew who the "Author of Waverley" was. Scott must have meant to puzzle only the less well-informed general public.—Longman's Magazine.

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

MR JOHN BECKETT FAIRGRIEVE.



VOL. XI., NO. 123. MARCH, 1906.

Mr JOHN B. FAIRGRIEVE,

A WELL-KNOWN EDINBURGH SOUTER.

VISITORS from the Borderland to "fair Edina, Scotia's darling seat," whether on duty or pleasure bent, seldom fail to make the acquaintance of the well-known establishment at 7 and 9 Cockburn Street. For Borderers now resident in the capital it is not merely a pleasant house of call, but a kind of Mecca toward which they weekly turn to procure their local print with its budget of home news.

What wonder then that the presiding genius of the establishment, Mr John Beckett Fairgrieve, has become one of the best known and highly esteemed among the many Border men now occupying prominent positions and taking a large share in the affairs of the Scottish Metropolis. It is surely fitting, therefore, that a place should be found for Mr Fairgrieve in the BORDER MAGAZINE'S "Roll of Honour" as another of the many worthy men who, with little or no outside influence, but by patient industry, prudence, and fair dealing has won for himself a creditable position in the business life of the city; and as one who in the midst of a busy life has ever kept alive his love for his homeland, and in many ways proved himself "leal to the Border."

Mr Fairgrieve is both by birth and lineage a Borderer. His ancestors on both sides can be traced back for generations. As has already been hinted, however, Mr Fairgrieve himself owes nothing to the accident of birth for his start in life; and in these days when so much dependence is being put on outside agencies for the attainment of a successful career, it may not be amiss to point out for the benefit of the rising generation, that in the great majority of instances of those who have won name and fame for themselves, this has been accomplished in the face of most adverse circumstances, and with little or no assistance.

The subject of our sketch was, in an indirect way, a victim of our unfortunate Crimean War, not that it is to be surmised that the old Border martial spirit had once more asserted itself in Mr Fairgrieve's family, and was only to be appeased by the head of the household setting out to the help of the "unspeakable" Turk against the aggressive Russian. It was in no such tangible and direct way that Mr Fairgrieve became a sufferer. But who is able to set a bound to the ravages of the war fiend when once he has been let loose; or, indeed, who can limit influences, whether for good or evil, once they have been set in mo-

tion. The quiet little town of Langholm, nestling among the hills at the confluence of the Ewes and the Esk, seemed to be about as remote from the scene of conflict, and as unlikely to be affected by the sanguinary struggle which was then being waged on the banks of the Alma as could well be conceived. And yet it was among the first affected in this country. Early in the fifties the woollen trade had already begun to take firm root in the Border towns, and gave every promise of becoming a most prosperous industry. Mr Fairgrieve's father, in company with his brother Andrew and Mr James Wilson, latterly editor of the "Scottish Border Record," resolved on starting the manufacture of woollens on their own account, and for this purpose went to Langholm. Had the venture been made earlier the enterprise would probably have turned out a complete success, but as it was, with the outbreak of the war and the sudden and extraordinary rise in the price of all kinds of raw material, it spelt disaster for the new firm. With every penny they possessed invested in machinery the outlook seemed hopeless, and the effort to establish a business had to be given up—the three members of the company losing all their capital. Mr Fairgrieve came to Selkirk, where he obtained employment with the firm of Messrs George Roberts & Co. But the Langholm adventure from which so much had been expected and which had ended in such utter failure, had done its work, and Mr Fairgrieve only survived a few years, and his widow, with five young children, had to face the world as best they might. The subject of our sketch was the third of the family, and at that time only nine years of age. What this meant can be readily imagined. I think it is Wendell Philips who says "that the best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living." If that be true, then all the young Fairgrieves were well equipped educationally! Mrs Fairgrieve was a woman of a type to whom our country is much more deeply indebted than has ever been properly realised. Deeply, though unostentatiously religious, she had an implicit confidence in the wisdom of an over-ruling Providence that would open up a way in the seeming insurmountable difficulties of the position. This confidence, in place of leading to a blind fatalism, only served to bring into stronger relief a quiet self-reliance and resourcefulness, which looked back upon—especially from the standpoint of present-day ideas of what would be regarded as the bare necessities of life—is simply amazing. Yet the fact remains that almost unaided each of that household received what was then considered a reasonably good education, and enabled to take their place, week-day and Sabbath, amongst their more fortunately-circumstanced associates without invidious comparison being possible.

Mr Fairgrieve received his education first at a voluntary school, built and furnished by a most enlightened landlord, the then Sir John Murray, Bart., of Philiphaugh, for the benefit of children on his own estate and others on the western side of the town, which at that time was rapidly extending westward; and latterly at Selkirk Grammar School. In both cases he had the advantage of excellent teachers, who aimed at more than merely imparting a knowledge of the "three R's." When it is mentioned that Mr Fairgrieve was apprenticed as a bookseller to Mr George Lewis at the age of thirteen it will be seen, however, that only the ground work of his education had been laid during his all too short scholastic term.

In the choice of an occupation and an employer Mr Fairgrieve was fortunate. Mr Lewis was a man of strong personality, thoroughly upright in all his dealings, methodical in the performance of his duties, and with a capacity for getting through work not often possessed. The advantages of such a training school to a young lad anxious to make his way in life can be readily understood. But, however advantageous in a business aspect Mr Lewis's influence may have been, not less important was it in its moral effect. It is speaking within the bounds of strict accuracy to say that no movement of a character calculated to forward the social or intellectual, moral or spiritual well-being of the people, but found in Mr Lewis not only a wise and prudent counsellor, but a generously helpful supporter. To young men at the most impressionable period of their lives the influence of such a personality was bound to tell; and some indication of its effect on those who came more immediately under its sway may be gathered from the fact that within the writer's knowledge out of some score of young men who served their apprenticeship with Mr Lewis, at least ten of them are presently carrying on successful businesses on their own account.

It may be taken as an indication of the bent of Mr Fairgrieve's mind, even at this early period, that he had associated himself with a number of the more earnest minded young men of the town, and became a member of the Selkirk Young Men's Mutual Improvement

Society, the Sabbath Morning Fellowship Union, and kindred institutions, by means of which he not only extended his acquaintance with and cultivated a taste for the best literature, but had also high ideals of life and conduct kept steadily before the mind.

His apprenticeship of five years being completed, Mr Fairgrieve stayed on in Mr Lewis's service for another two years, when an opening occurring in Mr Wm. Ritchie's Bible and stationery warehouse in Elder Street, Edinburgh, Mr Fairgrieve, on the recommendation of Mr Lewis, was offered the post, and he removed to Edinburgh. Here again the circumstances in which Mr Fairgrieve found himself were eminently favourable for the development of a virile Christian character. In his native place Mr Fairgrieve had associated himself in an unostentatious way with those engaged in temperance and evangelistic work.

On taking up his residence in Edinburgh he was attracted to Brighton Street E.U. Church, at that time ministered to by that inspiring preacher and indefatigable worker, the Rev. Professor Kirk. This church at that time was the centre of strenuous life and work, and no one could remain there without catching some of the abounding zeal, and Mr Fairgrieve soon found himself filling positions for which his training had admirably qualified him. Mr Fairgrieve acted as treasurer of the Church for the long period of eighteen years. Not only so, but his connection with this Church brought him into contact with many prominent men, whose friendship and advice were of immense service to him in later life.

Mr Fairgrieve remained in Mr Ritchie's service for four and a half years, and it is sufficient indication of how his services were regarded, when it is mentioned that after being about six months an assistant, he was offered the position of chief cashier and book-keeper, which post he occupied until an opportunity occurred to start business on his own account. This took place in January, 1878, when Mr Fairgrieve purchased the bookselling and stationery business carried on by Mr L. Cossar at 7 Cockburn Street, and used also as a sub-Post Office. It speedily became a much-frequented resort not only for Borderers and visitors within a wide area, but for many prominent citizens as well, and Mr Fairgrieve is proud of being able to reckon among his customers such honoured names as the late Professor Blackie, Professor Veitch, Dr W. Lindsay Alexander, Dr Begg, and Dr Robertson Smith. Sir H. D. Littlejohn, who began his professional career in Selkirk, evinced a warm interest in the young man starting business, and he has remained a highly esteemed friend ever since.

Needless to say, with such patronage, and a principal, capable, and diligent and constantly superintending every transaction to the minutest detail, the business greatly prospered, and Mr Fairgrieve, in 1889, had to acquire the adjoining premises to afford facilities for his increasing business.

In 1884 Mr Fairgrieve assumed a further responsibility by taking unto himself a wife, who, like himself, is a warm-hearted Borderer —Miss Dalgleish, the elder daughter of a former Provost of Selkirk. By their marriage they have a family of two sons and one daughter.

While Mr Fairgrieve has made it a point during his business career to carefully observe Dr Franklin's injunction, "to keep thy house if thou would'st have thy house keep thee," he has nevertheless found time to take his fair share of voluntary work incidental to a prominent citizen of a progressive temperament. His postal connection debars him from engaging in any markedly political agitation, but he has all along taken part in movements calculated to advance the cause of religion and temperance. He is at present senior vice-president of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, the parent Society in the city, and recently was elected an elder in Mayfield U.F. Church.

He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union in 1874, and has been an office-bearer ever since. He is a member of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, and president of the Edinburgh section of the Newsagents and Booksellers and Stationers' Union. He is also a director in two limited liability companies. Recently he has assumed a new role, and has lectured on "The Border Haunts of Sir Walter Scott." This is a subject on which Mr Fairgrieve is well qualified to speak, since most of the scenes have been familiar to him from childhood, and in his case familiarity has only increased his veneration for the classic ground. The lecture is illustrated by a large number of exquisite photos, many of them specially prepared for the lecture, and already not a few philanthropic agencies have profited by its delivery.

Mr Fairgrieve, it need only be added, is a man still in the prime and vigour of life, and his best work should yet be before him.

In connection with the lecture, Mr Fairgrieve records an interesting fact. While

spending summer holidays in Bowden—his mother's native place—he conversed with several old people who remembered seeing Sir Walter Scott "hirpling" across the village green to converse with his (the lecturer's) great-grandmother, whose name happened to be Janet Scott, and who, like Margaret Laidlaw, the Ettrick Shepherd's mother, had a great store of old folk-lore stories.

J. B.

Teviotdale and some of its Associations.

AS the Jordan was to the Israelites of old, as the Rhine is to the patriotic sons of the German Fatherland to-day, so is the River Teviot to the natives of Roxburghshire. It is their own particular river. From its source in the hill country near Mosspaul to its junction with the Tweed opposite the town of Kelso, its course lies entirely within the county of Roxburgh, from which also its tributary waters are practically wholly drawn. To any one acquainted with the Teviot it need occasion no surprise that those who are privileged to dwell by its grassy banks should be so enthusiastic in its praise, and that poets should ever refer to it in terms of endearment. There is no sweeter stream in all the Borderland. Although it flows through the heart of the country which in days of old was time and again devastated by fire and sword, it is haunted by no mournful memories. In this respect it differs materially from its sister stream Yarrow. There are no "dowie dens" in Teviotdale. The district is to-day, as it was when Wordsworth referred to it more than a century ago:

> Pleasant Teviotdale, a land
> Made blithe with plough and harrow.

During the first fifteen or sixteen miles of its course, until "Slitrig sweet and Teviot meet" at the ancient Burgh of Hawick, the Teviot is essentially an upland stream, flowing through a peaceful pastoral district among the "hills of sheep and the homes of the silent vanished races." From Hawick to the meeting of the waters at Kelso—some twenty miles—it flows through a cultivated country, and forms a prominent feature in one of the loveliest Lowland landscapes in Scotland. For a river of such length it has one decided peculiarity. There are very few villages on its banks, and only one town—Hawick, with its stirring memories, its tradition of 1514, and its "air eternal." Hawick is known all the world over as a manufacturing centre. As a haven of rest for those who desire to escape for a while from the turmoil of city life, it seems to the writer to have been overlooked. Though it is the seat of important manufactures it does not possess the characteristics usually associated with manufacturing centres. The mills are many, but they do not obtrude themselves, nor do they in the aggregate form an eyesore to the spectator. The town lies snug among the green hills of Teviotdale. To a pedestrian approaching it from, say, the Ashkirk heights, the first thought that comes to the mind is that surely here of all places are comfort and prosperity to be found. The squalor often associated with a manufacturing centre is wholly awanting. From the magnificent mansion to the cosy cottage Hawick possesses every variety of dwelling place, but there is nothing to offend the most sensitive eye.

> Boast! Hawick, boast! thy structures reared in blood,
> Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood.

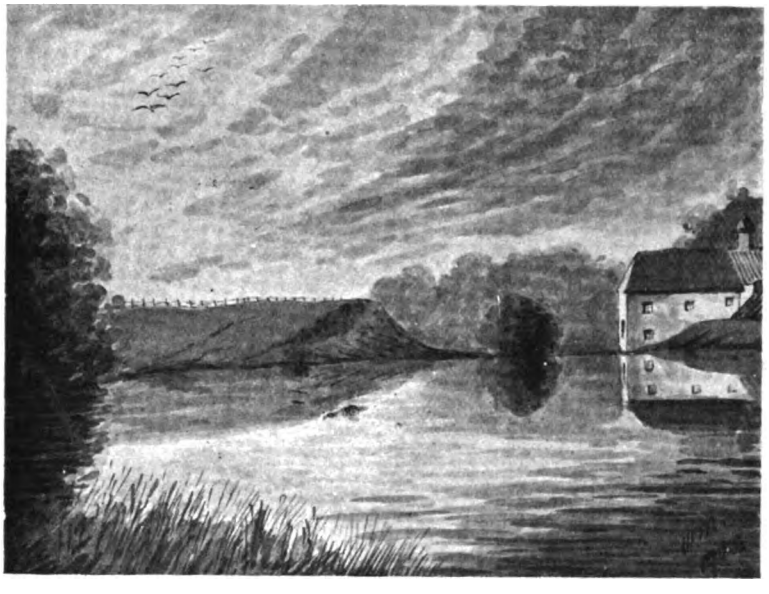
Five miles below Hawick, overshadowed by "dark Ruberslaw," lies Denholm, the birthplace and early home of that wonderful genius, John Leyden—a man of many parts, and a true son of the Borderland. His poetic tribute to the valley of Teviot, the "Scenes of Infancy," is characteristic of the man. It contains much that is irrelevant, but we can read through it all the intense fervent love of the poet for his native district. The author himself does not claim for his productions a high place in the realms of poetry.

> Careless of fame, nor fond of praise,
> The simple strains spontaneous sprung;
> For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,
> For Border maids my songs I sung.

Are the youths and maidens of Teviotdale at the present day familiar with the "Scenes of Infancy?" We fear not, and the loss is theirs. Many of its touching passages, committed to memory in early years, come back with a thrill of happy memories after long years of absence from the braes of Teviot. We seem to see again "the bonnie, bonnie gloamin's that are lang awa'," and the recollection of them serves to tranquilise many a weary hour when we are far from the Borderland.

Two beauty spots of Teviotdale—Ancrum on the wooded banks of Ale Water, and Jedburgh

on the "sylvan currents" of the Jed—are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Teviot, and a little further down is Penielheugh, crowned with its far-seen Waterloo column, one of the best of the many prominent points from which a glorious panorama of Border scenery may be obtained. At this point Teviot assumes the proportions of an imposing river, a fit companion for the majestic Tweed, with whose waters it is soon to mingle. Where all is so fair it is difficult to make a selection, but probably there is no more beautiful stretch of the river than the last five miles of its course, from the mouth of the Kale to the "junction" opposite the town of Kelso. On



HEITON MILL, ON THE TEVIOT.

a calm midsummer evening the beauties of lower Teviotdale can be most fully appreciated. The rippling waters sparkle in the rays of the setting sun, the wooded banks throw deep shadows on the pools, songs of happy feathered minstrels fill the air, and everything breathes of peace and rest. In the vicinity of the grassy mound, on whose tree-clad summit stand the few mouldering fragments of Roxburgh Castle, one may usually on a summer evening meet many wanderers from the neighbouring town—the young man and maiden, the middle-aged and elderly, drinking in the quiet beauty of the gloaming, and the angler strolling leisurely homewards. In spite of the beauties of Tweedside, "up Teviot" has ever been the favourite walk of the Kelso folks. Many familiar figures we can recollect of ancient anglers who lived their day by the banks of Teviot, and now sleep for ever near the spots they knew and loved so well. Some of them doubtless received scant appreciation from their fellow-townsmen, and yet we cannot but think kindly of these old warriors of the rod and reel. From a worldly point of view, their lives were scarcely lived on lines calculated to command success, but their failings and failures may be forgotten, and we only remember them now as outstanding figures in those pictures of past days we so often conjure up. Some we knew many years ago were so identified with Teviot's banks that it is difficult to imagine the familiar scenes without them. One in particular, an elderly weather-beaten man of small stature and slender frame, spent, it may be said without exaggeration, almost the whole of his waking hours on Teviotside. He knew every nook and cranny, every spring, almost every stone. Events in his existence were such simple incidents as the coming of the first swallow and the opening of the first primrose in spring. The implements with which he waged a war of dubious success upon the finny tribe were in a state of chronic disrepair, his rod spliced

and mended, his line knotted in many places, his hooks few and of doubtful quality. One can remember yet the apologetic tone—he was always scrupulously polite—in which he asked, "Excuse me, one moment, have you such a thing as a blae wing or a march brown about you? I had some hooks, but unfortunately I left them on a stone up Teviot." Oh that mysterious stone! How many hooks, fills of "light tobacco," and other articles were left there. Many anecdotes used to be told of his expedients in the matter of borrowing and then bartering or selling hooks in order to "raise the wind," but the old man's weaknesses may be forgotten in view of the almost pathetic love he bore for the stream whose banks he haunted. One of his contemporaries was a broad-shouldered Englishman of massive build and great stature, who bore the burden of his three-score years and ten with a lightness that might well be the envy of many a younger man. These two, and many more we could mention, have passed to their rest, and their absence somehow makes the Teviot of to-day look different than it did in those sunny summer evenings which now seem so distant. Still, with little apparent change, the river flows on as it did then. Here and there a familiar tree is missing, one pool seems darker and deeper than it did, and there are patches of gravel where there used to be flowing water, but the main features of "sweet Teviot" remain as they were in bygone days.

Kelso has not yet attained to the dignity of a tourist centre, but it would amply repay any lover of quiet natural beauty to linger there for a season in summer or autumn, and gain rest and contentment on the bonnie banks of Teviot.

W. M.

The Late Mr William Buchan, Town Clerk of Peebles.

WE regret exceedingly to note the passing away, on the 15th February, 1906, after an illness of several months, of Mr William Buchan, F.S.A. (Scot), Town Clerk of the old Royal Burgh of Peebles. An article from his able pen and a portrait of him appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE of September, 1904. From an appreciative notice in the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" we quote the following:—

Mr Buchan was a native of Peebles, having been born in what was then the City of Glasgow Bank Buildings, now occupied by the Bank of Scotland, in the High Street, on the 5th of February, 1851, so that he had just entered upon the fifty-sixth year of his age. He studied for the legal profession, and joined partnership with his late father, Mr John Buchan, under the firm name of J. & W. Buchan. A little over twenty-five years ago he was elected by the Town Council Town Clerk of his native burgh, and about the same time he received the appointment of Procurator-Fiscal for the County and also for the Justices of the Peace. Among the other appointments he held was that of manager of the Peeblesshire Savings Investment and Building Society. He performed all his public duties with marked ability and fidelity, and with much acceptance to all concerned. He was also the local agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland, and Hon. Secretary of the Chambers Institution. Mr Buchan took a great interest in heraldry and antiquarian subjects, and was a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, to which he contributed papers occasionally. Mr Buchan was a member of St Andrew's United Free Church, in the affairs of which he took considerable interest. He was a ready and fluent speaker, and was not devoid of humour.

Mr Buchan was very fond of travelling on the Continent. Three years ago he spent his holiday in the old French Province of Touraine, and subsequently lectured on "The Castles of Touraine," under the auspices of various societies, with much acceptance.

The deceased was of a frank and genial disposition, and had a cheery word for all with whom he came into contact. He was a general favourite with the community, and was universally respected and highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. His death, in the prime of his manhood, will be deeply regretted and mourned by all who knew him, and much sympathy is felt on all sides for his sisters and brothers and other relatives in their bereavement.

THE "Boy's Own Paper," for 27th January, 1906, contains a little article by Mr John Mercer, Hailes Villa, Galashiels, on "Model-Making for Boys." As Mr Mercer is a self-taught expert, the article is worth attention by all who are interested. To him there is no secret about model-making, and he is always delighted to assist and instruct any aspirant. The tools required are a sharp pocket-knife, a tenon-saw, a small plane, a small finely-ground chisel, and a carpenter's square. Those who have seen Mr Mercer's own model of Abbotsford as it is to-day, and the Abbotsford of the time of Scott, also Balmoral, may wonder how it was possible to do so well. We observe that these prize models we have mentioned, which have won nine gold and silver medals, three silver cups, five diplomas, and numerous other prizes, including a gold medal for the Industrial Exhibition, Edinburgh, are to be made the subject of a prize drawing in the Town Hall, Galashiels, on Friday, March 9. It will be interesting to watch the destination of these clever and interesting models.

Death of Mr John Middlemas, Past-President of the Glasgow Border Counties' Association.

THE 3rd February was a sad day for the Glasgow Borderers, for on that Saturday evening there passed away suddenly, in the prime of life, one who had endeared himself in every way to the Border Counties' Association of the Western Metropolis. We could say much in praise of our friend and fellow-worker, a portrait of whom and short sketch appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE of June, 1902, but we prefer to let others express the deep regret we all feel. One life-member of the G.B.C.A. thus writes from a distance:—

It is very difficult to express any feeling regarding the sad, sudden, and calamitous loss which has befallen our Border Counties Association, or regarding the keen personal, individual sense of loss which all we who have touched the inner circle of the Association and closer friendship now feel. I could scarcely realise that John Middlemas would never again be met at our Border meetings. It is a breach in the keep that cannot be filled. When I look back to the vigorour earl years of literary and Saturday night meetings, and think how closely John Middlemas was connected with the inception and carrying out of every good work to promote the welfare of the Association (which position he maintained to the end) I feel bereft. It must be more acutely felt by all of you who have enjoyed the immediate fellowship of so bright a spirit, during all these years, and now that the light is quenched at its full brightness, a gloom is cast over us all. There remain those happy memories of something done in oneness of purpose by mutual endeavour which will cling to us though chastened at present. For the rest—all is safely gathered in.

There was a large gathering of friends at the funeral on Tuesday, 6th February, to Cathcart Cemetery, anxious to pay a last token of respect to the memory of the deceased. A large number of wreaths were likewise received, prominent amongst these being tributes from the Glasgow Border Counties' Association, and from his fellow-workers in Mirrlees, Watson & Co.

From two notices contributed to the "Berwickshire News" by prominent members of the Association we compile the following tribute to the worth of our departed friend:—

Born at Cumledge Mill, Duns, some 45 years ago, Mr Middlemas as a youth enjoyed all the healthy pleasures and benefits of a country upbringing; and these, together with the excellent education he received first at the village school of Preston and later at the renowned Wellfield Academy, Duns, did much to mould in him that strength of character and inflexibility of purpose displayed in after years. Serving a short term in the office of Mr Adam Deas, writer, Duns, Mr Middlemas thereafter found a situation in the counting house of Messrs Mirrlees, Watson, & Co., one of the largest engineering firms in Glasgow, and of which the late Sir Renny Watson was a principal.

The ability of the young Borderer was soon shown, and soon recognised, and step by step he quickly made his way upwards until he assumed the responsible position of cashier, a post in which for the past sixteen years he has enjoyed the confidence of his employers, and all with whom his business brought him in touch. Illustrative of his grit it is worthy of note that from the day he as a lad entered his firm's employment he determined to make himself capable to fill, if ever called upon, the position he ultimately attained to. Joining the Glasgow Border Counties' Association immediately after his advent in the second city, Mr Middlemas soon found himself one of the leaders of the "Young Party," which at that time did so much to rejuvenate the Association.

The formation of the Literary Society was an outcome of this youthful enthusiasm, and the fact that this section has for many years been the strongest part of the Association proves how well directed these efforts had been. His enthusiasm for the Literary Society never waned. A quick and ready thinker, he followed with enjoyment the various papers and debates, and no literary night was thought complete without his criticisms, for be these adverse or sympathetic, a genuine humour permeat his every remark, and was enjoyed by all. Fond of all manly sport, the various outdoor sections claimed his attention, particularly the Borderers' Cricket Club, which for many years was a force in the Society, and although unable through the exigencies of business to participate in any of the annual outings, the Borderers' Fishing Club had never a more enthusiastic member. For many years a keen golfer, he spent many a pleasant Saturday afternoon in company with some kindred spirit on the links of Troon or Gailes, and the recently formed Borderers' Golf Club was brought into existence chiefly through his efforts. All the office in connection with the Border Counties' Association were in turn held by Mr Middlemas and for the long period of sixteen years the finance of the Society was in his capable charge. For two years in succession he occupied the President's chair, a position in which he further displayed his well-known tact and ability, and it was with much regret the Socety accepted the resignation that his manifold business engagements compelled him to make.

Imbued with a strong belief in the helpful influences of such societies as the "Borderers," not only as a means to preserve the interest in the "Auld Hame Land," but also as a material means of assisting one another in the battle of life, his constant aim seemed to be to lend a helping hand to others, and many a young Borderer in Glasgow and elsewhere can to-day testify to owing his first real start in life to the kindly thought and assistance of John Middlemas.

He likewise identified himself early in life with social and religious work in Glasgow. He has for many years taken a promnent part in the work of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, and has for the last 6 or 8 years been Convener of its Dorcas Section. This position entailed upon him a large amount of labour, which, however, was lovingly bestowed, and often he expressed the satis-

faction it gave him to see the happy look on the faces of the children when they left the hall after having been "rigged out" in the garments supplied by the Dorcas section.

Mr Middlemas was an elder and manager in Titwood Established Church, where his memory will also long be cherished. The Rev. Mr Rankine at the close of his service on Sunday, 4th February, referred to the deceased in the following terms:—"Death has visited us very often in the past year, but at no time more unexpectedly than last night, when suddenly one of our elders passed away from us. Mr John Middlemas was one of the younger members of our Kirk-Session, and joined our number less than four years ago. A slight illness had confined him to the house for a week, but from that he had practically recovered, and when I saw him on Thursday evening he expected that to-morrow he would be in his place again at business. Last evening, on going to see him, I was met at his door with the sad news that he had just died. He had taken leave of a friend with the remark that he had not yet been to visit her this year, but that he would call for her next week. These were the last words he spoke—in a minute more he had passed into the presence of God. I made Mr Middlemas's acquaintance very soon after I came to this parish, and the fact of our mutual connection with the Eastern Borders formed a bond of friendship between us which grew stronger as I learned the sterling qualities of my friend. A native of Duns, in Berwickshire, he had all the characteristics of a Borderer—retiringness of disposition, slowness to give his confidence, and wholehearted friendship when his confidence was won. He spoke to me often of the comfort there was in the Gospel of our Saviour, and no one more rejoiced than he in any indication that the Gospel was prospering in our midst. He was as true as steel, and what he did he did with his might. He was cashier of the Mirrlees, Watson, Company, Ltd., and one of the greatest tributes to his worth and character is the affection with which he has been regarded by the employees of the firm. Probably he has died a martyr to his duty to his firm, the strain of the last six weeks having proved too much for him. The interest he took in young people, in helping them to situations, and in furthering their interests afterwards, has given him a place in their affections which will keep his memory green in their hearts. Although engrossed in business, he was not a man who claimed any leisure he had for himself. For years he has superintended the large charities of the Dorcas Section of the Foundry Boys' Society, and his death will leave there a blank it will be difficult to fill. For the past two years he had acted as one of the representatives of the Kirk Session on the Com-

MR JOHN MIDDLEMAS.

mittee of Management in our own congregation. A fortnight ago he sat with us and officiated at the Lord's Table, and the last time I saw him he spoke most warmly and enthusiastically of the Missionary Service we had in the evening. His death has come to me with all the force of a personal bereavement, and I am sure the congregation join with me in expressing our deep sympathy with his young widow, and with his only sister, who to-day is mourning her only brother. He has passed from us, leaving behind him no sorrowful memories—only those of a young life well spent, and of friendships which not even death itself will be able to sever."

"Rob Lindsay and his School."

EARING the above title there has been issued from the well-known John Knox's House a dainty little volume which is a perfect idyll of country school life as it was seventy-five years ago. The author, who does not give his name, tells the simple story in a most sympathetic and touching manner, which at once gets to the heart of the reader and convinces him that he is reading a truthful page of autobiography. In these days of rush and cramming it is well that we should sometimes take a glimpse at the past and see how the minds of our fathers were allowed to develop untrammelled by Codes and Systems. The volume is beautifully illustrated by Mr A. C. Preston-Maccon, R.S.W., whose simple yet effective treatment of his subjects appeal to the heart quite as much as the letterpress. The style of the book will be seen from the following quotation:—

The second day I went to school my mother accompanied me over Kaber Moor, and then left me to find the remainder of the way myself. I had no difficulty in finding it. The distance was short, and the peat road and track through the whins were plain before me, so I went on until I had nearly reached Rob's door, when, looking round and seeing my mother disappearing over the moor, I lost heart, turned and ran back as fast as my little legs could carry me. I, however, had to pass a small cottage occupied by an old woman, Janet Smith, who had taken a special interest in my going to school; and as I did not wish her to see me running away from it, I got into a ditch which passed in front of her house and crept along on hands and knees until I thought I was at a safe distance past it. As soon, however, as I emerged from the ditch, to my dismay, I heard a voice calling out, "Oh, you little rogue, yer playin' truan' already are ye? Come yer waas back an' I'll gae up to Rob's wi' ye masel and see you safe in at his door." So putting her tartan cloakie about her, and taking her crooked-headed walking stick in her hand, she led me back, put me in at the school door, and left me there.

Janet was a canty little body, not unlike Jeanie Crabb, but considerably older and a good deal more bent. She was gentle and kind to us bairnies, and she took a great interest in my education, frequently asking about my lessons, encouraging me to preserve, and giving wise advice which was always intelligible and expressed in words that were simple and easily remembered. Indeed many of her wise sayings and words of advice I remember to this day, such as, "Ah weel, weel than, be guid an' dee' guid, an' guid 'ill come ae ye." (Be good and do good, and good will come of you.) She had a large Bible with pictures in it which she frequently showed my sister and me, at the same time explaining the subjects of them. There was one picture in particular which had a singular fascination for me, and which so impressed itself on my mind that I can see it yet distinctly in imagination when I recall it. The subject of it was the rebel angels being expelled from heaven and tumbling headlong down into a dark bottomless pit, with great tongues of fire blazing up from it through the darkness. It always impressed me when I looked at it with a sense of terror and awe.

Although Janet was a really good, wise body, it was generally believed by the surrounding neighbours that she was a witch and had "trockins," as it was expressed, "wi' the deil." That personage, however, was no favourite with her, and she kept her big Bible always besides her as a protection from the "auld thief," as she called him. Jesus Himself, I once heard her say, came to her after she had been disturbed by a visit from the auld thief, and had scared him away with the Bible, and said to her in a loving voice, "It is I; be not afraid."

A neker wanted to play truant again, and indeed the school soon became very attractive to me. Rob was easy with me as regards lessons, giving me only a few little words to learn, and telling me stories about the beasts and birds of my A B C book. He showed me other pictures too, and encouraged me to pick up anything by the way that interested me and to bring it to him. This I did very often, bringing to him shells from a marshy pond which I passed, pretty little stones, flowers, beetles, snails, and on one occasion I pulled out of my pocket a full-grown toad, which horrified Jeanie and the other bairnies. There was a popular superstition about toads, the belief being that they spat out dangerous poison, which made it unsafe to touch them. I was, however, captivated by the gem-like beauty of the toad's eyes, and I liked the feeling of its knotty back in my hand. Rob told me that it would not harm me, and also many things about it which interested me. Ever since, the toad has been a favourite of mine.

Youth! thou wear'st to manhood now,
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statelier step, more pensive mien,
In thy face and gait are seen:
Thou must now brook midnight watches.
Take thy food and sport by snatches! . . .
Graver follies thou must follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow.

Motto ("The Abbot.")

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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.

MARCH, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our efforts to keep alive a healthy interest in Border literature continue to meet with much appreciation from many who occupy prominent positions in the literary world. The editor of a leading English daily newspaper, when sending his annual subscription, thus writes:—"The BORDER MAGAZINE is excellent value, capitally conducted, and a great treat to Borderers across the Border."

Specimen copies of the B. M. will be sent post free to the friends of any of our readers who may supply us with the addresses. We are particularly anxious to get into touch with Borderers abroad.

The Border Keep.

I like, as far as possible, to acknowledge the sources from which I take the various items which generally form the bulk of this column, though this practice is not so common as it should be. Some papers are honest enough to head such unacknowledged extracts with the word "stolen," but, as far as possible, I will endeavour to make my honesty known by a more laborious method. I am indebted to the Glasgow papers—"Evening Citizen," "Evening Times," "Evening News," "St Mungo," and "Glasgow Herald"—for the paragraphs which follow:—

The Widdingtons, the family to which the late Lady Grey belonged, were settled in Northumberland before the Conquest. They played an important part in Border history, and the ancient ballad of "Chevy Chase" has immortalised the indomitable courage of one of them who fought legless in the battle in 1436 between the forces of the Earl of Northumberland and Earl Douglas of Angus.

> For Witherington needs must I wail,
> As one in doleful dumps;
> For when his legs were smitten off,
> He fought upon his stumps.

Another member of the family, the first Lord Widdrington, was a devoted adherent of Charles the First, and perished in the battle of Wigan, where he refused to accept quarter. Loyalty to the Stuarts was, indeed, the ruin of the house, for it joined in the rising of 1715. Sir Edward Grey and his bride were not only neighbours, but come of families that had been associated for centuries in the stirring events of what is pre-eminently the county of romance.

* * *

At a recent election Mr C. E. Price, Liberal member for the Central Division of Edinburgh, had the distinction of receiving a vote of one of the oldest in the kingdom. Mr Samuel Kinnear, who is nearing his 90th birthday, took part in the great Reform demonstration in the Northern capital in 1832; and, it is interesting to recall to-day, he cherishes a vivid mental picture of Robert Burns, described to him by his father, who saw the Scottish poet in Smellie's printing office in 1786. Mr George Croal, another nonagenarian resident of Edinburgh, is Mr Kinnear's senior by five years, and is the only living link with Sir Walter Scott. He heard the great romancist reveal the authorship of the Waverley Novels, and he has seen and conversed with the Ettrick Shepherd.

* * *

A review in "The Academy" makes a statement about the Scots vernacular which seems to me less

the result of observation than of a too ready acceptance of a theory of Walter Scott's—namely, that "the peasant, either in England or Scotland when moved by strong feeling of any kind, has a tendency to express it, not in dialect, but in pure and beautiful English." The same thing was said by Scott in "Rob Roy." "The language of passion," he wrote, "is almost always pure as vehement, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a Scotchman, when overwhelmed by a countryman with a bitter and fluent upbraiding, reply by way of taunt to his adversary, 'you have gotten to your English.' This, in my observation, applies only to the angry passions of common stair-heads, where women whose ordinary dialect may be "Glesca," somehow think they put more point on their invective by speaking "polite." It is done deliberately. The natural, instinctive, and ordinary tendency on the part of people who have been brought up speaking Scots is to be affectedly English only in their cool, deliberate moments, and to revert to the vernacular whenever emotion takes them off their guard. For that reason, the further argument of "The Academy" reviewer, that Burns was more excellent in writing pure English than in writing Scots will not hold water. Canon Ainger maintained some time ago that the best passages of Burns were written in the purest English, and this is the idea that "The Academy" had adopted. It is quite true that some of the poet's finest lines are in words plain to any English reader, but it is also true that the English reader unfamiliar with the vernacular must lose many beauties of Burns, and that it was only when the poet thought in Scots that he had full command of his own individuality and the complete mastery of his lyrical genius. His English poems—as all critics have agreed except perhaps Canon Ainger and the editor of "The Academy"—are vernacular.

* * *

When the Ettrick Shepherd was taken to the Opera in Costa's time (fancy Jamie Hogg in evening dress!), the first question he asked his companion was: "What the deil's that fellow waggin' the stick for?" The question may still be asked. A well-rehearsed band would play just as well though the conductor remained immovable as the Sphinx. But that would not suit the conductor. He must make you believe that all the effects are produced by the immense physical exertion he goes through. Is there to be a special accent somewhere? Then he must needs show it to the audience with his stick. No "entry" is valid unless he turns quickly and dramatically towards the phalanx which he desires to hurl against the foe. All humbug—yes, downright humbug.

* * *

The "Quarterly" had among its sponsors and active supporters Sir Walter Scott, who contributed three articles to its first number, and later had as its editor for nearly a generation John Gibson Lockhart, who in the interval was to be trained for the conduct of the London review by acting as the co-adjutor of "Christopher North" in the cannibalistic literary orgies of "Maga's" early days. Edinburgh in those days had literary talent in abundance for its own use and to spare for the use of others. Since then times have changed so much that the one characteristic feature of its only magazine of the old school, the "Musings without Method," sometimes little inferior in the trenchancy of the castigation of opponents to the earliest exemplars—is contributed by a writer from across the Border. Probably simpler considerations than these have led to the dropping of "Edinburgh" from the title of "Blackwood," still as vigorous as its youngest rivals; but they are inevitably suggested by the change of nomenclature, almost imperceptible though it be.

* * *

Recent "Lorgnette" references to the Border gipsies would almost lead the uninitiated to believe that the Faa line is extinct. But a correspondent informs me that the Northumberland hamlet of Wark boasts a worthy representative of the race in the person of Will Rutherford, brother of King Charles Faa Blythe Rutherford, whose death at Kirk Yetholm in the spring of 1902 was so widely lamented. "Wull," as he is usually called on the Northern side of the Tweed, is well-known in farming circles as a thriving horse-dealer. In early life his fame as a boxer spread far beyond the limits of his native vale. As he is the only surviving son of Queen Esther, who died in 1883, Wull's title to the tin crown of Kirk Yetholm is undisputed by the various mugger colonies scattered throughout the Border. But the present-day gipsy is not altogether free from modern notions of utility, and as the sovereign of the race can no longer claim any peculiar emoluments, sentimental considerations are not powerful enough to tempt anyone to aspire to the sceptre.

* * *

In the churchyard of Kirkcudbright there is a monument erected to the memory of a gipsy chief named Billy Marshall, who died on 23rd November, 1792, in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. This long tenure of life does not support the contention that those who follow the paths of peace will be rewarded by length of days; as Billy fought under King William's standard at the battle of the Boyne, and also figured in the Marlborough wars. The martial experience thus gained probably largely contributed towards the worthy man's success as a gipsy chief. In any case, there is reason to believe that he committed one or two murders before his claim to rule the wandering tribes of Galloway was quite undisputed. Two tups' horns and two spoons, which decorate the tombstone of this remarkable character, are presumably intended to commemorate his proficiency in one of the primitive arts. But a more trustworthy proof of Billy's skill survives in the shape of two horn ladles, that are now in the possession of Mr Andrew M'Cormick, solicitor, Newton-Stewart, whose knowledge of the gipsy-lore of Galloway is second to none.

* * *

All the foregoing prove once more how largely Border matters bulk in the daily literature which is placed in the hands of the reading public, and to the city Borderer in particular such "paragraphs" must come like a waft of caller air from the hills and vales of the Borderland.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

H. J. Dobson, A.R.C.A., R.S.W.

THE Royal Cambrian Academy of the Fine Arts, with headquarters at Conway, North Wales, has openly declared its appreciation of Scottish genre painting by electing to associate rank Mr H. J. Dobson, R.S.W., Edinburgh.

Mr Dobson is a native of Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, and rather early foreshadowed his after career by a certain boyish assault on the chief drawing prize in the Parish School of that happy locality; but it was not until after several years of business life (for which practical training the artist has often expressed himself as truly grateful), he seized the implements of his present charming profession and offered to assist in laying out the policies of art. His period of artistic probation, as a student of the Mound School of Design, Edinburgh, was punctuated by success, principal prizes falling to his share; he was awarded Queen's Prize for head-painting, and secured the special money prize provided by the Board of Manufactures for the best monochrome study of the figure in oils. "Heckling the Candidate," exhibited on the "line" space at the Royal Scottish Academy (about his middle student period), was referred to as remarkable for character painting by the then President, Sir William Fettes Douglas, in a lecture to the students.

Closing his student course with an experience of the life-class, Mr Dobson became a regular contributor in both mediums to the principal art-shows of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and in 1890 his talents and increasing reputation secured his election to membership of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colour.

Soon after his absorption in the R.S.W., the Bradford Corporation, casting about for whom it should honour—and more greedily still after a sensible return—purchased from the artist his fine picture, "A Scottish Sacrament," which hangs now in the permanent Art Gallery of that city. At the outset of his career Mr Dobson had dealt to some extent in the generous ware of the budding painter—landscape, but he early discovered—as did that good exponent of Scottish peasant character, Robert Gemmel Hutchison, A.R.S.A.—that neither his sympathies nor his strength lay in that direction.

In the year '97 the artist scored a novel success. In free competition—the subject figure-matter—in which over one thousand painters participated (the chief award was a decent enough one, £100), the first prize was, after painstaking comparison by Mr Solomon, J. Solomon, R.A., who judged the submitted works, adjudicated to Mr Dobson's Royal Academy (London) picture, "The New Toy." Yet another of Mr Dobson's pictures, while on exhibition in the Royal Scottish Academy, caught the eye of the then brisk Art Association; it went home for its purse, but returning, discovered alas! the object of desire beyond reach; another willing purchaser having dropped in.

This is no occasion for probing criticism and thankless dissection. Chiefly we discover in Mr Dobson's work an anxiety to faithfully portray the simpler and familiar ways of Scottish home-life, the trivial but precious incidents which make up the sum of the peasant content. A few of Mr Dobson's canvasses are introspective, and on occasion quite pathetic, and stirred by a sad tremulousness, but seldom does the artist invite us to look on the grim tragedy and perplexities of human existence, its many sorrows and too frequent ills: his chief wont is to reflect, as we have said, the slower and tenderer phases of his theme—those moments and periods which may well form the cherished annals of the exile's after-days—the many lights of the old home; the recollection of which is at once so dear and yet so touched with all that moves in us that longing regret for the days which will never be again!

The only picture I recall which alters this estimate of his bias wholly, for an instant, is "The Last Request," a subject, sorrowful in the extreme, which the artist was moved to treat of from reading an account in the daily paper of a scene at an old fiddler's death-bed. Here the dying musician's earnest request that a cronie should play him "The Land o' the Leal," is being complied with. Alex. Anderson ("Surfaceman"), after seeing the picture, wrote some beautiful verse on the subject.

A great anxiety of Mr Dobson's friendship is his passion for cats. Many an otherwise enjoyable evening has been marred to me by the vigilant ward I have had to keep over puss, lest she should disappear in the artist's capacious pouch to appear re-incarnate in paint on one of the painter's many interesting canvasses. And many an old woman's dearest possession have I saved in the nick of time! But we all have our peculiarities, and this weakness of the artist is the breach to his favour—if you would shelter in his love, go armed with a cat!

The prolificacy of his palette (and on this point I am inclined at times to be severe with the painter) forbids an enumeration of his works here, but I may refer to some of the pictures which satisfy me:—"A Scottish Sacrament," "A Window in Thrums," "The Sabbath Hat," "The Crofter's Grace," "An Auld Licht," "The New Toy," "Her Dochter's Bairn," "Come to Granny," "The Workshop," "The Auld Folk's Cup," "The New Tack," "Granny's Blessing," "His Faithful Friend," &c.

"A Scottish Sacrament" is an unusually well-composed and carefully-studied picture, and the Bradford Corporation must be complimented upon the good sense it displayed in acquiring this work for the city gallery. In "The Sabbath Hat" (presently exhibited at the Glasgow Institute), we have a naive illustration of Scottish peasant home-life in one of its many attractive aspects. It is "The Day of Rest," and Andra having been put to rights by his exacting spouse (who cannot get "the kirk's length to-day") is patiently seated with folded gamp, while she applies a finishing touch to his Sunday beaver, and no doubt lectures him on his after demeanour,—to be careful in his ways while in the Lord's house, and particularly to notice what bonnet Mrs McNab wore. "The Little Minister," an attempt to put in paint Mr J. M. Barrie's creation, received the author's heartiest commendation, and who expressed a wish to have the picture reproduced as the frontispiece to his book; but an awkward decree of previous contract intervened to prevent Mr Barrie's wishes in this respect from being carried out. A peculiarity of "The Auld Folk's Cup" is that the painter has omitted to furnish the couple with a sugar-bowl, and no spoon is in evidence at all! But the artist cheerily explains this is all on the back of the sugar tax, against which measure, so iniquitous, the old people have declared. They have resolved to starve the Government into a submission, even should they never more sweeten tea for the term of their days! And wanting the sugar, wherefore the spoon?

An art such as Mr Dobson's is not without value. True, there's the sterner—or deeper—phase which Israels handles, but there is likewise the lighter and sweeter; and the heart must be scornful indeed that may not deign to derive from these happy pictorial, and in a sense national and historical records, an incentive to profitable reflection and some measure of pleasurable and artistic profit. These canvases will ever interest, for they deal with the lives of one of the most interesting among peoples. The Scottish public was blessed and the exile gladdened when, about a year ago, Messrs A. & C. Black, of London, the well-known art publishers—fortunate alike in painter and author—issued "Scottish Life and Character," wherein were reproduced in colour twenty of Mr Dobson's better-known works. The text was written by Mr William Sanderson (Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE). The book has had a considerable sale in these Isles, throughout America, and our Colonies, where doubtless it will be treasured as an abiding souvenir of the dear old land of Scott and Burns.

Certainly we may expect with Hutchison and Dobson in the East, and McEwan and others in the West, to investigate and record so interesting a phase of the national life that the truly beautiful in the land will receive adequate attention. Let us pray that with vigorous and unsparing effort on the artist's side the honours he holds will prove to be but hostages for others to come.

Mr Dobson does not exhibit in the R.S.A. this year, but is represented at Glasgow, Hull, Bradford, and Conway, North Wales.

R. W. N.

The wholesomest medicines are often bitter, and physicians are reasonable enough to expect their patients to swallow them, as if they were honeycomb.—"Woodstock."

IN the "Scottish-American" (New York) of 7th February, the Rev. W. S. Crockett has an article on the question of the authorship of "The Land o' the Leal," in which he proves conclusively that the song was written by Lady Nairne, and not, as has been asserted, by Robert Burns. What will people, who generally do not investigate, be asserting next? In a paragraph the "Scottish-American" says:—"In sending us this article on "The Authorship of the Land o' the Leal," Rev. W. S. Crockett, author of "The Scott Country," "Abbotsford," &c., mentions that he is to make a lecture tour through Canada and the United States next Fall—the exact dates not being yet fixed. His subjects are to be Scott, Tweedside, and the Old Country generally, and will be all finely illustrated by up-to-date lime-light pictures. Mr Crockett's lectures cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive to Scotsmen particularly."

Folklore of Plants and Flowers.

LAST spring we had the pleasure of recommending to our numerous readers, who take an interest in gardening, the excellent annual entitled "One and All" Gardening. Edited by Mr Edward Owen Greening, and published by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association Ltd., 92 Long Acre, London W.C., the book is published at the extraordinary low price of 2d, or 4½d post free. The publication is full of beautiful illustrations and should be in the hands of every practical and amateur gardener. To show the varied scope of the book we quote the article bearing the above title. We are indebted to the Editor for the use of the block, which has quite a Border country look about it.

"From time immemorial flowers have played a great part in the lives of the people, and their praises are sung in all languages. Flowers have been adored and worshipped, and have been shunned and scorned, according to the species and according to the attitude of the people towards them—for the same flower may at one time or place be held quite in different regard to what it is at another.

Folklore is to me most interesting, and at the Editor's invitation I have pleasure in giving a few examples of the folklore of flowers, and hope that readers will have as much pleasure in perusing as I have had in collecting.

Lilies have a great deal of myth and lore associated with them. They have been considered the sacred flowers of various gods and goddesses. The altars of Juno and Diana were strewn with garlands of lilies, and the unopened lily-buds were laid on the knees of Osiris in the ancient Egyptian temples, as well as before the image of Apepi—god of the Nile. From out a lily cup arose the infant god Horus, and a great many similar instances of veneration could be cited. A Spanish superstition attributes to the red lily the power of restoring human form and speech to such unfortunate folk as have been changed into animals by some witch or wizard. The Germans say that the lily dispels all enchantments when gathered with prayer, whilst in India it is regarded as the type of fertility, and the god of love—Kama—is personified as a child rising from an open-

ing lily-bud. According to Roumanian belief, the plague cannot enter the house in the garden of which lilies be growing; and the Hungarian couplet runs,—

"Show me a garden where lilies grow,
I'll show you a house where no ghost will go."

That sweet-smelling flower of our gardens—the wallflower—has a legend associated with it which Herrick has thus written out:—

"Why this flower is now called so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
Understand this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Danae was,
Who a sprightly springall loved;
And to have it fully proved,
Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withal;
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell, and, bruised, she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving luckless speed,
Turned her to this plant we call
Now the 'flower of the wall.'"

Perhaps the flower which is more revered to-day than any other is the forget-me-not, regarded as the emblem of true friendship, and universally held in high esteem. It has many legends attached to it—tragic and pathetic, amusing and weird—but interesting all. One runs beautifully thus:—When the heavens and earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of the celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam that it might inherit from him its befitting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eyes did rest upon; and, as he named each of them according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or colour, he added, "Be ye mindful of the name by which the image of your Creator hath called you." And it was yet but a short time afterwards that a floret, arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spake unto Adam, saying, "Lord, by what name didst thou call me? Of a truth it ashameth me that I did not heed it." And the first man answered, saying, "Forget-me-not." Then the floweret drooped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade beneath the bough that waveth over the murmuring brook, and there it bideth mourning; and when the gentle hand of friendship or the eager finger of love stoopest to pluck it in its lowliness, it still doth whisper softly, "Forget-me-not." Another legend of the same flower speaks of two lovers walking beside a stream, on the farther side of which the maid espied some of these pretty flowers, which she desired to possess. Eager to serve, her chivalrous knight crossed the stream and gathered the flowers, but on returning slipped upon the mossy stones and fell into the stream. But ere he sank beneath the surging waters he threw the flowers to his distracted "fiancee" on the bank, and cried, "Forget-me-not."

Most readers will have heard of the edelweiss which grows in the Swiss mountains, a flower which, too, has its share of legendary romance. This legend appeared in the "One and All" Gardening for 1905, but I may add a verse in praise of the flower:—

"Far up on sternest Alpine crests,
Where winds of tempests blow,
They say that, all unfearing, rests
A flower upon the snow—
A tiny flower, pale and sweet,
That blooms o'er breath of ice,
And glad are they on any day
Who find the edelweiss."

In Saxony, on the eve of the Feast of St John the Baptist (June 24th), the maiden plucks a sprig of St John's wort and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. Should it, by reason of the dampness of the wall, retain its freshness, she may count upon gaining a lover within the year, but if it droops she is alone destined to pine and die.

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power:
'Thou silver glow worm, oh! lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St John's wort to-night,
The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.'"

CAWOOD.

As a charm protecting against evil influences the belief in St John's wort is very wide spread. The (apparent) holes in the leaves are said to have been pierced by Satan, and the red spots on the root to be the blood of St John.

Another plant to which the mystic power of affording protection against all manner of evil is the mountain ash, of which Wordsworth says.—

"The Mountain ash
No eye can o'erlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfading trees, she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms."

In many places crosses are made of the wood of the mountain ash to ward off evil spirits, and the Danes, who considered the wood as a specific against storms, used it in the making of their ships. This tree has several names given to it, and no doubt many will know it as "rowan" or "wigan" who do not recognise it by its proper name. The Aberdonians have a saying, "As sour as roddens," referring to the

sour nature of the berries. Several rhymes testify to the faith in sprigs of mountain ash as protective measures:—

"Rowan tree and red thread
Keep the devils frae their speed."

"Rowan tree and red thread
Haud the witches a' in dread."

"Rowan tree and red thread
Put the witches to their speed."

Scottish herd-boys prefer sticks of this tree, as in belabouring the cattle the stick is sure not to effect any serious injury.

Among plants said to denote misfortune if seen in dreams is the cherry, which indicates disappointment in marriage and inconsistency. An abundant crop of cherries is said to be a good omen, hence the saying, "A cherry year a merry year." The two sayings, "Eat peas with the king and cherries with the beggar," and "Those who eat cherries with great persons shall have their eyes squirted out with the stones," are said to have arisen from the inconvenience of eating cherries by reason of the stones. A person having a ready wit for adapting himself to circumstances is said to have "a ready mouth for a ripe cherry." The beauty of the cherry has earned the saw that "woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm." The cherry is associated with the Virgin Mary from the following legend:—"Being desirous one day of refreshing herself with some cherries which she saw hanging upon a tree, she requested Joseph to gather some for her. But he hesitated, and said mockingly, 'Let the father of thy child present them to you." But these words had been no sooner uttered than the branch of the cherry-tree inclined itself of its own accord to the Virgin's hand." St Peter once had a cherry given him by Christ, with the advice not to despise small things.

The primrose, of which Wordsworth wrote:—

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,"

is not without its mythical associations—indeed it would almost be surprising if such a popular flower were without such. In some of the northern parts primroses are used as a charm to fortell the constancy of a lover. The stamens have their tops cut off, and the flower so treated laid aside for a day. If the stamens shoot up to their original height, all is well; but if not, disappointment and sorrow are sure to come. Some consider it unlucky to bring primroses into the house at all, and others would not take in a less number than thirteen, else the hens belonging to the occupants of the house would hatch only as many chickens as the number of primroses. If one householder had a grudge against another, he would take only one or two primroses into the house of his neighbour to ensure that that person's hens should hatch only one or two chickens for each sitting. If of a kindlier disposition, he would take in a large handful that the brood might also be numerous.

And so I might go on filling page after page with interesting folklore. And what is very curious is that, notwithstanding the march of intellect, many of these myths still find adherents in this enlightened age, but as these beliefs are slowly dying out, it is necessary that permanent records be kept of them for future references." CHARLES MOSELY.

The Editor of "One and all Gardening" is thus referred to by the London correspondent of several newspapers:—

Mr Edward Owen Greening, speaking at the Golder's Green Crematorium at the funeral of Mr G. J. Holyoake, after adverting to the fight they waged together against slavery at the time that Lancashire was disturbed by the American war, made a striking statement with regard to the power of politics to improve the condition of the people. He quoted Mr Holyoake as saying, with almost his last words, "What I have cared for most in my life has been co-operation." Inside co-operation, he was the stout and strenuous advocate of co-partnership of the worker. Mr Greening went on to say that, like all great religious teachers, he felt that the salvation of men must come from the inward centre and work from the heart and mind outwards. He wanted men and women to grow in mental strength and material well-being, by working together in mutual self-helpfulness.

Mr Grening, it is interesting to remark, is himself founder of half-a-dozen prominent co-operative organisations, including the Co-operative Union of Great Britain, the Co-operative Production Federation, and the International Co-operative Alliance. Mr Greening was for fifteen years chairman of the National Co-operative Festival Society. He is, too, a well-known journalist, editor of "One and All Gardening" and the "Agricultural Economist," the writer of articles in Macmillan's Dictionary of Political Economy, and author of a number of useful works on those popular branches of social reform which have enlisted his sympathies.

MESSRS OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER have in the press a volume by the Rev. Albert G. Mackinnon, M.A., of the United Free Church, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire. It is a book for young men written in the language of to-day, and the title is, "Spiritually Fit: A Young Man's Equipment." The reverend author has contributed interesting matter to the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and anything from his able pen is worthy the attention of our readers.

"Lock the Door, Lariston."

[To the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE.]

Sir,—Readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE are indebted to Mr Sandison for bringing forward this interesting subject. It is to be hoped that, as the result of your opening your pages to this discussion, the authorship of the ballad may be settled beyond dispute, and the honour given to whom the honour is due.

Mr Sandison quotes as his authority on Mr Gray's behalf "The Border Exploits," published at Hawick in 1812. Let me trace the ballad a little further back.

I have before me the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier" of the date Tuesday, 3rd September, 1811. (At that time the "Courier" was a weekly print, cost 6d.) Here on the front page the ballad appears.

The author's name is not appended, but the Editor introduces it thus:—

> The following spirited imitation of the ancient Border ballad is from the pen of Mr Gray, Master of the High School, Edinburgh. We recognise in it the true mettle of the warlike songs of the ancient English and Scottish Borders.

Here follows the poem of nine verses. The verse beginning—

> "Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,"

which I have always found in the "Shepherd's" version, is here awanting.

So much for Mr Gray's side of the question.

It is presumed the Mr Gray alluded to is Mr James Gray, who was one of Hogg's intimate friends during the brief period of "The Spy's" existence—1810-11. Hogg in his autobiographical notes tells us that Mr and Mrs Gray interested themselves in his paper with all their power, and contributed a number of essays to it. He was a frequent visitor at their house, and occasionally read to them portions of his, as yet unpublished, "Queen's Wake." On one occasion he left their house mightily offended, and in high dudgeon because his host and hostess had been so unkind as to leave his reading to listen rapturously to the "rhyming blethers" of a half-crazed pedlar who called at their door.

Now let us hear what Hogg has to say in support of his claim to this ballad. In 1831 Messrs Blackwood published "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd," now first collected. Here at page 198 of the "first collection" appears "Lock the door, Lariston." In a characteristic introduction to the song Hogg says:—

> This Border song was published in my own weekly paper "The Spy," 30th March, 1811, and found its way into London papers, and partially through Britain, as the composition of my friend Mr Gray, now in India. I never contradicted it, thinking that anybody might know that no one could have written the song but myself. However, it has appeared in every collection of songs with Mr Gray's name. Although I look upon it as having no merit whatever, excepting a jingle of names, which Sir Walter's good taste rendered popular, and which in every other person's hand has been ludicrous, yet I hereby claim the song as one of my early productions—mine only, mine solely, and mine for ever.

This is quite in the "Shepherd's" best vein. The song, he claims, in his, and first appeared on March 30th, 1811.

Making due allowance, in this introductory note, for the genial Shepherd's "guid conceit o' himsel'," which is always so transparent and consequently more amusing than harmful, can his assertion be confuted that "Lock the door, Lariston," is his, and his alone?

While on the subject of the disputed authorship of "Lock the door, Lariston," perhaps the verses here given may be of interest to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE. They are taken from the "Dumfries Courier" of date February 18th, 1812.

From Liddesdale heights, when erst the day,
Had drawn the last faint streak away;
Sudden the war-fire's dismal glare,
Shot from the beacon-hill afar.
O'er tower and turret, tree and stream,
Red mingling with the moon's pale beam,
The blast down Eskdale louder flies,
With warriors' shout, and widows' cries,
And far-borne echoes wakened then,
That scared the deer on Dinlie fen;
Then Elliot roused him from his bower,
And Armstrong called his border power,
And many a lance was raised on high
At sound of clansman's woe,
High wav'd the plaids, far went the cry,
"Hurl back the fire-brand at the foe."

No more on Eskdale side appears,
The dread array of border spears;
And Liddle's gentle stream no more
Is reddened by the bright claymore,
Stout Elliot and the Armstrong ernst
Lie low beneath their mossy cairn;
And mute is now the bugle tone
To nightly raid that led them on,
To scour the moors for many a mile,
Startling the warders at Carlisle—
Peace, Scotia! to thy cloud-top hill;
Peace, England! to thy fertile vale;
For now no more the Border war
Shall break upon the evening still,
And turn your matrons pale!

The Highland plaid, and Saxon green,
No more in hostile ranks are seen;
On sad Iberia's distant coast
In brother-bands they form a host,
Whose threatening shot, and mingling spear,
Teach even gigantic France to fear!
And all that Liddesdale knows of war
Is when the bonfire tells afar
That Gallic legions fly,
And peeling bells, and volley loud,
Shall make the father's bosom proud,
Or draw the widow's sigh!

Elliot! what now shall be thy care,
While peace smiles over Eskdale fair?
What now shall be the chieftain's pride,
When battle-brands are laid aside?
Behold his truly patriot mind,
In arts of peace a pleasure find!
Unusual flocks our hills surprise,
And villas in our vales arise;
While farms employ the warlike train,
And Eskdale waves in golden grain!

When winter sweeps the mountain side,
And Esk more darkly rolls his tide;
Oft shall this jocund hall resound,
With mirth of kindred gathered round;
And friends whose tried regard shall prove,
They know his virtues,—and they love,—
And though perhaps the harps may swell,
No more of Border raid they tell,
Yet clansmen skilled in legend lore,
Shall count the doughty deeds of yore,
And Elliot's name, as erst was wont,
Ring in the halls of fair K——t.

J. D.

London, January, 1812.

(The above lines were written in consequence of having read Mr Gray's spirited Border ballad "Lock the door, Lariston," which appeared in the "Dumfries Courier.")

"Lockerbie Lick."

Penielheugh.

In memory thou standest of the brave
Who, fighting for their country's glory, fell;
A fitting monument their deeds to tell
To all posterity. The green trees wave
Around thee, in comparison how small!
Majestic, calm, thou towerest over all.

Whoever climbs thee on a summer's day,
And on thy weather-beaten summit stands,
A glorious outlook over fertile lands
And heath clad hills his labour shall repay.
For full five counties 'neath him are unrolled,
With silver streams, and forests tipped with gold.

Behold that pleasing vale, renowned in verse,
Through which sweet Teviot glides 'mongst waving grain;
Dark Ruberslaw, and Ettrick's baretopped chain;
The Eildons, and the fat lands of the Merse;
While southward in a semicircle stand
The pasture hills that bound this Borderland.

J. B. N.

"The Passing of the Precentor."

ANY book which preserves for us a past or passing phase of national life is of value to the nation, and should be treasured by every true patriot. If we are to have sympathy with the men of the past we must have them so described that, as we read, we feel their presence with us. By this means we are able to judge their characters in the light of their environment, and to estimate the effect of their life and work upon the nation at large. To the present generation the Auld Kirk precentor is practically unknown, and we are deeply indebted to Mr Duncan Fraser, F.E.I.S. (precentor to the United Free Church Assembly), for the valuable little volume bearing the above title. The book is beautifully printed, and is issued from the famous John Knox's House, which, under the control of Mr W. J. Hay, is fast becoming noted for the publication of books bearing upon Scottish life and character.

Mr Fraser, a sketch and portrait of whom appeared in the Border Magazine of October, 1904, is in himself an interesting link with the past, and is worthily carrying forward the traditions handed down to him from the fathers of psalmody and song. Not a few of our readers will recall the enthusiasm with which we sang the anthems of R. A. Smith, and some may even be able to recall the famous John Templeton, John Wilson, and the more recent David Kennedy, interesting portraits of whom appear in the volume. In addition to the four mentioned the volume contains portraits of Thomas Legerwood Hately, Thomas M. Hunter, David Stephen, William M. Miller, David Taylor, and Ludovic Grant Sandison, all men of mark in the annals of Scottish psalmody. The first portion of Mr Fraser's book contains some valuable historical notes, showing the importance of the office of precentor from the time of the Reformation, and gives in an interesting manner a clear idea of the various musical movements among the people. The concluding part deals with the power of psalmody and the changes which have taken place in recent years, while Parts II. and III., "Precentors and their Work," and "Lights and Shadows of Precenting," contain much interesting matter, and the numerous anecdotes will appeal even to readers who may not be deeply interested in the subject of the volume. As the author says in his preface, "he only touches the fringe of a sub-

ject which by and bye may receive fuller treatment," and we trust that this will be left to Mr Fraser's pen, for few men are more able to handle the subject. As a sample of the readable nature of the volume, we quote a few paragraphs, some of which are doubly interesting to Borderers.

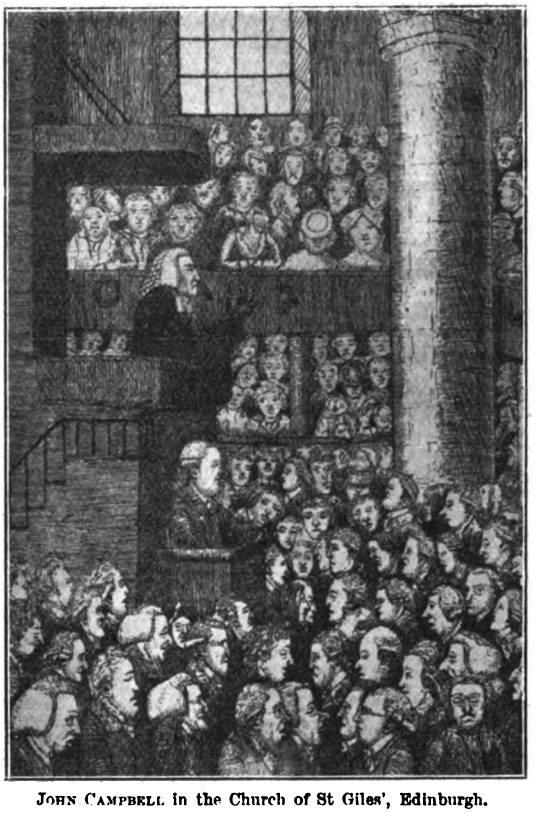
A VILLAGE PRECENTOR.

My first impression of what precenting really was came upon me in a village church which we attended when the summer vacation set the younger members of the family free from school. It was in those days of lang, lang syne when skies seemed ever blue and birds seemed ever singing.

The worthy man who filled the "desk" held several offices, one of them being that of village postmaster; but it was when leading the singing on Sunday that he appeared in his greatest office and in his fullest glory. The impression made on my mind then was that precenting must be a somewhat painful occupation. The strange contortions of knitted brow, twisted mouth, and staring eyeball could not arise from such sensations; whilst the sounds which accompanied these actions were suggestive of anything but calm enjoyment.

And yet he could unbend and become wonderfully familiar with some chosen crony as they made their way homeward by the kirk loan. Johnnie Burton even reported to some of us at the damside one day, that he had heard Mac tell the beadle that he was "in wonderfu' voice last Sunday." But this act of condescension was never fully proved; besides, Johnnie had the reputation of being given to "romance" a bit.

The conduct of two or three boys in the sparsely filled back gallery was a sore trial to our friend of the desk, and I often passed the whole forenoon wondering what would happen if he were really to leave his seat and take them into custody. Visions of dark cells below the church, where such offenders were said to have been confined, were often before me. So also they seemed to be with a pale-faced lad who sat in the minister's pew on Sundays, but who on week-days used to join us in the absorbing sport of minnow-fishing in the dark, still pools of the Water of Leith. But this pale-faced boy was no ordinary visionary, and he is now known to the world as Robert Louis Stevenson.



JOHN CAMPBELL in the Church of St Giles', Edinburgh.

It is needless to say that there is no desk in that village kirk now. Yet to some of us the place is all the poorer for the absence of Mac and his desk and the pale-faced boy in the minister's pew.

A YARROW PRECENTOR.

The worthiest type of the good old country precentor I have met was M., the Cappercluch school-

master. Far in the heart of Selkirkshire there lie the Yarrow kirks. For forty-two years M. trudged on Sunday from Cappercleuch to the kirk down Yarrow and home again—a distance of fifteen miles—and few indeed were the days that found him absent. Precentors are very fond of—well, not praise, but approbation. I remember being with Professor Blackie when he told M.—every word being accented by a thump of his famous big stick—"that people needed to come to the country to learn how the Psalms of David should be sung." M. lived upon these words for many days.

Our friend was an elder of the Free Church, and sometimes came as a representative to the General Assembly. The last time I saw him there was on a field-day at the Declaratory Act time. Near the Moderator's chair, on either hand, are seats usually given up to ex-moderators and other prominent members. On this occasion, just in the middle of the second seat on the right, sat M., his homespun grey suit making him very conspicuous among so many black coats. But never man gave more attention to a debate, not a word missed, and until the adjournment came he never moved. When I saw him in the autumn of that year, he said: "Of a' the seats in the house, yon's the one I like best, and I aye tak' it when I'm up."

Worthy man! if service to the Church entitled a man to any particular seat, he deserved a front one. He now rests in St Mary's Kirkyard, by the lonesome loch he loved so well, and the district is all the poorer for his loss.

THE PRECENTOR OF BOSTON'S KIRK.

In the neighbouring valley of Ettrick, a few miles to the south of Yarrow, is to be found the kirk of Thomas Boston, author of "The Fourfold State," "The Crook in the Lot," etc. Here for many years Andra M. filled the office of precentor. Twenty miles from the nearest railway station, it can easily be understook that he had few compeers, and no rival. The first time I heard Andra precent was when we were holidaying in the valley twenty years ago. Seldom have I heard a finer natural voice anywhere—high tenor, with a singular quality that thrilled the ear at once—perhaps the rich accents of the Borders making it all the quicker.

Like most of us, Andra had his foibles, one of them being a proneness to resent any participation in the praise by outsiders. I usually managed to smuggle in an obligato tenor to the high treble of the "desk"; but one day a friend was with me who assisted with a sort of "Methody" bass. This was more than Andra could stand, so the next tune was set "up to Kew," as my friend remarked, with the result that both of us were silenced.

If Andra's range of tunes had been at all in keeping with the range of his voice he would have been unrivalled; but, unfortunately, he knew only seven or eight psalm tunes, and had no means of adding to his collection, for he could not read music, and could not trust his ear in psalmody, although in song singing he was the best in the parish. Many a time the minister's wife got him to come to the Manse to practise a new tune, and after he seemed to have thoroughly mastered it a Sunday would be set for its introduction. On the morning of that day, however, Andra would invariably appear quite dowie and distraught, saying he "hadna slept a wink a' nicht," and he "didna think he wad try that new yin the day."

A few years ago we were again staying in Ettrick. The precentor had been long speaking about paying a visit to a son in Moffat "if he could get somebody to tak' the dask." It was suggested that on that particular Sunday I might be asked to do duty, and so relieve him. This I would only consent to do with the distinct approval of Andra, and such a delicate matter required a good deal of diplomacy; but eventually all was arranged.

On the Saturday afternoon previous to the Sunday in question we were angling up near the source of the Ettrick, in that beautiful glen where, as tradition has it, "Will o' Phahope saw the faries." It was one of those autumn days that in a pastoral region intensify solitude. Sunlight filtered through a gauze-like atmosphere; there were fitful puffs of wind that did not blow fifty yards; insect life there was, without motion, but not without sound, for from populated reeds and grasses there arose a tremulous hum as from faint aeolian harps hidden at their roots; while the wild birds fitful cry and the distant waterfall's alternating sound, completed the slumbrous diapason. At such a time action is impertinent: you can lie upon your back among the heather, and with your eyes in the lift, see visions.

We were recalled to life by seeing a real figure crossing our line of sight, for far up the slopes of Bodesbeck Law a pedestrian seemed to be working his way towards the bridle-path that leads to the head of Ettrick. Who could it be whom Fate had destined to climb mountains on such a day? We had begun to weave a nice little history for him of the Wandering Jew, Ancient Mariner, Rip van Winkle order, when a voice hailed us far up the heights: "Hey! d'ye ca' that fishin'?"

It was Andra! Good man, the thought of an interloper in the desk next day was too much for his loyal soul, despite the attractions of Moffat and the persuasions of his son, he was making for home by the shortest cut in order to defend his post.

The following (Sunday) morning we were making our way leisurely up the kirk loan when we saw Andra standing at the Manse gate. He accosted us without a smile, as if his reception at the Manse that morning had been somewhat cool, and in answer to my "Good-morning, Andra," he simply extended his arm, saying: "There's the psaums."

"Aweel," he said, still holding the list out to me, "there's only twa psaums and a paraphrase, and," he added doubtfully, "ye—ye'll maybe manage to get through!"

The auld kirk bell of Ettrick seemed suddenly to jangle out of tune as we slipped quietly to our pew in a thoroughly meek and chastened spirit.

The introduction of hymns was a sore trial to Andra; but the present of a fine American organ by a native of Ettrick, now exiled in London, brought his reign to a close altogether. To-day the well-worn "dask" is empty, and Andra's grand voice is silent.

When zephyrs wake,
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
When beams the sun through April's shower.
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive!

"Lord of the Isles."

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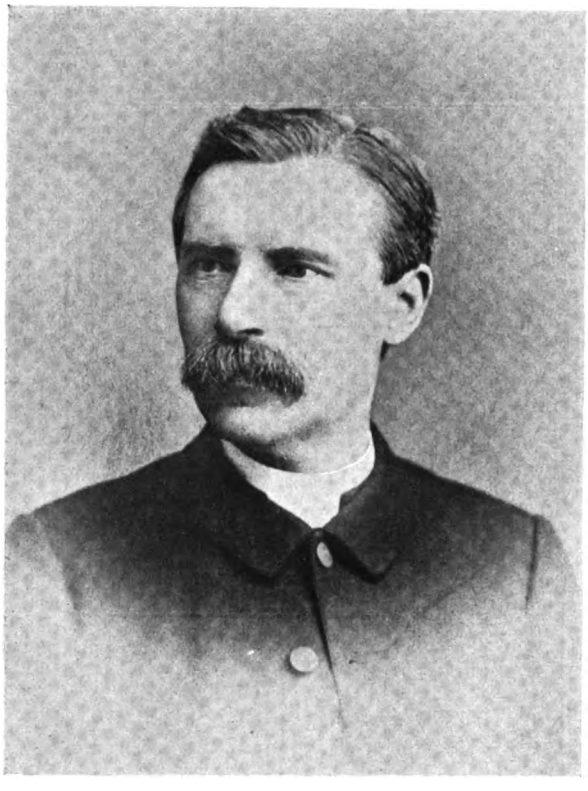
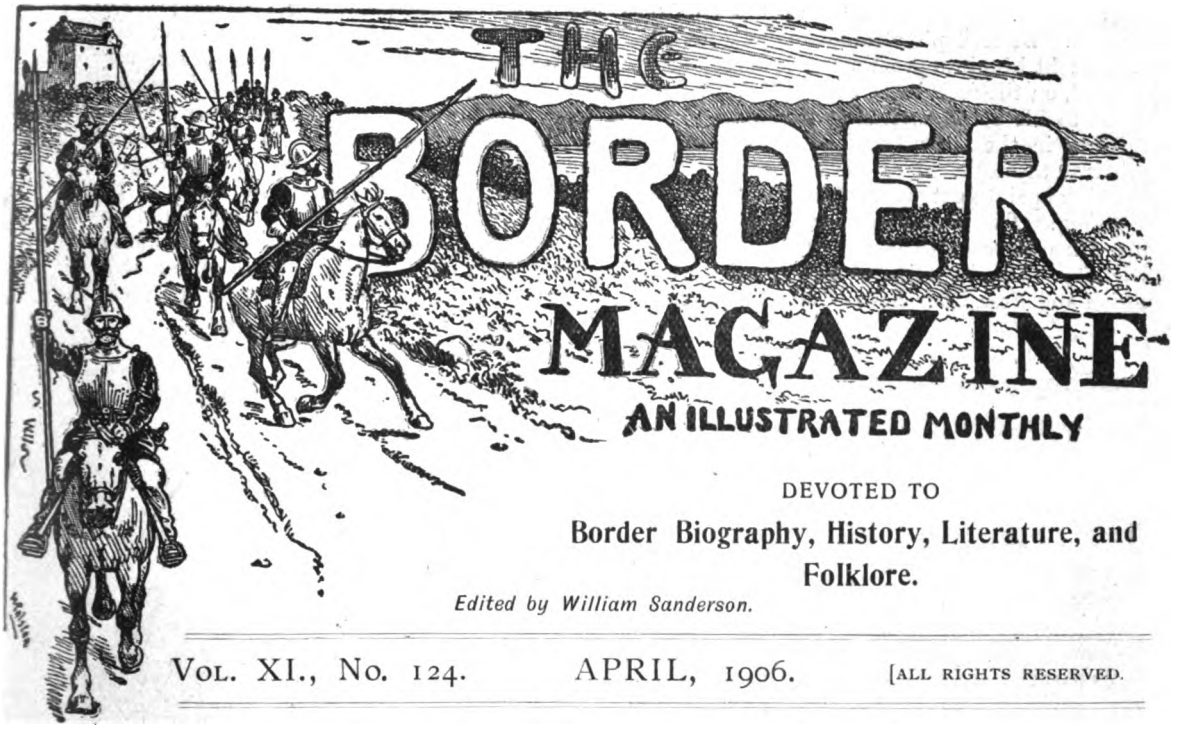


REV. PROFESSOR HISLOP, M.A., D.D.



VOL. XI., NO. 124. APRIL, 1906.

THE LATE REV. PROFESSOR HISLOP.

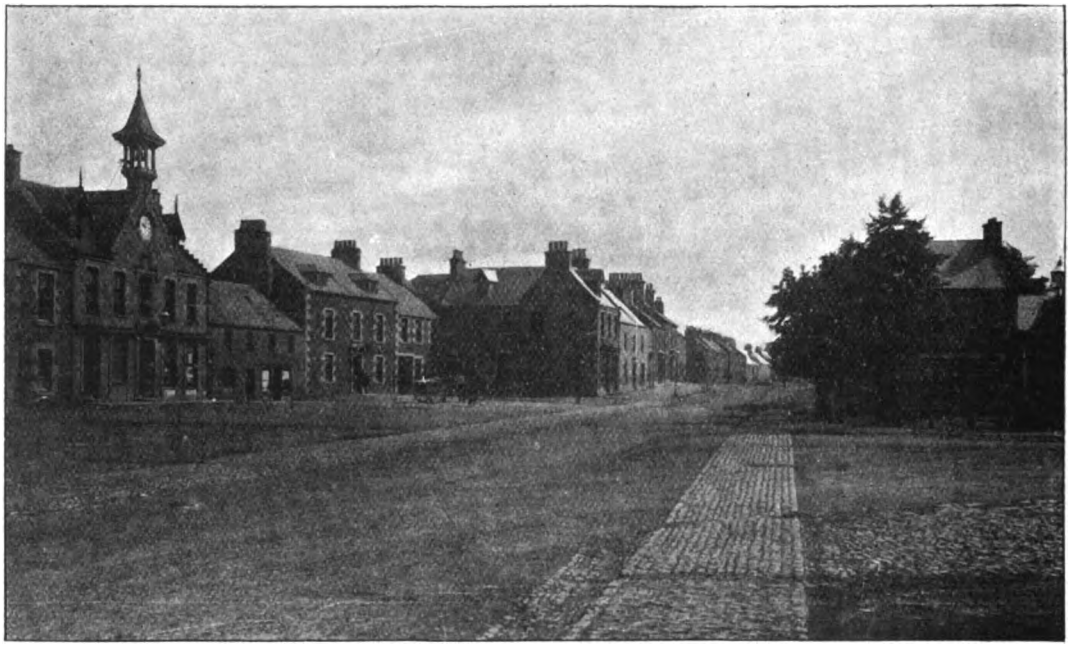
A DISTINGUISHED EARLSTONIAN.

BY the death of the Rev. Alexander Hislop, M.A., D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology and Christian Ethics in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, which occurred on March 10, at his residence, 14 Prince's Gardens, Dowanhill, the world of theology and the United Free Church are rendered appreciably poorer. The sad event was wholly unexpected. Professor Hislop left home on Friday morning in his wonted good health, but while delivering his ordinary lecture to the students at the College he suddenly paused and complained of a severe pain in his head. His son, who is a member of the class, advised him not to proceed, and subsequently they drove home together. The family doctor was at once called, and on examination found that Dr Hislop had had an apoplectic shock. Every possible remedy was administered, but he gradually sank into a semi-conscious condition, from which he never rallied, and he passed peacefully away on the following morning.

Professor Hislop was born at Earlston in 1844, being the son of the late Mr William Hislop, a much respected resident of the town. Professor Hislop's early education was gained at Earlston Parish School, first under the late Mr Walker, a famous "dominie" of his time, and then under Mr D. Aitkenhead, who retired from the active work of his profession only a year or two ago. After leaving school young Hislop served his apprenticeship in his native town as an engineer, but latterly he went to Glasgow University for the sake of studying for the ministry, keeping and educating himself there by working at his trade between sessions. At the close of his University course he graduated Master of Arts. His theological course was taken in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh, where he studied under such eminent teachers and preachers as Dr Eadie and Dr Cairns. Licensed to preach in 1873, he was almost immediately afterwards called to be colleague and successor to the Rev. Dr Edwards, Greenhead United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow. Here he distinguished himself by his earnestness and brilliancy as a preacher, and after four years of strenuous work in the city he accepted a call to Helensburgh as successor

to the Rev. Professor Duff in St Columba's Church. Dr Hislop's attainments as a preacher brought him into prominence in the Church, and led, on the retirement of the Rev. Dr John Kerr, to his being invited to give a course of lectures in the Divinity Hall, Edinburgh, on pastoral theology. This was followed in 1892 by his appointment as Professor of Practical Training. Two years later he was honoured by his Alma Mater with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. On the union of the United Presbyterian and Free Churches in 1900 the staffs of the College were re-arranged, and Dr Hislop and Dr Orr were removed to Glasgow to strengthen the staff there, which had become depleted by the recent loss of Professor James Candlish and Professor Alexander Bruce. In Glasgow, Dr Hislop took the Chair of Pastoral Theology and Christian Ethics, and continued to discharge the duties of the post till his death with great acceptance to the students and with advantage to the Church at large. Devoted to the work of the Church, Dr Hislop not only gave of his best to the students under his care, but he also throughout all his professional career willingly placed his services at the disposal of his clerical brethren, and seldom a Sunday passed but he was preaching in some place or other. This continuous strain cannot but have told on a constitution that was never very robust, but Dr Hislop was intensely in earnest and willing to be spent in the service of his Master. Apart from his lectures and sermons and occasional contributions to theological magazines, Dr Hislop did not do much in the way of literary writing. Of a kindly and obliging spirit, of an unobtrusive and unostentatious disposition, and withal of a social temperament and taking a deep interest in all social questions and problems, Dr Hislop was held in very high esteem by large circles of friends both in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Whilst resident in Edinburgh he was an elder in Rosehall Church, the Rev. Dr William Morison's, and in Glasgow he was connected with Claremont Church, of which the Rev. Adam C. Welch (who belongs to Galashiels), who was his successor in Helensburgh, is now the pastor. He was married in 1877, and is survived by his wife and three sons and five daughters. One of his sons is preparing for the ministry of the United Free Church, and two are medical students.

W. D. S.



THE SQUARE, EARLSTON.

The Restoration of Yarrow Kirk.

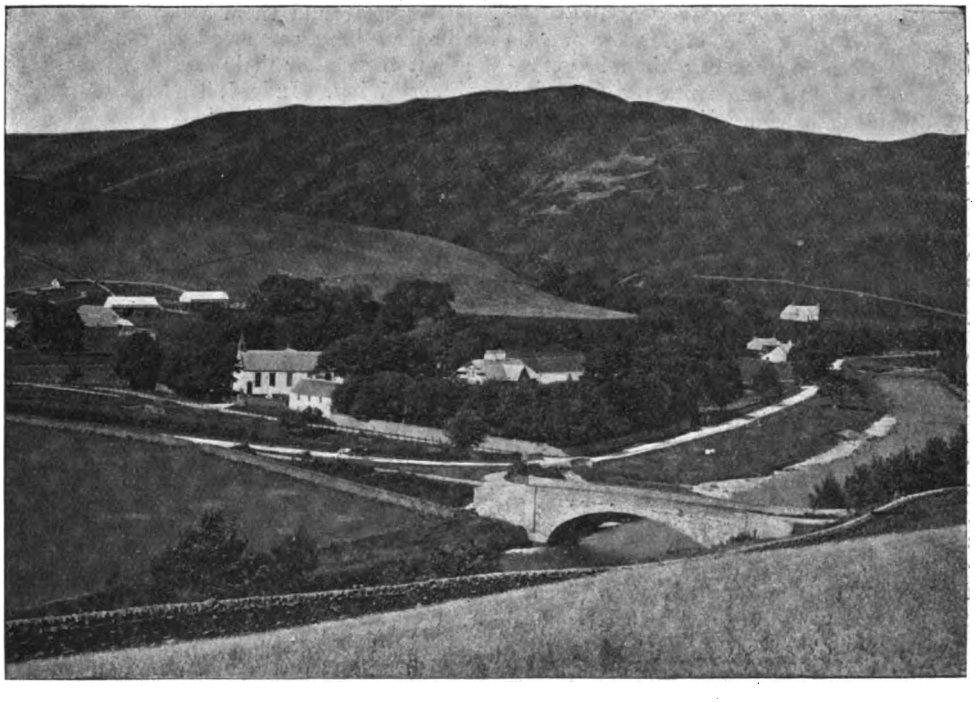
MANY of our readers will be aware that the Rev. Robert Borland, F.S.A. (Scot.), minister of Yarrow, and popular lecturer and author, has set himself the task of restoring his church in such manner that the building will be beautified and rendered more commodious than it is at present. All who know Yarrow and its genial pastor will wish him God-speed in his praiseworthy enterprise, and we trust that loyal Borderers all over the world will give him such tangible support that his task will be brought to a speedy and successful issue. That the subject of Yarrow and its kirk is a more important one than is generally supposed, can be seen from the following quotation from a sermon delivered by Mr Borland on 17th December, 1905, in Titwood Parish Church, Glasgow. Taking for his text, "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion: For the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come. For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof" (Psalm cii., 13, 14), the preacher drew a picture of the condition of the Jews during the captivity in Babylon, and after proving that religion lies at the root of all true national life, he said:—

"The aspect of Yarrow which has been most prominently before the public mind has been its poetical one. Yarrow is the centre of a great body of ballad literature—a literature not unworthy to be compared with the Homeric legends. We know not who the writers of these ballads were. Probably they were produced not by any individual, but by the community as a whole. Be this as it may, there can be no question as to their great merit. But the religious history of Yarrow, like that of almost every other parish in Scotland, is full of significance.

To begin with, it is worthy of note that Yarrow in pre-Christian times had evidently been an important centre of the Druidical worship. We have numerous standing stones in the parish, three of them in the immediate neighbourhood of the church, a Druid circle on the heights of Blackhouse, and other remains of the ancient heathen worship. According to Cæsar, Druidism attained its most perfect development in North Britain, and it would almost seem as if in the heart of the Old Ettrick Forest its fanes were more numerous than in any other part of the surrounding country. We are naturally prone to think lightly of every form of heathen religion, and rightly so, perhaps, when we compare any of these forms with Christianity—they are as starlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine—but they are very important and full of significance notwithstanding. . . . Druidism had its purpose and place and function in the divine economy, and was a preparation for the higher spiritual thought and life by which it was superseded. It is interesting also to remember that the Druid circles were the first places of Christian worship in this country. Evangelists like St Ninian and your own St Kentigern, the founder of your city, the inspirer of its civic life, consecrated these circles, and gathered around them and within them those who had been converted to Christ, that they might there offer their sacrifices of prayer and thanksgiving. Indeed, it is almost certain that the phrase, 'A1 Kirk' is derived from the Druids. It is not 'Old Kirk' or 'Auld Kirk,' but 'A1 Kirk,' as the common people still pronounce it, and which meant 'stone kirk' or circle. The fact is, down to the present day you find in some parts of the country Druid circles which are still called "A1 Kirks."

When we come to Christian times we find in the history of Yarrow not a few notable phenomena. In a field not far from Yarrow Kirk there stands one of the earliest Christian monuments in this country. It dates back to the close of the sixth century. It was discovered 102 years ago, and its appearance created much interest at the time. Sir Walter Scott, Mungo Park, Dr John Leyden, and others tried to decipher the inscription on it, which is cut in rude Roman characters on a somewhat rough and unequal surface, but with indifferent success. It has taken nearly a hundred years to make it out, but the significance of the inscription has well repaid the trouble and effort involved in the decipherment. It runs thus—"To the memory of the most illustrious Prince Dudus, of the Dumnogeni. Here in the tomb lie the two sons of Liberalis." The information thus conveyed seems meagre indeed, but there is more in it than appears at first sight. Let me put the facts before you as briefly as possible. First of all, in the neighbourhood of this inscribed stone, which is generally called the "Liberalis Stone," there is a ditch known as the Catrail, which runs from Peel Fell (on the Cheviots) to Galashiels, a distance of forty-five miles, and is regarded by antiquaries as the old boundary line between the Britons of Strathclyde and the Angles of Bernicia. In the second place, towards the close of the sixth

century a great battle was fought here between the Angles and the Britons, in which the Britons gained a decisive victory. In the third place, the King of the Britons at that time was Roderick Hael, who, in "The Four Books of Wales," is called Nud, and who was known as the generous or liberal. Now, this Roderick Hael was the friend and protector of St. Mungo, and rendered an important service to Christianity in Scotland by recalling him from Wales, to which country he had been driven by the hostility of a former king. He not only asked him to return to take up the work he had begun in Glasgow, but he went and met him down in Dumfriesshire, at a place called Hoddom, and received him with great cordiality and with every mark of honour. Now, this stone commemorates the two sons of this Christian King, the Constantine of Scotland, and, as I have said, is one of the earliest Christian monuments in Scotland.



YARROW KIRK AND MANSE.

We can trace the history of the Church in Yarrow back to the thirteenth century. It is just possible that St. Ninian, in the early years of the fifth century, preached the Gospel to the dwellers in Ettrick Forest, as Galloway is not far distant, and we know that St. Ninian traversed the greater part of the South of Scotland in prosecuting his great evangelistic mission. Many years afterwards St. Cuthbert, the prior of Melrose, ministered in spiritual things to the inhabitants of our district, and it is just possible that not until his time were the people fully brought under the influence of the Gospel of Christ. But it is only when we come down to the beginning of the thirteenth century that we come upon authentic history, so far as the Church in Yarrow is concerned. St. Mary's Church, standing on the shore of the lake to which it has given its name, was in the diocese of Glasgow, and was for many generations a centre of spiritual light and moral influence. There were at least a covey of six chapels scattered over a wide district in connection with the Mother Church, and in this way an effort was made to bring religious ordinances within easy reach of the whole body of the parishioners. It was in one of these chapels where, tradition says, Sir William Wallace was made Governor of Scotland. He had begun his great work in the West, and he came down to have a conference with the Border chiefs, who, after hearing

his statements and discussing the situation in all its bearings, recognised him as the Warden of the country, and sent him away with their blessing. It is an interesting circumstance that the bell of Yarrow Kirk was taken from the chapel of Deuchar, which disappeared shortly after the Reformation, and it still calls the people to worship Sunday after Sunday.

It was at Philiphaugh, on the banks of the Yarrow, where the troops of the gallant Montrose were scattered to the winds by the redoubtable David Leslie in the autumn of 1645. Montrose at one time had been an ardent Covenanter, and what induced him to desert the cause of the Covenant and go over to the Royalists is still a matter of uncertainty. But the fact remains, and but for the signal disaster which befell his arms at Philiphaugh the subsequent history of Scotland and of the United Kingdom might have been very different from what it is.

There is a tendency in these days in certain quarters to speak disparagingly of the Covenanting movement, and of its leaders. With this tendency I have no sympathy whatever. The Covenanting struggle was no doubt marred by many regrettable incidents; but what great movement has ever been free from such defects? When the passions of men are roused things are said and done that cannot very well be justified when the storm has blown past. But we think the Covenanters were altogether right in their main contention. Laud's Prayer-book may be all that its admirers claim for it, and I confess that I have not found much in it with which I seriously disagree, but that the king should have ordered this book to be used in the Scottish Church, on pain of horning, was an outrage on religion and common sense. We were a free people, not a nation of serfs, and we had bought our liberty with a great price, and if our forefathers had meekly yielded to the imperious and unrighteous demands of Charles I. none of our liberties would have been safe, or, indeed, worth possessing. And the result has more than justified the deed. It is to the Covenanters in very large measure that we owe the civil and religious liberties which are the glory of our country, and of the Anglo-Saxon race. One may say all this and yet be keenly alive to the evils which were more or less associated with the movement. The brighter the light, the deeper the shadow. The effect of this struggle upon our Church life is felt even to the present day. The seemly ritual of an earlier time disappeared; prayers ceased to be read in the Scottish Church, as was the custom for nearly a hundred years after the Reformation, and the service generally became bald and uninteresting. And the prevailing spirit of the Church was reflected in the buildings which were erected for the worship of God. These were for the most part barn-like structures, devoid alike of the graces of art and the elements of comfort. But a change has come over the spirit of our dream, and there may be a tendency, as is the case in all reactions, to go too far in an opposite direction. We can only hope and pray that the native reticence and sobriety of the Scottish people may prevent their rushing to extremes.

In the year 1640, four years before the battle of Philiphaugh, the present church in Yarrow was erected. It was brought down from St. Mary's, eight miles further up the parish, in order to be more in the centre of the district. The building remains practically as it was when first erected. On the end of the south wall there is a dial plate with the appropriate motto inscribed on it, "Watch and pray. Time is short." And at the side of the dial are the initials "M. J. F. M.," Magister John Fisher, Minister. The church has an interesting history. Shortly after the Revolution, when Presbyterianism had at last come to its own, the Rev. Dr John Rutherford was ordained minister of the parish. He was a man of many gifts and graces, and for a considerable period played a large part in the life of the valley, and throughout the Border country. His son, Professor Rutherford, one of the first to bring the medical school of Edinburgh into European fame, composed the inscription on the mural tablet in the north wall of the church which was erected to his father's memory. It is written in Latin, and may thus be translated—"To the memory of the Rev. Dr John Rutherford, minister of Yarrow, most upright and most vigilant.

"And to Robert, his son, in his fourth year. Christiana Shaw, his mourning wife, was careful to erect this monument. Died May 8, 1710, in the 19th year of his ministry and 69th of his age." Then follows this beautiful apostrophe—

"Thou wast a faithful pastor, a beloved brother, a sure friend, a gentle master, a genial husband and father. Having laid aside the office of an upright and pure life, thou hast yielded to the Father. Thy years passed happily, O thrice blessed! Thy fame is above

the high hills and the green banks of Yarrow, thy soul above the stars."

This inscription in itself would have been enough to have excited our interest in Dr Rutherford, but there is another circumstance which greatly enhances our regard for this "most upright and most vigilant" minister of Yarrow. He was the maternal great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, and it is from him, and his still more illustrious son, that Sir Walter is supposed to have inherited his genius. For eight years, from 1804 to 1812, Scott lived at Ashiestiel, in the parish of Yarrow, and he tells us that he "delighted to worship at the shrine of his ancestors." The circumstance that his great-grandfather had been minister of the parish, and that his grandfather, Professor Rutherford, had been born and brought up in the valley—indeed, he was familiarly known as "the Yarrow Doctor"—gave Scott a deep and special interest in the district. He loved Yarrow with all his heart. He sings—

> By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
> Though none should guide my feeble way;
> Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
> Although it chill my withered cheek.

It is interesting to think that during those years when Scott lived in the parish, and was at least an occasional worshipper in the church, James Hogg, the most wonderful man that ever wore the maud of a shepherd, and "Willie Laidlaw," Scott's amanuensis, were also regular worshippers in Yarrow Church.

There can be little doubt that Sir Walter's ministerial ancestry was not without its effect on his life, and on the wonderful body of literature which he gave to the world. Though not much given to church attendance, Scott had a profound respect for the clerical office, a sincere regard for the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity, and a love of righteousness in all its forms and phases. He could say when he lay a-dying, if ever a man could, that he had never written a line that he wished erased. The world owes an infinite debt to the Great Romancer not only for the unique service he rendered to literature, but for the moral purity and elevation which characterised every line he penned. He is one of the best and greatest of preachers, one who seems never to have forgotten that he was a co-worker with God.

So much, then, for Sir Walter's connection with our historic parish.

After an interval, Dr Rutherford was succeeded in the ministry of Yarrow by a Dr Lorimer, who was for twenty years minister of Mouswald, and eleven years minister of Yarrow, where he died in 1775, and was buried within the walls of the church. He was succeeded by Dr Cramond, who died in 1791. Then came Dr Robert Russell, who a short time before had been ordained minister of Ettrick. He was a massive man, both physically and mentally, and for considerably over fifty years he went out and in amongst his people, breaking to them the bread of life, and was respected, honoured, and beloved by all classes of the community. He was succeeded by his son, Dr James Russell, the genial and accomplished author of the "Reminiscences of Yarrow," a man of courtly manners and of singular charm of disposition. He laid to heart the injunction of the Apostle, "Seek peace and ensue it." His memory, needless to say, is still green in the community where he fulfilled his long and honourable ministry.

Now it is to plead with you to help me in the restoration of the church where these great and good men have ministered that I am here to-day. . . . I need £1000 to enable me to accomplish the task I have taken in hand, and I am already, thanks to the liberality of my friends, more than half-way towards the goal. But the last half is likely to give us more trouble than the first, at least so I am assured, and I earnestly hope that you will send me away rejoicing with a good substantial sum in my pocket.

I may say that my ambition in this work is to make the Church in Yarrow worthy of its great traditions. It is visited by large numbers from all parts of the world, and I should like to see it in such condition that those who come to see it may carry away with them a pleasing and happy memory. I am sure I shall not appeal to your liberality in vain.

Oh, Yarrow! garlanded with rhyme,
That clothes thee in a mournful glory,
Though sunsets of an elder time
Had never crowned thee with a story,—
Still would I wander by the stream,
Still listen to the lonely singing,
That gives me back the golden dream,
Through which old echoes yet are ringing.

J. B. Selkirk.

"Magenta Robbie."

AN AMUSING BORDER CHARACTER.

ANOTHER of the now slender band of Border worthies or characters passed away a few weeks ago in the person of Robert Brown, or, as he was better known to Borderers, young and old —"Magenta Robbie." Poor Robert breathed his last in Hawick Poorhouse at the age of sixty, and many a Borderer far distant from the homeland will regret to hear of his end, for all classes enjoyed a chat with Robbie. For many years he earned a precarious living by peddling small wares round amongst the country-folks, his stock-in-trade contained in a small tin box, which he always called his "tin carpet bag." In Border farm-houses, or in the cot of the humble shepherd, Robbie always received a hearty welcome on his periodical visits. Uncouth in mien and garb, Magenta Robbie was a simple souk If his complex character had any predominant feature, it was certainly the entire absence of guile, and many pranks were played on the innocent creature by the lads and lassies of the Border town. Yet many a one will be sorry that poor Robert is now no more and the store of simple sayings which he originated can no more be added to. Like in the case of the more famous Joe Miller, every humorous incident, every quaint quibble, or simple "bull" was fathered upon Brown, and, though he was certainly not the originator of some of the humorous anecdotes associated with his memory, yet his simplicity and want of guile produced many "bon-mots," which Borderers delight to re-tell to each other. The authenticity of many of the Magenta stories cannot be gainsaid, and the writer personally can vouch for the truth of some of the following anecdotes.

Once, when hawking his wares, he offered a douce matron several pairs of "blue men's striped socks" and some "black women's stockings." Robert was a married man, and at one time an interesting event in domestic life occurred. Meeting a cronie next morning, Robbie told the news. "Guess what it is?" he asked. "A laddie." "Na! Guess again." "Weel, a lassie," was the reply. "Here, wha has tel't ye?" demanded Robbie, in surprise. Once he had occasion, so the story goes, to appear in court in a case where he had been assaulted, and, in giving evidence, he pled his cause by appealing to the magistrate thus, "Look here, Bailie, hoo wad ye like if ye was felled wi' an empty spunk box?"

His nickname was derived from the fact that he always stocked socks of this particular hue and continually pressed intending customers to choose "the magenta yins." On one occasion, when he had to fill up the census return, he entered himself as a "widower, as his wife was living in America," and in the column where his age should have been he boldly put down the numerals 50, then 8, his age being 58, but imagine the census collector's surprise when he discovered a man 508 years of age!

"MAGENTA ROBBIE."

A friend met Robbie on the road to Weensland and asked him where he was going. "Oh, I'm flitting to Weensland to be near ma wark." "Where are ye workin', Robbie?" "Oh, I havena got a job yet!" When the flitting actually came off, the poor pony had a somewhat heavy load, and Robbie was observed to get on to the lorry, and, lifting a table, he placed it on his head When he was asked the reason of his action, Robbie replied, "I'm gieing the puir horse a hand," forgetting that he had

increased its load by his own weight. When he was employed in a Hawick factory he appeared at the close mouth early one morning in very scanty attire, and, hailing a passing policeman, he asked the time. "Half-past five," was the reply. "I'll need to awa back an' rise," replied Magenta, disappearing up the passage.

Robert lived alone in Hawick for many years, and strove to keep up a little home, aided by parochial relief, but occasionally he had to seek the friendly shelter of the Poorhouse. One of the most amusing things he ever did was to apply for the office of Inspector of Poor when it fell vacant. The reason given by Robbie as to his superior qualifications for the position was that, having been an inmate of the Poorhouse, he knew more about the place than any of the other applicants. He had a creditable amount of self-esteem, and regularly attended the services in the West Port U.F. Church, wearing kid gloves and a white tie, and when the position of precentor fell vacant Robbie promptly applied for the situation, and was quite disappointed when he failed to receive it.

One of the houses he lived in was infested with rats, and one day he was telling his troubles with these vermin. "Dae ye ken, last nicht, whan I was soond sleepin', I saw a muckle rat rin richt across ma chest, an' I was that feared I daurna waken." On one occasion things must have gone pretty far down with Robert, as he told a friendly shopkeeper, "I havena haen a bite o' coal in the hoose for twa days." Once he applied to the Inspector of Poor in Jedburgh for financial assistance. The Inspector declined to give money, but offered to send Magenta to Hawick Poorhouse. Magenta refused this offer and went away unsatisfied, but shortly he came back again and applied for his train fare to Hawick as he was "ower wake to walk it." The Inspector gladly produced the money, but Robbie, telling the tale afterwards, said, "I fairly did him! I went nane tae the puirhoose. I juist went an' bought some meat wi' the money!"

The figure of poor Robbie slipping about the streets of Hawick will be missed, for the harmless creature was well liked by the citizens, and the old-fashioned worthies are slowly dying out in our land. J. G. G.

Good even, fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.
—Heart of Midlothian.

The Beauties of Nature.

IN the "Scottish Review," a weekly mine of good literature, of which every true Scot should be proud, that eminent Borderer, Sir Herbert E. Maxwell, Bart., in his most interesting page, "Jottings of a Naturalist," says:—

It is passing strange how absolutely insensible certain minds are to the beauties of nature, and one cannot but wonder what compensating faculty such persons possess to indemnify them for being cut off from one of the sweetest sources of pleasure. One of the most striking instances, not only of indifference to beauty, but inability to perceive it, was furnished to me by a Scottish clergyman, and daffodils supplied the occasion for the manifestation. I was attending service in his parish church one bright Sabbath in March, and was dismayed to see that the daffodils, which crowded all the kirkyard and decked the manse grounds with gold, had been mowed down. There they lay in swathes, withering in the sun, a piteous sight to behold. I waited after service to inquire the meaning of this, pointing out to my reverend friend that not only was the display ruined for this year, but that the bulbs would not flower in the following spring after such treatment. "That was exactly my intention in having them cut," replied the minister; "Mrs A—— (naming his wife) considers yellow a vulgar colour, and there was so much of it about that she asked me to put the flowers down." The strange thing was that my friend was, in many respects, not unversed in the Greek poets, and with a catholic taste in literature. Be sure that I bombarded him with Shakespeare, Herrick, and Wordsworth. I even protested against common flowers being condemned as vulgar, recalling the gentle rebuke addressed by Sir Walter Scott to his daughter, when she declared she could not endure something because it was vulgar. "My dear," said he, "you speak like a very young lady. Do you know, after all, the meaning of this word 'vulgar?' It is only 'common;' nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of with contempt. When you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

Well, the minister and his good lady passed hence years ago. It may be that their spirits, wandering amid Homer's meads of asphodel,

have wakened ere this to a new sense of beauty in leaf and flower. Meanwhile, the daffodils in the old kirkyard have recovered from the harsh treatment, and bear annual tribute of goblin gold as lavishly as ever.

Pre-Roman Roads.

MOTORING, driving, or cycling from London through Kent, we enter the old City of Canterbury by what is known as the London Road. This road, as it nears the city, is in fact part of Watling Street, the great highway the Romans constructed from Dover to London, and thence to the North and West.

But this Roman-made road is modern compared with one near by, the course of which is clearly indicated by a cleft on the side of a hill, at the village of Harbledown, two miles from Canterbury. Not only in this village, but in many other places in the county of Kent, can be discerned this well-defined track, and wherever it is apparent, it is known as the "Pilgrims' Way."

It was along this narrow path that Chaucer led his merry troop. At that period it was the route adopted by those who journeyed to worship and pay their tribute at the sacred shrine of the murdered Thomas a Becket.

At no great distance, and well within view of it, stretched the great paved thoroughfare of "Watling Street," and it seems strange that a narrow bye-way should have been chosen by those pilgrims, and used by them, as it undoubtedly was for many centuries, when a better and an easier route was available.

The true reason for this may probably be, that tolls were levied from those travellers using the broad highway. To avoid the payment of such tolls, needy wanderers, or those to whom time was of no importance, would go by the older route, that which is now known as the "Pilgrims' Way."

Twenty centuries have run their course since the Romans first put foot on British soil; seven centuries are past and gone since Chaucer sung; but their old track was already ancient when the Romans came. It existed long before St Augustine first preached at Canterbury; and it was known and used long before the martyrdom and canonization of Becket.

A discovery made about seven years ago led to further investigation. Near Harbledown the track passes through an earthwork which indicates the settlement. Here some pits had been opened for gravel, and enquiry at the workmen employed there, then and afterwards as the excavations were continued, resulted in the acquisition of a number of objects, mostly of iron, which Professor Boyd Dawkins, two years ago, described in a lecture to the Archæological Institute. Some remains of pottery were also found, but all these relics, the Professor explained, corresponded in character with some that had before been found in the noted pre-historic settlements at Glastonbury, Lewes, and elsewhere. The Professor then clearly proved that the "Pilgrims' Way" existed in the Iron age, and belonged to a system of ancient trackways connecting pre-historic centres of population.

Anyone who may see this famed "Pilgrims' Way" in Kent and the mysterious "Catrail" in the Border district, and, knowing both, cannot fail to notice their similarity of construction; particularly in this one respect, that both are more easily traced on the higher ground. In the valleys they have almost disappeared, perhaps through the action of weather or by the cultivation of the soil.

Does the Catrail then belong to a system of communication between early British settlements? All along its route such settlements existed in numbers, as their remains clearly show. Have any such relics as those described by Professor Boyd Dawkins been found near it? They consisted of spears, daggers, axes, and a hammer, &c.

Much has been written to prove that the Catrail was a great military work of the early inhabitants of the country. The roads which the Romans made were for military purposes; for the easy and rapid movement of their troops; only they constructed them broader and better, and with a more comprehensive system, than those already in use in the country. But may they not have followed and absorbed into their greater roads some of these earlier tracks? This may explain why no sign or trace of them can be found, excepting here and there a few examples like the "Pilgrims' Way" in Kent, or the Catrail in the historic Border land!

J. B. Brown.

Judge not at least unkindly of a friend's thought, and then, if you are mistaken, the fault rests not with you.—The Pirate.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Each year shows a marked increase in the popular desire for open air exercise, when the days begin to lengthen and become more genial. Literary and other societies notice this tendency, and have, in many cases, to shorten their sessions. There is much scattering of the members, and a consequent difficulty of bringing them together again in the Autumn. But why should there be a scattering? Organise Rambling Clubs for Historical, Archaeological, or Botanical studies, and you will be surprised at the result. The Borderland is admirably adapted for such clubs, and we strongly urge our younger readers to take this matter up.

The Border Keep.

Memory takes me back to the time when the horn-spoon was in pretty general use in country districts, and I must confess that my "mouth waters," as we say, when I think of it. There was a substantiality and homeliness about the horn-spoon which is absent from those at present in use, and I believe that not a few of the old folks would even yet consider it a treat to sup their porridge or kail with the old-fashioned table accessory. I remember in our old home—the old Dominie will not say how long ago—there was one horn-spoon which was only used when the company at table was larger than usual. It could only be used by one of the family, as the handle had such a twist in it that, if the spoon was raised to the mouth in the usual way, the kail, instead of going in the proper direction ran along the grove in the handle and off at the end. The making of horn-spoons was quite a large industry at one time, and the subject is thus referred to by a writer in the "Glasgow Evening News":—

Is the "horner" extinct? I have not heard of one of the craft for many moons. At one time this particular class were well known in agricultural districts, where they carried on with considerable activity the manufacture of spoons from the ram and goat horns which were carefully stowed past by the farmers until the appearance of one of the tribe. The spoon of horn was then in daily use in practically every country household, and the periodical visit of the maker was anticipated with keen delight, at least by the younger generation, who viewed with considerable interest the gradual transformation of the rough tup horn into the smooth, shapely article for domestic use. Among the last to practice the art was one Kennedy, who patrolled the Ayrshire country-side with unfailing regularity. "Horner Kennedy" was widely known and respected, and had the reputation of being the finest tradesman of the day in his own particular line. He was for many years accompanied on his round by his sister, who gave him considerable assistance in his work. Even at the present day specimens of Kennedy's handiwork are to be found in many of the farmhouses, where they are infinitely preferred to the more attractive metal or electro-plate article. Though somewhat uncouth in appearance, and as a rule poorly clad, Kennedy was reputed to be a man of considerable means.

* * *

Apropos the recent par. on the extinction of the horner, it may not be irrelevant to point out that curio-hunters set great value on utensils referable to the palmy days of the art. It is doubtful if there is any more interesting specimens of the horner's skill than a cup, which was discovered by

Captain Hope, of St. Mary's Isle, in the autumn of 1903. This, which was originally presented to Dunbar, Earl of Selkirk, bears the initials of Billy Marshall, the redoubted chief of the Galloway tinkers. On one side of the mug, 1768 is inscribed, and on the other 115. The latter figures conclusively prove that, in his patriarchal years, Billy's hand had not lost its cunning. It is matter of great satisfaction to all students of gipsy lore that this historic cup has found a resting-place in the museum of the good town of Kirkcudbright, which may be regarded as the capital of the wide district peregrinated by Billy.

* * *

From the same newspaper I quote the following three paragraphs. The first is specially interesting to me, as I knew the deceased clergyman's father, and remember seeing himself frequently when he visited the old folks:—

The recent death of Father Downie, the venerable priest of Newabbey, serves as a reminder of the pre-Reformation associations that gather round one of the most romantic parishes in Southern Scotland. Overshadowed by the ruins of the stately pile, which was built by Devorgilla, the mother of John Balliol, it would be difficult to imagine a more desirable retreat for the religious recluse than the little parsonage of Newabbey. Tradition records that Gilbert Brown, the last Abbot of the parish, clung to his office for at least fifty years after the great upheaval effected by Knox. This tenacity to principle has not been without its influence on the present day, as the district boasts many earnest Catholics, who claim to be descended from families whose attachment to the old ecclesiastical system was strengthened by the good Abbot Brown. This early predilection for the old faith was naturally fostered by the families of Herries and Maxwell, to whose zeal for the cause of the Pretender Sir Walter Scott bears frequent testimony. Father Downie, who was intimately acquainted with the historic and romantic associations of the district, had, in the course of a long pastorate, endeared himself to parishioners of all religious persuasions.

* * *

Carlyle was a great believer in genealogy. He stated as regards his own family, he could distinctly trace his own father in himself. I have heard a story regarding his brother James, who, like the sage, evidently possessed some of the family stock of humour. The brother and some farmer friends were assembled in one of the rooms of a village hostelry, on a bitterly cold day. The fire happened to be of parochial dimensions, and its cheerless glimmer kept the company at rather a low temperature. On a call being made for more coals, Carlyle rang the bell, and on the appearance of the landlady, who was noted for "scrimpy" ways, he addressed her with the satirical demand, "Anither saucerful of coals, ma'am." He is reporetd on another occasion, when presented with a rather diminutive dram, to have asked for a piece of string, lest he should swallow glass as well as contents.

* * *

The ubiquity of the Scot is proverbial, and many interesting stories are told of the odd places where Scotsmen have found a habitation. In Kinglake's "Eothen," he tells of spending a day in Cairo with Osman Effendi, who turned out to be a patriotic Scotsman. Many other stories tend to show that the Scot is at home under any sky. It may be new to most readers that one of the official guides on the historic battlefield of Waterloo is a "brither Scot," rejoicing in the fine old Border name of Little. Sergeant Little (to give him his title), is a native of the Dumfriesshire village of Beattock. He has a thorough knowledge of the composition and disposition of the troops engaged on that famous day in 1815, and his graphic description of the battle is a treat that few visitors forget.

* * *

From an article in the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" on the lamented death of the Town Clerk of Peebles, referred to in our columns last month, I have pleasure in quoting the following:—

The Peebles of little more than half a century ago was a quiet small place, living on (one might perhaps say sleeping on) in the dull old-fashioned hum-drum mood which had deadened the Lowlands in the eighteenth century, a mood confirmed rather than disturbed in Peebles by the advent of the French prisoners of war. Peebles as a Royal Burgh had taken its part in the history of earlier troublous times, but for long had been out of the hurly-burly, and was not yet wakened to new activity by the railway whistle. To Edinburgh by the coach was something of an expedition; the master tradesmen did still foregather in some "howf" in the forenoon for pipes and ale; and social festivities centred in homely suppers, at which onions stewed in milk were as indispensable as salt beef and greens are at a curling dinner. There was no last post to upset the serenity of these days, in which the country writer worked steadily in his office till he dined about noon, then worked an hour or so after that, and perhaps again in the evening for another hour, his round of toil closing peacefully, in a fashion not unlike the German, with a mug of very thin beer and a churchwarden.

* * *

Willie Buchan went to school with his fellows, and with them could hold his own in work and play. For healthy boys the surroundings of Peebles afforded them many opportunities—angling, hill-roaming, and what not, in a district where every farmer and every shepherd was a known friend. Thus was he able to realise the supreme happiness of a simple life, tempered with no greater anxiety than the occasional need for wheedling from his father or grandfather a few pence for a new cast of flies. Less robust than the average boy, and impelled also by natural inclination, Willie took early to books. There the impressions made on his mind by his mother, and by his old French tutor, M. de Chastelaine, himself connected with the Knights of Malta, stimulated him towards history of all nations, folk-lore, antiquities, genealogies, heraldry, and French language and literature, of which subjects throughout his whole life he remained a student, and in which he attained a scholarship beyond that of the mere amateur.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

An Old Border Family and Covenanting Minister.

PART I.

THE estate of Riddell—the "ancient Riddells' fair domain" of Scott's "Lay"—is on Ale Water in Roxburghshire. It was anciently known by the name of Wester Lilliesclive, or Lilliesclif, which has, probably under the influence of popular etymology, been changed to Lilliesleaf. (1.) Locally it is known as Lilsly, or Lilslie, and is so spelt in Blaeu's map of Teviotdale, *circa* 1654. Up till 1823, or thereabouts, it was in the possession of the Riddells, one of our oldest Border families. The last representative of the Riddells of that ilk, for the estate has long been known as Riddell from the family name, was Sir John Buchanan Riddell, ninth baronet in direct succession, and M.P. for the Selkirk Burghs, who died in April, 1819, at the age of fifty-one. Though he is said to have been a man of good business habits, yet owing to his zeal for high farming and extensive improvements he allowed his affairs to get into sad confusion, with the result that the estate had to be sold, and there was thus an "end o' an auld sang," for the Riddells had been in possession of the place for upwards of some six centuries and a half. Sir John was married to a daughter of the Earl of Romney, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. The family still continues to flourish in England, though no longer in possession of their "fair domain" by the Ale. The present holder of the title is Sir John Walter Buchanan Riddell, eleventh baronet, who succeeded his uncle, Sir Walter Buchanan, in 1892. He is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and has a country seat (Hepple Whitefield) near Rothbury, Northumberland. The present respected proprietor of Riddell, it may be stated, is Lieut.-General John Sprot.

The Riddells, as we have said, are one of our oldest Border families. Their founder was a Norman, called Ridel, whose name appears on the roll of Battle Abbey, and who came over in the train of William the Conqueror. For his services he was rewarded with a grant of land in England, and his descendants became celebrated, and some of them rose to high official position. In Henry of Huntingdon's "Chronicle" we read of a Geoffrey Ridel, who perished in the "White Ship" disaster, 1120, and whom he terms "justiciarium totius Angliae" There is also another of the same name, probably a great-nephew of the former, who was Archdeacon of Canterbury, 1163, and a prominent opponent of Becket. He rose to be Bishop of Ely (1173-89), and shared with the Bishops of Winchester and Norwich the office of chief justiciar (1179-80). He built the western transept of Ely Cathedral, of which the southern half still remains. Another of them married Geva, daughter of the Earl of Chester, one of whose descendants was Maud, or Matilda, wife of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion, and an ancestress of the Bruce.

Early in the twelfth century two of the Riddell family, Gervase, the elder, and Walter, a younger brother or near relative, "brizzed" north, proceeding to Scotland with David I., then Prince of Cumbria. The former is said to have been appointed in 1116 High Sheriff of Roxburghshire, and when advanced in life to have "assumed the ecclesiastical garb and to have died at Jedburgh in the odour of sanctity." He was married—his wife, Christiana de Soulis, and also her brother Ralph appear in old charters as benefactors of the canons of Jedburgh Abbey—and a son, Hugh, is said to have been the founder of the Riddells of Cranston-Riddell in Mid-Lothian, a collateral branch of the Riddell family, if we mistake not, now extinct. Walter, the younger, also enjoyed the royal favour, and received by charter from David I., dated somewhere between 1125 and 1153, a grant of the lands of Wester Lilliesclive and Whitunes, near the Cheviots, and these, as stated above, have continued without an entail in possession of the Riddells, who gave their name to the estate early in the fifteenth century, for the long period of about six hundred and seventy years. Sir Walter Scott, it is true, is inclined to assign to them a still earlier date, even anterior to the Conquest, but, it seems, without sufficient documentary evidence. (See his Note in the "Lay," and also Lockhart's "Life," chap. 44).

Though not so prominent as the Scotts, Kers, Douglases, Elliots, and other Border families, the Riddells appear to have played an honourable part in the history of their country. It is not our intention, however, to pursue the fortunes of the family in detail throughout their long career. Such a sketch will be found in the late Mr Riddell-Carre's "Border Memories," to which work we have been mainly indebted for these brief notes.

The title of baronet was first conferred on Sir John Riddell in 1628. He was succeeded,

in 1636, by his eldest son, Sir Walter, who married a Miss Rigg, daughter of William Rigg (2) of Athernie, in the County of Fife. By her he had five sons and two daughters, one of whom married a son of Auld Wat of Harden, and the other the Rev. Gabriel Semple (3), who became minister of Jedburgh after the Revolution. Sir Walter was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, who was a zealous Covenanter, and suffered imprisonment for non-conformity. After the Revolution, from 1690 to 1698, his name appears as one of the Commissioners in the Scottish Parliament for the County of Roxburghshire. He died in 1700.

We now return to the two younger sons of Sir Walter, the second baronet. The elder one, William, was progenitor of the Riddells of Glenriddell in Dumfriesshire. The male representative of this branch soon died out, but a daughter of the late heiress, married Walter Riddell of Newhouse, son of the Rev. Simon Riddell (4), minister of Tynron, and so brought Glenriddell to her husband. This Simon Riddell, who was minister of Tynron for the long period of forty-two years (1701-43), it may be noted in passing, marched to Stirling in 1715, with several of his parishioners and other ministers, in defence of the Hanoverian succession and the Protestant cause, and in 1740 he appears as one of the fifteen ministers who dissented against the resolution to depose the eight seceders, including the two Erskines, Ralph and Ebenezer. His son, having thus acquired the Dumfriesshire estate by marriage, enjoyed the possession of it for a considerable time, and was succeeded by his son, Robert, a man of literary and antiquarian tastes. He was a great friend of Burns, and one of the three who competed for the "whistle o' worth" at the famous bacchanalian orgie, so characteristic of the deep-drinking habits universally prevalent in these times, which took place at Friars Carse in 1789.*

"Three joyous young fellows, with hearts free of flaw,
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law,
And trusty Glenriddell, so skilled in old coins,
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines."

Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, M.P. for Dumfries, Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, and Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch, a predecessor of whom married the song-renowned "Annie Laurie," youngest daughter of Sir Robert, the first baronet, by his second wife, Jean Riddell of Minto, (5), were all connected. Ferguson, says Burns, "carried off the hard-won honours of the field," after having managed to dispose of some seven bottles of claret at the sitting. The old Castle of Glenriddell, seat of the Riddells of Friars Carse, has now disappeared, but at the house of Craigdarroch may still be seen the "whistle o' worth," as well as the portrait and will of "bonnie Annie." It is dated April 28, 1711. Annie, in spite of her "promise true," having jilted William Douglas of Fingland, who originally wrote the famous song in her honour, married the laird of Craigdarroch * in 1710, and died in 1761, at the age of 79. Her husband, in response to a letter from the Duke of Argyll, dated Edinburgh, 16 Sept., 1715, gathered together a body of men and marched to Stirling, accompanied by the Rev. Simon Riddell, minister of Tynron, as has been already stated. (See Rae's "History of the Rebellion," 2nd Edit., 1746, p. 231).

* See Burns's poem, "The Whistle."

* One of these Fergusons of Craig-darroch, it may be here stated, was the first to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, while another of them in 1651 headed a small force which defeated a portion of Cromwell's army at Glencairn.

NOTES.

1. The village of Lilliesleaf lies about three miles west of Belses station, on the Waverley route of the North British Railway, and is about seven miles distant from Selkirk. Like most of our Border villages, it is decreasing in population. In feudal times it is said to have had some fourteen peel towers or fortified places. Near to it is a moorland tract of country where the Covenanters used to hold their meetings. In 1676 we read of one which was to meet here, but the scene of which was afterwards shifted to Selkirk Common, the well-known John Blackadder being the preacher. The meeting was broken up by the appearance of the Sheriff, Laird of Heriot, with a troop of horse. The preacher escaped. Robert Bennet, Laird of Chesters, who was present, had his goods confiscated for attending it and harbouring John Welsh and other field preachers, and was sent to the Bass, pending payment of a fine of 4000 merks. Riddell mansion-house is about a mile north-west of the village. In an early charter we find a grant of 30 acres of land near Lilliescliff made to Kelso Abbey, and in the Ragman Roll we find, among many Border territorial names, such as Long Newton, Eckford, Harden, Maxpoffle, Rewcastle, Denholm, Heaton, Yetholm, mention of a certain "Mestre William de Rotherforde persone del eglise de Lilleeclyve," all of whom swore allegiance to Edward I. at Berwick on the 28th of August, 1296.*

* Lilliesleaf, Ancrum, and Ashkirk were, in pre-Reformation times, prebends of the See of Glasgow.

2. Rigg was a man of high character, and wealthy. His sister, Catherine Rigg, aunt of Lady Riddell, married Sir William Douglas of Cavers. She was a zealous Covenanter, and was fined (Nov., 1682,) £500, and confined in Stirling Castle pending payment, where she remained for upwards of two years, when she was liberated on the petition of her son, Sir William Douglas, on his return from travelling on the Continent. These Riggs were descendants of Dr John Row, of Perth, John Knox's coadjutor.

3. Gabriel Semple was the second son of Sir Bryce Semple of Cathcart, Sheriff of Renfrew. He was minister of Kirkpatrick-Durham, from which he was ejected by the infamous Act of Glasgow, 1662. After the Revolution he became minister of Jedburgh, where he died in 1706, at a very advanced age.

4. Simon Riddell, graduated A.M. at Edinburgh University, 13th July, 1695, was licensed by the Presbytery of Jedburgh, 21st June, 1699, and ordained minister of Tynron, 29th April, 1701. He died in 1743, aged about 66. (Scott, Fasti.) He was probably connected with the Riddells of Riddell, though in what way I have not been able to discover.

5. Maxwellton estate is beautifully situated on the banks of the valley of the Cairn, in Dumfriesshire. Sir Robert Laurie, the first baronet (created 1685) of the Maxwellton family, married as his second wife Jean Riddell, by whom he had three sons and four daughters, of whom Annie was the youngest, who was born December 16, 1682. This Jean Riddell was the eldest daughter of Walter Riddell, an Edinburgh writer (second son of Walter Riddell of Newhouse), who acquired the Minto estates in 1676, but held them for a few years only. The modern version of the famous song and its tune was composed about 1834 by Lady John Scott, who revealed the secret in February, 1890.

(To be Continued.)

"Lock the Door Lariston."

THE above appeared in the thirty-first number of Hogg's "The Spy," published March 30, 1811, under the title of "Border Song," but with the fifth stanza, beginning—

"Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,"

omitted, which seems to have been added in later copies. That this interesting ballad was written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, there can, I think, be no doubt. I possess a unique copy of this very rare periodical, which at one time belonged to David Bridges, junr. In his handwriting, over the list of contents, there is the following note:—

"The 'names' of the authors of papers in this volume are 'holograph' of the editor of 'The Spy,' 'James Hogg,' and were filled in 'by him' at the request of D. Bridges, jun. For an account of Hogg and his writings, see the 'Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany,' Vol. II., pp. 32 and 122; and for particulars of this work, 'The Spy,' p. 126, and vol. 2nd of the same book. The article was written by James Gray, master in the High School.—D. B., jr."

Mr Gray contributed a number of articles in prose and verse, but not the "Border Song," which is distinctly stated by Hogg himself to be his own. When he was doubtful as to the authorship of any article he was careful to write against it "supposed by," but the ballad in question being signed by himself, there need be no doubt as to its authorship.

I do not possess a copy of "The Border Exploits," published at Hawick in 1812, nor is there one in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, so am unable to discover whether or not the author of this very scarce book gives his authority for stating that it was from the pen of Mr Gray, master of the High School, Edinburgh.

I feel grateful to Mr Sandison for bringing this matter to light in the pages of your magazine and for your note inviting discussion on this interesting topic. Moreover, it has given me an opportunity of suggesting that if a portion of your space were devoted to Border "Notes and Queries" it would, I feel certain, be welcomed by many of your readers.

JAMES SINTON.

"Hassendean," Eastfield,
Joppa, February 5th, 1906.

[We shall be only too pleased to reserve one page of the "B. M." for Border "Notes and Queries," as suggested by our esteemed correspondent, and we respectfully invite our readers to avail themselves of this opportunity of clearing up doubtful points or bringing to light forgotten lore.—Ed., "B. M."]

Fair is the damsel, passing fair—
Sunny at distance gleams her smile!
Approach—the cloud of woeful care
Hangs trembling in her eye the while.
Motto (Fair Maid of Perth).

* * *

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood;
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king!
"Lady of the Lake."

Among the Fairies.

"Up in far Glensax
Where the burn leaves hags,
Scoops out the deep crags,
Will saw the Fairies."

JOHN VEITCH.

I.

Away where flocks the corby crow,
And dreaming shepherds come and go,
The wise moon lingers with her art,
And Cupids still their arrows dart,
And love-light haunts the Border.

Elfin sprightly they are here!
They are gone! Will shook with fear,
And caught the bittern's boom afar,
Eerie and vague, where love's lone star
Lit haply on the Border.

II.

They love the shadows of the moon,
And dainty-footed to the tune
Their feet are spangled with the dew,
And buckled with a rosebud true
That bloomed in our brave Border.

Their eyes are blue, caught from the stars,
And twinkling in the moonlight-bars,
They tricked their sprightliness so fine,
And drink for richest royal wine
The heath-flush of the Border.

THE FAIRYDEAN.

Fantastic in their jerkins play
The Fairies hidden all the day
By water-lilies; but at call
They troop the lea where shadows fall,
And fold them in the Border.

Last night I watched them sing and dance
In fairy-wise; but by mischance
My love was with me dallying by,
So near and dear; without a cry
They vanished in the Border.

Once over Tarras, over Tweed,
O'er scaur and glen and rustling reed,
They flew, a fluttering silken net,
And up in far Glensax Will met
The Fairies of the Border.

They stole their youth when days were young
And cannot age; their song was sung
By Thomas true at Eildon-foot,
With haunted cave and old tree-root
Immortal in the Border.

And there I wist he met the Queen,
Whose match was ne'er of mortal seen;
Who loved him well and let him roam
So deep and dark, and took him home
To Faery of the Border.

And seven long years she let him look
Into that wondrous flowered book
The Fairies keep in Fairyland,
Clasped all with moonbeams and a band
Of rowans of the Border.

And seven long years he loved her true,
Her rose-lips pearled with leafy dew,
Her eyes the light of moons that beat
On wandering lovers when their feet
Roam lightly on the Border.

III.

And still the dream held all his heart,
And love-bewitched he would not part
From her he loved; till on a night
There shot a little ray of light
Of old things from the Border.

And then his age came back to him,
So gaunt and weary, grey and grim,
And to the greensward led him back,
To bear his burden like a pack,
And die upon the Border.

And there he died; and where he lay
Their hands enchanted him away,
And laid him where the morning blows
Austere and keen, and no man knows
His bed upon the Border.

But somewhere when the moon delights
To glance on stilly heather heights,
The Fairy Queen all gold goes by,
And in the shadows sees him lie,
Those shadows of the Border.

T. S. Cairncross.

Allan Ramsay and Leadhills.

PLEA FOR A MEMORIAL CAIRN.

WHILE it is fitting that Scott and Ramsay should have in the city with which they were so long and so honourably associated, and of whose literary life they were each the pride and ornament in their respective periods —while it is fitting they should thus have statues erected to commemorate their genius, it is somewhat strange that the latter, the "Joyous Ramsay," should have no memorial in his native village of Leadhills.

In his delightful sketch, "The Enterkin," Dr John Brown describes a visit to Leadhills about 25 years ago, in which he states regarding Ramsay's birthplace:—"You may see what is now a broken-down byre, in which the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' was born." I understand there are now only a few stones left of the "broken-down byre"; but why should not these be gathered together ere the ruthless hand of the thoughtless vandal disperses what ought to be sacred in the eyes of all lovers of Ramsay or admirers of those who by their worth and genius have helped to give Scotland an honourable place among the literature-loving and literature-producing nations of the world. These stones might form a cairn, or become the foundation of some fitting memorial that would mark to future generations the spot where was born the author of what was universally conceded by the then reading world to be, and which may still be justly regarded, one of the finest pastorals ever written.

It is worthy of note that Gay, who was an admirer of Ramsay, on the issue of "The Gentle Shepherd," six or seven years prior to his meeting Ramsay in the flesh, sent a copy of the work to Swift, with the remark suggestive of a lurking contempt for the intelligence or inventive faculty of the Scots generally. "At last we have a dramatic pastoral, although it is by a Scot." Written in the vernacular, "The Gentle Shepherd" forms a most charming and delightful picture of rural life and love. It abounds in exquisite passages that reflect as in a mirror the kindly disposition, shrewd commonsense, and "wise morality" of its cheery and genial author. With its closeness—we might say its verisimilitude—to Nature, he achieved what Burns later on won so successfully and exquisitely in "The Cottar's Saturday Night." He succeeded in giving us a sympathetic and charming picture of the modes and customs, habits and ways, of rural life existing at the period in which he lived, and among scenes with which he was familiar—a picture simple in its beauty and beautiful in its simplicity, that will be treasured as long as Scottish sentiment lives, even when such scenes as he depicts have been lost for ever in the ceaseless change and passage of life.

"Mute are the plains; the shepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forsaken, and the tender flock."

Scotland has its Burns, but it also has its Ramsay; and while he may not rise to the philosophic heights where, amid the deep, brooding calm, Wordsworth revelled and held rapt communion with the sweet spirit of Nature —nor does he possess the vivid flash, quick imagination and passionate fervour of Burns, whose lyrics throb and pulse with the heat and force of his intense humanity—yet there was in him in large measure that spirit which Wordsworth so loved and so exquisitely interpreted, and which moved the incomparable Burns with its irresistible fire and motion.

But Ramsay has still a further claim upon us, in that he was the singer par excellence who, in the grey, glimmering dawn of the 18th century, wakened to new life his native hills and dales by the sweetness of his notes—notes that, gathering in sweetness and in power by

the quickened and emulative song of others as the century ran its course—dawn and noon and eventide—culminated at last as its sun dipped adown the western slope in the song of one whose soul "pregnant with celestial fire" caught the spirit of the singer of the dawn, and taking of its best added to it its own unique and peerless melody—then the whole world listened as the impassioned Burns, even amid the dull, chilling clouds of neglect and misfortune that gathered so thickly in his later sky, poured out the stintless wealth of his tuneful soul.

On these grounds, then, I would respectfully urge upon, not this nor that cult, but all lovers of Scottish literature the desirability of preserving what little is left of the "biggin" in which Ramsay first breathed the breath of life. At little cost this could be done, and doubtless there are many who would readily extend a helping hand to secure this memorial in his native place to one whose work through nigh two centuries has yielded delight to countless thousands.

JAMES WALSH.

A Raid on Yarrow.

A BORDER BALLAD.

There's a cry from the Border to Ettrick Vale,
To horse, and saddle, and ride;
And the shout is echoed o'er hill and dale,
Like the rush of a raging tide.
The foemen are marching in bold array,
Wi' broadsword and bow and arrow,
To plunder, and burn, and send dismay
To homes on the Braes o' Yarrow.

The beacons are lit on the Eildon's side,
And spears are glittering bright,
And vassals are fording Tweed's dark tide,
To make a stand for home and right.
The conflict is fierce, but Border steel
Is keener than English arrow,
And many a knight who took the field
Will return nae mair frae the Braes o' Yarrow.

The foemen are flying in wild dismay
From Border spears red with blood,
For the hardy sons rush to the fray
Like a mountain stream in flood.
On the hillside bare lie warriors dead
'Mong crest and plume and shattered arrow,
And Border braves from victory led
Return to the cots on the Braes o' Yarrow.

The invader is gone! Now mirth and song
Prevails through the Border land,
And the trembling harp its chords resound
To the touch of the minstrel's hand.
And it tells the tale of bloody fray,
And a lay of dool and sorrow
Of Border sons who fought and died
For love of the Braes o' Yarrow.

"HOMESPUN."

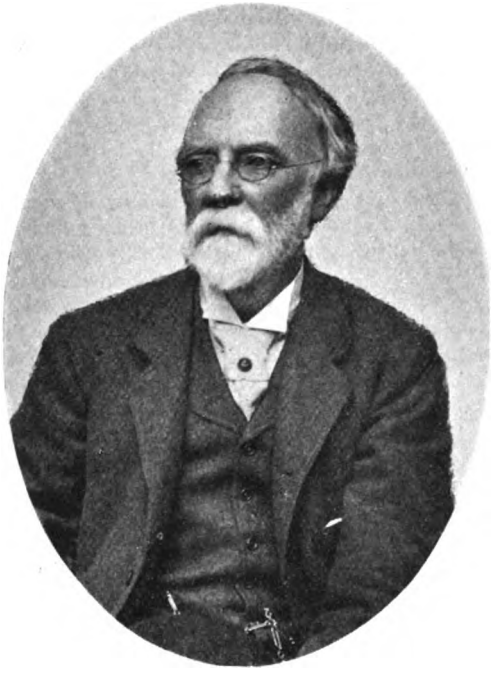
Poems by J. B. Selkirk.

FEW poets come to their own in their life-time, and the sweetest Border singer of modern times is no exception to the general rule. To many readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE the poems of J. B. Selkirk are known and prized, but to a large number of Borderers they are, if not entirely unknown, only known by occasional quotations in the weekly newspapers of the Borders. To these latter we say, secure the new and enlarged edition, published by Messrs R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh, last Christmas, before the handsome volume goes out of print. The 3s 6d which it costs will be well-spent money, for the book is full of gems of poetry which will make you prouder than ever of the Borderland, and fill your hearts with a soft tenderness which will be a source of gladness in years to come. The sad thing about the book is that it was being prepared for the Press when Death called the author home on Christmas Day, 1904.

In the first number of the BORDER MAGAZINE issued in February, 1895, appeared a fine appreciation of the poetry of J. B. Selkirk by Mr W E. Wilson; and in February and March, 1899, a portrait and sketch of J. B. Selkirk appeared in our columns, the letterpress being from the able pen of Mr Duncan Fraser, F.E.I.S., while in February, 1905, we published a memorial article on the departed poet by the writer, a "Personal Impression" by B., and an appreciative poem by W. Cuthbertson. So much having been published in our columns on this subject we do not wish to risk repetition, but will content ourselves by quoting a few sentences from the introduction to the volume referred to by the Rev. Robert Borland, the genial and well-known minister of Yarrow.

"Very early in life," writes Mr Borland, "his literary proclivities began to assert themselves. He read widely on all subjects, and in the course of the years gathered round him a large and valuable library, specially rich in general literature. He was an ardent student of history and theology—subjects which fascinated him all through life; and as a hymnologist he had few, if any, equals in the country. He was a frequent contributor to 'Blackwood' and other high-class magazines. His first appearance as a writer of books was in 1862, when he gave to the public one of his best known and most popular works, "Bible Truths with Shakespearian Parallels." This admir-

able treatise has passed through several editions, and the demand for it is likely to continue. In 1869 he published the first edition of his poems. The book met with a highly favourable reception, both from the press and the public. It was recognised on all hands that a genuine poet had appeared, one who was destined to take a high place in the galaxy of the Scottish Muse. The book was long out of print before another edition was forthcoming. But in 1883 a second and greatly enlarged edition made its appearance. In this edition the poet broke new ground. The years that lay between the first and second editions had been fraught with experiences that changed for him the whole aspect of life. His wife



had died—a woman of fine character and singular charm of manner, a fitting helpmeet for a man of his keen susceptibilities and generous nature. Not long afterwards he lost a favourite boy. It was a tragic experience, and it may be said he never quite recovered from the blow. He thus refers to it in one of his poems, "Plaited Thorns":—

The past was gone; the very chairs seemed new;
Familiar things upon the walls and floor
Looked strange. The western window's well-known view
Had light upon't I never saw before.
And all things spoke to me in one low breath,
That only whispered "Death."

J. B. Selkirk travelled much in early and middle life. Indeed, for a good many years he spent much of his time abroad, especially at Cannes, where he had a house which he called Yarrow Villa, and these were probably the happiest years of his life. He was a lover of Art in all its forms, and could wield the brush as skilfully as the pen. . . . J. B. Selkirk has been not inappropriately designated the 'Laureate of the Border,' and the readers of this volume will feel, we are convinced, that the title has been well earned."

The volume is full of quotable poems, but we resist the strong temptation and again urge upon our readers to procure this fine Border book, which can be read and re-read with ever-increasing interest. Through the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to reproduce the portrait of the author included in the volume by permission of the well-known publisher, James Lewis, Selkirk.

Border Tombs and Curious Epitaphs.

A PAPER on this interesting subject was recently read by Councillor Wilson, Melrose, in the Bowden Village Hall. The subject is, as may be readily understood, a very wide one, and with the comprehensive knowledge which Mr Wilson has at his command, gained partly from wide reading and partly from large personal investigation, the wonder is that he was able to cover such a large area within the limits which usually hedge in a single lecture. The paper bore evidence of thoughtful preparation, and, introducing the audience to the most primitive times, carried them right through the ages to the present day. Examples, too, were quoted from all lands, from Egypt's Pyramids to the Rhymer's Tower. At the outset Mr Wilson described the most ancient examples both of tombs and epitaphs, and this part of the paper was equally interesting with the more modern and local examples. After a graphic description of the tombs of the ancients, he introduced his hearers to the more interesting of these and their epitaphs to be found in the Border country. Taking Earlston first, he mentioned that in the old burying-ground there many varied and curious examples may be seen of the ghastly and realistic style of tombstones. The oldest legible stone there bears as its date 1647, but one stone in the wall of the church would seem to be much older, and is inscribed—"Auld Rymrs race lyes in this place." This refers, of course, to Thomas the Rhymer, who lived

in Earlston about the thirteenth century, and part of whose Tower still stands there. Other two curious stones are now built into the wall of the church, one of which bears the date 1564, and has on it certain initials and "shears," the latter probably signifying that "the thread of life was cut." This churchyard is specially rich in epitaphs, of which Mr Wilson gave examples, one being of a stone with an hour glass carved in it and the following lines—

"Time's glass with rapid course doth run.
And makes no stop nor stay,
All mortal men prepared should then
Death's summonse to obey."

Coming to Bowden, Mr Wilson mentioned that there was little of special note in its churchyard, though the church itself is of great interest, dating back, it is believed, as far as Melrose Abbey. The lecturer then brought his audience to Melrose Abbey, which, of course, was famous for its tombs and vaults. Specially interesting is the burial-ground of the Bostons of Gattonside, which lies at the right-hand side when entering the church from the west end—this ground being till this day still in the same family's possession under charter. On the west wall is the following inscription, simple but impressive—"The dust of many generations of the Bostons of Gattonside is deposited in this place. We give our bodies to the Holy Abbey to keep." The founder of this ancient family is said to have been brought by Edward II. to Bannockburn as a harpist, so that he might celebrate in song the victory which Edward anticipated. The unexpected, however (from Edward's point of view) happened, but Bruce, always generous to the fallen, is said to have spared the minstrel to make a song in Scotland's honour, in return for which he gifted to the minstrel the lands of Gattonside. Mr Wilson then gave in detail a description of all that was of interest in the Abbey. He mentioned that undoubtedly the churchyard is one of the richest to be found anywhere in the matter of epitaphs, and he gave a number of examples of these. St Boswells churchyard had little of interest excepting perhaps one epitaph, which is more remarkable for its spelling than anything else. It runs—"Here lays the Boday of Issobel Ker, Spows of James Thomson, porshner in Lessudden, who daied January, the 1 day, 1770. Eadged 80 years." Dryburgh Abbey and churchyard are full of interest, for there may be seen two pre-historic stone cists or coffins, which are the very earliest form of burial among the aborigines of this country, the Picts. Another stone erected here is to the memory of the founder of the Abbey, Hugo de Norville and his wife, and is dated 1162. There, too, are, of course, the tombs of Sir Walter Scott and his family. In Cavers churchyard, near Hawick, the following epitaph may be seen—"Here lyes William Dik, sometyme mynester o' Denum. He was a man wi' a big hert and a sma' purs." In Spittal-on-Rule this very old epitaph may be seen—"Here lies Tamis Stuart, sum tyme dealer in Denum, wha was burit in twentie-seven ells o' Klean Klaith, 1511;" and in Canonbie churchyard is the following—

"Here lies John Adams,
Wha got a bump,
Right on the forehead,
From the village pump."

Mr Wilson then gave examples of many different kinds of epitaphs, some pathetic and tragic, others sarcastic and humorous. Among these were the following:—On a child one year old—

"I came in the morning; it was spring and I smiled;
I looked out in the day; it was summer, and I was glad;
I walked out at noon; it was autumn, and I was sad;
I laid down in the evening; it was winter, and I slept."

From Burlington churchyard—

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder,
She burst while drinking a sedlitz powder,
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited till it efferversced."

On an author—"Finis." On a painter—"Here lies a finished artist." On an angler—"Hooked it." On a photographer—"Taken from Life." On an engineer—"Under repairs." From a churchyard in Drogheda—

"Beneath this stone there lieth one
That all his friends did please,
To heaven I hope he's surely gone
To enjoy eternal ease.
He drank, He sang while here on earth,
Lived happy as a lord,
And now he hath resigned his breath,
God rest him—Paddy Ward."

We trust that some of our readers will take up this subject so ably handled by Councillor Wilson, and give us the benefit of their research, for all over the Borderland there are quaint and interesting epitaphs, in many cases being effaced by the hand of time.—Ed., "B. M."

A Berwickshire Thunderstorm:

Curious Effect at Coldstream.

IT has been supposed that it is possible for a man or an animal, situated far from the place where the lightning flashes, to be nevertheless exposed to great danger, or even to the loss of life, in consequence of the explosion. Earl Stanhope, in his treatise on electricity, attempts an explanation of this singular effect upon the re-establishment of the equilibrium of the electrical state of the earth and air, to which he has given the name of the "returning stroke"—that is, that the earth may discharge lightning into the atmosphere at a considerable distance from the electric cloud. An accident, which happened near Coldstream, on the Tweed, on the 19th of July, 1785, is supposed to be corroborative of this opinion. Between twelve and one o'clock on that day a storm of thunder and lightning came on. This storm, as described by Mr Brydone, was at a considerable distance from his house, the intervals between the flash and report being from 25 to 30 seconds, so that the place of explosion must have been five or six miles distant. While observing the progress of the storm, he was suddenly surprised by a loud report, neither preceded nor accompanied by any flash of lightning, which resembled the explosion of a great number of muskets, in such quick succession that the ear could scarcely discriminate the sound. On this the thunder and lightning instantly ceased, and the sky recovered its serenity. In a little time Mr Brydone was informed that a man with two horses had been killed by the lightning, in the immediate neighbourhood, and, on running to the place, he found the two horses lying on the spot. The skin of the man who was killed was much burned and shrivelled on the right thigh, with many marks of the same kind all over the body, and his clothes, particularly his shirt, had a strong smell of burning, and there was a zig-zag line, above an inch broad, extending from the chin to the right thigh, and which seemed to have followed the direction of the buttons of his waistcoat. The cart he was in was loaded with coals, and he was sitting on the fore part of it. The horses which were killed had their hair singed over the greater part of their bodies. The left shaft of the cart was broken, and splinters thrown off, particularly where the timber of the cart was connected by nails or cramps of iron. About four and a half feet behind each wheel there was a circular hole, 20 inches in diameter, the centre of which was exactly in the centre of each wheel. The earth was torn up as if by violent blows of a pick-axe, and small stones scattered all around; and there were evident marks of fusion on the iron rings of the wheels. About the same time a shepherd, tending his flock in the neighbourhood, observed a lamb drop down, which was found quite dead; at the same time he felt as if fire had passed over his face, though the lightning and claps of thunder were at a considerable distance. A woman, making hay near the banks of the river, fell suddenly to the ground, and called out that she had received a violent blow on the foot, and could not imagine whence it came; and the Rev. Mr Bell, when walking in his garden, a little before the accident, felt several times a tremor in the ground. The conclusion drawn from these facts is, that at the time of the explosion the equilibrium between the earth and the atmosphere was completely restored, as no more thunder was heard, nor lightning observed; the clouds were dispelled, and the atmosphere resumed the most perfect tranquility. From the facts above stated the following, among other conclusions, have been drawn:—1. That the man and horses were not killed by any direct mainstroke, or explosion from a thunder cloud, either positively or negatively electrified. 2. They were not killed by any transmitted mainstroke, either positive or negative. 3. The mischief was not done by any lateral explosion. 4. That electrical fire did pass from the earth to the cart, through that part of the iron of the wheels which was in contact with the ground, or, in other words, by what is called the returning stroke; and, consequently, that persons may be injured, and even killed, at a considerable distance from the immediate scene of a thunder storm; a circumstance which, we presume, does not frequently happen.

[The foregoing article is quoted from the "Border Almanack" for 1906, published by Messrs J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso. Year after year we have recommended this excellent publication, which contains so much information valuable to farmers and the general public, in addition to obituary notices of all the prominent Borderers who have passed away during the year, reprints from old newspapers, &c. The whole forms a miniature "Oliver & Boyd," and is sold at the small price of 3d, or by post 6d. Ed. "B.M."]

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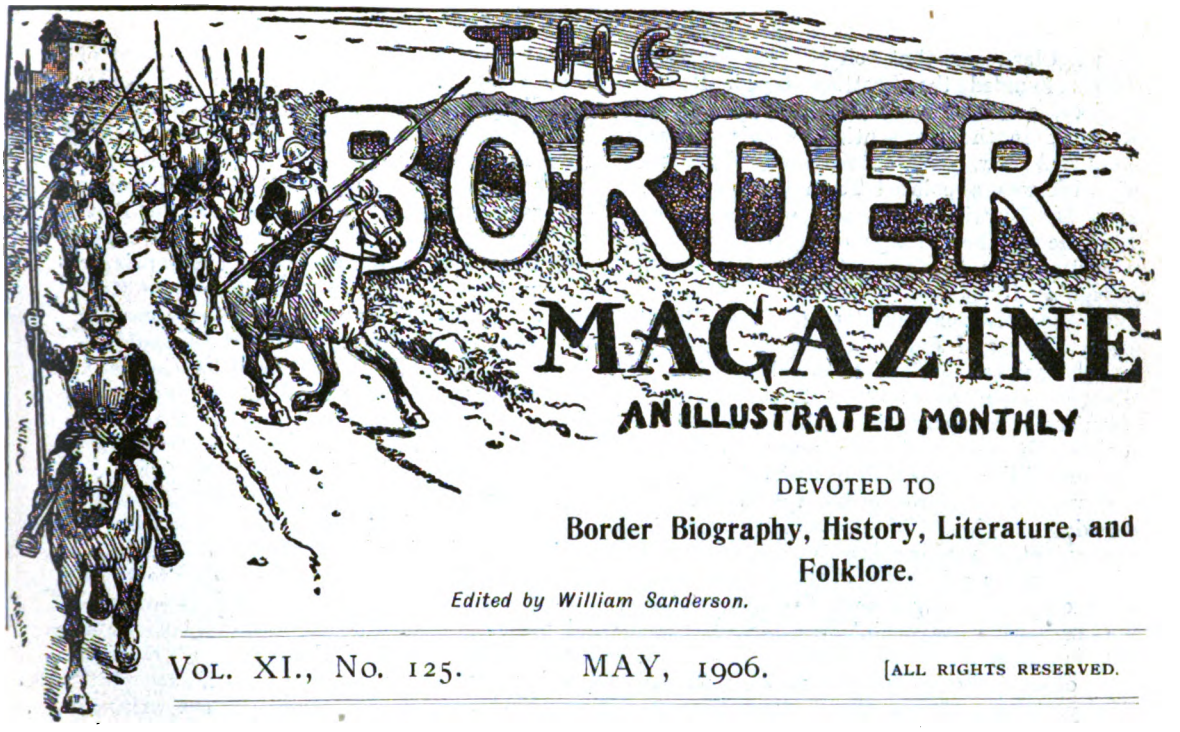
MR ROBERT RENWICK, GLASGOW.



VOL. XI., NO. 125. MAY, 1906.

MR ROBERT RENWICK,

DEPUTE TOWN CLERK, GLASGOW.

BY THE EDITOR.

TIME was when the antiquary, archæologist, or historian was looked upon as something outwith the common run of humanity, and he was considered to be a man who was so immersed in the affairs of the past that he had little or no interest in the living present. But all that is now changed, and he stands forth as a man of broad sympathies, whose ability to make the past live again arises to a large extent from his thorough knowledge of human nature. We are all attracted by antiquarian research nowa-days, in fact it stands in danger of becoming fashionable. This changed attitude of the general public owes its existence almost entirely to the small band of patient investigators, who have spared no pains to rescue the story of the past from the oblivion into which it had passed. Too often their task was a thankless one, and their efforts to preserve the precious relics of antiquity were too often thwarted by the unthinking iconoclasts who never hesitated to pull down a thousand-year-old ruin to use the material for building a pig-stye or a garden wall.

Mr Robert Renwick, the subject of our sketch, stands in the very front rank of antiquarians and historians, but his work has come more under the notice of the specialist than that of the general reader, and this has kept him to a large extent from the glare of publicity. We are proud of him as a Borderer, and believing that our readers will be pleased to know more of him, and our young men feel inspired by the record of his unselfish and painstaking research, we present this short biography.

Mr Renwick was born at Torbank, Peebles-shire, on 4th March, 1841. Having passed through the usual course of education in the Parish and Burgh Schools, he entered, in 1856, the office of Messrs Stuart & Blackwood, writers, Peebles, who, besides having a large private practice, had the chief share in the public business of the county. After being thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of his profession during some eight years' experience in the county lawyers' office, he left for Edinburgh, having obtained an appointment in the office of Mr (now Sir James) Marwick, then

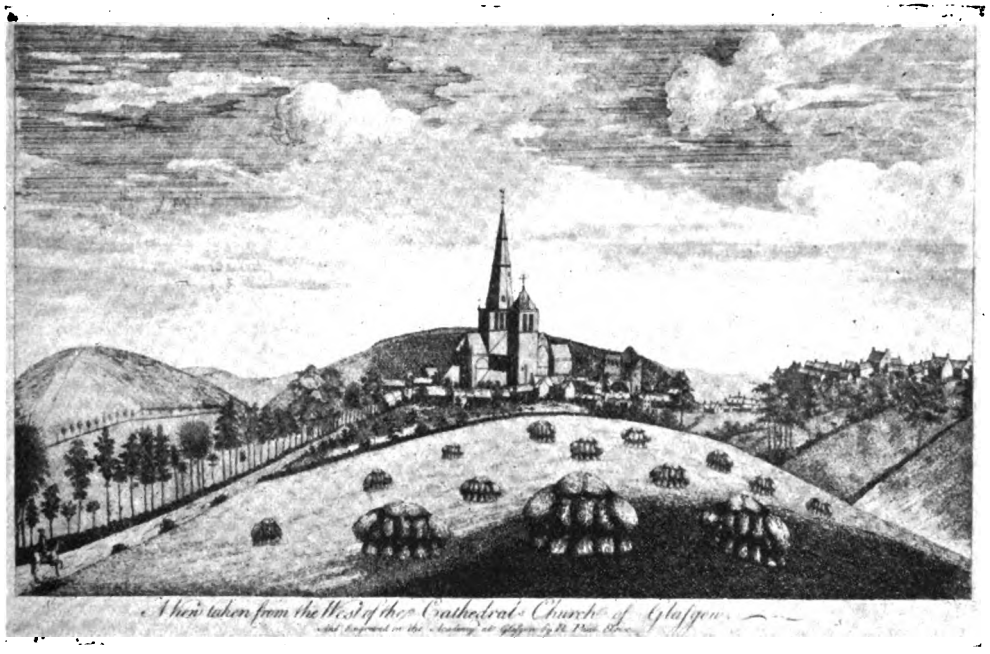
Town Clerk of that city. In 1868 Sir James founded the Scottish Burgh Records Society, and he was ably supported by Mr Renwick in the prosecution of this valuable work. A few years later, when Sir James Marwick was appointed Town Clerk of Glasgow, Mr Renwick also came west, and since 1873 he has had charge of the conveyancing department in the Town Clerk's Office of St Mungo's City.

In 1885 Mr Renwick was appointed Depute Town Clerk and Keeper of the Burgh Register of Sasines. Referring to this Register, a Glasgow paper says:—"In this register all transfers of property within the burgh are recorded. It serves, in the present day, the purpose of the protocol books of the sixteenth century. As custodier of the City's titles, Mr Renwick has charge of an extensive collection of documents, ranging from parchments, hundreds of years old, down to the conveyance of the most recent purchase. As befits one occupying such a responsible position, Mr Renwick is a keen and accomplished student of the days of old. He reads the mysterious calligraphy, with its puzzling contractions, of scribes who wrote in the Scottish and Latin tongues centuries ago, as easily as the average citizen cons his daily newspaper. He possesses, too, the gift of clear and accurate expression of his thoughts. Before recording these, however, this law-trained historian takes nothing for granted. He must have chapter and verse for what he has to say. Endowed with a penetrating insight, and an enviable faculty of taking infinite pains, Mr Renwick has throughout his career been an enthusiastic and unwearied worker in the field of old Scottish and old Glasgow history. Consequently his writings are accurate and reliable to the last degree."

The same paper, "The Bailie," referring further to the subject of our sketch, continues:—"To give an indication of what Mr Renwick had done in unveiling and recording the past, the 'Bailie' has pleasure in enumerating the undernoted publications: (1) Half-a-dozen books dealing with the history and antiquities of the Burgh and Shire of Peebles, the last being—"Peebles during the Reign of Queen Mary," published in 1903; accurate, and full of interest. It goes without saying that what Mr Renwick is ignorant of regarding Peebles and its shire is not worth knowing. (2) Stirling Charters and Records, in three volumes, 1884-89. (3) Lanark Charters and Records, 1893. The Sons of the Rock, and the lieges of Lanark, have good reason to feel proud of these carefully executed memorials of the past. (4) Glasgow Protocols, eleven volumes, published in 1894-1900; full of the most curious reading, and illustrated and illuminated by a series of interesting notes. (5) "Historical Glasgow," issued as a handbook for the British Association in 1901; a work which ought to find a place on the shelves of every private library in Glasgow. (6) The Barony of Gorbals; an able and exhaustive paper, forming part first of the fourth series of the publications of the Regality Club, published in 1900. It is illustrated by two excellent etchings from the needle of our foremost Scottish master of the art, Mr D. Y. Cameron, and by two interesting plans compiled by Mr A. B. Macdonald, our capable city engineer. (7) In recent days Mr Renwick was conjoined with Sir James Marwick in editing the Records of Glasgow, comprising the period from 1663 to 1690, already referred to. (8) Many and varied contributions to magazines and newspapers on historical and topographical subjects, all bearing the hall-mark of thoroughness and accuracy, combined with clear and perspicuous writing. In addition to this excellent record of work, there remains to be noted Mr Renwick's invaluable services to the Old Glasgow Exhibition, held under the auspices of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts in 1894. It was he who placed in ordered sequence a long series of ancient documents, the property of the Corporation, throwing much light on Glasgow's past. He rendered similar service to the City's great International Exhibition of 1901. The article in the memorial catalogue of the former of these notable shows, on "Charters and Manuscripts," and that in "Scottish History and Life," the sumptuous memorial volume of the latter, were both from the pen of Mr Renwick. The Corporation of Glasgow has reason to feel proud of having such an able scholar and lawyer to take charge of her ancient and interesting documents.

Mr Renwick is closely bound up in the work of his department and the historical studies of his hours of leisure. Earnest workers in old Glasgow history find themselves ever and again compelled to fly to him for information and advice, and from his stores of knowledge they invariably receive what they are in search of. His kindly nature is esteemed by all who know him—most deeply by those who know him best. A crack with him on Old Glasgow is a treat of a high order to the student of the history of Saint Mungo's City.

At a meeting of the Corporation a letter, addressed to the Lord Provost by the ex-Town Clerk, Sir James Marwick, was read, suggesting the desirability of having the Charters and other constitutional documents of the City continued till the passing of the Burgh Reform Act, and advancing good reasons for this being done. The suggestion received the unanimous approval of the members present, and authority was given for the preparing, printing, and issuing a third volume of the Charters of Glasgow. That is, from every point of view, a wise resolution.



(Reproduced from "Scottish History and Life," through the kind Permission of Messrs James MacLehose & Sons.)

In his letter Sir James speaks of Mr Renwick as one 'who knows more of Old Glasgow, I believe, than any living person.'"

To Borderers Mr Renwick's works on Peebles have a special interest, and for that reason we give their titles as follows:—"Gleanings from the Burgh Records of Peebles, 1604-52;" "Historical Notes on Peeblesshire Localities;" "A Peebles Aisle and Monastery;" "Peebles: Burgh and Parish in Early History," and "Peebles during the Reign of Queen Mary."

In 1872, when the Scottish Burgh Records Society published the Burgh Records of Peebles, the editor, Dr William Chambers (another Peeblesshire man), gave Mr Renwick the chief credit in compiling that valuable work. While the volume was passing through the press Mr Renwick contributed a series of supplementary extracts from Peebles records (1652-1714) to the "Peeblesshire Advertiser," and when the work was issued, he contributed to the same newspaper, in a series of articles, a valuable analytical summary of its contents.

Readers who are not acquainted with the publications of the Scottish Burgh Records Society will understand their scope and purpose if we refer to the prospectus which was prefixed to the earlier volumes issued by the Society. It is there stated that the purpose was to extend to municipal institutions the scientific system of historical investigation which had been pursued in other channels by the Bannatyne, Maitland, Abbotsford, Spalding, and other Clubs. The Society's work, both directly and indirectly, has corrected and amplified our knowledge in its chosen field in a way which has fully justified its existence.

Mr Renwick is an untiring worker, and future historians will bless him for the great amount of valuable material he has placed at their disposal. Although he has dug so deep

in the mine of ancient lore, he is full of that geniality of character which makes conversation with him peculiarly pleasant. Mr Renwick makes no parade of his vast knowledge, but can introduce his favourite topics in such an unassuming way that the listener feels as if he were the speaker instead of Mr Renwick. The geniality we have referred to is shared by Mrs Renwick and their family of sons and daughters, and those who are privileged to meet them in their house are instantly made to feel at home in an atmosphere of intellectual hospitality.

On 11th October, 1897, the Royal Burgh of Peebles, recognising the deep indebtedness of the town to its honoured son, conferred upon Mr Renwick the freedom of the Burgh at a special meeting of the Town Council held in the Town Hall. The Burgess ticket was enclosed in a silver casket, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Robert Renwick, Esq., Depute Town Clerk of Glasgow, 11th October, 1897, with the freedom of the Royal Burgh of Peebles, conferred on him in recognition of his services in historical research, and specially in connection with the records of the Burgh of Peebles."

Bailie Ramsay, in making the presentation, said:—It gave him very great pleasure to be the mouthpiece of the Council on that important and interesting occasion. They had many men on their burgess roll of whom they were proud. Such an one was Mr Gladstone, who was honoured and revered by all, no matter of what political opinion. Of men of letters they had the late Professor Veitch, the late Dr William Chambers, who wrote a "History of Peeblesshire," and others. Important as was Dr Chambers' History, he (Bailie Ramsay) believed that Mr Renwick's "Gleanings from the Burgh Records," went much deeper and further. All honour to Mr Renwick for that, for Dr Chambers was a man of great determination, and had great resources, both of time and money, and did everything well. Mr Renwick's "Records" must have taken much labour and many months to complete, and while it might not be considered the most congenial reading by many, yet other works, which were now read with great eagerness, would be flung aside as useless when Mr Renwick's were becoming more interesting. For centuries to come Mr Renwick's books would be reckoned interesting and instructive. He had pleasure in presenting the casket to Mr Renwick, who, he hoped, would not, like the Provost of Leith and the Jubilee medal, look upon it in its intrinsic value, but would prize it because of the honour which it represented; and when it was handed down from generation to generation, those who came after him would see that the Renwicks had had the honour and goodwill of the chief town of their native county.

In his reply, Mr Renwick made an admirable speech, in which he thanked his fellow-townsmen for the honour they had done him, and gave interesting information regarding the Royal Burgh, which we produce as a separate article under the title of "Peebles Privileges," quoted from the report of the proceedings which appeared in the "Peeblesshire Advertiser."

We trust that Mr Renwick will be long spared in health and strength to pursue his favourite studies and make the Scottish nation more deeply indebted to him than ever for his valuable researches into the records of the past.

The Coming of May.

Hark to the voice of sweet May, as she calls
  To birds that sing blithe on the tree!
It echoes and rings and softly it falls
  O'er daisy-starred meadow and lea.
To greet the glad dawn the joyous lark soars,
And the wealth of his heart the mavis outpours.

Her smile is the sheen of the sun's clear glow,
  Her breath the wind balmy and sweet;
In the light of her smile the flow'rets blow
  And flush at the touch of her feet.
Full lightly she trips; and the love at her heart
Is the life that her smile and her breath impart.

Through valley, o'er moor, up steep mountain way,
  With a largess for all speeds she.
O'er orchard and hedge she throws the white spray
  That glistens like foam on the sea.
And the lone woods wake, and the violets peep,
As the cushat's low moan breaks the stillness deep.

Her fingers so fair the leafage unfold,
  She kisses to blossom each flower,
And deftly she weaves a vesture of gold
  To deck with the primrose each bower,
Where the fairies meet while the world is asleep,
And the owl hoots weird from the ivy-crowned keep.

Reflex of her joy the merry heart knows
  In splendour of sun and of star;
Or the soothing hush when Eve's ruddy glows
  Flame faintly on peak and on scaur,
While the spirit of night woos softly to rest
The shadows that muster round each crimson crest.

Then hark to the voice of sweet May, as she calls
  With magical, mystical power,
To bird and to flower, bringing joy as it falls
  O'er meadow and woodland and bower,
And the dull eye of Care hope lightens anew,
And strengthens the heart still to struggle and do.

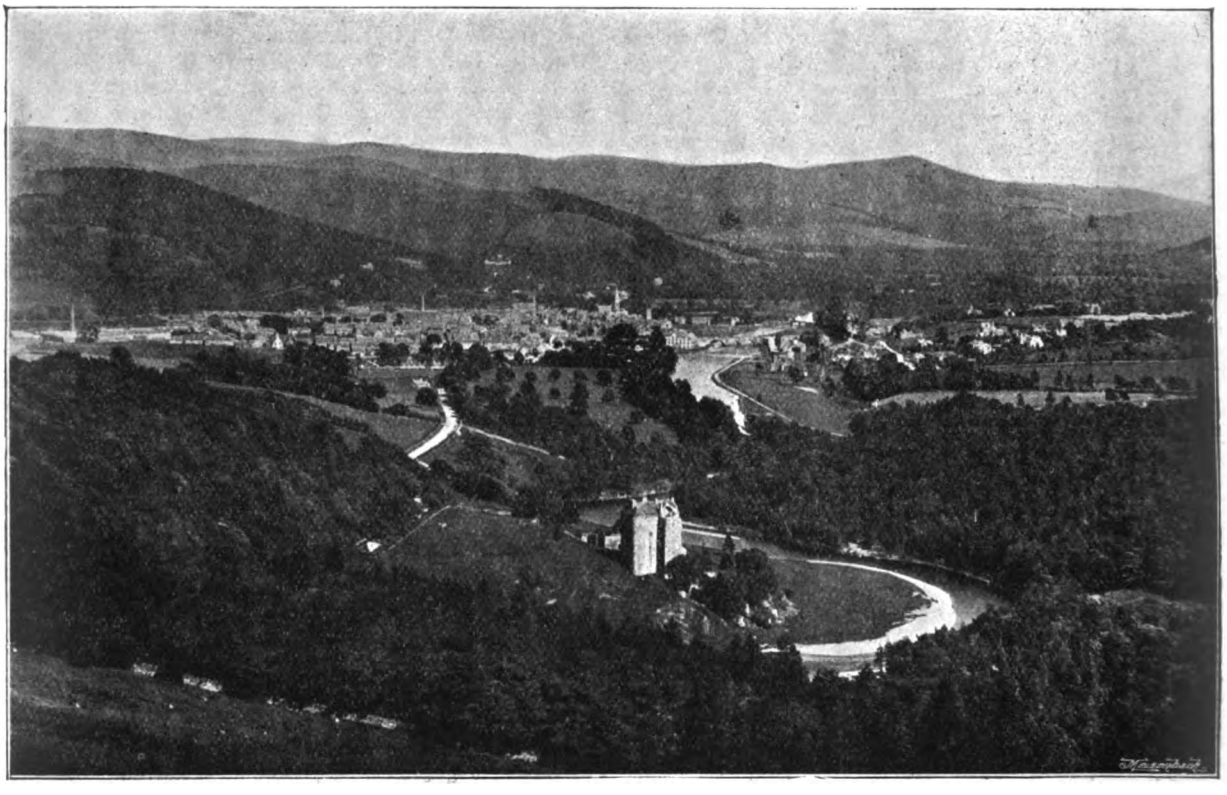
JAMES WALSH.

Peebles Privileges.

(Referred to in preceding Article.)

MEMBERS of the Peebles Town Council assembled in the Town Hall at their stated meetings, or occupied throughout the month in Committee work and other details, have usually enough of public work to do in attending to affairs of the present and the immediate future without troubling much about the remote past. Nor in their private capacities can it be supposed that any considerable portion of leisure time is devoted to the study of ancient history. This year (1897) has, however, witnessed a notable departure from the usual routine. There was a desire to celebrate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in a becoming manner; and the happy thought was suggested that, as part of the commemorative proceedings, there might be inspected what still remains of the patrimony derived from her royal predecessors This proposal brought about some little inquiry. The old records were perused by some and expounded by others, with the result that probably more knowledge regarding the history of the burgh and its possessions has been disseminated this year than had previously been dispensed since the systematic publication of the records began. For the share which I have been privileged to take in making these records available, the Town Council have designed for me a reward, the bestowal of which abundantly shows that for one thing they are not lacking in generosity. But, truly, one need not be surprised that those who have studied the burgh's rights and privileges are impressed with the value of its records and charters. It is safe to say that if the knowledge which your Town Clerk possesses to-day had been patent to his predecessors when the litigations took place, the law courts would never have deprived the burgh of the exclusive right to Hamilton Hill. Such privileges as the inhabitants still retain in the hill have every chance of being preserved, now that the facts regarding these are known. Apart, however, from the value attaching to the charters and records as establishing rights to property, they possess special interest from an historical point of view. With these records and the aid derived from other sources, many points of interest formerly obscure have been cleared up. How vague, for example, has been, till quite recently, the conception as to the origin of the burgh. A Government report on Scottish Municipal Corporations was issued in 1835, and in the section referring to Peebles the very first sentence reads:—"It is not known when Peebles was first erected into a royal burgh." Again, in his standard work, "The History of Peeblesshire," Dr Chambers put forward the suggestion that Peebles was constituted a royal burgh by charter from David II. in 1367. That charter is still preserved, and a translation has been printed. It contains a grant in favour of St Mary's Chapel and does not relate to the constitution of the burgh. But any dubiety as to the reign under which Peebles became a royal burgh is now at an end. That event took place in the reign of David I., more than 700 years ago, and Peebles is thus placed in the front rank of burghs so far as antiquity is concerned. No Scottish burgh can trace its origin further back than the first David's reign. On account of its inland position, with no facilities for commerce such as seaport towns possessed, it was a necessity of its existence that Peebles should be dowered with extensive lands, and these could only have been obtained in the time of the first David or his immediate successors. Long before the time of the second David the Scottish Kings had few lands to dispose of. If the inhabitants of Peebles had not got an early grant of their hills and commons these, would undoubtedly have been conferred on Norman or Saxon settlers or on some favoured monastery. The Peebleans, however, were first in the field, and secured the territory. The building of the town wall, the erection of Tweed Bridge, the changes introduced at the time of the Reformation, and the constitution of the Town Council are a few of the other matters on which the records afford specific information. One point—the mode of electing the magistracy—is somewhat interesting. It is a prevalent notion that household suffrage—or what at all events is a near approach to it—is an invention of our own time. Yet one of the earliest requirements in the burghal legislation was to the effect that the bailies should be chosen by the good men of the town, which just meant the householders of the period. Such was the original system of election in Peebles as in other burghs. An act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in 1469, attempted to stop the practice on account of the multitude and clamour caused at the elections by what was termed common simple persons, and the old Councils were directed to choose the new. But in Peebles the system of the whole community electing the bailies continued till nearly the

end of the sixteenth century. At the annual elections the names of the candidates are entered in the Council record, and opposite the names the votes are denoted by strokes of the pen. The voting took place in the Tolbooth. Not only the bailies but also the chaplains who served at those altars which were in the patronage of the community were elected by popular suffrage, and these elections were sometimes keenly contested—the inhabitants being pretty equally divided in the support given to the rival candidates. In making appointments to the chaplainries referred to, sons of burgesses, if duly qualified, had usually a preference. This seems to imply, what is also borne out otherwise by the records, that the educational arrangements in Peebles were of a satisfactory nature from an early period. Those training for the priesthood no doubt received at least their elementary education in the Burgh School, and after they became qualified chaplains, the schoolmasters were chosen from their ranks. Altogether the entries in the records regarding schools and schoolmasters, both before and after the Reformation, will well repay perusal by those interested in such matters. The information there procurable has been largely used by the late Mr James Grant, in his "History of the Burgh Schools of Scotland;" and I recollect of his telling me that from no quarter had he succeeded in gathering so interesting material as that obtained from the Peebles records. The whole collection of Peebles records



PEEBLES.

—books and charters alike—is one well worthy of careful preservation. Many of the royal charters and other documents are suitable for reproduction by the process of photo-lithography, and it is to be hoped that Mr Buchan will yet fulfil his intention of giving a selection in that form. Unfortunately there is one document of peculiar interest which was not found in the town's repositories when the Burgh Record volume was in preparation, though it seems to have been there at the beginning of

this century. I allude to the Letters of Protection, granted by Queen Mary, and subscribed with her own hand at Peebles on 28th August, 1563. The Queen had been at Dumfries on 19th and 20th August, at Drumlanrig on 21st, at Skirling on 26th, where she was probably the guest of her faithful adherent, Sir James Cockburne of Skirling, and she reached Peebles on the 27th. William, lord Hay of Yester, who loyally supported the cause of the Queen during her subsequent troubles, was Provost at the time, and it is likely that during the visit Mary would be entertained at Neidpath Castle. On 29th August she was at Borthwick, and arrived in Edinburgh a day or two later. The missing document was transcribed by General Hutton, who gives a tracing of the Queen's signature, and it is from that source that the Letters of Protection are printed. There is, however, among the other parchments and papers, ample material to pick and choose from, and we may anticipate that a collection of photo-lithographs such as is contemplated would be welcomed by all who claim an interest in Peebles and its history.

Border Notes and Queries.

THE "LIBERALIS STONE" AT YARROW.

Could the writer of the article on the "Restoration of Yarrow Kirk" in the last number of the "B. M.," or any of your readers, kindly give me an exact transcription of this famous stone, as made out recently by Prof. Rhys? I have seen various readings by Mr Craig-Brown, Miss Russell of Ashiestiel, and Prof. Rhys, who examined the stone in 1891. But I understand he examined the stone more recently (in 1901), and I should like to know the result of his latest examination. Prof. Cooper of Glasgow, in a letter (dated August 26, 1905) in the "Scotsman," speaks of a fragment of the stone which has broken off and disappeared, thus causing a blank in the inscription. Were the readings of Mr Craig-Brown and Miss Russell obtained before this happened, as they give no hint of a blank?

A. G.

"LOCK THE DOOR LARISTON."

The late Mr Riddell Carre, in his "Border Memories" (1876), speaks of the poem in question as an "imitation of an ancient ballad, from the pen of a learned and honoured friend of mine, the Rev. James Gray of Dumfries and Edinburgh," but immediately adds that "another authority states the author was the Ettrick Shepherd." He then gives in a foot-note Hogg's statement and claim from the collected edition of his songs, published in 1831, which has already appeared in the "B. M." for March, and adds: "Mr W. Scott, schoolmaster at Burnmouth, in Liddesdale, printed the ballad in the "Border Exploits," published in 1832, giving it as "from the forcible and energetic pen of Mr Gray, master of the High School of Edinburgh." Thomas Grey, Esq., Melrose, nephew of Mr James Gray, has no doubt Hogg was the author, and says the ballad is utterly unlike anything ever written by his uncle. The ballad has been set to music by T. S. Gleadhill, with symphonies and accompaniment for the pianoforte, and published by Ker and Richardson, 89 Queen Street, Glasgow."

Mr Riddell-Carre, it will thus be seen, gives us but little help in settling the authorship either way. Hogg states distinctly that the song was published in his weekly paper, "The Spy," 30th March, 1811, while the editor of the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier" gives it (3rd Sept., 1811) as the production of Mr Gray, as has been pointed out by your correspondent. W. Scott, in his "Border Exploits," probably obtained his authority from the Dumfries editor, but, in the absence of direct proof, I cannot see how we can very well set aside the claim of Hogg, which is certainly explicit and emphatic enough—"mine only, mine solely, and mine for ever!"

A few particulars regarding Mr James Gray may, perhaps, prove of interest to your readers. He was a native of Duns, and was appointed rector of the Grammar School of Dumfries about 1794, where he became acquainted with Burns, some of whose sons were educated under him. He remained the steadfast friend of Burns till the end, and afterwards wrote a letter to Gilbert Burns, in which he defends the memory of the poet. He afterwards became one of the masters in the High School of Edinburgh, and subsequently Rector of the Belfast Academy. He married Mary Philips, sister-in-law of the Ettrick Shepherd, who had a high opinion of him. In the "Queen's Wake" he appears as the fifteenth bard who sung the ballad of "King Edward's Dream"—

> "The next was bred on southern shore,
> Beneath the mists of Lammermore,
> And long by Nith and crystal Tweed,
> Had taught the Border youth to read.

The straine of Greece, the bard of Troy,
Were all his theme and all his joy;
Well-toned his voice of wars to sing;
His hair was dark as raven's wing,
His eye an intellectual glance;
But every bard to him was dear,
His heart was kind, his soul sincere."

Gray afterwards took orders in the Episcopal Church, and went to India as chaplain in the service of the East India Company. He died at Cutch in 1830.

He was a good Greek scholar and was the author of "Cana" and a "Sabbath among the Mountains," and left in manuscript a poem entitled "India." He also edited the works of Robert Ferguson and wrote a memoir of the poet.—For these particulars I am chiefly indebted to "Border Memoirs."

A. GRAHAM.

* * *

The disputed authorship of this ballad has been the means of bringing some very interesting matter into the pages of your magazine, but the production signed "Lockerbie Lick" may well put controversy out of the question, unless we write down the Ettrick Shepherd as a character very different from what his Border friends believe him to have been. No doubt, as L. L. suggests, we are indebted to Mr Sandison for bringing forward a subject which has called forth excellent and interesting replies in your March and April numbers. I read the "Border Exploits," which I had from Hobkirk library in 1855, where I first saw the ballad referred to—given, as stated, by Mr Gray of the High School, Edinburgh. It took my fancy at the time, and has been retained in my memory since. I have only once seen William Scott's book since—when or where I can't recollect—but I then noticed in the list of subscribers the names of my maternal grandfather, James Elliot, Sundhope, and also that of a grand-uncle, James Riddell, schoolmaster, Ednam. The thanks of your readers are due to yourself for the insertion of the lines by J. D., inspired by the reading of "Lock the door, Lariston." It might also have been inspired by the text from the great minstrel:—

Sweet Teviot, on thy silvery tide,
The glaring bale fires blaze no more," etc.

W. R. H.

* * *

James Sinton, writing in the BORDER MAGAZINE for April, says that he had not a copy of "The Border Exploits" from which to find whether the author "gives his authority" for stating that Mr Gray was the author of this Border song.

My copy of "The Border Exploits" was published at "Carlisle, printed for the author by Charles Thurnam, 1832."

In the preface to the song, writing to the Elliots, Mr Scott says:—"The hero of the following spirited imitation of the ancient Border ballads, from the forcible and energetic pen of Mr Gray, master of the High School of Edinburgh, was one of these chieftains." This is all! But at the end of the volume there appears the following:—"Note.—The poem at page 212 of "Lock the door, Larriston" is erroneously stated to have been written by Mr Gray of the High School, Edinburgh; Mr Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is the author of the spirited composition."

GEORGE TAIT.

106 Thirlestane Road,
Edinburgh, 3rd April, 1906.

* * *

Another correspondent refers in the same terms to the "Note," and then says:—

The fifth stanza, quoted by Mr Sandison, does not appear in the second edition. It may interest your readers to know that the name of Mr James Hogg, Altrive Lake, appears in the list of subscribers.

On examining my copy of "The Spy" I find that some one has written the names of the contributors of several articles, and also many of those alluded to by Hogg in his articles, such as Scott, Campbell, Byron, Gray, mentioned above, &c.

Thanking you for this opportunity of confirming Mr Sinton's evidence as to the authorship of this Border song.

NEWTOWN.

Border Blood in the Far West.

By RICHARD WAUGH.

MY ordinary place of residence is at Winnipeg, Manitoba, but that is only a half-way house on the road to the real West, the Pacific Coast. I have recently spent a few weeks at the coast, mostly at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, which stands at the south end of the big island of Vancouver. The city of Vancouver is a recent creation, built on the mainland as the ocean terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Vancouver, though only some 15 years old, is a large and bustling city, its

expansion due, as is the case with many western towns, to the efforts of the real estate men, who seem to have half the town on their books for sale on easy terms. Somehow these "boosters" do very much to increase the size of all our towns. Victoria is the most English city on this continent. The people are mostly English, the climate like Devonshire, but there is still a fair sprinkling of Scotchmen, and certainly more "whins" and broom on every vacant spot than I ever saw on the Cowdenknowes or anywhere else.

Of course, being a dyed-in-the-wool newspaper scribbler, I could not go anywhere without gleaning information of all sorts, and, fruit-growing being a prospective industry of considerable importance there, I at once struck out for "sure" information along that line, mere froth don't go far with me. I soon got an introduction to a son of the Border, whose business is much like what my own was 30 years ago. He is a skilled builder and architect, well liked and trusted, and a very successful amateur fruit grower. He is a grandson of the Brydon of Ramsaycleuch with whom my uncle was a herd about 98 years ago, and got stranded at Victoria 20 years ago, being without funds to take him to New Zealand. He lives on an embryo fruit farm about 4 miles out of town, but still has a telephone. That farm, when all clear, will be 35 acres, and 25 is now planted in fruit, apples, pears, plums, cherries, and Italian prunes. In the first years on such farms strawberries are grown freely also, and all those fruits are very profitable, bringing good prices for export if of first-rate quality. Mr Brydon's oldest trees are about 5 years planted and already bear loads of fruit. I know no place in the world to beat the West Coast for trees, all the way from California, 1000 miles north, and have seen shoots 7 or 8 feet long in one season, sometimes as thick as my finger. Mr Brydon and his boys are already model fruit-growers, for a man who fails to spray against insect pests and fungus growths has no show. He leads as a prize-taker now, and will be stronger later on when these boys are older.

One day I chanced to meet him at a street corner and introduced him to Wattie Scott, who was raised in Roberton Parish, and they had a spate of talk about Redfordgreen and its past inhabitants. Wattie and some other elderly people from Manitoba are now making Victoria their home, the winter climate being perfect. I saw an extra fine sample of it. For six weeks I only saw one wet day and not a sign of ice, and when I get old and feeble I think I must retire to Victoria myself.

Mrs Cleaver of Melrose had two daughters go out to Victoria 40 years ago. One of them has a large and capable family. Her husband is a marked specimen of the Scot abroad, well-informed, and a keen Liberal. Another woman with a marked Border accent left Jedburgh when only three years old, a niece of Huggan the millwright. Mrs Loward, late of Galashiels and Melrose, has two daughters at Cordova Bay, just out of Victoria.

It is no joke to clear land in the far west. It takes 20 dollars to clear a good big stump on a city let in Vancouver, and I spent half a day in a farmers' parliament where the principal topic was "stump powder." It costs from £10 to £30 to clear an acre of stumps of medium-sized trees. These stumps are crowded and usually left 2 or 3 feet high. Big fellows are usually cut 5 to 10 feet from the ground. I penetrated 70 miles into the interior, and next morning a Glasgow man called down the stair, "What are ye daein' here." That was at the Tzouhalem Hotel. Perhaps the name is new to most of you.

The Linties on the Braes of Yarrow.

(By Frances W. Gibson.)

(When Dr Norman McLeod was travelling in Canada, he met a Scottish farmer who told of his prosperity and happiness in his new home. "But," he exclaimed, "there's nae linties in the woods, and nae braes like the Braes of Yarrow.")

My hame in Canada I loe;
Ye'll gae far to find its marrow—
But in the woods nae linties sing,
An' the braes are nae like Yarrow.

The sun shines bright o'er this fair land,
But I miss wi' heartfelt sorrow
The linties singin' in the woods
On the bonnie Braes of Yarrow.

My thankfu' heart makes willing hand
As my fields I plough and harrow,
But still I miss the linties' sang
On the far-famed Braes of Yarrow.

In Scotland, mist creeps o'er the hills
An' fills the glens sae narrow,
But sweetly still the lintie sings
On the bonnie Braes of Yarrow.

"Canadian Magazine."

Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And Joy oft melts into a tear.
"Field of Waterloo."

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.

MAY, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Each year shows a marked increase in the popular desire for open air exercise, when the days begin to lengthen and become more genial. Literary and other societies notice this tendency, and have, in many cases, to shorten their sessions. There is much scattering of the members, and a consequent difficulty of bringing them together again in the Autumn. But why should there be a scattering? Organise Rambling Clubs for Historical, Archaeological, or Botanical studies, and you will be surprised at the result. The Borderland is admirably adapted for such clubs, and we strongly urge our younger readers to take this matter up.

The Border Keep.

The Borderer who is evidently on the staff of the "Glasgow Evening News," and to whom I am so often indebted for interesting paragraphs, is worthy of all praise for the way in which he keeps the Borderland and matters pertaining thereto before the citizens of St Mungo. Our unknown friend is responsible for the following reference to Border Fairs:—

In the good old days, when agricultural pursuits provided employment for the bulk of the people of these islands, no institution stood higher in popular estimation than the hiring fair. But so aggressive is an industrial age in its encroachments that one must now betake himself to the Border to see the time-honoured observance in all its pristine glory. From time immemorial, Berwick, Kelso, Duns, and Earlston have held their annual gala-days in March. On the morning of the fair these historic towns prove centres of attraction for all the rustics within a radius of thirty or forty miles. Sword-swallowers and fire-eaters vie with philanthropists, who are selling watches at figures which are merely nominal in their efforts to attract attention. And incredible as it may seem, the man with the thimble and the pea claims as many victims as if the trick had been a contrivance of yesterday. In the matter of dress, wonderful advances have been made during the last few decades. But though Jack wears a neck-tie, his slouching walk proclaims his affinity with the soil, and Jenny's devotion to primitive colours links her as unmistakably with the lassies who figured prominently at the rustic gatherings so graphically described by James I. and other early Scottish poets.

* * *

Several interesting letters in the possession of Captain Anderson, Bourhouse, Dunbar, which have never before been published, have just been brought to light. Writing to a friend after reading "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Warren Hastings urged him to persuade Sir Walter Scott to write a poem of the nature of the minstrelsy and make the gallant Nelson the subject of it. Mr Warren Hastings' letter proceeds:—

"I am sure that if the song possessed the spirit which this gentleman, and he only could give it, in a word the spirit which animates the specimen he has already given us, it would be sung with enthusiasm by all classes of the people, our seamen especially, who are particularly fond of songs which have for their subjects instances of naval prowess, but for want of better are obliged to content themselves with the most miserable ditties that ever pretended to music or poetry."

Sir Walter Scott felt compelled to decline the request, because of his inexperience of matters nautical, and in the course of a long letter he said:—"After all, the fate of the hero of the Nile, of Copenhagen, and, alas! of Trafalgar is almost too grand in its native simplicity to be heightened by poetical imagery. I entended certainly to write, or rather to attempt a few lines, but though I have repeatedly sat down to the task, it has always completely overwhelmed me."

* * *

The writer of the first paragraph refers to a subject which might profitably be investigated by some of our readers who reside in districts frequented by Border gipsies.

In the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, forth bridled "the wild Highlandman." Nowadays the sphere of the Sassenach embraces the most sequestered districts of the Land of the Bens. It would seem, however, that another language, which may sometimes be heard in these isles, which, though scarcely so old as that of Eden, can yet boast a degree of antiquity, has also entered on its period of decadence. When passing through a Border village the other day (writes a correspondent), I overheard a man of swarthy complexion request a youth of school age to "slang the gri'." Readers of George Borrow will recognise in this phrase the Rommany rendering of an injunction to put the horse in the field. Forty or fifty years ago many wandering tribes spoke the language of Egypt in much of its ancient purity. To-day it takes the form of a jargon, which has been largely recruited from thieves' cant and other vocabularies of slang. For this state of matters few would propose a remedy, as Rommany is, for some reason or other, considered the most vulgar of tongues. Its total disappearance would, however, be matter of deep regret to the philologist, who recognises in it a link with Hindustani and other languages of the Far East.

* * *

That indefatigable writer and true son of the Borderland, Mr Andrew Lang, is still providing plenty of matter for the critics, and shaking up some of our cherished historical and literary beliefs. The newspaper already quoted thus refers to Mr Lang:—

It was Thomas Carlyle, in one of his "atrabeelious" moments, who proclaimed that Scott's men and women were "little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons," and that their author "fashions his characters from their skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them." To which Mr Lang indignantly and rather breathlessly retorts, "Never near the stoical heart of Saunders Mucklebackit; of the fallen Bradwardine, happy in unsullied honour; never near the heart of the maddened Peter Peebles; never near the flawless Christian heart of Bessie M'Clure; or the heart of dauntless remorse of Nancy Ewart; or the heart of sacrificed love in Diana Vernon; or the stout heart of Dalgetty in the dungeon of Inveraray; or the secret soul of Mary Stuart, revealed when she is reminded of Bastian's bridal mask, and the deed of Kirk o' Field." A writer in the current "Scribner's Magazine," Mr W. C. Brownell, in the course of an essay on Fennimore Cooper, makes quite as bad a "break" as Carlyle in the remark that, while Cooper could not help being prolix and tedious, "there is no character in Cooper's novel so tiresome as Bailie Nicol Jarvie in 'Rob Roy.'" It is strange that a professional critic like Mr Brownell should have such an opinion of the Bailie, whose fidelity to life, and whose peculiar garrulous humour have given as much universal delight as the traits of any other character in Scott. It is to be suspected that Mr Brownell has a somewhat hazy recollection of his "Rob Roy"; or can it be that the dialect of the Bailie is beyond his apprehension?

* * *

In asking the question, "Do the gentry read?" we use the term "gentry" in its older and more strict Scots meaning, as applied to the lucky folk (as once they were more obviously than to-day), whose fortunes seemed as inalienable as the lands from which these fortunes were drawn in the form of rent. The question is suggested by a passage in Mr Andrew Lang's interesting and admirable monograph on Sir Walter Scott, in which he seriously impeaches the literary taste of the "landed gentry," as he has had opportunities of judging them in Scotland. Hundreds of thousands of people, obviously with plenty of money, he believes, economise only in the article of books; on all else they spend extravagantly. It was so in the time of Scott, who remarked that all down the Tweed were the houses of lairds of whom none spent £10 yearly on literature. "Of course they did not, and of course they do not, and never will," comments Mr Lang, who adds, "One extravagance our countrymen and countrywomen avoid, as they would the devil, and that is buying a book. They are like the Highland crofter who was implored to give at least five shillings to the 'Sustentation Fund,' and for the salvation of his immortal part. 'Me give five shillings to save my soul! I ha'ena five shillings to buy mysel' tobacco!'" Constable's "Miscellany" (an anticipation of "Everyman's Library") had its origin in the belief that though the gentry were at that time content with a magazine, and at most a subscription to a circulating library, a series of cheap books would tempt them to "bang" their bawbees. Mr Lang's belief that indifference to literature is still characteristic of the bulk of the "gentry" is corroborated by many booksellers, and by literary men who, as guests in the sporting season, find country houses and shooting boxes barren of all print save ephemeral trash. The bookseller to-day depends, we believe, mainly on the middle classes; they are the buyers of books, and the fact is not without its significance in view of the silent revolution that is taking place in Society.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Provost Mathieson, Innerleithen.

WE have much pleasure in reproducing a photograph of Mr Robert Mathieson, J.P., F.R.S.E., F.C.S., Provost of Innerleithen. Mr Mathieson is a native of New Machar, Aberdeen, and received his early education at the Public School there, and afterwards at the Grammar School. Later he attended the Robert Gordon College, Aberdeen, and completed his studies at Edinburgh University. He intended to follow the teaching profession and engaged in it for about five years, but at the end of that period he abandoned it for chemistry. He qualified as a chemist in 1887, and commenced business for himself in Innerleithen as a chemist and ærated water manufacturer, in 1889. Since that time Provost Mathieson has taken an active part in all public affairs concerning the burgh. He has served most acceptably on the Town Council for twelve years, for ten of which he has occupied a seat on the Magisterial bench, while the esteem in which he is held by his municipal colleagues is evidenced by the fact that he is serving his second term as Provost of the Burgh, having first been elected to the position over five years ago. Many important improvements in the town have been carried out under his regime, chief of which was perhaps the foundation of the Carnegie Library, an institution which he was largely instrumental in bringing to the town. He was successful in getting the Town Council to adopt the Free Libraries Act in 1903, after which the library was built, through the munificence of Dr Carnegie. Provost Mathieson is Chairman of the Library Committee, and through its good administration the institution is proving an excellent educative force in the community, and is very largely patronised by the inhabitants. While he has devoted a large part of his time and attention to municipal affairs, other matters affecting the welfare of the community have not been neglected by him. In educational affairs he has all along been keenly and actively interested. He served on the last School Board for the full period of three years, and at the recent election for a new Board, he was returned at the head of the poll, with 351 votes more than the one nearest him. This gives ample evidence, if such were needed, of the respect and esteem in which Provost Mathieson is held by the ratepayers in general. He is keenly interested in promoting the better educational equipment of the parish, and much good work is still expected of him in this respect. These expectations, we doubt not, will be fully realised, for the Provost is still a comparatively young man, and both in municipal and educational affairs may be trusted to give of his best to the community in which his lot has been cast, and over which he so worthily presides. Provost Mathieson, it may be mentioned, is a Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

PROVOST MATHIESON, INNERLEITHEN.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

—Marmion.

An Old Border Family and Covenanting Minister.

PART II.

ARCHIBALD RIDDELL, the third son of Sir Walter, the second baronet, and progenitor of the Riddells of Granton, now claims our attention. His life-story is an interesting one and worth being re-told. He was educated for the Church, and graduated A.M. at Edinburgh University, 9th July, 1656. He appears to have been born about 1635. He was privately ordained to the ministry at Kippen, in or subsequent to the year 1670. Like his elder brother, Sir John, he was an active Covenanter, and soon became famous as a field preacher. As early as June 4, 1674, there is an Act of the Privy Council authorising the apprehension of some twenty ministers, who had been guilty of holding conventicles. A reward of £100 was offered for each of the two most obnoxious ones, John Welsh and Gabriel Semple, and 100 merks for each of the others, among whom appears the name of Archibald Riddell. ("Register of Acts of Privy Council;" Wodrow, Hist. ii., 234). He was afterwards associated with John Dickson and John Blackadder (6) in celebrating a communion at East Nisbet (7), in the Merse, in 1677, at which some 3000 persons were present. This was an "armed conventicle," and the preaching was continued for three days, five ministers taking part. It was held in a verdant and pleasant haugh by the side of the Whitadder, with a spacious brae in front, on which the people sat. (See Blackadder's "Memoirs"). For this he was imprisoned, but liberated in the end of 1679, but again apprehended by the laird of Graden, and had his watch, sword, and some money taken from him, though Graden was married to his near relation, and committed to the Tolbooth of Jedburgh (8) in September, 1680, to await the pleasure of the Privy Council. He was then taken to Edinburgh and kept prisoner for some nine months, in the course of which he was twice examined by a Committee of the Privy Council, on Oct. 1st and again on Dec. 8th of this year. He seems to have drawn up an account of this examination, which his son, Dr Riddell, afterwards communicated to Wodrow, the historian. (See Hist. iii., 197-202). As he refused to take an oath or give his promise not to preach in the fields, he was, seven months afterwards, sent to the Bass. Meanwhile he remained a prisoner in Edinburgh (9), and on April 6, 1681, we read that "the Privy Council, upon a petition from Mr Archibald Riddell, allowed him to go and see his dying mother upon caution to return to his confinement against the 25th April," and on June 9 he was cited before the Council and charged with "breaking his confinement in Kippen, keeping conventicles, and marrying and baptizing in a disorderly manner," and sent to the Bass (10), where he remained a prisoner for upwards of three years. (Decreets of Privy Council; Wodrow, iii., 264; Scott, "Fasti;" "The Bass Rock"). After remaining here till about the close of 1684, he was liberated in answer to a petition to the Council on his behalf by Mr George Scott of Pitlochie,* on condition of his proceeding to New Jersey in the ship freighted by Scott to carry out the prisoners assigned to him for his intended plantation, and never "returning again to this kingdom thereafter without special licence from the Council." This "decreet" is dated Edinburgh, 24th Dec., 1684. Meanwhile, in order to have some time to put his affairs in order, he was to be allowed to "come to his own lodgings in Edinburgh, and confine himself there and keep no conventicles." The ship set sail from Leith on Sept. 5, 1685. The voyage proved exceedingly disagreeable and tedious, occupying some fourteen weeks, for they only reached Sandy Hook, New Jersey, on December 13. They suffered many hardships on the voyage from the weather and leaks in the ship, from scanty and unwholesome food, the insolent conduct of the captain of the vessel, the crew, and others, and from a malignant fever, which broke out among them, and from which some seventy persons died, including Scott himself and his lady, and also the wife of Mr Riddell. Mr John Johnston, Scott's son-in-law, on whom the charge of the prisoners now devolved, had intended to make them engage to serve him for four years, but in this purpose he was foiled, and by the Courts of Law of New Jersey deprived of all claim to their service. (Wodrom, MSS).

After his arrival at New Jersey he received invitations from two congregations to become their minister, one from Long Island, and another from Woodbridge, which latter he ac-

* Son of Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet. He had been confined in the Bass for frequenting conventicles, but liberated in 1684. He was now allowed by the Council to transport, from the jails of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Stirling, such prisoners as would volunteer for the plantations.

cepted, and where he continued to labour for some three years and a half. Meanwhile the Revolution had placed William and Mary on the throne. Thinking this a safe and favourable opportunity of leaving America and returning home to his "ain countrie," he set sail in June, 1689, for England, and had excellent weather on the voyage, and was just reaching the English coast when, on the 2nd of August, his ship was, unfortunately, captured by a French man-of-war, and he found himself a prisoner again, together with one of his sons, a boy of ten years of age. He was taken to Nantes, then to Rochefort, where he was put in a common jail with some two hundred prisoners, English and Dutch, and then they were sent to Toulon, "chained two and two by the arm, and at first each ten pair were tied with a rope; but that was found such a hindrance in the journey that after the second day's journey the ropes were no more used. Mr Riddell was chained to his son, for whom they were at pains to make three different chains, before they got one small enough for his wrist. In this long and wearisome journey several of the company died." (Wodrow, iv., 335). "After six weeks' travel they came to Toulon, where they were not allowed a land-prison, but were put into a large old ship lying upon the sea," during which time several of the prisoners died. They were then sent back to Rochefort, and afterwards to Denain (Dinan), near St Malo, where Riddell and his son, along with some hundreds of other prisoners, were kept in the vault of an old castle, lying on straw, which was changed only once a month, and were "oppressed with nastiness and vermin." That he did not give way under such treatment proves him to have been a man of indomitable strength of mind and body. After remaining here for some twenty-two months he was along with his son exchanged for two Popish priests who were prisoners in Scotland, as is shown by the following letter addressed by King William to the Privy Council, and found some time ago in the State Paper Office:—

"WILLIAM R., Right trusty and entirely beloved: Whereas we are informed that Mr Archibald Riddell, minister of the Gospel, and James Sinclair of Freshwick, (14) are prisoners in France, and are very hardly used, whom we are resolved to have released by exchange with two Priests now Prisoners in Scotland, Therefore We require you to call for the friends and nearest relations of the said Mr Archibald Riddell and James Sinclair, and signify our Royal Pleasure to them in exchange of these two Prisoners with the two Priests that shall be condescended upon, and authorise them not only to speik with the two Priests, but also to write to France anent the negotiating their friends' liberty, and that you cause these two Priests to be condescended upon and securely keeped, and make intimation to them that they shall be used in the same way and manner as the French King uses the said Scots Prisoners, which they may be ordered to acquaint their friends in France with, that exchange may be more easily effected. For doing of which these Presents shall be your Warrant, And so we bid you heartily farewell.

"Given at the Court of Kensington, this 16th day of January, 1689, and of our Reign the first year.—By His Majesty's Command. (Signed) MELVILLE."

The good man's troubles were now over (11), and he returned to Scotland. As Wodrow states, when he returned all his losses were made up, and he and his four children (12) (his wife had died on the passage to America) were in better circumstances than if he had conformed, to which he had been instigated. He was now admitted to Kippen, but was soon afterwards translated to Wemyss, Sept. 28, 1691, and in the following year was a member of Assembly. From Wemyss he was, in turn, translated to Kirkcaldy, May 20, 1697, and after ministering there for some five years, he became, in 1702, minister of Trinity College Church (13), Edinburgh. He died February 17, 1708, and "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well" in the Old Greyfriars Churchyard, where his brother, Sir John Riddell, the third baronet, had been previously interred. "He was," says Dr Scott ("Fasti"), "a singularly pious and laborious servant of Jesus Christ."

"Farewell, O weary, weary one!
The shadows lengthen from the west;
Thy long day's task is nobly done,
And sweet shall be thy evening rest:
Forgotten all the toilsome strife,
Now Death has ope'd the gates of Life."

He left two sons, Walter and John. The latter was a physician in Edinburgh; the former rose to be a captain in the Navy and gained distinction in the service, and acquired the barony of West Granton, near Edinburgh. To this branch of the family belonged the late Rev. James Riddell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. He was born in 1823, and educated under Dr Kennedy of Shrewsbury. He was a distinguished Greek scholar, and published editions of Homer's "Odyssey" and Plato's "Apology." He died in 1866. Three uncles of his rose to distinction—John Riddell (1785-1862) held a high position as advocate and antiquary, and wrote treatises on genealogical subjects, on which he was a great authority; his brother Robert was

also an advocate and Sheriff-Substitute of Haddingtonshire, while Henry was minister of Duns, Berwickshire. They both died not long after their brother John, being survived by the Rev. James Riddell, M.A., senr., who died in 1878 at the advanced age of eighty-two.

Stirling. A. GRAHAM, M.A.

NOTES.

6. The Rev. John Blackadder was descended from an ancient Berwickshire family of considerable distinction. He was born December, 1615, studied at Glasgow under his uncle, Principal Strang, and became minister of Troqueer, Dumfriesshire, in 1653, but in 1662 was dispossessed, and retired for a time to Glencairn, and then to Barndennoch, the mansion-house of the Dowager-Lady Craiddarroch. He was outlawed for field preaching, seized, and sent to the Bass, where he died in 1685. He lies in the churchyard of North Berwick, where his tombstone, with a long inscription, may still be seen. A mural brass tablet to his memory was placed in Troqueer Church a few years ago. He had five sons and two daughters. His eldest son, Dr William Blackadder, after the Revolution, became physician to King William; while his youngest son, John, rose to the rank of colonel, and commanded the famous Cameronian regiment under Marlborough. He was a member of the General Assembly in 1716, and died Deputy-Governor of Stirling Castle in 1729, aged 65.

7. Dr Scott (Fasti) mentions Eckford as the scene of a conventicle at which Riddell was present. He was also present in 1672 at a large meeting at Bathgate, where they were attacked by the soldiers commanded by a Lieutenant Inglis. The soldiers fired on the people, and one man was killed on the spot, but Riddell escaped. Eckford is a small village some six miles south of Kelso. Near to Eckford is Crailing, where David Calderwood (1575-1650), the church historian, was minister; and on the other side of the Teviot is Nisbet, a mere hamlet now, but in former times a place of considerable importance, and the birth-place of Samuel Rutherford (1600-1661). East Nisbet, however, where the famous conventicle was held, was in Berwickshire, on the Whitadder.

8. Probably at Bonjedward, now a mere hamlet, but in those days a place of some importance, with a castle where some of the Covenanters were confined. The castle has long since disappeared, and its exact site is disputed.

9. It seems that Riddell had some time previously accepted the "Indulgence." On the 26th of January, 1681, two young women—Isabel Alison and Marion Harvie—suffered death in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh. They were staunch Cameronians. Riddell was sent by their judges to each of them in their prison to persuade them to conform, but they refused his ministrations, as he had accepted the Indulgence, which they held in utter contempt. An account of what passed between them and Riddell may be read in "The Cloud of Witnesses."

10. This insular rock—the "solangoosifera Bassa" of Drummond's mock Polemomiddinia—rising abruptly some 400 feet above sea level, at the entrance of the Forth, was purchased in 1671 by the King on the suggestion of Lauderdale, from Sir Andrew Ramsay of Abbotshall, Provost of Edinburgh, who received the large sum of £4000 for it, and used as a place of confinement for non-juring Presbyterians. The first prisoner was the Rev. Robert Gillespie (1673), and the last a Mr John Spreul, of Glasgow, who was liberated on the 13th of May, 1687. The rock is thus described by Hector Boece (1465-1536) in his Latin History of Scotland, as translated by Bellenden under the title of "The History and Chroniklis of Scotland":—"Ane wonderful crag, risand within the sea, with sa narro and strait hals (passage) that na schip nor boit may arrive, bot allanerlie at ane part of it. This crag is callit the Bas; unwinnabill by ingine of man. In it are coves, als proffitable for defence of men, as (if) they were biggit be crafty industry. Everything that is in that crag is ful of admiration and wounder." "Ay," as Andie Dale in "Catriona" used to say, "it's an unco place, the Bass." It was the last place to hold out for King James.

11. Not quite, however, for the Rev. John H. Thomson, in a note to his edition of the "Cloud of Witnesses," states that on his return from France "his ship was driven into Bantry Bay, where he and the ship's company were plundered by the Irish, and for eleven days suffered all manner of hardship, until rescued by the Government."

12. Dr Scott (Fasti) says:—"He married a lady who survived him," from which it would appear that he was twice married, as his first wife died on the voyage to America. He had also a daughter, Sarah, says the same authority, who married Mr John Currie, minister of Oldhamstocks. (Woodrow speaks of four children, but I can find mention of these three only).

13. This church, which, next to St Giles, was the most important and interesting of the ecclesiastical buildings of Edinburgh, was removed in 1848 to make way for the North British Railway. It was founded by Mary of Gueldres, Queen of James II. She was buried in it, close by the high altar, 1463, and her remains were found enclosed in a leaden coffin when the church was taken down, and were removed to Holyrood. The form and architecture of this beautiful pre-Reformation church have been preserved in the new Trinity College Church in Jeffrey Street.

14. James Sinclair of Freswick, a Caithness gentleman, had chanced a twelvemonth before to be taken prisoner by a French privateer as he was voyaging from his northern home to Edinburgh. Having made his case known to the Scottish Privy Council, he was relieved in exchange for Mr Fairfoul, June 5, 1690. This David Fairfoul was a Catholic priest, confined at this time in prison at Inverness. He thus regained his liberty. In February 17, 1695, we find him and others bold enough to hold a meeting for worship in the Canongate of Edinburgh. The meeting was dispersed by the authorities, and Fairfoul and others committed to prison. He was treated with unexpected mercy, being liberated on condition of banishment, not to return under a penalty of £300 sterling. (Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland," vol. iii., pp. 25 and 108).—The name of the other "priest" I have not been able to ascertain.

A. G.

Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth,
Your own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
—Bride of Lammermoor.

Some Borderers on Severn Side.

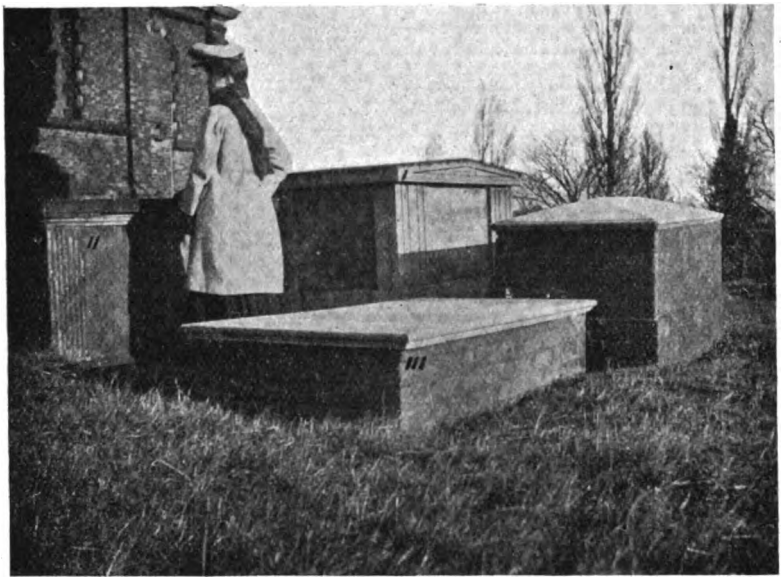
ALEXANDER BRODIE.

"Diligence is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate."

DR JOHNSON once said the noblest prospect a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England, and he might have added, particularly, if there is a coal or iron mine at the end of it. Alexander Brodie used to tell with pride how he came to this country with a few pence only in his pocket, his necessities requiring him to spend his first week's wages before he earned them. He accumulated a fortune at the Broseley Works of upwards of half a million of money."

The foregoing paragraph occurs in a book of descriptive sketches of the Severn Valley, and refers to Alexander Brodie, born in 1733 at the Rigs o' Traquair. He left its quiet life in 1751 with 17s 6d in his pocket for the stir and bustle of London, where he made for himself a name among the captains of the iron industry, and by dint of great energy and intelligence accumulated a large fortune. Furnished with letters of introduction from Lady Coniers, mother-in-law to Lord Traquair, he first found employment in Huntingdonshire, and then in London, where in 1759 he set up for himself as a master blacksmith. The invention of a new register stove, with an improved ship's hearth, brought him to the notice of the Government and increased his trade.

The Severn Valley was at that time the site of the most famous ironworks in the kingdom. Seeing the prospect of a fortune, Alexander Brodie went there in 1786, and purchased the Calcutt mines, stock, houses, etc., near Broseley. Very likely he had partners with him in this venture, as a local history says the firm in 1803 is styled Alexander Brodie & Co. At that date they had two furnaces in blast, one making twenty tons, and the other fifteen tons per week, both worked by a 36 single power engine, and another engine of 24 single power was being erected to blow a third furnace near the others. Another local book says, "the last of the furnaces, of which there were four in old Mr Brodie's time, was blown out in 1828." A large part of his trade seems to have been "gun iron," and the supply of guns, mortar, and shells for the Government. It was said that he possessed the most complete boring machines for cannon in Europe, with turning and fitting shops as well. His works were occasionally visited by distinguished persons, among others the Prince of Orange. It was necessary with



AT THE RED CHURCH, JACKFIELD, SHROPSHIRE.

Government work that an official inspection should be made of the guns, etc., before being taken over, and it seems to have been the custom to pay fees to the inspectors, but on one occasion Mr Brodie had refused this, with the result that the guns were rejected. He sold them to some merchants, who in turn shipped them to India and sold them to a native prince. This prince was at war with the British, and, curiously, it was some old Calcutt workmen who recaptured them, having in the interval enlisted. Some idea of the Calcutts Ironworks may be gleaned from the description of another close by. "The large ironwork carried on there, where the roaring of the blast furnaces, the long beds of glowing coke, the jets of flame, and showers of sparks, and the stalwart forms of the various forgemen, mingled with the woods, the rocks, and caverns, or reflected in the broad waters of the Severn, gave it a peculiarity of appearance which I have never seen elsewhere."

The Calcutt Ironworks were situated close to the site (but to the left) of Lord Dundonald's chemical works, shown in the illustration to an article in the December number of the BORDER MAGAZINE. The manager of the works was a Mr Thomas Cochrane, who may have been the Thomas Cochrane mentioned in that article. Mr Brodie's nephew, Alexander Brodie the second, succeeded him and died in 1830. The works then passed into the possession of William Hazeldine, another self-made man, who was a contractor for the ironwork of Telford's great suspension bridge over the Menai Straits, as well as the Pontycastle and Chirk Aquaducts, and likely the Calcutts Ironworks would supply a large part of their material. A foundry called Calcutts Foundry still exists on the site of the famous boring mill. Thomas Telford, who was intimate with Alexander Brodie and often in his company, says of him, "he is the first in his profession and a man of great ingenuity and integrity." A magazine, dated 1799, speaking of the first Alexander Brodie, who was then living, says:—"The extraordinary successes of Mr Brodie are not greater than his integrity. He is distinguished for charitable donations. He is worth £100,000 sterling."

Mr Brodie in 1760 was married to a Chiswick lady, Miss Mary Howard, but she died in 1777. They had two children, both of whom died in infancy. His large fortune was left to nineteen nephews and nieces, including Mr Cochrane, who managed the works. In the Burgh Records of Peebles for 1795 it is mentioned that "he sends ten guineas to the poor, and, besides, gives five pounds a year to the burgh schoolmaster to teach poor scholars." He built the original Caerlee Mill at a cost of £3000 for the benefit of his poor relations and the other villagers. It is said that he had also a share in an iron foundry at Manchester. He purchased an estate near Peebles, and also another in England, to which he occasionally retired for rest from business cares.

Persons still living recollect the wife of Alexander Brodie the second. She died in 1855, and links the present with the past.

Alexander Brodie died in 1811, aged 78, and a stone with an inscription was built into the wall of Traquair Kirk to his memory,

"And then he wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair Kirkyard when a' was dune."

In the graveyard round the Red Church at Jackfield, on the hill above the Calcutts, are the tombs shown in the illustration. The one marked I. is that of Alexander Brodie the second, and his wife, who survived him 25 years. The other tomb, marked II., is that of Thomas Cochrane, with his wife and family, mentioned in the article on Lord Dundonald. That marked III. is the tomb of another Scot, James Burns.

The spot where this little group of Scots are lying stands high above the Severn, and from it one looks down on the site of the Calcutts works in the valley. Across the river the view extends over Staffordshire, with the smoke of the black country obscuring the horizon, and in the other direction over Worcestershire to the Malvern range, where

"The feathery clouds lie loosened on the distant hills."

A. LINTON LAD.

The Manse Tea Party.

"THIS is no' the first time I've catched ye slippin' by my door, Mrs Pollok, but ye're no' to get off sae easy the day, I can tell ye. Come away in, it's no' that often ye're seen in Burnhead in thae days. I was sayin' to Tam nae farther gane than yesterday that Mrs Pollok had fair thrawn a stane at oor door this time. Ye'll have gotten clean ower high for the like o' Tam an' me now that John's turned fermer."

Mrs Pollok, aware that she could not systematically refuse Mrs Thomson's hospitality without making an enemy, had followed the

voluble lady into the house, albeit with a good deal of inward reluctance.

"This way, Mrs Pollok, it maun be the room end now, ye ken; ye'll be far abune sittin' in kitchens since ye're settled at Brackston wi' a braw echt-roomed hoose."

"I hope John an' me may never cairry oor heads higher than we've been accustomed to cairry them, Mrs Thomson, however big oor hoose or oor ferm may be. We're gifted wi' mair gude sense than to turn prood, I think."

"Hoots, woman," ye maunna take a' that I say for Gospel earnest. Tam says I maun aye ha'e my joke, ye ken."

Mrs Pollok was but too well aware that the jocular element in Mrs Thomson, when permitted to pour itself out, was usually flavoured as at present, with a strong essence of spitefulness.

Mrs Thomson's jokes were apt to be a degree less palatable than her remarks delivered in Gospel earnest, and poor Tom's appreciation of them strangely resembled that of the schoolboy who smiles weakly while the master is applying the birch.

The poor, simple man lived in mortal terror of his sharp-tongued wife, and feebly strove to propitiate her by endeavouring to dance gaily whenever she chose to pipe.

"An' how's John thrivin'?" questioned Mrs Thomson, by way of being agreeable.

"John's been sair bothered wi' the pains this winter, but he's fine otherways, thank ye."

"I wish ye mayna find Brackston mair o' a burden than onything else. I hear it's sair land to work. Fermin's no what it yince was, it takes the best o' places to pey in this day, an' Brackston's aye been considered a cauld lyin' kind o' place."

"John makes nae complaint that I hear."

Mrs Pollok made her mild reply with a perfect appreciation of Mrs Thomson's latest joke.

"There goes Mr Nichol; he's never off the road; it's a mystery to me when he studies his sermons."

Mrs Thomson placed herself well in the shelter of the muslin window curtain, where she could see without being seen.

"Losh me! the minister's a' dressed in his best, lang black swinger, his lum hat, an' a' the rest o't. Where can he be off to the day? There! He's gaun to meet Janet Dodds. He's had to stop an' speak, of coorse. I thocht it would be queer if he got by wi' nae mair than a gude day. She may save hersel' the trouble o' lookin' in that direction, honest woman. Ye was richt in that case, Mrs Pollok, an' I was wrang. Mr Nichol will never mairry Janet Dodds; I see that clearly now."

"I never thocht it at a' likely."

"Weel, ye was richt. There was a big tea pairty at the Manse the other nicht—Tam an' me was there an' the Dodds's, and a hale lot mair—an' if Janet Dodds didna get her een opened that nicht she's a deal blinder than take her for, Mrs Pollok. Onybody wi' nae mair than half an e'e could see that Mr Nichol's juist as sweet as sweet can be on a young lady that's bidin' at the Manse the now. She's a freend o' Miss Nichol's; "Geddes" is her name. She's been veesitin' at the Manse for the best pairt o' a month, an' she hails frae Glesca—she's a bonnie young crater tae, as unlike Janet Dodds—hoots, there's nae comparin' them."

"The best thing Mr Nichol could dae, baith for himsel' an' the congregation, would be to take a suitable wife to the Manse."

"There's nae doot aboot that; ye never spoke a truer word, Mrs Pollok. There's naething but clash rins roond the countryside when there's an unmarried minister in the Manse—it maitters little whether he's young or auld."

"Did ye say there was a big pairty at the Manse, Mrs Tamson?"

"Oor Tam an' me coontit six an' twenty, no' takin' in the Manse folk; they made up the full therty. The twae Miss Nichol's, an' the minister, an' Miss Geddes."

"My, that was an awfu' gatherin'; how did ye a' sit roond the table?"

"Oh, the six elders an' their wives (Tam's an elder). Weel, the twelve o' us sat roond the lang table in the dining-room, wi' Mr Nichol at ae end an' Miss Nichol at the other. Then the joiner had putten up a lang deal table in the big empty drawin'-room, an' the choir an' the conductor an' auld Wullie Dodds got their tea in there. Miss Geddes and the young Miss Nichol lookit after that lot. Naebody could make oot what auld Dodds was there for; he's naither an' elder nor yet a member o' the choir; but he aye manages to push his nose in everywhere. Maybe he was askit because his son's an elder an' a leadin' licht in the kirk."

"He's a decent man, auld Wullie Dodds."

"Oh, he's weel eneuch. But to return to the pairty—the young folk, an' nae few o' the auld yins tae, tried their hand at "ping-pong" after the tea things were cleared away. There's nae fules like auld yins, as I telled Tam when he was fleein' aboot an' loupin' after a bit ba' nae bigger than a bantam's egg an' no' half the wecht."

"What may this "ping-pong" be, Mrs Tam-

son? It's the first time I ever heard the word."

"Ye never heard o' "ping-pong," Mrs Pollok? My—ye're far ahint at Brackston—but that's naither here nor there. Ye may take my word for't it's mair a game for bairns than for grown folk. But Tam's nae mair than a big bairn at the best; ye should ha'e seen him wi' the sweat drappin' off his broo like hail stanes, as if he had been plewin' half a day in a bleezin' sun."

"I am glad to think Tam enjoyed himsel'," said Mrs Pollok heartily. "Tam works hard an' deserves a bit fun now and then."

"Oh, Tam's weel eneuch, but, as I've telled ye afore, he can be awfu' provokin'."

After helping herself to a fresh cup of tea, Mrs Thomson burst out again.

"I telled ye how Tam affronted me the first nicht the minister cam' to tea; it was juist when we got the new pianny. My! Mrs Pollok, that reminds me ye never saw the pianny afore. Ye've aye been to come an' get a tune. Weel, ye mind that day when ye was passin' I telled ye how Tam ——"

"I mind fine, Mrs Tamson," Mrs Pollok hastened to affirm, dreading a rehearsal of the tale.

"Oh, weel, I needna gang ower the story again. It's naething bein' affronted in yin's ain hoose, but it's anotherways thing bein' puttin' to the blush at the Manse table afore a hale lot o' folk."

"Tam's aye gettin' into grief, puir man; it's his backwardness that's to blame for that—an' backwardness is a praiseworthy fau't; it's no a common yin aither."

"My certie, Mrs Pollok, ye would be glad to see him a wee less backward, if ye was his wife."

Mrs Pollok inwardly surmised that Tom would probably rejoice to see his wife a trifle less forward, but she was discreet and did not say so. Mrs Thomson's talk meanwhile flowed on.

"'Try one of thae things, Mr Thomson,' said Miss Nichol to oor Tam, settin' doon a glass dish fu' o' things the shape o' great big buckies richt in front o' him. 'I'm sure ye'll like them,' said she. Now, had it been 'me,' Mrs Pollok, I'm tellin' ye, I would have had mair sense than to meddle wi' things that I didna richtly ken how to handle. But nae fear o' Tam!

"He may be backward, as ye say, but there's little eneuch evidence o't at times. Tam up wi' his knife and begins stickin' yin o' the things afore him for a' the world as if he was at his ain table, helpin' himsel' to a scone or a shive o' loaf bread.

"If ye'll believe me, Mrs Pollok, the thing juist collapsed like a jaggit haggis, an' the stuff it was filled wi' ran a' ower the dish, an' some o't drappit on the fine clean tablecloth, an' ——"

Mrs Thomson broke off abruptly, and shuddered at the bare recollection.

What had happened was simple enough. Mr Nichol's cook had been attending a cooking class, and, eager to show off her skill in confectionery, she had provided a dish of beautiful meringues for the minister's tea party.

Tom's attempt to harpoon one of the delicate morsels with his tea knife had been disastrous, not only to the one in particular which he had endeavoured to spear, but to the dish in general.

"An' there was Tam," began Mrs Thomson afresh, when she felt herself sufficiently braced to revert to the odious reminiscence.

"There was Tam, the muckle gomeral, sittin' horror-struck, gapin' wi' his mooth wide open an' starin' at his handiwark like a man dementit.

"For me, I was fair seeck watchin' him, an' my face burned into the very bane.

"Mr Nichol an' Miss Nichol baith insisted that it didna maitter, an' tried to make the best o' a bad job, but I didna get the better o' the affront the hale nicht after."

"Ye're far ower easy putten aboot, Mrs Tamson. I'm bound to say Tam thocht nae mair o' the maitter yince it was dune an' by wi'."

"Tam! He was caperin' after ping-pong ba's half an' 'oor after, as if naething had happened, an' he had never dune an ill turn in his life. It's fine to be Tam, I'm tellin' ye. Ye may believe me or no', but there was Miss Nichol and Miss Geddes couldna make eneuch o' him. It was Mr Thomson this—an' Mr Thomson that—an' Mr Thomson maun sing a sang, nae less. An' afore I could get in a word or a look to hinder him, there was Tam, that can nae mair sink than a hen can whustle—there was Tam on his feet ca'in' away wi' a' his micht at "Jenny's Bawbee!" My gudeness, it was terrible! An' sic a clappin' o' hands there was when Tam feenished—but, ye ken, they were juist makin' a fule o' him, if he had only kenned it."

"Tam's no yin onybody would try to make a fule o', Mrs Tamson."

"Oh, weel, ye ken, I would never gang the length o' sayin' my ain man was a fule, Mrs Pollok, but he's awfu' provokin'.

"Woman, I saw a fine bit o' by play atween the minister an' Miss Geddes in a quiet corner. They had nae notion that onybody saw them, but, ye ken, I'm awfu' shairp. The minister was carvin' a pair o' chickens at tea time, an' I saw my gentleman quietly slip a merry thocht bane into his hanky. He did it awfu' neat, but I had my e'e on him, for I jaloosed the quarter the wind was blawin' frae.

"A whiley after I sees the twae get thegither, an' oot the minister pops his merry thocht. 'Wish a wish,' says he to Miss Geddes, an' the pair o' them clinks their little fingers roond the bit bane an' pu's. Mr Nichol was landed wi' the big half, an' ye should ha'e seen his een twinklin'!

"'Guess what I wished for,' says he to Miss Geddes, lookin' hard into her face, but she wouldna say a word. She juist lauched an' ran away wi' cheeks like twae peeny roses.

"My! Mrs Pollok, ye're never gaun to rise an' rin the meenit ye're tea's feenished! My gudeness, ye're awfu' stiff nowadays. I'm vexed ye winna bide till Tam comes in, but, as ye say, it's a lang tramp to Brackston. I've enjoyed the crack juist by ordinar'. Ye've a trick o' turnin' up at Burnhead when tea pairties is on the boards, Mrs Pollok. It was oor ain pairty that was the speak the last time ye was by. Ye'll think we're awfu' folk for entertainin' here. Hoots, Mrs Pollok—twae years! My—it can never be twae years sin' that nicht the minister cam' to tea—but, my—when I begin to coont, I believe ye're richt after a'. It'll be three years come next month sin' Mr Nichol cam' first to the Manse, an' it must be close on twae years, after a', sin' we got the pianny. My gudeness, how time flees.

"Weel, gude nicht, Mrs Pollok. I'm ralely awfu' vexed ye canna bide till Tam comes. He should be here by now, ye ken, but there's never ony kennin' when to look for him—he's that provokin'."

MARGARET FLETCHER.

The Whistle.

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle roddentree,*
He trimmed it, and he wet it, and he thumped it on his knee;
He never heard the teuchat† when the harrow broke her eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the segge,‡
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they stray'd,
But you should have seen the whistle that the wee herd made!

He wheeber'd on't at mornin' and he tweetl'd on't at nicht,
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o' sicht,
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up the close,
The kitlin's got his supper syne, and he was beddit boss;§
But he cared na doit nor docken what they did or thocht or said,
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had claw'd the caup‖ for weeks,
But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had breeks;
He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on the fire,
He was whistlin' owre the travise¶ to the baillie** in the byre;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that ha'e pipin' for their trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd made.

He play'd a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through the mist,
Till the halflin' squared his shou'ders and made up his mind to 'list;
He tried a spring for wooers, though he wistna what it meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' and he thocht she maybe kent;
He got cream and buttered bannocks for the lovin' lilt he play'd.
Wasna that a cherry whistle that the wee herd made?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' and the winter brocht him dool,
When in spite o' hacks and chilblains he was shod again for school;
He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o' three,
He was keepit in and lickit when the ither loons got free;
But he aften play'd the truant—'twas the only thing he play'd,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd made.

CHARLES MURRAY.

* The rowan-tree or mountain-ash.
‡ The yellow flower-de-luce or iris.
‖ Those who rose late had to clean the porridge-bowl.
¶ The division between the stalls.
† Lapwing.
§ Empty.
** The cattleman.

[We have much pleasure in quoting the above from "Chambers's Journal." It is a treat to read so many pithy Scots words properly spelt. The theme will appeal to everyone who has spent his youth in the country.—Ed., "B. M."]

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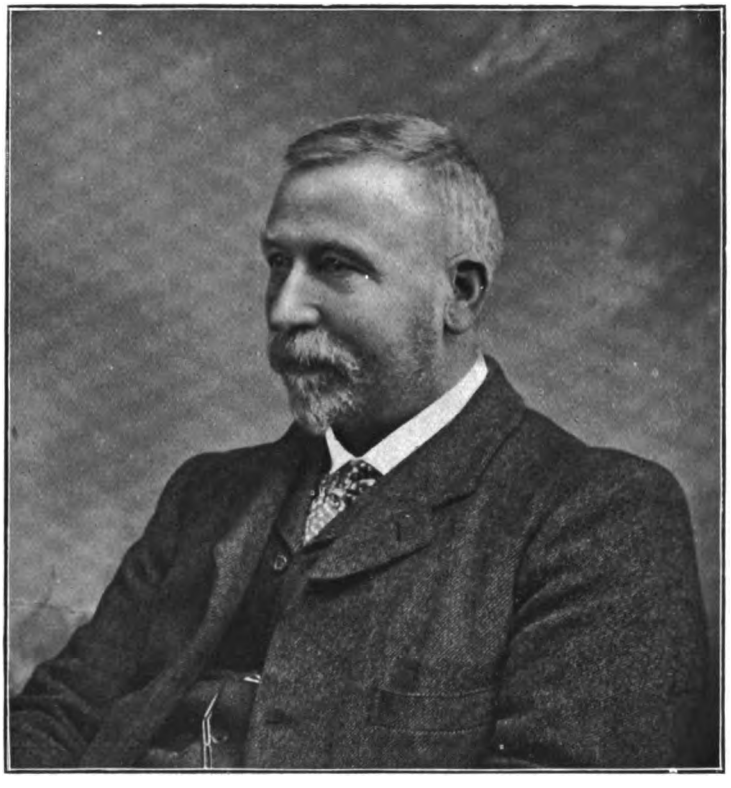
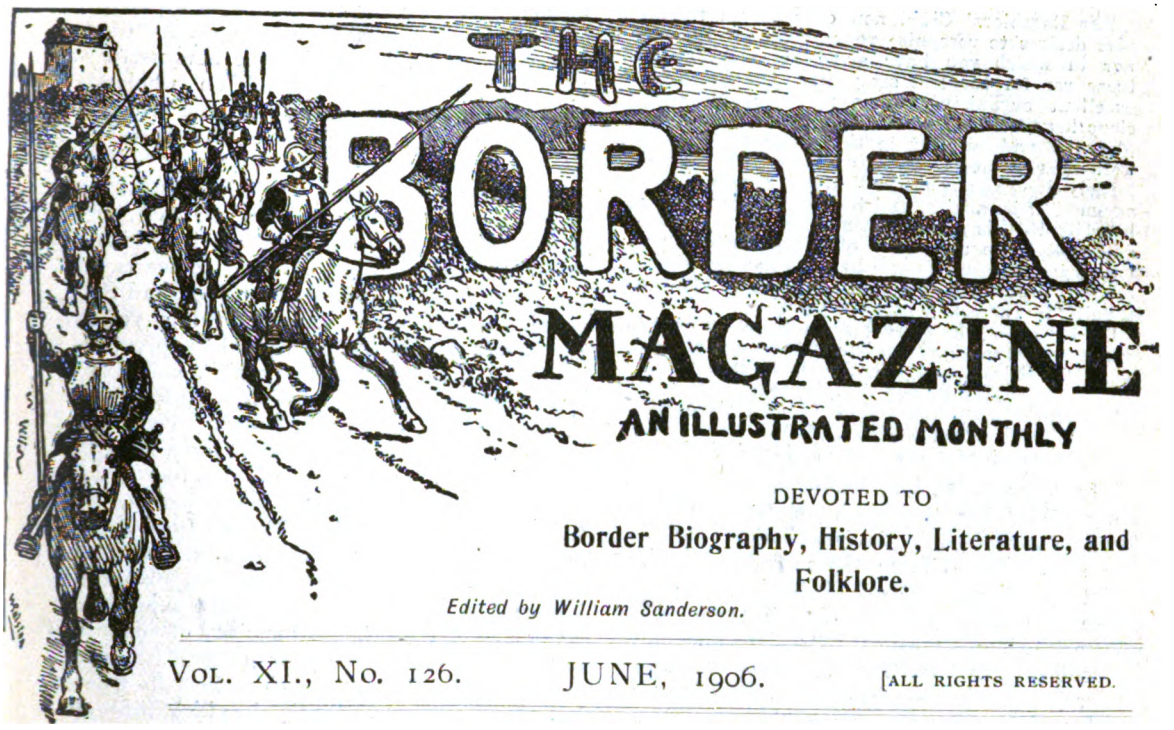


Yours Faithfully

A. Lindsay Gibson



VOL. XI., No. 126. JUNE, 1906.

Mr LINDSAY HILSON, Public Library, Kelso

(FORMERLY OF KENMORE BANK, JEDBURGH).

ON the evening of Tuesday, 20th March, 1906, there was a large and representative gathering in the Sheriff Court Room, County Buildings, Jedburgh—Provost Hilson presiding—to do honour to Mr J. Lindsay Hilson on the occasion of his leaving the town, and publicly to recognise the services he has rendered to his native place. When it was known that Mr Hilson had decided to remove to Kelso, it was resolved that some public recognition should be made of his worth, and accordingly, under the auspices of the Ramblers' Club and of the Public Library Committee, a subscription list was opened, the result being that there was a very cordial endorsement of the wishes and effort of the joint committees appointed for this purpose—a proof of the great esteem in which Mr Hilson is held in the place of his birth. In addition to the substantial presentation on the evening in question, a handsome illuminated address—the workmanship of Mr Robert Waldie, Glencairn—was also given him at the same meeting, couched in these terms:—

To JAMES LINDSAY HILSON, ESQ.,
Ex-Librarian of Jedburgh Public Library.

SIR,—On the occasion of your resigning the librarianship of the Carnegie Institute, here, in order that you may accept a similar appointment at Kelso, we, the undersigned, representing respectively the members of the Public Library Committee and Jedburgh Ramblers' Club, request your acceptance of this address, as also a purse of sovereigns.

You have acted as librarian for six years, since the new premises, gifted by Dr Andrew Carnegie, were formally opened in May, 1900. During this period you have with unremitting care and attention performed the duties of your office, and have in the most conscientious manner striven to extend the benefits of the institution. As a result of your supervision the library is now left in all its departments in a high state of efficiency and usefulness, as has been cordially attested by the members of Committee. They have also to acknowledge that owing to your initiative the library has become the repository of many valuable relics connected with the local history of the burgh and district, in addition to the portraits which now adorn its walls. These form a unique and interesting collection in themselves, recalling as they do the names and personalities of many who in former days were prominent and distinguished in the town and county.

The Ramblers' Club, now over 150 in number, also desires to recognise very gratefully the manner in which you have acted as secretary and treasurer for the last six years. Thanks to your excellent organising, numerous enjoyable excursions have been made to different parts with great pleasure and comfort to the members, who are well aware that the success of the Club has been largely due to your methodical and energetic management of its affairs, and they therefore join very heartily in this public testimonial. It remains to add that there are many other subscribers, animated in an equal degree by deep appreciation of the services which you have rendered to the community in these and other capacities.

On behalf of the foregoing we desire to express our warmest good wishes for the welfare of yourself, Mrs Hilson, and Miss Bessie Hilson.

OLIVER HILSON, J.P., Provost,
Chairman of Jedburgh Public Library Committee.
WILLIAM BLAIR, M.D.,
President of Jedburgh Ramblers' Club.

Mr Lindsay Hilson, whose name is well-known all over the South of Scotland, was born in Jedburgh in the year 1855. He was the son of Mr William Hilson, manufacturer, —latterly of Abbey Grove, Jedburgh,—who for some time was Provost of the town. The house which saw his birth, No. 30 Canongate, is redolent with traditional memories. Here it was that John Rutherford, laird of Ladyfield or Ladfield, whose sympathies and arms had been with the Jacobites in the rising of 1715, remained hid for three weeks in a wall-press in order to escape the search for him after the failure of that ill-advised insurrection. This property came into the possession of the Hilsons in the year 1803. Mr Lindsay Hilson is descended from an enterprising family who, towards the end of the eighteenth century, commenced the manufacturing of tweed in the town, thus giving employment to a large number of the inhabitants. For this purpose they had rented to them the Waulk Mill (now Canongate Mill), which they afterwards purchased. The commodious house in Canongate where Mr Lindsay Hilson first saw the light served as the family residence and also as a warehouse. In 1862 the old firm of James Hilson & Sons was dissolved; Mr Hilson's father and uncle leaving it and commencing a manufacturing business at Bongate Mill, under the title of Messrs John & William Hilson, while the Canongate firm continued under the altered title of Messrs George Hilson & Son, the chief partner being the grand-uncle of the subject of our sketch. Of the Bongate firm Mr William Hilson was latterly the sole partner, Mr Lindsay Hilson being manager. This continued until 1893, when—his father having retired—Mr Lindsay Hilson carried on the business with a partner. Hitherto the business had been conducted in the retail trade, but under the new partnership business was transacted on wholesale lines. In a few years, however, the firm had to be dissolved, on account of the prevalent depression in the tweed trade.

Mr Hilson received his education first at the Nest Academy, Jedburgh, under Dr Fyfe, and afterwards at a private school in Picardy Place, Edinburgh—one of his class-mates at the latter place of instruction being Lord Salvesen. In the early seventies, while yet in his 'teens, Mr Hilson served his apprenticeship as a manufacturer in Selkirk, and afterwards completed his education in this sphere in his father's mill at Jedburgh. From the period of his return to his native town Mr Hilson has taken an enthusiastic interest in almost all its various organisations, holding office in not a few of the different Institutions and Associations. Of the Jedburgh Christian Fellowship Union, which celebrated its semi-jubilee last year, he was an ardent supporter, being one of the original members of committee. From the same year (1880) he conducted the Band of Hope, which held its meetings first in the Infant School (which, through the great kindness of the late Lord Lothian, they were granted rent, coal, and gas free), and afterwards in the Home Mission Hall—being closely associated in this and other philanthropic work with the late Mr John Telfer, afterwards President of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union. Of this for several years he was the indefatigable President, sparing himself no pains to provide interesting and varied programmes for the meetings. In all that he undertakes, indeed, Mr Hilson's principle is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." For some time, also, he was connected with the Jedburgh Gospel Temperance Union. In the welfare of the Free Church Mr Hilson was deeply interested, and whenever possible he promoted the interests of the Jedburgh Abbey United Free Church, of which he was a member. On more than one occasion he has been asked to become an elder of this church, but has not seen his way to consent.

Mr Hilson early recognised the value of literary societies for the improvement of youth, and took a corresponding interest in them. Of the Jedburgh Literary Association, in the days of its greatest vigour, he was a member, and for some time acted as its treasurer. He was also a member of the Mutual

Improvement Association. The Jedburgh Musical Association likewise owes much to him. He early enrolled as a member, and was appointed to the office of secretary. For some time, owing to want of interest in its objects (from which it is also at present suffering), it was allowed to remain dormant; but about ten years ago, chiefly through Mr Hilson's exertions, it was resuscitated, and under his secretaryship flourished for a time, giving successful performances of the works of the great composers. He resigned office in 1899.

On account of the great interest he took in the town's affairs, Mr Hilson was elected a member of the Town Council in 1882, and acted as a Councillor for about eleven years, when, to the great regret of the constituency, he saw fit to retire. During his period of office he was Convener of the Finance Committee. On one occasion his name was put forward to fill a vacancy as Bailie, but he found a successful opponent in the late Provost Sword (a sketch of whom Mr Hilson wrote to the BORDER MAGAZINE four years ago), who was then appointed to that office. Mr Hilson also served as a member of the Parish Council from 1904 to 1906.

In politics Mr Hilson has always taken a keen and active interest. He identified himself with the Jedburgh Liberal Association, and acted as election agent in Jedburgh for Mr Craig-Sellar when he successfully contested the Haddington District of Burghs in 1882. He was chosen by the Jedburgh Liberal Association to represent them at Birmingham on the occasion of the celebrations held there in connection with Mr Bright's twenty-five years' association with the city. Mr Hilson was also a member of the Roxburghshire Liberal Association, of which for some time he acted as secretary. When the split in the parties on the Home Rule question occurred, he espoused the interests of the Liberal Unionist party, to which he has adhered ever since.

Due prominence must be given to Mr Hilson's part as a man of letters. To the BORDER MAGAZINE he has contributed articles on "The Late Provost Sword," "Rev. John Polson, Jedburgh," "An interesting Border Centenary," "Hexham Abbey," and "Burns' Border Tours"; while among the articles written to "Notes and Queries" by him, "The Great Seal of Scotland," "The Convention of Royal Burghs," "The Hazel Pear," in addition to numerous "notes," may be mentioned. Readers of the "Scotsman" are familiar with the initials "J. L. H.," which have appeared under numerous articles; the number of these that the present writer has preserved has showed him, on a glance through them, that to enumerate them would be to overlap the limits assigned to this article. "His literary tastes, his wide knowledge of books," says the late editor of that paper—Dr C. A. Cooper—writing four years ago, "the energy with which he has sought to further the interests and the usefulness of the Jedburgh Public Library, have compelled my admiration." To the local prints Mr Hilson is a prolific contributor. The number of contributions to the "Jedburgh Gazette," for example, is beyond calculation, and would fill volumes. To that newspaper he has contributed the following series of articles:—"Here and There" (16), "The Associations of an Old Coach Road" (6), and "Yesterdays in a Royal Burgh" (10), in addition to articles of one, two, and three instalments too numerous to mention. It is to be regretted, indeed, that Mr Hilson, who has such facility with the pen, and who has so vast an amount of information at his command, has not attempted to publish the substance of his vast local knowledge in book form, but perhaps he may at some future time be persuaded to do so.

On the platform Mr Lindsay Hilson is in a natural element, equally as chairman as when acting as lecturer. In the latter capacity he has frequently appeared, his subjects dealing chiefly with local history. To the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, of which he is a devoted member, he lectured nearly three years ago on "Here and There in the Border District," while he has not infrequently appeared before the Jedburgh Literary Association and other societies. At the invitation of the members of committee, he proposed the toast of the evening at the annual supper of the Jedburgh Burns Club on 25th January last.

It is, however, in connection with the Jedburgh Ramblers' Club that Mr Hilson has done most work of this nature. When this Club was instituted in 1897 he was appointed vice-president, while three years later he was prevailed upon to accept office as hon. secretary and treasurer. Under his fostering care the Society has flourished, the interesting summer outings and winter meetings being largely due to his energy and forethought. It speaks greatly to his credit that the Club have exerted themselves to prevail upon him to continue in office for another year, although he has now removed to the neighbouring town of Kelso. In addition to lecturing to the Ramblers at one of their winter meetings, Mr Hilson has acted as guide

and supplied papers for their excursions to Makerstoun and Littledean Tower (1901), Penielheugh (1902), Cavers (1903), Ancrum (1904), and Bemersyde (1905). The well-illustrated "Transactions" of this Club, issued yearly, owe much to Mr Hilson's care and initiative.

In the management of the Mechanics' Institute Library, which became defunct ten years ago, Mr Lindsay Hilson was a Director. When this lapsed, owing to the opening of the Public Library, he was given a place on the Committee of the new Library. In 1900, when the Public Library was removed to the present site in Castlegate, Mr Hilson was appointed librarian, a duty to which, since he found it congenial employment, he has given his whole time and unremitting attention, thus gaining for him the highest approbation from all connected with the institution. His many friends and admirers would have liked to see him in a sphere in which he would find adequate scope for his various faculties and excellent qualities, and he nearly found an opening for so doing when the secretaryship of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution became vacant some three years ago. When the vacancy was being considered Mr Hilson was on the short leet of five out of over 200 applicants, and narrowly missed the appointment. For the Jedburgh Public Library Mr Hilson has done much, and the interesting reports he issues every year give proofs of the progress of the work under his hand, as well as of his literary ability. He instituted a Book Club in connection with the Library, which has been very successful and helpful to the Institute. When referring to Library work on the Borders at the annual social meeting of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union in December, 1902, Dr Hew Morrison made special allusion to Mr Hilson's qualities as a librarian. "In Jedburgh," he said, "remarkably good work is being done, because there they have Mr Lindsay Hilson, who is enthusiastic in Library work, and who is always keen that the young people of the town should take full advantage of the stores of books available to them." To the residenter, and also to the visitor, the Library at Jedburgh has been rendered especially attractive by Mr Hilson, who has made every endeavour to obtain photographs of all the prominent persons connected in any way with the town. In this he has been eminently successful, and these photographs now adorn the walls of the Reading Room, Lending Library, Reference Room, as well as the staircase. In praise of this unique and interesting feature a visitor to Jedburgh wrote to the "Scotsman" a month ago, showing how much Jedburgh is in advance of even the largest of our Public Libraries in initiative.

It was with much regret that his friends in Jedburgh heard, about ten weeks ago, that Mr Hilson had been preferred to the librarianship of Kelso Public Library, whither he removed in the beginning of April. What is Jedburgh's loss is Kelso's gain, and the Library Committee of the latter place are to be congratulated on their diplomacy in securing the services of Mr Hilson. Kelso Public Library is a new building—occupying a good site in Bowmont Street, facing Union Street,—and has been gifted by Dr Andrew Carnegie to the town. On the ground floor are the commodious Reading Room, to the front, and the Reference Room and Lending Library to the back—the latter having a book capacity of 14,000 volumes. On the flat above is the librarian's house. The opening ceremony took place on 16th May, 1906, Provost Crichton-Smith presiding. In the unavoidable absence of Dr Carnegie, Dr Hew Morrison declared the Library open and handed it over for the benefit of the public. In the afternoon a luncheon was held in the Cross Keys Hotel, at which the toast of "The Library" was proposed by Sir George Douglas, Bart.

In his married life Mr Hilson has been very happy, and he looks forward to 29th March next, when he anticipates holding his silver wedding. He married Miss Mary Lindsay—whence the name "Lindsay"—grand-daughter of John Kennedy, the friend of Burns. Their daughter, Miss Bessie Hilson, is a musician of more than average skill, who for some time was organist of the Abbey United Free Church, Jedburgh. Their Jedburgh home, Kenmore Bank, is a commodious house, picturesquely situated on the right bank of the "sylvan Jed," and having a fine view of the venerable Abbey.

Mr Hilson's many excellent qualities are so well known to readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE that they need only to be referred to in order to be recognised and acknowledged. He is a gentleman who has gained the esteem and confidence of all who know him. Thoroughness, promptitude, and initiative are qualities which he has in a high degree, while his generous mind and kind disposition gain for him friends wherever he goes. Of this a striking example is provided in the gratuitous work he does in collecting and distributing literature among the occupants of the various signal-boxes on the line and of the lighthouses on the coast, so as to enable them to spend more cheerfully and more profitably the long, dark winter nights.

During the year 1903—as I notice from the local prints,—Mr Hilson, in addition to those sent to the lighthouses along the neighbouring coast, despatched some two hundred parcels of literature to various railway signal-cabins—especially those in the quieter spots. The collection and despatching of such an amount of magazines and books represents a great deal of work. May he long be spared to carry on this and other beneficent work to which he puts his hands!

GEO. WATSON.

Abbey. Mr J. Walker, Earlston, who died the other day, counted the number of vehicles as they passed, near Leaderfoot Bridge. The little book is interesting, as it introduces the reader to a very different world in the South side from that which meets his gaze to-day. What were fields and gardens about 1850, when Mr Goodfellow began his work, is now covered with rows upon rows of villas, mansions, and tenements, which stretch almost to the village of Liberton. The names of Rosehall, Echo Bank, Powburn, Liberton Dams,

JEW'S CLOSE, CAUSEWAYSIDE.

The Work of a Border Missionary in Edinburgh.

A BORDER man, Mr James Goodfellow has told in a simple yet interesting way, under the title of "The Print of His Shoe," some forty years of missionary experiences in the Southside of Edinburgh, mainly in the district of Newington. The Rev. Alexander Smellie writes an introductory note to the book, which is published by Messrs Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Mr Goodfellow is one of those, who, when a boy in the South country, saw Sir Walter several times, and got a glimpse of his funeral procession on its way to Dryburgh Cameron Toll, Parkneuk, and Bridgend, conveyed a different meaning then to what they do now, almost absorbed, as they are now, in the march of modern improvement. The pictures help the interest of the book, as they show the changes which have taken place, and the historical notes recall the eminent people who lived there, and have now passed away. But his work was among the common people. Mr Goodfellow tells a story of honesty and independence. An old woman dying said to a neighbour, "I am due the coalman a penny, and I have nothing left; when I am dead will you pay him." A scavenger had collected quite an armoury of knives, which he had picked out of the sewers, and placed in front

of a large dresser. One man who was visited said to Mr Goodfellow, "Ye needna speak to me about religion, I ken a' aboot it; I was minister's man for thirteen years." The device of a neighbouring couple, in passing on correction to others, is what goes on in every congregation. "John, listen, that's for you;" but John would answer, "Listen yersel', ye're waur than I am." One woman described her physical ailments thus: "Oh! hae ye no heard; I hae nae bluid." Another man, describing his wife's ailment, which was neuralgia, could not manage to pronounce or remember the word, and said, "Mrs B—— is very bad wi' a lang word rinning up her cheek." Her worst complaint was this, however, in the estimation of her husband, "I read ower a' the passages in the Bible showing that the man is head ower the woman, and add a few necessary comments o' my ain; but it's o' nae use, nae use, the woman canna reason." Mr Goodfellow's book is one to read to possess. The volume is published at 2/6 net.

The Roman Fort at Newstead.

IN the course of an interesting article on the Roman Fort at Newstead, which appeared in the "Scotsman," "J. C.," whose initials are easily recognisable, gives the following particulars of some of the articles discovered:—"The huts at Newstead do not belong to the earliest occupation of the fort. This is evident from two circumstances. First, all of them stand on disturbed soil, and second, several of them are built over the top of the ditch which formed the defence of the earlier occupation. Another proof of this was obtained at the north-east corner of the fort. It was noted that the foundation walls separating the two last huts of the most northerly row had sunk. It was found that the walls had been built over a pit, containing black earth, in which many fragments of burnt bone were intermingled. At the bottom lay a vessel of bronze, eleven inches in height, with bulging sides and one handle, beautifully decorated. The vessel is of thin metal, covered with a bright blue-green patina. In places the oxydised bronze has given way, but the handle is in excellent preservation and of beautiful workmanship. The highest point is fashioned in the shape of a lotus bud rising from a collar of leaves; while the arms which embrace the rim of the vessel take the form of long beaked birds. The lower end of the handle where it is attached to the vase is decorated with the head of a Bacchanal, with faun-like ears, and ivy tendrils plaited in the hair. The vessel is not only a work of art of great interest, but it belongs to a class of objects found in Pompei, and probably made in Southern Italy towards the end of the first century of our era, specimens of which in the tide of early commerce have found their way into Central Europe, and even as far north as Scandinavia. Amongst other objects discovered in the investigation of the barrack buildings were a bronze patella, a number of fibulae, belt mountings, and coins. Of these, the earliest was a well-worn Legionary Denarius of Mark Antony; the latest a brass coin of Marcus Aurelius. Of iron objects there were the usual spears, also arrow heads, knives, and keys. Among miscellaneous things may be noted circular objects of vitreous paste, white and black, blue and yellow, the pieces of some game, played, no doubt, to wile away the long nights of a Caledonian winter. No more inscriptions have been met with, but two stones bearing representations of the boar, the symbol of the Twentieth Legion, have been discovered. The collection of pottery is varied. Several bowls and other vessels have been reconstructed. Among these are two bowls of red decorated Samian ware. One of them bears the name of Cinnamus, a potter who must have worked during the second century at Lezouse, in Central France. Recent research has shown that his wares have been widely distributed over Europe. Both bowls show the usual designs, figures drawn for the most part from classical mythology, birds, and animals, set in a decorative framework, and both retain their bright lustrous glaze. Another vessel which it has been found necessary to reconstruct, and which is perhaps the most interesting piece of pottery which the investigation has as yet yielded, is a small urn-shaped bowl of what is known as Castor ware, so called from Castor, near Peterborough, where kilns for its manufacture have been discovered. The bowl is five inches in height. Near it, in the trench beyond the South Rampart, where it was discovered, were many fragments of burnt bone; perhaps it may have been a child's burial. It has a brown unglazed surface, decorated with a frieze of animals in high relief. A great hound open-jawed pursues a stag, while behind it comes a hind, followed by a second hound. On the margin of the frieze are introduced indications of leaf and branch as though to suggest a background

to the chase. There is a sense of life and motion in the figures, and something of the Celtic love of curve and spiral in the treatment of the design—the product of an artist less trammelled by classic tradition than the potter of Legoux.

The most interesting finds have, however, been made in clearing out two pits. In the first of these — a somewhat narrow pit — fifteen feet below the present surface was discovered an iron sword, with a blade two feet in length. The mounting of the handle, of bones or wood, has disappeared, with it lay a small globular vase of Samian ware quite uninjured; beneath them lay a battered helmet of bronze crushed out of shape, on the top of which the owner has twice scratched his name, "Lucani;" with it were a couple of chisels, one with a handle of deer horn, a pick with one end broadened out like a spade, probably the entrenching tool of a soldier, remains of a vessel of oak and some mountings, which may have belonged to a chariot.

The contents of the second pit were even more remarkable. Eight feet below the surface the black deposit characteristic of the pits began. At 14 feet an iron sickle-shaped knife was found, at 17 feet a quern, made of the stone generally believed to come from Andernach on the Rhine; both stones are unbroken and in perfect working order. About 18 feet an iron helmet, with its visor in the form of a human face, was met with. It is, unfortunately, much broken. Next came two iron bridle bits, and near them lay a soldier's armour, consisting of nine pieces of thin bronze, furnished with small nuts to enable them to be fastened to cloth or leather, probably the latter, as many fragments were also found. Eight of the bronze pieces are circular discs, the ninth is more heart shaped. That such objects, arranged in parallel rows to form a breastplate, were worn by the Roman Legionaries is evident from the representations on monuments of the period. A larger bronze plate, slightly embossed, lying beside the discs, may have formed a breastplate or the centre boss of a shield. Still more important were the four pieces of heavier bronze, shaped for protection of the shoulders and arms, and most important of all a helmet of brass, in perfect condition, decorated with embossed figures, bright for the most part, as it must have been when its owner, some seventeen hundred years ago, crossed the spurs of the Cheviot and passing over the long straight highway leading to the north, caught a first glimpse of the triple Eildon.

It adds an additional touch of human interest to the find that many of the pieces bear the name of the owner, scratched with a knife point. On the inside of all the four pieces for the shoulders and arms the name Sinovenius can be deciphered. Three of these pieces bear in addition the number XII. punched upon them, while the fourth, of slightly heavier metal, bears the figure XV. On this piece we find a second name, Siuseli. It indicates either the patronymic of Sinovenius or the name of some former owner. On each of the nine smaller pieces of bronze there is scratched Dometi Attici—the property of Domitius Atticus.

Newstead has produced what must be regarded as the most important find of ancient armour made in Great Britain for many years. Already the investigation has done something to fill up the bald outline of the Roman occupation which historians have left us, but to complete it thoroughly much remains to be done. It is to be hoped that these interesting finds, revealing as they do the possibilities in archæological research in our own country, may awaken a wider interest in the public, and that the necessary funds may be provided to enable the Society of Antiquaries to complete the work they have taken in hand.

Clovenfords and the "Land of Scott."

THOSE familiar with the village of Clovenfords and its immediate surroundings will feel much indebted to Mr A. D. Reid, proprietor of the Clovenfords Hotel, for the handsome Guide Book which he has just issued. The volume is much more than a mere hotel guide, and will be prized by all lovers of the Borderland for the admirable resume it contains of the history and lore of the classic scenes comprised in the far-reaching coach tours which start from this finely-appointed hotel. The book, which is neatly bound in cloth, contains a good map of the Borderland, and nearly sixty full-page illustrations. These appear to great advantage on the art paper on which the volume is printed. In addition to being proprietor of the hotel at Clovenfords, Mr Reid is the author of the Guide Book, and we congratulate him on this valuable contribution to the literary guides to the Borderland. The history of the hotel is thus referred to:—

This hotel is situated in the village of Clovenfords, at the junction of the coaching road between Edinburgh and Carlisle, with that leading from Galashiels to Peebles. It stands within two minutes' walk of Clovenfords Station, on the Edinburgh, Peebles, and Galashiels railway, and overlooks the famous Tweed Vineries.

It is the original Clovenfords Inn. After the stage coaches between Edinburgh and Carlisle, and vice versa, ceased running, it was found that with the loss of the principal trade a smaller house would suffice. The licence was accordingly transferred to the small two-storeyed house "at the corner," which previously had been occupied as a dwelling-house and workshop by the village joiner. This would be about 1833. The "original" Inn was then turned into two dwelling-houses, and became known as Whytbanklee Cottages, until the term of Whitsunday, 1901, a period of sixty-eight years, when it resumed its old prestige, not only as an "Inn," but as a fully licensed Hotel, the licence having been granted in favour of the present proprietor. Extensive alterations and improvements were effected, the old building having been practically reconstructed internally and fitted up with every modern improvement, including a commodious bathroom with hot and cold water. Particular attention has been paid to the sanitation, which is perfect. Latterly, in the grounds attached, stabling for horses and sheds for the storage of carriages, motors, and cycles have been erected, and a posting business established.

The old house "at the corner," although divested of the licence, did not sink into obscurity, but became, and is now, the Village Post Office, Telegraph Office, and Telephone Exchange Office, the combined offices being under the administration of Mr Robert Grieve. The reason for the transfer from the old house "at the corner" back to the "original" was because of the former building having insufficient accommodation, barely satisfying the statute in that respect, and having no convenience for the carrying on of a hotel business. Apart from its antiquity, the present or "original" hotel is noteworthy on account of Scott having made it his headquarters in 1799 on his appointment as Sheriff-Substitute of Selkirkshire ere he went to live at Ashiestiel. In proof of this we quote from "Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott" by Lockhart, his son-in-law and literary executor:—"The office of Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire having become vacant by the death of an early ally of Scott's, Andrew Plummer of Middlestead, a scholar and antiquary, Scott was appointed to the Sheriffship on 16th December, 1799. His Sheriffship made it necessary for him that he should be frequently in Ettrick Forest. On such occasions he took up his lodgings in the inn at Clovenfords, a favourite fishing station on the road from Edinburgh to Selkirk. From this place he could ride to the county town whenever business required his presence, and he was also within a few miles of Yarrow and Ettrick, where he obtained large accessions to his store of ballads. It was during one of his excursions in the district, penetrating to St Mary's Lake, that he first met Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd."

CLOVENFORDS HOTEL.

In additon to its associations with the great Scottish poet and novelist, the old inn is also noteworthy on account of having been visited by the poet Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, who found shelter under its kindly roof during the night of 18th September, 1803, while on their way to meet Scott next day at Melrose. In proof of this also we quote from Lockhart's "Memoirs of Scott" as follows:—

"It was on the 17th September, 1803, that Scott first saw Wordsworth. Their common acquaintance, Stoddart, had so often talked of them to each other that they met as if they had not been strangers, and they parted friends. Their meeting took place at Lasswade, where Scott had his summer headquarters. Mr and Miss Wordsworth had just completed that tour in the Highlands, of which so many incidents have since been immortalized, both in the poet's verse and in the hardly less poetical prose of his sister's diary. A promise was made between Scott and Wordsworth to meet two days later—on the 19th September—at Melrose. The night before Wordsworth and his sister reached Melrose they slept in the inn at Clovenfords, where, on mentioning Scott's name, they were received with all sorts of attention and kindness—the landlady observing that Mr Scott, 'who was a very clever gentleman,' was an old friend of the house, and usually spent a good deal of his time there during the fishing season."

This visit is also thus referred to by Wordsworth in "Yarrow Unvisited":—

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

Private families, tourists, anglers, golfers, cyclists, and others will find Clovenfords Hotel a convenient centre from which to visit the Land of Scott, or for purposes of sport or recreation. They will also find themselves made as comfortable as at their "ain fireside" by the host and hostess, and have no cause to regret a pilgrimage to the classic valley of the Tweed.

The book is from the press of Messrs A. Walker & Son, Galashiels, and they are to be congratulated on the production of such a work almost in the shadow of Abbotsford. The illustrations and printing are excellent.

The Auld Lichts in the Borders.

IN a recent issue of the "Kelso Chronicle," "Scotus" gives some interesting information on the above subject. He says:—"It is a century in August, 1906, since Rev. James Hogg, minister of the Secession congregation, Kelso, was one of the four ministers who formed the Constitutional Presbytery at Whitburn on 28th August, 1806. The others were Professor Bruce, Whitburn; Revs. James Aitken, Kirriemuir; and Thomas M'Crie, Edinburgh. They left their Synod on account of said body having adopted a new testimony, which implied, when developed, the condemnation of the union of Church and State. Regarding Mr Hogg, it is stated in 'Life of Dr M'Crie,' by his son—'Mr James Hogg was a classical, an accurate divine, and a man of determined resolution. Pious, he was beloved by all around him. It is interesting to find that every member of this little band was marked by his attachment to the cause of genuine civil liberty.' Mr Hogg did not long survive after this epoch of his life. He was succeeded by Mr Mackenzie, after whose death, the congregation were unable to call a minister. The late Mr Morrison, currier, took a warm interest in the cause, and often procured an occasional supply of preachers.

It strikes me that the Cameronians had for long a congregation in Kelso, whose minister was Mr Bates. The same body had a congregation at Chirnside, whose history went far back, and which united in 1876 with the Free Church.

The Original Secession congregation was formed at Midlem about 1829. It previously belonged to the 'New Light' United Secession Church, and the origin was curious. It is said that the minister, Rev. James Inglis, had a misunderstanding with the minister of the Presbytery, which ultimately led to Mr Inglis and his people deciding that they had received injustice from the Presbytery. The congregation as a result joined the 'Auld Licht' Synod. Mr Inglis' father was well-known to Burns, the poet, who often heard him preach in Dumfries, where he was minister. Burns had a great liking for him as a genuine Christian man.

When the 'Auld Licht' breach arose it was thought that its sympathisers in Berwickshire would have liked to form a congregation. The forbears of the Hoods, all farmers, who were cousins of the celebrated Dr M'Crie, were all of his mind. Mr Hood, Bowshiel, East Lothian, used to have the preachers often at his place. It is told of William Gillies, of the East Secession Church, Duns, that he said at a meeting—'Sir, we [the Auld Lichts] hold the Confession—the whole Confession—and specially Chapter xxiii.' This chapter treats of the power of the Civil Magistrate."

There is much in rest, and food, and grooming. You would hardly know the tired jade you dismounted from last night, when she is brought out prancing and neighing the next morning, rested, refreshed, and ready to start again—especially if it hath some good blood, for such pick up unco fast.—"Woodstock."

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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, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

During the summer months, when the attractions of Nature and life in the open air are so numerous, there is a temptation to forget current literature, but we trust that all our readers will see that the BORDER MAGAZINE is got regularly for them by their newsagents. We continue to receive letters of appreciation from readers whose standing in the literary world makes their words of praise doubly valuable. One writes of the pleasure with which he looks upon the ten bound volumes of the BORDER MAGAZINE in his bookcase. Another, a well-known divine, says:—"I read the BORDER MAGAZINE with increasing interest, and thank you for your labour of love in editing it."

The Border Keep.

It is difficult to say anything new or fresh on the subject of Sir Walter Scott and his works, but Mr Andrew Lang sums up the matter very pithily when he says:—

Scott's novels are "vécus"; the author has in imagination lived closely and long with his people, whether of his own day or of the past, before he laid brush to canvas to execute their portraits. It is in this capacity as a creator of a vast throng of living people of every grade, and every variety of nature, humour, and temperament, that Scott, among British writers, is least remote from Shakespeare. No changes in taste or fashion as regards matters unessential, no laxities and indolence of his own, no feather-headed folly or leaden stupidity of new generations, can deprive Scott of these unfading laurels.

* * *

There is always another side to the shield, however, as will be seen from the following from the "Southern Reporter":—

It is not often that in literature we come across a Gala man set in exalted contrast with Sir Walter Scott, but old John Younger, the erudite shoemaker of St Boswells, had ways and ideas of his own. He was a wonderful man, and certainly graduated, if any did, in the College of Adversity. His company was, in his later years, much sought after, not only by those whose favourite hobby was fishing, but by many others who were fond of worth and originality. A Gala manufacturer who was a frequent visitor used to talk about going to Patmos to see John. But John had no peculiar fondness for the Shirra. "For instance," he writes, "Sir Walter Scott sat in the midst of this district to a good old age, and devoted a mind of considerable ability to the building for himself a monumental house, and a name out of materials ferreted from amongst the rubbish of a few very late ages—three-fourths of the whole, of course, a mere low bagatelle of literary flummery! It would have confounded his poor idea of greatness to have been told that William Kemp, gasmaker, of Galashiels, one of his door neighbours, amongst the multitude of those whom he considered, and wished to hold designated as a low, de-

graded 'plebeian rabble,' should from the ingenuity of a noble mind, be in the act of appropriating to himself an eternal monument, not of stone hewn from the Sprouston new sandstone, and cut into monkish figures, but of all the everlasting hills around," &c., &c. John on this occasion was discussing geological problems with which Kemp's name is locally connected, but we are afraid our worthy essayist's candid diatribe had not a little to do with Sir Walter's anti-reform principles, and yet old John's heart was in the right place, and tender and sweet indeed is one of his little poems—

'Mid a' the thoughts that trouble me,
The saddest thought of any,
Is wha may close the other e'e?
May it be me or Nannie?
The ane that's left will sairly feel
Amid a world uncanny;
I'd rather face auld age mysel',
Than lanely leave my Nannie.

* * *

Border fishers will be able to appreciate the humour of the following story from an evening newspaper:—

The well-known phrase "as silly as a coot" was illustrated by an unusual angling incident on the Tweed. A Glasgow man spending his Easter holidays in the Borders was fishing for trout near the meeting-place of Ettrick and Tweed, when a water-hen, startled by his approach, flew out from beneath the bank and made for the opposite side of the river. Suddenly the angler's reel went "whirr," much to his surprise, as he was idly whipping a very shallow and limpid stream with small hope of success. The mystery was soon explained. The unfortunate water-fowl had flown against the gut-cast, and one of the flies had caught it firmly by the leg. In vain the poor bird alternately dived to the bottom and fluttered in the air above. After running out about twenty yards of the line it became exhausted. Meanwhile a typical Border angler, who was about to begin operations, threw down his rod and ran up to help to land "the big ane." If there is any chance of landing a salmon "on the quiet" when there are no bailiffs about, there is seldom lack of assistance. His astonishment was great when the angler shouted that it was a water-hen. "Haud on an' I'll get it oot for ye," he cried, and, wading in, he soon secured the coot. "Let the poor bird away," said the Glasgow man. "Na, man," was the reply, "it's gran' for dressin'." "That's whit the 'blue hen's' dressed aff. Get in there, Joseph," and, relieved to find that the prize was his own, he thrust the captured bird into his basket.

* * *

From the same source I cull the following interesting items:—

For words and phrases that are deeply rooted in the long vanished past, it is necessary to visit districts in which agriculture is the chief industry. The thought is suggested by an advertisement for "bondagers," which appeared recently in a Border paper. The initiated know that the term is applied to female field-workers. But few students of history know that the "bondager" dates from a period when male and female labourers were attached for life to the particular farm on which they had been born. Equally interesting is the word "hind," which is used throughout the counties of Roxburgh and Berwick as a synonym for a ploughman. So extensively is this appellation employed that a ploughman in search of a situation is commonly said to be on the outlook for a "hinding." Time has long since robbed the phrase of any suggestion of reproach. But to the ear accustomed to its use, it calls up visions of an age when the relations between Norman and Saxon partook of that animosity and hatred so graphically described in the opening chapter of "Ivanhoe."

* * *

Apropos the recent tragic death of Mr Walter Harkness of Mitchellslacks, it is interesting to recall that the deceased farmer was descended from a doughty Covenanter named James Harkness, who figured prominently in the Rescue of Prisoners at Enterkin Pass in the summer of 1684. This incident, which is graphically described by Defoe, was one of the few minor engagements in which the men of the Covenant proved victorious. James Harkness survived the stormy times of persecution, and was interred in the churchyard of his native parish of Dalgarnock, where a tombstone bears the following testimony to his achievements:—"Belo this stone his dust doth ly who indured 28 years' persecution by tyranny—Did him pursue with echo and cry, through many a lonesome place; at last by Clavers he was ta'en—sentenced for to dy; but God, who for his soul took care, did him from prison bring, because no other cause they had but that he ould not give up with Christ, his glorious King, and swear allegiance to that beast, the Duke of York, I mean. In spite of all their hellish rage, a natural death he died, in full assurance of his rest with Christ ieternalie." This inscription is generally believed to have been the work of Robert Paterson, the prototype of Scott's "Old Mortality."

* * *

By way of supplementing my recent par. on the stone in the Nithsdale churchyard of Dalgarnock which commemorates the covenanting exploits of one of the Harknesses of Mitchellslacks, it is interesting to recall that the maternal great-grandfather of the Empress Eugenie is interred in the same sequestered God's Acre. This was Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, a lineal descendant of the famous Roger, who will be for all time associated with King Robert Bruce in the tragic incident, which culminated in the War of Independence. In spite of the interest that gathers round its churchyard, the parish of Dalgarnock is now absorbed in that of Closeburn. The National Bard, who was intimately acquainted with the neighbourhood, alludes to the "tryst of Dalgarnock" in the well-known song beginning, "Last May A Braw Wooer Cam' Doon the Lang Glen."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Notes and Queries.

"SCOTT'S BORDER EXPLOITS."

If you are not already tired of "Notes and Queries" regarding "Scott's Border Exploits," I would like to add a word.

My copy of the book was purchased from Noble, Inverness, about twenty years ago, when it appeared in his catalogue as "by Sir Walter Scott." I thought I had found a prize, and was at first somewhat disappointed. It bears to have been printed for the author by R. Armstrong, Hawick, in 1812. It is stated on the title page to be "embellished with elegant engravings, and a map of the Parish of Castleton." The engravings are "Hermitage Castle," "Liddalbank, the seat of William Oliver, Esq.," and "Kielder Castle."

I notice that Mr Riddell Carre in his "Border Memories" speaks of Mr Scott as "Schoolmaster of Burnmouth in Liddesdale." There is no mention in the book itself of Mr Scott's calling, but in the preface the publisher "diffident of the merits of his performance submits it to the candour of a general public; and he hopes, that, although his unvarnished narration be devoid of artificial colouring and classical refinements, the incidents which it records will be found accurate and interesting. . . . However, the rustic dress in which it makes its appearance, is not altogether exempted from advantages, for under its rural vestment it will escape the fate of modern productions, in being preserved from the serpent-toothed vengeance of the critic." These expressions point to a somewhat less learned authorship than a schoolmaster.

At the end of the book is published a rhyming description of Hermitage Castle, which in a foot-note is stated to be "inserted at the request of several respectable subscribers."

From a foot-note on page 334, it is evident that the writer's father was a mason, and that the author followed the same occupation is set forth at page 357 in the following terms:—

"To seek thy vaulted chambers he
Some neighbouring masons* found,
Though nothing but a rusty key
Their fruitless labours crown'd."

The rusty key referred to in the above verse was the only result of this investigation. Although Mr Scott may have been originally a mason, it is quite possible that in later years he was a schoolmaster, as the qualifications for that office were not so stringent in those days as now. Perhaps the edition of 1832 may throw light on the subject.

S. D. E.

*The writer of these sheets, in that department of life, when Lord Dalkeith was encamped at Hermitage Castle, for the amusement of shooting, in the autumn of 1806, was employed by his lordship to examine the foundations of the Castle.

KERSFIELD.

In common with many of your readers, I welcome your decision to devote a page of your magazine to Border Notes and Queries, and hasten to take advantage of your invitation to readers to bring forward any points requiring elucidation. I wonder whether any of your readers can tell the exact position of Kersfield, a place somewhere in the vicinity of Bedrule, I think, but now obsolete? There was a Kersfield Mains farm, and I should feel grateful for any information about the tenants of this steading, especially during the first half of the eighteenth century.

W. SAUNDERS.

"THE SHIRRA'S FUNERAL."

I came on the annexed paragraph some time ago when reading Laurence Hutton's "Talks in a Library," which as it must be authentic you might perhaps think worth inserting in the BORDER MAGAZINE. It differs from my reference on page 134, June, 1905.

"An aged Scotchman, a member of Dr Wm. H. Taylor's congregation in New York, was exceedingly proud of the fact that he had been the private coachman of the Wizard of the North, and had driven the hearse of Scott from Abbotsford to Dryburgh, that was drawn by a pair of Sir Walter's favourite carriage horses. About half-way on that sad last journey they came to the top of a certain little hill where Scott had been in the habit of stopping for a time to glory in the view of the lands he loved; on one side of him was his present home; on the other side the home that was to be his till eternity began. Here on the day of the funeral the horses halted of their own accord, and no persuasion would induce them to move forward till the customary five minutes had passed." "And so," said the faithful henchman, "the Shirra was able to look around him once again."

G. S. A.

Early Memories of the Border Gipsies.

THE curtain veiling the memory of the past is seldom so heavy but that the merest breath, or a touch lighter than thistle down, will sweep it aside, in a flash of time swifter than the lightning in its flight.

A fleeting perfume, a strain of music, the echo of a laugh drifting in at an open window, or a single word dropped on the street by a passer-by, is sufficient to lay bare to the inner visions, down to the minutest detail, events which for whole generations have been past and forgotten.

The much talk and the frequent letters and newspaper notices dealing with the present invasion of our shores by German gipsies have doubtless had their share in touching a long disused spring of my own memory.

My youthful predilection for the nomadic descendants of old Egypt wherever born and wherever dwelling, and my unfailing interest in all that pertained to the dusky sons and daughters of the Border tribes in particular, come at this time vividly back to me. My early home lay not far distant from Jedburgh, Yetholm, Hawick, and Redpath, in all of which towns and villages many of these wanderers regularly established their winter quarters—Yetholm being, of course, pre-eminently the Border gipsy's muster place and royal city. Opportunities, therefore, for making acquaintance with members of the various tribes were not lacking, and with several of them I had dealings on many occasions. I may add that with all whom I ever had to do my relations were uniformly of the friendliest and pleasantest. The highway from more than one of the towns just mentioned passed close by the gate of my old home, and over this road on most days of the week might be seen travelling the cart of a Faa, a Young, or a Douglas. It might be a cart of hay or cut grass obtained no matter how! With a horse attached which in leanness rivalled the classic Rosinante, but which driven full tilt with whip and rein must certainly have far outdistanced the gentle knight of La Mancha's famous steed.

It might be a cart of crockery crawling along slowly on a summer's day, its driver half asleep on the "tram" or sauntering lazily alongside with idle whip and a loose rein thrown over his arm. The inevitable female drowsed heavily in a snug corner at the back of the cart, only waking up when the vehicle paused here and there to permit its occupants to refresh themselves with a snack and a pipe, while the horse browsing contentedly made a hearty meal off the wayside grass. A certain pause was made at every cottage and gate by the way side, when the female, swinging her basket on her hip, trudged off to display her wares and chaffer with the inmates of the cottage or the "big hoose."

Once a year it was a long procession of carts that trundled briskly and in a purposeful manner past our gate, the drivers stepping out with an air of cheerful anticipation and whistling merrily, the wives perched high on a perfect mound of Lares and Penates, with dozens of little dusky heads and faces peeping out in every direction round and about them. These were wending their way to settle in camp on the green at St Boswells, and there they would hold high festival while still keeping an eye to business and the main chance, during the celebration of the famous Fair on the eighteenth of July.

In the wake of the smaller fry would follow the aristocracy of the tribes in their gorgeous caravans painted yellow and red, the little chimneys sending a thread of blue smoke heavenwards, a young mother, baby in lap, seated on the step ladder at the back enjoying the view and the air from the open doorway. Her husband, the huge bullet-headed fellow, shouting in strident tones to his subordinates and hurling a curse at the poor "messan" leashed at the hind wheel, would on the morrow duly mount the platform in front of his caravan dressed in irreproachable tights and invite the public, as long as his lungs served, to "walk up and see the show." These caravans, with their painted suggestions in glaring colours of all the wild beasts of the jungle, and their rows of little windows so daintily curtained in spotless white lace, whispered to me of mysteries unspeakable.

The delights of a carefully conducted walk through the camp on a fine evening before the Fair comes back to me with a thrill even in the aftermath. The women washing busily by the burnside, the really white linen bleaching or drying on the grass, the horses and donkeys "hobbled" and grazing peacefully all over the common, the huge fires overstepped by the customary tripod from which swung the well filled pot or steaming kettle, the little ones creeping to bed under the cart canopy which formed the sleeping tent at night, the dark faces around and about glowing in the red firelight, are all pleasant memories never to be entirely forgotten.

Many years ago, when visiting friends in the neighbourhood of Yetholm, that beautiful Border village nestling so sweetly at the base of the green Cheviots, it was my privilege to be duly made acquainted with Queen Esther Faa and the trim little cottage which served her for royal residence. The gipsy Queen was even then an aged woman, though her alert upright figure gave her all the appearance of one younger by many years. In her neat print frock, white apron, and spotless muslin cap, triple frilled all round her face and tied under her chin, Esther's personal appearance was extremely prepossessing. As she received my friend and myself in the tidy kitchen, which did duty as audience chamber, her manner was kindly without any display of warmth or cordiality; it was indeed flavoured with a pretty strong tincture of reserve and dignity. This reserve, however, melted somewhat as the conversation proceeded, and suddenly changed to extreme graciousness on the discovery that I was my father's daughter.

"Mind him!" she said with fine scorn in reply to my question, "fine div I mind him. He's a kind gentleman, look ye—aye kind an' freendly to me an' mine."

But it is round the family of Douglas that most of my memories crowd. Old Tommassin Douglas, grandmother and great-grandmother to half of the existing tribe, comes clearly before me, as she used to sit, crouched on the low stone kerb of my grandmother's back kitchen, her basket on the floor for inspection, her clay pipe between her lips, and a black scowl for any one who might be foolhardy enough to mock her by word, look, or smile. An ancient, withered crone was Tommassin, more than any one I have ever seen fulfilling my idea of what an old-time witch might have looked like. Her uncanny looking face, creased and wrinkled like a winter apple, was habitually encircled by a rusty black cottage bonnet, her complexion in tint and texture resembled antelope skin, and there was ever a cruel gleam in her glittering black eyes which sent a shiver down my spine, as I eyed her with respectful demeanour and at a safe distance. Of Tommassin's numerous offspring "Leein' Jenny" and "Rech" have long since gone to their rest. Of Jenny, it is recorded to her discredit that she alone of all her family was convicted of theft by my mother. A substantial leg of mutton was one day missing from the larder. Jenny had that day paid one of her periodical visits, and the servants took solemn oath that she had been seen to purloin the joint and make good her retreat.

Jenny was charged with the theft on her next day of call, but true to her popular title she stoutly denied it. The story goes that "Rech," being called upon at Hiltonshill toll-bar to pay toll for her donkey, promptly demanded if "burdens were chairged for." On being assured to the contrary by the unsuspecting toll-keeper, Rech serenely shouldered her ass and strode triumphantly through the gateway not a penny the poorer—a feat which, whether the tale be true or not, the gipsy's extraordinary height and general physique made perfectly possible.

Rech's daughter (by which appellation alone she was known to our family) had on one occasion the good fortune to appear on the scene in time to fish my young sister out of Tweed. The child had been playing by the riverside, and, slipping on the slimy stones, stumbled into shallow water, whence she was drawn and restored to "terra firma" by Rech's daughter. This act of quite uncalled for heroism served as a never-failing plea for many a subsequent appeal for charity! Rech being ill in our vicinity some time later, her daughter appeared at the kitchen door one morning with an earnest request for a "snuff of tea" for the sick woman—"My mother's affie fond o' a cup o' tea," was urged by the young hopeful. She was liberally supplied not only with the snuff of tea, but with bread, butter, and cheese as accompaniments. After looking these delicacies carefully over Rech's daughter remarked ingratiatingly, "My mother's affie fond o' a taste o' jeelly—the mistress 'll mind it was me that pu'd the little leddy oot o' Tweed no lang sin'."

Charles Douglas, popularly distinguished as "Tabor," was for long a well-known vagrant on the Border roads, which he perambulated alone and on foot. With his ill-fitting garments, his filthy wallet slung over one shoulder, and what was visible of the man himself begrimed and unkempt, Tabor presented a sum-total of the most unwholesome and unsavoury description.

It is told of Tabor that, opening the door of a friendly cottager one evening, he found the family seated spoon in hand around the steaming potato pot. No invitation to partake of supper being proffered, Tabor, who was naturally of a laconic habit of speech, seated himself in perfect silence on a stool behind the door. Soon, however, the appetising steam, as it made its irresistible appeal to his hungry

stomach overcame all effort at self-effacement, and he suddenly was heard to enquire slowly, as if turning over in his mind an offer of refreshment: "Tabor, tak' a tattie?—aye, Tabor, tak' twa."

It was, however, with the two youngest of Tommassin's daughters that my dealings were chiefly carried on, and long continued. Mary, the younger by a good many years, was a fine type of gipsy, handsome in face and figure, and of uncommon respectability. For years at regular intervals Mary appeared to barter her articles of kitchen crockery in lieu of the rags which, down to the minutest shreds, were religiously accumulated for her from month to month. When Mary ultimately renounced the wandering habits of her tribe, and established herself as a respectable householder in Jedburgh, her place on the road was promptly filled by her sister, who had long been jealous of Mary's popularity, and who had long striven to usurp Mary's custom by every means in her power, fair or foul.

Bessie was indeed a "pear off another tree," the virtues of her sister, it must be owned, finding not an abiding place in her breast. Raven-haired and swarthy of face, Bessie was fashioned closely after the pattern of Tommassin, physically and otherwise. She had all the Douglas gravity of demeanour, even when bandying jokes over her bargaining. Her capacity for patient waiting was the terror of servants—a class, by the way, for which Bessie had but scant respect.

"Tell the mistress Bessie's here, my woman," she would request with much dignity, as she made her entry into the kitchen, having ignored the existence of such a thing as a knocker. Unless it could be truthfully affirmed that the mistress was not in the house, or too ill to leave her bed, Bessie would patiently wait, enthroned on the best chair the kitchen could provide, until her object was attained.

"I'm in no hurry, my dear, there's naething pushin' me the day. I'll juist sit an' wait till she comes," and wait she did by the hour to the infinite dismay and discomfort of the inmates of the kitchen.

"Will the mistress hae an auld goon or a pair o' shoon the day, think ye?" she would enquire meanwhile—"or a warm sark? My banes are gettin' auld an' feel the cauld affie this hard weather. Gie me a bit drink o' milk, my woman, while ye're on yer feet. My mooth's as dry as a whustle."

To proffer Bessie a coin and watch her face, as she rang the piece on the table, flattened it on the palm of her hand, then gravely spat on it "for luck" before finally pocketting it, was worth twice the value of the sum expended.

Bessie's complacence on meeting one of her patrons was unbounded, and the more public the occasion the more her satisfaction overflowed. Driving towards St Boswells village one evening before the famous Fair day, I was enjoying the picturesque effect of the cluster of gipsy camps just in front of the "smiddy," when the bobbing head of a dark visaged gipsy woman seated close to a blazing camp fire suddenly concentrated my attention. There was not a second's doubt as to whom the head-nodding was directed, for the familiar voice of Bessie shouted a salutation across the green and over the heads of at least a dozen admiring neighbours and companions. My sister relates with much appreciation that Bessie once sent her a beaming nod from the top of an overburdened cart across the entire width of Princes Street.

There is a persistent effort made yearly to prevent the gipsies from enjoying their ancient privilege of encamping on the green before and after the Fair. I for one shall be sorry when this persistence succeeds in sweeping away the old-time custom. Surely small harm can accrue from the occupation of the common by those picturesque and interesting nomads for one short week out of twelve long months.

They are harmless folks when properly handled, these Border gipsies, at least so I have been accustomed to believe, and so my father and grandfather believed before me. Once a year, during at least fifty years of my father's life, their encampments were set up at the back of the wall enclosing my father's property. They carried water by permission from a well just inside our gate, cut willows for basket-making, also by permission, from the burnside skirting the private road to the house, they came and went to and from the house at all hours of the day, working no harm to man or beast that I ever heard of, and certainly respecting my father's property as carefully as if it had been their own.

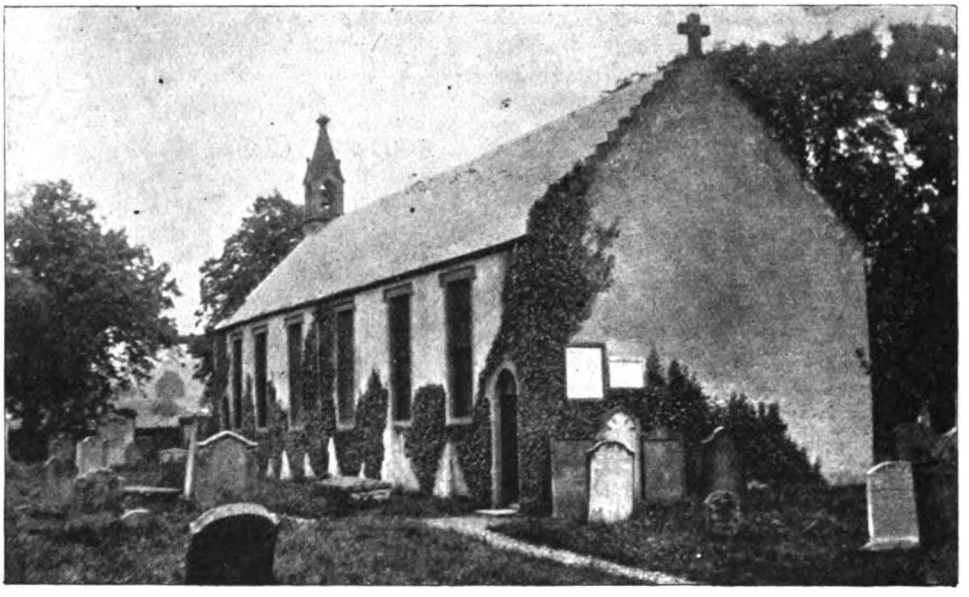
A rabbit or two, even a hare or a pigeon, may indeed have found its way into one or more of the large swinging pots, but what then? There were those in our neighbourhood, neither gipsy born nor bred, of whom it was well-known that they by no means scrupled to season their pots at the expense of their neighbours when darkness and opportunity favoured them.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

Yarrow Kirk and its Memories.

IN the "Scotsman" of 7th May the following appreciative reference to the Parish Church of Yarrow was published:—Services were held on Sunday for the last time in the venerable Parish Church of Yarrow, as it was when Sir Walter Scott was a parishioner and regular attender, and when the "Ettrick Shepherd" and William Laidlaw were members and regular worshippers within its walls. It has been found necessary to alter and enlarge the building to meet the requirements of the congregation. But this work has been planned and set about with due sense of the sacredness of old associations, and with a desire rather to restore Yarrow Kirk to something of its original condition, with improvements and alterations suited to modern tastes and needs. During the next few months the congregation will meet in the hall adjoining the church, or under the open sky, in the churchyard, when the weather is fine. In the meantime an extensive scheme of restoration will be carried out. The galleries, which were not constructed until long after the erection of the church in 1640, will be removed, and an apse will be built behind the pulpit, on the south front of the church. The enlarged ground area of the church will thus be made sufficient for the accommodation of the congregation. The church will be re-pewed in oak, and other necessary improvements will be introduced. The estimated cost is between £1200 and £1300. Over £1000 of this amount has already been collected, of which £300 has been contributed by the heritors, and the rest mainly raised by the exertions of the pastor, the Rev. Robert Borland. The balance of the cost it is intended to raise by means of a bazaar to be held in October.

A large congregation assembled on Sunday to hear the last sermon that will be delivered in the unrestored fabric. Mr Borland, without choosing any special text, devoted his address chiefly to a sketch of the ecclesiology of Yarrow from the earliest times, and to recalling some of the memories connected with the church. The site of the pre-Reformation Church of "St Mary, in the Forest of Selkirk," was on the green plateau overlooking St Mary's Loch. It was destroyed by the Buccleuch Clan in 1557, in the course of a feud with the Cranstons; and the ecclesiastical history of Yarrow is almost a blank from that date to 1640, when the present church was built, eight miles further down the Vale. Mr Borland reminded his hearers that the first minister after the Revolution of 1688



YARROW KIRK.

was the Rev. Dr John Rutherford, the maternal great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott; and that a noble eulogy to his memory, written by his son, Professor Rutherford, the father of Scott's mother, is inscribed on a mural tablet on the north wall of the church. He went on to speak of the ministry of Russels, father and son, which extended over the long period of ninety-two years—from 1791 to 1883; and especially of that of his predecessor, the genial and accomplished Rev. Dr James Russell, author of "Reminiscences of Yarrow."

Sandy, a Border Chiel.

"Whispers from the world beyond us—
Echoes from the lives gone by."

HARRISON.

SANDY is awa' hame. His mortal remains have been laid to rest beside those of his wife, under the green grass in the old kirkyard, and his daughters, with their husbands and their children, have returned to the city. And all goes on here much as though death had not visited our village.

I came down the hill-road and passed Sandy's cottage to-day for the first time since he "went awa'," and my heart was sore, because I missed my old friend.

I shall not try to describe Sandy to you, but I will give you a few quotations from some of our "cracks."

One chill Sunday morning I was surprised to find him at my door, looking very "dune like" and sad. He carried a half-opened rosebud in his hand. I invited him to walk into my parlour, though there was a better fire in the kitchen, as I knew that Sandy liked to be "taken ben the hoose."

He sat himself down in his usual corner of the horse-hair sofa by the table, and I drew my chair near by. After a few minutes' rest, he said: "I was feelin' somewhat lanesome, mem, so, whan the kirk bell rang in, I thought I wad step doon to see ye; ay, an' this is a rose to ye frae ma hoose wa'. The roses are near a' dune; they wull sune be awa'; ay, an' I'm dune tae—I wull sune be awa'." He gave a wistful smile.

"Thank you very much, Sandy; it's a beautiful rose," said I, rising to fill a glass with water and placing the rose in it upon the table. My heart was full, for I knew that what he said was true; he would soon be awa'.

"Do ye think we wull hae roses in Heaven, mem?"

"Why, yes, Sandy; 'everlasting ones,' as there is 'no death' there."

"Awell, I was readin' last nicht hoo as the rose o' Sharon had nae thorns. Div ye think the everlasting roses in Heaven wull hae thorns?

"Oh, no, Sandy; don't you remember that it was after Adam and Eve were put out of the garden that the thorns and weeds sprang up?"

"Ou, ay. I was mindin' about that. Weel, I'm thinkin' it wull be braw, easy wark keepin' oor bits o' yairds snod—trainin' up everlastin' roses, wi' nae thorns to jag oor fingers, an' nae weeds to rax oor backs stoopin' doon to pu' them up! I jist wish I was there, in ane o' the 'many mansions!' Nae doot we wull step aboot an' hae a bit crack wi' oor neebours. Ye see, mem, I was keen to be a sodjer, but ma mither, puir body, wad not let us awa'. so I e'en turned gairdner. Oh, but I wad like to meet in wi' Joshua, an' hear a' aboot hoo he drave oot the Amorites, an' the Hittites, an' the Jebusites afore him. Oh, he was the lad, was Joshua! but, mind ye, he had the Lord of Hosts at his back." That was just it, I agreed, and Sandy sat for some minutes in deep thought, then looked up and said: "Noo, was it no' a queer like thing that thae folk should hae set to wark to smelt doon a' their gold chains, broaches, an' sic like to mak' a 'golden calf' whan Moses was up on the top o' the mountain wi' the Lord? Sure as death, I wad hae thought they micht hae kent better nor that, seein' a' they had experienced."

"Yes," said I, "and I fear that a great many people are making 'a golden calf' at this day."

"Deed are they! mammon worshippers," cried he, "an' even here in this bit toon o' oors; ay, and the bad language is maist horrible. Ye canna gang frae the tae end to the tither without hearin' some ane cryin' 'hell' at yer back. It gars me fair shudder whiles. Whar wull they land?" Then we talked about "the green pastures" and the "still waters," referred to in the 23rd Psalm.

One day Sandy was telling me how "forehanded" the old folk used to be here: "Ay, like Nell Tamson, the auld jaud, that made her sister Tib an' ma mither bake a' the shortbread for her ain funeral three weeks afore she dee'd. Oh, she was a queer ane! Ye see, I was a braw, strong, weel-grown lad o' maybe sixteen, an' she was aye cryin' on my mither to fetch me along to sit up wi' them at nicht, for I was gey guid at pu'in' her up in her bed whan the ill turns cam' on her. Aweel, wad ye believe me, no half an 'oor or she wan awa'

she cried, 'Sandy, pu' me up, I'm chokin';' an' whan I had got her set up, wi' two pillows stapped in at her back, says she to me, rale saft like, 'Sandy, ye are a vera nice lad, an' ye wull find that I hae minded ye weel.' Noo, mem, jist think o' the auld tinkler gaein' awa' wi' a muckle lee like that hot on the tap o' her tongue? It was maist horrible, for she kent weel that ma name was not in her deed. No that I minded, for I was but a laddie, but whar would she be gaun? I'm dootin' hoo that the black deil wad get her."

One lovely morning in early June I met my friend pushing along, evidently in a perfect fury. "What is the matter, Sandy?" I cried.

"The matter, said ye? I am near hand daft! I'll sune be a lu-na-tic! I'm clean oot o' my judgment!" and he waved a long rake in one hand and a hoe in the other as if prepared to stay a giant.

"Yes, but what is it, Sandy?"

"I am jist tormented near hand mad wi' thae wee deevils o' green-flees, an' the sma' caterpillars!—no a green leaf left! But I'll gie them a pound o' hel-e-bore, an' that'll sort them!"

Good, kind-hearted old Sandy had a fatherly affection for a lady who lived alone in a pretty cottage further up the hillside. She was quite forty when I first knew her, but Sandy never considered her anything but the "lassie" she had been when she first came there with her mother. No doubt Sandy's care was sometimes "bothersome," indeed, he confided to me early in our friendship that "the lassie up there was whiles no vera easy to please," and she and I, of course, had little confidences too. Well, one morning Sandy comes along looking ill at ease.

"Noo, mem, seein' that ye are a marrit leddy, an' the lassie up by has nae mither, I'll jist tell ye cannylike what it is. Ye see, I was awa' a' day yestreen castin' peats in the moss, an' after I had ma supper, up comes auld Annie. 'Sandy,' says she, 'has the lass up the hill, there, ony o' her brithers frae America or India wi' her the noo?'"

"Na," says I, "she's no expectin' ony o' them the year, ma wuman. What gars ye speir?"

"Aweel, Sandy," quo she, "I may jist tell ye hoo that 'a dressed man' gaed up to her hoose at a quarter-past eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon; ay, an' he's there yet!"

"Haivers!" says I.

"It's nae haivers," cried she; "I'm no ane to tell a doonricht lee," and awa' she gaed oot o' ma hoose in the huff."

"Well, Sandy," said I, "What am I to do?"

"'Deed, mem, ye are a vera douce leddy, ay, are ye, and I think ye wull ken fine yersel; as for me, I promised her deid mither I wad aye be an obligin' neebour to her, but, sure as death, mem, she wad think that I was spyin' on her, puir lassie, were I to gang up. But she maunna hae ony stranger dressed men about. Na, na, it wull no dae, an' the auld wemen here wi' sic ill tongues." Tears stood in his kind old eyes, so I repressed a strong desire to laugh, and said, as grave as a judge, "Go home, Sandy, and I will go up and see what I can do, and then come along to you."

"God bless ye, mem," said Sandy as he turned away.

Splitting with repressed laughter I went up the hill and told my neighbour that "the village" was daft to find out who her dressed man visitor was. "But I have had no visitors save yourself this week," cried she, laughing, "and I have been so busy among my flowers that I have not been beyond my own gate, so I cannot have missed any one—not even the piano tuner—they call him a "dressed man," I know, and, what is more, he carries a "clad-stick," which is their name for an umbrella."

"Well, they are a droll lot with their 'dressed men' and their 'clothed sticks,'" said I; then she cried, "Oh, I see what it is! Michael, the grocer's man in ——, who generally calls here for orders once a fortnight is ill, so a rather nice-looking boy, about eighteen or so, came in his place yesterday. The postman pointed out the way up here, and he asked me to direct him on to the Moor farm, so I let him out at the high gate and showed him the footpath on the hillside."

"Ah, that is it," said I, "but what shall we tell the village folk—they will simply kill themselves watching the path up here," laughed I. "Yes," said she, "that is true—but Sandy knows Michael, who is ill, so, if we tell him, he will be delighted, for he loves to put things right."

Sandy never "heeded muckle" about either marriages or christenings, but funerals were much to his mind, and well do I remember when he was "sore put aboot, couldna steek an e'e a' nicht wonderin' hoo the warld he was to manage, seein' that Mistress Hay was comin' frae the wast, and Mistrees Broon frae the east, an' baith to be at the kirkyard yett at ane o'clock. Wull ye tell me, mem, hoo in

the warld I am to convoy them baith? What ever wull I dae, for there was Mistress Hay wad never aloo onybody but me to saw her peas, na; an' Mistress Broon, puir body, aye so kind, maun hae me a hale week to cut her braw hedge an' evergreens, an' prune her berry-bushes."

On the morning of this eventful day Sandy came along to tell me: "It's a' richt, mem, they hae put Mistress Hay forward half-an-'oor, and put Mistress Broon back twenty minutes, so, noo, we can meet Mistress Hay at the far end o' the toon, an' talk' her yont, and put her in, an' hap her, or we start aff to meet Mistress Broon at the tap o' the Kirk-brae. Oh, ay, it's jist managed gran' so as no to affront either corp."

In our village I have learned that it is not proper to talk of people as "friends," unless you mean that they are relations. Oh, no! "acquaintances" is the proper term.

I have met in Sandy's cottage a queer soul, an "acquaintance" of his, who describes the killing of a pig, or "the streiking oot" of a neighbour's corpse in much the same way. I have grown used to it now.

"Aweel, Sandy, ye wull ken hoo that Andra's pig is killed? Oh, it was a bonnie pig!—ye see, he feeds his pig that weel. Ay, the heaviest pig killed this year, an' sic white pork—sae weel bled! The potted-head was gran', ye wad get a dish? Oh, ay, an' sae much inside-meat! I never saw sic puddin's, baith black an' white, an' a few wi' currants in them." Then, turning to me: "Oh, Mistress —— I was that sorry ye did not gang doon to see John Tamson's corp. Oh, he made a pretty corp, that pure and white! Ay, ye see, wi' his leg bein' taen off that high up wi' the railway train, there was not a drop o' blood left in him; that was hoo he keeped sae weel; ay, an' sic a braw coffin!—an' sic gran' flo'ers, baith crosses an' chaplets. No that I gang in wi' flo'ers masel whan the widow an' seven bairns are a' to be put on oor parish."

"Na! na!" put in Sandy, "far better to hae gi'en the money to his widow, puir body; but, mind ye, I like to see a weel decked grave in the kirk-yard, wi' growin' flo'ers. A white lily on a grave aye makes me think o' a Redeemed Spirit in Heaven; an' as for the wee bit white snowdrops comin' up through the green grass, they seem like the sinless infants wha win awa' or sin or care can hurt them."

Dear old Sandy, well do I know that thou art within the golden gates of God's garden—at rest in the promised land. J. H. S.

The Broom of the Cowdenknowes.

THE river Leader sweeps past the western base of the classic Cowdenknowes, and merrily goes on its way to join the Tweed, the queen-river of the Border district. These picturesque and well-known hills were once covered with a luxuriant growth of the wild broom shrub, and were the scene of the familiar ballad:—

> The Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
> The Broom of the Cowdenknows.

The plant is not so plentiful on these hills as once it was, but many a plaintive tale is associated with it, and in many a Scottish emigrant's garden in far-off lands, in America or beneath the Southern Cross, are carefully-tended shrubs that have been grown from seeds gathered at the Cowdenknowes. The heart of the Scot in that far-away home of his beats strong when anything reminds him of the native land he loves so much.

"Yellow and bright as bullion unalloyed," the broom is found growing in secluded places, on rugged mountain sides, or in stony places of little worth to the farmer or the grazier. In olden times the boy who went bird-nesting and clambered up some rocky bank where it was growing, would not willingly tread or tear it down, and the farmer would bid his labourers to leave untouched this bright and yellow flowering shrub, while many a wild flower would be ruthlessly removed or destroyed by them, for the broom was not only cheering to look upon, but its many valuable qualities were known and appreciated.

A decoction made from the young green tops of the plant, taken every morning and evening, was considered a remedy for dropsy, and an infusion of the seeds, drunk freely, was considered equally beneficial. Under its technical name, "Scoparius," the broom supplies the medicine that the modern physician prescribes for this disease.

Pliny tells us how fishermen made nets from its fibres, which were obtained by steeping the branches in water; and we read how many a careful housewife in Scotland used to procure a good kind of flax by the same process, which she spun with great success, while the cottage or the rick would be thatched with it.

Those useful household articles, carpet brooms, were made from the young twigs. Children gathered them in the spring-time;

they went forth in the early morning, with provision for the day, and returned at evening with loaded baskets; from the making of these brooms, the older members of the family derived no little pecuniary advantage. The mention of this homely article of domestic use recalls to mind those "Buy-a-Broom" girls, whose quaint appearance and song excited attention long years ago. These girls came from Holland, and made a fair amount of money by the selling of their brooms.

The broom has played its part in history, rivalling that of the thistle or the rose, for a sprig of the "Genista" (its mediæval name) was adopted as his badge by Geoffroi, Duke of Anjou, the father of Henry the Second of England. He gathered that wild flower, so the story runs, while passing through a rocky defile, where on either side some bushes of yellow broom were growing, clinging firmly to the rocks and upholding the crumbling soil. "And thus," said he, "shall that golden plant ever be my cognizance, rooted firmly amid rocks and yet upholding that which is ready to fall. I will bear it in my crest, at battle-fields if need be, at tournaments, and when dispensing justice." Thus saying, the warrior fixed the branch in triumph in his helmet and pursued his way. Not only did the Duke adopt this beautiful wild flower as his emblem, but he also took the name of Plantagenet (planta genista) and transmitted that name to a line of kingly descendants who all bore it, from Henry the Second—called by historians the "first sprig of Genista"—to the "Hunch-backed Richard," the last of that line of kings.

On the great seal of Richard the First can be seen the broom, its first heraldic appearance; and in the stained glass window of the Tudor chapel of Henry the Seventh in Westminster Abbey, it is introduced, "probably," says Hulme (familiar wild flowers) "employed simply from its beauty, apart from any symbolic significance."

It was adopted by the ancient order of Knighthood, the "Cosse de Genest," established by St Louis of France on the occasion of his marriage in the year 1234. The collar of the order being composed of the broom flower and the Fleur-de-lys, with the motto, "Exultat Nenniles."

Poets have sung the praise of the "Long yellow blossoming broom," have recognised its beauty, and, as the heather diffuses a purple hue over the hills, so the broom and the furze spread a golden light as wondrous and no less beautiful, clothing the waste-lands with a glory all their own. With their brightness and glow of vivid colour, seen in the shifting lift of a summer day, they add a peculiar charm to the Border glens and moorlands.

There is one spot near Hawick where the broom in the month of June can be seen in all its pride—at Goldielands. Has the very name of that ancient Border Keep no significance? For the broom and the whin are still there.

J. B. Brown.

Tweed.

Good-bye again, sweet, silver Tweed!
How fair thou art in April weather,
With cattle browsing on thy banks
And lammies trotting by their mither.

When first I saw thy radiant face
In tumbling pool and shining shallow,
I thought the sweetest spot on earth
The junction o' the Tweed and Gala.

What wandering streams unite in thee
To sing together to the ocean,
Reminding mortals seeking rest
The only royal road is motion.

The wooing winds of every clime
Came down upon the sea to kiss it,
And bore thee up on angel wings
And sent thee ower the land to bless it.

And green the fields by Tushielaw,
And sweet the linties sing in Yarrow,
The primrose decks the Fairy Dean,
And spring appears in hedge and furrow.

The oorie mist, the sleet and snaw,
The driving rain ower hill and heather,
Have cheered the landscape far and wide,
And now are singing hame together.

O why should age desponding be
When gloaming brings us calmer weather,
We've filled our mission just like thee,
And both are going home forever.

Peter Taylor.

The feverish restlessness that characterises modern life is fast reducing the ranks of those tenant farmers who occupy the holdings that have sheltered successive generations of their ancestors. In Ayrshire agricultural circles there is at present much regret that Mr Hugh Sloan, whose family have tilled the Ochiltree farm of Plotcock for upwards of two hundred years, has severed his connection with the district. During their long tenure, the Sloans have come into intimate contact with many who were afterwards destined to occupy niches in the temple of fame. Robert Burns was a frequent visitor to the district, where he had, among other intimate friends, James Tennant of Glenconner and William Simson, parish schoolmaster, the "Winsome Willie" of one of his rhyming epistles. More prominent figures in the eyes of their contemporaries were Lord Auchinleck, an eminent Scottish Judge; James Boswell, the biographer of Samuel Johnson, and his son Sir Alexander, who were successively heritors in the parish.

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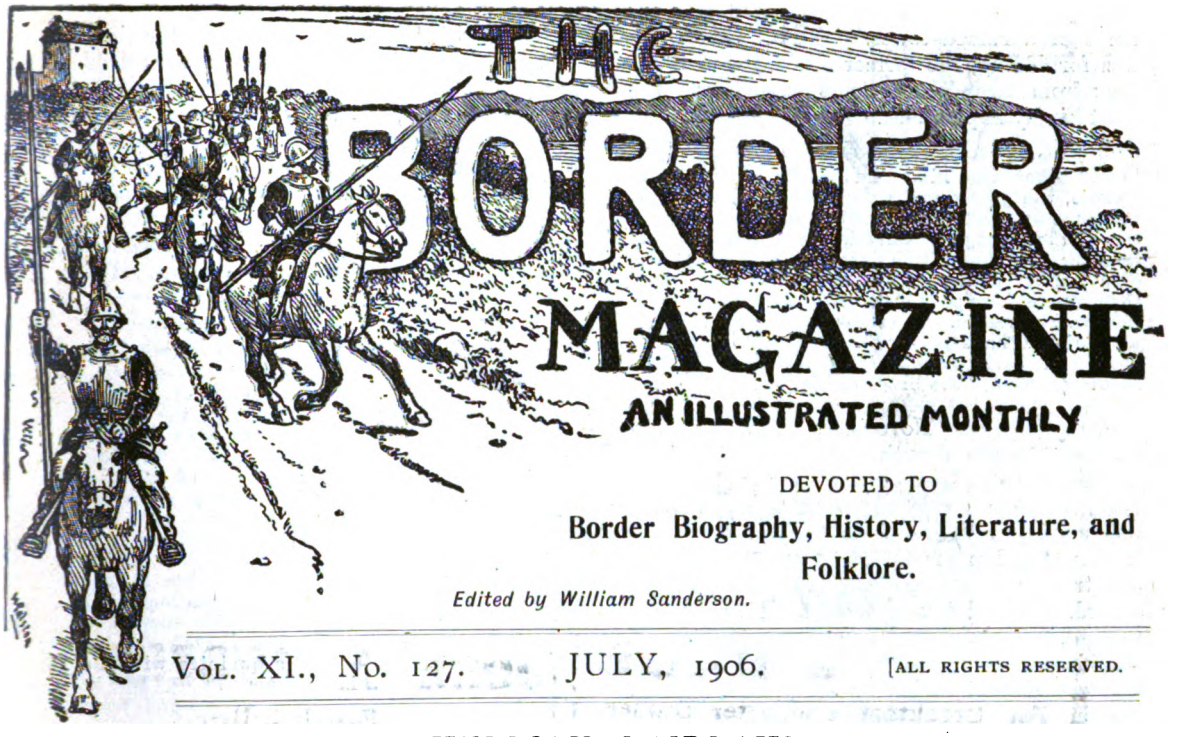
WILLIAM LAIDLAW.



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WILLIAM LAIDLAW,

THE AUTHOR OF "LUCY'S FLITTIN'."

BY GEORGE WATSON, EDINBURGH.

IN his tale "The Brownie of Bodsbeck" (chapter xiv.) the Ettrick Shepherd, whose mother was a Laidlaw, makes one of his characters—a Highlander—comment to one of the name upon the origin of the Laidlaws. In the days of King Robert of Scotland, according to this source, there was a stalwart Highlander named Letulloch Macpherson, who, having done much havoc against the English, was rewarded by that monarch with a grant of a large tract of land in the Lowlands. His new neighbours, however (the Highlander goes on to state), could not pronounce the name "Letulloch," attaining only the approximation "Leadlea"—again corrupted by the "Sassenach" into "Little,"—whence, he states, all those of the Laidlaw family are Macphersons.

How far this is true it is foreign to the present subject either to verify or to discuss. If we may believe a tradition which Sir Walter Scott used to recount, the Laidlaws, in the reign of Queen Mary, were both rich and prosperous, and held rank amongst the best gentry in the vale of the Tweed. The head of the clan, however, married a woman who is said to have had some knowledge of the black arts, and by her the curse was pronounced that after the ninth generation the Laidlaws would be landless. "And now," Scott was wont to say, "look round you in this country, and sure enough the Laidlaws are one and all landless men, with the exception of Auld Nippy." By and bye the "curse" affected Auld Nippy also,—a distant relation of the subject of this sketch,—and he too in due course was stripped of his lands.

But the Laidlaws were not reduced to extremities; the curse affected only their domains. A century ago many of the stock were influential farmers in the valleys of Yarrow and Ettrick. With the Laidlaws of Blackhouse, a farm at the junction of Craighope and Douglas Burns, on the hilly slopes of Yarrow where the county of Selkirk borders upon Peeblesshire, we are specially interested. "A solitary and interesting place is Blackhouse!" says Carruthers in his "Abbotsford Notanda"; "a wild extensive sheep-walk, with its complement of traditional story, and the suitable accompani-

ment of a ruined tower." But if the region was forbidding, the farmer's house was inviting; from it Sir Walter Scott carried away the most kindly impressions.

"I have the best reason to believe," says Lockhart, "that the kind and manly character of Dandie, the gentle and delicious one of his wife, and some at least of the most picturesque peculiarities of the menage at Charlieshope, were filled up from Scott's observation, years after this period, of a family, with one of whose members he had, through the best part of his life, a close and affectionate connexion. To those who are familiar with him, I have perhaps already sufficiently indicated the early home of his dear friend, William Laidlaw, among 'the braes of Yarrow.'"

Here, on 19th November, 1780, William Laidlaw, the gifted author of "Lucy's Flittin'," was born, the oldest of three sons; here for many years he dwelt. Here also James Hogg was employed for ten years as shepherd by William Laidlaw's father, for whom the Ettrick minstrel ever afterwards had the greatest regard, since the farmer acted more as a father to him than as a master. When Hogg came to Blackhouse as a shepherd in 1790 William Laidlaw was Hogg's junior by about nine years; but on account of a similarity of dispositions there grew up between them a strong friendship. In their tastes indeed, in their contributing to the wealth of Scottish poetry, and in their unsuccessful farming ventures, there is much in common in the two.

At Blackhouse Laidlaw spent the first twenty-two years of his life in comparative obscurity, until the advent of the Great Wizard into these regions should draw him forth into the light of the world. He had received an education which, taking into consideration the times, and the remoteness of his abode from any centre of learning, may be termed excellent; and his tastes, fostered by his friend Hogg, early turned towards poetry.

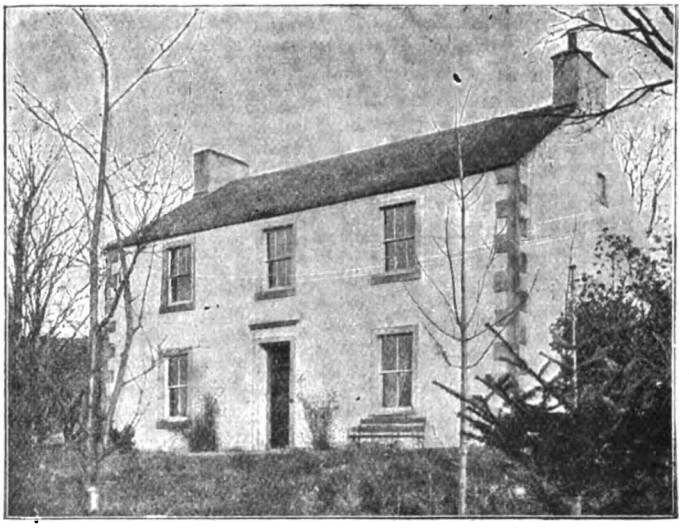
Our poet friend partook of the natural characteristics of the Laidlaws, who were of more than average strength, and excelled in athletic exercises. Laidlaw himself indulged in athletic sports, much to the displeasure of his father and his uncle. Of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry, which was raised in 1797, he was early a member, and it was in this capacity, when twenty years of age, that he first saw Sir Walter Scott. The great novelist had been appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire on 16th September, 1799, and when, shortly after his appointment, he came to Selkirk in his official capacity, the Yeomanry, under the command of Captain Pringle, were mustered to receive him. On that occasion William Laidlaw was on the right of the rear rank; in front of him was Archibald Park (the eldest brother of Mungo Park), a tall, rough fellow, who, when Scott appeared in full view, turned round to Laidlaw, and observed in a characteristic growl what a strong chiel Scott would have been "had his left leg been like his right ane!"

James Hogg early found in William Laidlaw a close friend and confidential adviser. The earliest letter preserved that was written by the Ettrick Shepherd, indeed, is one written to Laidlaw in January, 1801, in which the writer says—

"So ill have I taken the revolt of the Gipsy, that I have shut myself up, for the most part, in the house, and much in bed ever since. Yet this short interval from business has proved fatal. I know you will stare now with your great round eyes. 'Fatal!' you will say, 'preserve us.' Yes, William, it has proved fatal, and I will tell it to you, though I have not told it to another in the world. I have committed a murder; for I have actually put an end to the Scotch gentleman. I have relieved you from your question now, and will proceed to speak of his end gravely, as becomes a Christian. You were acquainted with his character and part of his progress. . . . But in short, I will be extremely glad of a hand from you at his resurrection. But how I shall attain it I don't see. . . ."

This part of his letter apparently has reference to one of the characters in a poem of Hogg's. Possibly no consequences arose out of his putting the character "to death"; but in a similar case of dealing too freely with the subject of his poem the result was less happy. In 1801 Hogg brought out, with undue haste—of which the work shows evidences,—a little book entitled "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, etc.," this being his first work. In one of his poems he made severe reflections on Lord Napier, an extensive landowner in Ettrick Forest; and Hogg's friends reproached him for having done so. This oversight was nearly the means of a breach between the two poets. "I see my error," the Ettrick Shepherd wrote to Laidlaw, who usually acquainted Hogg of any improprieties in his poems; "but what ailed both you and Clarkson, who had both perused the manuscript, that you had not told me sooner? It is madness to talk of losing the whole impression; to do that, you know, is entirely out of my power." But Hogg was as warm-hearted as he was impulsive, and he readily forgave his friend Laidlaw for the fault which he laid to his charge. Had Hogg acted on the sound advice given him by Laidlaw, this difference would probably not have occurred. "My friend

Mr William Laidlaw," Hogg writes about three years after this little incident, "has often remonstrated with me, in vain, on the necessity of a revisal of my pieces; but, in spite of him, I held fast my integrity. I said I would try to write the next better, but that should remain as it was. He was the only person who for many years ever pretended to discover the least merit in my essays." Perhaps Hogg's best tribute to the sympathy and advice he received from his friend is to be found in his "Farewell to Ettrick." In this poem, written on the occasion of his departure to Harris, the Ettrick Shepherd, after bidding farewell to his native hills and vales, and stating that he must away to "yon rough isle," says of Laidlaw:—



TRAQUAIR KNOWE.
Block kindly lent by Messrs A. & C. Black, publishers of "The Scott Country."

An' my dear Will! how will I fen',
Without thy kind an' ardent care?
Without thy verse-inspirin' pen,
My muse will sleep an' sing nae mair.

Of the venerable Parish Church of Yarrow, which is at present being renovated, Laidlaw and Hogg were members, and worshipped regularly within its walls.

During the years 1800 and 1801 Sir Walter Scott had devoted a large amount of time to the collection of material for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and some of his friends were helping him to procure information and ballads from every conceivable source. In the meantime Laidlaw had made the acquaintance of Mr Andrew Mercer of Selkirk (who is best known for his "History of Dunfermline"), and the latter, wishing to assist Scott in obtaining some old ballads, wrote to Laidlaw for his aid in this quest. It was a task after Laidlaw's own heart, and he ardently set to work to collect material—making inquiries, and writing down from the repeating of old women and the singing of servant girls everything that savoured of antiquity. When in this pursuit he was constantly annoyed, first, at finding how much the false taste and affectation of Allan Ramsay had superseded many of the most striking and beautiful of the old songs and ballads of which Laidlaw found traces; and secondly, on discovering that Scott was rather late in coming into this field, many of the ancient ballads and songs having long passed into oblivion with those who knew them by heart. Through the instrumentality of Hogg, however, he was able to procure the ballad of "Auld Maitland," which he soon had the pleasure of giving to Scott himself.

The first meetings of Scott and Laidlaw are fortunately recorded by the latter, who, a year or so before his death,* wrote his "Recollec-

*The MS. is undated, but internal evidence indicates that it was written about the years 1843-45. To Sophia Scott, who died in 1837, Laidlaw refers in terms as if she were no longer alive; while the Ettrick Shepherd is spoken of as "poor Hogg." Still more to be relied on are Laidlaw's words that "it is now nearly fifty years" since Hogg's introduction to Scott, which took place in 1802. This, however, must not be taken literally, as Laidlaw died in 1845.

tions of Sir Walter Scott (1802-1804)." The manuscript of these "Recollections" has been referred to and quoted extensively by Dr Carruthers in his "Abbotsford Notanda," but it has been reserved to Mr James Sinton, of Eastfield, Musselburgh, to produce it in its entirety. By the permission of the Curators of the Edinburgh University Library, where the manuscript is preserved among the Laing Collection of MSS., Mr Sinton copied these valuable "Recollections," and contributed the paper, with the addition of explanatory notes of his own, to the Hawick Archæological Society's "Transactions," the paper having been read at the November meeting, 1905, and thus made accessible to all admirers of Scott and lovers of the Borders. A limited number of copies were thrown off for private circulation, and the present writer has before him one of these, a booklet of 10 pp., the frontispiece being "WILLIAM LAIDLAW: from a drawing by Sir William Allan, P.R.S.A., R.A., in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery" (reproduced in the present number of the BORDER MAGAZINE). For the production of this valuable picture of the inner life of the Great Wizard the world of letters is much indebted to Mr Sinton's thought and care. From it we make no scruple to quote extensively, since it reveals the "person" of Scott, of Leyden, and also of Laidlaw himself.

Accompanied by Leyden, Scott came to Blackhouse, provided with a letter from Mr Mercer, and also a note of introduction from Laidlaw's friend, Mr Clarkson of Selkirk. Thereupon Scott began to make inquiries regarding the Douglas Tower, close to the farm, to which Laidlaw was ready to reply, recounting both tradition and history. The following is a vivid picture of what followed:—

"I then," Laidlaw writes, "went and produced 'Auld Maitland,' as Hogg had sent it written in his own hand from his uncle's and his mother's recitation. Leyden seemed inclined to lay hands on the MS., but Mr Scott said quietly that he would read it. Instantly, both he and Leyden, from their knowledge of the subject, saw and felt that the ballad was undoubtedly ancient, and their eyes sparkled as they exchanged looks. Mr Scott read with great fluency 'con amore,' and with much proper emphasis and enthusiasm, all which entirely gained my heart. Leyden was like a roused lion. He paced the room from side to side, clapped his hands, and repeated after Mr Scott such old expressions as echoed the spirit of hatred to the Southerns as struck his fancy. I had never seen anything like this, and although the Sheriff was likewise excited, so that his 'burr' became very perceptible, yet he kept his feelings quite under command. But I considered Leyden not at all in his senses, and some young English gentleman who had fixed himself upon Mr Scott and was crazed on the subject of old ballads."

Thereafter both Leyden and Scott set out towards Mr Ballantyne's at Whithope, near Yarrow Manse, where they were engaged to dine; and as Mr Ballantyne was Laidlaw's uncle, the young poet found in this a pretext to get his horse ready to accompany the two great Border minstrels.

"There was not a minute of silence," says Laidlaw, "as we rode down the narrow glen and over by the way of Dryhope, to get a view of St Mary's Loch, and of the Peel Tower. When we entered the Hawkshawdoors, a pass between Blackhouse and Dryhope, and where a beautiful view of the lake opens at once to the traveller, Leyden, as I expected, was so struck with the scene, that he suddenly stopped with an exclamation of 'That's grand!'—sprang from his horse, which he gave to Mr Scott's servant, and stood in silence for a few minutes, admiring the fine Alpine prospect. Mr Scott said less, but, as this was the first time he had seen the lake of St Mary's, doubtless more was passing in his mind than appeared, and this is one of the first points of view of this beautiful lake. Often, when returning home, with my fishing-rod, had I turned at this place and admired the fine effect of the setting sun and the approaching twilight, and when I found it admired by those whom I thought likely to judge of and be affected by its beauty, I felt the same sort of pleasure as when I found that Walter Scott was delighted with Hogg."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dr J. A. H. Murray, whose name has achieved a world-wide celebrity in connection with the great Dictionary, has been the recipient of many honours from universities and learned societies: but the tale of such recognitions of his philological scholarship is not yet complete. The busy little town of Hawick, where Dr Murray spent a good many years in scholastic work, proposes to confer upon him the honorary freedom of the burgh. Dr Murray's native village of Denholm lies a few miles distant from Hawick. In the same village was born John Leyden, the friend of Scott, whose too early death in the East robbed the world of a man of extraordinary genius, whose poetic and linguistic accomplishments had borne a rich fruit and given promise of a yet richer harvest. As everything relating to the Oxford Dictionary is of interest, it may be worth recalling that when Dr Murray was at Mill Hill he had a special iron building erected in his garden, where the various slips sent in by readers were arranged and stored. This structure, which someone called a "lexicographical laboratory," attracted many visitors. Among these was Mr Gladstone, who showed the keenest interest in the work there being carried on: another was a German, who seems to have been greatly amused at the idea of erecting a special building for the Dictionary. "How thoroughly English!" he exclaimed. "You English, when you have a work to do, build a house to do it in: a German scholar would sit down and do it in his garret."

A Border Landmark.

The auld Roon Hoose, the Wishin' Stane,
The cherished Velvet Knowe,
Auld Archie's Cot, now Arthur's Seat,
And Scotts across the howe.

IN the estimate of all loyal Langholmites the Roon Hoose ranks next the Monument in importance as a landmark. Visitors coming into or going out of the muckle toon by way of the toonfit have their attention attracted by the circular tower which occupies a conspicuous site overlooking the valley of the Esk.

THE ROUND HOUSE.
From Photo by George McRobert, Edinburgh.

The Watch Knowe on which the Round House stands, in olden times when might was right and Border feuds the order of the day, is supposed to have served as a look-out or watch place. A visit to the eminence at once shows how admirably it would serve the purpose.

Apart from the many associations which now gather around the knoll, it commands some of the finest views in the Borderland. Hence its popularity with natives and incomers alike. Once on the spot and one understands why the walk to it is so popular. Every prospect pleases.

Beneath is the famed Skipper's Bridge and the foaming Esk. Hills with heath and verdure crowned rise in front and behind. The Northward sweep covers Langholm, its beautiful suburbs, the glittering waters, the Lodge of the Buccleuchs, Peden's View, and innumerable Eskdale hills as they tower to the sky. In the south view there is a stretch of wood and water which for picturesqueness cannot easily be equalled. The eye covers historic Broomholm, Canonbie Lea, and many haunts of the Border clans, with the Cumberland hills beyond.

No one seems to know when the landmark was raised, but the proprietor's ancestor erected the house and threw it open to the public as a place of rest and shelter. Unfortunately it has been frequently badly handled by young vandalists. Again it is in need of the hand of the restorer.

During recent summers the Watch Knowe has been the scene of some striking outdoor preachings. The large number of hearers, in varied Sunday garb, covering its sides and those of the neighbouring Velvet Knowe, formed a memorable picture. The ring of the Auld Hundred and the sound of the preacher's voice were to many in the distance suggestive of Covenanting times.

THE ROUND HOUSE.
From Photo by B. Pringle, Langholm

"There is a wee Roon Hoosie that stan's by itsel',
Far away frae th' din o' th' toon,
'Mid scenes that for beauty there's nocht can excel,
Tho' 'e tramp the hale country-side roon'."

Since the above was written the interior and roof of the ancient landmark has been completely destroyed by fire. It was discovered ablaze early one morning in May, and its destruction is supposed to have been the work of a mad man. Our second photo, by Miss B. Pringle, Langholm, taken from the hill, shows the Roon Hoose as it now stands. Various proposals are on foot regarding its future That, however, will lie with the laird o' Broomholm, through whose generosity it was erected and maintained. Many Langholmites at home and abroad were much distressed on learning of the calamity which had overtaken the object of many a Sabbath evening's saunter.

G. M. R.

Death of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., of The Glen.

FULL of years and with a splendid record of work for his day and generation, the master of one of the most beautiful homes in the Borderland passed to his rest on the 5th June, 1906. Sir Charles Tennant, the first Baronet of his race, was so widely known that it requires but few words from us to commemorate his worth. In the first volume of the BORDER MAGAZINE we penned a biographical sketch of the departed prince of commerce, and the high opinions we then expressed of his worth can be repeated with emphasis now that he has

"Wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyaird
When a' was dune."

All ranks of society, from the King downwards, paid tributes to the departed, and general sympathy was expressed for Lady Tennant and the other members of the bereaved family.

On Friday, 8th June, he was laid to rest in the family burying-ground at Traquair amid many tributes of respect and regard. The coffin containing the body of the late Baronet was conveyed on the previous evening from Broadoaks, Surrey, where he passed away, to Innerleithen Station, where it arrived early on Friday morning. By the same train there travelled a number of the relatives of the deceased, including Marguerite, Lady Tennant, Sir Edward Tennant, Bart., M.P.; Mr H. J. Tennant, M.P., and Mrs Tennant; the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mrs Asquith, Lady Ribblesdale, Mr Graham Smith, and Mrs Graham Smith.

Awaiting the arrival of the train were a number of the workmen on the Glen estate, by whom the coffin was borne to a hearse. A procession was immediately formed for Traquair Church, where the coffin was to receive a temporary resting-place prior to the public obsequies. The gentlemen of the party walked behind the hearse, while the ladies were seated in carriages. Even at that early hour—half-past seven o'clock—there was a large turnout of townspeople. At the church the mourners were met by the Rev. Jardine Wallace, minister of the parish, and an old friend of the family. The coffin was removed from the hearse, and borne into the church, and placed on a catafalque in front of the communion table. A short service was conducted by the Rev. Mr Wallace, and at its close the mourners retired to Kirk House, the residence of Sir Edward Tennant, which is within a few yards of the church and manse of Traquair.

The service at the grave was beautiful and impressive. From the church door the coffin was borne on the shoulders of estate workmen, most of whom had been in Sir Charles Tennant's service for the last thirty years, to the grave through a line of Volunteers, the pipers meanwhile playing the "Lament." The Volunteers were about sixty in number, and were drawn from the local company of the 6th V.B.R.S., which the deceased had been instrumental in forming, and of which he was Captain at its formation. The mourners were headed by Sir Edward Tennant, who had on his arm Marguerite Lady Tennant. As the procession wended its way slowly round the churchyard, the wailing of the pipes and the throb of the muffled drums echoing through the trees, the black garb of the mourners contrasting with the green of the luxuriant verdure, combined to make up a scene most striking and deeply impressive. At the grave, which was lined with ivy and forget-me-nots, a brief committal service was conducted by Mr Wallace as the body was laid in its last resting place. In honour of their former Captain three volleys were discharged by a firing party of the Volunteers under the command of Captain Ballantyne.

On the following Sunday a very large congregation assembled in Traquair Parish

Church, many being present from Innerleithen. Marguerite, Lady Tennant, and two lady friends occupied The Glen pew in the gallery. The Rev. Jardine Wallace officiated, and all the music was appropriate to the sad occasion. The text was Philippians i. 23-24, and in an excellent discourse the rev. gentleman referred fully to death as a change, a sleep, and a departure. At the close he said that it was not his custom—and he looked upon it as unbecoming—to enter into any details to excite the emotions, for such passed away like the morning cloud or the early dew. It was rather the minister's duty to appeal to the living, and to impress on them to imitate the virtues of him whose loss they all deplored. They could not tell how long they might enjoy the gift of life. Duty called them to be up and doing. Time was short, Eternity was long, and they should all heed the warnings addressed to them. At the close of a most impressive service, the "Dead March" in "Saul" was played, the congregation upstanding the while.

A worthy sire is succeeded by a worthy son, and we feel sure that Sir Edward Tennant Bart., M.P., the new laird, will keep alive the best traditions of the far-famed Glen.

Kelso Associations.

By Sir George Douglas, Bart.

AT the recent opening of the Kelso Free Library, Sir George Douglas, Bart., made one of those exquisite literary orations for which he has become famous, and we have pleasure in reproducing the report of that portion of the proceedings from the "Kelso Chronicle":—

Sir George Douglas had a particularly hearty reception on rising to propose "Kelso Public Library," and he did not belie expectation. Indeed, it may truly be said that the oration ranks as one of the best ever delivered by Sir George, for delivery as well as matter. He said—It is with pride and pleasure that I rise to congratulate Kelso on its Free Library as an accomplished fact. The enlightened munificence of Dr Carnegie, seconded by the spirited decision of the ratepayers, has enriched the town with an institution whose possibilities for good are simply beyond calculation. May those possibilities beturned to full account! Until now, Kelso has possessed no adequate Library. Yet there are grounds for believing it peculiarly appropriate that she *should* possess one. In the first place Kelso is, comparatively speaking, a city of the leisured—it is, I think, a blessed distinction. Here, in our gentle, almost Arcadian, peace.

Where Tempe rises in the dale of Tweed

(so Leyden sang): here—where our noble river, seaward bound, turns, midway in its free majestic course, to enfold as if with love this favoured ground whereon our town is set—here, over-pressure is, I hope, I think, unknown. Our time is much at our own disposal; we may do with it what we will. And so we may possess our minds in quietness, and snatch some salvage from the flying hours for culture of those "seed-plots of eternity." In this our Library should stead us well. Or, to look back—in the rich associations, blended and entwined, which make our Kelso what she is—associations ever present to those who look with more than the mere fleshly eye and see beyond the obvious—associations varied, sometimes grandiose—memories of monarchs crowned and monarchs dead; of revolution, warfare, change; memories of holy men and of monastic life, which cluster still beneath that lantern-tower which crowns King David's pile, and still, after seven hundred years, commands and dominates our daily life: in this rich many-tinted braid of association the literary strand is not the least. I will not seek to disentangle it; it is enough to touch it at a point or two. In those old days, when the prosperity of Kelso Abbey reached its zenith, the fair humanities were not forgotten there: letters graced its cloistral quiet. Of the abbots, two, at least—Herbert and Ernald—were known as authors, writing on grave themes. Walter, the Prior, who flourished in the latter half of the 12th century, wrote on a subject which, under changed conditions, has not ceased to exercise us yet: the freedom of the Church in Scotland. A school taught by the monks enjoyed good repute; a collection of charters formed by them is still preserved in Edinburgh. Our Library, opened to-day, prolongs this good tradition. But these things are remote. With your permission, I take six centuries in my stride. At Floors Castle, then, during the 18th century, flourished John Ker, third Duke of Roxburghe, the famous book-collector, a man of a fine literary enthusiasm. His books from Caxton's press, his broadside ballads, his unique Boccaccio—these live in literary history. He imported into his ruling passion a touch of extravagance which recalls the Renaissance; and, beneath the impetus by him imparted, the not ignoble lust of bibliomania attained its highest point. In the same century, here, in a garden by the river, on a forenoon in summer, the boy that would be Sir Walter Scott was awakened to the glamour of the past. Thro' an old book its spell was cast upon him, and' thro' him, upon us, upon the world. Could we identify the spot where Scott first devoured Bishop Percy's Reliques, we should do well to mark it with an inscribed stone. For the results of that morning's reading have been momentous and beneficent. And, with a little trouble, the spot might yet be traced. At a later date—indeed, within living memory—Horatius Bonar, before his change of views, ministered in our North Kirk. In those days the periodic publication of the "Kelso Tracts" was eagerly looked for; whilst Bonar's booklet called "The Night of Weeping" attained a huge circulation. These things are now obsolete. But one of Dr Bonar's hymns is still held by competent judges to be the best in our language. Only one remir-

iscence more. The Angler-Poet, Thomas Stoddart, chose Kelso for his home, and here gave himself up to the idyllic life, the pursuit of his meditative hobby. So doing, he forewent perhaps the making of a greater name. And yet, perhaps, he chose the better part. At any rate, there are those of us who still cherish his racy dialogues, still follow the rambles of Tom Otter and Jack Leister, still rise with pleasure to his poetic vein, expressed in dainty song and musing fancy. To-day Mr Stoddart's daughter, the biographer of John Stuart Blackie, of St Francis of Assisi, and of Isabella Bird, continues the literary tradition of her family with credit and distinction in our midst. So I have brought my record up to date. A town which can boast traditions such as these deserves to have a Library. And now one word as to the Library. A Library is essentially a democratic institution: it knows nought of exclusiveness. It is, as 'twere, a rich and boundless country stretched before us; and it is there for who will conquer it, and make its wealth his own. *There* is a gage for the adventurous—the fortunate youth, the happy prince, be he whoe'er he may! The lists are open; the herald has proclaimed the contest; the challenge is to all comers? Who will embark on this superb adventure? Who will bring home this golden fleece? None is so poor, unfriended, sad at heart, that he shall be refused his chance. For the boons and consolations of a Library are in their nature free: "in widest commonalty spread," they are as catholic, as all-embracing, as are those greater boons and higher consolations of Christianity itself. What fairer fortune, or what higher privilege, could fall to us than this: to be made free of the great minds of all the ages? And this our Library affords us—to sit at sages' feet, to commune with the gifted, to hear as with the spiritual ear the speech of lips divine—Plato, Spinosa, Berkeley, and Novalis; Virgil, Petrarch, and Dante; Sidney and Milton; Racine and Schiller; Bacon, Newton, Darwin—it is such as these I mean: Nazarites of learning; Chrysostoms, golden-mouthed and silver-tongued; Astrophels of sublime Arcadias; Galahads, from boyhood self-devoted, the mystic Sangreal of whose selfless quest is abstract Truth and Beauty—names which, to utter merely, or to hear pronounced, is to feel our hearts uplifted by the thought of somewhat loftier than ourselves inhabiting man's form —somewhat less earthly gross, more purely spiritual, raised to a higher term of intellectual power, destined to triumph over the common lot, evading Atropos and her abhorred shears, to taste of immortality! —To know such men as these is among the gifts with which Dr Carnegie's Library endows us. Most heartily do I wish it prosperity—do I commend it to your earnest, reverent, discriminating use. I have pleasure in proposing "Prosperity to Kelso Public Library, coupled with the names of Dr Carnegie and Dr Morrison.

What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace?—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.

"Lady of the Lake."

The Romance of the Romany.

THOUGH the recent invasion by German gipsies was not a thing to be desired, yet it has had the effect of once more drawing public attention to these peculiar people. We in the Borderland have been long familiar with the gipsy race, and they have a warm place in our hearts, even though we do occasionally say, "Scour the duds o' Yetholm." Unfortunately the few wanderers (detached from the large body of the continental gipsies) who visited the Borderland were not very good representatives, yet we rejoice that they met with much kindness from the Borderers—treatment which was in marked contrast to what they received in some other parts of the country. We came into close contact with the tribe which was in Glasgow for many weeks, and we found them a most interesting and intelligent people. The Romance of the Romany is not dead yet by any means, and we would strongly urge our readers to get the works by George Borrow. We have before us a fine edition on thin paper issued by the well-known publisher, John Lane, The Bodley Head, London. The volumes include "The Romany Rye," "The Bible in Spain," "Lavengro," and "Zincali," and are marvels of cheapness. Bound in cloth with gilt top, they extend to nearly 600 pages each, and are sold at 1s 6d net. We may again refer to this subject, but seeing we have several contributors dealing with the gipsies, we content ourselves with quoting the following paragraphs contributed by a Border gentleman to an evening paper, which is well-known for its frequent good Border notes.

What is the difference between a gipsy and a tinker? An exhaustive answer to this query will be given in a work, which is at present engaging the attention of Mr Andrew M'Cormick, a well-known Gallovidian gipsyologist. A few years ago Mr M'Cormick discovered that the Marshalls, Macmillans, Gordons, and other nomadic families, who have long peregrinated Galloway, possessed a language, which was almost entirely devoid of either Celtic or Anglo-Saxon elements. This proved to be rich in words of Romany origin; and the claims of the wanderers to be considered descendants of the Egyptians, who invaded not merely Britain, but various Continental countries, in the course of the fifteenth century has thus been established. It is interesting to recall that this familiarity of the Galloway nomads with the Romany patois seems to have been unknown to Sir Walter Scott, whose portraiture of Meg Merrilees is generally supposed to have been suggested by a virago of the Marshall clan.

Thriving colonies of native gipsies flourish in

Kirk-Yetholm, Redpath, Wooler, and several other Border villages. These nomads resemble their Continental brethren in the fact that they speak not only in the language of the country of their birth, but the Romany jargon. Readers of Borrow will remember that familiarity with the Romany tongue, as it is spoken in England, enabled him to converse freely with the Spanish gipsies or Gitanos. It is, therefore, feared that a conjunction with the Scottish "muggers" might render the aliens anxious to lengthen their tour in Britain. Though few of the Border gipsies follow settled occupations, the refining influences of civilisation have during the last fifty years effected a wonderful change in the race. Nowadays their transgressions against the law are largely limited to poaching and trespassing. But as many who are intimately acquainted with Romany ways believe that the predatory habits of the race are latent rather than suppressed, it is to be hoped that they may be isolated from the temptation which the German vagrants are well-fitted to supply.

Apropos the baptisms of gipsy children that were celebrated in the German Church, Woodlands Road, Glasgow, it is interesting to recall that all over the world the gipsy race attach a superstitious importance to observances of this nature. The characteristic is a distinguishing feature of the "muggers" of the Scottish Border, in spite of the fact that it is seldom a member of the fraternity can be induced to attend a place of worship. According to the practice of the Scottish Church, no parent, who has not been admitted as a member, can present a child for baptism. But as different rules obtain in England, the nomads have recourse to the good offices of the vicar of Norham, the nearest village on the Northumberland side of the Tweed. The genuine gipsy may also be distinguished from all other itinerants by the rites which he associates with the death of a member of his tribe. No matter how valuable the personal effects of the deceased may be, they are invariably destroyed by fire. This strange usage was last observed in Scotland about three years ago, when an excellent van was burned at Falkirk, on the occasion of the death of the queen of the Boswell tribe.

All the Year Round at the Lakes.

THOSE of us who have had the pleasure of spending even a short time at the English Lakes must have felt that this charming district has much in common with the Borderland—more, indeed, than with any part of England. Countless are the articles and many the books written about this delightful region, but we question if there has ever been as popular a volume as the one just issued by the well-known firm of James MacLehose & Sons, University publishers, Glasgow. The book, "Months at the Lakes," is from the pen of Canon H. D. Rawnsley, and is the result of twenty years' close observation of the changing seasons in the district he loves so well, and for which he has done so much by his pen and his fostering of home industries at Keswick. The worthy Canon is an indefatigable worker for the good of mankind, and for this alone we are indebted to him, but he is also a brilliant writer, and, while perusing his present volume, we seem to feel the breeze from Skiddaw or Helvellyn, and hear the lapping of the wavelets on the pebble shores of Grasmere and Derwent water. The book, which is finely printed on thick paper and well bound, contains nine beautiful views of the district, and is published at 5s. The twelve months are each dealt with separately by the author, and the sights and sounds he has observed during all these years are carefully and attractively noted, but the book contains much more than nature studies. Folklore and local customs receive much attention.

It would be hard to say which is the best month of the year in the Vale of Keswick. Canon Rawnsley forbears to pronounce. Impartially he loves them all. Bleak December yields him this cheery sketch, which concludes the volume and the record of the year:—"But, what, we cannot begin the day's 'diversion' without 'a laal bit' song! The hounds must have music wherever they go, and grand music it is, as all know who have heard the whole of silent Skiddaw suddenly find a voice and echo to the mellow chiming of the Blencathra pack. But their time for music has not come: it is ours to make music for them. 'Where's Melvin?' cries a voice—I think it was the parson's. 'Melvin, we must have 'John Peel.' And there, in the middle of the ring, with the old Town Hall to be a sounding-board and all the houses in the Market Square to echo back the song, Melvin of the sturdy voice strikes up 'D'ye ken John Peel?' waves his hands when he gets to the end of the first verse, and with a cry, 'Now, all together!' obliges the whole crowd—men, women, children, parson, lawyer, banker, tradesman—to shout the chorus, 'Yes, I ken John Peel,' till one felt the sound of the chorus would fly over Skiddaw-top to far-off Caldbeckdale, and waken from the dead the veteran huntsman who was run to earth fifty years ago. Then the song ceases. The huntsman winds a blast upon his horn, and away go the dogs, and away at their heels the whole town-multitude, for their annual breather upon Skiddaw's side, through the frost and sunshine of a glorious winter morn."

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

An antiquarian friend, whose knowledge of ancient documents places him in the front rank of those who reveal the story of the past, has suggested to us that there must be many old manuscripts, charters, &c., awaiting elucidation in the mansions and homes of the Borderland. Believing this to be correct, and having special facilities for deciphering and transcribing old MSS., &c., we shall be pleased to enter into communication with anyone having such documents.

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the variety of articles contained in this issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and the pleasant way in which they link themselves together.

The Border Keep.

The three following paragraphs, the first from the "Scottish American," and the others from a well-known evening paper, refer to the severing of more links with the past.

There died at Kirkcudbright recently Mrs Cavan, wife of the Rev. James Cavan, minister emeritus of the United Free Church, Kirkmaiden, Wigtownshire. She was one of the descendants of "Old Mortality." The deceased lady was the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr Nathaniel Paterson, of St Andrew's Free Church, Glasgow. Robert Paterson, the "Old Mortality" of Sir Walter Scott, was born at Haggisha, near Hawick, in 1715, and migrated to Galloway, where he left his home in order to devote the remainder of his life to the self-imposed task of repairing the tombstones of the Covenanters throughout the country. Walter, his second son, died at Balmaclellan. Walter's eldest son, born in 1787 in the parish of Kells, was the Rev. Dr Nathaniel Paterson. Dr Paterson's first charge was the parish of Galashiels, where he wrote his well-known book, "The Manse Garden." He married Miss Laidlaw, only daughter of Robert Laidlaw of Peel, and a relative of William Laidlaw, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the author of "Lucy's Flittin'." Dr Paterson and his family were on terms of great intimacy with Sir Walter at Abbotsford.

A native of Glasgow, Mrs Cavan was a daughter of the Rev. Dr Nathaniel Paterson, of Free St Andrew's Church. This venerable cleric was a grandson of the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," and as he enjoyed the friendship of the great novelist, one is justified in concluding that he supplied materials for the famous novel. Interesting as the career of Dr Paterson was, it was, however, eclipsed by that of his uncle John, who, according to tradition, emigrated to Baltimore, where he became a wealthy merchant. This worthy had two children named respectively Elizabeth and Robert. The former married Jerome Bonaparte, who subsequently became King of Westphalia, and the latter died before attaining middle life, leaving a widow destined to become Marchioness of Wellesley. It is doubtful if the imagination of the novelist ever fancied a more extraordinary denouement than that which linked the great Duke of Wellington with the crack-

brained enthusiast who made the repair of Covenanting tombstones his life-work.

* * *

The recent death of Sir William Gordon of Earlston (Kirkcudbright), serves as a reminder of the prominence of the Gordon family in Gallovidian history and romance. A remote ancestor of the deceased baronet is supposed to have furnished Scott with the incident on which the ballad of "Young Lochinvar" was founded. Another member of the family was one of the first natives of Galloway to adopt the doctrines of John Wyckliff. This worthy, who was locally known as "Sanie Rough" on account of his great size and strength, died in 1580 at the age of 101. During the rising, which culminated in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, the then laird of Earlston was killed when about to join the insurgent Covenanters with a party of his retainers. His son Alexander, who took part in the engagement, escaped with difficulty, and was afterwards outlawed. In spite of all his sufferings, the moderate counsels with which Alexander Gordon was identified rendered him so obnoxious to his party that he is believed to have been the prototype of Henry Morton, the hero of "Old Mortality." In his novels, "The Men of the Moss Haggs," "Lochinvar," and "The Standard Bearer," Crockett has also utilised many Earlston legends. A Bible and a sword which belonged to the Covenanting members of the family are still in the possession of their descendants.

* * *

Colonel Sir Simon Macdonald Lockhart, Bart., of the Lee and Carnwath, Lanarkshire (late of the 1st Life Guards), Sir Louis Mitchell, and Mr Reeve, of the War Stores Commission, have returned home from South Africa. Sir Simon is the custodian of the famous family heirloom, the Lee Penny, which in Lee House is kept in a gold box presented to Count Lockhart by Maria Theresa. The Lee Penny, which is referred to in Scott's "Talisman," is simply a bit of pebble set in a silver coin. When on the expedition from Scotland to bury Bruce's heart in the Holy Land, the leader, Sir James Douglas, was killed in battle in Spain. An ancestor, Sir Simon Lockhart, who brought the heart back to Scotland, obtained the supposed magical Lee Penny as part of the ransom of a Moorish chief.

* * *

My favourite quotation is an old Scottish proverb, "He that tholes overcomes." To me it seems to sum up the secret of life—the life that is worth living. To Scottish folk the old Scottish words are more expressive than the English; "bears" or "endures" seems cold and tame compared with the poignant "tholes"—Its very sound makes vivid and real to us suffering and anguish. It is easier to do a brave action than to thole. All of us have our brave moments, for bravery is often but a matter of presence of mind; but "tholing"—that is different. It is a state, not an action, and how few have the calm courage for that. "He that tholes overcomes" might have been the life-motto of that dauntless spirit and fascinating personality, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose life was a continual tholing of pain, "for so long," said he, "that I think I can say I have won my wager and recovered my glove." Then, only to mention one other instance to illustrate my proverb, one equally beloved of his country, Sir Walter Scott, after a life of exceptional prosperity and happiness, was overtaken by calamity. Seven long years he battled with fate; everything was against him, financial ruin, loss of kindred, failing powers—yet, says Swinburne, "we have a record not only of dauntless endurance, but of elastic and joyous heroism, of life indomitable to the last, of a spirit and intellect that no trials could impair, and no suffering decay."—Jean K.

* * *

At the annual gathering of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, Mr A. Ormiston made an amusing speech, and one or two of his good stories I found in the "Scottish American" under the heading "Border Humour." As they will stand repetition I have much pleasure in giving them a place in the "Keep."

"Onybody kent," said Mr Ormiston, "that the Borders are just the selvidge, and that was the weakest part o' the web!" A Hawick or Border man would have answered that the selvidge was put on the web to protect it, and that was what the Borders had done for Scotland for many a day. He met a man some time ago who waxed enthusiastic over the Border language, giving as an illustration—"Yow and mei will pow a pei," and saying you can't understand that. "A'richt," said I, "Yow and mei will pow a pei as sune as ye like." Mr Ormiston also told the story of the waiter applying for a situation who was asked how many languages he had. "Threi," was his answer, "Hawick, Jethart, and Galashiels." A gentleman on horseback arrived at a Border inn and put up for the night, an ostler taking charge of his horse. Later on the same man appeared to look after the gentleman's own wants, much to his disgust. "Haven't you got any waiter here?" "A' kinds o' waiter, sir," was the reply; would you like it het or cauld, or would you like it wall waiter or waiter waiter?"

* * *

Another of Mr Ormiston's amusing sallies was that of the minister of the Church of Scotland who was telling of how he had three sons, and they were all ministers, too. How very remarkable it was! "Ah, Dr Campbell," said one of his hearers, "I can tell you a far curiouser thing than that; I kent a man who had three sons and they were a' hanged." At one time a man, whom he would call a "Wandering Willie," used to call at his father's house in Denholm with a tin carpet bag. He had added matches to his stock, and he said—"Now, maister, I wad like if ye wad juist try thae spunks; and if ye find that they're no juist the vera thing aw'll mak' a complaint." His father struck one on the box, and said they were very good matches. "Ah," said he, "aw sei ye ken the richt way to treat a match. Aw'm a man that likes to gie fair hornie to everything, and aw think that even a spunk should get a fair chance for its life. The maist o' folk strike the spunk richt enough, but the great thing is to haud its heid doon."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Are our Border Ballads Accurate?

THE late Lord Lytton invented a parlour game which consisted of reading to one of a large company, seated round a table, a story, which was passed on orally by each of the others present, in turn, to his neighbour, and then written down by the last to receive it, when this final version was compared with the original. The discrepancies and variations found to subsist between these two versions were often remarkable. In much the same way our Border ballads, repeated and handed on one to another from generation to generation, have undoubtedly suffered with regard to their accuracy. When at last the ballads came to be "set down" in print, according to the taste or skill of the redactor, they were, as a rule, accepted, without much inquiry as to whether the various details were in all likelihood correct. As Mopsa in the "Winter's Tale" says, "I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true." Many people, indeed, agree with Sir George Douglas that it is quite unnecessary to inquire minutely into facts, historical or otherwise, as regards our ballads, and hold that they ought to be accepted without the application of the higher criticism, else their spirit and charm are in danger of vanishing. But if a ballad is found on examination to be inconsistent with fact, it has probably suffered either in transmission or at the hands of the editor, for the original "maker" of the ballad was unlikely to fall into glaring error when dealing with matters of which he was perfectly cognisant. It is, then, cause for profound thankfulness when we find one well qualified in every way setting himself to inquire minutely and carefully into the truths of any of our cherished national ballads, and endeavouring to bring them back, in some degree at least, to their supposed original condition. Such a task has been essayed by Lieut.-Colonel Elliot, a scion of the noble house of Elliot, members of which figure in so many of our ancient ballads. In his beautiful quarto volume, just published,* such well-known ballads as "Jamie Telfer," "The Battle of Philiphaugh," and "Little Jock Elliot" are minutely scrutinised, and their inaccuracies pointed out.

As regards the ballad of "Jamie Telfer," the existence of two different versions has long been known. One of these versions was included by Sir Walter Scott in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," while the other was given to the world by Professor Child, in his "English and Scottish Popular Ballads." The origin of Sir Walter Scott's version of this ballad is a mystery. No one knows where he got it, and he himself never condescended to throw any light on its source. Sir Walter, indeed, was taken to task by James Hogg for the version in the Minstrelsy, which departed so far from the ballad as recited by his mother. The version given by Professor Child is known as Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's, and is from a manuscript now in the possession of Mr William Macmath of Edinburgh, a well-known authority on ballad literature. It would be very interesting if Mr Macmath could tell us anything regarding the history of this manuscript. That it is the original version has for some time been believed, and Lieut.-Col. Elliot now puts it almost beyond doubt. To accuse such an one as Sir Walter Scott of deliberately altering and amplifying an ancient ballad in order to exalt his own chief or clan may seem to many as going rather too far in the way of fair criticism. Yet this is what, in this case, has evidently been done. In extenuation, it may be said that in Sir Walter Scott's time, such an act would not be reckoned the literary sin which it is now regarded as being. Not to speak of wholesale forgeries by some eminent names, Bishop Percy admits that he altered various ballads which are included in his "Reliques," and no doubt these alterations were improvements. That Sir Walter Scott still more largely altered the ballads collected to form his Minstrelsy goes without saying. One would wish to be able to apply to him, in this connection, what Dr Johnson wrote for Goldsmith's epitaph, that "Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit." "He touched nothing that he did not adorn." But in the case of the ballad of "Jamie Telfer," at all events, one hesitates to come to this conclusion, for even the added stanzas, to be referred to presently, beautiful as they are in themselves, cannot be regarded as other than an excrescence. On comparing the two versions of the ballad, we find that in Scott's the chief characters belong to the Buccleuch family, while in Sharpe's the main actors in the scene are Elliots. The geography likewise has evidently been altered to suit the changed personages. The various localities in the two versions of the ballad are minutely examined in the volume under review, by the

* "The Trustworthiness of Border Ballads, as exemplified by 'Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead' and other Ballads." By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons (10s 6d net.)

help of three maps, and the whole story is subjected to a searching scrutiny. Scott's version, again, as already noted, has eight stanzas more than Sharpe's, which Lieut.-Col Elliot admits to be "the most beautiful, the most striking and vivid of all," but yet he boldly asserts, in opposition to Professor Veitch, that they are so utterly out of keeping with the sober, matter-of-fact style of the ballad, as to suggest grave doubts regarding their authenticity. Simplicity and artlessness are of the very essence of all ancient ballads, and a rise to higher flights savours of modernity. Besides, we all know how proud Sir Walter Scott was to claim descent from Auld Wat of Harden, who is the conspicuous figure in these added stanzas; yet, strange to say, the Elliots of Minto also claim to be descended from Auld Wat, and not from Martin Elliot, the hero of Sharpe's version of "Jamie Telfer." Here we have, then, the spectacle of two septs or clans which were often at deadly feud in olden times claiming descent from a common ancestor! The conclusion come to by the writer of this volume as regards the ballad is one difficult to gainsay, that "Scott's version is an adaptation of Sharpe's," and that the adapter was in all probability Sir Walter himself. Even the latest editor of the Minstrelsy, Mr T. F. Henderson, admits that some of the added stanzas, at all events, are probably from the pen of the first redactor.

Passing over the ballad of "Little Jock Elliot," which Sir Walter Scott did not include in his Minstrelsy, but as to the genuineness of which Lieut.-Col. Elliot submits very convincing proofs, we come to the latest in time of the old Border ballads, namely, the "Battle of Philiphaugh." Here our author is on firmer ground, from his training as a soldier, and he goes into the whole subject in a very masterly way. Of this ballad Sir Walter, its first editor, said that "its sole merit lay in the fact that it coincided accurately with history." After some looking into the matter, the conclusion arrived at by our author was the very reverse, for he found that not only did Sir Walter Scott's description of the battle differ from the ballad, but that also Hogg's account in his "Wat Pringle o' the Yair" and Mr Craig-Brown in his "History of Selkirkshire" are hopelessly at variance. Hence the independent investigation, the results of which are given in this volume.

As regards the battle, Lieut.-Col. Elliot remarks that there are probably only two important points connected with it upon which historians agree, namely, its date and its result! Several curious examples are given by him of "the looseness with which historians describe military movements." And here we have the important factor in this investigation, that no statement of a contemporary, and especially of a later historian, as regards the disposition and movement of troops, is taken for granted, but each is subjected to the test of military or geographical requirements. The result is a long and painstaking research, which sets the ballad as well as the battle in quite a new light. To try to reproduce here the various points of the argument would be both tedious and prolix, and for these all interested are referred to the volume itself. One thing is certain, that readers of this paper will agree that the last word has at length been said on what, it is concluded, was, from a military viewpoint, "a very insignificant combat."

The last paper in this interesting volume is one which will probably give a shock to some cherished notions. It is entitled "On Border Verse relating to Flodden Traditions." We now leave the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" to consider the misery which war usually brings in its train. That such misery followed "Flodden's fatal field" has for generations been an accepted belief, else what is the meaning of that "wail" which has come down to our own day, enshrined in "The flowers of the forest are a' wede agay"? Here, however, we have an attempt to prove that these words have no reference to Flodden: we say, "an attempt to prove," for many will no doubt be "convinced against their will," with the proverbial result. And yet the arguments presented against the orthodox belief are numerous and cogent. As regards the state of the Border country immediately after Flodden, it is asserted that "(1) Lord Home's division of Borderers was not materially weakened by the battle, and their 'morale' is more likely to have been raised by their own success than diminished by the calamity which befell the rest of the army. After the battle the Borderers not only successfully protected their country from English raids, but sent raids into England. (2) The losses sustained by the Borderers at Flodden, as well as the injuries committed by the English subsequently, were insignificant, and afforded no cause for any general lamentation. (3) The general spirit of the people was adverse to peace—a spirit which was engendered by their successes since their defeat at Flodden."

If all this is true, how account for the tra-

dition of the ancient ballad relating to Flodden, of which only some three lines are believed to exist, but on which Miss Jean Elliot founded her beautiful verses, which are so clever in imitation of the ancient forms that even Sir Walter Scott could scarcely be persuaded that they were written two centuries and a half after Flodden? Sir Walter admitted that Mrs Cockburn's version was written without any relation to that event, but what of the Hawick and Selkirk traditions?—what of "The Souters of Selkirk" and the verses sung annually at the Hawick Common-Riding, not to speak of various other instances? This is a subject which eminently calls for calm and deliberate scrutiny, with the laying aside, if possible, of all preconceived ideas, and such a scrutiny is here presented to us. That there was great trouble after Flodden is, of course, admitted, but the conclusion here arrived at is, that "the trouble was due, not to the loss of the battle, but to the death of the King, with the consequent result that the government was for many years in the hands of hostile factions." This, if not such a poetical, may be at least a more truthful, explanation, and we leave it for the consideration of the readers of this most interesting and suggestive volume.

J. LINDSAY.

Notes and Queries.

KERSFIELD OR KERFIELD.

In the corner formed by the junction of the Dunion Hill road from Jedburgh to Hawick and the road to Bedrule, and about thirty yards from each of these roads, there is a mere termed Kerfield pond. This is situated on the left-hand side of the road on going towards Hawick, while on the right-hand side, but nearer the bridge that is thrown across the burn which farther down runs past Knowsouth, is the site whereon, a century ago, a few houses stood—the place being designated Kerfield. Here George Noble, a Border poet, dwelt. (See BORDER MAGAZINE for December, 1902.) I know nothing about Kersfield Mains farm. G. M. W.

* * *

KEY FOUND AT HERMITAGE.

It may interest "S. D. E." and other readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE to have some more information on the key found by the masons at Hermitage Castle. The following notes may be found in the "Border Minstrelsy" in connection with Leyden's ballad on "Lord Soulis." "The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years by that demon to which, when he [Lord Soulis] left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return." Thus Leyden made use of that part of the tradition:—

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

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

"In the course of this autumn," a note dated 1806 adds, "the Earl of Dalkeith, being encamped near the Hermitage Castle for the amusement of shooting, directed some workmen to clear away the rubbish from the door of the dungeon, in order to ascertain its ancient dimensions and architecture. To the great astonishment of the labourers and of the country people who were watching their proceedings, a rusty iron key, of considerable size, was found among the ruins, a little way from the dungeon door. The well-known tradition instantly passed from one to another; and it was generally agreed that the malevolent demon, who had so long retained possession of the key of the castle, now found himself obliged to resign it to the heir-apparent of the domain. In the course of their researches a large iron ladle, somewhat resembling that used by plumbers, was also discovered; and both the relics are now in Lord Dalkeith's possession." The supernatural element is, of course, to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. G. M. W.

Commissioner James R. Garfield, at a dinner in Chicago, told a story of Adam Black, the founder of the well-known publishing house. "One day a short time after Mr Black had opened his book shop," he said, "a rough-looking man entered stealthily, leaned over the counter, winked, and whispered in Mr Black's ear—"'I've got some fine smuggled whisky that ye can have at a great bargain.' 'Go away,' said Mr Black, 'I want nothing of that kind. You are a bad man. Go away.' But the smuggler must have doubted the sincerity of this repulse, for now, leaning over the counter again, he whispered still more earnestly—'I'll take prayer books for it.'"

Links with Earlston-on-Leader.

MRS MOTHERWELL, an old lady who first saw light in the fair Border village of Earlston, near Leader's winding stream, where many a time she gathered the wild flowers growing on its banks in the days of her happy childhood, has passed into the shadowland. Robina Walker, a daughter of the late Robert Walker, in his early days farmer of Craigsford, and later merchant in Earlston, was born 20th May, 1817.

Going to Edinburgh in her teens, a tall, fair

MRS MOTHERWELL.

auburn-haired girl, quiet of speech and gentle of disposition, she soon made many friends, and eventually became teacher in Potterrow School. While there she came into touch with the very dregs of city life (before slumming became so fashionable), where not a few blessed her name for the timely help she, in conjunction with her beloved pastor, the Rev. George Johnston, D.D., of Nicolson Street U.P. Church, so willingly and so unselfishly afforded to the sick, the suffering, and distressed. She also knew the late Dr Guthrie, the children's friend, and used to tell a story of how one wet cold stormy night a woman went to the doctor's house in Lauriston Lane seeking help for her starving bairns. On hearing her story Dr Guthrie, with a tear in his eye, lifted a plate of cookies, &c., from a table in the hall, and telling her to hold her apron, emptied the contents into it. Giving her a silver coin, he said he would look fully into her case on the morrow.

Mrs Motherwell was never weary relating some such story. One day, when going to school, she spied a little fellow playing in the gutter (this was long before the School Board days), and asking him in a kindly manner what school he went to, she was told that he did not go to any. It turned out that his shabby clothes prevented him. This was soon, however, remedied by letting the minister's wife know, who not only gave him an outfit, but kindly promised to come to the rescue again when he required more. So he went to school, and was one of the best behaved and most diligent boys there. Long years after the same boy, now a fine strapping sunburnt fellow, with kid gloves on his hands, came to thank his one-time rescuer from the streets for all the kindness she had shown him in his poverty.

There are many more tales of like nature, showing that she was always ready to offer a helping hand to those in need. In her last hours she was ministered to by her daughter's loving hands, and fell on sleep at Edinburgh on the 30th March of this year. K. W.

MR JAMES WALKER.

On Friday, May 18th, there passed away, in his eighty-seventh year, the last of the Earlston Walkers, a family which has taken so interesting a part in the history of that pretty village of Berwickshire. Unlike the other members of the family, he remained all his days near the place of his birth.

In his earlier years he assisted his father in the business of general merchant, which was then a very extensive one, by travelling all round the country with horse and gig, staying away for days at a time. As may be supposed, his receipts of money would sometimes be considerable enough to tempt the predatory nomads of the district. On one occasion they tried to stop him by seizing his horse, but were compelled to let go by a sudden increase of speed, his faithful mastiff Neptune helping him most effectually.

He was an enthusiastic Morisonian in the

earlier days of his life, going over from Earlston to the little church of that denomination in Melrose faithfully every Sunday. On emergency he would attend the Secession Church at Earlston to precent there.

He was for some time the tenant of Dryburgh Orchard—an appendage of the ancient Abbey—unearthing in the course of his labours a burial cist of the early men of the Tweed valley. So conscientious was he that he reinterred the remains, probably to the disappointment of the local antiquarians.

He was of great service in furnishing reminiscences for the series of papers on Earlston that appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE some time ago, and was probably the oldest inhabitant of the village.

G. S. A.

The Border Press.

TOWARDS the close of the recent annual excursion of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union to Wark, Coldstream, and Kelso, and while the company, numbering over a hundred, were assembled for tea in the Spread Eagle Hotel, Kelso, Mr J. B. Fairgrieve, the well-known Edinburgh publisher and enthusiastic Borderer, proposed the toast of "The Border Press." In happy terms he referred to the influence of the Press, and to the indebtedness of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union to the Border newspapers, especially for the very full reports they published of the meetings and excursions of the Union. In this and other ways they brought the name and objects of the Union prominently before all Borderers, and were thus the means of popularising it and inducing young men and others coming from the Borders to reside in Edinburgh to join the Union. In the course of his remarks, Mr Fairgrieve advocated a larger support of the BORDER MAGAZINE, which was an excellent repository of Border lore and history, and was thus a journal which should find a place in the house of every Borderer, not only at home, but also abroad. Mr Brown, representative of "The Kelso Mail," in the course of replying on behalf of the Border Press, referred to the great pleasure he always had in joining in the Borderers' excursions and their annual meetings, which he attended whenever possible.

These words from the report of the special correspondent of that widely circulated Border newspaper, "The Berwickshire News," leave plenty scope for amplification, for Mr Fairgrieve's remarks can be re-echoed by all the various Border associations wherever situated. The reports in the Border papers are the only means we have of knowing about some of these societies, for it is strange that the most of them are isolated parts of what might be a consolidated whole. It seems absurd that there should not be some kind of federation, for union has been proved time and again to mean strength. There is an ebb and flow in all such societies, but dull times would often be tided over successfully if kindred associations were in touch with them. Which Border union is to have the honour of moving in this matter?

Mr Fairgrieve, we know, is a warm supporter of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we trust that his kindly words above reported will be taken to heart by many who do not regularly subscribe to our publication. We are continually receiving proofs that our efforts are highly appreciated by literary people whose opinions command respect, but we also desire to get into touch with all Borderers, for we have a common heritage which we ought to be proud of.

Border Hospitality.

WE yield to none in our high opinion of the warm kind-heartedness of the natives of the Borderland, and we find our opinions receiving support in a most unexpected quarter. Just before going to press we received the following letter:—

"Sir,—I feel it my duty to testify—through the agency of your valuable magazine—to the fact that in all my travels through the greater part of Central Europe and Great Britain I never met with such universal kindness as when on a day's house-hunting in Peebles and neighbourhood. It is true, I was unsuccessful in finding a suitable house for the holidays, at least for this year, but the obliging readiness with which questions were answered and information given, the kind offer of a glass of milk or a cup of tea in the cottages and farmhouses visited, and last, but not least, the welcome invitation to come to a blazing fire in Stobo Station, after my better-half and I had been through a heavy thunder-shower, will for ever be a bright spot in my remembrance of 'bonnie Scotland.'—I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

A. H. GEYER.
Pastor of German Protestant Church,
Woodlands Road, Glasgow."

A Border Literary Chronicle with Brief Biographical Notes.

THE Border Counties, in which may be included Selkirk, Peebles, Berwick, Roxburgh, and parts of Dumfries, have undoubtedly produced a very fair number of men who have distinguished themselves in all departments of literature, whether in science, theology, poetry, or history. Sir Walter Scott, Sir David Brewster, James Thomson, The Ettrick Shepherd, Mungo Park, Thomas Carlyle, John Leyden, Henry Scott Riddell, Andrew Lang, John Veitch, John Cairns, are a few of the names which reflect honour and glory on Scotland's Borders, and there are many others, it may be, of lesser magnitude, which are yet "a credit to us a'," and of which the Borders are justly proud. It is our intention to present the readers of this magazine with an alphabetical list, more or less full, of such names, with brief biographical notes on each, in the hope that it may prove not altogether unacceptable to those who are interested in "Scotia's annals."

Ainslie, John (b. at Jedburgh, April 22, 1745—d. at Edinburgh, Feb. 29, 1828), son of a solicitor; a distinguished land-surveyor and cartographer; constructed maps of several of the counties of Scotland, and wrote a treatise on Land-Surveying, 1812, dedicated to Rennie, the famous engineer; one of his daughters was married to James Shortreed, son of Robert Shortreed, Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire and friend of Sir Walter Scott.—(B.M. vol. xi., p. 26).

Aird, Thomas (b. at Bowden, near Melrose, August 28, 1802—d. April 25, 1876), educated at Bowden and Melrose parish schools, entered Edinburgh University in 1816, and became acquainted with Carlyle, De Quincey, Prof. Wilson, Dr Moir ("Delta"), and other literary celebrities. At first intended for the Church, he devoted himself to the study of literature, and contributed articles and poems to Blackwood's magazine; published his first work, "Martzouffle: a Tragedy, with other Poems," 1826; "Religious Characteristics," a volume of prose sketches, appeared in 1827; "The Captive of Fez," 1830; a vol. of tales and sketches, entitled "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," 1845; his collected Poems appeared in 1848, reprinted in 1856; in 1852 edited an edition of the poetical works of his friend, Dr Moir of Musselburgh, for which he wrote a memoir; was editor of the "Dumfries Herald" from 1835-63. The best known of his poems is "The Devil's Dream." He died at Dumfries, and lies buried in St Michael's Churchyard near the grave of Robert Burns.—(B.M., vii., 137, 141, 145, 172).

Aitchison, Elliot (b. at Hawick, May 2, 1797—d. Oct. 7, 1858) was a stockingmaker to trade. His mother was a sister of Robert Shortreed, Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. In spite of a somewhat limited education he produced poems of considerable merit, though they have never been published in collected form. A few of his pieces have appeared in print, e.g., "Bailie Nacnab," "The Approach of Winter," "A Matin," &c. Aitchison is said to have been of a very diffident and reserved disposition.

Armstrong, John (b. at New Castleton, Roxburghshire, 1709—d. at London, Sep. 7, 1779), poet, physician, essayist; son of the minister of New Castleton; studied medicine and graduated M.D. at Edinburgh in 1732; practised in London, friend of Thomson, Mallet, Wilkes, &c; wrote a poem, "Economy of Love," 1739; in 1744 appeared his chief work, "The Art of Preserving Health," a didactic poem in four books, followed by two other poems, "Benevolence" and "Taste," 1753; wrote also a vol. of prose essays on various subjects.

Baillie, Lady Grizell (b. at Redbraes Castle, 1665—d. Dec. 6, 1746), poetess; daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood in Lanarkshire; wrote the well-known songs, "Werena my heart licht, I wad dee," and "O the Ewe-Buchtin's Bonnie" (completed by Thomas Pringle). Her "Memoirs," published in 1822, were written by her eldest daughter, Lady Grizell Murray of Stanhope (1693-1759), who married Sir Alex. Murray of Stanhope in Peeblesshire, but they soon separated. Lady Grizell lies buried in Mellerstain Churchyard beside her husband.—(B.M. vii. 112).

Ballantyne, James Robert (b. at Kelso, Dec. 13, 1813—d. Feb. 16, 1864), orientalist; elder brother of R. M. Ballantyne, the story-writer; was Principal of the Sanskrit College at Benares from 1845-61, and librarian to the India Office, London; published several works on Oriental literature.

Ballantyne, Robert Michael (b. at Edinburgh, April, 1825—d. at Rome, 1894), story-writer and novelist; son of Alex. Ballantyne, editor of the "Kelso Mail" from 1806-26, a brother of John and James Ballantyne, Scott's printers; was for some time a clerk in the service of the Hudson Bay Fur Company; wrote from 1855 onwards stories and tales for boys, some 80 vols. in all.

Barrie, James, of Bemerside, d. 1829; wrote "Poems on Various Subjects," 1817; "Riverside Poems," 1821.—(B.M. i. 186; vi. 107).

Bell, James (b. at Jedburgh, 1769—d. at Lukeston, near Campsie, May 3, 1833), son of the Rev. Thomas Bell of Jedburgh; removed with his father to Glasgow in 1777, where he received a liberal education; engaged in business, but was unsuccessful; for some time acted as tutor to young men attending the University; subject to asthma and removed to Lukeston, Campsie, for the benefit of his health; published "Critical Researches in Geography"; an edition of Rollin's "Ancient History, with Notes"; "A System of Popular and Scientific Geography" in 6 vols.; and a "Gazetteer of England and Wales."

Black, John (b. near Duns, 1783—d. June 15, 1855), journalist; wrote a "Life of Tasso," 1810, and translated several German, French, and Italian works; edited the "Morning Chronicle" from 1817-43, Charles Dickens acting as one of his reporters.

BLACKLOCK, THOMAS, D.D. (b. at Annan, 1721—d. July, 1791), became blind from smallpox when six months old; was carefully educated and enthusiastically fond of poetry, being familiar with Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Addison before he was twenty; published a vol. of poems in 1746, reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756; studied at Edinburgh for the ministry and licensed in 1759; in 1762 appointed minister of Kirkcudbright, but objected to and received a small annuity; resided in Edinburgh and took boarders; friend and patron of Burns; besides poems, wrote some sermons and theological treatises, an article on Blindness for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," &c. He was a man of great amiability and of warm and generous impulse.

BLAMIRE, SUSANNA (1747-1794), "the Muse of Cumberland"; born near Carlisle, where she resided till her twentieth year. Her sister married Colonel Graham of Duchray, Perthshire, and she accompanied the pair and resided several years in Scotland, imbibing a taste for Scottish melody, music, and poetry; wrote several songs of high merit in the Scottish dialect, including "The Traveller's Return," and "What ails this heart o' mine?" "The Nabob," "The Siller Croun," &c. Her poetical works were collected and published in one vol. with a preface, memoir and notes by Patrick Maxwell in 1842.

BOSTON, THOMAS, THE ELDER (b. at Duns, March 17, 1676—d. May 20, 1732), studied at Edinburgh, and graduated M.A. 1694; parish schoolmaster at Glencairn, 1696; ordained minister of Simprin, Berwickshire, 1699; translated to Ettrick, 1707; author of the famous "Fourfold State," 1720, and "The Crook in the Lot," and a vol. of sermons published after his death.—(B.M. iv. 76).

BOSTON, THOMAS, THE YOUNGER (b. 1713—d. 1767), son of the preceding; educated at Edinburgh University; ordained minister of Ettrick, 1733; translated to Oxnam, Roxburghshire, 1749; minister at Jedburgh, 1759-67; along with Thos. Gillespie and others founded in 1761 the Relief Church, of which he was first moderator. He lies buried in Jedburgh Abbey. His son Michael was Relief minister at Falkirk, where he died in 1785.

BOWER, ROBERT, son of Sir Walter Scott's friend, "Johnnie Bower," custodier of Melrose Abbey; was educated for the law, and at his death was procurator-fiscal for Melrose; wrote a vol. of "Ballads and Lyrics," 1853.—(B.M. i. 55).

BREWSTER, SIR DAVID (b. at Jedburgh, Dec. 11, 1781—d. Feb. 10, 1868), second son of James Brewster, rector of Jedburgh Grammar School; educated for the Scottish Church and licensed in 1804, but devoted himself to scientific pursuits; edited the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," 1807-29; invented the Kaleidoscope, in 1816; knighted in 1832; Principal of the United Colleges of St Salvator and St Leonard, St Andrews, 1838, and of Edinburgh University, 1859; wrote numerous scientific works, chiefly on optics; "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Isaac Newton," 1855; "Letters on Natural Magic"; "The Martyrs of Science," 1841; "More Worlds than One," 1854, &c., &c. Resided at Allerly, near Melrose, from 1827-1868.

To be Continued.

The Last of the Border Gipsies.

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in June. The lark sang high in the clouds, and the rich notes, which were blended with the hum of myriads of insects, delivered country life from the charge of monotony and stillness that is often mistakenly urged against it. Animate nature seemed to have united for the purpose of praising the Giver of all good, and the voice of man was not lacking. From the little barn-like church in which the villagers of Howpasley worshipped came the words of the well-known hymn:—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

A critical outsider might have been pardoned for fancying that the heartiness of the singing smacked of insular complacency and self-conceit. And the feeling would have been justified if the cynic had been permitted to peep into the small thatched cottage that stood over against the church. On a dirty bed lay propped in a half sitting posture an invalid, whose struggles for breath gave an all too-certain indication that the curtain was about to fall on the closing scene in life's drama. But in spite of the physical distress he was suffering the dark eyes of the dying man darted such responsive glances to every movement and sound that it was evident his mental faculties were unimpaired. "A'm the last o' the auld breed," he gasped, as he clutched the hand of the elderly female, who tenderly endeavoured to wipe the death-dews from his brow. "Schule boards and free eddication ha'e dune their warst."

"Wad ye no like to see the minister, Jimmy?" queried the broken-hearted wife.

"Meenister! What wey suld I want to see the meenister? Na! Na! Nance, wummin! I'll dee as I ha'e leeved."

Jimmy's thoughts had, however, been diverted into an unpleasant channel by the reference to the minister. "Nance," he ejaculated, "yon was a queer story that Preachin' Geordie telt me last nicht aboot a fiery serpent. I ha'e been thinkin' aboot it ever since. He said it was in the room ready to save me. But losh! hoo could a serpent save onybody? Thae 'gaugies'* hae queer notions." Poor Nance, whose untutored mind knew nothing about symbolic representation was utterly un-

* Gipsy term for those not of gipsy blood.

able to throw any light on the problem thus raised. Inwardly, she wished that Jimmy would consent to see the minister. Like many of her order, her attitude towards religion was one of indifference rather than antipathy. But the minister had always spoken kindly to Jimmy on the occasion of their chance meetings, and she felt that his knowledge of holy things might now be of some service. Besides, it must be confessed that Nance had so far declined from old gipsy ideas as to entertain the notion that the presence of a clergyman at a death-bed invested a household with a semblance of respectability. With a mind striving to reconcile such thoughts with a desire to observe Jimmy's wishes to the letter, she was still undetermined as to what course to pursue, when the problem was solved in an unexpected fashion by the entrance of the minister of Howpasley.

The Rev. James Methven felt dispirited and depressed. In accordance with one of the unwritten laws of the Church, he had preached his annual missionary sermon. But weighted with a consciousness of the lamentable condition of a section of his own parishioners, he had not spoken with his customary earnestness and fervour. For many years Howpasley had sheltered a small colony of that peculiar race which invaded Europe so mysteriously in the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Of late the gipsies, or "muggers," as they were locally called, had lost many primitive characteristics, but they still formed a separate caste. The patriarch of the order was Jimmy Douglas, who had long been reputed one of the most incorrigible thiefs on the Scottish Border. Into Jimmy's life there entered little of the romantic. His actions were based on what the poet has characterised as

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

But his lot had been cast in a prosaic age, and the sentimentalists, who had unbounded admiration for the bravery and valour which the gipsies of the olden time displayed in their predatory raids, did not pause to consider what influence heredity had exerted on the development of Jimmy's character. It was a strange group which presented itself to the eye of the minister of Howpasley. Jimmy's breathing was becoming more and more laboured. At the bedside sat the faithful Nance, whose brow bore a permanent token of conjugal affection in the shape of a prominent scar. But Nance, like a true gipsy wife, made light of such trifles, and only remembered that in his sober moments Jimmy had been the best of yoke-fellows. Crouched by the fire-place was young Jimmy, the only child of the union. This hopeful youth represented the transition stage between the genuine gipsy and the modern vagrant, and had all the repellant characteristics that are associated with the chrysalis state. What to say, and how to act, under the circumstances, it was difficult to determine, for the minister of Howpasley, being a man of sense and education, had sufficient knowledge of the unenlightened mind, and too nice a sense of the fitness of things to retail the story of the fiery serpent, after the racy fashion of Preaching Geordie, the village blacksmith. "My dear friend," he remarked, as he bent over the dying man, "yours has been a trauchled and an eventful life." "Ay, ay," gasped Jimmy. "But, Mr Methven, wha's pownie micht that be?" "It's the doctor's," replied Nance. "Imphm!" was the rejoinder. "That pownie minds me o' the spirited beastie we had, when we camped in Muirdroggat wud. Ye mind the wud o' Muirdroggat, Nance?"

At this stage Jimmy's recollections were cut short by a paroxysm of coughing, which left him utterly prostrated. Still the minister sat as if rivetted to his chair. Everything in the humble apartment had a new interest for him. From the rafters hung small chunks of bacon, which the inmates had doubtless obtained from farm-labourers' wives in exchange for the tankards and other tin utensils of Jimmy's making. On a chair, near the bed, lay the clothes of the gipsy, just as they had been left on the night when he had retired to rest for the last time. As a concession to religion a Bible had been laid on the table. But as neither Jimmy nor Nance could read, the book, far from directing and controlling their daily life, had merely been invested, by them, with an influence over the powers of evil somewhat similar to that which was once universally claimed for discarded horse-shoes and branches of mountain-ash. In the course of an enforced and irregular attendance at school, young Jimmy had acquired a smattering of education. But this had been too rudimentary to create a taste for standard literature, and the sympathy which springs from a fellow-feeling had limited the youth's maturer studies to the achievements of those heroes who grace the Newgate Calendar. Never before had the minister realised so clearly the part played by extraction and environment in the shaping of the individual life.

Suddenly a smile broke over the face of the dying man. "Nance!" he whispered, "I thocht it was hame, but it's the wud o' Muirdroggat. D'ye hear the burn and the singing o' the linties? It's graun'! It's graun'!" And, transported by fancy to the moorland, where the happiest hours of his life had been passed, the last of the Border gipsies passed from the known to the unknown land.

Jimmy Douglas was not widely mourned. Nance's sorrow derived an added poignancy from the thought that there was no one to share it. A horse and a dog may possibly have indulged in speculations as to what had become of their kind master; for Jimmy, like all true gipsies, had a genuine love of animals. But the villagers felt that Howpasley now stood higher in the estimation of its neighbours, and the gamekeepers for miles around agreed that their work in future would be less laborious and exacting than it had been in the past. No one was sufficiently interested in the gipsy to inquire about the closing moments of his life. But Preaching Geordie, whose theoretical knowledge of such matters justified sweeping generalities, discoursed for three successive Sundays on the gloom and terror that was inseparable from the death of the unrepentant. In the eyes of the large-hearted minister of Howpasley the incident seems to have been fraught with fresh lessons of charity; for on more than one occasion he has been heard to declare that, in spite of his ignorance of Holy Writ, the gipsy thief, when listening to the burn and the singing of the linties in Muirdroggat wood, may have had revelations denied to many who stood higher in the estimation of the world.

JOHN BALDERSTONE.

When We Fished Tweed together.

(Tune:—"My Old Friend John.")

Written to commemorate the first outing of the Saturday Angling Club, and sung by the author at the majority dinner of the Club, held in the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh, 17th Feb., 1906.

'Tis one-and-twenty years, all told,
Since our trout-club began;
And through fate kind, or through fate cold,
The days seem but a span;
For 'mid the mirk of winter-time,
We laughed at stormy weather;
Upheld by thoughts of scenes sublime,
When we fished Tweed together!

Chorus—

When we fished Tweed, Scotland's noble Tweed,
When we fished Tweed together;
Though far away, we'll mind that day,
When we fished Tweed together!

How grand Drummelzier's water gleamed
By stately Dawick woods;
Where Bell's Pool to the crown-head streamed,
O'er-shadowed by grey clouds;
And though it touched a sadder key
Down by grim Neidpath tower,
Our hearts sang with the larks in glee,
Inspired by Tweed's rare dower.

Chorus.

Full well I know, some with us then,
Have long since crossed life's tide;
Their work was done, and, like true men,
No longer cared to bide;
And while we lay upon their grave,
The wreath due to a brother,
We'll sing the songs they'd often crave,
When we fished Tweed together!

Chorus.

What fortune may for us still hold,
The wisest can't discern;
But be it naught or joy untold,
We'll seek "well done" to earn;
And when we lay our good creel by,
And with old friends foregather;
We'll tell—though maybe with a sigh,
How we fished Tweed together!

Chorus.

DUNCAN FRASER.

ALL who intend visiting the Borderland for the first time should be well posted up in the history, lore, and literature of the district, and be on familiar terms with all the great ones in song and story who have shed an undying lustre on this land of romance. It is very easy to say such a thing, but quite another matter to follow it out in these days of limited leisure and ceaseless hurry. Fortunately there is a quick road to acquiring all that is necessary when we have the genial minister of Tweedsmuir, the Rev. W. S. Crockett, as our guide. That gentleman's "The Scott Country," published by the famous firm of A. & C. Black, London and Edinburgh, still holds the field as the premier book on the subject, and with its wealth of illustrations proves a delight alike to those familiar with the district and the less fortunate who have yet to come under the spell of its enchantments.

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MR JOHN CLAY, CHICAGO.

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DEVOTED TO

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Edited by William Sanderson.

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MR JOHN CLAY OF CHICAGO.

THE latest book sensation, Mr Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," has caused an extraordinary and to a great extent a foolish revulsion of public feeling against the great packing-house industries of the Chicago stockyards. That the world-famous Armour, Swift, Morris, and Cudahy firms have been systematically pursuing a suicidal policy by using old and unwholesome material for can-filling is to the writer of this note, something incredible. The finest American shorthorn grade cattle now grazing on the western prairies are only worth two and a half cents (1¼d) per lb., on foot or gross weight. The finest Californian grapes are only worth twelve dollars (£2, 9s 6d) per ton. Why should American meat-packers or wine-makers adulterate? But on the much-vexed Chicago question, there is no one better qualified to speak with authority than a very notable son of the Scottish Border—Mr John Clay, of Chicago, St Louis, Kansas City, and several other places in the United States. Like some other prominent American cattle men, it is not always certain where Mr Clay's interests begin and end. His name is best known, however, about the Chicago stockyards, that huge area which might be described as a thousand cattle markets united—a great city of itself. Mr Clay has become a very wealthy and successful business man in every sense of the word, and belongs to a family who have been always prosperous. His brother, Mr Charles Clay, is a partner in the great cereal firm that owns "Quaker Oats" and some of the best-known cereal foods. His third and youngest brother is Mr Alexander Thomson Clay, of the firm of Pringle & Clay, W.S., Edinburgh. But this is not a story of worldly success; it is a little study of the career of a busy man, who has had at all times a warm heart to his native Borderland.

The namesake and father of the subject of this life-sketch, for many years must have been paying perhaps a larger amount per annum for land rent than any other tenant farmer in Scotland, for Kerchesters, Plenderleith, Winfield, Wedderlie and other rentals, running to thousands of arable, grass, and moorland acres. When Robert Burns made his famous tour on the eastern Borders, the Clays were in the front rank of the Berwickshire "gentlemen farmers." Their extensive operations were a surprise to the poet, whose previous experience had been connected with the smaller and more primitive farming of Ayrshire and Galloway. As a farmer, the late Mr John Clay was the last and greatest of his

family. His sons have taken to other pursuits, like so many sons of "gentlemen farmers" in England, and in future the agriculturists who keep a carriage and spend money freely among the tradesmen of their district are likely to become every year fewer in numbers, a pity for the welfare of country towns throughout Britain.

Brought up as boy and young man at the large farm of Kerchesters, on Tweedside, Mr John Clay, of Chicago, was in his early years a familiar figure in the old Border market town of Kelso. About twenty-five years ago, in early morning, before Kelso shopkeepers had taken down their shutters, a black-haired, swarthy, athletic young man riding through the streets en route for Wedderlie, in the Lammermoors, was a familiar sight. Later in the day the same horseman might be seen on his way back to Kerchesters. About 7 p.m. Mr John Clay, jun., for he was the rider referred to, might be seen coming back to town on a fresh horse, perhaps to attend a meeting of his favourite debating society, the "Kelso Dialectic," now one of the defunct educational associations for young men on the Borders. During Mr Clay's time the society was one of the most flourishing and useful in Scotland, and numbered among its members such men as William Robertson Nicoll, the far-famed editor of the "British Weekly"; William B. Cook, of Stirling, an able writer on Scottish antiquarian subjects, and one of the best extempore speakers in this country; Mr George Deans, of the Glasgow "Citizen"; Mr William Robertson, Glasgow, who not only manufactures "Robertson's wonderfu' flees," but first-class angling material of every description; Mr W. H. Thompson, a brother of Leslie Thompson, the artist, and a fine writer of magazine poetry in his day; and the late Mr W. Fred Vernon, a genuine clever humourist, and one of the most versatile men of talent the writer has ever met. Let me give you a glimpse at one of the old Kelso Dialectic Society's meetings. Mr Clay, senior, the much-respected president, was in the chair, and his eldest son, now Mr John Clay, of Chicago (then an aspiring youth), read a paper on his first impressions of America. Some of the members mentioned and a few of the younger men remained in the hall after the society's ten o'clock closing hour, to chat over the proceedings of the evening. Fred Vernon, who was always the chief spokesman, said, "What did you think about that bit of writing describing the Niagara Falls?" One member gravely remarked that Mr John Clay, jun., had simply stolen the passage from an American author, and if Mr Nicoll had been present he would have been able, from his phenomenal memory, to have mentioned the source from whence the piece of fine writing had been culled. This was the unanimous opinion, but it turned out afterwards that "the junior" (as the essayist was generally called to distinguish him from his father), had really accomplished a good literary piece from earnest study on the spot. This little incident has been introduced to give the keynote of Mr Clay's character, which is conscientious thoroughness in all duties of life.

Not long after this period Mr John Clay, jun., made a careful study of the subject of draught horses, and received an appointment from the Canadian Government to purchase Clydesdales, for the purpose of improving the breed of working horses in Canada. This was one of the most fortunate schemes for assisting farmers in which the Canadian Government ever engaged. Quebec and Ontario working horses, from the want of an infusion of good draught blood, had been every year becoming smaller and more weedy in quality. To Mr Clay's successful purchases at that time, the splendid "general purpose" horses of Canada at the present day are to a great extent due. After this work Mr Clay's services were largely taken advantage of by Western cattle ranching syndicates in the United States. Some years later he started on his own account, chiefly as a rancher, a cattle buyer, and a cattle salesman. His success has been extraordinary and well merited, being the result of genuine industry, combined with business faculty of the best. Mr Clay roughed it in the wild and wooly West twenty years before barbed wire fencing broke up the power of the cowboys. Several of his turbulent crew of cow and horse-boys met violent deaths. Perhaps a safer man than Mr John Clay never walked into a Wyoming drinking bar, filled with desperate characters with revolvers in their belts and hip-pockets. Boy and man he had always a cool nerve, a kind heart, and a plain, manly manner. To-day, riding into the Chicago stockyards, he looks the same quiet figure that he did nearly thirty years ago, when, mounted on one of his father's horses, he passed Jovial Jenny's toll-house on his way to Wedderlie. The farm of Wedderlie, romantic for Situation, near Westruther and Twinlaw Cairns, was the last holding that identified the Clay

family with the Borders. The place has always a great charm for Mr John Clay, and is one of the magnets that has so frequently induced him to take up residence in Scotland for the hunting season. At present he is lessee of Sunlaws, near Kelso, the seat of Captain Scott Kerr, and if health permits he will hunt with the Buccleuch and Berwickshire foxhounds for the next three seasons. Mr Clay's much-loved mother still survives. She resides in Edinburgh, and it may be mentioned of her that when a young lady she was considered a delightful singer of Scottish songs. This gift has not descended to her eldest son, the subject of this sketch, although he is hard to beat at relating braid Scotch stories of a humorous character. It is a safe thing to say that there are Americans residing in "millionaire row," Prairie Avenue, Chicago, who know many events in the lives of the Rev. James Izzet, the Rev. Dr Taylor, and other worthy people who resided in the old Berwickshire village of Westruther thirty years ago.

Mr Clay was very fortunate in his marriage. His wife was a Miss Forrest, who belonged to an influential Canadian family, originally from Scotland. His son, it is hoped, will live to follow in his father's footsteps, and take a managing interest in his large business ventures at Chicago and other industrial centres of the United States.

The Late Rev. Walter Lamb, B.D., Lauder.

WE reprint the following appreciation of the late Rev. Walter Lamb, B.D., from the "Border Telegraph" of June 19:—

It is with profound regret that we note the death, at an early age, of the highly esteemed and much beloved minister of the parish of Lauder. It is only fifteen months since Mr Lamb was inducted there as successor to Mr Martin (an illustrated sketch of whom appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for March, 1905), and he entered upon his duties with such enthusiasm and devotion that the brightest hopes were entertained of a most successful ministry. He had been ordained to the second charge of the parish of Kirkwall about a year before his induction to Lauder, and though his stay at the Cathedral was brief, he had won the hearts of many of the people, and there was abundant promise of his usefulness both as pastor and preacher. It is, however, of his life and work before he had a parish of his own that we care to write, and we do so, bearing the sorrow of personal loss—

> "But there is more than I can see,
> And what I see I leave unsaid,
> Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
> His darkness beautiful with thee."

Born in the sweet Border parish of Ednam, and a son of the Manse, his father's death caused his mother to take up residence at Dollar, with the view of giving her family the best education within her power. At the Academy Walter was an apt and active pupil, always so bright and kind-hearted that his

THE LATE REV. WALTER LAMB.

companions were early attached to him, and life-long friendships were formed. It was no passing impulse that threw his lot into preparation for the ministry, but a strong conviction that in the sacred office his life-work lay, and at St Andrews University he became an assiduous and distinguished student. Thereafter, he attended the Divinity Classes at St Mary's College, where the Principal formed a high opinion of his character and attainments, and always spoke of him with the most affectionate regard.

After being assistant in the parish of Ayr he was appointed to the mission of Dalwhinnie. In both spheres of labour he wrought

hard. He had a high sense of duty; his influence, especially with the young, was powerful; and he never forgot the sympathy shewn him, both for his own and his work's sake.

Nearly four years ago, Mr Lamb was selected as assistant to the Rev. Dr Hunter, in the parish of Galashiels. Soon after the appointment, the minister of the parish was ordered abroad to recruit his untoward health, and the assistant had full charge of parish and congregation. He was equal to the discharge of all the duties. The case of the sick, the visitation of the aged and infirm, the conduct of a large Bible Class, the superintendence of the Sunday School, along with regular pulpit services, did not seem to overtax his strength. Certainly he did all without semblance of complaint, and spared not himself that the people might receive the gospel of reconciliation. Many were touched by his thoughtful regard towards those most needing help. He bore the spirit of his office into every relationship of life. He preached with great earnestness and directness. He won the respect of all by the marked sincerity which pervaded all his ministerial work, while his fidelity as a friend—his tender-heartedness, his genial, gentle, amiable manner and disposition—made his confidence a perpetual joy.

It is not too much to say that Mr Lamb was equally popular among all classes—and, indeed, many in other churches were wont to speak highly of the happy influence of his sweet personality—but it was upon the lives of young men and women that the best impressions were made. He had such a winning way—he drew young people to him. They felt constrained to love him, and they were the better for it. He had the rare gift of imparting a kind of religious joy to all who heard his words: and now that he has fallen asleep, what he said and did will be long remembered, and lovingly cherished in many hearts, filled with sorrow for the loss of a valuable life, too early and suddenly eclipsed.

The work of Mr Lamb in Galashiels was not allowed to pass unnoticed. When he left for Kirkwall, he was the recipient of handsome gifts, and the crowded hall evinced the interest of the congregation in his welfare, while the hearty congratulations of Dr Hunter and others conveyed token of the loving esteem in which he was universally held. It is sad to think that much of the promise of ministerial usefulness must now be unfulfilled. How sincerely all sympathise with those who have been bereaved of a dear son and brother!

"There is no death. What seems so is transition,
The life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

Lauder is a most desirable parish, and today the Manse garden is rich with the foliage and fragrance of early summer, emblems of a "better resurrection."

A. T. G.

Notes and Queries.

WAS FLODDEN A SCOTTISH VICTORY?

On the recent Bannockburn Day, while I was walking from Stirling to the Borestone to take part in the annual celebration of Scotland's great victory over her oppressor, the conversation I had with another Scottish Patriot turned upon the battle of Flodden. We are so accustomed to think of that sad day as a Scottish defeat that my friend was quite surprised when I made the statement that, according to the rules of warfare, the result of that terrible fight was a victory for Scotland. Fortunately I am not skilled in the "game of war," but I believe that when the result is at all doubtful the army which encamps on the battlefield on the evening of the fight is declared to be victorious. This is a point worth discussing, and I invite our readers to take it up.

THE EDITOR.

* * *

THE JEDBURGH WAR-CRY.

I would like to ascertain, Mr Editor, through the medium of your "Notes and Queries" page, some information regarding the above from some of your learned contributors. I have heard a great deal about "Jethart's Here." When visiting that small Border town some time ago I picked up a local guide-book, upon one of the pages of which a representation of the burgh arms was given; these showed a man on horseback with a battle-axe in his hand, above whose head was a scroll upon which were the words, "Strenue et prospere," while below the horse was a pair of swords crossed—over which was a scroll with the words "Jethart's Here" upon it. I also noticed the same feature, if I remember rightly, upon the door of an inn named the "Jedburgh Arms," or some such name. When passing through that old town lately, however, there was pointed out to me a representation of the burgh arms, dated 1720, on the lower part of

the town steeple upon which the scroll with the words "Jethart's Here" did not occur. Can any of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE account for this curious omission? A friend who has read a history of Roxburghshire by Jeffrey informs me that it is there stated that when the British forces were ascending the heights of Alma a voice was heard in the front shouting "Jethart's Here." Also I have heard that in one of the latest battles between the English and the Scots the Jedburgh men shouted this war-cry. Is it not curious that this people should have departed from the usual form of slogan, viz., "A Douglas," "A Home," "A Henwoody," and "A Berwick?"

Q. RIUS.

* * *

DID BENJAMIN FRANKLIN VISIT THE BORDERS?

A friend once informed me that this famous American, whose bi-centenary was recently celebrated, visited the Borderland on one occasion. Could any of your readers inform me if this is correct, and where information on the subject is to be obtained? A writer in the London "Daily News" thus refers to Franklin:—"He stands side by side with Washington as a founder of the United States. Americans think of him first as a great citizen and a diplomat. But to the Englishman he is more important as a man of letters and a scientist. During his long stay in London he knew intimately such people as Burke, Hume, Gibson, &c., and later, in Paris, he made many friends among the literary men and scientists of his time. Among the many volumes of his works I suppose it is his autobiography, not published until long after his death, which will always be the most widely read. It is there that his personality found its freest and most charming expression. Franklin was one of the most versatile of men. When he was still in his early twenties he acquired the "Pennsylvania Gazette," and for many years made his influence felt by his personal contributions to the paper. He started a circulating library, the first that is known to have existed in America. And besides his political and philanthropic works he devoted himself severely to his scientific inquiries. He was a man characteristic of the early days of America at its best—a type which, so far as everything but industry is concerned, seems conspicuously absent in modern America."

U. S. A.

"THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST."

In reading last month's BORDER MAGAZINE I was interested especially in Mr Lindsay's notice of Col. Elliot's book on the Border Ballads. I should like very much to read the last chapter and see what he has to say on the lost ballad or song, "The Flowers of the Forest," of which only three lines and the tune survive. He seems to think that it had no reference to the battle of Flodden. Unfortunately, Mr Lindsay does not state his arguments in proof of this, but only says thay are numerous and cogent. The tune is to be found in a collection of Scottish music (made between 1615 and 1620), now in the Advocates' Library, and was published by a Mr Dauney under the title of "Ancient Scottish Melodies" in 1839. Miss Jean Elliot, who wrote her set of verses about 1756, knew only three lines of the old song and the tune, and understood the reference to be to Flodden. I wonder if there is anything known about this old song, or any references to it in any of our old collections of songs. I rather think not. Sir Walter was too late to capture this one—more's the pity. What would the book-hunters give for it now, though only "an old song." Whatever Col. Elliot may say, there is no doubt that the Forest (virtually Selkirkshire) suffered severely at Flodden, and the "decimated burgess-roll of Selkirk," as Craig-Brown says, proves that, while a silence of two months in the burgh records points in the same direction.

By the bye, the "Scotsman" had recently this paragraph:—"Lovers and students of Border Minstrelsy will be pleased to learn that Mr Andrew Lang has made interesting discoveries bearing on the veraciousness of the two famous ballads, 'Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead' and 'The Rescue of Kinmont Willie.' It may turn out that the rescue was the sequel of the Raid." He will likely have an article in some of the magazines by and bye.

A. G. S.

* * *

DR McCRIE, BIOGRAPHER OF JOHN KNOX, IN THE BORDERS.

Dr Thomas McCrie was born in Duns on 24th November, 1772. His father's house was situated within what is now the Duns Castle grounds—where a tree now stands. His father, Thomas McCrie, was a manufacturer's weaver, shrewd, and noted for caustic humour. His mother, Mary Hood, was sister of five brothers, progenitors of the Hoods, well-known

as farmers in Berwickshire. There was deep mutual affection between the mother and son. He often related how her devotion had moulded his moral nature and desire for the ministry. On his first setting out for the University of Edinburgh she accompanied him part of the way by Stoney Moor, in sight of Duns Law (on which the Covenanters encamped). Before bidding farewell she took him into a field, and behind a rock earnestly prayed for him that God would be his guide for ever. She died suddenly soon after, which caused great grief to him, and he never saw her again. He never mentioned her without the tear in his eye. He often dreamt of her. Not long before his death he had a striking dream, that his mother had appeared to him, wearing the same aspect, though very pale, as she did when he parted from her in Stoney Moor, beckoning him to follow, which he promised to do.

Dr McCrie was taught by the able Mr Cruickshanks, Parochial School, Duns, where in classics, &c., he made great progress. When seventeen he taught in Kelso School. It is said that as he was so near to the age of many of his pupils, he often joined after school hours in their outdoor sports, though keeping them in school under strict control.

He was an enthusiastic player of draughts. When teaching at Brechin, the Rev. Mr Gray, who was good at draughts, beat him at first. Dr McCrie, determined not to be discomfitted, found a barber who gave him capital insight, so when he encountered Mr Gray he beat him hollow, and his minister refused after to play with him! Long after that, draught players came to try their luck, but he always was gainer. He watched curling with a keen eye, and would likely have been a good shot, but he kept aloof, as it interfered with his studies.

Dr McCrie was licensed by the Kelso Secession Presbytery. I was told by an old Duns man that he remembered when he was young that Dr McCrie was a capital horseman. This recalls an incident in his life in his youth. In his old days, when one day in Kelso he took his friend, Mr Morison, currier, to a place on the River Tweed, and said, "About there when a lad I nearly lost my life when crossing on horseback. It was on 5th August that year." It is a curious coincidence that he died on 5th August, 1835. The funeral was public, attended by the Magistrates and Council of Edinburgh, the Church of Scotland Commission, then sitting, and the Professors and students of the Established and United Secession Halls.

SCOTUS.

Scott as a Historian.

WE are so accustomed to think of Scott as a poet and novelist that his position as a historian of his native country is too often forgotten. There have been many histories of Scotland written since Scott's day, but we still go back with fondness to his "Tales of a Grandfather," under which rather misleading title he told the story of his own beloved land. In these degenerate days there are abominable attempts on the part of many writers to dismiss the grand history of Scotland—one of the most stirring histories in the world—in a few sentences buried in a history of England. Even our school histories are shamefully distorted in this respect, but that is a matter which is about to be put right through the efforts of the Convention of Royal Burghs and the Scottish Patriotic Association. Scott's "Tales" is rather a big book, and by reason of its size might frighten the young student, so we notice with pleasure the publication of a handsome volume of selections from Scott's work, bearing the title "Stories from Scottish History." The beautifully bound book is published by George G. Harrap & Company, 15 York Street, Covent Garden, London, at 2/6, and is admirably suited for presentation to young folks, though, as we all know, Scott's history suits adults as well. The selections are from the first series of the "Tales," and have been carefully made by Madalen Edgar, M.A. The fine illustrations—mostly from paintings by prominent Scottish artists—are a feature of the volume, and we have pleasure, through the kindness of the publishers, in reproducing one which depicts a famous scene in the tragic life of our poet-king, James I.

As the introduction to the volume has so many valuable references to Scott's fitness as a historian, we take the liberty of quoting it in its entirety.

It was in the summer of 1827 that Sir Walter Scott told his six-year-old grandson many stories of Scottish kings and warriors as, mounted on "Douce Davie" and the Shetland pony "Marion," they rode together through the woods round Abbotsford.

While autumn was passing into winter, and there were rainy days to spend in his library, Sir Walter wrote out the stories which had delighted his small audience under the trees, and dedicated these "Tales of a Grandfather" to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. (properly John Hugh Lockhart), in words which are still read by hundreds of people, though the child to whom they were addressed died more than seventy years ago.

In the "Tales of a Grandfather" we have a complete history of Scotland down to the end of the Rebellion of '45, when Charles Edward Stuart, the Bonnie Prince Charlie of Jacobite song, made his unsuccessful attempt to win the Scottish throne from George II. Besides telling us of events in Scottish history, Sir Walter describes the laws and customs of the country in different times—

CATHERINE BAR-THE-DOOR.

Block kindly lent by the Publishers.

matters which are as important, and often quite as interesting, as any account of battles and heroic deeds. With so much to write about, it is no wonder Scott has given us a large book. Its size is almost eight times that of the present selections, which are taken from the earlier part of "Tales of a Grandfather."

We generally find that the best stories are those told by people who have themselves seen what they describe, or by those who can most fully imagine how things appear at the time and place they speak of. Sir Walter's Scott's lively pictures are due to two facts: first, that he had himself visited the places mentioned in his History, many of them being favourite haunts of his, while his antiquarian tastes made him familiar with the armour, dress, and implements of olden times; and secondly, that he had the gift of peopling historic sites with the appropriate figures of those who had once moved in them. To conjure up the past was a favourite amusement with Sir Walter, and wherever a place recalled to his mind some famous deed, the actors, in his imagination, moved once more on the scenes, and history lived again.

Of course, imagination alone could not have performed such feats. Scott had (to use his own phrase) "fastened like a tiger" upon every collection of old songs or romances which chance threw in his way, and from these, and from books of Scottish history and tradition, he gained so accurate a knowledge of distant times that he could indulge his fancy without letting it lead him astray. To wander through the country was another of his pleasures. Sometimes his excursions were on horseback, more often on foot. In his early days, in spite of his lameness, he would walk long distances, going on in a dreamy fashion much farther than he intended. At that time twenty to thirty miles a day did not seem to him an unreasonable amount of walking. Indeed, his father, who was sometimes annoyed by the fits of wandering which led the lad so far from home, would say that in his belief Walter was born to be a strolling pedlar!

When he had a week or so at his disposal, in the summers which followed his being called to the Bar, he explored Liddesdale, a lonely district where many a dismantled Border tower reminded him that—

"A time there was
When this hill-pass
With castle, keep, and peel,
Stood iron-teethed
Like warrior sheathed
In mail from head to heel."

These "raids" into Liddesdale are a good example of the way in which Scott picked up much of his curious lore. Making his way through a part of the country where there were no inns at which to spend the night, he would find shelter each evening in some lonely farmhouse or shepherd's cottage, and from his hosts would learn the traditions of the place, often in the words of a Border ballad which had never found its way into print. These old-world verses delighted him at the time he heard them from the lips of countryfolk, and, sinking into his memory, they were a treasure to the end of his life. Without effort he could recall any number of rhymes. He was known to repeat a ballad of eighty-eight stanzas which he had heard only once—and this after a considerable time had elapsed.

So, while some historians are content to range libraries in search of material for their writings, Scott, though making full use of books, went literally farther afield. But it must not be supposed that his early wanderings, such as the "Liddesdale raids," were undertaken with a view to writing at a future date. It was without a thought of the use he might afterwards make of such lore that he first entered on the quest of collecting local stories and verses. As an old Scottish friend of his remarked long after: "He was makin' himsel' a' the time, but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I daresay, but the queerness and the fun."

Sir Walter Scott's knowledge of the history of his country is quite as remarkable for the uncommon nature of the facts he gathered, as for their enormous quantity. This is just what we should expect, knowing of his delight in escaping from beaten tracks. Any little anecdote concerning characters in Scottish history, any song which breathed the feeling of another age, any tradition or superstition still lingering in the minds of country people—one and all, these remnants of earlier life in Scotland were added to the solid basis of history on which his books are built.

Lord Macaulay illustrates the value of these scraps which Sir Walter collected. In Lincoln Cathedral, he says, there is a beautiful painted window which, strangely enough, was made by an apprentice out of pieces of glass thrown aside by his master. In like fashion Scott has picked up many fragments of ballads and local history which some writers would not deign to use, looking on them as too insignificant, but which in his hands go to form books of romance and history surpassing others of more elaborate workmanship.

It is told of Sir Walter Raleigh that one day he watched from his prison window a brawl in the street, which he afterwards described, along with three other eye-witnesses, and no two out of the four reports were alike. And if it is difficult to get an undisputed description of recent events, it is much more so in the case of what has happened several hundred years ago—our historians having often to choose between different accounts of the same incident.

Sir Walter Scott is not a "critical" historian. His "Tales of a Grandfather" were written for a child, and he does not in them argue about disputed facts, or attempt to find a solution for mysteries which have baffled the most ingenious investigators—such as the Gowrie plot, or Queen Mary's share in the murder of Darnley. He prefers, in such cases, to tell the facts as they are acknowledged by everyone, and not to bias his readers in their views, though in the case of Queen Mary he does not conceal his own disapproval of Elizabeth's conduct towards her cousin.

He is, on the whole, lenient and kindly in his judgments, and when he has to decide between conflicting opinions he is glad to accept, or at least consider, the better view of an action. His admiration for King Robert the Bruce has been challenged by critical historians, who point out that Bruce in his earlier days fought for his own gain, and they call him, in consequence, an adventurer. But Scott does not excuse his earlier conduct. He speaks of him as being guilty of a base crime when he fought with the English against Scotland, and all his praise is justly given to the Bruce, who, throwing aside selfish motives, became the hero and liberator of his country.

Sir Walter was a staunch Tory. His love for the "old order" of things, however, is not due to his Conservatism alone: it springs from his interest as a lawyer in records of earlier generations, from his passion as an antiquarian for relics of the past, but most of all from his devotion as a Scotsman to the country which cradled his race.

And, indeed, the history of Scotland might well fascinate a man of Sir Walter's romance-loving nature. Its long story of strife and bloodshed is relieved by wonderful instances of love and loyalty and gallantry carried to the verge of foolhardiness; on every page we are in the midst of stir and warfare—

"The air is full of battle,
It is full of the trumpets' sound,
Of the tramp of dashing horses
And the cries of the crowd around."

The repeated claims of England to the overlordship of Scotland, and the fierce love of liberty which has always characterised the peoples of the northern kingdom, involved the two countries from earliest times in an almost continuous state of warfare; when this was in abeyance the spirit of enmity still lurked on the Borders, and Scots and English alike made deadly raids for the pleasure of plundering their hostile neighbours. Besides constant quarrels with the English, Scotland suffered from disturbances at home. The early Jameses had, time after time, to combat the ambitious Douglases—"stalwart earls, broad-browed, black-bearded, pinnacled on power o'er-grown," who threatened to wrest the crown from the Stewart family. And if quiet prevailed around the King's person, there were still endless broils among the unruly Borderers or wild Highland clans in the north. Boldness and ferocity were conspicuous in the men who battled for their very existence in those days; but loyalty, courage, and endurance came too from their harsh training, and true knights there were on both sides of the Border, who acted up to the maxim—

"Thy sword is to keep thine honour white,
And thine honour must keep thy good sword bright,
And both must be free from stain."

In their descendants we can trace the same sterling qualities which marked the noblest of the earlier Scots. Perhaps in none are the characteristics of courage and endurance, loyalty and patriotism, more clearly seen than in him who gave us these tales "far brought from out the storied past."

A Border Literary Chronicle with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART II.

BROWN, JAMES, M.D., a physician of Kelso; published anonymously a translation of two Orations of Isocrates. Died 1733.

BROWN, JAMES (b. at Kelso, May 23, 1709—d. Nov. 30, 1788), son of the preceding; traveller and scholar; educated at Westminster School; about 1732 started the idea of the "London Directory"; afterwards resided some years in Persia, and compiled a MS. Dictionary and Grammar of the language of that country.

BROWN, JAMES B. (b. at Galashiels, 1832—d. at Selkirk, Dec. 25, 1904), poet and essayist; holds the foremost place among our present-day Scottish poets; wrote "Bible Truths and Shakespearian Parallels," 1862; "Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry," 1878; and several volumes of admirable poetry; was widely known as "J. B. S."; was a frequent contributor to "Blackwood," and was well-read in various departments of literature.—(B.M. i. 6; ii. 44; iv. 21, 44; x. 21, 25).

BROWN, THOMAS, M.A., was schoolmaster at Ancrum, and afterwards at Hawick; wrote a biography of the poet Leyden, and several pieces of poetry of considerable merit; died at Bonjedward, March 3, 1890.

BRYDON, JAMES, M.D. (b. in the parish of Hounam —d. June 4, 1905), educated at Roberton School, and at St Andrews and Edinburgh Universities; practised from 1858 at Hawick; president of the Hawick Archæological Society; edited the poetical works of Henry Scott Riddell in 2 vols., 1871, to which he contributed a biographical sketch of the poet, of whom he was an intimate friend; contributed both poetry and prose to the local press.

BRYDONE, PATRICK (b. at Coldingham, 1736—d. 1818) traveller; son of Robert Brydone, parish minister of Coldingham; author of a "Tour through Sicily and Malta," 1773; resided at Lennel House on the Tweed, near Coldstream, now a seat of the Earl of Haddington. He is "the reverend pilgrim" alluded to in "Marmion" (c. vi. 18). His wife was the eldest daughter of Principal Robertson, the historian, and his own eldest daughter became Countess of Minto, having married the second Earl in 1806.

BUCHAN, WILLIAM, M.D. (b. at Ancrum, near Jedburgh, 1729—d. Feb. 2, 1805), studied divinity and medicine at Edinburgh, and afterwards practised in various places, Sheffield, Edinburgh, and London; best known as the author of that famous and popular work, "Domestic Medicine," published in 1769, of which 80,000 copies are said to have been sold in his lifetime, and which has been translated into various languages. He is referred to by Burns in "Death and Dr Hornbook," who had "grown weel acquaint with Buchan and ither chaps." He died in London, and lies buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.—(B.M. ii. 216; iv. 49).

BURNE, NICOL, a wandering minstrel of the 17th century, supposed author of the old song, "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," is said to have found shelter in his old age with the Scotts of Thirlestane. He was among the last of the minstrels, and is by many considered to be the author of some of the surviving ballads of the Forest. Prof. Veitch says it is possible that Sir Walter Scott had him in mind when, in his introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he speaks of the aged harper as—

"The last of all the bards was he
Who sang of Border chivalry."

CAIRNS, JOHN, D.D., LL.D. (b. at Ayton Law, Berwickshire, Aug. 23, 1818—d. March 12, 1892) theologian; studied at Edinburgh University and Berlin; M.A., 1841; licensed, 1843; minister of the U.P. Church, Berwick, from 1845-76; Principal of the U.P. Church College, 1879; D.D., 1858; LL.D., 1884. His Life has been written by Dr McEwen, 1895.

CALDERWOOD, DAVID (b. 1575—d. at Jedburgh, Oct. 29, 1650), church historian; ordained minister of Crailing, Roxburghshire, 1604; imprisoned in 1617, and afterwards banished from Scotland; minister of Pencaitland, Haddingtonshire, 1640; author of a "History of the Church of Scotland," an abridgment of which was published in 1678, and the whole printed in 8 vols., 1842-49, for the Wodrow Society; in 1623 he published "The Altar of Damascus," a defence of Presbyterianism.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1906.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An antiquarian friend, whose knowledge of ancient documents places him in the front rank of those who reveal the story of the past, has suggested to us that there must be many old manuscripts, charters, &c., awaiting elucidation in the mansions and homes of the Borderland. Believing this to be correct, and having special facilities for deciphering and transcribing old MSS., &c., we shall be pleased to enter into communication with anyone having such documents.

The Border Keep.

A recent Border marriage in one of the old local families calls forth the following interesting paragraph in an evening paper:—

Among the old-time rural usages honoured by the present degenerate age, few are more popular than those associated with the wedding of the lord of the manor. For this reason the marriage of Mr J. R. C. Herbert Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode aroused throughout a wide district of the Lammermuirs a holiday humour that lasted for a week at least. The young laird, to whose popularity such a spontaneous tribute was paid, is chief of one of the oldest families in the South of Scotland. Mr John Spottiswoode, minister of Mid-Calder, sat with John Knox in the first General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk, and ultimately became Superintendent of Lothian. Another representative of the family became Archbishop of St Andrews, and is remembered in history as the prelate who crowned Charles I. Robert, a son of this ecclesiastic, fought side by side with Montrose, and like many another bold cavalier, paid the death penalty for his loyalty. Within recent years a daughter of the historic house attained fame as a poetess. Born in 1810, Alicia Spottiswoode married in 1836 Lord John Scott, an uncle of the present Duke of Buccleuch. To ballad literature this gifted lady made several noteworthy contributions, but she is best remembered as the authoress of the most popular version of "Annie Laurie." Up to the time of her death in the spring of 1900, Lady John preferred an old-fashioned family coach with its attendant outriders to all modern vehicles. It was one of the venerable lady's proudest boasts that she had conversed with veterans who had helped to strike a last blow for Prince Charlie on the moor of Culloden.

* * *

The passing away of Sir Charles Tennant, referred to in the last issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE, lends appropriateness to the following cutting I find among my store of Border bits:—

In the many biographical notices of Mr Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that have appeared recently, I have seen no reference to a unique circumstance in his experience, which may be regarded as a happy omen of higher honours yet in store for him. It may be remembered that in 1894 Mr Asquith married Miss Margaret Tennant, daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, of The Glen. The marriage took place in St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, where so many

fashionable weddings are celebrated. Mr Asquith at the time was Home Secretary in Mr Gladstone's Government, and among other distinguished guests present were Mr Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and Mr Balfour. These three signed the marriage register along with Mr Asquith, and the two latter have since been called upon to fill the highest office of the State. Perhaps no other man has ever had his marriage register attested by three Premiers. It would be but a fulfilment of poetic justice, as well as of the expectations of his friends, were Mr Asquith himself at a future time to become Prime Minister.

* * *

To many who sing that favourite hunting song, "John Peel," the hero of it is pretty much of a myth, but the following paragraph shows that he was a living reality on the south side of the Border, and that some within living memory could answer in the affirmative the well-known query, "D'ye ken John Peel?"

Apropos the announcement that the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson was the last surviving member of the company of sportsmen who knew John Peel, it is interesting to recall that eight years ago a descendant of the hunting squire died in a humble tenement in Hamilton Street, Govan. Tom Peel, as this worthy scion of an old family was called, had a varied career. Born in the county of Cumberland, where his father owned a small property, he was early compelled by family misfortunes to shift for himself. Among his friends in the shipbuilding burgh Tom was reputed to possess musical talents of no mean order. Long the plaything of Fortune, the illness that eventually proved fatal lasted for many years; but to the end the unfortunate man maintained an optimistic outlook that would have done credit to the hero of the well-known hunting song.

* * *

I am often amused at the lack of knowledge displayed by newspaper paragraphists who are not over familiar with country life, and a correspondent to an evening paper thus replies to one of these writers:—

Had the writer of the recent par. on the disappearance of the dyker first visited the more sequestered parishes in the south of Lanarkshire, he would have found ample reason for modifying the terms of his lament. On the wild moorland tract, where rills that rise a short distance from each other flow apart and merge respectively in tributaries of the Clyde and the Tweed, hedges refuse to grow, and the innate conservatism of the peasantry forbids the use of such a modern contrivance as barbed wire. Under these circumstances, dyking is numbered among the patriarchal occupations usually transmitted from father to son. In some outlying Border villages the work of the dyker and that of the well-builder are appropriately conjoined. Modern science teaches that wells offer special facilities for the encroachment of the ubiquitous microbe. But they have the recommendation of cheapness; and, in their desire to economise, rural authorities sometimes prefer them to expensive systems of water carriage. In this adherence to use and wont, the sentimentalist fully concurs, for when seated under the overhanging arch of a village well on a hot July day, the parched wayfarer cannot fail to recognise that the liquid drawn from its cool recesses has thirst-quenching properties that are denied to the waters of Loch Katrine, as drawn from the city tap.

* * *

One of the exchanges sent to the BORDER MAGAZINE is the "Western School Journal," published at Topeka, Kansas, U.S.A., in the interests of education and the teaching profession. The proprietor and editor of this up-to-date publication is a worthy Scot, Mr John Macdonald. From the pages of the above-mentioned magazine I cull the following, which may prove an inspiration to some young Borderers, and a consolation to others who may consider themselves unsuccessful as the world too often counts success:—

The George Livingston Richards Co., of Boston, offered some months ago, prizes for the best essay, not to exceed 100 words, on "Success." The prizes ranged from $1 to $250. Mrs A. J. Stanley, the wife of Supt. A. J. Stanley, of Lincoln county, Kansas, was awarded $250. The amount was paid to her last November. The following is the essay:—"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was inspiration; whose memory a benediction." We heartily congratulate Mrs Stanley. Her essay was in competition with essays from many parts of the United States and Canada.

* * *

The passing away or removal of old-established families is one of the regrettable features of our present day. The Borderland, in common with other parts of the country, has suffered in this respect, and the following paragraph makes that very evident:—

By the death of Miss Mary Scott, Canonbie, in her eighty-ninth year, another link with the past is broken. She was a daughter of the Scotts, who, with their forbears, farmed Airnlee, Canonbie, on the Duke of Buccleuch's Eskdale estate, for 300 years. The Dobies, who farmed Enzieholm on the same estate for 300 years, have also relinquished their tenancy; while a still severer parting was to the Moffats, who for over 600 years occupied Midknock on the same estate, but who made way for others about a year ago.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

William Laidlaw (Author of "Lucy's Flittins.")

PART II.

HAD Laidlaw foreseen the pre-eminence to which both his companions rose, he would, he assures us, have recorded every word that passed between them on that interesting occasion. One part of the conversation, however, was not likely to escape his memory. During their journey Scott and Leyden drew together and engaged in earnest talk. Laidlaw was then allowed to join them, whereupon Leyden thus accosted him: "This Hogg writes verses, I understand?" Laidlaw replied that Hogg was very ready at making verses, and these very fine poetry indeed. "But I trust," was Leyden's rejoinder, "that there is no fear of his passing any of his own upon Scott for old ballads?" Laidlaw replied that it was far from Hogg even to conceive such a thought. "Let him beware of forgery," cried Leyden, in his peculiar rasping voice, and with much emphasis.

It was the ballad of "Old Maitland" to which reference was made in the foregoing dialogue, and possibly we find a trace of the effects of this conversation in a letter from Hogg to Scott (dated 30th June, 1802) which is given in the introduction to that ballad in the "Border Minstrelsy." "I am surprised to hear," writes Hogg, "that this song is suspected by some to be a modern forgery; the contrary will be best proved by most of the old people hereabouts having a great part of it by heart. . . . I believe it is thus that many very ancient songs have been gradually modernised, to the common ear; while, to the connoisseur, they present marks of their genuine antiquity."

So much was Laidlaw surprised at the suspicion of Leyden towards one whose sincerity of purpose was so well-known to himself, that he could afterwards recollect nothing of what transpired until they arrived at his uncle's house. There they found another uncle of the Yarrow lad—Mr Charles Erskine, whom Scott afterwards made a Sheriff-Substitute. While dinner was being prepared, Leyden and Laidlaw, who in some respects were of kindred nature, directed their steps to Yarrow Churchyard, where the latter pointed out to the former the monument of Scott's great-grandfather, Dr Rutherford. After dinner the party took advantage of a beautiful evening to go and scrutinise the Yarrow inscribed stone, which had been disinterred on the farm of Laidlaw's uncle, and had been placed on the smooth turf adjoining the house, for the inspection of the learned. Scott and Leyden had previously endeavoured in vain to decipher the inscription, and again they were unsuccessful. If Leyden did not excel on that occasion in the sphere of letters, he at least astonished Will Laidlaw by the scientific way in which he putted a heavy stone—a feat which greatly raised the linguist in Laidlaw's favour.

Before parting on the occasion of their visit to Whitehope, Scott had obtained from him a note of the Ettrick Shepherd's address; he thereafter commenced to correspond with Hogg himself on those subjects which were so dear to them both. Desirous of becoming acquainted personally with his correspondent, however, Sir Walter visited Blackhouse, with the object of procuring Laidlaw's services as guide to the mountain retreat of the Ettrick Shepherd. It was evening when Scott called at the abode of the Laidlaws, and some time after tea, when showing the Sheriff the apartment which was to be his bedroom, young Laidlaw—whose father was not at home—took occasion to show his guest some verses which he had written, but which he had not anticipated would be put to the test of criticism. Scott was too true a poet, however, to give unqualified praise to what was imperfect, and indeed, far from praising them, he was content to point out the imperfections of the effusions, with a justice that Laidlaw could not but recognise. Sir Walter's only approbation was in regard to the source of amusement Laidlaw had chosen. We cannot but feel satisfied, however, that by this lesson Laidlaw profited more than if Scott had bestowed upon him unstinted praise. "Of this recollection," writes Laidlaw in his "Recollections" regarding his forwardness in putting his verses before the notice of one who afterwards became so renowned, "I to this day feel ashamed." But this passage is due to Laidlaw's extreme modesty. He was only twenty-one years of age at the time of the incident, and no doubt the verses, if not perfect, had a merit of their own.

Next day Laidlaw escorted Scott past Dryhope and Chapelhope, and having crossed the Yarrow above St Mary's Loch, they surmounted—not without difficulty—the range of hills between the Yarrow and the Ettrick, and eventually arrived at Ramsaycleuch—the abode of Laidlaw's cousins, the Brydons—where the travellers were most hospitably entertained. Hogg was sent for, and here the Great Wizard met the Ettrick Shepherd, who came to the place of meeting with a bundle of old ballads which he had collected. The evening was spent

in great hilarity, the mimicry of these two master-minds, Scott and Hogg, keeping the company in roars of laughter. After having been accompanied by Hogg up the Rankle Burn to Buccleuch, the Sheriff and Laidlaw went to Crosslee, where they spent the night under the roof of Laidlaw's aunt, Mrs Brydon. On the following day the travellers journeyed by way of the Loch of the Lowes to Yarrow Kirk, where they parted.

Such, briefly told, is Laidlaw's account of Scott's meeting with Hogg. It differs somewhat from the Ettrick Shepherd's version, from which the following is derived: Hogg, he himself informs us in his "Domestic Manners," was busily engaged working in the field when Old Wat Shiel came over the water and informed him that he must go down to Ramsaycleuch as fast as he possibly could, as some gentlemen wanted to see him there. Hogg was glad to learn that it was the Sheriff himself, and accordingly he flung down his hoe, and hastened home, intending to put on his Sunday clothes for the occasion. Before he could reach his house, however, he was met by Scott and Laidlaw, who were on their way to visit him. They spent two hours in Hogg's abode, and the evening at Ramsaycleuch. Hogg gives a most interesting account of the evening's hilarity and the events of their journey to the castles of Tushielaw and Thirlstane; supplying details that Laidlaw does not mention. These events, according to Hogg's account, took place in the summer of 1801; but this must surely be an error for 1802, as the "Border Minstrelsy," which Hogg says he had seen previous to this visit, was not published until early in the latter year. It was some time after this journey, as Laidlaw states—either early in the following or, more probably, in the same year—that Scott came to Blackhouse in order to have the companionship and guidance of Laidlaw to Moffat Water, the Grey Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene—scenes which Laidlaw in the return journey from Ramsaycleuch had described to the Sheriff. Together with his servant, Scott, Laidlaw, and his brother George, accompanied by the novelist's dog Camp, set out on horseback and rode up the Yarrow to Birkhill, where the horses were stabled, the party then proceeding on foot, leaving Scott's servant behind as caretaker. They first inspected the Giant's Grave, and then with difficulty proceeded to the Grey Mare's Tail, whence they turned homewards by way to Dobb's Lynn, leaving the visit to Loch Skene until some future occasion.

On the following day Laidlaw accompanied Scott towards the Yarrow on his return journey home. When they had gone nearly a mile down the Douglas Burn, the great poet's attention was directed by his friend towards an old hawthorn tree situated near the junction of a small burn with the Douglas Burn. Having referred to this hawthorn in glowing terms to his companion, dealing with its unique site and traditional anecdotes connected with it, Laidlaw was much disappointed that Sir Walter had not a word to say while they stood gazing upon it. But that the hawthorn was not forgotten or disregarded Laidlaw saw when Scott, a few years afterwards, read to him his poem "Marmion," in the first lines of the introduction of the second canto of which the poet refers in touching terms to "yon Thorn" to which Will Laidlaw had directed his attention.

Meanwhile the first two volumes of Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" had been issued in January, 1802, and Scott, in order to show his appreciation of the assistance Laidlaw had rendered him, sent him a present of these, together with the following letter:—

"Edinburgh, 12th May, 1802.

"SIR,—In order to testify as much as possible my sense of your politeness in relation to the objects of my pursuit, I have to request your acceptance of two volumes of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' which I hope may afford you some amusement. I beg you will keep on the look out for any old stories [that] may fall in your way, whether in rhyme or otherwise, and preserve a memorandum of them against I come to the country. I hope you will not forget your promise to let me see you when you come to town.—Your obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE is a pool on Tweed named Maccus' weil, from which the family name of Maxwell is derived.

GUIDE TO KELSO.—We have received a copy of the Guide to Kelso and places of interest in the neighbourhood, published by Mr W. Smith, bookseller, Kelso. The publication is in no way ambitious, as the price is only one penny, but the concise manner in which all necessary information has been put together makes the booklet more valuable to the visitor than a larger work might be. The visitor who has only a few hours to spend in the famous Border town will get all he requires in Mr Smith's publication, while those who are "well up" in local knowledge and lore will find it useful as a refreshing reminder of many things they may have forgot.

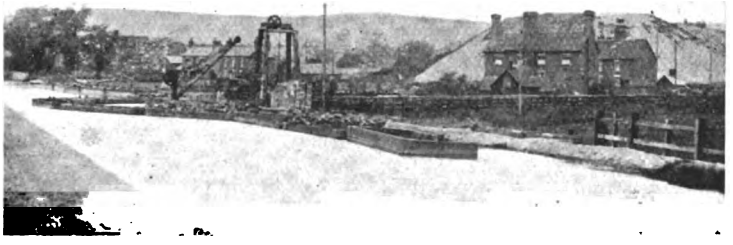
Some Borderers on Severn-Side.

"Good men must certainly die, but death cannot kill their names."

IN addition to the group of Borderers already mentioned there were other Scots whose names are not so widely known, but who deserve mention as colleagues and helpers of their more famous contemporaries. Mr John Simpson, who was born at Stenhouse, Midlothian, in 1755, was one of Thomas Telford's assistants, and superintended the building of the bridges of Bewdley, in Worcestershire, Dunkeld, Craigellachie, and Bonar in the Highlands; also the aqueducts of Pontcysslte and Chirk in Wales, and the locks and basins of the Caledonian Canal. Like Telford, he seems to have cultivated architecture as well as engineering, and built St Chad's Church at Shrewsbury. He died in 1815, and his widow and daughters erected in St Chad's Church a marble monument to his memory, containing a bust of him by the famous sculptor Chantrey.

In the illustration to the article on Alexander Brodie in the May number of the BORDER MAGAZINE, a flat tomb is marked III. The inscription engraved on the cast-iron plate which covers it sets forth that it is in memory of Mr James Burns, of Hamilton, North Britain, manager to the British Tar Company's works at Muirkirk, in the County of Ayr. He died the 21st March, 1788, aged thirty-one years. He seems to have been a worthy Scot and "weel respectit," as the inscription relates that the Company fixed the plate as a testimony of the regard they had for him, and of the loss they had suffered by his death. About four years before the date of his death Lord Dundonald's "stew coal ovens" were erected, and probably Mr Burns was connected with the management of them, as well as of the similar works at Muirkirk; and it may reasonably be assumed that the Ayrshire works was another of Lord Dundonald's enterprises.

A near neighbour of Alexander Brodie, named John Wilkinson, may be mentioned. He was born in canny Cumberland in 1728, and in his youth worked with his father and brother at casting flat irons. Afterwards, with his brother, he moved to Staffordshire, and to North Wales, while later on he set up an ironwork at Willey Forge, about a mile down the Severn from Alexander Brodie's foundries. Here were cast some of the cylinders for James Watt's earliest steam engines, which were used in the vicinity, not for driving machinery direct, but to pump the water from the waterwheels back into the pools above, and so keep them going. Thomas Telford speaks of having him on his side in some project he was engineering, and calls him the king of ironmasters. He owned some copper mines in Cornwall, and issued his own tokens, bearing on one side his own portrait and on the other some design connected with his trade. Some of these tokens were found a year or two ago in the foundations of a house which was being



TWEEDALE, SHROPSHIRE.

pulled down at Dunbar, likely brought there by some Scot who had travelled home again. His neighbours said that Wilkinson was ironmad, because he believed in iron for everything, and never wrote a letter but iron occurred in it. In the end he was placed in an iron coffin, and taken back and buried in his native Cumberland.

This group of Borderers and their friends whose histories have been briefly narrated, were all strenuous workers, who made themselves leaders and pioneers in developing those great industries which have made the Midland counties of England famous, and their united life-times cover a period of remarkable industry and invention. From the birth of John Wilkinson in 1728 until the death of Alexander Brodie the Second in 1830, the century included the invention of smelting iron by pit coal, the first iron rails, the first iron boat, the first iron bridge, the first steam engines, &c., all within a radius of a few miles, and it is pleasing to know that Border men bore leading parts in these enterprises, and left footprints on the sands of time, which their successors can follow. Since those times the Scots have been and are still to the fore in the Severn Valley, mostly filling leading positions with credit to themselves and their native land. As a rhymster had it in the poet's corner of a Border paper:—

For sodgers, for sailors, for statesmen and peers,
For sciente and art, for chief engineers,
For preachers, for doctors, for crack volunteers,
The nation looks aye to Auld Scotland.

Probably few Peeblesshire people know that there is another Tweedale in Shropshire. This is a small hamlet of a few houses, situated beside some coal mines and dismantled ironworks, about two miles from the Severn, and inhabited by mining employees. There are no hills or burns or clear river to please the eye; the background is a huge pit mound, and in front is a stagnant branch canal where the coal is shipped. The coal is brought down from the pits at the top of the mound in small waggons on jenny rails, and transferred to the canal boats at the primitive-looking wharf seen in the view. Some years ago it possessed an inn called the Tweedale Arms, but this does not now exist. How the name originated does not seem to be known locally, whether some native of Peeblesshire had wandered here and named it, or whether both names may be derived from the same root. Either of these would be a likely supposition.

A LINTON LAD.

The Border Dialect.

THE advent of Dr James A. H. Murray to his native neighbourhood in September will present an unique opportunity to ventilate the question, "How best to preserve and popularise the Border mother tongue.

May I claim the influence of the BORDER MAGAZINE in directing the attention of Borderers everywhere to the subject and the favourable circumstances in which something worthy might be done on behalf of our beloved mother tongue?

The decadence of the Border dialect as a spoken language in future is, I fear, inevitable. The whole trend of our social and national life is in this direction. I have no fear that those who, like Dr Murray, spoke the dialect in their boy or girlhood will ever forget or cease to love it. I claim no monopoly when I say that sixty years of city life have only intensified my affection for it—but, my children—although they know the district well and its associations, and glory in them—don't speak the dialect.

The vastly improved means of communication during even the last twenty years are increasingly scattering native-born Borderers and bringing strangers to our Border towns. But these very agencies have helped with others to make our Border literature national and cosmopolitan, and thus have created a new necessity for being able to spell and to speak correctly the soft speech of the locality.

Our English friends praise liberally the Borderland and its literature, but if a fairly intelligent Englishman is set to read a choice page or two of Scott, or Hogg, or the "Noctes," the result is wonderful. Even the singers of our Scottish songs habitually "misca'" a number of the words.

Now, who should have these things put right if it be not those who were cradled amid the soothing sounds of our native Borderland?

What can be done, and how it can be accomplished remains to be seen, but it is obvious that our local Border societies could do much by prizes for essays, recitations, &c., to interest their members. The honorary members have much in their power, and there are among them men of fine literary taste, like, for instance, Sir George Douglas, to whom we naturally look.

There is no man living in whom all the requisite qualities so fully meet as they do in Dr Murray more able to render the required service

It is impossible that, even in the high and important position which he adorns, he can have lost the love of Border lore and its antecedents. His scholarly volume, entitled "The Dialects of the Southern Counties of Scotland," published so long ago as 1873, and bearing many marks of "a labour of love," is prefaced thus:—"The local dialects are passing away, and with them disappears the light which they are able to shed upon the many points in the history of the national tongue that supersede them."

I understand that one or more deputations will present addresses to Dr Murray at Hawick in September next, and I trust that the loyal Border spirit will manifest itself to purpose on behalf of our Border dialect.

Those who have given no special attention to the subject are inclined to belittle the importance of the vernacular, but students of literature and language are of a different opinion. In a recent article in "Blackwood's Magazine" on George Buchanan, whose quater-centenary is now being celebrated, Mr Charles Whibley deals in an able manner with Buchanan's life and times. When criticising the poetry of that old-world Scot, Mr Whibley says:—

> By avoiding his own vernacular he put the polish of culture on his verse and immeasurably increased his audience. He knew not that thus he was bartering the chance of immortality for an immediate fame. Great in his own age, he is but the shadow of a name in ours. He added nothing to the sum of human expression. He did not extend the boundary-stone of poetry by a single hand's breadth. . . . Thus it is that two lines written in the white heat of inspiration by Robert Burns are worth the complete works of him who, in Scaliger's eyes, had reached the top and pinnacle of poetic eminence.

Edinburgh. GEORGE TAIT.

Death of an Aged Borderer.

READERS of the BORDER MAGAZINE will hear with regret of the passing away of Miss Elizabeth Young, one of the Border twins, portraits and a short biographical sketch of whom appeared in these columns (October, 1902, vol. vii., page 181).

Miss Young, who entered her ninety-first year on the 1st of June last, was, during the early months of this year, laid aside by a severe illness, from which no hope of recovery was entertained at the time; but so marvellous were her recuperative powers during these critical months, that she was able to be about again in fairly good old-age health by the beginning of May. Shortly after her last birthday, however, she was again laid aside, and to those who were in constant attendance upon her during the last three weeks of her illness, it was evident that the end was not far off. On Monday, 2nd July, she fell on sleep, and on the following Thursday her remains were laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Bunkle, where, with her father and mother and two sisters, she awaits the dawning of the eternal day. The service in the house was conducted by the Rev. Mr Eason, South United Free Church, Duns, of whose congregation Miss Young was a member; and at this memorable service Mrs John Redpath, the surviving twin sister, was able to be present as chief mourner. The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. Mr Mair, minister of the parish.

> "Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above, to accompany her to the city-gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river-side. The last words that she was heard to say were, 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless Thee!'"

To Mrs Redpath, the venerable twin sister, whose life has been so closely entwined with Miss Young's during the past ninety years, many expressions of sympathy go out at this time. But although the life-bond between the two sisters has been severed by death, there is much comfort in the thought that the parting is only for "a little while." The one called away is now "through faith and patience inheriting the promises," while the other, though still on the Borderland, holds on her way to the Better Land; and as she walks in the steps of the Master and hears Him say encouragingly, "Where I am, there ye may be also," she thus hopefully sings—

> "Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
> Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
> Guide me toward Home, where, all my wanderings ending,
> I shall see Thee, and shall be satisfied!"

G. R.

Trust me, each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.

"Ivanhoe."

Gainford and its Antiquities.

THE village of Gainford, which might be considered a Border village in the far distant times when Northumbria was in possession of the Scots, situated about eighty miles from Darlington, is built on the Durham side of one of the most beautiful and picturesque valleys of the Tees. The whole aspect of the place is delightfully rural, and its history stretches back to a remote period. The manor was granted to Guy Baliol, a Norman follower of the Conqueror by William Rufus, and it continued to be held by his descendants till it was forfeited by John Baliol, King of Scotland, in the year 1296. But to hark further back, we find that in 801 Edwin, a Northumbrian chief, and an "Abbot strong in the service of God, like a worn-out soldier, came to the end of his life, in the presence of his brethren, on the 18th of the Kalends of February, and was honourably buried in his monastery, called St Gegenforda, within the church." Bishop Ecgeid of Lindisfarne, from 830 to 845, built a church at Geguford, and gave it to St Cuthbert, and to this saintly bishop is also ascribed the erection of the holy well. Most of the houses have gardens on a sunny slope running down towards the green, which is a feature of the place, and was noticed by Scott, who says:—

He views sweet Winston's woodland scene
And shares the dance on Gainford Green.

The church is a very ancient edifice, its date may be about 1200, and it stands on the site of an earlier Saxon church; the builders availed themselves of Saxon stones and "of stones carved and inscribed by Norman hands as materials with which to carry on their work." In one of the lower piers an inscribed stone was found, which proved to be a Roman altar. It bears an inscription which, when translated, reads:—"To Jupiter Dolychenus, the best, the greatest, Julius Valentunis the Centurion, by command of the God himself has placed this altar for himself and his family, with a willing mind, Praeseus and Torquatus being consuls." There as some very fine sculptured crosses in the church, supposed to date from the 12th century.

From Photo GAINFORD. By Miss C. Mason, Louth, Lincs

At the west end of the village, and nearly opposite to the church, is the fine old Elizabethan house, known as "Gainford Hall." It was built by John Cradoch and is very picturesque. Over the north door is the coat of Cradoch and the inscription, "John: Cradoch, 1600."

The projecting bays add greatly to the exterior. A low room is panelled and has a beautiful cornice of fruit and flowers.

At the foot of the churchyard path is a never-

failing spring called "St Mary's Well," and there is a footway down to the ford from whence the village derives its name. On the opposite side of the river are the ruins of St Mary's Abbey, where an old columbary still exists. The old ruin looks desolate and very solitary, but, looking back on the village, a picture of unsurpassable loveliness greets the eye. To describe it in the words of a well-known writer, Edmund Bogg: "As we wander around the chapel ruins and grass-grown mounds and note the Celtic dike and memorials of ancient Rome and the skeleton of an old world around, and the complete silence and almost desolation which now reigns, we are struck by the exquisite beauty and romantic appearance of the landscape. Gainsford village nestling below, with hoary church and manor-house, the columbary on either side of the river, relics of feudal days; sweet lowland glades and charming ravines." Many a sketch has been made by artistic visitors, and the place admits of long runs in the motor without ascending steep hills.

BARR-BROWN.

"Reparabit Cornua Phœbe."*

(From "Chambers's Journal," Jan. 1887.)

AH yes! the moonlight comes again;
Tweed still flows on by holm and hollow;
But gone is Harden's warrior train,
Nor longer they the raid shall follow.

The glad free life of bygone years
Scarce lingers save in Border story;
No wandering minstrel moves to tears,
Or thrills with tales of battle's glory;

And, when the mystic twilight falls,
No wind of eve o'er moorlands blowing,
Bears echo from the elfin halls,
Or weirder song than Yarrow's flowing.

No Thomas by the Eildon Tree
Hears bells on fairy bridles ringing;
On Carterhaugh no glamourie;
Of other years the streams are singing.

All gone: yet o'er the gulf of Time
We stretch out hands of love and sorrow,
And tune our ears to ballad rhyme,
Some cadence from of old to borrow.

When Vesper, star that maidens love,
Far in the fading west is gleaming,
Those Border songs our spirits move,
And lull us into blissful dreaming.

And still in Yarrow's haunted vale,
Like dew upon our dry hearts falling,
Come memories borne upon the gale,
Sweet thoughts "too deep for tears" recalling.

JAMES WILKIE.

* Ancient motto of the Scotts of Harden.

John Wesley in the Borders.

ALTHOUGH Methodism as a special religious denomination is not very strongly represented in the Borderland, the effect of John Wesley's life and the great world-moving spiritual revolution which he inaugurated is felt everywhere. This being the centenary of Wesley's birth, there is the usual flood of publications on the subject, but we question if any of the numerous volumes issued recently have reached such a high water-mark as the handsome volume—"Wesley and His Century: A Study in Spiritual Forces." By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, LL.D. With a Portrait and facsimiles. 7s 6d net. (London: Smith, Elder & Co.) This fine book of over 500 pages is embellished with a particularly fine portrait of Wesley and some facsimile reproductions of his letters; while a comprehensive index adds much to its value as a book of reference. The author, Dr Fitchett, is president of the Methodist Church of Australasia, and is one of the foremost men in the world of Methodism. The reviewer in a prominent daily newspaper thus refers to Dr Fitchett and his new volume:—

If Dr Fitchett were one of the common herd of biographical compilers we should be inclined to say that, after the recent flood of Wesley literature, his book comes at a very bad time. But the author of "Deeds that Won the Empire" would be sure of an audience though he took a broomstick for his subject, and even those on whom lives of Wesley have begun to pall will feel their interest reviving as they open this version of the old story. We venture to predict that before they lay down the book they will be more impressed than ever by the amazing romance of "the little, long-nosed, long-chinned, peremptory man" who above all the Englishmen of the eighteenth century may be said to have stamped his personality on the world's history. Dr Fitchett's literary methods are now familiar, and he does not vary them greatly in passing from material to spiritual battlefields. No doubt it is as a captain of the Church militant that John Wesley has appealed to him, and he writes of his hero's fights and victories with the same swing and verve and gusto as mark his descriptions of those of Marlborough and Nelson and Wellington in other fields and on other seas. The chief object of writing is to be read, and few authors of the day know better than Dr Fitchett how to secure this end. The titles given to the chief divisions of his book—"The Making of a Man," "The Training of a Saint," "The Quickening of a Nation," "The Evolution of a Church"—reveal something of his expository instinct.

Wesley was frequently in Scotland, and even in the Borderland, as will be afterwards shown. Dr Fitchett says:—Wesley loved his Scottish work and his Scottish hearers, and maintained his tours in Scotland to the last years of his life. Some of the

most touching pictures we have of Wesley in old age, pressing on with quenchless ardour in his work, when his very senses began to fail him, are under Scottish skies. He was eighty-eight years of age when he paid his twenty-second visit to Scotland, and he planned his journey and his preaching services on as daring a scale as ever. . . . Butler, in his work on the influence of the Oxford Methodists on Scottish religion, says that Wesley was for Scotland "a spiritual splendour;" and if Methodism as a separate body does not bulk large on the Scottish landscape, yet its influence on the spiritual life of Scotland has been deep and enduring.

Wesley's visits to the Borders were thus cleverly referred to some time ago by the "Southern Reporter":—

"Readers of autobiography are not to be numbered in their thousands like readers of fiction; but those who despise such books miss most of literature's tit-bits. How many Borderers, for instance, know that John Wesley itinerated in the Borders? Few, I trow. And yet, on Wednesday, the 15th of April, John Wesley reached our old burgh town on his way north. This is the entry in his 'Journal':—

In the afternoon we had a furious storm of rain and snow; however, we reached Selkirk safe. Here I observed a little piece of stateliness which was quite new to me; the maid came in, and said, "Sir, the lord of the stable waits to know if he should feed your horses." We call him ostler in England. Thursday, 16th, we went on through the mountains covered with snow to Edinburgh.

What did the maid say? One authority declares that the phrase used was 'the lad i' the stable,' with a long 'ah' in the word 'lad.' So John's 'little piece of stateliness' falls to the ground. It seems a pity to destroy such a nice little idyll, but I am afraid it must go: and no doubt many of our 'little pieces of stateliness' would have as little root were they subjected to a like analysis.

Four years later Wesley was again in Selkirk, and there had one of those experiences common to the old-time minister, but now, methinks, more rare:—

Tuesday, 7th May, 1776.—I went on to Selkirk. The family came to prayer in the evening; after which the mistress of it said, "Sir, my daughter Jenny would be very fond of having a little talk with you. She is a strange lass; she will not come down on the Lord's day but to public worship, and spends all the rest of the day in her own chamber." I desired she would come up; and found one that earnestly longed to be altogether a Christian. I satisfied her mother that she was not mad, and spent a little time in advice, exhortation, and prayer.

Wednesday, 8th.—We set out early, but found the air so keen that before noon our hands bled as if cut with a knife. In the evening I preached at Edinburgh.

The old-world glimpse of family prayers, and the little maid with the 'distemper' are worth rescuing from Wesley's 'Journal.' So, too, is the passing glance of the grand old founder of the Methodists, the eighteenth century General Booth, who 'seldom travelled less than forty miles a day, generally on horseback,' finishing up with preaching in the evening. How would our modern clerics favour such work? And so, too, is the ill-behaviour of the weather, if for no other purpose than to demonstrate that the good old days we are always taunted with —when the weather was 'not like this'—were not all days of shine. Snow in April; air so keen as to 'make the hands bleed' in May. Good old days, indeed! Good old weather!

Did John Wesley meet Dr Lawson? When Wesley first reached Selkirk he would be a man of sixty-nine years of age. George Lawson, a youth in his twenty-third year, had been ordained a year almost to a day. It is a pity that nothing either in Lawson's 'Life' or in the 'Journal' reveals whether the two English and Scottish champions of Nonconformity —mellow age and youthful zest—ever met. A year previous—on Wednesday, 17th April, 1771—Lawson was ordained pastor of the Original Secession Church in Selkirk, at a salary of £70 per annum, his successor of to-day gets £300—which the Presbytery declared 'no more than barely sufficient to enable their minisited to live comfortable,' and claimed from the congregation such provision 'unless they are incapable to afford it.' Again, in 1776, Wesley passed through. It is almost impossible to think that he twice, for a day and a night, stayed in the same town as Lawson, and never met him. I wonder if any authority can clear up this matter. Apropos of family worship, it is interesting to note that Dr Lawson was a great stickler for it, and celebrated it three times every Sabbath—the last service in the evening, when the family were exercised in the 'Carritch.' So much was this enjoyed that the neighbours asked and got permission to come in and share in the little ceremonial. This, also, is a forgotten art!"

To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When lost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast in heaven.
Motto ("Heart of Midlothian.")

Borderers in London.

WE regret that our space will not permit us to report Border gatherings, that being the province of the Border newspapers, but we cannot refrain from giving a short resumé of the recent gathering in London, brought together as usual by the skill and tact of the indefatigable hon. secretary, Mr W. B. Thomson.

The Hon. Mark F. Napier, ex-M.P. for Roxburghshire, presided at the annual dinner of the London Scottish Border Counties' Association in the Hotel Cecil. There was a large attendance, and a lengthy toast list was gone through. Sir John Jardine, M.P., proposed "The Imperial Forces," observing that they were all patriotic, and that it was unnecessary at a meeting of Borderers either to apologise for or to dilate upon such a toast, which he coupled with the name of the "Right Hon. Sir Robert Cranston, Brigadier-General of the Lothians and Lord High Admiral of the Forth." The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who said he had cast aside the Provost's garb for one night to don that of the soldier, delivered a stirring address, in the course of which he admitted the present Government were right in regard to the Volunteers. If the present Army must be reduced it was all-important that the Volunteers should be increased, encouraged, and rendered effective. Much had been heard about Army reform; he doubted whether Army organisation was so bad as it was so often represented; the curse of the whole thing was politics. Whatever Government was in power the one object kept steadfastly in view should be the defence and safety of the country, and those who came after should not be beyond taking a leaf out of the book of their political predecessors when that could be done to advantage.

Mr T. P. O'Connor, M.P., proposed "The Literature of the Scottish Borders" in a speech creditable alike to the subject and to a man with so high a literary reputation.

The Chairman made an excellent speech in proposing the principal toast of the evening—"The Association." It breathed a true Border spirit, and was warmly applauded. Mr Thomas submitted "The Ladies," which was replied to by Lady Hamilton. Sir John Crichton Browne proposed "The Visitors," and in doing so paid a high compliment to the character and achievements of Dr Nansen, the Norwegian Ambassador, who was present, and with whose name the toast was coupled. Dr Nansen, in his reply, said that patriotism was common to Borderers and to his own people—was, indeed, a trait of all who inhabitated a hilly country. It was a characteristic they did well to cherish, for when a people lost this feeling they could not long maintain a prominent position among the nations—a position in which it was possible to do the greatest good for humanity. Mr John Sanderson proposed the toast of "The Chairman," which was received with great enthusiasm, and the proceedings terminated by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne." In the course of the evening songs and pianoforte selections were rendered, Miss May Elliot's playing being specially well received.

The Reivers.

CHILL blows the blast, let cauld rife serfs
Now crowd the ingle round,
And keep the neuk when Merse-men bold
For a reiving ride are bound!

King James' laws, or bluff King Hal's
Ne'er bound a Border man,
E'en let him take that has the strength,
And let him keep who can!

So runs the rule, and thus we'll ride
At rising of the moon,
And ere she sets saints serve us well!
We'll plague the Southron loon!

We give and take of knocks and nowte,
With life and death ride hand in hand
Who rocks at birth north side of Sark,
In death may swing in Cumberland!)

But lusty life recks nought of death,
And broken bones may be repair'd,
So while we live we'll levy toll
On belted Lord and bonnet Laird!

Still in debate our Border-land
Has known no King through all the years,
That Chief who leads a bold foray
May claim our service and our spears.

The burgess in his booth who bides,
Knows not the joys of rout and raid,
But lives, begets his like, and dies,
By rote and rules of town and trade.

Scot free from tithes and taxes we
Can ride or rest as suits our mind,
Receipts for stock we sign in scars,
And scorn the fates howe'er unkind.

But daylight dies, come haste ye, lads,
To horse! and ride to Edenvale,
For beef that's bred on Eden side,
Good faith, eats well in Annandale!

ALEX. BELL.

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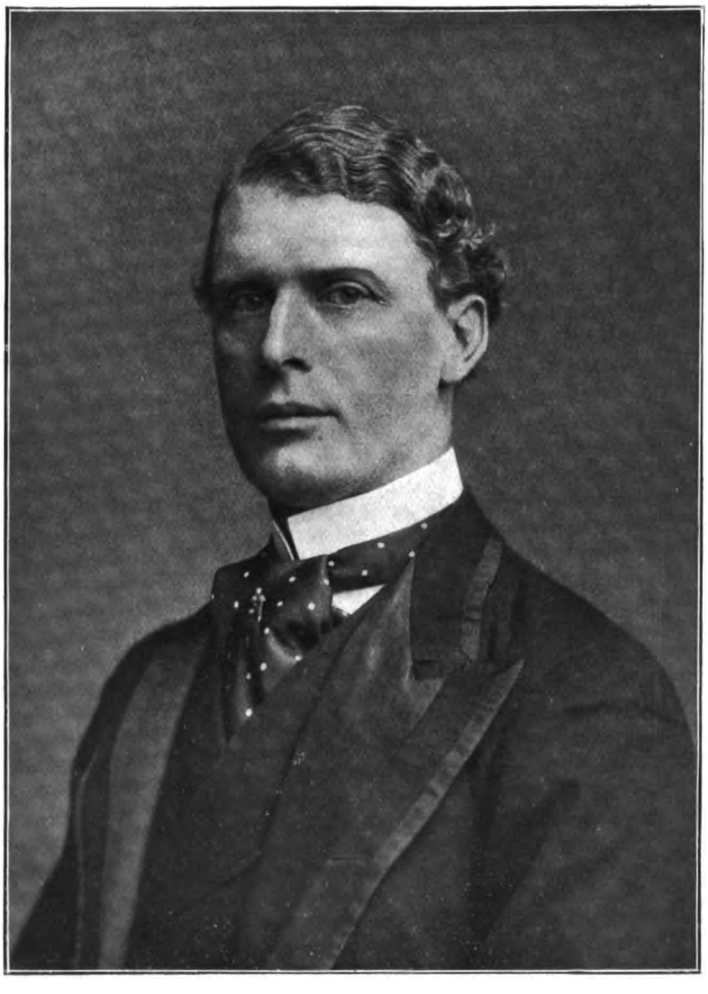

SIR E. P. TENNANT BART.

LADY TENNANT.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

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DEVOTED TO

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SIR EDWARD P. TENNANT, BART., OF THE GLEN AND OF ST ROLLOX.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE traveller on pleasure bent or the archæological pilgrim desiring to pursue his fascinating study, who is privileged to gaze on Stonehenge, would do well to prolong his stay in the district for a day at least, so that amid the soft beauty of the Wiltshire scenery the mystery of the mighty monoliths upon which he has gazed with awe may sink into his soul. The green banks of the Avon lie temptingly at no great distance, and should the traveller turn thither he may dream to his heart's content of the story of the past, which is bound up in the majestic stone circle he has just left. As he wanders leisurely onwards he will come to the estate of Wilsford, upon which a new mansion has recently been built, but the newness brings no shock to the feelings of him who dreams of the past, for the proprietor is evidently a man of taste and has built his home in the Tudor style, which harmonises with the architecture which prevails in the district where ancient Sarum stood.

Perchance, the same traveller's feet may stray northward to the Land of Scott, and there, in the course of his wanderings, he may find himself in the vale of Quair. Pursuing his way by the banks of the classic stream, he at length reaches one of the fairest spots in the Borderland. Such a combination of mountain, wood, meadow and stream, surrounding that stately pile which is known far and wide as the Glen, is rarely to be found. This splendid specimen of the Scottish Baronial style of architecture and the Tudor mansion aforementioned are the respective homes of Sir Edward P. Tennant, Bart., M.P., who has so recently succeeded his father, Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., an illustrated sketch of whom appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for July, 1896, and whose recent lamented death was referred to at some length in our columns The interesting story of the Tennant family is so well known that we need not in this necessarily short sketch repeat all the details. The family originally belonged to Ochiltree, in Ayrshire, and played no unimportant part in the life story of Robert Burns. Dr James McWhir, M.B., Ch.B., writing recently in the "Glasgow Herald," says:—

John Tennant of Glenconner, the "Guid Auld Glen" of one of Burns's rhyming epistles, was born

at Mains, Bridgend of Doon, Alloway, in 1726. John became tenant of the farm of Glenconner and factor of the Ochiltree estate of the Countess of Glencairn in 1769. . . . In her exalted rank the Countess of Glencairn did not forget the lessons she had learned when a peasant girl. Her efforts to improve the education and morals of the people of Ochiltree were constant and unceasing; and no doubt it was with a view of promoting their welfare and prosperity that she appointed as her factor honest John Tennant, with whose excellent qualities of heart and mind she would have many opportunities of becoming acquainted when they played together as children on the banks of the Doon. During the years that he lived at Alloway Mr Tennant became intimately acquainted with Burns's father, and the respect in which he was held by that worthy man may be gauged from the fact that he was one of the two outsiders who were

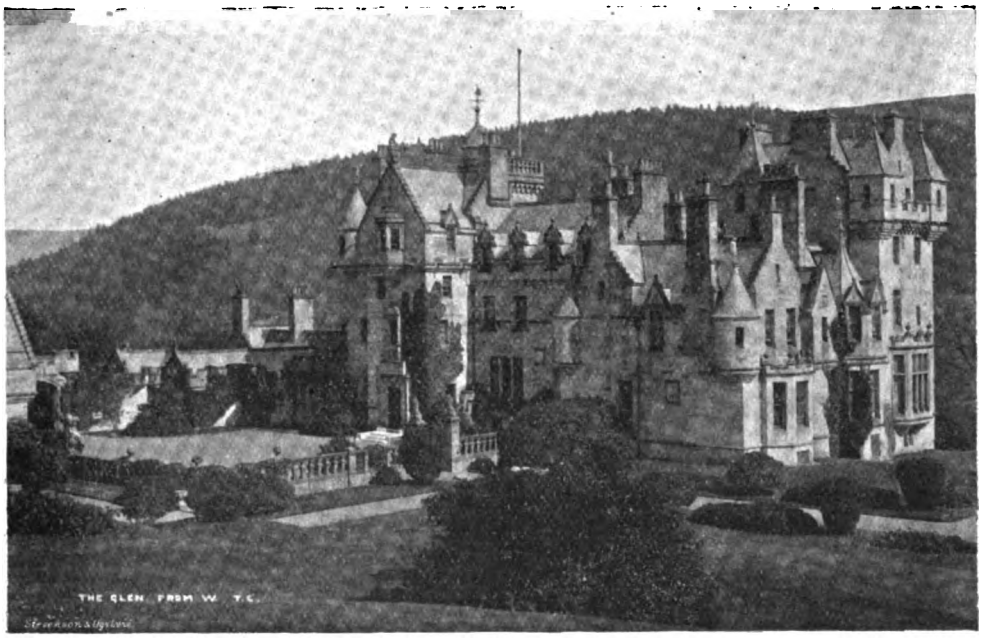
WILSFORD.

called in as witnesses to the future poet's baptismal register. His second son, John, attended Mr Murdoch's school at Ayr in the company of Robert and Gilbert Burns, and used afterwards to remark that he had been more impressed in his boyish days by the discourse of the former than he had ever been by his published verses. . . . After the Tennants removed to Glenconner it is unlikely that they would see much of the Burns family for several years. But when in 1777 William Burns took a lease of the farm of Lochlea, in Tarbolton parish, the old intercourse was resumed. In this venture the evil destiny which shadowed the worthy man became more and more predominant, and after contending strenuously with a high rent and a barren soil, he died in the spring of 1784, leaving his family to fight out a lawsuit about the conditions of their lease of the farm. On the morning of the funeral, James Tennant was asked by his father to take the pony to Lochlea and help the "puir bodies," who would doubtless be in sore distress. The remains were, as everyone knows, conveyed to Alloway. And the late William Stevenson, draper, in Kilmarnock, used to remark that he had been told by James Tennant that the coffin was slung between two horses, placed tandem, and that one of these animals was the Glenconner pony "Ruffler," which had previously carried its young master to Lochlea. During the Mossgiel period of his life, when his genius attained its full power and vigour, Burns was a frequent visitor to Glenconner. And, according to a family tradition, he submitted his verses to the consideration of his old friend before venturing to appeal to the verdict of the public. . . . After Burns entered on his lease of Ellisland his Ochiltree friends seldom enjoyed his company, but the fact that "Glenconner" accompanied him when he set out to see that farm for the first time, shows what confidence the poet reposed in the farmer's sagacity. The wretched details of Burns' sojourn in Dumfriesshire are too well known to call for any reference, and it must have been with deep regret that his father's old friend heard that the life, which had been so full of promise, was at its close darkened by excesses and unavailing regrets. As John Tennant lived till 1810, he had the satisfaction of seeing the various members of his family succeed in the battle of life. His eldest son, James, was for many years occupant of Ochiltree Mill. Another, named William, was trained for the Ministry of the Church of Scotland, and became chaplain to the forces in India. And Charles, the youngest, turning his attention to weaving and bleaching, eventually founded the great chemical works at St

Rollox, Glasgow. But in the father one can easily see that foresight and shrewdness which enabled the sons to make their mark in various walks of life. With the exception of genius itself there is nothing more deserving of homage than the power to appreciate genius. In every age men have found it easy to raise monuments to the prophets and seers whom their ancestors neglected. And in these days when one may be pardoned for thinking that admiration for Burns often resolves itself into ridiculous excess, it is well to remember that credit is due to those who, like the honest farmer of Glenconner, were able to recognise the gleams of inspiration that were afterwards to raise an Ayrshire ploughman to a high place among the immortals.

Sir Edward P. Tennant was born at the Glen in 1859, and he has ever evinced a strong attachment to the beautiful house of his childhood. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he graduated Master of Arts in 1886. In addition to his varied studies he early showed a strong leaning towards Natural History, which resulted, early in the seventies, in his forming a fine collection of the birds of Peeblesshire. While going through his educational course his manly character and genial disposition made him a general favourite among his fellow students. In the years 1883 and 1884 he travelled in Natal and Cape Colony, and in the spring of 1886 he visited the West Indies, where some months were spent in Trinidad upon his father's estates. The tour extended to Cuba, the United States and Mexico, and, doubtless, one possessing the observant powers of Sir Edward Tennant would lay up rich stores for information during this and similar extended journeys. The winter of 1886 was spent in India in company with Mr Herbert Gladstone, M.P., the families of the late Sir Charles Tennant and the late great Premier having been on the most intimate terms,—Mr Gladstone visited the Glen in 1892. In company with Mr Spencer Lyttelton, Sir Edward visited China and Java in 1889.

Among his various other accomplishments Sir Edward acquired the art of public speaking, and, having made a special study of politics, he essayed to enter Parliament in 1892. He contested the Partick division of Lanarkshire in the Liberal interest, but while his pleasing presence, graceful speech and manners commanded respect wherever he held meetings the strong local influence of his opponent rendered his candidature unsuccessful. Shortly after this he was appointed Assistant Secretary to Sir George Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland, and thereby got that insight into Scottish affairs which may yet stand him in



THE GLEN HOUSE.

good stead when the Scottish members take a more prominent part in the management of purely Scottish interests in or out of the Imperial Parliament. In 1900 he was Liberal candidate for the united counties of Peebles and Selkirk shires, but was defeated by the then sitting member, Sir Walter Thorburn. At the recent General Election Sir Edward was elected M.P. for the ancient burgh of New Sarum, in Wiltshire, where he is widely known and highly respected. Now that he has entered Parliament, we feel sure that he will prove a steady and reliable member, not over-desirous of rushing to the front, but able and willing to give his time and talents for the good of the nation. This is a type of member the country very much requires at the present day.

In 1889, 1892, and 1894 further visits were made to India, where he was able to see and understand many of the great problems which are fast coming to the front in our vast Eastern empire. For some weeks he resided on the Mysore gold fields and learned something of the working of these wonderfully productive mines, in the developing of which his father had played such a prominent part.

To the observant and thinking man foreign travel is full of delight, for he feels his sympathies ever broadening as he begins to see the human heart behind even the strangest customs; but the longing for the homeland ever returns, and the desire to settle down among his own people becomes stronger the further he travels. In 1895 Sir Edward Tennant was married to Pamela, youngest daughter of the Honourable Percy Wyndham of Clouds, Wiltshire. The union has been a happy one, and in the wider sphere upon which they have entered, while cares and responsibilities must necessarily increase, we doubt not that their public and private life will have a beneficial effect upon all with whom they come in contact. A writer in the paper already quoted thus refers to Lady Tennant:—

Mrs Pamela Genevieve Adelaide Tennant, who by the death of her venerable father-in-law becomes Lady Tennant of The Glen and of St Rollox, was born at Belgrave Square, London, in January, 1871, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham of Clouds, Wiltshire (third son of the first Lord Leconfield, and for a quarter of a century—1860-85—M.P. for West Cumberland), by his marriage at Stillorgan in October, 1860, to Madeline Caroline Frances Eden, seventh daughter of General Sir Guy Campbell, first Baronet, and maternal grand-daughter of the celebrated Irish patriot Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald. Lady Tennant is thus a sister of Mr George Wyndham, late Chief-Secretary for Ireland. The Campbell family to which her mother belongs claims descent from the house of Breadalbane, and the first Baronet's grandfather was cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland and Deputy-Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland. Sir Guy's father, General Colin Campbell, took a notable part in quelling the Irish rebellion of 1798, and fought at Vinegar Hill, becoming eventually Governor of Gibraltar during the most critical period of the Peninsular War. The first Baronet himself fought in the '98, was present at the Corunna retreat, and commanded his regiment at Waterloo. Through Lord Edward Lady Tennant has many distinguished ancestors, including the "Merry Monarch," from whose son, the first Duke of Richmond and Lennox, descended the patriot's mother; King Edward I., from whom the first Duke of Leinster's mother traced her descent in many different lines; and also the Scottish Gordons of Gight. It was at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, that Miss Pamela Wyndham was married in July, 1895, to her husband, now Sir Edward Priaulx Tennant, second Baronet, M.A. The heir to the Baronetcy is now their eldest son, Edward Wyndham Tennant, born in 1897. It may be added that some years ago Sargent's painting in the Royal Academy of Lady Tennant and her sisters (Lady Elcho and Mrs Adeane) was generally admitted to be the portrait of the year, and it was happily referred to by the present King at the opening dinner of the Academy as depicting "The Three Graces."

The foregoing writer might have added that Lady Tennant adds to her other gifts that of poetry, and has produced a book of poems of no mean order. In 1902 she accompanied her husband to the East, where, in Delhi, as the guests of Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, they witnessed at Christmas the great Durbar.

In 1900 Sir Edward purchased the estate of Wilsford, seven miles from Salisbury, where, as already indicated, he erected the fine Tudor mansion. He takes an active interest in the local affairs near his English home, and is a Magistrate for Wiltshire and a member of the County Council. In addition to being an ideal country gentleman, he has inherited not a few of his father's wonderful commercial instincts, and is a director in many important undertakings, being also President of the Union Bank of Scotland.

In addition to taking an active interest in the sports and pastimes of his native Borderland, he is a past Honorary President of the Glasgow Border Counties' Association and has occasionally taken an active part in some of their public gatherings. He has the honour to be a member of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, that interesting link with the distant past which was constituted in its present form in 1676 by an Act of the Privy Council of Scotland. The membership of this interesting and unique corps, which takes precedence of all royal

guards and troops of the line, consists entirely of nobles and gentry of good position. Its survival and proud position is a lesson to those who are inclined to forget the many outstanding features which Scotland still retains and which carry with them peculiar privileges.

Sir Edward Tennant, in addition to inheriting much wealth, is now the proud possessor of those great art treasures which the late Sir Charles collected during his lifetime. He is a comparatively young man, and we feel sure that he and Lady Tennant, with their family of four sons and one daughter, will perpetuate and increase the best traditions of the Glen and of the Borderland.

The Passing of the "Border Advertiser."

THE last issue of the old familiar "Border Advertiser" was published on 31st July, 1906, and the demise of the newspaper must have set many an old Borderer a-thinking about the lang syne, when as yet the countless rush of daily and evening papers was unknown, and the local weekly wielded a power which it cannot expect now to possess. In 1871 we began our journalistic career on the "Border Advertiser," and we are still in possession of the printed instructions we received as local correspondent from the late Mr James Wilson, the then editor, while we can still feel the thrill of pride that passed through our youthful breast, when he took notice of one of our nature notes in a leaderette. In later years we were under the late Mr John Russell—a most kindly man—and well remember his last leader on "The Romance of the Borders," when he left Galashiels to become editor of "Chambers's Journal." An excellent article on the subject of "The 'Border Advertiser' and Its Editors" recently appeared in the "Border Telegraph," and it contains so much interesting matter worthy of preservation that we quote it entire. Mr Bain says:—

The announcement that the "Border Advertiser" had been discontinued, and would no longer play a part in the intellectual life of Galashiels, aroused in me feelings akin to keen personal regret. For fifty years the "Border," as it was called colloquially, was a mirror in which the local history was reflected, and several generations of townsmen had their ideals of life more or less coloured by the views emanating from the occupants of the editorial chair. The part played by the paper in its earlier days was indeed great, for modern journalism and its methods are of very recent date, and were not known, and, indeed, would not have been possible, when the old "Border" was playing the part of local Thunderer. Present-day readers, debauched by innumerable ephemeral publications, do not know and cannot realise the influence wielded by newspapers when newspapers eschewed tittle-tattle and personal gossip, and were founded on the solid rock of independent thinking and sheer literary ability. This may, however, be difficult to break, and it is just possible that it may be questionable taste to begin pæans of praise in favour of a journal which until the other day was a rival of the paper I am now writing in. I shall not, therefore, proceed further in that direction, but confine my remarks to the editors who won name and fame for the paper over a long period of years. Modern journalism has its faults, but it is very prone to eclecticism as regards members of its own profession, and in my opinion it covers a multitude of sins by its generous and loyal bearing to men of its own calling. And so I shall take advantage of the eclectic spirit, and through the columns of the "Telegraph" give expression to a few brief appreciations of editors of the old "Border Advertiser."

ALEXANDER FISHER

was the first editor of the "Border Advertiser" I have any personal knowledge of. He was a native of Liddesdale, but claimed Edinburgh as his "alma mater," and had drunk deeply in literature in general and Border literature in particular. He was an able penman, and could turn sentences with great ease and neatness. He wrote verses frequently, and was worthily represented in a volume called "Living Bards of the Scottish Borders." Although he could not claim the sacred name of poet, he was undoubtedly able to give dignified and pleasing expression in verse to various moods of thought and feeling that could not very well be done in prose. But his moods of thought and feeling were many and acute, and the life of the town gave him copious and ready inspiration. When the Volunteer movement began late in the "fifties" he made many stirring appeals in prose and verse to the men of the Borderland, and a song by him called "The Gala Forest Rifles" enjoyed much popularity, and was frequently sung at concerts. Under him the "Advertiser" was characterised by clever literary workmanship, and a keen appreciation of everything relating to Border life. Personally, he was the most altruistic of men, and had no thought of self. His library, which contained the best library editions of the books he was specially interested in, was at the free disposal of all the reading men in the town.

Mr Alexander Fisher was succeeded by

MR T. CRAIG-BROWN,

who is the only survivor of the older generation of editors of the "Advertiser." Though very young when he was entrusted with the responsible position of editor—he had just finished his studies at Edinburgh University—Mr Craig-Brown boldly struck out on new lines, and made the paper something more than a literary organ, to wit, a keenly critical journal. The Town Council, or, to be more accurate, the Burgh Commissioners, had their proceedings sharply scrutinised, and some of them who presumed to speak unnecessarily had their remarks reproduced "verbatim et literatim," which made the speakers look ridiculous enough and con-

vinced them that Carlyle was right when he declared that "silence is golden." In affairs ecclesiastical, he made a bold stand for the views of the Rev. Dr Robert Lee, of Edinburgh, whose so-called innovations were causing turmoil in the Church of Scotland. And his championship of Dr Lee was all the more serviceable and courageous from the fact that the parish minister of Galashiels at that time was Dr Phin, who was Lee's bitterest opponent. Mr Craig-Brown's literary labours were very varied and heavy, for in addition to leaders and specials, he produced translations and original verses. To say more in this direction would not be good taste, but I must add that his contributions in the form known as "Vagabunduli Libellus" were up to a high standard of literary craftsmanship. After leaving the "Advertiser" his pronounced literary tastes found vent in his well-known "History of Selkirkshire."

MR JAMES WILSON

next occupied the editorial chair. He took up "the burden and the lesson" of his predecessor, and developed peculiar aptitudes for criticism of the most virile tomahawk character, hitting out freely from the shoulder when it was deemed necessary. He flogged the Town Council unsparingly, and occasionally a special meeting had to be held in order to allow members an opportunity of dealing with his criticism. But that method of replying to an order soon fell into disuse, for Mr Wilson, in reporting the Councillors' speeches, percolated the speeches with editorial remarks, and made the speakers look ridiculous enough. The late Adam Thomson, when occupying the position of Burgh Treasurer, tried conclusions with Mr Wilson in that way, but one special meeting satisfied Adam that Wilson was not to be beaten in that manner. William Frater, an ultra-Radical, was so dissatisfied with Wilson's editorial pronouncements during the American Civil War that he held a meeting in the Corn Exchange for the purpose of denouncing the "Border Advertiser" and its editorial ways. Frater was a fluent enough man on a platform, and though not buttressed up by much reading and possessing very little literary baggage, he knew the ways of a crowd just as well as that profound thinker, Gustave Le Bon. He was a dangerous man in an argumentative duel, and at the meeting in question he seemed to carry his hearers with him as he dealt out stroke after stroke against the "Border Advertiser," which he stigmatised as a "mere twopenny pea-gun, incapable of hurting a fly." That was too much for Wilson, who rose from the reporters' seats and declared that he would annihilate the speaker, and though he had a very hostile reception he did not sit down until he had discharged his heaviest critical artillery, and had even fought his way into the good opinion of a large section of the audience. Wilson during the time he was connected with the "Border Advertiser" displayed to the full all those characteristics, aptitudes, and qualities that distinguished him in his subsequent journalistic career. He was a born Borderer, and was peculiarly well equipped for editing a Border newspaper. Certainly he did not go about as some one said John Addington Symonds did, "with a portmanteau full of culture on his back," but he had a passion for geology and natural history, he loved Border life and Border scenery, and he could more than hold his own by speech and pen in those fierce discussions of things political and theological that from time to time dominate the affairs of men. He was, indeed, a strong man, very different from the type of man symbolised in Shelley's exquisite verses, "The Sensitive Plant." Shelley's ideal was no doubt beautiful enough, and the magic of his verses have influenced us all at times, but neither he nor his ideal was adapted for a world like this. We require men of sterner stuff, and Wilson had in him the sterner stuff that feared no foe with pen or club. Even thinkers who favour Shelley's ideal in theory prefer men like Wilson in practice. Herbert Spencer himself wrote to me that the reason why he took to me and my methods was that I was a Scotchman, and Scotchmen, he added, "have the reputation of being good fighters."

After Wilson came

MR JOHN RUSSELL,

a man of wide reading and refined literary tastes, and capable at times of displaying signal ability as a literary craftsman. His book on "The Haigs of Bemersyde" will preserve his name from oblivion. Well written throughout, rising at times even to a strength of narrative prose equal to that of Kingslake, Russell's book occupies an honoured place among Scottish family histories. Sir William Fraser covered a wide field in family history, and his name stands high in that particular class of work, but I know of nothing from his pen to be compared to the "Haigs of Bemersyde." And I am not singular in that opinion, for the book is never quoted in booksellers' catalogues without such remarks as "O.P." (out of print), "scarce," "very rare," etc. Of course the book is now sold at a premium, but even at a premium a copy is not easily procurable. An interesting story about the book was told to me by Hugh Hopkins, Glasgow, a well-known bookseller, who ranks with William Brown, Edinburgh, as an authority on Scottish literature from a bibliographical point of view. A gentleman called on Hopkins and asked for a copy of the "Haigs of Bemersyde," but, after being shown one, went away remarking that he had no idea the book was so dear. A few days afterwards the same gentleman called again, and bought the book, and as he paid the money said, "I am very glad to find on making inquiry that the book is as dear as you stated." Hopkins naturally asked for the purchaser's name, and was surprised when there came the answer, "I am Haig of Bemersyde."

John Russell was not a Borderer, but his love of everything relating to the Borders was deep and lasting, and no one surpassed him in wide and accurate knowledge of Border history, Border poetry, and Border romance. Of course, much of his time and energy was frittered away over the hack work incidental to the duties of an editor. But no amount of hack work could stifle his feelings or prevent him writing occasional special articles inspired by the witching glamour of the sweet Borderland. Some of his Border specials were singularly graceful, and made the columns of the "Border Advertiser" rise to a high mark in journalism.

With such men in its editorial chair the "Border Advertiser" played in its time a great part in the life of Galashiels. During the fifty years of its existence great changes took place, changes of far-reaching importance in the realms of politics and theology, and even in that deeply interesting sphere of social phenomena called ceremonial in-

stitutions. Municipal government rose from small beginnings to its present state of all-embracing activity; politically the changes have been equally pronounced; while in things ecclesiastic the innovations of fifty years ago have become the common places of to-day, and the old Scottish Church service has been much altered. These things were not accomplished in a night by a "coup d'etat," but were brought about gradually under the guiding influence of such light and leading as the country possessed. And of that light and leading the men whose work I have been briefly adumbrating and summarising formed no mean part. As expounders, instructors, and critics those men of letters helped the community to winnow the wheat from the chaff, the false from the true, and gave counsel and aid to the people in the difficult task of seeking higher ideals and better methods. They proved themselves worthy of our appreciation and thanks, and the passing away of the medium through which they laboured must cause widespread feelings of regret.

Notes and Queries.

THE SCENE OF "LUCY'S FLITTIN'."

In our present issue Mr George Watson, in the third instalment of his article on the amiable Border poet, William Laidlaw, revives the question whether the place referred to in his poem, "Lucy's Flittin'," was the glen of the Douglas Burn or "the Glen," the property of the late Sir Charles Tennant. The subject was dealt with to a considerable extent in the early numbers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, but so many years have elapsed since then that we may once again deal shortly with the subject. When he wrote this exhaustive life of Laidlaw, Mr Watson was not aware that the manuscript of the poem is still in existence, but he now points out that it is still extant, being in the possession of Rev. W. S. Crockett of Tweedsmuir. The opinion expressed by Mr Watson is to some extent borne out by what Mr Crockett in his enjoyable "Scott Country" says upon the subject:

> Although a disputed point, it seems certain that the scene was laid at the Glen of Traquair, and not at Blackhouse. There are persons still living who claim to have knowledge of the circumstances under which the song was written, and in Laidlaw's own MS. the evidence is in favour of the Glen, which he spells with a capital G. In the "Forest Minstrel," where it first appeared, the printing of the word with a small g is manifestly a mistake. The Jamie of the song was James Gray, afterwards Bailie Gray of Edinburgh, whose father, William Gray, held for many years the small farm of the Glen. He died in his 101st year. Lucy was a servant with the Grays, and the father declined to allow the son to marry her. According to others, they were afterwards married.

THE "LIBERALIS STONE" AT YARROW.

The Rev. R. Borland gives the date of discovery of this stone as 102 years ago, vide April issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE. As Leyden (mentioned amongst those who endeavoured to decipher the inscription) left Scotland in 1802, the discovery must be ascribed to an earlier period.

W. M. S.

* * *

THE JEDBURGH WAR-CRY.

Your "Q. Rius" correspondent has raised some curious questions. These well deserve attention, despite the fact that his allusions to Border history are somewhat vague. The battle he refers to was that at the Reidswire, fought in July, 1575. The Jedburgh men were somewhat late in setting out to the fair to be held there, and before their arrival the Scots and English, who at first met on sociable terms, came to words and then to blows; the Scots having rather the worst of it. Heedless of the results, some of the Tynedale men, wishing to reap the fruits before the victory was won, began to plunder the pedlars' packs; and a contemporary manuscript (preserved in the Cotton MSS.) states that when a Jedburgh pedlar's wares were being pillaged, he raised the war-cry "A Jedworth! a Jedworth!" upon which the various English parties raised theirs, and falling to, routed the Scots.

The ballad entitled the "Raid of Reidswire" was written by one who was confessedly a Scotsman and an eye-witness of the skirmish—as a careful perusal of the poem will show. Upon the rout of the Scots he evidently saw the Jedburgh contingent approaching, and exultingly warned the Tynedale men to see to it, as the burgesses of Jeddart would be upon them immediately—

> "Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
> 'Fy, Tindaill, to it! Jedburgh's here!'"

The contingent from Jedburgh met the Scottish fugitives, and returning with them, put the English to flight, and captured some important prisoners. This was the last skirmish of any magnitude between the English and the Scots.

It will thus doubtless satisfy your correspondent to know that in connection with their battle-cry Jeddart was not outwith the ordinary, as the reference to the manuscript above shows. Their slogan was "A Jedworth!" The delusion that "Jeddart's Here!" was their war-cry has crept in since the publication of the "Border Minstrelsy" (in which the ballad

on the Raid appeared); at least I do not recollect having come across mention of it before that date other than in the ballad; and your correspondent has pointed out that it does not occur on the burgh arms under the burgh steeple. There is but little doubt that the misconception that "Jeddart's Here!" was the burgh battle-cry arose out of a misreading of the ballad—especially of the two lines quoted above. The latter of these lines makes no pretensions to be the Jedburgh slogan. It is sufficiently obvious that the martial inhabitants of that place in ancient days would not always be fighting against the men of Tynedale; but they who assert that this line was the Jedburgh slogan must by the same inference also assert that the men of Jedburgh raised their war-cry against none save the inhabitants of the valley of the Tyne. It would be interesting if more light were brought to bear upon this subject in your columns.

X. ACTLY.

* * *

INSCRIPTION WANTED.

The American author, Jas. Fenimore Cooper, married a Miss De Lancey; a cousin of that lady's father was General Oliver De Lancey, who took the part of the Crown against the Colonies in the Revolutionary War. I have a vague recollection of seeing in an obscure corner of Beverley Minster, near Hull, a lengthy inscription on a tomb to a General Olivier De Lancey, driven from America on account of his principles. Should some reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE be in that picturesque part of old Yorkshire, I would like to have the matter verified. The inscription in extenso would be extremely interesting.

W. M. S.

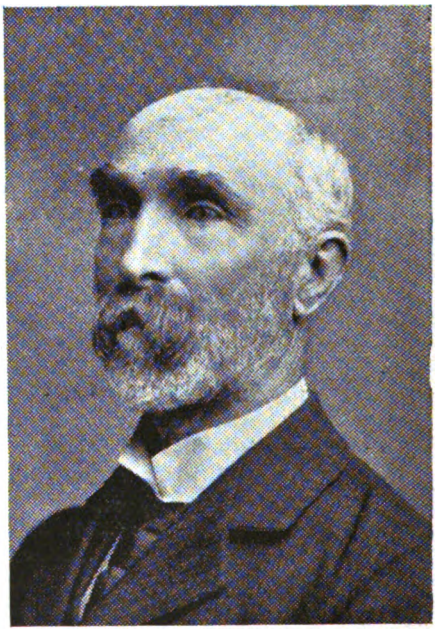
SIGNBOARD HUMOUR.—A correspondent writes that during a recent brief visit to the "Land of Scott" he was shown a copy of the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier," dated Tuesday, November 21, 1826, from which he copied the annexed paragraph, taked on to the obituary notices:—

"At Allithwaite, Westmoreland, Mrs Sarah Birkett, innkeeper, and formerly of Trombeck, famous for brewing fine ale. On her signpost is written these words—

"'O mortal man, that liv'st by bread,
How comes thy nose to be so red?
Thou silly ass, that look'st so pale,
'Tis red with Sarah Birkett's ale.'"

Retiral of a Border Schoolmaster.

THE compulsory retiral of schoolmasters at the age of sixty-five may have its advantage in allowing the all too scarce younger male teachers to advance in their profession, but the system certainly has its drawbacks. Many a man has all the "go" and energy of youth at sixty-five and is good for another ten years at least. "My Lords" in London, however, are of a different opinion, so this arrangement with the very defective system of superannuation grants will probably go on until the Board of Control for Scottish Education is removed from London to its proper place—the capital of Scotland.



MR GEORGE HARDIE.

The St Ronan's district, which includes Innerleithen, Traquair, and Walkerburn, has lost three headmasters by retiral on the age limit in about two years. Mr Menzies of Traquair was the first to retire, and then followed, last year, Mr Thomas Weir of Innerleithen. Walkerburn's turn has now come, and Mr George Hardie has departed from the scene of his labours. We knew all three gentlemen and esteemed them highly for the painstaking way in which they trained so many young Borderers and fitted them for the battle of life. The

three gentlemen received substantial tokens of esteem at the hands of their scholars and the public before leaving the old familiar places, but even our best efforts fall short, for we have a long way to travel before we estimate the schoolmaster at his true worth.

We have pleasure in reproducing a photo of Mr George Hardie, who was thirty-three years headmaster at Walkerburn. When he opened the school thirty-three years ago there were about 120 pupils; when he closed for the last time there were 246. He had enrolled 1700 children during the thirty-three years. When he came first to Walkerburn the staff consisted of himself and one pupil-teacher; now there are six teachers on the staff. Mr Hardie has acted as Registrar.

The Border Chief.

A Border Chief condemn'd to die,
Lifts up his voice with scornful ring,
With cheek unblench'd and kindling eye
He fearlessly confronts a King!

"King James of Scotland!—witness God,
No King of mine is he, I vow,—
Hear me! though death awaits thy nod,
Through life I've mocked, I curse thee now!

Thou called me knave, and like a cur
Will hang me high on yonder tree,
Aye! so be it, but deep's the slur
A dying knave bequeathes to thee.

From Annan town to mouth of Tyne
This deed of doom shall be decried,
These very trees will droop and dwine
To mark the spot where Armstrong died!

Arm's length from death my stinted space,
Is vantage ground to thee denied,
And lo! I see thy graceless face
Bereft of all its princely pride;

I see thy dastard hirelings fly,
And ill thy cause my loss affords,
Ah! those who mock me yet may sigh
In vain for Armstrong's forty swords!

I read within the book of fate,
That briefly opens to my ken,
Thy haughty race begets the hate,
But ne'er the love of truer men;

And they shall know Gilnockie's fame,
Who never learnt thy royal line,
And children lisp the Armstrong's name
When none remember thee or thine.

Let future lore and legend tell
A Border chief a King has curst,
And fare he ill or fare he well,
He fears thee not! now do thy worst!"

Alex. Bell.

[The Armstrongs of Liddesdale had in the minority of James V. of Scotland risen to such a pitch of power that they openly defied both Henry of England and their lawful sovereign James. The latter determined to suppress these daring Border chiefs and their lawless retainers, and in the latter part of 1528 organised a man hunt on a large scale, in the pursuance of which eight thousand men, soldiers and others skilled in the chase, were engaged. The most famous of the dashing chieftains against whom this campaign was directed was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, whose depredations had been committed over a very wide area, his excursions extending far south into England and eastward to Newcastle, his principal source of income being derived from the very extensive system of blackmail which he levied upon both English and Scottish landed proprietors, who were glad to pay for his protection; he had, in fact, established himself as a sort of monarch on a small scale, to whom his subjects paid tribute more or less willingly. This potentate, anxious to ingratiate himself in King James' favour, committed the fatal mistake of riding forth to meet him, accompanied by no less than thirty-six attendants, all splendidly apparelled and well mounted, many of them probably being small lairds and minor chieftains. The King, seeing the imposing cavalcade advancing, supposed some high English noble wished to have audience of him, and prepared to receive him accordingly. On being informed that it was the famous Border reiver and outlaw, he broke into expressions of intense rage, and exclaiming, "What wants the knave, that a king should have," he ordered him and his followers to be executed forthwith. This sentence after a very summary trial was carried out. Armstrong, bitterly regretting his indiscretion, pleaded for mercy, offering, if forgiven, to maintain at his own cost himself and forty gentlemen, to be ready at all times to serve the King, and to procure, alive or dead within a certain date, any of the English nobility or gentry whom it might be the King's pleasure to require. These offers, however, only served to increase James's anger. Seeing his case was hopeless, Armstrong burst into a torrent of abusive reproach, saying it was "folly to seek grace at a graceless face," but he added, "Had I known this, I would have lived on the borders in spite of King Harry and you both, for I know that King Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day." The chief of Gilnockie and the whole of those who accompanied him were hanged on the trees in the immediate neighbourhood, and from that time forth, say the legends of those times, the trees withered and died, and in spite of his notorious character, which after all was only the natural outcome of that particular period, he was elevated into a national hero, and his exploits are the theme of many a stirring tale and Border ballad.—A. B.]

No, I have no command of my memory; it only retains what happens to hit my fancy; and like enough, sir, if you were to preach to me for a couple of hours on end, I might be unable at the close of the discourse to remember one word of it.—"Anne of Geierstein" (Intro.)

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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, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We often wish that all Borderers would take a tithe of the interest in their own Magazine which some of our supporters do. One whose business takes him rapidly to various parts of the world seems never to forget the B.M., and is always on the outlook for material to contribute to our pages. But recently returned from Cuba and Canada, he is now again on an extended tour which includes Canada, Vancouver, Japan, Formosa, and Java. At the latter place he will visit Leyden's grave and perhaps secure some local information which has not yet seen the light. We cannot all move about the world thus, but we can still take a deep interest in the affairs of the Borderland and so be local patriots.

The Border Keep.

In these days of centenary celebrations it is just possible that, in our desire to glorify the memories of some, we may overlook others who are well worthy of being remembered. A. N. S. M., writing recently to a Glasgow evening paper, says:—

We have recently been paying honours to the memories of both Knox and Buchanan; why, then, should we forget the great reforming poet, Sir David Lyndsay? Pinkerton tells us that Lyndsay prepared the ground and Knox sowed the seed which produced the upheaval we call the Reformation. His three great editors, Irvine, Chalmers, and Laing, all agree that his poems educated and roused the people of Scotland to throw off the yoke of Rome. His famous play, "The Satire of the Three Estates," was performed before the King (James V.) and his Queen, Mary of Guise, and also the whole Court, at Linlithgow, making a deep impression on the people. Dr Irvine expresses his surprise that Lyndsay escaped either assassination or the stake. The friendship of James V., however, saved Lyndsay, as he himself tells us the King's heart was "always warm" to the "Pa-da-Lyn" of his childhood, the poet having been his early guardian. Buchanan gives Lyndsay a high character; and Knox informs us he had a private interview with him in St Andrews when he (Knox) received his call to be a pastor. Can nothing be done to honour the memory of our reforming poet? Most of us remember Sir Walter Scott's famous pen picture of the poet in "Marmion":—

> Still is thy name in high account,
> And still thy muse has charms,
> Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount,
> Lord Lyon King-at-arms.
> * * *

Another writer draws attention to some glaring errors in the pronunciation of the name of George Buchanan by those who ought to know better. He says:—

By the way, one of the side issues raised by the celebrations is the pronunciation of the name. Nobody in Glasgow, of course, has any doubt on that point. But then the rest of the world is not so well informed as Glasgow. In reporting on the celebrations at St Andrews to the Glasgow Committee, one of the speakers stated that one of the very best speeches of the day was that of a historical scholar, Mr Gennadius, from Greece; and Dr Neilson, in commenting on this, said that the only speaker who pronounced the name as it ought to

be pronounced (Buchanan, every other speaker using the erroneous sound, Bewchanan) was a Greek! But why not go a little further, and give us Buwhanan? In some rural districts this is still the pronunciation, and an ancestress of the present writer, who has bequeathed her name to a member of his family, would have been very much astonished had she in her lifetime been otherwise described. The original derivation of the name would probably support this pronunciation—we are told that about six and a half centuries ago the spelling was Buchquhanane, and in the great scholar's lifetime Bowhanan; but it is to be feared that this is a sound that has irrecoverably gone from general use, and Dr Neilson may be wise in electing to make his stand simply for "Buchanan."

* * *

The floods in the Borderland towards the end of July recall to some of the older folks the flood of sixty years ago. The subject is thus referred to by the "Hawick News":—

Sunday last, 20th July, was the sixtieth anniversary of the Hawick flood of 1846. This great inundation, owing to the Slitrig overflowing its banks, was occasioned by an exceptionally severe thunderstorm. It was on a Wednesday night, and the rain started to fall in torrents about eight o'clock. By ten o'clock the Slitrig and Teviot were in full flood. By eleven the Slitrig had risen to such an alarming extent that the police went round giving warning of danger. Many people who lived close to the river had to be awakened, and found it necessary to wade pretty deep in going from their door to a place of safety. At midnight, as the volume of water still increased, the town bells were rung. Shortly after this, however, the flood began to subside. During its height, Silver Street was a roaring torrent, and the houses in Sandbed were inundated to the depth of from two to five feet. Bridges, dykes, fences, etc., were carried completely away; much stock was lost and crops destroyed; and luxuriant haughs were turned and destroyed. The height of the water was marked on the Tower Hotel Stable Yard lintel by James Smith, who kept it painted until the plate was inserted in 1902. The former great flood, known as "Hawick Spate," occurred on the 5th of August, 1767. The quick declivity of the Slitrig, and its draining of a steep hill district, makes it rise very suddenly to dangerous proportions. The building up with solid masonry, however, of each side of the river in the town, has greatly lessened the chance of similar floods occurring. Nevertheless, it is questionable if these two floods were as appalling as the recent great ice and thunder storm on 10th August, 1901, that made such havoc in the town, which those who witnessed will never forget, and which will go down to posterity as an event equally memorable with the inundations of 1767 and 1846.

* * *

Appearing in a Glasgow paper, the following extract shows that the writer is not unduly biassed in favour of the well-known beauties of the Clyde:—

With all their charms, the watering-places of the Firth of Clyde owe little to associations with the past. To the East Coast belongs the proud distinction of possessing St Andrews and Berwick. During the past few months extensive excavations have been conducted in the ramparts of the latter town, for the purpose of opening up an extensive series of subterranean passages leading to guard and magazine rooms, whose existence was previously unknown to the general public. The construction of these fortifications must have constituted one of the most stupendous undertakings of that far-off time, when the good town formed a prize for the possession of which English and Scots alternately struggled. In their present efforts to do honour to the memorials of the past, the canny natives are not altogether oblivious of the fact that they are rearing additional attractions for tourists with antiquarian tastes. The expenditure entailed by the labour is also regarded as a suitable penance for the vandalism which rather more than a year ago sanctioned the destruction of an extensive portion of an older city wall reminiscent of a period when Berwick's prestige as a seaport rivalled that of London.

* * *

Those who have been privileged to hear the wonderfully fine renderings of Scottish songs by the Glasgow select choir will be pleased to learn that the newly-appointed conductor is a Borderer, while one of the oldest members, Mr Gideon Duncan, also hails from the Borderland:—

Mr Learmont Drysdale, the new conductor of the Glasgow Select Choir, is, it may not be generally known, a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune, better known as Thomas the Rhymer. His great-grandfather on his mother's side, George Learmont, might have come into the estates of Thomas the Rhymer if he had contested the claim of a distant relative, who took possession. The composer's mother was born and brought up at Traquair, in the very heart of the most poetical and romantic part of the Lowlands. Her father was for many years factor to the Earl of Traquair, and James Hogg and his contemporaries often met at his house. She remembers the "Ettrick Shepherd" quite well, and she has also recollections of "Christopher North" and Tibbie Shiels.

* * *

Another interesting link with Sir Walter Scott has passed away and is thus referred to in an evening paper:—

At Morden Lodge, Putney, London, there recently died Mr Robert Hutchinson Dahl, aged 82 years. Mr Dahl was born in Leith in 1824, and was the son of a Norwegian timber merchant resident in Leith. When Mr Dahl was about four years of age, his father removed to Hamburg with his family. Later the family returned to Leith, and Mr Dahl became a pupil in the Edinburgh Royal High School. On one occasion (about the years 1832-34) he was presented to Sir Walter Scott, who had visited the High School, and conversed with him in German. Mr Dahl, owing to his residence in Hamburg, could speak German, and was for that reason singled out from his classmates for presentation to Sir Walter.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

William Laidlaw

(Author of "Lucy's Flittin'").

PART III.

IN Lockhart's well-known biography of Scott it is stated that Sir Walter paid four visits to Blackhouse. Of these Laidlaw himself records three only, for we can scarcely term Scott's call on his way back from the Grey Mare's Tail a visit. Hogg, however, in his "Domestic Manners" gives us a clue to the fourth (although he does not specifically mention it), and also describes a visit to Loch Skene, regarding which Laidlaw is unaccountably silent. One morning a company, consisting of Scott, Sir Adam Ferguson, and Will Laidlaw, with Hogg as guide, set out from the Ettrick Shepherd's cottage to go to Loch Skene. Hogg conducted them through that wild region by a path along which, tradition reported, Claverhouse himself had ridden when persecuting the Covenanters in these uplands. Hogg reports that Ferguson got a fright by riding into a bog, but that Scott, although he was often in the very worst paths, did not once dismount. Sir Walter with most marked attention surveyed the wild scene presented by Loch Skene, and appeared to be storing his mind with the whole prospect. He questioned Hogg much about the various hills adjoining—their names, their respective altitudes, and relative situations. Hogg was disappointed that Sir Walter did not make use of his information by laying the scene of one of his works in some such locality, and was so confident that Scott had catechised him for such a purpose that he thought it might be described in one of the great novelist's works which the Ettrick Shepherd had not seen. I do not know that Scott makes more extensive use of his visit than to write those lines in the introduction to the second canto of "Marmion," where he describes vividly the rugged scenery of Loch Skene, and refers to the Giant's Grave, which he visited on a former excursion with Laidlaw. The four travellers, after having feasted their eyes upon the rugged grandeur of the countryside, directed their course towards Moffat, where they met Mrs and Miss Sophia Scott, and spent the night in great hilarity. Of this outing Hogg says: "Such a day and night of glee I never witnessed." Its date it would be difficult to determine. Leyden, who was not in the company, had sailed for India early in 1803, and it may therefore be tolerated as a rough guess that the visit to Loch Skene was made in the same year. Dr Carruthers ("Abbotsford Notanda," p. 135) unaccountably confuses the visits to the Grey Mare's Tail and to Loch Skene, stating that they were visited in one and the same journey. That he is in error there can be no doubt.

If it was in the month of August, as Laidlaw in his "Recollections" expresses the opinion, that he received an invitation from Scott, then putting up at the inn at Clovenfords, to spend a few days with him at his cottage at Lasswade, it must have been in the August of 1803, since Scott wrote to his friend Ellis on 1st August, 1804, informing him that he had let his cottage on the banks of the Esk. That it was in 1803 is verified, too, by the observation that Laidlaw adds, to the effect that Scott resided at Clovenfords inn alone, "for he had not yet any fixed residence in Selkirkshire"; as Scott did not acquire Ashiestiel until about May, 1804.

On reaching Clovenfords, Laidlaw found that Scott had not yet arrived, but was hourly expected. Laidlaw, however, was kindly received by two Englishmen—one of them Dr Anthony of Carlisle,—who were there on a fishing expedition. They formed pleasant company. The conversation turned to the mountain scenery of Selkirk and Peebles, and also to the Highlands of Scotland, amongst which the two Englishmen and Laidlaw himself had at one time or other journeyed. While they were thus conversing Scott himself arrived.

After breakfast the Sheriff and Laidlaw went up Gala water in a gig, the former repeating to the latter, to his manifest delight, the whole of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."* Eventually they arrived at Lasswade, where Scott introduced his Yarrow collaborator to his wife. "His meeting with his young and beautiful wife," Laidlaw observes, "seemed to me most kind and affectionate." Scott's son, Walter, had scratched his sister Sophia's cheek with a broken china cup, and Mrs Scott, despite the entreaties of Laidlaw, who was a born physician, persisted in softening the wound with cream. Laidlaw assured her that this would, with the air to which it must be constantly

* Dr Carruthers, in his "Abbotsford Notanda," evidently misled by the date given along with the title [1802-04], states that this occurred "one morning in autumn 1804." I have given reasons why the date could not be so late. Nor could it have been 1802, as the "Lay" was not then so far advanced as is here stated. I do not see, therefore, that I can be wrong in relegating this visit to the year 1803. Compare also the fact that when Scott visited the Wordsworths on 20th September, 1803, at Jedburgh, he sat with them an hour or two and repeated a part of the "Lay."

exposed, leave an indelible scar—"which indeed," he records, "was the case." On the following day Scott conducted his guest first to the caves and then to the house of Hawthornden; and next to the ruins of Roslin Castle and the Chapel—making a pleasant visit all the more enjoyable by acting as cicerone throughout. With this visit the "Recollections" end.

It was in the following month—September, 1803—that Laidlaw made the acquaintance of the immortal Wordsworth, at Jedburgh. Scott had arranged to meet the English poet during the sitting of the courts at that old Border town, and not improbably it was through Scott's influence that Laidlaw was at Jedburgh in the capacity of a juryman. The Ettrick lad had happened to read some of Wordsworth's verses in a newspaper, and was so delighted with them that he desired to become personally acquainted with the poet himself. On 21st September an introduction was effected, on the occasion of their walk up Jedwater to Fernihirst Castle, in which Laidlaw expressed his desire to accompany them. "He lived," says Miss Wordsworth of Will Laidlaw, "in the most retired part of the dale of Yarrow, where he had a farm; he was fond of reading, and well informed, but at first meeting was as shy as any of our Grasmere lads, and not less rustic in his appearance." Laidlaw greatly interested the Wordsworths by an account of his visit to the Highlands, and referred to Loch Rannoch in such terms that they regretted they did not trouble to penetrate so far, on account of the bad condition of the roads. He also referred to the fine view to be had from the steeple of Dunkeld. His conversation was much appreciated by the two English tourists.

Laidlaw remains in comparative obscurity for the next seven years. But from this he emerges, and with one step takes a high place among the minor poets of Scotland. In the year 1810 Hogg's "Forest Minstrel," which purported to be "a selection of songs adapted to the most favourite airs, few of them ever before published," was put upon the market. In addition to the contributions of Hogg and T. M. Cunningham, "a few others are supplied by gentlemen who all chose to be anonymous." Among these modest writers was William Laidlaw, who contributed to it his fine ballad of "Lucy's Flittin'"; and Hogg informs his readers that "the gentleman who wrote this song and the others marked 'A' never composed another song nor poem of any kind in his life, farther than the few contained in this volume, which is certainly to be regretted." Laidlaw's other two contributions were "Alake for the Lassie" and "Her Bonnie Black E'e." The lyric of "Lucy's Flittin'" is here reproduced for the benefit of those to whom it is not readily accessible.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear.
For Lucy had serv'd i' the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brought the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stan'in',
Right sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in—
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her e'e.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin' 't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin' 't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither nor frien' the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my bit heart a' thegither;
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes, I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wee blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
He couldna say mair but just "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

When editing his work, Hogg took some liberties with Laidlaw's poem. He altered the sixth line of the first verse, as follows:—

"She cam there afore the flower bloom'd on the pea."

A much less pardonable editorial touch is found, however, in the addition of a verse by Hogg, who did so, as he said, in order to "complete the story." The verse is as follows:—

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;

But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd, and she lookit;
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see!
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

Hogg's addition, although in itself beautiful, is undoubtedly a mistake. Laidlaw had conceived no such idea as that of Hogg's, which converts a touching pastoral into a tragedy. The poem was complete without Hogg's unwarranted addition. As we shall see from a letter written by Laidlaw in 1844, he did not countenance Hogg's addition to the poem. The question whether it was the "Glen," near Innerleithen, and not far from Laidlaw's farm, or the glen of the Douglas Burn, has already been discussed in the BORDER MAGAZINE (vol. i., pp. 27, 59, 100), and need not be revived, since it seems beyond doubt that it was "The Glen" that Laidlaw had in his mind when he wrote the poem. The small letter "g" in the word "Glen" can be accounted for very simply in a manner which was not pointed out by any writer in the references given above, and may be added here. After an author has returned his proofs, but before the work is printed off, it is read over again by a proof-reader, who corrects any mistakes that may have passed unnoticed by the author. Seeing what he thought was a common noun with a capital letter, and not recognising that it was a proper noun, this reader may have marked it to be made a small "g." Those of the printing profession will readily recognise the force of this argument. It may also be added here that a burn close to the Glen house, termed Kill Burn or Kilburn on the Ordnance Survey maps, is known in the vicinity only by the name "Lucy's Burn,"—thus bearing important testimony to the locality of Laidlaw's poem.

However varied opinion may be regarding the character and the source of the poem, it is unanimous in favour of the pathetic treatment which the subject received at Laidlaw's hands. Lockhart describes the poem as "a simple and pathetic picture of a poor Ettrick maiden's feelings in leaving a service where she had been happy:—it has long been and must ever be a favourite with all who understand the delicacies of the Scottish dialect, and the manners of the district in which the scene is laid." It was no less flatteringly termed by a critic in the "Edinburgh Review" a "fair example of the lowly pathetic, that would go to the heart of many a village-bred Scotchman in remote regions and all conditions of society." Readers of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" may remember the passage where the Shepherd anathematises Willie Laidlaw for a hypothetical theft when the owners were at the church one Sunday. "Yet I'll try to forgie him for sake o' Lucy's Flittin'," the Shepherd adds; "and because, notwithstanding that cruel crime, he's turned out a gude husband, a gude faither, and a gude freen." Professor Veitch states that, simply and naturally as the poem flows, he has good reason to know that it was the result of elaborate effort on the part of Laidlaw.

At the expense of chronological order—because bearing upon the present subject,—a letter written by Laidlaw long after this date is here inserted:—

"Contin, 1st January, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I now send to you, enclosed to Katharine, a copy of 'Lucy's Flitting,' which I would have done long ago, but wanted the song itself until Katharine sent me one. To say the truth, it was very disagreeable to me to copy it, as it now appears to me almost nonsense. I have omitted the last stanza, which was added by Hogg when he put it in the 'Mountain Bard.' Please send me the supplement to your edition of 'The Scottish Dictionary,' which I will remit you the price of when I have it in my power.

I beg to be remembered to Mrs Johnstone, and wish both to yourself and her many happy returns of the season.—Yours ever truly,

WM. LAIDLAW."

A curious error is made by Laidlaw in the foregoing; he states that his poem appeared in Hogg's "Mountain Bard" (published 1807), whereas it is well known that it first appeared in his "Forest Minstrel" (published 1810). I have referred to the first and third editions of the former of these works, and have found that the ballad is not contained therein. Laidlaw must therefore have been quoting from memory; indeed, it is evident from the letter that he had not at hand the volume containing the poem—whence his error.

It is not stated in the communication to whom it was addressed; but it must have been to Mr John Johnstone, since he edited "A Dictionary of the Scottish Language: abridged from the Dictionary and Supplement (by Dr Jamieson)"; to which Laidlaw refers. The mention of Mrs Johnstone in the letter puts it beyond doubt that the letter was addressed to her husband. The work did not appear until 1846, however,—the year after Laidlaw's death.

To be Continued.

The wind of the world always blows its vanities into haven.—"Surgeon's Daughter."

A Borderer's Day in London.

"He's ower the Border and awa'."

NOW we got dumped down in the city on the Thames is immaterial. Having trysted with another Borderer we duly met in the "big smoke" on a bright morning in October. No time was lost in setting about visiting famous streets, buildings, monuments, places, and institutions. Lasting impressions were the result. The old saying has it, "See Rome and die," but with us it was "See London and live."

The vastness of the city, known to the Romans, and made a capital by Alfred the Great, soon impressed us. There was thronging crowds, and rush of traffic everywhere; sometimes the roar of the street was like a great ocean sounding in our ear. At times we felt shut in like a caged bird. Bricks and mortar were around us for miles. It was impossible to see the toon for hooses, as a Border visitor once declared. We also very soon had our eyes open to the boundless wealth and squalid poverty of this Modern Babylon.

In moving about we often felt the pulsating atmosphere of the city, and experienced somewhat of that grand feeling caused by realising that one was in the centre of the great moving world. The "Scottish Spurgeon" said that when in London he felt as if carried along in a train, not in first-class or third-class, but on the foot-plate of the engine, where he heard the beat of its mighty heart. This has often been the feeling of visitors as they threaded their way through the streets of "the hub of the world." Ours, therefore, was no new experience.

These are but some of our impressions; we now proceed to mention some of the sights. By no means, however, in the order visited. These invariably not only came up to, but exceeded expectation. The pleasure of our visit was thus greatly enhanced.

St Paul's we "did" with great interest. The magnificent structure took the place of old St Paul's, destroyed by the great 1666 fire. It is said to be the third largest church in Christendom, and was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. It is a wonderful building, with ample room. The ball by which it is surmounted alone is capable of holding twelve persons.

Westminster Abbey was an impressive sight. Here rest the ashes of men and women who have added lustre, by their life and work, to our country's name. Some one has well said that the Abbey is the symbol of the history of the British race.

We had several views of "the Gilded Chamber" and the House where so many new M.P.'s recently "pegged out" on the green benches. As we admired the long range of buildings overlooking the Thames we could not but think of its Parliamentary system which has stood the test for centuries, and under which the country has grown in wealth, power, and influence. The Clock Tower, the chief outside feature of interest in the House, is the loftiest belfry in London, and contains Big Ben, a bell weighing over eight tons, whose tones are so familiar to old Parliamentary hands.

The Tower of London, whose stones, if they could speak, could tell a tragic story of human endeavour and suffering, and the double-storeyed Tower Bridge near by can only be mentioned. How many associated with the Borders have died within the walls of the former. It now contains the Crown Jewels. The latter, a noteworthy feature in the city, was designed to relieve London Bridge traffic, and is described as the most imposing engineering work of the nineteenth century.

Somerset House, the home of the Inland Revenue, with its magnificent 800 feet frontage to the Thames Embankment, had our attention. The Embankment itself is a striking boulevard, stretching along the most important river in Great Britain.

The Royal Exchange, said to hold the business brain of the great city, has the Mansion House on the left, and the Bank of England on the right. The one is the official home of the Lord Mayor, and the other is remarkable for its ugliness, and the fact that it houses the largest bank in the world. The chief beauty of the Exchange is its handsome Corinthian Portico.

In the neighbourhood of Cheapside we found the Guildhall, reminiscent of famous banquets, and the conspicuous feature in the Strand we found to be the Law Courts, where the Parnell Commission took place. For the British Museum with its priceless connections we had little time.

Trafalgar Square, "the heart of the great seething mass of humanity called London," with its varied interests, occupations, and pleasures, was a telling sight. The traffic of people and vehicles as we stood at the Strand corner was simply legion, and overlooking all was the noble Nelson Column. The Square

proper is adorned with statues of General Gordon and other outstanding soldiers.

From here we visited the National Gallery, whose art treasures could not be purchased for many millions. There are other galleries worth visiting, but these are first in importance in the city.

Marlborough House and St James's Palace impressed us little, but the Horse Guards gained our attention. The Marble Arch, Rotten Row, and much more we missed. The rain, however, we did not miss. The weight of water that fell in the afternoon was seldom equalled either in Greenock or Langholm.

During the deluge we "did" Madame Tussaud's, Kensington Exhibition, besides a hearty fish tea. Though somewhat apart, thanks to the rapid modes of transit, they were easily overtaken. The latter was full of interest, though there was mud and water galore. The world-wide display in Tussaud's was marvellous. Within the palatial red brick building there is what has been styled "the Valhalla of waxworks unequalled in Europe." The institution has a singular history. Though first established in Paris prior to 1789, it may be regarded as national. The singular impression which this glorified doll-house, with its strong human elements, makes on the mind is not easily forgotten. Strange experiences, if all stories be true, have been undergone by visitors to Tussaud's. We met with none of these. No one mistook us for wax figures.

These are but a few of the sights beheld in our only day in the great Metropolis. The enormous street traffic, perhaps, impressed us more. As seen from an omnibus roof this baffles description. Some of the routes simply throbbed and palpitated with commercial energy, and teemed with interest. Fleet Street, the centre of the newspaper world, was not the least of these. As a hive of industry it is said to have no equal anywhere in the civilised universe.

As a means of seeing the true outdoor life of London the top of a 'bus is the most popular. American and provincial visitors go in for it extensively. By this means churches, markets, parks, typical streets, and "all sorts and conditions" can be seen with comparative ease and small expense.

When we had been for a time watching men in blue regulating the immense traffic at a well-known crossing, one of them made a beeline to where we stood. This was lively. Were we "wanted," about to be "held up," or made to "move on?" No, extending his hand, he said, "You are Mr —— from —— aren't you?" We could have said "thy speech betrayeth thee." In spite of the Cockney flavour there was a strong sough of the Border hills in his words.

It transpired that the limb o' the law when a laddie had known us in the Border land. Though he had outgrown our recollection, he recognised us at once. In the midst of the busy throng there ensued inquiries for auld freens and Border reminiscences. Before goodbye was said and the Border grip, kind, strong and true, was given, we found that the exile was about to have a well-earned holiday, which he proposed spending wi' the auld folks in the wee bit toon adjoining "lan's end."

In the huge capital, as in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large centres, we found that Borderers figured in its affairs. In some instances they were the predominating partners, telling on its life and character. Functions and institutions—the religious, political, social, and literary life were being influenced by their presence and power. In short, not a few men from the Borders were found in the "firing file" of the capital. May they keep on scoring.

The wet drove us from the city earlier than we purposed. After a short stay in Leicester, famed for boots and hosiery, we faced homewards. Autumn russet tints were everywhere and in great beauty. How nature paints her colours.

G. M. R.

Lanercost Priory.

RELIGION was evidently a very local thing in the middle ages. Men paid much respect, and gave many gifts to the churches in their own neighbourhood, but had no hesitation in despoiling those at any distance. Especially was this the case on the Borders, where a stranger to the truth of the case, learning only how the English and Scots alternately burned and pillaged each other's monastic houses, might be excused for thinking that the two nations held different forms of religion.

Melrose, Jedburgh, Dryburgh suffered when the English were on the war-path, whilst Holme Cultram Abbey and Lanercost Priory rarely escaped when the Scots crossed the western Border.

Lanercost is about eleven miles north-east from Carlisle, and its history, as distinct from

the rise of the fabric, is almost entirely bound up with the struggle between England and Scotland in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

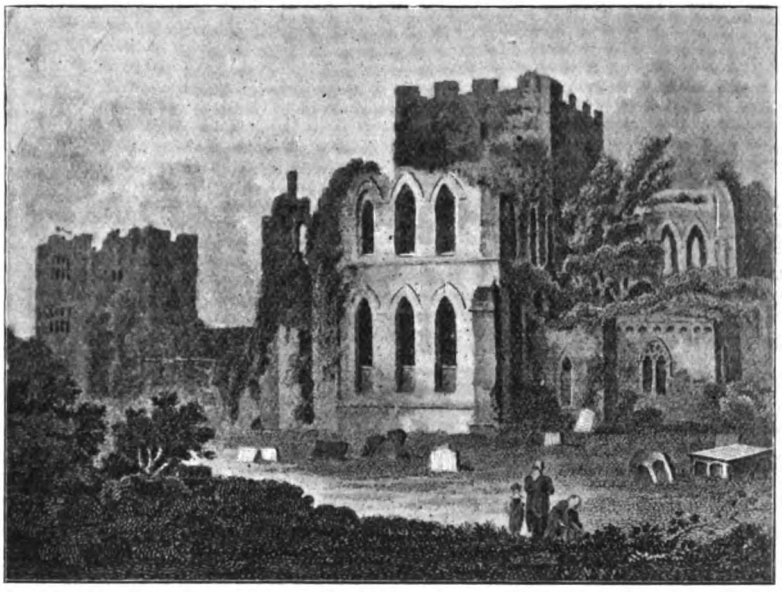
In 1296 John Comyn and the Earl of Buchan, with a large army, foiled in an attempt on Carlisle, went to Lanercost, fired some of the buildings, and took much booty. Most of the ecclesiastical part of the spoil would be presented to, and thankfully received by, some church on the Scotch side. One wonders if the cloth of silk, offered at the high altar by Edward I. and Queen Eleanor in 1280, was among the spoil.

The following year the Scots again came to Lanercost, and after their depredations, Edward I.'s gifts when he was there in 1300 would be specially welcome, though, doubtless, the feeding of his retinue would sorely tax the resources of the monks.

In 1306 the Priory again received the King, but this time he was brought in a litter, ill but indomitable as ever. He stayed there during the winter, directing the arrangements for the great expedition he was to lead against Scotland in the spring. When he left Lanercost for Carlisle he presented the Priory with many gifts, and made it a farewell present of the revenues of two churches.

The next illustrious visitor was less welcome. Robert Bruce came there in 1311, staying at the Priory himself, imprisoning some of the monks during his visit, and quartering his army upon the tenants.

Little love can the men of Lanercost have had for the Scots, so when, in 1346, messengers came to John de Bothecastre, the Prior, to say that the enemy was over the Border again, led by David Bruce—plundering Holme Cultram Abbey, though David's grandfather, Robert le Viel, was buried there—the monks doubtless betook themselves to their prayers with more fervour than usual. David Bruce's ill-fated expedition to England was conducted with great energy and cruelty until it received its terrible check, and Lanercost, in particular, suffered greatly. The monks were plundered of their treasures and jewels and much other spoil, and the place was so injured by the relentless enemy that it is said it never recovered.



LANERCOST PRIORY IN 1803.

To-day the choir and transepts are in ruins, and open to the sky, as when the picture was taken in 1803, but the nave has been carefully restored and is used as the Parish Church.

M. E. Hulse.

To gang to seek for evil that's na fashing wi' you, is clean against law and Scripture.—"Black Dwarf."

A Border Literary Chronicle with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART III.

CALDERWOOD, HENRY, LL.D. (b. at Peebles, 1830—d. Nov. 19, 1897), studied at Edinburgh; licensed by the U.P. Church, 1856; minister of Greyfriars U.P. Church, Glasgow, 1856-68; Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, 1868-97; author of "The Philosophy of the Infinite," 1854; "Moral Philosophy," 1872; "Mind and Brain," 1879; "Evolution and Man's Place in Nature," 1893.

CARLYLE, THOMAS (b. at Ecclefechan, Dec. 4, 1795—d. at Chelsea, Feb. 5, 1881), essayist, philosopher, historian; educated at Annan and Edinburgh University, and was intended for the church; taught mathematics at Annan and Kirkcaldy; then in Edinburgh for three years, writing papers for Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia, a Life of Schiller, translated Legendre's Geometry and Goethe's Wilhelm Meister; in 1831 tutor to Charles Buller; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, daughter of Dr John Welsh of Haddington; 1828-34 at Craigenputtock, where he wrote his Essay on Burns and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to London (Cheyne Row, Chelsea); "French Revolution," published in 1837; "Sartor Resartus" and "Miscellanies," 1838; "Heroes and Hero Worship," 1841; Cromwell's "Letters and Speeches," 1845; "Latter-Day Pamphlets," 1850; Life of John Sterling, 1851; History of Frederick II., 1858-65; "Early Kings of Norway."—(B.M. vi. 26).

CARRE, WALTER RIDDELL, of Cavers Carre, Roxburghshire (b. at Edinburgh, Aug. 4, 1807—d. Dec. 1, 1874), educated at the High School, Edinburgh; merchant in London; connected with two very old Border families, the Kers of Cessford and Ferniehirst, and the Riddells of Riddell; was well-known for his popular lectures on the Border district; wrote a volume of "Border Memories, or Sketches of Prominent Men and Women of the Border," edited by Mr Tait, of the "Kelso Chronicle," 1876.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT, LL.D. (b. at Peebles, July 10, 1802—d. at St Andrews, March 17, 1871), wrote many historical and literary works; "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," 1822; "Traditions of Edinburgh," 1823; "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," 1826; "History of English Literature," 2 vols., 1844; "The Rebellion of 1745," 1828; "Vestiges of Creation," 1844; "Life and Works of Burns," 1851; "Book of Days," 2 vols., 1860-67; "Domestic Annals of Scotland," 3 vols., 1859-61.—(B.M. vii. 201).

CHAMBERS, WILLIAM, LL.D. (b. at Peebles, April 16, 1800—d. May 20, 1883), rose from humble origin to be Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1865 and again in 1869; author of a "History of Peeblesshire," 1864, and several other works; started along with his brother "Chambers's Journal" in 1832; the two brothers were the pioneers of cheap literature in Scotland, and did much to popularise literature among the people.

CHARTERS, SAMUEL, D.D., minister of Wilton parish, Hawick, 1772-1825; an intimate friend of Dr Somerville and Lord Kames; published sermons on various subjects during his lifetime.

CHISHOLM, WALTER (b. near Chirnside, Berwickshire, 1856—d. 1877), wrote verses of considerable merit for one so young for the "Haddington Courier," "The People's Friend," &c. A memorial vol. of selections appeared in 1879.

CHRISTISON, ALEXANDER, a native of Cockburnspath, Berwickshire, was Professor of Humanity in Edinburgh University from 1806-20.

COCKBURN, MRS, *nee* ALISON, OR ALICIA RUTHERFORD (b. Oct. 8, 1712—d. Jan. 23, 1794), daughter of Rutherford of Fernilea, in Selkirkshire; married in 1731 to Patrick Cockburn, advocate, son of Adam Cockburn, the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, was a lady of much talent, whose house in Edinburgh was the resort of the most famous literary men of the day; a friend of Sir W. Scott; visited by Burns when in Edinburgh; best known as the authoress of the version of the "Flowers of the Forest" beginning "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," printed in 1765, and said to have been written in a turret chamber of old Fernilea House still to be seen. In this version the reference is not to Flodden, but to some commercial disaster which overtook some Forest lairds, though others think it may possibly refer to the death of John Aikman, her early lover.

CRAWFORD, MARGARET (MRS ROSEBURGH), 1833-81, published in 1855 a vol. of poems, "Rustic Lays on the Braes of Gala Water," and contributed pieces to the local newspapers.

CRAWFORD, REV. WILLIAM, a native of Kelso (b. 1676—d. 1742), minister of Wilton; wrote a volume entitled "Dying Thoughts and Sermons," 1814.

CUNNINGHAM, ALEXANDER (b. at Ettrick, 1654—d. May 15, 1737), historian; educated at Selkirk and in Holland, from whence he came to England with the Prince of Orange; acted as travelling tutor to Lord Lorne, eldest son of the Marquis of Argyll; wrote in Latin a "History of Great Britain from the Revolution to the Accession of George I.," in 2 vols., which was translated from the Latin MS. by Dr William Thomson in 1787. [Alex. Cunningham, also educated in Holland, the editor of "Horace," &c., often confounded with the preceding, was a native of Ayrshire].

CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM, D.D. (b. at Duns, 1805—d. 1861), succeeded Dr Chalmers as Principal of the New College in 1847.

CUPPLES, GEORGE (b. at Legerwood Manse, Berwickshire, 1822—d. 1891), novelist; author of the popular sea-story, "The Green Hand," 1856. His father, the Rev. George Cupples, was translated from Legerwood to Stirling, 1834; joined the F.C. in 1843, and became minister of Kilmadock; died May 1, 1850.

DAVIDSON, REV. HENRY (b. in the parish of Eckford, near Kelso, 1687—d. Oct. 24, 1756), minister of Galashiels, 1714-56; was a great friend of Boston, and one of the twelve "marrow men." A vol. of his "Letters to Christian Friends," with Memoir, was published in 1811.

DAVIDSON, JOHN MAXTON, published a vol. of poems in 1860.

DAVIDSON, ROBERT, of Morebattle, near Kelso (b. 1778—d. 1855), published in 1848 a vol. of poems, "Leaves from a Peasant's Cottage Drawer, with autobiographical sketch."

DAVIDSON, THOMAS (b. at Oxnam Row, near Jedburgh, 1838—d. April 29, 1870), "the Scottish Probationer"; educated at Ancrum parish school and Jedburgh; entered Edinburgh University, 1855, studied for the ministry, and licensed by the U.P. Church in 1864; gained at College a prize for poetry given by Prof. Ayton, subject, "Ariadne in Naxos," published by Thackeray in the "Cornhill" in 1860. This and "The Auld Ash Tree," are perhaps his best pieces. His Life with poems and extracts from his Letters by Dr James Brown of Paisley appeared in 1878—a most interesting volume.—(B.M. iv. 73, 96).

DAWSON, JAMES HOOPER, was a member of the English bar, but gave himself up to literary pursuits; edited the "Kelso Chronicle," established in 1783 by his grandfather, an eminent Border farmer; wrote a Statistical Account of Scotland, and a work on "The Legitimate Consequences of Reform," dedicated to Earl Grey. Died at Dumfries, 1861.

DODDS, JAMES (b. at Softlaw, near Kelso, 1813—d. 1874), lecturer and poet; studied at Edinburgh University, 1828; kept a school at Smailholm, then studied law and practised as a Parliamentary solicitor in London; friend of Carlyle and Leigh Hunt; wrote "Lays of the Covenanters," published posthumously with a Memoir by Rev. James Dodds, of Dunbar, and "The Fifty Years' Struggle of the Covenanters, 1638-1688"; also "Thomas Chalmers, a Biographical Study."

DOUGLAS, JOHN, M.D. (d. Jan. 23, 1861), served as a military surgeon in India and Canada; long practised at Hawick; friend of Thomas Pringle, William Knox, Henry Scott Riddell, &c.; wrote several pieces of verse.

DOUGLAS, AGNES (b. 1783—d. Nov. 20, 1858), sister of the preceding; was awarded by Henry Scott Riddell the silver medal as a prize for the best poem on the demolition of the Auld Brig of Hawick in 1851; also wrote an "Address to the Teviot," published in Watson's "Living Bards of the Border," 1859.

DOUGLAS, ROBERT, D.D. (b. 1746—d. 1820), son of Rev. John Douglas, minister of Jedburgh; was long minister of Galashiels; friend of Sir Walter Scott, to whom he sold that part of the Abbotsford estate on which the house is erected; wrote a "General View of the Agriculture in the Counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk," 1798, and the Statistical Account of Galashiels; took great interest in the affairs of that town.

DUNBAR, GEORGE, M.A. (b. 1774—d. Dec. 6, 1851), a native of Berwickshire, of humble origin; professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, 1807-1851, predecessor of Prof. Blackie; edited Herodotus, 1806-7; compiled with E. H. Barker a Greek-English and English-Greek Lexicon, 1831; wrote "An Inquiry into the structure and affinities of the Greek and Latin languages," and several Greek text-books.

To be continued.

Odds and Ends in Rhyme.

MR JOHN ALSTON, of Motherwell, has produced a selection of his poems in a neat volume, bearing the above unpretentious title, admirably adapted for the pocket on a summer ramble. The author, who is a native of Innerleithen and a leal Borderer, has a facile pen which generally writes in a kindly strain but can occasionally be severely sarcastic. Several of his poems have appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE, but we doubt not that our readers who may secure this volume of 123 pages, published by Mr John A. Anderson, 65 High Street, Peebles, and printed by Messrs A. Walker & Son, Galashiels, will feel deeply interested in the varied topics dealt with by the author and with his original way of treating them. Most of the pieces are in ordinary English, but the successful manner in which he uses the sweetly sounding Doric (in these days of maltreatment of our mother tongue) makes us wish that there had been more of a like character. Some of his descriptions of Border scenes are faithful interpretations of the natural beauties to be found there. On one occasion, when seated on the summit of Lee-Pen, near Innerleithen, with a mutual friend—a schoolmate of the poet's—we penned a post-card to him and received the following reply, which appears in the volume:—

And did you climb the old familiar hills,
That stand as sentinels by Leithen Vale?
Did you, "in transport deep," with joy inhale
The ozone-laden air that health instils?
Did glamour o'er you creep with conscious thrills,
As the eye gathered in each clear detail?
Or sweet regret and tender thoughts prevail,
While dreams of byegone days the fancy fills!
That rolling sea of summits all around,
Had they no message for thy listening ear?
Did you not feel you trod enchanted ground,
That spirits from the vanished past were near—
Who, whispering, say with no uncertain sound,
"This is my native land to mem'ry dear?"

We are much pleased to note the continued success of the "Scottish Review," which is a credit to our country and the publishers, Messrs Thomas Nelson & Sons. Border subjects are frequently dealt with in the pages of the "Review," and true patriotism is the keynote of the whole production. Printing and illustrations are alike excellent, and the marvel is that it can be produced for one penny.

Burning the Heather.

MANY a Borderer, far removed from his fatherland, will see in his dreams the glowing hill-tops in the late springtime, when the old heather is being burnt off to make way for the tender shoots. He will recall the joyous thrills he felt in boyhood, when he was permitted to "set lowe to the heather," and to watch the red glow spreading all around and even tinging the clouds above with a ruddy hue. Some of our wiseacres, however, have been trying to improve on the long tested methods of our fathers with the usual result.

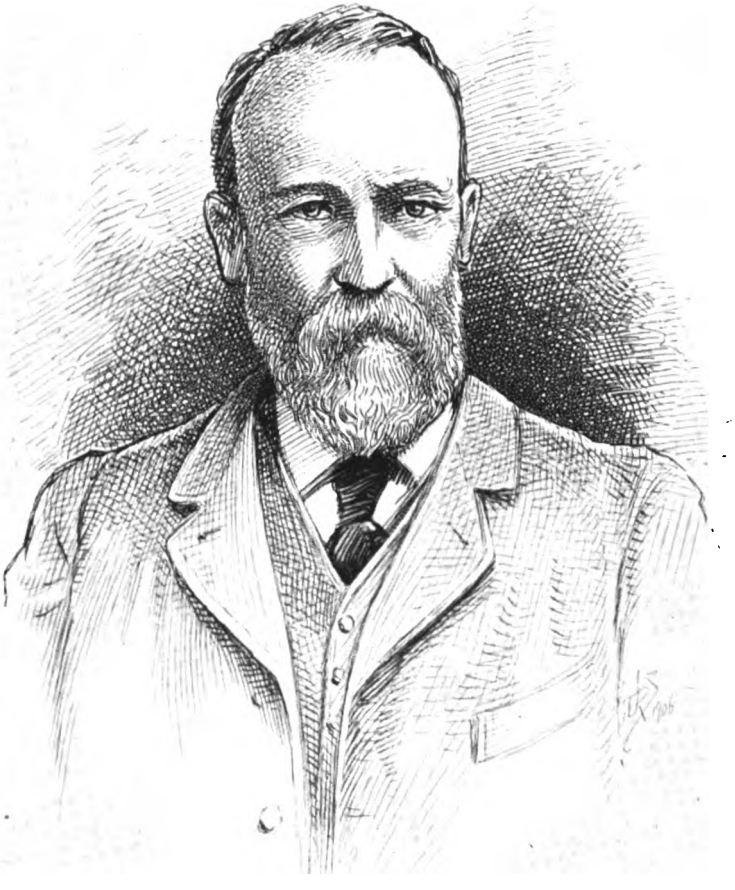
In an article in "The Times" a correspondent draws attention to the destruction caused on many Scottish moorlands by the mistaken treatment of the heather. The writer says:—A disastrous change in the old, well-tried practice of cultivating heather by thoroughly burning it late in spring has recently been introduced in defiance of Nature's simple rules relating to plant life. At this moment thousands of what should have been blooming heather on the hills of the Border counties of Scotland are lying bare and desolate, and for many years must inevitably remain worthless. A few years ago it got abroad among certain sportsmen that if heather were singed or simply scorched on the tips it would spring more quickly from the old roots, and that the birds would also find shelter among the dead, woody stalks, which would prevent sheep from interfering with the sprouting heather and preserve it exclusively for grouse. Results have not justified expectations, and a serious mistake has been made which calls for immediate investigation. When heather is properly burnt in a dry condition in spring the heat becomes so great that all the above-ground growth but the strongest stems are consumed. The roots remain intact, and unless in the case of very old heather, which usually dies outright, young shoots begin to appear before the end of the growing season, or at latest in the following spring, and a beautiful close cover of tender sprouts set off from the old roots sooner or later carpets the surface and provides the best food for sheep and game. By the new method of singeing in November or during the winter when thorough burning is impossible, the leaves of the heather are destroyed, but the stems and many of the terminal branches are not consumed. The sap remains and the plant continues fresh for a time, but as it cannot breathe without its leaves it cannot sustain life. Decomposition of the sap gradually follows, and by a slow process best described as 'canker' the heather dies root and branch. On areas thus denuded there is no hope of heather springing from seed for many years afterwards. The evil does not end there, for the dead stalks of the heather remain erect for probably five or six years, and during the winter and spring months armed with the stronger of the branching shoots as claws they tear the wool from the bellies of the sheep, mostly ewes in lamb, and thus deprive them of their natural protective covering and expose their vital parts to the evil influences of cold and wet."

Land of Scott Guide Book.

It is dangerous to estimate the value of a book by its price, for experience proves that expensive works often miss fire, while a cheap production will sell in thousands and so have a much wider influence. In these days of cheap printing it is wonderful what can be produced for a penny, but it is seldom that such an amount of interesting and well-attested information can be had for that sum, as is to be found in the book bearing the above title. On its first issue we reviewed it at some length, and we are pleased to note that another large edition has just been published. That the book has met the public taste is evident from the rapidity of its sale, and the new edition should have the same ready circulation, since it is larger and contains several improvements, consisting of 192 pages with many fresh illustrations of the district. The matter has been revised and brought up to date where necessary,—one instance of which is the inclusion of a short description of the work at the recently-discovered Roman Camp at Newstead, with a capital ground plan of the excavations. The addition of indexes to reading matter, illustrations, and advertisements makes the guide more useful as a local book of reference. Galashiels: A. Walker & Son.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
  My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
  By gesture, look, or smile:
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
  Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot;—
  I'll rather freeze alone.—"The Resolve."

Printed and Published by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



TOM SPEEDY.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. XI., NO. 130. OCTOBER, 1906.

TOM SPEEDY,

SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

THERE is no more interesting part of the Border country than that through which the Tweed flows for the last few miles of its course, ere it is swallowed up by the North Sea. Here are found such famous names in Border story as Flodden, Coldstream, Twizel, Norham, and, finally, Berwick. The whole district is crowded with traditions of raid and strife and disaster. From the days of Edward I. and the elder Bruce to those of James VI., a period of fully three hundred years, this was the region where kings and nobles repeatedly met in conference or armies joined in conflict, and where the fortunes of Scotland were often fixed. Lynx-eyed men looked out on both sides of the line which divided the two kingdoms, ready to spring at each other's throats on the slightest provocation. The descendants of such a race could not help being patriots, their hearts filled with an intense love for their native land, and their minds imbued with a manly independence.

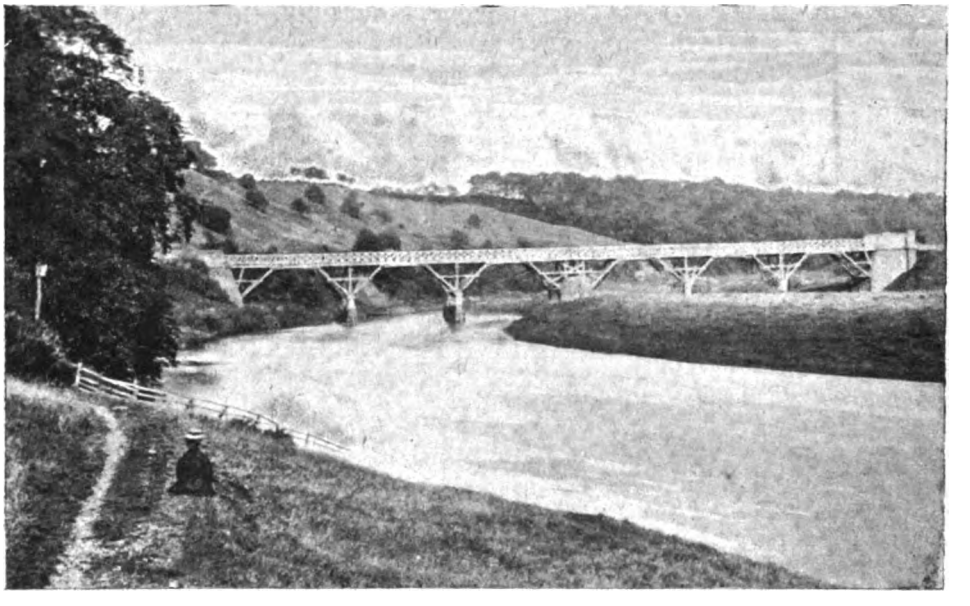
It was amid such surroundings that the subject of this biographical sketch was born, on the 19th of February, 1846. His father, James Speedy, was employed on the estate of Ladykirk, living that obscure yet honest and upright life out of which so many have stepped into the sunshine of wider recognition, and even into fame itself. Tom was the second youngest of a family of seven—three sons and four daughters—of whom only a daughter and himself survive. He was sent in due course to the parish school, then taught by Mr Joseph Thomson—a stern dominie of the old school, with many of the features depicted by Goldsmith as characterising the schoolmaster of "Sweet Auburn." For this strict disciplinarian, however, Tom ever had the greatest respect, and when "Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland" was first published, a copy was duly sent to Joseph Thomson, with the inscription, "From his mischievous old pupil."

School days with Tom, however, were few, for at the early age of ten he was already working in the fields, and soon thereafter became kennel-boy on the estate of the late Lord Marjoribanks, at Ladykirk. The open-air life of a lad curious regarding the ways of bird and beast and fish is a very pleasant and enviable one. He writes thus regarding himself at this early period: "The habits of the birds and beasts that peopled the district were to me subjects of intense interest. Inheriting

the hunting spirit of my ancestors, to engage in a badger, a fox, or an otter hunt was in my boyish imagination the chief end of man." It was now that the foundations were laid of that intimate knowledge of Natural History which is so eminently characteristic of Tom Speedy, and which will afterwards be referred to more fully.

From kennel-boy to under-keeper was a long step, and this was achieved about the age of seventeen. In his new capacity the young sportsman, as he may already be considered, travelled for some years with "the old laird" to various places in England and Scotland in the interests of sport. In the last year of this congenial life—in 1867—some months were spent at Struy, in Strathglass, Inverness-shire, and here several close friendships were formed, some of which remain to the present day, notably that with Dougall Campbell, now the veteran stalker in Strathconan Forest.

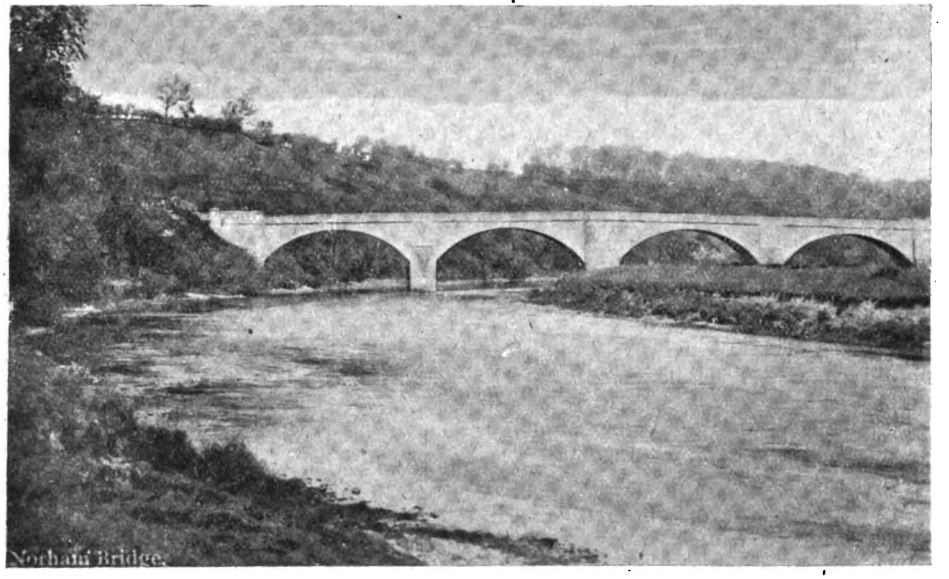
The experience thus gained was soon to be put to good account. In this widened sphere of observation everything likely to be of future use was stored up in a very retentive memory; and it is impossible to over-estimate the advantages which were secured at this formative period of his life. The way was being prepared for the next important step, which involved leaving the Borderland, and his beloved Ladykirk. As already observed, there is much to engage the interest of every Borderer, or indeed of every true-born Scot, in that stretch of country which has Ladykirk for its centre and the Tweed for its boundary. Here, at the ancient village of Upsetlington, on May 10, 1291, King Edward I. decided that question of succession which made Baliol a feudatory of England, but which ended at Bannockburn in the regaining of Scottish independence. At the head of the island in the river, which is Scottish ground, is a ford where James IV. was nearly carried away, and where he made the vow that issued in the building of Lady Kirk—the kirk afterwards giving the name to the village, as in so many cases. This was in the year 1500, and the venerable edifice is still used as the parish church. The picturesque wooden bridge which formerly spanned the Tweed here is yet remembered by the older inhabitants of the parish, though a solid stone structure has for a number of years taken its place. The whole scene, again, is dominated by "Norham's castled steep," which rises on the opposite or southern bank of the Tweed,—"so close that a stone might have been pitched from England into Scotland by a catapult on the battlement."



OLD NORHAM BRIDGE.

So much for the surroundings and traditions of Ladykirk. All this had now to be left be-

hind, but what was then so dear has never been effaced from memory. In 1868, at the age of twenty-two, Tom Speedy came to The Inch, Liberton, near Edinburgh, as gamekeeper to that well-known sportsman, the late Mr Little Gilmour of Craigmillar. In this capacity he travelled over large portions of Scotland and England, in grouse-driving and other species of sport. His stores of information regarding Natural History were now greatly increased; and his love of reading could also more easily be gratified than in the comparative seclusion of his native village. Liberton is quite near the Scottish capital, and during the long winter evenings especially there were many opportunities for study, which were fully taken advantage of. At this period he also joined the Liberton Literary and Debating Society. Many a young man has been greatly helped, and had his faculties quickened, by connecting himself with such a society, and this was a notable instance. Here our young debater and essayist gained a readiness of address and a facility with the pen which have frequently stood him in good stead, and helped to make his abilities known far and wide. Among the first fruits of this training was the production of a volume, published in 1884, entitled "Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland with Rod and Gun." This volume was very appropriately dedicated to Mr Little Gilmour, "whose excellence as a sportsman is well known, and in whose service most of the information contained in the following pages has been acquired." Tom was greatly attached to his master, a man of a most kind and retiring disposition, known amongst his friends by the name of "Gentle," and this dedication was very gratifying to him. He was as much a friend as a master, and his memory Tom has never ceased to cherish with feelings of admiration and respect. In two years after its first appearance a second edition of "Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland" was called for; and it is only the pressure of other duties which has up to this time delayed the issue of another and still more complete edition.



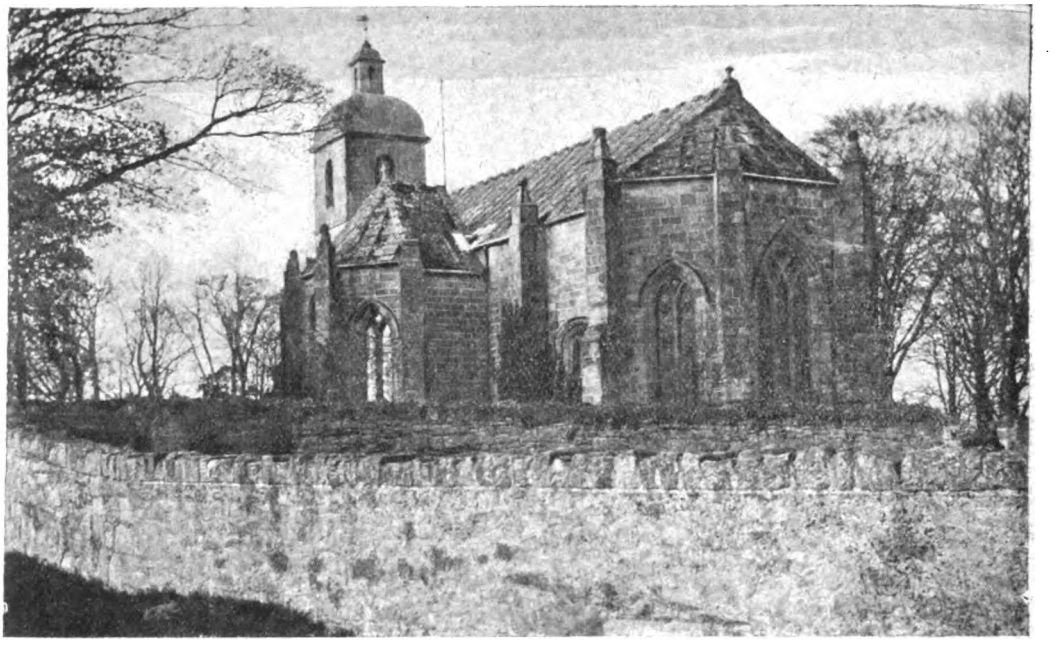
NORHAM BRIDGE.

With advancing years Mr Little Gilmour became unable to continue his sporting habits, and a gamekeeper being no longer so much needed, Mr Speedy was advanced to the position of local factor on the Craigmillar estate—a position he still holds under Mr Little Gilmour's successor, Colonel Gordon Gilmour.

In 1884 the Edinburgh Architectural Association paid a visit to Craigmillar Castle, and reported on the dilapidated condition of the building, particularly the roof. Mr Little Gilmour at once took steps to have this state of matters remedied, and the Castle was at

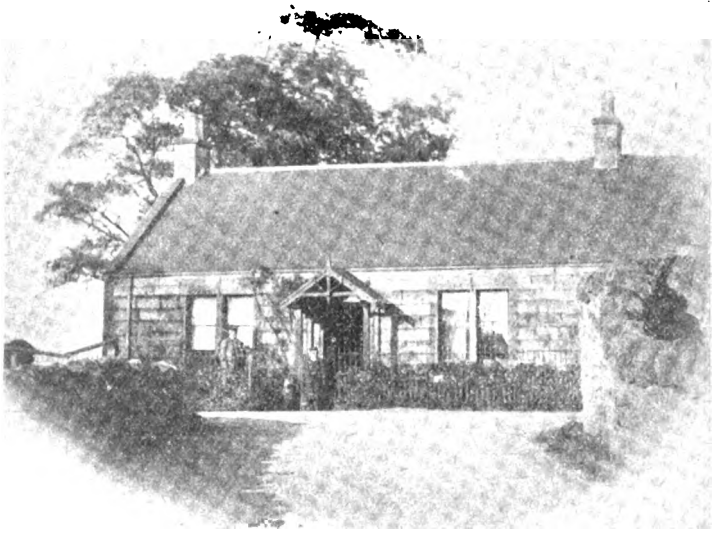
length put into excellent repair, after an expenditure of considerable labour and money. The public-spirited proprietor died in 1887, but shortly before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing this work brought to a successful termination. As local factor on the estate, Mr Speedy carefully watched all the operations; and his interest in the ancient pile resulted ultimately in the production of a beautiful quarto volume, profusely illustrated, entitled "Craigmillar and its Environs, with Notices of the Topography, Natural History, and Antiquities of the District." This work was published in 1892; and so favourably was it received that the idea occurred to its author of using it as the groundwork of a guide-book. Many tourists, especially from America, visit this historic place every summer, attracted by its connection with Mary Queen of Scots, and few neglect to carry away with them a copy of this most interesting guide-book, now in its second edition. It should here be added that a copy of the original quarto volume, handsomely bound in boards made from the wood of Queen Mary's Sycamore or Plane-tree growing at the hamlet of Little France, near the Castle, was sent to, and graciously accepted by, her late Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Mr Speedy's contributions to the daily press have been very numerous. Besides communications to "The Field" and "Land and Water," he has written many letters and articles to "The Scotsman" and other newspapers on Natural History subjects. He has also contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine." In all matters of controversy, or where there are differences of opinion, it is generally the case that, when the subject is one which has come under his personal knowledge or observation, Mr Speedy's verdict is accepted as final. No statement is ever advanced by him for the truth of which he cannot vouch; and no theory is ever promulgated without careful investigation and scientific experiment. It is too much the fashion for some naturalists to hand on the opinions of others, without any attempt at verification, and with little or no cognisance of the matter in dispute. In one of his papers, Mr Speedy writes in this connection: "I know no subject upon which more nonsense is apt to be written than that of Natural History. Let a man once get it into his head that he is a naturalist, and he seems to regard himself as licensed to revel in nonsensical speculation and superstitious folly." Only one of wide experience and accurate observation would dare to



LADYKIRK PARISH CHURCH.

write in this manner. As an example of Mr Speedy's careful accuracy, the following incident may be related. In the celebrated Ardlamont case, where he was retained for the defence, the theory of the Crown was that the fatal shot has been fired from a distance of at least nine feet. Mr Speedy, on the other hand, held that the muzzle of the weapon must have been within two feet of the victim. His reason for this assertion was, that no stray pellets were found in Hambrough's head, as there must have been if the shot had been fired at such a distance as nine feet. The Crown witnesses also held that at two feet the hair would have been singed. With the ordinary



TOM SPEEDY'S COTTAGE, LIBERTON

black powder, at such a short distance, this would doubtless have been the result: but the powder in question was that known as Amberite, then come newly into use; and in order to prove that at two feet this powder would leave no mark, Mr Speedy tried a shot through his wife's hair, and so proved his contention. When some one asked him afterwards if he was not afraid to do such a thing, the dry rejoinder was made, "I wouldn't have let you do it."

For a number of years Tom Speedy has been a member of the Edinburgh Field Naturalists' and Microscopical Society, and during that time has contributed numerous articles to the "Transactions" of the Society. These have been on various topics connected with Natural History, as "The Hare," "The Rook," "The Mice Plague," "The Squirrel," "The Hedgehog," "The Badger," "The Grouse Disease," "Stoats and Weasels," "How I robbed the Eagle's Nest, and Why," "Do trout purify or pollute water?" &c. It is rather cause for regret that these most interesting and valuable papers are accessible only to a few; perhaps in the near future a selection may be made from them for separate publication.

Mr Speedy has on several occasions been called upon to give evidence before Committees in the House of Lords and the House of Commons; he has also acted as referee in numerous sporting disputes and reference cases. He is likewise much in demand in advising gentlemen in regard to purchasing estates. He is a splendid raconteur, and having mingled so much with different ranks and classes of society, his mind is stored with incidents relating to men and things. His boyish interest in animals of all kinds has naturally grown with the years. At home, in and around his cottage at Liberton, he has kept many pet creatures, whose habits it has been to him a delight to watch. Prominent among these have been eagles, ravens, tawny owls, barn owls, long-eared owls, short-eared owls, jackdaws,

kingfishers, foxes, badgers, squirrels, stoats, weasels, mountain hares, rats, voles, &c.

During his long residence at Liberton, Mr Speedy's uprightness, generosity, and loyalty to his friends have ever been prominent characteristics. He is held in high esteem by all who know him, but especially amongst the poor. Ever ready to extend a helping hand in deserving cases, where a family is overtaken by illness or death assistance is promptly rendered. Calling on the well-to-do in the district, and explaining the circumstances of any needful case, always results in his receiving the necessary funds. To use the words of a liberal subscriber in a recent sad case, "This is practical Christianity." For this leal son of the Border we wish many more years of usefulness and prosperity.

J. LINDSAY.

A Centenary Garland.

MUNGO PARK, AFRICAN EXPLORER: Born Foulshiels, September 10, 1771. Perished in the Niger early (?) in 1806.

LORD BROUGHAM.

In Mungo Park, we are not afraid to say that the world has lost a great man,—and one who was as well qualified, as he was undoubtedly inclined, to have been one of its greatest benefactors. The account which is here given of him is in the highest degree interesting—not merely to those who care about Africa, but to all who take delight in the spectacle of unbounded courage and heroic ardour, unalloyed with any taint of ferocity, selfishness, or bigotry.—"The Edinburgh Review," 1815.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Park was the first of the devoted band who returned to tell what he had seen, and his narrative was received with extreme eagerness. To this day, though many have gone, and some have returned like him, to give us knowledge, and then gone back to perish, Park's name is the most tenderly spoken, and every fragment of his experience, and of information about him, is still caught up with a stronger interest than any of his successors have ever commanded.—"History of England," 1851.

J. A. ST JOHN.

Few men have possessed in a higher degree the virtues of a traveller—intrepidity, enthusiasm, perseverance, veracity, prudence; his manners, likewise, though somewhat too stiff and reserved, must upon the whole have been agreeable, since he was able both in civilised and savage countries to gain and preserve many friends.—"Lives of Celebrated Travellers," 1832.

LEIGH HUNT.

What Ledyard wanted to complete his character, the famous Mungo Park eminently possessed. He had not so large a grasp of mind as Ledyard, but he was in no need of it. He had quite enough for his purpose, and not any of a doubtful sort to distract it. But who needs to be told what a thorough man for his purpose he was, what sufferings he went through with the simplest and most touching courage, what successes he achieved, and what a provoking, mortal mischance met him after all? It was not so mortifying a one as Bruce's, who broke his neck down his own staircase; but it was sadder by a great deal, so far from home and on the threshold of the greatest of his adventures.—"A Book for a Corner," 1849.

JOHN FOSTER.

It is difficult for imagination to conceive a project of a more commanding, or, to a daring and contemplative spirit, a more attractive aspect, than that which Park returned to Africa, resolved to execute, or perish in the attempt. It was perfectly new, and it was vast to sublimity. It combined, in a singular manner, a definiteness of principle with a boundlessness of scope. Nothing could be more precise than the law of its execution, to follow with undeviating fidelity the course—indeed, to go with the stream—of a noble river, the directions of which had been perfectly ascertained, to a great distance, by the traveller himself; but then, no man could tell him whither this river was to carry him, in what wilderness of lakes or sands it might desert him, or into what ocean it might, with the pride of accumulated waters, bear him down. On any hypothesis immensity of scene was before him.—"Critical Essays," Vol. II., 1815.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Few books of travels have acquired so speedy and extensive a reputation as this of Park's. . . . It still continues one of the most popular works of its class, and the qualities, both of its subject and manner, well deserve this pre-eminence. In pursuing it we follow the traveller with a keen anxiety; we participate in all his toils and dangers, and hair-breadth escapes, portrayed with a brief and touching simplicity, which at once awakens our sympathies by its

indubitable air of truth; we are instructed and entertained by his delineation of those vast countries and the rude tribes which people them; we admire his modest though unshaken fortitude; we love the honesty and benevolent candour everywhere displayed by him. Many travellers have possessed more learning, more philosophy, and greater intellectual endowments; but none has ever known better the secret of concentrating our attention and calling forth our esteem. It required not only extraordinary strength of mind to accomplish this undertaking; no common powers of fancy and judgment were also requisite to describe it so agreeably.—In "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," 1820-23.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

Towards the latter part of 1798 Park returned to London to make the final arrangements for his narrative. . . It would be difficult to over-estimate the enthusiasm with which it was received, or the interest in Park and Africa which it aroused. Two editions were sold off in rapid succession, and were followed by several others in the course of the following years. . . . Neither then nor since has any African explorer had such a romantic tale to tell, nor has any out of all the long list of adventurers who have followed told his tale so well. Some there have been who have flourished more theatrically across the African stage, and by virtue of striking dramatic effects, and a certain spice of bloodshed, have struck the imagination of those who are content with the superficial show of things, and are not too critical as to their significance. But for actual hardships undergone, for dangers faced, and difficulties overcome, together with an exhibition of the virtues which make a man great in the rude battle of life, Mungo Park stands without a rival.—"Mungo Park and the Niger," 1890.

MEMORIALS OF PARK.

The French, generally grudging in their praise of our West African travellers, have been just to the memory of Mungo Park. Félix Dubois, the last Frenchman to visit the Upper Niger and publish a record of his journey, speaks in generous admiration of the great Scotsman. He tells us that the passage of "the man with the great beard," as Park was called by the natives, has become a legend on the shores of the Eastern Niger, and that the people of Sansanding of those days had a sincere liking for the white stranger. In November, 1888, a French gunboat having dropped anchor at Samba-Marcalla, a picturesque little town near Sego, the natives pointed out to the officers the grave of one of the men in the ill-fated expedition of 1805. Thereupon the gunners forged an iron cross and placed it over the grave of the unknown. Upon it were inscribed these words:—"To the memory of one of the companions of Mungo Park, who was buried here.—*The Niger Fleet, November*, 1888.

The ivy-covered ruin of the little cottage on the banks of the murmuring Yarrow at Foulshiels has been enclosed and preserved as a memorial of Mungo Park. In Peebles the houses where he lived and worked have been marked so that the passer-by may note them. At Selkirk a statue has been raised in his honour. But the most precious tribute of all to the name of the great traveller is the one raised by strange hands in a land of strangers—the little iron cross that casts its shadow on the sands of the majestic Niger.—T. Banks MacLachlan, "Mungo Park" (Famous Scots), 1898.

S O N G.

Written by the Duchess of Devonshire in 1799, and based on a well-known incident in Mungo Park's "Travels."

The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The White Man yielded to the blast;
He sat him down beneath our tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
And ah, no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

Chorus—

The White Man shall our pity share;
Alas, no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The White Man far away must go;
But ever in his heart must bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

Chorus—

Go, White Man, go; but with thee bear
The Negro's wish, the Negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

Border Notes and Queries.

FATLIPS CASTLE AND HORNSHOLE.

Minto Craigs, rising some 700 feet high almost close to the Teviot, form a picturesque land-mark in Teviotdale, and are well known to tourists and others. On their summit stands a modern Bordër peel or castle built some time ago to take the place

of an older one,* which appears to have been destroyed by Hertford in his raid of 1545. This remained a ruin till 1851, when the present Earl's father rebuilt it so as to resemble the old one as nearly as possible. Inside it consists of four rooms, one above another, and outside close to the walls may be seen three cannons captured by members of the Elliot family. One of these belonged to the mutineers of the Bounty, and was recovered in deep water off Pitcairn Island by Captain Russell Elliot, another was captured by Admiral John Elliot in 1760 in a naval action against the French under Captain Thurot, fought off the Isle of Man, while the third was secured by Colonel Sir Gilbert Elliot from the parapet of the Redan at Sebastopol. The building is known as Minto Castle, Barnhill's Tower, from the name of a famous outlaw who is said to have taken up his residence among the Crags, and is referred to in Scott's "Lay"—

> "On Minto Crags the moonbeams glint,
> Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint,"

and also by the name Fatlips Castle. Could any of your readers kindly explain how it came by such a curious name? In Tytler and Watson's "Songstresses of Scotland" we are told that it was the custom when ladies and gentlemen visited the place in company that each gentleman was entitled to salute one lady in passing beneath the gateway. This was about 150 years ago. Probably it is still observed in these later days, for such a custom naturally dies hard!

Hornshole is a place well known to all the good folks of Hawick. Here, according to tradition, took place in 1514, the year after Flodden, a fierce conflict between a predatory band of Englishmen and a number of Hawick "callants," who gave a good account of themselves and captured a pennon, of which the people of Hawick are justly proud. In Lockhart's "Life of Scott" we read (referring to the visit of Wordsworth in 1803) that "they all (i.e., Scott, Wordsworth, and his sister, and William Laidlaw) proceeded together up the Teviot to Hawick, Scott entertaining his friends with some legend or ballad connected with every tower or rock they passed. He made them stop for a little to admire particularly a scene of deep and solemn retirement, called 'Horne's Pool,' from its having been the daily haunt of a contemplative schoolmaster, known to him in his youth; and at Kirkton he pointed out the little village schoolhouse, to which his friend Leyden had walked six or eight miles every day across the moors, when a poor bare-footed boy." The rest of the passage is interesting, but need not be here quoted further. Again I should be obliged for any information regarding this "contemplative schoolmaster" whom Scott had known in his youth.

A. G. S.

* * *

BIRTHPLACE OF WM. CUNNINGHAM, D.D.

In the interesting article of "A Border Literary Chronicle," for September, it is stated that "William Cunningham, D.D., was born at Duns." He was born at Hamilton, though he came, with his widowed mother, to Duns when a child, and was educated at Duns Academy.

SCOTUS.

* * *

CORRECTIONS.

I see "Dominie Sampson" quotes the paragraph which went the round of the papers some weeks ago. (Sep. No. "B.M.," p. 171, 2nd col.) The date 1832-34 is curious. Scott left Abbotsford on September 23, 1831, for Naples, returned and died at Abbotsford on September 21, 1832. The incident must have occurred earlier (say, between 1829-31).

"X. Actly" on "the Jedburgh War-Cry," talks of a fair to be held there (at the Reidswire). This is a little misleading,—the meeting was an ordinary march meeting between the English and Scottish Wardens of the Borders to adjust grievances, &c.; in short, to "redd up marches." But there was also a certain amount of feasting, drinking, sports, dice-playing, &c., indulged in on such occasions. (See Sir George Douglas's "History of Roxburghshire," p. 318.)

A. G. S.

[There seems to be something wrong with the dates even as corrected by our correspondent. If Mr Dahl was born in 1824 he would only be eight years of age when Sir Walter Scott died. The paragraph quoted last month states that Mr Dahl removed to Hamburg when he was about four years of age. Perhaps some of our readers can throw some light on the subject.—Ed. "B. M."]

High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows;
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

Motto ("Kenilworth.")

* In Pont's Map of Teviotdale (in Blaeu's Atlas, 1654), there is marked a "Minto Tour."

The Late Mr William Brown, Dryburgh.

MANY of our readers will learn with deep regret of the death of Mr William Brown, caretaker, of Dryburgh Abbey, which occurred suddenly at King's Temperance Hotel, Galashiels, at an early hour on Friday morning, 31st August. Mr Brown, along with his son, had gone for a drive to St Mary's Loch on Thursday, but after arrival there he took ill and fainted. On recovering he was conveyed to Selkirk station, and thereafter proceeded to Galashiels, where on arrival he again fainted

THE LATE MR WILLIAM BROWN.

in the station. Mr Brown was then removed to King's Temperance Hotel on a pair of stretchers, and medical aid was summoned, but he failed to recover, and died from heart failure about three o'clock on Friday morning. Deceased acted as caretaker of Dryburgh Abbey for the long period of forty-seven years, and in this capacity he became known to tourists from all quarters of the globe, and by all who came in contact with him he was greatly esteemed.

An esteemed correspondent sends us the following appreciation:—

The death of the late much-respected caretaker of Dryburgh Abbey will spread it may truthfully be said something like a universal shadow of regret. Mr Brown's removal will be mourned not only in his immediate neighbourhood, where he walked during a long life as that rare prophet who is not unesteemed at home, but in many far distant lands the hearts of hundreds, whom he has piloted round and about the Abbey with the decent reverence so peculiar to him, will be moved with sincere sorrow when they learn that his faithful service has ended.

The tall, spare figure, the grave, thoughtful face, and keenly intelligent eye of Dryburgh's regretted custodian have been from her earliest childhood familiar to the present writer, and will stand in her memory as having added a not unimportant charm to the habitual all-prevailing charm of the place over which he presided. Mr Brown's voice was the first to open up to the writer's young imagination the long vista of mystery and romance represented by the High Altar, the Paschal Lamb, the Chapter House, the Abbot's Parlour with the dormitories above, and with all the other magical and venerable names which fell so pleasantly from his lips. The long hours of many a summer's day spent by the writer within the precincts of the grand old Abbey, with which for years to come the name of Mr Brown will be closely associated, are no more to be forgotten by her than the kindly courtesy which made these hours of delight a possibility.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

A Hunting Song.

There's a score of good hounds baying
  At the homestead down the burn,
There's an old grey hill-nag neighing
  As he wanders through the fern;
If the lone whaup wails in sorrow
  'Tis the one sad voice in ten,
For there's fun a-foot to-morrow,
  As the lads o' Carter ken!

  There's a dog-fox in the glen, and there's fifty
    Border men
  Sworn to take the brush of him, no matter
    where or when!

There's a glint of firelight gleaming
  Over polished bits and bars,
Where it mingles with the streaming
  Of the pale October stars,
But the light that we would borrow
  Is the dawn that breaks again,
For there's sport abroad to-morrow
  When the dew's upon the ben!

  There's a dog-fox in the glen, and there's fifty
    Border men
  Sworn to take the brush of him, no matter
    where or when!

WILL OGILVIE.

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.

OCTOBER, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In our last issue we had the pleasure of quoting an interesting article on "*The Border Advertiser* and its Editors," but regret that we inadvertently gave the author's name as Mr Bain, while it should have been Mr William C. M'Bain.

The *Border Chronicle* appearing in our pages has been compiled with great care by a valued contributor, but doubtless some names have been overlooked, and we invite our readers to send us notes of any prominent Borderers not mentioned in the *Chronicle*. No *living* Borderer is to be included at present; they may be treated separately when the present list is completed.

The Border Keep.

Mr William C. M'Bain's interesting article on the "Border Advertiser and its Editors," which was reproduced in last month's BORDER MAGAZINE, would doubtless set many of the older people a-thinking of the past, when life flowed on more calmly than in these present times, and we had leisure to read a weekly paper and get not a little of our information therefrom. A writer in the "Glasgow News" thus refers to the subject:—

Apropos the recent demise of the "Border Advertiser," it is interesting to recall that a rival newspaper, which still enjoys a wide circulation, is the oldest provincial organ in Scotland. Founded in 1797, the "Kelso Mail" owed its inception to James Ballantyne, the school companion, and in later life the business partner, of Sir Walter Scott. Among the early files, which are carefully preserved at the "Mail" office, there are scattered many articles that are supposed to have emanated from Sir Walter's pen. By way of enlivening the literary reputation of a town so intimately associated with his younger days, Scott in 1802 gave to the world, through the medium of the Kelso press, the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." When pressure of other work prevented James Ballantyne from watching the interests of his journalistic offspring, the editorial duties were relegated to his youngest brother, Alexander. This gentleman was destined to become known to fame as the father of R. M. Ballantyne, whose thrilling stories of adventure have captivated successive generations of schoolboys.

* * *

From the same source as the foregoing I quote the four following paragraphs:—

Ex-Provost Thomson of Johnstone, whose death at the age of sixty-two took place recently, was in many respects a remarkable man. Some forty years ago he left his native town of Hawick, but to the very end of his days he retained the curious Border accent in a more marked degree than many who have lived in the burgh all their days. During his long reign in the chief civic chair of Johnstone he visited the Continent and the United States, and it was the delight of local manufacturers and engineers for years afterwards to ask the Provost to relate his experiences—not that there was anything exceptionally thrilling in them, but to hear his quaint pronunciation of "Pairis" and "Chicaigee." He was a genial man, always willing to assist any deserving cause, and a hard worker, rising with unfailing regularity at five every morning before illness overtook him. His memory will long be treasured in both Hawick and Johnstone, not only by his numerous quiet acts of kindness, but also by the drinking fountains which he presented to the towns of his birth and adop-

tion—the Hawick fountain standing in Drumlanrig Square and the Johnstone one in Houston Square.

* * *

Peebles has bulked so largely in the eyes of the agricultural community during July last, when the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show was held there, that the "plain-stanes" of the burgh must have had visions of a revival of its old-time importance. During the centuries of Stuart rule, its proximity to forests in which the chase could be indulged rendered Peebles a favourite resort of royalty. In the quaint poem called "Peebles to the Play," James I. shows that even in the fourteenth century the town enjoyed a reputation for jollity and mirth. It is generally admitted by Borderers that the surrounding district embraces some of the finest stretches of scenery in the valley of the Tweed. Neidpath Castle and other neighbouring strongholds possess attractions of no ordinary kind for the historian and the antiquarian.

* * *

The principle that guides the shepherd in selecting a name for his dog has often furnished material for conjecture. On the occasion of a recent ramble in the uplands of Nithsdale (writes a correspondent), I met an old herd, who exhibited a preference for short words like Glen, Ken, Tweed, Clyde, and Jed. Long experience had taught the venerable shepherd that in giving distant orders, these designations were heard much more distinctly than words of two syllables. In support of this contention, my friend added that in the course of their daily duties, dogs named Yarrow were usually addressed as "Yar." For the preference of the Lowland shepherd for a nomenclature that is based on rivers, it would be difficult to suggest an explanation. Perhaps, the upland rills among which his lot is cast are so intimately associated in the herd's mind with the stream they eventually join as to render the adaptation a natural one. In any case, the system does not appear to find favour in the Land of Bens, and it is seldom one meets with dogs named Forth, Tay, or Spey. For this, some speculative reader may be able to adduce a reason.

* * *

I am not aware that Old Sol assisted at the recent archæological researches at Newstead, but the following may show how his services may be requisitioned by those in search of buried cities:—

The sun has revealed an interesting scientific discovery which will delight the archæologists of the entire country. At Castle Park, Colchester, as elsewhere, the great heat of the past few weeks has considerably modified the natural greenness of the grass. But in one place there were noticed parallel and transverse bands of grass which were much browner than the surrounding verdure. Closer examination showed that the browner bands formed the ground plan of a spacious Roman villa. The shallow soil over the ruined walls of the villa had been dried more thoroughly than the deeper soil on either side of them, and thus the sun had made a tracing of the villa for the edification of scientists.

We are still near enough to the days of Sir Walter Scott to have many living links with his contemporaries, though those with himself are now few. The following interesting notes about the grandson of Scott's "First Love" are quoted from the "Glasgow Herald":—

The death occurred at Marlborough, New Zealand, last July of Sir William Stuart Forbes, ninth Baronet of Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, in his seventy-first year. He was the eldest and only surviving son of Charles Hay Forbes (died 1859), of Canaan Park, Edinburgh, by his marriage in 1833 to Jemima Rebecca (who died only last year), third daughter of Alexander Ranaldson Macdonnell of Glengarry. Deceased settled in New Zealand over forty years ago, and succeeded his uncle, Sir John, eighth Baronet, in 1866. The Pitsligo family descends from Duncan Forbes, second son of the second Lord Forbes, the baronetcy being created by Charles I. in 1626. The sixth Baronet was the well-known Edinburgh banker, Sir William Forbes, the friend of Boswell and Sir Walter Scott, the latter declaring him to be "unequalled in the degree of individual attention entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general esteem and respect of Scotland at large." Sir William was the first visitor to wait upon Dr Johnson at Boswell's house on the morning after Johnson's arrival in Edinburgh. His son and successor was that Baronet who not only figured so favourably at the time of Scott's financial misfortunes, but married the heiress of Fettercairn, Williamina Belches Stuart, well known as Sir Walter's "first love." This lady was grandmother of the Baronet who has just passed away. The Fettercairn estate descended to her eldest son, the eighth Baronet aforesaid, at whose death it devolved on his only child, Harriet, Lady Clinton, being now possessed by the latter's son, the present Peer. The late Sir William was twice married, and is survived by his second wife, the title passing to his eldest son, now Sir Charles Hay Hepburn Forbes, tenth Baronet, who has just completed his thirty-fifth year.

* * *

In the August number of the BORDER MAGAZINE there appeared a letter to the editor paying a high compliment to the hospitality of the Borderers, and I cut the following sentences from an article in the "Peeblesshire Advertiser," which bear out the contention of the writer of the above-mentioned letter:—

Well up the glen we reach a shepherd's hut. Its open door invites us to make the acquaintance of the inmates, and right glad were we that we did so, for that repast of home-baked scones and fresh drawn milk lives in my recollection as a pleasing episode in a fairly long life. The simple goodness of the host and hostess gives us a warm veneration for the people of the Borders, and compels us to wish more strongly that the simple country life will not lose its hold on Britain's sons and daughters.

That Borderers at hame and awa' may ever retain the characteristic of hospitality is the sincere wish of DOMINIE SAMPSON.

William Laidlaw

(Author of "Lucy's Flittin'").

PART IV.

IT does not seem clear when our poet friend left the parental home to venture upon the control of a farm of his own. The first that he tenanted was in the vicinity of Traquair. Scott, in his introductory note to the ballad "The Dæmon Lover" in his "Minstrelsy," says that it was taken down from recitation by "Mr William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair-knowe."* That he was still in this vicinity in January, 1815, is implied in a letter from Hogg to Laidlaw, dated Edinburgh, the 29th of that month, in which the former states that the weather seems so uncertain and broken that he believes he will have to postpone his journey to Traquair. In December of the same year Hogg wrote to Laidlaw, who was still at Traquair, concerning his "Poetic Mirror," published in this year. It was very probably† in the following year, therefore, that Laidlaw, having given up this farm owing to adverse circumstances, removed to another near Liberton, in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Here again misfortune dogged his steps. He had been prosperous while the war lasted and the price of corn was high; but when peace was proclaimed, the prices fell; financial difficulties ensued, and after having struggled against adversity for a year, he was obliged to abandon the lease of his farm. His time of trial befel him when Scott was about to erect Abbotsford, and the novelist at once hastened to render him assistance. The arrangement arrived at between the two is best told in the words of Lockhart:—

"Shortly before this time, Mr William Laidlaw had met with misfortunes, which rendered it necessary for him to give up the lease of a farm, on which he had been for some years settled, in Mid-Lothian. He was now anxiously looking about him for some new establishment, and it occurred to Scott that it might be mutually advantageous, as well as agreeable, if his excellent friend would consent to come and occupy a house on his property, and endeavour, under his guidance, to make such literary exertions as might raise his income to an amount adequate for his comfort. The prospect of obtaining such a neighbour was, no doubt, the more welcome to 'Abbotsford and Kaeside,' from its opening at this period of fluctuating health; and Laidlaw, who had for twenty years loved and revered him, considered the proposal with far greater delight than the most lucrative appointment on any noble domain in the island could have afforded him. . . . He surveyed with glistening eyes the humble cottage in which his friend proposed to lodge him, his wife, and his little ones, and said to himself that he should write no more sad songs on 'Forest Flittings.'"

This, indeed, was no "renewal" of an old friendship, for the lines of communication had never been broken. Ever since their Yarrow, Ettrick, Moffatdale, and Jedwater excursions there had been a continual intercourse between Scott and Laidlaw, when the latter sent presents of blackcock and trout to the former, while in return the novelist sent presents of books to his Yarrow acquaintance. It was therefore as a friend assisting a friend, rather than as an employer engaging a servant, that Scott invited Laidlaw to take up his residence at Kaeside in an official capacity. To this Laidlaw offered the objection that the former proprietor, "Laird Moss," who had sold the lands a few months previously and who still continued to dwell at Kaeside, might have been overlooked by Scott when he made the proposal; but Sir Walter in the following letter assures him to the contrary:—

"Edinburgh, April 5, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Nothing can give me more pleasure than the prospect of your making yourself comfortable at Kaeside till some good thing casts up. I have not put Mr Moss to any inconvenience, for I only requested an answer, giving him leave to sit if he had a mind—and of free will he leaves my premises void and redd at Whitsunday. I suspect the house is not in good order, but we shall get it brushed up a little. Without affectation I consider myself the obliged party in this matter,—or at any rate it is a mutual benefit, and you shall have grass for a cow, and so forth—whatever you want. I am sure when you are so near I shall find some literary labour for you that will make ends meet.—Yours, in haste,

W. SCOTT."

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*A reverend statist states in the "New Statistical Account" that when Laidlaw commenced his extensive improvements on the farm of Traquair-knowe he began to drain a moss into which, as common report had it, large quantities of silver plate, belonging to people who had died of the plague, had been thrown. In the search only about six pewter plates of no great value were discovered, in addition to a pint stoup of fine form and rich quality.

† Laidlaw was still at Traquair-knowe in October, 1816, in which month Alexander Campbell, when on his third journey to the Borders, visited him there, and partook of his hospitality. Of Laidlaw, Campbell has said that "he was the best of men, and ingenious." In the September of 1814 Wordsworth had visited the Knowe; but apparently the visit was unexpected, as Laidlaw was not at home on that occasion. Mrs Laidlaw, however, proved to be an amiable hostess. Thither the Ettrick Shepherd came on the following day and conducted the Lake Poet to the Yarrow; whence the latter's "Yarrow Visited."

Scott was as good as his word. He was engaged on a historical sketch of the year 1815 for the "Edinburgh Annual Register," and he found employment for Laidlaw in arranging for the same work some newspaper articles, usually printed therein under the heading "Chronicle," to which were added some notes on current literature. Upon this new employment of Laidlaw's the following two letters of Scott to "Mr Laidlaw at Kaeside" throw much light:—

"Edinburgh, June 16, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose you 'rare guerdon,' better than remuneration,—namely, a check for £25, for the 'Chronicle' part of the 'Register.' The incidents selected should have some reference to amusement as well as information, and may be occasionally abridged in the narration; but, after all, paste and scissors form your principal materials. You must look out for two or three good original articles; and, if you would read and take pains to abridge one or two curious books of travels, I would send out the volumes. Could I once get the head of the concern fairly round before the wind again, I am sure I could make it £100 a-year for you. In the present instance it will be at least £50.—Yours truly, W. S."

"Edinburgh, July 3, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I send you Adam's and Riley's Travels. You will observe I don't want a review of the books, or a detail of these persons' adventures, but merely a short article expressing the light, direct or doubtful, which they have thrown on the interior of Africa. 'Recent Discoveries in Africa,' will be a proper title. I hope to find you materially mended, or quite stout, when I come out on Saturday. I am quite well this morning.—Yours, in haste, W. S.

"P.S.—I add Mariner's Tonga Islands, and Campbell's Voyage. Pray take care of them, as I am a coxcomb about my books, and hate specks or spots. Take care of yourself, and want for nothing that Abbotsford can furnish."

Thus it will be seen that Laidlaw had taken up his abode at Kaeside early in June, and that he now had more certain prospects of a livelihood than during the latter part of his farming career.

In addition to his literary labours, Laidlaw had his duties as factor or steward to attend to, and these he conscientiously discharged. Numerous gifts of seed for the rearing of trees on the estate were received by him: bushels of corn from the Duke of Buccleuch, seed of Norway pines from the Earl of Fife; while Lord Montagu forwarded a box of acorns and a packet of limeseed. On one occasion a box of chestnuts that had been sent from Lisbon to Edinburgh was forwarded to Abbotsford, and before Laidlaw heard of its arrival the box had been opened, the chestnuts peeled, and thus rendered useless for planting. "Confound the chestnuts, and those who peeled them!" ejaculated Scott when he heard of it; "the officious blockheads did it by way of special favour."

In the month of August, 1817, Washington Irving visited Abbotsford, and has given an account of his visit in one of his essays. Of Laidlaw, to whom in after years Irving referred in warm terms, he has left this testimony:—

"One of my pleasantest rambles with Scott about the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, was taken in company with Mr William Laidlaw, the steward of his estate. This was a gentleman for whom Scott entertained a particular value. He had been born to a competency, had been well educated, his mind was richly stored with varied information, and he was a man of sterling moral worth. Having been reduced by misfortune, Scott had got him to take charge of his estate. He lived at a small farm, on the hillside above Abbotsford, and was treated by Scott as a cherished and confidential friend, rather than a dependant.

"That day at dinner we had Mr Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend who accompanied them."

Laidlaw himself recorded his meeting with Irving in these words:—

"We had a long walk up by the glen and round by the loch. It was fine sunshine when we set out, but we met with tremendous dashing showers. Mr Irving told me he had a kind of devotional reverence for Scotland, and most of all for its poetry. He looked upon it as fairy-land, and he was beyond measure surprised at Mr Scott, his simple manners and brotherly frankness. He was anxious to see Hogg, and said that several editions of Hogg's different poems had been published in America."

In the same year there came to Abbotsford another visitor who expressed a desire to see the author of "The Queen's Wake." This was Sir David Wilkie, the great painter. Word having been sent to Hogg, who two years previously had taken up his abode at Altrive farm, that visitors were coming, Wilkie set out, with Will Laidlaw as guide, and traversing the picturesque vale of Yarrow, reached the poet's home. The visit was opportune, for Hogg's spirits had been raised by the receipt of good news from Blackwood. While busily engaged with domestic affairs preparatory to receiving his visitors, Hogg heard voices at the door, where he beheld his friend Laidlaw and a young man. "This is no the great Mr Wilkie?" questioned Hogg. "It's juist the great Mr Wilkie," replied Laidlaw. Clasping the artist's hand, Hogg said, his eyes glistening with pleasure:—"Mr Wilkie, I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house,—and how glad I am to see you are so

young a man." Never had the artist, though he had mingled with the best society, received a compliment so flattering and at the same time so delicate. When Scott heard the account of it from Laidlaw, he said:—"The fellow! it was the finest compliment ever paid to man!"

It was during the season of 1817 also that Lady Byron visited Abbotsford. "I have had the honour," observes Laidlaw, "of dining in the company of Lady Byron and Lord Somerville. Her Ladyship is a beautiful little woman with fair hair, a fine complexion, and rather large blue eyes; face not round. She looked steadily grave, and seldom smiled. I thought her mouth indicated great firmness, or rather obstinacy. Miss Anne Scott and Lady Byron rode to Newark." After that visit Laidlaw and Scott conversed frequently on Byron and his poetry, and Sir Walter seemed to regret that Byron and he had not met more frequently. Scott felt, says Laidlaw, "the influence he had over his great contemporary's mind, and said there was so much in it that was very good and very elevated, that any one whom he much liked could, as he [Scott] thought, have withdrawn him from many of his errors." Before her visit to Abbotsford Lady Byron and her husband had been separated.

Two letters from Scott to Laidlaw about the end of this year, showing to what degree of intimacy the two had arrived, explain themselves, and are therefore given without comment.

"Edinburgh, Nov. 15th, 1817.

"DEAR WILLIE,—I have no intention to let the Whitehaugh without your express approbation, and I wish you to act as my adviser and representative in these matters. I would hardly have ventured to purchase so much land without the certainty of your counsel and co-operation. . . . On the other side you will find a small order on the banker at Galashiels, to be renewed half-yearly; not by way of recompensing your friendship 'with a load of barren money,' but merely to ease my conscience in some degree for the time which I must necessarily withdraw from the labour which is to maintain your family.—Believe me, Dear Willie, yours truly, W. SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, 19th Nov., 1817.

"DEAR WILLIE,—I hope you will not quarrel with my last. Believe me that, to a sound judging and philosophical mind, this same account of Dr. and Cr., which fills up so much time in the world, is comparatively of very small value. When you get rich, unless I thrive in the same proportion, I will request your assistance for less, for little, or for nothing, as the case may require; but while I wear my seven-leagued boots to stride in triumph over moss and muir, it would be very silly in either of us to let a cheque twice a year of £25 make a difference between us. But all this we will talk over when we meet. I meditate one day a 'coup-de-maitre,' which will make my friend's advice and exertion essential—indeed worthy of much better remuneration. When you come, I hope you will bring us information of all my rural proceedings. Though so lately come to town, I still remember, at my waking hours, that I can neither see Tom Purdie nor Adam Paterson, and rise with the more unwillingness. I was unwell on Monday and Tuesday, but am quite recovered.—Yours truly, W. S."

To be continued.

New Border Books.

LORD LINLITHGOW has written a fore-word to a little volume on the life and times of the late Christopher Murray Dawson, F.E.I.S., for forty-three years (1846-1889) parish schoolmaster at Abercorn, Linlithgowshire. The book has been written by his niece, Miss Jean M. Butler, excepting the opening chapter, which is by the Rev. John Wallace, minister of Abercorn Parish. It will be remembered that Mr Dawson's fine and well-arranged private museum, towards which pupils from all parts of the world had contributed, was handed over by Miss Butler to the town of Linlithgow. Mr Dawson was a fluent writer both in prose and verse, and a man of high character and good literary taste. He published during his life-time two volumes of collected poems, "Avonmore" and "The Justice-stone," which took its name from the stone in the Big Wood at Hopetoun. Mr R. W. Hunter, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh, who issued those last volumes, will also publish this memoir in the autumn. Mr Dawson was a loyal member of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union, and in early life on both sides of the Borders began to take an intelligent interest in its history and poetry. His niece, Miss Butler, has contributed to our columns, and wields a facile and graceful pen.

Two more volumes of Border interest by Miss Elizabeth W. Grierson, of Whitchesters, Hawick, are "Children's Tales from Scottish Ballads" and the "Children's Book of Edinburgh," both illustrated by Allan Stewart. Messrs A. & C. Black will publish them this season. Miss Grierson has also written a story for children which will be published by Messrs W. & R. Chambers next year. We congratulate this rising Border authoress on her ability and success in having three books accepted in one year. This augurs well for her future.

"Bluebells and Heather."

THE above is the attractive title of a book of poems just issued by the well-known and popular Border poetess "Effie" (Mrs Gavin Dickson). The high opinion we hold of this sweet singer of the Borderland can be seen in the illustrated sketch of her which appeared in the issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE for November, 1896 (vol. I.), when we dealt at some length with the life-story of the poetess. The poems published conjointly with the brother of the authoress, Mr R. M. Williamson, 309 Leith Walk, Edinburgh. The price is 3s, and we doubt not this modest cost will enable the book to find its way into many a Border home, where its varied contents will be much appreciated. "Effie" is a true poetess, and her lines have that real ring in them which speaks of a heart perfectly attuned to the joys and sorrows of human life. In the two hundred or so poems now before us we might quote very many suitable pieces, but we must at present

"EFFIE," MRS GAVIN DICKSON.

of "Effie" are so well-known to readers of Border newspapers that it requires but few words at this time to recommend her recent book. This is the third volume of poems by this gifted lady, the former two being entitled respectively "The Tangled Web" and "Peaceable Fruits," the latter being entirely of a religious character. The present volume, which is well printed on strong paper and handsomely bound, has been printed by Messrs A. Walker & Son, Galashiels, by whom the book is confine ourselves to one only, and select the introductory poem which gives the title to the volume. There are many better poems in the book, but this one explains to some extent the scope of the volume and the spirit in which the authoress approaches her work.

Not mine to sing in polished phrase,
Untutored all the simple lays
In quiet hours, thus strung together,
Midst brighter blooms we may not scorn
The wayside flowers of Autumn born,
The bluebells and the purple heather.

E'en so my songs in modest guise
May favour find in kindly eyes,
I send them forth, I know not whither,
Not seeking entrance to intrude,
They yet may cheer some solitude,
As bloom the bluebells and the heather.

Not here are wells of learned thought,
Yet all from life's experience bought,
Of storm and stress and sunny weather,
Of love, or joy and sorrow too.
From little seeds my rhyming grew,
As grow the bluebells and the heather.

None live to self who truly live,
Of what we have so must we give,
That others too may comfort gather,
And this were joy indeed to me
If some heart found my songs to be
Sweet as the bluebells and the heather.

Sir Walter Scott v. Dr McCrie regarding the Covenanters in "Old Mortality."

Shortly after the publication of "Old Mortality," the celebrated Dr Andrew Thomson, who was the parish minister of Sprouston, and afterwards of St George's Church, Edinburgh, solicited his intimate friend, Dr McCrie, to review the said tale in the "Edinburgh Christian Instructor," of which he was editor. He said to McCrie, in inviting the onset, "Praise his Scotch, for it is good, but reprobate his principles with all your might." Dr McCrie, who had thorough historical knowledge of the Covenanting period, entered on his prescribed task "con amore."

It almost seemed fitting that a Borderer, born at the foot of Duns Law, should buckle on his armour in defence of the Covenanters. The celebrated review appeared in January, February, and March, 1817. Dr McCrie had used precautions, like the "Great Unknown," to conceal his authorship, but the public soon identified the writer. It at once made a sensation. Lockhart, the able biographer of Sir Walter Scott, says: "The excellent Dr McCrie considered the story so unfair regarding the Covenanters that in his review, in the 'Edinburgh Christian Instructor,' he attacked the historical foundations of the tale with indignant warmth. At first Scott determined to ignore the review, but finding the impression made by it was so strong that he soon changed his mind and devoted his own article in the 'Quarterly Review' to an elaborate defence of his own pictures of the Covenanters."

Regarding this defence, which I have read, I quote the opinion of Dr McCrie, jun., in the "Life" of his father, who writes: "It consists mostly of excerpts as to the questionable sayings and doings of the extreme Covenanters, very easy to adduce, but insufficient to rebut the grand charge—that of having concealed the excellencies of the Covenanters, under the fictitious characters, which has little to redeem them from contempt; while he disguises the cruelties of the persecutors, some of the worst of them the reader is almost led to admire." The review by McCrie has gone through many editions, published separately from the magazine in which it first appeared. Dr McCrie used to relate to the credit of Sir Walter that after "the attack" he met him with as much frankness and cordiality as before. It is fair to state, in behalf of Sir Walter, that probably his strong Tory bias led him to underrate the fact that the main struggles of the Covenanters were really waged, as stated by Macaulay, in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

It is pleasant to relate that Sir Walter, after the publication of "Old Mortality," has been fair as to the Presbyterians in his novels and history. In "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" he has drawn douce David Deans with favour by his graphic pen; while in his charming "Tales of a Grandfather" he has pictured the Covenanters' struggles with impartiality.

There appeared many years ago in the "Scots Observer," edited by Henley, an interesting paper regarding Sir Walter Scott and the late Rev. Dr Mackay, of Dunoon. The latter was intimate with Scott, and was often at Abbotsford. While Dr Mackay was sojourning in Melbourne he was met by the gentleman who wrote the article in the "Scots Observer." Dr Mackay spoke frankly of Sir Walter, stating that one day when he was at Abbotsford, Scott and he set out on horseback, and, coming to a part of the road which led down to a concealed subterranean place, he could not help saying to Sir Walter, "This would have been a fine concealed place for the Covenanters." He happened to look up to Sir Walter, and was struck with the painful expression of his face. He mumbled something which Dr Mackay did not catch, but thought one word was that of "unfortunate," but nothing more was said on the subject. Dr Mackay was inclined to think that probably Sir Walter was then regretting the impressions he once held in his earlier years regarding the Covenanters expressed in "Old Mortality" and in his private correspondence since published.

SCOTUS.

A Galashiels Procession in 1830.

IN view of the forthcoming Galashiels Michaelmas holidays it may be interesting to the younger generation of Galaleans to learn that the greatest event of the year in Galashiels some seventy years ago was the manufacturers' Michaelmas procession and convival.

Young and old of the then small community on Gala Water joined in the general rejoicing, and for the time being a feeling of equality reigned supreme.

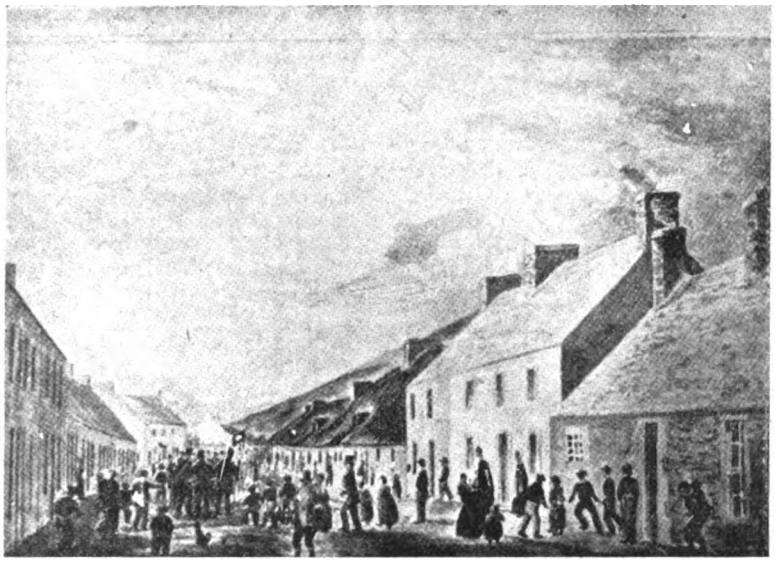
Times and customs, however, have changed —the annual procession has been abandoned, and the event has developed into a grand dinner and assembly, patronised only by the wealthy, while the humbler portion of the inhabitants betake themselves to less expensive enjoyment.

A Galashiels chronicler, the late George Reavely, in his "Medley, History, and Directory of Galashiels," published about thirty years ago, made some remarks about the event which we reproduce as being somewhat of a curiosity. Referring to the annual gathering the redoubtable George says:—"For many years this festival was held in exceedingly harmonious style, old and young, high and low, rich and poor, all joined in the same spirit of conviviality, and a common unity seemed to bind all interests together, and reap the fruits of genial sociality. But class distinction was introduced stealthily, and so the first House of Commons gets mostly all the eating and drinking, as well as singing and dancing to themselves in the Town Hall every year.

So much have things changed that public caterers have now to be imported for the modernised annual festival.

Along with progression or retrogression—for it is difficult to decide which side of the scales is uppermost—putting fifty years' experience in the scales, and looking impartially at the state of society, may it not be that as we have progressed in arts, science, agriculture, and manufacture, to the enriching of the body, that it has been also to the declension of the soul?

Where is the moral status of character now which inspired the breasts and actions of our worthy ancestors of 1819? We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of any new importations to this locality, as it is a city without walls; but it so happened that a few years ago the dinner went past the town, the Deacon and Chairman of the Michaelmas festival was one Mr Boag, hailing from that ancient city, Berwick, and it may have been in his sanguinary



From a Drawing by Thomas Sanderson, Galashiels.

GALASHIELS MANUFACTURERS' PROCESSION AS IT PASSED ALONG HIGH STREET IN 1830.

haste of business that he ordered the dinner to go to Berwick by mistake in him, and not in the party who received the order. The waiters had arrived by the forenoon train, and were anxiously waiting to get the tables set before the hour of meeting.

The train somehow or other bore by Galashiels, and landed the much waited-for dinner at St Boswells, where the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds could more readily have devoured its contents than they who were so anxiously waiting. The mistake, however, was discovered, and the far fowls with fair feathers were returned with about two hours' delay.

The circumstance acted in two ways, for while the expectants waited and wearied the onlookers tittered and rejoiced."

Our sketch of the procession as it passed up High Street in 1830 is from a drawing by the late Mr Thomas Sanderson, artist, Galashiels, from whom the writer was presented with a copy, shortly before his death a number of years ago.

Paisley. GEORGE DESSON.

A Border Literary Chronicle with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART IV.

DUNCAN, MARK, M.D. (1570?—1640), son of Thomas Duncan of Maxpoffle, Roxburghshire; professor of philosophy at the University of Saumur in France, the chief seminary of the French Protestants, of which Boyd of Trochrig was principal (1606-14), afterwards of Glasgow; published "Institutiones Logicæ," 1612. He had a son, Mark Duncan de Cerisantes, who followed the military profession and died of a wound received in an attack on Naples, when serving under the Duke of Guise, 1648.

DUNS, SCOTUS (b. 1265—d. at Cologne, 1308), perhaps a native of Duns; the most famous scholar of his time; professor of theology at Oxford; in 1304 he removed to Paris; opponent of Thomas Aquinas; his works printed at Lyons in 10 vols. folio in 1639.

ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT OF MINTO (b. 1722—d. 1777), third baronet; statesman and poet; studied at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden; passed advocate, 1743; M.P. for Selkirkshire and Roxburghshire; held many public appointments; wrote the well-known pastoral song, "Amynta," beginning "My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook" (referred to by Scott in the "Lay") and "'Twas at the hour of dark midnight," 1745, in which reference is made to the death of Col. James Gardiner at the battle of Prestonpans.

ELLIOT, JEAN (b. at Minto, 1727—d. at Monteviot, March 29, 1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the second baronet (1693-1766) and sister of the preceding; wrote the version of "The Flowers of the Forest," beginning "I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking," 1756; lived in Edinburgh a great part of her life, 1756-1804.

ELLIOT, SIR JOHN (b. 1736—d. Nov. 7, 1786), physician; a native of Peebles; M.D. St Andrews, 1759; practised in London, where he had as competitors Buchan of Ancrum and Armstrong of Newcastleton; is said to have realised £5000 a year; wrote various popular works on medical subjects; obtained a baronetcy in 1778.

ELLIOT, REV. THOMAS (b. 1731—d. at Kelso, 1808), minister of Cavers from 1763-1808; wrote an Essay on Astronomy published in "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," and also the old statistical account of the parish Dr Chalmers acted as his assistant for a short time.

ERSKINE, DAVID STEWART, 11TH EARL OF BUCHAN (b. 1741—d. 1829), brother of Henry Erskine; studied at Glasgow University; organised the Society of Antiquaries, Scotland; founded an annual festival in commemoration of James Thomson, 1791, which was continued till 1819 (Burns was invited to the first commemoration); contributed to numerous publications, and wrote literary biographies and essays.

ERSKINE, SIR DAVID (b. 1772—d. 1837), dramatist and antiquary; a natural son of the preceding; founded "The Scots Naval and Military Academy, Edinburgh"; wrote numerous historical dramas and tragedies.

ERSKINE, EBENEZER (b. at Dryburgh, June 22, 1680—d. June 2, 1754), son of Henry Erskine, parish minister of Chirnside, Berwickshire; founder of the Secession Church in 1733; wrote "Sermons," a collection of which in 5 vols. was published after his death in 1762-65.

ERSKINE, RALPH (b. at Moneylaws, parish of Carham, Northumberland, Mar. 15, 1685—d. Nov. 6, 1752), younger brother of Ebenezer; studied at Edinburgh University; minister of Dunfermline 1711-37, after which he joined the Secession; wrote "Sermons," 1738; "Gospel Sonnets," and "Scripture Songs," 1754.

FORSYTH, ROBERT (b. at Earlston, 1823—d. at Bridge of Allan, 1889), wrote several pieces of poetry of considerable merit; published in 1887 "A Lay of Loch Leven."

FOSTER, WILLIAM AIR (b. at Coldstream, 1801—d. 1862), wrote and contributed several pieces of verse to "Whistle Binkie."—(B.M. x. 81, 149).

GILLAN, REV. ROBERT (b. 1761—d. 1824), minister of Hawick from 1789-1800; married a daughter of the Rev. William Campbell of Lilliesleaf; wrote Views of Modern Geography and Astronomy, &c.; A Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography, and the Statistical Account of the Parish.

GOWDIE, JOHN, D.D (b. 1682—d. 1762), was parish minister of Earlston from 1704-1730; translated to Lady Yester's, Edinburgh, and became principal of Edinburgh University, 1754-62. At Earlston he was succeeded by his son (1730-1777).

GRAINGER, JAMES, M.D. (b. at Duns, 1721—d. in the West Indies, 1767), physician and poet; translated the Elegies of Tibullus, 1758; wrote a poem in blank verse, "The Sugar Cane," 1763; studied medicine at Edinburgh, and practised in London before proceeding to the West Indies. His poetical works were edited by Robert Anderson in 1830.

To be Continued.

Hawick Archæological Society's Jubilee.

THE Hawick Archæological Society is one of the most progressive and most important Border institutions, and it is natural therefore that a great amount of interest centred in its jubilee, which was celebrated by a banquet on the evening of 18th September.

The Society has done a great deal to keep alive and foster an interest in the antiquities of the Border district, as well as to preserve and hand down to posterity much that is of undoubted value with regard to the customs of the people and the history of many of the ancient institutions with traditions and folklore. It was to the antiquarian enthusiasm of such men as the late Mr William Norman Kennedy, Mr Robert Michie, Mr Alexander Michie, Mr George Webster, Mr James Thorn, and Mr Robert Murray, along with Mr (now Dr) J. A. H. Murray (Oxford), of the Academy, Hawick, that the Society owes its existence; and it is not inappropriate, now that the jubilee of the Society is to be celebrated, that the presidential chair should be occupied for the year by Dr Murray, who is the only original member still living who has kept up his connection with the Society.

The late Mr Thomas Purdom, Chief Magistrate, presided at a preliminary public meeting on 25th August, 1856; and at another meeting held on 16th September following, Mr George Webster, mathematical teacher of the United Schools, gave an address on "The Study of Archæology," Mr Robert Michie following with an address on "Local Antiquities," after which twenty-seven of those present gave in their names as members of an association to be called "The Hawick Archæological Society." Only three of these members now survive, and, as has been said, Dr J. A. H. Murray is the only one living who has preserved his connection with it. At the earlier meetings it was customary for those who possessed objects of either scientific or natural interest to bring them for exhibition, many of them being presented to the Society, and so there was formed the nucleus of the present museum, which for some years has been housed in the Buccleuch Memorial Science and Art Institute, and is now to be handed over to the Corporation on behalf of the community, and will be accommodated in the mansion-house in Wilton Lodge Public Park. The museum is now admittedly one of the best in the country, with its great store of interesting and valuable relics of bygone ages. Formerly the old parish school in Orrock Place was used for the Society's meetings, and the museum, having been generously granted by the Duke of Buccleuch, who always evinced a kindly spirit towards the institution, and his generous act placed the Society on a firmer footing. It may be noted that in 1865 the museum was broken into by burglars, who carried off all the coins and many other valuables. A large number of the coins and several of the other articles were recovered, but some, including the costly Indian Rods of State, used in the Madras Council, were lost, the only remains of the latter being the shapeless masses of melted silver into which they had been transformed to destroy their identity. The loss which the Society thus sustained excited general sympathy, and contributions to the museum came in so rapidly that in a short time the collection of coins was larger than before. The depredators were caught, and put on their trial at Jedburgh, and were heavily sentenced. One of the witnesses at the trial was Dr Murray, then a young stripling, who had left the district for a position in the Oriental Bank, London, and who gave evidence as to the coins, &c., in the Society's museum.

During the first decade or so of the Society's existence there was no lack of papers contributed by the members, among which the inimitable sketches by the late Mr Norman Kennedy, dealing with the sayings and doings of former local celebrities, such as Caleb Rutherford, Wall Slush, and Lang Tam Dyce, proved more popular than the drier, if more educative, scientific, and archæological contributions. In 1864 and 1865 the Society suffered severe loss in its membership, but its progress continued, although there was a falling off in the number and quality of the papers contributed; and there was a dull period of ten years between 1885 and 1895, in consequence of which the members decreased and the Society drifted into debt. The Rev. W. A. P. Johnman was then elected president, and under his guidance, and assisted by Mr J. J. Vernon as hon. secretary, who, during the past decade, has been to the Society what Dr Murray was in its earlier stages, the Society was placed on a sound financial basis; interesting and valuable papers were contributed to regular monthly meetings, until now the Society is in a more prosperous state in every respect than ever it was before. The late ex-Provost Watson, the late Mr James Oliver, of Thorn-

wood, Mr William Scott, Orchard, and Mr Adam Laing, Burgh Chamberlain, should also be identified with the Society's latter-day progress. Apart from its regular meetings, the Society has perpetuated in a substantial manner the memory of many notable men and many historic incidents associated with the district. Mural tablets have been erected at Burnflat (Haggisha'), the birthplace of "Old Mortality;" at Teviothead, where Johnnie Armstrong and his followers were put to death in 1529 by order of King James V.; and at Sclaterford, in Rulewater, to commemorate the rout of an English host under Lord Dacre in the year of Flodden; while other work of a similar character is in contemplation. Among the commemoration functions of the Society has been the celebration of the centenary of such eminent Borderers as Sir Walter Scott, Dr John Leyden, and James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," as well as the celebrations associated with Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet;" Mungo Park, and the centenary of the False Alarm.

A feature of recent years has been the annual field meeting, when numerous places of historic interest have been visited, including such places as far apart as Dunfermline and Culross in the north, and Penrith and Ullswater in the south. Since the Society was formed, 480 papers have been contributed by 115 persons, the greater portion of which have appeared in the Transactions, and many of the numbers are out of print. Dr Murray contributed no fewer than fifty-one papers; Mr Norman Kennedy, forty-eight; and Mr Vernon, thirty-three.

The jubilee banquet was held in Hawick Town Hall, and was attended by about 260 ladies and gentlemen.

The most interesting function of the evening was the presentation of the freedom of the burgh to Dr Murray, the distinguished lexicographer.

Having, on the call of the Town-Clerk, signed the Burgess Roll and taken the oath of allegiance, Dr Murray was presented with a burgess ticket in a handsome casket of oak adorned with silver mountings. The casket bears the inscription on a silver plate on the lid:—

"To James Augustus Henry Murray, Esq., of Oxford, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., &c., &c., on his admission as an honorary burgess of Hawick, 18th September, 1906."

Dr Murray's monogram and the burgh coat-of-arms are also worked in the burgess ticket, which is embellished with representations of acorns and thistles. At the left upper corner is the burgh coat-of-arms, with the motto, "Teribus Ye Teriodin." The ticket reads:—

"At Hawick, and within the Council Chambers there, at a meeting of the Town Council held on the 30th day of March, 1906, on the motion of Provost Melrose, seconded by Bailie Scott, it was unanimously resolved to confer the freedom of the burgh on James Augustus Henry Murray, Esquire, of Oxford, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., &c., a native of the district, and a former citizen of Hawick, not only as a mark of personal esteem and of admiration for his high attainments in literature, philology, and archæology, but especially to recognise and commemorate the strenuous labour and research which he has for over a quarter of a century devoted to the editing and publication of the 'Oxford New English Dictionary' on Historical principles, now approaching completion. Extracted from the minutes of the Town Council of the Burgh of Hawick, sealed with the Burgh seal, and delivered to Dr Murray in a silver-mounted oak casket this 18th day of September, 1906.—John Melrose, Provost; Robert Purdom, Town-Clerk."

Bailie Douglas Edinburgh; Rev. James Oliver, Portobello; and Colonel Douglas Elliot afterwards presented a joint address to Dr Murray from the Edinburgh Borderers' Union and the Border Counties' Association.

Dr Murray, who was cordially received on rising to reply, said he was deeply sensible of the distinguished honour they had conferred on him in adding his name to the roll of the honorary burgesses of this ancient burgh, a roll which was adorned by so many honoured and illustrious names. Intimately connected as he was in years bygone with the educational, literary, scientific, and public life of Hawick, he recognised in this very gracious act a pleasing testimony that neither in these earlier years nor in his subsequent life he had done anything of what they were greatly ashamed, or which might cast a slur on the fair name of "My ain auld toon."

Dr Neilson then proposed "The Houses of Parliament," and the toast was acknowledged by Sir John Jardine.

The Lord-Advocate proposed the "Hawick Archæological Society."

Professor Cooper, Glasgow, proposed "The Literature of the Borders," and Sir George Douglas replied.

The Rev. W. A. P. Johnman proposed "Kindred Societies," and

Lord Rosebery replied in a speech brimful of humour, in the course of which he dealt with the proposed new spelling, and declared that it was a blow struck at morality itself.

A number of other toasts were honoured.

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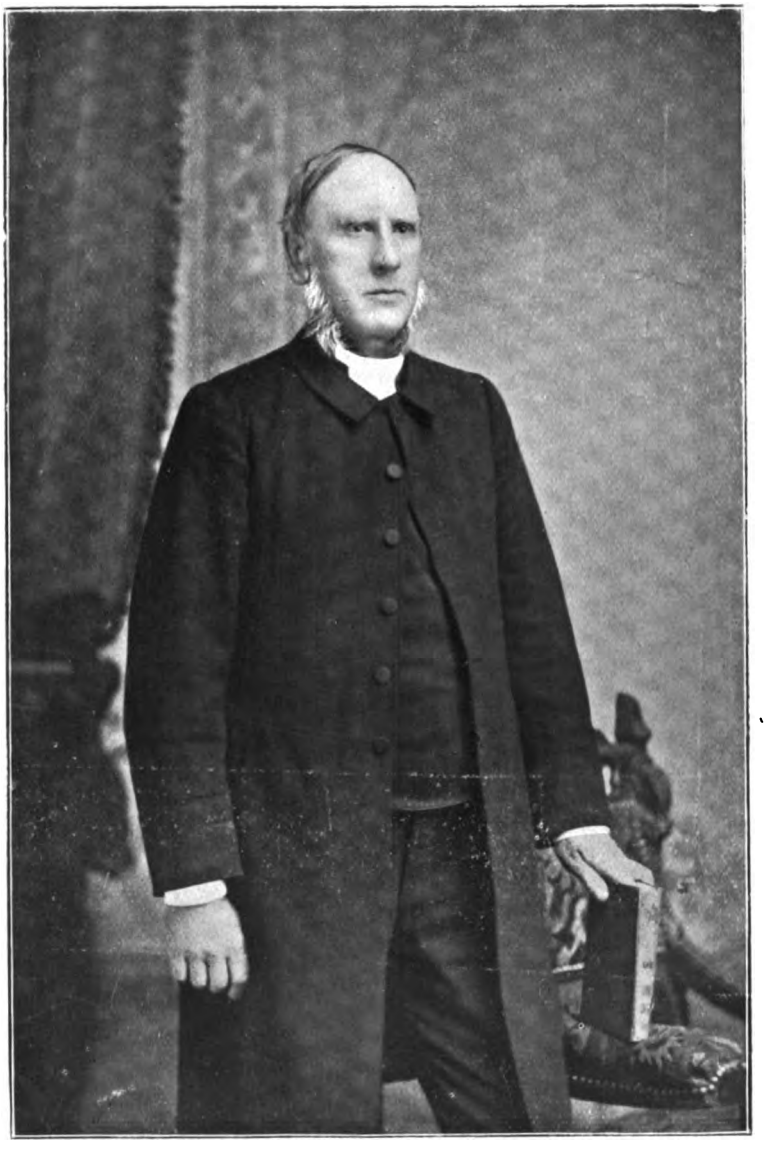
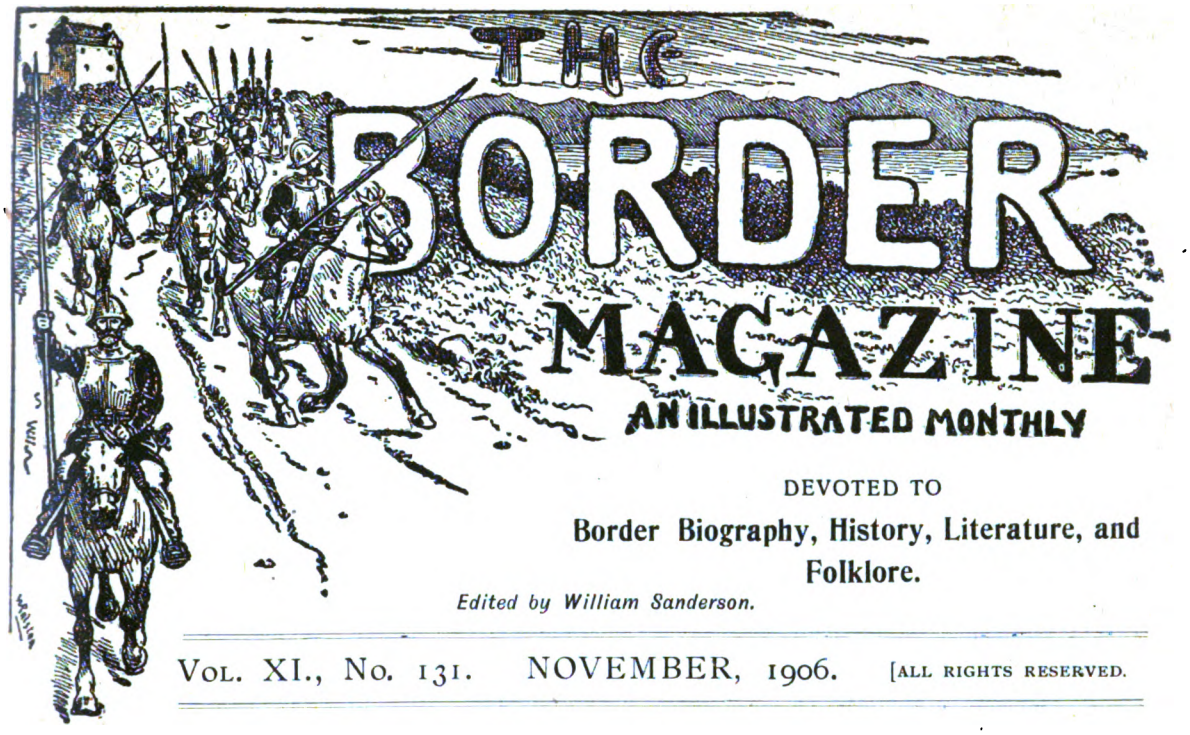


REV. JAMES OLIVER, M.A., PORTOBELLO.



VOL. XI., No. 131. NOVEMBER, 1906.

REV. JAMES OLIVER, M.A.,

Minister of St James' Church, Portobello, and Chairman of Council of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association.

"WHO is he?" asked a gentleman seated near me at one of the dinners of the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association.

"Who is the speaker?"

"I can easily see that you are a stranger at Border gatherings," I replied, "else you would not require an introduction to the Rev. James Oliver, minister at Portobello."

"He is quite an orator," remarked the gentleman, before the hum which had followed the speech had subsided. "Undoubtedly," I replied.

And truly, oration it was. But, in some degree, this is the characteristic of Mr Oliver's speaking generally. No one can watch his somewhat impassive features when he is speaking of a subject close to his heart, without seeing that the marvellous self-control which represses the facial muscles, is but an indication of the intensity with which the thought that gleams through the kindling eye is being welded into illuminative speech.

Of gesture there is little. The tall, spare, soldier-like form sways to and fro from time to time, giving emphatic point to his periods; but of eloquence, as that art is usually understood, there is little, save the eloquence that ever accompanies earnestness and conviction.

Had Mr Oliver been a teacher, say, Rector of the Royal High School of Edinburgh; or the successor of Dr Arnold at Rugby, I can quite easily picture the terror of certain culprits brought before him when his keen, classical ideals had been outraged by their sin of "cribbing."

On the other hand, I can as easily imagine how the terror of the rogues would for ever disappear, when they discovered that beneath the feigned voice, and the judicial mein, there was hidden the kindest of hearts, and the keenest sense of humour.

After the lamented death of Dr Jamieson—a sketch of whom appeared in this journal in January, 1905—Mr Oliver was unanimously chosen to be Chairman of Council of the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association. This honour he well deserved, not only for his loyal services to the Association, first, as a member for twenty-five years, and second, as member of Council for twelve years; but, above all, because of his passionate devotion to Border interests.

If you probe near the heart of our friend, I

am convinced you will find evidence of an undying affection for the Borders all around. If you cut deeper, even to the heart's core, you will find the thematic words—"Bonnie Teviotdale!" indelibly engraven there.

No one could listen to Mr Oliver when he spoke at Duns in July last, of the scene at the annual Bursary Competition held at St Boswells—when forty boys and girls from glen and town met to do honour to themselves or their teachers—without feeling, that here was a man capable of sympathising with child nature in its various aspects, a man, who somehow, was living certain experiences of his own over again, and who—though toil and sorrow had often intervened—could yet see the wayside school, or the town academy, from whence these children came, as vividly before him, as when, a small, "yellow-haired" laddie, he took his way to the sequestered school of Newmill-on-Teviot.

Born at Teviothead, a Borderer of Borderers, as his name implies, even a casual observer can see how much the grand scenery through which Teviot's silvery tide flows, as well as early associations and environment, have influenced Mr Oliver.

Many of the older Border ballads bear traces of Scandanavian awe and mystery, as well as of Celtic fire, in their imagery and expression. In like manner much that is most interesting in Border character seems to show the survival of similar elements in the nature of the race, and to prove that the great rolling hills, rushing streams, and lonely glens, must ever influence the hearts of those open to their message, however times or conditions may change. To my mind Mr Oliver seems to embody many of the best qualities in Border character; and his sterling manliness and integrity seem but the natural outcome of a life of industry and self-reliance.

At an early age he gave evidence of superior mental capacity, and even when only nine years old, he gained several prizes at the school of Newmill-on-Teviot. But he gained more than prizes there, he gained friends, one of whom—Mr James Robertson—is now a fellow-member of the Border Counties' Association Council; also Mr Ninion Elliot, S.S.C., formerly President of Council and now one of the vice-presidents of the Association.

It is interesting to conjecture how many of the boys, now scattered over the schools in the towns and glens of the South of Scotland, will one day—like our friends, Oliver and Robertson and Elliot—came forward to uphold the banner of Borderland interests in our busy cities, or our distant colonies! On leaving Newmill School, young Oliver was entered as a pupil of Hawick Grammar School, then under the charge of the late Mr Anthony Dodds. That the lad made good use of his opportunities can be seen from the fact that eventually he became assistant master. This office he held for two years, and was succeeded by Mr J. A. H. Murray—now Dr Murray—whose herculean work on his famous Dictionary was described in this journal some time ago, and who, in September last, was so highly honoured by his native town of Hawick.

Naturally, the goal for a lad of such "pregnant pairts," as the subject of this sketch, was the University of Edinburgh; and, accordingly, we find him in comparatively early years a matriculated student of that famous seat of learning.

The period of eight years necessary to complete the course in Arts and Divinity is oftimes a "lang dreich road," and one needs to begin the work young, when hope is in the ascendant, and when life seems long enough for the easy attainment by and by of our loftiest ideals!

Mr Oliver not being blessed, or shall I say hampered, by too much of this world's goods—and Border Counties' Association University Bursaries not then being instituted, else be sure he would have gained one!—he had to turn his pre-eminence in classics to account, and follow a scholastic expedient of the time by undertaking tutoring in proprietory schools in the hours not devoted to College classes.

This mode of working one's way through the University was commoner then than now that the Merchant Company and other large public schools have practically driven the private schools from the fields, and employ permanent masters instead of the student with his two hours a-day, changed each session to suit his College classes. The old system was undoubtedly a boon to the student, but it was an immeasurably greater boon to those who employed him, and whose fees from the pupils were not at all in keeping with the salary paid to the teacher.

Mr Oliver taught in some of the best known of such private schools in Edinburgh, and can point to many men now occupying distinguished positions in the world who received their early training from his hands. His summer recess was not idly spent, for, from time to time, he even taught in such seminaries as the Jedburgh Academy and the Douglas Aca-

demy, Isle of Man. I think it will be admitted in view of this incessant work, that Mr Oliver's College record is excellent. Here is an example, having gained a Heriot Bursary in 1859, and the Hepburn Bursary in 1860, he carried off the third prize in the Advanced Greek Class, the first prize in the Hebrew Class, besides attaining distinction in the classes of Mathematics and Moral Philosophy.

After being licensed by the Presbytery of Jedburgh, it seems quite in keeping with his loyalty to the Border traditions to find Mr Oliver assistant in turn to such parishes as Selkirk and Bedrule respectively. But the people of the West, as represented by the town of Nelston, also secured his services, and so much were these appreciated that when he left he was presented with a purse containing a hundred sovereigns.

The first settled charge held by our friend was that of Tweedmouth Presbyterian Church, in the town of Berwick-on-Tweed. Although he found the charge in somewhat low water, yet he left it a good congregation, and here, as in Nelston, the people showed their gratitude for his labours amongst them by giving him a present on leaving, this time a handsome gold watch.

St James' Established Church, Portobello, which had been newly started, next claimed his services: and here, happily, he remains with every sign of increasing prosperity attending his ministrations. In educational affairs Mr Oliver has always taken a keen interest, and when Portobello had a School Board of its own, he was a member of it for a considerable period, having been placed near the head of the poll at the election.

I am not aware if the subject of this "appreciation" has the clerical craze for "gowf," but there are two recreations he has which he will yield to no man! The daily study of the Greek and Latin authors, most of which he can read "ad aperturam," and botany. In the pursuit of the latter science there are few spots in the British Isles that he has not explored. He has also contributed several papers to the Hawick Archæological Society.

Born in the parish of which Henry Scott Riddell was minister, there is little wonder that a rich vein of poetic fire should be found permeating the entire nature of Mr Oliver. I cannot aver that any verses from his pen have seen the light, but amongst his lectures, that on Burns is in frequent demand, and it will be within the memory of some readers of this magazine how eloquently he delineated the character and genius of our national poet a few years ago, when the Burns anniversary fell on the same date as that of the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association.

It has never been my lot to be present at a "Hawick Night" of the Borderers' Union, but Dr Jamieson used to say that no one ever saw Mr Oliver at his best who had not seen him there—his foot was on his native heath, and his fervour only found full outlet in the inspiring strains of Teribus! Well, long may it be so, for such a sterling type of Border scholarship and enthusiasm confers distinction on his birthplace.

We might fittingly sum up Mr Oliver's character as Kipling sings of "Bobs":—

"An' 'e does not advertise!"

DUNCAN FRASER.

Tweed's Well.

The Tweed owes its source to the quaint well in Tweedsmuir parish.

LONELY it lies, 'neath changing skies,
This magic little well,
Though bleak and drear, the pastures near,
A story they can tell
Of balmy days, and primrose ways,
Of golden paths, that lead
By burn and rill to flowery hill
And daisy-spotted mead.

The wondrous spring, whose song I sing
Upon the mountain side,
Though quaint and small, is source of all
Tweed's ever-rolling tide,
That leaps and flows, through winter snows,
And as it bounds along,
In classic ground, is always found,
A poem in its song.

From field, from sky, from coppice nigh
Straight to this limpid spring,
A dainty throng, on wings of song,
Come with the day to sing.
The cuckoo's call, our souls enthral,
The mavis sounds his horn,
The blackbird's lute, and golden flute
Proclaim the breaking morn.

From gorse, from fern, where'er we turn,
The lintie's song is sweet,
And o'er the muir come echoes pure
Of lark and heather-bleat.
These lonely hills, and flowing rills,
The artist soul can feed,
And hearts oft sing, beside the spring,
Songs of immortal Tweed.

MINNIE MCKEAN, in the "Scotsman."

Edinburgh Borderers' Union.

EXCURSION TO LUCERNE.

IN accordance with precedent, the tenth annual Autumn Excursion of this Union should have been a home trip, but it has been found that the Continental ones are more popular, and therefore

LUCERNE.

the alternating rule was broken through, and a week in "Lovely "Lucerne" decided upon. The party, numbering thirty-six, left Edinburgh on the evening of Thursday, 6th September, and travelled by London, Newhaven, and Dieppe to Paris, where they stayed over-

RAILWAY TO MOUNT PILATUS.

night in the Hotel Terminus. Lucerne was reached on Saturday evening, and the party was accommodated at the Polytechnic Châlets, at Seeburg, until the following Friday night. The arrangements were most complete, and everything was done at the Châlets for the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors by Mrs

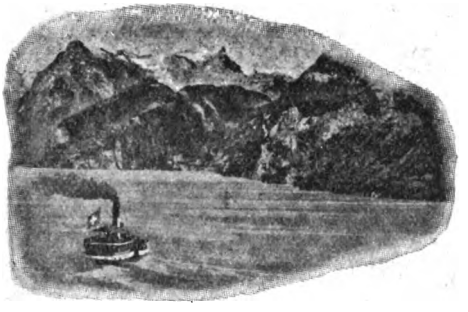
DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Mitchell and her excellent staff. Sunday was very agreeably spent as a day of rest. On Monday the famous Rigi (5900 feet) was ascended by mountain railway from Vitznau, which was reached by boat. Several of the

TELL'S CHAPEL.

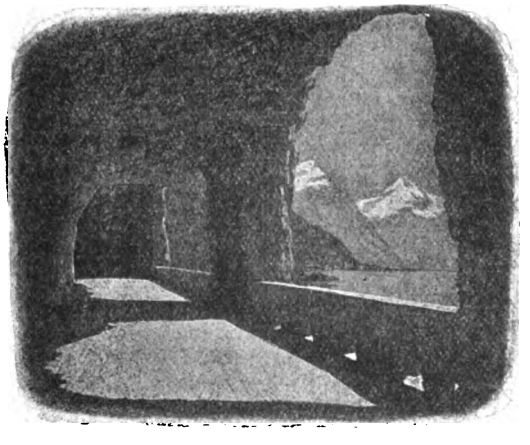
party spent Monday night on the Stanserhorn for views of the sunset and sunrise, but were disappointed, as the atmospheric conditions on Monday night and Tuesday were unfavourable. On Tuesday the summit of Mount Pilatus (7000 feet) was visited by way of Alpnach and the electric railway. As at Stanserhorn, the views

had to be taken on trust. The ascent by electric railway is an experience not easily forgotten, and no one troubled with "nerves" should attempt it. On Wednesday, Tell's Chapel, the Axenstrasse, and Altdorf with



VIEW ON LAKE.

Tell's Monument were visited, and in the evening a concert and dance were enjoyed at the Châlets. The excursion on Thursday was the most interesting of the week. Travelling by boat to Fluellen at the extreme end of the Lake, and by railway to Goeschenen at the entrance to the St Gothard Tunnel, the party had some magnificent views of wild and striking scenery. From Goeschenen to Andermatt they traversed a district made historical by many conflicts and battles during the Napo-



AXENSTRASSE.

leonic Wars. The road was exceedingly wild, and looked dangerous. The acute angles, taken by the horses at a gallop, made the brakes quiver and the passengers hold their breath, The wildest part of the road was at the Devil's Bridge, where there is a large Russian cross carved out of the solid rock in memory of a victory by the famous Russian General Suarrow. Andermatt, with its great fortifications, extensive views, and beautiful churches is intensely interesting. Friday was devoted to visiting Lucerne,—the Lion Monument, the Glacier Garden, the Peace and War Museum, the Franciscan Church, the famous old wooden bridges, and the Cathedral, where a special recital was given on the beautiful organ. Amongst the items performed was a

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

piece depicting very vividly a storm in the Alps.

The return journey was made also by Paris, where some of the party lingered for several days. A number of them experienced a somewhat rough passage in re-crossing the Channel, but altogether the excursion proved a very successful and enjoyable one.

The blocks for our illustrations have been kindly lent by the Polytechnic Touring Association.

S. D. E.

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze
"Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The Tweed at Thornilee.

IT is an easy exercise of memory to turn back the clock half a century to those days ere the line of rails was laid between Innerleithen and Galashiels, when the means of public transit between these places were so scanty that only units were seen on the river at Thornilee compared with the hundreds which in summer now throng its banks, and where good sport has the accompaniment of delicious scenery. Well, it is forty-three years since, first seeing the place for myself, it made such a pleasant impression that it has been my endeavour since then frequently to revisit a scene so delightful in itself, and which is so near that place, now classic and historical—Ashiestiel—where Scott spent the busiest, aye, and the happiest years of his remarkable life. But let us take the region "seriatim." Start with me on a fine morning the third week of June from the Traquair Arms, Innerleithen, by carriage, and before reaching the height on which we look down on Thornilee, I have to show you the fine sheep farms of Bold and Juniper Bank, ere we enter the woods of that exquisite "bijou" residence, Elibank, the property of the noble lord who takes his title from it, and at present the summer abode of Provost Ballantyne of Peebles. Sweet seclusion, sylvan woods, and the mild plash of the river make it a perfect lullaby, an idyllic repose, far from the noisy world of either politics or smoky chimneys, where the summer holiday is blissful indeed, aye, so charming that the past winter of your discontent is totally forgotten, and the bleakness of next December is anticipated with equanimity. Tweedside does not hold a place more fair, small as are the dimensions of both house and land, and probably the compactness of both is its chief advantage, for no retinue of house servants or estate labourers are here required.

But neither the occupier of the house or his friends remain within the grounds all day long, more especially as some three miles further down the river they reach that most desired haven, not so extremely picturesque, mark you, as Elibank, but the windows of which look out on the Tweed and its surrounding woods, that house called Ashiestiel, quietly reposing in the memory of the Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and the author of "Marmion," it having for eight years been the chief dwelling-place of our illustrious Scott. From this place he wrote countless letters, and indited his various dedications to the six Cantos of "Marmion." Here is one of them:—

ASHIESTIEL, ETTRICK FOREST.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.,

"Like April morning clouds that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow,
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain:
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast
When the ear deems its murmur past;
Thus various my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks a morning dream," &c.

So convinced were many of Scott's friends of his happy life here that they have said, "Would to heaven he had made Ashiestiel a permanent instead of a temporary residence. Oh, that he had sacrificed all the subsequent glory of Abbotsford, and saved his enormous expenditure there, and been content with dear old Ashiestiel, sufficient for his wants as it was, a place where he basked in the summer sun, and where in winter, writing in the cosy bield of his study, he was sheltered from the wild blasts of Boreas!" The sequel to his life at Ashiestiel is well known, but here let us linger lovingly, and even give reins to the imagination which would picture it as his life-long home, and where the thousands of pilgrims who had gazed on his monument in Edinburgh, would come on to this section of Selkirkshire to see the various rooms of the small mansion, "the Shirra's knowe," the ford on the Tweed (where now stands the fine arched bridge), and all the pastoral surroundings bright with yellow broom, purple with the delicious heather.

However, we cannot linger too long, and we cannot to-day go down to Caddonfoot, for we have promised to drive you from Ashiestiel Bridge up the river again. Have we not to peep in at that summer home of anglers, "The Nest," with its floral surroundings, leaving which, there's a massive pile of yellow broom and a milky way of hawthorn on the sloping banks. The trout are greedily rising at natural and artificial bait, and we are now near to Laidlawstiel, high up yonder hill: a spacious mansion it is, and a fine grouse moor: the farm and railway station of Thornilee lie hand in hand. Motors are encountered, and thus no longer so quiet as half a century ago, the verdant freshness of the anglers' haunts on "Thornilee water," the Tweed, as well as the exquisite sweetness of the Elibank woods re-

main unimpaired. Though this district is a theme well worthy of the lays of the earlier and later minstrels, we would rather go to the great minstrel himself, and say with him, now viewing, as he was wont to do, the silver Tweed of a summer morning:—

"At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day.
O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The Wizard note has not been touch'd in vain,
Then silent be no more, Enchantress, wake again."

D. Brown Anderson.

Border Notes and Queries.

"HELEN ARMSTRONG THE ROSE OF TWEEDSIDE."

Can any reader supply the words of an old Border song bearing the above title.

J. A. P.

* * *

TUNE FOR "LUCY'S FLITTIN'?"

A lady reader writes to us as follows upon the above subject:—In last month's Border Magazine you have "Lucy's Flittin'." I wonder if you can tell me where I could procure an old tune which my mother used to sing. It seemed to suit the melancholy, forlorn strain of the words better than two airs I have heard. I have often sought for this old tune in music shops, but always failed. This seems a suitable time to speak of tunes in the magazine. Could you not ask if readers would oblige by giving a solf-fa opening bar of the versions they have seen and name the publishers so that it could be purchased. This would add interest to the letterpress you have already published in the magazine upon Laidlaw and his song.

W. D. B.

* * *

There was recently an interesting letter in the "Scotsman" about the Scottish Artillery which fell into the hands of the English at the battle of Flodden. The question is, What became of them—are they in existence, and, if so, where are they? There were seven pieces called "The Seven Sisters." The master of the Scottish ordnance was Robert de Borthwick, son of William third Lord Borthwick, who fell at Flodden.

If they are still in existence—perhaps in the Tower of London—the writer of the letter suggested that inquiry should be made, and, if found, that they should be restored to Scotland. The letter brought no replies.

The sword and dagger of James IV. which he carried at Flodden are still preserved in the Herald's College, London. They should be asked back. I wonder Sir Walter Scott did not think of it. It is never too late to ask. The standard borne by the Earl Marshall is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It bears the motto "Veritas vincit."

A. G. S.

[Some of our London Borderers might help in the above matter.—Ed. "B. M."]

* * *

"HORNE'S POOL" OR "HORNSHOLE."

I am interested in the subject to which "A. G. S." refers in the October number of the Border Magazine, and being in possession of some information which will throw some light upon the matter, I beg to subjoin it. In the first place let it be observed that Lockhart, in the passage in the "Life of Scott" which your correspondent quotes, deviates slightly from the account in Dorothy Wordsworth's "Tour in Scotland, A.D. 1803," which is herewith given. Dealing with their drive up the river Teviot, she states that "the fir plantations, which in this part are numerous, are for ever at war with simplicity. One beautiful spot I recollect of a different character, which Mr Scott took us to see a few yards from the road. A stone bridge crossed the water at a deep and still place, called Horne's Pool, from a contemplative schoolmaster, who had lived not far from it, and was accustomed to walk thither, and spend much of his leisure near the river. The valley was here narrow and woody."

Lockhart unfortunately adds that this schoolmaster was "known to him (Scott) in his youth;" but this apparently without the least authority, as when giving the passage already cited by your correspondent he adds that he had drawn up his account of this meeting partly from his recollection of a conversation with the poet Wordsworth, and partly from that of Miss Wordsworth's "Tour," which the poet read over to Lockhart in May 1836—the year in which the volume of Scott's

"Life," in which reference is made to Horne's Pool, was published. The probability is that there was no such person as Horne, as the name is applied to this place long before schoolmasters were heard of in the district.

Another version of the story is that two brothers of the name of Horne—schoolmasters also according to this variation—when returning from a visit paid to Mr Inglis, schoolmaster at Hawick, attempted to cross the Teviot at this spot upon the ice. But this slender and fickle bridge gave way, and consequently they were drowned—whence, the story inevitably concludes, the place was named after them, "Horne's Hole." It is easy to assign a date to the story, as Mr Inglis was schoolmaster in Hawick 150 years ago.

Had Scott, Laidlaw, and the Wordsworths passed up the vale of Teviot a century later something additional would have attracted their attention and have been recorded by the Lake Poet's sister. A cruciform memorial of a surprisal of some English marauders by the youth of Hawick in 1514 now stands near the bridge and on the right-hand bank of the river. Let those scoff at the tradition or story who may; are not the valiant deeds of the brave young men of Hawick enshrined in the words of the world-renowned song of "Teribuss"?—

Nigh where Teviot sounds sonorous,
Into Hornshole dashing furious,
Lay their foes, with spoil encumbered,
Quite secure, even sent'nels slumbered.

Hawick destroyed, their slaughtered sires,
Scotland's wrongs each bosom fires;
On they rush to be victorious,
Or to fall in battle glorious.

Down they threw their bows and arrows,
Drew their swords like vet'ran heroes,
Charged the foe with native valour,
Routed them and took their colour.

Now with spoils and honours laden,
Well revenged for fatal Flodden,
Home they marched this flag displaying,*
This the tune before them playing:—

"Teribuss, ye Teri Odin,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden," &c.

Hornshole is associated with another traditionary conflict, not so generally known, but none the less as credible, as the Hawick tradition. In the year 1690 the old parish of Hassendean was dissolved, and was divided between the parishes of Minto, Wilton, and Roberton. The dismantling of the parish church was not effected without opposition; and to this more than one story bears witness. One account states that "while the parishioners of Roberton were moving off with all that was portable of the old church, the Hassendean people followed, and a scuffle ensued at a place called Hornshole, about two miles below Hawick. Here the enraged Hassendean folk seized upon the church bell, and cast it into the pool, where it still remains."

It is well that no one has attempted to find allusion to either of these fights at Hornshole in the place-name itself, as not only is the name to be found in records long previous to any time in which any of Sir Walter Scott's acquaintances lived, but it is also in evidence long before the dissolution of Hassendean parish, and is even mentioned in a passage (which I cannot at present locate) many years prior to the traditionary fight there in the year after Flodden! On 11th November, 1516, also, many letters of remission given under the privy seal were granted by James V. to the Turnbulls in the vicinity of Rule and Hassendean, including one to "John Turnbull in Hornishole" (Historical MSS. Commission: Roxburghe MSS.). On 1st March, 1634, Charles I. granted to Thomas, Earl of Haddington, a number of lands on the Borders, including "Hassindenbank, Breiryairdis, Clerkcroft, Kerswell in Hassingtoun, Hornishoill, Craighous," etc. (Reg. of Great Seal). On 23rd October, 1640, Thomas, Earl of Haddington, is retoured heir masculine of his father in large territories, including "the lands of Brierzairds, Clerkcroft and Kerswell in Hassingtoun, and the lands of Hornshoill" (Retours). On 10th April, 1645, John, Earl of Haddington, is retoured heir of his brother-german, the above-mentioned, in these lands. Hornshole is then spelt "Hornescheill" (Ibid.). On 23rd August, 1655, John, son of John Turnbull of Minto, is specified as heir male of his father in certain lands in the vicinity of Minto, including "1 merk-land of the lands of Hornesholl (or Horneshell), within the baronie of Hassindeane and lordship of Melros" (Ibid.). On 24th February, 1670, Charles, Lord Binning and Byres, is retoured heir of his father John, Earl of Haddington, in lands already specified as belonging to this family, including the lands of "Hornsheill" (Ibid.). In the "Extract of Decreet demolishing the Kirk of Hassendean," dated 1690, it is stated

* See illustration in BORDER MAGAZINE for 1898, p. 89. See also BORDER MAGAZINE for 1901, p. 163, for illustration of Hornshole Bridge.

that several lands in Hassendean parish, including "Mitchsheels, Hornsholl, Boghall," etc., were to be annexed to the parish of Wilton (Hawick Arch. Soc. Trans. for 1879).

From these facts, then, it is unmistakably evident that Hornshole, or "Horne's Pool," as Miss Wordsworth* (and Lockhart, on her authority) erroneously terms it, did not receive its name from a schoolmaster of the name of Horne—either known or unknown to Sir Walter Scott, as the place had procured its name long before schoolmasters were in that locality. It admits of possibility, of course, that a schoolmaster of the name of Horne may have visited Hornshole frequently in the eighteenth century, but he assuredly did not give his name to the place.

G. WATSON.

* It will readily be understood how Miss Wordsworth, unacquaint hitherto with the name of the place and impressed by the "deep and still" pool, would misrender the unfamiliar name into "Horne's Pool."

* * *

FATLIPS CASTLE.

Sir,—We read with interest the article on Fatlips Castle in your issue for October (p. 189). While agreeing with your correspondent in his general remarks, we think he is mistaken when he says that the castle on Minto Crags is sometimes called Barnhills Tower.

The ruins of Barnhills Castle or Tower (the one-time stronghold of the notorious freebooter of that name) lie at the foot of the Crags, at the south-east end, and may still be seen and visited by all who care to do so. This castle is supposed to have been surrounded by a moat at one time, fed by a burn, which still trickles its way past the ruins, on its way to join the Teviot, which skirts the foot of the Crags. Barnhills used the den in the Crags as a place of retirement when his enemies made it too hot for him, and there—

> "Threw his wearied limbs to rest
> Where the falcon hangs his giddy nest."

A most extensive view of the surrounding district is to be had from the top of Fatlips Castle, admission to which may be had on application to Mr Price, factor to the Earl of Minto. The uppermost room of the castle is fitted as a sort of museum, in which many interesting relics are to be seen, and is well worth a visit from the tourist or visitor in that part of the country.

G. T. G.

"The Story of Neidpath."

"THE STORY OF NEIDPATH" is the title of a neatly printed booklet issued by John A. Anderson, bookseller, Peebles. The authoress is May Tomlinson, who wrote a similar booklet, entitled "The Bass Rock," which was published by W. & R. Chambers. In the present booklet, which contains a specially good view of the famous old Border tower, the authoress conveys much information in a concise and interesting manner. Old stories are retold and made interesting in their modern setting. The price of this interesting publication is 3d. The authoress thus concludes her well-told story:—

It must have been from the one window giving a view of the gateway that the dying "Maid of Neidpath," of whom Scott and Campbell wrote, looked forth in vain for her lover, but no legend points out the room where she faded and agonised. Only fancy can inspire the spot, like many other scenes fled from Neidpath. Yet one attribute needs no imagination to restore it. That is the charm of Neidpath, a charm whereof neither time nor desolation has robbed it, but, may be, added anew with the tread of years. Neidpath towers lonely above the river, which so picturesquely encompasses the ruin of its enchanting gardens. Grey, stern, with dull windows, like sightless eyes, blinded with tears at the thought of former glories, proud and strong, commanding even in its age, all around, beyond, and below it, compelling, as are all things of beauty, in art, in life, in nature.

"Border" marriages, as these run-away matches were called, are not quite extinct, as some suppose. In this connection the following cutting will be of interest:—

Apropos the recent warrant granted by the Sheriff of Berwickshire for the registration of a Lamberton Toll marriage, it it interesting to recall that about two years ago the historical dwelling was the scene of the wedding of a runaway couple. In the good old days the priest of Lamberton was Henry Collins. This worthy died in 1849; but a book containing entries of the marriages at which he officiated is still in the possession of his granddaughter, Miss Margaret Horne Fair, who resides at Berwick. During the early years of last century Collins had a strong rival in trade in the person of the blacksmith of Coldstream Bridge. Standing as it does on the Scottish side of the Tweed, but in immediate proximity to England, the cottage tenanted by the smith offered peculiar attractions to the votaries of Hymen. Here Lord Brougham and other celebrities are said to have sworn their matrimonial vows. The humble dwelling, which with its quaint tiled roof and its romantic associations is an object of interest to numberless tourists, now forms one of the lodges of the noble mansion of Lennel.

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All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *31 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, 1906.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An esteemed correspondent (whose valuable articles occasionally appear in our pages) when referring to a recent tour through the Borderland, says:—"It may interest you to know that at some of my halting-places I found bound volumes of the "BORDER MAGAZINE," and the familiar pages were to me like the faces of old friends."

The *Border Chronicle* appearing in our pages has been compiled with great care by a valued contributor, but doubtless some names have been overlooked, and we invite our readers to send us notes of any prominent Borderers not mentioned in the *Chronicle*. No *living* Borderer is to be included at present; they may be treated separately when the present list is completed.

The Border Keep.

When the Edinburgh Borderers' Union visited the Borders in May last, Sir George Douglas, Bart., in addressing them made the following interesting reference to Coldstream:

Sir George Douglas, who was loudly cheered, said he did not come to make a speech, but he would say a word or two about Coldstream. There was one small historical reminiscence that was a favourite one of his, and that he would tell them. In the year 1640, when Charles I., by his infatuated policy, brought about war between England and Scotland, Coldstream was the place where the army of Covenanters crossed the river Tweed. It was not an easy crossing, because, as they knew, one life was lost. That event was specially interesting to him because of one man who took a prominent part in it, and that was the gallant Marquis of Montrose. Montrose was at that time on the side of the Covenanters, and, an appeal having been made to the Divine will by the cast of the dice, it fell to Montrose to lead the fording party. He led them across the Tweed—it was to be hoped the water was not so cold as on that day—and to show them how pleasant it was to be in the river he walked back again, and crossed over finally. Contemporary writers said that Montrose's demeanour was gay and smiling, and yet all the time it masked a very troubled conscience, for a short time afterwards, when the misfortunes of Charles I. bore on him more and more heavily, Montrose changed over to the other side. One could not blame him for it, because he probably felt the time had come when things were going too far. Then followed the brilliant series of battles in which he led the valiant Highland troops from victory to victory. Then came the end of them, and the disaster of Philiphaugh. Then came the last scene of all, so beautifully described in Professor Aytoun's "Death of Montrose," where he marched, like the gallant gentleman he was, through contumely, to his execution. He hoped some of them would associate the reminiscence with Coldstream. In conclusion, Sir George thanked them for their kindness, and said that there were fewer things which gave him greater pleasure than to improve and extend his acquaintance with fellow-Borderers.

* * *

From the same source I extract the following which will interest anglers:—

The obscure little hamlet of Port Logan, situated in the parish of Kirkmaiden, Wigtownshire, possesses one interesting feature which can probably not be claimed by any other centre in Scotland. This is a large circular fish pond hewn out of the solid rock, in which disport, cod, lithe, perch, &c., to the number of about fifty. The pond is walled round and situated some distance from the beach, but at high tide the water washes into the enclosure by means of a contrivance specially con-

structed for the purpose, thus ensuring a fresh supply each day. Several of the fish have reached a ripe old age, and more than one shows unmistakeable evidences of at least partial blindness. A remarkable fact is that during their confinement the fish have grown perfectly tame, and even in the presence of visitors readily gobble limpets from the hand.

* * *

Recent political utterances have brought the M.P. for the United Counties of Peebles and Selkirk very much to the front, and there is little doubt that he has a great political future before him. The following paragraph will interest alike his friends and political opponents:—

The Master of Elibank, to whom fell the pleasant duty of conveying a present from Scotland to Queen Maud of Norway recently, can boast a longer pedigree than any of the other legislators who represent constituencies to the North of the Tweed. The eldest son of the tenth Baron Elibank, the honourable gentleman can trace his descent to a warrior who fell at Flodden. The first Baron of the family was keeper of the important Border Castle of Caerlaverock, and distinguished himself by his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Charles I. To the sixth holder of the title belongs the distinction of accompanying Anson in his voyage round the world. As a further proof of his aristocratic extraction, it may be added that the present Master of Elibank has been the first member of the family to identify his fortunes with those of the Radical party. His Parliamentary connection with Peebles and Selkirk dates from the last General Election, when he captured the seat from Sir Walter Thorburn. During the last Parliament the Master represented Midlothian. Earlier in his political career, he made unsuccessful efforts to woo West Edinburgh, the city of York, and the constituency he now represents. At the time of rupture between Norway and Sweden, the Master was acknowledged to be more thoroughly conversant with the merits of the quarrel than any of his fellow legislators.

* * *

The following from an evening paper adds interest to the foregoing:—

The rose bowl which formed part of the Scottish present to Queen Maud of Norway, on the occasion of her coronation, was made of Leadhills silver, and it is interesting to recall that this outlying portion of Lanarkshire has yielded valuable gifts to royalty in the past. James IV., the first Scottish monarch to encourage the search for gold in this sterile part of the realm, possessed several articles of jewellery that testified to the partial success of the adventure. A century ago, the Regent Morton presented the French King with "a very fair deep basin of natural gold" filled with gold pieces. The intimation that the metal from which these were made had been found in Scotland excited no little surprise at the French Court, where great as was the respect shown for the hardy archers who formed the Scottish Guard, the natural resources of their country were contemned. Within recent years, the contributions of the treasure ground of the Southern Highlands towards a supply of the precious metals, have been comparatively trivial. But on more than one occasion the miners of the district have testified their goodwill towards the noble family of Hopetoun by presents made from Leadhills gold.

* * *

Readers of a recent issue of the "Connoisseur" would be interested in the article by Mr Leonard Willoughby, on Penshurst Place, especially if they were familiar with Sir Walter Scott's description of the feasting and revels at Kenilworth. Mr Willoughby says:—

A picture in the gallery at Penshurst depicts Elizabeth dancing with Leicester there. It was one of those curious old dances where the gentleman takes his partner for a moment on to his slightly bent knee as he stands, and turns her round the opposite way. It is a remarkable picture, and shows Elizabeth dressed in a pink or salmon coloured dress, the sleeves crossed with lattice work of red braid or embroidery; an enormous lace collar, and with jewels in her hair; violent red coloured stockings, which clash horribly with the colour of the skirt; long pouted bodice, enormous hips, and lace at the cuffs. Leicester is wearing a green velvet coat, with a ruff, a black cap and feather, yellow stockings, and white shoes.

* * *

Some of our readers may remember the interesting articles on Ord, the old-time equestrian, contributed to the BORDER MAGAZINE by Mr Robert Hall, the historian of Galashiels. The following paragraph from an evening paper may refresh the memories of those who can recall Ord, or who have read Mr Hall's articles:—

Facilities for rapid transit enable so many of the "truly rural" to seek their pleasures in the city that the travelling circus has lost much of its old-time importance. Of the glories of the past (writes a correspondent) I was recently reminded by a visit to the remote Berwickshire village of Longformacus. In the manse of this outlying hamlet there was born one whose equestrian performances will long be remembered. During the middle decades of last century, old Ord, as he was commonly called, was an annual visitor to every village in the south-western counties of Scotland. Of a tall and commanding appearance, it was the venerable acrobat's boast that the probity and integrity of every member of his company was thoroughly established. In spite of his roving life, Ord never forgot that he was a son of the manse: and in whatever centre the first day of the week might be passed, all his dependents were expected to accompany him to the nearest parish church. The closing days of the great showman's life were spent at Biggar. Of the other members of the goodly company that provided so much amusement for a generation no longer young, the last to join the great majority was the clown Delaney, who died at Broxburn about ten years ago.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

William Laidlaw

(Author of "Lucy's Flittin'").

PART V.

AT this time letters from Scott to Laidlaw were of weekly occurence while the former was residing in Edinburgh. A basket of farm produce was sent in periodically from Abbotsford to Scott's town house, and when the basket was returned, the letters, which chiefly contained directions regarding Laidlaw's duties as factor, were enclosed in it. But these notes appear rather to be friendly letters than instructions, since they are mingled with such remarks as the following, contained in Scott's letter of January, 1818:—"Should the weather be rough, and you nevertheless obliged to come to town, do not think of riding, but take Blucher [the stagecoach between Jedburgh and Edinburgh]. Remember, your health is of consequence to your family. . . . We are delighted to hear that your little folks like the dells. . . . I hope Mrs Laidlaw does not want for anything that she can get from the garden or elsewhere."

Early in 1817 the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine" had commenced publication. After a few issues there was a quarrel between Blackwood, the publisher, and Pringle and Cleghorn, the editors, the result of which was that the services of the two editors were dispensed with, and the periodical had a fresh start under the name of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine." Desirous of enlisting the sympathies of Scott in his behalf, Blackwood wrote to the novelist soliciting his aid, either with prose or with verse. This was immediately followed by a letter from the former to Scott stating that he had heard James Hogg speak in very high terms of William Laidlaw, and that he wished him to send communications to the Magazine upon rural affairs, with which, Blackwood had learned, Laidlaw was extensively acquainted. Blackwood, doubtless in order to draw Scott, hinted that he might refer the matter to Laidlaw, who would be remunerated for his contributions. From Abbotsford, 21st September, 1817, Scott dates his reply, in the course of which Blackwood perceived that he had succeeded in "drawing" the novelist:—

"It is, however, in your power," Scott writes, "to interest me more deeply in the success of your attempt, in the event of your securing, as you propose, the assistance of my friend, Mr William Laidlaw, on the footing of a regular contributor. He is one of my oldest and best friends in this country—a man of a singularly original and powerful mind, acquainted with science, well skilled in literature, and an excellent agriculturist. Having lately given up an over-rented farm, he is at present inhabiting a farmhouse of mine called Kaeside, about half a mile from me, and I am heartily desirous, both for his sake and for my own, to secure myself the benefit of his neighbourhood, as he is 'amicus omnium bonorum,' my confidential adviser on rural economy, and my companion in field sports. If therefore you should think it advisable to trust to Mr Laidlaw for supplying a certain portion of your Magazine with agricultural or literary articles, I have not the least doubt they will be executed to your satisfaction, and will consider myself as completely responsible for what he may supply. He shall have my best advice and frequent assistance. . . . But, my good sir, if I am to give this sort of pledge, the emolument derived to Mr Laidlaw's family must be such as will answer my selfish purpose of keeping him in my neighbourhood, and that will cost you such a rate of copy money as shall enable him to make at least £120 per annum. Mr Laidlaw is a good antiquary, and both he and I would have pleasure in contributing to that branch."

By an arrangement between Blackwood and Scott, Laidlaw was engaged to write to the Magazine for six months. The matter of remuneration Laidlaw left in the hands of Scott and the publisher; and the tenant of Kaeside then commenced work in his new sphere, proposing to contribute two articles which he had in view, "particularly one addressed some time ago to Mr Scott, and which he has often honoured by his approbation." Scott himself wrote to Blackwood about this time, saying that Laidlaw projected for the Magazine a series of letters under the signature of "Maugraby," for the revision and correction of which Scott promised his assistance.

A letter from Blackwood to Laidlaw in January, 1818, shows the bond of connection between these two and the Ettrick Shepherd in their literary career. "If you see Hogg," the publisher writes, "I hope you will press him to send me instantly his 'Shepherd's Dog,' and anything else. I received his 'Andrew Gemells'; but the editor is not going to insert it in this number. I expected to have received from him the conclusion of the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck'; there are six sheets of it already printed."

In the first number of "Blackwood's Magazine" there had appeared the "Translation from an Ancient Chaldee MS.," a parody in the style of the Book of the Revelation, which created a great deal of excitement and discussion. Scott himself was introduced into the "Translation" in the character of a magician. "Blackwood was terribly afraid," says Laid-

law, "that Mr Scott would be offended; and so he would, he says, were it not on my account." Hogg himself, who—not in the least anticipating the storm it would raise—wrote the most of the satire, also was alarmed, and wrote to Laidlaw—"For the love of God, open not your mouth about the 'Chaldee Manuscript.' There have been meetings and proposals, and an express has arrived from Edinburgh to me. Deny all knowledge, else, they say, I am ruined." It is to this "Chaldee Manuscript" that Scott refers in a letter to Laidlaw in February, 1818, in which he also alludes to the proposal of Laidlaw to break his connection with Blackwood. From a lengthy letter the following is quoted:—

"I saw Blackwood yesterday, and Hogg the day before, and I understand from them you think of resigning the 'Chronicle' department of the Magasine. Blackwood told me, that if you did not like that part of the duty, he would consider himself accountable for the same sum he had specified to you for any other articles you might communicate from time to time. He proposes that Hogg should do the 'Chronicle': he will not do it so well as you, for he wants judgment and caution, and likes to have the appearance of eccentricity where eccentricity is least graceful; that, however, is Blackwood's affair. If you really do not like the 'Chronicle,' there can be no harm in your giving it up. What strikes me is, that there is a something certain in having such a department to conduct, whereas you may sometimes find yourself at a loss when you have to cast about for a subject every month. Blackwood is rather in a bad pickle just now—sent to Coventry by the Trade, as the booksellers call themselves, and all about the parody of the two beasts."

Laidlaw's proposal to cut his connection with Blackwood arose out of the fact that he feared his contributions to the Magazine were of no interest in themselves to its readers, and that he was becoming "a dead weight, only made endurable by the assistance of Mr Scott's powerful pen," He learned from Scott the high literary standard to which the Magazine was attaining, and he conceived that agricultural topics were not suited to the readers of the periodical; while he had been informed that the "Chronicle" department, for which he was accountable, was by some considered quite unnecessary. Acting on the advice of Sir Walter, however, he continued as before his connection with the Magazine.

The great interest Scott had in his poorer neighbours is shown in letters he addressed to Laidlaw dated 20th December, 1819, and 19th and 25th January, 1820. The communication of December deals with his proposal to raise a company of sharpshooters, for the promotion of which object a competitive prize-list was being formed at Scott's instance. The formation of a large company of local men was the consequence. Those of January deal with the distribution of money out of Scott's purse among those in distress in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford. On 2nd April of this year, also, Scott writes to his friend from London, expressing the great pleasure he had had in reading Laidlaw's communication, "which carries me back to my own braes which I love so dearly, out of this place of bustle and politics."

In the autumn of 1820 Sir Humphrey Davy visited Abbotsford—a visit which was of mutual gratification to Scott and to Davy, the one partaking of the fulness of the other, while the satellites at the great novelist's residence were in turn greatly edified. One night the company round the fireside remained unbroken until long after the usual time of retiring. Every one was rapt with the conversation. Laidlaw, who was particularly delighted, turned round to his friend Lockhart and ejaculated:—"Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion. Eh, sirs! I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?"

2nd April, 1821, is the date of a letter from Hogg—written at Altrive Lake—to Laidlaw concerning the former's difficulties about his Mount Benger stock. Hogg asked Laidlaw's advice about the matter of security—which the Shepherd urgently required at that time,—and hinted that he might refer the matter to Scott. Sir Walter was at London at the time. Writing from there on 6th April to his friend Adam Ferguson he says:—"I shall be in Edinburgh about Wednesday 12th, per Blucher, for if I get to Selkirk on Monday night, I will sleep there and breakfast with Laidlaw the next day. I shall get a peep at Huntly Burn, Chiefswood, etc., and may perhaps see you there, though I rather suppose town has more attraction for you than usual." Whether Laidlaw then brought before Sir Walter's notice the dilemma of Hogg I do not know. (See "Memorials of James Hogg," p. 152.)

Later on in this year Laidlaw was subjected to a severe illness, which happily he was able to shake off. To this malady Lockhart refers in a letter to the Ettrick Shepherd dated Chiefswood, 4th August, 1821:—

"Dear Hogg,—You have never answered my last epistle, but I have heard from Laidlaw of its arriving in safety at its destination. Poor Laid-

law has indeed been very ill, but he is now quite re-established. I found him yesterday still in his nightcap—bothered equally, I take it, by the minister and the dancing-master."

There being nothing of special interest in the Laidlaw letters of this period contained in Lockhart's biography, we now pass to the year 1823. In a letter to Adam Ferguson dated 11th February of this year, written from Castle Street, Scott has a quaint allusion to Laidlaw's experience of a rough journey on horseback in a snowstorm. "I am much interested," writes Sir Walter, "by the account of your distresses, as well as by some details from Will Laidlaw, who describes himself as swimming through the snow, on the back of old Cameronian Davie Deans, like a leviathan through the waters."

An interesting conversation took place in this year on the brow of the Eildon hill. There, on a fine July afternoon, Scott, Lockhart, and Laidlaw were passing the time on their ponies, and the topic of their conversation was the success of "Quentin Durward" in Paris. Scott observed: "I can't but think that I could make better play still with something German." At this honest Laidlaw grumbled, and replied: "Na, na, sir—take my word for it, you are always best, like Helen Macgregor, when your foot is on your native heath; and I have often thought that if you were to write a novel, and lay the scene here in the very year you were writing it, you would exceed yourself." "Hame's hame," replied Scott, with a smile, "be it ever sae hamely. There's something in what you say, Willie. What suppose I were to take Captain Clutterbuck for a hero, and never let the story step a yard beyond the village below us yonder?" To this Laidlaw replied with fervour: "The very thing I want; stick to Melrose in July, 1823." "Well, upon my word," replied Scott, "the field would be wide enough —and 'what for no?'" Some jocular remarks followed thereon; but Scott turned their thoughts into a more sober vein by recounting to them a sad romance of every-day life that had come under his notice as Sheriff, connected with a place in the immediate vicinity. Often in after times Lockhart and Laidlaw recollected this afternoon's conversation, and did not doubt that to it the romance of "St Ronan's Well" owed its existence.

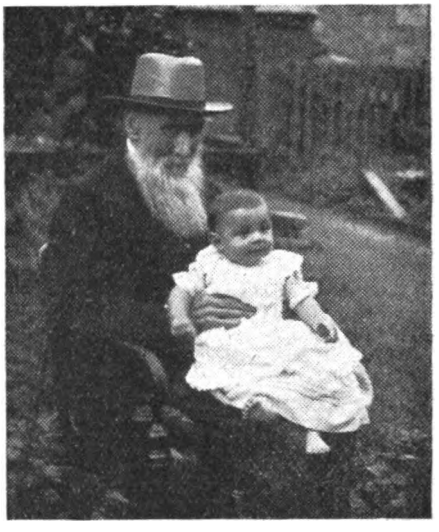
To be continued.

The wise man is his own best servant and assistant.—"Fortunes of Nigel."

The Fifth Generation.

SOME months ago we had the privilege of a long chat with the oldest living Borderer, who, though in his 102nd year, retains all his faculties, and converses freely on either the far-distant past or the living present. From the "Border Telegraph" of 9th October last we reproduce the above photo and the following paragraph:

The accompanying photograph is of a most unique and interesting nature in respect that no less than a hundred years in point of age separates the two persons whose portraits are given. The old gentleman is our worthy and respected townsman, Mr James Bell, the Galashiels centenarian, and the infant is his great-great-grandson, Master Jack Trotter, the son of Mr Wm. Trotter, Bridgend,



MR BELL AND GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON.

Yair, whose wife (Miss Bessie Ormiston, eldest daughter of Mr John B. Ormiston, Selkirk), is a great-grand-daughter of Mr Bell's. The photo may thus be described as a representation of the first and fifth generations. It is somewhat curious that the child's great-grandmother, Mrs Frier, a daughter of Mr Bell's, died only two days before the birth of the child, otherwise there would have been five generations alive in direct descent. Mr Bell was born on the 12th of March, 1805; Master Trotter was born on the 6th of January of this year. The photo was taken only a few weeks ago, which goes to show that the veteran is still enjoying a fair measure of health, a fact which will be satisfactory to his many friends and well-wishers. He is at present able to move about, and was, we believe, up the street on one of the recent fine days. Last week the old man had a visit from his son, Mr Henry Bell, Alloa, who is himself over seventy years of age. The block is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr Clapperton, photographer, Galashiels.

Lady John Scott's Songs and Verses.

THOUGH, like many others of the song-writers of Scotland, it is probable that Lady John Scott will be best remembered by a single song —the modern popular version of "Annie Laurie"—yet on looking through her "Songs and Verses"* one may find some other pleasant and interesting poems and lines scattered through the little book.

The personality of Lady John Scott has been so much and so often dwelt on that it is not intended to touch upon it here, though we have very pleasant recollections of her, for Lady John was very kind to us as children, and always took special notice of the writer of these notes, firstly, as being a "Marie Stuart," which historical name, of course, appealed to Lady John greatly, and secondly, because she was a "lassie wi' lint-white locks." All that is intended in the following sketch is to catch what is most characteristic in her work.

The story of how the present version of "Annie Laurie" (with which one naturally begins) has been told by Lady John herself—how she disliked the second verse of the original and remodelled it and the first verse as they now stand, and wrote the third verse entirely. Anyone interested in the subject of the changing of the wording of popular songs ought certainly to compare the two, and in spite of the jealous care with which one desires to "haud fast by the past," in this case there can be no doubt that the new is an improvement on the old.

The outstanding features of Lady John's work are simplicity and a passionate devotion to Scotland, and specially to her own countryside. I have before alluded to the love of Borderers for the streams of their native country, and Lady John is no exception to the rule. In "Lammermuir" we have this longing for her home country fully expressed, and in the second verse there is the desire for the sound of its waters.

> "I hate this dreary Southern Land,
> I weary day by day
> For the music of thy many streams
> In the birch woods far away."

The same wish as poignant as that of King David's cry, "Oh, that some one would give me to drink of the waters of Bethlehem," runs through so many poems. There is the "Lammermuir Lilt," of which the first verse

> "Happy is the craw
> That builds its nest on Trottenshaw,
> And drinks o' the waters o' Dye,
> For nae mair may I."

is old and typical of many writers.

The names of places on the Border seem to lend themselves to suggestions of poetry. Take, for example, even the note on "Kilpaulet Brae." "Kilpaulet Brae is in the heart of Lammermuir at a place called the Lone Mile, near the Fastney Water." Each of these names is fascinating in itself. "The Lone Mile near the Fastney Water." What a picture of desolation it conjures up for us. But I am drifting away from the "Songs and Verses."

As a specimen of one of her songs let us take two verses of "Durrisdeer," and in it I think will be found the admirable simplicity that belongs to all good Scotch songs, and shows Lady John's work at its best.

> "We'll meet nae mair at sunset when the weary day is dune,
> Nor wander hame together by the lee-licht o' the mune!
> I'll hear your step nae longer among the dewy corn,
> For we'll meet nae mair, my bonniest, either at eve or morn.
> The yellow broom is waving abune the sunny brae,
> And the rowan berries dancing where the sparkling waters play;
> Tho' a' is bright and bonnie it's an eerie place to me,
> For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either at burn or tree."

In "The Comin' o' the Spring" there is shown the deep love of Nature which characterised Lady John, and some of the lines are full of happy phrases, such as

> "There's no a muir in my ain land but's fu' o' sang the day,"
>
> "And far up soar the wild geese wi' a weird, unyirdly cry,"
>
> "On the first green sprigs o' heather the muir fowl faulds his wing,"

"The Comin' o' the Spring" means a great deal in Scotland—the first waking of life after the prolonged sleep of winter in the north being doubly precious.

With Lady John's passion for the past, with its glowing and picturesque incidents, it is only natural that the Jacobite period should have appealed to her strongly. She wrote several Jacobite songs, but has not, I think,

* "Songs and Verses," by Lady John Scott. David Douglas, Edinburgh.

reflected the spirit of the time as successfully as many others who have done the same. There is nothing to equal "A wee bird cam to oor ha' door" or "Will ye no come back again?"

She has, however, immortalized one interesting and eminently picturesque figure in her poem which begins

"I've cast off my satin petticoat o' the scarlet and the blue,
And the mantle that happit me sae fairly;
I've put on the Hieland kilt, and the belted plaidie too—
And it's a' for the sake o' Prince Charlie!"

"Lady Jean," as she is called in this poem, is Jenny Cameron, who disguised herself as a man and joined the Prince's Army. Very little, in spite of this romantic episode, is known of her after career and real history.

Lady John has written some ballads, one of which, "There were twa laird's sons," has a local interest to the dwellers in Lammermuir, where the tragedy with which it deals took place.

"The Fairy Queen's Courting in Gladhouse Glen" begins admirably—

"Within the howe o' the hill,
And ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang summer's day.
It wasna the Fairy King
That in silk and jewels shone,
And little it was an Elfin knight
That fair Queen smiled upon."

Unfortunately the ballad does not keep up to the same level all through, but the theme is good, and the idea of a rivalry between the Fairy Queen and Mary of Scotland for the love of Bothwell (for that "Lord James" represents Bothwell is evident) is another tribute to the fascinations of that curiously interesting man.

Most of the other verses in the book are more or less of purely family interest, but there are one or two pretty songs to be noted.

In bringing this brief article to its conclusion I do not think I could end it better than by quoting three verses from one of the best of Lady John's poems, "The Bounds o' Cheviot," not only for its "local colour," but for its own intrinsic merit.

"Shall I never see the bonnie banks o' Kale again?
Nor the dark craigs o' Hounam Law?
Nor the green dens o' Chatto, nor Twaeford's mossy stane?
Nor the birks upon Philogar Shaw?
Nae mair! nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never ride the mossy braes o' Heatherhope mair?
Shall I never see the Fairlone burn?
Nor the wild heights o' Hindhope, wi' its corries green and fair,
And the waters trinklin' doon amang the fern?
Nae mair! nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never win the Marches at the Coquet head,
Thro' the mists and the driftin' snaw?
Nor the dark doors o' Cottenshope, nor the quiet springs o' Rede,
Glintin' bright across the Border far awa'?
Nae mair! nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

MARIA S. STEUART.

The Knights of Eskdale.

A REMARKABLE BORDER FAMILY.

THE Malcolms of Westerkirk originally hailed from Lochore in Fifeshire. Robert, who was educated for the Church of Scotland ministry, was the first to settle on the Borders. In 1717 he became minister of the parish of Ewes—the Yarrow of the South. After years of devotion to ministerial and pastoral duties, his patron granted him a lease of Burnfoot farm, in the neighbouring parish of Westerkirk. When the worthy divine passed to his reward, in 1761, the lease came into the hands of his son George, who shortly afterwards acquired the adjoining farm of Douglan.

George Malcolm, who was intended for the church, was regarded as a man of outstanding integrity, a Christian in largest and best sense. He married a daughter of James Paisley, of The Craigs, now part of Burnfoot estate, sister of the famous Sir T. Paisley, Bart., who played such a conspicuous part in the great sea fight under Earl Howe. The union was a happy and fruitful one. Ten sons and seven daughters were born to them, some of whom were destined to become famous the world over.

In qualities of mind and heart this worthy couple were outstanding. Their gifts and graces were imparted to their offspring in a marked degree. Margaret Paisley was a woman of high principle and noble character, and proved a true helpmate to her husband in all circumstances. She watched her large family with unceasing care and tenderness. Of George Malcolm, who died in 1804, one wrote, "I know not whom I could conscientiously compare with your father in sterling worth, in sound understanding, in the best affections

of the heart, in unaffected enlightenment and genuine Godliness." After such a ground work what wonder that Eskdale boasts such a notable family.

Their unique family of sons and daughters were nurtured and educated amid the verdant braes and pastoral dells of Westerkirk, duly attended the Parish Church and school, and shared in the pastimes and sports of other children. And here they learned those lessons of independence which stood them in good stead till the end of their days. To the last they were proud of their native dale, where on more than one occasion they were honoured for their worth and work.

Most of those sons of Eskdale made their mark in the spheres in which their lot was cast. Their grit, good sense, and talents brought them into the foremost file. Robert, the eldest, distinguished himself in the Madras Civil Service. The second became Sir James, K.C.B., and the third rose to be Admiral Sir Pultney, G.C.B.

The latter, who died in 1838, acquired great fame as an admiral, and was regarded as one of the naval heroes of his time. A statue was raised to his memory in the Market Place of Langholm in 1840. Here it stood till some thirty years ago, when it was placed in an enclosure under the shadow of the Town Hall. The statue stands on a granite pedestal, and represents the admiral in uniform, and with uncovered head. The figure possesses much dignity of expression and beauty as a work of art, and is remarkably handsome. The work was executed by an uncle of the Rev. William Dunbar, sometime minister of Westerkirk.

The fourth lad, and the most noted in the family, rose to be the Sir John, G.C.B. He was born the day after Wellington, with whom he afterwards held so much intercourse, and in the same year as Bounaparte, who ultimately came under his charge. When a mere boy he is said to have been full of fun, frolic, and mischief. His schoolmaster, Archibald Graham, used to declare that whatever pranks were committed or tricks played Jock was sure to be at the bottom of them.

Sir John entered on a military career at the early age of twelve, and gradually made his way to fame and fortune. In 1815 he was created K.C.B., with the first company of officers upon whom the order had been conferred, and it is worthy of note that two months later his brothers, James and Pultney, received the same honours.

This son of the Border held intercourse with the greatest, carved an undying name on the annals of the Indian Empire, sat in Parliament, became a prominent author and poet, and was honoured by all sections of his fellow-countrymen. In 1838 the massive monument on Langholm Hill was raised to his memory. Nothing could accomplish its purpose better. The huge pillar—a notable land-mark—rises from the heather and looks across the grey distance for miles, and constantly symbolises the strong, lofty character of the worthy son of Eskdale. A statue by Chantery was also placed in Westminster Abbey.

Space forbids more than a mention of Thomas, Gilbert, David, and William. George, named after his father, was a most promising lad, and entered the Navy. He, however, died at the early age of eighteen, soon after becoming lieutenant.

The other day the present representative of the Malcolms in Eskdale presented a portrait of Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, Knight, to Langholm Town Council, the fourth which he has given of his illustrious relations. The portrait, which is to be hung in the Town Hall, is a copy by Mr A. G. Sinclair of the portrait painted by the eminent artist, J. P. Davis, when Sir Charles was captain of the Bombay Marines. Sir Charles, observed Provost Thomson, was the youngest of the "four knights of Eskdale," all of whom did eminent service to their king and country, and brought undying honour to their native dale. He was tho seventh of a family of seventeen, and was born in 1782, and died in 1851.

It may be added that the present owner of Burnfoot estate is William Elphinstone Malcolm, son of Sir Pultney, and popularly known throughout the south as the Colonel, because of his long command of the local volunteers. His interest in institutions and movements, and all that makes for the welfare of Langholmites and inhabitants of neighbouring parishes has long been proverbial. He is a worthy representative of a notably ancestry.

The handsome mansion of Burnfoot is situated on a beautiful stretch by the river Esk. Hills crowned with verdure and sloping gently toward the river rise around it, and massive trees immediately encircle its comely walls. It is indeed a fitting birthplace for men whose thrice famous deeds now stand deeply written on the roll of Britain's glory.

G. M. R.

He that climbs a ladder must begin at the first round.—"Kenilworth."

Books for Border Bairns.

WE confess to a feeling akin to envy when we handle some of the exquisite productions of the press which are specially designed for youthful readers, and we have a craving to be young again so that we may feel the thrill of joy which a beautiful book sends through the youthful heart. To some extent such publications help to make us young again, and we pray that their numbers may increase, while we bless the publishers who thus endeavour to elevate the tastes of the rising generation.

Among the many firms who have put their hands to this good work the well-known firm of A. & C. Black stands in the forefront. Many readers have become familiar with that firm's "beautiful books" for adults, but it will be news to some to learn that A. & C. Black have produced quite a goodly number of handsome volumes for juvenile readers, including their popular series of "Animal Autobiographies," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Red Cap Tales," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. "The Children's Book of London" commanded a large sale, and no wonder, for even to the adult reader the story of the Empire's capital as thus told and illustrated is most entrancing. A similar volume, entitled "The Children's Book of Edinburgh," has just been issued by the above firm, and the authoress, Miss Elizabeth W. Grierson, has gone lovingly to her task, and has produced a book which will endear Auld Reekie alike to those who know our northern metropolis and to those who are strangers to the glamour of its sights and sounds. The authoress is equally at home in telling the story of the past of Edinburgh, which is really the history of Scotland, and in describing the many sights and attractions as they now appear to the visitor.

A companion volume to the foregoing, also from Miss Grierson's pen, is entitled "Children's Tales from Scottish Ballads," and has just been published by Messrs Black. The title explains the subject, but it would require quotations, for which we have not space, to give any idea of the felicitous manner in which the authoress has re-told for the young folks the stirring stories contained in the Scottish Ballads. To Borderers this volume is specially interesting, as the spirit of the Borderland pervades most of its pages, and even our adult readers will be refreshed as they turn over the beautiful letterpress or see the artist's conception of many a Border scene. The scope of the book will be seen by the following titles selected from the seventeen stories which comprise the volume:—"Kinmont Willie" and "The Gude Wallace," "Muckle-Mou'ed Meg" and "Black Agnace of Dunbar," "Lord Soulis" and "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Heir of Linne" and "The Earl of Mar's Daughter." Both volumes are illustrated by Allan Stewart, who is well known to the public through his famous paintings, such as "The Gordon Highlanders at Dargai," "Prince Charlie Entering Holyrood," &c. Each book contains twelve pictures beautifully reproduced in colour, and is published at six shillings. As a present for youthful patriots, and as an antidote to the un-Scottish history contained in too many of our London-made school histories, we can think of nothing better than the foregoing volumes, and we feel sure that Christmas will find them in the hands of not a few of our young Borderers.

On a Street in a Border Town.

IT is Saturday evening in a little Scottish Border town* not unknown to fame as the birthplace of an important regiment of Guards; and as we emerge upon the High Street (which is brilliantly illuminated through the efforts of the local gas company), we brace up our powers of observation—so to speak—and, uttering the sanguine words which we remember some worthy to have used, say to ourselves: "We'll see what we'll see!"

Saturday evening is a busy time for the merchants here, evidently. There are numbers of people, old and young, just arriving from the adjoining farms and villages for their Saturday night shopping. We notice a young girl stepping nimbly along the slippery street (for it is November, and King Frost has laid his chill touch upon the land), and by her side a stout young countryman, carrying her basket and treating her to his best jokes. Another couple approaches; but though obviously husband and wife, they foot it with no such unity of method as the former happy pair. The husband, stepping briskly out for a time, stops and scowls at his spouse as she struggles on behind, fully occupied with her skirts and

* Coldstream.

a large basket. Alas! the irony of—marriage!

The shop-windows, of course, attract us. The merchants here are surely philanthropists indeed—at least they try to make us believe so! On bills in almost every window is announced the fact that Mr Somebody is practically, wholly, and unreservedly giving away his goods for the benefit of the public generally.

At the bakers, hot pies are the order of the day—or rather of the night; at the draper's, as we see from a passing glance at one of these establishments, young men and maidens are anxiously considering the merits of caps and neckties, bright and warm—generally preferring brightness before warmth; in the shoemaker's we observe a stout old lady struggling violently with a shoe much too small for her; and the butcher seems to be doing a brisk trade in sausages. The fishmonger is busy, the grocer also. The latter exchanges with us for a few coppers a bag of chocolates, which covers our requirements. There is a poor old fellow, bent and thin, who spends no more than we do, but spreads his purchase over a variety of things—a pennyworth of tea, half that amount in sugar, the same in snuff. He is a very old man, surely a son of Ireland. His wizened face and bony hands tell of a life of humble toil, and of a character rugged yet not dishonest.

There is the sorrowful tragedy of life, too, even in this rural street. A beggar woman passes on the other side. Her face is pinched and a trifle hard; her clothes are ragged; and wrapped in an old shawl she carried an infant. The pity of it!—a lonely, homeless woman and a child.

A professional musician attracts our attention. He is playing on a curious instrument, something between a whistle and a clarionet. The tune is, "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," and he plays it with no little effect, but all too sadly, surely. He stops and coughs. That coughing tells a sorrowful tale: he may not blow his whistle on many more such cold nights, poor fellow! There is another open-air musician on the street to-night—a vocalist. This gentleman's high-toned adoration of the "Rose of Tralee," however, is marred by a distinct flavour of beer pervading his person, his voice, and his manner.

The children—what of them? They are here in no small force. One little girl—ah! early vanity!—is discoursing to another on the glories of a new frock, which she describes as her "best, best one." The boys (wild young scamps!) are munching pies or tearing about in some rough chase: reminding us of past glorious Saturday nights of our own school-days.

The bookseller's shop—what an interesting scene it presents! There we see laid out in attractive array literature from the ominously-titled "Pluck" and the sadly-popular "Police News," to the novels, at sixpence-halfpenny, of Dumas, Lytton, and others as good. The Sunday novelette is here in profusion, and selling well; "Heartsease" literature goes freely at a penny a time; newspapers are demanded constantly; better-class magazines go too, though slowly; but poor old Lytton and Dumas, with their "confrères," all at sixpence-halfpenny each, do not sell at all. Ah! dear. Literature of the best sort has fallen on evil times!—but wait: a servant girl enters, and looking up to the shelf descrys Louisa Alcott's fine book, and asks the price. She must have known it before, for she has the two shillings ready in very small change; and she goes away happy—good little woman!—with "Little Women" under her arm.

We roam along the street, watching the people passing and repassing. There are also, of course, the usual lot who prefer to stand and take the busiest place to do it in—among them the local philosopher, who is setting the world right with his tongue in impressive style.

At length the shops begin to close, till only one grocer's shop is left open. This establishment is patronised by not a few procrastinating, foolish virgins. Ten o'clock strikes, and the street is invaded by a number of men, old and young, most of them sadly unfit for a Sunday of peace and quiet thought. The public-houses have been doing a brisk trade.

So we turn homewards, with the thought uppermost in our mind that not only in a city can the variety of human nature and humanity be seen. Here, on this street of a little Tweedside town, we have seen something of life.

THOMAS ELLIOTT.

Now God be good to me in this wild pilgrimage!
All hope in human aid I cast behind me.
Oh, who would be a woman? who that fool,
A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman?
She hath hard measure still where she hopes kindest,
And all her bounties only make ingrates.

Motto (The Pirate).

A Border Literary Chronicle with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART V.

GRAY, JAMES (b. at Duns, —d. 1830), rector of Dumfries Academy, then one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, 1801-22, and afterwards rector of the Belfast Academy, 1822; was a good Greek scholar; wrote "Cana," and "A Sabbath among the Mountains," and MS. poem entitled "India." At Dumfries he was the friend of Burns, whose sons were his pupils, and in after life the friend of Thomas Campbell, John Wilson, and James Hogg, whose sister-in-law, Mary Philips, he married. He appears in the "Queen's Wake" as the fifteenth bard who sang the ballad of "King Edward's Dream." He afterwards took orders in the Episcopal Church, and went out to India, 1826, as a chaplain in the East India Company's service. He died in Cutch in 1830.

GRIEVE, JOHN (b. at Ettrick, —d. in Edinburgh, 1836), son of a Cameronian minister of Ettrick; a great friend and patron of the Ettrick Shepherd, who gratefully alludes to him at the close of the "Queen's Wake;" wrote "Lochiel's Farewell," and other pieces.

HALL, DR RICHARD (b. at Haughhead, parish of Eckford, —d. at Chelsea, May 24, 1824), descended from Hobbie Hall of Haughhead; educated at Jedburgh and studied medicine at Edinburgh University; entered the Royal Navy as a surgeon; afterwards went to London and devoted himself to literature.

HALLIDAY, JOHN (b. near Hawick, July 18, 1821—d.), of humble origin; though his education was but scanty, devoted his leisure to the composition of verse; published in 1847 a vol. of poetry, "The Rustic Bard; or, A Voice from the People."

HARDIE, THOMAS SAMUEL, D.D., minister of Ashkirk from 1798-1810; wrote Extracts for Use of Parish Schools; and a vol. of Sermons, published in 1811.

HOGG, FRANK (b. 1840—d. Feb. 17, 1880), was treasurer to the Hawick Archæological Society, and author of the well-known and popular song, "I like Auld Hawick."

HOGG, JAMES (b. at Hawick, about 1780—d. Oct. 18, 1838), a stockingmaker to trade; devoted his leisure to poetry and literature; author of the famous "Common-Riding Song" and the Ballad of "Flodden Field," published in 1819.

HOGG, JOHN (b. at Lilliesleaf, —d. at Hawick, 1822), was a weaver to trade; published a vol. of poems on various subjects, 1806.

HOGG, JAMES, "THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD" (b. at Ettrick Hall, 1770—d. Nov. 21, 1835), poet and farmer; a man of wonderful genius; published his first work in 1801, "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, &c."; "The Mountain Bard," 1803; "Jacobite Relics of Scotland;" "The Altrive Tales," &c., &c. "Bonny Prince Charlie;" "Cam ye by Athole;" "When the kye comes hame;" "The Sky Lark," are among the more popular of his lyrics. "The Queen's Wake," his masterpiece, appeared in 1813. His best prose tale is "The Brownie of Bodsbeck." —(B.M. ii. 94; iii. 121, 166; iv. 6, 34; ix. 236).

HOME, ANNE, MRS JOHN HUNTER (b. 1742—d. 1821), eldest daughter of Robert B. Home, a Greenlaw surgeon; married in 1771, John Hunter, the famous anatomist; wrote a vol. of poetry published in 1812, which contains several well-known pieces—"Death-Song of the Cherokee Indian," "My mother bids me bind my hair," &c. Some of her lyric pieces were set to music by Haydn.

HOME, HENRY, LORD KAMES (b. at Kames, Berwickshire, 1696—d. Dec. 27, 1782), Scottish judge and author; called to the bar, 1723; became Lord Kames in 1752; wrote various works on Scots law and Essays on Morality, 1751; "Introduction to the Art of Thinking;" "Elements of Criticism," 1762; "The Gentleman Farmer," 1776.

HOME, JOHN (b. at Leith, Sept. 22, 1722—d. Sept. 4, 1808), educated at Leith Grammar School and Edinburgh University; studied for the Church and licensed 1745; friend of Alex. Carlyle of Inveresk; served as a volunteer and taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, confined in Doune Castle, from which he managed to escape and return to Leith; minister of Athelstaneford, 1750; author of the famous tragedy of "Douglas," performed in Edinburgh, 1756, with great success; wrote four other plays and also a "History of the Rebellion." His complete works were collected and published in 1822 by Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling." He was descended from the old Border family of Home of Cowdenknowes. [It is often stated that he was born at Ancrum, but erroneously].

HOY, JOHN (b. at Gattonside, near Melrose), wrote a vol. of poems on various subjects. He died at an early age in 1781.

HUME, ALEXANDER (b. *Circa*, 1560—d. Dec. 4, 1609), second son of Patrick, fifth baron of Polwarth, Berwickshire; educated at St Andrews and in France, where he resided for four years; returned to Scotland and followed the legal profession; gave up law, entered the Church and became minister of Logie, near Stirling, 1597; wrote Hymns and Sacred Songs, 1599; also Ane Treatise of Conscience, and another of the Felicitie of the Life to Come, 1594. "The Day Festival" is perhaps his best piece.

HUME, ALEXANDER (b. 1809—d. at Northampton, 1851), a native of Kelso; acted as a brewer's agent in London; published "Poems and Songs" in 1845. One of his best known pieces is "The Hills o' Caledonia."

HUME, DAVID, of Godscroft, Berwickshire (1560?—1630?), historian, controversialist, and Latin poet; author of a "History of the House of Wedderburn," 1611, and "History of the House and Race of Douglas and Angus," 1644; wrote also Latin poems issued at Paris in 1632 and 1639; studied at St Andrews.

To be Continued.

ERRATA.—In the October part of the "Chronicle" Robert Forsyth should have been given as William Forsyth, as a correspondent kindly points out.

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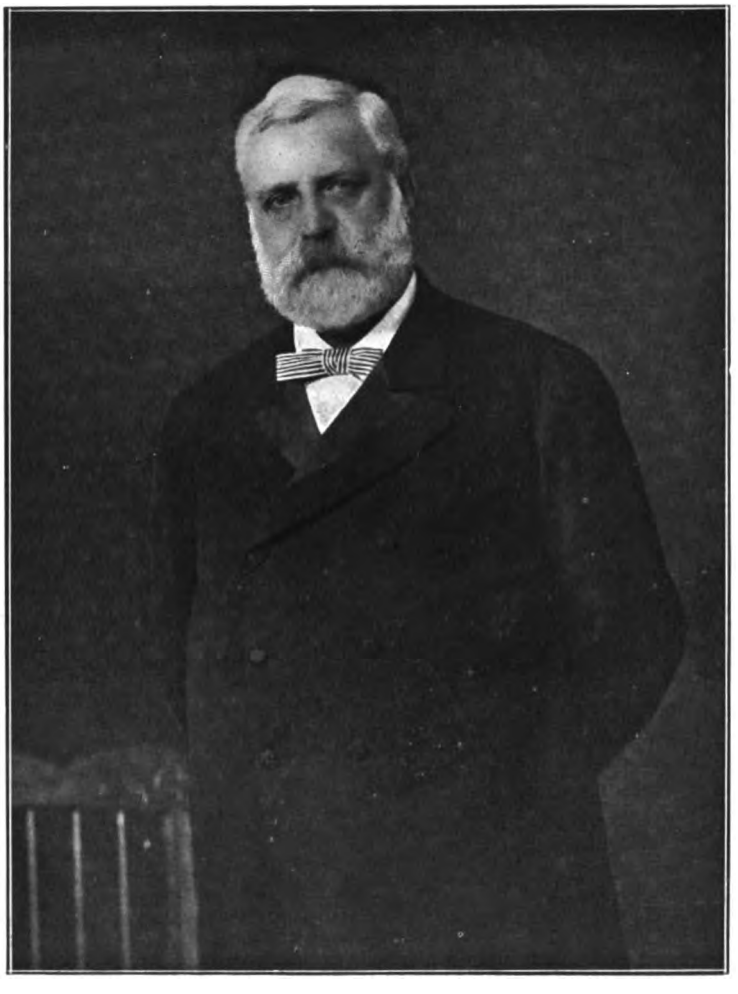
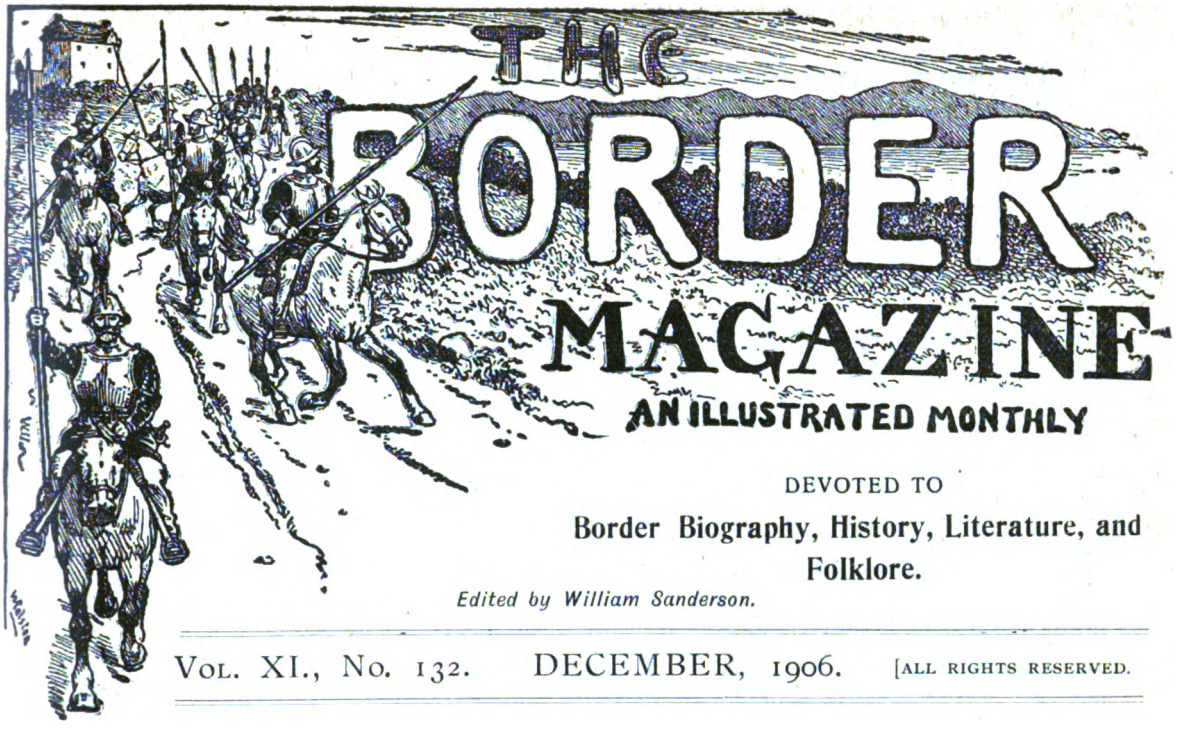


JAMES N. ADAM ESQ., MAYOR OF BUFFALO.



VOL. XI., NO. 132. DECEMBER, 1906.

JAMES N. ADAM,

MAYOR OF BUFFALO.

READERS of American monthlies may have noticed in a recent number of "Munsey," an article entitled "The Scot in America." Amongst those Scotsmen who have made their mark on American life there is included the name of Mr James Noble Adam, Mayor of Buffalo. "The World's Work" and "The Arena," a magazine devoted to social and civic advance, have also had articles calling attention to his municipal work. As Mr Adam is a Border man, a short notice of his career in the BORDER MAGAZINE may not be considered inappropriate.

Mr Adam is the son of the late Rev. Thomas Adam, of Peebles, memories of whose venerable and striking appearance in the pulpit, and vivid and humorous talk in private, are still fresh in many minds. By his mother's side also, the Mayor of Buffalo is connected with the Border, and his forbears lie in the lonely hillside churchyard by St Mary's Loch. He himself, however, though born in Peebles, was from early childhood brought up in Edinburgh, and received there his education and business training. While still a very young man, he became partner in a wholesale smallware firm, and scored his first success. But though keen and untiring in his work, his interests were not by any means confined to it. His early friends remember many a ploy in which he was a leader; they find now, that the music he heard, and the poets he read then, have most power to touch him still. They remember, too, how on Sundays sometimes he used to "wander," and come back to tell them of Walter Smith or Marcus Dods—names better known now than they were then.

Mr Adam's elder brother, Mr R. B. Adam, had gone out to America some time in the later fifties, and was gaining for himself that position of influence, which he so long exercised for good, in the prosperous and rapidly-increasing City of Buffalo. Moved by his representations and advice, Mr Adam determined to try his fortune in the United States. He and his wife, for he had just married, left early in 1872. His first business venture was in New Haven, Connecticut, where he began and carried on successfully a dry-goods business. New Haven is one of the earliest settled of the cities of New England, and it is certainly one of the most attractive. It is the seat of Yale College, which is second only to Harvard (and a Yale man would perhaps scorn the admission), amongst American Universities, but it is too quiet, too settled, has too much of the charac-

ter of a University town to afford much scope for large business enterprises. Mr Adam, therefore, determined to follow his brother's example, and made his home in Buffalo—the "Queen City of the Lakes." Buffalo, besides being a very pleasant place of residence, almost a garden city in some of its districts, has unique advantages for commerce in its situation at the eastern end of Lake Erie, and its growth and prosperity have been remarkable. Mr Adam established here a department store, one of the best known and most successful in the city.

It is, however, not as a business man, but as a public servant that Mr Adam has of late been brought into prominence. That a Scotsman should have been elected Mayor of Buffalo was not of itself enough to have attracted much notice beyond that city's bounds, but it is because he has associated himself so enthusiastically with the great wave of Municipal reform which is sweeping away rooted abuses in the larger cities of the Union, and because his election won for the cause one of its notable victories, that he has come of late into the public eye in his adopted State.

About twelve years ago Mr Adam began his Municipal work as a member of the Board of Councilmen; later he served for a term of three years as Alderman, and on its completion was again elected Councilman. He took up the work as he had done his own business affairs, and went thoroughly and patiently into all necessary details. The knowledge of these details led him to take a part that was not always easy and pleasant. In some departments he found waste, he found improvidence, he found corruption. Graft, or the making of secret profit on public business, was known to be rife. To drag these unsavoury matters to light was, of course, to make bitter opponents, but at the same time his perseverance in this ccurse wrought gradually in the minds of the people of Buffalo a conviction that J. N. Adam was the man to whom the interests of the city might be most safely entrusted.

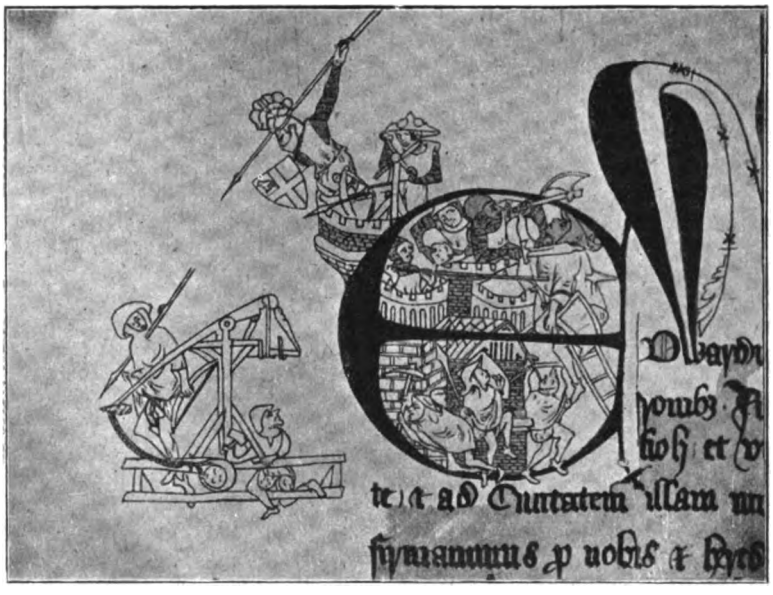
Buffalo has long been a stronghold of the Republican party, but Mr Adam's free trade principles had led him to join the Democrats. He always maintained, however, what seems obvious enough, but what was in direct opposition to common practice, that national politics had nothing to do with city government, and this conviction had, through costly experience, been so far impressed on the people that he gained large majorities amongst a constituency usually strongly Republican. At his last election as a Councilman he was the only Democrat on the Board. This independent policy did not always commend itself to the Democratic "machine;" it would have preferred a man who could be reckoned on to reward his supporters, but as the election approached it was felt that J. N. Adam was the only name to win by, and he was nominated by the Democratic Convention. He intimated that he intended to keep himself untrammelled by his party if elected. He announced his platform to be "Honesty versus Graft," and, after a stirring contest, was elected by the unprecedented majority of about 10,000.

During the interval between his election and his entering on office, Mr Adam visited New York, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, in order to study municipal conditions. The Mayor did not enter on his work with any startling theories. "I am not a reformer," he said; "I am a business man—working." In the "message" addressed to the Common Council he says: "I desire to make it clear at the outset that as there is no authority in law, so there will be no toleration in practice, for private or political interests to control the transaction of municipal business. The affairs of our city are not a question of politics, but of business pure and simple. We are employed by the people to work for the public interests." Or again, "I will do all in my power to put any grafting official not only out of office, but into jail." His first act was to appoint to the offices which were in his power men fitted for the work, though of the opposite party. The opposing candidate in the mayoral election, for example, was asked to serve on an important commission, and the positions of Inspector of Education and Inspector of Health were filled by Republicans. The Mayor believes strongly that city regulations should be strictly enforced, and that useless and obsolete laws should be struck off the Statute-book. He therefore appointed for the revision of the city charters a body of citizens of repute, who undertook the work in a thorough-going manner, collecting and examining the charters of about sixty of the leading cities in the country, that they might benefit by the experience of others. Meantime he saw to the stringent application of existing regulations. He insisted that the paid officials at the City Hall should do a full day's work. He demanded the fulfilment of contracts with public companies, such as the Street Car, and Gas Companies, by whose defaulting the city had suffered, and closed a large number of low drinking saloons which had menaced the good order of the city.

Mr Adam has entirely withdrawn from business, and devotes all his energies to public affairs. If he insists on the full tale of working hours from other officials, he probably has the longest working day of any of them.

Mr Adam has kept up his association with his native land fresh and unbroken. For long his visits occurred every two years, but latterly every summer sees him enjoying his holiday at the foot of the Eildon Hills, and glorying in that prospect over the splendid sweep of rich country, broken by "dark Ruberslaw" and the green Minto Crags, and bounded by the Cheviots—that view which, seen from the hills, the Ettrick Shepherd thought the finest in the South of Scotland. It is the man who works hard who enjoys his holiday most.

A. P.



INITIAL LETTER OF CHARTER GRANTED TO CARLISLE IN 1316

The Siege of Carlisle in 1315.

THE accompanying illustration is a copy of the initial letter of a charter granted by Edward II. in 1316 to Carlisle in acknowledgment of the way in which the citizens had repulsed Bruce and Lord James Douglas in the preceding year.

For ten days the city was besieged, terrific assaults being made on it with all the engines of war then known. But, under the guidance of Sir Andrew de Harcla, the military governor, the city made a determined resistance.

Sir Andrew is shown at the left of the picture, hurling down spears at some Scots who are working a huge catapult, one of them being engaged in hammering a stone into the thong. The time chosen for illustration is the ninth day, when, under cover of feints on the east, Douglas tried to scale the wall on the west. One of the Scots is shown on a ladder, but a defender has him by the throat, and is preparing to cut off his head with his sword, whilst a companion in arms has run the unfortunate man through with his long spear. Behind these men is one casting down a great stone, and beside De Harcla is a soldier shooting arrows from a rude machine. The Scots are very scantily clothed, but wear short cloaks. One is hacking away at the walls with a pickaxe.

The western wall is the only bit now remaining. Just over it, in the picture, is seen the west-end of the Cathedral, showing five lancet windows. This part was pulled down by the Scots under David Lesley in 1645, when the city capitulated after an eight months' siege, and there is no known representation of it save in this little picture.

M. E. Hulse.

Border Notes and Queries.

YORKSHIRE INSCRIPTION.

I am very glad to be enabled to send you a copy of the inscription on the tablet to the memory of B. General O. de Lancy, a cousin of the father of James Fenimore Cooper's wife, which your correspondent, "W. M. S.," asked for in the September issue of the "B. M." It is to be found on one of the walls off the north transept and immediately above another tomb of slate or marble. It is a plain, oblong slab of white marble; the legend easily decipherable, and also bears in lead pencil the names (but not addresses) of "Fools."

INSCRIPTION.

To the Memory of Brigadier General Oliver de Lancy, a Native of the Colony of New York, who possessed one of the most extensive and truly valuable Estates in North America, which, from his Loyalty and Attachment to his King and Country, he readily sacrificed at the commencement of the Rebellion.

He had formerly served against the French and was wounded at the Battle of Ticonderoga.

As soon as Hostilities was commenced in America he raised a Brigade of three Regiments, and continued in the command thereof till the conclusion of the war, when, with his family, he was compelled to seek an Asylum in Great Britain, and resided in this Town.

He died the 27th of October, 1785, aged 69 years, and lies interred within these walls.

He was a Man of Invincible Fortitude and unshaken Integrity.

J. M. B., Westerkirk.

* * *

HASSENDEAN.

I am much obliged to "G. T. G." for putting me right as to Barnhills Tower, and also to Mr G. Watson for his interesting and informative note on Hornshole, and, incidentally, for his allusion to the old parish of Hassendean—historically a most interesting place. The following brief account of it is taken from the "Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland," ed. by Francis H. Groome (1886), and may perhaps prove interesting to the readers of the "B. M.":—

Hassendean, a station on Waverley route of the North British, in Minto parish, Roxburghshire, 4½ miles N.N.E. of Hawick. Past it flows Hassendean Burn, winding 4¾ miles east-south-eastward to the Teviot, and overhung, on the left, by Minto Hill (905 feet). An ancient barony, it belonged for ages to a branch of the family of Scott, of whom Sir Alexander fell at the battle of Flodden; and makes considerable figure in record and in song, under the names of Haltstaneden and Hazeldean. Its baronial fortalice, or strong peel-tower, near the mouth of the burn, is now represented by a small fragment forming the gable of a cottage; and there was also a monastic cell, called Monk's Tower, on a tract still designated Monk's Croft. An ancient parish of Hassendean, conterminous with the barony, belonged, as to its teinds and patronage, to the monks of Melrose, and about the era of the Reformation was annexed chiefly to Minto, but partly to Wilton and Roberton. Its church, whose site, by the side of the Teviot, was swept away along with the grave-yard by a strong flood in 1796, was a Norman edifice, and had such strong hold on the affections of the dalesmen that they repeatedly made indignant resistance to measures for closing it. Eventually, however, it was taken down in 1690 in the face of a riotous demonstration, on the part of women as well as men."

The place recalls Sir Walter Scott's ever popular song, "Jock o' Hazeldean," and Leyden has a reference to the old church and churchyard, which was swept away, as stated above, by a flood in 1796. The passage from the "Scenes of Infancy" has a touch of pathos in it and is so interesting that we give it in full:

The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Reared on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
"Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why did'st thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why did'st thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by?
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave."

But we must leave Leyden in his lonely grave in Java and return to "the old deserted church of Hazeldean." In Blæu's map of Teviotdale (1654) "Hasindein Tour" is marked, though at some distance from the Teviot, but the "Kirk of Hasindein" is represented as close by the river. From Innes' "Origines

Parochiales" it appears that the church of Hassendean belonged anciently to the Bishop of Glasgow, to whom, in 1170, it was confirmed by Pope Alexander III. Hassendean is mentioned in a list of places on the Teviot (including Ancrum, Minto, Cavers, Denholm, Bankhessington, Over-hessington, Lanton, etc.), as having been burnt, razed, and cast down in Hertford's terrible raid of September 8-23, 1545. Mr Bogg, in his "Border Country," says (I do not know his authority) that "a church, probably of split oak and wattles, thatched with rushes, was reared towards the close of the 6th century at this place, by that holy man, St Kentigern. Vestiges of the Norman structure, which succeeded the Early Saxon, were standing in the 18th century."—It thus appears that there is a considerable amount of "ancient history" in connection with Hassendean, if only it could be disinterred. Perhaps we may be allowed to conclude these somewhat discursive "Notes" with one or two "Queries":—

(1) Was there ever a village of Hassendean?
(2) What is known of the Scotts of Hassendean, a branch of the Buccleuch family, and of Sir Alexander Scott of Hastenden, who fell at Flodden?
(3) Has Sir Walter Scott's "Jock o' Hazeldean" any historical basis, or is it only "of imagination all compact?"
(4) What is known historically of Lanton, on the Teviot, a few miles from Jedburgh?

A. G. S.

* * *

ARTILLERY AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

In last month's issue of the "B. M." reference was made to the Scottish artillery at Flodden, which on that disastrous day fell into the hands of the English. Perhaps a few general notes on the subject may not be out of place in your "Notes and Queries."

In those days artillery did not form such an important arm of the service as it does at present. At Flodden the artillery of the English and Scotch does not seem to have done much execution. The battle, which began between four and five in the afternoon, appears to have commenced with a discharge of artillery, but probably without doing any very serious damage to either side. Soon they came to close quarters, "man to man, and steel to steel," when the guns could no longer operate with advantage. Had the Scottish artillery been brought to play upon the English while crossing the Till by Twizel Bridge, or, if that was impracticable owing to distance, had it been directed against the rear-guard under Surrey, the result might well have been very different, and perhaps

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

But it was not to be. When Borthwick, the master of the Scottish ordnance, saw the critical moment slipping past, he is said to have fallen on his knees before the King and to have earnestly begged permission to train his guns upon the English columns, but the King ordered him to desist on peril of his head, and declared he would meet his enemy on equal terms on a fair field. Doubtless all very chivalrous, but extremely foolish. But apart from all this, the battle undoubtedly was lost mainly from lack of discipline and generalship on the part of the Scottish King.

In a contemporary account of the battle we read—"Then out burst the ordnance on both sides with fire, flame, and hideous noise; and the master gunner of the English part slew the master gunner of Scotland, and beat all his men from their ordnance, so that the Scottish ordnance did no harm to the Englishmen." From this it appears that the Scottish guns were badly trained, and probably fired over the heads of the enemy. The effect of the English cannon is somewhat amusingly described in the old poem of "Flodden Field," written by an Englishman about the time of Queen Elizabeth:—

> "Then ordnance great anon out-brast
> On either side with thundering thumps,
> And roaring guns, with fire fast,
> Then levelled out great leaden lumps.
>
> With rumbling rage thus Vulcan's art
> Began this fierce and dreadful fight;
> But the arch-gunner on the English part
> The master Scot did mark so right,
>
> That he with bullet brust his brain,
> And hurled his heels his head above;
> Then piped he such a peal again,
> The Scots he from their ordnance drove.
>
> So by the Scots' artillery
> The Englishmen no harm did hend;
> But the English gunner grievously
> Them tennie-balls did sousing send."

Several cannon-balls (both of stone and lead) have been found from time to time on the battle-field. One of these "leaden lumps" was found no later than July, 1904.

From all accounts the Scots possessed an excellent train of artillery at Flodden. Thomas

Ruthat, Bishop of Durham (who was an eye-witness of the battle), in a letter to Wolsey, dated September 20, 1513, speaks of the "great number of marvellous large pieces of ordnance, as curtaulds, culverins, sacres, and serpentines, amounting in the whole to seventeen great pieces, besides much other small ordnance." The whole of this fell into the hands of the English, and the Bishop states in a letter to Wolsey (September 20) that it had not been conveyed to Berwick, as he had at first understood, but was still at Etal, "wherein must be some danger, notwithstanding that the Lord Dacre hath enterprised the surety of that matter. For it were too great a loss if it should miscarry, as God defend. It is the fairest and best that lately hath been seen." The Scottish artillery is thus described by the chronicler Hall:—"Five great curtals, two great culverins, four sacres, and six serpentines, besides other pieces." Of special merit was the set known as the "Seven Sisters," to which Scott refers in "Marmion" (c. iv. st 27):—

> "And there were Borthwick's sisters seven,
> And culverins which France had given.
> Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain
> The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain."

They are mentioned in the Venetian accounts and elsewhere, and were cast by Robert Borthwick, the master of artillery, son of Lord Borthwick, who fell in the battle. His cannons bore the legend—

> Machina sum Scots Borthwic fabricata Roberts.

The making of brass cannon in Scotland seems to have preceded that art in England Stow tells us that John Owen was the first to forge brass ordnance in England, in the year 1521 ("Chron.," p. 572). Some of the Scottish cannon were of French make, and had been sent as a present to James; yet the Scottish arsenals were justly famed for this work. In an indenture of 1539 (Jan. 20) for the delivery of Berwick Castle and its stores by Sir Thomas Clifford to Sir William Ewers, there are several entries of cannon "of Scottyshe makinge."

It will be observed the cannon of those days were known by various names, according to their calibre, &c. Most of these names were taken from the "serpent" and "falcon," e.g., we hear of "falcons," "half and quarter-falcons," "serpentines," "culverins" (Fr. "Couleuvrine, Lat. Colubra," a serpent), so called from their long, thin, serpent-like shape, "aspics," "basilisks," "berses," "sacres" (from a kind of hawk), and many others. Many of these names (culverine," "bastard," "sacre," or "saikyr," "murderess," "curtall, pasuolans, Fr. "passevolans") will be found in an interesting passage in the "Complaynt of Scotland," edited by Dr J. A. H. Murray for the Early English Text Society. The concluding lines are interesting, because they explain the different calibre of the guns, as far as onomatopoetic description can. "I heard the cannons and guns make many hideous crak, duf, duf, duf, duf, duf, duf; the berses and falcons cried tirduf, tirduf, tirduf, tirduf, tirduf, tirduf, then the small artillery cried tik tak, tik tak, tik tak, tik tak."

What became of these "Seven Sisters" and other pieces is an interesting question, but nothing certain seems to be known about them. If they are still in existence, we should like to see them restored to their "ain countrie," and placed beside Mons Meg. Had they been better "guided," they might have done more service to their country than they appear to have done on that black Friday afternoon on Flodden Hill, but it was probably no fault of theirs. We should be pleased to see them, for, though now old, they were once "beauties," and seem to have attracted the attention even of the warlike Bishop of Durham!

P. Q.

[For a part of these Notes we are indebted to a small work entitled "The Days of James IV.," ed. G. G. Smith, M.A.]

"Reminiscences and Occasional Essays."

WE have often had occasion to be proud of the productions of the Border Press, but we question if anything better in the way of printing has been produced than the fine volume bearing the above title, which has recently left the hands of Mr Allan Smyth, of the "Neidpath Press," Peebles. Mr Smyth is well known for excellent printing, and this latest effort will add considerably to his laurels.

The author of this handsome volume is Mr D. Brown Anderson, whose "The Tweed at Thornilee" in our last issue would be read with pleasure by many who know the district. Mr Anderson is a cultured Border gentleman who resides in the Isle of Wight, but pays frequent visits to Upper Tweeddale. He is a son

of a former laird of Hallyards, where Sir Walter Scott had the famous interview with David Ritchie, "The Black Dwarf," whose extraordinary personality so impressed the "Wizard of the North." Mr Anderson has an observant eye, a retentive memory, and a facile and ready pen, all of which have been brought to bear upon the volume now before us, which is thus referred to by a correspondent to the local Press:—

Thirty-three articles of Reminiscences, thirty-one Occasional Essays, and three excellent illustrations, compose this quarto volume. The range covered by these papers is varied and extensive, and their interest is sustained to the very end. While all the essays are eminently readable, those of special interest to Peebles folks are upon "Traquair," "Lord Napier," "Peeblesshire," "A History of Peeblesshire," "Dr Robert Chambers," "Professor Veitch," "Dr Craig," "Dr William Chambers," Sir Graham Montgomery," Sir William Fergusson," "The Glen and its Owner," "The Woods of Rawyck," "Memories of Lyne and Megget," "Peebles," and "Broughton." Mr Anderson is well known as an indefatigable pedestrian; he has traversed on foot and in motor the whole country again and again, and, as a result, here we have preserved and crystallised poetical memories and interesting associations and reminiscences of all those places. The style is particularly his own; and one almost fancies he is relating his adventures by word of mouth to his listening friends. Wit and humour sparkle upon his lines, comedy at times dances across the page, pathos of an elevated type is not wanting, and information and diversion everywhere abound. Mr Anderson has a quick fancy and a lively imagination, and these two qualities are well served by a minute faculty of observation and a retentive memory. The result is to make this volume a most interesting storehouse of facts, anecdotes, and memories of men and places, associated not only with the town and county of Peebles, but with the larger world outside in which Mr Anderson moves. This is shown in such articles as "Edinburgh Clergy in the Fifties," "The Scottish Bench and Bar," "Music and the Drama," "Dr Cameron Lees," "Sir Douglas Maclagan," "Professor Blackie," "Principal Caird," who often preached in the pulpits of Peebles and Stobo, and so on. Mr Anderson is to be congratulated on the authorship of this most successful volume. One is inclined to envy his pedestrian powers, his restless energy, his sustained observation, his ready wit, his obedient memory, and his facile and cultivated style. Add to those qualities his circle of friends, his skill as a "raconteur," and his busy leisure; one can then obtain some idea of the foundations of this remarkable work. As has been already remarked, the creations of Mr Anderson's fancy are enshrined within a very beautiful volume. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of printing we have ever seen. The type is new, large, and clear, and well shown upon the polished surface of the paper. The illustrations of "Peebles in 1848," "Manor," and of Professor Veitch, are well worthy of preservation. This book, which has been printed for private circulation, and is dedicated to Sir Walter Thorburn of Glenbreck, will go forth to the world not only as an epitome of the beauties and glories of Peeblesshire; but also as an example of the very beautiful work that can be produced by the Neidpath Press.

The Late Ex-Treasurer Cairns, of Galashiels.

THE death took place on 30th October of Mr Thomas Cairns, of the firm of Messrs Cairns & Taylor, auctioneers and cabinetmakers, Market Street, Galashiels. Mr Cairns had been in rather poor health for two or three years, but had been going about up to the day of his death, so that the end came somewhat suddenly. Deceased had been resident in the town for the greater part of his life, and was for a long time foreman joiner with Messrs J. & J. Hall, builders. On leaving that firm he started business on his own account as a cabinetmaker, to which business he added that of auctioneer. For a number of years he occupied a seat on the Town Council, and for part of the time he acted as Treasurer of the Burgh. Deceased, who was a well-known and highly respected citizen, leaves a widow and grown-up family.

THE LATE MR CAIRNS.

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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.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this issue the "BORDER MAGAZINE" completes the eleventh year of publication, and we feel grateful for the measure of support extended to us by readers and contributors. It is very pleasing to be continually receiving evidence of appreciation from literary people, and if we could only secure a wider support among the ordinary rank and file of Borderers the magazine would be even a greater success than it is. We commend this matter to our readers, and trust that the new year will bring a considerable addition to our regular subscribers. Send a copy to your friends abroad.

The Border Keep.

I am indebted to the "Scotsman," "Glasgow Herald," and "Glasgow News" for the following interesting cuttings:—

There was interred early in October in Bewcastle Churchyard, Cumberland, a discharged soldier, who saw rather distinguished service in the 17th Hussars—Thomas M'Dougal—a native of Galashiels. He was with his regiment in 1881 in South Africa, and arrived at Majuba with the forces of Sir Evelyn Wood on the morning after the battle, when he helped to bury the dead. In the subsequent years he was with his regiment in Egypt, and crossed the desert to the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum. He was present at the battles which followed that event, notably Abu Klea, in the square, when Colonel Burnaby fell. He had two distinguished service medals and a clasp. Latterly he has been gamekeeper and caretaker with his father on the estate of Roans Green, Bewcastle, under Mr Walter Cochran, Galashiels.

* * *

The ancient chapel at Hoselaw has been restored as a permanent memorial for the late Rev. Dr Leishman, an ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, who died recently in Edinburgh. Dr Leishman was for many years minister of the parish of Linton, and Hoselaw is an outpost of the parish. Thirty years ago he began a Sunday evening service there, conducting it throughout the year, and the restoration of the chapel found general favour as a permanent memorial. The site is exactly that occupied by the old chapel in connection with Kelso Abbey, and for its restoration a substantial sum was subscribed, both in the parish and beyond it. It is built from plans prepared by Mr P. M'Gregor Chalmers, and, in the early Norman style, is particularly neat. Considerable interest was manifested in the dedication service, there being a large and representative attendance. Mr Robert H. Elliot of Clifton, on behalf of the subscribers, handed over the chapel to the minister, Rev. J. F. Leishman, for behoof of the Church of Scotland, and thereafter laid the memorial-stone. The furnishings, including font, have mostly been provided by members of the Leishman family. The Rev. Dr Theodore Marshall, Edinburgh, preached the sermon, dealing particularly with church restoration; and he paid a touching tribute to the memory of Dr Leishman. Other officiating clergy, who entered the chapel in processional order, were Rev. Dr Sprott, North Berwick; Rev. J. Gordon Napier, Moderator of Kelso Presbytery; Rev. D. Denholm Fraser, Sprouston; Rev.

J. L. Tulloch, Stitchel; Rev. C. J. Cowan, Morebattle; and Rev. John Burleigh, Presbytery Clerk.

* * *

It is a matter of considerable interest to Scotsmen wherever they may be that the King recently visited the ancient home and stronghold of the race "whose coronet so often counterpoised the Crown." Before glancing at the history of the old place it may be as well to note that the present Douglas Castle owes its origin to the only Duke of Douglas. He employed the celebrated architect Adam to construct an edifice becoming his rank and position after the older castle had been destroyed by fire in 1758. The design was that of a main building with two spacious wings, and had it been carried out Douglas Castle would have been one of the most imposing and magnificent mansions in Great Britain. But before one of the wings had been completed the Duke died (1761). His nephew, Archibald (Douglas, formerly Stewart), Lord Douglas (so created 1790), completed the wing, but no further progress has since been made towards the completion of the design. His Grace had kept in view the ancient prophesy that as often as Douglas Castle might be destroyed it should rise again in enlarged dimensions and improved splendour. Even what has been finished, amounting to about one-eighth of the plan, is sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of a large establishment.

* * *

The date of the original building of the old Castle of Douglas has not been ascertained, and it has been destroyed and restored so frequently that the single portion of it which survived the fire of 1758 is comparatively modern in appearance. The first mention of the Castle in authentic records is in the year 1293, when Sir William, "Le Hardi," the father of Good Sir James, was accused in Parliament of forcing the royal bailiffs and confining them in his Castle. The best known historical references to the edifice are during the struggles of Bruce and his dear friend and companion the Good Sir James for Scottish independence, the circumstance which more than any other has rendered the name and site of Douglas Castle peculiarly attractive. The place is referred to in the pages of Barbour as the "aventurous Castell of Douglas, that to kep sa peralous was." The old castle of the Douglases, though repeatedly destroyed by fire, always rose from its ashes in greater strength and stateliness. But a single ruined tower, embosomed in ash trees apparently as old as itself, is all that now remains of a fortress which must ever remain a household word with Scotsmen. These ash trees are the oldest and largest trees in the parish of Douglas. When, fifty years ago, one was blown down, and sawn across near the root, 600 rings were counted, indicating the age of the tree. One tree, called the Doom Tree, stood until October 13, 1861, when it was blown down. A sideboard and several other pieces of furniture were manufactured from the wood. The branch in which the hook was fixed to which the executioner made fast his rope was previously broken off, and part of it containing the hook is preserved at Douglas Castle.

* * *

The neighbourhood of this famous castle has acquired a classical, though melancholy, interest, as being the scene of Sir Walter Scott's last pilgrimage in his native land. His own reference to the visit may be looked up in his preface to "Castle Dangerous," his last romance. Such was the name he called Douglas Castle by. Sir Walter travelled by Yair, Innerleithen, Peebles, and Drochil Castle on to Douglas, to see the ancient stronghold of the race he had so profound a respect for. There—feeble and very lame, and leaning heavily on his stick and supported also by a sturdy retainer—while looking on the ruined castle a thousand memories rushed on his brain, and in tears he broke forth in the words of the dying Douglas at Otterburn, feeling, perhaps, that the soldier's case was his own:—

> "My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
> Take thou the vanguard of the three,
> And hide me by the bracken bush
> That grows on yonder lilye lee.
> O bury me by the bracken bush
> Beneath the blooming brier,
> Let living mortal never ken
> That e'er a kindly Scot lies here."

The Earls of Douglas did not reside much at their ancestral castle, though the dust of a number of them crumbled in the hardly less famous Kirk of St Bride close by, where the remains of the last male of their house (the Duke of Douglas) to own castle and domain were laid in the month of August, 1761.

* * *

The death occurred, in September, at Pen-Ithon, his seat in Radnorshire, of George Augustus Haig of Pen-Ithon, in his eighty-seventh year. He was the head of a wealthy branch of the historic house of Bemersyde, being youngest son of Robert Haig of Roebuck, Co. Dublin, by his marriage in 1798, at Colwich Church, Staffordshire, to Caroline Mary, daughter of Sir William Wolseley, sixth Baronet of Wolseley, fifteenth in descent from King Edward III. through several noble families. Deceased's grandfather, John Haig of The Gartlands, Clackmannan, was fifth in descent from that seventeenth Laird of Bemersyde, who involved his estates in debt, and, although the father of no fewer than ten sons, disponed them to his younger brother about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The latter became King's Solicitor for Scotland, but, as author of the "Supplication," 1633, was forfeited, and fled to Holland, transferring Bemersyde to David Haig, seventh son of the seventeenth Laird. In this line it continued till 1878, when David's last representative died, and Bemersyde passed by special settlement to the present Arthur Balfour Haig, descended from the second son of the seventeenth Laird, whose eldest son died unmarried. The late Squire of Pen-Ithon was High Sheriff of Radnorshire in 1864, and is survived by a large family, the issue of his marriage in 1848 to his kinswoman, Anne Eliza Fell (who died 1894), granddaughter of James Haig of Blairhill, Perthshire. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Charles Edwin Haig, M.A., barrister-at-law, born in 1849, and married in 1871 to Janet Stein, second daughter of the late John Haig of Cameron Bridge, Fife. The new Squire has himself a son and grandson in the direct line, while his only daughter is the present Mrs John Haig of Cameron House, Fife.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

William Laidlaw

(Author of "Lucy's Flittin'").

PART VI.

IN this year the poet Moore came to Abbotsford, and carried away many pleasant memories of his visit. He was fortunate on his arrival in finding Scott enjoying some leisure, and with no company at dinner except the Fergusons and Will Laidlaw. The pleasure of his visit was in no small degree enhanced by his acquaintance with Laidlaw, of whom the Irish poet thus writes:—

"Our walk was to the cottage of Mr Laidlaw, his bailiff, a gentleman who had been reduced beneath his due level in life, and of whom Scott spoke with the most cordial respect. His intention was, he said, to ask him to come down and dine with us:—the cottage homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing all the quiet self-possession of good breeding and good sense."

A communication from Scott to his son Walter, dated Abbotsford, 19th March, 1825, refers to a visit of the great novelist to Lochore in Fife. "I think I told you in my last," he writes, "that I meant to go one day with Mr Bayley to Lochore, and take Mr Laidlaw with me, as he was in town at the time." But in his letter to Mrs Walter Scott on 20th March he makes no mention of Laidlaw as his companion, although he states that he was accompanied by Isaac Bayley, the young lady's cousin. Doubtless, however, Laidlaw was one of the company, notwithstanding Scott's omission of his name.

While Scott was on his Irish tour, he sent a letter, dated Killarney, 8th August, 1825, to his friend Laidlaw, dealing chiefly with the condition of Ireland. The following parts, however, have a local interest:—

"MY DEAR [LAIDLAW],—I conclude you are now returned with wife and bairns to [Kaeside], and not the worse of your tour. I have been the better of mine; and Killarney being the extreme point, I am just about to commence my return to Dublin, where I only intend to remain two or three days at farthest. I should like to find a line from you—addressed 'care of David Macculloch, Esq., Cheltenham'—letting me know how matters go at Abbotsford—if you want money (as I suppose you do), and so forth. . . . I must defer the rest of my discoveries till we meet. We have in our party, Anne, Lockhart, Walter and his wife, and two Miss Edgeworths; so we are a jolly party. Will you show this to Lady Scott? I wrote to her two days since.—Always yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

This communication, which appears in Carruthers's "Abbotsford Notanda" (1871), also appears in the same author's "Highland Note-Book" (1843); but in the latter, "Willie" and "Kaeside" are omitted, a score taking their place—a weak attempt to destroy all evidence as to whom the letter was sent. Doubtless it was the modesty of Laidlaw that imposed upon his friend Carruthers the task of taking these means so that Laidlaw's name might not be published in connection with the letter while he was still alive.

On 16th December, 1825, Scott wrote to Laidlaw from Edinburgh making reference to the financial crisis, and stating that he must guard against it. "For this purpose," Scott writes, "I have resolved to exercise my reserved faculty to burden Abbotsford with £8000 or £10,000. I can easily get the money." He then requests Laidlaw to draw up a rental roll of Abbotsford Estate. Shortly after this the crash came, and Scott suddenly found himself impoverished—with a debt of nearly £120,000 on his head. Many were the changes at Abbotsford in consequence. Even Laidlaw, Scott's life-long friend and adviser, suffered from the stroke, and had to remove from the estate. In his "Journal," against the date 27th January, 1826, Scott writes:—"I drew my salaries of various kinds amounting to £300 and upwards, and sent, with John Gibson's consent, £200 to pay off things at Abbotsford which must be paid. Wrote Laidlaw with the money, directing him to make all preparations for reduction." In the "Abbotsford Notanda" there is printed one of Scott's letters, undated, for which Dr Carruthers suggests the date 26th January, 1826, which is probably the letter Sir Walter wrote to Laidlaw on this occasion. Part of the letter is as follows:—

"For you, my dear friend, we must part—that is, as laird and factor—and it rejoices me to think that your patience and endurance, which set me so good an example, are likely to bring round better days. You never flattered my prosperity, and in my adversity it is not the least painful consideration that I cannot any longer be useful to you. But Kaeside, I hope, will still be your residence; and I will have the advantage of your company and probably your services as amanuensis. Observe, I am not in indigence, though no longer in affluence; and if I am to exert myself in the common behalf, I must have honourable and easy means of life, although it will be my inclination to observe the most strict privacy, both to save expense and also time; nor do we propose to see any one but yourself and the Fergusons. . . . Lady Scott's spirits were affected at first. For myself, I feel like the Eildon Hills—quite firm, though a little cloudy."

In Scott's "Journal," date 4th February

and following, there is this concise entry:—"Wrote to Mr Laidlaw to come to town upon Monday and see the trustees. 'To farm or not to farm,' that is the question. With our careless habits, it were best, I think, to risk as little as possible." Laidlaw accordingly came to Edinburgh and reported to the trustees of the estate with respect to the manner in which the farm business could be most successfully brought to a close. He then met Sir Walter, and was pleased to see him bearing up so wonderfully under his misfortunes. "I have dined three times there," says Laidlaw, "and there is not much difference in their manner. Sir W. is often merry, and so are they all, but still oftener sad."

On 1st March following Scott wrote to Laidlaw enclosing him some copies of a pamphlet dealing with the proposed alteration of the monetary system, which Scott hoped might amuse his factotum. Scott himself took no more than a passing interest in the matter, as he had important work close at hand. "One would think I had little to do," he writes Laidlaw, "that I should go loose upon politics." By this time, indeed, he had taken steps towards clearing off, by means of his pen, his immense debt. With the production of "Woodstock" (for which he received £8228) and his "Life of Napoleon" he was given hopes that he would attain this object.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come singly. Amidst the embarrassment caused to him by Scott's misfortunes, Laidlaw had trouble in his home at Kaeside. One of his children became seriously ill, and although he attended to it with the most affectionate care,* it died early in April. Under the date 8th April Scott records in his "Journal" that Laidlaw's child, who died on Wednesday, is buried to-day. Scott had intended to go to the funeral, but the arrival of visitors prevented him from doing so.

In consequence of the reversal of Scott's fortune, Laidlaw had to leave Kaeside. The estate, with the exception of a fragment, was now in the hands of the trustees, and the cottage which the taste and care of Laidlaw had converted into a quiet and comfortable retreat was soon let to another tenant. Laidlaw himself, with his wife and children, found a home on the farm of a relative about a dozen miles up the Yarrow, whence, every week, he came down to Abbotsford, when opportunity presented itself, to have a walk with his old friend and master as they were wont to do in more prosperous times; thus passing away the time until a more fortunate era should come round.

It is not clear exactly when Laidlaw left Kaeside; he resided there possibly for a year after quitting Scott's employment. That he was still at his cottage on 18th April, 1827, is implied in the entry in Scott's "Journal" under that date:—"I felt the impatience of news so much that I walked up to Mr Laidlaw, surely for no other purpose than to talk politics. This interrupted 'Boney' a little." He here refers to his "Life of Napoleon," which was published in this year. On 29th June Cadell the publisher with much gratification informed Scott of the great success which his production had met with. On the evening of the following day (Saturday) Scott went to Abbotsford, and it was probably on the morning after his arrival that he sent Laidlaw the following note bearing only the date "Sunday":—

"My Dear Mr Laidlaw,—I would be happy if you would come down at 'kail-time' to-day. 'Napoleon' (6000) is sold for £11,000.—Yours truly,
W. S."

That Laidlaw left Kaeside about this date is evident from a letter of Scott to that personage dated August, 1827, in which Sir Walter says:—

"Your leaving Kaeside makes a most melancholy blank to us. You, Mrs Laidlaw, and the bairns were objects we met with so much pleasure, that it is painful to think of strangers being there. But they do not deserve good weather who cannot endure the bad, and so I would 'set a stout heart to a stey brae;' yet I think the loss of our walks, plans, discussions, and debates, does not make the least privation that I experience from the loss of world's gear. But, 'sursum corda,' and we shall have many happy days yet, and spend some of them together. I expect Walter and Jane, and then our long-separated family will be all together in peace and happiness. I hope Mrs Laidlaw and you will come down and spend a few days with us, and revisit your old haunts. I miss you terribly at this moment, being engaged in writing a planting article for the 'Quarterly,' and not having patience to make some necessary calculations."

Until these "happy days" should return, Laidlaw employed himself in diverse occupations. Some time he spent in cataloguing the library of Scott of Harden, and once at least,

*As is mentioned before, Laidlaw himself was somewhat skilled in medical art. Under 22nd January, 1831, Scott writes in his "Journal":—"Mr Laidlaw rather late of coming [to act as amanuensis]. One of his daughters has been ill, and he is an approved physician. Pity when one so gifted employs his skill on himself and family for all patients."

if not oftener, he visited his brothers, who were sheep-farmers in Ross-shire. When in these parts he witnessed, in the month of June, an open-air Summer Sacrament at Ferrintosh, near Dingwall, at which there was a concourse of thousands from a large radius; and of this occasion he wrote a vivid description.

To be continued.

The Heart's Fairyland.

In the shade of Table Mountain there's a spot on Signal Hill
Where a man may stand and look upon the bay,
And watch the steamers passing and the clippers' white sails fill
As they beat out to the gateways of the Day.
You can watch the far-off bustle where the ocean boats unload,
And hear the distant clamour of the quay,
And see the gardens blazing by the wooded Wynberg Road,
And the grey sand running ribbons to the sea.

There's a canyon in the Rockies where the swift White River flows,
In the freedom that has never known a chain,
As she carries down the message of the everlasting snows
To the foothills in the bosom of the plain.
A man may climb yon battlement awed, wondering and alone,
And worship in the grandeur of the scene,
Where God has piled His barriers and set them stone on stone,
To guard the mountain pasture-lands between.

There's a height near Sydney Harbour where a man may climb and stand,
With the bush flowers all in blossom at his side,
And the glistening bay beneath him like a spangled fairyland,
Where the woodland clasps the water like a bride,
May watch the rosy goddess with her pink feet in the fern,
And the march of golden morning as it spreads
Above the dancing ferry-boats that down to Manly churn
Across the dipping sea-roll from The Heads.

But—a low ridge on the Border, backed by Cheviot's line of blue!
And who would Colorado now, or who would Sydney heed?—
Ah! not in all the wide, wide world is there a fairer view
Than yonder from that vantage ground across the Vale of Tweed!
In vain Earth spreads her grandest scenes and holds to us the keys
Of foreign firth and fairyland. Where'er a man may roam
The fairest spot of all to him is where, above the trees,
The slender silver smoke-wreaths trail the banner of his home.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

Honour to Mr David M. Smail in Cape Town.

THE following extract from the "Jedburgh Gazette" will interest a wide circle of readers, who, like ourselves, have had experience of the genial character of the subject:—

Mr David M. Smail, a native of Jedburgh, and brother of Bailie Smail, has had a high honour conferred on him in Cape Town. He has been unanimously elected President of the

DAVID M. SMAIL.

Caledonian Society, an office that puts him at the head of the Scottish community there. By his compatriots, who are amongst the leading men of the Cape in intellectual endowment and business capacity, this appointment is a coveted distinction, and the men who are honoured in this way have gained their confidence and esteem by qualities of no ordinary kind.

The election took place at the annual meeting of the Society held in Cape Town on the 8th of September. Sir John Buchanan, who was president last year, occupied the chair during the first part of the meeting. When the annual report had been adopted,

Sir John Buchanan said that although he himself had been somewhat remiss in his duties as president, he could assure them they

had had a very active vice-president in Mr David Smail, and he had great pleasure in moving that that gentleman be appointed his successor in the presidential chair. In Mr Smail they would have an energetic president. He had taken a great interest in the Society, and had allied himself enthusiastically with the work. Personally, he had formed a very high opinion of Mr Smail's abilities, and they might rest assured that their new president would do everything in his power to forward the interests of the Society.

Mr Maitland Park, in seconding Sir John's motion, said that he had every opportunity of admiring Mr Smail's solicitude for the welfare of the Society. Mr Small was a genuine Scotchman, and was ever ready to bestow a helping hand to "brither Scots."

Mr Smail was unanimously elected, and the rest of the evening's proceedings were conducted under his chairmanship. In thanking the meeting for the honour done him, Mr Smail said the kind things said about him by Sir John Buchanan and Mr Park were far too laudatory. Naturally, he was proud to be elected president of a society of his fellow-Scotsmen—six thousand miles from home—and he hoped for the co-operation of all the members, so that his year of office might be most successful.

When the business of the meeting had been discharged, a smoking concert was held, and at the close the members vowed anew their loyalty and kinship in singing with fervour "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne."

As a further tribute to Mr Smail, we have great pleasure in quoting the following from that finely-illustrated monthly, "The South African Scot":—

The Cape Town Caledonian Society is to be congratulated on the election of Mr D. M. Smail as its president for the forthcoming year. When it became known, a week or two ago, that the Council of the Society had unanimously decided to nominate Mr Smail as the successor of Sir E. John Buchanan, it was generally agreed by all classes of the Scottish community that a better choice could not have been made.

There are few Scots in the Peninsula so popular as Mr Smail is, and it is confidently expected that with him in the chair, the Caledonian Society will be materially strengthened and its best traditions maintained. It has long been felt by his fellow-members that the honour which has just fallen to him was his just due, both on account of his outstanding abilities, and the yeoman service he has rendered the Society in the past. His honest, straightforward dealings in business, his shrewdness, his sound judgment, and his thorough grasp of affairs, earn for him the respect of all with whom he comes into contact. But with those who know him intimately, this feeling deepens into something warmer, under the influence of his kindly nature and his dry, pawky wit. In the social circle he is a great favourite. He, like Yorick, is "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and his "flashes of merriment" are "wont to set the table in a roar."

As his name suggests, he comes of a sturdy Border stock. He was born forty-four years ago in the Royal Burgh of Jedburgh, which, as all Scots know, was long ago famous for its "Jethart Justice," which consisted in hanging a man first and trying him afterwards. His father was Thomas Smail, bookseller and stationer, and one of the most respected men in the old burgh. After being educated at the well-known Nest Academy there, young David served his apprenticeship in his father's business. He then moved to Edinburgh, and entered the service of Geo. Stewart & Co., one of the largest manufacturing stationers in that city. With this firm he remained for many years, and for some time was engaged in travelling over all Scotland for them. Latterly he acted as their London representative, where the firm had a large wholesale and export trade.

In 1897 he came to South Africa as manager for the firm of W. A. Richards & Sons. With this firm he remained until the business was purchased by the Cape Times, Ltd., when his services were taken over by them, and he now acts as their assistant general manager.

Shortly after his arrival in South Africa he joined the Caledonian Society, and, as has been stated, he has since rendered it invaluable service. For some years he has been one of its vice-presidents.

Before coming to this country Mr Smail was an ardent volunteer, and served in the Border Rifles, the Queen's Edinburgh, and the London Scottish. While in the latter corps he was popular with his comrades, and during the late war in this country he was indefatigable in his exertions for the comfort and well-being of the members of his old corps. That his kindness and attentions were appreciated was made evident when the members of the regiment presented him after the war with a silver-mounted dirk. The presentation was made by the then

president of the Cape Town Caledonian Society —the Hon. T. L. Graham—at one of the meetings of the Society.

Mr Smail is a keen bowler, and his voice and figure are well known on the Gardens Green. He is also an enthusiastic Freemason, and is an office-bearer in the Southern Cross Lodge.

He is a man of literary and cultured tastes. Probably these tastes run "in the bluid," for his uncle was the well-known writer, "Matthew Gotterson," the author of "Little Jock Elliot." He lectures and, what is remarkable in these days, his lectures are appreciated, the favourites being those on the "Scottish Borders" and "Burns's Land."

An enthusiastic Scot, proud of all connected with his native country, but especially proud of the beautiful Border Land and his "ain romantic toon."

"Through the Telescope."

THE "garden of the sky," as seen through the clear atmosphere of the Borderland, is a subject which we would bring very specially before our readers on these long evenings. Those who know nothing of the orbs of heaven have little idea of the extended pleasure to be derived from a ramble along some of our Border roadways when the blue canopy above is spangled all o'er with brilliant gems of light, if we have even but a superficial knowledge of the story of the stars. Even the rudiments of astronomy, if received in a simple and attractive form, lift a man far above the ordinary hum-drum of daily toil and give him pure intellectual pleasures he dreamed not of. The Borderland, which produced Mary Somerville and other astronomers, and contains Eskdalemuir, which was selected as an ideal observation station, is admirably suited for astronomical study, and we hope that not a few of our young readers will take our advice and turn to the attractive science of astronomy.

It is a common error to believe that the heavens are practically a sealed book, except to those who possess costly telescopes, &c., but this is a great mistake, as any one who has an ordinary opera glass can prove for himself. Of books to instruct the star-gazer there are many, but one of the best we have seen is that bearing the title "Through the Telescope," written by the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S., a Borderer whose ability to handle and make plain this great subject is undoubted. The beautiful volume, which contains 32 full-page illustrations and 26 smaller figures in the text, is published at 5s by Messrs A. & C. Black, the firm's name being a sufficient guarantee that the production is first-class.

The author's pleasing style will be seen in the following quotation:—

> With the unaided eye we view the sun as a small, tranquil white disk; the telescope reveals to us that it is a vast globe convulsed by storms which involve the upheaval or submersion, within a few hours, of areas far greater than our own world; the spectroscope or the total eclipse adds to this revelation the further conception of a sweltering ocean of flame surrounding the whole solar surface, and rising in great jets of fire which would dissolve our whole earth as a drop of wax is melted in the flame of a candle; while, beyond that again, the mysterious corona stretches through unknown millions of miles its streamers of silvery light—the great enigma of solar physics.
>
> Other bodies in the universe present us with pictures of beautiful symmetry and vast size; some even within our own system suggest by their appearance the presence within their frame of tremendous forces which are still actively moulding them; but the sun gives us the most stupendous demonstration of living force that the mind can apprehend.

A special feature of the volume is that it contains clear and simple instructions which will enable the reader to make a cheap and effective telescope for himself.

"Reminiscences of Christopher Dawson, Parochial Schoolmaster."

AN admirably written sketch of a singularly beautiful character bears the above title, and commends itself to all who can appreciate native worth, combined with high culture and a heart full of sympathy for humanity. Some years ago we wrote a sketch of the late Mr Dawson for the BORDER MAGAZINE, and we take a special pleasure in perusing this volume from the able pen of his niece, Miss M. Butler, whose occasional contributions to the BORDER MAGAZINE were much appreciated by a wide circle of readers. Mr Dawson was one of the finest possible representatives of the old parochial schoolmaster —a class of men who did much to mould the character of the Scottish nation.

His early days were spent in Coldstream, and from that time he was ever enthusiastic in

his love and admiration for the Borderland. He was a poet of no mean order, and Border subjects often inspired his pen. After fulfilling several important engagements, he settled down in 1846 as parish schoolmaster of the lovely little parish of Abercorn, near the Forth, where he laboured most successfully till 1889, when he retired, honoured and respected by rich and poor alike. The "Peeblesshire Advertiser" thus refers to the subject:—

When Mr Dawson resigned his office, and on his retirement, he was presented by friends and former pupils with a very handsome tea and coffee service, of solid silver, and a purse of sovereigns, Miss Butler at the same time being presented with a beautiful gold watch and chain. On leaving Abercorn, Mr Dawson with his niece took up their abode in Edinburgh, where he was not idle but engaged in literary work. In 1891 he published a volume entitled "Avonmore, and other Poems," and in 1899 "The Justice Stone," both of which were very favourably received by the Press and the public. Mr Dawson was fond of Peebles, and made it his summer residence for many years. Miss Butler gives an interesting historical sketch of the summer residence of her uncle and herself, and where in October, 1903, he passed peacefully away to the unseen land after a brief illness. "Abercorn and the Tweed; he loved them in life, he was with them at life's close." The little volume closes with kindly and warm-hearted tributes to the memory of the deceased, and an "In Memoriam" by a Peeblesshire poet, which appeared in our columns at the time of his lamented death. Being so frequent a visitor to Peebles, Mr Dawson came to be well known, and by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance he was greatly respected and esteemed, indeed the more one saw of him the more they revered him and appreciated his many good qualities of head and heart. Appended to the book are several of Mr Dawson's poems, including such pieces which afford proof of his love of Peebles and its environments, as "Evening Musings at Tweed Bridge," "To Peebles; or, the Pleasures of Nature," and "On receiving a Box of Snowdrops from his kind friends, the Misses Goodwillie, Peebles." The preface to the book is from the pen of the Marquess of Linlithgow, to whom it is dedicated; and the opening chapter is by the Rev. John Wallace, minister of Abercorn. As a frontispiece, an excellent likeness is given of Mr Dawson, while the illustrations include "The Tweed at Coldstream," "Hopetoun House," "Midhope Castle," "Abercorn Public School," "The Justice Stone," "The Interior of Peebles Parish Church," and "Cross Kirk and Choir Boys, Peebles."

The volume, which is published at 2s 6d by R. W. Hunter, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh, is handsomely got up, and we most heartily commend it to our readers. An excellent likeness of Mr Dawson and several fine illustrations add to the value of Miss Butler's contribution to Scottish biography.

A Noted Border Volunteer.

WE have much pleasure in reproducing a photograph of Colour-Sergeant J. Lees, of L (Innerleithen) Company of Royal Scots, who has just retired from the company after a service extending over thirty-seven years. He joined the Volunteers in 1869, was promoted to corporal in 1871, sergeant in 1873, and colour-sergeant in 1893. All through his long service he has taken a most active part in everything connected with the Volunteer

COLOUR-SERGEANT J. LEES.

movement, and in appreciation of his many services he has on his retirement been presented by his comrades with a handsome tea-set.

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
And if she 'scapes my grasp, the fault is mine;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity
Best knows to shape his course to favouring breezes.

Motto ("Bride of Lammermoor.")

* * *

In October last an interesting link with the child genius, Pet Marjorie, passed away in the person of Miss E. Bryson. This worthy lady, like Marjorie herself, was laid to rest in her native town of Kirkcaldy. In very great measure the world was indebted to Miss Bryson for the material that furnished the charming reading about the wonderful little girl who was a favourite companion of Sir Walter Scott. One of Nature's gentlewomen herself, Miss Bryson was warmly attached to Marjorie's mother, and came in daily contact with her daughter, who, at the tender years of four, five, and six, was surprising and delighting her relatives with quaint letters and essays. Many of the best stories of Marjorie were related by Miss Bryson, whose death has occasioned keen regret among a wide circle of friends.

A Border Literary Chronicle, with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART VI.

IRVING, DAVID, LL.D. (b. at Langholm, Dec. 5, 1778—d. May 10, 1860), educated at Langholm and Edinburgh University; graduated M.A. in 1801; intended for the Church, but devoted himself to literature; wrote "Lives of Scottish Authors," and "Elements of English Composition," 1801; "Lives of the Scottish Poets," 1804; "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan," 1807; "Lives of Scottish Writers," 1839; "History of Scottish Poetry" (posthumous), edited by Dr David Laing, 1861. Dr Irving was appointed librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in 1820.

IRVING, EDWARD (b. at Annan, Aug. 4, 1792—d. Dec. 1834), Scottish preacher; educated at Annan and at Edinburgh University; intended for the Church; taught mathematics at Haddington, where he had Jane Welsh (afterwards Mrs Carlyle) as pupil, then at Kirkcaldy; licensed 1815; acted as assistant to Dr Chalmers in Glasgow; in 1823 called to the Caledonian Chapel, London, where he became extremely popular as a preacher, and married a Mrs Martin, an old pupil of his at Kirkcaldy; afterwards got into difficulties, deposed, and died of consumption. His writings were collected and his life told by Mrs Oliphant, 1862. He lies buried in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral.

JEFFREY, ALEXANDER (b. 1806—d. 1874), historian and antiquarian; practised as a solicitor in Jedburgh; wrote "An Historical and Descriptive Account of Roxburghshire," 1836; "Guide to the Antiquities of the Border," 1838; and "The History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire," 4 vols., 1857-64.

JERDAN, WILLIAM (b. at Kelso, April 16, 1782—d. July 11, 1869), journalist; removed from Kelso to London as a clerk in 1801; founded in 1817 the "Literary Gazette," and edited it till 1850; wrote his Autobiography in 4 vols., 1852-53, and "Men I have known," 1866; contributed many articles, literary and political, to the various Reviews and Magazines; received a pension of £100 per annum from the Civil List.

KENNEDY, THOMAS, a native of Hawick; "spent the noontide of his life in India;" wrote several pieces of verse, "A Plea for the Common-Riding," an inauguration ode on the unveiling of Prince Albert's Monument in Edinburgh by the Queen, and verses on the erection of the Bruce Statue at Stirling; died in Edinburgh, 1882.

KER, JOHN, D.D. (b. at the Beild, Peeblesshire, April 7, 1819—d. 1886), minister of the U.P. Church, Ibrox, Glasgow; published a vol. of Sermons, a book on the Psalms and Lectures on the History of Preaching, and Letters.

KER, SIR ROBERT, FIRST EARL OF ANCRUM (b. 1578—d. at Amsterdam, 1654), a grandson of Sir Andrew Ker of Fernihirst; enjoyed the favour of James and Charles I.; wrote poems and sonnets and translated some of the Psalms from Buchanan's Latin version; was created Earl of Ancrum at the Coronation of Charles in Scotland in 1633.

KER, ROBERT (b. 1755—d. 1813), scientific writer and translator; a descendant of Sir Thomas Ker of Redden, brother of Robert Ker, first Earl of Ancrum; studied medicine at Edinburgh University; made F.R.S. Edin., 1805; translated from Lavoisier and Linnaeus.

KNOX, THOMAS (b. at Greenlaw, 1818—d. 1879), merchant, Edinburgh; temperance advocate, &c.; wrote songs in advocacy of temperance. A vol. was published after his death under the title of "Scottish Temperance Songs to Scottish Airs."

KNOX, WILLIAM (b. at Firth, near Lilliesleaf, Aug. 17, 1789—d. at Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1825), educated at the parish school of Lilliesleaf and grammar school of Musselburgh; farmer of the Wrae, near Sorbie, from 1812-17, where he wrote his first vol. of poetry, "The Lonely Hearth and other Poems," 1818; removed to Edinburgh in 1820, and wrote for the magazines and periodicals; published "Songs of Israel," 1824, which contained his best-known piece, "Mortality," an especial favourite of President Lincoln; and the "Harp of Zion," 1825; friend of Sir W. Scott and Prof. Wilson. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1857. There is a tablet to his memory in the Parish Church of Lilliesleaf. (Knox also wrote the song, "The Land of Cakes," first printed in Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Songs, 1843).

LAIDLAW, WILLIAM (b. March 19, 1780—d. May 18, 1845), son of the farmer of Blackhouse on the Douglas Burn; early friend of Hogg, and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott till his death; author of "Lucy's Flittin';" "Her bonnie black e'e;" "On the Banks of the Burn;" "Alake for the Lassie;" died at Contin, near Dingwall.—(B.M. i. 27, 59, 100; viii. 84).

LAWSON, GEORGE, D.D. (b. at Boghouse, near West Linton, Peeblesshire, March 13, 1749—d. Feb. 20, 1820), ordained, 1771, minister at Selkirk, and in 1787 appointed professor of divinity to the Secession Church, an office he held for 33 years; wrote and published several vols. of Sermons, Discourses, Lectures, &c.; received his D.D. from Aberdeen; a man of great worth and highly esteemed in his own day, termed by Carlyle "the Scottish Socrates." He had two sons and a grandson, all ministers at Selkirk.

LEARMONT, THOMAS ("Thomas the Rhymer"), was a native of Earlston, where a fragment of his dwelling is still to be seen; date of birth unknown, but was living and had acquired a reputation as poet and prophet at the death of Alexander III.; supposed author of "Sir Tristram;" his so-called prophecies were believed in from very early times, and are referred to by Barbour, Blind Harry, and other early writers. (B.M. v. 5).

LEE, JOHN, M.D., LL.D., D.D. (b. at Torwoodlee Mains, near Stow, 1779—d. 1859), brought up in the Secession Church and studied under Dr Lawson, but afterwards joined the Church of Scotland, and studied theology and medicine at Edinburgh; was minister of the Scotch Church, London, then at Paris; then professor of Church History at St Andrews; then minister in Edinburgh for 18 years; and finally in 1840 became principal and professor of divinity (1843) in the University of Edinburgh, offices which he held till his death.

To be Continued.

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