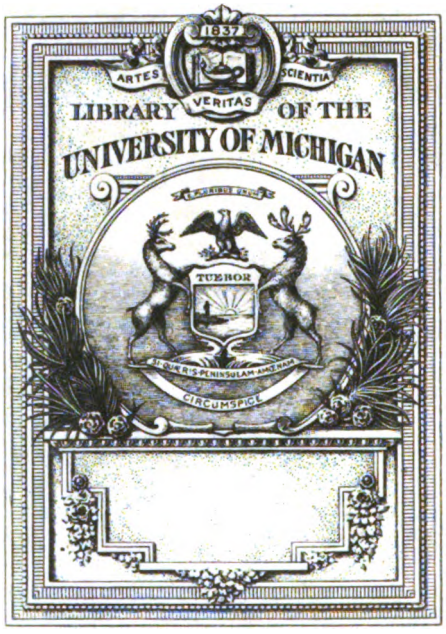
The Border magazine



TAPESTRY IN QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE, JEDBURGH.

FRONTISPIECE, VOL. XII.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM SANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF "SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER" (A. & C. BLACK), "THE SOFT LOWLAND TONGUE O' THE BORDERS," &C.

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SIR HENRY BALLANTYNE, OF MINDEN, PEEBLES.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. XII., NO. 133. JANUARY, 1907.

SIR HENRY BALLANTYNE,

OF MINDEN, PEEBLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE younger politicians of the present day can form little idea of the lively election times we had when open voting was the mode of ascertaining the will of the people, but the excitement was by no means confined to the polling day. The day set apart for the nomination of the candidates for political honours is a very tame affair nowadays, but long ago it was far otherwise. A wooden platform was erected in a prominent part of the principal town of the constituency, and there the candidates were nominated in public and addressed the assembled crowds. The proceedings were presided over by the Sheriff, but even the presence of that august personage did not prevent the multitude (most of whom had not the privilege of voting) from making things very lively for the candidate and his supporters who were not on the popular side. We can recall the last husting at Peebles in 1868, and the scene there enacted is indelibly printed on our memory.

Our age at that particular time certainly did not entitle us to a vote, but the boys and lads of a burgh town can make their influence felt on such occasions, as we did then. Among our section of the community there was a bright youth of thirteen summers, who was receiving a superior education at that time at Bonnington Park School, Peebles. He was a born Radical, and doubtless felt the remarkable scene at the Peebles hustings to be his political baptism, even then being struck with the injustice which denied the vote to the working-man. How few of us dreamt that the bright lad referred to would some day be the Provost of the Royal Burgh of Peebles and the President of the Liberal Association, and that his municipal and political labours would be acknowledged by a knighthood? But such has been the case, for the lad who entered so heartily into the election excitement of 1868 is now Sir Henry Ballantyne, of Minden, Peebles.

Sir Henry was born in Galashiels at the time when his grandfather, the late Henry Ballantyne, and his numerous sons were busy founding Tweedvale Mills at Walkerburn, near

Innerleithen, which well-known tweed factory was the beginning of that movement which changed a shepherd's cottage into a thriving village of over 1500 inhabitants. As a lengthened sketch of Walkerburn and the founding thereof appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE of February, 1905, we need not now give further details.

When about two years old Sir Henry removed with his parents to Walkerburn, where on the slope of Caberston Hills his father built a fine house, and gave it the appropriate name of Sunnybrae. He received his first education at Innerleithen in the private establishment of Mrs Morrison, Hillhouse, an estimable lady who was well qualified to impart knowledge to her pupils. From there he went to Walkerburn Public School, which had recently been opened. His first master was the late Mr John Scott, afterwards of Drummelzier, who died a short time ago in Peebles, honoured and revered by all who knew him. Amongst his other teachers at that school was Mr Thomas Weir, who recently retired after many years' service at Innerleithen.

In 1866 Sir Henry went to Bonnington Park School, Peebles, then a private school owned by Mr James Gibson, with whom the young pupil stayed as a weekly boarder for four years. From there he went to the Edinburgh Institution for a year, boarding with the headmaster, Dr R. M. Fergusson.

In 1871 it was found that the Tweedvale Mills, Walkerburn, was rather a limited field for so many energetic business men, and three of the sons left and started the Waverley Mills, Innerleithen. The grandfather having died some years previously, Sir Henry's father, David, and his uncle John now carried on the business under the original name of Henry Ballantyne & Sons. Sir Henry then left school to learn the business of tweed manufacturer, and for the next twelve years he was actively associated with the business at Tweedvale Mills.

Both partners had numerous sons, and as they grew it was once more found that the old establishment offered too little scope, so in 1883 the partnership was dissolved, and Mr John Ballantyne remained as sole proprietor.

Mr David Ballantyne and his sons endeavoured to secure a suitable site at Innerleithen for a new mill, but that little town once more suffered from the difficulties placed in the way of building by the landed proprietors. With some reluctance, which was partly outweighed by the circumstances that there were two railways in Peebles, and that a good site was offered on moderate terms, the new firm went to Peebles and built the now well-known March Street Mills, which were started in 1885 by this new firm of D. Ballantyne & Co. Sir Henry threw himself with great energy into what was at first uphill work, but the new business proved successful. The firm has always had a good reputation for turning out honest work, and this always tells in the long run.

Sir Henry has always held it to be the duty of every employer of labour to do everything possible to improve the relations between capital and labour, and his attention having been drawn to profit-sharing, he studied the subject in all its bearings, with the result that the firm established in 1892 their now well-tried system of profit-sharing. At first the profit-sharing scheme did not apply to the younger hands, but at the request of those who did participate it was soon after extended to embrace every one who has been in the firm's employment for the whole of the year during which the profit has been earned; and it is interesting to know that for the year ending August last the number of participants was 428. The scheme has undoubtedly done much good, and the firm has never regretted the adoption of it.

Caerlee Mills, Innerleithen, one of the oldest manufactories in the Borderland, founded in the eighteenth century, had passed into the hands of the proprietors of the Waverley Mills, and they—the uncles of Sir Henry—disposed of Caerlee Mills to his firm, who thus employ between 600 and 700 people.

We have already indicated Sir Henry's political leanings, and we can recall the active part he took in the election of 1880, when the late Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., won the seat which had so long been held by the Conservative party, and the late Mr W. E. Gladstone visited the district while on his famous Midlothian campaign. At the time of the Home Rule split, Sir Henry was elected chairman of the Liberal Association of Peebles, and he has held that position ever since, working strenuously against difficulties which can only be estimated by those who thoroughly understand the constituency. The Master of Elibank, M.P., owes not a little of his success at the last election to the untiring energy of Sir Henry Ballantyne.

We have long maintained that no man is a true citizen who does not take a deep interest in what might be termed local politics, and Sir Henry has realised our ideal to the full. He

early threw himself into the work of the Town Council of Peebles, and not a few of the fine improvements in that model Border town owe much to his guiding hand. Some years ago he was honoured by being appointed Provost of the Royal Burgh, and ever since he has been most successful in guiding the deliberations of the Town Council.

Sir Henry is a capable musician, and we recall that he played the organ accompaniments at the performance of the "Messiah," given in the Parish Church of Innerleithen, some time in the later seventies. This was the second time Handel's masterpiece had been performed in the Borderland—Selkirk having the honour of leading in this matter. He is also an enthusiastic golfer and curler, and was a member of the Canadian-Scoto Curling Team four years ago. He indulges in motoring, but is noted for his consideration for those who use the roads by other forms of locomotion.

Sir Henry has in Lady Ballantyne an excellent helpmate, and we trust that they will long be spared to enjoy the honour which the King has bestowed upon them and the Borderland.

Dundrennan Abbey: Its Architectural Features and Historical Associations.

By David Patterson.

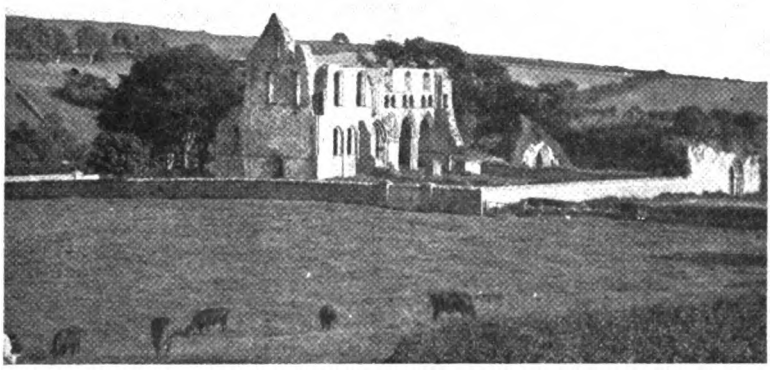
Of the many historic ruins to be found in the South of Scotland few are more attractive or worthy of a visit than Dundrennan Abbey, situated in a delightfully sequestered valley seven miles south-east from the ancient town of Kirkcudbright. A finer situation for a monastery would be difficult to find. Here the soil is of the richest, and the general landscape, with its wooded dells and gently sloping hillsides, lend a solemn, yet withal a delightful aspect to the scene. The projectors of such religious houses knew well where to plant them down, and exhibited their usual taste in selecting this beautiful valley for such a purpose, and although even at the present day well removed from any centre of commerce, the village which has grown up under the shadow of its venerable walls is extremely well provided with conveniences and facilities for the benefits of tourists who hail from all parts of the globe to view this gem of antiquity. The ruins now standing are almost covered with pale grey-coloured lichens, with wild flowers peeping out between the seams of the walls, which give a character of peculiar and airy lightness to the clustered columns and pointed arches.

Dundrennan Abbey belonged to the Cistercian Order of Monks, whose habit was to seek seclusion, hence the position of this magnificent ruin. Little is recorded of its history previous to the War of Independence, and from its ruined stone-work we have to learn much of its earlier history and splendour. That David I. of Scotland was the founder there is little doubt, although several writers have ascribed it to Fergus Lord of Galloway. At this period what is known as the Transitional period in architecture became conspicuous in the erection of church buildings, and forms a strong epoch in the history of ecclesiastical architecture, between the Norman and the Gothic, and may be further regarded as a step forward, which finds its root in the same spirit which undoubtedly created the Noble Gothic in its earlier period—that of enoblement—for were not the architects of that period guided by the exalted desire to elevate, and by the symbolical preach the words sacred of truth in immortal stone, that the eye of the beholder might lead the soul up, up above the vaulted roof, as did the mighty grove of forest oaks the soul of the ancient Druid. The ruins of the Abbey present to-day but a very faint semblance to what it must have done in its entirety, yet enough remains to enable the student of architecture to bring before his mind's eye the general features of the entire edifice. Like most of the ruined buildings to be met with of the Transition period, it is somewhat difficult to arrive at the exact truth respecting the true architectural character and order of Dundrennan Abbey, for here we are confronted by Norman, Gothic, and composite, together with work added by reason of repair or alteration, where little regard for order seems to have been observed. Much of this latter work, however, is of comparatively recent date, and can therefore be traced out and laid aside, enough remaining of the original work to enable one to reconstruct and lay down a description and plan which must embrace much truth, if not the whole truth. As is well known, Norman architecture was introduced into Britain about A.D. 1166, and remained the order until about the end of the twelfth century, when the Early English or first pointed Gothic order was introduced, when a period of transition begins, which shews its existence in many of the buildings erected at that time. The existence of pointed arches in conjunction with Norman architecture has by many writers been

laid down as evidence of the Transitional period having existed and guided the architecture of edifices which were erected prior to the twelfth century. This is a mistake, which can easily be proved by examination of the early Norman piers in the famous Abbey of Malmesbury, which is, of course, a rare example, and though found in such cases it may be generally taken for granted that such an admixture of orders or styles represent the Transitional period. Of such is Dundrennan Abbey. Norman predominating, most conspicuously in the transepts, the whole work bearing very distinct traces of the exercise of individual peculiarity or eccentricity on the part of the masons engaged, who, there is little doubt, were native workmen. There is, however,

The Abbey is entered from the western front, the original wall on this side still remaining to a considerable height, and faced outwardly with modern work, and thickly overgrown with ivy. The doorway is formed externally by an Early English or Gothic arch, with four sets of plain mouldings, supported on either side by three attached plain round shafts with capitals resembling those of Early English tpye, a small "dog tooth" (not "nail head" as asserted by some) ornaments appearing on the capitals. The arch internally is supported on each side by triple clustered shafts.

The southern door is an Arrière Voussure—its round head on one side and pointed on the other being designed as a door for opening or



DUNDRENNAN ABBEY.

some reason to suppose that Italian workmen were engaged upon certain parts, notably the windows on the west side of the chapter house. Critical examination will reveal peculiarities of handling which indicates Italian workmanship, and as has been already hinted, a free hand has been given to the home workman, who has left us a variety of styles, which clearly proves the age to have been one of movement from the usual beaten track. The little corbals to be found on the north wall, and part of the east wall of the Cloister Courts will shew examples of work which go to prove much of the above opinion. We will now proceed to give a brief description of various characteristics of the architecture, noted during a few flying visits to this ancient shrine.

shutting either way. This door seems to have been the entrance from the business departments to the sacred of this institution, and shows little ornaments on the outer side and none whatever on the inside.

On the western door leading from the Cloister Court to the Chapter House, we have strong evidence of the work having been executed by a different class of workmen from those who were engaged on the already-named doorways. Here the doorway is Cinquefoil headed—the windows also on each side being of the same character. On the outside of the Cinquefoiled head of the door the cusps are sculptured in bass relief, the ornaments being a trefoliated plant, with stems and leaves of rather stiff arrangement. The stems are interlaced, but

the whole work is extremely weatherworn. Each side of the door has been supported by six columns, which have, however, disappeared; the capitals remain with arch mouldings, which show clearly the nature of those now missing. The inside of the door is similar in its mouldings, but of a plainer character. The jambs of the side of the door are chamfered in a most peculiar manner, instead of clustered columns as on the outside. The work is entirely Early English. In the Chapter House on each side of the above-mentioned doorway are two windows of ornamental character. Both are recised. The hood moulding of the north window rests upon small floral corbals, and those over the south window on corbals with a ram's-horn ornamentation; tooth ornaments intersect the mouldings, which continue down to the low string course. The windows are, or have been, divided into three lancet lights, the round division shafts have, however, disappeared. Over the lancet lights the northern window has a cross on a quatrefoil of four fir cones, pointing outwards, and divided by fleurs-de-lis, very faintly carved. On the inside of the window is a similar cross of lilies pointing outwards. In the same position over the lights of the south window is a St Andrew's Cross in a six foil of lilies, and a similar cross inside with four lilies pointing inwards.

The roof of the Chapter House was supported by six octagonal pillars or columns; only a small portion of these now remain. Only small traces of the vaultings of the roof remain. In the north aisle one rib remains of triple clustered rounds with plain Boss resting upon a Norman shaft, and a very similar half rib on the south aisle. The roofs of the cellars along the entire west of the cloisters are nearly complete; only one of these being now accessible by a modern door—the others, which have slightly fallen in, are of various dimensions. These cellars would undoubtedly be used as store-rooms or offices for the use of the monks. Over these would in all likelihood be the dormitories, and the passage which entered at a door now blocked up would connect these cellars with the upper apartments by a central staircase. The only staircase now in the Abbey reaches the Triforium passage, which passes through the west wall and north wall of the north and south transepts, but shows evidence of having reached the top of the building when complete. The staircase is lighted by a narrow window in the north and on the west, and is deeply splayed.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

There are no authentic historical records of the Abbey, and the chartulary does not appear to be extant, but one or two charters, granted by Abbots, are preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster. The first Abbot of Dundrennan was Sylvanus, who died in the Abbey in 1188, and a subsequent Abbot sat in the great Parliament at Brigham in 1290, for settling the succession of the Crown. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Thomas, who was Abbot, sat in the two celebrated councils of Constance and Basil. The last Abbot was Edward Maxwell, son of Lord Herries. At his death Bishop Hamilton obtained a grant of the Abbey, and in 1621 James VI. annexed it to his Royal Chapel of Stirling. But the most interesting of all the associations connected with the Abbey is the visit paid to it by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots after her disastrous defeat at the battle of Langside. Many writers have tried to deprive Dundrennan Abbey of the honour of having been an asylum to the persecuted Queen, but there is no reason whatever to doubt the evidence of historians who have handed down to us much that goes far to prove that the Queen not only visited the monastery, but slept within its walls on the last night of her stay in Scotland. It is impossible to tread this classic spot without being impressed by the last sad scene enacted during the hurried consultation of her attendants, and sad recollections follow the resolution of seeking protection from the Queen of England.

The tourist visiting this romantic vale will find much food for reflection, amidst the relics of a Queen's flying visit, and the rustic will willingly point out (with evident pride in his historical knowledge) the great entrance door where the Abbot is said to have welcomed the Queen. Here also on the shore at Burnfoot is pointed out the boulder from which the Queen is supposed to have stepped into the boat that conveyed her to her doom, "the block of Fotheringay."

"She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand,
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear,
Still by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay."

"Curse not the rich in your bedchamber," saith the son of Sirach; for a bird of the air shall carry the clatter, and pint-stoups hae lang lugs.—"Rob Roy."

To Foster Scottish Song.

AN important meeting of ladies and gentlemen interested in the encouragement of Scottish Song was held in the Bible Society's Rooms, Edinburgh, recently. Mr Allan Reid presided, and stated that there had been some preliminary meetings held, at which the rules and constitution of the proposed association for the encouragement and fostering of Scottish song, music, literature, and kindred subjects had been considered. They proposed to call the association the Scottish National Song Society; to hold an annual Sangschaw, at which prizes would be awarded for proficiency in the rendering of Scottish music, vocal and instrumental; and to organise concerts, lectures, and demonstrations to further these objects. The meeting unanimously resolved to form such a Society, and Mr Allan Reid was appointed president, and Mr John Wilson, Jamaica Street, Glasgow, secretary and treasurer. The life-membership was fixed at £2 2s for gentlemen and £1 1s for ladies, and the annual subscription at 5s and 2s 6d respectively. In the course of an interesting discussion on the prospects of the Society Mr Adamson, Dundee, said the Scottish nation had a wealth of melody that no other nation had, but they had not embraced their opportunities. All music was played upon two modes—major and minor—but the peculiarity of Scottish music was that it was written in four modes; some people said even six modes, hence the great variety of their songs. Their Scottish music had been modernised until it had lost its Scottish effect. What they wanted in Scotland was a Scotch Elgar, who would arise and harmonise their national melodies. They had been taught that the Ray and La mode could not be harmonised, but for such work he had great faith in such young men as Mr David Steven, Dunfermline. Mr Sneddon pointed out that, in the realisation of their Society's objects, they must have regard to modern taste. They wanted the Scotch music to take the place of the music of the music-hall. This could be done if Scotch music was modernised as the folk-song of Norway had been handled by Greig. The adulteration of the melody, the speaker thought, was worse than the adulteration of the harmonies. There was no antagonism between the folk-songs and classical music. What they wanted was to foster the old spirit in the new form.

MR ALLAN REID.

Border Notes and Queries.

Can any reader inform me where the following verses occur:—

"Three wooers came riding out of the west,
Booted and spurred, as ye well may see,
And they lichted at Mossfeeman yett,
A little below the Logan Lee."

The Rev. W. S. Crockett, in his "Scott Country," refers to this, and says it is from the "Bridal of Polmood." Perhaps some of your readers may be able to throw some light on the matter, as I have sought for it in Hogg's "Bridal of Polmood," but have failed to find it. M. J. G.

* * *

JEDBURGH ABBEY.

Can any of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE throw light upon the date of the picture of Jedburgh Abbey presented with the December number? The Bell Tower on the top of the Abbey was taken down in 1876, while the bridge in the left corner of the picture was constructed a century and a quarter ago. Further, the wall closing up the south transept, which is shown entire in the illustration of the Abbey dated 1793 (see BORDER MAGAZINE for 1900, p. 164), is almost wholly removed, while the old smithy which stood adjoining the rampart, and which was demolished about 45 years ago, had not yet—unless the artist has omitted it or removed it much to the south of its true position—been erected. The cross over Catherine's Wheel, not in the view of 1793 or those of earlier date, is visible. Is it to give due display to the sacred edifice that the artist leaves out the manse, which figures so prominently in the foreground in the picture of 1793? If the manse was not standing when the drawing was made the picture must be exactly a century old, as the old manse was removed and a new one erected in its place in the year 1806.

AUNTIE QUEER ANE.

* * *

LANTON.

It was with some disappointment that, on looking into Jeffrey's "History of Roxburghshire" to see what he had to say upon this subject, I found that he had not thought it worthy of a place in his work. Perhaps he had overlooked it. This is all the more wonderful, as Lanton figures in a modest way in ecclesiastical, in civil, and in literary history. In the charter granted by Prince Henry, in or before 1152, confirming that by which

his father David I. founded the monastery of Jedburgh, reference is made to the "teinds of the villages of the whole parish [of Jedburgh]," which were bestowed upon the said monastery. Among these villages "Langton" is specified, the name indicating that the place owed its appellation to what is the distinctive feature of the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy. From the charter granted by William the Lion to the canons of Jedburgh Abbey we learn that Richard Anglus [English or Inglis] gave to them "two oxgangs of land in Langetun." Robertson, in his "Index of Charters," gives an epitome of David I.'s charter as confirmed by Robert Bruce, in which mention is again made of "Langtoun;" and in the same work he refers to a charter also granted by Robert I., in which "four oxengates of land in Langtoun" are conferred upon Jedburgh Abbey.

In November, 1513, during a raid into Scotland by Lord Thomas Dacre, "Sir Roger Fenwike, with ccc. men, burnt the town of Langton, and destroyed all the cornes therein; which [town is] in the hert of the countre, ii. miles beyond Jedworth, upon the watter of Chevyot" [i.e., Teviot]. There is still in the village a fortalice, of no mean strength and size, called Lanton Tower, which has probably borne the brunt of some of these English invasions. It is still in excellent condition, forms a substantial mansion, and is inhabited by T. Robson Scott, Esq. Much information regarding the changing of hands of lands and tenements in Lanton may be found in the "Register of the Great Seal" and "Abbreviatio Rotulorum." In his latter days the Rev. William Veitch, LL.D., author of a well-known work on "Greek Irregular Verbs," and himself known in consequence as the "Greek Verb," spent two months of his vacation periods every year with his sisters at Lanton, where they had taken up residence in 1823. G. W.

* * *

HASSENDEAN.

Hassendean boasts of a considerable antiquity; but the mention of the "town" or "village" ("villa") on the page of record is as unsatisfactory as the appearance of Melchizedek in the sacred annals —having "neither beginning of days, nor end," assigned to it. On the occasion of the marriage of Alexander II. of Scotland to Joanna, sister of the English king, on 25th June, 1221, the former bestowed upon his wife certain rents to the amount of £1000 yearly, to be drawn from Jedburgh, Lessuden (St Boswells), Hassendean, and Kinghorn. As the first, second, and fourth of these were communities, probably the third also was then a village or "toun." [In the middle ages the term "toun" was frequently applied to what we would at the present day call a "village."]

The earliest explicit mention I have of the existence of a community at Hassendean is on 23rd September, 1334, when Edward III. granted to Henry Percy certain lands, etc., including the "touns" of Jedburgh, Bonjedward, and Hassendean, and all lands and tenements belonging to these places. On 23rd February, 1341-42, a warrant, in which there is mention of the "vills of Jeddeworth, Bonjedworthe, and Hassyndene," was granted by the English king to pay Henry Percy the sum of £200 ("cal. of documents"). In another mandate by the English king, dated 18th May, 1356, reference is made to the "villas de Jeddeworth, Bond Jeddeworth, et Hassenden" ("Rotuli Scotiæ"). In a document dated 19th August, 1397, the English king recites the grant of his grandfather, King Edward III., to Sir Henry Percy, grandfather of the Earl of Northumberland, and his heirs, "of the castle of Jedworth, and the vills of Bond Jedworthe and Hassindene, etc." ("cal. of documents"). In the beginning of 1408 King Henry IV. granted to his third son, John, the castle, etc., of Jedburgh, and also the "towns (villæ) of Jeddeworth, Bondieddevorth, and Hassinden," etc. ("cal. Rotulorum Patentium," p. 253—printed 1802).

I have not traced the existence of the community further. An exhaustive and informative series of papers on the "Parish and Kirk of Hassendean," from the able pen of Mr J. J. Vernon, appears in Hawick Archæological Society's Transactions for 1879. Further information on the lands, etc., of Hassendean will be found in the "Calendar of Documents," "Register of the Great Seal," "Retours," "Close" and "Patent Rolls," etc., etc.

While leaving to others to make reply regarding the query of "A. G. S." as to the historical basis of Scott's "Jock o' Hazeldean," I cannot refrain from pointing out that Sir Walter, when stating in a note to his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" that "Hassendean" is a corruption of "Hazeldean," is in error, as the reverse is actually the case.

G. W.

In the Footsteps of "Rab's" Friend.

By J. M. H.

ON a mid-June afternoon we climbed Minchmoor. The genial author of "Rab and his Friends" had cast a glamour over this moorland road which neither of us could resist for another day. So over the heather on "the high Minchmuir" we wended our way from Tweed to Yarrow. Tweed and Quair had many attractions for us that day. We had visited the gates of the old mansion before, but another peep would take nothing from our interest and perhaps add pleasure to the day's proceedings. Tradition says that the gates have not been opened since the "Forty-five." The grass-grown avenue of forest monarchs tell not what has passed under their umbrageous arms since then; silence reigns in the greenwood, and is only broken by the lowing of cattle and the songs of birds. The huge Bradwardine sentinels grin but ineffectively upon the quiet scene. We were tempted to say "Ichabod" as we turned our back to this remnant of feudal glory, but the muse had visited my friend and we wandered on to "The Bush abune Traquair" with the thought unuttered. The 'auld scrunts o' birk i' the hillside lirk" looked melancholy enough; and but for the song and the poem associated with them might have escaped attention alto-

gether. A feeling of dreaminess, which finds so sweet an accompaniment in the sound of running water, infused the sense as Quair wimpled on its way to Tweed. Yonder lay the green kirkyaird—quiet and shaded; the kirk in the centre reminding that alone are left the living to praise. R. L. Stevenson's immortal pictures of the country kirk in "The Lowden Sabbath morn" rushed to memory's portals, and peopled again "the kirkward mile" with forms and faces dear to many in Old Traquair. Here was Jock and Jenny in loving dalliance under the ash tree. In the shadow of the high wall stood the old cottars, who talked of the days when they, too, were young. The laird's gig rumbled into the loaning—a hat touched here and there as he passed. Groups of old and young of both sexes gathered round "the prentit stanes;" and here and there a whisper of the "craps" and the "lams" is passed from one to another. The "clinkum clank" of the bell soon called them to worship. Gradually the men, "perplexed wi' leisure," filed into the straight-backed pews with many an amateur attempt at gracefulness. The doors are "snecked;" bibles deposited on the book-board with a thud of no small importance; the beadle took up "The Buik;" and finally minister and precentor were seated in their respective places in the pulpit and "the dask." A moment's pause, then prayer, followed by praise in the 121st Psalm, resounds on "fancy's ear;" and the spell of that old tune recalled us to our journey and the stern fact of swiftly passing time.

The road is well defined from Traquair to the gate at the base of the hill. After that point is left it stretches in vague but never uncertain tracks to the famous Cheese Well. Here we rested and feasted our eyes on the Peeblesshire hills and the valley of the Tweed. A long quaff of its clean, cold water is nectar to the thirsty pedestrian. It is a veritable oasis in the desert, with the distinction that the crisp brown heather is all around instead of arid sand. Its comforting coolness must be as welcome. Dr John Brown has imaged the well in his delightful essay. "Near the top, on the Tweed side, its waters trotting away cheerily to the glen at Bold, is the famous Cheese Well. Here every traveller—Duchess, shepherd, or houseless mugger—stops, rests, and is thankful; doubtless so did Montrose, poor fellow, and his young nobles and their jaded steeds, on their scurry from Lesly and his Dragoons. It is called the Cheese Well from those who rest there dropping in bits of their provisions to the fairies whose especial haunt this mountain was." As we satisfied our thirst the fervent wish escaped our lips that the Cheese Well might sooner lose its romance than the cool clarity of its waters.

A stiff climb brought us to the summit. As when "Rab" viewed it, "the great round-backed, kindly, solemn hills of Tweed, Yarrow and Ettrick lay all about like sleeping mastiffs—too plain to be grand, too ample and beautiful to be common-place." All the familiar peaks and landmarks of the storied Borderland lay before us. The genial essayist names them all with picturesque exactness from mention of the "Maiden-Paps" in Liddesdale to Soutra in the distant Lammermoors. Williamhope Ridge, where Scott and Park parted for the last time, lies due east from the summit. Midway, in the direction of Williamhope, Wallace's Trench is defined on the hill-side; and under the lee of Foulshiels rests the remains of the unfortunate, conscience-struck woman who hanged herself at the thought of having stolen a penny! On a simple unhewn stone may be read the initials and the date, "I. T., 1790."

The wind whistled eerily in the cairn; and as though to accentuate the sense of loneliness a nest with eggs of the red grouse lay forsaken and cold. What had disturbed the instincts of parentage on this lonely height? We left the question unsolved, the better to get the full idea of this spacious hill. Miles of heather spread carpet-like over this interminable waste with evidences of cultivation at rare intervals on its fringe. The desire to ramble is as strong as the attraction of large spaces can make it. Sydney Smith has said that "there is moral as well as bodily wholesomeness in a mountain walk, if the walker has the understanding heart and eschews picnics. . . . It is well to be in places where man is little and God is great. . . . It abates and rectifies a man if he is worth the process." Minchmoor in this respect must surely be an eloquent sermon.

But time tugs at the chain of reverie; we must descend our Pisgah to the valley. The sun has gone down, and the shadows drawn out by the receding orb have settled into the grey of evening. Our track was through the heather until we struck the road for Yarrow. We rambled along until we reached Birkendale Brae—peak after peak subsiding in rapid succession behind one another. The blythe young shepherd and his faithful "Jed" had long passed before us, down those grassy slopes, sweet scented with broom and shaded with "birk" and hazel. My friend was in a "day dream," but not so oblivious to our surroundings that

his keen eye could miss the prime hedgehog which lay in our path. At our approach this armed raider prepared for possible attack by bringing his bayonets into position. Being more curious than inimical, we allowed him to pursue his predatory errand in peace. There were voices in the copse, though many a feathered songster had gone to rest. Night had fallen gently; a soft wind stirred in the trees; and in its murmur there came the music of ballad notes borne out of long ago. The ancestral oaks at Hangingshaw shared the secret of that ballad story of the bold outlaw whose tower had stood deep in their shadow. The old "makars" had kept tryst with the modern singers. Yarrow still crooned its song of "dule;" the last minstrel of the Forest streams learned well the secret of its charm.

"No sound, no word, from field to ford,
Nor breath of wind to float a feather,
While Yarrow's murmuring waters poured
A lonely music through the heather."

"What stream and valley," asks "Rab," "was ever so be-sung? You wonder at first why this has been, but the longer you look the less you wonder. . . . The huge, sunny hills in which it is embosomed give it a look at once gentle and serious. They are great, and their gentleness make them greater."

It was a fitting close to a glorious afternoon to find ourselves in the classic valley. A walk from Tweed to Yarrow over Minchmoor was a subject for a poet to dream over,—for a balladist to construe. My pleasure was great when, two days after, this pretty fragment reached me. It is happily headed—"The tender grace of a day that is dead," and is now published for the first time:—

The lift abune was fair
When oo climbed the high Minchmuir,
Lookin' doon on grey Traquair
An' its singin' burn—
Frae the hills of heather dun,
Mixed wi' yellow broom and whun,
An' Tweed blinkin' i' the sun
At ilka twist an' turn.

Sweet was the burnie's croon
Through the simmer's efternune,
When the laverock's lonely tune
Was oor lullabie—
Wi' the muircock an' the plover
Wheelin' roond abune the cover,
An' the blue sky like a lover
Bendin' owre the lea.

Them that hevna listened still
To the song that haunts the hill;
Nor felt their heart's strings thrill
At its witcherie—
Have something still to hear,
For its liltin' low an' clear
Can charm the heart an' ear
By its minstrelsy.

For though the day is gane
Whan a'm sittin' a' ma lane,
Minchmuir often comes again
To ma dreamin' e'e—
An' a' see the birk leaves sheen,
Whaur the licht sklents saft atween,
Doon on gress that is as green
As a' e'er will see.

An' a' hear the burnie's croon
Whaur the Quair comes singin' doon
By cot and ferm toon
I' the lirk o' the hill—
Days may come and days may gang;
Years be short or years be lang;
In ma hert the burnie's sang
Will be singin' still."

"Rainbows and Witches."

UCH is the original title of the latest book of poems by Mr Will H. Ogilvie, who has favoured the columns of the BORDER MAGAZINE at various times with his stirring verses. When we read a poem by Mr Ogilvie we feel at once that we are face to face with a true poet, who, widely as he is already known, has yet brighter laurels in store for him. A sketch and portrait of Mr Ogilvie appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for January, 1906. The present volume appears in the Vigo Cabinet Series, published by Elkin Matthews, London, and costs only one shilling. We heartily commend the book to our readers. Its author is "Leal to the Border" through and through, as the following poem from the above volume will show:—

KELSO BRIDGE.

There is one spot where memory guides
From time to time my restless heart—
A fair, fair spot, where silver tides
Break on grey piers and drift apart
Round pillars spun with water-weed,
Down channels where the foam is whirled;
So beats my love of home, oh, Tweed!
Against the barriers of the world!

Sunlit or swept by winter's blast
The old bridge stands, a link between
The Abbey's hoar and wrinkled past
And the young elm-bud's waking green;
The nesting rooks above it wheel
From elm to elm on sable wings;
Beneath it, racing round the reel,
The line upon the bent rod sings.

Across the world hope's bridges bear
The wanderer's never-resting feet,
But peace and rest are mingled where
Earth's fairest rivers, mingling, meet.
On pillars twined with water-weed
Your silver tide is ceaseless hurled;
So beats my love of home, oh, Tweed!
Against the barriers of the world!

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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, 1907.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we begin our twelfth volume we desire to express our deep indebtedness to our subscribers and contributors for the encouraging support they have given us. It has been our earnest wish to establish a distinctly Border monthly, and the fact that no previous attempt passed the second year of publication, proves that we have succeeded. Our magazine has always been appreciated by literary people, and we are at present suffering from an excess of riches in regard to suitable manuscripts sent in. Many of these are in type, but our space being limited we crave the indulgence of our contributors.

The Border Keep,

A Guid New Year to aue and a'! Once more the glad sad season of New Year has come round, and the panorama of memory begins to unroll. To the young, with all the world before them, the start of a new year is full of brightness and hope, and sad thoughts have no place amidst the merriment and joy. To the old, however, the season calls up scenes and faces long since vanished, and an old dominie like myself canfiot refrain from falling into a train of thought which is apt to blot out the living present. To some extent we live by the past, and happy is he who, drawing lessons from days of yore, can yet live his life over again, as he looks at the happy faces of the young folks. From the retirement of the Border Keep I look out upon the busy world and delight to seize upon any movement which is of national importance. Being a great believer in the Imperial value of the distinctly national customs, etc., of the various nations which make up our great Empire. I rejoice to see the awakening which has recently taken place in Scotland. This is the era of anniversaries, and the two hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland falls to be celebrated. The removal of the Scots Greys from Scotland, by the War Office, has roused the Scottish nation, and the afore-mentioned celebration may take another form than was expected. We have been so accustomed to thinking of the Union as a great boon to Scotland that we have forgot to ask what the other party got, and how the Treaty has been kept by our friends across the Border. It is not at all certain that Scotland would have been worse off had the Union not taken place. Even Wallace had such a grip of commercial intercourse with other nations and kindred matters as would have raised his beloved land high among the nations, had England's escutcheon not been stained with his blood. I give below an article from a prominent evening paper, and, though the text is unsigned, I have little doubt that it is from the pen of an eminent Scottish writer, but I shall preserve his anonymity.

"Scotland has of late so fervently celebrated the anniversaries of such important national events as the foundation of the Universities and the birth of George Buchanan, that it is surprising that no one seems to have spoken as yet of any recognition of a great national anniversary due on 1st May of this year. I refer to the Union of Parliaments of Scotland and England, which was consummated exactly two hundred years ago from that date. Will the bi-centenary of the Union pass without any national recognition? Whether the Union was or was not desirable in 1707, when it was brought about mainly by the shrewdness with which William III. used the Darien scheme to reduce Scotland as close as possible on bankruptcy, and so induce her to throw herself into the arms of our good neighbour, is a question no longer of any importance. Doubtless Scotland gained a great deal by the Union, but if it had been postponed till to-day it possibly might never take place. We had only, for the first time in our history, secured a really representative, intelligent, and useful Parliament, when it was abolished. It was a Parliament that might have got for Scotland all the advantages of that free trade which was the chief gain of our Parliamentary alliance with England. What we lose by having our national identity wholly surrendered for the sake of concentration in London is, to most people, only slightly obvious when an English War Office does so unusually graphic a thing as transfer all the cavalry of the country South of the Border—though that is a trifle compared with the perpetual reminders we have that Scotland is now only a province of England. We have seen, in the case of the decision in the Free Church question, the vital interests of all Scotland entrusted irrevocably to a tribunal of six English Lords and one Scottish one, with what deplorable results! But the final court for all appealed Scottish law cases is this same House of Lords, where the majority of the men who compose the tribunal are confessedly without knowledge of the Scottish Law as to whose doctrines they are called upon to decide.

* * *

"It was estimated by the late Marquess of Bute that the annual dead loss of money which is nowadays entailed upon Scotland by the Union of 1707 is about eight or ten millions, since the chief land-owners of Scotland spend the greater part of their annual income in London, becoming estranged from the dwellers on their own estates, alienating their sympathies, and exacerbating class distinctions. There is also a steady brain-tax by England upon this country, so many able men being induced to leave it by the greater attractions offered to ambition in England, a movement constantly stimulated by the steady action taken in the way of cutting down the number of honourable and lucrative offices in Scotland itself. Then there are the scantiness of Government orders for Scotland, and the absence of Government works, such as arsenals, or of harbours, which would at once aid the industries of the country, and at the same time be a protection to the lives of those engaged in them. Unfortunately the social consequences of the Union are widely accepted as a matter of habit. People are accustomed to see the clever and aspiring go to seek a career in England, and that the wealthy land-owners, the representatives perhaps of great historical races, and the proprietors of great tracts of the country, should either let their castles on long leases to alien strangers, or visit their properties only for a few weeks during the shooting season, is accepted as a matter of course.

* * *

"Of course, all these offsets to the advantages of Union were foreseen by the Scots people two hundred years ago. Lord Belhaven, the most eloquent and brilliant of Scots rhetoricians at the time, made a speech which is historical, and when published was powerful in fomenting popular passion, as it depicted in lurid terms the awful disasters that awaited his land when the Union was accomplished—peers of glorious ancestry sinking into servitude to Englishmen; Scots barons dumb before their masters; lawyers mute in a strange land; merchants excluded from trade, while English tradesmen imported their goods; artisans starving from want of custom; gentry living in abject poverty; while all should be taxed till the Scots must drink water; the salt burdened with duty till he could not cure a herring; and the farmer would die cursing the day of his birth, and dreading the expense of his burial. It is said that this speech of rhodomontado, which was so influential with the populace when issued as a pamphlet, was heard in the Scottish House of Parliament with indifference, and members chatted as his lordship orated. The effect was cruelly spoiled by Lord Marchmont, who got up to reply, and said he had been much struck by the noble lord's vision, but that it could be expounded in a few words, 'I awoke, and behold it was a dream.' The 'flying squadron,' or the 'stalwarts' of the period, voted en mass for the Union when the debate was ended. They had been bribed by the Government to do so, and the result was that 'the end o' an auld sang' was agreed to against the will of the whole nation, irrespective of party.

* * *

"The Scots members of Parliament, Lords and Commoners, quickly found that their old power and dignity in the Scots Parliament had been exchanged for obscurity and contempt in England. Sixteen peers and forty-five commoners were utterly insignificant at St Stephen's. Even when they took part in matters which affected their own country they found themselves ignored and outvoted. Innumerable slights and insults united the Scotsmen—peer and commoner, Whig and Tory, together demanding the rescinding of the Union six years after it was passed. So high was the feeling that the very men who had been most anxious for the Union became foremost in the efforts to revoke it. In the House of Lords in 1713 the abrogation of the Union was demanded, and, after a keen debate, on which a momentous issue hung, the vote was taken. The members present were equally divided, but by a majority of four proxies the motion was defeated. Had the balance been slightly turned, the history of the whole country might have been changed. Are we not to have a national opportunity of going over the whole story again, and striking profit and loss account of the Union, this year?"

DOMINIE SAMPSON

William Laidlaw

(Author of "Lucy's Flittin'").

PART VII.

BY GEORGE WATSON.

FROM Purdie's death, which occurred on 29th October, 1829, was felt by Scott most keenly. He wrote from Abbotsford on 31st October informing Laidlaw of their friend's decease. In the course of a letter to an acquaintance, dated 5th November, Laidlaw states:—"Sir Walter wrote to me, in great distress, to come down. I did so on Sunday, and on Tuesday I went to poor Tom's funeral. Sir Walter had my pony put in again, and made me stay all day. He was in very great distress about Tom, and will miss him continually, and in many ways that come nearest to him. Sir Walter wants us to return to Kaeside at Whitsunday. Kindness of heart is positively the reigning quality of Sir Walter's heart." To the return of Laidlaw to Kaeside, mentioned in this communication, Scott indeed had always looked forward. On 4th March, 1829, Laidlaw had dined with his friend, and then Sir Walter informed him of the prospect that in a short time he would be reinstated in full power in Abbotsford, at which news Laidlaw was greatly elated. "I hope," writes Scott in his "Journal" under this date, "I shall have him once more at Kaeside to debate, as we used to do, on religion and politics." Accordingly Laidlaw was welcomed back to Kaeside at the May term, 1830. In March previous to this he had written to Scott, asking him to speak to the Duke of Buccleuch on behalf of their friend Hogg, who was then fighting bravely but unavailingly against adversity. Scott, however, was unable to do anything to further Hogg's interests.

Laidlaw's biography would be incomplete were prominence not given to the fact that he acted as amanuensis to Scott in writing some of the "Waverley Novels." Owing to his serious illness in April, 1819, Sir Walter was obliged to obtain the help of others for the mechanical duty of writing while he dictated. In this way the "Bride of Lammermoor" was issued, his amanuenses being William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne. Of these Scott preferred the latter, not only on account of the fact that he was the faster writer, but also because that he kept more continuously at his task, his eyes only showing how much he was pleased with those brilliant passages at which the more ardent Laidlaw would exclaim with surprise mingled with delight: "Gude keep us a'!—the like o' that!—eh sirs!—eh sirs!" or again: "Did ye ever? Whatever put that in your head? Ye maun gie me a minute to hae a bit laugh!" Sometimes, however, Laidlaw became so interested in the story that his pen went faster than Scott's words, and he exclaimed: "Get on, Mr Scott, get on!" to which Sir Walter with a smile would reply: "Softly, Willie; you know I have to make the story," or some similar remark. Lockhart often heard Laidlaw and Ballantyne state how astonished they were at the grim determination displayed by Scott when pursuing this work through their medium. While the novelist, amidst ostensible suffering, was thus dictating, Laidlaw would beseech him to take some rest. "Nay, Willie," was Scott's reply, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen."*

By the hands of these two secretaries, but chiefly of Laidlaw, who was always near by, by far the greater part of "The Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of the "Legend of Montrose," and almost all of "Ivanhoe" was produced. "He was particularly anxious," Laidlaw records, "respecting the success of Rebecca in 'Ivanhoe.' One morning, as we were walking in the woods after our forenoon's labour, I expressed my admiration of the character, and after a short pause he broke out with: 'Well, I think I shall make something of my Jewess.'"

When Laidlaw in 1830 again took up his quarters at Kaeside it was arranged that he should act as Scott's amanuensis. Accordingly we find him in January, 1831, writing to the dictation of Scott the work "Count Robert of Paris." In this month Macdonald the sculptor visited Abbotsford to make a model of the novelist's head, and Sir Walter found it necessary to dictate his story to Laidlaw while the sculptor was making his cast, Scott sitting on a stool which was mounted on a packing-box—for the benefit of the artist, while Laidlaw worked without intermission at his task. From Jan-

* On the evening of 31st October, 1826, when in Paris, Scott went to see "Ivanhoe" acted on the stage. In his "Journal" against that date he records the following:—"It was strange to hear anything like the words which I (then in agony of pain with spasms in my stomach), dictated to William Laidlaw at Abbotsford, now recited in a foreign tongue, and for the amusement of a strange people. I little thought to have survived the completing of this novel."

uary to April the amanuensis continued to write "Count Robert," thus rendering invaluable assistance to the novelist. Against the date 20th January, 1831, we find the following interesting note in Scott's "Journal":—"Borrow honest Laidlaw's fingers in the evening. I hope his pay will recompense him: it is better than 'grieve-ing' or playing Triptolemus. Should be, if I am working hard, 100 guineas, which, with his house, cow, and free rent, would save, I believe, some painful thoughts to him and his amiable wife and children. We will see how the matter fudges."

Meanwhile Scott was suffering from the effects of having overtaxed his mind; it was obvious that he was becoming the victim of brain-softening. The great novelist, it seemed, had escaped financial failure only to fall a victim to failure of mental power. His relatives saw the inevitable disaster in the near future; and what must have been the thoughts of the faithful amanuensis when he observed his revered friend slowly but surely becoming the victim of mental decay? A more delicate task, writes Scott's biographer, never devolved upon any man than that which fell to Laidlaw at this time. He could not watch the novelist hour by hour, and write to his dictation, without gradually, however reluctantly, being convinced that that great mind, which he had honoured and revered for thirty years, had already lost some of its energy, and was daily losing more. Laidlaw endeavoured to spur on his friend to greater exertions. Referring to the writing of "Count Robert," Scott notes in his "Journal":—"Laidlaw begins to smite the rock for not giving forth the water in quantity sufficient. I remarked to him that this would not profit much." Upon this point the following extract from a letter from Laidlaw to his friend Lockhart regarding Sir Walter's state of health sheds much light:—

"What he dictates of 'Robert of Paris' is, much of it, as good as anything he ever wrote. He does not go on so fast; but I do not see that he is much more apt to make blunders—that is, to let his imagination get ahead of his speech—than when he wrote 'Ivanhoe.' The worst business was that accursed nonsensical petition in the name of the magistrates, justices of the peace, and freeholders of the extensive, influential, and populous county of Selkirk! We were more than three days at it. At the beginning of the third day he walked backwards and forwards, enunciating the half-sentences with a deep and awful voice, his eyebrows seemingly more shaggy than ever, and his eyes more fierce and glaring—altogether, like the royal beast in his cage! It suddenly came over me, as politics was always Sir Walter's weak point, that he was crazy, and that I should have to come down to Abbotsford, and write on and away at the petition until the crack of doom! I was seized at the same moment with an inclination, almost uncontrollable, to burst into laughter."

The occasion referred to in this letter was in connection with the Reform Bill, the discussion of which was then agitating the country, as it promised to bring in a new era. In political and religious views Laidlaw and Scott were of different opinions, but this did not materially affect their friendship. Laidlaw was a staunch Whig, and hailed the prospective changes as the ushering in of a political millenium. Nevertheless, when Scott, at the instance of Mr Pringle of Whytbank, drew up, on March 7-10, an address reprobatory of the Bill, Laidlaw acted as his amanuensis. "From the uncompromising style," Scott writes in his "Journal," "it would have attracted attention. Mr Laidlaw, though he is Mr Other Side [? on t'other side] on the subject, thinks it is the best thing I ever wrote; and I myself am happy to find it cannot be said to smell of apoplexy." Possibly Laidlaw did express his opinion to this effect, but he was too true a Whig to write the address without due criticism. Scott does not hint that any such interruptions as the following (as the amanuensis afterwards told his friends) took place:—"Hout tout, Sir Walter, that will never do." "Go on, Willie, go on," was Scott's reply. It ultimately proved that Laidlaw was right. Scott's Bill, to his great chagrin, was rejected.

In September this year Scott started from Abbotsford for his Mediterranean voyage. Before departing, however, he gave Laidlaw a mandate empowering him to represent him at county meetings; and also directions for keeping his mansion, his books, and his garden in order. About the same time the Laidlaws were astonished one morning to see Sir Walter, with his night-cap on, approach their abode. After the customary salutations Scott said he had come to have a last look at Melrose Abbey. Having proceeded to a sort of eminence whence he could view the town and abbey, he gazed long and steadfastly on the scene, and saying slowly "It is a venerable ruin!" he turned and retraced his steps to Abbotsford.

While on his Mediterranean cruise Scott continued to send letters to Laidlaw. The latter, writing to a friend, says:—"You will see by the newspapers that Sir Walter is coming home to die, I fear, or worse. It has come to what I always feared since he told me that Mr Cadell

had half the proceeds of the great new edition."

Scott returned to Abbotsford in July, 1832. According to his own account, Laidlaw was standing at the door when the great novelist arrived. He was accompanied by Mr and Mrs Lockhart, and Miss Scott, who told Laidlaw that her father's mental condition was so low that she did not think Scott would recognise him. Sir Walter, who had an uncommonly stupid stare, was carried into the dining-room, whither Laidlaw followed him. When Scott had been placed in a low arm-chair, Mrs Lockhart made a sign for Laidlaw to come forward, to see if Sir Walter would know who he was. "Mr Laidlaw, papa," said she to her father, who exclaimed, holding out his hand and raising his eyes a little: "Good God, Mr Laidlaw! I have thought of you a thousand times." Having been put to bed, Scott sent for Laidlaw, and made inquiries of him, though apparently with a clouded mind, respecting the welfare of the people on the estate.

During the few remaining days of Scott's life Laidlaw and Lockhart wheeled Scott, in a bath chair which had been procured for the purpose, before the door of the house, or up and down on the turf, or among the rose-beds. Sad days indeed these must have been for the faithful attendants! On one of these occasions Laidlaw took his turn after Lockhart, and during his period of wheeling Scott had a short sleep. Laidlaw then said to his friend Lockhart: "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said Scott, awaking at that instant, "no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." When Scott died on 21st September, 1832, no one mourned him more deeply than his faithful friend, companion, and amanuensis William Laidlaw.

In October after the death of Sir Walter, his son—Major Walter Scott—sent to Laidlaw, along with a very gratifying letter, the locket which Scott had constantly worn about his neck, and which had been presented to the novelist by Major Scott and his wife on the day of their marriage. This memento Laidlaw ever after held in the greatest regard, and wore it until his death. By Scott himself Laidlaw had been presented with the desk in a drawer of which Sir Walter found the forgotten MS. of "Waverley" among his fishing tackle—a gift which Laidlaw greatly esteemed.

To be Continued.

After all, women are weathercocks, that is the truth on't.—"Fair Maid of Perth."

Presentation to Mr Stuart Douglas Elliot.

THE thirty-third annual festival of Edinburgh Borderers' Union was held in the Masonic Hall there on 7th December. Bailie Douglas occupied the chair, and there was a representative gathering. Occasion was taken of the meeting to present Councillor Stuart Douglas Elliot, the

COUNCILLOR STUART DOUGLAS ELLIOT. [Photo

late secretary of the Union, with a handsome case of silver, and Mrs Elliot with a gold bracelet, on the occasion of his retiral from the office of secretary, after 25 years' service. The proceedings were of an enjoyable and enthusiastic character. We trust Mr Elliot may have many more years of usefulness and prosperity. He is a typical Borderer, and will always find an honoured place wherever Borderers foregather.

Elibank.

The moon is rising o'er the wooded hill
  Where grimly stands the ruined Keep.
Beneath, the twining river runs
  Adown a valley hushed in sleep.
From out the shaded nooks of long ago
  The gray, gaunt ghosts of past arise,
And once again the frowning tower
  Is vibrant with their lusty cries.
The supple steel, long rusted red,
  Awakes once more and flashes fire;
The grim moss-troopers, long since dead,
  From out forgotten graves again suspire.

But see! The yellow dawn already streaks the East—
  The vision fades—the past sinks once again to sleep.
The rising sun, now peeping o'er the smiling hills,
  Sees but the ruins of an ancient Keep.

JAMES KEDDIE.

A Christmas Tramp.

ONY railway director who has the honour of the reader's acquaintance will be able to recall the year of the last century, whose closing week found time-tables of no use to intending travellers for the Christmas holidays. Perhaps it was the last of the eighties or the first of the nineties, but I was never good at dates, and my maiden aunt is not within call. It was the eve of Christmas Eve, when a few bachelors, including the writer, were gathered in the parlour of the principal howff of P——, at the foot of the P—— Hills, which vil—I beg pardon—town, is not entirely unconnected with p——r-making. Their purpose was to exchange the compliments of the season on parting for their various destinations, and the uncertainty of booking passages on the morrow was the topic de resistance. The craze for pedestrianism was not; and it required all my powers of persuasion to coax a crony of a Saturday afternoon as far as Roslin or Habbie's Howe. Once two stout chums set out for Peebles, and returned with unquestionable evidence that they had reached that paradise of "pleesure;" but it transpired that the iron horse had obliged for the middle and lengthiest section of the road. Thus was I often left to gang my ain gait when early spring would tempt me to a five-mile matutinal appetizer across the moor or through the woods. As for this dead season, a walk out to the Watering Stone and back was deemed sufficient to induce a sound sleep, and if I proposed to wend further afield, I was dubbed a road-raker or stravaigin' gangrel.

Here, then, was the occasion and the excuse for a real walk, for the strike was at its height; and when the railway man of the company could give us no reliable information as to transit, I boldly announced my intention to get home on "shank's naigie." "Are ye weel shod the noo?" asked Larry, and the rest eyed me coldly, and no doubt marvelled that half a bottle of invalid stout should have so swelled my head and animated my breast with Dutch courage. Some who were aware of my raiding propensities kindly hinted that I would think better of it in the morning; and then the whole crowd, with engaging inconsistency, began to swagger of long tramps each had accomplished in record time on such and such apocryphal occasions. Their drivel bored me, and I retired early, after telling the landlady to have breakfast at seven sharp. Scarce had I reached the pillows, as it seemed, when the rattle of dishes awoke me, and I realised that I was pledged to a fifty-mile walk or a face ashamed. Nearly thirty had to be done the first day, so after a hasty toilet and bolted breakfast, I don my Highland cloak, grip my "Saturday to Monday," and with nibby in hand take the plunge.

Dark, raw, a suspicion of sleety drizzle, the road 'twixt frost and fresh, slippery. Down the wide, sleeping street, we note that Larry's window is still dark, but dare not permit a qualm of envy of his beauty sleep. Southwards across the bridge, and we have three miles of collar-work for a start. It is dismal enough, but we step lively, and warm to the work, for it is not easy going. Leadburn is reached in forty-five minutes, and with an air of bumptious humility we step on the railway platform, and meekly inquire for the next train to Galashiels. If anything is known, nothing is guaranteed; we change our demeanour, snap our fingers, and haughtily absquatulate. Under the bridge, up the final brae, and we pass from the Lothian slope to the Tweeddale basin. The Moorfoots form the bleak horizon, but behind them the dawn broadens and brightens, the long bare ribbon of road is reeled off rapidly, and at every furlong of the gradual descent the spiritual thermometer goes up a degree. By the time the narrow vale, where road and stream run side by side, is reached, it is a fine morning, and our tackets beat a merry accompaniment to the gurgling Eddleston. Here the road is dry and hard. The railway is there too, but it is only a blot on the landscape. This is glorious, and I think with pity of the poor creatures behind, mooning about the booking-office, and vainly badgering discontented officials about trains. My train of thought is broken by a rumble in the rear, and in a moment an empty passenger crashes past. I have barely time to throw down my bag and wave my hat at the end of my stick to the crew. I am certain the guard sees me. Perhaps they are black-legs, perhaps he thinks my antics are signals of distress, but, if so, he errs egregiously.

The only fly in the ointment is the wee black bag, which seems to have gained a considerable accession of avoirdupois when I stoop to lift it. Perhaps it weighs three or four pounds at the most, for a clean collar, pair sox, ditto skates, are its sole contents. It is positively warm, and were it not for the bag, I would doff my cloak. Presently a shaddry-dan, motored by a pony, and manned by a halflin' wielding an ash plant, turns out of a loaning and luffs Peebles-ward. This is the first human we have encountered on the road, so in gratuitous lowland fashion I tell him it's a fine day. He admits "It's no' bad for the time o' year," and invites me to jump in. I explain that the state of my health demands walking exercise, but would he oblige by relieving me of my luggage, and leaving same at Mrs So-and-So's in the Northgate till speered for. He readily assents, pulls the lever, and doucely ambles round the corner and out of sight. Greatly relieved, I doff the cloak, make some passes with the left arm to bring the benumbed wrist to the proper flexibility, and mend the pace, and overtake the baggage-waggon. More ash plant, and they are leading by three lengths; I creep up abreast, talk horse for a bit, and soon become aware that my breakfast has more stay than the Galloway's oats, and am compelled to insult the poor beast by cancelling the contract. Past the clachan of Eddleston other two miles brings Peebles in view, and at 10.45 exactly we stump under the arch and across the cobble-paved yard and crook our hough at the quaint hostelry which claims to have been the model for Meg Dodd's public. The thirteen miles have been done in 3 hours 15 minutes—a good performance, and deserves a biscuit, which with appropriate moisture is promptly served and deliberately assimilated. We satisfy the decorous curiosity of mine host as to our whence and whither, regret we cannot stay for dinner, and after a pipeful of brown twist we leave the snug tap before our joints have time to stiffen. With an appreciative glance along the pretty perspective of the High Street we turn by way of the Eastgate to follow for six miles or so the windings of Tweed's siller stream. The hundred windows of the stately "Hydro" flash back the level rays of the sun,

which barely clears the heights over the Drove Road to the south. Every Edinburgh cyclist knows the road, but not every one has seen it on foot and at the winter solstice. In jovial June and mellow October it is lovely, but even December has its compensations. Through the open network of bare branches we get more frequent glimpses of the river, and of the snug cottages, steadings, and stackyards on either side. The heights of Glentress Forest shelter us from any Boreal bitterness, and when we are past Horsburgh Castle the whole valley opens out bathed in the shimmering winter haze. At the foot of the long straight (which we were wont to coast with legs over handles on the old 54 in.) we stop to look into the Dirt Pot opposite Cardrona, perhaps so-called as it seems to serve as a sort of sediment settler for the impurities gathered from the mills of Peebles. The Pot is boiling to-day, for it is swarming with salmon, most of them, alas, twisting and writhing and piebald with the loathsome fungus. The water looks black, and the fish would be invisible but for their feverish antics, and the patches of sickly white mould that disfigure their yard-long proportions. The sight is saddening, and after rinsing our mouth at the horse-trough, we trudge on. The bank of hazels on the steep hillside is bare of leaves, and the squirrels know best where the fruit is stored. Clear of the wood, we get a still wider prospect, and notice that the southern and more distant hills are all white with snow. These we must penetrate before the shades of eve, and we hurry on to dinner at Innerleithen. Our healthy appetite is the best sauce, and after our repast we feel good enough for anything. Less than nine miles remain, and we wax communicative. Ostler advises a trap to Gala, where he is sure "the Pullman" is still doing business. Like the rest of his cult he has no respect for walking gentlemen, and as it is hopeless to convince him that I am tramping for preference, I plead poverty, and he allows me to leave the yard once more driving my own pair. At the level-crossing we spurn the metals and scrape the rime from our boots in contemptuous farewell, for now our boats are burned; we will see no more of the rail till our journey's end. I can never cross a bridge without gazing for a minute into the water,—no doubt another evidence of my predatory instincts,—and here I spy a small boy—a mere infant—dragging ashore a salmon which must weigh almost as many pounds as its captor. I sternly hail him, and threaten him with the Shirra; but he shows no alarm, and coolly remarks that "It's rotten."

Now we get a better view than ever before of the steep-roofed chateau of Traquair, with its irregular rows of little windows piercing its ancient walls. A buirdly acquaintance, who accosts me from the wood, shows little surprise to see me here, but rather resents my having dined at the inn when so near his hospitable board. However, he volunteers to set me part of the way, and as the afternoon is short and already waning, he presses me only half-a-dozen times to stay for a cup of tea. I doggedly decline, and we set off up the glen. He is no more of an antiquary than myself, and cannot tell which of the little birks on the skirts of the high Minchmuir is the "Bush abune Traquair," but we have much solid talk of fish, fur, and feather, as we paddle through the deepening snow to the foot of the Paddy Slacks. Here we part with a hearty Merry Christmas, and I am alone on the mountain. I whistle up-i-dee till I require all my breath for the arduous climb. Near the summit the snow is two inches deep. The darkness is gathering, the flakes are now swirling, and the clear-lit window of Glenlude is almost blotted out. I have regained my breath and start to whistle "O'er the lave o't," when a dark figure in front gives me pause. I had been vain enough to imagine that no other soul would be facing the blast on such a night, but lo, the figure comes on, the upper part resolves itself into an umbrella, and a little dame, not old, but two decades uast her prime, politely enquires whether I ken if ony trains are 'rinnin' to Galashiels. Surely the occasion must be urgent that brings her out in such weather; she is five Scotch miles from the station, and when there, has only a remote chance of getting further. I tell her all I have gathered, which is little enough, and with old-world courtesy she thanks me kindly, bids me guid-nicht, and disappears in the murky smother. I whistle no more, but ponder on the calibre of our grandmothers and the degeneracy of our "new" women. It is now too dark to make out much more than the road and the skyline. A gig, with two hooded figures, which I hope will sit close and make room for the Roman Matron, is all I meet till I reach the Yarrow Road, and halt at the door of "The Gordon." It is locked, and I have to knock more than once before a buxom maid cautiously opens, "spiers my wull," and my credentials being satisfactory, admits me to the cosy comfort and glowing hearth of the front parlour. She explains that the maister and mistress are awa' frae hame, that the only other guest is oot for a daunder, and that yin can never tell what sort o' tramps are gaun aboot the noo. I pardon the locked door, and she soon makes amends by promptly hurrying up a touzy tea. Before I have finished this welcome refreshment the other man comes in, and proves to be a kindred spirit, shunning a city's festivities, and rusticating for a day or two in the wilds. As the night wears on the landlord returns; we have a douce crack over a steaming negus, and making no objection to a "pig" of hot water to our weary trotters we are soon wrapped oblivious between the blankets.

. . . . . .

The grey morning finds me awake and anxiously scanning the weather. The morning star, just clear of the opposite hill, shines with unearthly lustre on the hoary valley. Not a breath of wind, all cold and hard and still, for this is the vale of silence. It must have been blowing overnight, however, for when we have crossed the Yarrow, we find the road swept almost clear of snow, just sufficient left to form a pile for our iron-shod boots to grip. At every step little needles of ice tinkle along the road. In the first four miles we climb as many hundred feet, but the gradient is perfect. No doubt the mercury is away down under, but the stillness and the exercise make us insensible to the cold, and the air seems charged with some pungent essence more exhilarating than all the spiced perfumes of Araby. On the right is Altrieve Lake, which is no lake now, if ever it deserved the name. Which of the few habitations in sight was "The Shepherd's" hold we know not, nor do we much care. The immortal part of him remains, and can be carried about in our pocket. At the

watershed the road from the head of St Mary's joins, and here, as if to a tryst, comes the venerable carrier and his weekly commissariat. Well met, honest Tam, you have ample room for my baggage under your tarpaulin, and you know where to dump it, perhaps the day after to-morrow. If your yaud is deliberate, he mak's siccar. I promise to wait at the brig-end to clinch the bargain, and am well out of hail before I realise that the surface of the road has changed, probably with yesterday's sunshine, to glassy ice, and that I might have slid into Ettrick on my skates without an effort. Keeping to the rough sheugh, or the dead turf at the side, I make rattling progress, and have half-an-hour's smoke at Tushielaw before Tam's cart stops at the door.

The sky is again overcast, and I remark to the landlady that I don't think I will take the short cut to-day. "Never think o' siccan thing!" she retorts, with emphasis, and Tam, who is "Wushin' me a safe journey" in something hot in the passage, adds the weight of his counsel as we see through the open door that the snow-flakes are already descending. I promise obedience (with a mental reservation), and swither as usual for the first mile up the Rankle which way to take. I know the termini of the short cut, but nothing more. My voyage so far has been of the penny plain description, with no colour of adventure, and, moved by what my friends describe as my perverse cussedness, I turn from the wheel road and clamber up the March Syke. It is real climbing now; there is little or no track, but so long as the Syke is there we have no difficulty. The Syke disappears in frozen well-heads, there is no track; and the snow comes on in earnest. The tussocks of bent make the walking a succession of stumbles, the air is thick and grey with snow, but the wind is steady, and if I keep the snow on my right cheek I am sure of my direction. Only a few steps in front can be seen, but in that space, and at this pace, we will be able to apply the brake and stop before plunging in the mere. It is just exciting enough, and I can easily understand how even shepherds, who know every bunch of rushes on their hills, may be dumbfounded and lost in a blizzard. This is no blizzard, however; the snow stops in a moment and discloses a blue rift of sky reflected in the blue mirror of Clearburn Loch. Compared with Highland lochs this little sheet might be called a pool or pond, but nevertheless Mr Andrew Lang has confessed that he must keep outside of a radius of twenty miles of it if he wishes to overcome its attraction. As a faithful disciple of St Izaak my veracity will not be impugned when I say that since then my record creel from Clearburn is seven fair-sized trout. But I have seen—I have heard—others have done much better. There are no March Browns, Blae Wings, or Bloody Doctors to tempt them to disturb with a single ripple the steely surface to-day; we flounder on through the bog and soon regain the road. It has been a short cut, but I have never taken it since. By doing so we miss the cleuch where the buck was slain, and which tradition avers gives its name to the noble proprietor of most of the country round.

But now the road is all plain sailing, as, indeed, it has been all the way, and as we saunter leisurely along the head reaches of the Ale and dip down the Borthwick to bonnie Teviotdale, we wonder, as wiser and wittier have wondered, what is the glamour irresistible that perennially brings us back to the dales and the hopes and the burns of this bare Borderland. We have driven and biked the roads in every season of the year, we may even in time be induced to do them in a "Daimler," but we never expect to enjoy the route quite so much as on that personally-conducted and independent Christmas tramp.

"EREMITE."

The Late Ex-Baillie Hall, St Andrews.

THE death occurred on the 6th December, after a short illness, of ex-Bailie Jesse Hall, St Andrews, a Borderer whose career has been one of more than usual interest and usefulness. For a long period Mr Hall had been closely

THE LATE EX-BAILLIE HALL.

identified with the public life of the Fifeshire city, and as he was going about a few days before his death the sad event came as a painful surprise to the citizens.

Mr Hall's parents, Thomas Hall and Agnes Stirling, were natives of Roxburghshire, he being the youngest of a family of nine sons and two daughters. Jesse was born at Eastfield, near Bowden, Roxburghshire, on the 10th January, 1820. In 1826 the family removed to Galashiels, and in 1835 he was ap-

prenticed to his brother, Robert, to learn the mason trade. He afterwards took charge of workmen and work for his brother, who was a large contractor in the counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, and Berwick shires.

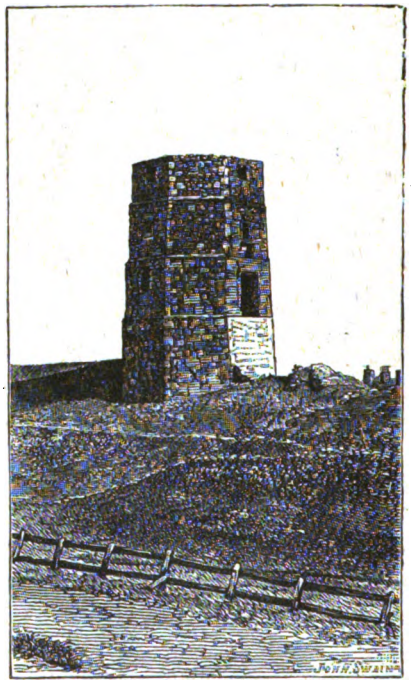
While taking charge of work in Berwickshire, for which Mr Nixon, superintendent of the Government Works in Scotland, was architect, that gentleman asked Mr Hall if he would come to Edinburgh, and take charge of the construction of a large sewer to drain the base of Salisbury Crags, and thus prepare for and commence the now famous drive towards Arthur Seat in the King's Park near Holyrood. Mr Hall went to Edinburgh, and succeeded in gaining Mr Nixon's confidence, so that in 1845 he was promoted and transferred to St Andrews to take charge of an extensive addition which was then made to the United College, and at which Sheriff Campbell Smith, Dundee, worked as a mason.

It was, however, as manager of St Andrews Gas Company that Mr Hall was best known. He was appointed to that position in 1850, and was thus the oldest gas manager in Scotland. This position he faithfully held to the end, with the utmost credit to himself and to the Company, though latterly his son, Mr Robert Hall, has been associated with him in the management.

Mr Hall was predeceased by his wife some years ago, but is survived by a family of three sons and four daughters. His funeral to St Andrews Cathedral Burying-ground was a public one, and was largely attended.

Berwick's Walls and Ramparts.

MUCH attention has recently been turned to the priceless national treasures which are to be found in Berwick-upon-Tweed, owing to the proposed destruction of portions of the walls, &c., by the Town Council. Indignation was expressed by all ranks and conditions of men, from the King downwards, but it was with the greatest difficulty that the work of demolition was stopped. The Rev. James King, M.A., B.D., Vicar of St Mary's, Berwick-on-Tweed, has worked and written in season and out of season to preserve to the United Kingdom these most valuable monuments, and it to be hoped that his untiring efforts will be crowned with success. He has just published at 1/1 post free an excellent treatise entitled "The Edwardian Walls and Elizabethan Ramparts of Berwick-upon-Tweed," and we counsel all who are interested in the history of Scotland and England to procure the book from the author. By doing so they will gain much valuable and intensely interesting information, while at the same time helping the sacred cause of charity, as the book is published "on behalf of the poor." The author, who is an antiquarian of a high order, says:—



BERWICK BELL TOWER.

In summer I usually write a little book on some homely topic, on behalf of humble lads and the aged poor, thus raising funds to warm and feed them during the storms of winter. I have this year chosen "The Walls of Berwick," because great national interest has recently been shown on this subject, and large numbers from many lands have lately visited our town to gaze upon her famous ramparts. The nation is fast realising that the stirring history of the sister kingdoms of England and Scotland is largely written in Berwick's decaying walls, and that her ancient monuments make our town to be one of the most interesting in the United Kingdom.

There is as much promise atween the twa boards of the Testament as wad save the warst o' us, could we but think sae.—"The Antiquary."

Border Connection with Nelson's Famous Signal.

THUS writes an esteemed correspondent:—"The enclosed cutting from the "Kilsyth Journal" (which I am sending you with the lady writer's permission) will, I feel sure, be of great interest to many of your readers as describing a Border gentleman's intimate connection with Nelson's last and greatest victory. Of greater value, however, is the light it throws on the hoisting of the famous signal. It has been stated that the officer who hoisted it expressed it in other words than Nelson had ordered, but this story shows how the message grew during the discussion with Hardy, and that it was the latter who suggested the alteration in the wording. Nelson generously and enthusiastically adopted the word "England" in place of the personal expression intended. Thus the world-famed message took form."

My father, who went to live in Roxburghshire in 1830, became intimately acquainted with Captain Sibbald, R.N., who resided at Benrig. Born in 1800, my father well remembered the historical events of the early part of the century. One evening, when at Benrig, Mrs Sibbald said she had been displeased with both of them for sitting so late the last time her husband had been at my father's, and that she had all the lights put out before his return, so that he had to find his way in the dark. My father said this was very hard hearted of her, and she replied, "Oh, he thinks nothing of it—he was used to that sort of thing on board, when in active service." My father said, "Were you ever in action, Captain Sibbald?" "Yes." "Where?" "Copenhagen" (1801). "You must have been very young—what was your rank?" "Midshipman. I had just joined; would you like to see my commission?" It was read with deep interest, signed by Nelson, Collingwood, Hardy, &c. Asked if he had been in any other engagement, he said, "I was at Trafalgar." What was the name of your ship?" "The Victory." "What was your rank there?" "Signal Midshipman." "Was it you who hoisted the famous signal?" "I received orders to do so, and would have done it, had not another officer taken my place, to let me have breakfast—it had been going on while I was waiting orders, and was now over. I had been told that a message to the Fleet was under consideration, and that I was to remain on deck. Nelson and Hardy were walking up and down, conversing, and as they repeatedly passed me, I heard the discussion. I listened eagerly—I was very hungry—anxious to know the message, and prepare quickly the hoisting. Few flags were to be used—the message was to be short and expressive, and to be easily interpreted by the Fleet. They altered it now and again. At last Nelson said, 'Let it be 'The Admiral expects every man will do his duty.' Hardy replied, 'Would it not be better, England, instead of Admiral?' 'Right, Hardy, you are right; that is better.' The order was given to hoist that message. Hardy was studying the arrangement of flags, in suggesting the word, but Nelson was delighted with the amendment, as revealing the depth of his meaning, and the greatness of the issue at stake. His pleasure in the message, as now developed to his satisfaction, could be best understood by one who was listening to the discussion, and aware of the intensity of Nelson's feelings, on the approach of the crisis, and his desire that all should share in them; yet also feeling hampered by the limited instruments at his disposal for conveying in few words the thought which he wished should animate every man. Sibbald was in the act of climbing the mast, when a Lieutenant came upstairs, and called to him, asking if he had had breakfast—told him to go down and get it, and he would take his place, adding, if he did not go at once, he would never get it, as they were going into action immediately. Sibbald was glad to be relieved, and the officer undertook to do the work.

When Nelson was carried downstairs, there was great disorder surrounding him. Search was made for a pillow, but one could not be found. Sibbald was present—thought of his bag of dirty clothes; brought it, and it was under Nelson's head when he lay dying.

"I remember Captain Sibbald," the lady said to our representative. "He was a very gentle, quiet-looking man. It was always with some reluctance he recalled his experience, and spoke of it. Any information about engagements had to be drawn out of him—his remembrance of the terrible contests was vivid, and it gave him pain to refer to them.

A Border Literary Chronicle, with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART VII.

LEE, ROBERT, D.D. (b. at Tweedmouth, Nov. 11, 1804—d. March 14, 1868), minister of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, 1843; professor of Biblical Criticism, 1847-60; introduced certain "innovations" in the Scottish Church; wrote "The Reform of the Church in Worship, Government and Doctrine," 1864, and other works on theology. Life by Dr R. H. Story (Principal of Glasgow University).

LEYDEN, DR JOHN (b. at Denholm, Sept. 8, 1775—d. at Batavia in Java, Aug. 28, 1811), great Oriental scholar and poet; entered Edinburgh University in 1790; studied for the Church, and licensed in 1798, but devoted himself to literature; assisted Sir Walter Scott in the compilation of the Border Minstrelsy, to which he contributed "Lord Soulis" and the "Cout of Keeldar;" edited "The Complaynt of Scotland," 1802; best known as the author of "Scenes of Infancy" (a large portion of which was written at Lasswade Cottage, while on a visit to Scott), poems descriptive of his native vale of Teviot; went to India in 1803, and rose to rank and office through the influence of his patron, Lord Minto. His "Poetical Remains, with Memoir," by Rev. James Morton, published in 1819. His "Tour in the Highlands and Western Islands" was published by Mr James Sinton in 1903, after lying in MS. for over a century. (B.M. i. 133, 149; viii. 186).

LIVINGSTONE, REV. JOHN (b. 1603-1672), educated at Glasgow University; licensed to preach, 1625; minister at Stranraer, 1638-48, and at Ancrum from 1648-62; banished at the Restoration, and died at Rotterdam. His "Life" first published in 1754.

LOCKIE, WILLIAM (b. Dec. 9, 1788—d. Aug. 30, 1853), educated at Wilton School, Hawick; schoolmaster at Stouslea for thirty-seven years; wrote several songs and poems.

LUNN, JOHN (b. 1812—d. 1871), a native of the parish of Lilliesleaf; wrote occasional pieces for the local press. (B.M. iii. 175).

LYTE, REV. HENRY FRANCIS (b. at Ednam West Mains, near Kelso, June 1, 1793—d. at Nice, Nov. 20, 1847), son of an officer in the army; studied at Trinity College, Dublin, took orders in the English Church, and became Rector of Brixham, on the shores of Torbay; author of "Abide with me," "Pleasant are Thy courts above," and other well-known hymns; published in 1833 a vol. of "Poems Chiefly Religious." His "Remains," with Memoir appeared in 1850.

MCCRIE, THOMAS, D.D. (b. at Duns, 1722—d. 1835), professor of divinity, Edinburgh, 1816-18; biographer of John Knox, 1812, and Andrew Melville, 1819; wrote also histories of the Reformation in Italy, 1827; and in Spain, 1829; also a vindication of the Covenanters, in which he combated the views of Sir Walter Scott in "Old Mortality."

MACKNIGHT, JAMES, D.D. (b. 1721—d. July 13, 1800), educated at Glasgow and Leyden Universities; ordained minister of Jedburgh 1769; translated to Edinburgh 1772; author of a "Harmony of the Gospels," 1759; and a "Translation of all the Apostolical Epistles," 1795.

MAITLAND, SIR RICHARD, OF LETHINGTON (b. 1496—d. 1586), educated at St Andrews and Paris; ancestor of the Dukes of Lauderdale and father of the famous Secretary Maitland, was the most popular poet of his time, and also a collector and preserver of old Scottish poetry. His collection of poems consists of two vols., folio and a quarto. He also wrote a "Historie of the Hous of Seytoun."

MAXWELL, CAPT. GEORGE (b. at Canonbie, 1762—d. 1812), author of "First Survey of the River Congo," mentioned by Carlyle in his essay on Mungo Park, and in Park's "Journal and Life" (1815). Maxwell, who had visited the Congo, had come to the conclusion that it was but a continuation of the Niger, an idea adopted by Park also, but afterwards found to be erroneous. Maxwell, in 1795, married a sister of Benjamin Bell, the celebrated surgeon, and was instrumental in raising the "Eskdale and Liddesdale Volunteers," to which he was commissioned in October, 1803.

MAXWELL, GEORGE (b. at Canonbie, 1797—d. there 1879). Eldest son of the preceding; educated at the "Nest Academy," Jedburgh; studied law at Edinburgh University and became a W.S.; published in 1826 a treatise on the currency, in which the principle of uniformity was advocated, and in 1845 issued a series of "Letters to the People of Canonbie," in which he upheld the Established Church. He was a J.P. for the county of Dumfries, and devoted much time to the studies of astronomy and Biblical exegesis.

MAXWELL, WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.D. (b. 1803—d. in India, 1869), brother of the preceding, and also educated at the "Nest," Jedburgh; studied medicine at Edinburgh and graduated as L.R.C.S and M.D.; was nominated for the Indian Civil Service, 1825, and appointed to the 8th Light Cavalry; rose to be Superintending Surgeon of the Madras Presidency; retired in 1858. He wrote a treatise on measles ("De Rubiola"), and "A Practical Treatise on Epidemic Cholera, Ague, and Dysentery" (1838). He also contributed articles to the "Times" on medical and military subjects, and war sketches to the "Illustrated London News."

MERCER, ANDREW (b. at Selkirk, 1775—d. at Dunfermline, June 11, 1842), poet, painter, and topographer; gave up the study of theology and took to miniature painting; wrote for the magazines in Edinburgh; friend of Leyden, Campbell, and Park; settled at Dunfermline, 1810, where he taught drawing; wrote "Dunfermline Abbey: a Poem, with historical notes and illustrations," 1819; "The History of Dunfermline," 1828; "Summer Months among the Mountains" (a vol. of poems), 1838.

MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS (b. Sep. 29, 1734—d. Oct. 28, 1788), son of the minister of Langholm; educated at the Edinburgh High School; wrote "Pollio," an elegy, 1765, and "The Concubine," 1767, a moral poem after the manner of Spenser; best known as the translator of "The Lusiad," 1776, and writer of the ballad of "Cumnor Hall," said to have suggested to Scott the idea of "Kenilworth." He was also most probably the author of the well-known song "There's nae luck aboot the house." The last piece he wrote was "Eskdale Braes." (B.M. iv. 237).

MILNE, REV. ADAM (b. 1680?—d. June 8, 1747), minister of Melrose from 1711-47; wrote a "Description of the Parish of Melrose," 1743, of which a new edition appeared in 1782. Mr Milne was married to a daughter of the Rev. William Hunter of Lilliesleaf.

NICOL, REV. JAMES (b. at Innerleithen, Sept. 30, 1769—d. Nov. 5, 1819), minister of Traquair, 1802-19; published "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," 2 vols., 1815. His half-humorous "Halucket Meg," and his fine lyric, "Where Quair runs sweet among the flowers" (addressed to the lady who afterwards became his wife), are well known. He also contributed to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." One of his sons, James Nicol, was professor of Natural Science in Aberdeen University, 1853-78.

NOBLE, JOHN (b. near Jedburgh—d. at Gateshead, 1816), wrote several pieces of poetry, including an Ode on Thomson. He is the author of the lines on the Wallace Monument near Dryburgh, beginning "The peerless knight of Ellerslie, who waved on Ayr's romantic shore the beaming torch of liberty," &c. (B.M. vii. 230).

To be Continued.

ERRATUM.—In the December part of the "Chronicle" the name "Thomas" Kennedy should have been given as "Robert" Kennedy, as a correspondent has kindly pointed out.

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MR ALEXANDER EDDINGTON, F.J.I., EDINBURGH.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

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Mr ALEXANDER EDDINGTON, F.J.I., Edinburgh,

JOURNALIST, LITTERATEUR, AND CRITIC.

IN the now fairly long roll of fame of the BORDER MAGAZINE there have appeared from time to time sketches of men who in different spheres of life have made their mark on the country or the community by public service or by faithful work in more humble places. The services which some have given have been in the fierce light which nowadays beats on those who seek to serve their country in public life, while others have done their duty and given effective service under less searching scrutiny. But whether in the senate, the council board, the pulpit, or the Press, the representation in the BORDER MAGAZINE'S galaxy is one of which the district, geographically known as the Borders, may well be proud. And the subject of the present sketch is, we think, well entitled to his place in this honourable roll.

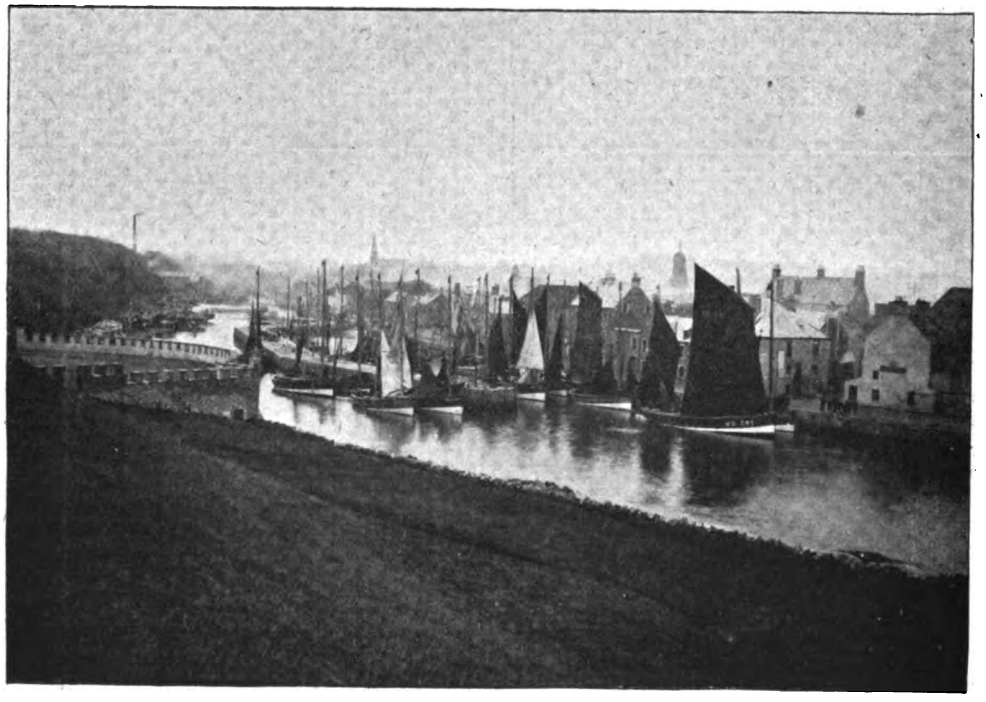
Mr Alexander Eddington, F.J.I., belongs to what is popularly known as the "fourth estate," and is a true son of the Borderland. He is a native of Eyemouth, Berwickshire, a county of probably more varied and striking scenery than any of the others which are comprehended under the designation of the "Borders." It has in one part or another all the features of natural scenery, sea, river, wood, hill, valley, and moorland. In no part of Scotland are more fertile and well-tilled fields to be seen than in the Merse, and in this county the Tweed, the classic Border river, comes to its full maturity, and flows with stately sweep to lose itself in the German Ocean. On the historic side, too, Berwickshire has many points of interest. Adjoining the English county of Northumberland with the important town of Berwick, almost in its territory, indeed for many years counted so to be, the men of the Merse had to bear the brunt of many an English attack.

Mr Eddington was originally intended for the Church, but the state of his health forbade this, and for some years was in business with his father in his native town. But the town of Eyemouth was not sufficient to occupy his energies. He had the literary instinct, and the aphorism "that a poet is born, not made," applies with equal truth to the journalist. It is interesting to note that he tried his "'prentice hand" in acting as a correspondent to a local newspaper, and the opportunities this

afforded gave him the impetus and all the preliminary training he ever received before setting out on his career on a metropolitan paper.

He joined the staff of the "Edinburgh Evening News" in 1876—three years after the paper had been launched. With the exception of a short interval of about eighteen months on the now defunct "Edinburgh Courant," the old organ of Scottish Toryism, he has been connected with the "News." He is at present, and has for many years been the chief of the reporting staff with the control of the home district news. During his connection with the paper he has witnessed great developments in journalism in the adaptation of means to ends. And to the prestige which the "Evening News" enjoys as one of the smartest and most up-to-date evening newspapers in the country, he, in his department, has contributed no small part by the care, accuracy, and foresight he has shown, combined with his admirable powers of organisation.

Mr Eddington recalls many incidents and scenes in which he took part in his reporting days. Among the more famous may be mentioned the Midlothian campaigns when the "Grand Old Man" set the heather on fire. He was in the thick of the fight in 1879, and had to do more or less with them all with the exception of the one in 1892. He was also present at the famous trial of Chantrelle, the Frenchman, whose case in interest and complexity almost rivalled that of Madeline Smith, and was present when the Frenchman paid the last penalty. The City of Glasgow Bank directors' was another trial which was "done" by him for his paper. Many other incidents in the national, civic, and ecclesias-



EYEMOUTH HARBOUR.

tical life of the country came under his professional purview; of the last may be mentioned the Rev. David Macrae heresy case, and the Professor Robertson Smith case, both "causes celebres" in the ecclesiastical world at the time.

In connection with the Institute of Journalists, Mr Eddington has done excellent work. He was a member of the National Association of Journalists, out of which the present Institute sprang, and when the Edinburgh and East of Scotland branch was formed he was chosen

secretary, a post he filled for three years, and laboured hard to make the branch a force in, and representative of, the journalism of the district. It was during his term as secretary that the first conference of the Institute was held in Scotland, at the annual dinner in connection with which Lord Rosebery proposed the toast of "The Institute." A great deal of labour, clerical and otherwise, fell to his lot. But he carried it all through, and the success which attended the conference was in great part due to the business qualities he displayed, and the large personal labour which was so freely given. In recognition of his work the branch made him a handsome presentation, and shortly after he was elected chairman of the district, a post, it may be remarked, which he has twice filled. Some years ago the Institute elected him a Fellow, which is the highest dignity in the journalistic hierarchy.

Mr Eddington is, however, a many-sided, cultured gentleman, and has most catholic interests and tastes, and a large part of his professional duties has been of the critical and creative character. He is the art critic of the "News," and in this capacity has visited the principal English and Scottish exhibitions, and, in addition, has written on art subjects in art journals. But his interest in and love of art has not been confined merely to writing on the subject, as he has endeavoured, with no small measure of success, to give expression to his artistic feelings both in water-colour and in oils. He is a great admirer of the work of the late Mr G. F. Watts, R.A., of the lessons which that great painter endeavours to convey, and the moral and spiritual truths which he seeks to enforce in all his great pictures. The didactic and ethical ideas underlying Watt's work Mr Eddington has admirably expressed in a lecture entitled "Motive in Art."

Akin to his appreciation in art matters, is the interest which he has for a long time taken in photography. He is a first-rate amateur photographer, and there are few spots of note, and also of those not so well known to the seeker after places of beauty, in the Borderland, but he has visited and photographed. He has for several years been a member of council of the Edinburgh Photographic Society, and for two years he occupied the post of president. During his term of office the Society attained its highest membership, and became the second largest organisation of its kind in the kingdom. He originated a pictorial survey of Edinburgh and district with a view of collecting a record of the Edinburgh of the past and preserving an authentic official memorial of the city as it now is, with pictures in a permanent photographic process of the streets and public buildings, as well as illustrating social customs and historic events. This survey has now attained considerable dimensions, and promises to be a valuable addition to the numerous literary records of Edinburgh.

Some people have had the glamour of the Borders over them all their lives; others have realised this in maturer years. With the later class the subject of our sketch may be classed. Not that he had not the feeling which every true Border-bred Scotchman has for the district hallowed by romance and deeds of derring-do; but the Borderland, its scenery and associations, legendary, historical, and romantic was not what Wordsworth calls the "appetite" and the "passion" which they have since become. He had long, and still has for that matter, a great admiration for Highland scenery, and in his earlier years his tastes and inclinations led him more to the wild and picturesque scenery which abounds in the Highlands, especially those places made famous by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. I do not know what switched him off the Highlands to the Borders, but he now knows the Borderland, its history, its legends, its associations as few people do. With his camera as an indispensable, he has driven, cycled, or walked throughout the greater part of it, exploring the valleys of the Tweed, the Teviot, the Jed, the Ettrick and Yarrow, Eskdale, Liddesdale, and Annandale, while, of course, he is thoroughly at home in the highways and byways of his native county. Some of the results of his perambulations he has given in admirable illustrated lectures, under such titles as "The Tweed from its Source to the Sea," "The Borderland in Song and Story," &c. These lectures have been delivered to appreciative audiences in Edinburgh and other places. For it is a particular trait of his character that he is ever ready to help on any good cause or do anything to contribute to the sum of human happiness or enjoyment. His public lectures have not, however, been confined to the Borderland, but his "repertoire" extends over a great variety of subjects.

In addition to having written several local guides, Mr Eddington has contributed the volume on Edinburgh and the Lothians to a county series. He has also devoted a good deal of study to the ethical and structural development of the novel. He

is one of the hon. vice-presidents of the Edinburgh branch of the Dickens Fellowship, and is a member both of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union and the Border Counties Association. At the dinner in Edinburgh to celebrate the centenary of the "False Alarm," Mr Eddington proposed the toast of "Border Literature" in an excellent speech, which was felt to be quite one of the features of the evening.

Ecclesiastically, the subject of our sketch belongs to the United Presbyterian branch of the United Free Church, and is an elder in North Morningside Church—the Rev. Dr Forrest's. In church matters he takes a considerable interest, and is a member of several of the committees of the Church.

Another fact may be mentioned. One of his bye-studies is geology, and he has made himself familiar with the field geology of the Lothians and the Fife coast.

It only remains to be said that Mr Eddington is a gentleman of high-toned character, ready at all times to advance any good object or cause, and is held in the highest esteem by his colleagues in the profession.

Fairshiels.

THE above pleasant sounding name is the title of a book just published by the well known firm of Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, not a few of whose publications have been reviewed in these columns. The firm have a good name for printing and binding, and the present volume, which is published at 2/6, will in no way detract from their reputation. The sub-title of the volume is "Memories of a Lammermoor Parish," which gives a slight indication of the contents. Not a few of us look upon the life of a country minister, who has literary and floricultural tastes, as an ideal existence, and a perusal of the present volume will certainly strengthen us in that opinion. The author, T. Ratcliffe Barnett, has an observant eye, a sympathetic heart, and a ready pen—a combination which is certain to produce a readable book. But "Fairshiels" is more than readable, and much of it is poetic prose of a high order. Were our space not so limited we would quote freely, but we must content ourselves with urging our readers to procure this delightful pen-picture of the simple, sweet, cleanly life of a little hamlet on the northern fringe of the Borderland, where the turmoil of the city has not penetrated, and the simple life—so much talked of in the present day—can be seen in all its fresh originality. In addition to the pen-pictures, the volume is enhanced by a dozen reproductions of photographs of the quiet village and its people. To read this book is like having a holiday in the country, and our estimate of its worth in this direction may be seen in the fact that we have sent it as part of the outfit of a clerical friend who is off to the East to escape for a few weeks from the strain of a city charge.

A Border Village and Its Auld Kirk.

THE village of Bowden, in Roxburghshire, is situated on the left bank of Bowden Burn, some three miles south of Melrose, and on the southern slope of the triple Eildons—"our Eildons, one yet three." It is a place of great antiquity, and is found mentioned in old documents and charters as Bothendenam, Botheldene, Bouldene, Boldene, Boudoun, of which the modern name is a corruption, just as Lilliesleaf is from Lylliscliff, Ancrum from Alncromb, and Ednam from Edenham. The village consists of a number of houses, extending about a quarter of a mile in length, most of them being comparatively modern, with a few neat villas with gardens in front. At the east end of the village is the United Free Church, which was erected at the time of the Disruption in 1843. There are also in the village a public school, a post-office, a handsome modern fountain, and a public hall, as well as an ancient market-cross, or, rather, the remains of one, consisting of the base and capital only, for the shaft has long since disappeared. It is supposed to be as old as the time of Alexander—"third monarch of that war-like name"—or even older. As is the case, unfortunately, with most of our Border villages, the population of Bowden has, of late years, been gradually diminishing, owing to the general influx from the country into the larger towns and the want of employment for the people.

Bowden has the honour of being the birth-place of Thomas Aird, poet and journalist, the son of an anti-burgher "portioner," whose family for generations was connected with the village. The house where he was born—August 28, 1802—is now the village post-office, and a tablet has been affixed to the walls, commemorating that event, by the Edinburgh Border Counties Association (1902). Aird acted as editor of the "Dumfries Herald" for some twenty-eight years, and died at Dumfries, April 25, 1876, where he lies buried in St Michael's Churchyard, near to the grave of Robert Burns. He is best known as the author of "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," and of that wonderful and weird piece of imagination, "The Devil's Dream." Another poet-son of Bowden was Andrew Scott (1757-1837), who, in early life, served as a soldier during the American War of Independence, and afterwards settled at Bowden, acting as beadle in the Parish Church. He lies buried in the village churchyard. He was the author of several volumes of poetry, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. "Symon and Janet: a Tale of the False Alarm," and "The Guid Farmer," are well-known pieces of his. James Thomson, too, was a native of the village, though he spent the greater part of his life in Hawick. In 1870 he issued a volume of poetry, "Doric Lays and Lyrics," which contains several pieces of merit. His "Star o' Robbie Burns," "The Border Queen," "Up wi' the Banner," "Oor Jock," "The Auld Smiddy End," are all deservedly popular and well-known pieces. The following lines from his pen, in which he makes kind inquiries for his "ain folk" at Bowden, may, perhaps, be not out of place here:—

"How are a' the folk o' Bowden
Beside the Eildons three?
Are they hearty, hale, and happy,
And as kind's they used to be?

Are the carles still as canty,
And the wifies a' as crouse?
Is ilk ane the lairdie
O' a wee bit theekit hoose?

Do douce auld folk the door still lock
When sounds the aught hour's horn?
Are there touslin' in the hay nuik,
And kempin' in the corn?
Do elders 'tween the preachin's meet
Beside the kirkyaird stile?
Are curly pows still keekin'
Through the stainchels o' the aisle?

I fain would deem an unchanged scene,
Though changed it well may be,
For weary years and langsome miles
Ha'e pairted hame and me;
And the nearest and the dearest anes
Will vanish from our ken,
And empty seats and eerie blanks
In ilka but and ben.

Sair wad I miss ilk weel-kenn'd face,
The couthie, kind, and free;
I couldna brook the stranger's look
Where anither ane should be.
Oh mournfu' tale, nae friend to hail
The wanderer's return;
I'll seek them in yon auld kirkyaird
Beside the Bowden Burn."

Sir Thomas Lauder Brunton, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., a distinguished ornament of the medical profession, and author of many learned works on medical subjects, is also a native of the village, where he was born in 1844.

Bowden, as we have said, is a place of great antiquity, and is mentioned in a charter of David I. granted in favour of the monks of Kelso. The monks had a grange at Bowden, and their lands there were cultivated by their tenants of various ranks as serfs or villeins ("nativi"), "cottars," and "husbandi." (See Sir George Douglas's "History of Roxburghshire," pp. 70-73, and preface to the "Liber de Calchou"). They had also a mill and four brewing houses, where they, no doubt, made "guid ale" for the monks of Kelso, who were probably like their brothers at Melrose, of whom it is recorded:—

"The monks of Melrose made guid kail
On Fridays when they fasted;
Nor wanted they guid beef and ale,
As lang's their neighbours' lasted."

The chief interest of Bowden, however, centres in its old Parish Church and churchyard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"The old kirk by the Bowden Burn
Stands hoary, ivy-clad,
Enshrined in a necropolis
Of generations fled."

The church belonged to the monks of Kelso Abbey down to the Reformation, and is a most interesting old building. The crypt of the chancel, which is not used as part of the church, has served, for centuries, as the burial-place of the Dukes of Roxburghe. Here some 22 Kers of the Roxburghe line have been laid to rest. On each side of the pulpit are two beautiful stained glass windows, the one "in memory of Vice-Admiral Riddell Carre of Cavers," and the other "in memory of Elizabeth Riddell Maclachlan, wife of Walter Riddell Carre of Cavers," the author of "Border Memories," the north transept of the church being the burial-place of the Kers of Cavers. Among those who have served the church was a descendant of John Knox, and his tombstone, built into the back wall of the church, bears the following inscription:—"Hear lyes Master James Knix,* minister of Bowden, who departed this lyfe upon the 24th of August, 1680." It will be remembered that the second wife of the great Reformer, Margaret Stewart, daughter of the second Lord Ochiltree, married, after her husband's death, the son of Sir Andrew Ker of Fawdonside, and this connection may have obtained for Knox the appointment at Bowden. Another descendant was the second minister of Melrose after the Reformation. The old churchyard, where "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," is of considerable extent, and contains some interesting old tombstones. It is a quiet spot, shaded by umbrageous trees, where one, as he gazes on the tombstones and the ivy-clad, weather-stained walls of the old church, which, it may be, for the last 800 years "hath kept watch o'er man's mortality," may profitably spend an hour in meditation on the changes and chances "which fleeting time procureth."

"Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still, small accents whisp'ring from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

At present there is a movement on foot for the restoration of this old and interesting church, of which the Rev. Mr Burr is minister, being the fourteenth in succession since the Reformation. Regarding this a correspondent recently wrote in the "Scotsman" as follows:—

"There are few churches in Scotland which have the honour of having been continuously used for religious services for close on 800 years, but the Parish Church of Bowden can claim that distinction, and now efforts are being made to restore the building and preserve this notable historic monument for future generations. If only for the fact that beneath or near the church lie the remains of some of the most notable of old Border warriors, the church merits the keen interest of the Borderer or student of history. About 1644 the crypt of the chancel was appropriated by the Roxburghe family for burial purposes, and in the vault beneath the church stand the coffins, some of them having been placed there over 300 years ago. An aisle at the back of the church contains the ashes of the family of Minto, and in the north transept is the burying-place of the Kers of Cav-

* This James Knox appears to have been the great-great-grandnephew of the Reformer, while the Melrose minister, John Knox, was probably his grand-nephew. He died in 1623, and was succeeded by Thomas Forrester, who appears to have been of Episcopalian tendencies and to have been deposed by the Glasgow Assembly of 1638. He was somewhat eccentric, and is said to have prayed in his litany to be delivered "from all the knock-down race of Knoxes." There was also a John Knox of Bowden (ordained in 1621, died 1659), who was probably a son of the Melrose minister. According to Prof. Hume Brown, "as far as has been ascertained, no lineal descendant of Knox exists." ("Life of Knox," vol. ii. 289).

ers. In the gallery, also, facing the pulpit, is a perfect specimen of the "Laird's Loft." It dates from 1661, and belongs to the Carres of Cavers Carre. The chancel, which is not included in the present church, is a fifteenth century addition, its builder having been the Abbot of Kelso, who was a member of the Cavers Carre house. An interesting reminder of the time when the building was used for the Roman Catholic form of worship can be seen in the remains of the high altar. Bowden was erected into a regality in 1343, and the barony remained in the hands of the monks of Kelso, who had removed from Selkirk, till the Reformation, when it passed into the possession of the family of Cessford. The monks had at that time 36 cottages in town, with land for each cottage, and the annual rental was 55s 8d, with nine days' work in harvest and the providing of a man for washing and shearing sheep. Every house had also to furnish the Abbot with a hen at Christmas for a half-penny. There were four brew-houses, and each of these had to sell the Abbot a lagan and a half of ale for one penny. As a lagan was equal to 7 quarts, it can be imagined that the Abbot got his poultry and his ale cheaply enough. At the end of the 13th century there were 70 families in Bowden, so the population then would probably be about 400. In 1273 the monks of Melrose and Kelso met in the church to settle a dispute about the tithes of Moil, on the Bowmont, but since 1568 the building has been in the possession of the Protestants. At the latter date there was inducted the first Protestant pastor, and altogether there have been fourteen ministers in charge, the present minister, the Rev. John Burr, having been inducted in 1899. Another minister of the charge, whose name figures prominently in the ecclesiastical history of the Borderland, was the Rev. James Hume, whose enforced settlement as parish minister in 1741 caused the secession to Midlem, or Midholm, and the strengthening of the Secession movement in the south of Scotland. The Rev. Mr Burr, who is a son of the Rev. Dr Burr of Lundie and Fowlis, is now busy with plans for raising the necessary funds. The sum required will be large, and it is expected that a chancel will be added, but the building is of such historic interest that it is to be hoped no great difficulty will be experienced in securing the requisite amount."

A GRAHAM.

[A sketch of Sir Thomas Brunton, with portrait, was given in the "B. M." for March, 1902. A sketch of Aird, with portrait, and an account of the Centenary Celebrations, with other articles, appeared in the "B. M." for August and September, 1902.—Ed., "B. M."]

The Tron Kirk of Edinburgh. *

THERE are good grounds for holding that the present Tron Kirk of Edinburgh is the representative of the original kirk of St Giles, and this means a lineage more ancient, perhaps, than the municipality itself. An English chronicler, Symeon of Durham, includes Edinburgh in a list of ninth century churches belonging to the bishopric of Lindesfarne in the district of Northumbria, and though this has been sometimes regarded as applying to St Cuthbert's church, Dr David Laing gives reasons for believing that Symeon referred to the church of the "castle and town." As for the "town" of that day it probably embraced only a few scattered dwellings at the base of Edwines "burch" or castle, and what developed into the principal street of a noble city would then be no more than the beaten track by which the "burch" was reached. Giles or Egidius was a seventh century saint, who migrated from ancient Athens to a forest in France, where he founded a monastery, and, from an incident in his career, he became the patron saint of cripples. Religious houses dedicated to his memory such as that in the Cripplegate of London, were placed in leading thoroughfares on the outskirts of towns with accommodation for the relief of disabled wayfarers, and there is nothing improbable in the supposition that the church of St Giles in Edinburgh originated in this way. At a later period, by which time the Lothians had been incorporated with the Scottish kingdom, the parish church of St Giles in Edinburgh is frequently noticed in historical documents. Adopted by the city as its patron, St Giles was depicted on its seal, and it was a great day in Edinburgh when a neighbouring laird returned from France and produced "the arme bane of Sant Gele," which he had secured by diligent labour and at much expense, "the quhilk bane he frely left to oure mother kirk of Sant Gele of Edinburgh." The precious relic, encased in silver, was carefully preserved till the Reformation, when it was sold, and at that time the citizens had nothing but a series of acts of contumely to inflict upon their former guardian. A wooden figure of St Giles, which formed a conspicuous object in an annual procession, was stolen in 1558, "drowned in the North Loch," and afterwards burnt; a substituted image was destroyed by a mob; and in 1562 the magistrates ordered his portrait to be cut out of the town's standard and "the thrissill" to be put in its place. But the hind which, according to legend, nurtured the forest recluse, is still represented in one of the supporters on the city's arms.

The church of St Giles, made collegiate in 1466, had been enlarged from time to time, and was served by several canons, but only a small portion of the extensive building was required as a place of worship under the re-

* The Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, or Christ's Kirk at the Tron: A History by the Rev. D. Butler, M.A., minister of the Tron Parish, Edinburgh. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh and London. 1906.

formed system. The space at disposal, after allowing for churches, was sufficient to provide a tolbooth, school, and town-clerk's chamber. Knox was at first the only minister, but a colleague, John Craig, was appointed in 1562, and subsequently the number of ministers was increased. In 1598 the city was divided into four parishes, and to the district corresponding to the future Tron parish was assigned the division of the church of St Giles called the "Great Kirk" where Knox had preached. Thirty-five years afterwards Edinburgh was erected into a bishopric, the space which had been formerly occupied by two churches was, by the casting down of a partition wall, converted into one for the bishop, and the building of a new church on a site adjoining the "tron" or weighing-place was begun in 1637 and finished in 1663. The Tron Kirk thus erected was built from designs by a famous architect, John Mylne, the King's master mason of Scotland. It was reduced in size and somewhat altered in architectural appearance in consequence of the street changes following on the formation of the South Bridge in 1785, and a new spire, to replace the former one destroyed by fire, was erected in 1827.

The Tron Parish included the densely-populated part of the old High Street and Cowgate. On this subject Mr Butler remarks:—

"The city increased by utilising the passages in wynds and closes, by building on open garden grounds or by adding flat to flat until even fifteen storeys rose erect from the ground. The crowding of all classes together within such a limited area sustained simplicity, neighbourliness, and kindly feeling, not fostered by present conditions, and an example of the social life of the time may be taken from the old tenement that towered upwards from the Cowgate on the site of the former prebendal manses. The building here of 1665 sheltered the Lord President and most of the lords of session, with many good and great families; my Lady Hartfield, Napier of Merchiston, and Lord Mersington. Up the same stair were the residences of Sir James Mackenzie, Sir Patrick Aikenhead, Lady Harvieston, and Lady Colston, with bailies, merchants, and humbler citizens. We can still review the domestic arrangements of some of the select occupants of this fashionable rookery. Sir George Campbell of Cessnock, ancestor of the Earls of Marchmont, occupied a lodging on the fourth storey above the close, 'consisting of seven fire-rooms and a closet with ane fire,' at a yearly rent of 550 merks Scots (£30 sterling). Above him was Sir William Binning of Wallyford, in the fifth storey, with equal accommodation at a somewhat lower rental. Lord Mersington's lodging was also on the fifth floor, and included eight fire-rooms and a cellar, at the rent of £200 Scots; and so . . . from the plebeian renters of garrets and 'laigh houses beneath the ground,' at an annual rate of £12 Scots (£1 sterling), to my Lord Crossrig, who pays £300 Scots for his flats and share of the common stair."

The "chronicle" of the Kirk from 1637 to 1822, occupying 120 printed pages, contains the names of prominent seat-holders, including members of the nobility, statesmen, lords of session, college professors, and other eminent citizens. George Buchanan lived for a short time in the parish and died there. There, also, David Hume was born, Goldsmith lodged, and Sir Walter Scott, whose mother and grandmother were members of the Tron Kirk, passed his earliest days. In his "Memorials" Lord Cockburn recalls an incident connected with the burning of the church spire in 1824. Gowned and wigged, he and other advocates had rushed from the court and ascended the tower of St Giles to witness the conflagration. When it was all over and they were about to return, Scott, who was one of the group, lingered a moment and said, with a profound heave, "Eh, sirs, mony a weary, weary sermon ha'e I heard beneath that steeple."

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the more prosperous of the inhabitants migrated to the New Town and a crowded population of the poorer sort occupied their place, the ministers and Kirk Session cheerfully tackled the changed circumstances and manifested their interest in the welfare of the parishioners. A school for the benefit of poor children was opened as early as 1778, and continuous efforts, perhaps with fluctuating degrees of energy, have since been put forward for meeting both the spiritual and bodily wants of the needy. Dr MacGregor, now senior minister of St Cuthbert's, gives an interesting account of parochial supervision and philanthropic exertion during his incumbency of the Tron, and Mr Butler, without entering upon particulars, vouches that "the duties, which ever press for service, arouse at once the Christian devotion and courage of the present earnest congregation and the noble band of workers whom it sustains and inspires."

Apart from the ecclesiastical interest attaching to this volume, a handsome quarto of about 400 pages, beautifully illustrated with numerous views, portraits, and maps, there is much information of a more general nature. The published records, edited by Sir James Marwick, to whom the book is dedicated, have yielded valuable selections, and these are supplemented by extracts from the MS. Council registers and city's accounts, supplied by the town-clerk and city chamberlain. Evidently both time and money have been freely expended upon the production of the work, which is,

in every respect, a worthy addition to the author's other literary output, and, at the same time, a substantial contribution to Edinburgh history. R. R.

William Laidlaw

(Author of "Lucy's Flittin'").

PART VIII.

BY GEORGE WATSON.

AMONGST the many changes at Abbotsford following the death of Sir Walter was the removal -for the second time—of Laidlaw from Kaeside. We find him next as factor of the Ross-shire property of Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth.* He afterwards acted in the same capacity for the estate of Sir Charles Lockhart Ross of Balnagowan, also in Ross-shire. A letter from Lockhart to Laidlaw, dated London, 19th January, 1837, has too much interest to be passed over. In it Lockhart refers to the publication of his "Life of Scott," and states that he will instruct Cadell the publisher to forward the volumes to Laidlaw as they are published. After acknowledging receipt of some game sent by Laidlaw, Lockhart writes:—

"The account you give of your situation at present is, considering how the world wags, not unsatisfactory. Would it were possible to find myself placed in something of a similar locality, and with the means of enjoying the country by day and my books at night, without the necessity of dividing most of my time between the labours of the desk—mere drudge-labours mostly—and the harrassing turmoil of worldly society, for which I never had much, and nowadays have rarely indeed any, relish! . . . Your letters of the closing period [of Scott's life] I wish you would send to me; and of these I am sure some use, and some good use, may be made, as of those addressed to myself at the same time, which all, however melancholy to compare with those of the better day, have traces of the man. Out of these confused and painful scraps I think I can contrive to put together a picture that will be highly touching of a great mind shattered, but never degraded, and always to the last noble, as his heart continued pure and warm as long as it could beat.—Ever affectionately yours, J. G. LOCKHART."

It was early in 1842, apparently, that Laidlaw became slightly paralytical. Writing to Laidlaw from London on 30th April of that year, Lockhart thanks him for taking care to warn him in his own handwriting of the attack, which shows "that neither mind nor the nobler functions of the body have suffered." After bidding Laidlaw be of good cheer, he requests him to give his love to "Mrs Laidlaw and the young ladies."

TOMB OF WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

From another letter written by Lockhart to Laidlaw, and dated 25th May, 1843, the "Abbotsford Notanda" gives an extract dealing with Major Scott in India.

It was about this time, as before said, that Laidlaw wrote his "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott." In August, 1844, he was unfortunately struck down by paralysis, and accordingly retired to the farm-house of his brother James (who was a sheep-farmer), at Contin, where he died nine months afterwards. In the churchyard of Contin the remains of this dear friend of the great novelist were interred, far from his Border home, but amid similar scenery. The retired churchyard is under the shade of mighty Tor-Achility, one of the loftiest and

* When factor of these lands William Laidlaw lived in the beautifully situated Brahan Castle, in the parish of Urray. When T. T. Stoddart was up in Ross-shire, he ventured one day to fish in the Raasay water, but was warned by a tall and pleasant-looking man with a Border accent that that part of the river was preserved. The admonitor proved to be James, the brother of William Laidlaw, and this incident led to an introduction of the angler to the latter. "Some notes from Mr Laidlaw," writes Miss Stoddart, "show that through his kindly offices my father secured introductions to such local anglers as were versed in the fishing lore of the district. He dined and breakfasted on several occasions at Brahan Castle, and had much interesting talk with Mr Laidlaw, whom he always remembered with special regard."

grandest of the Ross-shire hills. To his memory a tomb, with a marble tablet, was erected by Sir George S. Mackenzie of Coul, Bart., the lord of the manor. Many years afterwards Laidlaw's wife was interred in the same place. Upon the marble tablet is the following inscription:—

"HERE LIE the remains of WILLIAM LAIDLAW, born at Blackhouse, in Yarrow, November 1780, died at Contin, May 18, 1845; and his wife JANET BALLANTYNE, who died at Contin, 15th July, 1861."

The character of Laidlaw, delightful in all respects, will have been sufficiently evident in this sketch of his career. Yet a few further references thereanent may not be tedious. Speaking of the time when Laidlaw first made the acquaintance of Scott, Lockhart says:—

"He was then a very young man, but the extent of his acquirements was already as noticeable as the vigour and originality of his mind; and their correspondence where 'Sir' passes, at a few bounds, through 'Dear Sir,' and 'Dear Mr Laidlaw,' to 'Dear Willie,' shews how speedily this new acquaintance had warmed into a very tender affection. Laidlaw's zeal about the ballads was repaid by Scott's anxious endeavours to get him removed from a sphere for which, he writes, 'it is no flattery to say that you are much too good.' It was then, and always continued to be, his opinion, that his friend was particularly qualified for entering with advantage on the study of the medical profession; but such designs, if Laidlaw himself ever took them up seriously, were not ultimately persevered in: and I question whether any worldly success could, after all, have overbalanced the retrospect of an honourable life spent happily in the open air of nature, amidst scenes the most captivating to the eye of genius, and in the intimate confidence of, perhaps, the greatest of contemporary minds."

Not only was Laidlaw a man of letters, he was also, says Dr Rogers, "an amateur physician, a student in botany and entomology, and a considerable geologist." In stature, according to the same authority, he "was somewhat under the middle height, but was well formed and slightly athletic, and his fresh-coloured complexion beamed a generous benignity."

It will have been seen, during the course of these articles, that Laidlaw was sometimes the victim of ill-health. It actually seems, from what we learn in Hogg's "Domestic Manners," that this was a chronic complaint with him. At one time Sir Walter Scott recommended him as factor to Lord Mansfield: but after consideration Scott had to withdraw Laidlaw's name, in consequence of the precarious state of his health.

It was in the sunshine of such a life as that of Scott that Laidlaw's shone in all its fulness, and it doubtless would have shown more brilliantly had it not been for his extreme modesty, proof of which has already been adduced. Even had he never met Scott, however, his name would have been entitled to a prominent place among the ballad-writers of our country, if only for having written the admirable gem, "Lucy's Flittin'." Vigour and originality of mind were conspicuously his, and so greatly was Laidlaw naturally endowed with poetic talent, that he only required to cultivate it to have won for himself a much higher place among the poets of Scotland. It is therefore to be regretted that he did not stir himself to greater exertions. But as an acquaintance of his says, "he was content to admire the genius of others, rather than display his own." In addition to the well-known lyric already mentioned, he wrote the meritorious ballads entitled "Alake for the Lassie," and "Her Bonnie Black E'e." Laidlaw wrote also the article "Selkirkshire" for Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and (according to Dr Russell) "The Statistical Account of the Parish of Innerleithen" came from his pen. The Rev. Mr Borland ("Yarrow: its Poets and Poetry") states that "he also wrote on 'Scottish Superstitions' to the 'Edinburgh Magazine,' contributed several articles to the 'Encyclopædia,' and was the author of a geological description of his native county." Laidlaw also sent many valuable contributions to agricultural and literary journals. He might have made his name more widely known had he complied with a request that he should write a work dealing with the table-talk and the inner life of his revered master: but he indignantly repudiated the suggestion, deeming this too sacred a theme to be written up and laid before a curious public. This speaks highly for his sense of honour: but we believe, notwithstanding that it has been said that Laidlaw had not the qualifications of a Boswell, that he would have bequeathed to succeeding generations much valuable information regarding the great novelist.

In the review of such a life as this one feels a natural pride in ranking him among Borderers of pre-eminence. His muse was pensive, he sung in the minor key: but that is not surprising in one who was brought up in Yarrow, whose poetry is so characteristically touching and plaintive—features that are prominent in Laidlaw's masterpiece "Lucy's Flittin'." And so long as the name of Sir Walter Scott is reverenced, so long will honour be given to his friend, amanuensis, and adviser WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The number of Border Unions and Associations is steadily increasing, and we heartily rejoice at this welcome sign of healthy Border Brotherhood, but why should there be no federation of these separate societies? Union is strength, and we once more offer some of our space to the various secretaries who do so much for our common kinship. Why should the B.M. not become the official organ of these associations? Borderers abroad highly appreciate our magazine, and we again urge upon our readers to send copies to far awa' freen's. Their perusal of our pages will open the floodgates of memory and keep them leal to the Border.

The Border Keep,

Every true patriot is proud of his country, and it is one of the outstanding features in the character of the Borderer that he glories in the past of his beloved Borderland, and cherishes an undying fondness for its soft vales, purple tinted hills, and clear flowing streams. But the Borderer is not parochial, and his love extends from Scott Land to the wider Scotland which owes so much to the hero of Abbotsford. In a powerful book on American Union, entitled "Alexander Hamilton," and published by Messrs Archibald Constable & Co., I find the following pithy paragraph, which is a complete answer to those short-sighted individuals who cannot reconcile the two ideals of Empire and separate nationality, and are ever fearing that any encouragement of national feeling will lead to Imperial disaster. As a rule, such fearful ones have no objection to the encouragement of "English" nationality. The author of the above mentioned volume, Mr Frederick Scott Oliver, says:—"Scotland retains, as England also retains, every characteristic of a proud and self-reliant nation. The national life of Scotland is the growth of a thousand years. For more than ten centuries Scots kings have ruled and Scots pride has remained unbroken. If we were in search of a type to illustrate the meaning of the word 'nation' we should turn to Scotland. Her nationality is no abstraction, but a tingling reality; a living organism, and not a mere legend of the poets. She has all the stern virtues of a nation and all the fantastic punctilios. The love and fidelity of her children scattered in the four corners of the world, are proofs which stand fast against the scorner. Her valour, her arrogance, her belief in her own destiny, have not been quenched by the free citizenship of a wider empire. Her traditions have suffered no wound or injury in a loyal co-operation. With the example of Scotland before us it is wise to have confidence. The meaning of Empire to a free people is not a stunting and overshadowing growth, but a proud and willing subordination. Its aim is the security of a great inheritance, and while it will augment the resources and the power of every member of the Union, it will also touch each separate State and private citizen with a firmer courage and a finer dignity."

* * *

The teaching of Scottish History is being brought very prominently before the educational authorities at present, and not a moment too soon. In one of the histories used in some of our schools, in 235 pages there are 658 errors in the

use of the national names, England and English being substituted for the legal terms Britain and British. The Convention of Royal Burghs did a noble piece of work when it drew attention to this mean method of trying to obliterate Scotland from British history, and it is pleasing to note in this bi-centenary year of the Union of the two Parliaments that there is every chance of the errors being rectified.

* * *

Not to mention the wider issues, fancy our schoolboys and girls growing up ignorant, so far as their school books are concerned, of the important part played by the Borderland (the Buffer State) in the history of the two nations. To quote the Convention's manifesto on the subject:—"Even when a proper title, such as 'British History,' is given to a book professing to give the history of Scotland as well as England, Scotland, in the case of the books objected to, receives neither fair nor adequate treatment. It is looked at from a purely English standpoint; its history is dealt with in a casual and fragmentary way; and is referred to mainly where, and mainly because—as with the War of Independence—it affected the contemporary history of England. Great events in Scotland's history, such as the Reformation and the Covenanting struggle—events of world-wide influence—are, if not ignored, touched upon in a perfunctory and biassed manner. The 'making of England' bulks everywhere; the making of Scotland nowhere. The history that attracted the attention and won the admiration of the world is shorn of its greatness and dignity; its honours, by being described as 'English,' are taken from Scotland to add to the glory of another country to which they do not belong; and Scotland's history, thus belittled, is made to appear as a mere series of episodes in the history of England. Thus, through many of the books from which our young people should be learning the history of their country, they are receiving defective and inaccurate views of it; and are being thus deprived of the inspiration and power that a true history of Scotland is fitted to give, and that did so much to make the Scottish people what they are." All this means no ill-feeling towards the sister kingdom, but simply a demand for fairness and honesty.

* * *

Once indispensable to all sections of the community, the old-fashioned quill pen seems to be completely ousted from popular favour. The selection of a suitable quill or its subsequent transformation into a pen called for an amount of leisure incompatible with the age of the type-writer. Of the change that this implies I was reminded by a recent visit to Springwood Park, the residence of Sir George Douglas. Among other curios, the literary baronet possesses several quill pens, that were once used by Lady John Scott, the authoress of the popular version of "Annie Laurie." Up to 1900, the year of her death, this venerable lady continued to write with the instrument that had been familiar to her during her youthful days. Lady John's devotion to the past also found expression in strenuous efforts to resuscitate many time-honoured usages and customs. It may be added that a family coach reminiscent of the days of postillions and outriders was among her Ladyship's most treasured possessions.

A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" points out a curious coincidence which (in a fashion) links Scott and Dickens—"St Ronan's Well" and "Pickwick." In the former novel Mr Peregrine S. Touchwood makes play with his initials:—"I use at present P. S. Touchwood. I had an old acquaintance in the city who loved his jest—he always called me Postscript Touchwood." This, of course, reminds one of Mr Peter Magnus, who addressed Mr Pickwick in similar vein. "Curious circumstance about those initials, sir." "Curious observe—P.M.—post meridian. In hasty notes to intimate acquaintance, I sometimes sign myself 'Afternoon.' It amuses my friends very much, Mr Pickwick."

* * *

In the "Scotsman" of September 8th, 1906, appeared the following most interesting paragraph:—

This week Mr Cornelius Lundie, on a tour through the Border district, has paid a visit to his native burgh, Kelso. Mr Lundie is in his 92nd year, and is wonderfully hale and hearty, with all his faculties well preserved. Mr Lundie is a son of the manse; his grandfather, Cornelius, was minister of the parish of Kelso for half a century, and, after a short interval, the son succeeded, being minister for a quarter of a century. What Mr Lundie treasures most in his memory is the fact that he has the unique distinction amongst the living of having seen and conversed with Sir Walter Scott. His father was on intimate terms with the Ballantynes, as also with Sir Walter, who often visited Kelso Manse, and he remembers on one occasion of accompanying his father and Mr James Ballantyne to Abbotsford, where they were cordially welcomed by Sir Walter, and afterwards served with lunch. He was a boy of ten or twelve at the time, and his father drove his horse, "Marmion," in a phaeton. Mr Lundie, when in Edinburgh the other day, met Miss Thomson, daughter of a former minister of Maxton. He happened to relate his Sir Walter reminiscence, and Miss Thomson followed with a hitherto unknown anecdote of her father. Sir Walter was of a party invited to dinner at some house on the Mertoun side of the Tweed, and Mr Thomson was also to be of the party. A storm broke, however, and the river came down in heavy flood, rendering the fords impassable. Not to disappoint his host, however, Mr Thomson travelled through St Boswells and across Mertoun Bridge, arriving very late. Sir Walter gave him a kindly greeting, and said, jokingly, that he had almost made up his mind that to him would fall the duty of writing an obituary notice of the minister of Maxton, drowned in the Tweed. "Then," promptly replied the minister, "I would have been immortalised." Through his mother Mr Lundie traces connection with two well-known Border families—the Greys of Milfield, and the Boyds of Cherrytrees—and he is the last survivor of his family. His elder brother "came out" at the Disruption, and went to Liverpool, where his name was greatly honoured. His elder sister was well known in the literary world as Mrs Mary Lundie Duncan, and the younger one became the wife of Dr Horatius Bonar. Mr Lundie is now resident in Cardiff, and he only retired from active duty about a year ago.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Sir Walter Scott at Hallyards.

THOUGH it is recorded by Lockhart, and corroborated by Robert Chambers and by George Gilfillan that Sir Walter, more than a century ago, visited Manor Water and was the guest of Professor Adam Fergusson, at Hallyards, yet, unfortunately, no details of that visit, save the one very remarkable one of his wonderful interview with David Ritchie, the Woodhouse recluse (who became the original of the "Black Dwarf"), have been given. Now, the public in general, and more particularly those familiar with the Vale of Manor, would have greatly prized any such particulars had they been forthcoming, and had the biographers of Scott known of any occurrences beyond the great novelist's interview with David Ritchie—which has been so frequently narrated as to be well known—they would doubtless have given them to us; in the absence of such record, we are left to conjecture the impressions made on Scott's mind by his vision of Manor in that memorable month of July, 1797, memorable to him in particular, for he had just become engaged to be married. In a letter to his relative, Miss Christian Rutherford, Sir Walter tells the story: "I am in a very fair way of being married to a very amiable young woman with whom I formed an attachment in the course of my tour. She was born in France; her parents were of English extraction, the name Carpenter. She was left an orphan early in life, and educated in England, and is at present under the care of a Miss Nicolson, a daughter of the late Dean of Exeter, who was on a visit to her relations in Cumberland. Miss Carpenter is of age, but as she lies under great obligations to the Marquis of Downshire, who was her guardian, she cannot take a step of such importance without his consent—and I daily expect his final answer upon the subject. Her fortune is dependent, in a great measure, upon an only and very affectionate brother. He is commercial resident at Salen in India, and has settled upon her an annuity of £500. Of her personal accomplishments I shall only say that she possesses very good sense, with uncommon good temper, which I have seen put to most severe trials."

To be practical, this income of the lady would be of no small importance to Scott at such a juncture of his life, for at that time, his fifth year at the Bar, he was earning something short of £150 a year! and hence, given the lady's amiable qualities and her good tocher, we may be sure that Scott, when set free for this joyful summer holiday on the rising of the Court in July, 1797, was in the highest spirits. It is probable that he travelled direct from Edinburgh, because Lockhart says that, accompanied by his brother John and Adam Fergusson, Scott set out on a tour to the English lakes. "Their first stage was Hallyards, in Tweeddale, then inhabited by his friend's father, the philosopher and historian; and they staid there for a day or two, in the course of which Scott had his first and only interview with David Ritchie, the original of the 'Black Dwarf.'"

In the stirring life of Sir Walter, these few days were of comparatively little consequence, and, moreover, the Vale was so quiet and unpeopled, that Fergusson would have been somewhat at a loss for men to introduce to his distinguished guest; consequently he fell back on this dwarf, a recluse, a misanthrope, but, withal, exactly the man for Scott's genius to found a romance upon! and it is no disparagement to say that the novel of the "Black Dwarf," taking rank as it does only in the second degree of the Waverley Novels, is still a work of considerable interest coming from the hands of the greatest writer of fiction of the eighteenth century. It is generally recognised that Scott, taking David Ritchie and his cottage—close to the farmhouse of Woodhouse, and both still existing, though there have been material additions made to both since the year 1797—made this recluse and his small hut the basis of his novel, but that he afterwards transferred the scene to another part of Scotland, and introduced fresh local characters into his novel; and it is abundantly authenticated that David Ritchie's personal appearance and characteristics, gigantic strength (small man as he was), together with all the salient points of the dwarf and his surroundings, as seen by Sir Walter when at Hallyards, have been hit off by the novelist with vivid portraiture. "The figure they had seen the night before," says the novelist in the "Black Dwarf," "seemed slowly and toilsomely labouring to pile the large stones one upon another, as if to form a small inclosure. Materials lay round him in great plenty, but the labour of carrying on the work was immense, from the size of most of the stones; and it seemed astonishing that he should have succeeded in moving several which he had already arranged for the foundation of his edifice. . . . To judge from the difficulties he had already sur-

mounted, he must have been of Herculean powers; for some of the stones he had succeeded in raising apparently required two men's strength to have moved them."

Now, this is exactly the description given to the present day by local guides at the "Dwarf's Cottage," Manor, of the man Ritchie, of his prodigious strength, which enabled him unaided to build the substantial wall of the garden at the back of his hut; and seeing that Scott's visit to Hallyards was limited to three days, the inference seems plain that he had minutely concentrated his attention on this remarkable character and his hut and garden to the exclusion almost of other objects in the parish, although it is matter of reasonable conjecture that the host would take the guest to view the old tower of Barns, a mile distant from Hallyards. This conjecture is strengthened by the description Scott himself has given in the "Black Dwarf" of such an edifice. He calls it the tower of Westburnflat, "one of the few remaining strongholds formerly so numerous upon the Borders. The tower was a small square building of the most gloomy aspect. The walls were of great thickness, and the windows or slits, which served the purpose of windows, seemed rather calculated to afford the defenders the means of employing missile weapons than for admitting air or light to the apartments within. . . . A single turret at one angle, defended by a door studded with huge iron nails, rose above the battlement, and gave access to the roof from within, by the spiral staircase which it enclosed." Then is it not highly probable that from the old tower of Barns, Fergusson would guide Scott up to Caverhill, commanding as that place does a view of the Tweed sweeping past Barns to the Neidpath woods, as well as a view of the lower part of the Manor? Doubtless, too, a drive would be taken to Posso, where falcons once abounded, a supposition strengthened by William Chambers, who records that "in 'Tales of my Landlord,' Henry, son of Sir William Ashton of Ravenswood Castle, gets his hawks from Posso —an allusion traceable to Sir Walter Scott's visit to the parish of Manor."

The story of the great Wizard's remarkable interview and conversation with David Ritchie has been so often told by various writers that I simply refer to it here, and inform readers ignorant of it that the full narrative is given in Chambers' "Peeblesshire," under the head, "Manor." With comparatively trifling, yet with vastly improving changes, the general appearance of the house and policies at Hallyards is at the present day nearly the same as it was when Scott basked in the sunshine of July at this delicious old place a hundred and ten years ago. Since then a stone statue of the "Black Dwarf," grim and weird, has been placed on the lawn; some water-colour portraits of him and relics from his hut have found their way here, as well as to the Chambers' Institute at Peebles. Can it be wondered at that we like to picture the great man welcomed here to stroll through garden and grounds, receiving and writing love-letters to Miss Carpenter, his joyful face at Fergusson's table, and finally taking leave of Hallyards to journey onwards to his destination, the English lakes? Fergusson himself was no small celebrity, and he has left his mark on the place by the erection of a garden sundial: "Soli posuit. A Fergusson. 1803." Mungo Park had also been his guest, but to this day the chief historical interest attached to the place and parish is the visit that was paid to both by a man whose name and fame were to be illustrious.

D. Brown Anderson.

Home Again.

We're home again! We're home again!
We've reached our Border home again,
And many a day will pass away
Before we go and roam again!

I would I had nice powers of speech,
Or, better far, the poet's pen,
To ev'ry listening ear I'd teach
The joys of coming home again.

We've not been gone a year or more,
But only days some nine or ten;
And yet it seemed of weeks a score!
So, doubly sweet is home again.

We've travelled North, we've travelled West,
We've gazed on Highland lake and "Ben;"
But our loved Borderland is best,
Its hills and dales spell "home" again.

Our dog he met us at the door,
O'erjoyed to see us home again;
Our joy was his, and something more—
We shall not lightly roam again.

'Tis well to view the world outside,
The thronged and busy haunts of men;
But oh! it cannot be denied
'Tis best to be at home again.

All round is autumn's mellow glow;
The robin pipes in yonder glen;
But we shall see the roses blow,
Before we leave our home again.

Roberton Manse. A. E. M.

Border Decorators.

WE people in these northern climes have been slow to learn the lesson that a little colour, tastefully applied to the interior or exterior of our dwellings, adds materially to the joy of life, and costs no more than the sombre lack of ornament we have been too long accustomed to. A decided change has set in, however, and the decorative trades are waking up to the wants of a public whose taste has been gradually educated up to higher things.

The master painters and decorators of Scotland have done much to improve their craft by competitions among the apprentices, and the annual exhibitions which they have now established are having a decided effect upon the public mind. We had the pleasure of paying some visits to the splendid exhibition held in the Royal Institute of Fine Arts, Glasgow, during the Christmas and New Year weeks. The exhibition was a great success, both from the trade and public points of view, and was a surprise to many who have not been aware how far we have advanced in the art of house decoration.

This is not the place for any lengthened description of the exhibits, but we cannot refrain from taking notice of the fact that one of the most notable shows was the stall of Messrs Tait Brothers, Galashiels and Melrose. As far as space was concerned the exhibit was not large, but the contents were so striking that the trade, the Press, and the public at once saw that here was something unique which could not be passed over with a cursory glance.

The display embraced about fifty items, as different in subject and treatment as they were beautiful and original in design. These were carried out in a variety of material—so comprehensive and choice in effect and finish that to examine them closely was a most profitable and delightful task. Many of the objects had a structural importance that went far to enhance their surfaces. The firm has its architectural side—Mr Harry M. Tait being a specialist in decorative construction—and the stall had many examples of his craftsmanship in this department.

Messrs Tait Brothers have an enthusiasm for their craft, which carries them far beyond the commercial side of the business, and they have so instilled their own ideas into their workers that several of their apprentices have carried off the leading prizes. On the occasion of this recent exhibition the apprentice who gained the gold medal got his special training from this firm. The Brothers Tait are natives of Innerleithen, and have done much to elevate the public taste in their native town.

The exhibit above referred to was under the charge of Mr George Hope Tait, one of the brothers, who is a recognised authority on decorative art, and delivered a lecture on "Decoration" to the National Association of Master Painters and Decorators of England and Wales, at Nottingham, at their great meeting on 23rd

MR GEO. HOPE TAIT,

Fellow of the Institute of British Decorators.

September, 1903. The lecture was a most eloquent production, and it is quite a literary treat to read it.

Commenting on Mr G. Hope Tait's lecture, the "Journal of Decorative Art" says:—"The paper by Mr G. Hope Tait, of Galashiels, was a plea from a painter to painters for a higher conception of his calling. Robed in language of true eloquence, it was almost from the first line down to its closing sentences sustained on the highest level of oratory, and showed the writer to be not only an enthusiastic craftsman, but a man who has a large sense of his work, and who has scholarly gifts to express it. We have had many papers in the past, but never

one more eloquently phrased or most earnestly expressed. One of the speakers of the Convention later on said we had had some papers which were 'too high up.' We cannot agree with him—nay, we would say that you cannot be too high up in your views of what your calling is capable of; and for a decorator to limit his aspirations at all is to put a curb on his faculties which may well cripple and stunt his own life. We welcome Mr Tait's paper as one of the most wholesome contributions to the question of what a decorator should aim at which we have had for many a long year. If there were more who took his large conception of his work, we should soon see a great transformation in the trade. The paper reinforced the plea made by Mr Foster for a wider outlook as to what should constitute the training of a decorator, and for the cultivation of a love of what the old writers called Humanities. A sympathy for all that elevates and enlarges the mind, whether it be in literature or the arts. By every such addition a man is made more of a man, his sympathies are enlarged and quickened, his intelligence awakened, and his storehouse of information made fuller and more complete, and in every way the better equipped for the conduct of his business. By all means let us get the spirit of Mr Tait's paper as part of our daily food."

"THE EXCHANGE OF THE NATIONS," BY GEO. HOPE TAIT, F.I.B.D.

We have pleasure in reproducing the design by which Mr Tait gained the first prize (One Month in Rome) in the International competition among British master painters. The brothers are comparatively young men, and we trust that they will continue to gain fresh laurels for themselves and the Borderland.

A Winter Walk on the Pentlands.

THE 10.30 a.m. train from the Caledonian on New Year's Day disgorged a goodly number of passengers at each station before Balerno was reach. There was a wonderful number brave enough on New Year's Day morning to pass through Balerno, by Redford, Bavelaw, and by the Pentland Pass that brings the pedestrian to the Logan Burn, Logan Lee, and Glencorse. No Pentland walk is finer than this, but when there is a residue of snow on the path, and the hills are bewitching and fairy-like in a white mantle, only the bravest will venture. The day was fine, the air exhilarating, and the snow did little to hinder a winter tramp. How merry this mixed party of young folks are, and how tingling with life and energy in every limb, as they negotiate the winding path above Bavelaw. We might be in the Highlands: there is Scaldlaw in front, where, tradition says, was the scene of the gatherings of the old Norse minstrels, singing the Scalds of the Vikings and Berserks. James V. hunted around Bavelaw, and Queen Mary came over from Lennox Castle on the Water of Leith to

hawk here. Covenanters, flying wounded from Rullion Green, fell, and bodies have been found in the moss here.

The waterfall at the head of the Logan Burn is still frozen; its waters creep away with a muffled sound. Four adventurous spirits climb the steep bank and examine the strata above the waterfall, in the burn, a conglomerate, which is rather a rare outcrop on the Pentlands. What an exquisite view down towards Loganlee as we descend from the upper reach of the burn from this high plateau. Looking back, two black figures are struggling through the snow along the side of the Hare Hill; there, on the slope of Scaldlaw, and near the top, four black figures have almost conquered that eminence. A welcome halt at the waterman's cottage at Loganlee affords time for a rest and some refreshment. An array of tea-pots stand on the dyke outside, for a party of ten is expected hungry from the hills. The empty churn has disgorged that flaky white butter on the plate, and the half-dozen rosy children who live here, four miles from the nearest school, and six miles from Penicuik, are enjoying themselves snow-balling outside. The waterman's wife walked six miles on the day previous, when it was snowing, to sell her eggs and make purchases. While resting, one of the party reads from Will. H. Ogilvie's recently-published little booklet of poetry, "Rainbows and Witches." "In Pentland Wine," cut from the "Scotsman," is also read, and is so far in harmony with the scene, except that to-day all is quiet, and it is not true that

"The west wind, wanton, is chiding
Glencorse with the scourge of his whips,
And the wild duck over it riding
Are tossing like storm-tossed ships."

For the wild-ducks pass above our heads, and a couple of grouse cross the upper end of Glencorse with gurgling discontent at being disturbed. All appreciate these verses of Ogilvie's, which come home in the silence of the hills here with new delight, making allowance for the winter season:—

THE KINGSHIP OF THE HILLS

"Born in the purple, the red grouse cry;
Born in the purple, the whaups reply;
Born in the purple, the clouds are kings
Sailing away on their snow-white wings.
The eagle high on the ruby peak
Has the scorn o' the vale in his curling beak;
And every hour that goes dancing down
Has a purple robe and a silver crown.
The lightnings flash like a jewelled band;
The thunder rolls like a king's command;
With a palace roof of the windy stars,
Where God looks over His golden bars,
Here, in the pride of all high-born things,
The red-deer go with the gait of kings;
And only a step from their cottage-doors
The rough hill-shepherds are emperors."

As we are now, when we step outside, below the shadow of Carnethy, and face Castlelaw, which blocks the valley to the eastward, for we are now on the road leading deviously round the south of the Pentlands, by Woodhouselee, towards Hillend and Lothianburn. It is a short-cut to skirt Castlelaw, climb along past Castlelaw Farm, and by the policies of Woodhouselee and come out on the old Biggar road, at Easter-Howgate. By the time we are back to town fourteen miles (including that detour on the hill behind the waterfall) have been negotiated since leaving Balerno. But the way is shortened by story-telling, and one who has just returned from Spain relates an endless narrative of his adventures and mis-adventures, with a visit to the Alhambra thrown in. The glories of the Alhambra pale before a well-earned evening meal, and there is the calm satisfaction in the breasts of each that "something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose." R. C.

"In the Border Country."

WHAT an advance has taken place within the last few years in the matter of printing in colours! Formerly the difficulties in reproducing were so many and the process so costly that colour books of good quality could only fall into the hands of those who had long purses. Now all this is changed, and really high-class colour books are within the reach of all. Among the latest triumphs in this direction is the handsome volume bearing the above title, which has been issued by the well known firm of Hodder & Stoughton, London. When we mention that the text, which is largely historical, is by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, minister of Tweedsmuir, we need say little more to recommend that portion of the book (dedicated to the memory of Sir Walter Scott) as the author is well known to all the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and his extensive knowledge of Border matters gives him an authority which few possess.

While we all have our own ideas of what constitutes the true Borders, we are glad to see that Mr Crockett has no cramped and confined notions on that subject. He says:—"A line drawn on the map from Coquetmonth to 'Merrie Carlisle,' thence to the town of Dumfries, and, again, almost due north, to Tweedsmuir (the source of the Tweed) in Peeblessshire and to Peebles itself, and from Peebles eastward by the Moorfoots and the Lammermoors to the German Ocean at St Abbs."

A writer in an evening paper thus refers to the subject:—"Of that country Mr Crockett treats in a very comprehensive and interesting way, grap-

hically narrating the history of this battle-ground of races from the days when the Brigantes checked for a time the northern progress of the Romans down through the centuries when Scots and English reived one another's cattle and fought for the mere love of fechtin'. Under the guidance of one who is so familiar with it all, we travel pleasantly through the districts which he has classified under the heading:s—'The English Border: Northumberland, "Merrie Carlisle"'; 'The Tweed and Its Associations,' 'Pleasant Teviotdale,' 'In the Ballad Country,' 'The Leader Valley,' and 'Liddesdale.' Knowing most of the county, we can vouch for Mr Crockett's accuracy, and we are sure that others will read his pages with equal delight to our own. One slip may be noted, the reference to 'Cadzow, in Renfrewshire;' it should, of course, be Lanarkshire. A specially attractive feature of this handsome volume, with its clear type, good paper, and broad margins, is furnished by 25 charming water-colour sketches by Mr Orrock, artistically reproduced in colour and mounted on brown paper. These are a pleasing change from the photographic views with which we are so familiar."

The artist has looked at the scenery through English eyes, and hence in each picture we have the softness of the Borderland emphasised and made the outstanding feature. The very novelty of this treatment of Border scenery will make the volume, which is published at 7/6, a welcome addition to the homes of all true Borderers.

"Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century."

STUDENTS of history who love to study the social habits of the people rather than the great national events, are aware that the eighteenth century in Scotland is one of the most interesting epochs in our country's story. Probably the most important work dealing with this subject is the volume bearing the above title. It is from the able pen of Mr Henry Grey Graham, and is published by Messrs A. & C. Black, London, at the remarkably low price of 5/. The book is a perfect mine of information, which is so presented to the reader that there is not a dull page among the 550 which form the volume. The men and women of those times pass before us with all the life and vigour of the characters in a novel, and the student, or even the ordinary reader, rises from a perusal of Mr Graham's attractive pages with a feeling that he has been conversing with people with whom he is intimately acquainted. A new edition has recently been issued, and we cull a few opinion from the leading papers

"Here is a book we believe to be without a rival in the same field—a work in which the author takes us into the inner life of a community—recalling to us, as from the time of oblivion, the homes and habits and labours of the Scottish peasantry; the modes and manners and thoughts of society; showing us what the people believed and what they practised, how they farmed and how they traded, how their children were taught, how their bodies were nourished, and now their souls were tended. It is indeed a product of immense industry and reading, and presents a clear and correct view of that considerable portion of the national history with which it is concerned. There is not a page in the volume which does not contribute some details to make up a singularly vivid and interesting picture of our country's past. Mr Graham's picture of the domestic life and industry, the rural economy, the religious customs and theological opinions, the superstitutions, the laws, and the educational institutions of the age of our great-grandfathers, is as vivid in colouring and effective in grouping and composition as it is authentic and trustworthy as a piece of history. The volume is the outcome of wide and wise reading, this is a book to be highly commended. . . . A thoughtful, humorous, and vivid exposition of Scottish men and manners in the eighteenth century."

Dookin' in Tweed.

TWEED was—I cannot say what law holds now—always spoken of as "Tweed." It did not need the definite article. You might occasionally gang doon to the Tweed, but you fished and dooked and waded in Tweed.

I suppose it means that for Lessudden folks, and especially for Lessudden laddies, there was no river worthy of the name of river but "Tweed."

There was "the Newtoon burn," "the burn," "the pound" in the back green, and "the Back Green Burn," over the last of which we tried our growing leaping powers, often at the expense of wet feet and trousers, but for all that there was only one stream for us, and it was Tweed.

We had heard rumours of the "Yil water," the "Teit," and the Gala water. Occasionally we knew of men and boys who went to fish in those streams; but we regarded such wanderers more with surprise and sorrow than with anger. Some madness had seized them.

When the river was in top flood we told each other how big it was, and we measured its rise by other floods. The older folks went to the Braeheads to see for themselves; the younger male members of the community went down to the river itself and tried to catch the logs of wood and other things that the river brought down. The boy who could say that he had seen a sheep or a pig being rolled down by the flood was a hero, and his company was much sought after, and his story was repeated a thousand times.

Tweed in its bigness and littleness was the only river for us. But it is of dookin' in Tweed that I mean to write to-day.

For a goodly number of years there was a set of very keen bathers. They were at it as early as possible in the season—the chances of Tweed being warm enough were keenly discussed—and they kept it up till the fateful ninth of October came round. On October ninth or thereabouts the school re-opened after the summer holidays.

When you were newly breeched, or even before that, you dooked at the "Plainstane." That was a set of smooth flag-stones in the river just above the "Burnfit." There was there a big boulder—perhaps we would not think it is big now—and from it we could fall into the water. We did not, you may be sure, call it falling into the water: we dived in, we plunged in off the stane.

You did not bathe for long at the "Plainstane," if in you was the true spirit of the bather. Traditionally there was a vague theory that as your legs grew longer you bathed first at the first, and then at the second and third and fourth cairn, but, practically, I don't think that was ever done. From the "Plainstane" you went direct to the "Boat-hole," or as near it as you could.

If you were not able to swim you entered the water a little lower down, and went in as deep as you could. If you could swim it was "infra dig" to enter anywhere but at the "Boat-hole."

How we envied those who could enter there and swim right across the river. There was one who swam, lifting half his body out of the water at every stroke; what a fine swimmer we thought he was. But the test of being a swimmer of the first rank was to enter the water at the "Boat-hole" and swim up against the current to the "Island."

There was one who was so keen to be in that front rank that he used to go down time and again by himself and practise.

By the way, many, if not most of us, were only supposed to dook once a day. Every time we dooked we were told that we lost an ounce of blood; but we risked that. We always religiously let our home folks know of one bathe a day. On that occasion we openly and ostentatiously took a towel, or even asked for one. Of the other occasions we said nothing, and we did not take a towel. We dried ourselves with our shirts, and remained out long enough for our hair to dry. Wet hair was the incriminating evidence. Sometimes we were accompanied on the recognised occasion for "dookin'" by a father or an elder brother, but on the other occasions we did not seek their company. Instead, we anxiously scanned the Braeheads to see if they were hanging anywhere about. If the popular notion were true about the loss of the ounce of blood, some of us must have lost more than a quarter of a pound each warm day. It is to be hoped that it was an ounce troy, and not an ounce avoirdupois.

But to return to our keen swimmer whom we left going on the quiet to practise. I have heard him speak enthusiastically of the thrill that went through him when, for the first time, he felt the touch of the gravel at the tail of the Island on his breast.

To swim and look up at the "Hair-Craig" from the water, or to swim across the river, lie on the sand and birsle in the sun, to run races in the Dryburgh park, to play with the boats that were at that side of the river, to splash one another with water, to dive to the bottom and bring up a stone, to plunge off the yellow stane: ah! it was all delightful. Hours could be, and were, spent in that way. It is good even to recall those hours to memory.

The "Boat-hole" was not the only bathing-place. In the summer, when the water was low, you could go by way of the "Sker-fit" to the "Haugh." The path ran along the top of the skers—that is the Scaurs—but that, though not to be despised as a road, was not to be compared with the precarious and no-road that could be traversed at the "Sker-fit." Sometimes you could almost go dry-shod from the "Burn-fit" to the "Haugh" by this way. At other times it only meant a little wading.

That way was for most of us a forbidden road. Stones might come rolling down the "Skers." People might fling things down, for then, as now, the Braeheads were a free coup; we might get our feet cut by the broken glass or other rubbish. But parental prohibitions notwithstanding, we went. We fished there, we tried to stick eels with forks, we even dooked there; but that last very seldom. Once one of an adventurous company of bathers there had his foot very badly cut. Handkerchiefs were a scarce commodity, so we bound his foot up with his shirt, got him home, and departed ourselves, thanking our stars that our share in the journey was unknown.

Going by the "Sker-fit" you came out at "Brockie's hole." Why "Brockie's hole" I know not for certain. There was a rumour that a man called "Brockie" had once driven in there with a cart and been drowned. Be that as it may, "Brockie's hole" was never a favourite bathing place. In fact, I only know

of two or three who swam across Tweed there, ant that more for the sake of doing a dare than anything else.

Further down there was the "Gullet." There, as the name implies, the river was very narrow, and to our boyish ideas the foaming river was something like the whirlpool at Niagara. Only a few of the bolder spirits dared to swim here. There was no chance of swimming against the current, but you went in above the narrowest place and flung yourself into the current. You were carried through the waves, and after swallowing some water you were cast out a little further down.

The "Saugh busses" was another bathing place, a little below the "Gullet:" but the "Haugh," was not in it with the "Boat-hole," or, indeed, with any part of the river by the "waiter side." There were drawbacks to dookin' by the "waiter side." The footpath ran close beside the water, and occasionally there were passers-by. That mattered little if you were in the water, but it was inconvenient if you were at certain stages of your undressing or dressing. We thought people very inconsiderate.

Once an extremely modest and shy youth had emerged from the water, and was running towards the place where he had undressed, when, coming full speed round a corner, he ran right into the arms of a young woman, who was coming in the opposite direction. Both turned and ran, and I am afraid that those in the water, or at safe stages of dressing, were not sympathetic.

Once, however, an engaged couple came to the village for holidays, and to them it seemed that the bank by the "Boat hole" was an ideal place to sit and have communion with each other, and they were so deaf and blind to all the many hints they got.

Neither undressing nor dressing took any great length of time, for the summer wear of the average Tweedside boy consisted only of shirt, trousers, jacket, and cap, and these garments were sometimes stripped off as one ran to the bathing place, so that one arrived ready to jump in. But on one occasion even that scanty number of garments was too many, for a couple, in their desire for retirement, undressed and laid their clothes down on the top of a wasp-bike. There were lively times when dressing came to be done.

What a horror all bathers had of eels! How we feared and hated them! They were popularly supposed to be able to inflict deep wounds on our feet with their tails, and there were traditions of monster eels—congers, we called them—which pursued and attacked bathers. Our fear and hatred of them drove us to take offensive measures. We fished for them, we attempted to catch them with forks, or to stab them with knives, and every one flung out we reckoned as an enemy slain. To kill them it was necessary to cut off their heads, and put a knife through their tails. The beheading you might omit, but on no account must you forget to slit their tails; otherwise they would crawl back to the river and be as lively as ever.

The idea of eating eels was utterly repugnant to us. Once two fishers had caught a fair number, which were lying squirming on the bank, each decapitated and tail slitted. It was the fair time, and a mugger who happened to pass asked permission to take the catch. He did so, and one of the fishers made an expedition up to the tents to see if the eels were actually eaten. We had heard that people did eat them, but we had never seen them doing so. However, "seeing's believing," and those of us who had not seen were assured that every scrap of the eels was devoured.

I have bathed in Tweed when on a visit to mine ancient haunts, but the holes have apparently got filled up a bit, and the stones are dreadfully hard on our poor feet.

A. L. A. SUDDEN.

A Border Literary Chronicle, with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART VIII.

OLIVER, WILLIAM, of Langraw, on Rule Water, Roxburghshire (b. 1804—d. at Edinburgh, 1878), wrote several pieces of verse, such as "The Capon Tree," "The Last Fairy," "The Tushielaw Thorn," "The Angel Stars," &c. His mother, Mrs Oliver (Jane Scott), was a cousin of Sir Walter Scott, being the eldest daughter of Thomas Scott, uncle of Sir Walter, who died at Monklaw, near Jedburgh, Jan. 27, 1823, aged 90.

PARK, MUNGO (b. at Foulshiels, Selkirkshire, Sept. 10, 1771—d. 1806), African traveller and explorer; studied medicine with Dr Anderson of Selkirk, whose daughter he afterwards married; first expedition to Africa in 1795; returned home two years afterwards and published his Travels in 1799; practised as a surgeon for a short time at Peebles; second expedition (in which he met his death), 1805, an account of which appeared in 1815. (B.M. i. 94).

PATERSON, REV. NATHANIEL, D.D. (b. July 3, 1787—d. 1871), a grandson of "Old Mortality" (Robert Paterson, 1716-1801); ordained minister of Galashiels in 1821; author of "The Manse Garden," 1838; in 1843 he joined the Free Church and became minister of Free St Andrew's, Glasgow; in 1850 he was chosen Moderator. He was a friend of Sir Walter Scott. (B.M. ix. 232).

PAULIN, GEORGE (b. at Horndean, parish of Ladykirk, Berwickshire, Aug. 16, 1812—d. Jan. 11, 1898), educated at Selkirk and Edinburgh University; rector of Irvine Academy from 1844-77; wrote a vol. of verse, "Hallowed Ground and Other Poems," 1876.

PENNECUIK, DR ALEXANDER, of Newhall and Romanno, Peeblesshire (b. 1652—d. 1722), son of a surgeon who had served in the Swedish army; author of a Historical Description of Tweeddale, with a Collection of Scottish Poems, 1715. His "Complete Works" appeared in 1815. He is said to have suggested to Allan Ramsay the plot of the "Gentle Shepherd," the scenes of which lie round Newhall.

PENNECUIK, ALEXANDER, probably nephew of the preceding; chief works are Britannia Triumphans, 1713; Streams from Helicon, 1720; wrote also Lampoons, Satires, &c.; gave way to drink, and died in destitution, 1730.

PLUMMER, DR ANDREW, of Sunderland Hall, Selkirkshire; studied medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden, where he graduated in 1722; returned to Edinburgh and practised his profession; in 1726 appointed professor of chemistry, an office he held till 1755; died 1756.

PRINGLE, ALEXANDER, D.D. (b. at Blakelaw, parish of Linton, near Kelso—d. Aug 12, 1839), minister of the Secession Church, Perth, for sixty-one years; wrote a vol. entitled "Scripture Gleanings," published a few months before his death; ordained in 1777; D.D. of Aberdeen, 1819.

PRINGLE, JOHN ALEXANDER (b. at Yair, April 17, 1792—d. Jan. 3, 1839), second son of Alexander Pringle of Yair; entered the Bengal Civil Service; wrote a vol. of poetry—"Select Remains"—published posthumously in 1841.

PRINGLE, SIR JOHN, M.D., F.R.S., BARONET (b. in Roxburghshire, April 10, 1707—d. Jan. 18, 1782), physician; fourth son of Sir John Pringle of Stitchel, by Magdalen, daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs; educated at St Andrews and Edinburgh, where he studied medicine; graduated at Leyden; professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh, 1734-44; published several medical works, the chief being a "Treatise on the Diseases of the Army." He afterwards removed to London, received a baronetcy from George III., and became president of the Royal Society; has a monument in Westminster Abbey.

PRINGLE, THOMAS (b. at Blakelaw, near Kelso, Jan. 5, 1709—d. in London, Dec. 5, 1834), educated at Kelso Grammar School and Edinburgh University (his companion and life-long friend being Robert Story, afterwards minister of Roseneath, and father of Principal Story of Glasgow); started in 1818 and edited "The Edinburgh Monthly Magazine," having for contributors Scott, Hogg, Dr Brewster, Prof Wilson, and Lockhart, afterwards disposed of to Messrs Blackwood, becoming their still popular "Blackwood's Magazine." He afterwards emigrated to the Cape, having obtained by Scott's influence a grant of land there in 1820; librarian at Cape Town; returned to London, where he died and was buried in Bunhill Fields, near the graves of Bunyan and Defoe; wrote "Scenes of Teviotdale," 1819; "Ephemerides," 1828; and "South African Sketches," 1834. His poetical works with sketch of his life by Leith Ritchie appeared in 1838. His best known piece is "The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell." (B.M. v. 76, 84).

RICCALTON, REV. ROBERT (b. 1691—d. 1769), minister of Hobkirk, Roxburghshire from 1725-69; wrote several works published after his death—3 vols. of Sermons and Essays on Human Nature, &c.; also wrote a poem (though never published) on "Winter," which suggested to Thomson the idea of the "Seasons." Riccalton lived in the parish of Southdean (of which Thomson's father was minister), before he went to Hobkirk in 1725, the year Thomson went to London.

RIDDELL, HENRY SCOTT (b. at Sorbie, near Langholm, Sept. 23, 1798—d. July 30, 1870), shepherd in Ettrick, friend of Hogg and Wm. Knox, who held the Wrae farm, near Sorbie; studied at Edinburgh for the Church, and acted as parish minister of Teviothead for some years, when his mind gave way; recovered, but never resumed ministerial duties; wrote "Songs of the Ark," 1831; "Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces," 1847; best known as the author of "Scotland Yet," "Scotia's Thistle," "Oor Ain Folk," "The wild glen sae green," "The Crook and the Plaid," "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," &c. His Memoirs and Works were edited by his friend, Dr Brydon, of Hawick, 2 vols., 1871. (B.M. iii. 85, 212, 233).

RIDPATH, REV. GEORGE (b. at Ladykirk Manse, Berwickshire, 1717—d. 1772), minister of Stitchell, 1742-72; author of "The Border History of England and Scotland;" edited and published in 1776 by his brother, and dedicated to Hugh, second Duke of Northumberland.

RIDPATH, REV. PHILIP (b. 1721—d. 1788), minister of Hutton, Berwickshire, 1759-88, who, besides editing his brother's work, published an edition of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy."

RITCHIE, DAVID GEORGE (b. at Jedburgh, 1853—d. at St Andrews, Feb. 3, 1903), only son of Dr Geo. Ritchie, minister of Jedburgh; educated at the Nest Academy, Jedburgh, and Edinburgh University, where he had a distinguished career, then proceeded to Oxford, where he took a first class in "Litt. Hum., 1878; Fellow of Jesus College, 1878, and tutor there, 1881-4, also tutor of Balliol, 1882-86; left Oxford in 1894 to become professor of Logic and Metaphysics at St Andrews; wrote various philosophical works, "Darwin and Politics," "Darwin and Hegel," "Natural Rights," "Studies in Social and Political Ethics;" edited "The Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle;" translated Bluntschli's "Theory of the State."

To be Continued.

THE BORDER ALMANAC, 1907.—Once more this familiar yearly publication from the old-established press of J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, Kelso, lies before us. To the Border farmer, who is invariably an intelligent man, the Almanac provides a mass of most useful information condensed in quite a remarkable way, while the ordinary reader will discover many interesting and historically valuable paragraphs. Not the least valuable feature in the book are the obituary notices of prominent Borderers who have passed away during the year.

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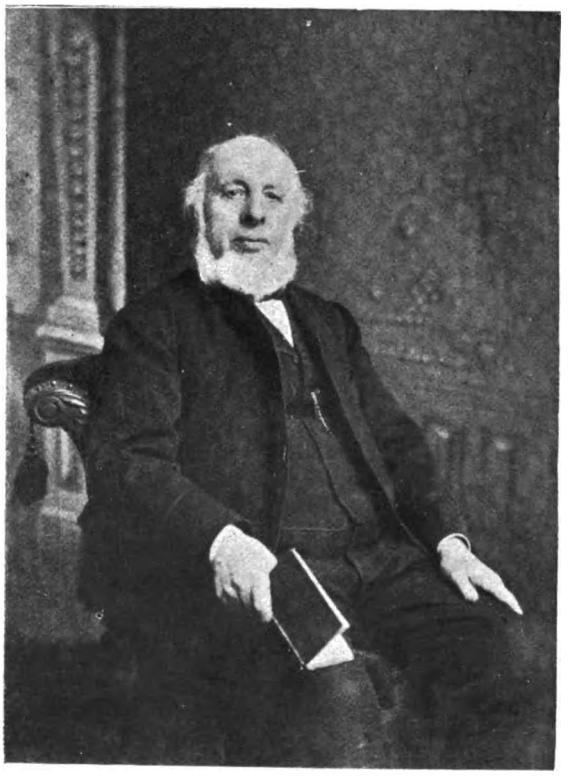

THE LATE MR ROBERT SANDERSON, STOW.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. XII., No. 135. MARCH, 1907.

The Late Mr ROBERT SANDERSON, Stow.

FULL of years and service, Mr Robert Sanderson, Stow, Midlothian, passed away on November 11th, 1906. A characteristic Scot, an account of his career is well worth preserving in the pages of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

Mr Sanderson was born in Galashiels on 18th September, 1824, and was by parentage a Gala Water man. He went to day schools in his native town, taught by Mr Fyshe and Mr Robert Whitson, but, being of a studious disposition, he took every opportunity of further acquiring knowledge, attending night schools after he had started to work, as opportunity offered, and, being a keen reader, he was to no little extent self-taught. He served a full apprenticeship to the woollen manufacturing trade, learning all its branches, and worked for some time as a spinner in Galashiels and Innerleithen. In 1850 or 1851 he took charge of a set of machines in Stow Mill, and there in the following year he settled. Finding in the village an opening for the commoner articles of the stationery trade, as well as for the sale of Bibles, picture books, etc., and the comparatively few periodicals in existence, he started business in these in a small way, and afterwards as a merchant on his own account, adding on the lines of his original venture, and local, weekly, and daily newspapers, as the demand for these arose after the abolition of the Stamp Duty in 1855, and the repeal of the Paper Duty in 1861. He was thus the pioneer in the distribution of the daily and weekly newspaper, and kindred publications in the parish. About this time he became correspondent to the various local newspapers. In 1871 he built new business premises, and ten years later he became associated with his youngest son in the printing and stationery trade. In this branch, however, he never took a very active interest, and he retired altogether from the firm a short time before his death.

Mr Sanderson's connection with the public life of Stow may therefore be roughly set down as of fifty years' duration. No public movement was complete without his presence, and his helpful aid was always freely offered when the welfare of the community was concerned. Possibly the first body with which he became associated was the Parish Church Sunday School. The Literary Institute, founded by the late Mr Mitchell of Stow in 1857, had in Mr Sanderson a warm supporter. For many years he was secretary. As such, he was largely responsible for the arrangements in connection with the annual course of lectures, given during the winter months, which then, as now, was a feature of this institution. On several occasions he himself lectured on popu-

lar subjects—the last of which was "A History of Stow," delivered fully twenty years ago. Possessing some little gift and ability as a speaker, he frequently appeared on the public platform, locally, in support of the causes which he espoused, particularly that of total abstinence, and such publicity exposed him at times to not a little hostile criticism; but he was usually able, alike by tongue and pen, to give good reason for the faith that was in him. He took much interest in a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society which was formed in 1882, and which existed for several years, and was a frequent contributor in essay and debate. Indeed, in everything pertaining to the welfare of the village and community he took a prominent part, and his full share of the work thereby involved. A life-long abstainer, he was amongst the first to assist in the formation of a total abstinence society in the village, and when Good Templary was introduced into this country he was one of the founders of the local Lodge, being its first Chief Templar; while, for many years, he was a leading member of District Lodge, holding all the principal offices therein, with the exception of that of District Deputy, which demands upon his time otherwise made it impossible for him to accept. He, however, was mainly instrumental in founding in the village a Juvenile Lodge of Good Templars, of which he continued to be superintendent for a number of years. In respect to purely village affairs, he had to do with water and lighting practically all the time that these affairs remained under the direct control of the villagers—that is from their introduction until the formation of special water and lighting districts under recent Local Government legislation. He was a member of the Parochial Board, and auditor of its accounts for a long period of years. About 1880, finding it inconvenient to continue his connection with the Baptist body at Galashiels, he withdrew therefrom, and joined the communion of the Church of Scotland. In 1882 he was elected an elder in Stow Parish Church, and five years later he was appointed session-clerk, which office he held for the next sixteen years.

His long connection with the National Bible Society of Scotland as Treasurer of the Local Auxiliary was honoured a few years ago by a letter of recognition of long service from the Society, and notice in its proceedings. In politics, he was a staunch supporter of the Liberal Party and Mr Gladstone until the Home Rule split, and was a member of that eminent statesman's committee when he was so victoriously returned for Midlothian in 1880. In later years he took comparatively little interest in politics.

No notice of the deceased would be complete without reference to his long connection with, and labours on behalf of, the Masonic craft in the Border district, also to the literary work in connection with Freemasonry, which as a younger man he engaged in, and these are very concisely and appreciatively summarised in Vernon's "History of Freemasonry in the province of Roxburgh, Peebles, and Selkirk shires." "Bro. Sanderson," says the author, "besides giving to the world the history of Haughfoot Lodge (which he published in the 'Freemasons' Magazine,' 1869-70), has also reprinted the records of the old Lodge of Peebles, and is ever ready to give willingly and ungrudgingly his assistance or advice in any matter connected with the welfare or advancement of the craft. Bro. Sanderson first saw Masonic light in St John's Lodge, Stow, in 1862, and from that time was much enamoured with its principles, and zealously devoted himself not only to their study, but to the active undertaking of them. His influence upon the Lodge is very apparent, as step by step he ascended to the highest honour the Lodge has in its power to bestow, filling the chair and discharging the duties of his office during the years 1882-83-84 with rare ability and tact. In 1863 he was appointed by the late Mr Henry Ingles of Torsonce, Provincial Grand Master of Peebles and Selkirk, to the secretaryship of the Province. As a token of the estimation in which he was held, the brethren of the Province of Roxburgh and Selkirk (the district having undergone re-arrangement a year or two ago) presented him last year (1893) with a very handsome gold watch and illuminated address, along with "their heartiest felicitations on the completion of 27 years of faithful service in the discharge of his onerous duties."

As in all his other undertakings, he brought a high degree of ability to bear on all his literary work. His aim was ever to promote the welfare of the people by keeping to the front their interests, and by giving them a straight and disinterested lead where such was necessary. No matter of any moment escaped his notice; he wrote because his heart was in his work and his interest was the interest of the men and women around him. Staunch in his principles, he was ever mindful of the feelings of others; well read, original in his treatment of all questions of public importance, he was a correspondent greatly valued by the pro-

prietors of the various journals for which he acted.

Mr Sanderson's shrewd business capacity, his good, sound common-sense, his suave and kindly bearing with all he came in contact, his conscientious discharge of duty, his deep sympathy with all around him in trouble or want, and his spotless and irreproachable Christian character, were the traits which shall keep his name fresh beyond the limited bounds of Gala Water.

After the Toil of the Day.

IN the quiet hours of evening a very large number of our resident Borderers find rest and refreshment from the toils of the day by indulging in gardening. To some this recreation may appear a toil, but such have to learn that rest is often to be found in a change of employment. There are a thousand and one books on the subject of gardening, but few take a more pleasant and practical form as "'One & All' Gardening," the annual issue of which is now before us. The book of 200 pages is full of most readable and informative articles by eminent writers, while the text is helped by a large number of illustrations, one of which we reproduce. The annual can be had through the booksellers for the small charge of 2d, or sent per post for 4½d by the publishers, The Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 92 Long Acre, London, W.C. It is interesting to note that this valuable publication was started at the same time as the BORDER MAGAZINE. As an example of the style of the letterpress we quote a portion of Ella Oswald's interesting article on "The Colour of Flowers":—

Brilliant and delightful to the eye as are the colours of so many flowers, for what reason are they adorned with these varied hues? Nothing is without its purpose in Nature's economy, but the subject received little attention till about 100 years ago, when the celebrated scientist Sprengel first showed that the colour and scent of flowers were connected with the visits of insects. The later researches of Darwin, Wallace, Lubbock, and Muller have proved how great a part these colours play in the power of the plant to form its seeds and thus reproduce its species.

In the simplest flower, fertilization of its embryo seeds, or ovules, is effected by a grain of the pollen-dust from its own stamens falling on a sensitized portion of the unripened seed-vessel, or ovary, round which these stand. The pollen-grain, through a little tube which reaches the ovule, fertilizes it, causing its later transformation into the ripe seed.

AFTER THE TOIL OF THE DAY.

Many plants produce only insignificant, often greenish flowers, such as those of grasses, trees, or so-called weeds. These are mostly fertilized in this manner, or receive the pollen from other flowers through the agency of the wind.

The more highly-developed plants are, however, not self-fertilized, but depend on pollen from other flowers, brought them on the legs and bodies of insects, who, in search of honey, visit flower after flower and unconsciously effect what is termed

cross-fertilization. The flowers that most people are familiar with are these highly-developed forms which possess large, expanded, coloured surfaces to attract their insect fertilizers. To allure these and induce them to visit one flower after another of the same species, the plants have developed, near the stamens and the ovary to be fertilized, small quantities of honey, and, in addition, the gaily-coloured petals which, so to say, advertise the presence of the honey.

Why should the colours of flowers vary? This can be explained on the theory of evolution, so universally acknowledged now in all branches of natural science, and so admirably applied to this particular subject by the late Mr Grant Allen.

Goethe and Wolf held the theory—generally accepted—that all parts of the flower are modified leaves, a general transition being traceable from leaf, through bract, green sepal, coloured petal, and stamen to ovary. However, in the oldest type of flower at present surviving, the cycads, geologically earlier than any other flowering plant, the flower consists merely of, on the one hand, naked ovules, and, on the other, clusters of stamens in a kind of cone—the essential organs alone are present. This proves the coloured petals and green outer sepals to be later in origin than stamens and ovary, therefore they can hardly mark a transitional form from leaves to the latter. Though, of course, it cannot be denied that the stamens and ovary are originally modified leaves, the petals and sepals can, in face of this evidence, no longer be regarded as the intermediate stages. It is more than probable that they have been produced by a flattening of some of the outer stamens, by a reversion of these stamens to the original leaf form, to serve a special purpose, that of attracting insect visitors to aid the plant in setting the seeds.

In the white water lily this transition is clearly visible, from the ordinary stamens in the centre, with rounded stalks of filaments and yellow anthers full of pollen, to the flat, full-sized white petals, the smaller intervening petals often having abortive anthers on them. Moreover, in double roses and almost all double flowers, the extra petals are formed, under cultivation, from the numerous stamens of the centre of the flower, as every horticulturalist knows.

A Border Town.

"A town of extremes."—Lord Rosebery.

Old town among the Border hills!
Gray warder of the moors!
What though To-day have clashing mills,
Your old-world Moat endures!
You dream by nights of Flodden yet,
While Teviot seeks the sea,
What though your days in toil are set,
You have your history!

What though, at times, the moorland mist
Creeps up by wynd and street!
Your spires peer out above, sunkist,
To guide the stumbling feet.
Your children praise you, Border town,
O'er leagues of raging sea,
Your image calls them, looking down
Through mists of memory.

R. S. C.

Border Notes and Queries.

THE BALLAD OF MOSSFENNAN; OR, THE LOGAN LEE.

The following account of the above is from Professor Veitch's "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," vol. ii. pp. 236-241, and may perhaps prove interesting to "M. J. G.," and other readers of the Border Magazine:—

"Certain unconnected stanzas of an old ballad referring to an heiress of Mossfennan, with which the estate of Logan, or the Logan Lee, was then as now conjoined, have floated for long in the memory of old people about Broughton and Tweedsmuir. Some of these were known to Miss Jeanie M. Watson, who was born and lived near Broughton, and who was well accomplished in the old lore and story of the district. She has printed those stanzas in her interesting book, "Life in Our Village," but no complete or consistent version of the ballad has as yet been given. I have been able to recover several stanzas from oral recitation, which, compared and taken along with Miss Watson's verses, seem to make up the ballad. The stanzas now printed for the first time were obtained from William Welsh, the Peeblesshire cottar and poet, to whom I am also indebted for the new version of "The Dowie Dens." His statement was that he had heard it recited by an old woman named Jenny Moffat, who died at Romanno Bridge in 1874, in her ninety-ninth year. Certain stanzas of it, including the last, were also sung by his mother.

Stanzas 1, 2, 3, 10, or stanzas corresponding to them, were known to Miss Watson; the others, seven in all, are due to W. Welsh. The arrangement of them is chiefly mine.

The Ballad of Mossfennan; or, The Logan Lee.

There cam three wooers out o' the west,
Booted and spurred as ye weel micht see,
And they lichted a' at Mossfennan Yett,
A little below the Logan Lee.

Three cam east, and three cam west,
And three cam frae the north countrie;
The rest cam a' frae Moffat side,
And lichted at the Logan Lee.

"Is the mistress o' this house within,
The bonnie lass we've come to see?"
"I'm the leddy o' this place,
And 'madam' when ye speak to me."

"If ye be the leddy o' this house,
That we hae come sae far to see,
There's many a servant lass in our country side,
That far excels the Leddy o' the Logan Lee."

"Then it's no to be my weel-faured face
That ye hae come sae far to see,
But it's a' for the bonny bob-tailed yowes,
That trinle alang the Logan Lee.

But be I black, or be I fair,
Be I comely for to see;
It mak's nae matter what I be,
While I have mony a bonny yowe on the Logan Lee.

I have seven yowe-milkers a' in a bught,
Wi' their coaties kilted abune their knee,
And ye may seek a wife among them,
But ye'll ne'er get the Leddy o' the Logan Lee."

"Be she black, or be she fair,
I carena a boddle what she may be;
I wad rather hae ane without a plack,
Than wed the Leddy o' the Logan Lee."

"Some say I lo'e young Powmood,
Other some says he lo'es na' me;
But I weel may compare wi' his bastard blood,
Though I hadna a yowe on the Logan Lee.

Graham o' Slipperfield and his gray mere,
Young Powmood wi' his greyhounds three,
Charlie and his pistols clear—
Ye'll ne'er hae a yowe on the Logan Lee.

But young John Graham is a weel-faured man,
And a cunning man he seems to be;
But a better lad, wi' less parade,
And he'll be the Laird o' the Logan Lee.

We can form some opinion of the approximate date of the incident of this ballad. The estate of Mossfennan, after being in early times the property of the family of Purvoys (Purves), passed into the hands of the Flemings of Biggar. One of them, Malcolm, third Lord Fleming, son of the Lord John murdered by the Tweedies on the heights of Kingledoors, got the lands erected into a free barony in 1538. After the Flemings, the barony passed to a family of the name of Scott, who held it until about the middle of last century, when it was acquired by the Welshes (1759). The reference to Powmood or Polmood as being of "bastard blood," fixes the date as after the year 1689; for in that year died Robert Hunter of Polmood, the last of the legitimate line of the Hunters of Polmood. Through some arrangement on the part of this Robert Hunter, the estate of Polmood passed to descendants of George Hunter, his illegitimate son. Thomas Hunter, the last descendant of this George Hunter, died a young man, and unmarried, in 1765. This sickly youth on his death-bed made a will assigning the estate to a person of the name of Alexander Hunter, with whom he had resided in England, but who was no relation whatever to the family of Polmood. A daughter of this Alexander Hunter became Baroness Forbes, and carried the estate into that family. The incident of the ballad is thus restricted to the period between 1689 and 1765; and we may take it as having occurred about the first quarter of last century [18th]. We find, indeed, from the book of "Retours," under January 9, 1685, two ladies, Janneta and Grizalda Scott, returned as heirs-portioners of their brother-german, William Scott of Mossfennan, in this estate, and also in half of the quarter of Logan, called also the quarter of Mossfennan. The heiress was thus in all probability either Janet or Grisell Scott. According to the statement made to me by William Welsh, the date would quite tally with that I have inferred. He said that Jenny Moffat got the ballad from a neighbour—that is, a fellow-servant—who as a young woman was in the house of Mossfennan when the incident occurred—was, in fact, serving with the heiress. The lady of the house, she said, composed it herself, and used to repeat the stanzas to this confidential waiting-woman, whose memory fully retained them. This is quite compatible with the dates. Jenny Moffat died in 1874, at the age of ninety-nine. This takes her birth back to 1775. She might quite well have known a fellow-servant who was in Mossfennan in the first quarter or half of the eighteenth century, and who knew the story and the ballad itself."

The Logan Lee recalls Burns' "Willie Wastle," the face of whose wife the poet declared "wad fyle the Logan water." Linkumdoddie, where Willie "dwalt on Tweed," is now an extinct weaving hamlet. A solitary ash-tree marks the spot, and close by is a commemorative tablet with the inscription, "The spot they ca'ed it Linkumdoddie."

A. G., S.

* * *

A BORDER DANCER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"Nancy Dawson, the famous hornpipe dancer, died this year, May 27th [1767], at Hampstead: she was buried behind the Foundling Hospital, in the ground belonging to St George the Martyr, where there is a tombstone to her memory, simply stating 'Here lies Nancy Dawson.' Every verse of a song in praise of her declares the poet to be dying for Nancy Dawson; and its tune, which many of my readers must recollect, is, in my opinion, as lively as that of 'Sir Roger de Coverly.' I have been informed that Nancy, when a girl, set up the skittles at a tavern in High Street, Marylebone. Sir William Musgrove in his 'Adversaria' (No. 5719), in the British Museum, says that 'Nancy Dawson was the wife of a publican near Kelso, on the borders of Scotland.'"—From "A Book for a Rainy Day." By John Thomas Smith. Third ed. revised. London: Richard Bently. 1861." A new edition of this volume was published in 1906.

J. C.

The Gift of God.

We would not give this land beyond compare,
This winding of clean waterways, this lift
Of purple hills, this sweep of valleys fair
For all the world. We hold it as God's gift.

From North Sea to the Solway stand our farms
Fringed with green woodland as the seas with foam,
The low hills wind about them their strong arms,
The grey smoke climbs above them. It is home.

We need not envy when the South sets forth
Her story, or the East her magic tale!
Not all the wonder-legends of the North
Charm like the legends of our hill and vale!

Our breed is of the marches, in our veins
The blood still quickens to a hoof-stroke heard,
Still stand we ready with our gathered reins
When by the chase our quiet fields are stirred.

No troopers gather on the open moss,
Our farms are held upon no sword-lease now,
And if in rivalry the march we cross
'Tis but with produce of the pen or plough!

Dear land beloved! Here at your side we stand;
No spears to guard you need our hands uplift;
Our hearts shall guard your honour, Borderland,
Land of our fathers and their fame; God's gift!

Will. H. Ogilvie.

A Border Musician.

THERE was produced, with great success, in the Volunteer Hall, Galashiels, on February 15th and 16th. the kinderspiel entitled "The Gipsies," by Mr George Ballantyne, organist, Jedburgh Parish Church, the subject of this short sketch. The piece is very much above the average of such compositions, and was staged by Mr Maclachlan, who has won a name for such work. Mr Maclachlan considered this to be his biggest effort in this line, neither expense nor time being spared to give the play a creditable rendering. In view of the fact that the composer is a native of the town, and a musician who is fit for even greater things, it should interest our readers to learn something of his career. Mr Ballantyne is the son of Mr G. B. Ballantyne, draper, High Street, Galashiels, and was born in 1870. He was educated at the Academy under the late Mr Fairley, and from his early days showed a distinct passion for music. While serving his apprenticeship in his father's place of business he was busy educating himself musically, to such an extent that he might justly be termed self-educated. While yet a lad of only fifteen years he was appointed organist of Ladhope Free Church, and in the following year he organised and conducted the Galashiels Select Choir, and did some good work during his three years' connection therewith. In 1888 he was selected as accompanist to Galashiels Choral Union, which at that time was on the wave of prosperity, and giving performances of the "Messiah," "Samson," "Jephtha," "Joshua," and "Creation." Mr Ballantyne undertook in 1890-1 what proved to be a most enjoyable and educative series of lectures (with musical illustrations) on the "Great Masters," and in 1894 he was appointed organist to the West U.F. Church, Coldstream, where he resided till 1898, when he received his present appointment to Jedburgh Parish Church. At both Coldstream and Jedburgh he has shown a similar activity in musical matters, and to demonstrate that he has not "rested on his oars" it is only necessary to give a list of the work that he has published, which includes:—Historical poems, "1825 in Jedburgh," "Queen Mary: An incident of 1566;" anthems, "Come unto Me," "Sanctus," "Hallelujah," "Shout aloud for joy," "Gedworth," "Monteviot," "Sweet Vale," "Ancrum Toon," "The Singers," and the operettas, "The Village Queen" and "The Gipsies." As previously stated, perhaps his latest—"The Gipsies"—is his most ambitious work. With unbounded zeal and love of his art, Mr Ballantyne is able to infuse his own enthusiasm into his pupils and work, which in large measure accounts for his marked success. By his lectures and recitals Mr Ballantyne has done a great deal to foster the taste for good music in his various scenes of labour.

MR GEORGE BALLANTYNE.

"It's Winter Fairly."

[Horace, Ode i.9. Turned intil Scottis.]

"When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly."

See how the triple Eildon taps
Stand glitterin' white wi' snaw,
How wuds are groanin' 'neath their wecht,
And burns are frozen a'.

Big high the peats upon the hearth,
And melt the cauld a wee,
Syne frae the auld Scots tappit hen
We'll pree the barley-bree.

Leave a' your cares to heaven abune,
Wha stills the winds that blaw,
Then gloomy fir and *roddan-tree
Ne'er wag their taps at a'.

As for the morn ne'er fash your thoom,
But coont as gain ilk day;
While crabbit age is far off yet,
To love and dance gi'e way.

Now let the park and lovers' loan,
While 'tis within your power,
And whispers in the gloamin' sweet
Be sought at trystin' hour.

And eke the laugh o' lassie sweet
That i' the corner lingers,
And forfeit whuppit frae her airm,
And her half-willin' fingers.

January 1, 1907. A. G., S.

* An old Scots name for the more familiar rowan-tree, or mountain ash.

On Tramp in the Borderland.

IN these days, when votaries of the cycle and motor abound on every highway, the old-fashioned pedestrian, jogging along with knapsack on back and dusty boots, is rarely to be met with. He belongs to an order of things which have well-nigh passed away. Rapidity of locomotion is apparently now desired by all classes, and the comparatively slow, though in many respects immensely more pleasurable, pedestrian tour is seldom undertaken. However great may be the satisfaction of rushing through the country at an excessive speed, and of covering hundreds of miles in a brief period, the fact remains that many of the most interesting details of the journey are of necessity unobserved. The attention is directed to such matters as the condition of the roads, the passing traffic, and many other things, which to the free and unrestrained pedestrian are of little or no account. Among the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE there may yet be some who prefer the freedom of "shanks' naig" to the restraint imposed by the use of any mechanical contrivance, and to such the following brief sketch of a five days' tour on foot through a considerable portion of the Borderland may, we trust, be of interest.

On a Tuesday morning in late September we left Auld Reekie for the south. The weather conditions were somewhat dubious, but until one is well out of the influence of the city atmosphere it is not always safe to speculate on what we may expect to find in the open country. Our destination by rail was the busy junction of Newtown St Boswells, and on our arrival there we found an unclouded sky and a soft autumn sunshine, under which the beautiful valley of Tweed was seen at its best. These exceptionally favourable conditions continued during the remainder of our tour. From the station we made our way through St Boswells Green, by Longnewton forest and the lovely woods of Ancrum, to the village of that name, where we renewed acquaintance with the Auld Kirkyaird, the Lint Mill Brig, and the wooded banks of Ale. Leaving Ancrum we proceeded by Jedfoot and Crailing down sweet Teviotside to Eckford, up Kalewater to Morebattle, and on to Yetholm, where we halted for the night. The shades of evening were rapidly descending as we entered the village, and we were glad to seek the friendly shelter of the "Plough." After a rest and an ample meal we sauntered, in the faint light of a young moon breaking through silvery clouds, to the gipsy village of Kirk Yetholm, overshadowed by the grey bulk of Stairough and and the adjacent Cheviots. So long accustomed to the numerous and incessant sounds of the city, the quiet of the little country village was to us very noticeable. When we returned to our quarters for the night silence reigned supreme, but for the spasmodic efforts of an itinerant musician, who fearfully mutilated some of our most familiar Scottish airs on that instrument of torture known as a tin whistle. Lack of patronage apparently caused him to give up his efforts in disgust, and with his retiral all sounds of life ceased. On the following morning we were early astir, and before breakfast again visited Kirk Yetholm, which—like its more important neighbour and also Morebattle—we found greatly altered and improved since the days when, with the light-hearted enthusiasm of youth, we delighted to roam the banks of Kale and Bowmont. September days are short, and on an extended tour an early start is necessary, so before long we had once more retraced our steps to Morebattle, admiring, as we walked, the beautiful effect of the morning light on the shoulders of the green Cheviots. Our next halting place was Cessford, where we were interested in examining the ruins of the great Castle of the Kers, situated, like so many other Border strongholds, on a conspicuous eminence. By mid-day we arrived in Jedburgh, in which most interesting and romantically-situated burgh we spent an enjoyable hour. Up Castlegate to the Dunion is a steep climb, and we expected to be rewarded by an extensive panorama of the Borderland. We were disappointed. The landscape was smothered in a heat haze, and even the near hills were grey and indistinct. At Denholm we halted to view the monument to John Leyden, that true-hearted Borderer, for whose gifts and attainments we have always had the most profound admiration, and who, we venture to think, has not even yet received the appreciation his life and work deserve. From Denholm to Hornshole is not a far cry, and at the famous bridge we crossed the Teviot and proceeded by the footpath on the north bank of the river to Hawick. The factories were "scaling" as we entered the town, and the crowds of operatives on the streets gave us some idea of what a hive of industry the flourishing Border burgh is. On the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday we made our

headquarters in the Central Hotel, where we were much interested and entertained by the racy remarks and comments on matters in general of the genial landlord. Thursday we devoted to a visit to Mosspaul. Above Hawick Teviot well deserves the appellation of "crystal," but in the pools at Hornshole we noticed on the previous afternoon that the condition of the river was far from satisfactory. Long may Hawick flourish, but we trust that her prosperity does not necessarily involve the pollution of the sweet river whose praises her many poetical sons so love to sing. In Upper Teviotdale the monument to Henry Scott Riddell is very conspicuous, but we should like to know why such a peculiar structure—it bears a striking resemblance to a badly-shaped extinguisher—has been erected to his memory. The motor and the cycle—we are often tempted to use uncomplimentary language regarding the former, as with its weirdly-apparelled occupants it rushes past us in a cloud of dust—have brought new life to the old highway, and the comfortable hostelry at the water-shed is a convenient and welcome halting-place. The day wears on, and as we leave lonely Mosspaul and start on our return journey we recollect having heard it said that it is a mistake to go and return by the same route. We venture to differ. Objects missed in going are seen on returning, and in the afternoon light the hills wear a different aspect, giving to some extent the effect of novelty.

On Friday we left Hawick—somewhat reluctantly be it confessed, for we like the old town—and set out for the solitudes of Ettrick and Yarrow. We greatly admired the grounds of Wilton Lodge as we passed through them in the early morning. In no town or city we have visited do we remember to have seen such a beautiful natural park. If forms an asset of which Hawick may well be proud. Soon after leaving Wilton Lodge we said good-bye to Teviot, and for some miles followed the course of Borthwick Water, passing the lonely church of Roberton. Thence to Alemuir and Clearburn—two inky pools in the hollow of the moorland—and by Buccleuch and Rankleburn to Tushielaw. From Tushielaw we crossed to Yarrow, and, as the sun was sinking low in the western sky, descended the hill to Tibbie's—no fuller description, surely, is necessary to a Borderer—where we spent the last night of our tour. We knew the world-famous cottage in the days when only the little "wren's nest" stood by the side of the Loch. Now the original building is overshadowed and eclipsed by the additions recently made, which no doubt modern requirements necessitated. That evening at St Mary's we shall number among the happiest we have ever spent, although we passed it in solitude. The associations of the place, combined with the exceeding beauty of the night—the moon had risen in an unclouded sky and the twin lochs had scarce a ripple on their surface—raised a feeling akin to awe as we thought of the great dead, not one or two, but many, who loved those silent hills with a love that only ended with death. There are many shrines of genius in Scotland, but only one "Tibbie's." We visited Hogg's monument on the hillside overlooking the lochs. Shame on those who have rendered necessary the elaborate fencing by which it is now protected. One cannot imagine a Borderer laying rude hands on the statue of the Ettrick Shepherd. The series of visitors' books, which we were privileged to examine, contain much that is interesting, some entries that are amusing, and many that are merely silly. In this respect visitors' books do not, as a rule, vary much. At night there was a keen frost, and when we came to view the outer world on Saturday morning we found everything white as in midwinter. The powerful rays of a brilliant sun, however, soon dispelled all traces of the Winter King's handiwork, and a more beautiful scene than St Mary's in the morning light cannot well be imagined. Especially striking was the effect produced by the sunlit slopes of the hills—in places brown with withered heather and golden with dying bracken—contrasted with the deep blue shadows in the hollows and glens. Good-bye St Mary's and the Lowes. Once more we are on the road. Soon we pass Cappercleuch and Dryhope Tower. The auld kirkyaird of St Mary's lies up there on the hillside.

St Mary's Loch lies shimmering still,
But St Mary's Kirk bell's lang dune ringing!
There's naething now but the gravestane hill
To tell o' a' their loud psalm-singing!

After passing Douglas Burn we lose sight of the loch, and the vale of Yarrow lies before us. At the Gordon Arms, that well-known resort of honest anglers, we turn northwards towards Paddyslacks. Ere long we have left Yarrow valley behind us, and in front rise the hills of Tweed. The sky is of an intense blue, the few fleecy clouds that are scattered here and there of a silvery whiteness, but far-off on the northern horizon is an ominous line of murky hue. Strange as it may seem, we are already within sight of home. That dark line,

more than thirty miles away we know, denotes the whereabouts of the capital and its surroundings. By the burn sides plant life is still in full vigour. In a shady place, among loose stones, we find luxuriant specimens of the oak fern. Fain would we take a plant to our city home. But why remove these delicate creatures from their moist surroundings to the polluted atmosphere of the city? For them we know that in time the change means certain death, so we leave them alone. "Lone Glenlude" and Newhall are quickly passed, and we find ourselves on familiar ground. The Kirk of Traquair lies there on our left. Beautiful in their autumn colouring are the surrounding woods. The end of our long journey is now in sight. Before us is St Ronan's, that little town we "took to" when first we saw it, more years ago than we care to remember, and which is still a favourite haunt when we are free to escape to Tweedside. Quiet and peaceful we found the place, as of yore, and after a needed rest we entrained for Edinburgh, where, after the delays which invariably seem to be associated with the "N.B.," we eventually arrived. As we emerged from the Waverley Station we found that a fog overhung the city. On a Saturday evening Princes Street "hums," and never before did it appear to us so crowded and so unattractive. Fresh from the solitudes of the Border hills, we were glad to escape from its rush and roar. Though we cannot boast of the speed of our Edinburgh cars we arrived, without undue delay, at our home in the western suburbs of the city. After all, home is home, and however well we may have been served there is no chair so comfortable as our own particular arm-chair, nor any glow so cheerful as the light of our ain fireside.

We have brought to our city home many impressions of our tramp in the Borderland. There is neither grandeur nor ruggedness in the scenery we have witnessed, no huge precipices like those of "dark Lochnagar," which we saw only a few days previously from an outlying spur of the Grampians, but there is everywhere a sense of infinite peace, peace after warfare, rest after strife, and in that to a great extent consists the charm of our Borderland. Another feature which struck us, accustomed as we are to the isolation of city life, was that on every hand were kindly greetings and words of welcome. The postmen, policemen, roadmen, all others we met on our journey, had their "Fine day, sir; grand weather for the harvest," or some similar greeting, in the honest Border tongue, which sent a thrill to our heart. We remembered the days when our home was in the Borderland, and we shrinked from the thought of leaving it.

A few practical hints to the intending pedestrian may not be out of place. Walking is, in our view, one of the best of recreations, but it is not an exercise to be undertaken by any one at a moment's notice. At least average strength and a certain amount of training are required. There are two golden rules—never exert yourself to the verge of exhaustion, and take care of the feet. Strong and well-fitting boots—nails are not necessary unless hill-climbing is included in the programme—are essential. Our remarks have no bearing on the subject of professional pedestrianism. Mileage is a matter of no concern with us, and we know nothing of record-making or breaking. All we have endeavoured to show is that, with the exercise of common-sense, any one of average vigour may spend on foot, with comparatively little expenditure of energy, a delightful holiday among the hills and valleys of the Borderland.

W. M.

A Borderer's Lament.

(Patriæ quis exul se quoque fugit.)

Oh! were I once more home again, though I should only see
The cold grey haar from off the sea across the wide glen drift,
And blot out all the distance; if a blink of sun should be,
I would welcome it with gladness, for I know the mist would lift
And show me all the hillside. Yet what care I in what weather
I see the place where I was born? I know it out and in:
I see in dreams the grey green and the purple of the heather,
And am half blind with the glory of the honey-scented whin.

The wimpling burn goes flowing, with its waters brown with peat,
I feel my cheek a-tingle with the cold wet northern air;
I weary of this southern land, its blue skies and its heat,
And I sigh in vain for Scotland, and yet what should take me there?
A grave is in a lone kirkyard, where once I laid you, dearie,
And should I e'er win home again 'twould be near you to lie;
I want to rest beside you, though the place is strange and eerie,
And one hears no sound about it but the whaup's wild shudd'ring cry.

Maria Steuart.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we stated in a previous issue, we are suffering from an embarrassment of riches, in so far as suitable articles are concerned, and we have to draw the attention of our contributors to our short article in this issue on "Present Day Border Literature." We have occasionally referred to the suitableness of our bound volumes as presents for Borderers in distant parts, and we have no hesitation in saying the 5/6 so expended will seem small when the amount of genuine pleasure to be derived therefrom is taken into consideration. We have abundant proof of this in the letters we occasionally receive from "far ayont the sea."

The Border Keep.

The wave of patriotism which has passed over Scotland during these recent months has been proved to be no mere frothy outburst of sentiment, but a deep-rooted desire on the part of all classes to obtain bare justice for our native land. One healthy sign of the new national movement is that it is not confined to any particular political party, and that men of all shades of opinion are beginning to see that the encouragement of a true national feeling is the surest way to strengthen the cords and stakes of our vast Empire. Hold fast to everything that is truest and best in Scottish character. Keep well before the eyes of the young generation the facts of our stirring history, and impress upon them that it is possible to attain to the highest position in Imperial affairs without losing one jot of Scottish nationality.

* * *

I am indebted for the foregoing paragraph to the "Glasgow News," and also for those which follow. It is very pleasing to see so many references in the daily and evening newspapers to purely Border subjects, and it proves once more that there is a glamour about the Borderland and its literature which should be prized by every true Borderer. One way of keeping true to our traditions is by supporting the BORDER MAGAZINE, which endeavours to give pleasant reminders to those who know much about Border subjects, and to give the necessary impetus to those who are but beginning the entrancing study. It is pleasant to read in the letters I receive from old friends in distant lands how the BORDER MAGAZINE comes to them as a waft of perfume from the heather hills of home and wakens a thousand happy memories.

* * *

Captain Waring, the new member of Parliament for Banffshire, is the proprietor of the historic Border estate of Lennel. Though within the confines of Scotland, this fair domain is in close proximity to Merry England. In the eyes of the antiquary, it claims an interest from the fact that the Border Marriage House is situated on the grounds. In the good old days of run-away marriages this humble dwelling was the objective of many a love-stricken couple. Among these votaries of Hymen were numbered Lord Brougham, and not a few who afterwards attained eminence in the service of their country. Captain Waring has made the unpretentious cottage the object of his special care, and despite its weather-worn appearance, the quaint-tiled roof and the white-washed walls are likely to withstand the storms of many years. Though an enthusiastic Liberal, the gallant Captain has established a link with the Conservative party in the person of his wife, Lady

Clementina Waring, who is a daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

* * *

Recent references to James Grieve, the oldest living Scotsman, recall a still more remarkable instance of longevity. In the churchyard of Kirkcudbright there is a tombstone erected in memory of Billy Marshall, a Gallovidian gipsy chief, who is said to have died at the venerable age of 120. Born in 1666, Billy fought for King William at the battle of the Boyne, and continued to guide the fortunes of the Marshall clan at the time when the National Bard was struggling against the caprices of fortune. This remarkable record can scarcely be regarded as a reward for a temperate and a well-regulated life, as Billy was an ardent devotee of the flowing bowl, and the deeds of violence that were popularly laid to his charge included at least one act of murder. Joseph Train, the author of an interesting volume entitled, "The Buchanites from First to Last," supplied Sir Walter Scott with a narrative of the outstanding incidents in Billy's career; and the gipsy's consort, Flora Marshall, is generally supposed to have suggested some of the characteristics of Meg Merrilees. Provost M'Cormick, of Newton-Stewart, who has left no stone unturned to collect all the stray anecdotes regarding Billy, has thrown fresh light on the escapades of the gipsy patriarch in the recently-published "Tinker Gipsies of Galloway."

* * *

With reference to the foregoing paragraph regarding Billy Marshall, it may be of interest to know that a descendant of his is living at the present day. He was born in Girvan about seventy years ago, and inherits the name as well as some of the "peculiarities" of his more famous namesake. He is a well-known figure in Carrick, where he pursues his trade of bass-making, and does it well, too, for, no matter how far "gone" a mat may be, Billy does not refuse it. In his day he was one of the finest runners in Scotland, and won the Powderhall Handicap twice or thrice in succession. A great admirer of the National Bard, it is his proud boast that no one can ask any question regarding the poems he cannot answer. The last time I saw him we had a talk together, and the information above I got from himself. Billy is proud of his descent, and of the monument in Kirkcudbright church (where the first Billy is buried) with the scutcheon decorated with two tup's horns and two cutty spoons.

* * * *

I am possessed of sufficient confidence in the literary discrimination of the readers of "Lorgnette" to believe that they are acquainted with the writings of him who once was styled "The Wizard of the North," and particularly with "The Heart of Midlothian," one of his most popular works. Yet I wonder how many could answer straight away the question—"What was the name of Madge Wildfire's mother?" The question was propounded the other day by one of a company of three, who had been discussing the book. All three are thoroughly familiar with the various scenes and incidents of the novel, were aware that Madge's mother was a scoundrelly old hag, and knew exactly when and where she appears, and what she does and attempts to do, but not one could answer the question. Rack their memories as they would, the name would not come, although each had it "on the tip of his tongue." A tantalising pause occurred in the conversation, and latterly it was tacitly agreed to change the subject. Next day the three friends again met. "Oh, I say," said the first, "I've got that name." "It's 'Meg Murdockson,'" said the second. "Of course," remarked the third. But all three admitted that they had looked it up the previous evening.

* * * *

There is no doubt that we live in a much more enlightened age than our fathers, but it is somewhat surprising to find that it was only a hundred years ago since gas was first used as an illuminant, and Pall Mall, London, was the first street of any city to be lighted. The inventor was a William Murdoch, a native of Ayrshire, engaged at the Redneth mines, Cornwall, and made his first experiments in 1792. The credit of bringing the light to London belongs to a German, named Winser. It is astonishing to find Sir Walter Scott writing from London that there was a madman proposing to light London with—what do you think?—smoke. It was not until 5th of September, 1818, that it was introduced into Glasgow. It was in the window of James Hamilton, grocer, 128 Trongate, that the gas first "saw the light." The event created great consternation among the old wives of the city, who prophesied that the very smell would spoil the flavour of the tea and other household goods. However, he stuck to his experiment "for twa or three nichts" to see how the light got on. However, his shop instead of being deserted became highly popular, and a great attraction to the young folks.

* * * *

In placing the ancient sand-glass near the pulpit of the parish church, the kirk-session of Rothesay have made a departure, that might well be widely copied. In the good old days of long sermons, a sand-glass kept the congregation in touch with the progress of the sermon, and was consequently an object of interest to many eager eyes. Round the time recorder of Sanquhar Church an interesting story centres. In the days of persecution, the curate of this parish was a genial divine named Kirkwood. One Saturday afternoon this reverend gentleman was summoned to Sanquhar Castle, where the Marquis of Queensberry was entertaining Lord Airly. The curate's jokes and stories provided no little merriment for the company, and every time he attempted to leave the room, Lord Airly arrested his progress with the words, "One glass more, and then." At the service of the following day, the curate preached from the text, "The Lord will destroy the wicked, and that early." And his audience were not slow to recognise that the word early was always pronounced with an added emphasis, and a knowing glance at the gallery, where the boon companions of the previous evening were seated. At the close of a sermon of unusual length, the preacher shouted to his precentor, "Jasper, turn the sand-glass, for I mean to have another glass, and then." A second time the sand ran its course, and again the same command was issued. Not until an ample revenge had been exacted was the congregation dismissed; and it is unnecessary to add that, long before the moment of release, the countenances of the unfortunate noblemen indicated that they had paid a heavy penalty for their recent conviviality.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Smailholm and Sir Walter Scott.

THOUGH Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh will always be the shrines to which pilgrims will flock to do homage to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, it is most fitting that any place connected with him from infancy to age should be regarded with interest, and have that interest stamped with the sign of a memorial; therefore it is with great satisfaction we have to record the recent gathering at the Parish Church of Smailholm, where a dedication service was held on the occasion of there being unveiled a memorial window to Scott's memory, the unveiling being done by Lord Binning, who afterwards gave to the audience an appreciation of Scott in words so eloquent as to manifest that his lordship is a man of considerable gifts. Previous to this "appreciation," a sermon was preached by the Rev. William L. Sime, M.A., minister of the parish, and the audience viewed the window on which there is inscribed "1907. To the glory of God and in memory of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., whose home was in this parish, 1773-1778." It will be in the knowledge of many readers that for five years the infant Scott, of delicate frame and feeble health, was carefully tended by his grandparents at the farm of Sandyknowe, near Smailholm, and that, having been nurtured here with the greatest kindness, the young mind drank in such inspiration as he was capable of, while through after life he cherished in fondest memory Smailholm Tower, the Crags, the farm-house and fields, all so vividly imprinted on his infant memory.

So great has been the enthusiasm raised by Scott's influence and popularity that it is a great wonder why no memorial had hitherto been placed at Smailholm to record his youthful days spent here. Of course, a good deal has been said regarding these five years in "The Life" and in Scott's own Journal, but this tangible commemoration was wanting to complete his identification with Smailholm. The Earl of Haddington is the chief local proprietor, and Lord Binning, his son and heir, was the chief speaker at the inauguration of the window, which represents in one light a figure of St Giles for Edinburgh, in the other of St Cuthbert for Smailholm, the saint's home in youth. St Giles is represented as preaching and pointing to his pilgrim staff, which forms a cross. St Cuthbert stands on the green surf-beaten rock at Lindisfarne, clasping the Holy Book, emblematic of his devotion to sacred learning, while behind in the distance is a church, significant of his fame as a founder of churches. Lord Binning, a gallant soldier, is also a true Borderer, with the well-known family ability, and in our opinion no better speech could have been delivered than that which came from his lordship's lips. "It was hard by there," said Lord Binning, "that a little lame boy first looked out over the country famous in Border history, and with his earliest impressions eagerly drank in the legends of doughty deeds and the echoes of minstrelsy." The view from his child's seat on the rocks under the tower was described, and the silver Tweed he loved; by Tweed he built his stately mansion, and when the last moments came its gentle ripple lulled him to sleep. Scott's genius invested Scotland with a new lustre, a source of endless delight and study for generations to come; his lilting stanzas ring on the ear like the jingling of bridle and stirrup, the clash of steel, or the measured beat of a good horse's stride. While disclaiming the rôle of preacher, Lord Binning gave a deeply impressive lay sermon on the Job-like spirit and philosophy with which our hero, ruined by financial entanglement at the age of 55, set himself to the task from which men twenty years younger might have shrunk in sheer dismay—the herculean task of paying off a gigantic debt. Did they say the author's reputation suffered by the feverish haste of writing with the sands of life running out? then what of his reputation as a man? Broken in health, broken in spirit, to the last bravely striving, he gave gold for silver, the gold of his genius and human kindliness. To quote a favourite author: "If to such a one there remains barely enough silver to make a plate for his coffin, surely the gold he gave is still in his possession, and has been beaten out into an imperishable crown for him in heaven." Concluding his remarks on this, the saddest and most tragic phase of Scott's life, struck from the height of his prosperity and the summit of his ambition, and denied his well-earned repose in the house he had built for his declining years, Lord Binning said: "This, then, I think, is the most impressive lesson of a noble life, fortitude, single-heartedness, and the undaunted courage of the Scottish Borderer, which is our birthright; and when I think of the brave old man battling to the last with the storm of cares and troubles which was overwhelming him, I am irresistibly reminded of a fine stanza in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' when the hardy mosstrooper, William of

Deloraine, swims the river on his journey to Melrose:

Never heavier man and horse
Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force,
Yet through good heart and our Ladye's grace
At length he gained the landing place.

Yes! through good heart! and when the old hero passed the river we may be sure that, as for Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," the trumpet sounded for him on the other side, and even as the chisel of "Old Mortality" kept green the memory of more ignoble clay, so may this beautiful window for years to come keep ever green with us the memory of one of Scotland's greatest sons."

Those readers who may not know Smailholm will find a succinct account of the place in the "Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland," in which Scott's connection with the place is beautifully told.

D. Brown Anderson.

The Roman Military Station at Newstead.

(AN APPEAL).

SEVERAL articles on the wonderful discoveries of Roman remains at Newstead, near Melrose, have appeared in the pages of the Border Magazine, and therefore we have no hesitation in giving publicity to the appeal for funds which has recently been issued by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which bears the entire expense of the excavations—a burden which should really be borne by the nation. The appeal is signed by the president, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., and runs thus:—

The results of the exploration of the Roman station at Newstead, so far as it has been accomplished, are described in the report herewith. It will be seen that the number and quality of the objects recovered, and the light thrown upon the structure and arrangements of this great station, are of the highest importance to archæology. But much remains to be done, and it would be disappointing to have to discontinue work which has been so fruitful until the whole site has been examined. The funds already subscribed have been applied most carefully under the personal supervision of Mr James Curle, who, fortunately for the interests of archæology, resides close to the spot.

But these funds are well-nigh exhausted, and part of the camp itself has not been opened; the northern and western defences are untouched; the eastern annex has not been fully excavated; and the western annex contains buildings which it is very desirable to examine, as being likely to yield indications of dates of occupation. The cemetery has not yet been discovered, nor has the foundation of the bridge across the Tweed.

In these circumstances, I venture to make a strong appeal to Fellows of the Society and others interested in the early history of our country to contribute to the completion of the work so well begun and carried on. Subscriptions of any amount, however small, may be sent either to Joseph Anderson, Esq., LL.D., National Museum of Antiquities, Queen Street, Edinburgh; or to James Curle, Esq., Priorwood, Melrose.

The Late Mr George Lewis.

IN the issue of the Border Magazine for 1901 (No. 69, Vol. VI.) will be found an account of the interesting and strenuous life-history of Mr George Lewis, Selkirk, who died on January 14, 1907, aged eighty-two years. Mr Lewis' character was many-sided, and his later years were characteristic of his whole career.

THE LATE MR GEORGE LEWIS.

With unwearied purpose and firm faith in God he sought to bring into public life that spirit of righteousness which alone can make a people both great and happy. Whatever militated against that spirit seemed to him a thing to be utterly abhorred, and to be trodden under foot by every earnest-minded man. Hence the strong position which he took up towards such questions as social reform, temperance, politics, and religion.

Honour is a homicide and a bloodspiller, that gangs about making frays in the street; but Credit is a decent honest man, that sits at hame and makes the pat play.—"Rob Roy."

Newcastleton—Liddesdale.

LIDDESDALE before the Union of the Crowns was the scene of many a Border raid, and viewing the peaceful village of Newcastleton from the Holm Hill, the thought comes into one's mind that Sir Walter had the haugh or meadow upon which it stands before his eyes, as the place where the English crossed the river, when he wrote the lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in which Watt Tinlinn from the Liddellside describes the approach of the English foe:—

> Belted Will Howard is marching here,
> And hot Lord Dacre with many a spear,
> And all the German hack-but men
> Who have long lain at Askerten;
> They crossed the Liddell at curfew hour,
> And burned my little, lonely tower.

The village is pleasantly situated on the north-west bank of the Liddell Water, about three miles from the borders of Cumberland. It is of comparatively modern construction, having been built little over a hundred years ago. The earliest houses bear the date 1793, the year in which building was commenced. To a stranger entering the village for the first time the most striking features are the width and regularity of the streets and squares, the marvellous air of cleanliness and tidiness which prevails everywhere, and the fact that everybody keeps a collie dog. The main street is on the line of the road from Canonbie to Jedburgh, and from this street several cross streets run at right angles. In the centre there is a large square, and near the south and north ends there are smaller squares. The large centre square, where the houses are all two stories in height, was used as a market place before the establishment of an auction mart in the village. There are also a number of houses facing Liddell Water. In many cases the older houses have been replaced by houses of modern build and more substantial size. The Duke of Buccleuch is superior of the village, and is the only landed proprietor in the immediate neighbourhood, except the proprietor of the estate of Whithaugh, on the eastern side of the Liddell. The houses, with one-eighth of an acre of garden ground to each, were originally held of the Duke on long leases of ninety-nine years' duration. On the expiry of these leases about ten years ago, the householders were given the option of having their holdings converted into feus on fair terms as to purchase price and feu-duty, and this the majority of them agreed to. Each householder has right to a cow's grass on the common grazing on Holm Hill, for which he pays an annual sum. This common grazing was formerly managed by a committee of three "bailies," as they were called, elected by the householders, but the management is now in the hands of the Duke. During the months when the cows are grazed on the Common it is an interesting sight to see the large herd coming home in the evening, and to watch the sagacious creatures making for their respective byres. Besides the right to a cow's grass, each householder has about two acres of Holm land. Stretching out southwards on both sides of Liddell Water for nearly a mile, and extending up the faces of the hills to the dykes separating them from the rough hill pasture, are to be observed small areas of ground enclosed by beautiful hedges. These are the acres of holm land. They are all laid down in grass, with here and there a small patch of potatoes. They look exactly like crofts, but they are never ploughed—the tenants preferring to cut the natural grass in early autumn and make hay of it to serve for fodder for their cows in winter. After the hay is gathered in, they put on their cows and calves, or a few sheep, to eat off the aftermath.

When the village was built hopes were entertained that it would develop into a large industrial centre like Galashiels or Hawick. The situation was good; there was the close proximity to an unlimited supply of water, which could be used for all purposes where power was necessary; peats were to be had on all sides; and it lay in the centre of a pastoral district affording wool in abundance. With such advantages everything pointed to Newcastleton becoming a centre of the woollen industry. However, even with the advent of the railway, nothing was ever done in this direction, whether it was, as is most probable, from the lack of some man of enterprise to make a beginning, or from some other cause. With the exception of the shopkeepers and a few artizans, such as masons, joiners, shoemakers, and "cloggers," the inhabitants are all engaged in pastoral pursuits. Indeed, the village owes its size and importance to the fact that instead of being spread over the country—a house on each croft, as one sees in the Highlands—the houses where the crofters live have been built in streets. Many of the inhabitants are retired shepherds, and during the hay harvest one may see these men and their wives and unmarried daughters busily engaged on the small fields. The climate is very healthy, as is testified by

the number of old people whom one meets walking on the roads to and from their hay-making, and by the sturdy, fair-haired children (who nearly all wear clogs) playing in the streets.

Although little frequented by tourists and summer visitors, those in search of a quiet, restful holiday could discover no more attractive haven. There are many delightful walks in the neighbourhood, and good fishing in the streams. To mention the name of Liddesdale is to conjure up wealth of historical recollections. The road from Canonbie to Jedburgh passes through the village. Leaving the village from the northern end, the road runs within sight of Liddell Water and the beautiful woods on Whithaugh estate for about a mile and a-half, when we come to Hermitage Water at its junction with Liddell. Here the Hermitage is spanned by a substantial stone bridge, erected in 1792. At the junction of the waters on the further side of the bridge stands Castleton Parish Kirk, and further up the river Liddell on the opposite bank stood the Liddell Tower or Castle which gave name to the parish (Castletown), with the old village of Castleton adjoining. Few traces of these ancient buildings remain. Soon after passing the church, we have the manse on our left, standing within a fine garden. The road now rises high, and from the cemetery a splendid view of the hills on both sides of the dale, and of the more distant mountains to the west of the Cheviot range, presents itself.

Retracing our steps to the bridge over the Hermitage, we find the road to Hawick on our right hand. This road lies along the left bank of the gently-flowing Hermitage Water, and for a mile or two the banks of that stream are well wooded. Further on the wood disappears, and the country assumes more of a moorland character. Four and a-half miles from the bridge, we reach the famous Hermitage Castle. It is said to be the best preserved of the border castles, and has been in the hands of many noble families. Here lived the wizard Lord Soulis, and close at hand are the Druid remains known as the Nine Stane Rig, upon which was set the cauldron in which the wizard was boiled. Here gallant Sir Alexander de Ramsay was foully starved to death by the Flower of Chivalry, Sir William de Douglas, whom Sir Walter Scott styles "Dark Knight of Liddesdale." The Reverend James Arkle, minister of the parish, who wrote the Old Statistical Account in 1793, mentions that some years previous to that date a mason who was building a dyke in the neighbourhood had the curiosity to penetrate into a vault at the east end of the castle. In this vault he found several human bones, a sword, a saddle, and a bridle. The bit was of uncommon size. King David II. had appointed Ramsay to be Sheriff of Teviotdale in room of Douglas. Consumed by jealousy, the Knight of Liddesdale burst in upon the Sheriff when he was holding a Court, carried him off to Hermitage, and cast him, along with his horse furniture, into a dungeon. It is highly probable that the bones were those of Sir Alexander. The minister states that the curb of the bit is in the possession of "Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate." Something in Sir Walter's line we should say! Queen Mary came to Hermitage on one occasion to visit Bothwell, who was lying there wounded. She came from Jedburgh and returned in one day. Surely an extraordinary feat for a lady in those days, when we remember that the road was over mountains and through morasses almost impassable.

What is now known as the parish of Castleton (which, by the way, is the largest parish in the South of Scotland, being eighteen miles in length by fourteen miles in breadth) was of old known as Liddlesdale—the dale watered by the Liddell. Prior to the War of Independence, Liddesdale was in the hands of a Norman family of the name of Wake, and by the Treaty of Northampton King Robert the Bruce should have restored these lands to their owners. They had, however, been given to the Douglases, and for fear of stirring up discontent nearer home the Treaty was never carried out. As Sir Herbert Maxwell tells in his interesting "History of the House of Douglas," the Flower of Chivalry coerced or cajoled the lands of Liddesdale from Hugh the Dull, brother of the good Lord James, and son of Sir William le Hardi, Hugh was parish priest of Old Roxburgh, with no taste and no training for warfare (hence his sobriquet "The Dull"), and therefore, in the opinion of a doughty champion like Sir William, ill-fitted to hold a frontier estate. After this transaction, Sir William, who was of the family of Douglas of Lothian, is always known as the "Knight of Liddesdale." Somehow it would seem that this Flower of Chivalry was at times engaged in deeds which were the reverse of chivalrous. Liddesdale remained in the Douglas family until 1441, when it was given to the Earl of Bothwell, James IV. deeming it very undesirable that such a doubtful patriot as Archibald "Bell the Cat" should hold lands on the frontier.

Varying our walk, this time we leave Newcastleton from the southern end. Straight ahead lies the road to Canonbie. The road runs for about a mile through the meadow land on the right bank of the Liddell. In the last of the small fields on our right hand, at a place called Milnholm, just at the foot of the road leading up to the quaintly-situated Ettletown churchyard, and looking across the river to Mangerton, stands a cross of stone eight feet four inches high, set in a base one foot eight inches. On the face of the cross is cut a representation of a sword, and above the sword are several letters. Tradition hath it that this cross was set up in memory of the treacherous murder of Armstrong of Mangerton ("Kinmont Willie") by a governor of Hermitage—either a Lord Soulis or a Lord Douglas—who was secretly jealous of the power and influence of Armstrong, and that, notwithstanding that Armstrong had just saved his life in an encounter little to the credit of the Governor. The Governor was in turn killed by "Jock o' the Side," Armstrong's brother.

The road is now beautifully wooded for some distance, commanding very fine views of the Liddell and the woods on the opposite shore above where Mangerton Tower stood, and higher up the conspicuous eminence called Carby Hill. Emerging from the wood, a wide stretch of open country lies before our eyes. with green hills and many fertile farms, recalling memories of "Dandie Dinmont" and the "Charlieshope."

Close to the southern end of Newcastleton, the Canonbie road is joined by another road on the left. On one arm of the finger-post we read, "Brampton, 20 miles." Following this road, we cross the Liddell by a good bridge, built in 1793, and a little further on we cross the romantic Tweeden Burn (famous for its petrifying spring) flowing through a beautiful wood to join the Liddell. Ascending the brae, we come in sight of Carby Hill, with the remains of a Roman Camp on its summit. This hill is detached from all others, and commands a wide prospect embracing a large part of Cumberland, and on a clear day the distant Solway and the blue outline of the Dumfriesshire hills. About three miles from Newcastleton we reach the Kershope Burn, which is here the boundary between England and Scotland. This is a wild mountain stream running among green hills—just an ideal spot for the angler who delights in fishing the hill burns. On the way back to Newcastleton the view of the hills is lovely. The verdant wooded hills on either side of the dale and the more distant mountain barrier form a picture which one never tires of gazing upon.

Many other fine walks are to be had in the lanes between the crofts and by the banks of the Liddell and the Black Burn, with its beautifying cascades and natural bridge, but we must not forget the Langholm Road. Crossing the railway, we strike a steep mountain road through part of the common grazing on Holm Hill, and turning to the south-west along the back of that hill. This is the road to Langholm. It is entirely unfenced, and is the most exclusively highland road in the neighbourhood. A magnificent panorama of the town and of the whole district is to be had from it. One catches glimpses of the smoke from the trains on the railway as they wind their way among the hills, even as far off as Riccarton Junction. On either side of this road are to be seen the mosses from which the villagers cut their supplies of peat.

One remarkable feature of all the roads is their solitude. A tramp is "rara avis," and very seldom do we meet with anyone walking on the roads after we have got out a short distance from the village. The day before one of the large auction sales is, however, an exception. Then the roads are crowded with flocks of sheep, or with cattle coming from all directions.

The roads are of comparatively modern construction, as may be seen from the following extract, taken from a long paragraph, in which the writer of the old statistical account bewails the want of roads in his day.

> It must appear strange to any person acquainted with the improvements which other parts of Scotland have received by means of roads when it is mentioned that in this very extensive country not a yard of road had ever been attempted to be formed till within these few years. For about 16 miles along the Liddell the road lay rather in the river than upon its banks, the only path being in what is called the Watergate, and the unhappy traveller must cross it at least twenty-four times in that extent. The same thing still takes place in respect to the Hermitage so far as it runs. There is much intercourse with both Hawick and Langholm by weekly markets, fairs, &c., and the difficulty of travelling to those places is inconceivable. Every article must be carried on horseback, and through these deep and broken bogs and mosses we must crawl, to the great fatigue of ourselves, but to the much greater injury of our horses, without the hope of a more comfortable mode of travelling.

Truly, we may well say in this twentieth century that our lives have fallen in pleasant places.

The fishing is under the control of the Esk

and Liddell Fisheries Association, whose headquarters are at Langholm. Tickets, 1s 6d per day and 12s for the season, can be obtained from the local representative of the County Police, who is himself a keen angler. Trout fishing is good in the Liddell and Hermitage waters, and in the Kershope and Black burns, all within easy reach. In autumn sea trout and herling are caught in the Liddell.

The district abounds in game, and even close to the roads, grouse, black-game, hares, and rabbits are frequently seen. In one of the small fields close to the village the writer observed three hares disporting themselves quite unconcernedly. Weasels often dart across the road, and sometimes a craigit heron rises from the bed of the river, disturbed at its fishing. The owl and the hawk are also met with occasionally. But enough has been said to prove the varied interest of Newcastleton.

JAMES F. WHYTE.

Carlyle's Village.

THREE things help greatly to due appreciation of Thomas Carlyle as a man,—Whistler's portrait of him in Glasgow Fine Art Galleries; Ecclefechan; and "Sartor Resartus."

"All is vanity" might well have been written under the picture of the world-weary, introspective old man. He gave great wealth of thought to mankind, but mingled with it so much contemptuous straight speaking that it is scarcely to be wondered at that recognition of his greatness was slow in coming.

Impatient of worries, irritable through ill-health, married to a wife from a different station of life, thrown into a society he despised, it was impossible for him to find happiness. He writes:—"I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of civilised life, the capital of England, and meditated, and questioned destiny, under that ink sea of vapour, . . . and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions."

He was a true son of the lowland Scottish village where he was born on December 4th, 1795. He broke loose from the stern theology, but never from the strict morality of the people to whom he belonged, and his parents represented to him the highest types of humanity.

So it comes that Ecclefechan has a special interest to Carlyle's admirers, and the humble white-washed house in the village street where he was born, together with the plain enclosure in the churchyard where he was laid to rest in February, 1881, have many visitors.

An ordinary Border village is this of Ecclefechan, principally consisting of one long street, which widens into a market square in the centre. But let Carlyle describe it. "The traveller, when turning some hill range in his desert road descries, lying far below . . . the fair town . . . Its white steeple is then truly a starward-pointing figure. . . . What thousand thoughts unite, if the place has to ourselves been the arena of joyous or mournful experiences; if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still stands there, if our loving ones still dwell there, if our buried ones there slumber."

Entepfuhl does not reproduce Ecclefechan with photographic exactitude, but the real and the ideal villages alike stand "in trustful derangement among the woody slopes," and "the little Kuhbach gushes kindly by among beech rows," in both.

The "kind beech rows of Entepfuhl," an avenue of great trees leading to the parish church at Hoddom, about two miles away, give the place a quite distinctive character, especially on a hot August day; when, through the trees, are seen "the toil-worn craftsmen" binding the wheat or barley into sheaves, toiling "for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

Alas, for a prophet in his own country! The birthplace, one of a row of white-washed cottages, built by Carlyle's father, is well kept up, and the room devoted to portraits and relics is intelligently shown, but what would Carlyle have said to a "Resartus Reading Room"? Perhaps the alliteration appealed to the namers, regardless of sense!

The woman in charge of the churchyard remembers Carlyle quite well, but "did not think much of him"!

Another native said that her family for four generations back lay in Hoddom kirkyard, but she had "never troubled to read any o' Carlyle's books, and lots o' folks in Ecclefechan hadn't."

Perhaps that is scarcely strange: for, though the great writer was so decidedly a man of the people, and such a thorough-going champion of work and workers, his style was somewhat too obscure and pedantic at times to be easily understood by simple folk.

M. E. HULSE.

Maggie Elliot: A "Romance of the Ewes."

WE have yet another book from the Border, the home of poets and poetry. This time the volume hails from the pastoral valley of the Ewes, whose natural beauties and stirring associations have frequently inspired the divine flow of eloquence and song. Again and again the picturesque dale, from which poets have sprung, has set in motion the pens of many in no way connected with the Borderland.

Matthew Welsh

The author of the volume with the above attractive title, Mr Matthew Welsh, whose verses are well known to readers of Border newspapers, is a native of Ewesdale. Here he has spent his more than three score and ten years. Writing poetry has been a hobby with him during the larger part of his life. The book before us now is part of the fruits of those years, and a most creditable production it is.

The volume runs into 264 pages and covers a wide range. There are sonnets, hymns, memoriam, political, and numerous miscellaneous pieces, in addition to the principle poem. These show a style pleasing and spontaneous, with not a little swing and buoyance. Whilst many of the pieces show a marked vein of humour, others have a deep, earnest, religious tone. That the writer is a lover of the true and beautiful in man and in nature is evident throughout the book.

The "Romance of the Ewes," which furnishes a name for the volume, takes the reader back to the times of the raiders, and tells a story of the tragic love of a typical Borderer and a lovely maiden of the Elliot clan. The interest is well maintained throughout the poem. Its vivid and vigorous pictures recall the towers, keeps, feuds, forays, and daring Border deeds of those far-off days. Under the spell of the romance the poetic mind sees the delightful dell through which the Ewes flows as it was when the Elliots and Armstrongs held sway in the Borderland.

It would have been a pleasure to give extracts from the romance and the other shorter pieces, as these are full of quotable material. Space, however, only permits of two extracts from Mr Welsh's verses. There are several poems on the poet's native and "queen of Border glens," the Ewes. Here is a sample:—

Sequestered vale! my loved, my native Ewes,
Thy beauty's worthy of a nobler song,
Nor can these broken notes express the strong
Unuttered thoughts that thrill my rustic muse,
Nor can she the congenial task refuse
To sing thy limpid streams that wend among
The stately hills, whose outlines sweep along
The azure sky in peaceful lines profuse,
And when the shady eve distils its dews,
The swell and cadence of thy gushing rills
Murmuring soft music to the listening hills,
Can o'er the soul a soothing bliss diffuse;
Vale of the Ewes no fairer gem I trow
Is in the crown that circles Scotia's brow."

Among the poems where the author is seen at his best "Destitute" must find a place. With tender touch and much pathos the story of a woman bereft of all is finely told. She lives her life over again on the night of her death, and:—

"Again she entered with womanly pride,
Through the cottage door a happy young bride;
Again her heart danced to the music sweet,
Of her childrens' pattering romping feet,
As they ran out and in with boisterous glee,
And played round the door or rolled on the lea;
Again she was stroking their golden hair,
As they lisped in her lap their evening prayer."

Rather than quote further we urge our readers to procure a copy for themselves. The book is published by Mr R. Scott, Langholm, and is well got up. It ought to be a welcome addition to Border libraries. The illustrations of local scenery and portraits of Border men greatly enhance the volume, and are sure to make it acceptable to Borderers abroad.

The Rev. George Orr writes the introduction with much sympathy and skill. The preliminary sketch by the author is a bit of delightful reading. Life in the south in the early part of last century is depicted in a manner which creates an appetite for more. Indeed, Mr Welsh would do well to give his autobiography at greater length. Few could furnish a better picture of the valley of the Ewes in the old times.

G. M. R.

Present Day Border Literature.

WHEN the BORDER MAGAZINE was first started, twelve years ago, a friend and contributor expressed the fear that we would not be able to confine the publication to strictly Border matters owing to the lack of material, but we felt confident that the supply would not become exhausted. Since that time the flood-gates seem to have been opened, and Border articles and notes find an honourable place in most of our newspapers and magazines. The Borderland and its wonderful story of battles and ballads, its songs and folklore, combine to form a clear-flowing stream which seems perennial. This is a good sign of the times, for there is a healthy intellectual tone in everything relating to Border literature which is bound to have a beneficial effect on the head and heart of the reader. In regard to our own humble corner of the harvest-field, the crop is almost too abundant, and we have such an overflowing supply of articles on hand at present that we cannot promise to insert any new contributions sent in for some time to come. To our large number of valued contributors we tender our most hearty thanks for their kind support, and, though we are compelled to call a halt for a month or two, we hope to have many articles from them in the future. Intending contributors might please note that, owing to our limited space, short articles from 1000 to 1500 words will have the preference. When a subject cannot be properly dealt with in one issue of the magazine the article should be divided up under separate headings, so that, while the subject may be continued, each instalment can be read as a complete article. In most cases this can easily be done.

A Border Literary Chronicle, with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART IX.

RIDDELL, WILLIAM B. C. (b. at Flex, near Hawick, Dec. 16, 1835—d. July 20, 1856), son of the preceding; educated chiefly at John Watson's Hospital and Edinburgh University; a youth of great promise, who wrote "The Lament of Wallace," which appeared in several collections of Scottish verse.

ROBERTSON, ABRAHAM (b. at Duns, 1751—d. 1826), astronomer and mathematician; rose from pedlar boy to high academical distinction; M.A. Christ Church, Oxford, 1782; F.R.S., 1795; Savilian professor of geometry, 1797-1810, and of astronomy, 1810-26; chief work, "Sectionum Conicarum Libri, vii.," 1792.

RUICKBIE, JAMES (d. 1829), a native of Innerleithen, and a miller to trade; friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, Prof. Wilson, Allan Cunningham, H. S. Riddell, Wm. Knox, &c.; wrote an "Elegy on the Death of Whisky," 1801; "The Wayside Cottager, Pieces in Prose and Verse," 1807.

RUSSELL, WILLIAM, LL.D. (b. at Windydoors, Selkirkshire, 1741—d. 1793), historian; educated at Innerleithen and Edinburgh; served his apprenticeship with a bookseller and printer in Edinburgh, and afterwards went to London; author of "History of Modern Europe," in 3 vols., 1779-84; also published a "History of America," 1779, and other works.

RUTHERFORD, ELIZABETH, MRS SCOTT OF WAUCHOPE (b. 1729—d. 1789), daughter of David Rutherford of Capehope, advocate, and a niece of Mrs Cockburn; the poetical correspondent of Burns, who visited her in 1787; married to Walter Scott of Wauchope; wrote "The Lover's Address to a Rosebud," and other pieces, chiefly elegiac; in 1801 a selection of pieces appeared, entitled "Alonza and Cora." (B.M. iv. 77).

RUTHERFORD, DR DANIEL (b. 1749—d. 1819), son of Dr John Rutherford by his second wife and uncle of Sir Walter Scott; succeeded Dr John Hope as professor of botany in Edinburgh University, 1786-1820; studied in France and Italy.

RUTHERFORD, DR JOHN (b. 1695—d. 1765), son of the Rev. Dr John Rutherford (1641-1710), minister of Yarrow, maternal grandfather of Sir W. Scott; one of the founders of the Edinburgh Medical School; M.D. of Rheims; professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, 1726-65; was educated at Selkirk, and studied at Edinburgh, Leyden, Paris, and Rheims. Anne Rutherford, his only child by his first marriage was mother of Sir W. Scott, having married Walter Scott, W.S., in 1758.

RUTHERFORD, JOHN, a native of Jedburgh; studied at Bordeaux and Paris; became principal of St Salvator's College, St Andrews, and minister of Cults; a colleague of George Buchanan, 1560; in 1570 he had as his pupil James Crichton, afterwards known as "the admirable Crichton;" wrote a "Treatise on the Logic and Poetics of Aristotle." Died 1577.

RUTHERFORD, SAMUEL (b. at Nisbet, near Jedburgh, *circa*, 1600—d. at St Andrews, March 20, 1661), studied and graduated at Edinburgh; elected Regent and Professor of Humanity in that University, 1623-26; became minister of Anwoth, Kirkcudbright, 1627; professor of divinity, St Mary's College, St Andrews, principal in 1651; wrote in 1644 the well-known treatise "Lex Rex," but best known as the author of a vol. of Familiar Letters published after his death. (B.M. ii. 181).

RUTHERFORD, WILLIAM, M.D., F.R.S. (b. at Ancrum Craig, April 20, 1839—d. Feb. 21, 1899), physiologist; educated at Jedburgh and Edinburgh University, where he studied medicine, graduating M.D. in 1863; studied also on the Continent; professor of physiology at King's College, London, 1869-74, and at Edinburgh, 1874-99; published among other works a text book of physiology, 1880.

SCOTT, ANDREW (b. at Bowden, April 19, 1757—d. May 22, 1839), poet; served as a soldier for five campaigns in the American War of Independence; returned home in 1792 and settled at Bowden, acting as beadle in the Parish Church; wrote several vols. of poetry during his lifetime—a small vol. of verse in 1805, "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," 1811; a vol. in 1821, and another in 1826. His "Symon and Janet," a tale of the False Alarm, and "The Guid Farmer" are well-known pieces.

SCOTT, GEORGE (b. at Dingleton, near Melrose, 1777—d. 1853), educated at Melrose and Galashiels; schoolmaster of Lilliesleaf, 1805-50; patronised by Sir John Riddell of Riddell and Sir Walter Scott; wrote a vol. of poems entitled "Heath Flowers, or Mountain Melodies," 1820; also wrote a Statistical Account of Roxburghshire, but never published. (B.M. iv. 108).

SCOTT, LADY JOHN, OF SPOTTISWOODE (b. 1810—d. March 2, 1900), married Lord John Scott, second son of Charles, fourth Duke of Buccleuch, who died in 1860; wrote an improved version of the song "Annie Laurie," originally written by Mr Douglas of Fingland in honour of Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, and other pieces. (B.M. v. 101).

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, OF ABBOTSFORD (b. at Edinburgh, Aug. 5, 1771—d. Sept. 21, 1832), poet, historian, novelist; studied at Edinburgh University, passed advocate, 1792, and became Sheriff of Selkirkshire, 1799; read ballad literature at an early age, and history and romance; translated poems of Burger and Goethe; "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" appeared in 1802-3; in 1805 "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" in 1808 "Marmion;" in 1810 "Lady of the lake;" followed next year by the "Vision of Don Roderick," "Rokeby" in 1813; and "The Lord of the Isles" in 1815. The appearance of "Waverley" in 1814 marks an epoch in modern literature; this was followed by "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Ivanhoe," &c., which formed the Waverley Novels published anonymously, their author being the "Great Unknown" till 1827. "His Life" (one of the best biographies in the language) by his son-in-law, John Lockhart, appeared in 1838 in 7 vols.

SCOTT, CAPTAIN WALTER, OF SATCHELLS (b. 1613—d. 1694), genealogist; a great-grandson of the Laird of Sinton, and son of Robert Scott of Satchells, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, by a daughter of Riddell of Riddell; spent his boyhood in herding cattle; served in Holland under Walter Scott, first Earl of Buccleuch, 1629; wrote (or dictated) "A True History of Several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable name of Scott," published in 1688. New editions have appeared since. (B.M. i. 77; vi. 219).

SCOTT, WILLIAM b. at Hawick, 1795—d. at Belfast, 1859), was an intimate friend of Andrew Leyden, brother of John Leyden of Denholm; published in 1826 a collection of occasional poetry of considerable merit.

SCOTT, SIR WILLIAM, OF THIRLESTANE (b. *circa*, 1670—d. 1725), wrote Latin poems, twenty-four of which appeared in "Selecta Poemata," Edin., 1727. In 1699 he married the Mistress of Napier, heiress of the Napier peerage, and from this union was descended the late Lord Napier and Ettrick.

SHIELDS, ALEXANDER (b. at Haughhead, near Earlston, 1661—d. June 14, 1700), Covenanter; graduated M.A. of Edinburgh, 1675; studied theology of Utrecht; imprisoned on the Bass; after the Revolution, joined the Church of Scotland, and in 1697 became minister of St Andrews; in 1699 accompanied the Darien Expedition along with his brother Michael; died of fever in Jamaica; author of "A Hind Let Loose," 1687; "Life and Death of James Renwick," 1724 (posthumous), and other Covenanting treatises.

To be Continued.

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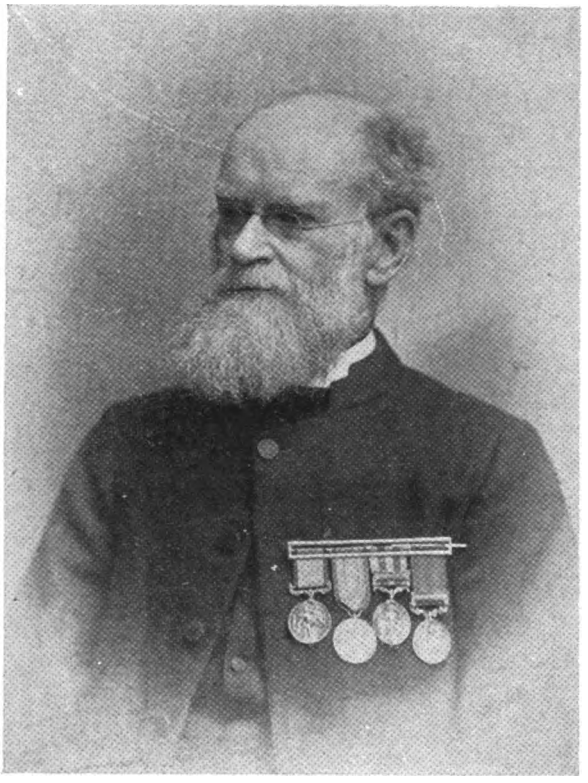
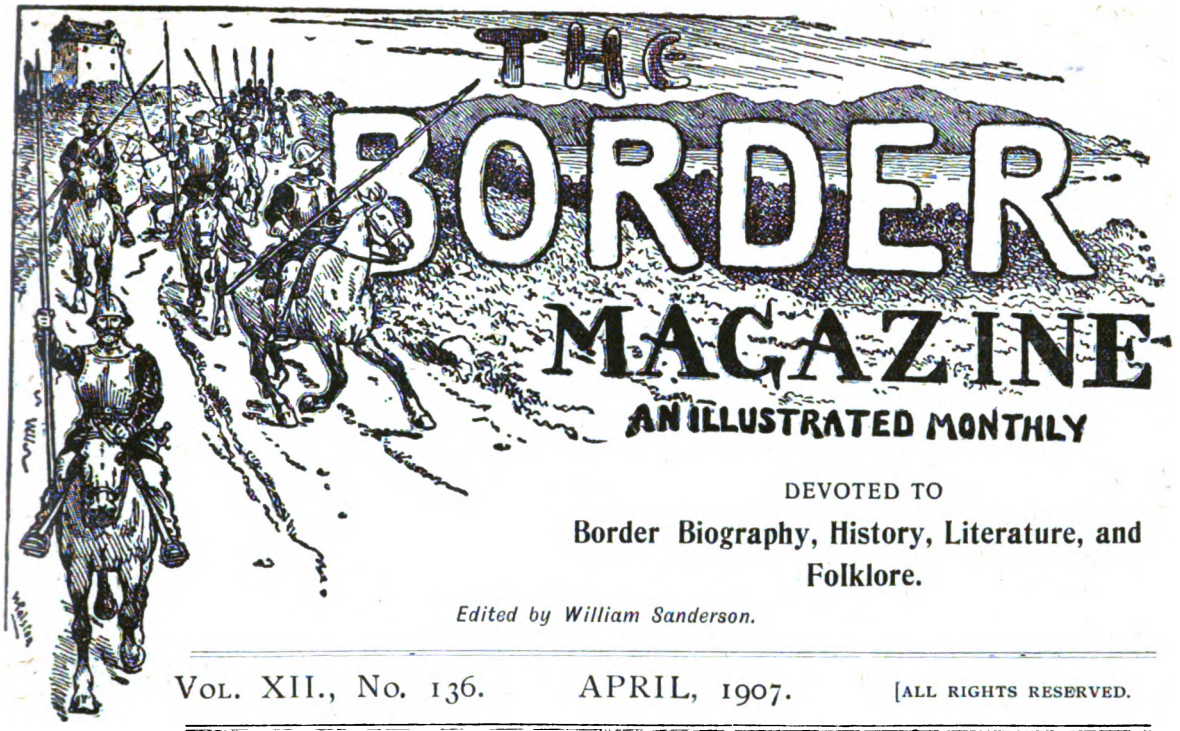


THE REV. HUGH DRENNAN.

VETERAN OF THE INDIAN MUTINY AND ORIMEAN WAR—1907.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS IN THE QUEEN'S PARK, EDINBURGH, 4TH AUGUST, 1871.

REV. MR MILLAR, Chaplain, Edinburgh Castle. DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND. REV. MR DRENNAN. COLONEL BURROUGHS.



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REV. HUGH DRENNAN,

VETERAN OF THE CRIMEA AND INDIAN MUTINY.

IT was Communion Sabbath in the Parish Church of Peebles, but to some at least of those present it was by no means an ordinary sacramental occasion. There was something of the historic that marked the celebration in an especial manner, for at the one hand of the minister there sat the dignified and revered form of a veteran soldier of the Cross, and at the other a well-known former Moderator of the Church—the Rev. Hugh Drennan, and the Rev. Dr Charteris.

Mr Drennan has been for some years a familiar figure on the streets and country roads of Peebles, whether passing leisurely along its sunny High Street accompanied by his wife, or met by the summer visitor on its rural highways and byways marching with military stride and erect figure round by the Swire, or over the Drove Road, or down by the pleasant riverside. And yet what a contrast is this leisured autumn of age to the strenuous heroic life that lies behind! Those clear blue eyes have sought out the wounded soldier in the firing line of many a stricken battlefield; that calm, benignant countenance has bent in benison over many a cholera-laden cot; those firm and sinewey hands have conveyed to many a dying man the consolations of the blessed sacrament. Beloved by officer and private alike, there are alive to-day those who revere the name and memory of Chaplain Drennan.

He wants now but one year of fourscore. Born at Tarbolton in 1828; educated at Linlithgow Burgh School; trained at the University of St Andrews; licensed by the Presbytery of Linlithgow, Mr Drennan acted as assistant in South Leith Parish Church to the Rev. Dr Stevenson, and finally was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh.

His true vocation was at hand; the opportunity had come, the MAN was not wanting. The Moderator of the Church nominated Mr Drennan Chaplain to the Forces engaged in the Crimean War, and on 18th October, 1854, he set sail for the East. At Scutari Chaplain Drennan was detained on urgent duty by orders of the Commandant Lord W. Paulet, and he served in the hospitals there until the month of August, 1855. The awful horrors of the war were realised to the full by him while on hospital duty. Dr William Russell and Miss Nightingale made the British public acquainted with the sufferings of the troops,

with the inadequacy of their treatment, and the insufficiency of stores and medicines. Mr Drennan experienced them all. He next proceeded by instructions from headquarters to the Crimea, where he did duty chiefly with the Highland Division until the end of the war, when he returned to Britain along with the staff of the Division, landing at Portsmouth in July, 1856. While in the Crimea, the regiments with which Mr Drennan worked were principally the 92nd, the 93rd, and the Scots Greys. Sir Colin Campbell commanded the Division; he became greatly attached to Mr Drennan, and ever after manifested the warmest regard for him. The Rev. Dr Campbell, now minister of Balmerino, was the only other Scottish chaplain in the Crimea, and he and Mr Drennan have continued fast friends to this day.

The next chapter of our hero's life opens in India. On the 20th September, 1857, he was appointed by the Secretary of State for War officiating chaplain to the Presbyterian troops in India, and he proceeded thither in the P. & O. steamer on October 20. Landing at Calcutta, he went up country with all possible speed, and reported himself to the Commander-in-Chief at Cawnpore, who appointed him to serve with the 93rd Highlanders and such other Presbyterians as might come within his reach. He arrived at Lucknow during the memorable siege with all its historical instances of individual heroism, and in the end witnessed its fall. Service at Allahabad followed; severe engagements at Umbeyla still further revealed the stuff of which the chaplain was made, and perhaps most of all, the stealthy death-dealing cholera, which tries even the bravest, but emphasised what already every man knew, that in Mr Drennan they possessed a chaplain of heroic soul, of never-flagging courage, and undaunted self-abnegation. Not men alone, but women and children realised the true friend they possessed in this calm and courteous Scot of kindly heart and resolute manner.

When the fighting was over, Mr Drennan, in the ordinary course, ought to have been sent home, but the officers having learned this, sent to the Indian Government a round-robin signed by every member of the mess requesting that as he had made himself so much beloved by every one, he might be permitted to remain with the regiment as long as it was in India. This was at once heartily granted, and he remained on full pay in India with the regiment, returning with it in 1871, after nearly thirteen years' service in India. During those years Mr Drennan marched hundreds of miles with the men; was very often under fire; was present at the capture of many important towns, such as Futtehgurh, Bareilly, &c., and during many hot seasons saw the rank and file fall down from sunstroke in scores. In the Peshawur Valley in 1862 he passed through a severe cholera epidemic, during which he read the burial service over ninety-three of all ranks, including men, women, and children. Here Mr Drennan suffered himself from cholera, and in Central India from intermittent fever repeatedly, which clung to him for many months. After so many years with the 93rd Regiment it is not to be wondered at that the men of all ranks became devotedly attached to their chaplain, who had shared all their dangers, cheered their sick, marched by their side, won their confidence, and shown himself a brave man both under fire and during the cholera scourge. Those were the men, too, who, recognising their want of a communion chalice, contributed each man from his hoard of silver coins, and caused them to be wrought and hammered into a beautiful cup for the service of the sacrament. Instances such as those greatly cheered Mr Drennan in his duty, and in India, as in the Crimea, he was honoured with the friendship and respect of his old chief, Sir Colin Campbell. Memories like these carry the veteran padre in thought far away back to India and Russia, although it is all but impossible to get this most modest of men to speak of his own achievements.

Mr Drennan, after an interval, now entered upon his last stage of service in the Army. In the first week of the year 1876 he was appointed Presbyterian chaplain to the troops stationed at Shoeburyness. There he remained for over twenty-one years, and then feeling the need for rest, he resigned his appointment. His period of duty with the soldiers may be thus reckoned:—In the Crimea, one year and nine months; in India, twelve years and six months; in Shoeburyness, over twenty-one years; total, over thirty-five years' service.

To this period of home service belong two ceremonies—that of the consecration by Mr Drennan of the new colours for his regiment, which the Duchess of Sutherland presented; and his marriage to a Yorkshire lady, Miss Mary Walker. And now one must relate here what most people will consider to be almost incredible. Mr Drennan upon his retirement did not receive the pension to which he was

very naturally entitled, after having spent the best part of his life at home and abroad in the service of his Queen and country. Persistent efforts were made to this end, both by Mr Drennan personally and by his military friends, but without avail. The military authorities fully realised not only his great services to the troops, but also his outstanding claims to honourable recognition. But at that time the Horse Guards was even more than now swathed in voluminous rolls of red-tape. The officials there referred him to the India Office, and the arm-chair Jack-in-office of that Department sent him back to the War Office! Mr Drennan had all along hoped that a Commission in the Army might be granted to him, and so ante-dated that when he came to retire it would carry a pension with it. But this brave man, as others have done, realised that the years had passed. A generation had grown up who did not know him; the absent are soon forgotten. Backstair influence was a method that Mr Drennan disdained to use. The officials of the War Office had the claims of their own relatives to keep in mind. Mr Drennan's self-respect was wounded. He knew, and his brother officers knew, and the privates all knew, the kind of man they had had all those years as their chaplain, and all united to make representations to the authorities. Then Mr Drennan fell ill. After many months he recovered, but the spirit was weakened by disappointment, worry, and the effects of the malady. He was of too sensitive a nature to persist in the pushing of his claims, as was essential at the time. So the matter died down. A great wrong was perpetrated.

But this brief account of a worthy man must not close on the minor key. Those things had to be chronicled, but they do not rankle; the subject of this article is too large-hearted for that. He lives in the knowledge of the one supreme fact that matters—HE DID HIS DUTY. For this he is the proud wearer of four medals, the British Crimean, the Turkish Crimean, the Indian Mutiny with clasp for Lucknow, and the Frontier medal with clasp for Umbeyla. Money could not purchase these; they have been gained by a strenuous devotion to Queen and country.

Very many officers have written of their regard for Mr Drennan; only one of these may be allowed to speak, Lieut.-General Burroughs, "I have very great pleasure in adding my testimony to the great worth and excellence in every way of my very good friend the Rev. Hugh Drennan, who, I think, for some fifteen years served with me in the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. I remember his joining the regiment as Presbyterian chaplain in 1854, and his leaving the regiment, to the very great regret of all in it, on our return to England in 1871. For some ten years of this time I was in command of the 93rd, and had special opportunities of estimating the worth or otherwise of all in it. I know no better or worthier man than Mr Drennan. In a quiet, unobtrusive way he did an immense deal of good. He did his duty fearlessly to God and man, and earned the love and respect of all in the regiment. He was with us in the Crimean, Indian Mutiny, and Umbeyla Wars, and through at least two visitations of cholera, and notably in 1862, when the regiment was literally decimated by the pestilence in the valley of Peshawur. I was myself in command of the regiment at the time and witnessed Mr Drennan's fearless devotion to his duty, and although suffering himself, he never deserted his post, but was constantly by the side of the suffering and dying. I cannot speak too highly in his favour. If any man ever deserved well of his country, Mr Drennan is one of these men. He has richly earned any reward or pension that may be bestowed upon him."

And now to conclude. One likes to think of this war-worn hero attending the muster of veterans at Edinburgh Castle, and doing homage to King Edward on his first visit to the capital. But there was another pageant, may be of lesser note though of no less loyalty, in which he was for a moment the central figure. As this article began with the Church, so it will close with the Church. The spacious building was crowded with the burghers of Peebles of all denominations. It was the memorial service for Queen Victoria, whom he had served so well. The minister of the Parish and other clergymen had conducted the worship, which was now closing. A solemn and silent sadness pervaded the sacred building. A tall, military form ascended the pulpit. It was the dead monarch's oldest servant, Chaplain Drennan, wearing the medals she had bestowed, over his loyal heart. He raised his unwavering hands on high, and implored that benediction, which all his friends silently breathe for him:—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace!"

C. B. G.

The Battle of Sark.

"I looked on the field where the battle was spread,
Where thousands stood forth in their glancing array;
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed,
Through the dun rolling clouds that o'ershadowed the fray."

THE Sark is one of the smallest of Scottish rivers. It is found in the extreme south of Dumfriesshire. The coming together of several small burns cause its formation. It is barely twenty miles in length. For some distance it divides the parishes of Canonbie and Halfmorton, and for over seven miles separates the latter and Gretna from Cumberland. In its course it passes through the lower reaches of Esk dale and the plains that skirt Solway Moss, and is joined by the Black Sark near Springfield.

In the "good old times" when the turbulent spirit dominated the Borders and wasteful incursions were the order of the day Sark witnessed terrible doings. What with the forays of the English and the retaliatory raids of the Scots, its neighbourhood suffered from fire and sword for many generations. Struggles, fierce long, and deadly, were waged on its banks, and its waters were ofttimes red with blood.

During the sway of the Douglases the Earl of Salisbury crossed the little Border Rubicon, swept along the Solway shore, and pounced upon the county town. Having sacked the dwellings and fired the burgh, he returned, greatly enriched by the foray. James Douglas soon after retaliated and put Alnwick through a similar experience.

Though a seven years' treaty was made between the kingdoms after the burning of Alnwick a large body of men crossed the Sark and laid Annandale waste during the following year. This incursion, like many more, was made because of alleged insults and injuries from Scottish Borderers. As the marauders returned with their booty they were overtaken by Douglas, who not only hastened their retreat but relieved them of their spoil. Not content, the Douglas soon afterwards mustered a large army and made a ferocious raid on Cumberland, pillaging and reducing the whole countryside to a very desert in his merciless severity.

England, aggrieved and indignant, called for vengeance, and soon took steps to exact her pound of flesh. Early in 1449 an army, variously estimated at from 14,000 to 40,000, encamped on the Sark. The Earl of Northumberland and son were in command. The latter, anxious to wipe out the disgrace of his recent rout at the hands of Douglas, hastened the conflict, which historians speak of as being one of the greatest fought between the nations from the time of Homildon (1402) till Flodden (1513).

The invaders were out marauding when they learned of the approach of 12,000 Scots, under Douglas's brother, George, Earl of Ormond. Choosing their own ground, a favourable pitch adjoining their tents, the English made ready for the coming onset. Notable leaders were on both sides. Ormond addressed his men in spirited words on the justice of their cause, and urged them to anticipate victory.

The battle had not been long in progress when it seemed as if it would go against the Scots. Their pikes and spears were no match against the bows and arrows of the English archers. From their vantage ground they rained missiles on the attacking army and made great gaps in the ranks long before the latter could strike a blow. In their helpless plight confusion, panic, and flight were imminent. Wallace of Craigie, an ancestor of Sir William, taking in the situation, called on his men to follow him, that they might join in hand-to-hand strokes, where true valour was to be seen. Two thousand spearmen, who had not the passive endurance to stand and be mown down, were re-animated, across the intervening ground in a trice, and in close quarters with their enemy. A terrific conflict ensued.

The ranks of the English archers were soon thinned and reeling. Leaders like Magnus the Redbeard for a time stood aghast at the terribleness of the onslaught. The latter sought to encourage his followers, but in vain. Nothing could arrest the onward, merciless march of the assailants. Magnus, however, stood his ground, advanced in the teeth of a forest of pike and spear, and fell where the slain lay thickest.

The death of Magnus and overthrow of the right division under his command greatly discouraged the English, who had counted on their archers deciding the battle in their favour. They, however, fought doggedly for a time. But, pressed on every side by a fierce, impetuous, and exulting foe, they gave way along their whole line. The retreat which followed was an awful scene of slaughter. Three thousand fell whilst the battle raged, and a vastly greater number were cut down by the hand of the pursuer. The ground, whereon merry wassail had been held, was littered with the dying and dead, and the Sark, swollen by the tide, ran red with blood.

The younger Percy and Sir John Pennington were made prisoners, together with hundreds of gentlemen and common soldiers. Buchanan tells how that the spoil in money, arms, and equipments were greater than had ever been known in any former battle. Fabulous heaps of gold were found by rustics, and for generations after evidences of the extent of the destruction were ever turning up. Even in the herding days of the writer implements of the far-off battle were unearthed on the banks of the Sark.

On the side of the Scots six hundred men, in addition to the wounded, were slain. To the great regret of the Borders, and Scotland generally, brave Wallace of Craigie, to whom the victory was largely due, died of his wounds some three months later. A truce followed in the train of the memorable battle, and for a considerable time the frontier county was free from the incursions of the English.

.G. M. R.

Tweeddale: A Glimpse at the Past.

WE have frequently seen quoted the story of "a person of rank from England," who had been on a tour in Tweeddale about the middle of the eighteenth century, and who, on being asked what he thought of the country, replied that "he believed he could describe its surface in three words, as it almost everywhere consisted of only a hill, a road, and a water." But the comment made by him who first relates this story is not so well known. He continues the narrative thus:—"Which, indeed, with the addition of another hill rising immediately from the opposite brink of the accompanying stream below the road, generally constitute the sum total of the objects which present themselves to a traveller. A flat through which its glittering current meanders and ripples over a pebbly channel; a shepherd's cot at the side of a rill, in a recess, sometimes sheltered by a few trees or bushes, a cairn pointing the summit of a pyramidal mountain, a ring once necessary to secure the herds and flocks, surrounding the upper part of an eminence, a deserted tower on the brow of a projecting height, erected for habitation, for defence, and for beacons; and at times a mansion embosomed in woods: occasionally, however, animates the prospect, surprises by the suddenness of its appearance, and with the varied shapes, and smooth enlivening verdure of the surrounding hills, gives spirit and interest to the primitively simple and truly genuine pastoral scenes of this sequestered district." This picture of the road, the river, the hill, the shepherd's cot, the cairn, the pyramidal mountain, the ring for the sheep, the deserted tower, the mansion embosomed in woods, is still a faithful representation of scenery in Tweeddale.

"And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green, silent pastures yet remain."

But there have been changes. Dr Pennicuik, who published his "Description of Tweeddale" in 1715, says, "Their greatest want here is timber. Little planting is to be seen in Tweeddale except it be some few bushes of trees about the houses of the gentry; and not one wood worth naming in all this open and windy country," and the writer of the notes to the 1815 edition of Pennicuik's works, remarks that "proofs of this penury of wood still remain. Some of the oldest houses in the country have vaulted roofs entirely of stone and lime, and many cottages have a row of rugged arches of the same material, from gable to gable, called Stone Couples, instead of timbers across which to lay the rough spars and support the thatch. Sometimes a churchyard, and generally a walled garden adjoining (a house) that has been the residence of a landed proprietor, is surrounded with a row of venerable ash or plane trees, but excepting these, there is hardly a planted tree to be met with that has yet been in the ground above seventy years in the whole country, unless in one or two solitary instances to the contrary where a patch has been planted for shelter or where an avenue has been added in front of the mansion as a proof of the proprietor's superior taste." "Since then," Professor Veitch says, "there has been a great deal of planting, but unfortunately not of a commendable sort. Most of the plantations are absolutely monotonous, wholly fir or larch, unenlivened by the slightest mixture of other trees. Here and there, particularly on the heights that surround the House of Dawyck, there appears, as the product of a cultured yet natural taste, woods rich in variety of leafage, and set in wonderfully harmonious outlines. But taking the valley as a whole, it was more pleasing to the eye in the last century (eighteenth), ere the hand of man had touched and marred it. The slopes of the hills that ran down to the great haugh of the Tweed were, as yet, green pastoral braes, unknown by plough and harrow, and unadorned by means of larch poles,

each looking like a half-opened umbrella in summer, and the whole like a dull brown blanket in autumn. . . . The people of last century were spared appearances of this sort, and instead of these they had simply hills, roads, and waters." There seems, however, to have been a feeling that woods were required to complete the natural beauty of the scenery, for not only Dr Pennicuik laments the scarcity of timber, but the agricultural survey of Peeblesshire, published in 1802, and quoted in the notes of Pennicuik's works, has the following reference to the treeless state of Tweeddale:—"In this country the variety of hill and dale and water might furnish scenes of great natural beauty or even grandeur, were it not for the almost total want of natural wood. For though tradition reports that a great deal of wood once grew in the country, at present few vestiges of it remain, and where any are found upon the banks of the waters and the skirts of the hills, it is mere brushwood. With reference to the tradition that the South of Scotland was a well-wooded country, Professor Veitch says, "The old idea that a forest implied a wood is, of course, exploded, but it is certainly a mistake to suppose, as we find done in these days, that the forest lands of the lowlands were not originally and for a long period well-wooded demesnes. There is quite cogent historical proof of this apart from the geological evidence . . . and now were the sheep taken off that lowland country, we should find that in a very short time hill and glen would be clothed with the birch, hazel, rowan, all indigenous to the country. The words of the old ballad are:—

"The king was cumin' through Caddon Ford,
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the derke forest them before,
They thought it awsome for to see."

The use of the word "derke" surely implies that the forest was darkened with the abundance of the trees, yet in the same ballad we read that,—

"Ettrick foreste is a feir foreste,
In it grows many a semelie tree,
There hart and hynd, and dae and rae,
And of a' wild bestis greate plentie."

But the planting of woods is not the only change that has come over the face of the country. A railway has entered the valley of Tweed, and the old peel towers from Ashiestiel to Tinnie's Castle, that formerly saw the beacon fires light up the darkness of the night, now look down on the puffing of the steam engine as it rushes swiftly by in the valley beneath.

And a civilising influence has come with the introduction of the railway. In the notes of Dr Pennicuik's "Description," the writer says:—"Half a century ago a great part of the cottages of the Scots day-labourers were built with walls of turf, stone buttresses or wooden posts built into the wall, supporting the heavy timbers of the roof. The house is 18 or 20 ft. by 15 or 16 ft. within walls; the door is in front, close by one of the gables; two close beds form the cross partition, dividing the space occupied by the family from a space of four feet from the gable at which you enter, where stands the cow behind one of the beds, with her tail to the door of the house. There is one window in front near the fire gable, opposite to which at the opposite wall stands the ambry or shelved wooden press in which the cow's milk and other family daily provisions are locked up, and above it, lying against the slant of the roof, is the skelf, a frame containing shelves with cross bars in front to prevent the utensils upon the shelves from tumbling off from its over-hanging position, the show of the house depending much upon the quality and arrangement of the crockery and other utensils placed thus in open view upon the skelf." Allan Ramsay thus describes such a house:—

"It's Symon's house: please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to gie pain
Or costly to be found,
Yet a' is clean: a clean peat ingle
Glances amidst the floor:
The green horn spoons: beech luggies mingle
On skelf's foregainst the door."

"A chest containing the family wardrobe stands in front of one of the close beds, serving also for seats. The close beds are also furnished with a shelf at head and foot, upon which part of the family apparel is deposited to preserve it from dust." A wooden chair, a few stools, a plunge churn, a barrel for salted flesh, and another for meal "complete the inventory of the household furniture." Truly, as honest Allan says, "there's nought superfluous to gie pain."

We also read in the notes that prior to 1770 the most usual construction of the better farm dwellings was that of a long house of only 6 ft. wall in height, the apartments all upon the ground, the dimensions about 45 by 15 or 16 ft. in breadth within walls, but the

cross partition effected by close beds, set end to end with a passage between them.

"A snug thack house: before the door a green:
Hens in the midden, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre,
A peat stack joins and forms a rural square."

Allan Ramsay, who wrote the above, evidently looks with a cheerful optimism on the comforts and sanitary conditions of the dwelling he describes. Cosmo Innes takes a less favourable view, and relates that "old men still remember when the dwelling of the Scotch peasant farmer was not secure against wind or rain, with no window—or none made to open—with the damp earth for floor, with the dung-hill and green pestilent pool at the door."

Again, it is related that "after the fatigues of the day the guidman sat or reclined on a wooden sofa, listening, in those times so dearthful of intelligence, to the news collected by the wandering beggar, or feasting his imagination upon the wonders of the lame soldier or sailor who had visited foreign countries." Concerning one matter, Dr Pennicuik and Allan Ramsay seem to hold different views. Dr Pennicuik says, "Both sexes are conspicuous for as comely features as any other country in the kingdom, would but the meaner sort take a little more pains to keep their bodies and dwellings clean, which is too much neglected among them, and pity it is to see a clear complexion and lovely countenance appear with so much disadvantage through the foul disguise of smoke and dirt." And the author of the notes says, "Dirt and smoke, they say, keep them warm; to their persons washing often is weakening, unwholesome, and troublesome, and is expensive in their clothes by the tubs, soap, labour, and the time it consumes." A young woman being asked how she came to be so dun, replied, "Wi' becking ourselves in the sun a' summer, and smeeking our heads o'er the fire a' winter, we country lassies never come to our right colour." Allan Ramsay, however, describing Symon's house, says, "all is clean," and speaks thus of a country lass:—

"Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear,
And, oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green."

Whichever description comes nearest to the truth, it may not be superfluous to quote W. Chambers, who writes:—"It is scarcely necessary to remark that since the days of Pennicuik a great improvement has taken place in point of personal and domestic cleanliness."

A custom that has fallen into desuetude was that of milking the ewes as well as the cows. This practice is described by Jane Elliot, daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second baronet of Minto, in her beautiful version of the "Flowers of the Forest":—

"I've heard them lilting at our yowe milking,
Lasses a' lilting before the dawn o' day,
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
At buchts in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae,
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away."

Lady Grizel Baillie also charmingly writes:—

"Oh! the ewe buchten's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on the bog reed and horn:
While we're milking, they're lilting baith pleasant and clear,
But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear."

This practice, however, starved the lambs and exhausted the ewes, "stinting the flocks themselves in their growth and powers of breeding, and enduring the hardships of winter;" the gain from the butter and cheese that was made from the milk being comparatively small beside that derived from "vigorous and unexhausted flocks." Turning from the peasantry, let us now look at the conditions under which the old peel tower was inhabited. From "Scotland in the Middle Ages," by Cosmo Innes, we take the following picture:—"When again with some breathing time of peace, and by the efforts of James I. agriculture had a little revived, and the Government encouraged building and 'policy' in the desolate country, the buildings were like the people, poor and mean in taste. The chief thing aimed at was security against marauding bands and unfriendly neighbours. I need not describe to you the Scotch castle of that time, the single square gaunt tower rising storey above storey, each floor consisting of but one apartment; the door placed high for safety, the walls thick, the window openings narrow and jealous. Such a dwelling, and we have plenty of them, though few in their unmitigated bareness, recalls the time when the rural baron and his family, visitors, vassals, retainers, servants, rural and domestic, lived and scrambled for their food all crowded together in one hall—a gloomy, cold apartment, when the offal of the board was

fought for by the dogs below it, and the garbage was hid among the foul straw, which might be renewed when harvest produced a supply—when the furniture was limited to the movable boards on which the meat was served, and a few stools and settles of deal—when carpets, curtains, window glass, comfort, cleanliness, were unknown, when the women had no separate apartment but their sleeping room, and no tastes that made such life irksome." "The internal fittings," says Professor Veitch, "were no doubt rude enough. The upper or corner part of the vaulted roof of each storey was usually covered with a wooden floor, and as a precursor of the modern carpet the boards were generally strewn with the bent grass of the moors or the rushes of the haughs. With these were intermingled sweet-smelling herbs, such as thyme, bedstraw (galium), or fresh-odoured heather."

Of the lord of the tower, Dr Johnstone gives us this picture:—"These castles," he says, "afford another evidence that the fictions of romantic chivalry had for their basis the real manner of the feudal times, when every lord of seigniory lived in his own hold, lawless and unaccountable with all the licentiousness and insolence of uncontested superiority and unprincipled power. The traveller, whoever he might be, coming to the fortified habitation of a chieftain would probably have been interrogated from the battlements, admitted with caution at the gate, introduced to a petty monarch fierce with habitual hostility and vigilant with ignorant superstition, who, according to his general temper or accidental humour, would have seated a stranger as his guest at the table, or as a spy confined him in his dungeon. We live in other times:—

"The raider sleeps: his age has passed away,
His castle walls have crumbled into dust,
The spear he hurled has long lain low in rust,
And where his charger pranced in stern array
Now gentle steeds with plough-share till the clay,
Those fears that trembled for the lance's thrust,
The midnight foray or the robber's lust,
Come not to us again. Peace loves to sway
The nation with a mild yet firmer hand,
And tame the fiercer passions of man's breast,
But Time will see a great and deeper love
Triumphant rule far over sea and land,
When right shall prosper, every life be blest,
And all the world be one with God above."

"PORTCULLIS," in "Border Telegraph."

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!
"Marmion."

Scott and Operatic Composers.

THE opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor" has long been off the British stage—we remember seeing it performed in the Crystal Palace, London, in 1869 or 1870—but Donizetti's musical interpretation of Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" has recently been revived. Referring to the subject, a writer in the "Glasgow Evening News," says:—

There used to be a legend current that Donizetti was of Scottish extraction; his name being derived from Donald Izzett. At all events he was certainly born at Bergamo in 1798 (six years after Rossini), and the idea of his connection with Scotland was probably engendered to explain his partiality for librettos on Scottish, and also on English subjects. Besides his "Lucia," "Elizabetta a Kenilworth," and "Il Castello di Kenilworth," recall Sir Walter, the other operas connected with this country being "Emilia di Liverpool," "Anna Bolena" (with which he first won European fame), "Rosamunda d' Inghilterra," and "Maria Stuarda."

It is curious to review the process by which the whirligig of time has modified the opinion of the musical world contemporary with Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi—the famous quartette of Italians who held the operatic public of Europe in thrall for half-a-century. That estimate placed the composers exactly in the order named. Yet Verdi, who was depreciated until recently, when he produced "Aida," "Othello," and "Falstaff," is now considered the greatest genius of the four. His works no doubt wear better, but unquestionably Rossini must still be called his superior as a musician. The reason why Rossini's operas—apart from "Guillaume Tell" and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia"—are no longer performed is to be found in the decay of the art of florid vocalisation. Rossini is paying the penalty of over-indulgence in ornamentation. Equally remarkable is the survival of Donizetti with "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "La Favorite," "La Fille du Regiment," "L' Elisir d' Amore," "Don Pasquale," and even "Linda di Chamounix" (more finished in workmanship than the others), whilst Bellini, once regarded as his better, is neglected.

Curious, also, is the fact that Sir Walter Scott, an author so typically national in all respects, should be indebted to the inspiration of an Italian (typical, also, despite the apocryphal Donald Izzett), for the musical illus-

tration of the romantic qualities of his "Bride of Lammermoor." But Donizetti is not the only foreigner whom Scott has touched, as witness Bizet with his "Jolie Fille de Perth," Boieldieu with his "Dame Blanche," and Rossinni with his "Donna di Lago," and his "Robert Bruce"—but that is another story, not drawn from Scott. There are others, but we cannot recall them at the moment.

More curiosities. Does anyone remember Mr Calcraft's five-act drama, "The Bride of Lammermoor," written presumably shortly after Scott's romance was published, which "unanimously received the meed of public approbation"? We daresay not; nor the melodrama that preceded it, "remarkable as having been the medium of introducing the all-surpassing genius of the illustrious Clarkson Stanfield, who first burst upon the public in this piece, like some brilliant meteor, with a scene of Wolf's Crag by moonlight: the magical effect of which gave full promise to the proud pre-eminence he has since attained, causing one of our greatest painters, who happened to be in the theatre the first night the piece was represented to exclaim, "What! have we at last giants in the art? We have! we have! or how could so great, so beautiful a picture ever have been produced." Hein! that smacks of early Victorian enthusiasm and grandiloquence.

Alas! we do not remember these things. But there is the "Ravenswood" of H. C. Merivale, written for Henry Irving and Ellen Terry; only, it is to be feared that this further attempt to enter the magic circle of the Wizard of the North will likewise be followed by the nemesis of oblivion.

In France, in 1828, Victor Ducange, a gifted and once-popular dramatist, dared to put Scott's "Bride" on the stage. In this piece, with its almost literally transcribed title, "La Fiancée de Lammermoor," we are told by a contemporary scribbler that "the mother has been very judiciously transformed into a mother-in-law, rendering her conduct less repulsive to our ideas of maternal love and human nature"!!! Well, despite all the ingenuities expended on this "adaptation," and on another by D'Artois (a comedy) called, "Le Caleb de Sir Walter Scott," they failed, and are now long dead.

The moral is obvious. It points to the peculiar power of music to breathe life into, and to perpetuate the existence of, literature—even bad literature. The libretto of Salvatore Cammarano, which served to inspire Donizetti in 1835, is hardly superior to the dramatic concoctions we have glanced at, but his opera lives, thanks to Donizetti's enchanting music, which has the mysterious power of transporting the imagination to the essential qualities of Sir Walter's romance. B

A Legend of Hawick.

Oh, long ago in the ancient days
Of this good old Border town,
Lived "Hab of Hawick," a burgher bold,
Who cared not for king nor crown!

King James of Scotland—he oft had heard
Of Hab and his sayings fine,
So sent a message that Hab must come
To his Tower that night by nine.

But Hab, who sat by his ingle-nook,
Was cross as he well could be;
"Oh, ne'er I'll stir from my ain fireside
To speak to His Majesty!"

And when the messenger had come back,
He said, "Go tell to the King,
That Hab of Hawick sits here to-night,
A fig for the King and kin!"

Right angry men were the courtiers all,
Who heard the strange tale one day.
"Oh, punish this insolent old man,"
They said, "without more delay!"

But good King James dearly loved a joke,
And he deemed it better far
To teach poor old Hab without the boot
That Kings' words important are.

So, soon to the Scottish capital,
Auld Hab a prisoner came;
Trembling and weeping for evermore,
Since he had to leave his hame!

Buccleuch, he brought his vassal so bold
Before the monarch's grand seat,
And loudly for mercy humbled Hab
Cried now at his monarch's feet!

Then drawing closer in to the fire,
King James he began to say,
"A fig for Hab an' a' of his kin!
In Scotland I hold the sway.

"And, Hab of Hawick, if we be friends,
As I would like us to be,
Then you must obey your King's commands,
And be loyal aye to me!

"And though I do much admire a man
With courage right staunch and true;
I scorn the insolent who can dare
To show their false pride like you!"

"Forgiven now is your daring deed,
Forgotten shall be the same;
Now rise and mount upon this good steed,
And hasten to Hawick hame!"

And, as the quaint old legend still goes,
The old man soon took his way
To Hawick town, where he loyal lived
Right on till his dying day!

Elizabeth M. McInnes.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1907.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

This month we have held over several Illustrated Articles in order to publish some other interesting matter, for which we have difficulty in finding room. Therefore, the BORDER MAGAZINE for this month has no pictures. We hope by this means to get through the mass of MSS. with which we are at present embarrassed. Contributors will kindly note the change in the address of the Editor, which will be found at the top of this page. As a rule the B.M. is typographically correct, but we regret that in the opening lines of our leading article in last month's issue the date 1907 was printed instead of 1906. Those who keep their copies for binding should alter the figure so as to ensure historical accuracy.

The Border Keep,

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness.)

In a month we will celebrate (or otherwise) the bi-centenary of a great national event, and it is well to remember certain facts which are thus touched upon by a writer:—

"The Scottish readers of even well-conducted English papers are constantly offended at the misuse of the terms England and English in an Imperial sense instead of Britain and British.

To illustrate this, in an article in 'The Speaker' on the British Constitution, the writer spoke of English history, English people, English dress, English political ideas, and the two great English parties. In a later article from the same paper on Algeciras—and afterwards, England is used four times instead of Britain.

How is such ignorance in a sixpenny weekly with some pretence to culture and learning to be accounted for? Let it be noted that Scottish readers of English papers do not object to read in them of pride, the national vice of England, intemperance in England, decline of manly sports in England, Christmas in England, lack of table conversation in England, street music in England, dread of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century by England, and so on ad lib.

What we in Scotland object to is to find that where the united country is referred to it is called England instead of Britain. In this Imperial sense there is no English party or English Constitution.

For the benefit of present-day writers of articles in England, including Anglo-Scots, the following is a copy from the Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland in the Register House, Edinburgh, touching the Union:—

'Conventio apud Edinburgh. 1707, Oct. 3. Cap. 7, Act ratifying and approving the Treaty of Union of the two kingdoms of Scotland and England. Cap. 6, Act settling the manner of electing the 16 Peers and 45 Commoners to represent Scotland in the Parliament of Great Britain.'

These Acts are erroneously stated in Haydn's Dict. of Dates, 22nd Ed., page 1149, as 16th January, 1707.

In England the Union was ratified and confirmed by statute 5, Anne, cap. 8, in 25 articles, whereof the first article is as follows:—

'That on the first of May, 1707, and for ever, the kingdoms of England and Scotland shall be united in one kingdom by the name of Great Britain."

* * *

Few villages can boast so many usages that are redolent of the olden times as the picturesque Border hamlet of Kirk Yetholm. It will, however, surprise many to learn that the gipsy capital possesses an Archbishop. The other day (writes a

correspondent) I enjoyed a lengthened chat with the holder of this distinguished office. Though invested with little of the pomp and dignity which one associates with the Episcopal hierarchy, Archbishop Gladstone can lay claim to a striking individuality. His pretentious title he owes to the fact that he is village blacksmith. At the coronation of King Charles Faa Blythe Rutherford in the summer of 1898, "Bauldy," as he is locally called, exercised his priestly functions for the first and last time. On that occasion it was remarked that his office might be considered a hereditary one, as his father, George Gladstone, had performed a similar service for Queen Esther Faa Blythe in the winter of 1861. The tin crown which did duty during that ceremony was fashioned by the skilful hands of the elder blacksmith. "Bauldy" possesses an interesting link with numberless gipsy festivals in the shape of an old sword, that was presented to him by the widow of the late King Charles.

* * * *

Ingratitude is so generally regarded as a gipsy characteristic that a movement, which recently originated among the nomads of the Border, is not without interest. From time immemorial, the wandering tribes have been in the habit of camping in Beanston Loaning, an old right-of-way near the East Lothian village of Linton. A few months ago, several neighbouring proprietors determined to close the lane. On two different occasions the attempt was made, and as often foiled by the public spirit of a gardener named Sinclair, who, armed with saw and axe, speedily removed the barricades. For this distinguished service to the children of Egypt, it is now intimated that Sinclair has lost his situation. The sequel has evoked much sympathy, and several gipsy potentates are endeavouring to raise a sum of money which will more than counterbalance the monetary loss. As there are seldom fewer than fifty camps in the loaning during the summer season, it is confidently expected that the appeal for subscriptions will meet with a hearty and spontaneous response.

* * * *

Searching for gold (not in the usual commercial sense) has not been unknown in the Borderland. Some of our older readers may remember the excitement caused by the discovery of gold in Glengaber Burn, between Traquair and St Mary's Loch. "Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a Dutchman named Cornelius De Vois secured a licence to search for gold in any part of Scotland. According to one biographer, the adventurer 'had six score men at work in valleys and dales. He employed both lads and lassies, idle men and women, which before went abegging. He profited by their work, and they lived well and contented.' Stories of these halcyon days appealed powerfully to the popular imagination, as a tourist, who visited the village of Crawford in 1619, records that he conversed with an old man named John Gibson, whose happy lot it had been to gather gold pieces 'like birds' eyes and birds' eggs.' In these sceptical days there is a tendency to consider stories of this description somewhat mythical; but their authenticity is supported by the fact that the Regent Morton is known to have presented the King of France with 'a very fine deep basin of natural gold,' which was made from precious metal found in the neighbourhood of Wanlockhead."

Apropos the intimation that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to spend a few days at Floors Castle, on the occasion of their approaching visit to Scotland, it may interest many to learn that this imposing edifice is situated near the junction of the Teviot with the Tweed. "The modern mansion of Floors" (writes Sir Walter Scott), "with its terrace, its woods, and its extensive lawn, form altogether a kingdom for Oberon or Titania to dwell in, or any spirit who, before their time, might love scenery, of which the majesty and even the beauty impress the mind with a sense of awe mingled with pleasure." Confronting the mansion, but on the opposite side of the Tweed, stands the ruins of the old castle of Roxburgh, which formed a royal residence during the early years of the Stuart dynasty. Here James II. met an untimely death by the bursting of a cannon with which he had been making experiments, and popular tradition avers that an old thorn tree, whose venerable aspect serves to distinguish it from its fellows, marks the spot where the monarch fell. Modern Floors was built by Sir John Vanbrugh for the first Duke of Roxburgh in 1718, but was reconstructed and considerably enlarged in 1839.

* * * *

In the beginning of this year there passed away, in his 94th year, Mr James Geddes, long a familiar figure in the parish of Tweedsmuir. Mr Geddes was born at the Moat of Hearthstane (now extinct), his father being connected with the coaching operations of by-past days. After a round of employment at various places in the neighbourhood, James Geddes settled down in his native parish as shepherd at Oliver, where he spent half a century of faithful and devoted service under no fewer than three proprietors of that old Tweedside domain. A man of intelligence much above the average, a voracious reader, a bit of a poet too, a mimic, and a born story-teller, Mr Geddes was naturally one of the best known and most popular personages in these uplands. He was for many years librarian of the original Tweedsmuir Library, founded by the late Rev. Archibald Tod, and in not a few other capacities he did his best for the social and intellectual life of the community. He was in all respects a most worthy type of the old Scots shepherd, and with whom it was always pleasant and interesting to converse for the sake of the "auld memories," of which, as befitted one of his age, he possessed such an abundant store. Mr Geddes retired some twenty years ago, but was a constant visitor to his old haunts up to within a comparatively recent period; and now he has been laid beside many who were his comrades in days gone by—many whom he has long survived in life's stress and struggle. Peace be to his ashes!

* * *

Andrew Lang says that a Scotchman who understands the distinction between "will" and "shall" is not a good Scotsman. He tells of a Scotch reporter who had joined the staff of an English newspaper. His first night on duty he knocked on the editor's door and asked—"Will I come in?" "God knows," replied the editor.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

John Livingston of Ancrum.

1603-1672.

PART I.

JOHN LIVINGSTON was the son of the Rev. William Livingston, A.M., minister of Kilsyth, and his wife Agnes Livingston of Dunipace (*a*). He describes his father as "all his days straight and zealous in the work of reformation," and his mother as "a rare pattern of piety and meekness," and these traits in their characters were in large measure inherited by their son. He was born at Kilsyth, 21st January, 1603, and at the age of ten he was sent to the Grammar School of Stirling to be educated there under "Maister" William Wallace (*b*), whom he afterwards described as a "good man and learned humanist," and with whom, he tells us, he spent "the most profitable year he had in the schools." He was not destined, however, to continue long under Mr Wallace, and pursue his studies in the "little chamber" above the old Grammar School of Stirling, as his father was shortly afterwards, in 1614, translated to Lanark, while he himself proceeded in October, 1617, to the University of Glasgow, where he graduated A.M. in July, 1621. While still a student he gave proof of non-conformist principles in disobeying the Articles of Perth (*c*), for he and two or three other young men were obliged to remove from the communion-table in 1619 by order of Archbishop Law (*d*), who was a firm upholder of Episcopal forms, as they had refused to receive the elements in a kneeling posture. At first he had thoughts of following the medical profession, but afterwards resolved to enter the Church, though his father had intended him to lead the life of a country gentleman on the estate which he possessed. After studying under the famous Principal Robert Boyd of Trochrig, he was licensed to preach in January, 1625, and for some time he appears to have officiated occasionally for his father at Lanark, and in other places about, but remained unordained as he, like many others, refused obedience to the Articles of Perth. Various places were eager to have him for their minister—Anwoth, Torphichen, North Leith, Linlithgow and Kirkcaldy—but the bishops in each case refused to ordain and prevented a settlement on account of his non-conformity, and so for some five years he remained without a settled charge. In 1627 we find him acting as domestic chaplain to the Earl of Wigton at Cumbernauld, which he continued to do for two years and a half, and while there he was instrumental in promoting the great revival of religion at the Kirk of Shotts, where he officiated at the communion on June 20, 1630, and preached on the following Monday at the request of the people who were eager to hear him. This is said to have been the first occasion of having a service on the Monday following the Communion—a custom which afterwards became quite common. In the August of this year he went to Ireland and became minister of Killinchy in County Down, with a stipend of £4 a year, to which charge he was ordained by Andrew, Bishop of Raphoe, who appears to have been more liberal-minded than some of his Episcopal brethren. Here he and others of like principles became obnoxious to the Church authorities, more intolerant than his Grace of Raphoe, and in the following year he was suspended by the Bishop of Down for non-conformity, but soon after he was restored on the intercession of Archbishop Usher, Primate of Armagh. He was deposed again, however, and for the same reason, May 4, 1632, and, seeing but small prospects of any alteration in the state of affairs then prevailing, he proposed going to New England in 1634. Meeting with contrary winds, however, he gave up his design, returned, and was restored to his ministry in May of the same year. He was again, however, deposed in the following November by the new bishop of Down, and by his order, shortly afterwards, finally excommunicated. He seems to have been in Scotland at the beginning of 1634, as he talks of paying a visit to Ireland in February of that year, and in November we find him preaching at Antrim. On the previous Friday he met the lady, whom he had known before and who afterwards became his wife, as she was going to Antrim to attend a religious meeting. Four or five days after he "propounded" the matter to her, and after a week or two visited her at her mother's house and obtained her consent. He married the lady in June 23, 1635. She was the eldest daughter of one Bartholomew Fleming, an Edinburgh merchant, "of most worthy memory," and in her he found a help-meet worthy of him in every way. Not long after this we find him and some of his non-conforming friends building a ship near Belfast, of 150 tons burden, which they called "The Eagle Wing," intending once more to proceed to the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. They started on the 9th of September, 1636, but met with such storms on the voyage that they concluded it was not the will of the Almighty

they they should proceed further or settle in that country, and accordingly they abandoned the design when near Newfoundland, and after a perilous voyage they returned, and in November reached Ulster in safety. Orders being issued for his apprehension, he returned to Scotland and stayed with his father for some time, preaching occasionally at Lanark and elsewhere. In February 28th, 1638, we find him at Lanark and other places, where he witnessed the people signing the National Covenant. In this year (*e*) Presbyterianism was once more in the ascendant, and he received calls from Stranraer and Straiton in Midlothian. The latter place he would have preferred himself, but his father and some of his friends persuaded him to accept Stranraer, whereupon he was admitted (at Stoneykirk) 5th July, 1638, in which year he was a member of Assembly, and for all the succeeding years till his translation to Ancrum in 1648. At Stranraer he remained for some ten years, where he seems to have been more successful than in Ireland. The place was "but little and poor," he tells us, but he found the people "very tractable and respectful," and he was "sometimes well satisfied and refreshed." On July 13th, 1647, he was presented by the Earl of Lothian to the parish of Ancrum (*f*), and was inducted on August 25th of the following year. Next year he was a member of Assembly, and also of the Commission for visiting the College of Edinburgh. At Ancrum he laboured for some fourteen years with much acceptance, and gained the respect and love of his parishioners. In February, 1650, he was appointed by the Assembly one of the Commissioners to proceed (along with James Wood, George Hutcheson, the Earl of Cassilis, the Earl of Lothian, and Alexander Brodie) to Breda in Holland, to negotiate with Charles with a view to his accepting the Crown and returning to Scotland. He had not much heart in this business thus imposed on him, and would rather have declined the unwelcome errand, as he had but little faith in the sincerity of Charles, and so returned dissatisfied with the way in which the proceedings were conducted. However, Charles satisfied them by giving his oath of fidelity to the Church, and was duly crowned with great pomp and ceremony at Scone by Robert Douglas, who more than hinted at the suspicions which prevailed as to the King's sincerity. After the sermon Charles swore to and subscribed the Covenants, and so the solemn farce was concluded. Scotland, no doubt, acted from a sense of loyalty, but was soon destined to pay dearly for it at Dunbar and Worcester. Of all the Stuart kings, Charles II. was the most contemptible. He was a man of pleasure, of winning manners, but without principle, dissolute and licentious to a degree; oaths and promises even the most solemn he was always ready enough to give, but to keep them was, for him, another matter. Livingston, who seems to have seen through the duplicity and hypocrisy of the King at this time more clearly than some of the others, was opposed to the Coronation. About this time a most unhappy division took place in the Church regarding the King, some adhering to certain "resolutions" in his favour, others protesting against them, hence respectively called "Resolutioners" and "Protesters." In 1651 Livingston took part with the Protesters, and at a general meeting of the party in October of that year was elected their Moderator.

(*a*) William Livingston was born 1576; graduated A.M. at Glasgow in 1595; ordained to Kilsyth, 1596; was deposed in 1613 for opposing the restoration of episcopacy and not submitting to the canons and ceremonies of the Church, but afterwards was restored and became minister of Lanark in 1614, and died in 1641, aged 65. His wife, Agnes Livingston, died in 1617, aged 32.

(*b*) William Wallace, A.M., was master of the Grammar School of Stirling from 1612 to 1617, when he removed to Glasgow to hold a similar position there. He died in 1641. He appears to have written a poetical address in Latin to the King when he visited Stirling in the summer of 1617.—"History of High School of Stirling," by A. F. Hutchison, M.A., pp. 43-49.

(*c*) These may be briefly stated as follows:—(1) Kneeling at the Communion; (2) Private communicating in case of the sick; (3) Private baptism to be allowed; (4) Episcopal confirmation; (5) the observance of certain holidays, as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, &c. They were passed by the Assembly which met at Perth, 1618, and confirmed by Parliament. They were keenly opposed, however, by the Presbyterians, who regarded them as a return to Popery, and, besides, they did not like to have them thrust upon them by the King against their will. They remained in force, though only partially observed in many of the churches, till swept away by the Glasgow Assembly of 1638.

(*d*) James Law, the successor of Archibald Spottiswood, held the see from 1615 to 1632, and was a staunch upholder of Episcopal forms. On the occasion referred to, Principal Robert Boyd of Tochrig is said to have expostulated with him next day for dealing "at Christ's table as imperiously as if removing his horse-boys from the bye-board." Boyd, who was one of the greatest scholars of his age, was Principal of Glasgow University from 1614 to 1621. He was the son of Archbishop Boyd

(1572-81), and cousin of Zachary Boyd, minister of the Barony Church, 1623-53. Trochrague (Trochrig), the family estate, is near Girvan. A very pleasing account of this learned scholar is to be found in Hewat's "In the Olden Times."

(*e*) The General Assembly which met in the nave of Glasgow Cathedral on November 21st, 1638, is famous in the ecclesiastical annals of Scotland. The Marquis of Hamilton acted as Lord High Commissioner from His Majesty, while Alexander Henderson was elected Moderator. The Assembly was dissolved by the Commissioner during their seventh sederunt, but notwithstanding they continued in session till the 20th of December, and proceeded to abolish Episcopacy, the High Commission, the Articles of Perth, the Canons and Liturgy, and to overthrow the whole fabric which James and Charles had been trying to set up with so much care and policy. The proceedings of the Assembly contributed in no small degree to the subsequent fate which overtook Charles in 1649. A full account of its proceedings is to be found in the quaint and interesting letters of Robert Baillie, who was a member of this Assembly and afterwards Principal of the University of Glasgow.

(*f*) Ancrum (Alncrumb, the bend on the Ale), is a small village of Roxburghshire, on Ale Water, which joins the Teviot, a little south of the place. Though now quite modern in appearance it is of great antiquity, and has a cross said to be of the time of Alexander III. In pre-Reformation times it was a prebend of the see of Glasgow, and was a favourite residence of the Bishops, especially such as were Border men—Jocelin (1175-99), Bondington (1233-58), Turnbull of the house of Minto, founder of Glasgow University (1448-54), and others. Bishop Bondington died here in 1258, and was buried in Melrose Abbey, near the high altar. Near to the village is Ancrum House, the residence of Sir W. Scott, and Mounteviot, a seat of the Marquis of Lothian, where Miss Jean Elliot, the author of "The Flowers of the Forest," died in 1805. In the immediate neighbourhood is the well-known Border land-mark, Penielheugh Monument, built by a former Marquis of Lothian, to commemorate Wellington and Waterloo. Ancrum Moor, scene of the famous battle between the Scotch and English in 1545, lies about 1½ miles north-east of Ancrum House. In later times Ancrum was the birthplace of William Buchan, M.D., author of the well-known and popular work "Domestic Medicine," referred to by Burns in his "Death and Dr Hornbook." Buchan died in London, 1805, and is buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

To be Continued.

What, man, ne'er lack a draught, when the full can
Stands at thine elbow, and craves emptying!—
Nay, fear not me, for I have no delight
To watch men's vices, since I have myself
Of virtue naught to boast of.

Motto ("Kenilworth.")

The Border Bookcase.

RUSKIN was a great admirer of the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and the great art critic's fine description of the Tweed near Ashiestiel shows that he also loved the Scottish Borderland. Owing to the high price charged for Ruskin's works they have been sealed books to the large mass of the people, but now that the copyrights have run out, there will be a competition among publishers for the reproduction in cheap form of the masterpieces of that great exponent of the gospel of art. Foremost among such enterprising firms is the famous house of George Routledge & Sons. Already this firm has issued fifteen volumes of Ruskin's most important works, and more will follow as the copyrights expire. There is a peculiar satisfaction in possessing one of these unabridged books, containing all the original illustrations, and handsomely bound in cloth with gold lettering, for the small sum of 1s net. Take the volume lying before us, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," as an example. It contains over 230 pages of clear printed matter on fine paper, and fourteen full-page illustrations. The thing is a marvel of beauty and cheapness.

* * * *

"THE TINKLER-GYPSIES OF GALLOWAY."

The true Borderer has always a warm side to the swarthy nomadic race which has so long had a home in the Borderland, but it is not every one who has the time or special talents necessary for a close study of the history and folklore of this peculiar people. Provost Andrew M'Cormick, of Newton-Stewart, however, is an exception in this respect, for he has spared neither time nor money in gathering into a handsome volume of nearly 500 pages much of the Romany lore, which but for such researches would soon be lost. Although quite recently published by Messrs J. Maxwell & Son, Dumfries, the volume, which contains over 100 illustrations, is already out of print. We understand the author's material is not yet exhausted, so we look forward to a new and enlarged edition of his valuable work.

* * * *

THE WONDERS OF LIFE.

So many marvels surround us in earth, air, and sea, and they become so common to us that we lose the power of seeing them. It is well, then, that we should occasionally be reminded of our environment, and this has been admirably done by Mr Allan Sutcliffe, headmaster of St John's School, Jedburgh, in a booklet bearing the above title, and published at 3d by Mr T. S. Smail, Jedburgh. The author has the happy faculty of clothing in simple language the great truths and mysteries of Nature. Beginning with the speck of dust dancing in the sunbeam, we are led on till we reach the stellar world. To our young readers in particular we would recommend this little publication as a key to open up the avenues of knowledge.

CHRISTIANITY: ITS UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

This is the title of a sermon by the genial minister of Traquair, the Rev. Jardine Wallace, B.A., which has been recently published by Messrs Wm. Blackwood & Son. The sermon is remarkable alike for its whole-hearted plea for Christian unity, and for the fact that it was delivered over twenty years ago, when the "middle wall of partition" was much stronger than it is now. Mr Wallace says:—"There is no reason to prevent the most cordial co-operation at present on the part of sister Churches, but rather every argument for it. Adhering to their respective communions, the members might well combine in spreading that blessed Gospel which is dear to us all, in maintaining with each other the most brotherly intercourse and intercommunion, and in reciprocating the ordinary courtesies of life. There is a wide field for their united energies at home and abroad—a world of sin, ignorance, and misery." In the prefatory note there is reproduced a hitherto unpublished letter by Thomas Carlyle, who says that he read the sermon "with satisfaction and assent." Surely this is the high-water mark of praise.

* * * *

MORE CHEAP BOOKS.

We have become so familiar with cheap reprints in these recent times that we are apt to forget the sixpenny edition of the "Waverley Novels," which has held the field for nearly forty years. This was owing to the enterprise of the old-established firm of A. & C. Black, who are now famous as pioneers in the production of high-class colour books. Formerly the trouble with cheap reprints was that the paper covers soon came off, but now we have the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., bringing out their "Daily Mail" series of sixpenny novels with strong flexible cloth covers, which enable the reader to use the book without fear of destruction, but with the same freedom as he handled the paper covers. The series has begun well with Hall Caine's "Eternal City," Robert Hichens' "The Woman with the Fan," and W. B. Maxwell's "Vivien"—all new standard novels. If the competition in the publishing world goes on as at present, we will all be able to be our own Carnegies, so far as library formation is concerned.

* * * *

SCOTIA.

Such is the truly national name of the new quarterly issued by the recently-formed St Andrew Society. This association has met with marked success, and it has already an imposing list of prominent national names upon its roll. The headquarters are in Edinburgh, and it has been formed to carry on similar work to that of the Scottish Patriotic Association, to which the new Society owes its origin. "Scotia" is a bulky budget of most interesting articles, which in every case appeal to our national sentiment—a sentiment which strengthens the bonds of the Empire. The quarterly is published at 1s, and its blue cover with the white St Andrew Cross may be seen on many bookstalls, and we trust in many Scottish households.

Castlecraig and Drochil Castle.

THESE contiguous places, the first a spacious mansion embroidered with woods which expand around the domain and the estate; the second, a historical and picturesque ruin, are situate eight miles from Peebles and seven from Biggar, and are therefore not remote from access by railway, while the region round about them is one wherein you may, if so disposed, have the "ultima thule of quiet;" on the other hand, you may have "quietude limited," varied in summer by the gaiety of the visitors who seek out the mansions, farms, and lodgings available to them as tenants. Regarding shooting, fishing, the motor, the cycle, and the golf club, where are these not to be had? Climb the braes beyond Drochil Castle, from which you look across to Castlecraig, and equally on the road, bordering the river Tarth, or by the Lyne, you will see and hear a fair amount of summer life in its different aspects. This bit of country between Tarth bridge, past Castlecraig to Skirling and Biggar, may be termed a good land and a large; one you would do well to traverse on a summer day.

Our first remembrance of Castlecraig is in the distant days when it was (continuing till quite recently) in the hands of the Gibson-Carmichael family, whose high social status, vast acreage, and political influence gave them an important position in a county of which the late Lord Wemyss was then the head as Lord-Lieutenant, though not resident therein, and which was in Parliament represented in turns by the Montgomerys, Forbes-Mackenzie, and the Gibson-Carmichaels. There is an excellent public road running, as it were, through the policies of Castlecraig, with the mansion on the left a large house reposing on a wooded bank, and surrounded by a perfect forest of leafy shade. In the immediate neighbourhood is the old house of Scotston, the kirk and manse of Kirkurd, the hamlet of Blythbridge, the mansion of Netherurd, and all these are in proximity to a small stream yielding plenty trout, the Tarth, which joins the Lyne at Tarth Bridge. Beyond doubt it is Castlecraig which for many miles dominates the district, with its intense beauty of wood and its grassy undulation, its agricultural farms, trim cottages, hay meadows, gardens and orchards; the eye is mesmerically attracted to Castlecraig as the place between Biggar and Peebles, via Skirling and Lyne, and we cannot fancy any residence more suitable for a

gentleman who has done, and may still be doing, active work, obtaining herein whatever degree of restfulness he may find desirable. Stepping from the front-door on a July day is the flower lawn, wafting its scent of honeysuckle and roses; the papers are read, and a stroll into the forest yields a gladsome shade. Here the laird makes his plans for the afternoon drive, which, whether it be to Peebles or to Biggar, has the best of roads and the prime of lowland scenery. Happy and grateful man! The close of this summer day finds him on good terms with mankind and himself, and on the Sunday he contributes to the plate of Kirkurd Church, a sovereign gleaming bright among the dusky pennies or the dimmed "saxpence!"

Scotston has this much of historical interest, that it once belonged to the Telfers, near relatives of Tobias Smollett, historian and novelist, who visited the place more than once. We see here the remains of an interesting old mansion, now used as a farmhouse, while the property of Scotston and Knocknowes came by purchase to the Gibson-Carmichaels exactly a century ago. But for historical interest more palpable let us now visit Drochil Castle, which the Earl of Morton of his day commenced to build, but which he did not live to complete, he having been executed at the Cross of Edinburgh as being art and part in the murder of Lord Darnley. In Chambers' "History of Peeblesshire" it is thus referred to:—"The ruin is open throughout, except some of the vaults and passages, and the whole, a kind of pendicle of the farm-steading of Drochill, may readily be inspected by the tourist. The situation of the Castle, though dull and lonely, has not been ill-chosen. It commands a view of the valleys of the Lyne, Tarth, and Tweed, and could not have been easily taken by surprise;" and Pennicuik's decription supplements that of Chambers:—"The Nether Drochill hath been designed more for a palace than a castle of defence, and is of mighty bulk; founded and more than half built, but never finished by the then great and powerful Regent James Douglas, Earl of Morton. Upon the front of the south entry of this Castle was J.E.O.M., James, Earl of Morton, in raised letters, with the fetter-lock, as Warden of the Borders. This mighty Earl, for the pleasure of the place and the salubrity of the air, designed here a noble recess and retirement from worldy business, but was prevented by his unfortunate and inexorable death, three years after, Anno 1581." Taken in connection with Castlecraig, Drochil is made interesting as a most important adjunct of old-world architecture, well preserved amidst its general decay, and its remains constitute, says Chambers, "the grandest of the ruined castles in the county." Now residing far away from it, we turn in memory to the days when it was frequently visited, and the "run of the place" was freely accorded us by James Murray of Craigend, the respected tenant of the farm of Drochill, where he resided during several leases under the lairdship of the last Earl of Wemyss, and this worthy gentleman (Murray) lived to an age prolonged enough to make him weather-beaten and rugged like the very Castle itself. Superintending his staff of farm-servants, and interesting himself in his flocks and farm produce, "Old Drochil," as he came to be called, though not a celebrity, was a very popular man on the banks of the Lyne, where his son, also James Murray, laird of Callands, resided at the mansion of the latter, near to Newlands manse. The family-worship at Drochil, which included several of the outdoor servants, commenced by the master himself raising the tune of the Psalm, followed by his reading and devotional exercises, and it was a pleasant sight to observe Mr Murray returning from kirk or market up the Castle brae to his peaceful domestic home, which he so long enjoyed, and where there was dispensed much cordial hospitality. Being quite the father of the household, and prominent as the patriarch of the district, we cannot help associating this venerable man with these parishes of Newlands and Kirkurd; but the jays are now cawing their evening melody around the Castle, and thus we finish our imperfect sketch of Castlecraig, &c.

D. Brown Anderson.

Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown!
—"Lady of the Lake."

* * * *

Gude-will is a geizened tub, that huads in nae liquor, and gude deed's like the cask, tight, round, and sound, that will haud liquor for the king.—"Bride of Lammermoor."

* * * *

Set roasted beef and pudding on the opposite side o' the pit of Tophet, and an Englishman will make a spang at it.—"Rob Roy."

"Bosells Fair."

"BOSELLS FAIR!" What memories these words suggest in the mind of a Lessudden laddie! "The Fair!" There was only one fair, neither Lammas Fair nor James' Fair counted. They were outside the Lessudden horizon.

For at least a fortnight before, the days were counted, and when the Green became "common" caps were metaphorically thrown in the air, and it was with a delicious sense of proprietorship that we scampered across the grass. It was ours, and not even the Duke could put us off. We were keen on our rights. The first coming of the muggers was eagerly looked for, and we counted them as they arrived. It was a cause of congratulation when their numbers exceeded that of the previous year. "There's just aboot the same number on the front green as there was last year." This, said rather sorrowfully. "Ay, man," comes the response from one who has been to see, "but 'e should see them on the back green. There's a gey lot there. Their camps are doon by the pound and up near to Merwick gate."

The muggers' horses were things of delight tempered with fear. How the muggers rode! What daring, dashing fellows they were! and how delightful to ride on horseback to Tweed, and splash through the cool shallows at the "Burn-fit" and the "Plainstane." In addition to the fascination of the horses, there was that of dwelling in tents. How that appealed to us, too!

There were few muggers forty years ago who had houses on wheels, as they have now. The tents for the most part then were made of stuff of some sort—plaids, blankets, horse-rugs, and the like—stretched on a wooden framework. The fire was outside, and the meals were cooked in pots, and kettles hung on tripods over the fire.

Even for the mugger children there were bed-time, washings, and combings of hair, but how fine and free to sleep on straw in the open air. The week in which the Green was "common" was, we thought, a seven days' picnic for them. We knew many of the muggers, too. The arrival of a new family for the first time was noted with satisfaction, and we managed somehow to find out how they were related to the other members of the fraternity.

Tabor, of "Tabor take a tattie, ay, Tabor, take twae," was there; Hawick Wattie, with his one song, was a frequent visitor; the Douglases, and many others never failed, and we spoke familiarly of them by their christian names, and felt a proprietary interest in them, for they came to "oor green" and "oor fair."

School holidays in these days did not begin till some time in August. This, I fancy, was on account of the harvest, and so we had to make our visits to the Green when "the school was not in;" even "leave-time" allowed us, at the risk of a palmy for being late, to run up and just take a hurried peep. We always got a holiday of two or three days for the fair, and we felt that Providence was distinctly unfair when the fair fell on a Friday or a Monday. For it to fall on a Saturday, of course, was rankest injustice. We maintained that the least that the school authorities could do in such a case was to give us the days all the same, but they did not. The day before the fair we sang:—

"The morn's the fair, and I'll be there,
And I'll have on ma curly hair;
I'll meet ma lass at the fit o' the stair,
And gie her a glass and a wee drap mair."

On the day itself we were up before breakfast. I once knew a boy who spent all his coppers before breakfast. What a day he put in! but he did not leave the fair; neither did he ever err in that particular way again. After breakfast and after dinner we were "up" again—it was always "up the Green"—and after tea we took a final look round. Then we made ourselves as unobtrusive as possible whenever any of the Home authorities appeared, lest they should say, "Home, bed." If such an one appeared we discovered we had business in another part of the fair.

Before the Marts were established at Newtown the fair was a great sheep and cattle market, and it was one of the traditions of boyhood that coppers, to what seemed to us a fabulous amount, might be made by acting as assistant drovers. Nice supple ash plants were cut from the "Braes" some time previous—we had a great belief in what were called "ground ashes"—and we were ready when the sheep and cattle came on the ground, but, truth to tell, coppers were not plentiful. One Irish drover had a little way of enlisting drovers, and promising to pay big money; but when pay-time was drawing near he made a practice of shouting some order, then, pretending that it had not been carried out, he worked himself into a great rage, and rushed at his assistant with uplifted stick. The amateur drover usually took to his heels without waiting for payment. He got service for nothing in this way.

There were, as was natural, some farmers and cattle-dealers who objected to the Marts. Human nature, even among farmers, is intensely conservative. A few of them made an organised attempt to buy and sell their beasts on the Green by private bargain, as they had been accustomed to do, and as their fathers had done before them; but Messrs Swan captured one of the leaders in this movement and made him their agent. In addition, the Marts commended themselves, and now cattle and sheep are conspicuous by their absence. I can remember the last solitary lot of sheep that was on the Green. They, or it, stood on the Green on the other side of the road from the smiddy, and they looked forlorn.

The horse market was held on the back Green, and, again, to go there was a delight tempered with fear, for you never knew when a horse was coming charging down at full-tilt, one man hanging on to its head, and seller and probable buyer watching its paces.

The muggers were all horse-coupers. Many of them had good beasts, but they were always willing to make a swap, and, as a rule, what they did not know about horse-flesh was not worth knowing. They were past-masters in the art of doctoring an aged staid horse so that it capered and danced with the youngest and freshest.

The day before the fair, or, perhaps, even the day before that, the shows, shooting galleries, and hobby-horses arrived, and were duly set up in their stances. All those were more primitive than these we are accustomed to see to-day. So far as I remember, the motive power for the hobby-horses was a man, who perspired freely as he turned a big wheel. The better class had a horse or a pony which did the work. Now they have steam-power and electric light, and even the organ—no, it is a full orchestra—is driven by steam.

The "krames"—*id est* the stalls—were another source of delight. There used to be an old woman who came every year, for long, with a large stall, in which she displayed toys. To us they seemed marvellous, but I fancy that children to-day would turn up their noses at them. Among other things, she had a stock of fancy canes, and it was the correct thing, after you came to a certain age, to buy one of those swagger-sticks and carry it all day. They rarely lasted beyond the day, but you got one all the same, and you compared yours with your neighbours.

It was that stall that was responsible for emptying the pockets of the boy whom I mentioned a little ago, and insult was added to injury too, for later on in the day, when he was asking the price of something, he was ordered away because he had no money. That was the largest krame of the kind there, and it always stood in the same position on the Green quite near to the smiddy. From it other stalls stretched in an irregular, broken line over to the road that leads to the cross-roads and up the side of it for a little way..

There you could get sherbet drinks, for a ha'penny; yellow gooseberries, popularly supposed to be ripe by the fair; sweets of many hues and various degrees of indigestibility, and so on. There were the usual cocoa-nut shies and aunt-sallies. On one occasion, at least, I have seen the nimble-fingered thimble rigger there, but he had short shrift, for the law made him move on.

Occasionally, too, there came the auctioneer, who offered bargains and made startling presents. You bought a sixpenceworth, and you got your sixpence back—at least one or two did. The others who came in then with a rush did not.

The Duke of Buccleuch is owner of the ground on which the fair is held, and thirty years ago there was a quaint custom in vogue. Some time in the forenoon a procession was formed. There was a man with a drum, and others with some sort of weapon or symbol of office on their shoulders, and to the tuck of drum they marched through the fair. Whether this was a relic of the "Court of the dusty feet"—a court that used to be constituted to try and punish offences committed in the fair, or a proclamation of the Duke of Buccleuch's over-lordship, I cannot say.

I have the impression that I once saw a man committed to the stocks on the fair day. The stocks lay near the old police station on the Green, and were unused most of the year. I certainly saw a man confined, but I am not so sure that it was on the fair day, and I do not know by whose authority he was put there. Perhaps some of the older readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE can throw some light on the origin and meaning of this custom and on the fate of the stocks.

I think that the late Mr Charles Lamb, of St Boswells, was one of the officials who marched through the fair.

Beyond the time that my memory recalls, I believe that the day after the fair was devoted to games and horse-racing. The muggers played a great part as horsemen. One year, however, a young man, a native of the

village, was killed while riding, and after that sad event the games and races were stopped.

I re-visited the fair some years ago, after an absence of many years, and saw many changes. The cattle and sheep had vanished; the muggers are now only allowed on the Green on the fair day, a few hours before, and a few hours afterwards. I suppose if they cared to insist on their ancient rights they might occupy the Green for seven days as formerly, but it is not worth while. The horse market is as busy as ever; wool is still sold; the shows are more numerous and better appointed; the muggers have mostly got houses on wheels now, and the tent is a thing of the past. The old stocks have disappeared, and so has the quaint procession of which I spoke.

The old folks used to say, "Bosells fair, Bosells flood," and occasionally the 18th of July is a day of rain, but when I was there last the sun shone gloriously, and one could only move about with effort. Lammas fair has gone, but Bosells fair gives evidence of flourishing for many years. That this may be so is the wish of A. L. A. SUDDEN.

A Border Literary Chronicle, with Brief Biographical Notes.

PART X.

SIBBALD, JAMES (b. at Whitelaw, Roxburghshire, 1747—d. at Leith, 1803); educated at Selkirk; after trying farming went to Edinburgh and set up as a bookseller; wrote in 1802 "The Chronicles of Scottish Poetry from the 13th Century to the Union of the Crowns;" edited the "Edinburgh Magazine" from 1785-92; friend of Burns; had a circulating library in Parliament Square, which young Walter Scott used to frequent. (B.M. iv. 93).

SHANKS, REV. ALEXANDER (b. 1731), was Burgher minister at Jedburgh from 1760 till 1799; "was a man of great simplicity of character, but very considerable talents." He published several sermons, one on "Peace and Order" attracted the attention of Government, and in consequence he was offered a pension, which he modestly declined.

SMIBERT, THOMAS (b. at Peebles, 1810—d. at Edinburgh, 1854), practised as a surgeon at Innerleithen; wrote for "Chambers's Journal," of which he acted as sub-editor, and in the same capacity for the "Scotsman;" published in 1851 a vol. of poems, "Io Anche! Poems chiefly Lyrical." His best piece is "The Scottish Widow's Lament;" his "Conde's Wife" was acted at Edinburgh, 1842; published also "Clans of the Highlands," 1850.

SOMERVILLE, REV. THOMAS, D.D., F.R.S.E. (b. at Hawick, 1741—d. May 16, 1830), minister of Minto, 1767-72; succeeded Dr MacKnight at Jedburgh, 1772; wrote histories of the Restoration and Fall of the Stuarts, 1792, and of Queen Anne, 1798; and an interesting autobiography, "My own Life and Times," from 1741-1814, published in 1861. He was uncle and father-in-law to

SOMERVILLE, MARY (b. 1780—d. 1872), daughter of Admiral W. Geo. Fairfax, the hero of the battle of Camperdown; married (1) in 1804 her cousin, Samuel Greig, who died in 1807, and (2) in 1812 another cousin, William Somerville (1771-1860), physician to Chelsea Hospital, eldest son of Dr Thos. Somerville; devoted herself to science and wrote on the Spectrum and Laplace; "The Mechanism of the Heavens" appeared in 1831; "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," in 1834; and her "Physical Geography" in 1848. In later life she settled in Italy, and died at Naples in Nov. 1872.

STEELE, ANDREW (b. at Coldstream, 1811—d. Feb. 20, 1882), was a shoemaker to trade; contributed poetry to the Border newspapers; published a vol. of poems in 1871.

STODDART, THOMAS TOD (b. Feb. 14, 1810—d. Nov. 22, 1880), "the Scottish Walton"; was educated for the bar and passed as advocate, but gave up law and settled down for life at Kelso, 1836; wrote numerous angling songs and poems—"Art of Angling," 1835; "Angling Reminiscences," 1837; "Songs and Poems," 1839; "Angler's Companion," 1847; "An Angler's Rambles" and "Angling Songs," 1866; "Songs of the Seasons and other Poems," 1873. His daughter, Anna M. Stoddart, is the biographer of Prof. Blackie, whose forbears belonged to Kelso.

STORY, ROBERT (b. at Yetholm, March 3, 1790—d. 18), schoolmaster at Yetholm, afterwards minister of Roseneath, the intimate friend of Chalmers, Irving, Thos. Pringle, Dr Norman Macleod, Dr Robert Lees, &c.; father of Principal Story, who wrote his Memoir, 1862.

TELFER, JAMES (b. at Southdean, 1800—d. Jan. 18, 1862), balladist; schoolmaster at Saughtree, on the Liddell; wrote a vol. of "Border Ballads and Miscellaneous Poems" (1824), dedicated to the Ettrick Shepherd, also the Border story of "Barbara Gray," 1835, and a vol. of "Tales and Sketches," about 1855. (B.M. v. 55, 68).

THOMSON, JAMES (b. at Ednam, near Kelso, Sept. 11, 1700—d. at Richmond, Aug. 27, 1748), poet of the "Seasons;" third son of the minister of Ednam, afterwards of Southdean, near Jedburgh, where the poet spent his early years; educated at Jedburgh Grammar School, and studied at Edinburgh for the Church; patronised by Lord Cranston, Sir W. Bennet, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, at whose residence he spent some of his vacations; removed to London in 1725; published "Winter" in 1726; "Summer" and "Spring," 1728; "Seasons" complete, 1730; "Castle of Indolence," 1748; wrote also several plays—"Sophonisba," "Agamemnon," "The Masque of Alfred" (which contains the famous song "Rule, Britannia"), "Tancred and Sigismunda;" "Coriolanus"; died at Richmond, to which he had removed, in 1736. (B.M. v. 163, 166; vi. 16).

THOMSON, ANDREW, D.D. (b. at Langholm, 1779—d. 1831), minister of Sprouston, 1802; translated in 1808 to Perth, and afterwards became minister of St George's, Edinburgh; a prominent leader and orator in the Church Courts; wrote on public questions of the day.

THOMSON, JAMES (b. at Bowden, July 4, 1827—died at Hawick, Dec. 21, 1888), spent the greater part of his life at Hawick; published in 1870 a small vol. entitled "Doric Lays and Lyrics." "Up wi' the Banner," "The Border Queen," "The Auld Smiddy End," "Star o' Robbie Burns," "Oor Jock," are some of his better known pieces. (B.M. iv. 133).

TURNBULL, WILLIAM, a son of Turnbull of Bedrule; Bishop of Glasgow, 1448-54. In 1450 he procured a bull from Pope Nicholas V. for the founding of Glasgow University. He is said to have founded Jedburgh Grammar School, and was Archdeacon of Lothian, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Bishop of Dunkeld, before he was promoted to the see of Glasgow.

VEITCH, JAMES, OF INCHBONNY, near Jedburgh (b. 1770 d. 1838), a self-taught astronomer and philosopher; friend of Sir Walter Scott and Sir David Brewster, who spent much of his boyhood in Veitch's shop; constructed telescopes, &c., and wrote articles on mechanical subjects to the "Edinburgh Cyclopædia." (B.M. v. 15, 34, 45).

VEITCH, JOHN, LL.D. (b. at Peebles, Oct. 29, 1829—d. Sept. 3, 1894), was professor of Logic and Rhetoric, St Andrews, 1860; occupied the same chair at Glasgow from 1864 till his death; wrote "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," 1878; "Hillside Rhymes," 1872; "Tweed and other Poems," 1875; "Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry," 1887; "Merlin and other Poems," 1889; "Border Essays," 1896. B.M. i. 214; 198).

VEITCH, WILLIAM, LL.D. (b. at Lanton, near Jedburgh, 1794—d. 1885), educated at Jedburgh and Edinburgh University, and a licentiate of the Church of Scotland; devoted himself to the study and teaching of Greek in Edinburgh from 1843; known to scholars as the author of "Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective," 1848. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and assisted in revising Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon.

WADE, JAMES A., author of "A History of Melrose Abbey;" edited the "Border Magazine," 1863-64.

WATT, WILLIAM (b. at West Linton, 1792—d. 1859), poet; author of a vol. of songs published in 1835; 2nd edit. in 1845. "Kate Dalrymple," "The Tinkler's Waddin'," "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife," "Auld John Paul," "Katie Christie," are some of his better known pieces.

WATTS, THOMAS (b. at Duns, 1845—d. 1888?), published in 1880 a collection of his poems under the title of "Woodland Echoes."

WATSON, REV. JAMES HIRAM (b. at Eccles, Berwickshire, 1852—d. Jan. 24, 1903), son of the Rev. James Watson, minister of Eccles; educated at Eccles and Edinburgh University, where he studied for the Church; contributed to the magazines and periodicals; chief work, "Proverbs, Proverbial Expressions and Popular Rhymes of Scotland."

WATSON, JAMES (b. at Jedburgh, April 1, 1835—d. April 13, 1898), wrote "History of Jedburgh Abbey: Historical and Descriptive," 1877; "Living Bards of the Border," 1859; and various interesting literary papers. (B.M. iv. 136, 152, 165).

WAUGH, ALEXANDER, D.D. (b. near Earlston, Aug. 16, 1754—d. Dec. 14, 1827), educated at Earlston, Edinburgh University, and Aberdeen; licensed to preach in 1779; minister of Newtown, near Melrose, 1780-82, and of Wells Street Congregational Church, London, 1782; published a vol. of "Sermons," 1825.

WILSON, JAMES HOOD, D.D. (b. at Duns, 1829—d. 18), minister of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh. (B.M. i. 201).

WILSON, JOHN MACKAY (b. at Tweedmouth, 1803—d. 1835), poet and dramatist; editor of the "Tales of the Border" and of the "Berwick Advertiser," 1832-35. (B.M. ix. 134).

WILSON, JAMES (b. at Hawick, 1805—d. 1861), for some time carried on business as a hatter, but afterwards devoted himself to literature and economical questions; in 1839 published a vol. on "The Influence of the Corn Laws;" in 1843 editor of the "Economist"; in 1847 elected M.P.; was Secretary to the Board of Control and Financial Secretary to the Treasury; in 1860 sent by the Government on a political mission to India, but died in the following year.

WILSON, ROBERT (b. 1772—d. Sept. 7, 1837), wrote a "History of Hawick," 1825, and a "Disquisition on the Corn Laws," 1826; was a leading citizen of Hawick, and took great interest in the political questions of the day.

YOUNG, JOHN, D.D. (b. 1744—d. March 25, 1806), anti-burgher minister of Hawick, 1767-1806; wrote several vols. of Sermons and Essays, and a History of the French War in 2 vols.

YOUNGER, JOHN (b. at Longnewton, parish of Ancrum, July 5, 1785—d. June 19, 1860), a shoemaker to trade; a man of great intelligence and sterling honesty, who could "heuk a saumon and write a guid sang," for "in both was he equally skilful;" lived at St Boswells; published "Thoughts as they rise," a vol. of poems, 1834; "River Angling for Salmon and Trout," 1839; left MS. Memories, published in "Autogiography of John Younger," Kelso, 1881. (B.M. ii. 33).

* * *

With the present month our "Chronicle" comes to an end. It is more than likely that some names may have escaped the compiler, and readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE would confer a favour if they would kindly send to the Editor any brief notices of Border worthies which have been omitted from the list. These could be added later on by way of supplement. No names, however, of persons still living should be given.

A. GRAHAM,
(Compiler of "Chronicle.")

Love's darts
Cleave hearts
Through mail shirts.
"Fair Maid of Perth."

* * *

Too much rest in rust,
There's ever cheer in changing;
We tyne be too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging.
Motto ("The Betrothed.")

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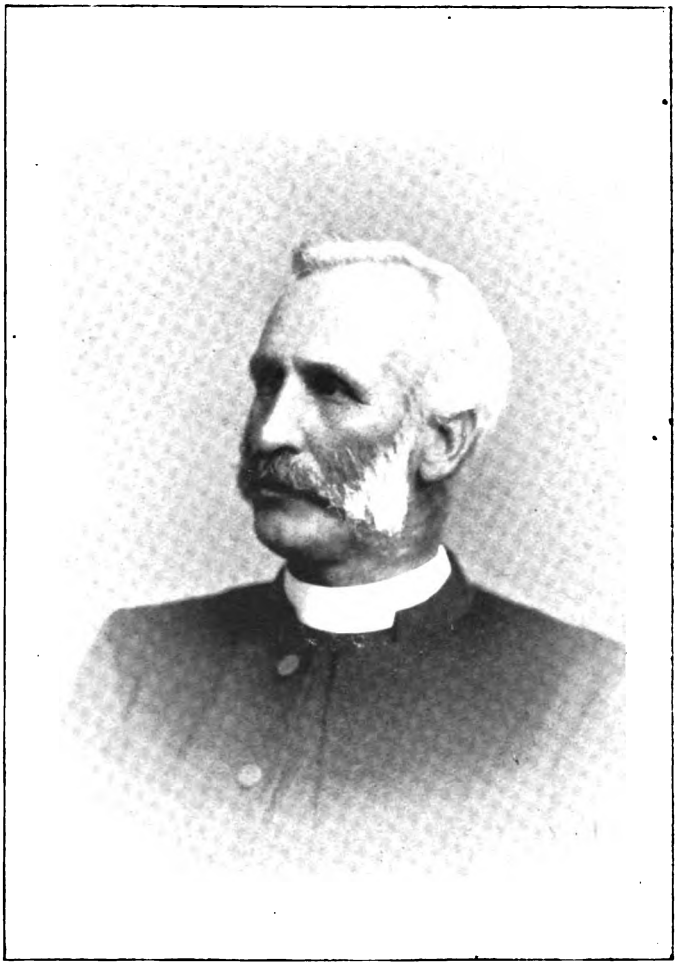

REV. ROBERT BORLAND, YARROW.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Border Biography, History, Literature, and Folklore.

Edited by William Sanderson.

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REV. ROBERT BORLAND,

MINISTER OF YARROW.

"Oh Yarrow garlanded with rhyme,
That clothes thee in a mournful glory."

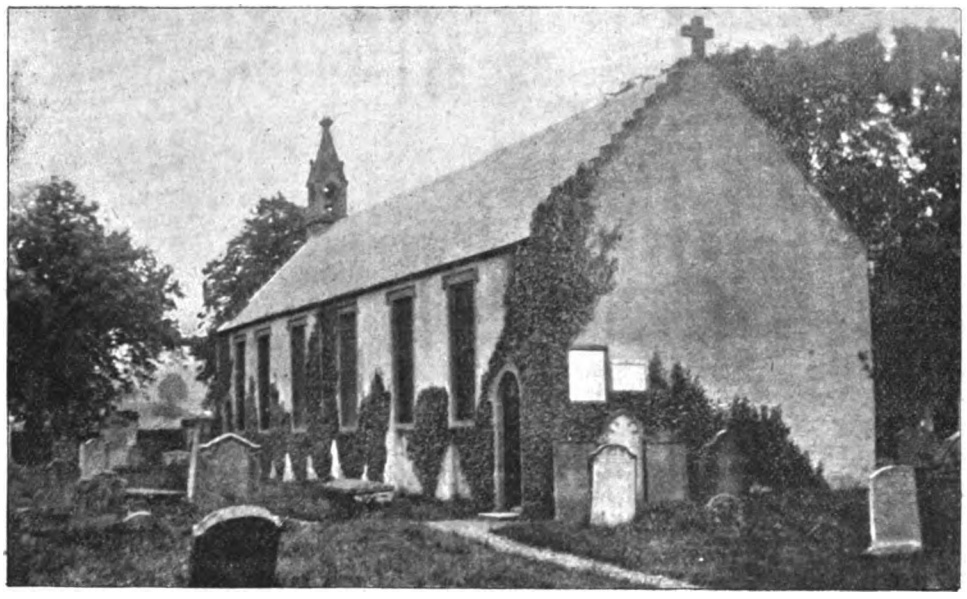
TO enter this lovely valley even with a soul no greater than the commonplace tourist is to realise the pressure of an atmosphere which cannot be explained in terms of the laws of physics. The air is spiritualised; ballad, legend, romance, and chivalry conjure shapes of some old unhappy far-off time that move across the soft, green-rounded hills, peep from every bush, nestle among the bracken and heather, and murmur in the sweet wave of Yarrow flowing. To attempt an analysis of one's feelings is to run the risk of materialising one's conceptions; better to feel and be silent else the dream of glamourie and of fairyland will vanish.

Yarrow has a literature all its own, and no student of our language can be said to know the finer essence of that which is peculiarly Scottish till his mind has assimilated the spirit of the Border ballads, especially the group that centres in the love and tragedy of this fascinating valley. Wordsworth felt it, English though he was; the poetic interpreter of nature was at home the moment his eye caught the contour of the hills and his ear heard the ripple of the stream. If familiarity does not always breed contempt, it seldom fails to dull the vision, even when the acting influences are more or less spiritual; but the late Mr James Brown, Selkirk, who lived all his life within sight of this valley, could write in middle life of Yarrow as if his soul had just been caught on a freshet of poetic experience. His poems express that subtle charm peculiar to his environment which show how thoroughly the spirit of the valley had penetrated his life.

Yarrow has outstanding names associated with its history and romance: Dr Rutherford, Scott, Hogg, Christopher North, Mungo Park, and Veitch rise easily in one's memory; but while they are recognised as having given the valley its setting in Scottish literature, the real life of the people resident gathers round the manse, and centres in the lives of those ministers who for centuries, even before the Reformation, administered the ordinances of the church. Notable among these are, Rutherford, the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, and the two Russells, father and son, but not less striking has been the incumbency of

the present minister, the Rev. Robert Borland.

No one can meet Mr Borland without feeling in touch with an interesting personality. His tall, straight figure, inches beyond the six feet, abundant hair that crowns his head like a miniature snowdrift, and his keen, sharp eyes stamp him as a man whom you cannot pass without notice. Born in Dalserf, in the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire, fully a half-century ago, and educated in the village school at Stonehouse, he early set his heart upon being a minister, but he could not enter the Church of Scotland, for Calvinism at that time in its severer aspects dominated the teaching of the pulpit and repelled him. His sympathies were with the views of Morison, who founded the Evangelical Union, and he entered the University of Glasgow to qualify for that church, eventually occupying charges at Langholm and Kilmarnock. But Mr Borland was not long in realising that the three "universalities" which lay at the basis of the teaching of the Evangelical Union Church had begun to penetrate the thought and life of the Church of Scotland. The teaching of Campbell of Row, in many respects akin to Morison's, and for many years sterilised by the cold blasts of controversy that blew between the Church and the State, which ended in the Disruption, was, now that quieter times had set in, permeating the pulpit; and Mr Borland, recognising the trend of thought, resolved to follow the lead which his experience of church life and work had given him. In 1880 he was admitted a student in Theology in the University of Glasgow, and became a probationer of the Church of Scotland. His recognised ability as a preacher secured for him at once a call to Kirkton parish, which he declined in favour of another call to Ladhope in Galashiels. Here he laboured for about a year and a half with much acceptance, preaching Sunday after Sunday to crowded congregations. The church and parish of Yarrow became vacant in January, 1883, by the death of Dr Russell; and Mr Borland, sent by his Presbytery to supply in accordance with the laws and practice of the Church, so captivated the people with his eloquence that they resolved to give him a call. This he accepted. For twenty-four years he has been minister of this beautiful and historic parish, endearing himself to his people by the beauty of his services and the charm of his manner.



YARROW KIRK.

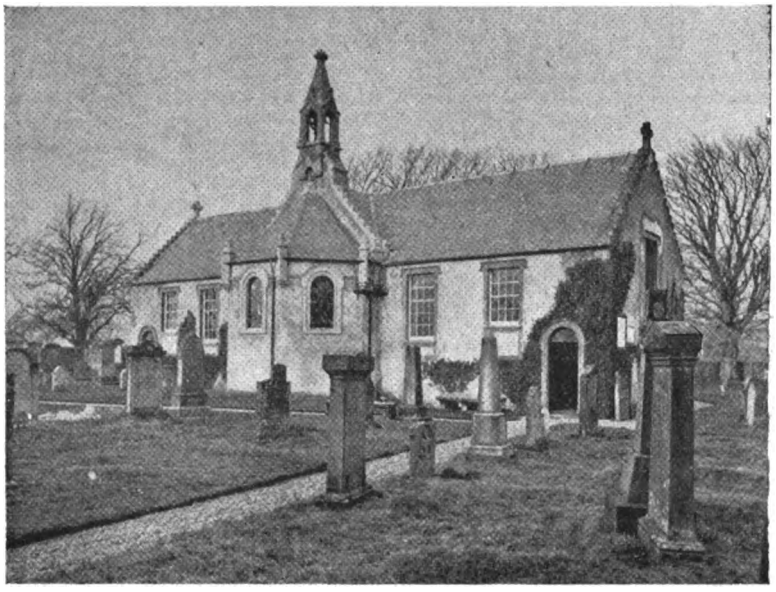
Relief from the strain of a town charge has provided him with the leisure requisite for literary work, and the years have been fruitful. "Yarrow: Its Poets and Poetry," "Bor-

der Raids and Reivers," "A Memoir of James Hogg," "A Holiday in Norway," and "A Word in Season," besides articles to numerous magazines and newspapers, have followed in regular succession, all indicating a cultured and well-informed mind. Mr Borland has thoroughly assimilated the history, literature, and spirit of the Yarrow valley. There is not a single question of antiquarian or literary interest which has not exercised his mind, and regarding which he has not given proofs of independent study.

A man of affairs, he touches and moulds the social and educational, as well as the religious side of his parish at all points. Chairman of the School Board, and the Parish Council, member of the County Council, and of the County Committee on Secondary Education, he lives as busy a life as the minister of a city parish, and exercises an influence few city ministers wield. As a testimony to his breath of view and practical insight, the Chairmen of the School Boards within the County of Selkirk elected him to represent them on the Provincial Committee for the Training of Teachers. He is an F.S.A. (Scot.), and takes part in the studies and business of numerous other societies.

In the Courts of the Church his voice is often heard, but he never speaks without impressing the brethren with his grasp of detail and intelligent insight. He is an ecclesiastic of the best type—large-minded and warm-hearted — and though he frequents Queen Street, No. 22, as a member of numerous Committees, they have failed to put the brand of that fatal number upon him.

Those of us who listened to Mr Borland's preaching nearly a quarter of a century ago can never forget the sonorous roll of his voice, his vigorous eloquence, and closely-compacted thought, and to one inclined to forecast the years, there was the danger that when the fires glowed with less heat, he might reach the unpopularity of over-burdened thought; but Yarrow has saved him from the severities of the logical mind. The rich colour of poetic thought has checked and corrected latent tendencies, giving to the pulpit utterances of later years a more emotional and imaginative strain. And yet, while the years have made him more of the poet, he is still the keen dialectician, reading all the best theological literature as it issues from the Press, never losing interest in a "problem," and eager to discuss with whomsoever will. As a conversational-



YARROW KIRK, SHOWING ALTERATIONS.

From a Photo by *J. B. Brown, Selkirk.*

ist, he is "facile princeps" among all the ministers of my acquaintance, and hours spent with him are the most cherished memories of life.

It is well known that our Universities are endowed with travelling scholarships associated with theology, the classics, and science; but why should the Church of Scotland not have a travelling lectureship as an adjunct to the literary department of the Young Men's Guild? There could be no difficulty in deciding as to the minister who should receive the first appointment. Mr Borland's claims are pre-eminent, for his fame as a lecturer is widely acknowledged. He has done valuable service to the Church in her several parishes, where he has been called back time and again to deliver lectures, which never fail to charm with their humour and pathos, as well as their exact scholarship and literary grace.

Though Mr Borland is conservative in many respects, with a strong love for all that the Church has inherited of the beautiful and the true, he has come to recognise that Yarrow Kirk, built in 1640, has fallen behind the æsthetic needs of the time, and with the aid of sympathetic heritors, members and friends, he has executed a scheme of thorough renovation and adapted it to modern requirements. A beautiful apse has been built on the south wall of the church, in which there have been placed three handsome stained-glass windows. The interior has been completely renewed, the whole woodwork being of oak, with much lovely panelling and screen work. The cost has amounted to £1700, and the bulk of this sum was raised by Mr Borland's lectures in different parts of the country. Everywhere he went the people evinced the keenest interest in the work, and responded to his appeals with a heartiness which astonished the lecturer.

A day in Yarrow has always been associated in my memory with a day at the manse. A warm welcome and generous hospitality from Mrs, as well as Mr, Borland never fails to meet one. To sit at the study window and look out on Deuchar Swire, with the soft, green, rounded hill behind, where the shadows play like fairies on the slopes, while the lonely music of the river mingles with the hum of conversation—to think of Yarrow, its legends, romance, chivalry, and song, and weave all as parts of our common life—these are memories that touch sources of feeling, hope, and inspiration as near the religious as it is possible for one to experience outside the Christian faith.

ALEX. LOUDON.

Regarding Yarrow Kirk restoration, Mr Duncan Fraser, writing in the "Southern Reporter" of 18th April, says:—

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

We have heard a good deal about the successful restoration of Yarrow Kirk, but circumstances had not allowed us to see and judge for ourselves, until last Sunday. It was a lovely April day, cold, but clear, with every hill standing bold against the blue sky, distinct as a cameo. Four miles down the valley on such a day was ideal church going. So seemed to think many of the good folk of the district, for they hied on their way in good numbers, considering the claims of the season upon the shepherd worshippers. The impression made upon our minds when we entered the gate of the churchyard was, that somehow the ground covered more space than of old, or that the various gravestones were at least more distinctly brought into view. It was with mingled feelings that we saw the names of many who, in bygone days, were wont to await the ringing of the kirk-bell, even as we were doing that day. The exterior of Yarrow Kirk has much of its old familiar look, save for the semi-octagonal bulge of the apse, and its additional length. The interior—ah! Who can describe the alteration there? Graceful in form, artistic in wood and stone, spacious in its pews, and grateful to the senses in its chaste colouring—there was nothing obtrusive, but much that was helpful to devotion. We have known Yarrow Kirk when its dim religious light was too real for comfort; and when the fresh air from the glorious adjacent hills was too rigorously excluded. But for all that we revered it for its history, and for the eminence and piety of the famous men who successively filled its pulpit. But neither religious tradition nor manse piety is endangered by the beautiful house of worship now placed at the disposal of the dwellers in the classic vale. Old associations are precious! Here they are not endangered, but enhanced. Older folk treasure their memories, but we almost envy the children the impressions and memories they are laying up around their beautiful church. While Mr Borland was earnestly delivering his message, we could not help recalling the aphorism of the political economists—that he who makes two blades of grass grow instead of one is a benefactor of mankind; and we thought how much more is he a benefactor of mankind who can raise a "house beautiful" upon the sombre foundation of an old one.

The Proclamation of the Sovereign.

SOME RECORDS OF JEDBURGH.

By Provost Hilson.

SINCE 1901 this subject, as relating to Scottish jurisdiction, has from time to time occupied the attention of the Convention of Royal Burghs. The burgh representatives were compelled to deal seriously with it, owing to the procedure which took place throughout Scotland at the ascension of His Majesty King Edward in 1901. Till then the belief was prevalent that in the ancient Royal burghs of Scotland a King or Queen ought to be proclaimed at the Mercat Cross, and that the lieges had an immemorial right to hear the all-important message from the mouths of their Provosts and Magistrates. This claim was believed to be founded on immemorial usage, maturing under the rights and privileges conferred by the Royal charters which called these burghs into independent corporate being. Mr Cosmo Innes, in his "Scottish Legal Antiquities," says that "the very essence of Royal Burgh tenure is that the burgh holds immediately of the Crown," and that the Parliament in the time of David II. declared it illegal for the King to interpose any persons between him and his vassals. He sets forth in ample historical detail the inherent powers of self-government which the Royal Burghs for centuries enjoyed. By the twenty-first article of the Union it was enacted that "the rights and privileges of the Royal Burghs of Scotland as they now are do remain entire after the Union, and notwithstanding thereof." Round the Mercat Cross linger many memories of the past, and to the indwellers it is a spot really sanctified by tradition. But in 1901, when King Edward was proclaimed, the Mercat Cross was no longer held inviolate in not a few of the Royal Burghs. Owing to the operation of an ill-considered Order in Council, dated 11th August, 1881, a new procedure was set up, whereby copies of all Royal Proclamations, except those for further proroguing Parliament, were directed to be sent to the Sheriffs of all counties in Scotland, who were directed to make them known "in the manner accustomed." Had the latter instruction been punctiliously observed much conflict of opinion and irritation might have been avoided. In a good many burghs the lieges at the proclamation of Edward saw their Provost and Magistrates ignored altogether, and the Sheriff in supreme authority at the Mercat Cross. Indignation and ill-feeling were created, and it is not too much to say that the heartiness and loyalty of a memorable occasion were marred to a considerable extent in many an old Royal Burgh. To do the Sheriffs justice, they acted in some cases with caution, and did not avail themselves of their utmost authority. This was notably the case at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth, and Dundee. In Glasgow the new King was proclaimed by the Sheriff in George Square, and it is stated there is no record of the occasion in the Council minutes.

In 1901, on the motion of the Provost of Forres, the Convention opened up the question with the Scottish Home Office, and initiated the slow process of obtaining redress. For its guidance the late Mr William Officer, agent of the Convention, prepared a memorial, which was addressed to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland. It was a document of great interest and value, as Mr Officer had collected many historical data on the subject and cited numerous precedents. He had also investigated the procedure which had taken place at the recent proclamation of Edward, and tabulated the results. In his print of the claims of the Royal Burghs, Mr Officer stated that in thirty-seven of these the Magistrates proclaimed the ascension of the Sovereign, and that in thirty-two the Sheriffs did so. Of the latter he mentions that twenty-four were head Royal Burghs of Counties, and seven of them possessed an express grant of Sheriffship. Now that the Convention has received a final report from the sub-committee appointed, Mr Officer's elucidation of a somewhat knotty constitutional point must be gratefully recalled and acknowledged.

To the student of burghal customs it may be of interest to get a glimpse into the ceremonial of olden times associated with one of the older Royal Burghs, namely, Jedburgh. At the same time it will help to illustrate the grievances set forth under the title of this article. The Queen's birthday was always a notable event in the humble life of the lieges, and was celebrated befittingly. The Town Council met on 6th February, 1706, and the minute of meeting tells that "In respect that this is the Queen's birthday (Queen Anne), appoynts the Magistrates and Counsell to convein in the Counsell-hous about thrie o'cloak in the afternoon in ordour for ther gooing to the Croce for solemnizing therof. Appoynts the bells to be rung and the drum to beate at twa o'cloak." The previous year the ceremony was more imposing, as a "feu de joie" was given in the market place, and with a parsimony thus quaintly expressed—"The Counsell, seeing Tewsday is the Queen's birthday, appoynts the trade companie, with four of each of the eight trades, to meit in the churchyeard betwixt thrie and four in the afternoon, to attend the Magistrates at the Croce, and ther to fyre when ordoured. And ordaines the thresaurer to give them thrie pund of puder to be distribut amongst them, which, with a pund on Wedinsday last, makes four pund in the haill." The burgh was then in a position to supply a volunteer company for such special occasions as this. In January, 1705, at a meeting of Council the Provost had represented, "That maist pairts of the kingdom are putting themselves in a posture of defence conforme to Act of Parliament, and that it is necessar this plaice doe the same as any plaice in the kingdom. And for that end produced a leet of young men fitt for to take armes. Also named some persons in the toune to be officers to traine those, who shall ingadge." The Council also drew upon the trades for their quota, enjoining "the aught deacones to meit and consider amang themselves how to make up ane companie of ane hunderth men or therby, and to mount them with sufficient armes to goe out with ther deacons, or such of them as they shall choyse, to be ther officers. And to attend the Magistrates and ther companie whenever they goe out for the good of the burgh." As time went on the newly-appointed town's guard showed its utility at various crises in the history of the town. At the celebration of the Queen's birthday in 1711 the Magistrates recommended the inhabitants "to set out ther luminaries and lights," and the bells to

ring from four to eight in the evening. There being a company of dragoons stationed in Jedburgh at this time, the treasurer was instructed to invite the officers to come to the Cross.

At a meeting of Council held 11th August, 1712, the Provost represented "That maist pairt of the burrowes of Scotland had addrest her Majestie upon the accoumpt of the Peace. And therefor presented to them ane draught by this burgh, which was approven of by the Counsell, and the Provost appoynted to seign the samyn." At a subsequent meeting the Provost produced a letter which he had received from Sir David Dalrymple of Hailles, advocate, "wherein he shows a great dale of cyndes and affection he hes for this burgh, and promising to serve the Counsell and communitie therof to the best of his capacity. And how honorably he had gott the toun's address to the Queen, presented to her by his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, and which he wytts was graciously receaved by her Majestie." It may be stated that "the Peace" referred to was anterior to the famous nine-fold treaty of Utrecht, concluded on 11th April, 1713. The news of it at last reached the burgh on 15th May of that year. The Council is specially convened, and the Provost stated that "A proclamation came this day for the Peace, which accordingly he had caused proclaimed. And that he had now conveined them how to signifie the same and to propose a solemnitie for drinking her Majestie's health, and that the bells should be rung, and bonfyres, and luminaries." At the next meeting of Council the treasurer handed in his account for the "wyn and glasses at the Croce," amounting to £12, 12s 0d pounds Scots, equal to 21s present-day value.

But Queen Anne's reign draws to a close. On 5th August, 1714, Provost Simpson has a grave announcement to make to his Bailies and Councillors. He produces "ane letter from the Lord Justice Generall, Lordes of Justiciarie, her Majestie's advocat and Barrones of Excheaqr, giving accompt that on Ffryday last her Majestie is in a verrie dangerous conditione. And for preventing of any disturbance to fall out heir." These last words are interesting in their import, as they indicate the fact of there being Jacobite sympathies in the burgh, and these the Magistrates kept in check with a stern hand, as is clearly set forth by the following Council record:—"The Counsell appoynts conform to the directiones of the letter of the toune's guird to be doabled. And everie deacon of crafte to give advertishment to ther respect. trades to be in readiness in case of disturbance, and that non be on the guird but sufficient able men, who are to continue till sex o'cloak in the morning. And each officer to wait on the guird by course each night." Such, then, was the martial state of matters prevailing in this old Royal Burgh on the night of 5th August, 1714. The letter with these grave concerns is then handed back to Provost Simpson, of Sharplaw, "being daited at Edinbrugh the third day of August instant." The Council meets again the following day, and the Jedburgh Provost at once states that "he has receaved sade news of her Majestie Queen Anne's death, which happened upon Sabeth morning last, the first of August instant. And that George, Duke of Bruntsweik Leunenburg, is proclaimed King of thes realmes alreadie at Londone, and yesterday at Edinbrugh. And expects the same to be sent heir this day or to-morrow at farrest. And that sua soon as the proclamatione comes the same must be proclaimed instantlie therafter—sua that it's necessar the tresaurer provyde for the solemnitie to be made at the proclamation. And also that it's proper that the Magistrates' seatt in the kirk should be coveird with black cloath." The Council unanimously agreed to the Provost's proposals, and they empowered the treasurer to make all necessary arrangements for the forthcoming important function, at the same time authorising him with the Magistrates "to buy as much black cloath as will cover ther seatt, not to exceid sex shill. per yaird." The outlays for this mark of respect to the memory of Queen Anne are afterwards set forth in an account due "Robert Richardson, baillie, for dailles and black cloath to the Magistrates' seat in the kirk, ane hundert and four pund fyve shill. Scotts."

But the state of the burgh and the temper of the lieges still gave cause for anxiety. Consequently the Magistrates instructed the guard to continue on its existing footing and to remain so till further orders, and by public intimation of the drummer each member was warned to attend every night when the drum beat at eight o'clock. Yet another step the authorities took in the interests of public safety, for they re-enacted an old regulation regarding the entertaining of strangers. This warning they immediately caused "to be intimat threw the burgh by toake of drum discharging the said inhabitants to receave any strangers without acquainting the Magistrates therwith under the paine of ane hunderth pund Scots." Succeeding events showed the wisdom of the precautions taken, as in the following year Jacobite demonstrations became somewhat prominent in and around Jedburgh. They, however, never acquired proportions of a really threatening aspect, for, as Sir George Douglas points out in his history of Roxburghshire, the Borderers did not take an acute interest in the question of dynastic succession at issue, and the peace of the Borders was more to them than the risks, however heroic, of espousing a dubious cause. The coronation day of George I. was celebrated at Jedburgh with great warmth and loyalty of sentiment. The county gentlemen were invited to attend at the Mercat Cross, the trades were marshalled with their colours flying, wine and glasses provided at the Cross, and at the Anna, a well-known open space by the side of the Jed, and a large bonfire was lighted. Subsequently the Magistrates and Council drew up a dutiful and loyal address to the King, for at the September meeting of Council the Provost stated that "severall burghes hes addressed his Majestie King George. And that the shire are preparing ther address lykewayes. And the toune's address being readie, the Counsell condiscends that the samyn should be seigned instantlie." The King's birthday continued to be a red-letter day for the townspeople, and the spirit in which it was celebrated may be imagined from an entry in 1715 recommending that "The officers of the twa troupes lying in the toun be invited," and that "the solemnitie be handsomlie done for the honour of the burgh."

The proclamation of Queen Victoria took place in the market place, and was carried through by

instructions of Samuel Wood, the town clerk, with a rigid observance of precedent and all ceremonies used and wont, the declaration being made not only at the Cross, but at the various "ports" of the burgh. A vivid and picturesque narrative of the proceedings has been left by the late ex-Provost George Hilson, solicitor, who has described the scene in the market place and its pomp and circumstance with great fidelity of detail. In 1901, at the proclamation of King Edward, an untoward shifting of the scene took place. The Sheriff occupied the place of honour to the exclusion of the Provost and Magistrates, and constitutional usage, and the picturesque memories of the past associated with the grand ceremony were all brushed aside as if naught. The Council, however, had the melancholy privilege of paying the cost of the stand from which the Royal announcement was made. Since 1902 the Convention has made numerous representations to the Secretary for Scotland, and at last an important deliverance has recently been given in reply to the oft-repeated pressure of the Convention. Sir Reginald Macleod has written from the Scottish Office, Whitehall, that copies of these proclamations are in future to be sent to the Sheriffs and to the Provosts of all burghs, the procedure to be mutually arranged in the towns which are head burghs of their respective counties. In these a joint proclamation will be made both by the Sheriff and the Provost of the burgh, if so determined. In the other burghs the Lord Provost or Provost will take the necessary steps to effect the proclamation. It may be granted that the prayer of the Convention has been substantially conceded, and at the annual meeting held last month in the Old Parliament Hall in Edinburgh, the communication from the Scottish Office was finally approved, thus terminating a long-continued controversy.

Border Notes and Queries.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

In the BORDER MAGAZINE for December last there was a "query" as to the historical basis of Scott's well-known song, "Jock o' Hazeldean." The following correspondence on the subject, which recently appeared in the "Scotsman" newspaper, may perhaps interest readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE:—

April 2, 1907.

Sir,—It has sometimes been asked, "Was Jock o' Hazeldean a real flesh and blood man, or merely a character born in the brain of Sir Walter Scott?" I am informed by a trustworthy connection that he was a real man—a miller at Hassendean—Hazeldean. The remains of his mill are still to be seen on the south side of the west end of the Hassendean mill pond, and the late Mr Robert Falla, builder, Hassendean Common, near Lilliesleaf, was his great-grandson. Mr Falla's father's name was John, and most likely he was named after his grandfather, the said Jock. So much for Jock; but who the sorely-tried lady was who "let the tear doon fa' for Jock o' Hazeldean" I do not know, nor can I locate Frank, the chief of Errington and lord of Langleydale, wherever these places were. Perhaps some of your readers, who may have access to parish records, particularly the records of the old church of Hazeldean, if any are still extant, may be able to throw some light on the subject.—I am, &c.,

J. A. G.

The Manse, Tweedsmuir, April 3, 1907.

Sir,—Scott never caught the spirit of Scottish song more perfectly than in the above-named lyric, which was first printed in Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology" in 1816. It must not be forgotten, however, that the opening stanza is not Scott's at all, but was transferred from an older ballad, "John (or Sir John) of Hazelgreen," on which the subject of the modern song is unmistakably founded. "Hazelgreen" exists in several copies, of which Professor Child gives at least four. It is extremely unlikely that the incident has any real reference to Hassendean, Scott having merely changed the older Hazelgreen into the more euphonious Hazeldean, a name he had already used in the "Lay" for Hassendean or Halstaneden (probably from *halig stan denn*, the dean, or wooded dell of the holy stone.)

Tradition may associate a local family with the romance indicated in the song, but of direct evidence there is absolutely none. In one version of "Hazelgreen" the following stanza occurs:—

"He takes this pretty maid him behind,
And fast he spurred his horse,
And they're away to Biggar toun,
Then on to Biggar Cross.

Their lodging was for sought,
And so was it foreseen;
But still she let the tears doun fall
For pleasant Hazelgreen."

Biggar, in Lanarkshire, is certainly a far cry from Hassendean in Teviotdale. Langleydale is quite likely to have been taken from a place of that name in Northumberland, where Scott spent some enjoyable weeks in 1791. There is, I think, an Errington in the same district.—I am, &c.,

W. S. CROCKETT.

Greenlaw, April 2, 1907.

Sir,—Your correspondent "J. A. G." in to-day's paper expresses a wish for information as to the place-names in the ballad, and as one thoroughly acquainted with them for more than fifty years my knowledge may be of some use to him. Without making any claim in opposition to his adoption of "Hassendean," I may say that in a map of Berwickshire dated 1771 I have Heshilldean in Carfrae Water, between Tollishill and Longhope, near the head of Lauderdale. The Erringtons, an ancient family of South Northumberland, whose principal seat was Beaufront Castle, near Hexham, were owners of extensive estates, including that of Errington Castle (now a ruin), which included the district named Erringside, through which the Erring Burn flows to the North Tyne near Chollerford. The last of the Erringtons on the male side was well known in the early part of last century as "The Chief," and one of his two daughters married a Stanley of Haggerston, whose descendants, the Stanley-Erringtons, are still the owners of the larger portion of the estates. Langleydale is a few miles west of Hexham, near to Haydonbridge, and in its dale the grand old Langley Castle still stands in perfect preservation.—I am, &c.,

W. C. T.

April 2, 1907.

Sir,—With reference to the letter in to-day's "Scotsman" bearing on the above, I find in a MS. copy of the song, written in January, 1817, by a person with whom Sir Walter Scott was very intimate, that Hazeldean is spelt with an "s." In the seventh line "loot" reads "let," and "Errington" appears as "Erlington." "Ladie" also is written "leddie," and "church" takes the place of "kirk" in the last verse. The writing generally is clear and distinct, so that there is no mistaking what is meant by the copyist.—I am, &c., J. L. H.

April 2, 1907.

Sir,—Referring to the letter of your correspondent, "J. A. G.," in your issue of to-day, may I say that there is nothing to connect Sir Walter Scott's song, "Jock o' Hazeldean" (itself founded on an older metrical fragment) with Hassendean. That name is derived not from hazel, but from halse, the throat (A.S. heale, Ger. Hals), a term eminently appropriate to the situation and natural features of the place.—I am, &c.,

MADAME ROLAND.

St Andrews, N.B.

Sir,—"W. C. T." is slightly inaccurate regarding the Stanleys and Erringtons. Sir Thomas Stanley of Hooton married a Haggerstone, and his second son, Sir Rowland, assumed the name of Errington. Sir Rowland left two daughters, and was succeeded by his brother, Sir John, who died without issue in 1893, when the baronetcy became extinct. The Stanleys may now be said to be represented by the children of Lord Cromer, whose first wife was daughter of Sir Rowland (Stanley) Errington, and also by Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley, whose grandmother was daughter of Sir Thomas Stanley of Hooton above-mentioned. The Hooton Stanleys were the senior branch of the historic house of Stanley. Sir John, the last baronet, was once well known on the turf, and won the Derby with Teddington in, I think, 1852. —I am, &c., P. K. Q.

Sir,—Erington was one of the castles or peel towers that guarded the ford of Cholerford, where the Roman wall crossed the North Tyne. Langley Castle, again, still stands on the right bank of the South Tyne, near to Hadon Bridge, and about seven miles south-west of Erington, both places being within three to five miles of Hexham.

Hazeldean is most probably a local corruption of "Axellodunum" (the dunum in the axil), by which name the territory upon which Hexham stands was known in Roman times. An "axil" is literally the armpit of ground formed by the meeting of two streams, and Hexham is so enclosed by the Tyne on the north and by the Devil's Burn on the south. These three localities —Erington, Langley, and Axellodunum—are all marked on the map of Northumberland in "Camden's Britannia," published 1695.—I am, &c.,

S.

Scott himself has given us no information as to the composition of his famous song, except that he tells us the first stanza is ancient and that the others were written for Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology." The first volume of this work appeared in 1816, and the second in 1818. It contained contributions from Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, Mrs Grant of Laggan, and others. Scott, in his "Journal," makes a passing reference to the song, but that is all. The song reminds one of "Lochinvar," which Scott makes Lady Heron sing in Holyrood to beguile James IV. (Marmion, Canto 5). He founded this song on the early ballad of Katherine Janfarie, of which there are several versions. Perhaps some reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE could give the editor a copy of the original ballad (or fragment) of "Jock o' Hazelgreen," in order to see how far Scott followed it. Hazeldean, Errington, and Langleydale were probably introduced for local colouring.

Readers of "Lockhart" will remember how Sir Walter, feeble in body and brain, while travelling in Italy, on one occasion twice recited with pathos his ballad of "Jock o' Hazeldean."

A. G., S.

* * * *

THE EWE-MILKING.

In an article on Tweeddale in the April number of the BORDER MAGAZINE reference was made to the practice of milking the ewes, as described in the "Flowers of the Forest" and in the well-known lines of Lady Grizell Baillie. The following extract from the late Rev. H. G. Graham's "Scottish Men of Letters" (p. 327-8) may perhaps prove interesting to the readers of this Magazine:—"High-born ladies of those days did not keep aloof from the common affairs of the common people; they spoke the broad Scots tongue themselves, and the work of the byre and barn, the wooing of servants and ploughmen, were of lively interest to them in their parlour and drawing-room, and did not seem themes unworthy of their verse. This we find in the fragmentary verses of Lady Grizell Baillie:—

'O, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
When our blithe shepherds play on the bag, reed, and horn;
When we're milking, they're lilting baith pleasant and clear;
But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear.'

The scenes of the ewe-milking in Lady Grizell's verse and in Miss Jean Elliot's 'Flowers of the Forest' are reminiscent of an aspect of rural life which has long ago vanished. Up to the end of the century it was still the practice of the farmers of Ettrick forest to milk ewes for seven or eight weeks after the lambs were weaned. In the evening were hundreds of ewes all gathered, and the voices of the peasantry would be heard 'lilting,' while the men 'buchted' (folded) the sheep, and the women sat on their 'leglans' milking. Those were days when the women as they worked sang songs which their grandmothers had sung before them, and when men as they ploughed whistled ancient tunes—so different from to-day, when old songs have died out, and whistling is heard no more in the fields."

In Scottish song there is frequent reference to this practice of ewe-milking. Thus in Allan Ramsay's "Yellow-Hair'd Laddie":—

"The yellow-hair'd laddie sat doun on yon brae,
Cried, 'Milk the yowes, lassie, let nane of them gae;'
And aye as she milkit, she merrily sang,
'The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.'
And aye as she milkit, she merrily sang,
'The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman,'"

and in his "Peggy and Patie," "Peggy" opens the dialogue thus—

"When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first seyed my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me
When I at the buchting foregathered with thee."

The original ballad of the "Broom of Cowdenknowes" opens thus—

"O the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknowes!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes;"

and in Crawford's version this pleasing stanza occurs—

"More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,
My peaceful, happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en amang the broom."

The classic passages, however, occur in Lady Grizell Baillie's well-known lines (completed by Thomas Pringle) and in Miss Elliot's version of the "Flowers of the Forest," already given in the April number of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

A. G., S.

* * * *

WAS JEDBURGH A WALLED TOWN?

Can any reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE provide me with information regarding the walls of Jedburgh? When visiting that town I have failed to see any traces of these, and, indeed, have not heard their existence even alluded to. Professor Veitch, however, in his "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border" (second edition), vol. I., p. 263, when referring to the Border towns, states that "the most of those burghs, especially along the Tweed from Jedburgh to Peebles, were walled towns." On the other hand, the late Mr George Hilson, solicitor, Jedburgh, in his "Jedburgh a Hundred Years Ago," casts doubt upon the matter. Referring to the capture of Jedburgh in 1523 by the Earl of Surrey, and the destruction of the town, he states that "as to the walls, alleged by Sir Walter [Scott], in his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' to have existed, there are not the slightest grounds for his assertion, or anything of the kind." Can any one reconcile the contrary statements here attributed to Mr George Hilson on the one hand, and Sir Walter Scott and Professor Veitch on the other?

AUNTIE QUEER ANE.

* * * *

WROTH SILVER.

On the Duke of Buccleuch's Warwickshire estates a curious custom survives from a remote period, in the payment by certain parishes of annual dues called "wroth silver." The collection is made annually in November, and early in the morning, "before sunrising," under a clump of fir trees, at Knightlow Cross. An agent from the Duke's Estate Office at Dunchurch meets the company about seven o'clock at the Cross, and reads out the charter of assembly. This charter calls upon seven-and-twenty parishes to pay the wroth silver under a penalty of twenty shillings for every penny, or a white bull with red ears and a red nose. The sums vary much, for each parish pays according to the value of its cattle, and not according to the value of its land. For instance, in 1903 the majority paid from 1d up to 4d each, one 12d, one 2s 3d, and another 2s 3½d, while the parish of Ryton-on-Dunsmore, in which the custom is held, is let off without paying. The money is thrown into a stone trough, as each parish is named, and taken out by the Duke's agent. One of the parishes bears the famous name of Waverley.

After the dues have been collected, the company adjourn to the Dun Cow Inn, where breakfast is served to all and sundry, "by order of his Grace," who pays for twenty-five guests, but everybody contributes something, "colts" being charged an extra sixpence. Sometimes as many as seventy persons, including some ladies, have attended, many coming from Rugby and Coventry, and one old labourer is said to have attended every meeting since 1839. After a hearty meal the custom is always for glasses of hot rum and milk (known as the wroth silver beverage), with long churchwarden pipes, and an ample supply of tobacco to be brought in. The rest of the morning is spent in toast-giving and harmony, which sometimes lasts until midday, when the meeting breaks up.

"And each took off his several way,
Resolved to meet some other day."

A view of the wroth silver ceremony was engraved on a piece of silver-plate, presented to Lord Dalkeith on the occasion of his marriage.

The origin of the custom dates back to a very remote period; some antiquaries say from the Druids, but it certainly can be traced from the time of the Saxons. In early times in England, a district supposed to contain a hundred families, was called a Hundred, and the Duke of Buccleuch, as the lord of a Hundred, claims these dues. At that time there were only tracks through the forests and wastes, and the owners of all cattle going to market over these tracks had to pay tribute to the lord of the Hundred, over whose land they passed. The white bull with the red ears and red nose required as an alternative penalty for non-payment was one of the native white cattle of Britain. The herd of white cattle at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland have red ears and brownish muzzles, and are said to be descendants of the native cattle. The name wroth silver is probably an altered form of the old English word "rother" for cattle, or of the Anglo-Saxon word "hrythe," an ox—with final "er" worn off in course of time, as happens to many old words.

This old custom of collecting the wroth silver is said to be kept up by the Duke not as a monetary gain to himself, but with the idea of keeping an interesting old custom from lapsing into oblivion, while the merry meeting of friends and neighbours serves "to soften down the rugged way of life."

A LINTON LAD.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1907.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have still plenty of matter on hand, but we have no desire to prevent our valued contributors from preparing articles for future use. To these friends we would once more recall the limited space we can afford for each article, and suggest the maximum of 2000 words. Contributors would save us some trouble if the approximate number of words were marked at the top of their manuscripts. We have abundant evidence that their contributions are highly appreciated, even in remote parts of the world.

The Border Keep,

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness.)

A brother Dominie, and a classical master to boot, has sent me the following links with Sir Walter Scott, and doubtless the readers of this column will feel grateful to my friend for thus employing his "learned leisure" in culling bits of Scott lore for their information:—

Upwards of seventy-four years have now sped since the great Border Wizard breathed his last at Abbotsford, with the gentle ripple of the Tweed sounding in his ears. Comparatively few, indeed, now survive who can say they knew, or even saw, Sir Walter in the flesh, yet from time to time as "ane by ane they gang awa'" we hear of the passing away of "links" which bound the present with the past in memory's magic chain. Two such links—Mrs Campbell Fraser, wife of Emeritus-Professor Campbell Fraser, of Edinburgh University, and Miss Robb, an Edinburgh lady—have lately disappeared, as we learn from interesting notices in the "Scotsman" newspaper.

* * * *

"The death of Mrs Campbell Fraser on Easter Eve, in her 88th year, removes a figure long well known in Edinburgh society, and one of the few remaining links connecting the present generation with the days of Sir Walter Scott. . . . It was as a young girl, on a visit to Edinburgh in the late twenties of last century, that Mrs Fraser had her one glimpse of Scott, coming unexpectedly upon him near the Register House, as she was walking with a relative, who told her to look well at the man approaching them. In later life she accounted herself happy to have seen the great magician, and was fond of dwelling on the homely dress and kind, pleasant face which had impressed her girlish mind. Many summers spent in Yarrow had deepened her love of Sir Walter and his country, and one of her keenest pleasures during the last winter of her life was a re-reading of Lockhart's 'Life.'

* * * *

"Survivors are now few who can say that they personally met with the great wizard. The passing of one who had that privilege—Mrs Campbell Fraser—was recorded yesterday. Another venerable Edinburgh lady, whose earthly remains were recently laid to rest in Grange Cemetery, could also say not only that she had seen, but that she had conversed with, Sir Walter. This was Miss Robb, who long resided in Palmerston Road, and who lately died there at the ripe age of nearly ninety-four. She was the posthumous child of Captain Robb of the Royal Navy, and was named after him, 'Charles Robb;' and, having been a naval pensioner from her birth, she

was in the enjoyment of a State subsidy for the considerable period of ninety-three years."

* * * *

Miss Robb spoke with zest of her meeting with Scott, which occurred in this wise. While she was a young girl at boarding-school in Edinburgh, she was taken, along with the other pupils, to a concert, and happened to be sitting at the end of a row next the passage. The hall was full, and just before the concert began, an old gentleman with a limp came forward and took up a position just where she was sitting. The young girl, not liking to see him without a seat, rose and offered him her own. Patting her on the shoulder, he said—"Never mind, my dear, keep your place!" She did so for a little, but feeling uncomfortable and selfish in retaining it, she pressed him to take her chair. With some reluctance he complied, and at the close of the entertainment cordially thanked her for her courtesy. Miss Robb was quite unaware to whom she had extended the kindness that had earned such gratitude. But a lady came forward to her and said—"Do you know who that it you were speaking to? I wish I had been in your place. That is Sir Walter Scott!"

The incident is a very interesting and pleasant one, and recalls to our mind the lines of Tennyson—

"O great and gallant Scott,
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known!"

* * *

Here is an account of still another interesting link from the same source, given (April 10) in connection with the Bi-centenary celebration of the Journeymen Lodge of Freemasons, Edinburgh. "The first centenary of the Journeymen Lodge (of Freemasons) was celebrated on 19th March, 1807, and the third jubilee of the Lodge on 13th August, 1857, when an excursion was made to Roslin, and an imposing ceremony was carried through in the ancient chapel hallowed to the memory of its founder, Wm. St Clair, Prince of Orkney, whose office of Grand Master Mason of Scotland continued in his family for nearly three hundred years from the time when the honour was bestowed on its original holder by James II. With the inauguration of their present hall in 1871, the Journeymen celebrated the centenary of Sir Walter Scott. On that occasion Bailie Howden, in replying to the toast of the Corporation of Edinburgh, narrated the interesting reminiscence that he was present at the Theatrical Fund dinner on 23rd February, 1827, when Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself the sole author of the Waverley Novels. He had, he said, a vivid recollection of Scott proposing the health of Mr Mackay, so distinguished for his representation of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Sir Walter Scott said he was sure that when the author of 'Rob Roy' drank to the health of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, it would be responded to with that degree of applause to which the Bailie had always been accustomed, and that on the present occasion they would take care that it would be 'prodigious.' All eyes were then turned on Mr Mackay, when, after a pause, he rose, and in his well-known character of the Bailie, exclaimed—'My conscience! My worthy faither the deacon couldna ha'e believed that sican an honour should befa' me, his son, as to ha'e sae high a compliment paid me by the "Great Unknown."' 'Not unknown now, Bailie,' interjected Sir Walter, and the toast was received with immense applause."

* * * *

Two hundred years ago Scotland gave up her Parliamentary independence, and while we note the two hundredth anniversary of the first meeting of the Parliament of Great Britain, and endeavour to estimate the advantages derived from that union, it is well to look also at the opposite side of the shield. In countless ways our southern neighbours have violated the compact, and by misusing the national names, &c., have aroused feelings in Scotland which, while not hostile to the union, will not rest until justice is done to the northern kingdom, which is as thoroughly Scottish as it was two hundred years ago.

* * * *

Mr G. Sutherland, Sculptor, Galashiels, prepared a tablet of silver grey granite, which was inserted in the pedestal of the Mungo Park monument at Selkirk as a memorial of the two companions of the great African explorer, who went with him from Selkirkshire, and who perished before Park was killed on the Niger, and also of Park's son, who lost his life in searching for his father:—The inscription on the tablet is as follows:—"This inscription is to commemorate the death of Mungo Park's companions during his second expedition: Alexander Anderson, M.D., Selkirk, who died at Sansanding on the Niger, 28th October, 1805; and George Scott, Singlie, Selkirk, died August, 1805 Also of Thomas Park, son of Mungo Park, died in Aquambee, West Africa, in 1827, while endeavouring to obtain traces of his distinguished father."

* * * *

The announcement that Glasgow will henceforth be entitled to send four representatives to the Convention of Royal Burghs forms a tribute to the growing importance of the city. Originally known as the Court of the Four Burghs, the right of representation at this annual gathering was long limited to Edinburgh, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Stirling. During the War of Independence, Berwick passed into the hands of the English, while Roxburgh gradually sank to the condition of an insignificant village. Under these circumstances, the privilege was transferred from them to the towns of Perth and Linlithgow. With the progress of time, the growing commercial prosperity of the nation gradually brought other burghs within the sphere of the Court's jurisdiction, and it was ultimately decided that the capital should have the honour of sending two delegates. At the beginning of last century, the Convention was deprived of all the judicial and legislative powers that it originally held; but within recent years it has done much to encourage municipal activities and reforms. In view of the homage that has now been paid to Glasgow, it is no empty boast to assert that many of these movements owe their initiation to the energy and enterprise of the Second City.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

John Livingston of Ancrum.

1603-1672.

PART II.

FOR the next ten years during the Cromwellian interregnum, he seems to have lived in comparative peace and quiet. "Presbyterianism," says Professor Flint, "was dominant, but was broken up into parties which hated and reviled one another. The enthusiasm for Presbyterianism had greatly declined in consequence of its internal dissensions and the national misfortunes to which they had led. The clergy were, however, in general, notably faithful and earnest ministers of the Word; and their flocks were sincerely attached to them. . . . Religious toleration was enforced; but this was felt to be a sore grievance and a deadly sin." In April, 1654, Livingston was invited by the Protector to visit him at London to render assistance in settling the affairs of the Church, and had the honour of preaching before his Grace, who subsequently, August 8th, 1654, appointed him one of those for certifying to the fitness of applicants for admission to a benefice. In March, 1655, he was called to Antrim; in November to Killinchy, his old charge; and in May 7th, 1659, to Glasgow by the Kirk-Session, though the Town Council had fixed upon another, Ralph Rodger, who, like so many others, was driven from his church in 1662. In 1660 came the Restoration, which was welcomed everywhere throughout the country with great rejoicing, though in Scotland not without misgiving. At first all went well, but Charles very soon came out in his true colours; and by the aid of his minions and worthless favourites did his best to overturn Presbyterianism and set up Prelacy and despotism in Scotland. He found a ready tool in Middleton, who, with the aid of his packed parliament (commonly known as the "drunken parliament") proceeded to pass measures for the overthrow alike of civil and religious liberty—an act of supremacy, by which the King was made supreme in all matters civil and ecclesiastical; an oath of allegiance, in which no jurisdiction was valid but that of the King, and which was afterwards used as a test and criterion of loyalty, and all who refused to swear to it, in its widest sense, were incapacitated for holding public trust, or declared guilty of rebellion; and finally a general rescissory Act, by which all proceedings of the Scottish parliament were declared null and void. The hierarchy was established with full powers; all who had been ordained since 1649 had to be presented anew and "collated" by the bishops of the diocese; those who refused to comply within four months forfeited all right to manse and stipend, their churches were to be declared vacant, and if patrons refused to present, the right devolved upon the bishop. Diocesan meetings were to be held in October, to which the clergy were cited to repair to receive canonical admission to their benefices from the hands of the bishops. As very few appeared, Middleton then passed the iniquitous Glasgow Act, 1662, by which all who had not episcopal ordination were ordered to remove with their families by the 1st of November beyond the bounds of their presbytery, or be forcibly ejected by the military, while the people were forbidden to own them as their lawful pastors, to attend their services or pay their current stipend. (Wodrow, History i. 119-125).

In consequence of this cruel Act about 350 parish churches were closed. The effect of the Act was felt more especially in the west and south. "Edinburgh was left with a single minister, Mr Robert Lawrie, of the Tron Church, who, on account of his conformity to Episcopacy, was nicknamed the 'Nest Egg.'" Many of the ministers had to leave their homes and manses in the middle of winter, without support and without knowing where to find shelter or subsistence, yet they did not hesitate as to their course of action, and they had the sympathy and support of the people so far as they could give it. These men believed that they were fighting for law, liberty, and conscience, and we who live in happier times and have entered into their labours, cannot but admire the firmness and constancy—*dourness*, if you will, for that is their chief glory—of these men, so long as we believe, with old Barbour, that "freedome is a nobil thing." Shortly afterwards as a natural result arose field-preachings and conventicles, while the government employed every means that ingenuity could invent for putting them down. And this "crowned and mitred tyranny," with persecution, fire and sword in its train, continued more or less till the Revolution swept away the Stuart name and race and their doctrine of the "divine right of kings." But this is to anticipate somewhat—

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear:
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer."

In times like these there was no room for such a man as John Livingston, who, whatever faults and failings he may have had (and the Scottish Covenanters of his and later times were by no means free of such) possessed at least a back-bone and a mind of his own, and could say, like the old Huguenot merchant, "Loyal au Roy, mais ma Foy est à Moy." And so he had to bid farewell to Ancrum and to Scotland and seek a refuge in a more friendly land. On October 12th, 1662, he held his last Communion at Ancrum, and at the Monday service he took an affectionate farewell of his parishioners, many of whom were much moved, knowing well that probably the parting would be final, and that they would see his face no more. And so it proved. "We have been labouring among you," he said, "for these fourteen years, and have that conviction that we have not taken the pains in private or public, which we ought; yet in some sort, we hope we may say it without pride, we have not sought yours but you. We cared not to be rich and great in this world. In as far as we have given offence, less or more, to any in this congregation, or any that have interest in it, or any way about it, or any that are here present, or any of the people of God elsewhere, we crave God's pardon, and crave also your forgiveness." And so the good man had to leave his home and manse by the Ale with its caves and scaurs and craggy knolls, "the green pastures and the still waters," beside which he had hoped, no doubt, to end his days in peace.

On December 11th he appeared before the Privy Council, and was charged with "turbulency and sedition." He acknowledged the King's civil supremacy, but refused to take, unqualified, the oath of allegiance (*ø*). The Chancellor offered to adjourn the Court to give him time to consider his refusal. "I humbly thank your Lordship," Livingston replied; "it is a favour which, if I had any doubt, I would willingly accept. But if, after seeking God and advising anent the matter, I should take time, it would import that I have unclearness or hesitation which I have not." The Council then passed sentence that the prisoner was to leave His Majesty's dominions within two months, and within forty-eight hours remove from Edinburgh to the north side of the Tay. He was refused admission to pay a short visit to his home that he might have some talk with his wife and children. "At last," to quote his own words, "on the 9th of Aprile, 1663, I went aboarde in old John Allan's ship, and in eight days came to Rotterdam"—the city of Erasmus, which then and subsequently afforded a friendly shelter and refuge to many a poor persecuted exile from Scotland. Here he remained, devoting himself to biblical study and occasional preaching in the Scots Kirk of that city, till his death on the 9th of August, 1672, in the seventieth year of his age and forty-second of his ministry. Such, in brief, was the career of the "godly John Livingston," as he was often called by his contemporaries, of that lad of parts who, some sixty years before, had in a "little chamber" conned his Latin grammar and "gone through the most parte of the choice Latine writers, both poets and others," under that "learned humanist," worthy Maister William Wallace, A.M., of the old Grammar School on the Castle hill of Stirling.

Livingston was one of the most popular preachers of his day, and at the same time a man of very considerable attainments and learning, but withal of deep piety and modesty. He knew Hebrew and Chaldee, and "somewhat also of the Syriacke," and was proficient in French, Italian, and Dutch, and could read the Bible in Spanish and German. As a student, he was fond of music, "wherein he had some little skill," as he tells us. "Modest in manner," says Dr Scott in his "Fasti," "and sweet in temper, he was of retired and contemplative habits, so that, though he joined the more extreme Presbyterians, in his moderation he deeply lamented the divisions that had torn the Church asunder. As a preacher, he was so singularly esteemed and so signally favoured as to be the means of working a change on hundreds of his audience, even by one sermon, and perhaps to have had more of the countenance of his Master than any other from the days of the Apostles."

In 1671 he published at Rotterdam a "Letter to his Parishioners of Ancrum," and he also wrote "A Brief Historical Relation of his Life" and "Memorable Characteristics exemplified in the Lives of Divines and Private Christians," which were published at Glasgow, long after his death, in 1754. On his return from Breda, he was urged by the General Assembly to write a history of the Church of Scotland from 1638, and the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale, in October, 1650, recommended every member who had any historical observations to send them to him, but he does not appear to have undertaken the work. During his exile in Holland he occupied much of his time in making a new translation of the Old

Testament into Latin, which, though highly spoken of by some of the Dutch scholars, has never been published.

He married, as we have said, the eldest daughter of an Edinburgh merchant in 1635. In his Memoirs he gives us some interesting and curious details of his courtship. In 1650 she is said to have had a narrow escape from falling into a mill-dam, but survived. In June, 1674, after her husband's death, we find her bravely undertaking the somewhat dangerous task of presenting a petition to the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Rothes, praying that the Presbyterian ministers might have liberty to preach the gospel. Few men would have ventured to beard the lion in his den. By this lady he had a family of sons and daughters—John; James, a merchant in Edinburgh; William, who suffered in the days of persecution; a daughter, Marion, who married the Rev. John Scott, minister of Hawick (*h*), and others. (Scott: "Fasti.") Another of his sons, Robert, born at Ancrum, 1654, emigrated to America in 1673, settled at Albany, and received a grant of a vast tract of land. He died in 1725. He had two grandsons who rose to distinction. Philip (1716-78) who signed the Declaration of Independence, and William (1723-90), who was the first and able Governor of New Jersey (1776-90), while two of his great-grandsons attained to high positions at the American bar, and were both members of Congress—Robert (1746-1813) who was one of the five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence, was Chancellor of New York State, and assisted Fulton to construct his first steamer; and Edward (1764-1836), who filled several high Government offices, being mayor of New York, member of Congress for New Orleans, and afterwards in 1836 went to France to act as plenopotentiary. He died 23rd May, 1836. [There are portraits of John Livingston and his wife in Gosford House, belonging to the Earl of Wemyss].

In a subsequent paper we shall see how it fared with the parishioners of Ancrum when Livingston's successor was inducted in 1665.

Stirling. A. GRAHAM.

(*g*) None of the Covenanters at this time refused to take the oath of allegiance, provided it were qualified with the word "civil" supremacy, but this was not permitted. It was purposely ambiguous in order to lay them under a dilemma, for if they swore it absolutely, they were bound, in consistency, to submit to bishops, while if they refused, they were liable to punishment for denying allegiance to the King. (Burnet's Hist. i., 146; Wodrow, 1., 133).

(*h*) John Scott graduated A.M. at Edinburgh, July 15, 1650, and became minister of Hawick in 1657, but "deprived" by the Privy Council, Oct. 1, 1662. In 1681 he assisted the Earl of Argyll in his escape to London. He survived to the Revolution, but does not seem to have returned to the charge at Hawick. Marion Livingston was his first wife.

The Border Bookcase.

"CANADA—NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS."

Of the 15,846 Scots who emigrated to our great Western Empire last year not a few hailed from the Borderland, and consequently any reliable information on the subject will be welcomed to many of our readers. Mr Walter Easton, junr., Jedburgh, made an extended tour in the "New Dominion," as Canada used to be called, and on his return he gave his interesting experiences to the public in a series of articles which appeared in the columns of the "Jedburgh Gazette." These articles have been reproduced in book form at the very low price of threepence. The book is well illustrated, and is prefixed by an excellent index. The author's style is racy, his experiences many and varied, and the whole production is so readable that we strongly advise all interested in Canada and the Canadians to send five stamps to the office of the "Jedburgh Gazette" for a copy of Mr Easton's book.

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"ODDS AND ENDS IN RHYME."

Mr John Alston, of Motherwell—a native of the Borderland—has produced a third edition of his poems under the above title. The previous editions were reviewed in our columns, and we need only say that the present issue contains several additions, and is got up in excellent style—in paper covers at 1/ and in cloth at 1/6. Mr Alston is a poet of whom the Borderland has no reason to be ashamed, and the notices he has received from the Press, including the "Academy," "Bookseller," &c., show how he is appreciated in literary organs.

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If Solomon said of the very limited publishers' output of his day, "Of making books there is no end," what would have been his opinion of the overwhelming issues and re-issues of our times. If any one remains ignorant of the fountains of knowledge it is not the fault of the publishers, as every firm seems to vie with the others in producing cheaper and cheaper issues of the world's best literature. But in this rapid age we are more and more inclined to receive knowledge by means of illustrations, and to this to some extent may be attributed the extraordinary popularity of the picture post-card. So many beautiful reproductions of Border scenery have appeared in this way that the man who is wealthy enough to secure them all must have a collection which will provide delight for a lifetime. We have referred occasionally to the issues of these cards in connection with various towns, and we have just received a new set from Jedburgh, issued through the enterprise of Mr T. S. Smail. In this case scenery is confined to a fine reproduction of "Light Pipe Hall, Jedburgh," which was demolished in 1879. This once well-known row of cottages stood on the knoll beyond the second bridge on the Jed. The spot is now covered with trees, but the auld folks

will be pleased to see this bit of lang syne so forcibly recalled. Going further back to 1802, we have Andrew Lumsden, Town Crier, represented. The scene is in the Canongate of Jedburgh, and the original picture was painted by John Scott, who was a lawyer's clerk in that locality. The gem of the lot is a reproduction in colours of the flag taken from the English at Bannockburn by the weavers of Jedburgh on 24th June, 1314, a priceless relic which was unfortunately lost in the disastrous fire of 17th October, 1898, when the local museum was destroyed. Another card will give much amusement to all true Jethart folks by reason of the clever way in which the names of prominent citizens have been formed into a humorous and continuous narrative. This card is a very clever piece of work, and we do not think the publisher and author live far apart.

Long before sport in all its varied forms had received the present-day wide acceptance, the Borderland was famous for its athletes and sportsmen. As the Borderers of our own time are still

MAGAZINE very much, writes:—"We have just received a letter from a correspondent in Nairobi, British East Africa, who says, 'Very many thanks for sending on the BORDER MAGAZINE, which I thoroughly enjoyed, I can assure you, as it is the first one I have seen, and, although small, every bit of it is readable.'"

* * * *

The Provost of a Border town, himself an important folkloreist, writes:—"I intend to get the BORDER MAGAZINE regularly. The value of such work as you are doing will be best understood fifty years and more hereafter—and meantime you must be content to find that here and there people do recognise and appreciate the good work you are doing in preserving local history, literature, and folklore."

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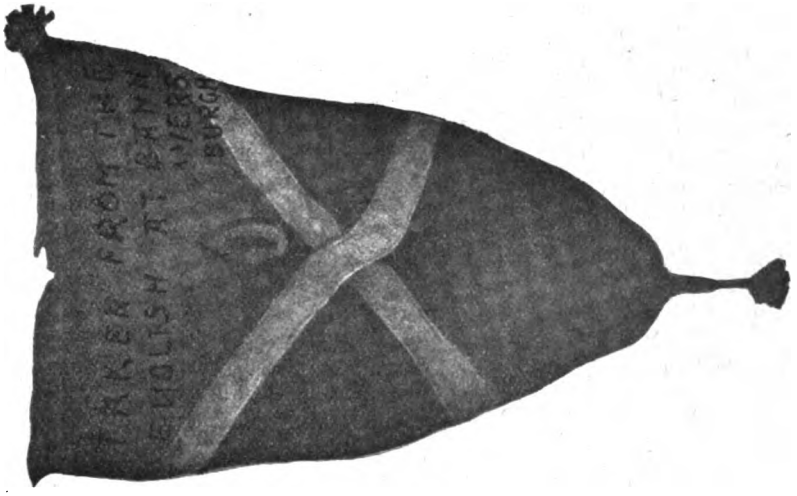
The Edinburgh correspondent of a well-known Border newspaper thus refers to the BORDER MAGAZINE:—"I would again urge upon readers of the



FLAG TAKEN FROM THE ENGLISH AT BANNOCKBURN BY THE WEAVERS OF JEDBURGH, ON 24TH JUNE, 1314. (Block kindly lent by T. S. Smail, Jedburgh.)

fond of all athletic sports, we desire to recommend to them the "Record of Sports," issued by the Royal Insurance Company, 28 Lombard Street, London, E.C. The results of the past year's important matches and competitions are tabulated in a finely printed book, which may be had free by any of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE who apply for it to the above address. The neat little volume deals with nearly every class of sport, and contains no advertisements from first to last page —for this reason we recommend it.

Appreciations.

We have often pointed out how much pleasure a copy of the BORDER MAGAZINE would bring to a Borderer who was resident in some distant land. A Border gentleman, who has done much for Border literature, and has helped on the BORDER

'Kelso Chronicle' the value of our contemporary the BORDER MAGAZINE as a store-house of Border lore and literature. The twelfth volume is now well in progress of publication, and when, as the Editor pointed out in the January number, it is considered that no previous attempt to establish a distinctly Border monthly passed the second year of publication, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the fact that our literature and history are at last finding recognition. So much so is this the case in fact, that the publication under review is experiencing difficulty in keeping abreast of the current of articles, &c., which keep pouring in. Such a state of affairs must be exceedingly encouraging to the Editor, but other forms of encouragement are also necessary, and the most helpful of all is that of each of us becoming a regular subscriber. It may now be said to be the accredited organ of Border affairs, and there seems to be no reason why a copy should

not every month find its way into each household in the Borders. Even in other parts of Scotland it may profitably be taken, and is taken, for, after all, south of the Celtic fringe at least, the history of Scotland generally was to a very large extent bound up in that of the marches and their contiguous country."

"Threi Days wi' Bluid."

IN the course of rambling in the Borderland the present writer has at times come across a curious bit of folklore which is worthy of being put on record. This is found in connection with places where tradition asserts that a battle was at one time fought; and the country people there state that so great was the slaughter that the neighbouring burn ran red "threi days wi' bluid." The age is, of course, too far advanced for us to undertake to prove the verity or the falsity of the phrase in application to the combats in question; but as some of these fights were only small skirmishes, it is probable that the phrase is no more than a strange feature of folklore.

It is borne in mind that at the time when Scotland and England were intermittently at war, blood was spilt in quantity much greater to the number of casualties than would be the case at the present day. With our present-day methods of warfare much less blood is shed even where the number of deaths may be greater; for wounds caused by shot do not result in the loss of much blood. But in the middle ages fighting was always at close quarters, and ghastly wounds were inflicted by long slashing blades or by pikes, in consequence of which there was considerably more effusion of blood. At the battle of Pinkie, fought near the river Esk in the year 1547, the Scots were defeated by the English with dreadful loss. So great was the slaughter that Patten, who was with the English army, states that "the ryvere ran al red with blode." Of the other battles where rivers ran with gore, that of Towton Moor—fought in 1461—may be singled out. Here for six hours a battle raged between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians,—the former being the victors,—and when it finished 33,000 were left dead upon the moor. The snow was dyed crimson with the blood of the wounded and the slain, and the river Wharfe ran red with gore. But of no such magnitude were the most of the fights to which the phrase above-mentioned has been attached.

Although the phrase cannot be traced back to the time of any of the skirmishes, etc., with which it is now associated, it is not one of recent creation, reference being made to it in the ballad entitled "The Lads of Wamphray," printed in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" fully a century ago. This poem describes the fight which took place in 1593, when the incensed Crichtons intercepted the plundering lads of Wamphray, headed by Willie of Kirkhill, at Biddes Law. Right noble were the deeds then done by Willie and his men, and great was the slaughter of the discomfited Crichtons, who, a short time previously, had hanged the Galliard, Kirkhill's uncle. It was afterwards said that the adjoining burn was discoloured for three days with the crimson blood of the wounded and the slain:—

Out through the Crichtons Willie he ran,
And dang them down baith horse and man;
O but the Johnstones were wondrous rude,
When the Biddes-burn ran three-days blood!

"Now, sirs, we have done a noble deed,
We have avenged the Galliard's bleid,
For every finger of the Galliard's hand,
I vow this day I've kill'd a man."

At Bloodylaws Hill, in Oxnam Water, and about eight miles from Jedburgh, a battle is stated to have been fought so sanguinarily that in consequence the elevation is said to have been named Bloodylaws. So great, it is reported, was the spilling of the vital fluid on that occasion that the burn which flows down from that hill to join the Oxnam is said to have been augmented for "threi days wi' bluid."

In the valley of the Rule, not far from Fodderlie, tradition reports that there took place a bloody battle between the English and the Scots, and that for "threi days" the life-blood of the combatants stained the pure waters of the Rule. This battle is easily identified with the running fight between Dacre's men and the warriors of Teviotdale during a raid by the former into these regions in September, 1513. The Scots overtook the English at Slaterford, and "bickered" with them there; but the number of casualties on that occasion was so small that it gives little basis to the traditional shedding of much blood.

At Rutherford, on the Tweed, a similar tradition prevails. Here, according to legend, two rival armies faced each other for a considerable time. The Scottish forces were located in a ravine still termed "Scots' Hole," while the English, who were of greater numbers, lay on the opposite bank of the river. At

length, having exhausted their patience, the English, trusting in their superior numbers, forded the river, and were thereupon assailed by the Scots on rising ground still known as the "Plea Brae," and, being totally discomfited, were forced back through the river again. So great was the slaughter—as the present writer was informed by one who dwelt in that locality—that the River Tweed "ran red wi' bluid for threi days." From this wholesale slaughter, it is said, the locality procured its name. The English undoubtedly would "rue the ford"-ing of the river; but it is more probable that this ancient ford at Rutherford obtained its name from the colour of the soil in the locality rather than from the lamentation of the English in consequence of their defeat.

At Skaithmuir, about two miles to the north of Coldstream, there is a tradition to the effect that at the ford of the Leit in the vicinity there was a battle fought in which so many were slain that the rivulet ran red with blood. The first time I heard the story it was added that it ran thus "for threi days." This tradition about the skirmish—leaving out of account the inevitable phrase concerning the extraordinary amount of gore that was shed—is on a good basis, for here, in 1317, Sir James Douglas, having issued forth with his forces from his forest retreat at Lintalee, overtook the Gascons and others who had come forth from Berwick Castle and who were now returning with a number of cattle for the succour of the famishing English garrison. It was a sharp, bloody conflict, and the Gascon forces, though superior in numbers, were put to flight. Douglas had overtaken them at the ford near Skaithmoor (or Scamore), and doubtless the blood spilt on that occasion helped to swell the volume of the brook; but the number slain does not warrant us to suppose that the waters were augmented for so long a time as three days.

Near Flodden Field there is a brooklet named Pallinsburn, which also is said to have run red for three days with valiant blood. The association of the disastrous battle of Flodden with this tradition is only too obvious. There are doubtless many burns, rivulets, and rivers on both sides of the Border to which this grim and gory phrase applies; and it would be interesting to have a catalogue of their names printed in the BORDER MAGAZINE, as the above subject is undoubtedly a curious piece of folklore connected with the Borders.

G. WATSON.

A Successful Border Angler.

It is not the sphere of a magazine such as this to record or take part in the present controversy regarding the future of public rights to fishing in the Tweed and its tributaries, but we have pleasure in noting the contest for the 1906 Loch Leven Championship, which resulted in the victory of Mr Robert Turnbull, fishing tackle manufacturer, 10 Hanover Street, Edinburgh, who is a native of Kelso, where his 'prentice hand was introduced to the mysteries of the "gentle art."

On the Championship day, 3rd September, thirty-two champions of clubs competed.

MR ROBERT TURNBULL.

Mr Turnbull, who carried off first honours and won the distinction of being champion for the year, had a catch of six trout, 5 lb. 1½ oz. He fished all day from the south shore, drifting in a south-westerly direction, and used an 11 ft. Walton rod of his own make. Two of his trout were got with the Butcher, two with Teal and Red, one with the Bloody Doctor, and one with his own invention, "Turnbull's Favourite." Last year's Champion was Mr Wm. Watson of the Fifeshire club, who had a catch of 11 trout,

10 lb. 6 oz. Mr Turnbull was fifth with 9 trout, 6 lb. 7 oz. On both occasions Mr Turnbull represented the Walton Club of Edinburgh. The Championship competition was instituted in 1872, and the blue riband of Loch Leven has twice been carried off by a representative of the "Walton"—in 1876 and 1906.

The Four Towns.

Unparalleled Rustic and Lilliputian Aristocracy.

THERE are few more interesting parishes in Scotland than that of Lochmaben. It claims the honour of having been the birthplace of King Robert Bruce, and contains his ancestral residence. The town which gives name to the parish is beautifully situated in the vale of the Annan, and figures largely in early history. Its old-time inhabitants were not backward in feud or foray, and were wont to give and take hard knocks. Its castle was of great strength, and figured frequently in Border wars. Not a few Annandale freebooters found shelter within its borders, the most noted of these being John Cock, or O'Cock, who was surrounded when asleep by the King's foresters, and laid seven of them dead at his feet before he could be overpowered.

The parish is unique, in that it contains the four towns—four villages with commonage land held direct from the Crown, Greenhill, Smallholm, Heck, and Hightae. From a very early date the inhabitants of these were known as "the King's kindly tenants," or the "rentallers" of the Crown.

The lands around the four towns and in touch with Lochmaben Castle were amongst the most fertile on the Annan, and were held by a species of tenant wholly unknown in Scotland, save perhaps in Orkney. They belonged to the Kings of the country, and are believed to have been granted by Bruce to his domestic servants or the garrison of the Castle.

The "rentallers" were bound to carry arms in defence of the royal fortress, and were responsible for its provision. They were without charter or seisin, and held their title by possession, and could part with their property by a sort of deed of convevance. The new possessor, who paid a small fee, took up his succession without service, and maintained his claim by actual possession as in the case of the original tenant.

These privileged tenants were frequently harassed by those in authority, who cast envious eyes on their land, and more than once appealed to the Crown. During the reign of James VI. and Charles II. they obtained orders under the royal sign-manual to remain in undisturbed possession of their unique rights. On several occasions subsequently these rights were upheld by the Court of Session and House of Lords.

A large portion of the "rentallers'" land, up to the middle of the seventeenth century, existed as a common, but then, by mutual agreement, was divided. To the portions were added neat farmhouses, and the land was brought under cultivation, and soon became greatly enhanced in value compared with the original allotments nearer the villages.

As time advanced much of the commonage was disposed off piecemeal. The neighbouring proprietor of Rammerscales secured a goodly share. But portions still remain as originally set apart, and as one writer puts it,, "exhibit in the person of their owners a specimen of rustic and Lilliputian aristocracy unparalled in the kingdom."

If the possession of landed property, says the same authority, in a regular line of ancestry for several generations is what confers the dignity of gentleman, that title may be justly claimed by this community, whose fathers have owned and occupied their ridges and acres from the thirteenth century.

The names of those who formed "the King's kindly tenants" predominate in Annandale. They were for the most part Raes, Kennedys, Nicholsons, Wrights, and Richardsons, the latter being the most common. These names, observes some one, were borne by companions of Wallace and Bruce in their struggles against the usurping Edward.

Of the village themselves little need be said. The names of the two first, Greenhill and Smallholm, are derived from their situation. Heck takes its name from what in olden times was the hill of the heck. The ground on which it stands was frequently surrounded by water, and as often looked like an island in a lake. A rack was placed on the high ground so that the cattle might be fed, hence the name. Hightae is the largest of the four towns, and stands on a fertile tract of land, with its church, school, post office, and a lake with numerous fish. A charter granted by James VI. gave the ancient royal burghites the right to fish here, as in the other six lochs in the parish.

G. M. R.

Jedburgh "Wren's Nest" Reminiscences.

"IT is good even to recall those hours to memory," A. L. A. Sudden says in that breezy article of his on "Dookin' in Tweed" in the February number of the BORDER MAGAZINE, and I agree with him.

I have felt it good, but with not a few touches of sadness in the memories, to recall similar days of dookin' in the Jed, for there we did, 70 years ago, use the definite article, and had no jealousy in allowing the majestic Tweed to be known without it.

I often wonder how many of us are living who were daily let out by Mr Pringle, a partner with Mr Burnet in the boarding school known as "The Nest"—I recall only four, but there must surely be more.

The "Nest Academy"—or, as it was originally called, the "Wren's Nest," by Mr Burnet, the first proprietor, after the favourite little busy bustling "Kitty Wren," with its numerous fledglings—was at that time one of the most famous and successful high-class schools in the South of Scotland, the students coming from all parts of the country, and some even from the Continent.

All through the warm days of summer the school was "let out" about twelve, and, under the guidance and care of Mr Pringle, we marched in order, or, perhaps, speaking more correctly, in disorder to the pool just below the second bridge, where the haugh was speedily littered with clothes and the river swarming with bright, clean, healthy boys, morally and physically, who tumbled over each other, regardless of appearances or consequences—some good fearless swimmers, others timid and anxious, but longing for and believing in the time when they would do as the best of them.

I learnt to swim in my eleventh year in this wise. On the opposite or wooded bank, underneath an overhanging scaur, there was a flat "clint" with perhaps not more than two to two and a half feet of water over it in the summer time, which you could reach by wading above and round on to it, and from this "clint" all the good swimmers dived and frolicked into a pool, which then had, and probably has to-day, at least six to eight feet, or more, of water.

An old schoolboy had promised to swim across with me, and without hesitation or fear I put my hands on his shoulders and we launched out; but—his name was Douglas—Douglas had fun in his veins, and in the middle of the deepest part he dived and left me to sink or swim. Of course, I promptly did the latter, and I have thanked him ever since.

I met him once afterwards when he was in a lawyer's office in Edinburgh, and we talked of swimming in the sea as much easier than swimming in the fresh water of the Jed.

I am next reminded that we thought Mr Pringle a magnificent hero when he plunged in with all his clothes on to rescue a boy named Emerson—how is it that when you think of a place, a name and an incident come so easily to your memory, where they have lain for over sixty years, but out of which wild horses could not have drawn them in any other connection?—who was in imminent danger of being drowned.

That was either 1845 or '46, and, although I began to write under the inspiration of A. L. A. Suddens' lead on bathing and on clear pools, over which the freshest air under the heavens always blows, I shall go along on my tangent of school memories for a little longer and tell briefly the story of a noble life.

The headmaster of the "Wren's Nest" kept a pony carriage for the use of dear Mrs Burnet, a true and affectionate mother to all the fledglings of the "Nest," and to take charge of pony and do other necessary rough work of the school a sharp little, capital fellow, of the name of Timson, was engaged. "Wullie" soon became a great favourite with all of us, the healthy tone of a healthy school leaving no "side" in any one; if it were there with a new boy it was very quickly knocked out of him, for his future good, so that when "Wullie," the son of a widow woman down Bonjedward way, who had all the boy's wages sent to her every week, took it into his plucky little head that he also would like to learn French and Greek, he had every boy's books at his disposal, and more willing teachers than falls to the lot of most boys.

By and bye the story of it all reached the headmaster's ears, and opportunities were given him, which he was quick to lay hold of and under which he advanced step by step until—well—all who have followed me thus far know, without being told, what it led to.

At that stage I left the "Nest," and for some years entirely lost sight of Wullie Timson, only hearing occasionally that he was a schoolmaster somewhere or other.

One day, probably in 1857, I was walking along Princes Street, Edinburgh, when a well-dressed, firmly-set young student passed me, whose face was familiar, but I could not name him, and, as he did not recognise me, we

passed each other, but a yard more, and the well-known manly face of Wullie Timson was in my eye, and, under the impulse of it, I speedily overhauled him, much to his delight and mine.

He had gone through his College course with credit in the Edinburgh University, had attended the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, and was about to be licensed.

This is a common story of Scotch student life, but it bears being re-told.

That, however, is not all about him. After his ordination he decided to become a missionary, and, applying to the Foreign Mission Committee, was accepted and sent abroad with his wife.

In the spring of 1858 I received an appointment to proceed to Old Calabar, West Africa, on business, and, arriving there on 24th May in the good steamer "Hope," we anchored at sundown in the broad river, opposite Duke Town, eighty miles from the sea.

Immediately the anchor was over the side a number of six-oared gigs, with their white owners eagerly waiting for letters and news, pulled alongside, and the first on deck was—Wullie Timson.

During the five years I remained there we saw each other often—though he shortly afterwards was sent by the Presbytery to an up station. He was a most excellent missionary, and had broad ideas, often of an unconventional type—for instance, one day, coming through the town, he saw a chief very badly ill-treating one of his slaves, and, finding that kindness and reason were of no use, and that, very probably, the poor creature would be killed, the Rev. Wm. Timson became once more the rough and tumble schoolboy of "Jethart," who did not even stay to doff his coat, but promptly, with Nature's weapons, felled the chief to the ground.

And he was all the more respected by the natives, who acknowledged he had acted rightly.

He has long since gone to his reward, and his photograph is one of my cherished possessions.

But this is a rather long digression from that of dookin' in the Jed.

There were many pools, the first just above "the cauld;" the second, already referred to, at the second bridge; a third was known as "Tammy White's Pool," nearly up to the third bridge, and immediately under the highest peak of the scaurs—Mr Sudden uses, I see, the vernacular, "skerfit," which, for the sake of days long gone by, I willingly accept. "Tammy White's Pool" was too deep and sullen to be such a favourite bathing place as the second bridge, but some of us, on very warm days, in a daring mood, and without Mr Pringle, had our swim in it. I suppose no one can tell why it was called "Tammy White's Pool?" I often asked the question in those days, but never got an answer, and, for want of it, we concluded some one of that name had been drowned there.

It is an interesting fact that just opposite the scaurs from this pool Thomson of the seasons wrote his poem on "Summer," sitting on a sloping bank near an old, lonely school building, which was there, though not in use, in my earliest days.

My recollections have run on in a very desultory manner, and I must close—but another time I may say something more about those unique and glorious scaurs and refer to odd holidays and Saturday half-holidays spent in climbing out and into the caves cut out of the face of those at the "fourth bridge," a feat I cannot now think of without a shudder, but which, when the brain was clear and nerves unknown, was done with exhilarating fearlessness.

Claughton. JAMES IRVINE.

The Late Mr Francis Lynn.

The death, says the "St Ronan's Standard," occurred suddenly on 23rd April, at his residence in Livingstone Terrace, Galashiels, of Mr Francis Lynn, F.S.A. Scot. Mr Lynn, who was sixty-eight years of age, had been in business as an upholsterer and cabinetmaker in Galashiels for nearly forty years, and was highly respected by all classes of the community. Mr Lynn was an enthusiastic antiquarian, and was well known throughout the country as an authority on that subject, and he contributed papers of considerable value and interest on subjects such as the Catrail Hill forts and artificial caves to the meetings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, of which he was a Fellow. In the affairs of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club he took an active interest, and was a highly esteemed member, his services as guide to the Club in their rambles in the Border district and the North of England being greatly appreciated. His name appears in the list of excursions for this season. We were purposing a sketch of him in the "B. M.," and may still carry out our intention, though death has called our friend home.

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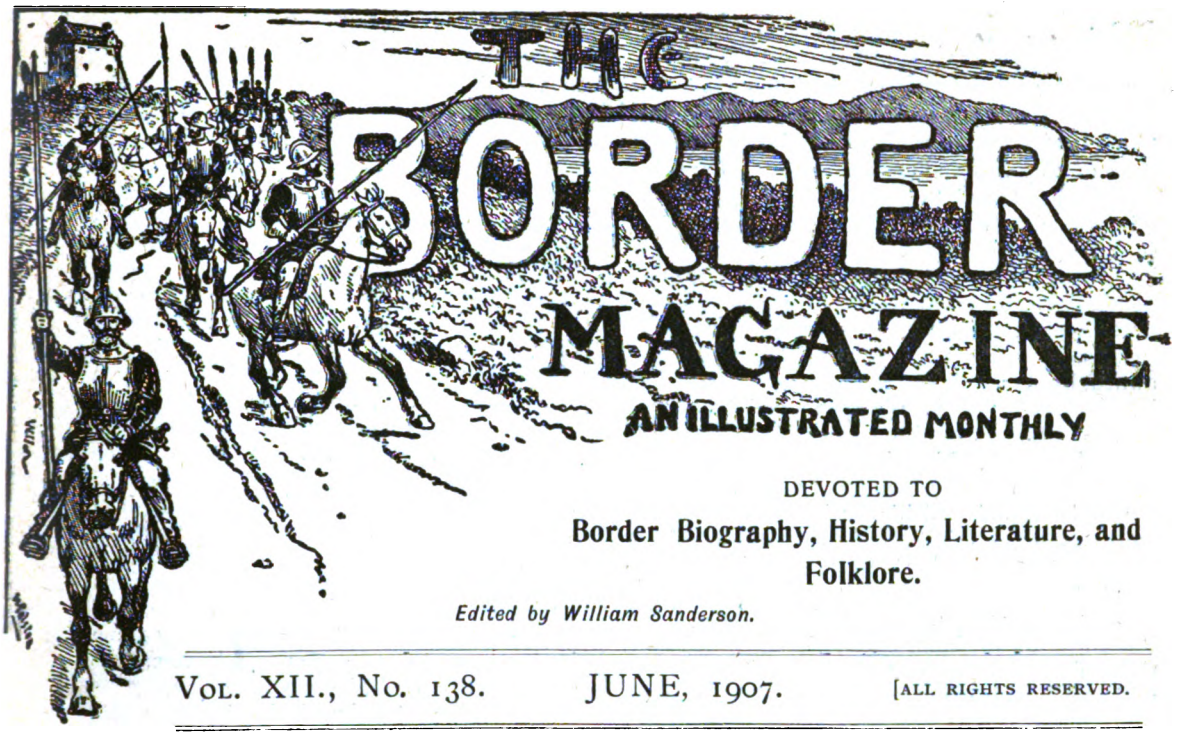
CAPTAIN ROBERT DAVIDSON, DALMUIR, CLYDEBANK.



VOL. XII., No. 138. JUNE, 1907.

CAPTAIN ROBERT DAVIDSON,

DALMUIR, CLYDEBANK.

A SUCCESSFUL BORDER GENTLEMAN.

THE subject of our sketch is that of Captain Robert Davidson, 1st D.R.V., who is likewise Quartermaster of the regiment and a Town Councillor to boot for the Dalmuir Ward of Clydebank—the home of ships and sewing machines — succeeding ex-Provost Francis Spite, and has had the distinguished honour of being thrice returned unopposed as one of the three representatives on the Council of this particular Ward. It will be in the recollection of our readers that Captain Davidson was lately honoured by our well-beloved King in being commanded to attend the levee in St James' Palace, London, for presentation to His Majesty—he being the only representative from Scotland present on that occasion—thus bringing honour not only on himself, the "risingest" Burgh of Clydebank, and the Ward thereof of which he is a bright and shining light, but on Borderers all o'er. Still in the heyday of manhood, or, rather, youth, for, as our readers can see from our block, he looks quite the youth, and, what is more and better, feels it, for he has yet a long journey to travel before he crosses over from the sunny to the autumn side of fifty. Born in the pleasant little Border village of Yetholm, which nestles at the foot of the Cheviot hills, he spent a portion of his boyhood amid scenes which are dear to every lover of Scott, and which are famous in several ways in Scottish history. His parents having removed to Jedburgh to engage in farming, he, perforce, accompanied them to Hundalee, a large and well-stocked farm, of which his grandfather had a lease from the Marquis of Lothian. Here young Davidson set about making a way for himself in this busy world, and here he first exhibited that tact, energy, and unflinching devotion to duty that has not only stood him in good stead, but has brought about an honoured and deserved reward, and that, too, at such a comparatively early age as falls to the lot of few. He served his apprenticeship with the firm of Messrs Noble, wine merchants, Jedburgh and Berwick-on-Tweed, and afterwards transferred his services to Messrs Hilson, Jedburgh, where, after four years' faithful work, he hied himself to Glasgow, for the bet-

ter scope and enlargement of his undoubted talents, amid the best wishes of his past employers and fellow-employees. After a short spell of city life and city experience, Captain Davidson removed to Clydebank some twenty-one years ago, when the district was but in its infancy, and he rapidly blossomed into a popular young man, adding success to success, and making friends all along the line. Acquiring the licensed premises, corner of Dumbarton Road and Buchanan Street, Dalmuir, then owned by Mr John McLaughlan, Duntocher, he soon succeeded in adding to and building up the business, and on Mr McLaughlan's death he bought his wide range of property in Buchanan Street and Dumbarton Road. Lately he transferred his business to new and more central premises at the corner of Trafalgar Street and Dumbarton Road. His manner at all times has been characterised by courtesy, energy, and tact. Captain Davidson has had since his earliest days the best interests of the Volunteer Forces at heart, having served with the Border Rifles first in 1882, under the command of the late Sir George Douglas, Bart., before leaving his native heath. Coming to Clydebank, he, as soon as business arrangements permitted, attached himself to the Yoker (L) Coy. 1st D.R.V. After a short spell in the ranks, it was at once seen that he was an acquisition to the corps, and got promoted to the rank of Lieutenant (1896), receiving on his appointment the warmest congratulations from, among others, Colonel Denny, late member of Parliament, and then commandant of the regiment. His rise in the service has been as rapid as it was deserved. On the retiral of Lieut.-Colonel Birrell, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Quartermaster, and later on to his present rank of Staff-Officer Captain Quartermaster. At each camp held under his management and personal supervision, he has at the close of each been personally thanked and complimented by the Commanding Officer for the careful and efficient manner he had carried out the entire arrangements for the comfort of both officers and men. Notwithstanding his extensive business and public duties, he succeeds in finding time for pleasure and recreation. An early riser, he gets through a vast amount of work, and then, in season, hies himself to some of the waters, for he is a most ardent and enthusiastic angler, and for this season holds the record catch of salmon on Loch Tay. Shooting also claims a portion of his time, as might be expected, and he is a noted marksman with both rifle and revolver. With the latter he twice won the Denny 100 guinea challenge cup, and is looked on as the crack revolver shot of the county. With the fowling piece he has twice lifted the Old Kilpatrick glass ball and clay pigeon trophy. In fact, on one occasion he won it right out, and was presented with it, but on an opponent putting in an appearance after the event was over, Captain Davidson waived his claim, and on the opponent retiring from the mark it was found he had beaten the Captain's score by a point. The Captain, by his action, thus only showed one of his many outstanding traits of character and sporting spirit with which he is imbued.

Those who know the Captain best, know him for his sportsmanlike nature, genial character, and kindly disposition, ever ready to unloosen his purse strings and give bountifully and ungrudgingly of his means to those in distress, and especially when it is the cry of the widow and fatherless. As a Freemason he could have filled any office he chose in Lodge St John, Dalmuir, No. 543, but it can readily be seen that he succeeds in putting a lot of work into a short space of time, and a limit must be struck somewhere. Still he takes more than a passive interest in the craft and all pertaining thereto.

Some fourteen years ago the Borderers resident in Clydebank foregathered together and became desirous of forming themselves into a Borderers' Association. At the time Captain Davidson was approached, and, as becomes him, he threw himself heart and soul into the suggestion, and was made president of the new body. Under his care and watchful eye the Association, which first met under his welcomed roof, has grown so well that it is now one of the recognised institutions of the "risingest" burghs of Scotland, the success of which has been greatly contributed to by Borderers, but by none more so than by Captain Davidson.

We offer Captain Davidson our heartiest congratulations on his many achievements, and trust he will be long spared to be an honour to the town in which he has cast his lot and a credit to Borderers at home and abroad.

B. C.

A long story is, next to a good evening draught and a warm nightcap, the best shoeing-horn for drawing on a sound sleep.—"Legend of Montrose."

The Author of "Waverley" on the South Side of the Border.

By Walter Scott, Gainford.

Part I.

An English peer, with Scottish blood in his veins, wrote:—

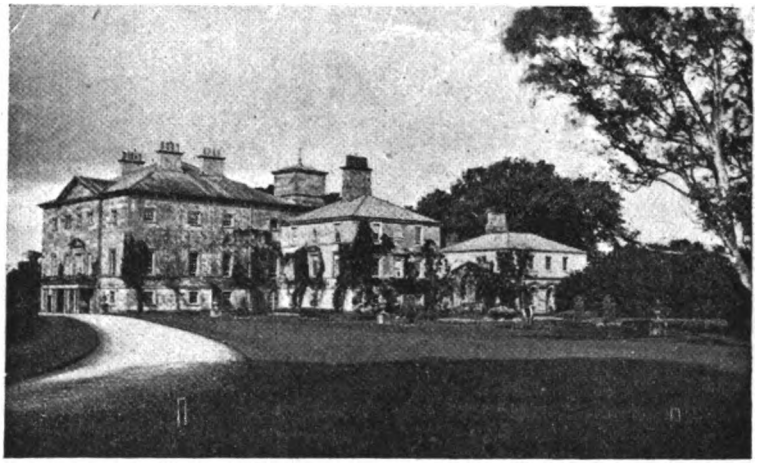
"England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roamed o'er the mountains afar;
Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic.
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-gar."

And since his day many have been the comparisons drawn between the quietude, and almost tameness, of the scenery in the southern kingdom and the grandeur of loch, mountain, and glen in Scotland. The truth is, there are beauties of scenery and entrancing views in both countries. In England, for the most part, what we see and admire are the results of ages of occupation and cultivation—"the stately homes of England," the old-world farm-houses, quaint country hostelries, its sylvan scenery, and ecclesiastical buildings of note in almost every parish. In the northern part of the island nature has been lavish in providing the grandeur of rugged mountains, shimmering lochs, impetuous streams, and all that beauty of her own which "unadorned is adorned the most."

All the world knows how Sir Walter loved his country and how, in undying verse, he opened its beauties to the world. He only could give expression to the true patriot's feeling in the lines:—

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

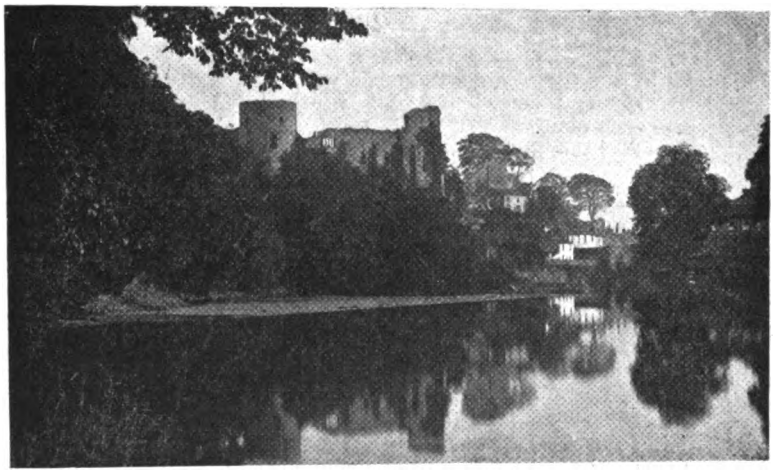
And so, annually, there is a stream, of every kindred and people, making the pilgrimage to Abbotsford, Dryburgh, the Trossachs, and wherever the foot of the mighty magician trod. And yet the scenery of many of his poems and novels is to be found in the country of the southron. So, not to go over the Ivanhoe country, that of Kenilworth, the sylvan beauty of Woodstock, or the diversity of the Peak country, all vividly described and peopled by real men and women who live in our memories, a short note of interesting places in the Border counties of Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and North Yorkshire, associated with Scott or his works, may be interesting to the readers of this magazine. He knew these counties well, and had friends in them all. But the one friend of the greatest intimacy was the genial and scholarly Lord of Rokeby, in the North Riding of the County of York, within a mile of the junction of the Greta with the Tees, the latter being the boundary between the "county of broad acres" and Durham.



ROKEBY HOUSE.

And how surely his all-observing eye noted every place he saw and its surrounding char-

acteristics. In illustration of this faculty let us just glance through the pages of "Rokeby," the poem he wrote in honour of his friend, John B. Sawrey Morrit, "one of the most accomplished men that ever shared Scott's confidence." One of the heirlooms left by him was that famous Velasquez picture, recently the subject of so many newspaper articles before it was secured for the nation by a payment of £40,000. Morrit frequently visited Abbotsford, and was also Scott's host at Rokeby on many occasions. It was on one of these latter that he began the poem "Rokeby." When published it was received with great favour, though its popularity was overshadowed by the fame which had come to its predecessors, "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion."



BARNARD CASTLE

The scene of "Rokeby" is, of course, principally at that place, and moves to Barnard Castle and other places in the neighbourhood. It opens in Barnard Castle, that proud guardian of the Teesside frontier built by Barnard Baliol, the grandfather of him who, for a short time, wore the crown of Scotland. Around the castle grew a town; and for centuries it has been an important market for South Durham and North Yorkshire. It has had its vicissitudes, like most old places, some of its older inhabitants even yet remembering the grand old days of stage coaches and crowded hostelries on its famed market.

It is a breezy and rainy night, scudding clouds shrouding the pale face of the moon, causing alternations of darkness and silvery light, when the first incidents of the poem occur:—

> "Such vivid hues the warder sees
> Reflected on the woodland Tees."

It is the time of civil conflict, King against Parliament, and here, in this castle, the plot between Oswald Wycliffe and Bertram of Risingham is hatched. The object is to obtain the treasure of the Lord of Mortham (a keep on the side of the Greta further from Rokeby), supposed to have been slain by Bertram in the battle of Marston Moor, recently fought. Another aim of the plotters is to obtain the hand of Rokeby's daughter for Wycliffe's son, who was of a very different nature from that of his scheming and unscrupulous father:—

> "He loved the quiet joys that wake
> By lonely stream and silent lake,
> In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
> Where all is cliff and copse and sky;
> To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
> Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek."

The first two of these places are up the Tees from Barnard Castle, well suited to attract the admiration of a nature-lover like Scott; and to-day the solitude of cliff, copse, and sky in Deepdale is only rarely broken; Catcastle's dizzy peak is as it was then; and lone Pendragon's Mound, near Penrith, is the puzzle of archæologist and antiquarian.

By the plotters it was arranged that Wilfrid, the son of Wycliffe,

should accompany Bertram to Mortham Tower to take possession of the treasure on that night when

"Three banners floating o'er the Tees
The woe-foreboding peasant sees;
In concert oft they braved of old
The bordering Scots' incursion bold."

These were the banners of Rokeby, Mortham, and Barnard Castle. To this day many small land owners pay "Barnard Castle guard rent" to Lord Barnard, who represents the old family who protected the flocks and herds of their predecessors. But at the time of the story Rokeby was for the King, Mortham for the Parliament, and Wycliffe held Barnard Castle for Vane, who wanted to see first which side was likely to be victorious.

Bertram and Wilfrid waited not for sunrise, nor turned to view what the clear moon would have revealed:—

"The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear;
The thin grey clouds wax dimly light
On Brusselton and Houghton height,
And the rich dale that eastward lay
Waited the touch of wakening day."

[To Be Continued.]

Border Notes and Queries.

JEDBURGH "WREN'S NEST," Etc.

I am one of the many who read Mr James Irvine's "Reminiscences" of the above in last number of the *Border Magazine* with both interest and pleasure. He seems to fall into two mistakes, however, which I venture to correct, not in the spirit of criticism, but for the purpose of effacing any false impression made upon the readers of the article. He refers to "the 'Nest Academy' or, as it was originally called, the 'Wren's Nest,' by Mr Burnett, the first proprietor, after the favourite little busy bustling 'Kitty Wren,' with its numerous fledglings." Far from it having received this name from Mr Burnett, however, it is specified in a charter (or perhaps charters) granted by King James VI. of Scotland to Lord Home two centuries before Mr Burnett's time. Eight or nine years ago I saw an extract from the charter to Lord Home, in which there occurs the phrase "All haill ze lands of . . . and of ze Wren's Nest," etc. (As I am quoting entirely from memory, I cannot pretend to be literally accurate.) In No. 5 of his "Yesterdays in a Royal Burgh" (reprinted from the *Jedburgh Gazette*"), also, Mr Lindsay Hilson cites a charter from the Crown, and dated 1671, in which reference is made to "The Abbay Kirk of Jedburgh, with these three houses commonly called 'Dobies Tour,' 'Wran's Nest,' and 'Old Hall,'" etc. These facts put the matter beyond question that Mr Burnett did not originally give the place its name.

Of the school to which Mr Irvine refers, and which was exactly at the first milestone from Jedburgh, not a vestige now remains. There must be some mistake in Mr Irvine's statement that Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," wrote his poem on "Summer" on the embankment near this school. In 1715, Thomson, then aged fifteen, left Southdean for Edinburgh University, and in the following year, in consequence of the death of his father, the household removed to Edinburgh. (I have not read anywhere that the poet again visited Jedwater.) Nine years later, Thomson, having removed to England, commenced "Winter," the *first* poem of the "Seasons," which appeared in 1726. "Summer" was published in the succeeding year, and therefore could not have been written when Thomson lived on the Borders.

Regarding Mr Irvine's query as to the derivation of the name "Tammy White's Pool," I may say that his conclusion that some one of that name was drowned there is very probable. In more recent times than those of which he writes it was given me as the actual reason why the awsome pool was so named. No data, however, were given along with the simple statement.

G. WATSON.

* * * *

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

The following additional correspondence on this subject has appeared in the *Scotsman*:—

Edinburgh, April 20, 1907.

Sir,—Hazeldean must have stood between Hawick and Minto. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto I., stanza 25, in describing Sir William of Deloraine's ride from Branksome to Melrose, Scott says:—

"And soon the Teviot side he won,
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And cross'd the Borthwick's roaring strand.
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound
Where Druid shades still flitted round;
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean."

—I am, &c. J. B. Fairgrieve.

Stirling, April 24, 1907.

Sir,—There can be little doubt, I think, that the *Hazeldean* of the "Lay" and the ballad are the same. As to the *Hazeldean* of the "Lay," every one knows that it is Hassendean in Teviotdale, as Scott himself has told us in a note to the poem, in which he says that "the estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts." Scott is here mistaken, for undoubtedly Hassendean, or Halstaneden, is the old form of the name. Scott and Leyden both use *Hazeldean*, and it is to be remembered that the "Lay." appeared in January 1805, while Leyden, who had sailed for India in April 1803, had been previously staying with Scott at Lasswade, busy with the old Border ballads and his *Scenes of Infancy*. It is therefore rather curious to find Scott saying that Hassendean is a corruption of Hazeldean, when probably either Leyden or himself was the first to use that form of the place. I am not aware of its previous use by any one else.

I doubt your correspondent "S." is rather wide of the mark when he seeks to identify *Hazeldean* with the Roman *Axellodunum*, near Hexham. He will find a more likely explanation of that place in Taylor's "Words and Places" (under *Axelholme*) than the one he suggests.

I am afraid the history of "Jock" and the lacrimose "ladie" who "loot the tears down fa'," whether as set forth in the old ballad or in Scott's song, is likely to remain a mystery, though one would like to know the story of the pair.—I am, &c.,

A. GRAHAM.

There are still in connection with this subject some points on which further information would be acceptable. Where is *Hazelgreen* of the old ballad, and was the form Hazeldean (*i.e.* Hassendean) ever used by any one else before Scott and Leyden? Perhaps some reader who may have access to Professor Child's volumes (*English and Scottish Ballads*, 8 vols., 1861) could furnish us with some additional information not brought out in the above correspondence.

In a letter of Scott's (dated September 30, 1792) to his friend William Clerk, Esq., he speaks of an "expedition" he had lately had through Hexham and parts of Northumberland, which, he says, "would have delighted the very cockles of your heart," &c. He adds: "I was particularly charmed with the situation of Beaufront, a house belonging to a mad sort of genius, whom, I am sure, I have told you some stories about. He used to call himself the Noble Errington, but of late has assumed the title of Duke of Hexham." Scott may have remembered the name when he composed his song some twenty-four years after, as Mr Crockett suggests in his letter.

It may perhaps be worth while to add that it was lately intimated in the *Scotsman* that there was to be offered for sale by auction in London a collection of important autograph letters and documents relating to Scotland, and amongst these Sir Walter Scott's signed manuscript of the famous song "Jock o' Hazeldean."

A. G., S.

* * * *

HIGH PRICE FOR A BURNS'S RELIC.

"A most interesting relic of Burns was sold yesterday at Christie's, London. It was the poet's seal, formed of a Scottish pebble engraved with his coat of arms, and mounted in gold. The arms of the bard are characteristic, and were cut in Edinburgh. Above a shield containing a horn, pastoral crook, and bush, a bird sings, and it is surmounted with the words, "Wood notes wild," while on the sides of the shield is the inscription, "Better a bush than nae bield." This object is referred to by the poet in letters 213 in the seventh volume of Cunningham's "Life and Works" of Burns. The poet says:—"I have gotten one of your Highland pebbles, which I fancy would make a very decent seal, and I want to cut my armorial heading in it." The seal hung at Burns's watch for several years, and it passed from him to his son Robert, then to his daughter Eliza (who married Dr Everett), falling to her daughter, the late Martha Burns Thomas, who bequeathed it to her cousin, the late owner. Keen competition raised the price for the tiny trinket to £210 before Mr Dunlop, a private collector, secured it."—*Scotsman*, May 1, 1907.—"We are informed that the purchaser of the poet Burns's seal at Christie's, London, on Tuesday, is Mr W. H. Dunlop of Doonside, and that the relic is to be placed in Burns's Cottage, near Ayr."—*Scotsman*, May 2.

* * * *

WAS JEDBURGH A WALLED TOWN?

It was with much interest that I read the query, propounded by a writer signing himself "Auntie Queer Ane," which appeared in the last number. The information which I have been able to collect upon the subject enables me to answer the question negatively. Before producing this scanty material, it may be stated that there are no remains or traces of any kind to indicate that walls surrounded the town, and in the hundreds of references to Jedburgh in mediæval times which I have seen in contemporary documents, not once are the hypothetical walls referred to.

It was not the custom of the Scots to build walls round their towns; they rather trusted in their ability to defend them by bravery and by force of arms. "The Scots," says John Major, the Scottish historian and divine, "do not hold themselves to need walled cities; and the reason of this may be, that they thus get them face to face with the enemy with no delay, and build their cities, as it were, of men. If a force 20,000 strong were to invade Scotland at dawn, a working day of twelve hours would scarcely pass before her people were in conflict with the enemy." The case of Jedburgh, unfortunately, illustrates by no means favourably this policy of the Scots in these troublous times, as this Border town was burned by the English no fewer than six times within the one hundred and thirty-six years following the capture and demolition of the castle in 1409 by the Scots, after it had been possessed by the Southrons for seventy-five years.

Don Pedro de Ayala visited Scotland in the year 1498, and in the account of his visit he states that there was then not more than one fortified town in Scotland, "as the kings do not allow their subjects to fortify them." John Major also, writing in 1521, states that Perth was the only walled town in Scotland. In addition to Perth, however, Edinburgh itself had ere this been fortified, having in 1450, immediately after the battle of Sark, been enclosed by walls, which were further strengthened after Flodden in 1513. Writing in 1647-52, David Buchanan, when he refers to "the custom of the Scots being able to defend their cities with arms and not with walls," corroborates Major's previous statement. These references seem to exclude the idea that Jedburgh was a walled town.

From the "History of Scotland," written about 1582 by the famous George Buchanan, more direct proof can be adduced that Jedburgh had no walls round it. Alluding to the projected attack upon it in 1572 by Kerr of Ferniherst, Buchanan states that Jedburgh was "a small town ("oppidulum"), unfortified, as is the custom of the country, but inhabited by the bravest of citizens, who in former years had always strenuously resisted the attempts of the rebels." If more conclusive proof than this be required, it is found in the fact that in the same work, when this writer deals with the Earl of Surrey's successful assault on Jedburgh in 1523, he refers to the town as "*unwalled*, according to the Scottish custom." These facts prove the case beyond doubt, and answer the question in the negative.

I would be edified to learn Professor Veitch's authority for his erroneous statement. Mr George Hilson was obviously in error in stating that Sir Walter Scott alleged the walls of Jedburgh "to have existed." He evidently has in mind the passage in Chapter XXV. of the "Tales of a Grandfather," where Scott thus refers to Surrey's capture of Jedburgh in 1523:—"But the force of numbers prevailed, and the English carried the place by assault. There were six strong towers within the town, which continued their defence after the *walls* were surmounted. These were the residences of persons of rank, *walled round*, and capable of strong

resistance." The words I have emphasized show that it was not the walls of the town, but those Scott supposes to have surrounded the bastel towers, that that author alluded to. Even these walls, it may be pointed out in closing, have no existence in Surrey's memorable letter, printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," from which communication Sir Walter evidently obtained his information respecting the capture of Jedburgh in 1523.

G. WATSON.

Burns's "Beauteous Rosebud.."

AT the Stirling Fine Art Exhibition, held in the Smith Institute during the months of February and March, there was exhibited a very interesting portrait of Burns's heroine, Jenny Cruickshank, the "Beauteous Rosebud" of his poems. This portrait, which is undoubtedly authentic, and has never been publicly exhibited before, is a small canvas, 20 inches by 14, and shows the girl's figure in three-quarter length. She has a sweet face, with rosy cheeks, and wears the quaint cap according to the fashion then prevailing. In her arms she holds a Prince Charlie spaniel. The artist is unknown, but the work artistically appears to be fairly well done, and is not without a certain delicacy and charm.

William Cruickshank, the father of the "heroine," was a colleague of William Nicol, the Willie who brewed the peck o' maut, of the Edinburgh High School, and both were intimate friends of Burns. Burns, it will be remembered, on the advice of Dr Blacklock, set out to Edinburgh in order to get a second edition of his poems brought out there. He reached Edinburgh on the 28th of November, 1786, and was soon lionised and patronised by all the fashionable *literati* of the place—law lords, professors, clergymen, and blue stockings. His poems, an issue of 2800 copies, duly appeared on the 21st of April, and soon after, on the 5th of May, Burns, mounted on "Jenny Geddes," along with his friend Robert Ainslie, set out on his Border tour, in the course of which he visited Duns, Coldstream, Kelso, Dryburgh, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Selkirk, besides other places on the other side of the Border. On the 4th of June he reached Dumfries, and on the 9th Mauchline, and was received, after an absence of seven months, by his brother, sisters, and mother, who is said to have welcomed him back with the simple words, "Oh, Robbie!" Soon after, in the month of August, he returned to Edinburgh, and on the 25th, along with his friend William Nicol, a man with some good qualities and some not so good, started on his northern tour. They visited Stirling and Bannockburn, then proceeded through Perthshire, and on to Inverness and Culloden, Aberdeen and Montrose, where the poet was kindly received by his relations whom he had never seen before, and returned to Edinburgh, which was reached on the 16th of September. Then in October he again, along with his friend, a Dr Adair, set out on a ten days' tour, when he visited his old friends at Harvieston, Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre, and Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre (near Stirling), returning to the Capital on the 20th of October, ill with a cold contracted on the journey. On this occasion Burns lodged with his friend William Cruickshank, who occupied a house at 30 St James's Square.* The poet's room was a high upper chamber looking down into a green plot behind the Register House, and here he chiefly employed his time in composing songs for Johnson's *Museum*, and in hearing young Jenny Cruickshank, at this time a girl of some twelve years of age, play the melodies on her harpsichord. And here also it was that he penned some of those stupid amatory epistles to Clarinda, whose acquaintance he had made towards the close of the year. Professor Walker, who had occasion to call upon Burns at this time, says: "I found him seated by the harpsichord of this young lady, listening with the keenest interest to his own verses, which she sang and accompanied, and adjusting them to the music by repeated trials of the effect. In this occupation he was so totally absorbed that it was difficult to draw his attention from it for a moment." Would not "Robbie" and the "Rosebud" with her harpsichord have formed an admirable and charming subject for the painter? It was probably about this time that Burns composed his song "A Rosebud by my Early Walk,"** in which he makes graceful reference to the accomplishments of his young friend who could tune such strains "on trembling string or vocal air." In February, 1789, Burns paid another visit to Edinburgh, when he is supposed to have written and inscribed to Miss Cruickshank the poem beginning:—

"Beauteous rosebud, young and gay.
Blooming in thy early May."

It was written on the blank leaf of a book presented by the poet to the young lady. It would be interesting to ascertain if this book with the poem is still in existence. In June, 1804, Miss Cruickshank became the wife of a Mr James Henderson, writer in Jedburgh. She died in 1835, and she and her husband lie buried in the Abbey Churchyard of Jedburgh.

About the beginning of August, 1887, there was erected in this churchyard a tombstone of Aberdeen granite, of a plain but neat design, to mark the resting-place of Burns's heroine. It bears the following inscription:—"In memory of James Henderson, writer, Jedburgh, who died 1839, and Jean Cruickshank, his wife, one of Burns's heroines, who died 1835; also of their five sons and three daughters. This stone is erected by the children of Andrew, third son of the above, who died at Berwick, 1846." Another of their sons, it may be added, Mr William Cruickshank Henderson, was a banker, who, on retiring, settled at Stirling. In 1869 he married a Miss Scott, a native of Kelso, and died in 1882, and was buried in St Ninians Churchyard. His widow still survives, and the portrait to which reference has been made, remains a cherished treasure in the possession of that lady.

A. GRAHAM.

* On the death of Cruickshank, Burns wrote the following lines:—

"Honest Will 's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them."

—lines not over-complimentary to the Latinity of the Edinburgh High School classical master!

** At a sale of Burns MSS. at Sotheby's, London, March 16th of the present year, these lines amongst others were disposed of to a Mr Maitland. The vendor was a descendant of Burns's friend, Alexander Fraser Tytler, afterwards Lord Woodhouselee.

The Border Bookcase.

WHO that has read the works of Sir Walter Scott intelligently, has not wished that he could retain in his memory even a hundredth part of the wise sayings he met in the living pages, or even longed that he had time to imitate Captain Cuttle, and "make a note of it?" So much of

THE WISDOM OF SIR WALTER

is thus lost to the general reader that we hail with delight a volume bearing this appropriate title from the famous publishing house of Messrs A. & C. Black. The volume is by Owen Redfern, who has done his work well, while the publishers have produced a handsome book at 5/ which should find a place in every Border library. There is a melancholy interest in the fact that the preface is from the pen of the late Rev. John Watson, D.D. (Ian Maclaren). He says:—

"The mind of Scott is always worth having, because it is so honest and fair, so charitable and friendly, so shrewd and sagacious. He is not clever: he is wise; he does not tickle you with epigrams: he sums up a situation. When you have read what he says about pride and remorse, about religion and friendship, about English gallantry and English good-nature, about women and children, about Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans, about selfishness and happiness, about dogs and horses, about honour and love, and a hundred other subjects within the range of life, then you are bound to have a saner as well as friendlier outlook upon your fellow-creatures. This book will serve a double purpose: it will excite an appetite for Scott among strangers; it will be a handy book of reference for his friends. And nowhere can one find a weightier or kindlier teacher of practical wisdom than Sir Walter."

As an example of the style of this new work we quote one of the pages:—

"**Home.** The Bride of Lammermoor. Chap. XVII., p. 429.

Sir, stay at home, and take an old man's counsel;
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire;
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.

The French Courtezan.

Honesty. Life of Scott. Vol. VII., p. 100.
You ought never to leave a country without clearing every penny of debt.

Honour. Quentin Durward. Intro., p. 2.
A man of honour. His word generally accounted the most sacred test of a man's character, and the least impeachment of which is a capital offence by the code of honour.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. XII., p. 572.
True honour consisted not in defending, but in apologising for, an injury so much disproportioned to any provocation I might have to allege.

Hope. Life of Scott. Vol. IX., p. 177.
Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the stream. I believe in God, who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best.

—— Rob Roy. Chap. III., p. 537.
Hope, that never forsakes the young and hardy.

—— Redgauntlet. Chap. IX., p. 454.
Hope will catch at the most feeble twig for support in extremity.

Horse-riding. Castle Dangerous. Chap. III., p. 820.
Any one acquainted with equestrian exercise is aware that no means of refreshment carries away the sense of fatigue from over-walking so easily as the exchange to riding, which calls into play another set of muscles, and leaves those which have been over-exerted an opportunity of resting, through change of motion, more completely than they could in absolute repose."

* * * *

BRITAIN'S GENERAL DEBILITY:

Its Causes, Effects and Remedy.

Bearing the above striking title Mr Alexander Laing, M.P.S., has published a lecture addressed to the people of the British Empire at Home, and has included also in the book another lecture entitled "The Evolution of Jack the Giant Killer." Mr Laing, who is a native of Kelso, and was for many years prominently connected with the work of the Glasgow Border Counties Association, is a most original thinker, and a perusal of these two lectures will well reward the reader. The booklet is published at 6d., by John E. Smith 375 Great Western Road, Glasgow. Mr Laing, who is the author of "The True Hero and other poems," reviewed in our columns some years ago, says in his preface to the present publication:—

Now, in this the seventh year of the twentieth century of the Christian era, when the desultory and tumultuous babel of voices in the British Empire at home resolves into the cry "who will shew us any good?" it befits to ask the people to pause and consider if they are able to discern "any good" that is shewn to them! Every one in this fortunate island thinks his opinion as good as any one's else, however different; and opinion has become a fossed intrenchment wherein each burrows. They must be driven out into the light of the ascertained. Their ditch is unclean, unwholesome, insanitary; it has brought them into such a state of General Debility as is here depicted beyond their ability to confute.

The Late Rev. David Macrae.

SCOTLAND was decidedly the poorer when, on the morning of the 16th May, 1907, the Rev. David Macrae passed to his rest. Although a Highlander, he belonged to the whole of Scotland, and therefore it is fitting that the passing of such a true Scotsman should be noted in the *Border Magazine*. To millions he was known by his brilliant pulpit and platform orations, or through his works and contributions to the public press, for he combined the eloquence of an orator with the pen of a ready writer. As a journalist, a preacher, a pioneer in theological advancement, a powerful Temperance advocate, and a leader in the renaissance of Scottish nationalism, he stood in the front rank. Looked at from every side, he was a great man, and those of us who were privileged to know him personally and meet him in his own home, were even more convinced of this fact than if we had known him from the outside only. On the evening of Mr Macrae's death, Mr James Walsh contributed to *The Evening Times* (Glasgow), the following fine tribute :—

Farewell, farewell, thou valiant one,
Across the sea where hangs the night
Thick with Death's mystery—whose waves
With hollow moan break on the shore
Of human woe—thy bark has sped,
While winged with love through mists obscure
Our thoughts go out in yearnings deep
That thither fain would turn its prow.
But bright to thee the heaving tide
And sounds seraphic hushed its moan,
For pilot sure was thine—the Christ
Whom thou didst love and follow here.
The Isles of Rest before thee lay
A gleam beneath that Sun whose light
The joy made perfect is of saints
And guerdon pure of faithful life.
Yet stand we sadly by the marge
And mourn a friend revered and loved,
Whom ne'er in flesh our eyes shall see
Nor hand clasp hand in friendly grip;
Whose voice no more our ears shall hear
In temp'rate counsels sage and wise,
Or fraught with tone that spake the heart
Rich in the wealth that makes the man.
Dear to thy heart was Scotia's weal;
Dear were her bens and rugged steeps,
Her streams and straths and lone, still glens,
Yet dearer made by deeds that glowed
Bright with the valour of her sons,
When claymores flashed and spears uprose
And vengeance smote the alien hosts.
Then Scotia freed, exultant stood
And marked with pride her loyal brood,
Who sware no fetter forged by foe
Would stamp the craven on their flesh,
Nor witness to their manhood's death.
Heir to their spirit and their fire,
The patriot's zeal and fervour thine,
Than thou no braver fought of old,
Though bloodless was the strife thou waged.
Keen-eyed and eloquent and quick
To guard her rights, her wrongs redress—
The gibe and sneer—the swords of fools
Thy scorn but met for Scotia's sake.
Thine too, a higher duty still
That claimed thy manhood's strength and prime
To minister in holy things,
And in the van of heroes strive
With pen and voice to quell the ills
That rampant spoil the land thou lovedst
And blighten with their breath its life,
Fast breeding woes whose victims crowd
The haunts impure and dark of vice:
A seeker after Truth thou wert,
Unswerving in the light that streamed
From that clear height where God abides.
Nor clamours rife nor rude assault
E er stayed thy course, but bold thou stood'st
Faithful to that revealed to thee—
No caitiff fear forbade the voice
That with prophetic power outrang
And spake of love encircling all—
Of hope that clear through ancient mists
Shone with the radiance of a star
And lit the shores of nether worlds.
Brave, thou did'st meet the wrath of those
Whose mood the lie gave to their creed
And drave the Christ from out their deeds
That shrivel in the light of love,
The withered fruit of bigot growth.
Now years of bitterness are past,
The battling and the striving o'er,
The sounds of strife for ever hushed.
Peace, peace is thine and endless calm,
Where loyal sprites and pure are met
Crowned by the Christ they loved and served.

Ballads of the Border Singers.

'Tis not the poet's passing word,
  Nor yet the wind-song in the trees,
Nor rapture of the April bird,
  Nor stir and bustle of the bees
  That twines the tune our hearts to please,
And strikes the note the lover learns—
  A melody more sweet than these
Lies in our lilting Border burns.

From out the woodlands sombre-firred,
  Across the gowan-broidered leas,
Like Lochinvar our streams have spurred
  To river-loves and sought-for seas,
  Bearing soft Border melodies
That echo from her bower returns;
  The promise of love's mysteries
Lies in our lilting Border burns.

In hidden glens these rills have heard
  Romance's whisper on Time's knees,
Our Border hearts are stayed and stirred
  With fragments of forgotten glees,
  And mourning songs wailed on the breeze,
And measures played at country kirns;
  The music of Life's changing keys
Lies in our lilting Border turns.

If any song can grief appease,
  If sorrow ever solace earns,
Then music for the spirit's ease
  Lies in our lilting Border burns.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

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TO ADVERTISERS.
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LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have still plenty of matter on hand, but we have no desire to prevent our valued contributors from preparing articles for future use. To these friends we would once more recall the limited space we can afford for each article, and suggest the maximum of 2000 words. Contributors would save us some trouble if the approximate number of words were marked at the top of their manuscripts. We have abundant evidence that their contributions are highly appreciated, even in remote parts of the world.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

Some curious customs still linger in the more outlying country districts. In a sequestered recess of the Lammermoors stands a cottage named Tollis Hill. According to the terms of an agreement with the Marquis of Tweeddale, the tenant of this lonely dwelling must keep a gallon of whisky for the special use of travellers who have the misfortune to lose their way on the wilds. This arrangement dates back to the remote period when Tollis Hill formed a half-way house for pedestrians journeying between Edinburgh and the Borders. Since the dawn of the railway era the demands on the shepherd's hospitality have yearly become less frequent. This is largely due to the fact that Tollis Hill is too far removed from any village to attract the man with a perpetual thirst. Under other circumstances, the obligation which exemplifies the kindly ways of the old-time Scot would probably have fallen into abeyance.

* * * *

The Rev. Mr Burr, Bowden, whose church is one of of the oldest and most historic in Scotland, dating back to the twelfth century, and continuously in use for public worship since then, has during the winter been prosecuting a scheme for the restoration of the building. The scheme was only mooted about November, but since then Mr Burr has collected about £1000 towards the cost, which is estimated at about £1700. The heritors, who have given their sanction to the scheme, contribute £200, in addition to the £1000 held by Mr Burr, so that about £300 is still required before the work is commenced. In the restoration the old building in all its lines will be strictly preserved. In the building are the burial vaults of the houses of Roxburghe, Minto, and other old Border families.

* * * *

The recent vacancy in the pastorate of Glencairn Parish Church, brought about by the translation of the Rev. G. G. Duncan to Glenesk, recalls that many eminent divines have occupied the Glencairn pulpit. Among the number are the Rev. Patrick Playfair, now of St. Andrews, and the Rev. Patrick Barrowman, who was the incumbent at the time of the Disruption. He was one of those who left church and manse "for conscience' sake," and thereafter he entertained the bitterest contempt for those who remained "in." One of the reasons for his unquenchable rancour was that immediately before the memorable cleavage of '43, Mr Barrowman was instrumental in carrying out extensive improvements on the church property, and his manse was one of the finest in Nithsdale. On a scroll over the door leading to the garden, which was almost ideal in its arrangement, were the words, "One soweth and

another reapeth." Hardly had the improvements, which had cost him so much thought and effort, been completed, when Mr Barrowman turned his back upon them for ever, and so fulfilled the motto which he had himself selected to adorn the entrance to his garden.

* * * *

What is the origin of the prejudice against May marriages? Sir Walter Scott, who hurried back from London that his daughter Sophia might be married to Lochart before April was out, confessed himself unable to explain why this "genial season of flowers and breezes," so apparently favourable for matrimony, should be banned by brides and bridegrooms. Some have traced the prejudice back to the marriage of Mary Stuart and Bothwell, which took place in May, 1567. But the Scottish people knew all about the superstition long before that. Indeed, it was one of their grounds of objection to Mary's marriage that the date was set down in the forbidden month. Somebody even fixed on the gates of Holyrood the warning line from Ovid (who, as a matter of fact, quoted it as an "old saw"), "'Tis bad to marry in the month of May." The Latins had a saying to the effect that "only bad women marry in May." In Scotland, judging by the marriage notices in May, the number of bad women is infinitesimally small. The registrar of a parish with a population of a thousand told recently that only three May marriages had been recorded in his books during the last fifty years.

* * * *

On 1st May 1707, the Rev. Thomas Boston was translated from Simprin to Ettrick. The induction did not attract much contemporary notice, but it has derived interest from the prominence which the learned minister afterwards attained. Comparison between the rural Scotland of two hundred years ago and that of to-day is suggested by the present condition of Simprin. The parish was the smallest in the Merse. When Boston became minister in 1699, it supported only eighty-eight examinable persons. Little more than fifty years later it was merged in the neighbouring parish of Swinton. To-day. the old "kirk-town" is represented by only one one weather-worn cottage, and little remains of the sanctuary save the eastern gable. The number of labourers employed on the three farms that fall within the limits of the old-time parish has steadily diminished during the last twenty years. But great as the mere outward change has been, a perusal of Boston's "Memoirs" suggests that the mental outlook of the community has undergone a still greater transformation. An earnest performance of the duties of life should never fail to command respect, and never was pastor more devoted to his calling than Thomas Boston.

* * *

Of the joyousness of life Boston knew little. His religion was tinged with superstition, and physical blindness could not have rendered him less susceptible to the charms of Nature. His ministerial career was divided between two parishes that are both rich in historic and romantic associations, but there is nothing in his voluminous writings to indicate that these exerted any influence on the learned, yet lugubrious divine. To the proud position of a father of the Scottish Church later generations have raised him, and if earnestness of purpose constitute a claim to the distinction, it was not undeserved. For the rest, it may be doubted if life has lost much by the passing of the religious school which regarded Thomas Boston as one of its leaders.

* * * *

In connection with the recent Royal visit to the West, one may be permitted to ask why Glasgow is so seldom associated with a romantic interest. For upwards of two hundred years, kings and courtiers have rarely graced the city by their presence; but it was otherwise in the time of Queen Mary. As every schoolboy knows, the family to which the unfortunate Darnley belonged held extensive possessions in the West of Scotland. There is, therefore, good ground for believing that the pathetic poem, "Waly, Waly!" was founded on an incident associated with one of the Royal visits to the Western metropolis. Be this as it may, the ballad is the only effusion in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" in which direct allusion is made to the Second City.

* * * *

February 5th was the twenty-sixth anniversary of the death of Thomas Carlyle, and it may be interesting to record that willing workers are still engaged endeavouring to controvert the erroneous statements published by Mr Froude in his biography concerning the character of the Sage. The first to attempt rebutting some of Mr Froude's misstatements was Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Harvard University, who, in reprinting the famous "Reminiscences," declared that in five pages Mr Froude had committed no fewer than 130 errors. Sir James Crichton Browne has also done good service to the memory of Carlyle, and another Scotsman, Mr David Wilson, of the Indian Civil Service, has also devoted himself to the same laudable object. Mr Wilson some years ago published a work directly refuting many of Mr Froude's statements; and it is gratifying now to learn that Mr Wilson is at present in this country on leave of absence, and is busily engaged prosecuting inquiries into certain aspects of the Sage's character, which he will embody in a biography that he has been at work upon for some time.

* * * *

The old Scottish prejudice against the "wearin' o' the green" dies hard. Though generally supposed to be based on antipathy towards garish display, it seems to have its roots in superstition. The other day I overheard an old native of Ayrshire quoting the following rhyme for the benefit of her grand-daughter:—

"Blue is beauty, red's a taiken,
Green's a grief, and yellow's forsaken."

To the Grahams the fatal colour seems to have been fraught with more than the average ill-luck. "Green," writes Scott in one of his letters, "is a colour fatal to several families in Scotland, to the whole race of Grahams in particular, insomuch that we have heard that in battle a Graham is generally shot through the green cheek of his plaid, moreover, that a veteran sportsman of the name having come by a bad fall, he thought it sufficient to account for it, that he had a piece of green whipcord to complete the lash of his hunting-whip. I remember also my late amiable friend, James Ghrame, author of 'The Sabbath,' would not break through this prejudice of his clan, but had his library table covered with blue or black cloth, rather than use the fated colour commonly employed on such occasions."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Reminiscences of Liddesdale in Pre-Railway Days.

(PART I.)

There's no' a corrie, cleuch, or cairn
I dinna ken richt weel;
There's no' a linn aboot the place
I hav'na tried to speel;
There's no' a stream for miles aroon'
That to the Solway strays
But what I've guddl't baggies in
In barefit laddie days.

THERE are few of our Border valleys richer in associations, or which have contributed more largely in song and story to our Border literature, than Liddesdale. Quiet and peaceful though it still remains, with scarce a sound to break the stillness save the bleating of sheep or the hill birds' cry, time was when it was even more of a solitude, when its glens were undisturbed by the locomotive's throb, and the steam whistle had not awakened the echoes of its hills. Though the unpretentious dalesfolk have not, like many of their contemporaries, gone in for advertising the attractions of the district, it is not altogether unknown. The angler and the botanist have found it a happy hunting-ground, where, away from the bustle of business, they can, without let or hindrance, pursue the bent of their inclinations to their hearts' content. The archaeologist, too, has found in it a veritable store-house, possessing, as it does, so many land-marks of long ago, in the shape of Roman camp and Border peel, while that unsolved mystery the "Catrail" can be traced for miles along the hillsides in the upper reaches of the valley.

Town dwellers are gradually finding out this quiet retreat, and each summer sees them in greater numbers seeking health and recreation among its green hills. As proof of the health-giving properties of the district, it is sufficient to mention the fact that it is seldom without a nonagenarian or two, while octogenarians are quite common.

Having had occasion recently to visit these uplands, we found few topographical changes since the time we first knew them. Patches of woodland had sprung up here and there, and the woods we used to explore did not seem at all so extensive as our memory had led us to believe, while individual trees appeared barer and gaunter than we remembered them. We found, however, the same undulating hills and eye-soothing grassy slopes, with the commodious farm-houses still nestling cosily among their firs at the foot of some glen or cleuch. Some of the older cottages have been completely swept away and their places taken by others of a more substantial and modern kind. The most noticeable change was the absence of old friends, of the familiar faces and kindly greetings of bygone days, and it was with subdued feelings that we read many of their names on the tombstones in the auld kirkyard. Though it seems but a short while, it is considerably over half a century since we first knew Liddesdale, and in less than half that time there will be few living who knew it as it then was—Liddesdale without a railway.

In pre-railway days Jamie Mabel and Wattie Loch, the Hawick and Jedburgh carriers, brought all the necessaries of life, except those that were home-produced, to Upper Liddesdale. People were not in such a hurry then as nowadays, and in most cases when anything was wanted, be it a tin of treacle for the porridge, or a "McCulloch's Collection" for the bairns, they were content to wait the coming of the carrier.

As an exception that proves the rule, however, we have known a herd callant sent across the hills to Hawick, entailing a journey of not less than thirty miles, to fetch a few pounds of beef for the clippers' dinner.

The Hawick carrier was a man of large proportions and of austere countenance, invariably dressed in a square-crowned hat, corduroy trousers, and a huge double-breasted waistcoat with sleeves and flap pockets. His dog, the faithful guardian of his cart, bore a striking resemblance to the redoubtable "Rab."

Whether he was a man of morose temperament or merely assumed his austere looks, we never knew, but he was without doubt the terror of all the boys on his rounds. Youthful delinquents were threatened to be handed over to "Mabel" to be made a "creeshie" of—whatever that might mean no youngster ever stopped to enquire.

On one occasion a boy of our acquaintance had been more troublesome than usual, and anticipating "Mabel's" arrival hid himself in the byre amongst the hay. Unfortunately for him there was a calf in the byre which the carrier was brought to see with a view to purchase. His terror can be better imagined than described on being discovered and dragged from his hiding-place by his dreaded enemy.

While the carriers named supplied the inner comforts, such of the outer garments required as were not home spun were brought across the Northumberland border by Fenwick Newton.

Fenwick, in company with his brother Robert, owned a drapery store at Falstone, and for many years perambulated the Border counties with his pack. He conveyed his goods on the back of a stout pony of the "Dumple" type, and was a general favourite, particularly with the gentler sex, to whom his visits were always welcome and who dearly loved to explore his miniature warehouse. Fenwick had a happy knack of turning up on such occasions as clippings and hay leadings, when he was sure to find quite a number of young folks of both sexes. Such an opportunity was not to be lost, and by a species of pawky humour and innocent banter he generally succeeded in inducing the young fellows to treat the lasses to some of his wares, much to the delight of the latter and to his own profit.

Another travelling merchant of the period was Sandy Maxwell, a little old man somewhat resembling the pictures one sees of Father Christmas. Sandy always wore a tall hat (and hats were tall in those days), from the crown of which, as occasion required, he could produce such a miscellaneous assortment of articles as would have made a conjuror envious. He was in the hardware line and carried his goods in a neat brass-bound wooden box, such as is never now seen on the back of an itinerant trader.

Though only a travelling pedlar, Sandy was a steady, respectable man, and his periodical visits were looked forward to with interest, quite as much, probably owing to the budget of news he brought from over the fells, as on account of his varied wares. He traded in cheap jewellery—which was a much more substantial article than its namesake of to-day—shaving requisites, pocket knives, and the hundred and one little necessaries of a country housewife. The Ettrick Knife, made from a pattern supplied by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was in great demand, and the numbers of this knife disposed of by Sandy were enormous. It was part of the outfit of every shepherd.

Fifty years ago school boards had not been called into existence, and, as regards compulsion, so far as Liddesdale was concerned, they were little needed. Children, when old enough to negotiate the roads, which in many cases were both long and ill kept, were sent to school. A common custom of the time was that boys, on reaching the age of ten or eleven, were put to work during the summer months, and sent to school during the winter. This would continue for several seasons, and as the lads grew bigger they derived much benefit from the system. We have known youths attending school for a winter's session showing quite a promising braird of whiskers. If school boards were not needed to compel parents to educate their children, they have worked a wonderful reformation in school buildings. The school in our mind's eye was simply a but and a ben, and this is a fair description of a country school of the period. The "but" was the domicile of the schoolmaster and his family, and the "ben" was used as the class-room. Our teacher, who claimed to be a descendant of the goodman of "The Fair Dod-Head," though not bred to the profession, was a man of more than ordinary ability, and though the subjects taught were limited in number, he made sure that his pupils got a thorough grip of them. Not a few of those pupils have done more than hold their own in the battle of life, and have elbowed their way into lucrative positions in London and elsewhere. Though often made to smart under both his tongue and his tawse, they have, like ourselves, no doubt lived to appreciate his worth. How we did enjoy a stormy day in winter when only some half-a-dozen of the bigger boys were able to put in an appearance There were no regular lessons on such a day but being a great reader, he would on occasions of the kind tell us in a quiet, conversational way, and in the pure Border doric, of what he had been reading. It might be of travels in foreign lands, some new discovery of science, or, better still, the battles of Wallace and Bruce; or he might treat us to a captivating lecture on the tales and traditions of our Borderland. He would generally begin sitting at his desk, but, warming to his work, would leave the desk and pace the floor with his hands behind his back and his spectacles pushed up over his forehead. His salary was a mere pittance, so miserable that Jeffrey in his history of Roxburghshire felt ashamed to name it. Yet he lived comfortable and contented, another instance of the fact that a man's wealth consists not so much in the greatness of his possessions as in the fewness of his wants. A Borderer born and bred, there were few better versed in Border lore, and being not altogether a stranger in the field of literature, he was in close touch with several of the literary men of his day.

Churches as well as schools have increased since those days, but we question if the reverence for, and attention to, religious ordinances have increased in proportion. Castleton Kirk, situated at the junction of the Liddel and

Hermitage, was the nearest to the inhabitants of both valleys, and though distant eight to ten miles from some of the outlying farms, the attendance at public worship was most regular. Except in the lambing-time or maybe a Sunday or two just before the clippings, the shepherds were seldom absent. Sunday after Sunday the same groups foregathered on the road, and were not above discussing the secular matters pertaining to their own little world on their way to and from church. Group joined group around the kirk door a good half hour before the ringing of the bell, when there was a general exchange of the news of the watergates. For a true word-picture of such a gathering we know of nothing to equal Ian McLaren's "Days of Langsyne." Services were held occasionally during summer in a barn-like structure near to Kielder Castle, and conducted by a minister from Falstone. These meetings, which were well attended by people from both sides of the Border, were known as the Tynehead Preaching. The meeting-house, a damp and dismal place with earthen floor, was situated in the centre of a field belonging to John Dagg of Lightpipe. Owing to the disagreeable smell arising from the damp, services had to be conducted with open doors. On one occasion one of John's calves grazing hard by, no doubt attracted by the singing and finding the door open, made its way into the building, much to the annoyance of the preacher and the amusement of the younger portion of his audience. This edifice has now been replaced by a neat and comfortable little church close to Kielder Station.

The Battle of Dryfe Sands.

THE DEADLIEST OF SOUTHERN FAMILY FEUDS.

FOR generations a bitter feud existed between the Maxwells and Johnstones, the two leading families in Dumfriesshire. The enmity seems to have had to do with one of the early Lord Maxwells. For long it looked as if the strife would end in the ruin of both houses, so relentlessly were they pitted against each other.

Though nothing like equal with the Maxwells in wealth, numbers, or power, the Johnstones, by daring and strategy, maintained their ground against the stronger. For a time the wardenship tossed between them like a tennis ball and proved no small bone of contention.

Circumstances ultimately ensued which brought the rival chiefs together, and a sort of peace was patched up. Both clans came under a solemn promise to "freely remit and forgive all rancours of mind, grudge, malice, and feuds that had passed or fallen between them in any time bygone."

When Lord Maxwell became Warden of the Western Border the Johnstones apprehended no danger from him, since they had agreed to "stand by each other against all the world." Continuing to sally forth from their fastnesses and rapaciously raid neighbouring clans, great indignation was aroused against them. Their descent into the valley of the Nith resulted in the spoiling of the land of notable barons. These pursued the raiders, but were sorely defeated for their trouble. Plundered and defeated, they appealed to the Warden, who, in spite of the recent treaty, entered into a secret compact to despoil and humiliate the Johnstones.

The raiders got wind of the compact with the Nithsdale men, and with characteristic swiftness and ardour made needed preparations. Believing that the ruin of himself and clan was being aimed at, Johnstone sought the aid of several Border clans. These included the Scotts, under the Laird of Elibank; Elliots of Liddesdale, Grahams of the Debatable Land, and some of the greatest robbers and fiercest fighters of the Borderland. In hope of wiping out old scores and gaining plunder these were ready for any onslaught.

The Warden summoned Johnstone to surrender in the King's name. The citation was treated with contempt. Thus fighting became necessary if the rebels were to be subdued. Maxwell hurriedly got together an army of 2000, including the leading chiefs of Nithsdale, and invaded Annandale, displaying the Royal banner. Johnstone, knowing his inability to meet such a force, remained on the defensive, ready for any advantage. Maxwell sent out a reconnoitring party, who were met by the Johnstones under the shadow of Bruce's ancient castle and were put to the sword. Those who fled and took refuge in the Parish Church were burned out. At this the Warden became desperate and hastened forward.

Siege was laid to Lockerby Castle, the stronghold of a Johnstone who was then with his chief. His wife defended the fortress with great bravery. The Maxwells drew off from the siege, on it being reported that the Laird of Johnstone was coming to the relief of the besieged.

On his way towards the feudal army Lord Maxwell made it known through his army that he would give a "ten pound land" for the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone. On the latter hearing of the offered reward he said that he had no "ten pound lands" to bestow on any one, but he would give a "five-mark land" for the head or hand of Lord Maxwell.

The Nithsdale men, advancing, came over Lochmaben heights, and on December 6, 1593, camped near Skypmyre, below which flowed the Dryfe. Next morning they found the enemy on the defensive and strongly posted on elevated ground sloping gradually to Dryfe Sands.

Johnstone, realising the inequality of the forces in point of numbers, handled his men with considerable military skill. He displayed only a handful of horsemen, sent out "prickers" to provoke the Maxwells, and by adroit manœuvring drew them into situations disadvantageous to themselves. The riders, or "prickers," flaunted their pennons and shouted their war cry, "Ready, aye ready," and rode back in a most provoking manner.

A small band made a hasty attack on the Maxwells and then retired as if defeated or afraid to remain exposed any longer. The Warden, enraged by their tactics, lost his temper when coolness was most needed and sent forward a large detachment to punish the Johnstones. These rushed impetuously forward, shouting the slogan of Nithsdale, "I bide! you bid! Wardlaw." This was the opportunity for which the Annandale men were waiting. Never dreaming of staying the oncoming torrent, they whirled quickly aside and thus exposed the Nithsdale men to a sudden and desperate charge from the main body of the Johnstones, who stood ready for action.

This was the crisis of the battle. The furious and solid charges of the Annandaleites came like mighty avalanches upon the Maxwells. The onslaughts were terrific. The battalions of the latter were broken. The Johnstones, going for all they were worth, turned the temporary confusion into a ruinous panic and rout. After a brief, but desperate, stand their enemy gave way on all sides. Lag, Closeburn, Drumlanrig, and other chiefs made good their escape by the fleetness of their steeds. Hence we have in the old Scottish ballad—"Lord Maxwell's Good-night"—the lines:—

"Adieu, Drumlanrig, false were aye,
And Closeburn in a band;
The Laird of Lag, from my father that fled,
When the Johnstone struck off his hand.

"They were three brethren in a band,
Joy may they never see!
Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
Hae twined my love and me."

Lord Maxwell and the relics of his army went helter-skelter in the direction of Lockerby, and were terribly mangled in the effort. The victors were ever on their track and slaying mercilessly all who were overtaken. Many were cut down in the streets of Lockerby, or slashed in the face by a kind of blow which became and is known to this day as a "Lockerby lick."

The Warden himself was overtaken by Johnstone of Kirkdale and struck from his horse. As he offered to surrender and stretched out his hand for mercy it was slashed from his body and he was slain outright. Tradition, however, says that Willie o' Kirkdale rode off with the hand to claim the reward from his chief, and that the Lady of Lockerby, already mentioned, when searching for her husband, came on the wounded Maxwell lying beneath a thorn-tree. On discovering his identity, and inflamed by the deadly feud, she is said to have beaten him to death with the fortress keys.

This story is discredited by historians, and it is thought that Willie, most likely acting on the Kirkpatrick motto, "Mak' siccar," took off the head as well as the hand of the enemy of his clan. Be that as it may, slain he was and left on the bank of the Dryfe. For many a day two thorn trees, known as "Maxwell's thorns," marked the spot where this notable representative of royalty breathed his last.

The followers of the noble house suffered to a fearful extent in their retreat. Never had the Johnstones obtained such an opportunity of chastising their hereditary foe. Fugitives were pursued to the Annan fords, in which many sank and swelled the roll of victims. No fewer than 700 fell in the disastrous rout which closed the battle of Dryfe Sands, said to be the bloodiest of an internecine kind ever waged on the Border fells.

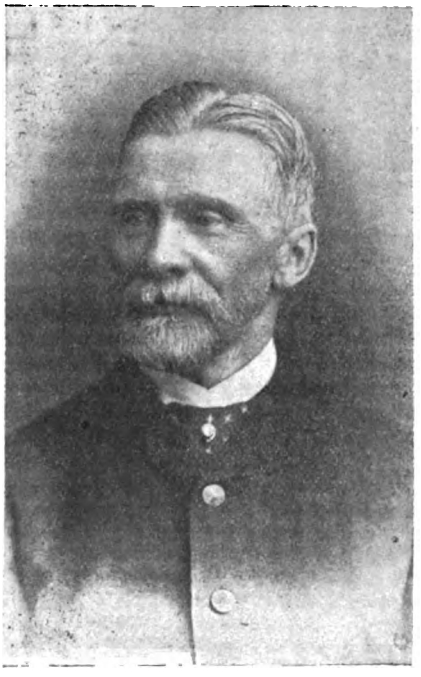
The Johnstones were at once declared rebels, but were soon afterwards respited and Johnstone himself restored to the King's favour. The strife, however, between the two houses was renewed with all its ferocity. Though Dryfe Sands was the deadliest family conflict ever waged in the county and the last to disturb its tranquility it was not the last of the terrible acts of revenge between those families.

The son of the slain Maxwell, whose headless body was kept from burial in token of vengeance to be wreaked on the Johnstones, in-

vited the chief of the opposing house to a friendly conference, in which each chieftain was to have a friend. They met in 1608 at Auchmanhill in August, when Sir James Johnstone was treacherously shot through the back by Lord Maxwell, who, finding no refuge on the Border, fled to France. On returning to Scotland he was captured in the wilds of Caithness, tried, and publicly beheaded in Edinburgh, 21st May, 1613. Thus ended the deadly debate between the notable Dumfriesian houses. G. M. R.

The Late Mr John Cochrane, Galashiels.

ANOTHER well-known Galashiels citizen has passed away in the person of Mr John Cochrane, who died on Wednesday, 1st May, at his residence, Willowbush, Abbotsford Road. Mr Cochrane, who was seventy-nine years of age,



had been in failing health for some time. Deceased was a member of a well-known Galashiels manufacturing family, being a son of the late Mr Walter Cochrane, and a brother of Mr Adam L. Cochrane, Kingsknowes, and Mr Archibald Cochrane, Abbotshill. For over fifty years he had carried on a large drapery business in premises at the foot of High Street, and was one of the oldest shopkeepers in the town. While taking little active part in the burgh's affairs, Mr Cochrane was at all times deeply interested in all those matters which made for the town's improvement, social as well as material. He was a manager of the Trustee Savings Bank, and he was also a director of the Gas Light Company. In church matters Mr Cochrane took a deep interest, being an elder of the Parish Church, whose interests he was always ready to serve. Deceased was unmarried, and resided with his sisters at Willowbush.

Birkhill—and Beyond.

By J. R. Y.

ONE day on the mountains in August is an unforgettable pleasure to the lover of breezy uplands and large open spaces. The pleasure is both physical and mental. And there are no mountains so enticing in this respect to the devotee of the Scottish Borders as the aggregate of ample peaks which surround the sources of the Moffat and the Little Yarrow.

With the prospect of such a day in their thoughts, a small company of five amateur mountaineers slept brokenly through the intervening hours of August third until daylight.

The morning dawned grey, but looked promising. Our chauffeur was soon ready with the car we had chartered for the double journey. Very soon Yarrow and St Mary's lay behind us; the Loch o' the Lowes scarcely stirred a ripple; and the quietness of early morning still brooded over the "hopes" of the upper valley. Birkhill was reached five minutes before nine. The car dismissed, our supply of boots and stockings for the return journey to Selkirk were soon deposited in the famous cottage.

From Birkhill the prospect is majestic. On our right lies, furrowed and folded in thick layers of peat, the Watch Hill. The name doubtless originated in the use which the Border raiders and the Covenanters made of its slopes. Indeed, it is peculiarly fitted for purposes of observation, as it commands an extensive look-out in all directions, but particularly down both valleys of the watershed. The defile of Dobbs Linn, a favourite hiding-place of the Covenanters in those tragic days of man-hunting, runs back from the road in awe-

inspiring, naked grandeur. The silence of the place is oppressive, and seems to cling to its rugged sides and gaunt gashes in native sadness.

To the left, on the Ettrick side, stretch many mighty monarchs as far as eye can reach. In the front row, Herman's Law; Towgrain Middle, with the Raking Gill, to-day in full spate; Bell Craig and Andro-Whinney vie with kingly heights on the Moffat side, and share the honours of breaking the rolling mist. To-day the cloudscape is rakish; the wind is detaching small craft in all directions. Bran Law has still on its misty table cloth; Carrifran on the right, and on the left distant Bodesbeck, both have their night caps close on their ears; the spirit of the wind may soon call them from the slumber of a late morning, if, indeed, he has not already peeped under their caps on the farther fold. Just over the misty shoulder of Carrifran can now faintly be seen the massive head of the White Coomb, which is our destination to-day.

But we have come to the famous waterfall known to all the world as "The Grey Mare's Tail." Its distant roar has already announced proximity. We climb the path to the foot of the nearer fall, and then and there stand impressed with the sheer declivity of these mountains. The waters of the Tail Burn are hurled over a precipice two hundred and seventy feet high, and the spectacle is strangely moving. The first sensation of shock over, the grandeur of the torrent appeals irresistibly. To be over the inner barrier and round the projecting cliff is a matter of minutes, and we are ushered into the auditorium to witness a sublime terpsichorean debacle with gravitation. Spray rises from the foaming dark brown pool in clouds, and exhausts itself on the precipitous sides of the theatre. Magnificent in volume to-day, it fascinates and bewilders ear and eye to frenzy. And yet the effect is not all grim, for just now the sun shines forth in his autumn glory and sends a thousand shafts of light into the ravine, to be instantly refracted in their sevenfold beauty. Gentler features of the Seventh Muse now sport themselves in the living pool, and reflect their fantastic motions on the spray-drenched rocks. It is the last touch, and it is exquisite.

As we retrace our steps reluctantly to the road, the mound known as the "Giant's Grave," near by the old fort of the Strathclyde Britons, is passed, and the thought gains credence that there were giants in those days.

Silence has fallen alike on their old story and on the valley. The present mood of solitude sits kindly on the hillsides. Above and all around are fleecy clouds drifting about in the blue void as white rigged yachts upon a summer sea. Far up the mountain side the tiny sheep dot the expanse where the steep winding road leads over to Ettrick; distantly heard is the musical murmur of the burns as they course down the gullies and thread their way to the main stream under ledges of moss and tall grass. The air is strangely silent; even the muircock and the plover do not whistle for their mate. Over the waving cotton grass, fanned by the gentlest of breezes, no "late lark is singing." It is no stretch of fancy or a picture of make-believe, but the saddest expression of Nature's quiescent realism.

And so we saunter along in sympathetic mood, until from over a sudden rise in the road there bursts upon our view an automobile! Its occupants are two, and from the Emerald Isle. The gentleman, who is his own chauffeur, is pouring water from a large tankard into the cooling chamber, and also, quite gallantly, after refilling from the burn, does the honours of the occasion by quenching his fair companion's thirst. This human interlude had its uses in bringing home the fact of our own physical necessities. Already the keen air has sharpened our appetitie, and soon we are seated on the heathery bank in "al-fresco" discussion of sandwiches and other like comestibles. Immediately to our right stands a comfortably-built farm-house, and the suggestion to procure milk is quick as perception—one of our number essaying the task. He soon returns with a large can and five capacious cups. We had arranged for fivepence worth of milk—town measure—but here is a prodigious supply it is quite impossible to exhaust at a sitting. Many are the encomiums passed upon that milk. Being generous on impulse, we offer a draught to the drivers of the two excursion coaches which now bowl along from Moffat, but, both having to keep their timetables, have only time to acknowledge our generosity with a lusty "thank you" and a wave of the whip, while the tourists look on with a patronising air. We learn at least one interesting fact from the well-filled coaches, that the drive through Moffatdale is exceedingly popular.

Lunch over, we return "en masse" to the farm—Polmoody, by the way—to settle our little transaction. As we approach two bearded collies bark a true Border welcome and set the hillsides a-ringing with the echoes of their sincerity. In front of the whitewashed wall stands a hay cart, in which a little boy of

scarce six summers is playing in solitary pleasure. He creeps shyly to the door as we pay our debt—a ridiculous charge of twopence which the matron made, after some strategy to get her to name a figure at all! Standing half hid in her ample apron, the boy as shyly accepts the extra coins we now place in his hand, and returns for thanks a confused blush. Here we see the young 'herd in embryo, a budding member of that clean-limbed race of Border shepherds of which we are all proud. That is our parting thought as we turn to the hill, and afterwards wave a second good-bye from the 'herd's track far up the hillside. The dogs stand long and gaze as we climb the path they have doubtless been along that morning.

The ascent is steep from the road, but when we reach the march dyke on the Black Coomb it is steeper still, and an hour has gone. Slowly, but steadily, the vista to south and east is opening. The trailing mists obscure the view at irregular intervals, and finally shut us out from viewing at all, and even from each other. Down in the valley of the Carrifran Burn, which rises in the caverns of the Ravenscraig, over against the high Saddle Yoke, a great cloud-dissolution is in progress. High above us, and rolling on the hillside, dense mist is settling. Blinding showers of rain descend and make our climb more dismal. Notwithstanding this sudden change of weather we can still appreciate vividly the marvellous mist-spectacle in the valley during the intervals of comparative clearness which ever and anon ensue. At one moment the summit of the Saddle Yoke, upon which a person can sit astride between the twin peaks, assumes the aspect of a giant anvil, upon which is laid the heated iron after sudden cooling with water. Another moment, and the whole peak is lost to view, only to be cleared as soon—the vaporising process to be as suddenly resumed from the bottom of the valley. Overhead, at such moments, rifts break in the cloud-screen and discover patches of faintly blue sky. Another hour and the mists clear away, and we are on the summit of the White Coomb. Two thousand six hundred and ninety-five feet above sea-level should bring an extensive landscape within our ken. If only the mists would evaporate then should we see the Solway. But we are to be drenched before realising the prospect. Creeping into the precarious shelter of the broken hill dyke, we escape in some faint degree the blinding rain which comes pitilessly down. Ten minutes more—and comparative calm. The hill is in captious mood to-day. But the prospect! The mountain tops in upper Ettrick reveal their heads in the streaks of vapour and now wan sunlight; Hartfell lies bare behind us, and far south, under a bluish haze, stretches the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. We cannot distinguish the Solway, but as a kind of compensation, down in the east, there stand out in miniature majesty "the Eildons three." Then all again is obscured, and rain and wind, with equal force, drive us down-hill to the valley of the Midlaw Burn. Over boggy ground for two miles we plunge; over innumerable watercourses, and round peat hags and treacherous pools of ominous blackness, until we round the broad shoulder of the Mid Craig and see Loch Skene. It is pleasant, at least, to stand upon rock, if only to allow the rain to run off our dripping clothes.

The rain has ceased, but the landscape is far from inviting. Two members of our party have lagged behind. They are anglers; it is hardly necessary to say more. Have they tackle and bait? We have seen neither, unless that mysterious little bag in the corner of the sandwich tin contained worm! A spy is sent, and returns with the news that they are fishing with walking-sticks and worm, and as they come in sight he hears a great shout and sees a lusty trout dangling wildly in mid air! At length they rejoin us at the upper end of the Loch, well satisfied with their half-hour's pleasure. But will they divulge the exact locus of their good luck? Never!

No sheet of mountain water so dark and desolate as Loch Skene can surely be found in all broad Scotland. In its comparatively shallow waters are two islets, where desolation might well be said to have its home. For three parts round are the grim, gaunt mountains. No living thing is visible on its silent shores save the sheep, which nibble sparely on the lower altitudes of the Loch Craig. Occasionally the awful stillness of the heights is broken by the shrill cry of the whaup on the wing. Like distant Loch Spey, there is heard around its shores "the whispering of a hundred rills," but the likeness ends here. The moraine which dams its waters on the south-eastern end has, in the course of ages, been slowly worn away by the stealthy overflow. Here the Tail Burn escapes from the parent source much as a petted child runs from his home to sound the deeps and shallows of the world. For a short distance it runs smoothly enough, but soon the undulations become sharper, and after a series of declivities the waters are hurled over a precipice nearly three hundred feet from the valley level, with what force we have already seen

from below. Geologists aver that in process of time Loch Skene will in this way be drained, as was the loch whence the neighbouring tributary, Midlaw, flows. Be that as it may, the place would still be the home of solitude and the scene of even greater desolation.

Consultation of time and a glance at the waste which lies between us and Birkhill determines us on an immediate forward movement. Over ground of a worse nature than we had experienced in Midlaw basin we plunge, until the shoulder of the Watch Knowe is reached. Dobbs Linn lies far below us, and the well-known lines which "J. B. Selkirk" has given us in one of his most memorable poetic flights rush irresistibly to mind. They were penned at Birkhill:—

"In the green bosom of the sunny hills,
Far from the sound of human ills,
Where silence sleepeth;
Where nothing breaks the still and charmed hours,
Save whispering mountain stream that 'neath the flowers
For ever creepeth.

. . . . . .

"The birth, the glory or the fall of nations
Is naught to thee! delirious generations
Ceasing never!
Rave onward, and thou heedest not the chase,
But lookest up serenely in the face
Of God for ever!

Birkhill now lies before us; and the welcome thought of creature comforts brings up our leaden feet in gayer steps as we descend the road by which the worthy shepherd brings his peats. Across the burn at the hill-foot and into the cottage is the work of a few moments. We are shown to the "ben-end," where many such companies as ours have been entertained. A few minutes finds all but one into dry clothes. He has been unfortunate at the last march in sinking to the knees in a peat hole, but the "gude" housewife is equal to such an emergency. A pair of the 'herd's kirk ga'in' "breeks" are soon produced, to the great comfort of the recipient and the no small amusement of his friends. For ten minutes he is the butt of their wit as he stalks proudly across the floor in the good "tweed checks," which are nothing short of a perfect fit! And the children look on in amazement as they see their "faither's breeks" on the limbs of a "foreigner." Being assured that they will be duly returned one of the days the bi-weekly postman comes to Birkhill, their laughter soon mingles with the mirth of the company. After a generous "tea," to which full justice is done, we purchase postcards of the cottage as souvenirs, but find that there is no visitors' book in which to record our thanks.

Soon after tea we are invited "ben-the-hoose" to share the glow of the cheery peat fire. Talk at first flows sparingly—hill shepherds are men of action, not of words. Gradually it grows limpid when the subject of his daily toil is introduced. He tells us something of the hills and his difficulties in extricating sheep from the bog-holes and beat-hags, and all in the manner of a man who thinks he has done nothing noteworthy. It is his duty. In this pleasant fashion two hours slip past. Our car is heard at the door; good-byes are said, and the cordial welcome finds its warm counterpart in the "safe journey" which is waved by half-a-dozen arms from the doorstep. As the car speeds down the darkening valley the thought of the day and its happy ending finds expression on every lip in sentiments which cluster round its events as the full-blown roses round the doorway at Birkhill.

And this day has its pleasant sequel. Two days after, a parcel found its way to the shepherd. It was partly his and partly ours; for in the folds of his stout tweed trousers was packed a visitors' book with a suitable inscription, duly subscribed by the members of our party. It now lies on the table in the "ben-end" to receive the names of a new generation of visitors who may wish to hear the "Walcome as ever, sir" of old Ailie, in the spirit, at least, if not in the letter.

Sir Walter Scott: A Criticism.

[From "Hours in a Library," by Leslie Stephen.]

WHEN naturalists wish to preserve a skeleton they bury an animal in an ant-hill and dig him up after many days with all the perishable matter fairly eaten away. That is the process which great men have to undergo. A vast multitude of insignificant, unknown, and unconscious critics destroy what has no genuine power of resistance, and leave the remainder for posterity. Much disappears in every case, and it is a question, perhaps, whether the firmer parts of Scott's reputation will be sufficiently coherent to resist after the removal of the rubbish. We must admit that even his best work is of more or less mixed value, and that the test will be a severe one. Yet we hope, not only

for reasons already suggested, but for one which remains to be expressed. The ultimate source of pleasure derivable from all art is that it brings you into communication with the artist. What you really love in the picture or the poem is the painter or the poet whom it brings into sympathy with you across the gulf of time. He tells you what are the thoughts which some fragment of natural scenery, or some incident of human life, excited in a mind greatly wiser and more perceptive than your own. A dramatist or a novelist professes to describe different actors on his little scene, but he is really setting forth the varying phases of his own mind. And so "Dandie Dinmont," or the "Antiquary," or "Balfour of Burley," is merely the conductor through which Scott's personal magnetism affects our own natures. And certainly, whatever faults a critic may discover in the work, it may be said that no work in our literature places us in communication with a manlier or more lovable nature. Scott, indeed, setting up as the landed proprietor at Abbotsford, and solacing himself with painter plaster of Paris instead of carved oak, does not strike us, any more than he does Carlyle, as a very noble phenomenon. But, luckily for us, we have also the Scott who must have been the most charming of all conceivable companions; the Scott who was idolised even by a judicious pig; the Scott who, unlike the irritable race of literary magnates in general, never lost a friend, and whose presence diffused an equable glow of kindly feeling to the farthest limits of the social system which gravitated round him. He was not precisely brilliant; nobody, so far as we know, who wrote so many sentences has left so few that have fixed themselves upon us as established commonplaces; beyond that unlucky phrase about "my name being MacGregor, and my foot being on my native heath"—which is not a very admirable sentiment—I do not at present remember a single gem of this kind. Landor, I think, said that in the whole of Scott's poetry there was only one good line, that, namely, in the poem about Helvellyn referring to the dog of the lost man—

> When the wind waved his garments, how oft didst thou start!

Scott is not one of the coruscating geniuses, throwing out epigrams at every turn, and sparkling with good things. But the poetry, which was first admired to success and then rejected with undue contempt, is now beginning to find its due level. It is not poetry of the first order. It is not the poetry of deep meditation or of rapt enthusiasm. Much that was once admired has now became rather offensive than otherwise. And yet it has a charm, which becomes more sensible the more familiar we grow with it, the charm of unaffected and spontaneous love of nature; and not only is it perfectly in harmony with the nature which Scott loved so well, but it is still the best interpreter of the sound healthy love of wild scenery. Wordsworth, no doubt, goes deeper; and Byron is more vigorous; and Shelley more ethereal. But it is, and will remain, a good thing to have a breath from the Cheviots brought straight into London streets, as Scott alone can do it. When Washington Irving visited Scott, they had an amicable dispute as to the scenery; Irving, as became an American, complaining of the absence of forests; Scott declaring his love for his "honest grey hills," and saying that if he did not see the heather once a year he thought he should die. Everybody who has refreshed himself with mountain and moor this summer should feel how much we owe, and how much more we are likely to owe in future, to the man who first inoculated us with his own enthusiasm, and who is still the best interpreter of the "honest grey hills." Scott's poetical faculty may, perhaps, be more felt in his prose than in his verse. The fact need not be decided; but as we read the best of his novels we feel ourselves transported to the "distant Cheviot's blue;" mixing with the sturdy dalesman, and the tough, indomitable Puritans of his native land; for their sakes we can forgive the exploded feudalism and the faded romance which he attempted with less success to galvanise into life. The pleasure of that healthy open-air life, with that manly companion, is not likely to diminish; and Scott as its exponent may still retain a hold upon our affections which would have been long ago forfeited if he had depended entirely on his romantic nonsense. We are rather in the habit of talking about a healthy animalism, and try most elaborately to be simple and manly. When we turn from our modern professors in that line, who affect a total absence of affectation, to Scott's Dandie Dinmonts and Edie Ochiltrees, we see the difference between the sham and the reality, and fancy that Scott may still have a lesson or two to preach to this generation. Those to come must take care of themselves.

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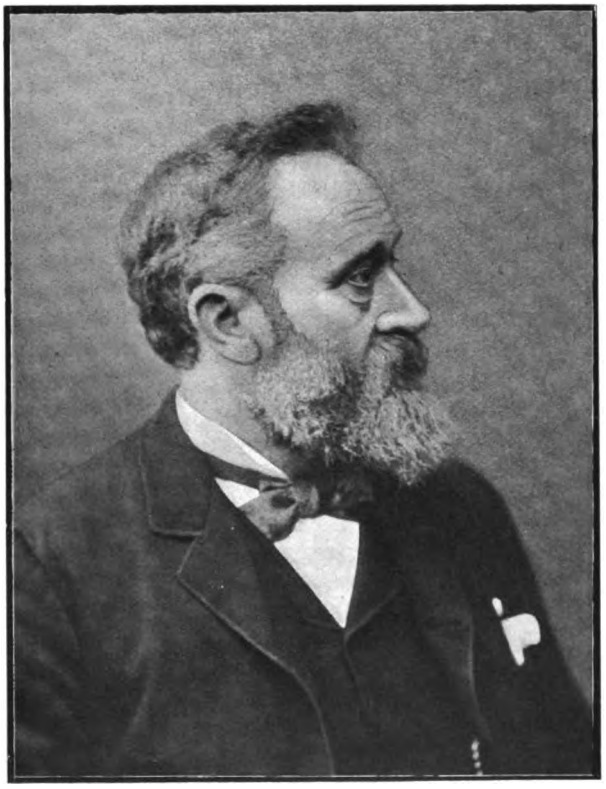
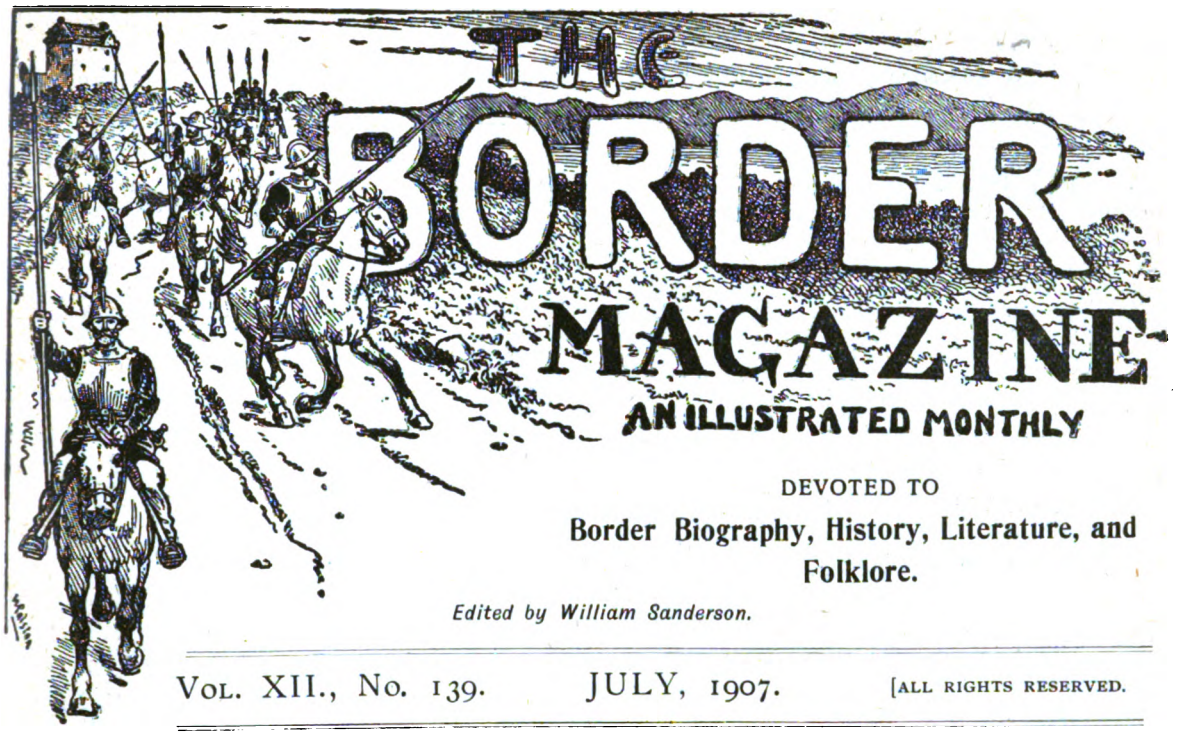


THE LATE MR FRANCIS LYNN, F.S.A., (SCOT.)



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THE LATE FRANCIS LYNN, F.S.A. (SCOT.).

IT has been said that "character is the permanent element in human history," and our belief in the truth of this statement makes us ever desirous to bring before our readers men of outstanding character who have influenced for good our beloved Borderland. In the front rank of this class of men stood the late Mr Francis Lynn, who passed away on the 23rd of April last. We had the privilege of knowing Mr Lynn personally, and we have very pleasant recollections of the profitable hours spent in the company of himself and his family. He was a man of many parts, but whatever he put his hand to received an impress for good. A true gentleman in the best sense of the word, and a man of wide reading and broad sympathies, he ever remained a loyal son of the Borderland, in the history and lore of which he was deeply versed. Those who have had the pleasure of accompanying him in archæological or botanical rambles will recall how unaffectedly he gave forth his rich stores of local lore, and how pleasantly he could use the "soft Lowland tongue o' the Border" to convey information. By the passing of Francis Lynn the Borderland is decidedly poorer today, but the lessons of his life are before us, and it behoves our young men especially to follow in his footsteps and labour unselfishly for the good of others, as he did.

Many tributes to the worth of our departed friend have appeared in the columns of the various Border newspapers, but the limits of our space compel us to confine ourselves to quotations from the admirable sketch which appeared in the "Border Telegraph." The writer of that article says:—

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of another of the most highly esteemed and respected citizens of Galashiels in the person of Mr Francis Lynn, F.S.A. Scot., which took place suddenly on Tuesday evening, 23rd April, 1907, at his residence in Livingstone Terrace. Mr Lynn had been unwell for a few days, but no serious results were anticipated. On Tuesday, in fact, he showed signs of improvement, and was chatting with some members of his family at five o'clock. About an hour later the end came quite unexpectedly, death being due to an affection of the heart. Mr Lynn was a native of Smailholm, and served his apprenticeship as a cabinetmaker at Jedburgh. He came to Galashiels forty-six years ago, when he started business on his own account in Huddersfield Street, near the old Gas Works, as a cabinetmaker and upholsterer. A skilful tradesman, Mr Lynn speedily built up a large and successful business, and the firm's establishment in Galapark Road is one of the largest of its kind in the district. As a carver, Mr

Lynn had consideration reputation, and among the work he did in his day were the choir stalls in St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, and those in St Paul's and St Peter's, Galashiels, while there is scarcely a mansion-house in the district which does not contain carved work executed by him. In the public affairs of Galashiels Mr Lynn took an active part in his younger days, being returned about the early seventies to the Town Council as a supporter of the scheme for the introduction of water into the burgh. He also served some time as a Magistrate, but his strong views on the temperance question, views he held all his life, roused the hostility of "the trade," and as the result of their efforts he was unseated, the temperance party being unable to secure his re-election. All his life Mr Lynn took the greatest possible interest and was an active worker in the temperance movement; he was the first Chief Templar of the first Galashiels Lodge, and up to the last he retained his connection with the Order. In his earlier days, too, he was actively associated with politics. He acted as secretary for the Galashiels branch of the Reform League, and later was secretary of the Liberal Association. At the Home Rule split he cast in his lot with the Unionist party, and when Sir George Trevelyan contested the Burghs as a Unionist, Mr Lynn acted as secretary to his committee. Latterly he did not take such an active interest in politics, but he showed his support of the party by appearing on platforms and occasionally speaking to resolutions. In all other public matters he took an active interest. At a great Fishery Reform meeting in Galashiels in 1873, for instance, he was one of the speakers, submitting a resolution proposing that the House of Commons be petitioned to appoint a Commission to inquire in the district into the nature and operation of the Tweed Acts. It is somewhat saddening to note that with the death of Mr Lynn only one of the speakers of that occasion, and there were quite a number, now survives, viz., Mr James Anderson, Meigle Street. Mr Lynn was also a director of the Good Templar Hall Company, and attended a meeting of the directors about a week before his death. This would be the last meeting at which he was present. Mr Lynn was a member and office-bearer of the Congregational Church, having officiated as a deacon for many years. There, as in other spheres of life, he will be greatly missed.

While in all the departments of life mentioned Mr Lynn was well known in Galashiels, in another sphere he had attained a much more than local reputation, being generally, and rightly, regarded as one of the foremost antiquarians and archæologists of the day. The time which he devoted to the pursuit of this subject occupied no small portion of his life. He displayed intense zeal and enthusiasm in what was to him a hobby which brought with it much interest and delight, and he was never more in his element than when engaged in antiquarian research in the district. While a boy at Jedburgh he was thrown often into the company of an aged relative, whose memory was stored with all the historical and traditional tales of the surrounding district. He speedily became acquainted with every part of Border tradition, every holiday being taken advantage of to increase his knowledge of the historic country around him. On coming to Galashiels he adopted the same methods, until he became intimate with the whole of the country on both sides of the Border line. He had traced the Roman Road known as Watling Street, and he had also travelled along Hadrian's Wall from Carlisle to Newcastle. At intervals also he made extensive researches on the Northumberland side of the Border in the Wooller district, where numerous early British forts and remains exist. Only a few months ago Mr Lynn issued a pamphlet containing papers on Yeavering Bell, Harehope Fort, and Humbleton Hill, which he had contributed to the proceedings of the Berwick Naturalists' Club, of which he was a member. They were illustrated with sketches made by himself, and were good examples of the excellent work he has done in historical and antiquarian research in the Border district. The greatest service which he rendered to Border antiquities was his survey of the mysterious Catrail, the results of his investigations thereon forming an elaborate and painstaking work, illustrated with more than half-a-dozen full-page and smaller sketch plans. Mr Lynn had the honour conferred upon him of being admitted a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and contributed to that body a number of extremely interesting papers on such subjects as the Catrail, hill forts, and artificial caves on the Borderland. He was also a member of Jedburgh Ramblers' Club and Innerleithen Alpine Club, and often officiated as guide to them, and also to the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club on their excursions in the Border district. These services were greatly appreciated by those who benefited from them. In the recently-discovered Roman camp at Newstead he was naturally keenly interested, and he paid numerous visits thereto in order to study and interpret the great discoveries that have been made from time to time. Mr Lynn did not keep his knowledge to himself, but by lectures and papers from time to time gave others the benefit of his researches.

Of a quiet, unassuming disposition, Mr Lynn was held in esteem by a wide circle of friends, and the town is poorer to-day by the loss of one who was a good and worthy citizen in every sense of the word. The news of Mr Lynn's death came as a surprise to the community, and was received by all with genuine expressions of regret. Mr Lynn, who was sixty-eight years of age, leaves a widow and family of two sons and three daughters, for whom the greatest sympathy is felt in their sad bereavement.

On the Sunday following Mr Lynn's death his minister, the Rev. W. F. Adamson, M.A., after referring to Mr Lynn's public services, his work in connection with the temperance movement, and his attainments in the fields of antiquarian and topographical study, said—Mr Lynn was one of the type of men who have done so much to make our country what it is. In addition to the talents God had given and the formative influences that study and the social movements going on around us exercised him, a large place must be allowed to the influences of his home life, which, being always Christian, kept about him the sweetening atmosphere of strong faith in God, strong practical common-sense, and love of virtue, which strengthened and encouraged the good that was naturally in him. The home life of a good man is a sacred thing; we think of it; we thank God

for it, but we leave those who mourn by the family hearth to speak concerning it. We know what our brother was as a Christian man, and as a member and office-bearers of this church. A few still remain among us who remember what he was in the early days about forty years ago, taking a deep interest in the church's affairs. To him, indeed, the church was always a sacred place. We well remember him as manager and deacon, careful, anxious, helpful, comforting, rejoicing in everything that seemed likely to promote our prosperity and peace, broadening and maturing in his judgment of men as the years went on, and yet clinging with all the fervour of his youth to the everlasting verities of our religion, holding fast to the doctrine once delivered unto the saints. He looked with a wise tolerance on advances in theological opinion that recognised the eternal Christ as a refuge and as the Saviour of sinful men. For theological opinion of another kind he had little sympathy. He had proved the worth of the Gospel by a personal experience of its healing and sustaining power. In this house of prayer, full of interest to him as a place he had planned and built, but fuller still of interest as a spot hallowed by the prayers and worship of Christian brethren and friends, by his own prayers and worship, and by the prayers and worship of those who bore his name—in this house, I say, when sorrow came heavily upon him he had felt the consoling grace of God's own spirit, and hence it was peculiarly dear to him. Sad as it is to think that he will be with us in his accustomed place within this sanctuary no more, we turn with gratitude to God for all those years of intercourse and friendship, and thank God for one who was a faithful fellow-worker with us, a loyal comrade, a wise counsellor, and a true man.

At a meeting of Jedburgh Ramblers' Club Mr Lindsay Hilson, the secretary, after presenting his report, said he would like to add a word or two more, with reference to the death of Mr Frank Lynn, Galashiels, who was a member of their Club and of many kindred societies in the Borders. They all remembered how much the pleasure of their visit to Newstead last year, and also to Flodden Field, was enhanced by Mr Lynn's presence, and by the notes he gave them upon points of interest in the surrounding districts. By his pleasant manner and his genial method of making himself at home among them, Mr Lynn added very much to the enjoyment of these two occasions. He might also refer to the fact that some years ago Mr Lynn gave them in the Nest Academy a most interesting lecture relating to the Roman period. On Saturday fortnight he (Mr Hilson) went over to Galashiels to see Mr Lynn, who was speaking then of his interest in the Jedburgh Ramblers' Club. When told of a proposed visit to the Glen, he looked forward with great pleasure to joining them on that occasion. Mr Lynn had mentioned to him that the members of Innerleithen Alpine Club were intending to visit Penielheugh on the first Saturday in June, and Mr Lynn was hoping to meet the members of the Ramblers' Club then. He (Mr Hilson) had sent Mr Lynn, along with a copy of their transactions, a statement of what had been done in connection with the projected visit to Penielheugh. He thought they would agree that the Jedburgh Ramblers' Club should very sincerely come to a resolution deploring the death of Mr Lynn, and that he (the secretary) should be instructed to send a copy of the resolution to Mrs Lynn.

Provost Hilson said he was sure they all cordially endorsed the sentiments that had been so well expressed by Mr Lindsay Hilson with reference to the lamented death of Mr Frank Lynn. In the sphere of local antiquarian research his death would be very widely and very sincerely regretted. He was a great enthusiast in all matters archæological and antiquarian, and he had acquired by life-long study a very extensive and minute knowledge of the ancient features of this Borderland of theirs, and indeed of many parts of Scotland. He was also at all times very willing to impart to others the fruits of his study and research. Their Club had lost a very good friend in Mr Lynn, one who was always ready to come forward and do anything in his power to add to the enjoyment and utility of their excursions. On several occasions he acted as guide to the Club, giving them the advantage of knowledge that could only have been acquired by long-continued study. They would all desire to express their sincere regret at Mr Lynn's death, and to tender respectfully their deep sympathy with the family circle that had been so greatly bereaved.

Dr D. Christison, M.D., LL.D., a noted antiquarian, writes:—"The late Mr Francis Lynn was distinguished as an antiquary by remarkable powers of observation, and by the truly scientific methods of his work in the field. No department of archæology that came within his reach escaped his attention, but perhaps his favourite subjects were the pre-historic forts and Catrail. Several of the forts in his neighbourhood were planned for the first time by him, and testify to his skill and accuracy. It was his investigation of the Catrail, however, that crowned his labours. This mysterious work had been already noticed by many antiquarians, but all their accounts, founded on theory rather than on facts, are vague, unsatisfactory, and almost valueless. It was reserved for Mr Lynn to lay a solid foundation for the study by patiently planning its whole length from north to south, and if the purpose of the Catrail is still a moot point, the conclusion that he came to of its being a primitive road seems to be the most likely to be the true one, and is confirmed by what he was the first to point out, that branches proceed from it to the neighbouring prehistoric forts. Mr Lynn was a delightful companion from his interest in all scientific inquiries, and from the singular kindliness of his disposition, and his death will be lamented by many far and near."

Of Mr Lynn, W. M. A. says:—To know him was to respect him in the highest sense of the word: the impression of his superiority was no ephemeral one, but gained strength with closer acquaintance. One summer afternoon, many years ago, it was our privilege to enjoy a ramble in his company over a certain part of our beloved Borderland, and never shall we forget how deeply we were impressed with his vast knowledge of nature, animate and inanimate. The flowers of the fields he knew, their family history, and relation to each other; the why and wherefore of the hills and dales, and water courses in their wild career; the Catrail, the caves, the British and

Roman camps, he could again re-people, and give us a glimpse of these strange beings and their doings, from benighted barbarism to the dawn of civilisation. Much was of necessity conjecture on his part, but so clothed with interest that we marvelled at his knowledge, and felt how puny was ours compared with this giant intellect. It was no stereotyped sense of duty which impelled us to follow all that was mortal of him to its last resting-place, but the pleasant memories of blissful associations long gone by; and when we heard God's servant talk of the dutiful husband, the kind father, and the sincere friend, we knew that it was truth, and inwardly responded "Amen." When the dull, cruel thud which betokens "earth to earth" fell on our ears we stole sadly away, our hearts filled with a great pity for her who still stands on the near shore of that mystic flood, gazing with strained and tearful vision across the dark expanse whose further shore will some day witness a re-union which shall be for all eternity.

The Late Mr George Croal, Edinburgh.

A LINK WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE died at his residence, 17 London Street, yesterday, in his 97th year one of Edinburgh's oldest citizens—Mr George Croal. He had paid rates and taxes for 78 years, and in his long life had met with many eminent and interesting people whose names are associated with the history of the city in wit and literature and music. The son of Mr David Croal, a sub-editor of the "Caledonian Mercury," Mr George Croal was born on the 28th February, 1811. His first schoolmaster was one "Daddy Main," who taught children in a house in High Street, not far from John Knox's house. In a little book which he published in 1894, called "Living Memories of an Octogenarian, 1816-1845," Mr Croal has many interesting reminiscences of the city and its inhabitants. One of his earliest recollections was seeing the remnants of the "Black Watch" regiment, on their return from Waterloo in 1816, march up the Canongate amid the cheers of the people. He recalls the introduction of gas into the city in 1817, when the small boys assembled nightly before a shop window in Hunter Square to see the new illuminant lit; and he saw, from the slopes of the Calton Hill, the entry of George IV. into Edinburgh in 1822. Mr Croal was apprenticed in 1823 to Alexander Robertson, then one of the principal music-sellers, and a very successful teacher of the pianoforte. With the musical profession in Edinburgh Mr Croal was connected all his life, and was well known in musical circles both as a composer and an able performer, especially of Scottish melodies. He had many things to relate about music in Edinburgh in these old days, and of the eminent singers and pianists who visited the city—such as Madame Catalani, Kalkbrenner, J. B. Cramer, Moschelles, Paganini, John Braham, Adelaide Kemble, and many others. He had seen Charles Matthews the elder and Edmund Kean acting in Edinburgh; Lord Jeffrey and Lord Cockburn in the Parliament House, before their elevation to the Bench; and he had conversed, in 1828, with Captain Maitland, of the battleship Bellerophon, to whom Napoleon surrendered and gave up his sword after Waterloo. Captain Maitland then resided at Lindores, in Fife. But Mr Croal's most cherished memories were those associated with Sir Walter Scott. He was privileged to be in the Assembly Rooms in the year 1827, when, on the occasion of the Theatrical Fund dinner, Sir Walter, in response to the toast of his health, declared himself, as Mr Croal says in his reminiscences, "to be the sole and undivided author of 'Waverley.'" "The enthusiasm evoked on the occasion," he says, "can be better imagined than described. After the lapse of more than sixty years the scene is still as vividly before me as on the evening of its occurrence." But even more interesting to him than that was an interview he had with Scott at Abbotsford. To quote again from his little book, "Two years after I had heard Sir Walter Scott's important avowal I had occasion to be at Abbotsford, and, on Sir Walter hearing me run over the keys of the piano, he requested that I would play some Scottish airs to him, which, I need scarcely say, I was proud to have the honour of doing.' He also had met James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in the year 1827 or 1828 at his house at Mount Benger; and it is interesting in this connection to mention that a few years afterwards he was the first to arrange for the pianoforte, and to publish Hogg's well-known song, 'When the Kye comes Hame.' Soon afterwards Mr Croal did the same for Burns' beautiful lyric, 'My Nannie's Awa'.' Mr Croal never saw Burns, but, while still a young man, he had the pleasure of meeting at supper one evening Mr George Thomson, the correspondent of the poet, for whom many of his songs were written. Thomson was then an octogenarian, but sang with great spirit and humour the song of 'Muirland Willie.' So long ago as 1858 Mr Croal brought out a narrative poem entitled 'Eaglesward,' and, as has been said, he was the composer of many songs and of music for the pianoforte, consisting of arrangements and transcriptions and dances, published mostly under the name of Carlo Zotti. He tells an interesting story of one of his early compositions of seventy years ago. It was on the occasion of the celebration in Edinburgh of the fourth centenary of the art of printing. The celebration took the form of a banquet in the Theatre Royal, at which the poet Thomas Campbell presided. Some stirring verses were wanted appropriate to the occasion. These were supplied by Alexander Smart, one of the minor Scottish poets of the day. Mr Croal set them to music, and he also accompanied the singer of them on the pianoforte—this being, as he says, 'my first and only appearance on that or any other stage.' He also set six songs of Sir Walter Scott's to music for the centenary souvenir. Mr Croal was a member of the Edinburgh Society of Musicians and of the Pen and Pencil Club, and at one of the meetings of the latter, after he was ninety years of age, he was present, with his brother, who predeceased him a month or two since, and favoured the company with a pianoforte performance of Scottish songs."—From the "Scotsman," June 10, 1907.

In connection with the foregoing we add, through the kindness of a contributor, the following particulars regarding the

remarking by the way that we had the pleasure of the personal friendship of a nephew of the actor Mackay, referred to later on, who told us of Sir Walter's delight on seeing Mr Mackay's wonderful interpretation of Bailie Nicol Jarvie.

The "dinner" referred to in this extract is such an interesting one in the history of Sir Walter Scott that perhaps we may be excused for giving some particulars about it, taken from the pages of Lockhart. Lord Meadowbank proposed the toast of the Chairman. He knew that this was the first public dinner at which the object of this toast had appeared since his misfortunes, and, taking him aside in the ante-room, asked him whether he would consider it indelicate to hazard a distinct reference to the parentage of the Waverley Novels, as to which there had, in point of fact, ceased to be any obscurity from the hour of Constable's failure. Sir Walter smiled, and said—"Do just as you like—only don't say much about so old a story." In the course of the evening the Judge rose accordingly, and said—"I would beg leave to propose a toast—the health of one of the patrons—a great and distinguished individual, whose name must always stand by itself, and which, in an assembly such as this, or in any other assembly of Scotsmen, must ever be received, I will not say with ordinary feelings of pleasure or of delight, but with those of rapture and enthusiasm. In doing this I feel that I stand in a somewhat new situation. Whoever had been called upon to propose the health of my hon. friend some time ago would have found himself enabled, from the mystery in which certain matters were involved, to gratify himself and his auditors by allusions sure to find a responsive chord in their own feelings, and to deal in the language, the sincere language, of panegyric, without intruding on the modesty of the great individual to whom I refer. But it is no longer possible, consistently with the respect due to my auditors, to use upon this subject terms either of mystification, or of obscure or indirect allusion. The clouds have been dispelled—the darkness visible has been cleared away—and the Great Unknown—the minstrel of our native land—the mighty magician who has rolled back the current of time, and conjured up before our living senses the men and the manners of days which have long passed away, stands revealed to the eyes and the hearts of his affectionate and admiring countrymen. If I were capable of imagining all that belongs to this mighty subject—were I able to give utterance to all that as a man, as a Scotsman, and as a friend, I must feel regarding it, yet knowing, as I well do, that this illustrious individual is not more distinguished for his towering talents, than for those feelings which render such allusions ungrateful to himself, however sparingly introduced, I would on that account still refrain from doing what would otherwise be no less pleasing to myself than to those who hear me. But this I hope I may be allowed to say—(my auditors would not pardon me were I to say less)—we owe to him, as a people, a large and heavy debt of gratitude. He it is who has opened to foreigners the grand and characteristic beauties of our country; it is to him that we owe that our gallant ancestors and illustrious patriots—who fought and bled in order to obtain and secure that independence and that liberty we now enjoy—have obtained a fame no longer confined to the boundaries of a remote and comparatively obscure country—it is he who has called down upon their struggles for glory and freedom the admiration of foreign lands;—he it is who has conferred a new reputation on our national character, and bestowed on Scotland an imperishable name, were it only by her having given birth to himself. I propose the health of Sir Walter Scott."

Long before Lord Meadowbank ceased speaking the company had got upon chairs and tables, and the storm of applause that ensued was deafening. When they recovered from the first fever of their raptures, Sir Walter spoke as follows:—"I certainly did not think, in coming here today, that I should have the task of acknowledging before 300 gentlemen a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, has been remarkably well kept. I am now at the bar of my country, and may be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; and so quietly did all who were 'airt and pairt' conduct themselves, that I am sure that, were the 'panel' now to stand on his defence, every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of 'not proven.' I am willing, however, to plead 'guilty'—nor shall I detain the Court by a long explanation why my confession has been so long deferred. Perhaps caprice might have a considerable share in the matter. I have now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, are all entirely imputable to myself. Like another Scottish criminal of more consequence, one Macbeth,

'I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.'

I have thus far unbosomed myself, and I know that my confession will be reported to the public. I mean, then, seriously to state that when I say I am the author, I mean the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there is not a single word that was not derived from myself, or suggested in the course of my reading. The wand is now broken, and the book buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, it is your breath that has filled my sails, and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels. I would fain dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented several of those characters, of which I had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a truth and liveliness for which I may well be grateful. I beg leave to propose the health of my friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie—and I am sure, that when the author of 'Waverley' and 'Rob Roy' drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it will be received with the just applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed,—nay, that you will take care that on the present occasion it shall be Pro—di—gi—ous!" (Loud and vehement applause.)

Mr Mackay—"My conscience! My worthy father the deacon could never have believed that his son would hae sic a compliment paid him by the Great Unknown!"

Sir Walter Scott—"The Small Known now, Mr Bailie," &c., &c.

The "sensation" produced by this scene was, in newspaper phrase, "unprecedented." Sir Wal-

ter's Diary merely says—"February 24. I carried my own instructions into effect the best I could, and if our jests were not good, our laughter was abundant. I think I will hardly take the chair again when the company is so miscellaneous; though they all behaved perfectly well. Meadowbank taxed me with the novels, and to end the farce at once, I pleaded guilty; so that splore is ended. As to the collection—it has been much cry and little woo, as the deil said when he shore the sow. I got away at ten at night. The performers performed very like gentlemen, especially Will Murray." "March 2.—Clerk walked home with me from the Court. I was scarce able to keep up with him; could once have done it well enough. Funny thing at the theatre last night. Among the discourse in "High Life below Stairs" one of the ladies' maids asks who wrote Shakespeare. One says 'Ben Jonson;' another 'Finis.' 'No,' said Jones, 'it was Sir Walter Scott; he confessed it at a public meeting the other day.'"

STAINDROP CHURCH.

The Author of "Waverley" on the South Side of the Border.

By Walter Scott, Gainford.

Part II.

BRUSSELTON and Houghton are two heights far away to the eastward from Barnard Castle, and dominate the valley of the Tees lying between. Between the two the old Roman Road, or Watling Street, called by the natives "the Street," winds, or rather climbs, in a straight line from Catterick, in Yorkshire, over the Tees at Pierce Bridge, on its way to Vinovium, the Roman camp near Bishop Auckland. Quite near to Houghton is a steep part of the road, at the top of which two roads cross. Its common name is Legs Across Bank. Tradition gives two accounts of the origin of the name. One is that a small religious house or hut stood here, and that the hermit kept there a light burning night and day before the small altar, and he was in the habit of speaking to wayfarers of "La Lux de Croix." The changes of Elizabeth's time came; and the "Light of the Cross" was desecrated into its modern name. The other is that when in 1603 good King Jamie rode over Brusselton from Bishop Auckland and came to this place, the beauty of the valley of the Tees was before him, from Barnard Castle down by Wycliffe, Winston, Gainford, and on to Darlington. He rested on the lower of two standing stones, in a pasture field by the roadside, and exclaimed to his immediate attendant: "Man! what a grand country to come to be King of!" And he crossed his legs and sat and admired. And well he might; for, on a clear day, besides all the sylvan beauty of Tees' banks, the old churches nestling among the trees, and well-oultivated farms, you can see right away over past Barningham, the heather hills overlooking Swaledale and Arkingarthdale, past the wooded height overlooking Richmond, founded by Fitzalan in the twelfth century, away eastwards, till you get a glimpse of the distant Cleveland Hills, a view covering many square miles of smiling and fruitful country.

Neither did the two glance westward towards

"Stanmore's shapeless swell
And Lunedale wild and Kelton Fell,
And rock-begirded Gilmanscar
And Arkinggarth lay dark afar—"

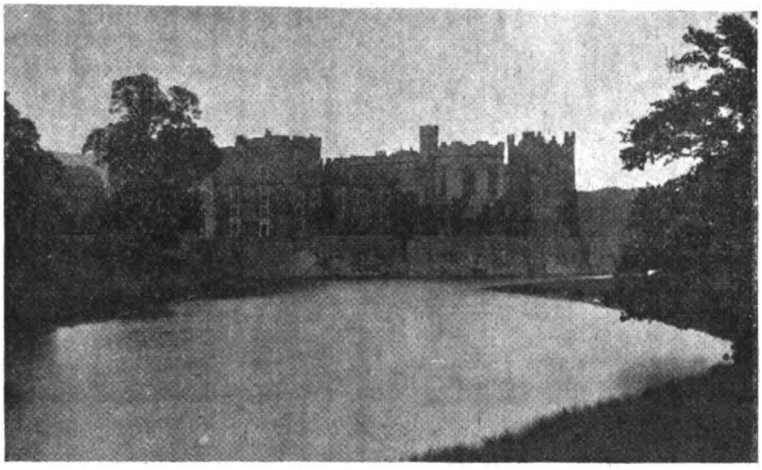
nor even

"Proud Barnard's banner'd walls,
High crowned he sits in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale."

But the poet cannot let them start on their journey without a further reference to what the breaking dawn might have revealed:—

"Staindrop, who from her sylvan bowers
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers,
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin's son.
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune from Stanmore wild
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child."

in the possession of two families, with a very short interval between the forfeiture of the Nevilles—1597 to 1637—and ownership of the Vanes. The church of Staindrop contains monuments of several very eminent members of the families, notably Neville, Earl of Warwick and Westmoreland, commonly called the King-Maker, and his consort, the mother of two kings, Edward IV. and Richard III. Eggleston, or Egliston, brook runs down from the green hills on the Durham side of the Tees opposite Romaldkirk, a very ancient place, whose fair was once as noted a gathering-place for the northern counties as the slopes of Eildon at Lammastide. Below and nearer to Barnard Castle the brawling peat-coloured Balder enters the Tees, carrying the mind to



RABY CASTLE.

and

"Romantic Deepdale's slender rill."

The sight of such beauty sents the poet in imagination to "Roslin's magic glade" and "Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent." How wonderful the memory that could give all these places their proper situation and appearance in the picture! Any one who has seen Staindrop, on the skirts of the huge park of Raby, the small "beck" dividing it from the great overhanging beech wood on the boundary of the park, will not wonder at, but admire, the expression, her "sylvan bowers." And the sight of "Raby's battled towers" is something wonderful. In 1318 royal permission was granted to crenelate its walls; and from that date till to-day the castle and estate have been the times of Scandinavian settlers in that, even now, lonely valley. A common saying in the neighbourhood up to thirty years ago, or even later, was this:—"Baldersdale's lawless, thou knaws;" its rough but hospitable dwellers being wont to be a law to themselves. The Lune is a brighter and clearer stream, flowing down from Stanmore past Wemmergill, Grains o' Beck, and Mickleton, to the Tees. The Greta rises on the other side—the Yorkshire side of Stanmore—flows down past Bowes, Gilmonby, and Rokeby, joining the Tees a mile below the mansion-house; and the "meeting of the waters" there is a beautiful scene. Thorsgill is a wooded and bosky dell, through which a beck or burn runs murmuring down past Eggleston Abbey to join the

Tees. This is a beautiful ruin—a couple of miles down the Tees from Barnard Castle, romantically placed on the banks of that river a short distance from the Abbey Bridge, vernacularly called "t'Abba Brig." Deepdale is a wooded valley, down which runs a mountain beck, rising in the heathery moors between Bowes and Cotherstone. Bowes is a pretty village, four miles west of Barnard Castle, just on the rise of the long sweep of Stanmore, once the boundary between the domains of Malcolm of Scotland and those of England's King, Rerecross, on Stanmore, marking the division. In this village, it is said, Dickens found the prototype of Whackford Squeers, Fanny his daughter, and John Browdie. The original of Squeers kept a boarding school in it. The house is now a comfortable villa, and can be seen with its cobble-paved yard and pump and trough, where Nicholas Nickleby, Smike, and the other pupils made their morning ablutions. As for the honest Yorkshire farmer, John Browdie, many a sample of his kin can be seen at the "ordinaries" of the hostels in the town on market days. But, however, Scott's genius did not lead him to any such investigations.

Border Notes and Queries.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

The following account of the old ballad of "John of Hazelgreen," which I came across the other day in the late Mr Robert Ford's interesting little book, "Song Histories," may perhaps prove interesting in connection with previous correspondence on this subject. He says that "Jock o' Hazeldean"—perhaps the most popular of all Scott's songs—was, like the "Macgregor's Gathering" and the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," originally written for "Albyn's Anthology," a collection of Highland airs edited by Alexander Campbell, and was suggested to Sir Walter by an old ballad bearing the title of "John of Hazelgreen." Except in the first verse, however, Scott is unindebted to the ballad, which, though inferior in smoothness and poetic grace, records a pleasanter incident than the song:—

"As I went forth to take the air,
Intill an evening clear,
It's there I spied a lady fair,
Making a heavy bier;
Making a heavy bier, I wot,
But and a piteous meen;
And aye she sighed and said 'Alas!
For John o' Hazelgreen.'"

The elderly gentleman, who was thus taking his evening walk, accosted the fair maid, and asked her who had done her wrong, and who it was she called Hazelgreen. She replied that he need not add affliction to her woe; that no one had done her wrong, and least of all her young lover. He then offers, if she will forsake young Hazelgreen and go along with him, that he will wed her to his eldest son and make her "a lady free." His offer she refuses by saying:—

"It's for to wed your eldest son,
I am a maid ower mean;
I'd rather stay at home," she says,
"And die for Hazelgreen."

She is offered the second son, with her weight in gold as a dowry. Him she also refuses:—

"Then he's ta'en out a siller comb,
Comb'd down her yellow hair,
And looked in a diamond bright
To see if she were fair."

He tells her that she surpasses all the maids that ever he has seen. He lifts her before him on his horse, and rides straight to Edinburgh, telling her that he will do all in his power to bring her and her lover together:—

"Then he has coft for that lady
A fine silk riding gown;
Likewise he coft for that lady
A steed and set her on.
"They nimbly rode along the way,
And gently spurred their horse,
Till they rode on to Hazelgreen,
To Hazelgreen's own close;
There forth he came young Hazelgreen,
To welcome his father free,
'You're welcome here, my father dear,
And a' your companie.'"

This explains the interest that the hitherto anonymous gentleman has taken in the young lady. It transpires also that young Hazelgreen had only seen the fair maid in a dream, and that the maid's knowledge of the young man had not been much more substantial. They had been fated "marrows," and a marriage that day makes the heroine joint possessor of "the rigs that lie on Hazelgreen."

In Professor Child's "English and Scottish Ballads" there are no less than five different versions given of "John o' Hazelgreen." A friend has kindly sent me the following copy (together with the Professor's remarks) of the version, which suggested to Scott his famous song:—

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

"O whatna man is Hazelgreen?
I pray thee tell to me."
"O there's not a handsomer gentleman
In a' the South Countrie;
His arms are long, his shoulders broad,
Sae comely to be seen!"
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

"This version was given," says Professor Child, "on Kinloch's authority. Alexander Campbell, when on a tour on the Borders of Scotland to collect airs, is said to have received the first stanza from Mr Thomas Pringle, who derived it from his mother's singing. (Chappell: 'Popular

Music,' p. 575). Upon this traditional stanza was built Scott's 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' first printed in Campbell's 'Albyn's Anthology,' 1816."

The Alexander Campbell (b. 1764—d. 1824) here referred to was a native of Perthshire, but resided the greater part of his life in Edinburgh, where he taught music, etc. He was employed as musical tutor to young Walter Scott. Scott afterwards (1826) said of him that he was a "warm-hearted man and an enthusiast in Scottish music, which he sang most beautifully." He published several works and undertook three journeys to the Borders, the last in 1816. He published an account of one of these journeys in two volumes in 1802, and it would, in all probability, be from Campbell that Scott obtained the first stanza which he made use of in his song.

Last month (May 29) there was offered for sale at Messrs Puttick & Simpson's Rooms, Leicester Square, London, a manuscript copy, in Sir Walter Scott's handwriting, of "Jock o' Hazeldean." The MS. is said to differ considerably from the published song, and was formerly in the possession of Lady Shelley. It went to a Mr Pearson for £32—not a bad ending for "an auld sang!"

A. G. S.

* * * *

BORDER UNWALLED TOWNS.

Mr G. Watson, in the admirable notes published in your June number, proves conclusively that Jedburgh was not a walled town. But when George Buchanan, in his history (1582), speaks of it as "a small town, unfortified, as is the custom of the country," his generalisation seems to be too sweeping. Selkirk, for example, though unwalled, was undoubtedly fortified. In the Council Records of 1598, still extant, mention is made of the "auld barros cast in time of war." In 1532 each watch was ordained to mend their own barrows honestly until they come to the yetts hanging and then the yetts shall be hung at the common expense. Earlier still, in 1509, the "Inquest," as the Town Council was then called, "ordains watches to be keepit by mens and not by laddies; and, as was ordanit befor, to walk on the back side within the boundis of their watchis . . . and to wak quhyll cokraw, and syne to warn Stewin of Lauder in the West Port, Thomas Johnson in the Under Port, and Wat Haw on the East Port." In a map of Haining estate, date 1757, the town is clearly shown with the lines of its fortifications and the three Ports or Gates. These gates were hung from large oaken beams built into strong walls on either side. I have talked with a "Souter" who remembered hearing in his youth about the beam across the West Port of Selkirk. The gates were hung on huge iron hooks attached to the beam.

"Unhook the West Port and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Each gate was flanked for several yards by strong mason work, from which the earthen rampart stretched to the next ports.

T. Craig-Brown.

Selkirk, 2nd June, 1907.

* * * *

"THREI DAYS WI' BLUID."

A burn in the vicinity of Eyemouth is reputed to have run three days and nights with blood, after a skirmish in 1557 between the English and the Scots on a field to the north of the Fort and since called the "Bare-fits," because the Scots were so hurriedly engaged as not to have found time to put their shoes on. The late Dr George Henderson of Chirnside, quoted the following rhyme—as a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer—in connection with three burns on Coldingham Moor:—

At Three-burn Grange at ane after day
There sall be ane lang and ane bluidy fraye,
A three-thumbit wight by the reins sall hauld
Three kingis horsis baith stout and bauld,
And thae three burns three dayis sall rin
Wi' the bluid o' the slain that fa' therein.

Dr Henderson added:—"By the way, we often hear of streams running three days with blood. There is a small stream in the parish of Chirnside, called Murderton Burn, which unites with the Whitadder at the Bluestone-ford. This is said to have been flooded with human gore for three days in consequence of a dreadful battle fought upon its banks in some remote age of our history, and we have heard of other similarly polluted streams in other districts of Scotland."—Popular Rhymes of Berwickshire.

I instinctively thought of the above rhyme last year on noticing in the eastern part of Cuba a river equal in size to our Whitadder, tinged for almost three-quarters of a mile with the blood of—not human beings—one cow only.

It is hardly necessary to point out that a small quantity of blood will discolour a large quantity of slowly running water. I think the Border traditions generally convey the impression of discolouration only, which I can readily understand. Material augmentation of the volume of even a small stream by inflow of blood is scarcely conceivable.

W. M. S.

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STUART GENEALOGY WANTED.

I am trying to trace a "William Briscoe St George Stuart," who was drowned at Chilhowie, in Tennessee, in 1859 or 1860, just before the birth of his daughter. Shortly afterwards his wife died, and the child was ultimately brought to England by her grandmother. As they were detained in the Confederate lines before Richmond for two years, all papers were lost, and Miss Mary Stuart knows nothing about her father except that he said he was descended from the Royal Stuarts, and had always said that the child, if a girl, was to be named Mary, after his unfortunate ancestress. Mr Stuart edited a paper (name unknown) in New York for some time, but no particulars can be given.

Miss Stuart, who is now in Constantinople, experienced great difficulty in securing a passport from Britain to Turkey, as she was born in America, and cannot prove that her father or grandfather were British subjects. The enquiries after her father ought to have been made at once when the child was brought to England. I fear it is now too late, and yet it is just possible that some reader of the "B. M." may be able to supply the missing links.

M. E. H.

[We have submitted the foregoing interesting case to the Stewart Society, but the secretary of that influential association regrets that no light can be thrown on the subject.—Ed., "B. M."]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, MR WILLIAM SANDERSON, *St Renans, Rutherglen, near Glasgow.*

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1907.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have time and again pointed out the great advantages to be gained to the heart and mind, and often the body as well, by keeping in close touch with the homeland. To city dwellers who are worried with the cares and anxieties of business, or the Borderers in far distant lands, what can be more refreshing than to hear or read something which reminds them of the scenes and faces of youth. Next to religion, the love of the homeland is the purest feeling which can thrill the human heart, and to foster such feelings is the mission of the BORDER MAGAZINE. We cannot carry out the work alone, however; we require the assistance of our readers. Say a good word for the B. M. whenever you can.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

A short time ago there passed away at Schenectady, New York, Mr John E. Laing, a typical Borderer, who was over 80 years of age. Mr Laing was born at Ettrick Schoolhouse, but, his mother dying at the time of his birth, and his father shortly afterwards, he was brought up by his grandparents at Torwoodlee, about a mile from Galashiels. Laing's grandmother, whose maiden name was Davidson, possessed a vast knowledge of old Border literature, and on this account was a great favourite with Sir Walter Scott, who was a frequent visitor to the house. Mr Laing used to tell that often has he stood and heard his grandmother recite "Chevy Chase" and scraps of other Border ballads to Sir Walter, who, it can well be imagined, proved a most appreciative listener. Mr Laing, even in his old age, had a distinct recollection of the "Wizard of the North," and told that when a boy he used to consider it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to run and open the gate for him when he saw him come limping up the hill towards the cottage. On one of these occasions Sir Walter was so pre-occupied that he passed on into the house without bestowing the usual attention on the little gate-opener. The boy, however, declined to be passed over in this manner, and following the great man into the house, planted himself squarely in front of him, and said: "Mr Sheriff, ye didna see my new bonnet." As it turned out, the young hopeful was masquerading in his grandfather's pirnie; and, needless to say, when his attention was thus drawn, the great man made amends to the little fellow, and the friendship was restored. Mr Laing learned the carpentry trade at Clovenfords, and as a journeyman worked on the railway at Newtown. He emigrated to America about sixty years ago.

* * * *

Though the modern youngster enjoys many holidays that were denied to his predecessors, several old-time festivals have disappeared from the scholastic calendar. Among these are the "Bent Silver Plays" that were long associated with the first of June. On that morning it was customary for every scholar to present the dominie with a penny, which was ostensibly devoted to the purchase of the "bent" or rushes littered over the schoolroom floor. During the early years of the eighteenth century it was customary for school children to collect the bent. But as the youthful varlets often damaged trees and shrubs with their hooks, it was deemed advisable to transform the obligation into a monetary exaction. With the death of Lady John Scott, the gifted authoress of "Annie Laurie," in the spring of 1900, there passed away the last of the genera-

tion that had participated in the "Bent Silver Plays."

* * * *

The stone out of which the statue of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was constructed, was got from Whita Hill Quarry, near Langholm. It measured at the base 4 feet 10 inches, by 3 feet 8 inches, tapered towards the top, and was more than 7 feet in height. Its weight was about six tons. Great difficulty was experienced in getting such a huge block down the hill from the quarry, but it was accomplished safely, and left Langholm for the studio of Mr Currie, Darnick, drawn by six horses.

* * * *

It may not be very widely known that Sir Walter Scott made some progress with a Life of Shakespeare. He visited Stratford in 1821 and again in 1828, and shortly after the earlier visit Constable suggestively wrote to Scott, after alluding to the various editions of Shakespeare, that a new edition "of the Immortal Bard in twelve or fourteen volumes might be brought out, with a set of readable and amusing notes." On February 25, 1822, Sir Walter wrote to his publisher that "a Shakespeare, to say truth, had been often a favourite scheme with me—a sensible Shakespeare, in which the useful and readable notes should be condensed and separated from the trash." Constable approved of Scott asking Lockhart's assistance with the philology, and fixed the remuneration at £2500. The winter of 1824-5 was decided upon as a date of appearance. Constable reported in 1825 that the work was proceeding. Next year three volumes were completed; but all we know of these volumes, alas! has been told by Constable: after the crisis in his fortune they were used as waste-paper!

* * * *

In the interesting autobiography of Dr Alex. Carlyle, of Inveresk, some excellent glimpses are to be had of the social habits of the Scottish people and the drinking customs of the clergy. Dr Carlyle became minister of Inveresk about the middle of the eighteenth century, and after a pastorate of fifty-seven years, he died in the year 1805, at the advanced age of 83. He occupied a prominent position in the Church; was well acquainted with all the eminent men of his time, and has left on record some brief but racy sketches of a number of them. When a young man, he states that he was taken by his father, in the year 1733, on a tour in Dumfriesshire, accompanied by the Rev. Mr Jardine, of Lochmaben. "Among the places we visited," says he, "was Bridekirk, the seat of the eldest cadet of Lord Carlyle's family, of which my father was descended. We did not see the laird, who was from home; but we saw the lady, who was a much greater curiosity. She was a very large and powerful Virago, about forty years of age, and received us with kindness and hospitality; for the brandy bottle—a Scotch pint—made its appearance immediately, and we were obliged to take our morning, as they called it, which was, indeed, the universal fashion of the country at that time. The lady, who, I confess, had not many charms for me, was said to be able to empty one of those large bottles of brandy—smuggled from the Isle of Man—at a sitting. They had no whisky at that time, there being no distilleries in the South of Scotland. I had never seen such a Virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster-women of Prestonpans. She was like a sergeant of foot in women's clothes. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a bottle of brandy and a stray beer glass, into which she filled a bumper. After a long grace by Mr Jardine—for it was his turn now, being the third brandy bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben—she emptied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example. She said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and in battle. She could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreperous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors or to bed, as she found most convenient."

* * * *

In an article in the "Book Monthly" on the favourite sort of reading with sailors as a class, the writer says the short story is very popular both among the officers and men of our mercantile marine. Sailors are not as partial as might have been expected to sea stories. When, however, they find a man who can write in shipshape and sailor fashion, they like him all right, and Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor" is a favourite book. All Sir Walter Scott's romances are in demand, and, in fact, they represent the kind of story which is sure to be appreciated at sea. Other books in demand include Milton's Poems, Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," Clark Russell's "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," Dickens's "David Copperfield," Rider Haggard's "Dawn," and that classic of the sea, "Tom Cringle's Log."

* * * *

Apropos the recent death of Mr George Croal, the announcement that the veteran musician composed the air of the popular song, "When the Kye Comes Hame," has occasioned widespread surprise. Strange to say, another lyric that has long been regarded as a national heritage was the work of one, until recently, numbered among the living. Many years ago the late Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode favoured a friend with the following narrative regarding the composition of "Annie Laurie":—"I made the tune very long ago to an absurd ballad, originally Norwegian, I believe, called 'Kempie Kaye,' and once, before I was married, I was staying at Marchmont, and fell in with a connection of Allan Cunningham's poetry. I took a fancy to the words of 'Annie Laurie,' and thought they would go well to the tune I speak of. I didn't quite like the words, however, and I altered the verse, 'She's backit like a peacock,' to what it is now, and made the third verse ('Like dew on the gowan lying') myself, only for my own amusement." Shortly before her death in the spring of 1900, the venerable poetess expressed satisfaction at the appreciation displayed by Scots all the world over for the words that she had wedded to such an appropriate air.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Reminiscences of Liddesdale in Pre-Railway Days.

(PART II.)

ON outstanding event in the religious life of the district was the occasion of the "Blanket Preaching" at Saughtree. This was conducted annually, on a Sunday in July, by the Rev. John Black, of the Townfoot Meeting-house, Newcastleton, a worthy man in his day and generation. The place of meeting was on the Dawston Burn, about midway between the farmhouse of Saughtree and the present railway station of that name. The site was an admirable one, being a natural amphitheatre on the hillside, from which no human habitation could be seen, giving the gathering a flavour of Covenanting times. The congregation, irrespective of kirk or creed, was drawn from a wide radius, and with the exception of one or two farmers everybody made their way to the rendezvous on foot. There were neither motor-cars nor bicycles then, such as are now used to swell the crowd at the "Blanket Preachings" in Yarrow. Long before the hour of service men and maidens could be seen tripping over the hills from all directions. They generally walked barefooted, carrying their shoes and stockings until they came near the place of meeting. In this quiet sanctuary of Nature's architecture, surrounded by the everlasting hills, and canopied by the deep blue sky, these services had an impressiveness and solemnity seldom experienced and never to be forgotten.

As may well be imagined, the postal facilities of the time were of the most primitive order, and, in the present days of red tapeism, it would hardly be credited that Her Majesty's mails in Liddesdale were entrusted to Jean Elliot, better known as "Lucie Lass," a crazy female who could neither read nor write. The number of those who remember Jeanie as post-runner must now be small, but there are many still alive who recollect her in her later years. Imagine a face, weather-beaten to a degree, and covered with a network of wrinkles laid on at different angles, a pair of small piercing eyes, overhung by shaggy eyebrows, a closely-cropped head, white as snow and without covering—a figure of medium height clad in a drugget petticoat reaching a little below the knee, a man's coat and shepherd's plaid, with her feet and legs encased in a pair of Wellington boots, and you have a life portrait of Jeanie "Luce," the Liddesdale post. In calling at the farmhouses her favourite seat was a corner of the parlour hearth, the kitchen being beneath her dignity, and, being related to some of the better families, she received much toleration from the farmers' wives. There was another reason, and a pretty strong one too, why Jeanie received more consideration than would have been meted out to most people in her circumstances. If there was a skeleton in the cupboard Jeanie was sure to get to know of it, and woe betide those who offended her. They had to run the gauntlet of her ill-scrapit tongue wherever she met them.

On Jeanie's retiral she was succeeded by Jamie Nichol, a worthy man long since gathered to his fathers, who continued for many years to carry the letters and the local news up and down the two watergates, Liddel and Hermitage, on alternate days. Of course, his journey did not cover anything like the whole of the valleys, but the children attending the different side schools were utilised as auxiliary postmen, and conveyed the letters to, or at any rate a stage nearer, their destination. As an instance of the straits people were put to, and showing the primitive methods adopted of supplementing the postal service of the time, we knew of a shepherd who resided in a remote corner who had a sub-post office fitted up for his own use. It consisted of a waterproof tin box and a bunch of broom tied to the end of a pole. This box was sunk in the ground on the top of the hill, where his hirsel joined that of a neighbour herd, who lived on the more frequented side of the hill. When he had a letter to despatch he put it into the canister and stuck the pole in the ground, and his neighbour, making his rounds and seeing the signal, knew there was something in the "post office" for removal. Letters arriving were similarly treated.

Except in farmhouses, coal was little used as fuel, though the distance to cart it was not prohibitive, there being pits at Lewsburn and Shilburnhaugh, just across the Northumberland Border. Peat was the principal fuel, the casting and winning of which entailed a deal of labour, but it was heartsome work, bringing together as it did a number of young folks—which is just another way of saying that a good deal of harmless diversion was engaged in—a wondrous lightener of labour. First, the turf was cut into sections about four inches square and fifteen inches long by a spade shaped for the purpose. These were laid out side by side on the heather to dry, and, the weather being fine, in the course of ten or twelve days

they required to be turned. After a like period they were "winrawed," that is, the peat was built loosely into rows so that they were exposed to the wind, hence the name "winraw." When quite dry they were built into stacks, each containing about a cartload, in such a way that be the weather ever so foul only the outer ends got wet. As opportunity occurred during the summer, the peat was carted home and built into a large stack, which was thatched with rashes against the winter's storms. When well dried peat makes excellent fuel, and many of the country housewives preferred it to coal. It is now hardly used at all—even by the shepherds—since the railway has brought coal within easy reach of everybody.

There are many still living, no doubt, who remember the railway war which was waged during the early fifties. In the Bill before Parliament two routes were proposed between Hawick and Carlisle. One up Teviot by way of Mosspaul and Langholm, and the other along the vale of Slitrig, across the Ninestanerigg, and down the Liddel. Feeling ran high amongst the promoters and supporters of the rival routes, often finding vent in newspaper correspondence and poetical squibs. Mr Jardine, of Arkleton, near Langholm, a noted stock-breeder and greyhound courser, much to the vexation of the Langholmites, was a staunch supporter of the Liddesdale route, and gave evidence in its favour before a Select Committee of the House of Commons. On his attention being called to a map of the district by the opposing counsel, he replied, "I need nae map. I ken every fit o' the country." A poetical squibist thus referred to the incident:—

"Has Jardine gane to mind his dogs
An' left the maps to minin' rogues;
He may invest in tups an' hoggs,
But mind I've said it,
His cash will sink in Plashett's bogs
As fast's he's made it."

On the other hand, a witness having asserted that a hundred horse and carts were required in the trade of the "Muckle Toon," a Liddesdale rhymster, in referring to the statement and to Langholm's great festival—the Common-Riding—promised that when the line had been made through Liddesdale—

"We'll send you herring frae Dunbar
Your standard to nail on,
And Markie wi' his hunder horse
Will drive your barley scone."

When it became known that the present route had been fixed on, there were great rejoicings along the length and breadth of the valley. On the news reaching Newcastleton, Dr Murray, a native of the village and an enthusiastic supporter of the Liddesdale route, had his gig yoked, and with flags flying carried the tidings to the head of Liddel water. At this stage the words of J. B. Selkirk's "Appeal from Yarrow" might have been most appropriately used—

"O touch it not, but let it be
As Nature has arrayed it,
As softening time has sanctified
And poet's fancy made it,
A vale where world-weary feet
May come to rest or roam in,
Where pilgrim love has found so much
And we have found a home in."

Ere long the Hutchinsons, the Palmers, the Ritsons, and the Ridleys invaded the quiet valley, bringing with them an army of navvies, whose uncouth appearance and unfamiliar jargon was a wonder to the natives, and as one old man tersely put it, "eneuch to fricht the verra whaups frae their haunts." These men came from nobody knew where, and after a short sojourn disappeared as suddenly as they came. During the brief interval, however, they bridged the glens and cut ways through the hills, bringing many advantages and facilities to the district, but they left behind them a spirit of unrest that had hitherto been unknown.

The first locomotive, "Puffing Billy" by name, was brought from Carlisle by road mounted on a great broad-wheeled timber waggon. "Billy" had a most eventful journey. At intervals during several weeks news reached Upper Liddesdale of the approaching monster, and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation. Progress would be reported good, and his arrival might be expected daily. Then came news of the waggon having sunk to the axles, and it was doubtful if he could ever be brought. After a week or so he got again on the move, only to capsize a couple of miles below "The Holm." Unfortunately, poor Bill Smith, who was engaged in the removal, lost his life on this occasion, the engine falling on top of him. After a struggle with men and horses lasting close on a month, "Billy" was eventually brought to his destination near to Saughtree school, where for several months he was utilised in working a sawmill.

When his services in that capacity were no longer required, he was once more placed on the waggon and taken a few miles further up the valley. Just beside the remains of a

Roman camp, where the Caldron Burn joins the Liddel, a temporary railway was laid from the turnpike road along the hillside to the Border Counties Railway which was under construction. "Billy" by some means was transferred from the waggon to this temporary line, along which he was drawn to the permanent way, where for a time he lent a hand in removing mountains. It was said this was the only occasion he had been removed by road without loss of life. Though far short of our present-day locomotive in size and weight, "Billy" was an uncouth customer to handle, being quite as big as a traction engine, and had a chimney quite six feet high.

(To be continued.)

The Border Bookcase.

HAWICK ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY TRANSACTIONS.

Those who are privileged to be members of the Hawick Archæological Society look forward with pleasure to the annual issue of the Society's transactions, as the publication always contains a large mass of interesting matter by writers who are specially qualified to deal with the various topics discussed. This year the issue is the fiftieth, and contains, in addition to a large number of valuable papers, an official account of the jubilee of the Society, held last autumn. The indefatigable secretary, Mr J. J. Vernon, in his Historical Sketch, and complete indexes of all the papers contributed since 1856, with the names of the writers, arranged both chronologically and alphabetically, has added very much to the Society's indebtedness to him for his painstaking labours. A very fine portrait of Dr James A. H. Murray, by Mr J. M'Nairn, and other illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

* * *

JEDBURGH RAMBLERS' CLUB ANNUAL REPORT.

Though modestly styled "Reports of Meetings," this publication is fully entitled to the more expressive name "Transactions," as it contains many valuable additions to Border literature. The energetic secretary, Mr J. Lindsay Hilson, leaves no stone unturned to make the Jedburgh Ramblers a success, and the book now before us shows conclusively that his efforts are not in vain. The accounts of the various visits to historic spots in the Borderland are most interesting, and the local lore gathered together and thus preserved will be of much use to writers in the future. The numerous finely-printed illustrations are a feature of the publication, and add very much to its value. With such a land as the Borderland wherein to ramble, such clubs should be multiplied an hundredfold, for the outings, in addition to strengthening the physical frames, improve the intellects of the members.

* * * *

THE WALLS OF BERWICK.

Those who know the town of Berwick-on-Tweed must be aware of the number of portions of old fortifications which exist, but only those who have given any study to the subject are aware of the great historical value of these fragments of the mode of defence in former times. The Berwick Historic Monuments Committee have issued the "Official Guide to the Fortifications with Explanatory Diagrams." The author is Francis Martin Norman, Commander R.N., J.P., and Hon. Freeman of Berwick. Those who know the deep interest Commander Norman takes in such subjects will understand that the information he has here brought together is of a most reliable character. The booklet is published at sixpence by George C. Grieve, 5 Church Street, Berwick-on-Tweed, and we would advise those who intend to visit the famous Border town this season to send the necessary seven stamps for a copy, so that it can be studied previous to the closer inspection of the brave old ramparts.

* * * *

"BETTY."

The sub-title of this new Border publication is "A Journal of Systematic Nonsense," and while the author—that well-known humorist, Mr W. M. Adamson, Ettrickbridge—keeps faithfully to this special characteristic, he succeeds in making "Betty Blether" speak some good common-sense. In these days of rush and unrestfulness, we are grateful for all the laughter we can get, and so we trust that this new venture into the world of wit and humour will be very successful. The man who can cause a smile to pass over a sad face is a public benefactor. The new monthly is issued at the price of one penny, and is printed and published by Messrs A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

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"SCOTIA."

The second issue of this excellent Scottish quarterly is now before us, and we have much

pleasure in recommending the publication to all patriotic Scots. The magazine is the organ of the St Andrew Society, and is issued from the well-known press of R. & R. Clark, Limited. The first article in the present issue is a most important one, the subject being "The Teaching of Scottish History—Its importance as a scientific study, and its place in the curriculum of Scottish schools." The author is Mr John S. Samuel, F.R.S.E., and is a powerful indictment of the present school histories. Those who have any doubts on this subject should read the article, and they will get their eyes opened very wide indeed. Fortunately the publishing firms are alarmed, and are preparing new and correct Scottish history books. The article in question is followed by a fine patriotic poem by Will H. Ogilvie, that exhilarating Border poet who has contributed so frequently to our columns. Some very important questions are opened up in the article, "Are England and Scotland Territorial or Racial Terms?" The author, Mr T. D. Wanless, Ballarat, Australia—a patriotic Scot of the first water—shakes up not a few preconceived notions, and should set the Anglicisers a-thinking as to the advisability of trying to obliterate such a virile race as the Scottish section of the great British Empire. "Scotia," which is well illustrated, should be welcomed by every lover of his country.

A Border Valley.

OUR beloved Borderland has many secluded pastoral valleys. Some of these are more accessible, some, like the Ettrick and Yarrow, have by reason of their associations become more widely known, but there is not one more sweetly beautiful than the little valley of the Ewes, that stretches for twelve miles north-east from the town of Langholm in the highlands of Dumfriesshire.

In the old coaching days—still within the compass of living memory—the Edinburgh to Carlisle road, that traverses the length of the valley, formed a section of one of the main arteries of traffic between Scotland and England. Those responsible for the formation of the railway, however, avoided this route by a long detour into Liddesdale, and the Ewes has now no visible association with the noise and bustle of the world. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a cultivated region more peaceful and secluded. On a fine summer's day one can feel and enjoy the silence—a silence only intensified by the sweet sounds of nature—the plash and ripple of the burns—the far-away bleating of the sheep on the upland pastures, and the weird cries of the whaups in the more distant solitudes of the hills.

The river Ewes itself is a typical Border stream. Its waters, limpid and clear, unfrozen even in the hardest winter, ripple between grassy willow-clad banks over a bed of the whitest and smoothest gravel. At intervals in its progress it is joined by little burns that come tumbling down picturesque glens, with numberless cascades and little rocky pools. On either side of the river a belt of rich arable land, never at any part very extensive, leads up to the bases of the hills, and forms the floor of the valley. It is the hills that constitute the chief charm of the Ewes, and they are in every way characteristic of the Southern Highlands. Dotted with broom and bracken, and not destitute of heather, their general aspect is on the whole smooth and fresh and green. As they reach the sky-line they break into softly rounded outlines, most restful to the eye, and one can trace on their sides and summits long reaches of dry-stone dyke marking the march lines between adjoining farms.

The valley is nicely wooded along the roadway and river banks, chiefly with pine, whose dark clumps form a pleasing contrast to the softer green of the landscape.

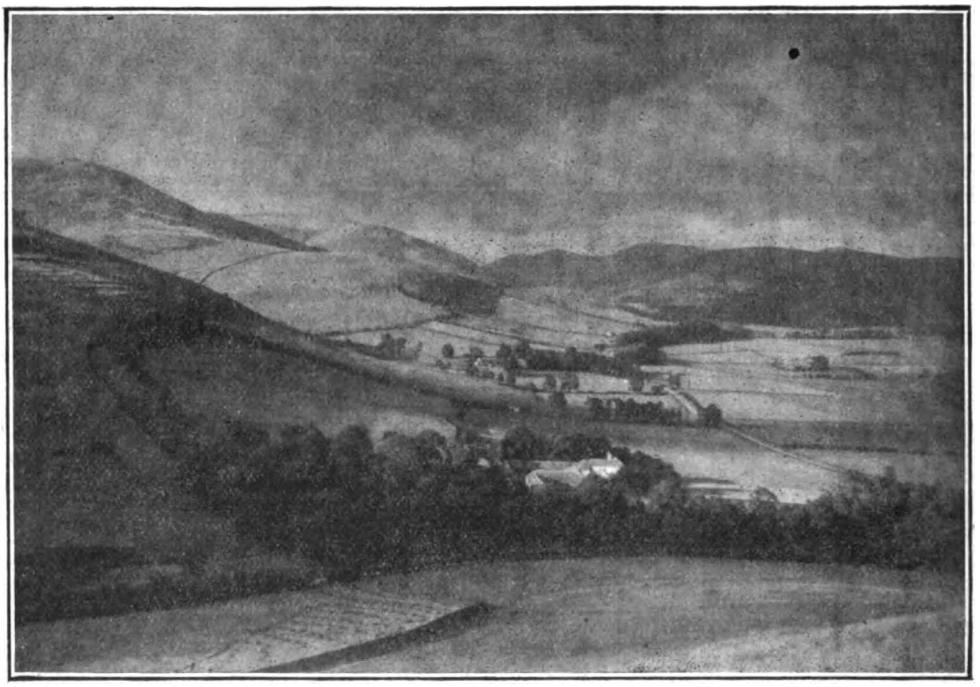
Proceeding up from Langholm, the traveller will first notice, almost at the boundary of the parish, a level plateau—Arkinholm—now somewhat appropriately used as a shooting range by the local Volunteers. Here in historic times a sanguineous encounter took place between two old Border clans—the Douglases and Maxwells. On the roadside a little above this is a place called Wrea, where in more recent times dwelt one who was in his day somewhat of a celebrity—the poet Knox, author of "The Songs of Zion." On a hillside above Wrea a small clump of trees is visible, surrounded by the remains of a stone wall. They were planted, as tiny saplings, by one who expressed the wish that he would live long enough for his coffin to be made from the wood. I do not know whether his wish was ever realised, but the special interest lies in the fact that that man was the father of Henry Scott Riddell. He was at that time shepherd at the farm of Sorbie, a little further up the valley, and it was at that place that his famous

son was born. The "Mountain Clump of Trees" forms the subject of a long poem in the poet's published collection.

At Sorbie a picturesque road—Sorbie Hass—leads over into Westerkirk, and at the angle formed by it and the Ewes road there grew till quite recently a fine old hawthorn tree. This tree, whose age must have run into centuries formed of old the trysting spot at which the monks of Melrose in their pilgrimages were accustomed to meet their faithful local adherents.

A little above Sorbie, by the roadside, is the trying period. Both are forgotten, but they rest very peacefully side by side in this quiet little churchyard, and their dust has long since intermingled. There are no differences, ecclesiastical or political, in the grave.

Opposite the church, and across the river, is Upper Glendevon, where once lived George Easton. He was then working as a roadman, but he became eventually an agent in Edinburgh of the Scottish Temperance League, and is well remembered by many all over Scotland as a most noteworthy pioneer in the great cause of temperance reform.



THE EWES VALLEY FROM ABOVE SORBIE.

Parish Church, a very pretty and somewhat modern edifice, surrounded by its little churchyard, and with an old tree as a belfry. There are some quaint inscriptions on some of the tombstones, to which space forbids allusion. There is one dated 1747 to the memory of the Rev. Robert Darling, locally known as "the malignant"—the hated incumbent doubtless in the days of the persecution. Quite close to it is another, equally old, to the memory of another local minister, but one who suffered for conscience sake at that same

About a quarter of a mile above Glendevon, and about half a mile from the public road, is the mansion-house of Arkleton—the ancestral home of the Scott-Elliots. The valley here is at its broadest and loveliest. The parish school stands by the roadside, on an eminence facing Arkleton. Away in the distance behind the mansion-house towers Arkleton Crags, from whose lofty summit on a clear day one can look along the whole estuary of the Solway, and can trace on the horizon the hills of the Isle of Man, and even, it is said,

the distant shores of Ireland. Here, too, looking down the valley is Sandyhaugh, the home for seventy years of Matthew Welsh, the poet of the Ewes, whose sonnet adorns the end of this contribution, and whose poems were commended to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE in a recent issue.

About two miles above Arkleton, at a little distance from the road, is Unthank Churchyard, seldom used now as a burying-ground, but marking what was at one time the site of a Roman Catholic Church.

A mile or so above Unthank a road branches from the Ewes road, and leads, by Carwoodridge, through wild—almost alpine—scenery, past Hermitage Castle into Liddesdale. Beyond this the valley narrows, and the hills come closer together, and become steeper, until, as the waterhead is reached, there is only room for the river, now dwindled to a mere rivulet, and the public road. This part of the valley forms one of the finest hill passes in the south of Scotland, and extends for about two miles, until, in the neighbourhood of Mosspaul, the traveller becomes conscious that he has crossed the watershed, and realises that the burn, now flowing in the opposite direction, must be the head waters of the Teviot.

I can recollect nothing that left such a weird impression on my childish fancy, as my first sight, in this lonely spot, of the extensive and roofless ruins of the famous old hostelry of Mosspaul. It must have been a place of importance in its day, for even in its decay it was impressive on account of its size, but with the stage-coach its usefulness and glory departed for ever, and the ruins have now disappeared to make room for a much smaller and more modern edifice. There is still something left, however, to remind the present generation of times gone by, for in this neighbourhood, where, for a considerable distance, the road is not bordered by hedges, there are still standing at intervals one or two of the stout wooden poles that served to guide the coach through the trackless snowdrift in the depths of winter.

There is little of interest to the historian about the Ewes. No ruined castle exists to tell of times that were less peaceful, and there is little in history or tradition to indicate that life in the valley has not always been as uneventful as it is to-day. It is highly probable, however, that if the hills could speak they could tell of some stirring episodes. Our freebooting forefathers doubtless knew well the passes from the Ewes into Westerkirk and Liddesdale, and the rough path over the hills into the security of Tarras Moss. It must have been up the Ewes valley, too, that the greatest of them all—the notorious Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie—marched with his followers, on that historic journey, which proved to be his last, and which ended for all of them on the gallows at Carlawrigg.

The successive generations of the historic period have not left in the Ewes any visible memorial of the times in which they lived and moved.

It is curious, however, that the valley has, through all the centuries, preserved the footprints—still plainly distinguishable—of a people who flourished before the origin of history, and before the dawn of civilsiation—the Picts or early Britons.

Probably nowhere else are there so many of the well-known rounded camps of these hardy warriors within so small a radius. In a stretch of about seven miles there are at least fourteen of them, all within half a mile of the public road, and many in excellent preservation—truly a rich field for the archæologist.

Such then is the Ewes. It is, of course, to natives like myself that it appeals the most, for to us it is filled with reminiscences of those youthful joys that never return, and for whose loss life perhaps never brings to any one sufficient compensation. Independent of all such associations, however, I believe that even the passing stranger could not fail to be struck with its beauty, which I have imperfectly attempted to describe.

"Sequestered vale! my loved, my native Ewes,
Thy beauty's worthy of a nobler song;
Nor can these broken notes express the strong
Unuttered thoughts that thrill my rustic muse.
Nor can she the congenial task refuse
To sing thy limpid streams that wind among
Thy stately hills, whose outlines sweep along
The azure sky in peaceful lines profuse.
And when the shady eve distils its dews,
The swell and cadence of thy gushing rills,
Murmuring soft music to the listening hills,
Can o'er the soul a soothing bliss diffuse.
Vale of the Ewes! no fairer gem, I trow,
Is in the crown that circles Scotia's brow."

G. DICKSON.

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,
Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

Motto ("The Monastery.")

The Literature of the Scottish Border.

THE limited space at our disposal prevents us from giving notes of the annual gatherings of the various Border Associations, except in so far as to quote any outstanding speech delivered thereat. The annual gathering of the London Border Scottish Counties Association was held on the 16th of May last, and as usual, thanks to the energy and tact of the hon. secretary, Mr W. B. Thomson, there was a splendid assembly of prominent Borderers. Dr Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the "British Weekly," writing as "Claudius Clear" in that widely circulated journal, says:—

I had the pleasure of attending the annual dinner of the London Scottish Border Counties Association. The gathering renewed many memories—pleasant and painful. There was about it the true spirit of the Border. The Lord Advocate, who was in the chair, could hardly claim to be a Borderer in the full sense any more than I could, but he had the qualification of a real knowledge and a real affection, and as every one is beginning to know, he has the gift of pawky and sometimes tender speech. There were many others, among them Sir Edward Tennant, of whose position as a newspaper proprietor we have heard a great deal of late. Sir Edward is an unpretending and entertaining speaker. There was also Mark Napier, once well known as the Liberal Member for Roxburghshire, a facetious speaker of the best type, and very much at home in proposing the toast of the ladies. But I cannot complete the list. It was a good list, with sound Border names, like Haig and Douglas, in harmonious association with others.

To me fell the honourable duty of proposing the Literature of the Scottish Borders. I have various claims to be a Borderer, and in particular a true love for the Border streams. That, as Thomas Tod Stoddart used to say, is the final test. To a real Borderer the river must seem hallowed water. He must revere its banks and channels, its tributaries from this very source, and all belonging to it. When you think of it you perceive that this is the Border passion. No doubt it is greatly strengthened by love of angling, but it is independent of that. Scott styled himself

> No fisher,
> But a well-wisher
> To the game!

It may be that the greatest days of fishing are over. Stoddart, who was my close neighbour during the last three years of his life, belonged to the generation of giants. He was the friend of Christopher North, of whom it is told that he once walked fourteen miles to the place where he meant to begin angling, discovered that he had left his book of flies at home, walked back, returned again to the loch side, and made his way home in the evening with two stone weight in the creel on his back. He tells us in one of his angling reminiscences about twilight fishing in the summer, and leads us to believe that night fishing, when it is so dark that you cannot see the flies or the line, is often very successful in the Tweed, though the angler is guided only by the senses of touch and hearing. Four champions had a match on one occasion, and the two former captured sixty-eight pounds of trout, while the latter scored fifty-one. But Thomas Davidson, the Scottish probationer, and many others did little or nothing at angling, and yet loved Tweed and Teviot as dearly as Stoddart loved them.

Whenever you begin to think of the literature of the Border, it is the name of Scott that comes up. Dr Hake, in his reminiscences, tells of an old lady who suffered from the decay of memory. She could remember, however, the next word, and so when repeating Lord Lytton's earlier names, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, could never stop, because after Lytton she was forced to say Bulwer, after Bulwer, Lytton again, and so on for ever. In the same way one might go on saying Scott Border, Border Scott, without end. Not that Sir Walter Scott began the literature of the Border. As an eloquent critic tells us, the Border rivers are the ancient homes of poetry, since True Thomas left Leader Water for the streams of fairyland, since the Bard of Rule was slain by a minstrel's sword, since the dying knight's blood reddened the Douglas Burn, and Cockburn's widow bewailed her outlawed lord, and a slain lover was sought by his lady in vain near the Dowie Dens of Yarrow. It was Scott who interpreted to the whole world and to all time the romance of the Border. It was fit that he should begin his career by collecting the Border Ballads. No one could have done that so well, even though he did not satisfy the old peasant mother of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. It was from her he received many of his pieces, and she told him that there was never one of her songs printed until he had printed them, and that in so doing he had entirely spoiled them. "They were made for singing an' no for reading; but ye hae broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair. An' the worst thing o' a'," she added, "they're nouther right spell'd nor right setten down." Who shall speak worthily of Scott? Mr Lang has spoken as well as any. "We scarcely need a word (it would be seldom in use) for a character so rare, or rather so lonely in its nobility and charm, as that of Walter Scott. Here in the heart of your own country, among your own grey, round-shouldered hills (each so like the other that the shadow of one falling on its neighbour exactly outlines that neighbour's shape), it is of you and of your works that a native of the forest is most frequently brought in mind. All the spirits of the river and the hill, all the dying refrains of ballad and the fading echoes of story, all the memory of the wild past, each legend of burn and loch seem to have combined to inform your spirit, and to secure themselves an immortal life in your song. It is through you that we remember them, and in recalling them as in treading each hillside in this land, we again remember you and bless you."

Sir Walter's life was at the end too sad, but it is good to think how much happiness he enjoyed. It is good to think of the way in which his least writings moved his contemporaries. It is told that when "Rokeby" (to be pronounced

"Rookby," I believe) appeared only one copy reached Cambridge, and the happy student who secured that was followed by an eager crowd demanding that the poem should be read aloud to them. Yet "Rokeby" was by no means one of Scott's chief achievements. We read that when "Marmion" was sent out to the Peninsular, parties of officers were made up nightly in the lines of Torres Vedras to hear and revel in the new wonder. Sir Adam Fergusson and his company of men were sheltered in a hollow at the battle of Talavera. Sir Adam read the battle scenes from "Marmion" aloud to pass away the time, and the reclining men cheered lustily, though at intervals the screech of the French shells sounded overhead. Scott had perhaps as many acquaintances as any one, but he was not merely a man of acquaintanceships, and his true friends were of all classes, from Tom Purdie and Willie Laidlaw to the Duke of Buccleuch, Morit of Rokeby, George Ellis, Mr Skene, Joanna Baillie Erskine, the Ettrick Shepherd—the list might be indefinitely lengthened. True it is that the reverent memory of the Border is always inexplicably blended with the memory and the love of Scott.

Then there was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in his own way the possessor of a genius as marvellous and as lonely as that of Scott himself. Indeed, one is sometimes disposed to think that no achievements in literature are more inexplicable than those of James Hogg. He was comparatively advanced in life before he could read and write easily. He never sat down to commit a song to paper without first removing his coat and waistcoat, as if for some unusual exertion, while the rapid cramping of his wrist prevented his writing more than some four to six lines at a time. Things went against him, but he said, "I was generally more cheerful when most unfortunate." He managed, with great labour, to become a farmer, but he failed, and was sold up and cold-shouldered. He tells us himself that after he had appeared as a poet, and had broken down as a farmer, he could find no one willing to engage him as a shepherd. Sir George Douglas, his biographer, most happily recalls the parallel case of Gabriel Oak in Mr Hardy's story, who remains unhired in the market place of Casterbridge, when to the inquiries of successful farmers as to whose farm he had worked on last, he was compelled to reply, "My own." Yet what a heart the Shepherd kept up! He wrapped his plaid about him and set out for Edinburgh, determined to push his fortunes as a literary man. Four years after he wrote to a friend, "It pleased God to take away by death all my ewes and my lambs, and my long-horned cow, and my spotted bull, for if they had lived and I had kept the farm of Corfadin, I had been a lost man to the world and mankind, and never have known the half that was in me." It was in 1815 that he wrote the incomparable "Kilmeny." If one had to choose that in all Scottish literature which could least be spared, he might say that the rarest, if not the greatest, of all its jewels is this very poem:—

"When many a lang day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had pray'd, and the dead bell rung;
Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!"

Few will ever know all there was in Hogg; few, indeed, will go through the many volumes of his stories, well worth reading as they are, and fewer still will search the periodicals where much of his writing is buried for ever. Thomas Tod Stoddart was not on the same level as Scott and Hogg, but he had a touch of genius notwithstanding, and his love for the Tweed was as devout and faithful as that of Scott himself. Forty years before his death he wrote:—

"And I, when to breathe is a burden, and joy
Forgets me, and the life is no longer the boy,
On the labouring staff and the tremulous knee,
Will wander, bright river to thee!
And the hymn of the furze, when the dew-pearls are shed,
And the old sacred tones of thy musical bed,
Will close, as the last mortal moments depart
The golden gates of the heart!"

This was a note which Stoddart prolonged to the last. I remember him writing almost every week verses in the "Kelso Mail" expressing his devotion to the Tweed, and his joy in the thought of being buried beside it.

"My resting-place by thee would have,
And thy song at the ear of my grave."

But the most beautiful and finished form in which he rendered this aspiration is to be found in the memorable lines:—

"Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
To our angler's quiet mound,
With the old pilgrim, twilight grey,
Enter thou the holy ground;
There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering burn,
Wooer of the western wind,
Watcher of the April morn!"

With these lines may go those of another beloved Borderer, Thomas Davidson, the Scottish probationer:—

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

So dearly have the Borderers loved their rivers.

The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.
"Marmion."

Brockie's Hole.

(By RICHARD WAUGH, Winnipeg).

I have read with special pleasure the paper by A. L. A. Sudden on "Dookin' in Tweed," which appeared in the February issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE. He is a trifle short, however, in his information about Brockie's Hole. A century ago Willie Brockie was a farmer at Blackdykes, away behind Brotherstone Hill, and occasionally visited our village to spend a few hours with old cronies. Leaderfoot Bridge was a long way round, and he usually forded the river at Will Gray's, the Earl's gardener, just a few yards above the Gullet. One day the risk of crossing at such a dangerous ford as that was, and is now, if the river is in heavy flood, was so obvious that his cronies very earnestly dissuaded him from making the attempt. Even he would not venture it on horseback, but there was still another alternative. He led the horse up to the corner of the Sker and pushed it into the stream, catching on to the tail, and got safely across. "Brockie winna droon" was his triumphant vindication of the perilous venture, and the whisky inside kept the soaking from doing him any harm.

I am pretty certain it was the same Willie Brockie who, as a retired farmer, lived 70 years ago in a cottage just east of John Hamilton's little thatched grocery and public-house at the west end of the village, John Younger owning another thatched house east of him. Jenny the Laird and her husband, James Jeffreys, afterwards lived in the same house. It was built by Tam Paton. And down the close, behind Jenny the Laird, also lived Jenny and Tam Lumsden during my boyish days. My mother in those days had always two, and sometimes three, cows, and Willie—we called him Maister Brockie—came every night for a pennyworth of milk, of which his cats got nearly all. The cows dried up in winter, and my mother divided it as far as it would go among such customers as had small bairns, cutting down Willie's share to an odd bawbee's worth if there was any to spare. I can well recollect his earnest protestations against this unequitable division, but she was inexorable, though her own brood had to put up with a very scanty allowance so as to give him a small share.

One of Brockie's half tipsy freaks was to take home a pound of tea, then six or seven shillings a pound, and, giving a brew of it to the brood sow, she did not relish it as he expected, and he declared "she was far ower nice to refuse what his mistress likit sae weel."

I have, for the last few weeks, been making holiday at the west coast, and had friendly cracks with several Borderers there. Thomas A. Brydon, a successful builder and fruit grower at Victoria, B.C., is a son of Brydon of Redfordgreen, and grandson of the Ramsaycleuch Brydon of a century ago. Wattie Scott, another resident of Victoria, is the last of a family that has farmed in Ashkirk parish for perhaps a century. A brother died at Ladhope there about two years ago. I might name some others from the Border side, one the widow of one of the Woods of Bankhead, St Boswells, where I built a house for his father fifty years ago. She has two sons in Victoria.

A fortnight ago I looked up the captain of H.M.S. "Egeria," then lying in port preparatory to another season's surveying along that wild and rocky coast, and found, as I expected, that he is a son of Col. Learmonth, who rented the Pavilion, near Melrose, thirty years ago. We had a very hearty Tweedside talk together, going over all the Gattonside worthies, Tom Fox and other ancients.

Some months ago I visited the eighty-five year old son of Captain Sibbald of Benrig, who was with Nelson at Trafalgar and afterwards a half-pay captain at Benrig Firth and Edinburgh. Sibbald, the younger, has been married fifty-five years, and he and his wife are still hale and hearty 150 miles west of Winnipeg. His sister over eighty, is an occasional correspondent of mine. She also was at school with me seventy years ago, and twice my age then. She lives now in Alabama

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By the Tweed.

THERE is a dell where the primrose blows
With a grace no other primrose knows,
Where the blackbird pours out a richer note
Than falls from another blackbird's throat,
Where the trees proudly seek to kiss the sky,
And Tweed sweetly croons as he wanders by.

There is a dell where the bluebell waves
On a fair green bank which a brown burn laves,
Where the brown rat bathes with a hurried plop,
And the dry twigs rustle and softly drop,
Where the rabbit and field mouse venture out,
Like phantoms of dreamland to flit about.

There is a dell where the whispering breeze
Speaks gently of peace to the listening trees,
Where a tattered hedge skirts the mossy sward,
And the close set graves of an old churchyard,
Where a time-stained church from its lone retreat
Keeps watch o'er the sleepers at its feet.

There is a dell where the dew still wets
At noonday the blue forget-me-nots,
Where none but the truant sunbeams play
On a path that follows Tweed's winding way,
Where Nature showers with a loving hand
The wealth that she yields not to man's demand.

There is a dell where the wanderer turns
In dreams, and his lonely heart still yearns
Through the flight of years for the cool deep shade
And the soothing silence of that green glade,
Where in youth's spring the throb of his heart's unrest
Found its tumult stilled—found one short hour blest.

MARGARET FLETCHER.

We know not when we sleep nor when we wake,
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
Which to the slumberer seem realities;
And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
As set at nought the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.

Motto ("Anne of Geierstein.")

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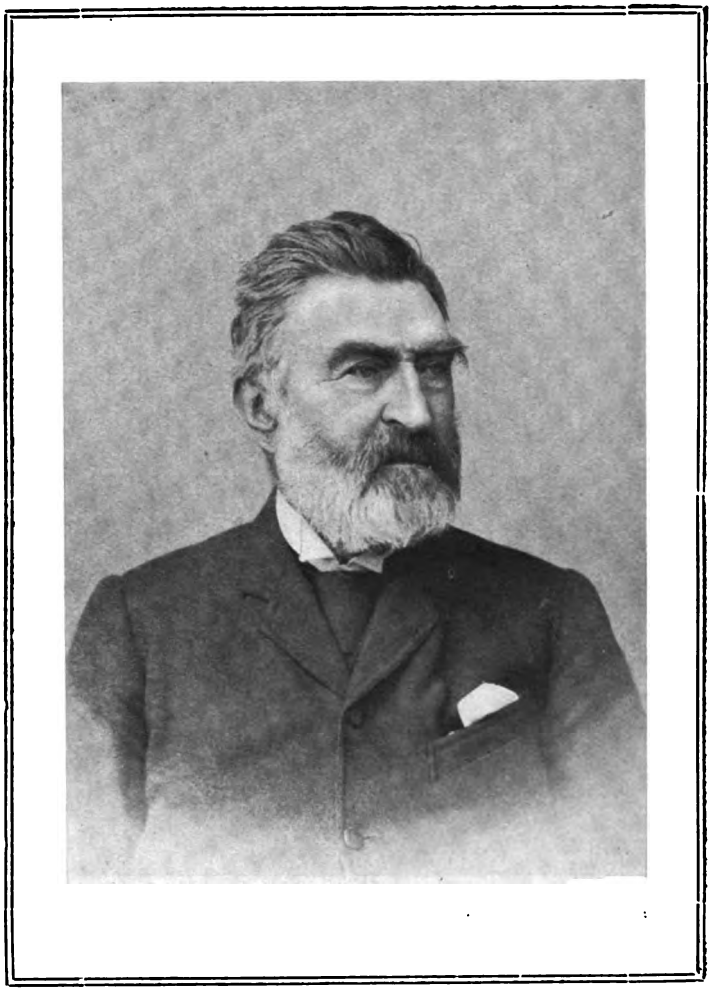
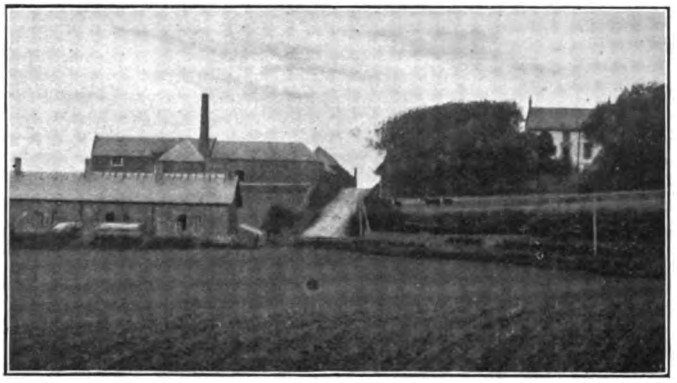
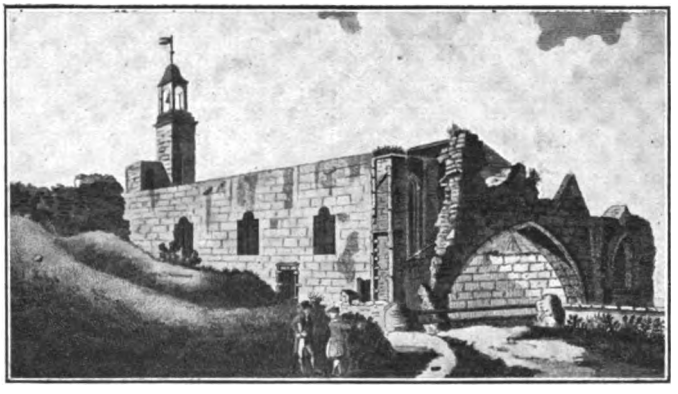


THE LATE MR JOHN McGALL OF HALLYDOWN.
1826-1903.



HALLYDOWN FROM THE WEST.

COLDINGHAM FROM THE EAST.



S.-E. VIEW COLDINGHAM PRIORY, A.D. 1789.

THE EAST PART OF BERWICKSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1771.

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THE LATE MR JOHN McGALL, OF HALLYDOWN.

By W. M. S.

A NOTARIAL instrument, dated at Coldingham 6/2/1597, narrates that "John Hoppar, John Maling, John Cosar in Coldingham, Gavin Renton, Robert Maltman, Thomas Johnestone, Patrick Purvis, James King, John Arneil, Thomas Sandersone, JOHN MACGALL, John Blak, Mungo Hoppar, Mungo Vobstar, John Polwart, John Cosar younger in Rikilsyde and Thomas Lumsdeane in Boganegreen, obliged themselves not to send any of their corn to any mills save those of Coldingham and Eyemouth, providing the millers there grind them within forty-eight hours of their going to the mill and conveying the corn to and from their houses, giving the neighbours no cause to complain of their service; or otherwise they protest that they will be free to go to whatsoever other mill they please until such fault is amended. If they do otherwise, they consent to pay a penalty of 20s for the first fault, 40s for the second and so on, doubling the penalty on every subsequent transgression thereof."

Truly, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

The great preponderance of the name of John amongst these old-time worthies is a curious circumstance; more interesting still to find a resident in this neighbourhood three hundred years ago who probably was an ancestor, but any way a farmer and a namesake of the late Mr John McGall, the subject of this sketch. No need to study theories about the derivation of Hallydown, his home for half a century and more, where boyish visitors to its ever-kindly resident received a never-failing welcome with many an hour's amusement and instruction in the folklore of the district, the episodes of farming life, the topics of pre-railway days. Old manuscripts and maps refer indifferently to Halydeane, Hallyden, and Halydoun, which, from an elevation of three hundred feet above sea-level, overlooks the vale of Coldingham, with Priory Church and antiquated village, St Andrew's Well and Scape Burn.

Unlike its namesake (Halidon Hill, some seven miles nearer Berwick), Hallydown is not associated with a sanguinary battle scene, though doubtless many a forayer has hurried o'er its crest, where Royalty in olden times has scanned "ye fayre and pleasaunte prospecte o' riche landis and rolling waters" there revealed.

Nor'westerly the Lammermoors tail

eastward to the sea, terminating two miles beyond our vision at Fast Castle or "Wolf's Crag." Our only loch of Coldingham lies hidden in that moorish ridge near Earnsheugh, said to be the highest cliff (five hundred feet) 'twixt Flamboro' Head and Aberdeen for Berwickshire to plume itself upon. Alas, the Ernes no longer plume themselves upon that mighty precipice; the lurid language of the scarlet-coated golfer, the whizz of gutta-percha balls adown its dizzy face have driven the self-respecting falcons from their ancient solitudes. The rugged camps remain, however, and a waterfall by Westerside, *dropping* abruptly fifty feet to the lonesome beach below. We may not plume ourselves too much upon our only cataract unless 'tis raining heavily and the mill sluice-gate wide open.

VIEW FROM AYTOUN HILL, LOOKING NORTHWARD TO ST. ABBS.

Look northerly, St Ebba landed in that bay whose rugged headland reared its holy cell to seabirds' wondering scream, and orisons from nunnery walls arose in Saxon Coldinghame. Nearer at hand, the village of St Abb's; why did the residents discard its ancient designation of The Shore? Alas! so-called improvements have effaced the quaintness of the fishing hamlet of a generation back. The Sands are being similarly marred, but, by the way, their neighbouring bay can show a small peninsula whereon stands what some wise folk say is a relic of kelp-burning days, others again a Druid's altar; wiser folk are silent on that burning point. The North Sea billows break against the ruddy banks of Hallydown, and traces of a British fort are visible by Linkim shore. A so-called Smuggler's Cave lies further east between the Crinnells and the Killiedraughts—far too conspicuous, too wet we think, for harbouring illicit goods which were invariably concealed in—Tuts! tuts! 'twould be unfair to tell tales of our kindly fisher folk, for in the east their deep-sea boats pursue a nobler industry.

From Killielaw you look right down on the historic Fort and "Barefits" battleground; on Eyemouth also and, beyond its bay, on Gunsgreen where auld Logan o' Restalrig was "airt and pairt" in the Gowrie Plot, you know.

Inland, spanning the water Eye but out of sight, is the very first suspension bridge installed in Scotland; proud we are about it too, but pride in Berwickshire is quite excusable.

Southerly, the trees and tower of Highlaws hide old Linthill house, where Norman Ross stabbed Lady Home and fled for shelter by a rock which bears his name near Buckorlands by the Alemill road. He was the last—Feather in Berwickshire's cap? Ah, no—man

pilloried in Scotland, hand lopped off, then executed, tarred and hung in chains on the Figgate Whins at Leith. Look southerly upon that mighty tableland of Lamberton, where Hindchester and Habchester or "hie Drumau" are crowned with prehistoric forts and—See! ye catch a distant glimpse of "Cheviot mountains blue." Then in the west, from Ayton on to Earlston, extends the matchless Merse through what undoubtedly—so every Merseman thinks, no matter what these jealous bodies "wast o' Lauder" say—is the "braidest, bonniest" county in the Scottish Borderland.

Amid this pleasing blend of sea and landscape scenery, of peaceful industry and vestiges of ancient warfare, John McGall was born in 1826 at Coldingham and educated in the parish school presided over by John Gray; a stern upholder of the tawse for teaching purposes, a dealer out of knowledge with a most unsparing hand. Leaving that place of learning at the age of fourteen years, the more congenial study of farming was commenced and followed out for five years at the Law, then tenanted by Mr Glen. Another year was spent sheep-farming with a Mr Chirnside at Hoprig, followed by a course of chemistry and veterinary surgery at the University of Edinburgh.

Thus practically and scientifically trained in agriculture, Mr McGall betook himself to Huntingdonshire, travelling on the Great North Road by stage coach, starting from the White Hart Hostel, Edinburgh, changing horses at the Bell Inn, Haddington, George and St Andrew at Dunbar, Press Inn (at which our traveller would secure his seat), Red Lion at Berwick, the Post House, Belford, Swan at Alnwick, Phœnix at Morpeth, finally arriving at the Black Bull Inn, Newcastle, whence an early type of "Puffing Billy" locomotive gave the jaded passenger a reasonably rapid means of transit to his destination. A sojourn in the south for seven years was not devoid of interest; agrarian troubles of a serious nature rose within the district where he acted as farm manager or bailiff in two situations. He often told in after years about midnight alarms and scenes of actual violence, to which we, of a later generation, listened with a kind of fearful glee.

Returning north to Berwickshire in 1852, for fifty-one years subsequently the cares and burdens of the extensive Border farm of Hallydown devolved upon him. Married to Miss Jane Wilson Renton of Coldingham, he lost his only son in infancy, and then his wife a quarter of a century ago. His only daughter married Thomas Purves, Esq., Berwick, and when, through failing health, Mr McGall relinquished active outdoor work at Hallydown, his chief delight was having his grandchildren grouped around him. During all these long, long years in Berwickshire, a familiar figure at the weekly Berwick market, he unweariedly, ungrudgingly devoted time and thought to everything connected with the public weal. Chairman for the first and second triennial periods of the Coldingham School Board, as well as of some other public institutions, no better, more respected, nor more useful resident in the county could be named.

His great ability as an authority in agriculture was often utilised for valuations and arbitrations of a complex character.

Being an original member of the East Coast Disaster Fund, he freely gave his services and sympathy to the widow and the fatherless, stricken by the dreadful storm which devastated our coast line and so frightfully depleted our sea-going population on the 14th of October, 1881. Mr McGall was a witness of the violence of that hurricane, fighting his way with difficulty to the verge of the sea-banks bordering his farm, where he, though strong and heavily built, was, to quote his own expression, "blown about like a pair of mittens."

Well versed in all the bygone features of our countryside, it is but fitting to record his interest by giving a reprint of an old map of the eastern section of our county, whereon is shown the former Great North Road, and mention made of many farms whose very sites are scarcely now discernible. Comparison may be instituted between this curious map of 1771 and its predecessor of 1645, reproduced in the Border Magazine for January, 1901.

Reluctantly compelled by the infirmities of age to finally retire from public life, this worthy gentleman was the guest at a dinner given in his honour in Coldingham, and presided over by another worthy Borderer—the late Col. Milne Home—at which he was the recipient of a handsome tea and coffee service, with a silver salver bearing this inscription:—

"Presented, along with a solid silver tea and coffee service, to John McGall, Esq., farmer, Hallydown, by the Heritors and Ratepayers of the Parish of Coldingham, and Other Friends, in recognition of his long and faithful services as a member and Chairman of the Heritors, Parochial Board, School Board, and Parish Council of Coldingham.

18th March, 1897."

At the good old age of seventy-seven this useful and unselfish life of one esteemed by everybody came to a close on the 10th of August, 1903, and rest was found within the holy ground of the Priory Church of Coldingham, leaving a blank not easily filled.

His friends—and all who knew him were his friends—who pass along the now more solitary road on Killielaw, perchance at sunset when St Abb's Head Lighthouse sends

"A ruddy gleam of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,"

across the "hollow sounding and mysterious main," aye miss the hearty handshake, kindly voice of JOHN MCGALL OF HALLYDOWN.

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The portrait in the supplement is from a photograph by Mr W. Green, of Berwick, and the views of Hallydown and Coldingham were photographed by Mr Flett, of Eyemouth.

The Border Bookcase.

THE GREY-WALLED TOWN.

So many Borderers visit Berwick-upon-Tweed during the summer and autumn months, that we feel we are doing them a service by drawing their attention to the excellent book "A Grey-Walled Town: Stray Notes on Berwick-upon-Tweed," published at One Shilling by the "Advertiser" Printing Works there. Intending visitors should procure the book and "read up" the history, &c., of the famous town before they go there. The author is Mr John Jarvie, who has done his work well. In a short preface he says that his book is

"An attempt—how far successful the reader must judge—to embody in a popular form something of the spirit which prompted Principal Cairns on one occasion to exclaim to an audience he was addressing from the Town Hall steps, 'I love every stone of Berwick.' No one can remain long in or know much of the little Border town, whose every corner has some reminder of a glorious past, without feeling some stirrings of that emotion, and, therefore, I am not without hope that this book may find at any rate a few appreciative readers."

The author may be correct in saying that his book "does not covet the ambitious place of a history of Berwick," but the following opening paragraphs will show how qualified he is to make the past live again.

"Many years ago the youthful Lavengro, on a glorious morning of spring, found himself looking down from the southern eminence which overlooks Berwick, this grey town of the past, and the goodly scene called from him a noble tribute, and 'I had unconsciously laid myself down,' he declares, 'on haunted ground.' We take with him our stand on that Elvir Hill, and thus the sorcery of the place comes over us.

"The mists of the ages roll back. Before our eyes for a moment flits a glimpse of the beginnings of this old town. See from the northward those savage hordes of Picts and Scots, sweeping down from their mountains and moorlands, bear their barbaric cries as success in their savage warfare opens up to them vistas of plunder. And across those white-crested waters of the restless North Sea mark the approach of the hardy Norsemen and Danes, their piratical craft urged on with sail and oar towards this devoted little group of primitive dwellings, where already are laid the foundations of future greatness. Thus in slaughter and pillage, harryings and sudden descents by sea and land, begins the fateful history of that Berwick which shall in later years be known to men as the most distressful city of three kingdoms.

"Again the mists divide, and once more the elfic denizens of Elvir Hill unroll the panorama of the past before our eyes. Years have gone by, and the little hamlet has grown to a town whose interests are already widespread. To its harbour sail argosies from afar, bringing and taking rich merchandise; to its gates ride couriers, and in the council room of its castle sit statesmen and courtiers. Under the shelter of that castle is the royal residence of David the First, 'ane sair sanct for the crown,' whose reign marks the end of Celtic Scotland and the real beginning of its national life, and who raised Berwick to the dignity of chief of the four royal burghs, and first built its great stronghold. But again the storm-clouds gather over the fair and prosperous scene. The armies of William the Lion march southward with all the pomp and circumstance of war, but the conquerors who march back bear other banners, and Berwick for the first time becomes an English possession. A few years pass, and Richard of the Lion Heart takes his hansom while the King of Scots resumes his fortress. Then the panorama moves on, and scenes of ruthless war are again brought before our eyes. The flames leap up to the crimson sky, and as the retreating army of the merciless King John marches south, behind them thunders down the bridge which connects England and Scotland, and in smoke and fire the devoted city is once more swept from its proud pre-eminence.

"Yet again the mist of ages rolls back. Again we see a fair and prosperous city which has risen phœnix-like from the ashes of that other. Only a year or two have flown in the interval, but in that short period Berwick has regained its former proud place among towns—nay, more, for favoured by a breathing space of peace it has grown in size, in appearance, and in importance, till now it can proudly write itself the commercial capital of Scotland, 'a city so populous and of such trade that it might justly be called another Alexandria, whose riches were the sea and the water its walls.' Its customs are a welcome contribution to the exchequer of kings, excelling those of almost every other port, equalling indeed in one year one fourth of the total of all England. For over half a century its star is in the ascendant,

and in peace and prosperity its merchants ply their lucrative callings; the rich produce of the Tweed valley finds here its natural outlet, and its ships sail the northern sea laden with their merchandise. But again the clouds begin to lower over the fair scene. There in the great hall of Berwick Castle, on that fateful 17th of November, 1292, Edward the First, 'the hammer of the Scots,' gives his momentous decision as to the destiny of the Scottish crown—a decision which ere long again results in the sounding of the war trumpet. Again before us rises the scene of a hostile army moving on the unfortunate town. At its head rides the great Plantagenet on his huge charger Bayard, and he it is who is first to leap the earth work defences and enter the town. It is the same dread tale again. Hear the shock of arms, the cries of attacked and attackers; see the streets running red with the life-blood of brave men slain in defence of home and kin; mark once more how the mad flames leap and soar as the deadly firebrand completes the work of destruction. Amid the lurid scene one act of heroic bravery stands out across the centuries. There in the centre of the town is the famous Red Hall of Commerce, Rialto of those Flemish traders who have made its name known throughout bargaining Europe. Here have they done as they shall do this day of blood and slaughter. Men they are to whom a bargain is sacred, and their bargain is that at all times as a condition of their tenure of this Red Hall they shall defend it against the King of England. True to their bond, thirty of these brave men hold it till the evening, through all that fearful day, against an otherwise unchecked army, and as the darkness of night comes down, there, amid the flames and the falling ruins, they perish, fighting to the last. And with them passes for all time Berwick's hope of commercial greatness."

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AN OLD-TIME FISHING VILLAGE—EYEMOUTH.

When speaking of the Borderland we are too apt to think only of the hills and valleys more particularly associated with the name of Sir Walter Scott, and to forget that we have a seaboard, and that not a few of the hardy sons of the Border "go down to the sea in ships" and dare the dangers of the North Sea. That these dangers are sometimes of a terrible character will be brought home to those who can recall the fearful storm which swept over Scotland on 14th October, 1881, and brought such an appalling disaster to Eyemouth, Coldingham, &c. That sad event was fast becoming a memory only when the Rev. Duncan M'Iver of Eyemouth took the matter in hand and produced a handsome memorial volume on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day of "dule and sorrow." The desire of the author is that some permanent Memorial of the disaster should be got up, and as a means to this end, he intends to devote the profits derived from the sale of this "Special Memorial Edition" of his volume for that worthy object. The book which is sold at 5/ net is handsomely got up, and contains over twenty fine illustrations, one of which we reproduce at the head of this article. The volume, which is published by Messrs James McKelvie & Sons, Limited, Greenock, has met with a ready sale, at which we are not surprised, for the author has done his work exceedingly well, as the quotations we are privileged to make will show. Though the story of the Great Disaster is the prominent theme of the first portion of the volume, fully two-thirds of the letterpress is taken up with the history of Eyemouth, and graphic sketches of the life and character of the fisher-folk. We commend the book to all true Borderers, alike for the worthy object for which it has been issued and for the intrinsic merit of its pages. The introduction is from the pen of Annie S. Swan, who thus refers to Mr McIver's labour of love :—

"It is written by one who has had every opportunity of judging how much there is to interest in such a community; he has come constantly into contact with the whole web of their lives, he knows what faith and courage and endurance are hidden under quiet and sometimes gruff exteriors, he has been with them in their homes, and shared all their anxieties.

"He has heard, too, the oft-repeated tale of the great storm, of that terrible day and night which swept that wind-bitten and desolate coast with devastating fury. Almost, it seemed, as if the mercy of God had failed."

In his Foreword the author says :—

"The story of Eyemouth, particularly in relation to the Disaster, is worth being told, and the need for such a book is the only apology which the writer can put forward for its publication. That the book has no claim to be acknowledged as literature, the writer is conscious; but he trusts that an unaffected description of the inner life of fisher-folk will, in some way, compensate for whatever weakness it may show in this respect."

We feel sure that the readers will differ from the author in his opinion as to the literary value of his work, from which we make the following quotations :—

"That ever-to-be-remembered Friday morning dawned with a glorious combination of sun and calm. Not a whisper of wind was heard, and the sky was one cloudless arch of blue. Overhead were seagulls flying through the ethereal purity, now rising with shriek of joy, and again falling with a swoop upon the glassy waters. The sea was a great expanse of almost restful water. But for the gentle roll, which is always to be seen even on a restless day, the bosom of the North Sea may be said to have lain calm and peaceful, thus assisting to finish off, with its clear mirror-like surface, Nature's picture of sea-beauty.

"It was a morning for song. The mothers and wives and daughters of the fishermen were up at four of the clock, after resting for only four or five hours from their labours of the previous day, and, with music-filled souls and tune-filled lips, they set-to to the work of 'sheelin' th' mussels'—i.e., removing the body of the mussel—and baiting the hooks of the fishing line. It was an arduous and a tedious work, which, with the ordinary household duties, kept the women-folk afoot for about eighteen hours a day. But it was a work of love, and the thousand hooks of every man's haddock-line were baited to the accompaniment of psalm or hymn or Scottish song. All necessary gear was ready for going on board the craft, which lay in the harbour with a gentle rolling suggestive of impatience. 'What a graun' day!' said the women-folk, to which the fisher-lads invariably replied: 'Aye! but the gless never was sae low.' And so it was. Each fisher lad, before he put foot aboard his boat, had walked round by the public weather-glass, which was hung up near to the pier-end, for here was his guide regarding the weather for the coming hours. The needle had swung round to the extremest point, and the barometer read something approaching to 28.451 inches, having dropped an inch during the night. On a morning of so exquisite beauty these circumstances boded ill for those who would venture out to sea. Many hesitated on this account; but, as the boats had been kept ashore for about a week previous to this, some of the younger men especially were eager to be off again. It is something approaching to a point of honour that if one boat should sail, others must attempt to follow her. The lead having been taken, no man held back who was able to sail. Young and old, the fishermen proceeded aboard their several vessels, some with their bag of provisions and sea-boots slung over their shoulders; others with the latter drawn up over their thickly-stockinged legs, ready for the 'lee' water which might possibly wash their limbs.

"It was a hearty sight to see the boats set sail. As one by one they passed the pier-head, jokes were exchanged with the wives and lassies, who never failed to give the courageous fishermen a hearty send-off. The young wife and the aged mother, the betrothed maiden and the newly-wedded bride—they were all there; for had not each a life-interest in the men whose smiling faces were turned towards the pierhead? For lack of wind the brown sails hung loosely from the masts and yards of the fishing-boats, while the hands of each vessel steadily pulled their sixteen-feet oars. Slow but certain progress was made, some boats making for the ocean by the east roadstead, and others pulling their way through the west entrance; for at a distance of half-a-mile from the town there is a natural breakwater, known as the Hurcar Rocks. The position of these rocks, although a source of danger to seamen unacquainted with the coast, is nevertheless a safe-guard to Eyemouth itself. Because of this natural breakwater the sea cannot claim so much of the land as it, no doubt, would do were there no check to the in-coming waves. When the boats were safely got beyond Hurcar, the fleet began gradually to spread out like an unfolding fan, the picture calling for expressions of admiration

Photo by EYEMOUTH IN A STORM. *R. A. McIvor.*

from those on shore. 'How beautifully close together!' said a landsman, but the reply of an old retired fisherman, in view of what afterwards happened, was significant: 'Aye! but they'll no be sae close thegither whan they come hame.'

"At eight a.m. the fishing-fleet had sailed from the harbour, and for three hours and a half, beneath a brilliant sun, and sailing over a still sea, the boats made their way to the fishing grounds, at a distance of about eight or nine miles from the land. The lines had just been shot by some, and were just being shot by others, when, as a St Abb's lady wrote in a letter to a friend at the time, 'a horrible sort of stillness fell over everything.' What wind there was had passed away, and a dead calm succeeded it. But it was the calm before the storm! Without any visible warning from outside conditions, the sky suddenly thickened with dark, heavy clouds; a fierce wind arose which was as wild in its fury as the calm was quiet; the sea began to heave its threatening bosom, like a man in whose heart passion was rising, and what between sudden darkness—it was then between eleven and twelve of the day—the shrieking of the hurricane as it drove at the creaking masts and ripping sails, and the thunderous roar of a boiling ocean, the poor fishermen thought that the Judgment Day had come. So quickly did the elements change their aspect, and so violent was the change—from a bright peaceful day to a dismal night of hurricane—that almost all effort was paralysed, and many of the fishermen lost heart immediately. To fight against the storm was like trying to stay the progress of an express engine by the power of a man's hand. Boats were lifted clean out of the water; some had masts torn from their sockets; others had sails utterly blown away like pieces of stray paper; while all were helpless, so far as human assistance was concerned, in that dreadful hour. One by one some vessels turned turtle; one by one others were broken up with the pressure of the raging waters."

"Late in the day news was brought from Burnmouth and Berwick to Eyemouth that lives and boats had been lost at these places also, and, with the worst fears confirmed in many hearts, 'the evening fell on a weeping town, from which hope had all but fled for those still at sea.' The sun and the moon and the stars had been blotted out of Eyemouth's sky by the thickening shadows of a great grief, the extent of which was not yet known. With Eyemouth it was night. And such a night! All the emotions of a lifetime were crowded into it, and, in not a few cases, working upon frail, very frail, humanity, wrought such havoc that joy never again entered their lives."

"The sea had claimed its toll, and the dues were paid in the coin of human flesh and human blood—189 fishermen being lost off the East coast, of whom 129 belonged to Eyemouth. That Friday morning which dawned with such brilliance and beauty became the morning of disaster; for, out of 45 fishing boats that sailed from Eyemouth harbour, only 26 lived through the storm. The morning song of praise was changed to weeping and mourning; for 73 women were made widows, and 263 children were left fatherless.

"'There was weeping on every side, there was na a home unbereft;
Fathers, and brothers, and lovers—there was hardly a man of them left!'"

MORE SCOTT LETTERS.

The letters in this case, with one exception, are not by Sir Walter himself, but by members of his family. The simple, direct style of the epistles, written to the old family governess, throws a fresh light on the family life of which the "Wizard" was the centre. The letters have been brought together in a volume which bears the following title and description:—"Letters Hitherto Unpublished, Written by Members of Sir Walter Scott's Family to their old Governess," Edited with an Introduction and Notes by the Warden of Walham College, Oxford, and published by E. Grant Richards at 5s net. All lovers of Scott should possess this volume, which is a decided addition to what we might term the "Waverley Library." In reviewing the volume the "Westminster Gazette" says:—"The Warden of Walham was well advised in giving to the world these letters, written, most of them, by the daughters of Sir Walter Scott to their governess, Miss Millar. It is true that the letters contain nothing very important, and yet, as a whole, they give a charming picture of the family circle at Abbotsford. The letters number forty-seven, and extend from 1814 to 1837. Twenty-eight of them were written by Scott's eldest daughter, Charlotte Sophia, who became the wife of Lockhart, and twelve by her sister, Anne Scott. The correspondence as published is broken by long intervals, many of the letters no doubt having been lost, but even so it will be found of considerable interest by all lovers of the great romancer. The letters refer mainly to incidents of the day in the life of the sisters. In one of them, written by Charlotte in 1817, we are told of the visit of Wilkie the painter to Abbotsford, when he made 'a capital picture of the whole family':—

"We are all drawn in character, Anne and I as two milkmaids with pails upon our heads, Papa sitting, and Captain Ferguson standing, looking for all the world like an old poacher who understands his trade.

"Lady Byron about the same time had been spending a day at Abbotsford, and Charlotte describes her as 'very pretty and very melancholy.' In 1818 Miss Millar is invited to Abbotsford to have 'the supreme felicity of seeing your elegant pupil Walter in his yeomanry dress, which I assure you he is not a little vain of.' Walter, Charlotte's brother, was at that time a boy of seventeen, and had even then 'declared that he would be nothing but a soldier; so a soldier he is to be.' Later it is stated that he is likely to experience no inconvenience or delay in getting into the Army, as 'the Duke of York says that he will get over anything for Mr Scott.' So loved was Sir Walter even at that time of day. There are several references to the financial disaster which ruined Scott's life. Charlotte Scott, by this time Mrs Lockhart, in a letter written probably in February, 1826, tells of the failure, and is sure Miss Millar 'will grieve to hear that papa has lost the greater part of his hard-worked-for fortune.'

"And later in the same letter we are told:—

"Papa, Mamma, and Anne are in the very best possible spirits. Papa nothing can shake, and he looks forward with the greatest confidence to what must be a future life of study and labour to make up what is gone of his fortune, and he has the sympathy of the whole kingdom.

"In the closing letters there is much of sadness; the illness and death of both Lady and Sir Walter Scott are topics of several of them; then Charles Scott writes telling Miss Millar of Anne's death—she never recovered the shock of her father's decease—and in 1837 the old governess is informed of the death of Mrs Lockhart."

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OLD, BUT EVER NEW.

There have been few more fascinating life stories than that of Mary Queen of Scots, and the volumes published about our ill-starred Queen bid fair to form a very large library. Much of the fascination lies in the complex character of the woman herself, combined with the unsettled condition of the country over which she reigned. The lack of positive information as to certain events in her career has provided subjects of strife for the historians during many generations, and, unless our own Andrew Lang, or some other patient digger, gets down to the bedrock of truth, the strife will go on for generations to come. Messrs Methuen, of London, have issued at 6s one of the best books on the subject we have seen. The style of the authoress is most pleasing, for she presents the facts of history with all the attractiveness of a novel. The illustrations are a prominent feature of the work, and are beautifully reproduced. They number over forty, and include a very fine reproduction of Queen Mary's house at Jedburgh. Referring to the book, an evening paper says:—

"Although an oft-told tale, that of Mary Queen of Scots never loses its interest and is never likely to. We seem to have epitomised there so much of that which is most pitiful and tragic in human history. This new edition in a cheaper form of Florence MacCunn's noteworthy book is therefore likely to have wide acceptance. The strange sad story of Queen Mary is told with a fullness, and at times with a dramatic intensity, that rivets the reader. The author succeeds to a remarkable degree not only in picturing to the life Mary herself, but in reproducing the atmosphere of her day. Whatever conclusion the reader may still retain as to the part Mary played in the circumstances in which she was placed, whatever the historical judgment he may pass, he will assuredly be in a better position so to do after having read this well-contrived and well-written book. There are numerous illustrations—forty-four in all—and the book altogether is very well got up."

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THE SCOTTISH CHAUCER.

There is a strong movement at present in the direction of seriously studying our beautiful Scottish language, which many ignorantly imagine to be a dialect of the English, and the day has gone when it is looked upon as vulgar to speak the Doric. When we desire to add pithy expressions to the English language we draw upon the French or German vocabularies, while there is a mine of untranslateable words lying ready to our hand in the mither tongue of Scotland. Most people have heard of Burns as a master of Doric, but many are ignorant of even the name of William Dunbar, who ranks in many respects with the English Chaucer. Strange to say, the greatest authority on Dunbar's poems has hitherto been a German, Professor Schipper, whose "William Dunbar," sein "Leben und seine Gedichte (Berlin, Oppenheim, 1884), has been the standard work on the subject. Dr Mackay, one of the editors of the Scottish Text Society's edition of "Dunbar," says of Professor Schipper's work:—"This is the best book that has been written on Dunbar, and the German translations of his poems are executed with a skill and fidelity which Dunbar himself would have admired."

A new volume has just been issued, which we would commend to our readers. It is thus referred to by the "Bookseller," in the "Glasgow Evening News":—

"Among the thousands of highly-excitable persons who in the early part of the year pay homage to the memory of Robert Burns, how few can read with intelligence the works of that poet in the doric? And the number is growing less each year. Is it a sign that our mother-tongue is displaced by the encroachment of the English speech? And if we are unable to read Burns, what are we to say regarding William Dunbar, who ranks with him head and shoulders above any other Scottish poet. We rarely hear Dunbar's works mentioned, and more seldom do we see him quoted, save for a few stray pieces in our best anthologies. He forms the connecting link between Chaucer and Spenser, and was certainly the greatest poet in either Scotland or England during that period. These three great poets are relegated to the top shelves of our libraries, and are approached only by students. In the case of Dunbar there has been lacking until now an edition of his works which could be purchased at a moderate price, but this want has been supplied by the Cambridge Press in a handy volume at six shillings. It is well known that Scott seemed to class Dunbar above Burns. His work is characterised by that spirit of independence and virile expression which constitute so much of the charm of Burns. Though the reader may experience some difficulty at first in grasping Dunbar's archaic language, he will find all he requires in Mr Baildon's excellent glossary. This publication, which was so urgently needed, and which is so splendidly supplied by the Cambridge Press, Fetter Lane, London, will be welcomed by those who already know Dunbar, and should introduce him to many a household which has so far been in ignorance of his existence."

* * * *

THE UNION OF 1907.

At the time of the bi-centenary of the great event which is supposed to have made two peoples one, though some "hae their doots," there appeared in the columns of the "Glasgow Herald" a valuable series of papers on the subject of the Union. These articles are by various writers of eminence, including two Borderers, Mr Andrew Lang and Mr Robert Renwick. The former contributed two articles on "A Romantic Plot against the Union" and one on "The End of an Auld Sang," while the latter, who is probably the best living authority on the history of our Western Metropolis, wrote a most interesting paper on "Glasgow and the Union." The articles have been brought together into a volume, and the various chapters, with the able introduction by Mr P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D., combine to form a work of considerable historical value. The writers have treated the subject from very divergent points of view, but they all agree that the Union was a good thing. Many will consider this the last word upon the subject, and the volume is

convincing, yet it might have been well to have added a chapter by one who believes that Scotland would have developed as well as she has done without the Union of the Parliaments. Be that as it may, this book, "The Union of 1707—A Survey of Events," issued from the "Glasgow Herald" office, is a most valuable addition to our historical books.

* * * *

HEB OF THE HOLLOWS

is the title of a new story of Border life in the time of Queen Mary, which is now running in the "Glasgow Weekly Herald." The story is from the pen of Agnes Marchbanks, a lady who is the author of a well-known work on Border Scenes and Legends, and who has frequently contributed to the "B. M." There is much stir and bustle in the scenes depicted in the almost lawless times, and character sketches of the bearers of notable names in the history of the period are given. The story is of great interest to Scots in general, but will be specially so to those who know and love the romantic Border Land between the Solway and the Tweed.

The Battle of Riddings.

HOW few travellers, when changing at Riddings Junction for the muckle toon, the merry city, or Satan's Seat, for that matter, ever reflect on the historical association of the place. Riddings, however, frequently comes to the front, even in the earliest of histories.

Agricola, after he had reduced the whole of the North of England to submission, turned his attention, about 79, to the country this side the Border. He is supposed to have come by way of Riddings, camping near by.

In the "Annals Cumbriæ," and also in the "Four Ancient Books," Riddings is cited as the ground of a great and important battle. The struggle is said to have changed the fate —the moral and social conditions—of both countries.

The contest took place between the upholders of advancing Christianity and departing Paganism. The old resisted stoutly the inroads of the new. The triumph of the former marked a new era. Civilisation at once took great strides in the land. Merlin, one of Tennyson's romantic characters, named the locality Erydon, which is said to retain the name Riddings.

In some old records the place is described as a camp between the Liddel and Carewhinelow burn. Here, again, the above battle comes into view. It is sometimes described as the Moat of Liddel, and in some quarters as the Roman Camp.

It would appear as if the above-named burn, running into the Esk, got its name from one of the pagan leaders who fell in the battle. Caer means a city, and Gwenddolew, one of its citizens who was slain in the conflict.

Some imagine that Arthuret, near Longtown, was the headquarters of the opposing army and where Arthur held his council of war; that the level ground from thence into Canonbie was the plain upon which the enemy manœuvred in attacking the strong position on the eminence below Riddings Junction.

Taking our stand, says a writer, on the eminence of that old earthen rampart, can you imagine that we gaze on an ancient battle plain, where the paganism of our ancestors was driven back a step, and where a victory was won for the first elements of civilisation—the moral improvement, the uplifting of the people, and the purifying of their social life? To look from the eminence on a summer evening now, the aspect is one of weird and magic beauty; but an imaginary transfer back 1300 years enables us to think, as we view the English Skiddaw on the left, and Scottish Criffel in front, closing the horizon so near as to suggest that the silvery Solway is land-locked, and may be the Western Lake or Sea into which the reluctant messenger cast Excaliber after the battle, and out of which the mythical hand rose, caught it, and held it aloft as the symbol of hope and ultimate triumph for the Celts.

It was at Riddings, on the 9th of November, '45, that Prince Charlie camped and passed the night. When the Highlanders set foot on English soil they drew their claymores, and, flourishing them in the air, set up a great shout. Their exultation, however, was suddenly damped by a trifling incident. Lochiel, in drawing his sword, cut his hand, which was looked upon by his superstitious followers as an omen of disaster.

These are but a few of the many historical incidents which are associated with the Junction. From the days of knight tournaments and chivalry to the union of the Kingdoms this part of the Border has been the theatre of many memorable exploits. Not a few of these adorn the lays of bards and, as indicated, stand on the pages of history.

Riddings has other attractions. The romantic scenery of the whole neighbourhood has often attracted the tourist and taxed the powers of poets and painters.

G. M. R.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1907.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have time and again pointed out the great advantages to be gained to the heart and mind, and often the body as well, by keeping in close touch with the homeland. To city dwellers who are worried with the cares and anxieties of business, or the Borderers in far distant lands, what can be more refreshing than to hear or read something which reminds them of the scenes and faces of youth. Next to religion, the love of the homeland is the purest feeling which can thrill the human heart, and to foster such feelings is the mission of the BORDER MAGAZINE. We cannot carry out the work alone, however; we require the assistance of our readers. Say a good word for the B. M. whenever you can.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

In connection with Mark Twain's recent visit to England it might be noted that there is a certain parallel between Mark and our own Sir Walter. Everybody knows how Scott practically killed himself in order to pay the debts of the unfortunate publishing house of Ballantyne, in which he was financially interested. Mark Twain was a partner in the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., and when that firm went smash he voluntarily assumed the burden of paying its debts, amounting to some £40,000. He was sixty years old when he set out on this undertaking, but he carried it through. "The law," he said, "recognises no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up all he has may take advantage of the laws of insolvency, and start free again for himself. But I am not a business man, and honour is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than 100 cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw." Mark Twain paid every cent of his indebtedness. Yet the world insists on regarding him solely as a funny man! So the world regarded Grimaldi, who (according to the anecdote) consulted a "specialist" for hypochondria, and was advised to "Go and see Grimaldi!"

* * *

There was recently produced at the Marlborough Theatre, London, "Jeanie Deans," with Miss Kate Clinton and Mr Edward Tearle in the leading parts. It is claimed in certain quarters that this will be the first production in London of a dramatised version of the "Heart of Midlothian" since the days of Sir Walter Scott, but the claim is incorrect, Mrs Boucicault having staged a play with the same title as the novel in Scott's time. His novels were produced as plays within forty-eight hours of their appearance. Dibdin (the sea song writer), Pocock, and Terry were among those who waited at the publisher's door and then got to work with the shears and the paste pot. The present version of "Rob Roy" was a thing made in Fleet Street in this summary fashion. Scott saw the melange in Edinburgh, and it entertained him Going behind the scenes, he was insistent on only one thing—namely, that Mattie, when going to the Tolbooth with the Bailie, should carry a really old-fashioned lantern. Sir Walter's wishes, be it said to the credit of Edinburgh enterprise, were carried out.

* * *

It was said of Scott by a famous critic that, whereas most men were vainer of authorship than of any other distinction, to the author of "Waverley" the position of a country gentleman was an object of keener ambition than literary fame. Few men have combined these two objects of am-

bition with greater success than Mr Rider Haggard, and, if twenty years ago his name was on all tongues as an ingenious romancer, to-day probably he occupies the attention of the thoughtful more as the country gentleman who has devoted much patient and disinterested inquiry into the present position of the agricultural problem. He is only fifty-one years of age, and the world expects much good work from him yet in both directions.

* * *

During the recent Common Riding festivities at Hawick the famous local war-cry, "Teri Bus," had almost to take second place. Quite as frequently heard was the mysterious cry, "Keelah!" the origin and meaning of which not even those who used it could explain. Perhaps it will be better understood in Glasgow, since it was taken indirectly to the Borders by a Glasgow man. It appears that while a Scottish Rugby fifteen were on their way to Wales a few years ago a well-known Glasgow Internationalist repeated the mysterious word several times during the journey. One of the fifteen was W. E. Kyle, the well-known Hawick Rugby player, who subsequently became Cornet, the highest honour that can be conferred on a Teri. He introduced "Keelah" to Hawick, and ever since, whether on the football field or carrying the flag at the Common Riding, his ears have been deafened by multitudes of young Teries shouting "Keelah!" at the pitch of their voices. It may be added that the horse ridden by ex-Cornet Kyle at the last three Common Ridings was named Keelah.

* * *

Besides the long list of imposing legal luminaries the late Lord Young was associated with during his long career on the Bench, his earlier history was identified with great personalities, the mention of whose names seem to suggest some far distant age. In his boyhood days his Lordship knew Jean Armour, the widow of Robert Burns. Often he had tea with the old lady in her own house in Dumfries, and he always spoke with affection of her extreme kindness to children. He knew all the Burns family, and remembered Robert, junior, to have a peculiar habit of nervously thrusting his hands into his pockets as he walked the streets of Dumfries. This the villagers accounted for on the ground that young Robert had had his pocket picked when in London. Dr Maxwell, who attended the poet in his last illness, was also known to Lord Young. He also knew Channing, and one day in his father's house at Dumfries he was introduced to Thomas Carlyle, then unknown to fame. Lord Young's father must have been a man of considerable foresight, for he remarked at the moment of introducing his son, "Take my word for it, this Mr Carlyle will be a great man in this country."

* * *

Reverence for the past may be, as Emerson remarked, a treacherous sentiment, and if the plea made by the Rev. Walter Walsh, in his fine speech at Bannockburn, for a return to the strenuous simple life of our forefathers were to be taken literally, it could hardly be endorsed by many who realise how much more of interest and possibility is offered by modern life than there was in that of our "rude forefathers." Within common-sense limits, however, it is doubtless a good thing that we should cultivate the memory of those great historic deeds, such as Bannockburn and Bothwell Brig, which established or vindicated our Scottish nationality. Even in this year, when the remembrance of our final union with England is being celebrated, there is still room for the other recollection that what took place in 1707 was a union and not an absorption. That recollection, indeed, is one of our great safeguards against an absorption which would be disastrous to our national life, not merely from a sentimental, but from a practical, point of view.

* * *

Apropos the recent warrant granted by the Sheriff of Berwickshire for the registration of a Lamberton Toll marriage, it is 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.

* * *

The mimic warfare which took place in June last in the peaceful vale of Yarrow and adjoining parts of the Borderland was a most interesting affair. The success which attended these realistic manœuvres on the part of the lads of Gala and other Volunteers will probably lead to a repetition on some future occasion. The Borderland is noted for its Volunteers, and such experiences as the above will help to make them even better soldiers than they are. The Rev. R. Borland preached to the Volunteers on the Sunday, and closed his powerful and eloquent discourse with these words:—Man cannot live by bread alone. He was made in the image of God, made for God, and only God can satisfy the deep, abiding, eternal necessities of the soul. With Augustine we are all constrained sooner or later to realise that we can find rest only in God. There is an incident related by Lockhart in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott" that is as significant as it is pathetic. He tells how, when the great man lay a-dying in his beloved Abbotsford by the banks of the sweet murmuring Tweed, he asked his son-in-law to read to him. When Lockhart said, "From what book?" he replied, "Need you ask? There is but one." And shortly before he breathed his last he said to Lockhart, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Reminiscences of Liddesdale in Pre-Railway Days.

(PART III.)

IN these days of rapid locomotion, when, if a railway be not available, traction engine or motor-lorry may be called into requisition, people cannot well realise what the removal of his yearly produce meant to the upland farmer fifty years ago. When we consider that the pastoral part of Liddesdale contains between thirty and forty farms, and that each farm would produce from eight to ten cartloads of wool, which had to be carted to Jedburgh or Hawick, a distance of from twenty to thirty miles, it will be seen that its removal was quite an event in the farmer's calendar. On the morning of a given date all the available horses and carts from several farms would muster at one and convey the wool, which was packed in large bales, to some place agreed upon at the time of purchase. A common method was for the seller's and buyer's carts to meet half-way and either exchange carts for the time being or tranship the bales. The Note-o'-the-Gate, an outlandish toll-bar on the ridge separating Liddesdale from Rulewater, was a favourite meeting-place. At most of the tolls liquor was sold in those days, legally or illegally, and the "Note," as it was called, was no exception to the rule. We have counted as many as a dozen carts together laden with wool going towards the rendezvous named. As may be guessed, there was a good deal of hilarity at such gatherings, which led them to be looked forward to by those concerned as a pleasant break in the routine of their lives. They brought much grist to the toll-keeper's mill, and the ongoings were sometimes such as to keep the gossips busy for the proverbial nine days.

Then the farmers' surplus stock in the shape of lambs and draft ewes had to be moved long distances to fairs and markets, and the only course available was to drive them. This entailed their starting in many cases fully a week before the date of the market, in order to walk them slowly and present them in as good condition as possible. A class of men called "jobbers," a name unheard of now, used to visit the farms about spaining time with a view to buying the lambs, and not unfrequently succeeded in doing so. One man of this class we remember well, "Neddy Dixon," whose name for many years was a household word on the Borders. In the case of a bargain being struck, the "jobber" might provide his own drovers or he might arrange that the lambs be delivered to him on a certain fair ground on a given date. In the latter case the shepherds got a trip away into unknown country, which was much appreciated by the younger men, and the rehearsal of sights seen and experiences met with on such a journey was much enjoyed by their less fortunate compeers. These experiences were recounted again and again, and served to while away many an hour on some sunny braeside or around the cottage hearth on a winter's night.

The subject of drovers reminds us of the large droves of Highland cattle and blackfaced sheep that were driven into England from the northern markets. A drove-road crossed the hills in Upper Liddesdale, and a certain number of days after Muir of Ord Fair or Falkirk Tryst the shepherds, through whose lands the drove-road ran, were on the alert almost night and day until the droves had passed. Drove-roads, though not roads in the ordinary sense of the word, in many cases not even a track, were rights-of-way through the hills, with only imaginary boundaries, which often led to friction and even fisticuffs between the drovers and the shepherds. A drover was not considered worth his salt who could not produce his charges in better condition at the end of a journey than at the start. This was accomplished by driving slowly and allowing them to feed on forbidden ground beyond these imaginary lines whenever opportunity occurred —hence the need of the shepherds' watchfulness. Another and probably a stronger reason was the belief that should any of his sheep get mixed with the passing droves he had seen the last of them.

Advertising was not much in fashion in those days, but the Liddesdale herds, in common with those of other districts, we have no doubt, had a novel and effective way of recovering strayed sheep. Twice every year a shepherds' gathering was held on the "Wheel Rig," near to the old chapel of that name, and just under the shadow of Peel Fell. To these gatherings those having strayed sheep in their flocks repaired, taking the strays along with them, and those in search of missing sheep also made their way to the rendezvous, where, as a rule, the wanderers were returned to their owners. These meetings were attended from a wide radius, and never broke up without an hour or two of friendly intercourse. The younger men had generally a trial of skill at running, wrestling, and putting the stone,

while their elders looked on, comparing the present feats with what they had seen performed at Pennymuir or some such gathering in their young days.

In the good old days, to use a popular expression, farms seldom changed hands, son succeeding father unto the third and fourth generation, while the service of the shepherd was in many cases measured by his length of days. Even now we know of shepherds holding the same situations in which they succeeded their fathers about the middle of last century. These are, however, exceptional cases, as neither farmer nor shepherd seems so wedded to the place as in former years. Of the thirty-odd farms in Liddesdale, only some half-a-dozen are now tenanted by descendants of the good old farming stock, while a mere fraction of the remainder are held by natives of the valley.

Even the "gangrels" were a different class from the loafing roadster of to-day. Many of those wanderers were prime favourites, and there was no cottage from which they went empty away. The following incident will illustrate the good feeling existing between these wanderers and the hill folk, and shows the confidence and trust reposed in them. One of these nomads had for years visited a shepherd's house on the slopes of Carby Hill, where he invariably got a share of what food was going and a bed in the byre. So familiar did he become that on finding the house locked up —the inmates absent, probably at peat or hay-making—he would get the key from its hiding-place, enter the house, and have supper ready against the return of the family. On a member of the family once asking old John if he had washed his hands before making the porridge, he replied in the affirmative, but added that it did not much matter, as he had not touched the meal, having "sliddered" it into the pot from a plate. These gangrels turned up with wonderful regularity, and it was quite jolly when Beardy Jack came round singing "Nelly Bly" and "The Old Kentucky Home." Then there was Tammy Jenkins and "Jock an' the leather e'e," and old Joseph, so named from having his coat patched all over from collar to tail with scraps of cloth of every conceivable colour. Tammy was a dainty, cannie body, who always carried a cat in his bosom, while Jock was a stern old warrior, who had lost his eye at some battle with an unpronounceable name. Another pair, Willie Duffy and his spouse, Jean McLusky, very old friends, were specially welcome. In addition to their stock of smallwares and penny chap books, they were never without a large supply of news; in fact, they were little short of travelling Border Magazines. Probably the most notorious of the fraternity was Brumingam Jack. He wandered about the country cleaning clocks, and would sometimes stay in a place for a week or two helping with the peats, hay, or potatoes. Jack was the best of company, very ready witted, and had a remarkable gift for story-telling, which covered quite a multitude of his other reprehensible habits. One of Jack's stories which he could tell with inimitable pawkiness related to the time of the resurrectionists. Having got benighted and fearing neither ghost nor goblin, he crept underneath a "thruch-stane" in a kirkyard and went to sleep. Some time during the night he was aroused by the sound of wheels. The gig, as it proved to be, stopped at the gate, and by the light of a sickly moon Jack saw two men enter the burying-ground carrying spades. Approaching to within a short distance of where he lay concealed they commenced to dig up a newly made grave. His quick wit took in the situation at a glance, and resolving to give them a fright he quietly divested himself of his outer garments. By the time this was accomplished the horse, which had been tied to the gate, was getting restless, and one of the marauders with an oath wondered what was to be done with it. This was Jack's opportunity, and dragging himself from under the tombstone, he in a deep sepulchral voice volunteered his services. With a shriek of terror they threw down their tools and bolted, followed by Jack's wailings as he stood on the "thruch-stane" clad only in his shirt. The miscreants were too glad to escape ever to think of horse or trap, which Jack appropriated and sold in the nearest town. On another occasion a horse having died on a farm where he was temporarily employed, Jack thought of turning the carcase to some account. He accordingly started a sixpenny raffle, and after collecting a goodly sum the raffle was brought off in the village inn. On the lucky speculator accompanying Jack to the farm to receive his prize, he was so enraged that Jack only saved his skin by his fleetness of foot. In talking of the matter afterwards, Jack was wont to say, "Well! what could he expect for sixpence?" Like many of his class, Jack was fond of a dram, and a common trick when suffering from "drouth" was to take a clock to pieces and then strike work until the goodwife produced the bottle.

The hiring fairs at Cópeshawholm in May and November were the two great outings of the year. With what eagerness they were hailed it is impossible for the Liddesdale youth of to-day to imagine. To him a circus, a menagerie, or even a theatre is no great rarity, so he cannot appreciate what a fair meant to his predecessors of fifty years ago. People flocked to them from near and far—elderly folks on business bent, and young men and maidens in search of situations and of pleasure. They were events to be looked forward to, and to be remembered, where old friendships were renewed and new friendships formed, where troths were plighted and love quarrels adjusted. Besides they were red-letter days in the lives of the boys and girls, who found in them the first indication that they must leave the paternal roofs and go out to service 'mang the farmers roun'. There was much to charm the eye, the ear, and the palate of the unsophisticated rustic. Rows of "krames" laden with toothsome dainties, around which were crowded youngsters nervously fingering their pennies, and who, like Tam o' Shanter, "thocht their verra een enriched;" ballad singers trolling out "The Bonnie Lass's Answer," and other popular ditties; while fiddlers and dancers, got up in grotesque costumes, were demanding attention at every turn. Thimble-riggers and money-sellers were there, who had come long distances at great personal inconvenience, in order to give away bargains to the country folk. Then, to crown all, there were the shows—those mysterious-looking booths with flaring frontispieces, where for the modest sum of a penny the most marvellous feats and the greatest wonders of the age could be witnessed. Everybody seemed happy—and, considering the monotony of the lives of these country folks, one could hardly blame them if on such an occasion their hilarity assumed at times a somewhat boisterous nature.

There is something of a sad satisfaction in looking back to those distant days and in reviewing the many changes brought about in a lifetime. Changes have come to Liddesdale. Her round green hills remain the same—her brackeny braes and hazel dells are unaltered, while the same clear streams find their way to the Solway by the same old channels. But changes have come to her sons and daughters. They have been touched by the restless spirit of the age, and dwell no longer in a little world of their own. Privileges and advantages have come to them undreamt of by their fathers, but these notwithstanding, we doubt if the Liddesdale of to-day is a happier Liddesdale than it was in its pre-railway days.

JOCK ELLIOT.

The Author of "Waverley" on the South Side of the Border.

BY WALTER SCOTT, GAINFORD.

PART III.

SO let us get back to Rokeby, leaving which, on the left bank of the Greta, the two horsemen—Bertram and Wilfrid—made for Mortham Tower, a keep not very far from the southern bank. Before they get to the place a vision appears—so Bertram thinks—and he unwittingly admits that he had slain the Lord of Mortham, whose ghost he saw. Young, soft, and weakling as he was, the spirit of Wilfrid rouses him to seize the huge warrior and call for help to secure him. Bertram, at first astounded, soon shakes him off, and then plunges his sword into his breast. But the real Mortham appears and bids him begone. He fled and found refuge in a robber's cave in Brignal Woods. Here is another instance of Scott's observant eye and memory. When his friend Morrit was showing him the place in Brignal Wood he "observed him noting the particular little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew around and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying that, as he was not on oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble herbs he was examining. He replied that in Nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his description and present an imagination as boundless as the range of nature within the scene he recorded."

The description of the robbers' cave and its surroundings is wonderfully true to nature, and to-day a visitor to Brignal Woods would say:—

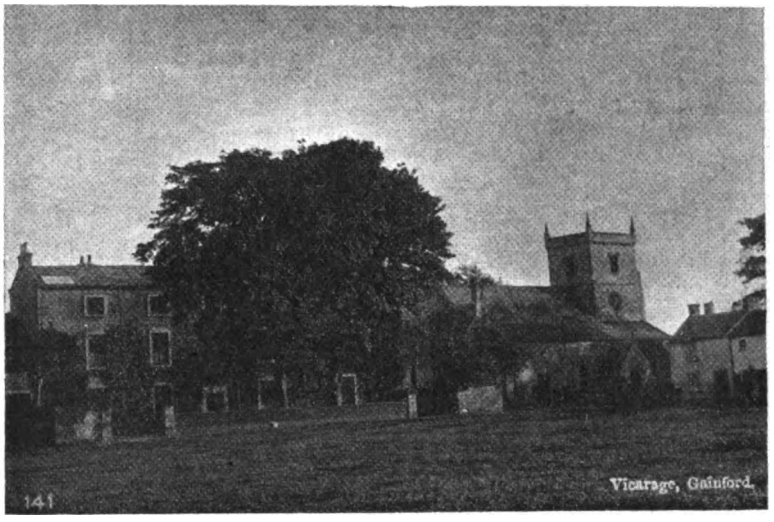
"O Brignall banks are wild and fair
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

That is the chorus of a song sung in the revels of those robbers in Brignal Cave, where Bertram took refuge, by a youth referred to as

"Yon pale stripling, when a boy,
A mother's pride, a father's joy!

Now 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,
An early image fills his mind;
The cottage once his sire's he sees
Embow'red upon the banks of Tees;
He views sweet Winston's woodlands scene
And shares the dance on Gainford Green."

However, the sadness is momentary, and he joins the revelry and sings the song of Brignal Woods. But to-day Winston is the same quiet, tree-surrounded village, with its old church sending its spire high above the grand old trees, and its still and peaceful "God's acre" surrounding it. And even here an eye like Scott's, with imaginative genius, would find something to found romance upon. It would find a modest tombstone erected in memory of one whose Celtic name proclaims his northern birth; one who had climbed the steep road of University learning and obtained a good degree; was tutor in an Academy in Gainford, and was "taken" while quite young. And a very sweet old lady lives who has been true to his memory all these years and never forgets her engagement to that brilliant Scottish laddie.



GAINFORD, TWO MILES DOWN THE RIVER FROM WINSTON.

Gainford, two miles below Winston, on the banks of the Tees, with its wide expanse of green, its square-towered church embosomed amid trees and close to the river, well deserves its title of "Queen of Teesside villages." It is a very ancient place. The church stands where a brotherhood raised it and dedicated it to Our Lady, having received a grant of its site and various charters from the Yarl of Northumbria some time in the eighth or ninth century. The present church, of Norman architecture, contains many stones built into its porch evidently belonging to a Saxon building which preceded it. In front of Gainford Hall, which, however, dates only from 1600, stands an old dovecote of much earlier date. It is similar to the one on the south side of the Tees, near the ruins of the church dedicated to Saint Lawrence. These were common to the inhabitants of the villages. The hall is a fine specimen of the building of that date—1600—and has some beautiful carved wood panelling inside. It is at present the residence of Mr George Harrison, the king of shorthorn breeders. To the west of the Hall is a paddock with many irregularities on its surface. Here, tradition says, stood the old castle of the Lords of Gainford, who dwelt there up to the time when, as before-mentioned, Barnard Baliol built Barnard Castle. Even now, in some legal documents, Barnard Castle is described as "in the parish of Gainford."

Another song the boy sings is that of Allan-a-dale:—

"Allan-a-dale has no faggot for burning,
Allan-a-dale has no farrow for turning," &c.
"The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride
And he views his domains upon Arkinggarth side,
The mere for his net and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allan-a-dale."

Ravensworth is near to Richmond, in Yorkshire. It has a large church, whose square tower is visible for many miles around. Here

also is a fine old endowed Grammar School, so rich that recently a neighbouring Educational Authority attempted—thank goodness, unsuccessfully—to get hold of its money.

And so the tale moves on; but we must leave the story and glance at the places described.

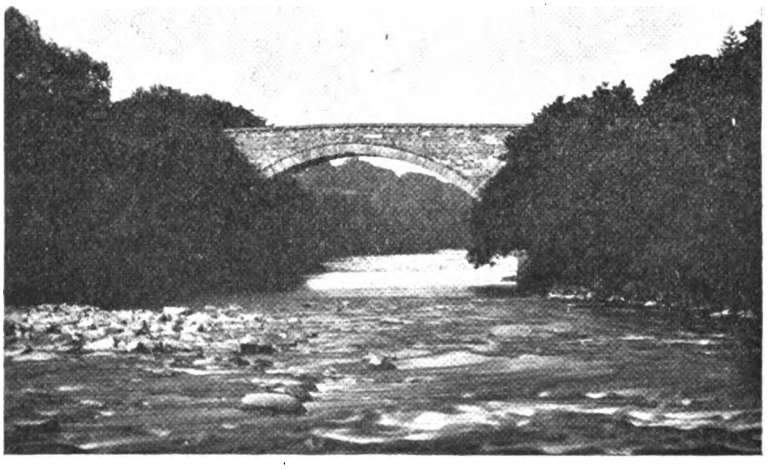
The fourth canto begins with another reference to the Norsemen's nomenclature found in the district. He tells how

"Denmark's raven soared on high,
Triumphant, through Northumbria's sky,
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blackened each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tumult leaves her source,
Thundering o'er Cauldron (Snout) and High Force."

The beautiful Marwood Chase is now in cultivation as farms, and Toller Hill is still the same rising round, where splendid views of Barnard Castle and its surroundings may be had.

These are many of the places, some in Durham, some in Yorkshire, named in the poem. Readers of Scott know that the poem ends, like a good old-fashioned tale, with peace, joy, and wedding rejoicings. Those who have not read Rokeby could not do better than employ the winter nights in its study, and, if they can, a part of next summer in viewing the lovely spots in Teesdale referred to in it.

Darlington, the home of railway enterprise, on the North-Eastern main line, is easily



WINSTON BRIDGE OVER TEES, FOUR MILES EAST OF ROKEBY.

And enumerates the instances of Balder, Woden's Croft, Thorsgill, and other place-names. The Tees rises in the skirts of Cross Fell, and, in its course between York and Durham counties, falls over the two cataracts of Cauldron Snout and High Force. The former is a narrow gorge with rough rocks in its declivity, and amongst which the Tees rushes with tumultuous rapidity. The latter is nearer the town of Middleton-in-Teesdale. The precipice over which the Tees falls is eighty feet high; and in continued rainy weather the river sometimes comes down in flood, so sudden that it appears like a wall of water three, four, and even five feet high. A little further on in the poem the author tells how

"The summer flowers grow wild at will
On Marwood Chase and Toller Hill."

reached from anywhere. Eight miles west, on the Barnard Castle and Tobay Branch, is Gainford, and between that and Barnard Castle most of the action of the poem is laid—another eight miles.

The illustrations are from views taken by the well-known photo artist, Mr Yeoman of Barnard Castle, by whose kind permission we are enabled to reproduce them.

Simprin Church, the ruins of which only now exist in a very much dilapidated and neglected graveyard, is one of the most ancient in the Merse, dating back to the time of David I. and the Monks of Kelso. Doubtless hundreds of your readers will recognise the place in Berwickshire that is meant, but there may be many others who would like to know the correct spelling of the name of the parish where the eminent divine lived and laboured from 1699 to 1707. Simprin is surrounded by the parishes of Swinton, Ladykirk, and Coldstream.

Border Notes and Queries.

"THE HAWICK GILL."

With his usual felicity in giving appropriate designations to persons, places, and things, Sir Walter Scott, in his romance "Waverley" (chapter xxix.), applies the above term to a tavern. Waverley and his companion are returning on the Sabbath day from the Highlands, and at a northern village they endeavour to get admittance into the "Seven-branched Golden Candlestick," the keeper of which inn, taking into consideration that it is the Day of Rest, is reluctant to admit them. "Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he had the power of mulcting them for this irregularity, a penalty which they might escape by passing into Gregor Duncanson's at the sign of the 'Highlander and the Hawick Gill,' Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks condescended to admit them into his dwelling" (etc.).

This event is dated 1745, but the name "Hawick Gill" does not appear in literature (so far as my knowledge goes) until fully twenty years after that date; nor does it seem to have travelled so far north as the scene of this incident. In vol. ii. p. 18) of Herd's "Collection of Songs" (1767) there occurs the verse:—

"Byth, blyth, blyth was she,
Blyth was she but an' ben;
And weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen."

The glossary states that "a Hawick gill is a double gill, so named from the town of Hawick." Of the "tappit hen" Sir Walter Scott says:—"I have seen one of these formidable measures at Provost Haswell's, at Jedburgh, in the days of yore. It was a pewter measure, the claret being in ancient days served from the tap, and had the figure of a hen upon the lid. In later times the name was given to a glass bottle of the same dimensions."

In connection with the phrase the following quotations from Wright's "Dialect Dictionary" may prove interesting. In Bruce's "Poems," the date of which is 1813, it is seen that the term was known in Leith at that date:—

"Come, hostess, bring's a Hawick gill,
An' to his health a glass I'll fill"

(vol. ii., p. 133). That the phrase was known in Edinburgh about that time is evident from Liddle's "Poems" (p. 29), in the quotation:—

"If her ye'd gien a Hawick gill,
She might been leal."

It also occurs in Watson's "Bards" (1859), where is found (on p. 121) the following flattering couplet:—

"Bring's a Hawick gill,
An' here's to Hawick's bonnie lassies!"

Another passage in Scott's works which the readers for Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" have not noticed is contained in Part II. of his "Carle, Now the King's Come"—written in 1822:—

"A Hawick gill of mountain dew,
Heised up Auld Reikie's heart, I trow,
It minded her of Waterloo—
Carle, now the King's come."

On making inquiry I discover that there is not a specimen of the Hawick gill preserved in Hawick Archæological Society's Museum, nor do I learn that it is extant elsewhere. Perhaps it is a measure which has existence only in literature? It would be gratifying to learn if any readers of the "Border Magazine" can throw any clearer light upon the subject.

G. WATSON.

* * *

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Readers of the "Border Magazine" are under a debt to "A. G., S.," for the large amount of information he has brought to bear upon this subject in these columns. In that connection the following has some interest:—In Hawick Archæological Society's transactions for 1904 there appeared a paper contributed by Mr James Sinton, Eastfield, Joppa, and entitled "Campbell's Third Journey to the Borders" (in 1816). This contains Campbell's account of his tour, and shows that he was at Jedburgh in October of that year. "Here," he says, "I waited upon my ingenious and valued friends, Mr Thomas Pringle's sisters, who are in business as confectioners in Jedburgh, the eldest of whom communicated the admirable and now popular air of 'Jock of Hazelgreen' of Hazeldean, for which Walter Scott has written words or additional stanzas" (transactions, p. 16). Reference seems to be made here to the music, not to the words, as is borne out by the additional statement that this lady gave Campbell "eight Border melodies taken down (as sung by —— Hunter, the resident fiddler or violer), a stocking-weaver in Jedburgh."

It is the question whether or not "Jock o' Hazeldean" belonged to Hassendean, in Roxburghshire, that has special interest to Borderers. A consideration of the histories of these names, and also that of Hazelgreen, seems to prove that he did not. In his "Scenes of Infancy" (written in 1802), part ii., stanza 8, John Leyden refers to "the spires of Hazeldean," when treating of Hassendean. Probably influenced by this line, Scott also, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1803-5), canto i., stanza 25, makes allusion to "the tower of Hazeldean," and explains the name in a note as "the estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean" (etc.).

With reference to the name in the song:—In Professor Child's admirable work five different versions of the ballad are supplied, and of two of these there is a duplicate rendering given—showing that evidence had been obtained from seven different sources. In not one of these versions is the name given as "Hazeldean," or any other place-name ending with "dean." The variants of the name in these are "Hasilgreen," "Hasillgreen," "Haselgreen," and "Hazelgreen." In the version taken down from the recitation of Jenny Watson at Lanark in 1826, moreover, there is mention of "Hazelyetts," in the locality of the poem. When Scott reconstructed the ballad in 1816 it would be a natural consequence for him to substitute for "Hazelgreen" the word "Hazeldean" (which, many years before, Leyden and he had used by poetical licence instead of Hassendean), and thus gave the ballad or song "a local habitation and a name." In the quotation given above from his account of his Journey, Campbell himself gives preference to the old name of the ballad, and that given by Scott he inserts after it.

probably in order that those who did not know of the existence of the older ballad might not be misled.

It need scarcely be pointed out again that Scott was in error in stating that Hassendean is a corruption of Hazeldean. The reverse is undoubtedly the case, as can be shown beyond disputation by the history of the place-name.

G. WATSON.

* * *

THE THISTLE EMBLEM.

In Volume II. of the BORDER MAGAZINE I have been perusing with the greatest pleasure the absorbing articles on Selkirkshire buildings by Mr Wm. Anderson, and I hope you will forgive my troubling you with a query.

One of the illustrations of Newark Castle sets forth the Royal shield surmounted by the crown. Immediately above there is a symbol suggesting a weather-worn sculptured thistle head with flanking leaves.

In so far as I can ascertain, the first authenticated appearance of the thistle in connection with Scotland or her kings lies in the inheritance of James IV. from his father (among a vast number of things) of a purple covering embroidered with "thistles and a unicorn," included in the inventory of 1488.

The thistle, therefore, evidently existed as a Royal badge of more or less importance prior to that date. The succeeding link, Dunbar's epithalamium, "The Thrissill and the Rois," on the occasion of James IV. and Margaret Tudor's marriage in 1503, seems to give it paramount place as an ensign of Scotland or the Stewarts.

It occured to me on seeing the sketch that, were the Royal Arms on the west side contemporary with Newark Tower—built with the structure in 1466—and presuming that the "symbol dear" is really represented, this would prove the earliest instance extant in knowledge of the adoption of the thistle as an emblem of the Stewart kings, antedating the inventory of 1488 (and, moreover, *in situ*).

Might I venture to ask if my tentative conjecture is correct, and that this is a representation of "the thrissill"; also, in addition, whether the panel could be positively pronounced to form part of the original edifice of 1466, not a later insertion. If the date is uncertain, perhaps an authority might be commended.

The first actual representation of the thistle hitherto unearthed is found on the coins of James V. Though this suppositive discovery at Newark pushes the earliest appearance of the emblem back only a score years, it places a *remaining example* more than half a century.

This question of the thistle is interesting principally to Stewarts, but historians and others have repeatedly endeavoured to discover the origin of its adoption as the symbol of Scotland. Pinkerton even thought that Dunbar's marriage ode was the responsible factor. It is, of course, indubitably the badge of the Stewarts. Why, or when, they chose the prickly plant is unknown, a mysterious circumstance extending to the Order of the Thistle. If the panel on Newark is contemporary, the thistle seems to occupy a position of undeniable importance either in the estimation of the Stewart kings or of the rulers of Scotland. The legendary explanation is sometimes that a barefooted Dane aroused the sleeping Scots by treading inadvertently, doubtless, on a thistle, his stoicism proving unequal to the strain; or that a similar warning was vouchsafed Bruce by an equally negligent or obliging Southron. Legend, however, is tolerated only until disproved. A member of the Stewart Society, I am much interested.

Gateshead-on-Tyne. ROBERT STEWART.

* * *

THE MONKS OF MELROSE AND THE FRIARS OF FAIL.

"At the time of the Reformation," says Scott in a note to the "Lay," "they (i.e., the monks) shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of 'Galashiels,' a favourite Scottish air, ran thus:—

'O the monks of Melrose made fat kail
On Fridays when they fasted,
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale
So lang's their neighbours' lasted.'"

Dr Robert Chambers, in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," p. 244, speaking of the monastery of Fail, says "it was a small establishment near Mauchline; hardly a fragment of its walls now remain. The following is a traditionary saying respecting the inmates, which used to be called up when a complaint of either hard eggs or thin broth was made:—

'The Friars of Fail
Gat never owre hard eggs or owre thin kail;
For they made their eggs thin wi' butter,
And their kail thick wi' bread.
And the Friars of Faill, they made guid kale
On Fridays when they fasted;
They never wanted gear eneuch
As lang as their neighbours' lasted.'"

The Fail and its neighbourhood—Coilsfield, the Castle of Montgomery, Mauchline, etc.—are intimately associated with the history of Burns. "On the Fail, too, is all that is left of the monastery (in which Thomas the Rhymer was once a guest), the home of the jovial monks, who will long be remembered by the rhyme in Ramsay's 'Evergreen,' quoted by Scott in 'The Abbot':—

'The Friars of Fail drank berry-brown ale,
The best that e'er was tasted;
The monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays, when they fasted.'"

Could any of the readers of the "B. M." throw some further light on these old rhymes? The two versions as given by Scott and Chambers seem to be virtually the same, but in the latter version some farm hand, probably dissatisfied with his "rations," seems to have inserted the first four lines by way of interpolation and as a specimen of rustic "wut."

These old monks and friars, according to all accounts, had a good time of it, and seem to have been not altogether ignorant of the rules of good living and the principles of practical gastronomy. Chaucer, in his Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," has sketched for us a specimen of each. The Reformation in Scotland must have brought with it a great revolution in manners. "The change," says Sir Walter Scott, "must indeed have been terrific; but it does not seem to have

been felt very severely by a certain Boniface of St Andrews, for when somebody asked him, on the subsidence of the storm, what he thought of all that had occurred, 'Why,' answered mine host, 'it comes to this, that the Moderautor sits in my meikle chair, where the Dean sat before, and, in place of calling for the third stoup of Bordeaux, bids Jenny bring ben anither bowl of toddy.'"

A. G. S.

* * *

LESSUDDEN NOTES.

In the "B. M." I note a correspondence about Lessudden, Willie Brockie, John Younger, &c. Nearly sixty years ago—1848, I think—I lived with my uncle, the late Mr Lamb, for a few weeks in the pleasant village referred to. Mr Lamb was the well-known musician and singing master whose pupils were to be found in the Border Counties, the Lothians, and the Kingdom of Fife. He was a subject of "the Kingdom," as he was born there when George III. had reigned half his time.

In Lessudden we lodged with Mr and Mrs Hamilton, the parents of that Mr Hamilton who occupied the Abbey Hotel in Melrose for many years. The elder Mr Hamilton was a weaver, and I remember his wife making mats, and very fine ones, of the thrums from the end of the web. He wove in the ben end of the house.

One day we went to call on John Younger, the poet, philosopher, and shoemaker, whose work could be carried on to the accompaniment of a crack.

"What d'ye think o' this, Mr Lamb?" queried John.

"'The Lord works wonders noo an' than—
Sometimes a gentleman's an honest man!'"

John said the lines occurred to him that morning before he left his bed. Of course, John's "gentleman" meant a man of the upper classes.

Peace be with him, if that is not a sinful and ritualistic prayer for the dead. He was kind to the laddie who sat and listened to the wisdom of two kind-hearted and kindred spirits.

Would the Willie Brockie referred to by your correspondents be any relation to that other Willie Brockie, the son of a Border farmer, who began life as a clerk in Haldane's Brewery, Galashiels, and ended a long literary career in Sunderland, in which town and in South Shields he for many years edited papers.

W. S.

A Walk from Moffat to Hawick.

ABOUT seven o'clock in the morning of a Saturday in May some years ago, I left Aberdeen for Carlisle per Caledonian Railway, provided with an excursion return ticket costing the remarkably small sum of 16/1, and which was available for return up to Monday night following. I was all alone, and at time of starting had not quite decided whether I should go right on to Carlisle, or stop at some place *en route*. As a provision for eventualities, however, I had before leaving home donned a good serviceable suit and a heavy pair of boots. It was a lovely spring morning, all nature seemed to be astir, and, grudging the time spent in the train, I ultimately made up my mind to stop at Beattock, and go on from there to Moffat. To do this, I had to leave the express at Carstairs, get the slow train for Beattock, and there join the train for Moffat, and after a short run of about five minutes' duration through some beautiful pastoral and woodland scenery, I arrived at the pretty little village of Moffat at noon.

As I had breakfasted between five and six a.m., one can easily understand that my first enquiry was for a refreshment room. After having done justice to the claims of the inner man, I had a stroll around the village, and thereafter, having read and heard a good deal about the Deil's Beef Tub, I determined to visit it. The distance was only about five miles, and my intention was, after seeing the Tub, to walk across the hills in a north-easterly direction, and get to Tibbie Shiels in the evening, and then tramp across to Hawick on the Sunday. But as proved to be the case "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." Armed with a compass and guide book, I thought that all would be plain sailing, and that I should just have time to walk on with an occasional glance at either.

About an hour and a quarter after I left Moffat, I arrived at the so-called Beef Tub. As those who have visited it know, it is an immense hollow formed within the hills at the head of the Annan, and is only open at a narrow gorge on the south side. The bottom is tolerably smooth and level, the sides are steep and high, and in some places bare and rocky and overlaid with shingle. It is here that the Annan takes its rise, and as a small rivulet winds its way through the gorge on the south side. As we all know, this Tub plays a prominent part in Border story; and according to tradition, it was in this capacious hollow that the cattle reivers concealed the animals carried off by them in their predatory excursions—hence the name of Beef Tub. Why it should be called the Deil's Beef Tub I have never been able to ascertain.

After examining this curiosity of nature, I restarted in an easterly direction, it being about three p.m.

The road was now left behind, and I was fairly amongst the heather, and for a little all went well—but only for a little.

Previously I had followed a fairly well defined path, but as it, to my idea, diverged in a northerly direction, I, much to my subsequent regret, left it and held more to the east. The ground soon got very marshy, rendering walking a very tedious process: and to crown my misfortunes, my compass and I disagreed—what I thought to be north, it called south, and *vice versa*—so giving up hope of getting my bearings by the aid of the needle, I plodded on in what I considered to be the right direction. Later on I ascertained that the soil on which I had been walking contained a goodly proportion of iron, thus accounting for the vagaries of my compass. By this time I had lost sight of any of the hills that I knew, and after tramping on for about a couple of hours in solitary silence, and seeing no sign of Hartfell, the highest hill in Dumfriesshire, I began to think that I was, to use a colonial phrase, "up a gum tree." Not a soul or habitation of any kind was to be seen, so I sat down to try and puzzle out my whereabouts with the aid of my Guide Book. Hardly, however, had I seated myself, when a collie dog hove in sight driving some sheep. I immediately got up and followed the collie, and after about fifteen minutes of stiff walking, came upon the shepherd. On getting into talk with him, he informed me that I was eleven miles north of Moffat and five miles from Elvanfoot, the nearest station. Instead of walking north-east, I had been going north-west. But as I had made up my

mind to see St Mary's Loch, I set out for Elvanfoot Station, passing on my way the source of the Clyde, and the Summit, i.e. the name given to the highest point on the Caledonian Railway. On arrival at the station I was lucky enough to get a train in a few minutes, and about 7 p.m. again landed in Moffat, my previous starting-place. Having appeased the pangs of hunger, I started to walk to St Mary's, making sure that I took the right road this time. The Loch is about sixteen miles distant from Moffat, and I calculated on arriving at Tibbie Shiels about half past eleven, where I would get some supper and a bed. It was a beautiful evening, and although only the beginning of May, the air was quite mild and balmy, and the glorious view I had of the sun setting behind the hills amply repaid me for my enforced tramp.

A few miles from Moffat I perceived the farm of Bodesbeck nestling at the foot of the grass-covered hills, and looking in the gloaming the very picture of peace and tranquility. About 8.30 p.m. I had nearly done six miles, and thinking I would have a few minutes rest, I sat down on the road-side, and promptly fell asleep. When I awoke, feeling as stiff as a poker, I was surprised to find it pitch dark, and on striking a match found it to be 11 p.m. The beauties of nature hardly appealed to me now, and I would have given something to have been between the blankets in Tibbie Shiels' hostel. As I could not possibly reach the Inn before 2 a.m., I made up my mind to spend the rest of the night also in open, and accordingly restarted walking, paying a good deal of attention to my feet, as, with the exceptionof a few stars, it was quite dark.

About 2 a.m. I arrived at the Loch of the Lowes, and here I again laid myself down and made a futile attempt to get some more sleep; but no, now that I really wanted to sleep, the goddess of slumber would not be wooed.

Continuing my lonely way, I reached St Mary's Loch about half-an-hour later.

The dawn was now beginning to break and I could perceive the statue of the Ettrick Shepherd looking grey and ghostly in the dim, cold light of the morning. Feeling slightly cold, I had a smart walk along the Loch, and then stripped and had a paddle in the water. I did not waste any time in the water, as one can easily guess—the water of St Mary's Loch at 3 a.m. on an early May morning is not particularly warm, and I was not very long in getting out and thinking about drying myself. Unfortunately the programme I had mapped out before leaving Aberdeen did not include a swim, and accordingly I found that I was minus the necessary towel wherewith to dry myself, and an ordinary handkerchief is not a satisfactory substitute. Luckily I had provided myself with some biscuits before leaving Moffat the previous evening, and after disposing of them, I felt in better trim for the rest of my journey.

I retraced my steps to the road between the two Lochs, and on the guide post there I could make out that Hawick was some twenty-two miles distant. It was now 4 a.m., and a lovely morning; gradually the sun had lit up the hills in succession, and with a better view of my glorious surroundings I began to be reconciled to the loss of a night in bed. A few miles from Tibbie Shiels I passed Tushielaw Inn. Between these two Inns the road is not particularly level nor smooth, and I did not envy the lot of the drivers who have to guide the coaches from the Ettrick to St Mary's.

Just at Tushielaw the road for Hawick crosses the Ettrick, and then shortly after another stiff climb I saw on my left hand Hellsmuir and Alesmuir Lochs. The high watershed between the Ettrick and Teviot valleys having now been surmounted, the road was considerably easier, and without further adventures I reached Hawick about eleven 11 on Sunday forenoon.

Since the afternoon of the previous day I had walked over fifty-five miles, and had traversed part of three of the Border counties, viz., Dumfries, Selkirk and Roxburgh, and had been favoured during the whole time with beautiful weather.

As I had eaten nothing but a few biscuits since leaving Moffat, and not caring to ask anything at the passing farms on the Sunday morning, it can easily be understood that by the time I reached Teri Town I was troubled with an aching void. I entered the town by way of the Wilton Park, and in the little refreshment room there satisfied the cravings of the inner man, for the moment, with bread and milk. Shortly afterwards I visited some friends in Hawick, and spent the rest of Sunday and part of Monday there.

There is no getting over the fact that I was very tired on reaching Hawick, but a bath and a good dinner worked wonders, and in the course of the afternoon I had a walk down by Appletree Ha'.

On the Monday afternoon I left Hawick by the afternoon express, and reached Carlisle about 5 p.m. I spent about three hours in the Cathedral City, then caught the night train for the north, and early on Tuesday morning found myself once more in the Granite City.

Although my week-end was not what the average person would probably call pleasure, yet I derived a considerable amount of enjoyment and benefit from the walk, and look forward to some future time when I may be able to repeat it, possibly with the sleeping-out part of the programme omitted. "ROVER."

"I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost,
Wi' the flowers o' the fairest
Both pleasant and gay.

. . . . . .

But now they are withered
And a' wede away."

DEATH OF A NEWCASTLE JOURNALIST.

The death took place last month of Mr Alexander Davidson Murray, a well-known north-country journalist, and for thirty-seven years editor of the "Newcastle Daily Journal." Mr Murray had been in poor health for some time, but was at his post as recently as Thursday, 18th July, and on the following day left for a summer vacation in Scotland. His death took place suddenly at St Fillans, Perthshire, at the residence of his brother-in-law. He was sixty-eight years of age, and was born at Hawick, where his journalistic career was begun. At the age of twenty-nine he edited the "Peebles-shire Advertiser," and took up the editorship of the "Newcastle Daily Journal" in 1870. Mr Murray was a brother of Dr Murray, of Oxford Dictionary fame, and of Mr C. O. Murray, the etcher.

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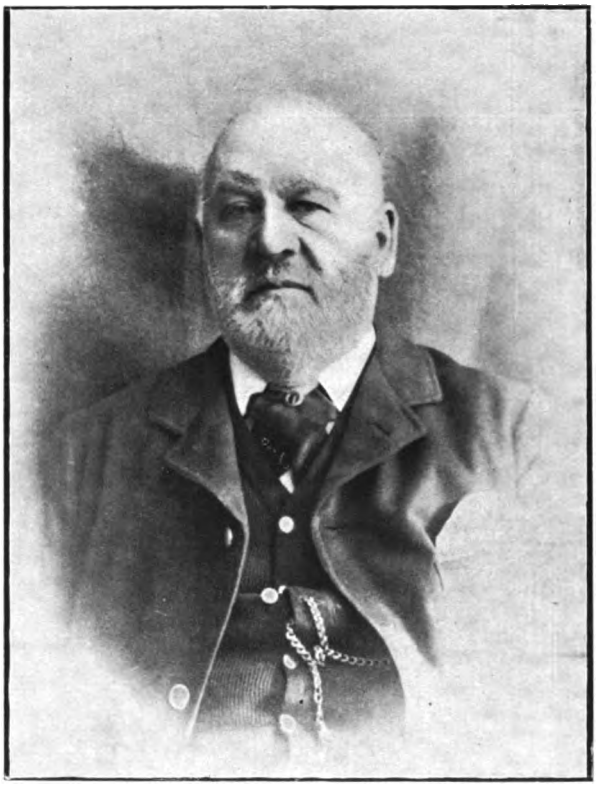
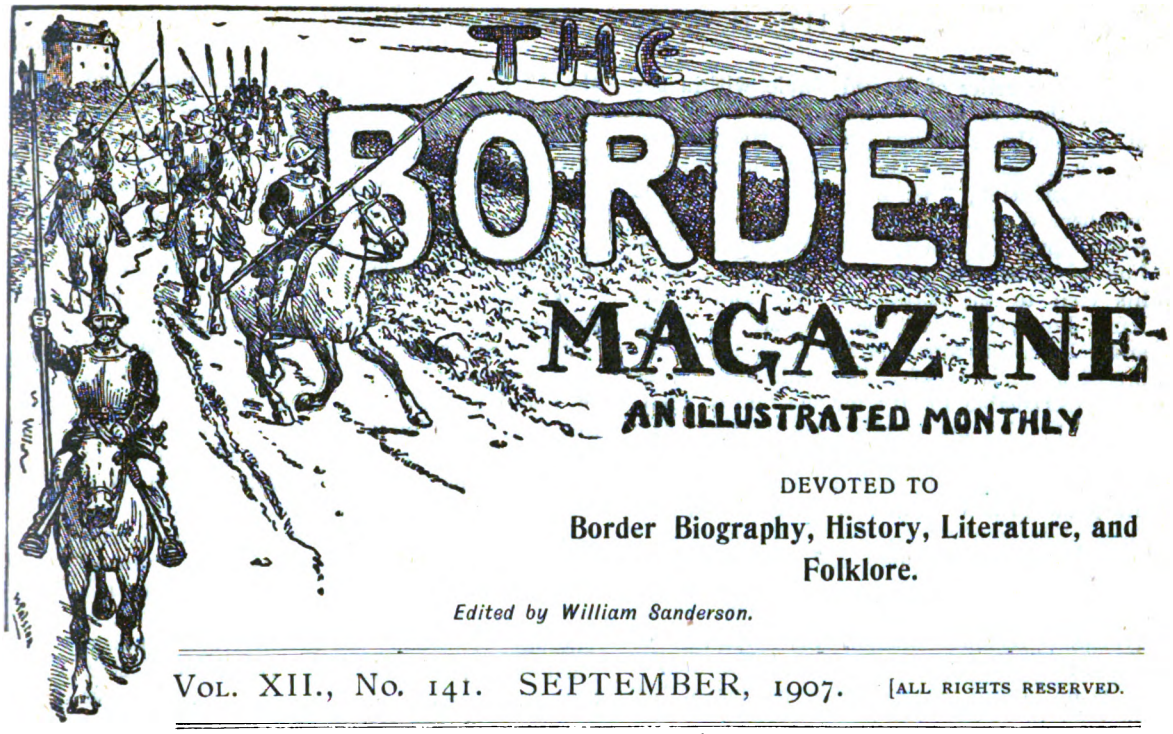


DAVID BROWN ANDERSON.

ESSAYIST.



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DAVID BROWN ANDERSON,

ESSAYIST.

THERE can be no doubt that David Brown Anderson was intended by Nature to be a Peeblesshire laird, and she fashioned him accordingly; but by some curious freak of upbringing or of education he is entitled to call himself a Writer to the Signet! A writer he certainly is, but not of legal parchments. Four beautiful volumes stand at present (1907) to his credit:—(1) "The Vale of Anwoth and other Essays;" (2) "Notes of a Rambler;" (3) "Essays;" (4) "Reminiscences, with occasional Essays;" these are their names, and the series enshrines upon lustrous surface in luxurious type reminiscences of his cultured leisure, anecdotes of his literary circle, and idylls of his beloved county of Peebles. And yet Mr Anderson is an exile. His body may be found for the greater part of the year at Carisbrooke in the Isle of Wight, but his spirit, that "alter ego" which ofttimes is the best part of a man, flies ever back to the haunted Hopes and mysterious mountains of his life-long love.

To the listening shepherds of Manor Valley, the liquid call of the cuckoo is the first harbinger of summer. But more, it is a reminder that David Brown Anderson is making for the north. Ere long he appears without further notice on the High Street of Peebles, or by the verdant haughs of Manor Water. If on foot, then Tom Forrest or Walter Irvine are not far off. But if Mrs Anderson accompanies him, you can tell that it is he only by the sonorously hearty laugh and the smell of petrol as their motor dashes past.

Hallyards Mansion-house, close to Manor Kirk, was his father's country-house; Henderland and Crosscleugh by lone St Mary's was the ancestral fatherland; but Mr Anderson himself is a citizen of no mean city, being a native of Edinburgh. His mother was a daughter of David Brown, of Greenknowe, Stirlingshire, hence the name Brown Anderson.

The House of Hallyards has considerable literary interest and great beauty of situation, with umbrageous lawns extending to Manor Water. Sir Walter Scott, Professor Fergusson, Mungo Park, have all been associated with the place; and a weird statue of the Black Dwarf guards the avenue. There are many

interesting relics of Bowed Davie within the walls; there may also be seen the bookboard of the family pew taken from old Manor Kirk, on which has been engraved with penknife the inscription, "W. S., 1799," which the members of the family attribute to Walter Scott, done, no doubt, to wile away the tedium of some weary sermon two years after his visit to the cottage of the Dwarf. As King James VI. said that he had a natural and salmon-like affection for the place of his breeding, so is it with Mr Anderson; hence his imperishable affinity for the Border counties of Selkirk and Peebles, the cradle of his race. He has well proved himself to be a loyal son of the Borders, and he has utilised his great gifts of intellect, observation, and descriptive faculty in revealing to others the beauties, the associations and charms of the Scottish Lowlands. Always a great reader, he early came under the spell of such men as Professors Aytoun, Masson, and Veitch, all of whom stimulated his zeal for a further knowledge of literature; while the author of "A Summer in Skye," the late Alexander Smith, by his graphic literary power fostered in the growing youth the desire not only to read, but to become one of the band of literati also. To Mr Anderson has been furnished the full realisation of this ambition, endued as he was with "the vision and the faculty divine," he has for many years occupied a learned leisure in the cultivation and development of his literary tastes. In addition, he possesses the means to gratify them, and to have their results brought to the notice of an ever-appreciative public. Hence Mr Anderson's volumes are sumptuous. They are alike the admiration and also the despair of his less fortunate brethren of the pen. All that fine paper, beautiful type and elegant binding can do, is lavished upon the caskets that contain our author's materialised thoughts. Take, for instance, his latest work first. It consists largely of reminiscences of his early days at school in Edinburgh, where the future historian found that the most severe of his schoolmasters were usually "the lame and the red-haired ones!" His Sabbaths were the days of three attendances at church, and the Shorter Catechism. Among the clergymen of his younger days whom he knew were the Rev. Dr Guthrie, who founded the Ragged School, the Rev. Dr Boyd, minister then of St Bernard's, of whom Mr Anderson has written some delightful essays, Dr Robert Lee, minister of Old Greyfriars, who re-introduced organs into the Church of Scotland, and the great and large-hearted Norman Macleod of the Barony.

David Brown Anderson was a lad of twelve when Christopher North died, then came Aytoun and Masson; and among the Doctors, Simpson, Christison and Maclagan; in fact, his youth was spent amid much of what was noblest and brightest in the Scottish Capital of the day..

William and Robert Chambers by their successful lives stimulated the mental energies of the young student, partly also because they too came from the Borders, being Peebles lads. Of Bench and Bar; of music and the drama, there are to be found among the reminiscences many amusing recollections and anecdotes of a race of professionals now passing, and of a condition of society now vanished. But it is perhaps not so much in his personal sketches so much as in his Essays that Mr Anderson reveals his originality. The range through which his fancy has roamed is very extensive. Traquair, Nithsdale, the Isle of Wight, Sussex, Peeblesshire, Dawyck, St Kilda, Chichester, Oxford, Broughton, are but a few of the places described in the latest volume. Among the men whom he has known in addition to those already named are—Dr Cameron Lees, Blackie, Lord Napier, Principal Caird, Sir Graham Montgomery, Sir William Fergusson and many others. One need not enumerate further; the few items already given may suffice to indicate the range of subject dealt with by Mr Anderson. In the four volumes there are two hundred and fifteen separate articles from his pen. Every one is interesting and readable, although of varying quality.

In endeavouring to analyse the elements that have gone to create and foster Mr Anderson's literary genius, one would place first his unusual bodily and mental energy. This stirs within him the desire to see things and compels him to go to the places where they are to be found. Having arrived at his goal, the faculty of observation comes into play; nothing escapes him, be it the early feathered songster, the rare botanical specimen, some feature in the landscape, some effect of light and shade.

Next comes memory; apparently no notes are made; all is silently and intuitively treasured up in the memory, a most retentive one, and as surely brought forth again in the silence and privacy of the study. Lastly, there are the many and diverse qualities of imagination, poetry, mental perception, due sense of proportion, with a properly balanced hero-worship, all of which unite in forming that combination of

gifts that constitute the true essayist and natural poet. Mr Anderson possesses all the foregoing in proper degree. And the result is those touching yet true word-pictures of men and places that present the subject real and living before the reader. When one has visited any of the places described by Mr Anderson, one goes to his books with expected pleasure which is never disappointed, because he finds there the materialisation and crystallising of those thoughts and ideas which one himself may have experienced but been unable to find words for. There is a lightness of touch in the studies that render them always interesting and never prosy. There is much humour which even a Southron might understand; and there is that pathos and that tragedy which are so seldom absent in real life, but are never overdone by our author.

Bonhomie and benevolence are the two leading characteristics of Mr Anderson in private. His brain and his heart are alike big. He cannot help revealing himself in his books. As one reads them, one forgets for the moment, and imagines that their author is sitting at the head of his hospitable board, relating the anecdotes and jokes that make him such a jolly host. And thus the seasons come and go. Spring, summer and autumn reveal their treasures to this burly MAKAR. He is making himself all the time. He is imbibing all that is sweetest, all that is the truest poetry, all that is noblest in mankind, all that has gone to make the Kingdom of Scotland what it is. He does not confine his meditations to one class of literature as some writers do. All that he comes across in his daily experiences is grist to his mill—some anecdote he has heard, some landscape he has descried, a summer sunset or a spring morning, an eloquent minister, a meditative shepherd. "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and faith he'll prent them," is true of the company where David Brown Anderson is; but he looks upon nature and human nature with a kindly eye. Only the best in man and in nature is described. Hence it is that after perusing any of Mr Anderson's writings, one rises refreshed and ready for more, gratified that one's lot has been pitched among the blessed valleys and beside the still waters, and nigh the mysterious hills, of these essays; and that one even yet may be in the way of meeting reincarnations of the noble heart of Scott, of the giant intellect of Veitch, of the gentle but undaunted courage of Park; and living, as the Borderers do, amid such splendid potentialities, they feel grateful to David Brown Anderson, whose loyal soul in exile yet feels delight in sojourning for a space amid the Highlands of the south, whose graceful pen finds pleasure in perpetuating the scenes and thoughts of his inspired vision.

C. B. G.

The Author of "Waverley" on the South Side of the Border.

By Walter Scott, Gainford.

Part IV.

'TWIXT WEAR AND TYNE.

"HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS" is another poem having north of England scenes for its development. It is an eerie story of life in Weardale and the country between that and the valley of the Tyne in early Saxon times. Harold was the son of a Danish sea-rover, who had won lands and possessions under the See of Durham. The father had accepted Christianity and died a son of the Church, but Harold was as wild a heathen as any berserker from Scandinavia. He defied the Bishop and despised the priests, but was won over by the smiles of a beautiful maiden, Eivir, whose gentle tones and pure life were all-powerful to tame his wild spirit. There are witches, ghosts, incantations, and demons to strive against, but Harold, having for Eivir's sake become penitent, defies them all, and to his love says—

"Eivir, since thou for many a day
Hast followed Harold's wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side,
A Christian knight and Christian bride;
And of Witikin's son shall the marvel be said
That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed."

The story roams over the country from Monkwearmouth to Tyneside. Several times the scene is laid in Durham Cathedral, and Harold's story was known

"By merry Tyne, both on moor and lea,
Through Weardale's wooded glens so free,
Well beside Stanhope's wildwood tree,
And well on Gaunless river."

Weardale's glens are known locally as "hopes," the dales through which flow the tributaries of the Wear from north and south, "Ireshope, Bollihope, Kellhope, Wellhope, Rookhope, Eastenhope, Westenhope, and Stonehope i' Wardale" being a local enumeration of them.

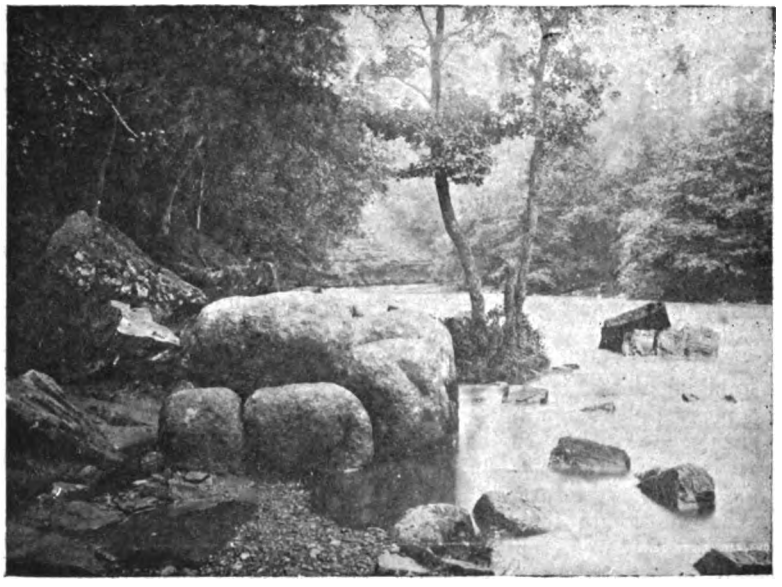
The Bishops of Durham, being up to the first half of last century Princes Palantine of the county, had immense power and wealth, in ancient times, the right to coin money being one of their privileges. Many a hunting they had in their forest of Weardale. Stanhope is now a small town with many remnants of its "wild woods" around it still. The Gaunless is a tributary of the Wear rising in Langley-dale, in the south-west of the county, of which mention is made in the lines, as may be remembered.

"Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langleydale."

of chivalry, the scenes of which are in south-west Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. It is

"A tale of Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danced the maze."

It opens with a splendid description of the qualities that should adorn the bride fit to be mated with Sir Roland de Vaux, lord of Triermain. She should, in fact, have an angelic disposition and a form of perfect beauty. Sir Roland sees such a lady in a vision of the night and hears her sing. He makes enquiry of his entourage as to what they had seen and



GILSLAND.

However, some say the Northumberland place is meant. In a book on angling, published early last century, occurs the sentence, "In the north of England are two of the best trout fishing streams in England, the Coquet in Northumberland and the Gaunless in Durham County." For the first half of the century it was true of both. It is now of the Coquet. But the adjacent colleries and the villages around them have made the Gaunless a magnified sewer. Sad, isn't it? And tradition in the neighbourhood further torments folk by asserting that to Tennyson, who was on a visit to Auckland Castle, the Bishop's dwelling-place on its banks, it suggested "The Brook."

The "Bridal of Triermain" is purely a tale heard. They had neither seen nor heard anything out of the common. He sends to Lord Lyulph,

"That sage of power, sprung from Druid sires
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur and Pendragon's praise
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise."

Triermain Castle, from which the messenger starts, is now a ruin, about two miles to the east of Gilsland, a fief of the barony of Gilsland. Dunmailraise is a pass between Cumberland and Westmoreland where a king of the ancient Britons was buried. The page hastens with his lord's greeting and question to Lyulph.

"And soon he crossed green Irthing's mead,
Dashed o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
He passed red Penrith's Table Round,
For feats of chivalry renowned;
Left Mayburgh's mound and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour;
And traced the Eamont's winding way
Till Ulpho's lake beneath him lay."

The Irthing is a stream rising to the east of Triermain Castle, and flows westward past Gilsland and the Roman camp of Borcovicus, commonly called Birdoswald, through the meadows of Kirkoswald, and on to its junction with the Eden. The Eden, which enters the sea by way of Silloth past Carlisle, takes its rise near Kirkby Stephen, close to the boundary between Westmoreland and Durham, and not very far from the small rivulet's rise, the Yore, which flows through Yorkshire and joins the Ouse, which enters the sea by way of Hull, having in its course gathered the waters of many tributaries and become a mighty river. The Eden flows through much beautiful scenery. Penrith is described as red on account of the colour of the stone of which its houses are built. The Mound or Round Table is about half a mile from Penrith, and tradition says that it was the scene of much jousting at many tournaments in ancient days. Further up, the Eamont river, which separates Westmoreland and Cumberland, is another mound, Mayburgh, which is somewhat like that of Penrith, only covered on the top by a collection of stones. In the plain near it stands a monolith, twelve feet high, evidently a survival of Druid times. Ulpho's Lake is the old and poetic name of Ullswater, near Penrith.

The page meets the old sage, Lyulph, and gives him his master's message. To him the old seer tells a wondrous story. He relates the story of King Arthur, the chief of the Round Table, riding out of Merry Carlisle in search of adventure. To many Scots Carlisle was anything but merry, many being hung there,

MUMPS HA'.

from the first Border raids to the time of the failure of the 1745 Rebellion. There was one exception, however, when the laugh was on the side of the Scots. It was in 1596, at a time of truce the wardens met, one from each side of the Border, made their enquiries and settled all affairs, and were riding home when the Laird of Kinmont, "Kinmont Willie" of the ballad, was seen on the right bank of the Liddell by the English, who were on the left or English side. He was almost alone, and they crossed over, surrounded him, and took him a prisoner to Carlisle. Scott of Buccleuch hearing of the matter wrote to Lord Scrope, whose deputy had committed the breach of truce, demanding the release of Willie. Getting no

satisfaction in a reasonable time, Buccleuch took the law into his own hand, entered Carlisle Castle by scaling the walls one dark night in April, took Willie out, and marched safely back to Scotland. The affair incensed good Queen Bess mightily, and when, some time after, Buccleuch was presented to her, she roughly demanded, "How he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous!" Buccleuch boldly answered, "What is it that a man dares not do?" So the Scots were merry at the expense of Carlisle.

But King Arthur's ride was centuries before that. In the course of his ride he passed under Glaramara, or the mountain now called Saddleback, and the description of the scenery around him is splendid and worthy of the poet's best efforts. At last he came to a castle all silent; and seemingly "nor banner nor warder" was there. He rode round thrice, and then blew his horn, at which the gates flew open. Here he was received by a queenly dame, who courteously invited him to partake of her hospitality. For weeks of gay dalliance he stayed under the spell of the siren. At last duty claimed his return, and he prepared to depart. At first she objected, but at last agreed to his going. She stood at the gate, and as he rode out drank to their friendly parting, and offered him the cup which he was about to quaff, when

"A drop escaped the goblet's brink,
As he lifted the cup in act to drink."

It fell on the charger's neck, and with agony and fright he bolted full twenty feet upright. However, the monarch kept his seat and got safely back to Carlisle.

Fifteen years and more elapsed, and at Whitsuntide he held his court for redress of wrongs and such like. As usual a tournament was held, at which the flower of chivalry appeared. When all was joy and revelry, at trumpet sound a maiden on a white palfrey appeared, alighted and knelt before the king. He saw the lineaments and beauty of the siren of the castle, and knew she was his daughter Gyneth. He then proclaimed a joust at arms, the prize to be the hand of Gyneth, and she to be judge of the fray.

At first it was a tournament, but gradually the fiery blood of the knights warmed, and it became deadly earnest, and

"The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And horse and man to ground then came,
Knights who shall rise no more."

"Already gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
Of chivalry the prime."

But heedless Gyneth looks on and gives no sign to forbear. But suddenly, midst noise of whirlwind and eathquake, the awful form of Merlin the Wizard appears. He condemns Gyneth to punishment for her heartlessness and contempt of life, but

"Punishment is blent with grace.
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone
In the valley of St John,
And this weird shall overtake thee—
Sleep until a knight shall wake thee
For feats of arms as far renown'd
As warrior of the Table Round."

And so she sleeps in the enchanted castle whither the brave Sir Ralph de Vaux of Triermain proceeds. After various experiences of misty clouds enveloping the mountains, anon swept off by breezes chill, he finds the castle, where centuries before Arthur had so nearly come to grief. And on the castle gate he finds a curious inscription—

"Patience waits the destined day.
Strength can clear the cumber'd way,
Warrior who hast waited long
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
View it o'er and pace it round
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more! To cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate;
Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er—and turn again."

Sir Ralph would take no such advice. He shakes the wicket, it gives way, the rusty bolts withdraw, and he enters in. No sooner was he in than these bolts slid into their places, and he was a prisoner. Undismayed he goes forward in his search, muttering

"Now closed is the gin and the prey within,
By the Rood of Lanerkost!
But he that would win the war wolf's skin
May rue him of his boast."

Lancercost Priory is now a beautiful ruin, situated in a very attractive valley near Naworth Castle, the seat of the celebrated Belted Will Howard, of the old ballads, and now of his successor, the Earl of Carlisle. Sir Ralph goes bravely on till he is met by four maidens "whom Afric bore," whose strange apparel, naked arms and knees were of jet, and threatening words still did not deter De Vaux from his search. Ultimately

"Deep slumbering in the fated chair
He saw King Arthur's child,
And as her lips so sweetly smil'd
It seemed that the repentant seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
With gentle dreams beguiled."

Softly he touches her lovely hands, but he quite suddenly desists, for

"Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder,
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totter towers and trembles keep,
Burst the castle walls asunder."

But out of it all De Vaux comes safely with the lovely Gyneth in his arms. Needless to add that she becomes "The Bride of Triermain," and the mother of a warlike race, still noted in the fields of war and adventure.

Border Notes and Queries.

LESSUDDEN QUERIES.

I want through the medium of the BORDER MAGAZINE to convey my thanks to Mr Richard Waugh for the very interesting letter which appeared in your last issue.

Gratitude, they say, is a lively sense of favours to come, and my gratitude to Mr Waugh is to take the form of asking him to share a little more of his knowledge of the Borderland with us.

First.—There is a very interesting old manuscript book in the possession of the Inspector of Poor of St Boswells Parish which speaks of a flood which changed the course of the river Tweed. This took place 200 or 250 years ago. Formerly the river flowed nearer St Boswells than it does now. The pools in the Haugh—"The Puils"—are in the old bed of the river, and the old channel from "Brockie's Hole" downwards can still be traced. At that time the dwellers on the St Boswells side had the right to cut whins and brushwood on their side of the river for firewood; and the dwellers on the other side had the same right on their side. After the river changed its course there was a lawsuit about the rights of the folks on either side. The Lessudden people claimed all the new space which was on their side, and the Dryburgh folks said that their rights still extended as far south as they had ever done, and that the river having changed its course was no reason why their fires should be smaller than before. I don't know how the case was settled, but I wonder if Mr Waugh in his boyhood days ever heard any rumour of this change of the river's course and of the dispute which arose in consequence?

Second.—Some years ago when a man wanted to build he went to the Scaurs—"The Skers"—and quarried his material there. Earlier still, I suspect he went to Dryburgh Abbey, and perhaps Mr Waugh can tell us something about that too, for in one of the houses which he built there is a stone with a face carved on it. I remember quarrying operations being carried on a little below the "Burnfit." On the last occasion on which I remember this being done the stones were drawn up the "Sker face" by a wire rope, a traction engine being the motive power. This was a great attraction to us boys, and to a good many more who could scarcely be called boys; and once when I was there the wire rope broke, and the stones, which were more than half-way up, thundered down into the river again. The men at the foot ran for their lives, and fortunately no one was hurt. Now, can Mr Waugh tell us anything about the old quarrying rights of the proprietors in St Boswells Parish?

Third.—What is the history of the Undivided Green?

Fourth.—The mention of the Green suggests another question. I believe it is a fact that the Fair used to be held on the Haugh near Maxton Cottage and Benrig. Why was the stance changed, and when? Tradition says that the old village of Alasudden used to stand somewhere near where the Parish Church is now. Is that the reason why the Fair was in that neighbourhood? Speaking of the old village reminds me that on one of my last visits I was informed that when the foundations of that great hulk of a house, which spoils one of the fairest views to the south from the Braeheads, were being dug, the foundations of a number of old houses were laid bare. Are these likely to be the remains of some of the castellated houses which Alasudden used to possess, and which I suppose would be of a later date than the village houses near the Parish Church?

Fifth.—I shall only ask one more question, Mr Editor, for I do not want to take up too much space, seeing that you have so many manuscripts in store waiting for publication. Everybody in Lessudden knows the "Webri Well"—I spell its name phonetically—but everybody does not know that its waters used to be regarded as having healing properties. I have heard an old residenter say that when he was a boy it was quite common for people to go there with bottles in which to carry away the water so that they might have a remedy at hand for any ailments. My informant had done so many a time. But the Webri Well is now shut up and access to it denied to the general public. Can Mr Waugh tell us anything about the Well and its history, and the rights of public access to it? I am afraid I have given Mr Waugh material for a few letters, and I know he is a busy man, but perhaps his known love of his "calf grund" will induce him to tell us something about the questions I have asked. Thanking him in anticipation.

A. L. A. SUDDEN.

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THE SCOTS THISTLE.

I'm afraid your correspondent, Mr Robert Stewart, has been misled as to the emblem surmounting the Royal Arms in Newark Tower. What have been taken as suggesting the flower and leaves of a thistle are really the head and wings of a cherub. Mr Stewart may satisfy himself as to this by looking at the drawing of this stone in "The Scotts of Buccleuch," by Sir Wm. Fraser.—I am, &c.,

T. CRAIG-BROWN.

Selkirk, 25th August, 1907.

* * *

THE HAWICK GILL AND THE TAPPIT HEN.

"The Hawick gill" and "the tappit hen" appear to have been much in evidence, at least as early as the beginning of the 18th century. The former, as Mr G. Watson points out in his interesting note, was a double gill, and reminds one of "Moffat measure—fu' and rinnin' owre," but how it came by the name I am unable to say. It naturally suggests that the good folks of Hawick may have been, in days gone by, somewhat liberal in their potations, and the phrase may have locally arisen in connection with some "merrie meeting"

when they were "gettin' fou and unco happy." Doubtless there is some history or story to account for the origin of the expression, if only it could be expiscated.

The lines, however, which Mr Watson quotes from "Herd's Collection"—

"Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
And weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit-hen"—

are considerably older than he supposes, for they form the beginning of a song, "Andro wi' his Cutty Gun," given in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," which appeared as early as 1724. Herd's "Collection" first appeared, I believe, in 1769, and the second edition in 2 vols. in 1776. It thus appears that the "Hawick gill" was known some fifty years before it appeared in "Herd's Collection." The author's name of the song is not given by Ramsay,* but it was to the tune of this old song that Burns composed his lines, beginning,

"Blithe, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben,"

in honour of Miss Euphemia Murray, "the Flower of Strathmore," niece of Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre.

With regard to the "tappit-hen," which, literally, means a hen with a tuft of feathers (a "tappin") on its head—rather a "wan-chancie" sort of fowl, I should think—the following stanza by "honest" Allan, to whom the "hen" seems to have been familiar, may be given by way of illustration:—

"Then fling on coals and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben;
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit-hen."

Lockhart, in his "Life of Burns," tells us that the poet, on one occasion, wrote some lines on a tumbler which was in possession of Sir Walter Scott. The tumbler is still to be seen in the Library at Abbotsford. The lines are as follow:—

"Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it,
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart."

Here is another stanza by Charles Gray in "Whistle Binkie":—

"Blithe, blithe, and merry are we,
Pick and wale o' merry men,
What care we though the cock may crow,
We're masters o' the tappit-hen."

Here we have reminiscences of our old friend, "Andro wi' his Cutty Gun," and a well-known convivial song of Burns. Opinions seem to differ as to the capacity of the "tappit-hen." Scott, in "Waverley," says:—"Their hostess appeared with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly termed a 'tappit-hen,'" while in "Guy Mannering" (chap. 39) we read:—"I had a fair 'tappit-hen' under my belt." Jamieson tells us that in Aberdeen the term denoted a large bottle of claret, holding three magnums, or Scots pints. Whatever its capacity may have been, the "tappit-hen" evidently contained a considerable number of "Hawick gills."

"Tappit-hens" have now become "fashionable," and are held in considerable esteem as curiosities.

A. G., S.

* Mr T. F. Henderson, in his "Scottish Vernacular Literature," p. 383, thinks that this song and several others which appeared in "The Tea-Table Miscellany" were probably written long before the days of Ramsay, though it would be rash to hazard an opinion as to their date.

A Border Maiden.

The sunlight lay on flood and fell,
On moorland and on meadow;
The wild bee sought the foxglove's cell,
The kine the hill's deep shadow;
Across lone Bowerhope's grassy breast
The whaup his flight was winging,
And to the sedgy banks it kissed,
The stream was softly singing.

All Nature breathed a tender hymn,
No cloud, no shadow, even,
No single speck was there to dim
The royal blue of heaven;
With many a merry tale and jest,
A merry band together,
We roved o'er fields in verdure dressed,
And leagues of purpling heather.

And when we through lone Yarrow's vale
Our careless steps were bending,
We found the maiden of my tale,
Her father's flock attending,
Her soft cheek blushing brightly fair
Beneath the sun's caresses,
She bloomed the loveliest flow'ret there
In all those wildernesses.

Her tones fell softly on the ear
Like summer night winds sighing,
And in her eyes so darkly clear
A world of truth was lying;
A maid with Nature's charms replete,
Without art or beguiling,
Nor knew we which to deem more sweet,
Her sighing or her smiling.

She sang a song of long ago,
Of battle and of foray,
She told in accents sweet and low
An old, old Border story;
And long we lingered listening there
As she the tale related,
So much her quaint and old-world air
Our fancy captivated.

An old, old tale of passion deep,
Of hate and dool and sorrow,
Of lovers twain who soundly sleep
By sad, song-haunted Yarrow,
Most brave of knights, most true of wives,
By love and honour guided,
And who were lovely in their lives,
And in death not divided.

Held by the glamour of the scene,
The tale, the song, the singer,
By Yarrow's banks so fair and green
What could we do but linger;
And when the sun sank o'er the hill,
And the cool breeze, scent-laden,
Sighed through the glen, against our will,
We left the Border maiden.

REX.

Death of Dr William Jacks.

LAST month a very wide circle of Borderers received with sadness the intelligence that Dr William Jacks had passed away at his residence, The Gart, Callander. As he was only ill for a short time, and few knew of it, the news was a sad surprise to all. Dr Jacks was one of the most prominent Borderers in the West, and his influence was felt far and wide. In the BORDER MAGAZINE for March, 1898, we wrote a sketch of the departed gentleman, and it is not necessary to repeat what we then said. From being the son of a Tweedside shepherd, he rose by gradual steps to occupy a prominent position in the engineering and commercial world. Although a most successful man, and occupying a prominent position in society, he never forgot that he was a Scotsman and a Borderer. In Parliament he was almost the only Scottish M.P. who objected to the glaring misuse of the national names in Parliamentary debates and speeches.

In all the activities of his public career, Dr Jacks continued his literary studies. It has been told, and it was characteristic of the man, that during the intervals of dreary debate in the House of Commons he employed himself in translating Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," a work which was well received in critical circles. His remarkable linguistic faculty and his knowledge of foreign literature was shown in his "Robert Burns in other Tongues," a work published during the centenary celebrations of the death of the poet. It was a review of translations of the poems into no fewer than sixteen languages, with discriminating literary criticisms. He furnished proof of his extensive and accurate acquaintance with the literature and history of Germany by his "Life of Prince Bismarck," which brought him letters of warm appreciation from both the son of the famous Chancellor and from the Emperor William. Continuing his study of German history, Dr Jacks published in 1904 "The Life of His Majesty William II., German Emperor, with a Sketch of his Hohenzollern Ancestors." This work will remain probably the standard history in this country of the Imperial family. The Kaiser testified his sense of the value of the work by the gift to Dr Jacks of a signed portrait, now at Gart House. Other works from the pen of Dr Jacks were "Singles from Life's Gatherings," a book for young men, for which his friend Dr Farrar wrote a preface; a "Life of James Watt," published on the occasion of the ninth jubilee of Glasgow University; and he made numerous contributions to scientific, technical, and other periodicals. In recognitiffon of his "successful cultivation of literature amidst the engrossing occupations of a busy commercial and public life," and the conspicuous evidence he had given "that he valued culture as highly as wealth," he was enrolled in April, 1899, as an honorary graduate of the University of Glasgow. Dr Jacks was widely known as a lecturer, particularly on patriotic subjects.

Dr Jacks was a wealthy man, and the munificence of his bequests for educational and philanthropic purposes shows that he understood the responsibilities as well as the privileges of riches. The Border Associations in Edinburgh and Glasgow by his will receive £1000 each for the purpose of establishing scholarships, while no less than £20,000 has been left to the University of Glasgow to found a Chair of Modern Languages. We have no doubt the Borderers in the East and West will do their best to carry out the wishes of the generous giver.

Lines to Ferniehirst.

Among the woods at Ferniehirst
'Tis bonny i' the spring,
When the south wind's softly sighing
And the wee birds sweetly sing,
When Flora in her bounty
Bedecks each sylvan glade,
And the cushat, softly cooing,
Nests 'midst the leafy shade.

Oh, who would think these waving woods
And that old castle grey
Had been the scene of many a fight
And many a Border fray;
These woods, 'mong which the blackbird chants
His dulcet roundelay,
That men should there each other meet
And could each other slay.

And sweet it is by Jeddart
When comes the leafy May,
And sweet when comes the gloaming
By murmuring Jed to stray,
When Jeddart lads and lasses
Do wander through the vale,
And meeting 'neath the capon tree,
Repeat the oft-told tale.

Oh, fair it is, by thee, brown Jed,
When Cynthia holds her sway,
And when the fleeting shadows
Fill all the valley grey;
You'd almost think some warlock then
Did hold you in his power,
Oh, Queen Titania, cast a spell,
And lead ye to her bower.

JOHN SCOTT.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Now that the long nights are once more upon us, and the attractions of out-door life present themselves less frequently, the general public turn attention to the pure delights of reading. This is the age of magazine literature, and it is the aim of the BORDER MAGAZINE to secure one small corner in the bookshelf of current magazines. That portion of Scotland which has such a wealth of legendary, historical, and poetical lore should have at least one representative among the magazines of the country, and it is the duty of every Borderer who has the slightest desire to be "Leal to the Border" to be a subscriber to the BORDER MAGAZINE, and extend its circulation by recommending it to others. During the coming winter, then, we hope our readers will assist us in extending the influence of their own particular magazine.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

In the July issue of "Blackwood's Magazine" Mr J. G. A. Baird, ex-M.P. for the Central Division of Glasgow, tells the story of the Colstoun Pear. This famous heirloom, which now presents a somewhat shrivelled appearance, is said to have been presented to a member of the Colstoun family by Hugo de Gifford of Yester, the warlock, who figures in Scott's "Marmion." In a seventeenth century poem written by Robert, second son of Sir Patrick Broune of Colstoun, the relic is thus alluded to:—

Come thither, my friends, and here you shall see
A relic rare of old antiquitie,
If fame be true I'll say no more,
It has endured these twelve years and more,
This truth I write my friend to thee,
Being one of seven in seventy-three.

To this verse the following explanation is appended:—"These six lines were made by Robert Broune of Colstoun, when he first saw the famous pear. In the year of God one thousand six hundred and seventy-three, being then about seven years of age, and then presented by him to his father." It may be recalled that, but for the presence of mind of Mrs J. G. A. Baird, who is a daughter of the late Sir James Fergusson, the pear would have been consumed by the fire that a few weeks ago destroyed the historic mansion of Colstoun.

* * *

HOGG AND THE NOCTES.

J. H. Wells, writing from Bridge of Earn, in the "Scotsman" on the above subject, says:—Mr James Hogg, the poet's only son, with whom I had much intercourse when for some years he lived here, told me that his father considered that Wilson in the Noctes had given a fair representation of his style of talking in his brighter moments. He was too genial a man to be offended with any apparent ridicule of himself, especially when that was balanced by the richness and splendour of language which was attributed to him. Exaggeration was obvious, but the actual power and manner of Hogg had been hit. The son was a great reader, especially of books of travel, having himself travelled in Australia and other parts of the world. Indeed, as a gold-digger, he met with adventures, but was not communicative about details. He was tall and good-looking, and had in his features some resemblance of his father. He lived to the age of seventy. He told me that when he was a boy of ten, Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott visited his father and tried to make him speak. "You need not try," said his father. "I'll make him speak," gaily said Sir Walter, and pulling

out a knife with several blades and wondrous little machinery for doing lots of things that boys like, presented it to James. "Oh," said he to me, "I did speak. I was confounded and enchanted with such a specimen of a knife. They could not stop me praising it!" He said his father's mother believed in the actual existence of fairies, but not his father. His father, and Scott also, could spear a salmon by moonlight from a boat in the Tweed. This was beyond his own power, though he could do it by daylight. He lamented much that the letters to his father from Scott, which were in the possession of the family, and he had often seen, had been (in his opinion) stolen. He told me that beneath all his father's eccentricities there was a solid basis of good sense, and he remembered him as a usual practice conducting family worship and attending to the religious education of his children. The son was a gentleman of very fine feelings, high strung nerves, good judgment, but inveterate shyness and want of decision. He enjoyed the peaceful beauty of this pleasant district.

* * *

"At Russell Hotel, Stow, on the 18th July, by the Rev. W. Workman, Robert M. B. Adamson, Symington (great-grandson of Wm. Symington, first inventor of the steam-boat), to Jane Thomson, daughter of Wm. Thomson, Cathpair, Stow." In connection with this notice it may be remembered that Burns made a trip in Symington's steam-boat on Dalswinton Loch, along with Naysmith the painter. Dr Smiles states this fact in his Life of Naysmith, the inventor of the steam-hammer.

* * *

Recently Mr Robert Douglas Thomson, a hale and hearty old man in his ninetieth year, was present at the annual dinner of the Edinburgh and Leith Licensed Grocers' Association, and on the suggestion of one of the company gave a few reminiscences of his boyhood, and in particular told of an occasion, memorable to him, when he spoke with Sir Walter Scott. "I was," he said, "a boy at school at Selkirk. Of course, everybody knew the 'Shirra' in those days. We saw him frequently, and on one occasion, when setting out on a fishing expedition, I was running along the road when his carriage passed. He suddenly stopped where I was, and Mr Scott Raeburn, whom I knew very well, told Sir Walter who I was. Sir Walter spoke to me, and clapped me on the shoulder, and said he hoped I would be a good boy and be a credit to my ancestors. My grandfather, Dr Douglas, Mr Thomson explained, sold the first 'bit' of Abbotsford to Sir Walter. I went home and told my old aunt, but I didn't think much of the incident, except that it was a very grand carriage. My aunt, however, said—'Aye remember that, laddie. It will be something to tell when ye're an auld man.'" The health of Mr Thomson was drunk with enthusiasm.

* * *

"Borderer," writing in the "Scotsman" of 17th August, says:—Mr James Drummond, in a recent letter to the "Scotsman," is in error in supposing that James Hogg identified himself with the Shepherd of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and in assuming that Wilson was their sole author. In "Reminiscences of Some of His Contemporaries," Hogg, relating several pranks played on the reading public by Lockhart and the Blackwood coterie, complains of the treatment he experienced himself. "I soon found out," he writes, "that my literary associates had made it up to act on O'Dogherty's principle never to deny a thing they had not written, and never to acknowledge one that they had. On which I determined that, in future, I would sign my name and designation to everything I published, that I might be answerable to the world only for my own offences. But as soon as the rascals perceived this, they signed my name as fast as I could. They then contrived the incomparable 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' for the sole purpose of putting all the sentiments into the Shepherd's mouth which they durst not avowedly say themselves."

* * *

Behind this pleasantry, always good-natured, there evidently existed a very sincere regard for Hogg, and appreciation of his genius, especially on the part of Wilson, and although the Shepherd appears ridiculous in the "Noctes," there are passages of descriptive Scots allotted him which are Wilson at his best, and gave Hogg no reason for complaint.

* * *

A few years since, over a discussion in the "Scotsman" on the authorship of the poem, "A Canadian Boat Song," which appeared in No. 46 of the "Noctes," it transpired that the number in question had been written by Lockhart, and, even to an uncritical reader, there seems to be occasional evidence, notably in the political numbers, of a more concise style than that of Wilson, who is usually diffuse and discursive. I do not wish to revive the question, but perhaps I may be permitted to point out that the article being undoubtedly Lockhart's work, the presumption is strong that the poem is his. It is not an accidental accretion to the article, but a part of it, and reflects a splenetic tone, the result of the support of Peel on Catholic emancipation by Scottish peers and commoners. Lockhart was a writer of varied powers, and the poem is more in keeping with him—the cadence somewhat recalls "The Lament for Captain Paton"—than Wilson or others of the Blackwood group, while the reference to the Canadian correspondent and translation from the Gaelic—the original unknown—in the article may be supposed, with traditional ascription to other authors, to be simply the quizzing indulged in, to which Hogg alludes. That Lockhart did not retrieve the poem may be accounted for by the prominent position he occupied as a political writer in defence of Conservatism. He may or even must have preferred to ignore it. In others of the "Noctes" Peel and his supporters are savagely attacked—in No. 45 a translation from Beranger, "Monsieur Judas"—"Hush! Iscariot's here," is used—but upon the entrance of a Whig Ministry and the Reform Bill on the scene, Catholic Emancipation is forgotten, and the quarrel with Peel made up. A careful, comparative examination of Lockhart's poems would probably authenticate his authorship, but that must be left to the critics. The poems in the number—there is another, a song for the Shepherd, jocular at his expense—are quite within Lockhart's capacity, and in his way, and may be ascribed to him as the author of the article.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Scott and Leyden.

BORN AUGUST 15, 1771.
DIED SEPTEMBER 21, 1832.

BORN SEPTEMBER 8, 1775.
DIED AUGUST 28, 1811.

"This is my own, my native land."

"Love thou thy land," the poet says;
Her pilgrim-shrines forget thou not,
The Borderland to memory dear!
The land of Leyden and of Scott!

One sang of Flodden's fatal field,
And Border lore and chivalry;
And one of bonnie Teviotdale,
And haunts and "Scenes of Infancy."

The Eildon Hills and Rhymer's Glen
Were dear unto the eyes of Scott;
Dark Ruberslaw and Dena's vale
By Leyden never were forgot.

Both loved their own, their native land,
Its hills and dales to them were dear;
And silver Tweed and Teviot's streams
Made flowing music to their ear.

Ah, Leyden! brief was thy career,
The Minstrel with us tarried long;
And both undying glory gained
In ballad lore and Border song.

And both now rest, life's warfare o'er,
One by Tweed's gently-flowing wave;
And one in a far-distant land,
Alone in an untimely grave.

The mighty Minstrel calmly sleeps
In lone St Mary's ruined pile;
And Leyden, far from Teviot's streams,
A grave hath found in Java's isle.

And yet, though severed far apart,
Their names for ever joined shall be,
So long as Tweed and Teviot flow
To sing their poets' elegy.

By Abbotsford and Ashiestiel
The pilgrim often yet shall stray;
While Ruberslaw and Minto Hills
Shall point and guide him on his way.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, "about half-past one p.m., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." So the curtain fell, and the great minstrel passed to his rest. "When he departed" says Carlyle, "he took a man's life along with him No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in the eighteenth century o Time." But of Scott it is unnecessary to say anything to-day—"the glory dies not, and the grief is past;" a few words, however, about his early friend, Dr John Leyden, whose name is not so widely known as it might be, may, perhaps, be not out of place.

John Leyden was a native of Denholm, a pretty little village on the Teviot, about five miles from Hawick, where he was born in 1775. At first he studied for the Church, and was duly licensed in 1798, but gave up the clerical profession and devoted himself to literature. He became a very intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, whom he assisted in the compilation and arrangement of the "Border Ministrelsy" (1802-3), to which he contributed several original pieces of his own. In 1802 he published his edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland," with a preliminary dissertation and glossary—a work which, curiously enough, has also been edited by another distinguished native of Denholm, Dr J. A. H. Murray, the learned editor of the Oxford New English Dictionary. In 1803 Leyden went out to India, and rapidly rose to position and distinction under the friendship and patronage of the Governor-General, the first Earl of Minto, whose great-grandson worthily holds the same post to-day. In a few years he acquired for himself, for he "toiled hugely," a high reputation for Oriental scholarship, his great ambition being to rival, or even to surpass, Sir William Jones in Eastern learning (1), but died "in the midst of the proudest hopes, at the same age with Burns and Byron, in 1811." In this year he accompanied the Governor-General on his expedition against the island of Java, but unfortunately he caught fever near Batavia, which terminated his promising but brief career, at the early age of thirty-six. And so he sleeps, far from "Scenes of Infancy," and his "sacred natal clime, in an untimely grave"—a fate which he had himself more than once anticipated (2). The following appreciation of Leyden is from the pen of Professor Veitch:—"John Leyden," says the Professor, "was a typical Scotsman—we may say a typical Borderer. His career from his birth in 1775, in the lowly cottage at Denholm, under the slopes of the rugged Ruberslaw, then darkly clothed with heather, to his death, in 1811, in Java, at the early age of thirty-six, is one of the most self-dependent, manly, and energetic on record. His was one of those 'broken lives,' with lofty promise and purpose unfulfilled,

which add to the mysteries and unvailing regrets incidental to our present state. The muse of Scottish poetry and the muse of Eastern learning might equally mourn his untimely fate.

"Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreckan's roar,
And lonely Colonsay—
Scenes sung by him who sings no more;
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

Or, as Hogg has finely said of him:—

"Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand;
Then Leyden came from Border land,
With dauntless heart and ardour high,
And wild impatience in his eye.
Though false his tones at times might be,
Though wild notes marr'd the symphony
Between, the flowing measure stole
That spoke the Bard's inspired soul."

"Leyden's chief poem is 'The Scenes of Infancy," laid mainly in Teviotdale, his native valley. Its references and descriptions are not, however, confined to the vale of the Teviot itself—some thirty miles of varied and picturesque country. . . . The poem was finally revised for publication on the eve of his departure for India. It is deficient in connection and unity, but is, at the same time, of remarkable merit. The feelings and impressions of early boyhood, the story and traditions he had learnt in youth, are fused with passages of local description of great vividness and power. He has an intensity of feeling which reminds one of Burns, and we see in him those influences of story and locality at work which subsequently nourished and developed to greater perfection the genius of his more fortunate compeer and friend, Walter Scott.

"Of the three greatest names in modern Border poetry—Leyden, Hogg, and Scott—Leyden is the earliest of the three, and he has made to it an important and characteristic contribution. He was the first fully to feel and to depict the power of the scenery of the Borders, whether the soft and tender, or the wild and grand, such as he found it in the haughs and hills, in the summer gleams and the winter storms of his native Teviotdale. He was faithful to what he saw around him; he was bold enough to treat it as a self-sufficient object of poetic art. If the "Scenes of Infancy" be not a very finished or consecutive poem—rather a series of pictures and allusions, art working, too, upon a certain tumultuous feeling, of which it did not quite obtain the mastery—the poem is at least the courageous expression of a pure heart, a faithful observation, and a fine fancy revelling in a new and fresh field, which was rich in wealth and blessing for the future." ("History and Poetry of the Scottish Border.")

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(1) "I may die in the attempt," he wrote to a friend, "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer."

(2) For example, in his "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin," he writes:—

"Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave."

(3) The reference here is to a ballad by Leyden entitled "The Mermaid," the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckan. It appeared in the "Border Minstrelsy." The opening lines are exquisitely musical and were much admired by Scott:—

"On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!"

(4) From "The Lord of the Isles," c. iv. 11, written some three years (1814) after Leyden's death, which deeply affected Scott. Scott's last letter to Leyden—a very interesting one—is to be found in Lockhart's "Life." It is dated "Ashestiel, 25th August, 1811," and on the 28th, just three days after the letter was penned, John Leyden died in Java. The letter was returned to Scott unopened. Leyden himself had thus written of Scott:—

"O Scott! with whom in youth's serenest prime
I wove, with careless hand, the fairy rhyme,
Bade chivalry's barbaric pomp return,
And heroes wake from every mouldering urn!

. . . . . .

When, half-deceased, with half the world between,
My name shall be unmentioned on the green,
When years combine with distance, let me be
By all forgot, remembered yet by thee!"

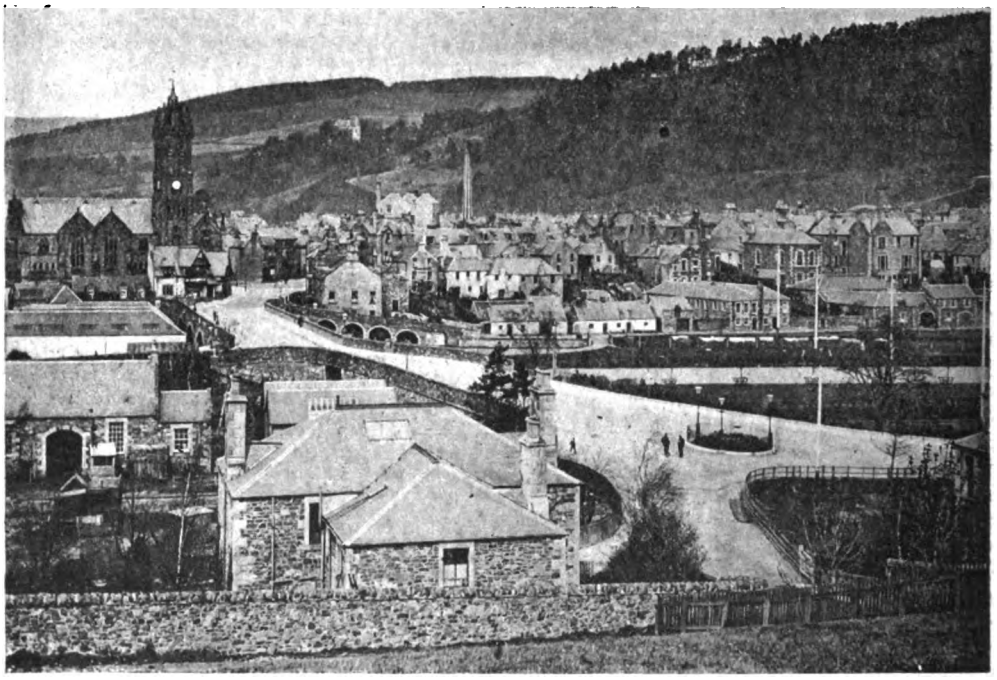
Truly, they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, though in their death, alas! far divided. Leyden's name is not "unmentioned on the green," for on it stands a handsome monument to his memory, erected in 1861, while the cottage where he first saw the light is still standing in the village of Denholm.

A. G. S.

The Border Bookcase.

The well-known saying, "Peebles for Pleasure," still holds good, but the two P's may now stand also for "Peebles for Progress." The auld burgh toun, whose stagnation gave rise to the other well-known phrase, "Peebles and the grave," which has no point now, has long since wakened up, and it is now one of the most progressive of our Border towns. The enlightened policy of the Town Council, which has been long presided over by Sir Henry Ballantyne, is backed up by public opinion, and hence the great advancement which is a credit to all concerned and to the Borderland.

Peebles, in addition to the great beauty of its surroundings, is full of historic interest, and its records are full of the stirring events of the past. Many guide books to the town and district have been published at various prices, but the latest, which costs only one penny, is a credit alike to the town and to the publisher, Mr John A. Anderson, 65 High Street, Peebles. The book is neatly printed on good paper, and contains nine full page illustrations, one of which we reproduce.



PEEBLES FROM THE SOUTH.

The letterpress is concise and yet full of interest, as the following specimen will show:—

MANOR.

"This delightful vale lies to the south-west of Peebles, and can be reached by the route to Cademuir (on page 26) or by the road to Neidpath Castle. Taking the latter, we leave the main road by diverging to the left at a fingerpost nearly a mile beyond Neidpath. The bridge over the Tweed is crossed, and the road leads straight on up the Manor Water. The road to the left leads over the Sware to Peebles. Proceeding, the Standing Stone of Bellanridge is seen on the side of the highway, built into the wall. Further on, the entrance to Barns Tower is reached. Barns is the scene of John Buchan's novel, 'John Burnett of Barns.' The estate belonged for centuries to the family of Burnett:—

A long descended line,
Forbears that stood with early Scottish Kings,
That knew The Bruce and bled at Bannockburn,
Saw Flodden, Pinkie, and the Douglas day,
And eager eyed Tweed's beckoning cresset fires.

The tower near the mansion-house was one of the principal beacon towers of the Border, and is one of the best preserved. The cresset, where the Bale-fire burned, is now to be seen in the Chambers Institution. Manor Church and Churchyard are on the left, after passing the entrance to Barns avenue. The present Church (Rev. J. W. Murray, B.A., Oxon.), which was erected in 1874, occupies the site of a much older building. The bell is the most ancient in use in Scotland. Close to the gate is the grave of David Ritchie of Woodhouse (the Black Dwarf). In the grounds of Hallyards, in the immediate neighbourhood, a statue of this curious figure is erected. The cottage which he occupied is at Woodhouse, a little further on. For particulars of this strange character the reader is referred to Dr Robert Chambers's "Sketch of the Black Dwarf," and Dr Brown's "Horæ Subsicivæ." Glenternie mansion-house stands on the right, and at the top of the hill is Castlehill, anciently belonging to the family of Lewis, or Lowsi.

The representatives of this family have long resided in Russia, but though naturalised Russians, they still retain the ancient territorial designation of the family, Lewis of Mennar. Posso Craigs, famous for its hawks, and St Gordian's Cross, the site of an ancient church, are further up the glen."

* * * *

THE BOOK OF STOBO CHURCH.

Time and again we have expressed in these columns our high appreciation of our patient antiquarian and archæological researchers, who bring to light the hidden things of the past and make the men of the olden time pass before us as if they were very flesh and blood. Prominent among these researches is Dr Clement Gunn, of Peebles, who, for twenty years, has devoted much of his leisure time in the most disinterested manner to deciphering, translating, and compiling all that is worthy of preservation in the Church Records of Peeblesshire. The work will extend to many volumes, and their issue will probably be spread over several years, but the first volume—that dealing with Stobo Church, will be issued this month by Mr John A. Anderson, the printing being executed by Mr James A. Kerr of the "Peebles Press." The book will contain 28 illustrations and will be sold at 10s 6d. Dr Gunn, in his preface, thus refers to the work:—"The Book of Stobo Church is the first volume of a series of similar 'Books of the Church,' dealing with all the churches and parishes within the bounds of the Presbytery of Peebles, each of which is finished and ready for the press. They comprise the following:—Drumelzier, Manor, Eddlestone, West Linton, Lyne, Innerleithen, Traquair, Tweedsmuir, Newlands, Kirkurd, Walkerburn, Kailzie, Dawyck, Megget, and Peebles. There is also a volume of fragmentary references to parishes no longer within the Presbytery of Peebles, such as—Broughton, Glenholm, Kilbucho, Biggar, Skirling, &c. Each volume is original, containing all the information available, and never before published, derived in the first place from the Records of the Presbytery of Peebles (1596), from the Kirk-session Records of the various parishes, from monastic documents preserved among the Archives of Peebles, and from other sources. These histories are intended to serve as an index to the contents of the Presbytery and Kirk-session Records; also as a catalogue of the possessions of each benefice; they describe the creation and development of every church and parish both in its spirituality and temporality; the past, with its experience, mistakes, and struggles, is recorded; and the present is fully described for the information of the reader of the future; finally, the great aim of the series has been, firstly: to inform every minister and parishioner how he came to have his parish church at all; and secondly, to assist with information all those who are working toward one United Church of Scotland."

* * *

ANGLING SONGS FROM BORDER STREAMS.

The very name of this book is attractive, but when we know that the author is Mr Duncan Fraser, author of "Riverside Rambles," "The Passing of the Precentor," &c., we are at once assured that the contents will be delightful. The neatly got-up volume comes from the well-known press of Mr James Lewis, Selkirk, and this in itself is a guarantee as to the style of production. The twelve illustrations which embelish the volume are beautiful reproductions, principally of scenes in the Yarrow and Meggat districts, where the author's name is a household word. In his songs Mr Fraser has caught the lilt of our upland burns, and as we read his freely flowing verse we seem to be carried away to the familiar scenes of the Borderland. The author is a musician as well as a poet, and the easy grace of his lines shows that he, like Burns, "had a tune in his head" when he wrote most of his pieces. Mr Fraser is so well known and so deservedly popular that we feel sure his latest volume will be much in demand. It is "par excellence" an angler's book, and the swish of "the supple ash-wand" runs through it all, but even those who never tried angling will be refreshed and delighted by a perusal of its pages. Of Yarrow, Mr Fraser says:—"He is a poor angler who follows his pastime merely to catch fish. To him who yearns to know the secret of nature, Yarrow is ideal."

> Along the Rhine stand castles old,
> And towns renowned in art and song;
> While vines, now gleaming red or gold,
> The southland slopes and valleys throng.
> Yet these but bring to mind the vale
> Where gently glides the peaceful river;
> And where from hill and glen, the gale
> Blends thought with sounds that echo ever.

And later on he thus refers to the same theme:—

> Like beacon lights across the hills of time,
> Gleam omens of faternal joy and rest;
> And rolling surges from heaven's peaceful clime,
> O'er-flood the land with hope's rose-tinted crest—
> Broad charity, heart's ease, and faith's deep things
> Are what the magic charm of lonely Yarrow brings.

But the author is practical as well as poetical, and at the end of his volume he has a short chapter, in which he gives some valuable hints to young anglers, which will doubtless inspire not a few to seek the joys to be found by upland burns or in lonely vales of streams. Mr Fraser has no patience with the closing of the river banks, and says in his "Appeal from Meggat":—

> Take away thae paltry sign-boards,
> Why defy a people's sense?
> Acts like these frae best o' landlords
> To leal sportsmen give offence.
> Class dissension's no' to covet,
> That we should oor brither thraw;
> Signs are rife that ilk ane's needed
> To defend oor hames an' a'.

The book is in several divisions, each of which is introduced by the author in clear terse prose. We recommend the volume to all Borderers at hame and awa'.

Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.
—Count Robert.

The Legend of a Haunted House, Dumfriesshire.

"The silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light."

THE sun set an hour ago in a splendour of purple and gold, which irradiated both earth and sky. The lovely hues have melted insensibly into the ether above, and nought breaks upon the tranquility of the sweet June evening save the soft swish, swish, as the waters of the lake ripple gently amid the reeds and sedge grasses on its margin as the cool evening breeze comes stealing to the shore.

Listen! 'tis the breeze rustling amid the tender green leaves that deck the knarled boughs of the old elm-trees that overshadow the somewhat gloomy-looking manor house nigh unto the ruins of the old abbey. Harken to the plaintive sighing of the zephyrs through the broken archways and along the deserted corridors! What bodes the mournful cadence?

"Does it tell of coming sorrow?
Would it warn them of the morrow?"

Alas, who can say? The future is hid from mortal view!

The ring-doves, which were cooing plaintively to their feathered babies in the darkly green fir-wood, ere sunset are hushed to repose, and only the low, sweet lullaby of the brook is audible as it sings to the wild flowers and ferns that fringe its banks as it meanders onwards to the lake. See that grey haze, like unto a filmy veil, that gathers o'er the woods and the stream, and, silently, arises from out the dell and steals, phantom like, up the Diamond Hill, as if to "keep tryst" with the pale moonbeams that kiss the mountain's brow with their cold, weird light.

Concealed from view by the snowy boughs of a blossom-laden hawthorn tree, a pair of youthful lovers linger, loath to part, by the postern leading from the trimly-kept grounds of the manor house to the wilderness surrounding the ivy-clad ruins of the old abbey.

"I know not wherefore it is, Rodger, but my heart feels sorely oppressed this night," says the fair girl, as she gazes wistfully skywards to where the pale, crescent moon is emerging from behind the hill. "Dost thou believe in presentiments, dear heart?"

"Nay, Anna, darling! Neither in presentiments, dreams, ghosts, nor goblins! Come, cheer up, my pretty one; thou must not allow silly 'fads' to find a footing within thy little head." At this moment some one throws open the casement of a window overlooking the terrace-walk and calls:—

"Anna! Anna!"

"Coming! coming this moment, grandfather," responds Anna promptly. Some minutes elapse, however, and the old gentleman murmurs to himself: "I cannot understand why it is that these children always find so much to say at parting—I'm sure Rodger is here half the day, and more, and 'tis quite time that he were set forth upon his homeward way, for 'tis a lonesome glen, and these are unsettled times, ay, and, moreover, I cannot have my Anna catch her death through lingering there in the night dew." Raising his voice, he calls once more:—

"Anna! Anna! hasten thee hither, my child!"

"I am here, dear grandfather!" responds Anna, in sweet, musical tones, as she trips lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

"Oh, gracious, come off the damp grass, child! You will most surely get your death from your heedless ways," cries he, quite irate. Anna, who is a slight and graceful girl of scarce seventeen, gathers up her dainty cambric skirts and springs nimbly over the rose-border which separated the lawn from the gravel walk; then, raising her fresh, flower-like face, with its great, trustful, gazelle-like eyes, to the casement, she says sweetly:—

"Forgive me, dear grandfather! I did not intend to tarry so long. Ah, no; but 'twas so cool and sweet—so refreshing after the heat of the day."

"Ah, doubtless, pretty one!" says he, smiling down upon her, much mollified, "but 'twas more than time that young scamp, Rodger, were homeward bound, yes, and now hasten thee in, little one, out of the night dew." Anna requires no second bidding this time, but flits swiftly along the terrace and enters the house. Her grandfather pauses ere closing the window and murmurs to himself: "Ah, me! how like her dear grandmother the child grows. Ay, and they love to linger in the gloaming just as we did full fifty years ago!" Then he raises his handsome face to where "the silvery, leddy moon" is to be seen sailing serenely in the blue vault of heaven, and his eyes gaze into vacancy as if he would fain pierce the veil—the veil beyond which our dear departed ones are awaiting us on the shores of Eternity.

Meanwhile a great brown owl that has slumbered amid the dense ivy-growth on the ruins

throughout the bright hours of day awakens, yawns, blinks his sleepy eyes once or twice, then siddles along the ivy spray on which he has been roosting, peers cautiously forth, and, finding that the shades of night have enveloped the ruins, he spreads his great, beautifully-marked wings and floats noiselessly forth into the gloom. As he emerges into the moonlight on the lawn he uplifts his solemn, round eyes to "the queen of night" and greets her with a dirge-like "tawit-ta-woo-oo-o" that awakens the echoes, which answer back in ghostly whispers, "woo-oo-o!"

"Plague take that screeching devil!" cries Sir Phillip Tressillian, thus rudely recalled from his reverie. Closing the casement, he crosses the room and seats himself in his great arm-chair, nigh unto the wood fire which smoulders on the wide stone heath. He makes a fine picture as he reclines there, his tall form enveloped in a rich, dark crimson robe, lined with costly fur, his silvery locks and flowing beard giving the finishing touch, so to say.

"Shall I play on the harp, dear grandfather?" inquires Anna, as she enters.

"Ay, presently, pretty one; but I would fain talk with thee, my child. Come, seat thyself on this stool by my knee. Thou knowest, Anna, that we have a belief in our family that the last to cross the dark river of Death returns to warn the next ere his turn comes to follow?"

"Yes, grandfather," responds Anna, becoming deadly pale, and fixing great, sorrowful eyes upon his face.

"Well, dear heart, methought that my son, thy father, stood by my bed last night as the bell tolled midnight. Weep not, my child, 'twas a strangely pleasing vision; ay, for thy father gazed upon me with a calm and saintly smile as he murmured the warning word "Prepare!" ay, and his voice was low and sweet—like the whisper of the wind sighing through the old trees before rain. Then thy grandmother stood beside thy father and gazed upon me with such wistful tenderness that I held out my arms and cried "Leave me not, my beloved!" as the vision faded from my view, and I heard them singing softly, 'God be with you until we meet again.' So I am well assured that I shall soon go hence. Ah, weep not so bitterly, my child; remember, dear one, I am a frail and aged man who must needs soon rest. What I would say to thee is this, I would fain give thee into Rodger's safe keeping ere I am removed—ay, for he is a good man and true. Now, kiss me, Anna, and dry thy tears, for we will dwell no more on such matters as parting by death, but rather bethink us of a gay bridal ere the fall of the leaf in autumn. Bring hither thy harp now and sing to me the songs of David?"

The shadows of the night fell darkly, and the pale "leddy moon" floated on, serenely calm and cold, until she could view her own fair image reflected in the waters of the lake. One by one the stars shone out overhead, and the glow-worms lit their tiny lanterns amid the grasses and March flowers in the meadow, where the landrail chants his monotonous "crake! crake! crake!" and, ever and anon, the weird cry of the brown owl was heard as he swooped down upon some luckless little field-mouse. Then would the mother-bird thrush start from her sleep and spread her gentle wings yet more tenderly o'er her callow brood in the cosie nest, hid away amid the blossom-laden boughs of the hawthorn tree, nigh to the postern leading to the ruins of the old abbey, where, in the pale moonlight, the night-bats were wheeling eerily in ghostly circles—suggestive of being the spirits of defunct mice—(wicked ones!)—escaped from Purgatory for a brief space, to cool themselves in the upper air.

Midnight had tolled from St Mary's steeple. The moon was about to be obscured by great masses of dark clouds which came slowly drifting athwart the sky. What caused Anna Tressillian to start from her slumber in pale afright?

Ah, God! 'twas a bitter cry as of one in mortal agony.

Hastily slipping on a loose white dressing-robe, the young girl hurried, in wild alarm, along the passage to her grandfather's room. The door stood open, and, by the light from the shaded reading-lamp, she saw that he had not as yet retired to rest. Lifting the lamp, she hurried down the staircase. There—in the hall—lies Hetor, the noble stag-hound, dead. For a moment the girl quails in terror, then she nerves herself and advances towards the open door of the room where she so recently left her beloved grandfather. She raises the lamp so that its light falls within the room—ah, God in Heaven! what a sight meets her eye! The noble old man lies murdered on the floor in a pool of blood, which dyes his silvery locks!

The tragic end of good Sir Phillip remained shrouded in mystery, and the shock his granddaughter sustained on that awesome night nigh deprived her of her reason for a short time. After a time she and Rodger were wed, and they lived long in the Castle up the Glen,

which has now become an interesting ruin, mantled o'er with ivy. The children of their descendants come there in the blithe spring-time to gather the pink-tipped gowans "that bloom so early and so fair" on the green plateau, while she and her "guidman" slumber peacefully, side by side, nigh to good Sir Phillip in the kirkyard by the lake.

"Oh what are the bugles of Dreamland calling,
There where the dews of the gloaming are falling?
Come away from this weary old world of tears,
Come away, come away to where one never hears,
The slow, weary drip of the slow, weary years,
But peace and deep rest till the white dews are falling,
And the blithe bugle-laughter through Dreamland are calling.

F. M.

'Tis said that the old manor house is haunted, and eerie tales are told of ghostly lights seen, and blood-curdling cries heard, at midnight. The owls and the bats, however, do not seem scared, and "the leddy moon" comes, as of old, to admire her own fair image mirrored in the waters of the lake, just as she did on the night of the murder long, long ago.

JESSIE HAY STEPHENSON.

The Kames of Dogden Moss.

IF the "breath and finer spirit" of the peculiar mass of thought, feeling, and emotion represented in the literature of the Border, Berwickshire has probably contributed less than have some of the neighbouring counties in that famous district. The Whitadder, the Blackadder, the Leader, and the Eye are no match in voicefulness for the Yarrow and the Ettrick. Still, the Lammermuirs have their "Bride," and of her tragic fame the county on the southern side of the watershed may duly claim its share; the Leader, too, possesses her complement of ballads; and hasn't the Minstrelsy of the Merse had the distinction of being collected into a separate volume? But there is one tale of diablerie belonging to Berwickshire, and that, too, very near the centre of the county, which, so far as I know, almost stands unique.

Between Longformacus, the capital of the Lammermuirs, and what used to be the county town of Greenlaw, stretches an expanse of moorland traversed by a little-frequented road. About midway between these two places, and a little to the south of the Duns and Lauder road, the moor path crosses a small burn by a ford, and with this ford is associated the tragic story of the Neils of Longformacus. A little to the north of the burn stands a solitary stone, five or six feet in height, and this has the reputation of marking the spot at which took place the weird encounter. The story is well known in the district, and the following, I take it, conveys the main outlines of it:—

The elder Neil was passing the ford early one morning—a Sunday morning, I think it was—when something ascended from the stream in his direction. This turned out to be a hearse, the driver of which was no other than his satanical majesty himself. From this sombre apparition the demand was no less than that Neil should become his possession. Neil, however, got off by promising that the first of his family, or the first of his sons, who should cross the ford after sunset should be taken in his stead. Some time afterwards the younger Neil had been attending a funeral about Greenlaw, and on his way homeward had expressed the fear lest the sun should have gone down before he had crossed the fatal ford. But this was just what did take place, and the dead body of the hapless man was found later stretched upon the moor!

Now the scene of this tale of dule and sorrow lies quite close to the strange natural feature which I have called above the Kames of Dogden Moss, otherwise also known as the Kames of Cattleshiel. The moor road from the ford to Greenlaw lies for part of its course along their south-east side, at no great distance from them. Away on the north-west, at a distance of three miles or so, rise the heights of Langton Edge. To the north, or perhaps slightly to the west of north, project the two eminences known as the Dirrington Laws, the more northern and loftier of which reaches a height of 1309 feet. These prominences are due to the more resisting igneous rocks which represent the funnels through which molten material ascended at a period as remote in the abysmal past, it seems, as at least what is known geologically as the time of the Lower Old Red Sandstone. Still further round to the west is the ridge on which stand two conical heaps of stones, and which is designated the hill of the Twinlaw Cairns. This is even higher than Dirrington Law, and is marked at an altitude of 1466 feet. These cairns, tradition has it, indicate the spot where two brothers named Edgar fell, the one fighting as the champion of Anglo-Saxon foes from the south, and the other as the representative of the "Scottish Warriors." The pathos of the incident lies in the circumstance that the champions fought unconscious of their relationship, and it was only after one had been slain that the other become aware of who his opponent had been, tore the bandages from his wounds, and died also. The death of the brothers in this tragic manner involved also that of their aged father. The ballad which tells of this fight has been described as perhaps the worst that ever was written, but this, I should think, is to place the estimate too low. Then away to the south-west from the locality with which we are now dealing, though at a much greater distance than that of any of the heights we have just referred to, can be seen the triple cones of the Eildons. These, owing to the direction of the line of vision, appear not detached, but closely grouped together. The work of Michael Scott, when he uttered "the words that cleft Eildon Hills in three," would appear, from this point of view, to have been less than the actual situation of the hills would suggest!

Now, what are these curious things to which people have given the names of "Kames?"—for curious they really are, though few of the passers-by on their way from Westruther to Duns, though their eyes may have fallen for a moment upon them, probably ever thought of asking or giving any account of them. Well, the Kames

consist of a long mound, or heap, or rampart—in places somewhat resembling the embankment of a railway—made up of vast piles of sand and gravel, and extending in all to a distance across the country of probably not less than three miles. The general direction is from north-east to south-west, though the ridge is not unbroken, and in it there is one large, well-marked, angular turn. At the base this gravelly formation may easily, I should say, spread to a width of 180 feet, while the height of it may reach 40 feet or occasionally more. It narrows towards the summit, but not sharply, the contour being rather that of a curve. It is overgrown with grass, in some parts very green grass, except where here and there the rabbits and the sheep have made an exposure, which enables one to see of what sort of material the hillock is composed. There are other mounds of a similar kind in the south of Scotland, but this one has the reputation of being peculiarly distinct. They are also found in Ireland, where they bear the name of "eskars." Now, the Cattleshiel Kames, and this, I understand, is characteristic, rise in sharp relief from the approximately level moor over which they stretch, just as a railway embankment may be seen to rise abruptly out of the fields through which it has been artificially constructed. And here we have a clue to the name.

The word "Kame" (otherwise spelt Kaim) is just the Scotch dialectic form for the English word "comb." And this Scotch form has passed into the English of science. One can see how the appellation originated. In that huge repertoire of all kinds of information called the "Century Dictionary" one meaning of the word "comb" is given thus:—"The fleshy crest or caruncle growing, in one of several forms, on the head of the domestic fowl, and particularly developed in the male bird: so called from the serrated indentures in the typical form, or single comb which resembles the teeth of a comb."

Now, if we can imagine a projection or protuberance of this kind so enormously magnified as to stretch across a country in the manner I have tried to indicate, we shall have arrived at some such structure as a "Kame," the latter consisting, of course, not of flesh and blood, but of sand and gravel! On the other hand, the kame is not necessarily connected with any marked projection in the configuration of a country, as is the comb of a fowl with the fowl's head. Still, the mental impression made by a comb, a caruncle, and a kame, being similar, the same word has been thrown out at all three.

But now arises the interesting, but difficult, question:—How and when did these kames come to be where they are? One cannot speak of any feature of the earth's surface at all as being permanent, but the kames, though in one sense enormously old, are, relatively speaking, recent features in the landscape. They have been "dumped" upon a surface which already existed at the time of their own origin. And to tell, even approximately, how this dumping took place, we must try to recede into a strange world in the "backward and abysm" of a remote past.

But, in the first place, it will be interesting by way of comparison to recall an attempt which has already been made in this direction. I do not, of course, refer to that aspect of things represented in picturesque legends, in which such demands are made upon the wonder-working powers of fairy and warlock, or even of the devil himself. My intelligence is taken from the "New Statistical Account," a store-house containing more interesting information than many people are aware of, and the author of it was the Rev. Abraham Home, minister of Greenlaw, who wrote the article on the parish of the same name. It will be well to give the reverend author's view of things in this connection just in his own words. He has just described the kames very shortly, and he then goes on to assign a cause, thus:—"The ground on the north side is boggy, and on the south side is an extensive moss, called Dugden Moss. The kaimes are evidently a natural production, and in endeavouring to account for their formation it is to be observed that the stones scattered over the fields towards the Tweed consist principally of greywacke, which must have been detached and carried thither from the rocks of Lammermuir hills by the agency of a current of water setting in from the north towards the south; and as the kaimes are composed of similar materials, reduced to a very moderate size, its formation is to be ascribed to the same cause. It is generally allowed that mosses are produced from decayed vegetable matter, such as wood, furze, fern, etc. Now, if it be admitted that Dugden Moss was at one time an extensive wood, the waters subsiding at the universal deluge, or some more partial inundation, and rushing with great impetuosity from the Dirrington Laws, which are about two miles north-west from the kaimes, would carry with them all the wood and underwood to a considerable distance, till the collected materials would form a kind of dam or wier, through which the waters could not penetrate, and would force up against this dam or wier the gravel and sand which form the ridge, in the same manner as is frequently done by rivers in certain parts of their courses during great floods. The materials of which the ridge is composed, and its shape, which is somewhat like a horse-shoe with the hollow towards the hills, favour this explanation."

Now, it is true, the Rev. Abraham Home does not tell us whence the waters of this flood, "universal" or "more partial," came, nor yet whither they were going, and objection could also be taken to details of the scheme. Still, though the explanation fails, it is not to be laughed at. The author of it does, to some extent at least, call to his assistance what the scientist would regard as "verse causæ." Every one has seen sand and gravel held up and banked by an obstacle standing in the way of a stream charged with such material. And, then, much interest and instruction lies in noting the date at which this article on the Parish of Greenlaw in the "New Statistical Account" was written. Although the volume in which it appears bears the date 1845, the article itself was written as early as March, 1834. At that time, therefore, in this country, the pathway had not been entered upon which was to lead to the establishment of a doctrine which has transformed men's views of the history of the earth. This is the doctrine of the Glacial Theory or of the Great Ice Age, and the man who oriented British scientists for the investigation of this subject was the famous Swiss glacialist, Louis Agassiz, the father of the distinguished living American man of science, Alexander Agassiz. After having studied the glaciers of Switzerland, he came to this country in the year 1840 with the

conviction that here, too, he should find phenomena indicative of a phase of earth history similar to that for which he believed he had found evidence among the Alps. But, like any other doctrine of far-reaching consequences, the doctrine of a great extension of ice where none now existed did not find ready credence. Of this state of things we have an indication in what Agassiz, in speaking of this visit of 1840, wrote more than twenty years afterwards.

"Inexperienced as I then was," he says, "and ignorant of the modes by which new views, if founded on truth, commend themselves gradually to general acceptance, I was often deeply depressed by the scepticism of men whose scientific position gave them a right to condemn the views of younger students. I can now smile at the difficulties with which men beset my path, but at the time they seemed serious enough."

Yes, the smile is now on the side of Agassiz. For during the last seventy years the evidence has accumulated to such an extent that there can no longer be any reasonable doubt that at a period, recent geologically, though very remote when measured by ordinary standards, the whole of our British Islands, as far south as about the estuaries of the Severn and the Thames, the whole of the north of Europe, and the northern part of North America, lay for an enormous period buried under a vast covering of ice. It is not necessary here to say anything about recessions and extensions of the ice, otherwise spoken of as glacial and intergracial periods; but it is to this Greenland-like state of that part of the earth above indicated that the term Great Ice Age, or Glacial Period, has been applied. Just think of Scotland, Ireland, and all except a small part of the south of England, lying for ages wrapt in a mantle of snow and ice! It is hardly to be wondered that a doctrine like this should at first have met with an amount of determined scepticism even among scientific men. And the fact that it is now universally admitted shows how strong the evidence must be. And it is here, in connection with this great extension of snow and ice over our island, that we approach an answer to the question: How came into existence the Kames of Dogden Moss? There can be little doubt that they are of glacial origin, belonging, in all probability, to the dying phases of the Ice Age, and represent a deposit or accumulation left behind by melting ice. The exact how of the process is not so easy of exact determination. But the gravel of which the Kames are composed was no doubt rolled by englacial, or perhaps subglacial, streams, and this material may then have been dumped over the edge of a wide street of ice—in the present case, a sheet as wide as the length of the Kames in question. Such a sheet may easily have lingered in the last stages of the Glacial Period in the neighbourhood of the high ground indicated by the hills which have already been mentioned.

And if this explanation be true, what a world of suggestion it contains. We are thereby not only carried back an enormous distance into the past, but are led also to think of what may have taken place on the surface of the earth since the Kames themselves became a feature thereon. In dealing with time in the geological sense, only the roughest approximations can be arrived at in a case of this kind. But even if we push back the civilisation of Babylonia to "a period now as remote as B.C. 8000," that civilisation is young compared with the Kames of Dogden Moss. What, then, shall we say of the civilisation of our own small island! To throw back the last phase of the Glacial Period to a time as remote as thirty or fifty thousand years ago would probably involve no exaggeration; and it is held by some that man, in a phrase of his development, may have had an interglacial existence. If so, then these Kames may have existed throughout the whole, or nearly the whole, period during which man has been moving slowly towards his present political, social, and intellectual status. But vast as is the vista, both these Kames and man are young compared with the entire history of the earth. And the suggestiveness holds all through. In proportion as we become better and better acquainted with that stupendous history, the more interesting and instructive will the present configuration of the earth and that which lives upon it become. If we only sufficiently enlarge our vision, we shall find that the earth, instead of being the deathfully same thing that it is to most people, becomes simply the embodiment of a gigantic series of change. And then, too, when we look upon a landscape from this stand-point, "the things that are seen" will become clothed upon with a meaning vivified, deepened, and intensified by "the things that are unseen."

DAVID ANDERSON.

Tammy White's Pool, Jedburgh.

Reading out of the Magazine to a Border friend who spent part of his young days in Jedburgh, he suggests that it may not be Tammy White but Tanny White. I pass on the opinion to your readers, who may be able to say if a tanner had his work near.—Yours truly,

DUNIAN.

To a Maid of the Marches.

A-blush on the Border the heath-bells shine,
But you are the fairest of all fair flowers!
Is there ever a beauty to match with thine?
Is there ever a love to be named with ours?
Soft is your smile as the Cheviot mist,
White are your arms as the Solway foam,
And a memory clings to your lips unkissed
Of the wild-rose buds by your Border home!

Ah! For only one hour of the raiding days!—
I would batter the door of your Border keep,
I would leave your father's stacks ablaze,
I would waken you out of your beauty sleep,
On the saddle before me your form I'd set,
And ne'er should a bridle-rein be drawn
Till the morning dew on our hoofs was wet
And the crest of the Carter was red with dawn!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

Now all ye ladies of fair Scotland,
And ladies of England that happy would prove,
Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

Motto (The Betrothed.)

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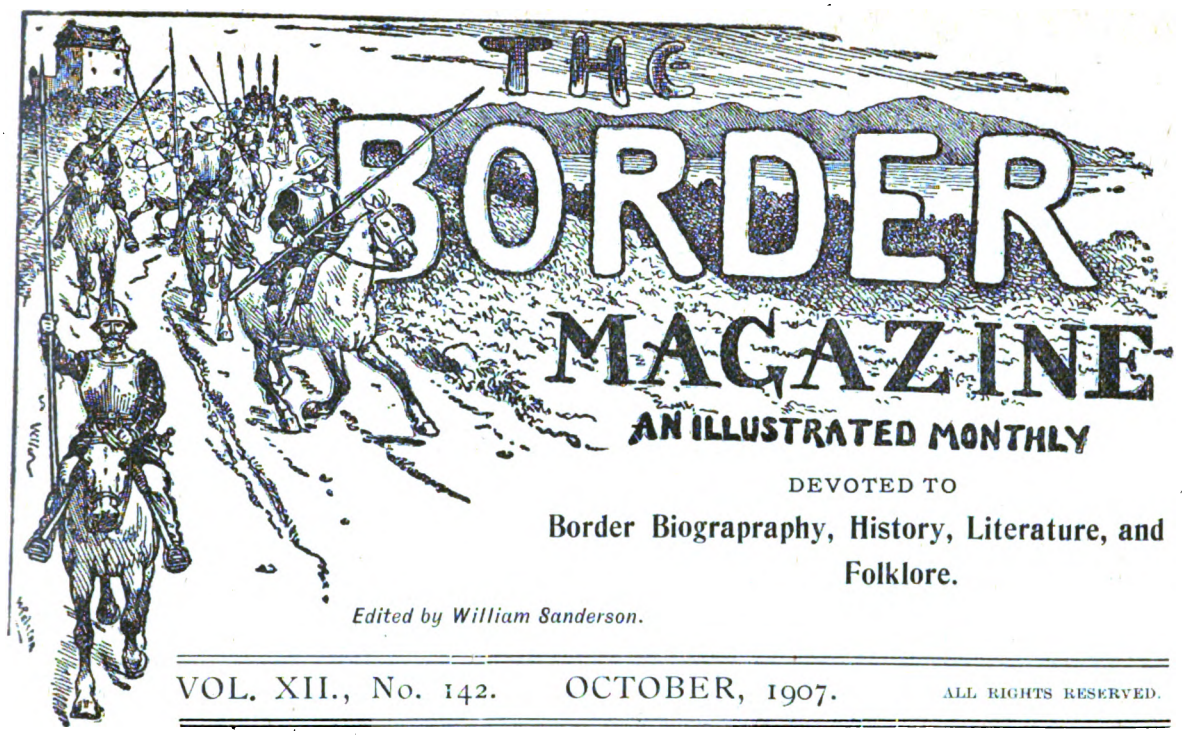
A. T. HUTCHINSON, Esq.



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A. T. HUTCHINSON, Esq.

WRITING of a small town named Fresnaye, on the Swiss frontier, which is entirely peopled by workers in wood, M. Andouin Dumazet, who in French literature holds a position similar to that occupied by Arthur Young in the literature of England, thus describes the condition of the people:—

"There is not one house in which wooden "goods are not fabricated. Some years ago "there was little variety in their produce; "spoons, salt-boxes, shepherd's boxes, scales, "various wooden pieces for weavers, flutes "and hautboys, spindles, wooden measures, "funnels and wooden bowls were only made. "But Paris wanted to have a thousand "things in which wood was combined with "iron; mouse-traps, cloak-pegs, spoons for "jam, brooms. . . . And now every "house has a workshop containing either a "a turning-lathe, or some machine tools for "chopping wood, for making lattice-work "and so on. . . . Quite a new industry "was born, and the most coquettish things "are now fabricated. *Owing to this indus-*"*try the population is happy.* The earn-"ings are not high, but each worker owns "his own house and garden, and occasion-"ally a bit of field."

Thus we see from small beginnings, from evenings industriously spent in the homes; a great industry in the making, and the whole population of a rural township rendered happy.

To bring about in Scotland the felicitous conditions, so graphically described in the above quotation from M. Dumazet's book, no man has done so much nor worked so hard as the subject of the present sketch. Mr Hutchinson has devoted his life to the encouragement of Home Industry, and with what success must be seen in the forthcoming exhibition, which is to be opened in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, on 17th October by Mr Andrew Carnegie. It is peculiarly appropriate that Mr Carnegie should perform the ceremony on this occasion, as the exhibition, being the eleventh, constitutes the first of a new decade.

Those who remember the first of these exhibitions cannot fail to be struck by the enormous progress which has been made during the past ten years, not only as regards the number of exhibitors and exhibits, but also in respect to the vast improvement in organisation and faci-

lities which have been made for the public convenience. For these the credit is due to Mr Hutchinson alone. When the idea was first promulgated, and was likely to show a financial deficit, he was allowed to stand entirely alone; now, when prosperity is shining upon him, there are many who, formerly sneering at the project, would to-day gladly enter into a partnership with him, but he can now afford to make his own terms, and it is no discredit to a man who has risked so much as he has done to walk warily in his dealings with too "friendly" company-promotors and schemers.

Mr Hutchinson first saw the light on 17th July, 1857, within a stone's throw of the Tweed at Pinnacle Hill, Kelso, and he is a Borderer to the core; he has all the Borderer's characteristic patriotism and *esprit de corps*, and believes there never could, and never can be such a town as Kelso, in Scotland or out of it. His father was the son of Thomas Hutchinson, farmer and innkeeper, Greenhead, Northumberland, and at the time of the birth of our hero was a locomotive engine-driver in the service of the North British Railway Company. Through his mother, Mr Hutchinson claims relationship with James Oliver, of plough-making fame, who left Roxburghshire for America about the year 1832. Through the Olivers he is also connected with an American family of Hatelys, with whom, however, he has lost trace, and should the BORDER MAGAZINE come into the hands of any of these, or of any one who should happen to know of their whereabouts, Mr Hutchinson would be glad to hear of them.

In 1864, when the great railway strike occurred, Mr Hutchinson, senr., severed his connection with the North British Railway Co. and went over to the North-Eastern Railway. This necessitated the family's removal to Gateshead-on-Tyne, where young Hutchinson spent his early days. He had very little schooling, and his father having, in 1869, been struck down by that dreadful scourge smallpox, he resolved to start work, and at the age of thirteen he commenced his career, like his father, in the locomotive department of the North-Eastern Railway Co. He was upwards of thirteen years, five of which were passed on the footplate as a fireman, and part of the time in the offices of the Company, in their service. But the all-absorbing interests which at this time occupied his mind were the kindred subjects of farming, stock-raising, and poultry-keeping, and he became secretary of the Gateshead and Tyneside Poultry Society. While acting in this capacity he resolved to leave the Railway Company and devote himself to more congenial work. He had from his earliest days felt an attraction towards advertising and organising, and in 1884 an opening occurred which enabled him to join the staff of the "Tyneside Echo," the property of Samuel Story, Esq., late M.P. for Sunderland. For three years he retained that position, and at the end of this period again made a change, this time to the Scottish capital, where he became chief outside representative for Messrs John Ritchie & Co., proprietors of the "Scotsman." In 1893 he entered into business on his own account as an advertising contractor, which business has since become one of the largest concerns of the kind in the city.

In a speech which Mr Hutchinson recently delivered in Leeds, he has in the following terms admirably related how the thought of founding this great idea of an Industrial Exhibition first occurred to him:—"Some fifteen years ago, while driving through the towns and country villages of Scotland, I was struck by the large numbers of young men and women frittering away in frivolity what might have been well-spent time, so I asked myself the question, 'Can nothing be done to find an incentive for those young people to work?' With this desire in view, the idea of offering prizes occurred to me, and I founded the Home-workers' Competitive Industrial Exhibition." It is this venture which has brought Mr Hutchinson prominently before the public, and which is likely to keep him there. As already hinted, upon its inception, he received innumerable discouragements, not only from influential men and bodies, but even from the Press; yet in spite of all he persevered with the business, and he is to-day reaping a golden harvest of praise and encouragement from every part of the British Empire. But what is most gratifying of all, he is now being followed by a yearly increasing number of imitators; there is scarcely a town or village in the country which does not aspire to something of the kind, and the happiness and pleasure, which by such means are being introduced into hundreds of formerly rather joyless homes, can never be even approximately estimated. But there is still a vast field upon which to operate, as any one passing through a Border town at the hour when day is just passing into night, may realise. Dozens of able-bodied lads and lusty young lasses wander or loiter about in an aimless and indifferent

manner, and instead, as they might be, of doing something useful, either for themselves or for their friends, they, if they are not degenerating into actual hooliganism, are at the best mere drones in the hive. The number of lives which are positively wasted in this way is absolutely appalling to contemplate, and if even a tithe are snatched from such decadency an enormous stride has been made towards bringing about that millenium of which Socialists so glibly talk. It is undoubtedly in such a measure of self-help that true Socialism lies, and all honour, I say, to the man who has been able so effectively to set the wheels agoing. The Borders have good reason for pride in having produced such a man, and it is only just and right that the BORDER MAGAZINE should be amongst the first to make his work more widely known than it has ever been before.

Mr Hutchinson has, however, done other organising work besides his great annual show, though none of his other ventures have reached such dimensions as the exhibition has attained. Yet they also, even when they had to be abandoned for want of financial support, have served no small purpose in the development and economy of modern life. In 1894, for instance, he founded that well-known English paper, the "British Fancier," but was unable himself to carry it on for lack of funds. He also in 1899 and 1904 organised two large poultry shows, on the working of which he lost over £600. His great *coup*, however, was the Coronation Floral Fete and Gala of 1902, which he intended to make an annual event in Edinburgh, but this also was abandoned, principally as a result of the unexpected and untoward events which occurred at the time of the Coronation. All this will show, however, that Mr Hutchinson is a thoroughly up-to-date man, and one who must be reckoned with in an estimate of the development of the social conditions of our time.

The photograph which accompanies this article has been reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs E. R. Yerbury & Son, photographers, Hanover Street and Churchill, Edinburgh, to whom I desire to express thanks.

W. SAUNDERS.

We do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer
Motto ("Woodstock.")

The Ba.'

THE 12th of March was—I do not know what it is now—one of the red figured days in the Lessudden school laddies' calendar, for that was "The Ba' Day" and therefore a holiday.

"The Ba'" is a custom, like "Barrin' oot," peculiar to the Borders, and as Easter time approaches you see in the local papers that in this village or town, or in that "The Ba'" was played on "Fastern's e'en."

We knew nothing about "Fastern's e'en" at Bosells. It was just the "Ba' Day." I suppose the "Ba' Day" is a survival from the time when the Roman Catholic Church was supreme in the land. According to Chamber's Dictionary the word Fastern's has some association with fasting, and "Fastern's e'en" falls about the beginning of Lent. "The Ba'" may have been a preliminary to a 40 days' fasting and quietness, a final fling before Lent.

Be that as it may, Bosells has its "Ba' Day"—a day looked forward to with glee by the school laddies and young men—even by men who are no longer young—and dreaded by careful mothers, sisters and wives, for though an old suit of clothes may be sacrificed to the "Ba'" one has no old bones to put on or in for the occasion. Accidents have happened, and a broken bone, or a sprain, or even a heavy bruise means a weary, anxious time for the women of the house.

"The Ba'"—or, to be accurate, "The Baas," for there are usually more than one,—are paid for by subscription, and tradition has it that it is the duty of the youngest apprentice in the village to gather in the money.

The money is got or promised; the "baas" are made and paid for, or got on credit and "The laddies' ba'" is flung up first, early in the afternoon.

It is called "The laddie's ba'" by courtesy only, for as a rule, many, who by no stretch can be called "laddies" take a hand in that game. But the real interest of the day centres round the "Men's Ba'". Steadily from noon onwards the men from the surrounding neighbourhood and villages—Ancrum, Mertoun, Maxton, Bowden, Newtown—troop in to the Green where the game is played.

On "The Ba' Day" "the green" is "common" just as it is at "the Fair."

The weather may be all that is undesired; the ground may be hard with frost, or the mud

may squelch up under foot, a stinging wind may blow, or a heavy rain fall, still the players come with all the countryman's calm disregard of such things as weather conditions, and in the same spirit they begin to play. Sides are traditional; but it always seemed to me that it was Lessudden against all comers. The Ba,' decorated with streamers of ribbons, is flung up, and at once a furious struggle begins; one side trying to hale "The ba'" at "Merwick gate," the other trying to carry it down to "Jenny Moor's road."

The ribbon streamers are speedily torn off, and floating in the breeze are snatched at by those standing around. They are trophies of the day.

It is "hand ba'" that is played, and you can fling it or run with it just as you choose, and as you are permitted by your opponents. First one and then another gets "The Ba'" and makes a dash for the goal, the opposite side meanwhile, trying to catch the runner or trip him up. Or three or four or more of one side get into something resembling "a maul" at Rugby football, and try to smuggle "The Ba'" away. The warning cry is raised "Aw yea side," and others of the opposite side rush in to spoil the conspiracy.

To "smuggle" a ba' was reckoned as good as a hale, and stories of the specially clever ruses employed were told and retold.

In one smuggle "The ba'" was by agreement slipped into one man's hand by a friend of his, and he, having it hidden about him, backed out of the smuggle bending double and groaning. He received much sympathy from those standing around "Ay, it's sair. It was a twist aw got. Aw'll be better the now, juist watch "The ba'." Thae Ancrum yins hev't."

His smuggle was successful.

So far as I can remember, Bosells was always successful. She always had the greater number of hales and smuggled baas; but I suppose that the players against Bosells would have another story to tell. Bosells men and laddies alike were so keen on "The Ba'" and so patriotic that no other version of the day's proceedings would have been received.

"The Ba" was usually played by young unmarried men, though there were some enthusiasts whose spirit years could not crush.

Usually when a man married, one could predict that he would soon pass from the struggling ranks of the players to the more sedate lines of the onlookers. But he did not pass at once, nor all at once. The old playing instinct and the old desire for victory for his side were too strong for that.

"Na! na!" he would say, in answer to his wife's reminder that he was a married man now, and therefore should not take needless risks, "Na! na! Aw'll no play, aum juist gaun up tae se'd."

Sometimes she would go with him, to see it too and to act as a sort of a restraint upon him. Then when a wave of the play surged near, she would retire hastily, and on gaining a place of safety and looking round for her husband, she would discover that the wave from which she had fled had carried her charge away into the thick of the storm. She would see him there tossed to and fro, and later on he would return covered with apologies, explanations and mud. Even marriage cannot break the habits of a lifetime all at once.

It was almost a recognised part of the day's play that one of the final waves of the contest should rush through the village street, and when the noise of its coming was heard from afar, shopkeepers rushed out, and put on the shutters so that their windows might be safe: and even those who disapproved most of the game would rush to doors or windows to see. Thus they were able to get fresh matter for condemnatory judgments.

There is much talk of the physical deterioration of the race, and of means to be taken to avert it; but as yet there is sign neither of the decadence of "Bosell's Ba'" nor of the spirit of the players.

On one of my last visits to the village I heard the incidents of the day's play described and discussed with all the ancient keenness and by those who had borne in their persons the marks of the fray.

A. L. A. SUDDEN.

Exiled.

TWEED'S silver stream, Tweed's silver stream,
It gars me greet to see your gleam,
As aft I do in mony a dream
In this far country sleeping.

And whiles I sorrow when I think
My bairnies winna get a blink
O' silver Tweed. Sweet silver Tweed
I mauna fa' to weeping.

It's aft I dream o' my ain countrie,
And aft I sigh for hame;
But I canna see how it's to be—
Tweed kens nane o' my name.

Gateshead-on-Tyne. R. S.

The Sir Walter Scott of America.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE Border Keep has gathered in a store of valued information relating to Sir Walter Scott; its incidental references to Prof. Lounsbury and J. Fenimore Cooper, in February and May last year, recall to my memory the numerous but not always flattering, allusions to Sir Walter which appear in Lounsbury's work on Cooper, published at Boston, Mass., in 1883 (one of a series entitled "American Men of Letters"). This work is probably but little known in Scotland, and patriotic Borderers may possibly feel resentment with its author after a perusal of certain of the following extracts:—

Cooper, in a sense, belonged to the school of Scott; and he was so far from denying it that in one place he speaks of himself as being nothing more than a chip from the former's block. The success which he (Cooper) won in Great Britain was not due in the slightest to the professional critics. These men fancied they had exhausted the power of panegyric when they went so far as to term him the American Scott. This fact was triumphantly paraded at a later period by a writer in Blackwood, presumably Wilson, as one of the convincing proofs of the untruthfulness of the charge made by Barry Cornwall, that authors from this country were treated with systematic unfairness in English reviews. "Were we ever unjust to Cooper?" he asked. "Why, people call him the American Scott." This sort of patting on the back was thought a proud illustration of the generosity of the British character and as putting the recipient of it under obligations of everlasting gratitude. Without mentioning numerous other evidences, the conspicuous position he held is evident from the way Scott speaks of him in his diary. He mentions meeting him one even-

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

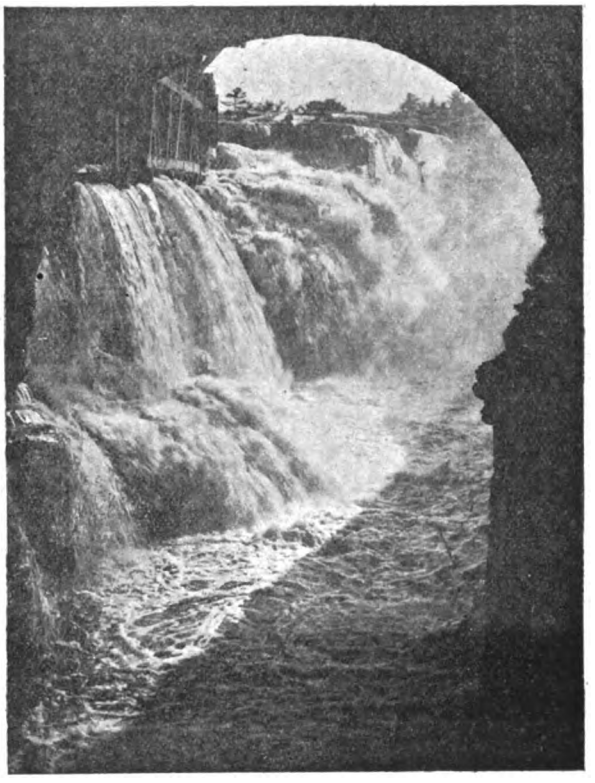
ing at the Princess Galitzin's in November, 1826. "Cooper was there," said he, "and so the Scotch and American lions took the field together.

To call Cooper the American Scott in compliment in the days of his popularity, and in derision in the days of his unpopularity, was a method of criticism which enabled men to praise or undervalue without taking the trouble to think. Stories were invented and set in circulation of how he himself rejoiced in being so designated. Great, accordingly, was the indignation felt and expressed by those gentry at the presumption of the American author, when, at a later period, he asserted that so far from taking any pride in the title, it merely gave him just as much gratification as any nickname could give a gentleman.

At a dinner party in New York in 1822, at which Cooper was present, the authorship of the Waverley Novels, still a matter of some uncertainty, came up for discussion. In December of the previous year "The Pirate" had been published. The incidents in this story were brought forward as a proof of the thorough familiarity with sea life of him, whoever he was, that had written it Such familiarity Scott had never had the opportunity to gain in the only way it could be gained. It followed, therefore, that the tale was not of his composition. Cooper, who had never doubted the authorship of those novels, did not at all share in this view. The very reasons that made others feel uncertain led him to be confident. To one

The pilot, though never named, we know to be the extraordinary and daring adventurer, John Paul Jones, and the period is, of course, the American Revolution. The literature of the sea presents no more thrilling chapter than that which, describing the passage of the great frigate through the narrow channel, gives every detail with such vividness and power that the most unimaginative cannot merely see ship shore, and foaming water, but almost hear the roaring of the wind, the creaking of the cordage and the dashing of the waves against the breakers.

In 1837 Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" was appearing. In the diary of that novelist were some references to the American author. "This



GLEN'S FALLS—UNDER THE ARCH.

like him, whose early life had been spent on topgallant yards and in becketing royals, it was perfectly clear that "The Pirate" was the work of a landsman and not of a sailor. Not that he denied the accuracy of the descriptions as far as they went. The point that he made was that with the same materials far greater effects could and would have been produced had the author possessed that intimate familiarity with ocean-life which can be his alone whose home for years has been upon the waves. He could not convince his opponents by argument. He consequently determined to convince them by writing a sea-story.

In this way originated "The Pilot," a tale of the Northumbrian coast.

man," he said, describing his first interview, "who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners, or want of manners, peculiar to his countrymen." Cooper's personal acquaintance with Scott had begun in 1826, just after the latter had set about his gigantic effort to pay off the load of debt in which he had involved himself. The American novelist had made then an attempt to secure for the man he regarded as his master some adequate return from the vast sale of his works in the United States. In this he had been foiled. In the "Knickerbocker Magazine" for April, 1838, he gave an account of these fruitless negotiations. In a later number of the same year he reviewed Lockhart's biography. This work is well known as one of the most entertaining in

our literature. But on its appearance it gave a painful shock to the admirers of the great author by the revelations it made of practices which savoured more of the proverbial canniness of the Scotchman than of the lofty spirit of the man of honour. Equally surprising was the unconsciousness of the biographer that there was anything discreditable in what he disclosed. Cooper criticised Scott's conduct in certain matters with a good deal of severity. In regard to some points he took extreme and what might fairly be deemed quixotic, ground. Yet the general justice of his article will hardly be denied now by any one who is fully cognisant of the facts. Nor, indeed, was it then. "I have just read," wrote Charles Sumner from London to Hillard, in January, 1839, "an article on Lockhart's 'Scott,' written by Cooper in the 'Knickerbocker,' which was lent me by Barry Cornwall. I think it capital. I see none of Cooper's faults and I think a proper castigation is applied to the vulgar minds of Scott and Lockhart. Indeed, the nearer I approach the circle of these men the less disposed do I find myself to like them." Sumner subsequently wrote that Proctor fully concurred in the conclusions advanced in the review. But these were not the prevalent opinions, in this country at least. Great was the outcry against Cooper for writing this article; great the outcry against the "Knickerbocker" for printing it. The latter was severely censured for its willingness to prostitute its columns to the service of the former in his slanderous "attempts to vilify the object of his impotent and contemptible hatred." Americans who were averse to Scott's being honestly paid proved particularly solicitous that he should not be honestly criticised. They showed themselves as little scrupulous in defending him after he was dead as they had been in plundering him while he was living. Cooper had previously aroused the resentment of many because he had failed to express of his relations to the British novelist he had given many times; and indirectly at that very time in his account in the first "Knickerbocker" article of his interview with Sir Walter Scott. The latter had been so obliging, he observed, as to make him a number of flattering speeches, gratification or delight at being termed "the American Scott." He had then been assured again and again that there was no danger of the title being applied to him in future; that in ten years their names would never be coupled together and that he himself would be totally forgotten. It could hardly have been deemed a compliment in a land where scarcely a petty district can exist peacefully and creditably, with a hill three thousand feet in height, which is not in time rendered disreputable by being saddled with the pretentious name of "The American Switzerland." Personal malice alone, however, could impute his disclaimer either to malice or to envy. His own estimate

COOPER'S CAVE, MADE FAMOUS BY INCIDENTS IN "LAST OF THE MOHICANS."

which he, however, did not repay in kind. His reserve he thought Scott did not altogether like. In this he was probably mistaken, but the reason he gave of his own conduct savoured little of feelings of envy or rivalry. "As Johnson," he wrote, "said of his interview with George the Third, it was not for me to bandy compliments with my sovereign."

From all the petty tricks to which literary vanity resorts he was absolutely free. He utterly disclaimed anything that savoured of manœuvring for reputation. . . . It would not have been possible for him to offer to review his own works, as Scott both offered to do, and did, of the "Tales of My Landlord" in the "Quarterly."

Cooper occasionally committed curious mistakes in his writings; Prof. Lounsbury enumerates them, but, oddly enough, neither the novelist nor his biographer noticed two palpable errors in "The Last of the Mohicans."

This tale centres round the massacre of Fort William Henry in 1757, and one of the most thrilling incidents takes place at the spot where the Hudson River plunges headlong on either side of a caverned island; in its recesses, the famous scout, Hawkeye, with his Indian allies, Chingachgook and Uncas, shelter some travellers, who, through the treachery of

PHOTO OF STATUE ON THE SUMMIT OF THE COOPER MONUMENT IN LAKEWOOD CEMETERY, NEAR COOPERSTOWN, ON LAKE OTSEGO, N.Y., SCENE OF "THE PIONEERS."

an Indian guide from Fort Edward, are beset by the bloodthirsty Hurons. Hawkeye calls the cataract "Glenn's Falls," but Cooper clearly overlooks its not being thus designated until several years after the above massacre, when Col. Johannes Glenn purchased milling rights and settled in the locality.

Still more surprising is his oversight when depicting the travellers, now captives in the hands of Magua, as being led from the south bank of the Hudson a weary journey to the vicinity of the celebrated mineral spring, known now as Ballston Spa and thereafter, under Hawkeye's guidance, re-traversing their way northward until Fort William Henry is reached at early dawn. The Hudson River lies right across the track so minutely described; but Cooper makes not the slightest mention of any re-crossing of that most formidable obstacle in the path indicated.

Recently a chance visit to that neighbourhood gave me an opportunity of smoking the pipe of peace in the cavern immortalised by Cooper; the impressive falls are still thundering as of yore, but the banks on either side are sadly defaced by unsightly paper and lumber mills. A massive steel bridge spans the cataract, its central pier resting on the island and electric cars add their rumble to the roar of the waters. From Ballston the trolley car now traverses Fort Edward, Glenn's Falls, French Mountain Pass and, skirting the historic "bloody pond," reaches the site of Fort William Henry at a speed that Uncas, "le cerf agile," would have wondered at. Long may the hands of the spoiler (American or British) be withheld from the scenery of our own Border novelist.

WM. M. SANDISON.

Border Notes and Queries.

THE HAWICK GILL.

It is gratifying to notice that the interest in the question of the "Hawick Gill" is ably maintained by the contribution from the pen of "A. G. S." in the September number. His carrying back the date of my first reference to the measure is not only of interest, but also of practical utility. When I was on holiday in Hawick recently, Adam Laing, Esq., Burgh Chamberlain, kindly showed me an entry in one of Hawick Treasurer's books, which bears that on 29th October, 1732, there was "Mor payed at traying ye wine—2 double gilles, 12s." (Scots, i.e., only one shilling in all).

From this it will be seen that the double-gill measure was actually in use in Hawick two centuries ago. Proof that this half-pint capacity was widely recognised by the name of the "Hawick Gill" is yet wanting, however, as the quotation from "Andro wi' his Cutty Gun" doubtless influenced later literature. That it was not so termed locally seems to be indicated by the absence of the name in the above extract, and by the dearth of reference to it in local literature. It would be interesting to learn if the name ever appeared in early local print.

G. WATSON.

* * * *

THE FRIARS OF FAIL.

In your August number I notice under "Border Notes and Queries" an article by A. G. S. on "The Monks of Melrose and the Friars of Fail," and the question is asked, "Could any of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE throw some further light on these old rhymes?" I venture to refer readers to Dr David Irving's "History of Scottish Poetry," chap. xvii. p. 382., et seq., for some more informa-

tion on this matter. Dr Irving, on page 384, refers to a singular collection of poems entitled "Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs" (Edin., 1621). In this volume, a copy of which is in the Advocates' Library, there are metrical versions of various psalms, and a larger number of original compositions mainly consisting of ridiculous and obscene songs, which Bishop Percy refers to in his Reliques as having been "composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service." Dr Irving has many witty and pertinent remarks on the songs and ballads in this collection. He takes special note, however, of one which he characterises as a song against the Pope and his retainers. Notwithstanding what he calls "the excessive plainness of language," he quotes the poem, which consists of five stanzas. The last one contains a reference to the Friars as follows:—

Of Scotland well the friers of Faill
The limmery lang has lastit:
The monks of Melros made gude kaill,
On Fryday quhen they fastit.

In a note, Dr Irving says, "Faill, in the district of Kyle, was a priory dependent on the abbey of Paisley." Henry the Minstrel, perhaps better known by the familiar appelation of "Blind Harry," refers in his Wallace to Thomas of Ercildoune, whose proper name was Thomas Learmont. He also mentions The Faile as a favourite resort of Thomas of Ercildoune in the following lines:—

"Thomas Rimour in-to the Faile was than
With the Mynystir, quhilk was a worthi man,
He wsyt offt to that religiouss place."

J. C. GOODFELLOW.

* * *

"SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT ABBOTSFORD."

I have a copy of this well-known engraving by Faed, and as one of the original subscribers to the BORDER MAGAZINE I shall be much obliged if you will kindly give me the names of the distinguished company. Scott, Hogg, Wilson, and Lockhart are easily recognised, but who are the others? Are they heroes of the "Noctes?" (See vol. xii., page 171.)

BORDERER No. 3.

* * *

SATCHELL'S TRUE HISTORY.

Can any reader give me some particulars of a rhyming history of the prominent Border families of Roxburgh and Selkirk shires, which was published by Captain Scott of Satchell's in 1688. I believe the book is very rare, and some account of it might be of general interest to the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE. In this connection I might here say that your "Notes and Queries" column might be made use of frequently by those who desire information about rare Border books.

BOOK-WORM.

* * * *

[This rare Border book, "exerted much influence over the juvenile mind of Sir Walter Scott, and its wild and uncouth doggerel was on his lips to his latest day," to quote Mr Winning, who wrote the preface and edited the last reprint. On page 219 of volume vi. of the BORDER MAGAZINE we gave a description of the book, and on the following page reproduced the quaint title page of the original volume. The first edition is very rare, there being no copy in the British Museum or the Advocates' Library, but there is a very fine copy in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch. This latter was used as the copy for the faithful transcript which was issued in the form of a handsome volume, printed on hand-made paper, and containing copious notes of local and general interest. This edition was limited, like Captain Scott's original seventeenth century edition, to 240 copies, and even these are now very scarce. The lowest price at which this valuable book can now be got is one guinea, but the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE is in a position to send, carriage paid, at no profit to himself, a perfect copy at twelve shillings to any reader who may desire to possess it. Ed. "B.M."]

[An esteemed correspondent, who is not unknown in the literary world, writes:—"I am greatly interested in the growing value of your 'Notes' and other articles," and this kind reference to this part of our magazine gives us an opportunity of once more pointing out the excellent opportunities our "Notes and Queries" column presents for gaining information on obscure topics.—Ed., "B. M."]

By the Logan Burn, Glencorse, in the Pentlands.

"Do you know that the dearest burn to me in the world is that which drums and pours in cunning wimples in that glen of yours behind Old Glencorse Kirk."—R. L. STEVENSON.

Thou brawling brooklet, o'er thy stony bed,
Where, rushing through the soft and sandy loam
Which tints thy sullen bosom, dully red,
You wander bounding to thy last, long home.
In the sweet springtide of thy boasted might,
Swollen by the melted snows from yonder height.

Till summer comes, and with warm sunshine quells
Thy turbid floods, when, fed by gentler showers,
Thy placid bosom now no longer swells,
But, rippling, roams amid the budding flowers;
Refreshing all the meadows in its way,
Would that you thus could always sparkling play!

But Autumn, with its seared and withered hand,
Ushered in russet hues, with swelling rains,
Swells up thy turbid tide across the land,
Once more rolls deep thy torrent o'er the plains;
And the full force of summer's treasured horde
Across the smiling meads is freely poured.

Then, in thy growing strength, when gaining force,
The iron grasp of winter grips thee fast,
And deep beneath your ice you rumble hoarse,
The sound grows weaker and it dies at last.
And in the time when other nature dies
The brawling brook in solemn stillness lies.

And thus it is with mortals. In their youth
They brawling boast, yet know not what they say,
Till, more mature, they, silent, hear the truth,
And, ageing, blosom forth—but to decay;
For, while they learn, ebbs out life's lingering sand,
And, when they know, they reach the Promised Land.

A. S. ROBERTSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *St Renans, Rutherglen, near Glasgow.*

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1907.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

An esteemed correspondent, who has an intimate connection with the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, thus writes:—"It may prove some encouragement to learn that since the set of volumes (of B. M.) were added to our large library, the BORDER MAGAZINE is one of the most difficult books to obtain. (This institution is, I believe, almost the oldest in the country; considerably over a century.) If all libraries took the annual volume it would help a little. The B. M. possesses distinct educational value, dealing with unquestionably the most interesting part of the British Isles." Perhaps our readers could assist in this important matter.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

The "Peeblesshire Advertiser," in re-publishing some of its news items of sixty years ago, quotes from its issue of 5th October, 1847. The reference is to the trial of Mr Dickson of Peebles, who erected the hustings which, some of our older readers may remember, fell when occupied by the electors. It was proved that Mr Dickson had taken all reasonable precautions, so he was acquitted of the charge. The "Advertiser's" remarks about certain Jethart matters are too good to be lost:—"Peeblesshire contributed its share this season to a very heavy calendar at Jedburgh circuit. One of the cases remitted from this quarter had, from the novelty of the charge, and the respectability of the accused, excited considerable interest. We allude to the charge against Mr Dickson arising from the accident of the fall of the hustings. The Court met on Wednesday, 15th ult., and was opened with the usual formalities, Lord Moncrieff presiding. The guard which turned out upon the occasion is a remnant of an ancient service which, we believe, dates back to the institution of the Justice Ayre itself. The most of the lands in the vicinity of Jedburgh are burdened with the duty of furnishing their quota to the quasi-military guard at the circuit, and as the proprietors usually serve by substitute, who are paid at the rate of a shilling per day, the appearance of this local militia does not impress the beholders with anything of "the pomp and circumstance" of arms. The want of a uniform, and the garniture of dirty cross-belts, added to old muskets and rusty bayonets, make the corps to savour of the burlesque rather than to appear as an aid to the dignity of the judicial establishment. With the exception of the captain of the guard, the men seem to look upon it as a good practical joke, which enables them to pocket a shilling or two without hard work. The turn-out of the Crailing guard, so called from a neighbouring village, usually affords also much amusement to the boys, who find a ready subject for ridicule in their inexpertness in presenting arms."

* * *

The famous Kelso bell is to be a leading attraction at the Provand's Lordship Exhibition in the Trades' House this month. The story that this fine old Celtic bell may have been the veritable bell of St Kentigern will be investigated. It was examined by the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club in 1882. One thing self-evident about the bell is that it has been a garret relic and has never at any time been buried underground. It has not

the small tinkle that one would suppose it to have —it gives forth a soft melodious sound. Notwithstanding the fact that this Kelso relic is supposed to be the finest example of ancient Celtic bells, it will take the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer and New York detective to prove that it once belonged to Glasgow's patron saint. The lenders are the directors of Kelso Museum.

* * *

Sir Walter Scott, after the seizure which was permanently to cripple him, was sent, in the custody of a young girl, into the country. This girl had a sweetheart in Edinburgh, and hated the life in the country which kept her from him. More still, she hated the child who was the cause of her being so detained. The passion of dislike for the child grew upon her, until one day she rushed away with him to the top of the craigs at Sandy-Knowe, fully intending to cut his throat with her scissors, and bury him in the moss. The life of the one whom thereafter millions were almost to worship trembled that moment in the balance. Her project was at the last too awful for the girl, and she crept back to confess the fell purpose which she had cherished.

* * *

An interesting find was recently made on the Stewartry farm of Dunmuck, near Dalbeattie, the ploughman turning up a stone hammer weighing 4 lbs. in a field at the foot of Redbank Hill, on which hill there are the remains of several ancient dwellings. The hole for the handle is about one inch in diameter, and, judging from the shape of the stone, one end may have been used as an axe, and the other as a hammer.

* * *

There has recently been discovered an unpublished letter of Sir Walter Scott's which contains an interesting reference to Traquair. It proves conclusively, I think, that Sir Walter was in Traquair House. The epistle was addressed to a former Provost of Arbroath, Mr James Marnie of Deuchar. Mrs Thomson of Deuchar, a granddaughter of Provost Marnie, found the letter while examining some old family papers, and it is not improbable that the interesting document will be presented to Arbroath Museum. The letter is as follows:—Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your legend respect the sword which I will probably avail myself of should be called on for another edition of the work in question. I am glad to hear the sword is safe and in the hands of my acquaintance and brother antiquary, Mr Deuchar. My information was taken from Doctor Jamieson, who from his general habits, and having been a Forfar man, ought to have been more correct as to the county. I am sorry the rhyming couplet does not seem to be a correct date. I have seen another sword belonging to the Earl of Traquair having the date A.D. 1000, but I own I always thought it an addition put on the blade black especially as the Arabian numerals were used in expressing it. I will study when I am in Edinburgh again, which is no speedy prospect to obtain a sight of the weapon. We have a Deuchar in Selkirkshire on Yarrow and a family of some antiquity lairds de eodem. But I think their name latterly was Scott, which is the clan which prevails in the district.—I am, sir, your obliged humble servant, WALTER SCOTT. Abbotsford, 31st Decr., 1830. It is really astonishing how much new matter relating to Sir Walter is being found, and it just shows that all who have old papers and letters in their possession should go over them very carefully before destroying them.

* * *

To have conversed with people who knew the Buchanites constitutes a distinction to which few now living can lay claim. The somewhat unique link with the past is, however, established in the person of Mrs Thomas Black, the Kilmarnock centenarian. Mrs Black was born in the Dumfriesshire parish of Closeburn, within a few miles of the building locally known as Buchan Ha'. The sect that made this edifice their headquarters was one of the most fanatical Scotland has ever known. Its distinctive tenets were derived from a Banffshire ale-wife named Luckie Buchan. Expelled from the town of Irvine, Luckie and her devoted followers elected to settle in Dumfriesshire. In the course of the journey southwards, the little band was met by the poet Burns, who has recorded his impressions of the body in several of his published letters. In this connection it may be recalled that Jean Gardner, who is supposed by many Burnsites to be the "Darling Jean" of the poet's "epistle to Davie," was for many years an enthusiastic Buchanite.

* * *

A few lively reminiscences are recalled by the recent decision of Bridge Street U.F. congregation, Alexandria, to make an important addition to the ecclesiastical architecture of the Vale of Leven, and to their own history, by building a new church. Not the least interesting is the incident that used to be told with great glee by the late venerable Dr Alexander Wallace, of East Campbell Street Church, Glasgow, who from 1846 to 1849 was the minister of Bridge Street U.F. Church, Alexandria. Dr Wallace, then a young man, was called to Alexandria and Langholm at the same time, and his reason for choosing the former charge was as follows:—The late minister at Langholm had a dog, Juba, which had been in the habit of accompanying his late master to the pulpit and lying at his feet during the service. On the Sabbath Dr Wallace preached, he was surprised to find that Juba had reached the pulpit before him. As it was a warm summer day, the doors of the church were open, and during the service a terrier walked in and began to bark. Juba quickly descended the pulpit stair, and, seizing the intruder by the back of the neck, he dragged him to the door and shook him over the kerbstone. But Juba's crowning feat in the pulpit was on the last Sabbath Dr Wallace preached at Langholm. The congregation was largely composed of shepherds, who brought their dogs with them to the church, the animals lying beneath the pews during the service. Near the close of the discourse the young preacher, growing warm over his theme, tramped on Juba's tail. The animal suddenly sprang up from the floor, and, placing his fore paws on the desk, barked with all his might at the congregation. This set all the other dogs in the church a-howling, and, though some degree of calm was at length restored, the affair was an unexpected shock to the young minister, who could not brook the idea of becoming minister of the Langholm congregation with such risks to encounter.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Provand's Lordship.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF AN INTERESTING GLASGOW SCHEME.

SOME of our Glasgow Border friends are busy with a most commendable scheme which we should like to do our best to assist. There are many historical links to bind together the Borderland and Glasgow, and we have no doubt the leaders in this new movement will do much to preserve the story of these links. The "Jedburgh Gazette" thus refers to the subject:—

The Borderer, wherever it may be his lot to do his work, is usually a student of the history and archæology of the place. This direction of interest he gets, as a rule, in his native town or village. To be seen there, in all probability, is some edifice or spot that has a place of honour in the country's annals, and whose beauty or fame is enshrined in the poetry and romance of the countryside. When the Borderer leaves his native district he carries with him an interest in and veneration for the things of bygone times, and he is often to be found actively at work among those who are seeking to preserve ancient landmarks, memorials, and relics. An example of this is manifested in the help that Borderers are rendering to the cause of preserving Provand's Lordship in Glasgow. The subject is dealt with in an article in another column of this issue of the "Jedburgh Gazette." The writer of the article remarks on the growing evidence of the connection between Glasgow and the Borders in times past. Jedburgh affords some important illustrations of this. Jedburgh was within the See of Glasgow, and William Turnbull, Bishop of Glasgow—a native of this district and a member of the Bedrule family—assisted in repairing Jedburgh Abbey. Mrs Gordon in her "Life of Sir David Brewster" says that Bishop Turnbull founded and endowed the Grammar School of Jedburgh. A bull's head, the crest of the Turnbulls, appears on a buttress in the Abbey. Robert Blackader, Archbishop of Glasgow, was commendator of Jedburgh Abbey in 1504. His arms have been traced on the north-west corner of the tower and also on a displaced stone which has been built into the wall inside the north transept. It is believed that Blackader, who built some portions of Glasgow Cathedral, contributed towards the rebuilding of the tower of Jedburgh Abbey about the year 1500. He was made Bishop of Glasgow in 1484. Other old relationships might be cited; and in the visit of Queen Mary to Glasgow and her stay in Provand's Lordship in 1567, there is an incident that cannot but interest the people of a place that possesses a house made famous by the ill-fated Queen's residence in it for some weeks, only a month or two before her journey to Glasgow and four months before the death of Darnley.

The article above referred to gives some interesting notes on the old building, and we have much pleasure in now quoting it:—

The present High Street and Castle Street of Glasgow, by way of which the visitor reaches Saint Mungo's venerable Cathedral, is a busy thoroughfare lined with modern tenements and surrounded by extensive works, but long ago on the then pleasant braeside stood many of the town houses of notable Scottish families and residences of the great ecclesiastics of the time. Alone today, bearing the numbers 3 to 7 Castle Street, stands "Provand's Lordship," the last of these proud edifices, a silent witness of these stirring days when round about the ancient Cathedral was waged so much political and ecclesiastical strife. The history of the building is given in an excellently written brochure published by the Provand's Lordship Literary Club, an association that was formed for the purpose of saving the house from being swept away in a proposed building reconstruction scheme. Built by Bishop Muirhead (1455-73), "Provand's Lordship" is thoroughly typical of fifteenth century domestic architecture, large fireplaces, stone window seats, staircase tower, and doorways with elaborate moulded jambs and lintels. Tradition well authenticated has it that Queen Mary's "ludgings" when visiting Glasgow in 1567 was none other than "Provand's Lordship," then the town house of William Baillie of Provand, a gentleman high in Court favour at that time, and within a stone's throw stood "The Place of Stable Green," Lord Lennox's house, where the Queen visited Lord Darnley. Another important historical association is the fact that Provand's Lordship was part of the property of James IV. when one of the secular Canons of the Cathedral, and when officiating as Prebendary of Provand there is little doubt that he would occupy the commodious quarters of his own house across the Square. The object of the club who now have possession of the building is to lay the house open to visitors in the same way as John Knox's House in Edinburgh. Much remains to be done in the way of clearing off the purchase debt and restoring the interior to the simple manner of these early days, and an interesting Exhibition on this behalf has been arranged to take place in the Trades Hall from 22nd to 26th October. This Exhibition should appeal to every lover of history, embracing as it will notable relics in connection with Old Glasgow and its Cathedral, and rare and beautiful examples of early Scottish art and manufactures. Lectures and ballad concerts will also be given, and an Old Glasgow dinner and an eighteenth century assembly will be held on two separate evenings. The assistance of possessors of antique articles is earnestly solicited. It is felt that throughout the country must be many relics of rare worth that have never yet been exhibited in public, and which would be an invaluable help towards making the Exhibition the success it deserves. As research goes on the very close connection between Glasgow and the Borders in bygone days gets the more evident, and anything historically connected with Glasgow or with the times when "Provand's Lordship" was fit dwelling for the proudest of the land, will be welcomed by the club. A selection committee has been appointed, and articles accepted for exhibition will be carefully looked after. Communications addressed to Mr Jas. M'Dougall, Convener Exhibits, Provand's Lordship, Cathedral Square, Glasgow, will have every attention.

The Author of "Waverley" on the South Side of the Border.

By Walter Scott, Gainford.

Part V.

MARMION.—YORKSHIRE, DURHAM, AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE story of "Marmion" is too well known to need repetition. It also contains the most minute and poetic description of the scenery along the north-east coast of England, from Whitby to and past Northumberland, showing the intimate knowledge Sir Walter had of these parts. Beginning with Whitby's cloistered pile, he brings the reader along that treacherous north-east coast, detailing in his stirring words the places of old renown. Whitby Abbey is one of the most striking objects on that romantic coast. Standing on a bleak cliff high above the German Ocean, it is a landmark at sea for many miles; and it is unique in its situation, as most religious houses of ancient days were, in snug and sheltered valleys. Long before the Abbey was built another house, possibly of wood, stood there, named Streonshall. Here lived and sung the father of English poetry, the Cowman Caedmon, to whom a monument was erected only a year or two ago. Here, also, the celebrated Council took place under King Oswy to decide between the customs of the monks from Iona and those from Rome. The result is well known. Being against the monks from Iona, they, in the words of Montalambest in his "Monks of the West," retired to their "Northern Mists," where they still carried on their work amongst the wild inhabitants of Albyn.

Even at this day a curious relict of ancient times is observed. A thorn hedge is planted on Ascension Day in the sands at low-water by the agents of certain land-owners, whose predecessors were ordered to do this as penance or the loss of their lands would follow for some sin against Holy Church many centuries ago.

The poet takes the mother superior and some sisters, with a culprit lady, on a voyage to Lindisfarne, off the coast of Northumberland. In their progress they pass the mouth of the Wear, and this is the occasion of the story being told of the wanderings of the body of holy Saint Cuthbert, when his monks were expelled from the Holy Isle by the wild Danes. How his body was taken to Chester-le-Street, Hexham, to Ripon, and how, lastly, a resting-place was found at Durham, where that stately pile, the Cathedral, was erected, in which his body is laid. So late as 1827 the grave was opened and the splendid vestments enwrapping the body were examined, and the fact ascertained that this was indeed the body of the Saint, whose early days are said to have been spent in the neighbourhood of Melrose. They passed the birthplace of the venerable Bede, Monkwearmouth. In the old church here the first glass used in England was placed. Next came Tynemouth Priory, a stately ruin now. Then the mouths of the Blyth Burn and Wansbeck were passed. The former is now an important coal-shipping port, while the latter still glides down in rural peace, through Cresswell woods, to the sea. Then Widdrington, whose famous lord laid such doleful dumps at Chevy Chase and fought upon his stumps. They passed Coquet Isle, off the mouth of the river of the same name, and below Warkworth, famous for its hermitage and castle. In the near neighbourhood of this little town a native of Galashiels lived for some years attempting to introduce the weaving of woollen cloth. Apparently he did not succeed, for he came back to the banks of the Gala. Here he died, but before the end came, he desired to be carried to Warkworth for burial, as "It wad be graund to lie yonder an' hear the boomin' an' swishin' o' the sea oot by Coquet Isle."

"Proud Bamburgh's Tower" was next passed, the seat of the great Bishop, Lord Crewe, and for many years in the possession of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who lived in it in turns. It is now the property of Lord Armstrong, having been purchased and wonderfully improved in antique taste by the great engineer and armour manufacturer.

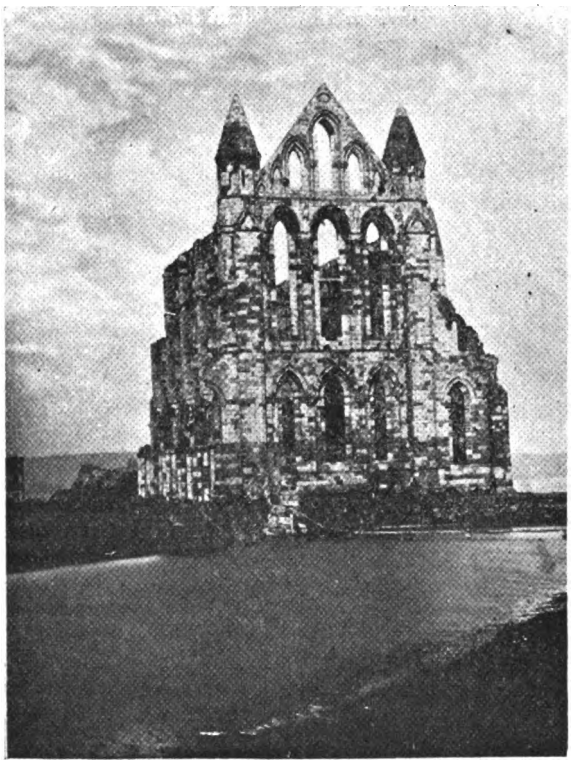
Then they came to Holy Isle, which is only an island twice in every twenty-four hours according to the flow of the tide. Volumes could be written about this lovely place, with its ancient castle and the ruins of its monastery. The abbey was built in Saxon times, and is of great strength; and it was of necessity that it should, as it was in the fair way of the Scandinavian sea rovers. Several times the good monks were driven forth by these northerners, and on one occasion they took with them the vellum manuscript, known now as the Lindisfarne Gospels, a beautifully illuminated and bound book, showing the tender care and skill of these good fathers. In their hurry to disembark it was dropped overboard and apparently lost. Years after it was recovered, "and not even the smell or colouring of sea-water

on it." It is now in one of the University Libraries, Oxford.

What was done in the abbey by the abbess and the hermit of Holy Isle is told in wondrous verse; how Marmion had proved

"What a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive,"

and how his victim was here to suffer for his misdeeds. But his time was coming, and Flodden was the scene.



WHITBY ABBEY.

The description of James' Court and the gathering of the Scottish forces on Burgh Muir, with the scenes in which Marmion, King James, Lady Heron, and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount appear, is superb, but we hasten to the Border, though it is hard to pass that magnificent passage between Marmion and old 'Bell-the-Cat at Tantallon Castle. Here is the passing reference to Otterburn, so glorious a victory to the dying Douglas of that day, rather more than a hundred years before Flodden. The Battle of Otterburn, celebrated in the ballad of Chevy Chase, was fought in 1388 on a rising spur of the Cheviots a little nearer the Scottish Border than the village of Otterburn. This is now a quiet, beautiful place thirty-two miles on the road from Newcastle to Jedburgh. Near it runs the Reid water, where another celebrated fight took place, at first going badly for the Scots, but ultimately a victory, won by the appearance of the "Jethart lads" shouting "Jethart's here." This fight is commonly known as, and is the subject of the ballad, the "Raid of the Reid Swire."

On the morning of the 9th day of September, 1513, the English under Lord Surrey crossed the Till at Twizell Bridge, thus placing themselves between King James and the Scottish forces and their own country. James held an impregnable position on the Ridge of Flodden, a low sloping spur on the southern side of the Cheviots. Not sloth nor indifference, but a high and chivalric sense of fair-

play caused the Scottish king to allow this passage, so fatal to his army and himself. The poet's story of the battle is one of the finest pieces of such writing in any language by any author. One one stanza shall be quoted, but it cannot be kept out.

"And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden, on thine airy brow?
Since England gains the pass the while
And struggles through the deep defile?
What clouds the fiery soul of James?
Why sits the champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand,
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!

O! for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to lead the fight,
And cry "Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn!—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain
And England's host has gain'd the plain,
Wheeling their march and circling still
Around the base of Flodden Hill."

From that, on through a dozen noble stanzas, unhalting and free-flowing, goes the tale, in words that must move the blood of the most lethargic, till,

"Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er the slain host and wounded king,"

and Surrey withdraws his forces. And thus it can be claimed that, though

"The Flo'ers o' the Forest were a' wede away,"

and Scotland's best and bravest were gone, it was not such a complete victory for England as some have supposed. Next day the Scots who survived went, unmolested by the English, northwards

"To tell red Flodden's dismal tale
And raise the universal wail
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield."

And so ended the battle of Flodden.

LINDISFARNE PRIORY.

Twizell Bridge, named in the poem, is built over the slow-flowing and muddy Till in the extreme north of Northumberland, just under Twizell Castle, not far from the junction of the Till with the Tweed. The Castle was built in the early part of last century by Sir Wm. Blake on a most magnificent scale—"as-many-windows-as-days-in-the-year" style—and after his death stood empty for many years. Flodden is, as already stated, a ridge or rising ground on the southern slope of the Cheviot Hills, and not far from the village of Wooler, now accessible by the branch of the North-Eastern Railway that runs from Alnwick to the Kelso branch of the same railway.

A Tramp Poet.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OPEN ROAD.

FROM that cleverly conducted journal, "T. P.'s Weekly," we reproduce the following, knowing that it will be much appreciated by all true Borderers:—

"There is a merry-hearted tramp in Scotland who writes remarkably good verse. By name Roger Quin, he is a direct descendant of the Faas, the noted gipsy family whose headquarters are still at Yetholm, near Kelso. His grandfather, a travelling tinker and an Irishman, married one of the Faa-Blyths, an aunt of Esther Faa-Blyth, Queen of the Gipsies, who was visited by Queen Victoria on one of her visits to the Border Country. Roger's father, also an itinerant tinker, tiring of the nomadic gipsy life, settled in Dumfries in the early forties, and there our poet tramp was born. In May, 1857, on the interment of Burns's eldest son in the Mausoleum, young Roger was permitted to hold the poet's skull in his hand before its replacement in the grave. He says that the enclosing casket of lead was filled with pitch to secure the preservation of the relic.

"He had an excellent education at Dumfries Academy and Glasgow University, and afterwards held several good appointments; but he could never settle in any place longer than a few months. The Romany blood and the wandering instinct of his race being proof unequal against the environment of education and the surroundings of his youthful days. He has lived a roving life for many years, tramping the country. Sleeping in the open (under a haystack or anywhere else) he earns a few coppers by playing the flute, and he is not a teetotaller, though very temperate. His love for Nature is intense, and he has the poetic fancy in a marked degree. He is a beautiful penman, and a descriptive writer of no mean power.

"On a recent Sunday Roger wrote from Gala a letter in which he stated, 'I did not leave Edinburgh until nearly midnight, on Shanks's naigie, of course; and after clearing out from Penicuik early on Tuesday morning I encountered a very respectable Scottish blizzard ere I reached Peebles. I left there on Friday morning daund'rin' along down the Tweed at my leisure, and feeling at every turn of the road how futile it is for the human pen or pencil to depict the beauty of the scenery. And here I am this afternoon lying at full length on the 'Spur of the Gala Hill,' under conditions which are atmospherically perfect, and trying hard to withdraw my eyes from the bewitching landscape sufficiently long to scribble you this. By heavens, it is lovely—it is glorious. I am simply revelling in it—the air is so pure—there is so much of that quality in the atmosphere which photographers call 'actinity' that I can almost imagine I see the grey dial of the old clock on the wall of Melrose Abbey. And the freshness, and the sunshine—oh, sir, it is 'a treat to be alive.' . . . I think I shall pass the night in the wood here on Gala Hill, and slip away in the morning to Yarrow via Selkirk. The dreamy spell of that ballad-haunted valley may hold me there all next week—afterwards Moffat, and round by Dumfries to the Solway shore, where there is a tricky little cave I wot of.' And this is how Roger takes his eternal holiday, with seldom a house roof above his head.

"Here is one of the poetical results, verses which as yet have never been 'wedded to type.' Neither have they been 'edited,' but are given as they left his hand, written in pencil, as everything he writes is written:—

THE BORDERLAND.

"From the moorland and the meadows
To this City of the Shadows,
Where I wander old and lonely, comes the call I understand;
In clear, soft tones enthralling,
It is calling, calling, calling—
'Tis the Spirit of the Open from the dear old Borderland.

"Ah! that call, who can gainsay it?
To hear is to obey it;
I must leave the bustling City to the busy City men;
Leave behind its feverish madness,
Its scenes of sordid sadness;
And drink the unpolluted air of Yarrow once again!

"For the grim, huge City daunts me,
Its wail of sorrow haunts me—
A nameless Atom tossed amidst the human surf that beats!
For ever and for ever,
In a frenzy of endeavour,
Along the cruel barriers of its never-ending streets!

"I shall quit them in the morning—
Just slip out without a warning,
Save a hand-clasp to the friend who knows the call that lures me on;
In the City's clang and clatter
One old man the less won't matter;
And no one here will say me nay, or care that I am gone.

"What tho' my wallet's meagre?
That won't quell my spirit eager—
Like careless-hearted Goldsmith as he wandered by the Po,
Whichever way I turn me,
My simple flute will earn me,
In the kindly Border country, food and shelter as I go.

"I shall see old Neidpath hoary,
Scene of dim, romantic story,
And soon have glimpses through the trees of ghostly grey Traquair;
And in my happy wand'ring
Adown the Tweed's meand'ring
Shall note the Peel, and Ashiestiel, and onward to the Yair.

"By Caddonfoot I'll linger—
It has charms to stay the singer—
And from the bridge a painter's dream of beauty then I'll see;
But I'll leave it there behind me,
Ere the evening shadows find me
Passing the vines at Clovenfords to ancient Torwoodlee.

"Gala water shall not hold me—
Tho' its mem'ries fair enfold me—
Nor many-gabled Abbotsford, so stately and so still;
For I'd fain behold the vision
Of a valley fair, Elysian,
And gaze on Scotland's Eden from the Spur of Gala Hill.

"Ah me! shall I recapture
The early joyous rapture
Which shook my being's pulses when that scene first met my eye?
Steeped in early Border story
It stretched in radiant glory,
To where the filmy Cheviots hung along the southern sky!

"Fair Dryburgh and Melrose
Touched by the Wizard's spell rose,
And Bemerside, and Leaderfoot, and Elwand's Fairy Dene:
The Tweed serenely gliding,
Now seen—now coyly hiding,
While Eildon raised his triple crest, and sentinelled the scene!

"The trance—the dream is over—
I awake but to discover
The City's rush—the jostling crowds—the din on every hand;
But, on my ear soft falling,
I can hear the curlews calling,
And I know that soon I'll see them in the dear old Borderland!

"And these lines were written by happy Roger Quin, tramp, poet, and musician—and the most modest and unassuming of men, to boot—in 'a lodging for the night' in the vicinity of Glasgow. The 'open-air treatment' has certainly done Roger no harm—he thrives on it every day and every night of his life; and if he can discourse on his flute and his concertina as effectively as he discourses with his pencil, the notes he produces will be well worth hearing."

The learned and poetical tramp is known to not a few in the Borderland, who doubtless wish him well.

The Last of the Border Raids.

IT is generally believed that the Border raids terminated with the Union of the Crowns, when Scotland and England, after a long and rough wooing, were united into one kingdom. But even the strenuous efforts of the first monarch of the united realms to extinguish the hereditary animosity of the two nations and to uproot the innate craving in the Borderer for thieving were not altogether successful, as these propensities were in evidence long after the Union of the Crowns and even after that of the Parliaments. "Long after the Union of the Crowns," says Sir Walter Scott (note to "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto 1, st. 19), "the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling."

The last of the Border raids transpired a century and a half after the time that it is popularly believed these forays ceased. It was made by Thomas Shortreed (the father of Robert Shortreed, the esteemed Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire and friend of Sir Walter Scott), who, born in the year 1733, died in 1798. He was tenant of Lustruther, Westshiels, Hyndlees, and Jedheads, and was at one time the most extensive farmer in Jed-Forest. Like those of many others, however, his affairs became seriously involved in consequence of the disastrous effects on British commerce caused by the American War of Independence, and at its close he found himself upon the verge of ruin. This disaster seriously affected his health, and materially hastened his end. While he was still a prosperous farmer on the northern slopes of the Carter, some English Borderers made their last foray into Scotland and carried off a part of Shortreed's forest hirsel. Without troubling the courts of justice regarding the circumstance—which is usually an expensive and troublesome procedure—Shortreed took the law into his own hands. He adopted the customs of our ancestors, I am informed; he crossed over the Border, secured his own, and returned triumphantly home with his recovered property. One might reasonably suspect that he would desire to be compensated for his trouble, and that like Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead's cattle, Shortreed's stock also would return with augmented ranks; but the source of our information does not state so, and upon that point I must therefore be content to preserve silence.

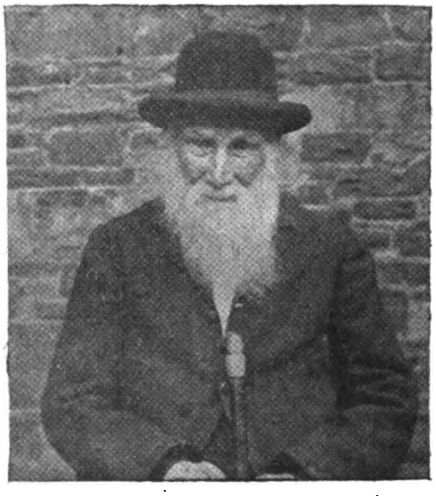
G. WATSON.

Apropos the recent announcement that the Earl of Home has been appointed a Captain of the Royal Company of Archers in place of the late Sir James Fergusson, it may be recalled that this is the oldest society of the kind in the United Kingdom. The records of the brotherhood date back to 1676, and there is reason to believe that it is still more deeply rooted in the past. During the eighteenth century the Royal Archers were not unjustly suspected of Jacobite sympathies. For this they won the admiration of Allan Ramsay, Dr Pitcairn, and other cavalier poets, who celebrated their achievements at the "butts" in more or less elegant verse. By the terms of a statute granted in 1703, the Archers enjoy the privilege of presenting three barbed arrows to the Sovereign when Holyrood is the seat of Court. Though now regarded as little more than a picturesque survival of mediævalism, the Royal Company claims importance from the fact that its members still constitute the King's Bodyguard for Scotland.

The Galashiels Centenarian.

DEATH OF MR JAMES BELL.

FROM time to time it falls to our lot to notice the death of aged residents of Galashiels, men and women who have reached considerably over the allotted span of threescore years and ten, and to-day we record the death of the most venerable of them all in the person of Mr James Bell, which occurred at his residence in High Street on Wednesday, 4th September, 1907. The Gala centenarian, as he was popularly called, was in his 103rd year, his hundredth birthday having been celebrated two and a half years ago. Up to about a year ago, when he met with an accident by falling down the stairs of his house, Mr Bell showed remarkable vitality, and was able to take his daily walk in the streets of the town, where his venerable figure was well known. Although he



THE LATE MR JAMES BELL.

made a marvellous recovery from the accident, he was never again the same. He was, however, able until a short time ago to be out in his garden on fine days, but latterly he had been confined to bed, and the end came as stated on Wednesday night.

To Earlston belongs the honour of being Mr Bell's birthplace, he having been born in that little Berwickshire town on the 12th March, 1805. His forebears belonged to Earlston, his grandfather having died in the Thorn House there. Mr Bell's father was a millwright, and when the future centenarian was only a year old he removed to Galashiels. Three years later he removed to the vicinity of Selkirk, and it was in the beautiful and romantic Yarrow district that James Bell's boyhood was spent. He lived for some years at Broadmeadows, and all the schooling he received was got at the school on the Duke of Buccleuch's Bowhill estate. He appears to have been an exemplary pupil, as even after he had reached his hundredth year he was wont to speak with pride of a prize gifted by one of the Buccleuch ladies and "awarded to James Bell for good conduct." At the age of fifteen he was, on the recommendation of an "auld Waterloo man," engaged to attend three horses at the farm of Tinnis, further up the Yarrow valley, and in this situation he remained for a year and a half. In 1821 he came to Galashiels to learn the tailoring trade, and in Galashiels he passed the remainder of his long life. After working for a while as a journeyman tailor he started business on his own account, and this he carried on for the long period of fifty-five years in one house—that in which he died.

Mr Bell possessed a very retentive memory, and, like many aged people, he remembered best the things furthest back. A talk with him was at all times interesting. The Selkirk of his boyhood days he described as "the dullest, deidest place" that could be imagined. The fame of Yarrow had not at that time gone forth to all the earth, and visitors to the valley were few and far between. There was only one gig in the whole valley, and this belonged to Captain Ballantyne, Bell's master at Tinnis, who was an officer in the Yeomanry. Travelling in those days was accomplished mostly on horseback, and walking was an accomplishment which was indulged in to an extent undreamt of nowadays. When a boy he frequently walked from Selkirk to Edinburgh, and once when only thirteen years of age he was in the month of January dispatched to Edinburgh by his employer with a parcel which had missed the coach. The journey of thirty-five miles each way was thought little of in those days. He had also assisted to drive cattle to the capital.

One of his most interesting recollections in regard to his early life was in connection with the great Carterhaugh handba' contest in 1815, in which James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," took part, and at which Sir Walter Scott, then Sheriff of Selkirkshire, was present. Young Bell, then but a boy, was along with the party who prepared the ground for the famous struggle. When speaking of the tournament Mr Bell was wont to say—"It was an awfu' gathering—men o' the Merse, the Souters o' Selkirk, the Teries o' Hawick, the lads o' Gala, the Kelsonians and Kers, an' men frae a' pairts of the Borders were there."

Mr Bell had also memories of having seen Sir Walter Scott at other times and at other functions, one of these being the laying of the foundation stone of the bridge over the Tweed midway between Galashiels and Selkirk in 1831. "Aw mind fine o' seeing Scott," he would say, "when aw was a boy aboot Selkirk," and then he would add, with a quiet laugh, "he wasna thocht sae muckle o' at that time." Hogg he had also seen on several occasions, and had held his stirrups for him when he mounted his horse.

When Mr Bell came to Galashiels eighty-six years ago it was little more than a village. A print of the time terms it "an industrious village." The population in 1825 was only 1600. The houses were all unpretentious-looking single storey structures, with thatched roofs. Now there is not a single thatched roof in the town. There were no carriages; there was neither jail nor policeman. There were "eight mills on the dam," but these were all small affairs and differed vastly

from the large concerns with which the town is now identified. Factory workers' wages were only about £2 a month. According to Mr Bell, one set of machines was allotted in weekly turns to four masters for the making of their "sowans." Even at that early stage of the town's development, however, the "Galashiels Grey" had attained a much more than local name. Weaving was carried on to a considerable extent in the dwellings of the people, the looms usually being fitted up in one end of the house. There were only a few houses on the north side of the Gala, and the road to Melrose crossed the stream by a ford at Langhaugh. The post from Melrose was conveyed to Clovenfords to meet the mail coach there, the Galashiels letters being picked up en route. With the opening of the road between Galashiels and Selkirk, however, Galashiels was brought into more direct contact with the capital, and this enabled the mail-coach to travel by Galashiels from Selkirk instead of going by Clovenfords. It passed through night and morning, carrying four inside passengers. A four-horse coach also ran between Newcastle and Edinburgh, and on this the journey to the capital could be made from Galashiels at the sum of six shillings. A letter to Edinburgh cost sevenpence. The first letter-carrier was appointed in 1833. Previous to this the addressees of letters which reached the town received their correspondence the first time they called at the grocer's shop which did duty as a post office, or if they happened to be intimately acquainted with the postmaster, that worthy might slip the letter into his pocket and take it to its owner in the evening or the next day.

Mr Bell had also many interesting recollections of the social life of the town eighty years ago. As a journeyman tailor he was working in 1826 for one shilling a day with his meat and bed. White bread was seldom seen, and the living was frugal compared with what it is nowadays in the poorest working-class house. During two years that he worked in one place where his meat and bed was supplied he never saw white bread. Until he had reached the age of twenty-two he had not tasted tea; porridge and milk for breakfast, broth and beef for dinner, and potatoes for supper formed the staple diet of the working people.

The deceased had many other interesting reminiscences of the rise and progress of the town and its industry, also the the introduction of railways, and the local celebrations of British victories on the field of battle, such as Waterloo, &c.

Mr Bell, it need hardly be said, possessed a very strong constitution. Whether this was due to the simpleness of his diet in early life we do not aver, but the old man, drawing his own deductions, was wont to say, "There were fewer doctor's bills to be met in ma young days." Even after he was ninety years of age he boasted that he could walk from Galashiels to Selkirk and back on one day—no mean feat for a man of his age. He carried his years well, even after he had passed the three figures. In his latter years, however, he felt "lonesome," as all his compeers had passed into the unseen, and there was something pathetic about his oft-repeated expression, "I juist move aboot in a warld o' my ain." Mr Bell came of a long-lived family. His grandfather died at 85, his father at 81, one sister reached her 88th year, and another sister and brother both lived ten years and more over the allotted span. His descendants numbered three sons, two daughters, nineteen grandchildren, twenty-six great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. It will be remembered that a copy of a photo of Mr Bell with his great-great-grandchild on his knee, which was taken by Mr Clapperton, photographer, Galashiels, about a year ago, was presented to the King, and graciously accepted by His Majesty. A copy of it appeared in the "Telegraph" at the time.

Mr Bell in early life was an active member of the Baptist body in Galashiels, but afterwards identified himself with the Christadelphian sect, in whose work he took a deep interest.—BORDER TELEGRAPH.

Queen Bess and the Border Chief.

A BORDER BALLAD.

'Twas in the days of "good Queen Bess,"
Four hundred years ago,
The Border chiefs were aye at war,
Each with his mortal foe.

The English they have ta'en a man,
Who served the bold Buccleuch,
And in the Castle of Carlisle
Kept him in prison, too.

Buccleuch has pleaded all in vain
With England's haughty Queen;
And James of Scotland will not try
The prisoner to redeem.

So Walter Scott, laird of Buccleuch,
Has had a midnight ride,
And o'er the Border to Carlisle,
Where his man still did bide.

They stormed the Castle not in vain,
The prisoner brought away;
And happy men they have returned,
Just at the break of day!

But James soon sent the Border chief
To answer for his deed,
And to be punished by Queen Bess,
As English laws decreed.

He stands before the English Queen,
With anger on her brow;
"You dared to storm my Castle, sir,
What can you answer now?"

The courtiers trembled, for they feared
A prison was his lot,
A dungeon—where he soon would die,
His bravery forgot!

Buccleuch, he showed no sign of fear
Upon his manly face;
"What is there that a man won't dare,
Madam, that's no disgrace?"

But strange, his answer seemed to please,
And fall in with her view;
The Queen of England looked on him
With admiration, too!

She frowned, she smiled, and then she laughed,
And bade the chief "Go free,"
"For one who dares so much," she said,
"Deserves his liberty."

ELIZABETH M. MACINNES.

The Late Mr Walter Gouinlock, J.P.

BY the death of Mr Walter Gouinlock, J.P., Traquair Knowe, Innerleithen, which occurred on Sunday, 25th August, 1907, the valley of the Tweed has been deprived of a typical Border farmer who held a warm place in the hearts of all who knew him. His circle of friends and acquaintances was large, as he was well known and much respected in the various markets he attended. Mr Gouinlock was born at Ashkirk, Roxburghshire, in 1855, and was educated at the Grammar School, Selkirk. His father, the late John Gouinlock, came to Traquair Knowe in 1869, and the farm has in a large measure been managed by Mr Walter during the past twenty years. The farm is a dairy, arable, and stock one, and Mr Gouinlock was also a dealer in cattle. Traquair Knowe is celebrated in

THE LATE MR WALTER GOUINLOCK.

literature by the fact that one of Mr Gouinlock's predecessors in the farm was the gentle Willie Laidlaw, the friend and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott. Deceased took a great interest in Parish Council work, and was for a long time a member of the School Board. He was a deacon of St John's U.F. Church, Innerleithen, and took a great interest in all the affairs of the church. He was known as a generous friend, and his death will be felt by many who in times of stress and trouble always found a true friend in him. A gentleman in a letter to the bereaved family said of him:—

"He was the poor man's friend,
And the rich man's guide."

Mr Gouinlock took a prominent part in politics, and helped greatly at the elections in support of the Unionist cause. He leaves a widow and one daughter; an only son died a few years ago. Thus there is no representative of this old family in the male line to succeed him. Great sympathy is felt for the members of his family, one of the oldest and most highly respected in the locality. Deceased was 52 years of age.

The Border Bookcase.

COLDINGHAM PARISH AND PRIORY.

Those who are aware of the historical and antiquarian importance of Coldingham will be pleased to learn that there is in the press a most important work on the subject. The author is Mr A. Thomson, F.S.A. (Scot.), whose "Lauder and Lauderdale" gave him a high place among our Border historians and archæologists. The present work will consist of 450 quarto pages, and contain over 40 illustrations—maps, plans, &c. As we hope to refer to the volume more fully when it is issued from the press, we content ourselves at present by quoting the author's note:—

"This work which, by express permission, is dedicated to the Right Hon. The Earl of Home, K.T., &c., &c., whose ancestors have held high place for centuries in the ancient and famous halidom of Coldingham, is the result of laborious investigation and study. It claims to be much more exhaustive than any previous history of the parish and priory—not excepting Carr's excellent book written in the beginning of last century. The 'Historical MSS. Commission Reports' have been carefully examined; the Parish 'Records' throw considerable light on the manners of the people, especially in the end of the seventeenth century; and valuable information as to writs, inventories, &c., from private sources appears for the first time. Several gentlemen have interested themselves in the issue of this work, and the numerous notes contributed by Mr C. S. Romanes, C.A., and others, are of much historic value. The information regarding ownership of lands has been compiled either from the titles or the 'Sasine Registers,' and references are noted. Coats-of-arms, genealogical trees, &c., have been prepared by means of careful research, and unnecessary detail has been avoided. Chapter IX. contains a full account of the lives and labours of the Priors of Coldingham, so far as may be obtained from Raine's Charters, 'Surtees Society Publications,' &c. No such complete history of this 'old religious house' has hitherto been published."

* * * *

When going to press we have received a finely-bound volume of poems by Mr John Inglis, Hawick, and the souvenir of the Ter-Jubilee celebrations of the Boston U.F. Church, Jedburgh, both of which publications we hope to refer to more fully in our next issue.

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

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

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Edited by William Sanderson.

VOL. XII., No. 143. NOVEMBER, 1907.

QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE, JEDBURGH.

PART I.

SCOTLAND'S ill-starred Queeen is reputed to have been in so many parts of the country and lodged in so many castles and mansions that it would seem as if she had kept up a continual itinerary throughout her rather unsettled domains. Some of the claims to her presence are rather doubtful, but her visits to Peebles, Traquair, and Jedburgh cannot come under that category, as there is abundant historical evidence on the subject. The well-known Queen Mary's House in Jedburgh is for sale at present, and offers are being invited for some valuable tapestry which has been removed from the house for the purpose of being sold. Offers are to be sent to Mr Charles S. Romanes, C.A., Edinburgh, trustee on the sequestrated estate of Mr Alexander Scott, ladies' tailor and habit-maker, Jedburgh and London. The tapestry consists of an old panel of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, 15 feet by 6 feet, representing the meeting of Jacob and Esau, removed from the Jedburgh house, and believed to have been her property. There is also another old panel of the same period, 11 feet by 11 feet, representing Jacob being wakened by Laban, which is also in the market. Mr Romanes has prepared a historical statement on the house and tapestry, which contains so much matter of interest to Borderers that we quote it entire, having received his permission to do so.

Mr Scott purchased Queen Mary's house and grounds, Jedburgh, from Colonel Armstrong, a Russian gentleman, son of General Armstrong, Master of the Mint, St Petersburg, who had left Jedburgh more than 100 years ago, and whose ancestors had been the owners of Queen Mary's house. The house had once been occupied by Dr Lindsay, father of Burns' "Sweet Isabella Lindsay," mother of General Armstrong.

In 1882 Mr T. S. Smail, of Jedburgh, wrote thus of the house :—

> "A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
> Now somewhat fallen to decay,
> With weather-stains upon the wall,
> And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
> And creaking and uneven floors,
> And chimneys huge, and thatch'd and tall."

"Next in importance to the Abbey, as regards historical interest, we must place the old and antique dwelling-house in which the ill-fated Queen Mary lodged for some time while holding courts of justice here in 1566. The house is situated in a back street, exactly opposite Smith's Wynd, and is at present occupied by Mr Mounsey, rector of the Grammar School. The house is three storeys in height, and is roofed with thatch. The walls are very thick, and a spiral stone staircase leads to the different apartments. In front is seen an arched doorway, now built up, surmounted by a cross and arms. On the dexter side are the combined arms of Wigmore of that Ilk, motto—"Avis la fin"; and on the other are those of Scott of Thirlston, Buccleuch, or Howpaisly, not Harden, motto—"Solum deo confido." Attached to the house is a large and valuable orchard, in which are several very old fruit trees. "With its screen of dull trees in front," says Dr R. Chambers, the author of the "Picture of Scotland," the "house has a somewhat lugubrious appearance, as

if conscious of connection with the most melancholy tale that ever occupied the page of history."

Besides this building and garden, Mr Scott acquired a miscellaneous lot of articles, including a piece of tapestry which seems to be of Flemish manufacture of the sixteenth century.

After careful enquiry, the trustee is of opinion that the tapestry is genuine, and appears to have been Queen Mary's property when residing in the house. For very many years the tapestry has been exhibited to visitors. The lower edge has been injured by pieces being cut off as mementos of their visits, but this border can be easily repaired by a purchaser.

That Queen Mary resided in this house in Jedburgh for several weeks during the year 1566 is unquestionable. Miss Strickland in her Life of Queen Mary thus writes of the house and tapestry :—

"Forty pounds were paid by Queen Mary to the Lady of Farnyhurst for the use of the house she occupied during the thirty days she remained at Jedburgh. It is still habitable, and is a square turreted house, strongly built, but roofed with thatch. It has a fine spiral stone staircase, which ascends to a small apartment in the turret, said to be that where she slept. The spacious suite of apartments on the opposite side of the staircase, one of which still bears the name of the guard-room, is more likely to have been occupied by royalty as ante-room, privy chamber, and bedroom. The only relic of Mary's abode is a large piece of ancient tapestry hangings, representing the meeting between Jacob and Esau. It is soiled and faded, but the figures are well delineated, and the colours have been very fine, royal blue being the prevailing tint of the garments of the principal figures. Rachel holds her little son Joseph by the hand, while the brothers are embracing. The border which surrounds the tableau is very rich. The garden-ground behind the house extends to the banks of the river Jed, close to the old, picturesque bridge. The site of this ancient abode gained its present name of Queen Street in memory of Mary's temporary residence. That Her Majesty was occasionally soothed with music during her sickness appears from the reward of forty shillings being accorded to John Hume, player on the lute, and four pounds to John Heron, player on the pipe and quhissil. The sum of three pounds thirteen shillings was disbursed by the keeper of her privy purse 'for drugs, twenty apples and pomegranates, and six citrons brought forth of Edinburgh to Jedburgh to the Queen's Grace, Her Majesty being sick at the time.'" (1)

In the address of John B. Boyd, Esq., of Cherrytrees, to the members of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club on 26th September, 1862 (2), is found the following statement :—"The first field meeting of the year 1861 was held at Jedburgh, on the 22nd day of May. This being the first visit of the Club to this old and interesting Border town, the meeting was well attended. An able paper on Jedburgh was read by Mr A. Jeffrey, F.S.A., author of the 'History of Roxburghshire.' The party then proceeded to an old house in Backgate, which, through the courtesy of Miss Armstrong, they were permitted to examine. It is a quaint relic of the fifteenth century, and is especially interesting as having afforded an hospital to the unfortunate Queen Mary after her visit to Hermitage Castle. The little bedroom occupied by her during an illness of six weeks was seen, but a well-worn piece of tapestry laid on the floor is all that remains of the furniture which was in the room when she was there."

The late Queen Victoria visited Jedburgh on 23rd August, 1867, and thus records her visit to Queen Mary's house in "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands" :—

"The Duchess (of Roxburgh) pointed out to me a house up a side street in the town where Queen Mary had lived, and been ill with fever."

I make the following quotation from a learned article by Mr Alexander Jeffrey, the historian of Roxburghshire, written in 1862. (1) The authorities for his statements are found in my own narrative. "The burgh was the residence of Queen Mary in 1566, where she held a Justice Court and assembled a Parliament. While Mary resided here, she occupied a house in the Backgate. The room in which tradition says she slept is on the third floor of the back part of the house looking into a garden. Some old tapestry which, it is said, covered the walls of the room at the time, is still exhibited. While in this house, Darnley visited her after she became convalescent, and remained one night in the town. The Queen was attended by a number of the principal men of the kingdom and by Secretary Cecil of England. On leaving, she was escorted to Kelso (where she held a Court) by a thousand of the Border chivalry."

Again Mr James Tate, writing on the famous Jedburgh Pears, says (2) :—"The town itself has many features of curious interest. It has the ruins of an abbey, in which lived in other days a colony of monks, and some of the Jethart pear trees are believed to have stood from a period before the Reformation. It had a strong castle at the highest part of the town, and some of the old mansions were in the form of bastile houses, the defensive character being requisite as a protection against the English invaders. The most interesting specimen of these houses now remaining is one in which Queen Mary lay sick for some time after her ride of fifty miles over moor and moss to visit Bothwell at Hermitage Castle when he had been wounded by the banditti of Liddesdale."

The Rev. James Farquharson, M.A., Selkirk, addressing the same Society on 11th October 1882 (3), said ; "Queen Mary's house, with its chambers so narrow and comfortless, and, to our modern eyes, so unworthy of royalty, and with its tapestry said to have been worked by her court ladies while they waited for the recovery of their Sovereign from the fever, brought on by her rapid ride to visit Bothwell at Hermitage Castle, received a brief visit."

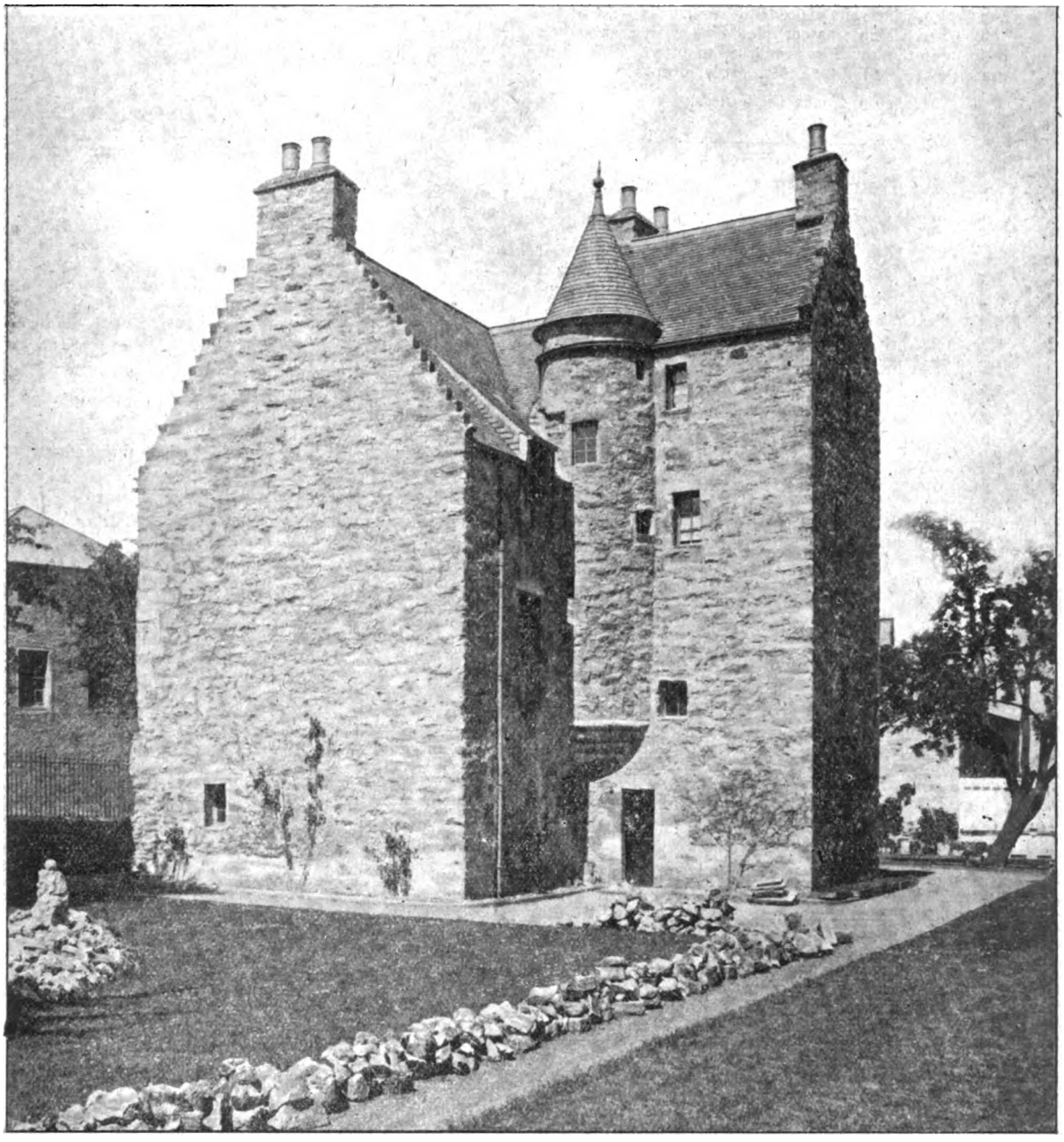
Mr Walter Laidlaw, F.S.A., Scot., writing upon the armorial bearings and inscriptions of the town of Jedburgh (4), says : "The armorial bearings of Queen Mary's house are on the front, above an arched doorway now built up. The arms are those of 'Wigmore' impaling 'Scott' as wife's arms. Mr Burnett (Lyon King at Arms) made investigation, and found that a considerable burgess family of that name flourished in Edinburgh in the fourteenth century."

(1) Strickland's Life of Queen Mary, Vol. I., p. 345.

(2) Berwickshire Naturalists' Club Transactions, Vol. IV., p. 327.

(1) Berwickshire Nat. Club Trans., Vol. IV., p. 344
(2) Do. Do. Vol. VII., p. 193.
(3) Do. Do. Vol. X., p. 43.
(4) Do. Do. Vol. XI., p. 141

Again, in 1898 (1), Colonel Milne Home of Wedderburn, the President of the Club for that year, reports that on 28th July the members, after visiting various points of historical interest in Jedburgh, including the house where Sir David Brewster was born and where Burns once lodged while he received the freedom of the city, and another where Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lodged on their tour in 1803, and where Sir Walter Scott visited them and read to them a part of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and, in particular, one



QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE, JEDBURGH.

(1) Berwickshire Nat. Club Trans.. Vol. XVI., p. 257

known as Queen Mary's House, where her Scottish Majesty had resided six or seven weeks, during which period she was ill of a fever contracted after a ride of sixty miles or more across the hills to and from Hermitage Castle, where she visited Bothwell.

The bed which was occupied by Queen Mary when residing in the house was removed many years ago. and presented to Sir Walter Scott. It is now at Abbotsford.

To be Continued.

Border Notes and Queries.

"SOUR PLUMS IN GALASHIELS."

A feature of the proceedings at the annual dinner of the Galashiels Manufacturers' Corporation on 10th October was the playing of "Sour Plums in Galashiels" to the toast of "The Town Council." The original words were written about 1360, and have been lost; but the tune, composed about 1700 by the Laird of Gala's piper, remains, and this was the first time it had been heard at the Corporation's dinner since the days of Sir Walter Scott.

The journal kept by Alexander Campbell, the editor of "Albyn's Anthology," when on a Border tour in 1816 for the purpose of collecting local tunes, contains notes on the best Border pipers of the eighteenth century taken down from the conversation of Mr Thomas Scott (the uncle of Sir Walter Scott), who was himself a skilful performer on the Lowland or bellows pipe. One of those was Donald McLean, of Galashiels, "a capital piper, and the only one who could play on the pipe the old popular tune of 'Sour Plums in Galashiels,' it requiring a peculiar art of pinching the backbone of the chanter with the thumb to produce the higher notes of the melody." Lockhart states that Thomas Scott, when on his death-bed, had "a favourite tune played over to him by his son James, that he might be sure he left him in full possession of it. After hearing it, he hummed it over himself and corrected it in several of the notes. The air was called 'Sour Plums in Galashiels.'"

[The above, which is quoted from "Glasgow Herald," 11th October, 1907, raises several points which might well be dealt with in this column. The date of the original verses is disputed by some, and any evidence for or against will be welcomed in this column. Now that Galashiels is waking up in the matter of local patriotism and has established what, let us hope, will be an annual celebration of the incident which gave rise to the Burgh Arms, it is well that all the available information should be gathered together. Although the original words of the ballad are said to be lost, it is not impossible that a few fragmentary lines may be hidden somewhere. This is the day when the literary past is forced to give up its dead, and we are fast finding that no discovery is impossible. The subject of the Border pipers might also be dealt with here, and much valuable information elicited. We invite our readers to send us short pointed notes on these and other Border subjects.—Editor "B. M."]

The Border Book Case.

BORDERLAND AND OTHER POEMS.

Bearing this attractive title a volume from the pen of Mr John Inglis, whose verses are well known to many of our readers, has been issued by the well-known Hawick firm, Messrs W. & J. Kennedy. The volume is beautifully printed and bound, and is a credit to the printers, Messrs Vair & M'Nairn, Hawick. The whole production is well worthy of the Borders, and we are not surprised to learn that the edition has been nearly bought up. Mr Inglis begins his volume with a poem entitled "Borderland," and all through the book we have Border touches, which prove that the author's heart is in the right place. In the long poem entitled "A Border Raid" there is much dramatic power, and the lines go with a swing which is admirably suited to the subject. Mr Inglis is a patriotic Scot, but Hawick, of course, draws forth his most enthusiastic strains. Who that has sung or heard sung his "Hawick among the hills" will not feel grateful for that stirring song. The admirable introduction is from the pen of Mr R. S. Craig, M.A., LL.B., and we have pleasure in quoting one or two paragraphs:—

"In a quaint if not very skilful ode published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Rev. Mr Cunningham, then parish minister of Hawick, refers to Hawick as that

'Which for famed poets subject matter yields.'

We need not press too heavily on the rev. gentleman for the adjective he has thought fit to attach to the 'poets,' since, good, bad, or indifferent, their works have vanished from our ken, and in all probability have perished. Apparently there existed about 1710 a body of local verse which, if now extant, would have linked us on to the ballads and the era of pre-Reformation Scotland, from which we are now separated as by a gulf. From Mr Cunningham's own time onwards till now, there has been a steady and continuous, if now and then an attenuated, stream of verse with Hawick, Teviot, and Border modern life as its inspiration. It is humble verse, and pretends to be nothing else. It is not too highly polished; indeed, could not be, to be the thing it is. The thoughts, emotions, and affections it seeks to express are those of the workers and toilers of the Border town, the shepherds and artisans engaged in daily toil there, and it reflects as in a mirror the minds of the more thoughtful and religious among these—the thoughts in them which fly to verse for expression, their prejudices even, all that is characteristic of the Border mind."

. . . . . .

"Verse such as this of Mr Inglis is intended for the class to which the author himself belongs. Sometimes, as in the best effort to be found in the following pages—'Hawick among the Hills'—he actually voices the local feeling in the widest sense: his townsmen's love of their town, their pride in and gratitude for its beautiful surroundings, rising or falling perhaps now and then into the 'boastfulness' discerned by its sister burghs. The author has been gratified by the general recognition of this fact, and the verses are among the most popular of the songs of the people."

SCOTLAND FOR THE BAIRNS.

The training and educating of the youth of our land along the lines of true patriotism has not received the attention which is warranted by the far-reaching importance of the subject. Evidences, however, are continually increasing that this regrettable state of affairs is about to be put right. The false and misleading so-called histories of Scotland are being banished from the schools, and our children are now having a chance of learning the wonderful story of our native land, and discovering the fact that Scotland is still a nation. Messrs A. & C. Black, the famous publishers, who were also the pioneers in the production of beautiful colour books, published at a price to suit ordinary purses, have done a great service to the young generation by the production of "Peeps at Many Lands" series. All their books of the series, so far as issued, are admirable, and we envy the young folks who will receive their information in such an attractive form. The volumes are neatly bound, and each contains twelve fine pictures in colours, while the type is clearly printed on strong paper. As the price of each book is only 1/6, most adult readers will exclaim, "How can it be done at the money?" The volume dealing with Scotland is written by Miss Grierson, who has the rare faculty of being able to write down to children without being childish. We should like to see this book in every Scottish home, and—to correct popular errors—in every English home also. A popular evening paper thus refers to the volume:—

"In their 'Peeps at Many Lands' series Messrs A. & C. Black are making the study of history and geography as interesting as a fairy tale. What boy could turn away from the Volume on Scotland after catching sight of the gallant Scots Grey soldier? Miss Elizabeth Grierson has written the volume on Scotland, and in the twenty chapters on different subjects she has woven in a great mass of information, only to be ordinarily garnered as the result of a long and extensive course of reading and observation. It is a book calculated to make the rising generation take a truly intelligent pride in their native land by filling in the numerous blanks due to the conciseness and general character of the school history manual. Although primarily intended for children, to lure them into learning much about their own and other lands through sheer love of reading, older readers will also find great delight in them. The twelve full-page coloured illustrations in each have been painted by well-known artists. Mr J. Young Hunter, son of the late Colin Hunter, is responsible for several of the pictures in the 'Scotland' volume."

"SCOTIA."

The Lammas issue of this admirable 1/ quarterly is now before us, and we have pleasure in recommending it to our readers. The varied articles deal with subjects which are of great interest to every true Scot, while the illustrations are above the average, even in these days of fine reproductions. One of these is a speaking likeness of the late Rev. David Macrae, the accompanying article being from the pen of Mr David M'Ritchie, F.S.A. (Scot.), president of the St Andrew Society. "Sir Walter Scott as a Patriot" is an important contribution, and shows how strongly that great Borderer felt on the violations of the Treaty of Union by our southern neighbours. The unfortunate thing is that they are still at it, but the country is even more alive to this matter than it was in Sir Walter's day. The Borders is one of the most patriotic portions of Scotland, and hence we have no hesitation in recommending "Scotia" to our readers.

MAPS OF THE BORDERLAND.

There are some people in existence who cannot understand a map, but they are rapidly becoming few in number, and the desire for good reliable maps of the country is daily increasing. Time was when we had to be satisfied with outline maps which gave only the outstanding features and highways of the country, leaving all the byways and small details unnoticed. Roads, when marked, were all represented as on a dead level, and therefore measurement of distance was anything but a safe guide as to the time any projected journey would take. All this has been altered, however, and map-makers and publishers vie with each other in supplying as many details as possible. Foremost among map publishers is the famous Scottish house of W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh, whose maps, atlases, &c., have a world-wide reputation. At present Messrs Johnston are issuing a very fine map of Scotland, of which the three sections dealing with the Borderland lie before us. The printing is beautifully executed, and the details are given with remarkable distinctness. The map of Scotland comprises sixteen sheets, each measuring 18 by 23 inches, each sheet being sold separately at 1/ or mounted on cloth and in case 1/6, while the whole can be had as an atlas at various prices.

The geographical features are shown in three different colours—the black shows all the names of places, estates, antiquities, and objects of interest to tourists, also outline of roads and railways; the blue shows all the rivers and canals with their names, county boundaries, and steamer routes; and the brown shows all the names of hills and glens, the contours for every 500 feet, and the heights above sea-level, the main roads are also filled in in this colour, making them prominent for cyclists. The counties are distinguished by different colours in the usual manner, and all water is coloured blue.

The same firm publish admirable Motoring and Cycling Maps under the name of the World-Wide series. The map embracing the Lothians and the Borderland can be had for 1/, and should be in the hands of every Borderer, even though he is not a motorist or cyclist—the minuteness of the details of every part of the country being intensely interesting.

Border Books—I. Satchell5.

NEW books possess more interest, especially to those who are connected with the Borderland, than Captain Walter Scot of Satchell's "True History of Several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable Name of Scot." The first or original edition was printed at Edinburgh in 1688. It consisted of 240 copies, small quarto. The second edition was published by Balfour & Smellie, Edin-

burgh, in 1776. It was quarto size. The third edition was printed by George Caw, at Hawick, in 1786. It was a small octavo, and is much scarcer than even the first edition. The fourth edition, which consisted of only fifty copies small quarto, was printed for private circulation by the Scottish Literary Club in 1892. The fifth edition was published by Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick, in 1894. It consisted of 240 copies only. There is prefixed to this edition fifteen pages of an explanatory introduction by J. G. Winning, Esq., Branxholme Knowe, Hawick, whose erudition, ability, and learning enhance the interest which attaches to the "True History." Captain Walter Scot, of Satchells, was born in the year 1613. Robert Scot, of Satchells, his father, though a gentleman by parentage and descent, was yet in such straitened circumstances as to be unable to pay for the education of his children. Walter Scot, the author of the "True History," "never was an hour at school." Before he was fourteen years of age he was put "to attend beasts in the field." When not sixteen years old, he left what doubtlessly seemed to him to be an ignoble occupation, namely, that of herding cattle, and, without telling his father or his friends, "joined the following of Walter, first Earl of Buccleuch. Satchells, as Captain Scot is more often called, went with the Earl of Buccleuch's regiment to Holland in 1629. He must have borne himself well in many a fray, on which account it is probable he would, by successive steps, ultimately gain the rank of captain. His retirement from active service took place in 1686, and it was when living on his estate of Satchells, in the Barony of Lilliesleaf and shire of Roxburgh, that he composed the "True History," which he otherwise called "Wats Bellanden," and the other addition to it, to which he gave the title of "Satchels's Post'ral." According to his own account, he served as a soldier at home and abroad for fifty-seven years. The date of his death is not known. It is hardly possible to describe properly the work of Captain Walter Scot of Satchells. John Gibson Lockhart refers in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott" to the influence which "the rude but enthusiastic clan-poetry of old Satchells" had on the mind of Sir Walter Scott. "Clan-poetry" is a very kindly and graceful way of speaking of the "True History." Mr Winning, in his remarks on Satchells, seems to feel how difficult it is to accord to him the status of a poet; for, in truth, were any person to present us now with matter of similar construction we would hesitate even to call it clan-poetry. Notwithstanding all this, we feel that much of the "True History" reveals a very considerable amount of ability. There can be no doubt whatever as to the value and worth of that which Captain Scot sets forth. In the dedication of the "True History" to John Lord Yester, Earl of Tweeddale, Satchells relates with a sort of blunt inveteracy the various reasons which induced him to compose the "True History." The first thirty pages contain an account of the capture of Kinnmount Willie by Lord Scrope, the Governor of Carlisle Castle,—the release of Kinnmount Willie by the Lord of Buccleuch,—Buccleuch's visit to Queen Elizabeth,—and his audience with her, and her commendation of his spirit and chivalrous action. The relationship which the various families of the name of Scot had then to each other is also clearly and graphically narrated by Satchells, and he is always at much trouble to recount their valiant deeds. In the introduction to the "True History," Mr J. G. Winning takes notice of a ballad which was printed in "The Poetical Museum," published at Hawick in 1784 by George Caw, printer. This ballad, the title of which is "Lines on the Death of Robert Scot, Esq. of Whitslade. Composed by a Teviotdale shepherd, who could neither read nor write, and here given from an old MS. copy," was also noticed and read by the late Frank Hogg at a meeting of the Hawick Archæological Society in December, 1873. Mr Winning is of opinion that this ballad ought to be credited to Captain Walter Scot of Satchells, the author of the "True History." The great similarity of the style of the ballad to that of the "True History" is remarkable, and, along with the nature of the subject, and the terse statement that the author was a Teviotdale shepherd, who could neither read nor write, raises the probability almost into a certainty. Satchells' work, which is too little known, has been described as "wild and uncouth doggerel." We must, however, bear in mind that "the old soldier," as the author describes himself to be, could neither read nor write, and had to rely on the fidelity of those schoolboys whom he was compelled to hire to act as amanuenses in the production of his self-imposed historical and literary labour. The fifth edition of this book, which may also be called the second Hawick edition, contains as an addendum thirty-four pages of notes by Mr J. G. Winning. Much that to the average reader may perhaps seem somewhat obscure in the text is in these notes elucidated and explained. There is scarcely any point in connection with the genealogical or historical lore of the Borders that is not exhaustively treated and clearly stated.

Hawick. J. C. Goodfellow.

The Author of "Waverley" on the South Side of the Border.

By Walter Scott, Gainford.

Part VI.

PLACES VISITED AT DIFFERENT TIMES.

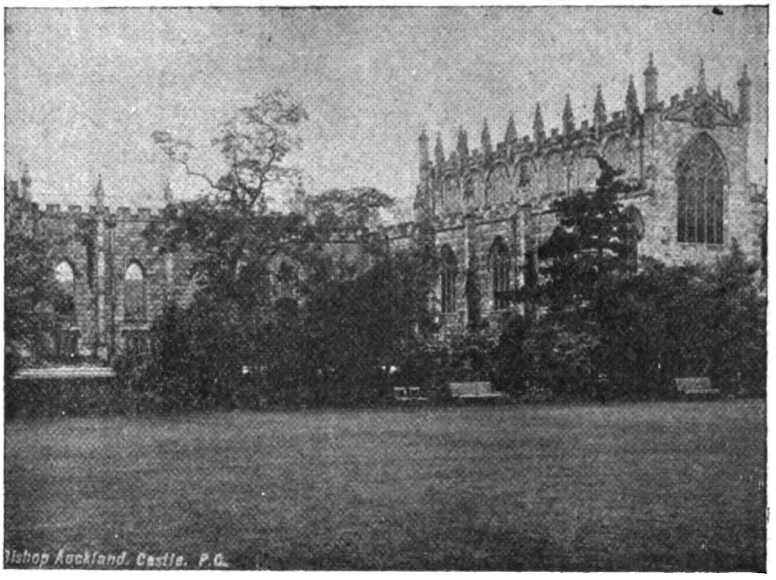
THE pretty village of Wooler, of course, lay in the way of Scott's travelling up to Rokeby. After the publication of "Marmion," the host of the village inn was very pleased with the additional patronage brought to his house, and wanted to have a pictorial representation of the author's head as a sign for his inn. Scott persuaded him to be content with the foaming tankard over his door, but mine host wanted a motto. This Scott soon supplied in the following parody on his own lines:—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,"

which he altered as follows:—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and 'pay.'"

which highly delighted the good innkeeper. On another occasion he was detained at a village in Northumberland, said to be Eglingham, near Alnwick, where the services of a doctor were required for one of his servants. The regular practitioner was absent from home, and the innkeeper recommended the "new doctor." Accordingly he was introduced to Sir Walter. When he appeared Scott was rather shocked to recognise John Lundie, a farrier, whose clientele were mostly in the neighbourhood of Ashiestiel. So he addressed him thus, "You used to be a horse-doctor, John; now you seem to be a man-doctor; how do you get on here?"



AUCKLAND CASTLE

"Oh, juist extr'ordnar weel; my practice is verra sure an' orthodox. I use only twa simples."

"And what may they be, John?"

"Oh, juist laudamy an' calamy."

"Simples, with a vengeance. But do you never kill a patient?"

"Kill! oh ay, maybe; whiles they dee, an' whiles they live. It's the wull o' Providence. Onyway, it'll be lang ere it mak' up for Flodden!"

Pursuing his journey he came to Bishop Auckland, and while inspecting the castle and its chapel he was observed by the Bishop, Shute Barrington, who introduced himself, spent a happy morning with him, and accompanied him on horseback part of his way south. Auckland Castle is a fine old building, with a spacious park, very beautiful, although at its gates is the large town of Bishop Auckland, the centre of a very populous mining district. The Castle chapel was greatly improved and decorated with many stained-glass windows, illustrative of the saints and scenes of the Northern Church by the late learned and well-beloved Bishop Lightfoot.

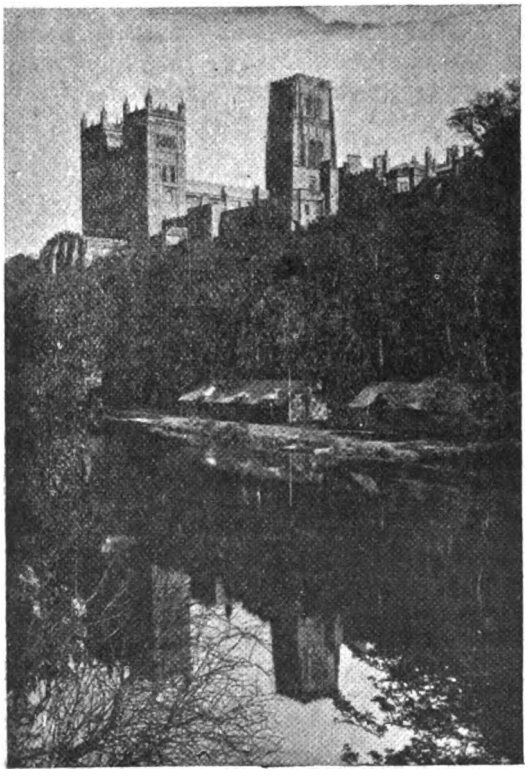
Durham City Scott frequently visited, and rejoiced in its beauty and the splendid proportions and grandeur of its massive pile of a Cathedral. It is built on the rising ground in the midst of the old city, with the river Wear winding round it, forming, as it were, a horse-shoe.

He visited Lord Ravensworth at his castle of Ravensworth in 1827. From thence he went to Sunderland with a large party to meet the Duke of Wellington. At that time Sunderland was the greatest glass-producing place in the world, from the cheapness of the flints brought as ballast in the light colliers returning from the south; and a great object in one of the processions was an "immense Gibraltar gun, implements, and all belongings," all composed of glass.

Here he made the acquaintance of the his-

torian of Hartlepool, an eccentric antiquarian, who was Collector of Customs at that port and at Sunderland, namely, Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

At the same time Scott visited Seaham Harbour, the residence of Lord Londonderry then, formerly of Sir Ralph Milbank, whose daughter became the very unhappy Lady Byron. An old man, who was employed in the gardens in Sir Ralph's day, used to tell the writer what "a pleasant young man Lord Byron was." He knew nothing of his bad temper. A few years after Scott's visit the Sunderland Port Authorities refused to listen to some suggestion of Lord Londonderry's, which so mortally offended his lordship that he said he would build a port at his own place, from which he would ship coals, and he "would make the grass grow in the streets of Sunderland. His prophecy has not been fulfilled, but his successors, including the present Marquis of Londonderry, have so improved Seaham Harbour and its facilities for coal shipment that quite recently a meeting of the Sunderland Chamber of Commerce was held to consider the dulness of trade in the Wear port, partly caused by the trade facilities of Seaham Harbour. That place is about six miles south from Sunderland.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

These and many other places in Durham, North Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Northumberland were all associated with Scott's name, either as mentioned in his writings or as having been visited by him. One may be mentioned again—Gilsland. It was here that Scott met Miss Carpenter, or in the language of her country, Mademoiselle Charpentier. Here he proposed to her and was accepted by her, and she became Mrs, afterwards Lady, Scott. Near the village, in the bed of the Irthing, is a huge boulder called "The Popping Stone," as tradition asserts that here he did the proposing. Near, or rather in, the village now is a building called "Mump's Ha'," where "Meg Merrilees" gave "Dandy Dinmont" the friendly warning.

They are all worth visiting by any one, especially by admirers of the author of "Waverley."

Bonshaw Tower.

AN ANCIENT BORDER STRONGHOLD.

WHEN the Irvings settled on the Borders cannot now be told, but they had lands and a stronghold on the banks of the Esk, where they formed a sort of border guard about 1000.

It was by marriage that one of the Eskdale Irvings entered into the possession of the tower and lands of Bonshaw, about 1020. How much earlier the tower was built is not known, but from that time it became the chief residence of the Irvings.

Bonshaw is on the right bank of the Kirtle, some four and a half miles from Annan, and a little way from Ecclefechan. It derives its name from schaw, the Saxon for woodland, and bon the Norman for fair.

The tower stands on an almost sheer rocky precipice about a hundred feet above the water. The front terrace shows six old guns, and a burn flows through the deep ravine, from which it was possible to surround the tower by water in the olden days. The walls, of red and white sandstone, are six feet through in the thinnest parts. Over the old yett, or doorway, is the motto in raised Latin letters:—

"Honour and glory to God only." When King James VI. came to the throne in 1603 he had all the iron yetts of the Borders towers destroyed by way of punishing the Border chieftains. Those of Bonshaw did not escape.

The following description of the interior of the historic tower was recently given by the present head of the clan:—

You first enter a small square hall, about six feet square, communicating with the old stone wheel stair on one side, and with the old retainers' kitchen on the other. From the coved roof of this hall hangs, about eighteen inches or two feet, an eight-sided stone, like a vast seat. It has on it, in ancient Hebrew raised letters, I.H.S. in monogram. This is called the Crusader's stone, and, tradition says, was brought from the walls of the old temple at Jerusalem by one of the Irvings who was one of the first Crusaders (about 1100), was taken to Rome and blessed by the Pope, and then fixed there. It is supposed to bless every one of Irving blood that passes under it. You pass on into the retainer's kitchen, which has an arched stone with a hole in the centre, covered with a stone, for the passing up of ammunition to the room above. There is also a pig-iron hook in the apex of the roof—they say, for hanging any one on the laird had no further use for. In one corner in the thickness of the wall is a gloomy dungeon for prisoners. In the centre of each wall is a large firing hole. Along one wall is a large stone bin, probably to hold salt provisions when in siege. The floor, as well as the walls and ceiling, are of solid stone. Passing again through the wee hall, you enter the wheel stair, the stone steps of which are much worn, though it is in perfect preservation. Up these stairs in 1306 passed King Robert the Bruce when flying from Edward Longshanks. This was the first dwelling in Scotland he entered. On the first floor you enter the grand hall of the tower, called King Robert the Bruce's room. It is now used as a library, but the plain, solid stone walls are undisturbed. An arched recess in one of the walls forms a small altar, or, in old Scots, a wambry. In one of the window recesses are two stone holes, or boxes, to hold ammunition. There is a huge fireplace that would hold half-a-dozen men. Going on up the same wheel stair, you come on the next floor to a similar room, with window recesses, ammunition boxes, etc. In one corner is a door, leading into a small room in the thickness of the wall to, they say, the head of an underground passage in the rock leading to Robgill Tower, so that they could get water, food, ammunition, etc., in time of siege. Resuming the ascent of the wheel stair, you come to the top floor, which now is used as a billiard room. Here you see the great brown beams that carry the roof, fastened, as of old, with huge oak pegs driven through, before the days of nails. A very few more steps bring you to the battlements, from which is a fine view of the countryside. At one end are the flagstaff and an old bell for ringing in the clan in time of danger. At the other end are the crowstep, from whence the sentry looked out towards the Solway to give timely warning in time of danger. In the centre of each length of wall are two holes overhanging each firing hole, from which hot lead or boiling oil could be poured on an invader's head. There are 60 steps from the ground to the top.

The history of Bonshaw furnishes numerous stirring incidents, and its owners figure prominently in the annals of Scotland and England for a very long period. It was plundered and burnt times out of number, and the lands around it were frequently devastated. According to the above, the burning often "simply meant the destruction of the roof and contents of the place, but not the place itself, as in those days they had no means of rapidly destroying a strongly-built stone building. I think it was at Jedburgh," he adds, "that, in the days of Bruce, they determined to destroy the fortifications to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, and it took a large force of men over three years, and then they had not quite completed it."

The Irvings of Bonshaw, along with others of that ilk, maintained good horsemen for the King. These formed part of the cavalry of the Scottish Army. Irving of Bonshaw was not only head of the clan, but the leader of the light horse of Scotland.

The present owner, Colonel J. Beaufin Irving, a man six feet four and the giant of the King's Royal Archers, has an intense love of all pertaining to the famous name. He has done much for the ancient tower, and has just completed a history of the clan.

Somehow Bonshaw passed out of the hands of the Irvings, but after a long law suit it was won back in 1696. Two hundred years later the entail was broken, and it again passed into the hands of strangers. A great deal of litigation ensued. After a two years' fight it was secured by the present chieftain in 1896.

G. M. R.

"The Author of 'Waverley' on the South Side of the Border."

[To the Editor of THE BORDER MAGAZINE.]

Wellfield House,
Acklington, R.S.O., 7th October, 1907.

Sir,—In your last issue of the BORDER MAGAZINE, p. 193, the writer of the above is in error stating that a native of Galashiels, whom I take to be my grandfather, did not succeed in his attempt to introduce weaving of woollen cloth in this district. He did succeed, and his three sons after him carried on a flourishing business. Shortly after they died the business was given up.

The late Mr John Cochrane of your town had a portait of my grandfather, who did not return to Galashiels, but died at Acklington Park and was buried at Warkworth.—Yours, truly,

DAVID THOMSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *St Ronans, Rutherglen, near 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, 1907.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are now approaching the completion of Volume XII. of the B. M., and as we turn over the pages of these interesting volumes we are surprised at the great amount of interesting matter contained therein. The encouragement given to us to go forward in this work of preserving in permanent form items of Border interest has been very gratifying indeed, and we desire to return our thanks to contributors and subscribers alike. The B. M., we believe, is worthy an even wider circulation than it has, and our readers can assist us in accomplishing this desired end.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

Who was John Morrow? On the occasion of a recent visit to Melrose, the problem engaged the attention of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. On the wall of the north transept of the famous abbey there is an inscription, which is now almost entirely defaced, but which is supposed to run as follows:—

John Morow some time caile! was I,
And born in Paris certainly,
And had in keeping all mason work
Of St Andrews the high kirk,
Of Glasgow, Melrose, and Paisley,
Of Nithsdale and of Galloway;
I pray to God and Mary baith
And sweet St John keep this holy kirk frae skaith.

It has been suggested that Morow may have been the designer of the mediæval abbeys, that are now the pride of Scotland; but attempts to discover allusions to his work in old monastic records have, so far, been fruitless. This has not restrained the ardour of the antiquarian, and at least one ingenious investigator has ventured to identify the architect with the "Outlaw Murray," of the well-known ballad.

Many a Borderer who remembers the old harvest arrangements which necessitated the employments of bands of shearers will appreciate the following paragraph. If I mistake not, I have seen the original reaping machine referred to in the Patent Museum, London:—In harvesting days, it is interesting to remember that, previous to the invention of the reaping machine, the Crosses of the principal towns in the West of Scotland during the early mornings of the harvest time were scenes of great stir and activity. Between the hours of five and six in the morning there would be seen hundreds of reapers, mostly Irish, each carrying a sickle or reaping hook waiting anxiously to be empolyed. When a reaper was engaged he delivered his hook to his employer, who laid it over his left arm along with many others he might have secured. The farmer, on leaving the market cross with his armful of hooks, was followed by those he had engaged, and when outside of the town the hooks were given up to the respective owners. The cutting of corn by the hook and sickle was very laborious on account of the stooping required to cut near the ground, and about the middle of last century a reaping machine to be propelled by horse power was in-

vented. The inventor was, strange to say, a minister—the Rev. Patrick Bell, LL.D., of Carmyllie, Forfarshire. His machine was first taken advantage of in America. In 1861 it was introduced into this country. Since then various reaping machines and self-binders have been in successful operation in almost every part of the country. Hand reaping is now almost extinct unless in upland districts, where the sickle is still used, and as a consequence the gatherings of reapers in our squares and at our Crosses on harvest mornings are now no more. It is interesting to note that two memorial windows are being placed in Carmyllie Parish Church by the heritors to celebrate the invention of the reaping machine by Dr Bell.

* * * *

Some reader might attain fame and perhaps a little wealth by discovering the relic referred to in the following:—Mr W. M. Graham-Easton raises, in the current "Notes and Queries," an interesting question regarding the sword of Robert Bruce. Bearing in mind his deeds of derring-do spread over a life-time, Bruce must obviously have had many swords. His single-handed encounter with a horde of wild Galwegians in a narrow pass, as related by Barbour, was enough of itself to wear out the best blade ever forged. The particular sword of which Mr Graham-Easton is in search appears to have come through a great part of the War of Independenence without suffering material harm. Over two centuries ago it was seen and described by William Montgomery of Rosemount, County Down, author of the Montgomery MSS. The sword was then in possession of Hugh Montgomery of Derrygonelly, ten miles from Enniskillen. It bore this inscription on the right-hand side of the blade:—

ROBERTUS BRUSCHIUS SCOTORUM REX } 1310

and on the reverse side:—

PRO CHRISTO ET PATRIA } D: E R

The weapon (Montgomery tells us) was of excellent metal. "I am of opinion," he writes, "that there is no smith in Ireland can forge so good a blade, for I saw it severely tried."

* * * *

Was the sword really a relic of the Bruce of Bannockburn? The probabilities are considerably in its favour. People were too much pre-occupied at the close of the seventeenth century to think of manufacturing spurious heirlooms, for which there could have been no very profitable market. William Montgomery had no doubts on the point. In his diary he expresses the hope that his brother may "continue without occasion to use the Royal blade, unless the Queen or Lord-Lieutenant please to knight him with it." Hugh Montgomery married "the beautiful grand-daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Dunbar," to whom Derrygonelly had belonged. This Dunbar, one of the Ulster "planters" of the early years of the seventeenth century, traced his descent, Mr Graham-Easton tells us, from King Robert's sister, the Lady Isabel Bruce, who married Thomas Randolph, and whose son was granted the Earldom of Moray. A sister of the latter provided the link of the Dunbar descent.

* * *

The date of the old sword, 1310, is interesting. Three years before Edward I. had died, and Bruce was gradually making headway. Had he lived in an age when presentation swords were the fashion, the year in which Edward II. made his futile incursion as far as Renfrewshire might have been as suitable a date for such a mark of respect as any other. That, however, is mere speculation. The point is that Mr Graham-Easton would like to have the relic traced. So far as appears he does not seem to have made any special inquiry in Ireland. Just possibly it may still repose in some forgotten lumber room in County Fermanagh, or it may have found a place among the antiquities of an American millionaire. The publicity given to its history by Mr Graham-Easton may possibly bring it once more to light.

* * * *

A short time ago, at a sitting in Dublin of the Royal Commission on Irish Railways, Mr William Townsend Trench, Deputy-Lieutenant of Port-Tumna, told how a railway in Ireland had been actually stolen off the ground. He referred to the derelict Birr and Parsonstown Railway. It was twelve miles long, and was built in 1868, and worked by the Great Southern Company. The amount of capital subscribed locally and by the Board of Works and the working company was £60,000, but the books had also disappeared, and nobody knew what had become of them. After the Great Southern gave it up the mortgagees took possession, but did not work it. Then the people began to steal the wire, but there was not much damage for some time. The property was assessed for rates by the county authorities, and the rates got into arrears because there was nobody who would pay them. The county collector seized some of the rails and tried to sell them by auction, but nobody would buy them. A good deal of pilfering went on. Ultimately there was nothing but the bed of the railway left, everything movable having been pilfered. The following incident, which may be allowed to speak for itself, has its amusing as well as its astonishing side, though by no means rivalling the remarkable story of how an Irish line of railway disappeared:—Novel Proceeding—Poinding a Locomotive!—The North British Railway Company having refused to pay the full amount of poor rates for the current year, as intimated to them by the collector, a Sheriff-officer was despatched to the Jedburgh Station on Tuesday (April 26th, 1864), armed with the usual warrant, and on the arrival of the train there he poinded the engine, much to the dismay of the railway officials. We understand this step had the desired effect, as the rates were shortly thereafter paid up.—Excerpt from the "Teviotdale Record." One wonders how long overdue was the stranded freight, human or otherwise, when it arrived at an untimely destination.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

An Old Pocket-Book, or, Then and Now.

THE writer came across an old pocket-book lately which affords some interesting glimpses of life on a Border farm a century and a half ago. The old book does not aspire to be a diary; it is merely an account book, with here and there brief notes and observations from which something can be gleaned of the simple life of the period, and of the owner of the book, Robert Oliver, the tenant of Venchen and Yetholm Mains, two farms in bonnie Bowmont Water.

In this age of progress we can hardly realise the simplicity of country life in 1758, the date of the first entry.

Robert Oliver represented a class of prosperous Border farmers, who could afford to live comfortably, even luxuriously, according to their lights! Yet we find no entry of a newspaper, and in the whole book from cover to cover there is no mention of tea, nor, strangely enough, of whisky, though brandy at 1s 8d a bottle is of fairly frequent occurrence. This is accounted for by the fact that on the Borders a great trade was done in smuggling brandy, gin, and salt. Even "Canny Wull Faa o' Kirk Yetholm," the Gipsy King, was not above outwitting the excisemen, for it is related that:—"He got a great slash i' the hand when comin' frae Boomer wi' gin."—(Boulmer).

"1 lb. of loaf suggar at 10d," which, in these days, would seem but a meagre supply, occurs seldom among the entries of household expenses, and figures as an unusual indulgence, demanded by some special occasion; the ½ lb. of powder suggar at 4d" was evidently in more general use. A quarter of veal at 1s 6d seems to us cheap, yet, perhaps, not unduly so when we call to remembrance that a sister delicacy, Tweed salmon, was so plentiful that servants stipulated when they were hired that they should not be asked to eat it more than twice in the week. Before the advent of railways the only way of disposing of these fish was by hawkers, who carried them round the country and bargained with the house-mistress for 1s or for some old clothes or provender in exchange for a fine salmon. Even half a century later the carters who drove the corn to Berwick market would buy a huge cod for 1s to bring back to "the mistress."

"3 pairs of women's shoes, 6s" may seem an unusual purchase, till we remember that a pair of shoes, or of shoes and stockings, were part of the wages of almost every servant, both indoor and out. "To David Bell, £7 12s 6d, and 2 pairs of shoes for a year." Thomas Young, £2 5s, 1 pair of double soled shoes, and 2 horses to the coals"—while Harry Hay only got "6s, 1 pair of single soled shoes, and some old clothes." Mary Douglas was hired at 1s and ½-peck of lint and shoes," which in this case formed the chief part of the wages. An apron was sometimes included, for we read that Margaret Smith received "13s 4d, ¾ of wooll, ½-stone spun, and shoes, stockings, and an apron." Where is the Margaret Smith nowadays who would consider this a suitable remuneration for her services in any capacity? Cheese and candles, instead of involving out lay, were among the most valuable of home products. The making of ewe milk cheese, whic hwas done something on the lines of the Swiss Gruyère, was one of the chief events of the busy year, and in summer, after the lambs were weaned, women were engaged specially for this work. We read that Jennet Charters was hired at "£1 14s to enter when the ewes is taken up," and later we read that the worthy farmer sold 38 stone, 7 lbs. of cheese at 5s 9d a stone. In 1765 "to cash for cheese, £10 8s 4d;" again, "sold to Will Stewart 54 stone of cheese at 5s 9d," and "to Alex. Kerr 43 stone of cheese at 5s 6d." Truly Mistress Oliver and her handmaidens did not eat the bread of idleness, for we must remember that, as cheese was one of the staple foods of the household both for master and man, the amount sold represents merely the surplus. Since the recent revelations about tinned beef have denuded our store cupboards of certain reserve supplies, perhaps the modern housekeeper will return to the allegiance of a former generation and use more of the homely "country-bred" cheese. Already we read that since the tinned meat scare the consumption of cheese in Scotland has been almost doubled, and, who knows, we may yet live to see every farmhouse kitchen boasting its cheese press and a goodly store of wholesome home-made provender lining the shelves.

Candles were evidently made solely for domestic consumption—we find no record of any saleable surplus. "Made of candles for the year 1765, 18 lbs.," suggests early to bed and early to rise. Even daylight was not to be had for nothing, as the regular entry of the half-yearly window tax testifies. "Window cess, 10s" is always followed by "poor cess, 17s," and these are the only taxes of which there is any record.

The wages bill of a past century affords an interesting comparison of the different value

of money then and now. In some cases money formed no part of the bargain. In 1759 we find "conditions of a hinding (a hind on the Scottish Border is a ploughman) with James Madder, for which he is to have for himself 1 cowe, 7 bolls of oats, 1½ bolls of barley, 3 stones of pease; he is to have his meal haytime and harvest." Thomas Young was hired to drive the plough for "23s and 1 pair of shoes and stockings," while William Tait got "39s and his corn shorn." At the end of the Whitsunday entries we find "In all of wages £20 11s," and this included 11 servants.

On the two farms tenanted by the owner of the pocket-book there was no great extent of arable land; the chief part consisted of open hill, on which a large sheep stock was kept, hence several shepherds were necessary, and the "herd's conditions" are also recorded. On 1st January, 1768, we find the conditions of herding with Robert Burn:—"He is to keep a man thro' the year, for which he is to have 2 cowes and 30 sheep, 5 bolls of oats, 1 boll sown, 4 bolls of beans; he is to furnish a sherer for the house." "Hired Andrew Hunter for 45 sheep's grass." "Hired Joseph Scott for 30 sheep's grass and 32s 6d." "Andrew Thompson to herd the ewes; I give him 26 sheep's grass and 50s money for a year." This old system, the "pack system," as it is called, has been the subject of much debate between master and man in recent years. Nowadays the herd would rather have the money in his pocket than the pack on the hill—and in this he only marches with the times, for now, if ever, "it's money makes the mare go." There are still a few of the old school of men left, who tend their own little pack with their masters', and, like many people who have the courage of their opinions, they are now proving their wisdom, since lately sheep stock has so much increased in value.

It is noteworthy that while nowadays the wages of many farm servants consist partly of potatoes there is no mention of them in these old-time bargains—for it was not till the year 1754 that potatoes were grown in the fields, and then only in East Lothian, which has ever since retained its prestige in this industry. It is doubtful whether they fitly replace the oats, barley, and pease of an older generation. To be sure, potatoes serve to fatten the pig, which plays such an important part in the domestic economy of the cottager, but if we compare the nutritive properties of oatcakes, barley scones, and pease bannocks with those of potatoes there is not much doubt as to which is the most valuable food. In some places, chiefly among an old-fashioned class of farm servants, part of the wage is still paid in corn, but it is seldom that one sees on any cottage table the "bannock" of olden days, except, perhaps, in remote districts, where the "cadger," with his van-load of fresh loaf-bread, is not a frequent visitor. At local shows an effort is now being made to revive a dying art by encouraging an industrial section, in which prizes are given for home-baked bread and the brown whole-meal scones and pease bannocks which built up our race of hardy Borderers, who, be it on harvest-field or battle-field, can hold their own anywhere.

In the days when Thomas Young was hired to drive the plough we must picture him following a yoke of oxen instead of two massive Clydesdales. It was not till 1764 that a pair of horses were first yoked to the plough in Scotland, and this was near Edinburgh. It was probably several years later before the fashion spread to more remote districts. A great part of the ploughing at this period was done in reclaiming land, and for this work oxen were peculiarly well fitted, as, owing to their placid, indolent nature, when the plough struck a rock they at once stood still, whereas the more impulsive horse was apt to rush on and thereby break the implement. It required 8 oxen for one plough, as each yoke of 4 only worked for half a day. Many a yoke of oxen did the worthy farmer buy in order to bring the sunny slopes of Bowmont Water into subjection to his rule:—"By a pair of oxen, £10," stands dated 1758. "Bought of James Walker in Halterburn, 2 oxen at £12, referred to ye market." "Bought of Sir Robert Pringle, Stichel, 1 pair of oxen at £16," and so on, with monotonous frequency. A descendant of Robert Oliver tells me that he can remember in his boyhood seeing oxen ploughing at the large farm of Rutherford, on Tweedside. They were rough, scraggy-looking animals, from 3 to 5 or 6 years old, and on completing their half-day's work they were turned into a grass field with a high "rubbing pole" in the centre of it, where, except in very inclement weather, they were left to "live on their shift."

Horses are comparatively rarely referred to in the pages of the old pocket-book, and from the prices recorded we fancy that those used for ordinary draught purposes must have been a poor class of animal. "The Mear" was bought at £7 7s, and in 1757 3 horses cost £15 10s. These animals were "for the coals" so often mentioned in hinds' conditions.

For his own use Robert Oliver doubtless had

a serviceable nag of better quality to carry him to and from distant fairs and farm "roups," journeys which often extended over two or three days. No wonder that the cover of the little old pocket-book is worn and discoloured, and that the stout green braid that binds it is faded and frayed. Many a long mile it must have travelled over hill and dale, in sunshine and in storm, snugly stowed away in the pocket of the farmer's home-grown and home-spun overcoat.

C. R. M.

Boston U.F. Church, Jedburgh.

THE congregation of this venerable kirk, the history of which is associated with the famous name of Boston, recently celebrated the ter-jubilee of its foundation. A full report of the proceedings is to be found in the "Jedburgh Gazette" of 5th October, but our limited space prevents us quoting. We have pleasure, however, in reproducing the principal part of the short history, with the illustrations here reproduced, by kind permission. The text is by the Rev. Alex. Urquhart, the present minister of the church.

"A hundred and fifty years ago ministers in Scotland were not chosen, as they are now, by the congregations to whom they ministered, but by the Superior or Patron, who presented the living to whomsoever he desired. While, in many cases, the wishes of the parishioners influenced the Patron in his choice, it not infrequently happened that congregations were forced to accept as ministers those of whom they disapproved. By the year 1757 this policy had caused numerous secessions from the National Church, and in that year it led to the foundation of the congregation now known as the Boston United Free Church, Jedburgh .

Tait's 'Border Church Life,' from which the following has been compiled, contains a full and interesting history of the congregation. The main facts may be briefly told.

The Rev. James Winchester, minister of Jedburgh, died in September, 1755. The elders of the church, fearing, and, as events proved, not without cause, that the election of a successor would not be carried out to the satisfaction of the congregation, drew up a paper, dated 25th October, 1755, in which they pledged themselves 'to stand and fall together in the election or choice of a minister for this parish against all solicitations, threats or bribes whatsoever or from whomsoever, and against all intrusion that may be attempted on said parish by any minister whatsoever, and that we shall cleave and adhere firmly to the majority of this parish in the choice as aforesaid.' Another document was at the same time subscribed, in which they expressed a desire that Thomas Boston, minister of Oxnam, son of the celebrated Thomas Boston of Ettrick, should be appointed minister of Jedburgh. This desire was disregarded and, by the King's presentation, the vacant pastorate of Jedburgh was offered to, and accepted by, the Rev. John Bonar, minister of Cockpen. While the congregation of Jedburgh were urging their objections before the church courts, Mr Bonar accepted a presentation and call to Perth. The wishes of the Jedburgh parishioners might now have been reasonably met by the appointment of Mr Boston. They were, however, again ignored, and Mr Douglas, minister of Kenmore, was chosen to succeed Mr Winchester.

The Presbytery of Jedburgh, disapproving of the high-handed action of the authorities, refused to induct Mr Douglas. At the Commission of Assembly in November, 1757, they pleaded that the presentation to Mr Douglas should be withdrawn for this, among other reasons, 'that the whole parish, excepting five, are openly declaring against him.' The Commission unanimously refused this wise and reasonable request, and the Assembly, in the following May, ratified the Commission's decision ordering the Presbytery to induct Mr Douglas, and ordained that every member of the Presbytery should be present at the induction, or give

REV. THOMAS BOSTON.

a satisfactory reason for his absence.

Meantime matters had been ripening for the founding of a new church, and the calling of Mr Boston as minister. It was perfectly clear to the Jedburgh people what the result would be, and they had a registered a resolve, which they bravely carried out, that, with the sanction of the church courts, or without it, they would have as their minister the man of their choice.

The movement for calling Mr Boston was, from the first, representative of the Burgh. On 30th May, 1757, 'a meeting of the Magistrates, Town Council, several heritors and inhabitants of the town and parish of Jedburgh, was held to concert upon proper measures for raising and erecting a meeting-house in the town.' In order to ascertain how many would concur in the scheme, a call was made out in favour of Master Thomas Boston, and opportunity given to the inhabitants in the town and rural districts for subscribing the same 'against Wednesday next at seven o'clock in the

morning.' This call is still in existence, and contains the names of not a few whose descendants are members of the church to-day. A committee was appointed to transact matters in name of the town and parish. The Town Clerk was instructed to prepare a subscription list and be ready to receive contributions in money. Mr William Turnbull was appointed first Preses of the congregation, and Mr William Brown the first "collector" or treasurer. In accordance with instructions, John Telford and Robert Balmer, wrights, went to Berwick and purchased 'trees and dales' to the value of £46 15s 8d for building the house. Under the guidance of the Preses and Collector the building went steadily forward.

By the 10th September, 1757, matters had been 'all concluded and arranged between Mr Boston and the parish with regard to his coming to Jedburgh.'

SCENE ON THE ANNA ON THE MORNING OF BOSTON'S FIRST SACRAMENT, AUGUST, 1758.

On Wednesday, 7th December, Mr Boston demitted the charge of Oxnam at a Presbytery meeting in the old Church (the Abbey) at Jedburgh. The same day it was announced at a meeting of committee that the new church was now completed.

On Friday, 9th December, Mr Boston was inducted. It was a memorable day. The bells of the Town Hall rang a joyous peal. The Magistrates, in their insignia of office, marched to the meeting-house and took their places in a seat set apart for them. The Rev. Roderick McKenzie, who was under call to Nairn, conducted the service.

On the Sabbath following Mr Boston was introduced to his new charge. Mr McKenzie preached in the forenoon from Isaiah xxvi. 4—'Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' In the afternoon Mr Boston began his ministry by preaching from Eph. vi. 18, 19—"Praying always . . . that utterance may be given unto me to open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel.' The church was crowded, and many were unable to gain admittance. The windows were opened so that those outside might hear. Thus began a ministry which was carried on with great earnestness and power for nine years.

The Communion services, which were held on the Anna, an open space by the river Jed, were occasions of great interest and blessing. The first was celebrated in August, 1758. Under a cloudless sky the tables were spread for the observance of the sacred rite. Thousands of worshippers, drawn from far and near, took part in the solemn services.

The second Communion was memorable as the occasion of the first meeting of Thomas Gillespie, of Dunfermline, and Thomas Boston, of Jedburgh, the founders of the Relief Church. Mr Gillespie arrived when the service had just begun, and it was on the Anna, before the eyes of that vast congregation, and at the Communion Table, that these two men first saw one another and for the first time shook hands.

The third and fourth occasions on which the Sacrament was dispensed on the Anna were July, 1760, and June, 1761.

In 1766 Mr Boston was celled to Glasgow, but he chose to remain in Jedburgh. Early in the following year (13th February, 1767), Mr Boston died, in the fifty-fourth year of his age and the thirty-first of his ministry. The congregation to

which, for nine years, Mr Boston had ministered was drawn from a very wide area. There were members in Yarrow, Yetholm, Minto, Lilliesleaf, Denholm, Morebattle, Hounam; and to these remote districts the first minister had to travel to baptize the children and to catechise those of maturer years."

Mr Boston's successors were:—

Rev. Thomas Bell	...	Ordained 1768.
Rev. Andrew Dunn	...	Ordained 1780.
Rev. James Scott	...	Inducted 1783.
Rev. James Porteous	...	Ordained 1815.
Rev. William Barr	...	Inducted 1841.
Rev. J. W. Pringle	...	Ordained 1875.
Rev. John Forsyth	...	Inducted 1898.
Rev. Alexander Urquhart,		Inducted 1904.

REV. ALEXANDER URQUHART.

Apropos the retirement of Principal Hutton from the active duties of the ministry, it may be recalled that the venerable cleric and the Rev. Dr Alexander Oliver of Regent Place Church, Glasgow, are the only two ministers in the West of Scotland who are students of Christopher North. Perhaps the most interesting of the fast-dwindling band who can lay claim to a similar distinction is Mr Cornelius Lundie of Cardiff. Born at the manse of Kelso in 1815, Mr Lundie often met Sir Walter Scott, and on at least one occasion had the honour of lunching with the great romancist at Abbotsford. The grand old man, who is never tired of recalling that in 1857 old age was supposed to render him ineligible for a certain appointment, is now the oldest railway director in the United Kingdom. Despite the fact that he is ninety-two years of age, Mr Lundie recently travelled from Perthshire to London to attend a business meeting, and contrived to be back in Scotland within three days.

William Gunion Rutherford.

THIS distinguished Borderer, who passed away in August last, is thus referred to in a fine appreciation which appeared in the "Glasgow Herald":—

The death of Dr William Gunion Rutherford does not merely deprive the learned and scholastic world of a well-known name, but makes both England and Scotland (seldom was a Scot less Anglicised than he by living across the Border) the poorer by a great intellectual power and influence. He sat for eighteen years in the Chair of Busby at Westminster School, and it seemed already long since he obeyed the pressing summons of broken health and resigned; but he was only fifty-four when he died, secure in reputation and mourned by many hundreds of grateful and admiring pupils. The concentrated vigour of his mind and temper had packed full of achievement and significance the life which he would never have wished to prolong in feebleness and enforced idleness. "I mean to get well or die in the attempt," he said to an old friend last year.

It is difficult to express in brief the grounds upon which any of his old pupils would tell you with conviction that Rutherford was a very great man. Schoolboys are easily impressed, and yet not perhaps easily taken in by an imposter. There was plenty to impress an English schoolboy in the externals of a man who talked (we used to think) very broad Scotch, and had the countenance and carriage of a Roman Dictator. This is no place to detail the local or traditional impediments, the "petty parchment bonds" which confronted his imperious good sense when he became headmaster of a school with great historical traditions and glories but then reduced perilously near to decadence. He remade Westminster, but perhaps at a great cost of wear and tear of mind and waste of time which might have been given to scholarship. Still, the school was not overgrown (he used to say that no one man could keep a personal supervision over more than 300 boys), and he had energy enough left for teaching when the administrative duties of a headmaster were done. As a teacher, gratitude and enthusiasm cannot find terms adequate to praise him. There was a roughness, almost an uncouthness, of manner, which clinched the nails in everything he did or said; a large humour and fancy, sometimes grim, sometimes scornful, but always native and genuine. "Lex Rex" was the title which he "ventured to bring down" from the work of his great ancestor, Samuel Rutherford, to a philological pamphlet of his own; and all his teaching was an inspiration in common-sense and method; you could not learn Greek grammar from him, but you must, at the same time, gain a priceless discipline in law and logic and right reason. His scientific training was worth a great deal to him—and to us. He made out his Oxford degree course in chemistry as well as classics; at one time he inclined, I believe, towards medicine. He had in him the materials of a great surgeon; but, again, you could not read Cæsar with him and not perceive, and kindle at, his intense interest in tactics and generalship. Picture a great surgeon compounded with a great soldier, and you will have a good idea of Ruther-

ford's temperament. Applied to scholarship and to literature, this temperament, driven as it was by great force and concentration of intellect, promised to produce nothing common or mean. He became an enthusiastic disciple and exponent of Cobet's Atticist philology. Aristophanes supplied him with philological tasks to be performed in a material which he relished with huge zest as intrinsically adequate. It was amusing to hear his contempt for second-rate classical authors, preserved by the ironies of chance, and furnishing stuff for criticism to work upon, but in themselves dull and shabby. The last volume he published, "A Chapter in the History of Annotation," is full of eloquent range and despair at the time wasted in raking Byzantine dustheaps. But even if his great work on the "Ravennas" scholia of Aristophanes must in some degree be allowed to be a failure, it is pioneer work like all his work. The next comer in any field where Rutherford went before will find—perhaps not always positive conclusions gained, but always problems clearly understood and squarely stated, and the whole matter incalculably advanced towards precise knowledge. This is true of his "Thucydides Book IV." His theory made few proselytes; one reads it and regrets to differ, but no one can be afterwards as if he had not read it. He may be wrong, but he is never insignificant. I leave others to speak of his studies in S. Paul.

Great philologists have not often been great men of letters in the vernacular—at any rate since the first Humanists. Yet Bentley may be read for his male and racy English, and so may Rutherford, whose intellectual amities were towards Bentley as they were towards Scaliger and Cobet. The introduction to "Babrius" is an admirable literary essay on the origins of Greek fable; the introduction to "The New Phrynichus" is the work of a man of letters treating a large literary question as a master. What a refreshment after the shop-jargon of common editors and the prim unidiomatic lifeless English in which so many professed scholars show their unfitness to speak a word on any literary matter whatever, to read Rutherford's style! He was permeated with the best qualities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The chapters of his last book have the lucidity of Swift and the relish and trenchancy of a Great Rebellion pamphlet. It was not for nothing that he scanned the secrets of Atticism in Aristophanes and Lysias. And if there was one lesson which he taught alike by precept and example, it was to be honest and precise in writing. Vagueness, loose thinking, cant, superficial polish put upon a shoddy substance; these were anathema to him. Rutherford's class-room was a school of intellectual honesty, a lethal chamber for all breeds of imposture. Perhaps no higher praise can be given to any teacher. His name will rank only second to Busby's at Westminster; his influence is flowing now, and will continue to flow by thousands of channels in all that his old pupils write and do and think. Is there any of them but, when he remembers the genial mixture of bluntness and delicacy, of humour and resolute purpose, of terror and kindness, of learning and good letters, but will say with the writer of this article, in sincerest admiration and affection and gratitude, "Posrum ego naturae non meminisse tuae?"

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

[The Rev. William Gunion Rutherford, M.A., LL.D., was a native of Peeblesshire, and was born on the 17th July, 1853, being the second son of the Rev. Robert Rutherford, Mountain Cross, in that county. He was educated at the High School of Glasgow and St Andrews University, after which he proceeded to Oxford, where he distinguished himself at Balliol College. He became a Fellow and Praelector of University College, was ordained in 1883, and acted as Classical Master of St Paul's School from 1876 to 1883, when he became headmaster of Westminster, from which he retired in 1901 on account of ill-health. He was a distinguished Greek scholar and author of several works bearing on Classical literature.—The above appreciation appeared recently (August 16) in the "Glasgow Herald," and is from the pen of Professor J. S. Phillimore, of the Humanity Chair, Glasgow University—an old Westminster pupil of Dr Rutherford.—A. G., S.]

Notes on Lessudden.

By RICHARD WAUGH.

I FEAR A. L. A. Sudden is getting lost in the mists of antiquity, but shall try to follow him as far as possible. The last century has made changes in the Tweed below Brockie's Hole. The gullet 150 yards east was a narrow channel between two rocks; now both are cleared away. It was in trying to recover a pair of wheels belonging to Jimmy Tamson, the Edinburgh carrier, that Wat Johnston, father-in-law of Tam Fox, was drowned here, about 80 years ago. The pools at the bottom of the Haugh were, long before my day, the course of the river, and an embankment on the Dryburgh side was built to avert further loss in that way. I suspect the right of our villagers to cut whins and broom is apocryphal. I was told that the whins and broom on the haugh lower down were occasionally auctioned off in lots as firewood. I have still a scar made on my right forefinger by my grandfather's "whin hoe," a rather unwieldy-looking implement. I was busy gardening, and my brother Jock, working under my directions, came down a shade too near my index finger, which had a very narrow escape. Jock was my junior and could barely lift the hoe.

I know more about the village quarry than any living man. Sandy Henderson, brother-in-law of old Jimmy Tamson, was killed near the west end of the Sker by a fall from overhead of thawed-out earth, and shortly afterwards Sandy Duncan got his death by tottering over the edge of a "tirr" three or four of them were taking down for stone to build part of the kennels. Such events furnished the pretext for a bottle of whisky, and the conse-

quences. Henderson's death was not due to whisky. His girnin' wife, afterwards known as "Greetin' Jean," made him go out to work, contrary to his own better judgment. I think her son lay in the river and bled to death from a broken leg at the same time.

Every proprietor in the village had the undisputed right to quarry, but, if he broke sod, had to pay damages. Of course, this seldom happened, as the banks wore away every winter. No stones were ever brought from Dryburgh Abbey; the local lairds on that side built drystone dykes with the smaller rubble, and dwellings with the rest. An old house near the east end of the village has on its door lintel a mason's tools. I found, when myself quarrying in the bed of the river, a hewing tool of the same pattern. We use no such tools now as the one correctly outlined on that lintel. That was the house of Willie Cochrane, the mason, whose son Mark, the weaver, was a familiar figure among old timers. Besides the fine orchard in the village, Mark owned a croft at the Braeheads.

My uncle Nicol built the Buccleuch Arms Inn with stone from the quarry about 1836, and my father hauled them from the quarry. I had occasionally to lead the trace horse. I could ride old Farmer up the brae, holding on with both hands by the harness, but they durst not trust me to ride down, and my first earnings was the penny father gave me the first day. Later on uncle Nicol and I used to quarry in dull times, and I raised big "fakes" in the river bed, sometimes ten tons weight, gradually getting a few inches of one side above the water level, where I could set in a few wedges and cut them to workable dimensions, and afterwards "little Robbie" Tait and I loaded them on the cart. The whisky set of village lairds were badly down on me at that time, and schemed to lift my stones, because, not being a proprietor, I had no right to quarry, but Sandy Dodds gave me a timely hint, and I outwitted them. Part of these stones went into Lord Polwarth's braehead house in 1851.

In the old, old days St Boswells Fair was held on the haugh below Benrig, but one year the river was in great flood, the fair had to be held on the Green, and stayed there ever after. The parish was always called St Boswells after that early French monk, Baisil, the exact sound of the word as used by the old natives. Some oracles allege that Lessudden means the "place of Aidan," and it is quite probable that both Baisil and Aidan ministered in the building at the east end of the present kirk; more likely still that it was in a lay building antecedent to both of them, just as was the case with Old Melrose. There were once houses in the glebe and all the way west to the Temple. It was in one of these old houses my mother and her mother took refuge from the fearful storm of "thunnery Saturday," which happened about 1805. It was preachin' Saturday at the kirk that day.

The "lands of Lessedwin" were part of the dowry of good Queen Margaret, away before the days of Wallace and Bruce, and it is quite likely that straggling houses stood on the field where Paton of Broomhill owns the fine new mansion. Tammy Tamson, the owner of that croft, had a son, John, who went to Australia in 1852. Jimmy, his second son, was well known all his life in the village, and a "year's bairn" with myself. Jimmy, the carrier, was no relation to them, nor was Wull Tamson of the Green or Wullie Tamson, the joiner.

The "Weel Brae Well" had sacred associations, perhaps handed down from the days of Baisil and Aidan, and most of us had faith in its healing virtues. The "Weel" is the back water, another old track of the Tweed, creeping round the foot of the brae out of which this old "verter well" drips. Use and wont rights such as that can only be maintained when a few village Hampdens stand out at the right time. The "Hare Well" is a clear spring on the burn side opposite the parish kirk manse, and the name has also religious significance. Herr is Saxon for Lord. The "Fleshers' Peel," close to Lord Polwarth's Mission Hall, gave signs of more substantial mason work than anything else, except the Laird of Raeburn's. It got its name from the fleshers, who came a day or two before the fair day to furnish meat for that event, and did business inside its walls.

The "divided" Green was the portion between the village and Johnnie Hislop's, near the Buccleuch Arms. My grandfather, Nicol Mercer, owned a portion next Jenny Mois's entry, and on it her cottage stood till she died of the plague. The villagers durst not go near her, and pulled down the place on top of her. So runs the legend. My uncle ventured to use the stones of it building the house east of Patmos.

The undivided Green was that larger portion to the west and south-west, which, like a great many valuable properties and privileges, went to the lord of the manor, one of the Douglases, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Buccleuch family.

I may tell a previous enquirer that William Brockie of South Shields was a nephew of Willie Brockie of the "Hole;" at least, I always understood so. Another William Brockie of the same clan was a baker in Edinburgh, and Violet Brockie was the wife of our village thatcher, David Honeyman.

On the haugh opposite the "Weel Brae Well" was a fine pasture, protected by a heavy embankment from the river. A gentleman, with Rob Kyle, a noted angler, in attendance, was one day plying his rod, and, with a long line out, hooked a cow behind him. Only a Cruickshanks could portray the scene that followed. The angler himself was the last to realise the situation, and held on to his almost invisible "catch," hidden from him by the embankment close behind him. Rob was in an agony of fear for his good rod and line, and yelled out to give the excited beast more line off the reel, or, as he called it, "mair pirn." Rob's speech, in his coolest moments, was rather thick, and the bewildered angler at one end of the line, and the excited crummie at the other, danced round. "What shall I do?" shouted the man. "Mair pirn, mair pirn; Lord, man, gi'e the b——tch pirn." Tableau.

Flodden.

I, gazing from the steep hillside,
Intent across the valley wide,
Beheld afar off, dark and still,
The grim outline of Flodden Hill.

Cling and hover round thee, Flodden,
Memories of thy moor stern-trodden,
Churl met knight in fierce affray,
On thy field that fatal day.

Southron victor and Scottish slain,
Cumber thy sombre steep again,
Incarnate chivalry, the ring
That perished round their hero king.

While loth the imaged scene to change,
And break a vagrant fancy's spell:
Now over Flodden cattle range,
The ploughman tills where foemen fell.

Swift the mirk steals out the gloaming,
Cool the sunset breezes roaming,
Conjure chill mists from the stream,
Rouse me from a twilight dream.

Slow I turn in mood subdued,
Musing on that ancient feud;
Again with shades the spectral page,
Re-peopling from a bygone age.

Gateshead-on-Tyne. R. S.

A Border Abolitionist.

COMPANION AND FRIEND OF WHITTIER.

BY the death of Mr John Hume, which took place at his residence in Amesbury, Massachusetts, in September last, there passed away another of the remaining few who came into personal contact with Sir Walter Scott, and almost the last of the little circle of men who gathered round John G. Whittier in Amesbury. Mr Hume, several of whose relatives reside in Selkirk, was born at Stitchel, in Roxburghshire, in 1822, living later in Galashiels, where he learned the tailoring trade, and in the early forties went to America. Shortly after his arrival in that country he went to Amesbury, working for several years in the woollen spinning mills. Then he set up a tailor's shop in Market Street, remaining there for about twenty years. After this he went into the carriage line, his business being known as the Hume Carriage Company. On closing up his carriage business, Mr Hume purchased a woollen factory in Urbana, Ohio, which was managed by his brother-in-law, Mr Fox. On the death of Mr Fox, Mr Hume went to Urbana and took charge of the factory along with Mr George E. Batchelder. For several years Mr Hume resided there, but the last few years of his life were spent in Amesbury.

As a lad in Scotland, Mr Hume used to recall with pleasure how the great "Sir Walter" had caressed him, and when he went to America and settled in Amesbury he became "one of the little band of men, many of them self-taught, some eccentric, all original and with some distinguishing quality, who gradually gathered about Whittier in his Amesbury home. Two years before '61 were momentous ones," says the "Amesbury News," "and in the little room behind Mr Hume's store on the main street, every subject, political, social, or moral, was at times discussed by these men, farmers, tradesmen, the local doctor, lawyer, or editor, with perhaps some queer local genius with theories to propound, and Mr Whittier, with his keen humour and his shrewd judgment, holding his own in their midst. Mr Whittier had a special fondness for the Scotch character and the Scotch tongue, and Mr Hume was always proud of his Scotch birth and kept to the last his Scotch speech, but he was also the best type of an American citizen, who gave his time and substance when needed to his adopted country and town. He reverenced the poet, and one of the stories he sometimes told

was of a notable political convention, when, as fellow-delegate with Whittier, he saw the whole body of representative Massachusetts men rise from their seats and cheer Whittier as he deposited his vote. He had been in Whittier's counsels in the plans that led to the forming of the Republican party, and his memories of many of the older leaders of that party were clear and interesting. He had represented the town in the Legislature, and, a great reader of the last literature, was for several years president of the trustees of the Amesbury Public Library, but later his quiet, studious life was passed in his lovely home with his devoted wife and family. The courteous, upright gentleman has gone to join his great leader and friend in their 'Ain Countrie,' followed by the respect of all who knew him, and the love of his many friends."

Mr Hume, who was in his eighty-sixth year, leaves a widow and two daughters, Mrs Geo. E. Batchelder and Miss Elizabeth Hume, also two brothers, Messrs James and William Hume, all of Amesbury.

The Roman Charioteer!

(To a Pair of Roman Chariot Wheels, excavated at Newstead, Melrose, 1906.)

Down in the red soil, lying deep,
With skulls of the Roman brave,
Two chariot wheels, I see them peep,
Felloe and rim and nave.
Hidden away from barbarian hordes,
Buried in honour of Mars,
That Castor and Pollux might bless their swords
And Victory wing their cars.

Blackened and damp are the shattered spokes,
Yet I see them in fury dash,
As the mighty war-horse strained the ropes,
And the Roman plied the lash.
Girdle and spear and casque of gold,
And a robe of Imperial state!
But sixteen hundred years have rolled
Since the chariot passed the gate.

Shades of the voiceless ages fall
As I gaze on the wheels so dumb,
That flew through the Via Principal
Of ancient Trimontium.
Mercury urged the charioteers
That tore up the sacred ground,
And the Eildons echoed the merry cheers
Of a Roman victor crowned.

And all day long the standards waved,
And the Roman eagles flew,
Till sunset came with its gold, and laved
The camp with its dying hue.
As the purple peaks of Cheviot strained
To catch the departing rays,
It gilded the brows of the men who gained
The green Imperial bays.

The smoke rolled up on the evening skies,
Like the Pillars in Exodus,
And the altars glowed with sacrifice
To sated Jupiter Maximus.
"Hail to Jupiter Maximus, King!
God of the war-horse, hear our cheers;
Wine from the amphoras drink and sing,
Salve! Imperator! Charioteers!"

The victor slept in his tent that night,
Mayhap to dream of home,
Of a bigae grand, and a maiden bright,
On the Appian down at Rome.
The baying of forest wolves began,
And the sleeper renewed his dream,
In the front of the pack his chariot ran,
And in terror he spurred his team.

'Twas Jupiter's thunder rolled the while,
And the lightning urged his speed,
Till he woke with the pledge of Aurora's smile,
And the morning call of Tweed.
He watered his horse at the blessed stream,
And he drank to his Roman maid,
Who was saved from wolves in the festal dream
That Jupiter's thunder stayed!

He took the bays from his bronzed brow,
And he cast them in Tweed afar,
And he prayed the gods to waft his vow
To the Tiber's silver bar—
"Hail, Imperial Cæsar's power!
Guard of the glorious hero's life,
King of the conquest, speed the hour
That gives the ring to a Roman wife!"

So the Roman fought and the Roman played,
And the Tweed went singing by,
And oft in the glade a Pictish maid
Would watch their chariots fly.
But it's nearly sixteen hundred years,
And here are the wheels to-day,
That ran to the cheers of the charioteers,
When the Romans held their sway.

Galashiels. GEORGE HOPE TAIT.

Guisards was the name by which the earliest professional players of tumblers, minstrels, or mountebanks, were known, and they seem to have led a wandering life, going from house to house, fantastically dressed, and acting, dancing, or juggling for what they could get, while their connection with the sports of Robin Hood, which were carried on according to the caprice of the all-potent Abbot of Unreason, was probably intimate. On April 30th, 1562, Queen Mary made proclamation that:—"Na Robene Hudis nor Litil Ihoneis suld be chosin within oure realme nochttheless as we ar informeit ye intend to elect and chus personis to beir sic offices this maii approcheand, incontrair thi tennour of our said Act quha under colour of Robene Hudis play purpoissis to rais seditione and tumult." Later, the lieges were confounded by the following conundrum, propounded by one of the Synods:—"Quhat ought to be done to sich persones that after admonition will pass to may-playes; and specially elders and deacones, and utheris quha beares offices within the Kirk?" It is a far cry to those days, yet, if nothing else, the titular resemblance lives in the "Robin Hood" recently presented at the King's Theatre, Glasgow.

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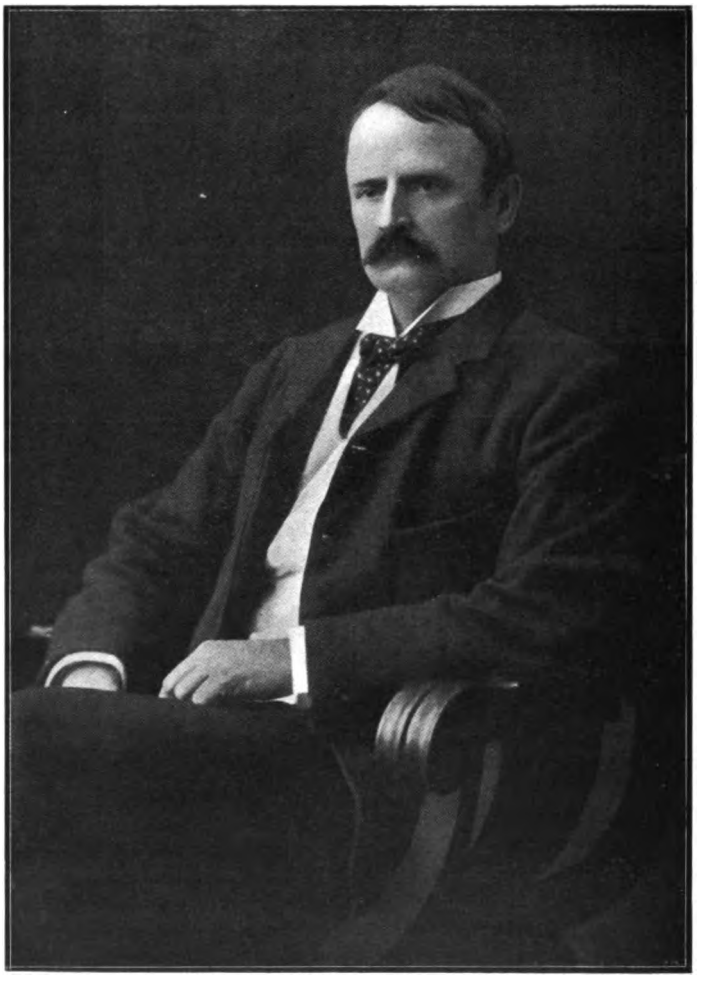
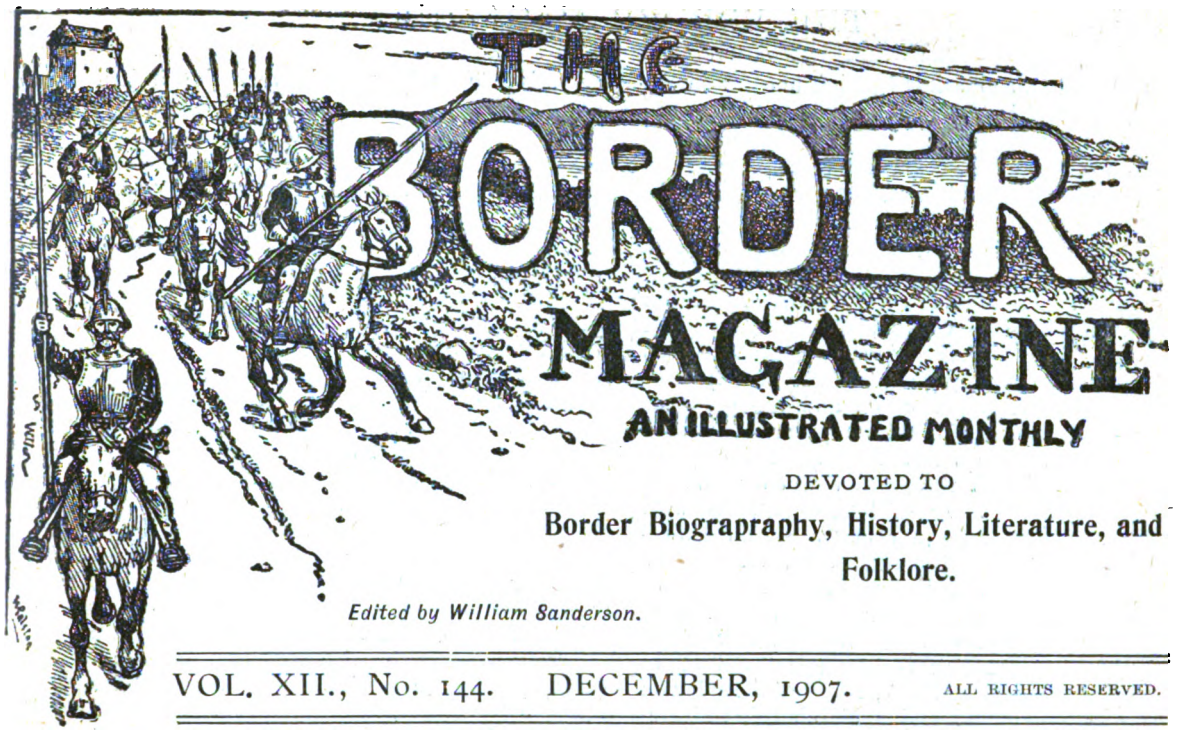


PROFESSOR E. CHARLTON BLACK, LL.D. (GLASGOW).



VOL. XII., No. 144. DECEMBER, 1907.

PROFESSOR E. CHARLTON BLACK, LL.D. (GLASGOW).

(From the Boston University Annual, 1907.)

EBENEZER CHARLTON BLACK, LL.D., Professor of English Literature, Boston University, was born in Liddesdale, Scotland, June 18, 1861. He is the youngest of the seven children of the Rev. John Black, who was a minister in Liddesdale for more than half a century, and celebrated his jubilee in 1879, an event that attracted universal attention in the south of Scotland and the north of England. The Rev. John Black was a man of strong character and commanding personality,—an uncompromising Liberal in politics. He had such literary power and vision that Dr John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," wrote of him as "a man of genius and of God, he who first opened to me the Gate Beautiful from within." He was one of the first, outside the immediate circle of their acquaintances, to recognise the true poetic value of Wordsworth and of Tennyson. This remarkable country clergyman numbered among his friends many of the prominent literary men of the nineteenth century. He was on terms of peculiar intimacy with the Carlyle family at Ecclefechan, only twenty miles away across the moors from the Liddesdale manse, the mother of Thomas Carlyle consulting him more than once in a trying family affair.

Rev. John Black, himself a Glasgow University man, had pronounced ideas upon education, and allowed none of his sons to go to school. All his children read Greek and Latin before they were ten years of age, and he prepared them for college by instruction given often in Socratic fashion during leisurely wanderings up and down the woods and hillsides of the Borders.

The youngest son, the subject of this sketch, after winning a Beattie bursary, went in his fourteenth year to Edinburgh University. Here he remained seven years, taking courses in science and modern languages outside the prescribed curriculum of those days, and spending the greater part of one year in travel in Belgium, France, Germany, and Switzerland. In this year of travel he had his attention first drawn to America as a field of intellectual activity through friendships begun with prominent American scholars, noteworthy among these being Professor Sylvester, of John Hopkins University, afterwards Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford.

Mr Black's life as a student at Edinburgh

University was marked by high honours in the Greek and the Latin Literature courses conducted by Professor Blackie and Sellar, and in Ethics and Kantian Philosophy. Under Professor David Masson, in the famous English Literature class of 1882, which included J. M. Barrie, the novelist and dramatist, who has humorously sketched some of its happenings in "An Edinburgh Eleven," Mr Black gained the University medal and four first prizes, including that given by the Old English Text Society for knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, and the prize for poetical composition for a poem in "ottava rima" on "The Scott Monument"—a poem which won high recognition when published four years later. In 1881 he co-operated with James Oliphant (author of "Victorian Novelists," "Richard Mulcaster," etc.), W. Douglas Mackenzie (now President of Hartford Theological Seminary, Conn.), Andrew Seth (now Professor A. S. Pringle Pattison, Edinburgh University), Patrick Geddes (joint author of "The Evolution of Sex"), Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman," Librarian, Edinburgh University), and John M. Robertson (author of "Essays Towards a Critical Method," "Christianity and Mythology," "Modern Humanists," etc.), in founding The Symposium, the Edinburgh literary and philosophical society, before which so many famous papers in every department of modern thought and research have been read. Of this organisation he is now an honorary member.

In 1882 Mr Black went to London and began the study of Theology, Ecclesiastical History, and Hebrew, at Queen Square College, now Westminster College, Cambridge. Before long he retired to his native Liddesdale, and there, at Liddlebank, on the borders of Eskdale and Cumberland, he had his home for seven years. While in this pastoral solitude he made occasional contributions to the literary ventures of his friends, and published a volume of original verse much discussed at the time, but long since out of print. As a Liberal he took an active part in the political campaigns of the Hon. Arthur R. D. Elliot, editor of "The Edinburgh Review," at that time Member of Parliament for Roxburghshire. His most intimate literary friendship of this time was with Dr John Beattie Crozier, author of the "Religion of the Future," "Civilisation and Progress," "History of Intellectual Development," etc., whose father was a native of Liddesdale.

Mr Black visited America for the first time in 1890, and during the next two years he made extensive tours in Canada and the United States, lecturing on literary and social topics in many places. He spent one winter among the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, where the Rev. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") was then a missionary. In March, 1892, Professor Child invited him to lecture before Harvard University, and he gave a course of public lectures in Sever Hall upon Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson, Byron, Carlyle, Tennyson, Heinrich Heine, and Sainte-Beuve—lectures that were afterwards repeated in Boston and before the leading colleges and universities in New England. Of these Harvard University lectures Professor Child wrote in 1893: "I have never known a course in literature to be so eagerly sought and so attentively listened to. The interest of the hearers was equally shown by the quality of their attention, which might, without, exaggeration, be called rapt." The success of these lectures led to Mr Black's formal appointment as Lecturer on English Literature at Harvard University, in which capacity he gave the Tennyson Memorial address in November, 1892, and in the academic year 1892-3 he covered in public lectures, which attracted immense attention, the whole history of British Literature from Celtic to Wordsworth and Carlyle. In 1894 he was invited by Richard Henry Dana to become Principal of the Language and Literature Department of the New England Conservatory of Music, and in 1900 he was appointed Professor of English Literature in Boston University.

Professor Black's influence as an authority upon literature, education, and moral and religious questions has been long recognised in England and in America. In April, 1902, Glasgow University conferred upon him the highest honour in its power, the degree of Doctor of Laws. In June, 1905, he was elected to honorary membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Among Professor Black's more noteworthy public addresses are those on Shakespeare, Celtic Literature, Swift, De Foe, and Macaulay, before Harvard University; that on King Alfred at the Millenary Celebration, 1901; that on Dante before Cambridge Conference; a lecture on Goethe at Association Hall, Boston; and an address on "The Interpretation of Literature" before the New England Association of Teachers of English. His published works include "Early Lays and Lyrics" (Edinburgh, 1886), "College Addresses on Literature and Life," "Shakespeare's Fools and Others,"

"A Shakespeare Handbook," and many contributions to reviews, magazines, and educational journals. He is editor-in-chief of the complete revision of Hudson's Shakespeare, now being issued by Ginn & Co., The Athenæum Press, Boston.

At Ravelston Park, Edinburgh, 1893, Professor Black was married to Agnes Knox, at that time Lecturer on Elocution and Literary Interpretation, Government School of Pedagogy, Toronto. They have three children, Margaret Charlton, John Gavin (died 1903), and Knox Charlton.

[We have much pleasure in reproducing the foregoing sketch from "The Hub" and giving a portrait of the subject. As indicated above, Professor E. Charlton Black is a poet, and we are much pleased to be able to publish a recent poem from his pen. It is quite evident that the Professor is Scottish to the core and can use our beautiful language to great advantage. He is also "Leal to the Border," and as such is an admirer and supporter of the "Border Magazine."—Ed., "B.M."]

A Dream of Liddesdale.

IN A WESTERN HOSPITAL.

By Ebenezer Charlton Black, LL.D. (Glasgow), Professor of English Literature, Boston University.

Row up the window-blind, my lass,
An' let me see the sun
Glint on the trees an' bit o' grass
Ayont the 'spital grun'.
Ye say I'm lookin' fine an' braw;
Nae wonder!—I hae been
Across the hills an' far awa',
An' hame again yestreen.

It maun hae been the bit o' mint
Ye left there on the chair,
That brocht the sicht o' scenes lang tint,
An' simmer days nae mair—
The fields alang the water-side;
The firs abune the Gill;
Auld Clintoch where the hoolets hide;
The loanin' up the hill.

The loanin' up the hill—ay, ay!
Far as the laigh march-line;
It was the road we took the kye,
When we were boys lang-syne.
I saw it a' as plain as day,
It was a winsome sicht—
The bield o' brackens on the brae,
O' heather on the heicht.

Muirmen were mawin' hay far doun
The hill-side, lowne an' braid;
The scythe-glints reached me an' the soun'
O' strickles on the blade.
"'Tis sweet beside the heather-bell,"
I sang the auld-warl' rhyme
To music an' a bonnie smell—
The bees amang the thyme.

Barefit I skelpit owre the bent,
The gorcock whirred an' flew,
The whaup shook oot its lanesome plent,
The laverock took the blue;
An' bauld wi' hindberries frae the syke,
I lap an' ran a turn
Alang the divots on the dyke,
Doon to the Tweeden burn.

Amang the birks an' rowan-trees
The water poppled cool;
Laigh doun I louted on my knees,
An' preed the Hunter's pool.
I thocht o' Dauvid an' his prayer,
When sair forefoucht an' het,
To slock his thirst an' taste ance mair
The well beside the yett.

Na, na! I'll never leave this bed
Till I am laid awa',
But wi' that glint o' scenes lang fled
I'm feelin' fine an' braw.
Eh whow! the glamourie an' micht
That ane sae dune, sae auld,
Should, in a veesion o' the nicht,
Be young again an' yauld.

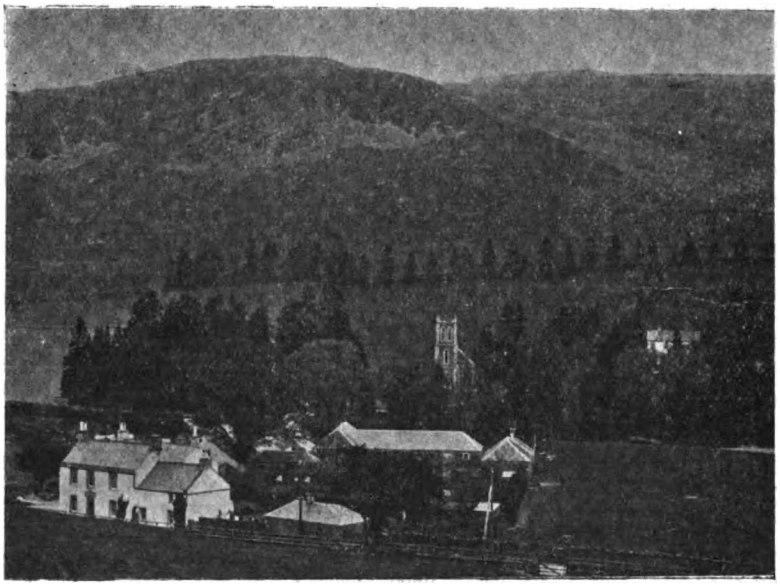
October the Seventh, 1907.

The late Margaret Maria Brewster, elder daughter of Sir David Brewster, who passed away, in her 84th year, at Melrose on the 8th November, 1907, was married to the late John Gordon-Cuming-Skene of Pitlurg, Aberdeenshire, on January 6, 1860. This was the year in which her father left St. Andrews to take up his duties as Principal of Edinburgh University. Her mother was Juliet, youngest daughter of James Macpherson, of Belleville, known as "Ossian Macpherson." In 1869 Messrs Edmonston & Douglas published Mrs Gordon's biography of her father, entitled "The Home Life of Sir David Brewster," which went through several editions. In this work she gives interesting glimpses of her father at Allerby, Melrose, and St Andrews, and while visiting at Parkhill, Aberdeenshire. The list of Sir David Brewster's scientific papers and contributions to the "North British Review" occupies 24 pages of the Memoir, and must have been compiled at enormous labour. In 1857 she published "Letters from Cannes and Nice," and later wrote many semi-religious and didactic books, such as "Work, or Plenty to do It," a second series of which had a circulation of nearly 40,000 copies. Other popular books were "Sunbeams in the Cottage, or What Women May Do;" "Leaves of Healing" (1860); "Motherless Boy," "The Sabbath a Delight," "Rights and Wrongs," "Workers," "Elinor Mordaunt, or Sunbeams in the Castle," a memoir of H. M. Grant of Arndilly (1876), and of "John Gordon" (1885).

Westerkirk.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERLAND PARISH.

THERE are few prettier parishes in Scotland than Westerkirk, situated in the Highlands of Dumfriesshire. Though of an upland character, its hills are mostly verdant and finely pastoral. Its utmost length is only some ten miles, whilst its breadth is barely seven. The parishes of Roberton, Ewes, Langholm, Tundergaith, Hutton, and Eskdalemuir lie around. The village proper is six miles from Langholm, which is its post town and with which it has daily communication.



WESTERKIRK.

The parish boasts several delightful streams and affords good fishing for sportsmen. There is the Esk, formed by the confluence of the Black and White Esk, at the western verge of the parish. Midway this river is joined by the Meggat Water, into which some thirteen rills fall. The river itself receives some twenty small streams.

Historically, the parish is full of interest. Its antiquities and antimony mines have attracted considerable attention. The Roman roads, hill-top camps, and stone circles have long been known to antiquarians. The mansions of importance are Craigcleuch, Burnfoot, and Westerhall. These have frequently housed men of considerable note. The Knock, which is beyond these, was in the hands of Moffats for 600 years.

Westerhall, which has been held by the Johnstones for over 400 years, was erected two hundred years ago, and is finely situated on the Esk. Sir James Johnstone was a supporter of Claverhouse and Grierson. The present owner, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bart., a life-long friend of King Edward's and well known on the turf for many years, resides here very frequently. The old-world village inn, Bentpath, or "the Benty," which is the only one between Langholm and Tushielaw, some thirty miles, bears the Westerhall crest, the flying spur and the family motto, "Nunqnam non paratus."

A story over six hundred years old is told of this family crest. The chief of the Johnstone clan was in Edinburgh when he heard of the sinister plotting by Edward I. and John Baliol to capture Robert Bruce. Johnstone could only send the Scottish patriot an emblematical warning—a spur with an attached feather. The quick-witted Bruce read the message aright, and sought security in a mountain fastness. When he ascended the throne of Scotland. Bruce, as a memento of his subject's timely

hint, granted Johnstone the winged spur as a crest.

The village proper lies behind the inn, and shows a handsome Gothic parish church. The neighbouring churchyard contains the ashes of Armstrongs, Elliots, and many who bore notable Border names. A stone, carved and raised by the hand of Telford, the noted engineer, to the memory of his father, is found here. But the most prominent feature is the Westerhall Mausoleum, the last resting-place of the Johnstones.

The parish has given birth to some very illustrious men, amongst them being the Malcolms, four of whom were knighted, Pultneys, Paisleys, and Telford, the famous road-maker and bridge builder. The latter bequeathed a large sum of money to the parish for a library, which now shows a larger collection of books than any other parish in the kingdom.

The roadway from the English Border to Ettrick and Yarrow traverses the parish, and passes through some fine avenues of trees. A mail coach runs daily from Langholm and touches at the places of interest. On reaching Eskdalemuir the coach, after a brief halt, returns by the hill road through the parish, and affords visitors, who make Langholm their headquarters, ample opportunities of viewing this delightful part of Eskdale.

G. M. R.

Border Notes and Queries.

QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE.

In reference to the Armstrong who owned Queen Mary's house in Jedburgh, mentioned in article in BORDER MAGAZINE for November, some of your readers may be interested with the following quotation from "History of Hawick," Part II., page 28:—"The school colour was carried at the Common Riding for the last time in 1777 by Adam Armstrong, who was dux of the school that year. After completing his studies at the University of Edinburgh he was, on the recommendation of Dr Charters, engaged as preceptor in the family of the doctor's cousin, Admiral Greig, whom he accompanied to Russia, where he settled and held various important offices under the Imperial Government. His eldest son rose to be Director-General of the Imperial Mint, and the writer (J. W. K.) remembers a son of his visiting Jedburgh about 1870, where he owned Queen Mary's House." He was a big stout man, and seemed not very familiar with English, as he had an interpreter with him.

J. W. K.

* * * *

SCOTT AT FLODDEN.

By a strange coincidence F. A. J. told the readers of the "Berwickshire Advertiser" the "Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pay" story at the same time as it appeared in our last issue. The above writer says:—"Now, although I have no doubt the story itself is true, I have sometimes doubted if the sequel is equally so, as I never heard of such a sign having been displayed over any inn door near Flodden, and now I can track nigh seventy years of memory back. Besides, it seems to me that if once such a pithy and appropriate motto had been hoisted by any inn near Flodden Field, even 'Time's wasting hand' would have failed to do away with it. I know Flodden and its neighbourhood well, and have no doubt that the inn where the incident occurred was the old coaching inn, near Crookham, known as the 'Blue Bell,' as Sir Walter no doubt frequently stopped to rest his horse there in journeying to and from Rokeby, and I took the opportunity when there some two years ago, of suggesting to the landlord that he should adopt the motto, which he readily promised to do, but I fear the 'painterman' had never visited the district. As a motto undoubtedly suggested by Sir Walter Scott himself, I confess I should like to see it above the door of the 'Blue Bell,' if only to keep the story in mind. Cornhill and Milfield are both too far distant to claim it, and although the 'Blue Bell' itself is a little off the battlefield, it is on the old coach road, and seems the most likely place where the story related by Lockhart occurred." The writer of "The Author of Waverley on the South Side of the Border," who told the story to our readers, says:—"Flodden Field is generally spoken of as near Wooler, and no doubt Lockhart would naturally think the 'inn' was in the village; even yet it will be addressed as near Wooler. I was there in September, 1892, and mine host of that day did not, of course, disclaim the identity. However, I'll not argue the point."

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to throw some light on this interesting matter.

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THE NAME BUCCLEUCH.

It might be of some interest if some reader would make a collection of the various spellings of the famous Border name of Buccleuch. While I was recently deciphering some old town council records I found under the date 22 June, 1679, that the provost, bailies, and council sent two commissioners to "speake to the Ducke of Buckcloch for to gett ane protecksione for the toune to be fred of sojors quartering." W.

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BONSHAW TOWER.

In the interesting article on Bonshaw Tower, which appeared in last month's BORDER MAGAZINE, the author states that the tower "derives its name from Schaw, the Saxon for woodland, and bon the Norman for fair." I am inclined to think that the word is more likely to be derived from the French "bon," which means "good," and the German or Saxon "Schau," which is simply our "show." We have retained the latter in our "wappenshaw," which means "weapon shaw," while the first part is found in our Franco-German word "bonspiel"—"good play." Bonshaw would thus mean good show or outlook, the German for outlook being "ausschau."

A. S.

The Border Bookcase.

"THE STORY OF LITTLE JANET."

All lovers of the beautiful in the old Scottish national character will be delighted to get this fresh story from the gifted pen of the author of "Rob Lindsay and his School"—which was reviewed in these columns when it was issued. That there is much poetry to be found in the simple annals of the poor has time and again been proved, and the humble life of "Little Janet," as portrayed by the author, adds one more to the accumulated proofs. "How like what we have seen oorsels!" will be the exclamation of many who have been in touch with the old life, and such a remark is at once a compliment and a tribute to the author's truthfulness. The delightful little volume, which is published at the small price of 1/6 by T. N. Foulis, London, is much enhanced by the nine exquisite sketches from the deft pencil of Miss H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W. These drawings illustrate the text most admirably, and by reason of their softness are sure to touch a chord in Scottish hearts.

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OUTLINE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

The wilful misrepresentations of history in regard to Scotland, which English writers have so long placed before our school children, having at last roused public opinion, publishers in Scotland at least are awaking to the fact that correct histories must be supplied to Scottish schools. Ever in the front rank, Messrs A. & C. Black have produced a handsome book at the low price of 2/6, which we trust will soon find a foremost place in the schools and homes of our land. All parents who desire their children to know the fascinating story of our native land should place this beautifully printed and illustrated volume in the hands of the young folks, and so bring them up to know that Scotland is not a northern province of England, with no distinct history of her own. The clear, concise text is by Mr W. M. Mackenzie, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), while the 105 illustrations, maps, and plans have been carefully selected by Mr T. F. Henderson. The volume is thus referred to in the publisher's note:—"Recent developments, both national and educational, point to a revival of serious interest in Scottish history. This little book is intended as an aid in that direction. Its purpose is to provide an outline of the history of Scotland as history; to do in brief compass what has been done exhaustively by the historians of many volumes. The writer has confined himself to the things that really mattered in building up the kingdom and shaping the fortunes of its people. He has sought also to tell the story as a whole; to keep touch with Highlands and Borders as well as with the Central Lowlands; to connect the course of events in Scotland, where needful, with the general drift of European history; and to indicate the bearing of the facts on what is characteristic in the national evolution. For this purpose full use has been made of the large, and especially the more recent, histories; but the original sources available have also been independently consulted, and every effort made to keep the matter abreast of the latest and most assured results of special studies. The aim of the author as a whole has been to substitute a clearly written, coherent, and, it is hoped, interesting narrative not overburdened with names and dates, for the broken succession of 'mery tales' and exaggerated episodes to which Scottish history on this scale has been reduced, and which has destroyed at once its popular interest and its educational value."

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"ONE & ALL" BOOKS.

Anything referring to horticulture is interesting to a large number of Borderers, and the flower gardens of the Borderland are not to be despised. We have frequently had occasion to recommend the "One & All" books, which are issued monthly, and the present issue is quite up to the high standard of former issues. The writing is by experts, who are able to write in a popular style which can be understood by the amateur. The fine illustrations in each issue add greatly to the value of these publications. The present number is entitled "Climbers," by T. W. Sanders, F.L.S., F.R.H.S. London: Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 92 Long Acre, London. Price one penny. The editor, Edward Owen Greening, strikes a keynote in his introductory "fore-words." "It is," he says, "a social duty we all owe to our neighbours and to the place in which we live to do our best for its artistic adornment, and no decoration is so entirely effective as Nature's. I have seen houses in London thoroughfares rendered so strikingly beautiful by window boxes of flowers framed by creeper-clad walls, that all eyes turn with pleasure in the direction, as men, women, and children pass by on foot or bus, in cab or tram." The book is number fourteen of the "One & All" series. Its author, Mr Sanders, is so well known as an author that everybody may accept his carefully-explained cultural details with confidence. The book is fully illustrated on every page, many of the pictures being charming, like the photographic view of the house of Luther Burbank, "the Californian plant-wizard," which illustrates the editor's introduction.

* * * *

NEW HAWICK GUIDE.

We always welcome any new guide book or descriptive pamphlet which provides a simple and reliable index to the scenes and attractions of the Borderland, and we have pleasure in mentioning No. 192 of the "Borough" Guides which have become so deservedly popular. These books contain the most reliable and up-to-date information, and by reason of their beautiful illustrations are largely used by Corporations, &c., for posting to intending visitors and others interested in the various localities. The present issue is published under the auspices of the Hawick Town Council. In addition to the descriptive letterpress, the book contains a map and thirteen pictures. The views in the Public Park, at Hornshole, and the Moat are very fine, and the latter, in particular, will appeal to Teries all the world over. The local publishers are Messrs W. & J. Kennedy, Hawick, who can supply copies post free for 2½d.

Provands Lordship.

TO the Borderer who finds delight in historical research the old records of Glasgow prove of more than ordinary interest, because of the fact that the venerable institutions of which to-day the great city is so justly proud were founded by high-spirited, zealous, and broad-minded sons of the Borderland.

One need not therefore be surprised that, as active members of associations and clubs, which have for their object the preserving of the city's ancient landmarks, are to be found many Glasgow Borderers. In the club which

MR JAMES MCDOUGALL.

was recently formed to save and restore the ancient historical building known as Provands Lordship, referred to in the October issue of the "Border Magazine," this Border enthusiasm has been particularly noticeable, and very much of the success of the recent Old Glasgow Exhibition, held lately on behalf of the restoration scheme, is due to the organising ability and abounding energy of the popular convener of the Exhibits Committee, Mr James McDougall.

Never before in the city of Glasgow has a finer collection of art treasures and ancient relics been gathered together, and the crowds of interested visitors who daily thronged the Trades House Halls during the run of the show proved how much the Exhibition was appreciated by the citizens of Saint Mungo. Amongst the exhibits of outstanding general interest were the relics sent from the Kelso and Hawick Museums, from Darnick Tower and from Queen Mary's House, Jedburgh, while from the collections of many Glasgow Borderers notable exhibits were forwarded. Mr McDougall's abilities in running a show have long been known to City Borderers. During his thirty-five years' residence in Glasgow he has, although conducting a large and successful business, given much of his time and talents in furthering the interests of the Borderers' Association, and for many years has controlled the destiny of the most successful and unique fishing club in the kingdom, to wit, "The Glasgow Borderers." A born organiser, and possessed of a large fund of whimsical humour, Mr McDougall's attractive personality commands a big following, no matter what the scheme he has on hand, and his latest success in connection with the Provands Lordship Exhibition is recognised by his Border friends as only one further instance of what has long been known as "the influence of James."

G. C. A. A.

The Author of "Waverley" on the South Side of the Border.

(To the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE.)

Sir,—I beg to thank Mr David Thomson, of Wellfield House, Acklington, for his correction. The main point of my reference to Warkworth was the Borderer's quaintly-expressed opinion of the sound of the sea near his intended place of sepulchre.

I remember the building, during my very early boyhood, of the mill, sometimes called "Primrose Mill" and sometimes "Tamson's Mill," and lastly "Monteath's Mill." It appears that the Thomson who built that mill was not the Mr Thompson who had gone to Acklington. I read his record on the grave in Warkworth churchyard in 1835.—Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

Never fash your thum. . . . Every Jack will find a Jill, gang the world as it may.—St Ronan's Well.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications relating to Literary matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr WILLIAM SANDERSON, *St Rona, Rutherglen, near Glasgow.*

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1907.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this issue we complete our twelfth annual volume, and we desire to express our indebtedness to contributors and subscribers for their valued assistance in carrying on the work. That the BORDER MAGAZINE is appreciated in literary circles, we have abundant evidence, and the kindly letters we receive from well-known literateurs are a great encouragement. The twelve completed volumes of the B.M. form a library of Border literature of which no one need be ashamed, and we would counsel all our readers to bind the monthly issues at the end of each year. In sending copies to the binders the portrait supplements should be placed at the beginning of each part, as some bookbinders are very careless in this matter.

The Border Keep

(In which are preserved paragraphs from various publications, to the authors and editors of which we express our indebtedness).

The Rev E. Bruce Kirk, the well-known astronomer, in an astronomical lecture started discussion of the moon's movements by saying that the first thing any one notices about them is that the moon rises later each night; and then that the moon attains very different heights in the sky in different parts of its course—during one part getting lower and lower each night, and during another higher and higher. The summer full moon was low in the sky, but winter full moon was high. He alluded to the blunders made on these points. Had he cared to so embellish his lecture, he could have pointed to Sir Walter Scott as one of the greatest of blunderers in the matter. The battle of Bannockburn was no doubt an exceptional event, but, if Sir Walter is to be trusted, it had a unique full moon, for he says of the preceding night:—

"It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon."

And in the "Bridal of Mermain" we get a moon "full" at the age of 12 days; and we get a "new moon" which exhibits itself in "middle heaven," and, into the bargain, is visible at midnight!

* * * *

Where was the Admirable Crichton born? Cluny Castle in Perthshire is generally supposed to be the mansion where the hero first saw the light. But Mr Douglas Crichton, of Lincoln's Inn, London, who is at present writing the history of the family, favours the claim of Eliock House, near the Nithsdale burgh of Sanquhar. The many tales told about the Admirable Crichton's erudition render the problem an interesting one. On one occasion he is said to have intimated to the Senate of the College of Navarre that he would "be ready to answer to whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages—Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian; and in this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant." With reference to this dialetic contest, one historian writes:—"So pointedly and learnedly he answered to all the questions which were proposed to him, that none but they who were present can believe it. He spake Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other languages most politely. He was likewise an excellent horseman; and, truly, if a man should live a hundred years without eating, drinking, or sleeping, he could not attain to this man's knowledge, which struck us with a panic fear; for he knew more than human nature can well bear. He overcame four of the doctors of the Church; for in learning none could contest with him."

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The Scotch story which recently appeared in the "Chronicle" has a new "hook." A well-known

Scottish architect was travelling in Palestine recently when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland. On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand and came nearer to whisper, "No the noo, sir," he said. "No the noo. Maybe after the kirk's oot."

* * * *

Arthur C. Benson, writing on "Travel" in the "Cornhill Magazine," makes the following interesting reference to the home of Scott:—I thrill to see the stately rooms of Abbotsford, with all their sham feudal decorations, the little staircase by which Scott stole away to his solitary work, the folded clothes, the shapeless hat, the ugly shoes, laid away in the glass case; the plantations where he walked with his shrewd bailiff, the place where he stopped so often on the shoulder of the slope, to look at the Eildon Hills; the rooms where he sat, a broken and bereaved man, yet with so gallant a spirit to wrestle with sorrow and adversity. I wept, I am not ashamed to say, at Abbotsford, at the sight of the stately Tweed rolling his silvery flood past lawns and shrubberies, to think of that kindly, brave, and honourable heart, and the passionate love of all the goodly and cheerful joys of life and earth.

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Recently we had a revival of the long book title, in many cases novels being put forth staggering under the weight of names running into eight or ten words. The only point in favour of this idea was its obvious avoidance of all risk of clashing of titles. Some years ago a lawsuit over two books entitled "Trial and Triumph" revealed the fact that not only had that title been already used, but that there were also two other volumes—making five in all—under the plural name of "Trials and Triumphs." The only works where clashing of titles does not seem likely to occur are the old theological books, whose authors do not appear to have had any great faith in the saying that brevity is the soul of wit. No two persons, however, are likely to wish to use such names as "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Heel-pieces for Limping Sinners," or "Crumbs of Comfort for Sparrows in the Spirit." A Quaker, whose outward man the powers that were thought proper to imprison, published "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinner of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthly vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." In 1686 a pamphlet was published in London entitled "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at." The author of a work on charity entitles his book "'Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;" another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, calls his labours "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" and another, "A Reaping Hook well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." Talk about alliteration's artful aid! It is only equalled by the mock modesty of the pious authors, now happily dead. There are many more of these crushing titles, but one other will suffice, "The Christian Sodality; or, Catholic Hive of Bees, sucking the Honey of the Churches' Prayers from the Blossoms of the Word of God, blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service throughout the Yeare; collected by the Puny Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these elements of his name, F. P. Printed in the yeare of our Lord, MDCLII." Phew! Preserve us from the "Puny Bee" in literature—he looks suspiciously like a drone.

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At Philhope, in his 89th year, there has passed away Mr William Crozier, the father of the herds in Coquetdale and Redesdale, a man of great worth and extraordinary vigour and force of character, greatly esteemed and loved among the hill folks, and all with whom he came in contact. For over 46 years he faithfully served the same master, Mr Ord of Riddlees and Falside, and never missed a day in attending to the flock under his care till within the period of his fatal illness. Born at Spithopehead, in Redewater, and baptised by the Rev. Thomas Hope of Birdhopecraig, he was a staunch Presbyterian, and passed the most of his younger days in the service of the late Mr John Dodd, Catcleugh, with whom he visited the exhibition at the opening of the Chrystal Palace, London, in 1851, in charge of his master's sheep, when they carried off the first prize for Cheviots. His retentive memory was a perfect storehouse of interesting and original observations of the men, manners, and customs of former days. Never married, Mr Crozier leaves behind him a venerable brother, and only two years his junior, Mr Adam Crozier of Blackblakehope, with a large and highly respected family of nephews and nieces. Mr William and his brother Adam are the direct descendants of the Croziers prominently engaged in the fatal fray with the redoubtable Percy Reed of Troughend, who fell in Batinghope, at the foot of Carter Fell. A beautiful token of the reverence and affection with which Mr Crozier was regarded by all was the tender care with which his remains were conveyed through the moss haggs and morasses up by the side of Thirlmoor, and past the Gowden Pots, by a large company of stalwart young shepherds and farmers from every hill homestead, to their last resting-place in Byrness Churchyard.

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In the closing days of the year the old Dominie is inclined to become reminiscent and to let his mind dwell on the scenes and friends of the past, but still he keeps in touch with the younger generation and so succeeds, to some extent, in living his youth over again. He has kindly feelings for all who keep in touch with him, and therefore from a happy heart he sings:—

Christmas Chimes are ringing,
Voices sweet are singing,
Waking fondest mem'ries in the hearts of those who hear,
Past and present meeting,
Thus I send you greeting
For a Happy Christmas and a Hearty Guid New Year.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Queen Mary's House, Jedburgh.

PART II.

The land along the shores of the Solway was known as "The Debateable Land," and was the scene of many struggles between bands of freebooters and the Wardens of the Marches (See Bains's Calendars of Border Papers, Vols. I. and II.).

Mary, in 1566, determined to adopt measures to put down the depredations, and, therefore, called a Justice Aire or Circuit Court to be held in Jedburgh on 17th August 1566, with instructions for provisions. (1) The Earl of Bothwell had been appointed one of the Wardens of the Marches, and was sent to Liddesdale to deal with and quell the offenders. His residence was at Hermitage Castle near Newcastleton.

Her court was adjourned until 19th October, 1566 (2), and the day that she left Edinburgh for Jedburgh, Bothwell was seriously wounded by "Little Jock Elliot" (3), John Elliot of Park, as is recorded in a chronicle of that day, viz. :—

"Upoun the samyn day, James, Erle Bothwell, Lord Hailis of Cruchtoun, being send be our soverenis to bring in certain thevis and malefactouris of Liddisdaill to the justice air, to be puneist for their demeritis' and he being serchand the fieldis about the Hermitage, eftir that he had takin certane of the saidis thevis, and had put thame in the place of the said Hermitage, in presoun, chancit upoun ane theif callit Johne Eluat of the Park. And eftir he had takin him, the said Johne speirit gif he wald saif his liff; the said Erle Bothwell said, gif ane assyiss wald make him clene, he was hertlie countentit, bot he behuvit to pas to the Quenis grace. The said John heirand thay wordis slipis fra his horse to have rin away; bot in the lychting, the said erle schot him agane, and followed feirslie upoun the said theif the said erle slipit our ane souch and tomblit doun the same, quhair throw he was sa hurt that he swownit. The saide Johne persaveand himself schot and the erle fallin, he geid to him quhair he lay and gaif him thrie woundis, ane in the bodie, ane in the heid, and ane in the hand; and my lord gaif two straikis with ane quhingar at the paip, and the said theif depairtit; and my lord lay in a swoun quhill his servantis come and carryit him to the Hermitage. At his coming thairto the saidis thevis quhuik was in presoune in the said Hermitage, had gotten furth thairof and was maisteris of the said place, and wald not let my lord Bothwell in, quhill ane callit Robert Ellot of the Schaw come and said, that gif thai wald let in my lord Bothwell, he wald saif all thar lyvis, and let thame gang hame, and sua thai leit my lord in, and gif he had not gotten in at that tyme, he and all his company haid been slane. And the said theif that hurt my lord Bothwell deceissit within ane myle upon ane hill of the woundis gottin fra my lord Bothwell of befoir." (4)

On 9th October, 1566, Queen Mary arrived at Jedburgh with her retinue, and held Court there for some time. In consequence of the prices of all victuals being raised upon all those accompanying her, she made a Privy Council Order fixing the prices to be charged. (1)

On the 15th October Le Croc, the French Ambassador, arrived, and on the 16th she set off to Hermitage Castle to see Bothwell, who was said to be lying there dangerously ill. Sir Walter Scott refers to a Border tradition that she rode to the castle by way of Hawick, and Sir Walter Elliot of Wolflee, the president of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club for 1869, points out that there was no foundation for this, and suggests the following as the direct route which she would take:—Leaving Jedburgh by the town head, and passing the castle, the Queen would proceed along the base of the Dunion Hill across Swinnie Moor into Rule Water; then across the Earlside Moor to Colifort Hill, crossing the Slitrie below Stobbs, and leaving Hawick considerably to the right. Her path in all likelihood would then pass Whitlaw Flex and Priesthaugh, and on between Great Moor and Caldecleuch Hills to the head of the Braidlee Burn, where there is a morass in which her white palfrey sank, and which is still called "Queen's Mire." From Braidlee Burn there is a short and easy descent into the Hermitage valley. (2)

In the appendix to Buchanan's History of Scotland (1721) there is "a detection of the actions of Mary Queen of Scots concerning the murder of her husband," and, which, notwithstanding the bitter tone of the writing, is in a measure corroborated by the Privy Council Records. Buchanan says: "When the Queen determined to go to Jedworth, to the Assizes there, to be holden about the beginning of October, Bothwell making his journey into Liddesdale, there he was wounded by a poor thief that was himself ready to die, and carried into the castle called the Hermitage with the great uncertainty of his recovery." After describing her visit to Bothwell, he proceeds to say that "thence she returned again to Jedworth, and with most earnest care and diligence provideth and prepareth all things to remove Bothwell thither." After describing her serious illness, and the King's visit to Jedburgh to see her, he tells how Bothwell was removed to the Queen's own lodging in Jedburgh, and "laid in a lower palour directly under the chamber where the Queen herself lay sick."

Corroborative evidence of her visit to Jedburgh, and illness there, is found in official documents, in Keith's History of the affairs of Church and State in Scotland, book II., pp. 133 and 139, in an account by Claude Nau, her secretary from 1575 to her death, which is among the British Museum MSS., and is published in a paper by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson in "The Month" for 1879 (vol. XVII., p. 98), and in a remarkable paper recently brought to light from the Drummond collection, called "The Declaration of the Will of the most michtie and virtuous Princess Marie, Quene of Scotland, Dowairie of France, durying the time of her extreme maladie, with the Praers and Exhortations maid be her."

The late Mr John Small, librarian of Edinburgh University, in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in 1881, wrote as follows:—

"During her convalescence Darnley arrived at Jedburgh, but was coldly received by the nobles. It is not certain that he was even permitted to see the Queen.

(1) Register of the Privy Council, Vol. I., p. 476.

(2) Do. Do.

(3) Sir R. Maitland's Poem, "Aganis the Thieves of Liddesdale." See also Prof. Ayton's "Bothwell."

(4) Diurnal of Remarkable Occurences within Scotland, 1514-75, p. 100. Maitland Club.

(1) Reg. Privy Council, Vol. I., p. 488.

(2) Berwickshire Naturalists' Club Transactions, Vol. VI., p. 42.

At all events he only remained one night in the burgh, and lodged not in the house where the Queen lay, but in one which belonged to Lord Home, which is now pulled down.

"By the 30th of November the recovery of the Queen was nearly complete, and she then caused the sum of twenty pounds to be distributed amongst the poor of the burgh, as a thank-offering to God. She also paid forty shillings to one John Hume for playing to her on the lute, and four pounds to John Heron for playing on the pipe and 'quhissil' during her illness. It is a curious domestic detail, that along with the drugs which came from Edinburgh for the Queen's use, were twenty apples and pomegranates and six citrons."

The following letter, written by the Queen from Jedburgh to the High Treasurer, ordering materials for a new dress, is still preserved:—

"The saurer, after the sight of this writ ye shall not fail to send a servant of your own in all possible haste to Edinburgh, and cause him to bring to this town twenty ells of red champit chamlet of silk, with twenty ells white plaiding, four eells white taffety, three ells fine black velvet, four ells small lyons canvas, six ounces black stitching silk, with a pound of black thread. This in no way shall ye fail to do, keeping this writ for your warrant. Subscribed with our hand at Jedburgh the penult day of October 1566. MARIE. R."

Among the other disbursements of the Queen at this time were those for the expenses of the Assize. She caused to be paid to the Justice General three pounds a day, to Sir John Bellenden, the Justice Clerk, "for his ordinar and Clerks remaining at the aires (Circuit Courts) of Jedburgh," from the 9th day of October to the 8th of November, forty shillings per day, and to Lady Fernihirst the sum of forty pounds for the use of the house she had occupied during the thirty days she abode at Jedburgh.

In Volume I. of the Register of the Privy Council, page 475, is found a proclamation, dated at Alloa, the 28th day of July, 1566, intimating that the King (Darnley) and the Queen, considering the disorder and unquietness of their realm, proclaim that they were to hold a Justice Aire at certain places, and among others at Jedburgh, on the 17th day of August, and charged the Provost, Bailies, and inhabitants to prepare meat, drink, and lodging for their Majesties and their retinue.

This is followed by another order from the Privy Council, dated 8th August, postponing their visit to Jedburgh until the 19th day of October.

On page 488 and following pages of the same volume occur several minutes of the Privy Council at Jedburgh on 10th October and following days. There were present—James, Earl of Murray, Andrew, Earl of Rothes, George, Earl of Caithness, the Earl of Huntly, the Earl of Argyle, Lords Livingstone, Seton, Yester, Borthwick, Arbroath, Home, and Somerville, three Bishops, the Secretary, Treasurer, the Clerk of the Register, and the justice Clerk. Orders were given to pursue justice at Jedburgh, and, further, on page 489, it is mentioned that Her Majesty is "vexit with infirmitie."

On the 25th October, there is another Court held, at which the Earl of Huntly, the Earl of Bothwell, the Earl of Athole, the Earl of Rothes, and others are present ordaining the authorities to keep good rule in the district.

This Minute is followed by another, dated the 15th November, after which the Queen appears to have gone to Kelso, as a subsequent minute is dated at Kelso.

Mr Smail states that, on leaving Jedburgh, Queen Mary proceeded by way of Kelso, Home Castle, Berwick, and Dunbar, arriving on the 20th November at Craigmillar Castle, a few miles from Edinburgh, with sorrow, suffering, and captivity in the near future, and in the distance the bloody scaffold of Fotheringay. Four months after her departure from our ancient burgh, her husband, Lord Darnley, was murdered; three months more and she was the wife of Bothwell; yet twelve months and she was lodged as a prisoner in the Castle of Carlisle. As time rolled on, and the clouds of misfortune were closing dark and thick around her, she was often heard to exclaim, in the anguish of a wounded spirit, "Would that I had died at Jedworth!"

There is annexed hereto a reproduction of the tapestry, photo of Queen Mary's house, and of another piece of tapestry belonging to Mr Scott, which is also for sale.

The building is for sale, as well as two swords bought by Mr Scott with the furnishings, and believed to have been in the house at the time of her sojourn there.

An Afternoon among Border Archæology—July, 1906.

To the archæologist, "Hawick among the hills" is an ideal centre for a holiday. A place of some antiquity, the town itself—plundered and burned by the English at least four times during the lamentable Border wars—has had a stirring history, and fitting indeed are the lines in which Leyden refers to its "structures rear'd in blood." The thriving Border metropolis, it is true, does not now savour of antiquity, for the town is of comparatively modern build. Most of the older edifices have been swept away, and the Tower—now the Tower Hotel—which in 1767 was the only slate-covered house in the town, is the only historic building at present remaining. To the antiquarian, however, Hawick is more interesting in that it is in the heart of a tract of country abounding with antiquities, such as hill-forts, stone circles, the mysterious Catrail (also termed Picts' Work Ditch or Dyke) and the equally perplexing Hawick Moat, not to mention the numerous Border peel-towers throughout the district. One cannot go far from the town without encroaching upon ground redolent with traditional memories of the past, and coming across edifices of historic or monuments of prehistoric times.

From Hawick, our headquarters during a pleasant holiday, we set out on cycle one afternoon in July for the Liddesdale region. The route up the sylvan Slitrig was charming. On the top of the bank of the river to the right immediately on leaving the town rises the famous Hawick Moat, which it pleased Sir Walter Scott to term a "mound, where Druid shades still flitted round," but which the townspeople, ambitious and zealous as they are, consign to the less remote Saxon times, when, they surmise, it was used as a moot-hill, or place where justice was administered. There is in reality nothing Druidical about it, and probably the belief of some of the Hawick archæologists—to the effect that it is a tumulus—is more correct. Its authentic history can be traced no farther back than the reign of James IV., when, in a charter granted to Douglas of Drum-

lanrig, it is mentioned as the "moit of Hawick." Acreknow, on Stobs estate—specified on Pont's map of the district as "Akerknow,"—is soon passed; it is brisk with military life, for three Edinburgh corps are stationed there for their annual course of training. After a run of a few minutes Stobs Castle is left behind to the right. There is a widespread belief that this was the birthplace of Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar; but this is erroneous. He was born at Wells-on-Rule. Half-a-mile farther on lies Cog's Mill, which evidently belonged in pre-Reformation times to the clerics who regulated the services of the church, whose foundation marks are still to be seen under the shade of the clump of trees on the adjoining slope. By many authorities this is held to have been the identical chapel in which Reginald of Durham, who wrote in the reign of William the Lion, states that the miracles transacted in the name of the venerable St Cuthbert took place; but on the identity record is not definite. Some three hundred yards to the north of the church is a ridge, which is designated "Macleary's Castle" on the plan of the farm, and which has evidently in former times been rampart-girded; in the field adjoining it a stone coffin, unoccupied by any remains, was unearthed about two decades ago.

At this point in the journey Windburgh (1622 feet) confronts the tourist, and the ascent over the steep shoulder of this mountain under a broiling sun is no comfortable task, especially as the quality of the road greatly degenerates after Shankend Shiels has been passed. On the top of Windburgh there is said to have been in former times a very deep pool or loch—in recent years the present writer has searched for it in vain,—out of which, a fairy tale relates, the memorable Hawick flood of 1767 originated. Going past this mere one day —so the story runs—a shepherd threw a stone into it, with the result that the fairies, disturbed in their revels at the bottom of the lake, agitated the waters so violently that they overflowed, and, rushing down the hill-side with impetuous force, augmented the Slitrig to such an extent that the torrent inundated Hawick and caused the destruction of much property. Thus the popular mind attributes to the supernatural what arises from purely natural causes.

The cyclist who travels by this road must be prepared to walk to the top of the ridge. After crossing over the elevated bridge at Robert's Lynn, he should keep a sharp look-out to the west for the Catrail, which may be traced here in its course among the hills—the railway to Carlisle and the Leap Burn cutting it at right angles. This memorial of prehistoric times has been a puzzle to antiquarians ever since Alexander Gordon directed attention to it; and many have been the conjectures regarding the purpose of its construction. To four of the conjectured purposes there are strong objections. It could not have been a military road connecting forts, as it has no communication with some of the largest of them in its vicinity; it could not have been an ordinary road, as its course is often identical with the bed of a burn, and sometimes leads to a steep ravine; it could not have been a rampart for defence, as it does not take advantage of nature's aid, and in some places is dominated from a superior position; nor could it have been a boundary, as it "follows no natural line of boundary, but crosses hill, and valley, and stream." For want of something more definite, then, as to the purpose of this work, it were better meanwhile to agree with a recent Border historian, "that it is one of a class of prehistoric works which exist in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the object of which is entirely unknown."

From this point we ascended Limekiln Edge, and having passed the southern entrance of Shankend Tunnel, followed the course of Whitterhope Burn southwards. Whitterhope Toll was reached after a rough ride of a few minutes, and from it—the cycle having been left in the adjoining barn—our ascent of the famous Nine Stone Rig, widely celebrated in Leyden's "Lord Soulis" and also in the pathetic "Barthram's Dirge," was begun on foot. No easy task was it to find the famous Nine Stone circle, for the ridge is extensive and pathless, and the grass so long that two only of the megaliths rear their heads above it. A wild and dreary place this!—situated amid an amphitheatre of lofty hills. The circle—nominally of nine stones, but now consisting of only seven—is doubtless a funereal memorial of some "warriors bold" of ancient times. Dr Skene expressed the opinion in his "Celtic Scotland" that it was erected as a memorial of the deadly execution during the flight of the northern Britons from the sanguinary battle of Degsastan in 603 A.D. —thought by many authorities to have been fought near the Dawston Burn, some two miles distant; but more probably, as is the case with stone circles in the north, it was reared to indicate a place of sepulture in Bronze Age times, several hundreds of years before that battle.

In popular legend the Nine Stone circle is associated with an incident still more blood-curdling. Tradition has it that the last of the Soulises of Hermitage—sorcerer as well as tyrant—was boiled to death in a huge caldron here by the incensed inhabitants of the district, who, unable longer to tolerate this haughty lord, successfully petitioned the king to sanction his death. The two largest of these seven stones are pointed out as those from which the fatal pot was suspended, but the distance between them is 14 ft. 3 in. (as we ascertained by means of a tape-line), so that, in the words of a Borderer who doubted the tradition, it would need a "gey lang cruick-tree" to hang the caldron therefrom. In Dalkeith Palace there is a large pot which the appended label states was "Found in Hermitage Castle; supposed to be the identical ladle used at the boiling of Lord Soulis."* The pot, however, is only 19½ inches in diameter, and of about the same depth, so could not possibly have been used in the capacity specified. Indeed, instead of having been found in Hermitage Castle, as the label indicates, it was bought from some of the followers of the Jacobite army when passing through Teviotdale in 1715. For long after that time it was preserved at Skelfhill Farm, was then procured by Mr Pott, and afterwards given to Lord Dalkeith. The redoubtable Lord Soulis of the tradition, moreover, died no such death as that of boiling. Implicated in the notorious conspiracy of 1320, he was—as we have it on the authority of Barbour's "Bruce" and Gray's "Scalacronica"—imprisoned in Dumbarton Castle, where he eventually died.

From the summit of the ridge a view of the upper part of Hermitage Castle is obtained as it

protrudes above the hill-slope about two miles distant. What varied memories the sight of this majestic pile evokes!—of times when the Soulises ranked with the wealthiest and noblest of the land; of the death of the burly "Cout of Keildar" through the treachery of Soulis; of the dark murder of the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay by the jealous knight of Liddesdale; and of Bothwell, who, when nigh death's door through the wound inflicted on him by John Elliot of the Park, was visited at Hermitage Castle by Queen Mary, who rode all the way from Jedburgh to see her wounded lieutenant. It is not generally known that during her brief stay of two hours at Hermitage, Mary granted "ane letter made to Mr George Sinclare, son of Thomas Sinclar, writer, of the gift of the office of the forming, writing, and perfecting of all and whatsomever testaments that shall happen to be confirmed by the Commissaris of Edinburgh, for all the days of his life."

Having cycled from Whitterhope Toll down the side of the burn and past its confluence with Hermitage Water, we crossed over into Liddesdale by way of Steel Road, and traced the Liddel sourcewards. Soon after the main road is reached, Larriston is seen on the right—rendered famous in Hogg's soul-stirring ballad "Lock the door, Larriston." Riccarton was soon passed through, and a few minutes afterwards we arrived at Saughtree, where in his latter years James Telfer, the gifted balladist and country schoolmaster, had his abode.

Had time permitted, it was intended to trace the famous Wheel Causeway—along which the "Hammer of the Scots" on more than one occasion marched northwards, and by means of which many an English force has subsequently made a Border raid—and to investigate the ruins of Wheel Church, formerly a chapel-of-ease belonging to Jedburgh Abbey. Already, however, night was approaching, and the return to Hawick had to be accomplished before darkness set in. From Saughtree to the Note o' the Gate is a road both rough and steep. Owing to lack of time the desire to investigate the Caddron Burn, which lay over the ridge to the right, had to be curbed. The name is doubtless a corruption of "Caldron," the rivulet being evidently so termed from the fact that in some places the waters fall into seething "pots" of foam. To the left, also, lay the place where formerly stood "The Abbey," another dependency of the monastery of Jedburgh. The origin of this name, which gave to one of the neighbouring burns the appellation of "Abbey Sike," is lost in obscurity; but it indicates that, if not a monastic institution, this shrine was at least a place of some importance.

The rough hill-road along which we were now travelling was that by which a division of Prince Charles's Highland army marched into England in 1745. It was also that traversed by Sir Walter Scott and his friend Shortreed when they made their "raids" into Liddesdale in search of historical and traditional information. Singden is the only place of habitation on this dreary hill-road, no other indication of a house being visible for some miles save the ruins of the famous "Note o' the Gate"—of which the foundations only now remain—about one mile north of the former place. From this point the road is chiefly downhill, but is too rough to admit of a pleasant cycle-run. For this, however, the splendid panoramic view of the Cheviots to the east somewhat compensates, while northwards appear "dark Ruberslaw," the "Eildons three," and other well-known eminences. To the left, before reaching the foot of the hill, the tourist passes Hyndlee, formerly the abode of Jamie Davidson, who was popularly thought to be the prototype of Dandie Dinmont. "He is," says Lockhart, "much flattered with the compliment, and goes uniformly by the name among his comrades; but has never read the book. Ailie used to read it to him, but it set him to sleep." Three miles farther on the way Wolfelee is passed. Here the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of Southdean parish and father of the poet of the "Seasons," met an untimely fate. Having been requested to "lay" a ghost which was causing some consternation among the country-people, he came thither to do so; but while he was engaged in prayer when opening the meeting for the purpose of exorcising it, he was struck on the forehead with a ball of fire, from the effect of which he languished and died. No explanation of this weird incident has yet been offered.

In passing, Hobkirk—"the kirk in the hope"—is seen to the left in the vale of the Rule. It is a place of considerable antiquity, and formerly belonged to the canons of Jedburgh. After a short pleasant spin we skirted the base of Bonchester Hill—on the summit of which is an extensive prehistoric camp—and passing over the Rule, arrived at Bonchester. From this village up to Hawthornside—specified on Pont's map of Teviotdale—the road is rather steep, but once the top of the ridge is reached, there is an agreeable run down through Kirkton to Hawick. Our destination was reached in the gloaming, after a most enjoyable and instructive afternoon among Border Archæology; and the rest of the evening was spent in the congenial atmosphere of Pringle's Temperance Hotel—our headquarters during a pleasant and interesting holiday

G. Watson.

*See illustration of this utensil in the Border Magazine for January, 1900.

Cockburnspath.

In the olden time the straight road from Berwick-on-Tweed to the northern metropolis lay across Coldingham Moor, and early travellers have left somewhat doleful descriptions of their route. Sir William Brereton, under date 1636, Junii 26, writes:—"Here is a mighty want of fire in these moors; neither coal nor wood nor turf, only they cut and flea [flay, i.e., pare] top turves with linge upon them. These moors you travel upon about eight miles and then come to a village called Apthomas [Aldcambus]." Nor was the journey less dreary in 1769, when Pennant crossed "the bleak, joyless, heathy moor of Coldingham." It would therefore be with a feeling of expectant joy that those itinerants came in sight of the finely situated village of Cockburnspath,

as they skirted the little fort of Colbrand, "builded by forgotten hands," and made their way zig-zag through the Pease Dean, where, in the days of Border feud and foray, armed men were wont to "make the pass" with considerable difficulty.

The Parish of Coldingham, in the County of Berwick and adjoining East Lothian, now includes the old parish of Auldcambus, annexed at the time of the Reformation. Unfortunately the earliest Kirk-Session Records have disappeared and now only exist from 1843, though the Heritors' minute-book dates from 1776. It would appear that the present parish church is of pre-Reformation date, as a stone found in the building is marked "1163." Repaired in 1807, and again in 1826, the church was, about the middle of last century, considerably enlarged, and has now accommodation for 400 people. Some antiquarian interest attaches to the exterior of the building. There is a curious round tower at its west end, above the doorway on the south side is a window-head of geometric tracery, and an old sundial is on the south-west corner of the church, while at the east end is what seems to have been a vault, with an old stone roof. A small hand-bell belonging to the church is encircled by the following inscription:—"Gifted be John Henrie Bower in Edinburgh to the Sessione and Kirke of Cockburnspeth, 1650."

COCKBURNSPATH PARISH CHURCH.

About a mile to the west of Cockburnspath, the site of the ancient village of Dunglass is marked by a large sycamore tree, and in close proximity is a picturesque ivy-clad chapel of pre-Reformation date. It consists of tower, nave, choir, and north and south transepts, with a sacristy on the north side of the choir. The tower is roofless, but heavy overlapping stone slabs preserve the other parts of the building. The church was founded (1403) by Sir Thomas Home, who had married the daughter of Nicolas Papedie, the owner of the lordship of Dunglass. In 1450, Sir Alexander Home formed it into a Collegiate Church for a provost and prebendaries. Abraham Wachtoun was provost in 1549. In 1644, the lands passed from the family of Home to Sir John Ruthven and his wife, who was the fourth daughter of General Leslie. This lady died in 1672, and is interred in the church. The property was afterwards sold to Sir William Sharp, who disposed of it to Edward Callender, from whom it was conveyed to Sir John Hall, the ancestor of the present owner. Burns, in 1787, wrote of Dunglass as the "most romantic place" he had ever seen, and this description still appropriately describes one of the prettiest domains to be seen in Scotland.

It will be matter of interest as well as surprise to note the discovery, in 1904, of six healthy cone-bearing specimens of the Umbrella Pine, which was made by Mr George

Bolam, F.E.S., the able and estimable treasurer of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club. There is no record of these trees to be found at Dunglass, but it is supposed that they were planted after the opening of the railway there in 1846. Their situation is a sheltered one, but it is a remarkable fact that, though the trees must have been frequently admired by lovers of nature, they had not engaged the attention of the arboriculturist till a few years ago. Their existence seems to be unique north of the Tweed, and the Association under whose auspices the observation and discovery were made must be congratulated on the fruit of its labours.

Auldcambus is an ancient British word derived from "Alt," a streamlet, and "camus," a creek, though some authorities hold that "Ald" is simply a variation of "Auld" (Old). The first owner of land there appears to have been Edward de Auldcambus, who, in 1198, conveyed it to the monks of Coldingham, pledging himself to produce his four sons at the plea courts to swear away their right to the village. He was, probably, succeeded by "Thomas de Aldekambus," who is witness to a charter (1190-1200) at the hands of Adam of Lamberton. A later gift to the Priory was that of Nicholas, son of Thomas de Aldcambus. From that time the monks of Coldingham were superiors of the lands there, which were held by the Templars, and the teinds of the parish of Coldingham were payable to the Priory. In the early part of the fourteenth century, David, son of Arnald of Quixwood, conveyed ten acres of land—probably flower-gardens—to this old religious house, while the family of Dunbar held nominal possession of the village, and, in 1441, the Homes gave Houndwood in exchange for Aldcambus, which continued in their hands till 1682, when it passed into the possession of Sir John Hall of Dunglass. At one time there was a hospital at Aldcambus, with "lepers abiding therein." It existed before 1214, but the precise dates of its foundation and disappearance have no place in history.

A little to the north of what is probably the site of the village of Aldcambus, and about three miles east of Cockburnspath, stand the ruins of St Helen's Chapel. It was a "Norman structure with the exception of the west gable wall (fourteenth or fifteenth century). It was barrel-vaulted throughout, and the north chancel wall is entire." In the beginning of last century, a small Saxon arch stood at the entrance to the chancel, with a border of fine zig-zag moulding. The hallowed ground has been used as a burying-place within living memory, and several clear-cut lettered-stones may yet be seen. A tradition at one time held that three sisters contended in the building of three churches in close proximity to the sea, and this has been preserved in the following rhyme:—

"St Abb, St Helen, and St Bey,
They all built kirks to be nearest the sea.
St Abb's upon the Nabbs, St Helen's on the lea,
St Ann's upon Dunbar sands
Stands nearest to the sea."

A. T. G.

Boston of Ettrick's Life.

As is well known, the great Ettrick divine, whose influence is yet felt in the religious life of Scotland, wrote his autobiography, which is now printed for the first time, in its original form, from the author's MS., with introduction, notes, bibliography, &c., by Rev. George D. Low, M.A., F.S.A., Edinburgh, who thus refers to the volume:—Thomas Boston, the author of the "Fourfold State," is a notable figure in Scottish Church history. He was inducted minister at Ettrick, Selkirkshire, on May 1, 1707, "a day remarkable to after ages, as the day in which the Union of Scotland and England was commenced." He died at Ettrick Manse, May 20, 1732. Boston left two MSS., the one entitled "General Accounts of My Life," and the other "Passages of My Life." The interest of these records is largely autobiographical; but they are also concerned with affairs of national importance; and they throw light on Scottish ecclesiastical movements of the early part of the eighteenth century. The "Memoirs" of Boston appeared in 1776, of which various editions have been published, the two most recent in 1899. This volume was compiled by the grandson, Michael Boston, Relief Minister at Falkirk, from the two MSS. already named, with such omissions and alterations as he judged necessary. These, on examination, are found to be important. The personal touches which give colour to a narrative are often awanting in the printed page, as when Boston says of his father, that "he was a man of a low stature, a cooper to his employment, keeping withal a malting in my time;" or of his mother, that "she was a tall and stately woman;" or when he tells how his father took him to hear Mr Henry Erskine preach, and so "laid me in Christ's way." The present editor has been familiar with both MSS. for years. He believes that the Autobiography ought to be printed as Boston left it, and therefore he has ventured to transcribe one of the MSS., the "General Account of My Life," in the editing of which he has had the use of a considerable amount of unpublished material. The volume will be issued to subscribers in January, 1908, price 6s net, postage extra; after publication, 10s net. The edition will be limited. The names of subscribers should be sent to Messrs Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., Edinburgh; or to Rev. G. D. Low, 61 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh.

Vanishing of the Scots "Old Nobility."

WE have occasionally referred to the melancholy fact that many of the present-day representatives of our old nobility seem unable or unwilling to retain the ancestral home and lands which have been the pride of their family for hundreds of years. A recent article in the "Glasgow Evening Times," by G. M. R., thus deals with the subject:—

The announcement that the Earl of Galloway has applied to the Court of Session for permission to sell the entailed family estates in Wigtownshire and Kirkcudbrightshire is suggestive of other reflections than commercial speculations about the mere money value of certain "parcels" of land. The late Duke of Rutland, when a young man, and known as Lord John Manners, voiced the creed of the "Young England Party" in the Homeric couplet:—

"Let wealth and commerce, law and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

He had no idea that he would live to see the extinction or "absorption" of hundreds of ancient families, and the transfer of hundreds of thousands of their "old acres" to "new men"—of commerce and "trust" notoriety. When on a recent visit to the land of Burns, I made, with the aid of an old friend, a rough summation of such changes within a radius often miles, taking Mauchline as the centre. The result worked out in this way:—That the "old families" who were flourishing half a century ago, and in occupation of their ancestral homes, and are still in the same position, could be counted on the fingers of one hand. In many cases the estates have entirely changed hands; in others, the mansions, sporting rights, &c., are in the occupation of moneyed "aliens," the hereditary properties being under the management of trustees in the interest of creditors. Judging of results by contrasting the condition of the farm steadings, the quality of the live stock, and the cultivation of the land, I have no hesitation in saying that the change has been almost invariably for the better.

The Stewarts of Garlies can undoubtedly trace their lineage back to the fourteenth century. I may mention as an interesting fact that on my visit to Mauchline I interviewed a small leaseholding farmer whose family had occupied the same house and lands (only about 20 acres) in the direct male line of descent for over 300 years.

Going farther south, I found still more striking changes in Dumfriesshire, and similar beneficial results—that is from a strictly agricultural and economic point of view. There is one notable exception to the chronicle of change. The old Border clan of the Irvings of Bonshaw Tower—far more ancient than the Scotts of Buccleuch—still flourishes, and is represented by Colonel Irving, one of the foremost agriculturists (as a landlord) of the day. For very many miles round Bonshaw Tower and the neighbouring "toon" of Ecclefechan nearly all the old Border chiefs have completely "gone under," and their castles and lands have been purchased and occupied by wealthy business men.

Scott lamented the decay of this class in his day, but in the heydey of his brilliant career, when he was building Abbotsford and buying up every acre of land he could put his hands on, he had "no compunctious visitings" about wiping out the Riddells of Lilliesleaf and annexing their land to his small estate. "Many were his lamentations," writes Lockhart ("Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott") "over the catastrophe which has just befallen them (the Riddells). They are one of the most venerable races in the South of Scotland; they were here long before these glens had ever heard of the name of Soulis or of Douglas—to say nothing of Buccleuch; they can show a Pope's bull of the tenth century authorising the then Riddell to marry a relation within the forbidden degrees. Here they have been for a thousand years at least; and now all the inheritance is to pass away."

Autumn.

[Celtic.]

Blue-violet streaks the dawning rift,
And shadows die,
Bared boughs, like twisted arteries, shift
Where bird-like falls the leafy drift
Beneath the sky.

The vine weeps red with sun-kissed tears,
The willow grieves,
Gold autumn flakes engild the meres;
Like pattering footsteps of dead years
Rustle the leaves.

Regina Miriam Bloch.

A Famous Yarrow Book.—The Rev. Robert Borland, the popular minister of Yarrow, is so well known for his great literary abilities to an audience on both sides of the globe that it is not surprising to know that his "Yarrow: its Poets and Poetry," has been out of print several years, and those who possess copies value them highly. Those who desire to have a copy of this fine Border book will be pleased to learn that a new edition at 3/6 and a large paper edition at 10/6 are about to be published, and we feel sure that this new issue will be welcomed by a very wide circle of readers. Mr Borland proposes to publish his researches on the ecclesiology of Yarrow in the spring.

The death took place in November last in London of Mr Thomas Houghton, a native of Newcastleton, who rose to be secretary of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and, after serving that Company many years with the utmost acceptance, retired six years ago. He was in his 79th year, and always manifested extraordinary interest in his native dale, being a vice-president of the Liddesdale Agricultural Society, and president of the Liddesdale Benevolent Society in London. He helped many young men hailing from Liddesdale, and when visiting his native place was a regular visitor amongst the old people of the village.

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