

HAWICK SONGS
AND
SONG WRITERS

BY
ROBERT MURRAY.

THIRD EDITION
ENLARGED.

HAWICK:
W. & J. KENNEDY
1897

INDEX.

	PAGE
AITCHISON, ELLIOT,	35
BALBIRNIE, ARTHUR,	27
BALLANTYNE, JOHN,	87
BROWN, THOMAS,	84
BRYDON, JAMES, M.D.	99
CHAPMAN, THOMAS,	58
CUNNINGHAM, REV. ROBERT	3
DAVIDSON, REV. GEORGE, M.A.,	102
DAVIDSON, JESSIE,	76
DOUGLAS, DR JOHN,	40
DOUGLAS, AGNES,	48
EASTON, WILLIAM,	56
ELLIOT, REV. W. H.,	82
FAIRLIE, ROBERT,	83
GOODFELLOW, JOHN C.,	79
HALLIDAY, JOHN,	22
HOBKIRK, WILLIAM,	70
HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD,	6
HOGG, JOHN,	12
HOGG, FRANK,	55
HOGG, JAMES,	28
HUNTER, JAMES,	44
HUNTER, ROBERT,	66
INGLIS, JOHN,	59
IRVINE, WILLIAM,	93
JAMIESON, JAMES,	64
JARDINE, JAMES	77
KENNEDY, WILLIAM NORMAN,	45
KENNEDY, ROBERT,	50
KER, TOM,	107
KNOX, WILLIAM,	7
LAURIE, JOHN R.,	111
"LEAN YEDDIE GIBSON,"	89
LEYDEN, DR JOHN,	4
LOCKIE, WILLIAM,	23
MACRAE, REV. DR,	95

	PAGE
MICHIE, ALEXANDER,	52
MORRISON, MRS WILLIAM,	76
MURRAY, DR J. A. H.,	17
MURRAY, J. E. D.,	85
NEAVES, LORD,	19
OLIVER, WILLIAM, OF LANGRAW,	20
PRINGLE, THOMAS,	11
R. S. C.,	109
"RATTLING ROARING WILLIE,"	2
RIDDELL, HENRY SCOTT,	13
RIDDELL, WILLIAM B. C.,	16
RUICKBIE, JAMES,	25
RULE, JOHN,	90
SCOTT, SIR WALTER,	5
SCOTT, WILLIAM,	39
SMITH, JOHN,	88
STAFFORD, JOHN,	94
STORIE, JAMES,	35
THOMSON, JAMES,	72
TURNBULL, JOHN,	97
WATERS, REV. D.,	105
WEBSTER, GEORGE,	58
"WIDOW YOUNG,"	84
WILSON, ROBERT,	26
WINNING, MRS J. G.,	91
WINTHROPE, JAMES,	61

Hawick Songs and Song Writers.



As we stated in former editions, Hawick and round about Hawick has long been honoured as a home and a haunt of celebrated song writers. Leyden, in his "Scenes of Infancy," refers to the gentle captive of Harden, whom the beautiful Mary, the Flower of Yarrow, found amongst the spoils of her marauding husband Wat o' Harden, and says of him,

"His are the strains whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill."

He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names and left his own unsung."

Another nameless bard, a Teviotdale shepherd, sang the dirge of the valiant laird of

"Whitslades, wi' mony a sigh and groan."

Old Hobbie of Skelfhill, another of our local minstrels, sang of the "Braes of Branxholm" and of "Jean the Ranter," who had a small inn there; also of Captain Maitland, who fell in love with Jean's daughter, and in the ecstasy of joy, cries out to Jean,

"Gar fill the cup, gar fill the can,"

a call which has been appropriated by Sir Walter Scott in his song of Bonnie Dundee. Then there was also the

minstrelsy of that unique bard known as Scot of Satchells, whose works were lately published by W. & J. Kennedy of Hawick.

The song of Rattling Roaring Willie is another piece of Minstrelsy of which we may well look back upon as of our locality. In a paper, read by Sir Walter Elliot of Wolfelee at Branxholm to the Berwickshire Naturalists Club, in September, 1886 (and printed in the Club's transactions for that year), he gave an entry from the records of the Presbytery of Jedburgh, which proved that the traditional combat on which the celebrated song of "Rattling Roaring Willie" is founded had taken place in 1627, and that "Willie" was William of Priestthaugh.

We may be pardoned, therefore, in saying that this old master of song who

"—Knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws
In the old Douglas day,"

would be a familiar and welcome visitor to Auld Hawick.

Of the song of "Rattling Roaring Willie" there are many versions; the best known is that communicated by Burns to Johnstone's "Musical Museum," to which he added the last verse composed by himself.

O rattlin', roarin' Willie,
O he held to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware.
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blint his e'e;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sac fine;
O Willie come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine.
If I should sell my fiddle,
The world wad think I was mad,
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I came by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben;

Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sittin' at yon board-en'
 Sitting at yon board-en'
 Amang guid companie ;
 Rattlin', Roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

The Rev. Robert Cunningham, a native and minister of Hawick early in last century, was the first native poet of whom we have any authentic record. He sings of the sylvian beauties of the town, and of their affording a theme for "famed poets" of the olden time. One of these was the Rev. William Fowler, who was a predecessor of Cunningham in the pulpit, and who went to London at the Union as secretary to Queen Anne. Cunningham, in his ode on Hawick, says,

"In the south confines of Caledonia's land,
 Famed Hawick upon a pleasant spot doth stand,
 With fruitful orchards on every side."

He then adverts to the Tower as being the residence of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.

Lo ! heir a mighty Princess doth resort,
 And entertain sometymes her splendid Court,
 In a rich Palace which o'erlooks the plains,
 Fit to divert the pure Arcadian swains;
 And Ceres likeways dwells, while Pan weel nigh
 Tunes up his rurall notes on mountains high,
 Which screen that ancient Brugh, and it defend
 'Gainst all the winds that Æolus can send
 From hollow caves : Loe ! heir how the Nymphs play
 On Teviot's banks, which from afar doth stray
 Meander-lyke, but then comes gladly downe,
 Harkening to view the pleasure of this Town,
 Then checks his wrinkled waves, and with smooth face
 Stands and admires the beautie of this place,
 And waits from Slitricke his tribute to receive ;
 Within this Brugh, and noe where els he'll have
 The other, glad as he to join him heir,
 Through hills and plains a rapid course doth stear.
 Until below at Slitrigge Bridge he stand
 Charmed with the pleasure that's on every hand ;
 Heir to be seen and wishes heir to stay,
 Till supervenient waves press him away
 Through divers rocks, which force him to rebound,
 And make a noise loud as Bellona's sound,
 Though sweeter far ; bot then he sighs and crys,

Because he leaves this place,—and quickly dies.
 But hold my muse! with reverence I'm strucke,
 While, as up yonder Sacred Mount I looke;
 On which the temple that's situat on high,
 Stands much admired by strangers passing by; *
 As doth that artful Mount, which built of old,
 Was, by the natives here, warlike and bold,
 Wherein they acted all their games of May, †
 When they inclined in sports to pass the day.
 Thus stands the Brugh, thus lies the smiling fields,
 Which, for famed poets subject-matter yields.

* The Temple here referred to was the old Parish Church, St Mary's.

† The Mote is evidently here meant, as it was resorted to at the Common-Riding which was held at the latter end of May. The Cornet and his lads have got a ceremonial celebration on the Mote at the ancient festival, which takes place in May.



DR JOHN LEYDEN,

Author of "Scenes of Infancy" was a regular attender at Hawick market, along with a blind relative named Blythe, farmer of Nether Tofts. This gave the young poet a

personal knowledge of the "sons of heroes," and an interest in the historic associations of the place. Thus in the "Scenes of Infancy" he chants—

"Boast! Hawick, boast! thy structures reared in blood
 Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood;
 Still doom'd to prosper since on Flodden's field
 Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield,
 Fell with their martial king, and (glorious boast!)
 Gain'd proud renown where Scotia's fame was lost."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Had several haunts in and around the town of Hawick. Harden was one of them, Branxholm was another. The latter, though a place of beauty in itself, and teeming as it is with romantic song and story, had an additional charm thrown around it by being the central figure of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." In the same Lay, Scott has also cast a glamour around the Peel of Goldielands and the Moat of Hawick.

Knowing all the places of note in the neighbourhood, he escorted the poet Wordsworth and his sister up the Teviot by Hornshole, then on to Hawick, where they stayed over night in the Tower. Next morning before breakfast they had a walk up the Wellogate, where they got a view of the vale of Slitrig, and all down Teviotdale. None sings more sweetly of the Teviot than Scott.

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
 Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still
 As if thy waves, since time was born,
 Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor startled at the bugle-horn."

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD

Had several friends in Hawick, and he frequently visited them. In his tale of "The Souters of Selkirk," the *locus* is chiefly in Hawick, and he introduces a song, "Round about Hawick, Hawick, round about Hawick thegither," and made the old Punch-Bowl public house figure in one of his tales.

Hogg was a regular attender at our fairs and markets, and honoured the Common-Riding with his presence, and attended the Cornet's Dinner. One of his houff's was the Harrow Inn, where he went to get a crack with James Ruickbie, the poetic landlord, and foregather with others of similar taste. Sometimes they had along with them Yeddie Brydon of Aberlosk, the wit of the Border in those days.

The heroine of the following song was Jane Cunningham, daughter of James Cunningham, farmer, Thirlestane, afterwards wife of John Sibbald, Borthaugh. General James Grant Wilson, author of the "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," is a grandson of the late Mrs Sibbald.

BONNIE JEAN.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
 The sang ye sung yestreen, O!
 When here aneath the hawthorn wild,
 I met my bonnie Jean, O!
 My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,
 My hair begoud to steer, O!
 My heart played deep against my breast,
 When I beheld my dear, O!
 O, weel's me on my happy lot,
 O, weel's me on my dearie!
 O, weel's me on the charming spot
 Where a' combine to cheer me!
 The mavis liltit on the bush,
 The laverock o'er the green, O!
 The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,
 But a' war nought to Jean, O!
 Sing on, sing on, my bonnie thrush,
 Be neither fley'd nor cerie,
 I'll wad your love sits on the bush,
 That gars ye sing sae cheerie.
 She may be kind, she may be sweet,
 She may be neat an' clean, O!
 But O, she's but a drysome mate
 Compared wi' bonnie Jean, O!

If love wad open a' her stores,
 An' a' her blooming treasures,
 An' bid me rise, an' turn, an' choose,
 An' taste her chiefest pleasures,
 My choice wad be the rosy cheek,
 The modest, beaming eye, O!
 The auburn hair, the bosom fair,
 The lips o' coral dye, O!

Hear me, thou bonnie, modest moon,
 Ye sternies, twinklin' high, O,
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,
 That roam athwart the sky, O!
 Ye see me gratefu' for the past,
 Ye saw me blest yestreen, O,
 An' ever till I breathe my last,
 Ye'll see me true to Jean, O!

WILLIAM KNOX,

Whom Gilfillan designates as the best sacred song writer of Scotland, was a native of Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, and resided a while at The Cottage, in the southern suburbs of Hawick, and was a great favourite with all the people around the Ormiston estate. The Rev. John Cochrane, minister of Hawick, being a kinsman to Knox, the poet was a regular visitor at the manse and amongst all the literary celebrities of the town.

Knox's best known poem is entitled "Mortality." It has had a wide-spread popularity. The Emperor of Russia had it printed in letters of gold and hung up in the state-room of his palace. President Lincoln, of America, had such a liking for it that he committed it to memory, and recited the whole poem whenever there was a place and opportunity for doing so. In fact, so identified was Lincoln with Knox's poem that Americans thought that the President was the author of it himself, and by and bye the newspapers published it with the name of Lincoln attached as author. This was particularly so after the death of the President. Some of us who knew the authorship and history of the song, not being willing that the Americans should pluck so sweet a song out of the Border garland,

had to combat this idea. It is now best known by the first line, which has lately been adopted as the title of it. Here is the song itself—

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD ?

Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved ;
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those who beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne ;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn ;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap ;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven ;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come ;
 They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.
 They died, aye ! they died ; we things that are now,
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
 Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.
 Yea ; hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;
 And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
 Shall follow each other like surge upon surge.
 'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
 Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

In connection with the above poem, we may state that Mr Robert Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, being American Ambassador at London, when our second edition was published, a copy of the book was sent to Minister Lincoln, who referred to the poem of Knox in the following kindly manner—

2 Cromwell Houses, S. W., 20th July, 1890.

To the Messrs Kennedy.

Dear Sirs,—I now have the book, “Hawick Songs and Song Writers,” and am much obliged to you. A good deal of interest has been shown in America in regard to the poem on the fifth page (“Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud”), and I am glad to be possessed of its history. You will confer an additional favour on me by communicating my thanks to Mr Murray for being so good as to suggest to you sending it.—Very truly yours,

ROBERT LINCOLN.

The statement about the Emperor of Russia was given on the authority of Henry Scott Riddell and seems very probable. The following correspondence anent it may be of interest to our readers—

From W. & J. Kennedy, Booksellers, Hawick,

To His Excellency, Georges de Staal,

Chesham House, London, S. W.

We are engaged in preparing for publication, the life

and poems of William Knox, an almost forgotten Scotch poet, and venture to ask if you would be so kind as to give us the name and address of any literary gentleman or official to whom we might apply for information as to the truth of the following statement:—"William Knox wrote a very beautiful poem entitled 'Mortality,' and Henry Scott Riddell states, that, it became such a favourite with the Emperor of Russia (we presume this would be His Imperial Highness, Nicholas I.) that he had it printed in letters of gold and hung up on the walls of his palace at St Petersburg." We would not have troubled your Excellency with this had we not reason to believe the story to be probably true; but we are most anxious to obtain verification of it from Russian sources.—We have the honour to be your Excellency's most obedient servants,

W. & J. KENNEDY.

Ambassade de Russie, Londres.

The secretary of the Russian Embassy is directed to acknowledge the receipt of Messrs W. & J. Kennedy's letter of the 9th inst., to the Ambassador, and in regretting the inability of referring them to an official in Russia for the purpose of verifying a statement concerning a poem by William Knox, to suggest an application to either the British Embassy or the Consulate at St Petersburg.

Chesham House, 17th April, 1896.

British Embassy, St Petersburg, May 10, 1896.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 18th ultimo, I am desired by Her Majesty's Ambassador to inform you that inquiry has been made respecting the poem, entitled "Mortality," by William Knox, but without any result. His Excellency is informed that the circumstances mentioned in your letter may possibly have occurred in the reign of Alexander I., who was mystically and religiously inclined towards the end of his reign. There is, however, at this lapse of time no possibility of verifying it, as no contemporaries exist, and the alleged reproduction in letters of gold of this poem must, if it ever existed, have

long ago been removed from the walls of the palace.—I
am, sir, your obedient servant, L. D. CARNEGIE.

THOMAS PRINGLE

Is another Border bard who had kith and kin in Hawick, and was a regular visitor not only among his ain folk, but was also a welcome guest in the homes of many of our leading townsmen. His last visit to Hawick was in 1833, seeing his sister, Mrs Ainslie, and her husband, before setting out with their family to Africa. He distinguished himself as a prose writer as well as a poet, and was the first editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

Pringle went to South Africa as the founder of a colony, and had in his band of followers his father's family and other kinsmen. It was on the eve of his departure that he wrote the following, which is the most popular of his songs—

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu !
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue !
Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song ;
Farewell, ye blossom'd braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.
Farewell, the blythsome broomie knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow ;
Farewell, the hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.
The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell ;
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell.
Home of our love—our father's home !
Land of the brave and free !
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee.
We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the western main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
 And quench our household fires ;
 If we or ours forget thy fame,
 Green island of our sires.
 Our native land—our native vale—
 A long, a last adieu !
 Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
 And Scotland's mountains blue !

JOHN HOGG,

Weaver at the "Roadhead," published a volume of poems. He was a native of Lilliesleaf, and was as good a penman as a poet. Many a Bible and book of merit have had the names of their owners written upon them in the beautiful handwriting of John Hogg. This author was the father of our respected townsman, Mr John Amos Hogg, and great-grandfather of Bailie Gilroy. Like the poems of James Ruickbie, those of John Hogg are useful from a social-historic point of view, for they vividly portray the social manners and customs of his times; hence they have a value beyond their mere poetic charm. His delineation of Fasteneven is powerful and graphic; he says of it—

Of holidays throughout the year,
 There's nane that raises sic a steer
 As Fasteneven, for young and auld
 That day, seem mair than common yauld.

After describing the turn-out, and how the "cockbates are fought in the fore-day," the poet tells of the honours which accrued to the scholars whose cocks had been successful in the fight, and the disgrace which attended the losers—

The youth whose fowl does moniest pay,
 Is victor ca'd for year and day ;
 But he whose cock disdains to fight,
 Or flies away, must bear the slight
 Of fugal coward, whilk oft breeds
 Among the youths mischievous deeds.

The other sports of the holiday consist of feasting, ball-playing, dancing, and carousing. Of the ball-playing he says—

Thus they tug on till night's dark wand
Strikes day from earth, and bids them stand.

John Hogg died in 1822 and was buried in Wilton Church
Yard.



HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL,

Author of "Scotland Yet" and several other celebrated songs, was a native of Sorbie, in Ewesdale. His parents both hailed from Teviotside, and he received part of his education at Newmill-on-Teviot, and subsequently became minister at Teviothead. During the early days of his ministry he resided at Flex House, near Hawick, and had then to walk nine miles to church, alike in sunshine and in storm. As the poet himself hath said — "It was frequently my hap to preach in a very uncomfortable condition, when, indeed, the wet would be pouring from my arms on the Bible

before me, and oozing over my shoes when the feet were stirred on the pulpit floor." During his residence at Flex he wrote several of his songs. That popular one, "The Hames of our Ain F'olk," was written there. His eldest son was born at Flex. Riddell's residence there was of short duration, for the Duke of Buccleuch—the patron of poets—built for him a cottage at Teviothead, where the patriotic bard lived until the end of his career, July 30th, 1870.

Henry Scott Riddell was always looked upon as one of "our ain folk," and wrote the best of his songs in the parish of Hawick. He took a prominent part in several of our local events—such as the Burns Centenary and other festivals, and laying the foundation stone of Buccleuch Church. He also lectured to the Mechanics' Institute, the Hawick Archæological Society, and was the awarder of the prize for the poems on the "Auld Brig." Several of his works were published in his day, and had a deserving popularity. Dr Brydon, the poet's bosom friend, edited two volumes of his poetic works, and published them in the year 1871. "Scotland Yet," is the first song in the book; it is the most popular of all our Scottish songs at the present day, and was written at Ramsaycleuchburn, which was then in Hawick parish.

The worthy bard was on the 10th of September, 1859, presented with a harp, and Mrs Riddell with an oil painting of her husband. The harp was presented in name of the subscribers, by Bailie John Paterson, Hawick, and the portrait by Mr William Scott, skinner, also of Hawick.

SCOTLAND YET!

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
 Gae bring it free and fast,
 For I maun sing another sang
 Ere a' my glee be past.
 And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
 The burden o't shall be—
 Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
 And Scotland's hills for me;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
 And foaming frae the fells
 Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
 As they dance down the dells.
 And weel I loe the land, my lads,
 That's girded by the sea.
 Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's dales,
 And Scotland's hills for me ;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

The Thistle wags upon the fields
 Where Wallace bore his blade,
 That gave her foeman's dearest bluid
 To dye her auld grey plaid.
 And looking to the lift, my lads,
 He sang this doughty glee—
 Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me ;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
 Where freedom's voice ne're rang ;
 Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,
 And Coila's minstrel sang,
 For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
 That ken na to be free.
 Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me ;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

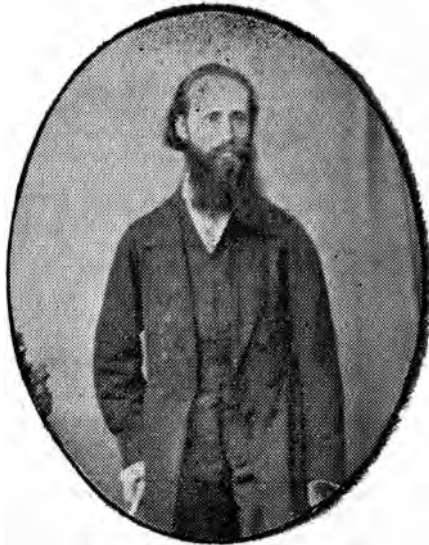
The story of the song may be of some interest; it was told me by the author himself. Mr Riddell, when residing at Ramsaycleuchburn, at Teviothead, was taking a daunder up a lonely glen one summer's morning, when, owing to a previous heavy fall of rain, the glen sides were brilliant and musical with little streamlets dancing their way down to the winding burn, and the birds were singing overhead. In such surroundings he exclaimed to himself, "This is a grand country after a'," and then sitting on a rock wrote out his imperishable song of "Scotland Yet." That same day he set out across the hills to visit his worthy friend, "The Ettrick Shepherd." There he met with a literary lion-hunter from London, who had called to see Hogg, and who wanted from Hogg a letter of introduction to Peter M'Leod,

music composer in Edinburgh. Hogg asked Riddell to write out the letter for the visitor. He did so, and appended to the letter to M'Leod a copy of his latest screed, "Scotland Yet." M'Leod was so taken up with the song that he at once set music to it, and sold it, music and all, at one shilling a copy. He sent a man through the streets of Edinburgh with a board on his back, on which were inscribed the words, "Scotland Yet, One Shilling." The bearer of the board was ever afterwards known as "Scotland Yet." The sum realised by the selling of the song was spent on putting an iron railing round Burns' monument on Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

WILLIAM B. C. RIDDELL,

Son of the author of "Scotland Yet," was born at Flex, December 16th, 1835, and died at Teviothead, July 20th, 1856, in the 21st year of his age. He was a young man of great accomplishments, and of even greater promise. At the age of fourteen he wrote "The Lament of Wallace," which has been published in several collections of Scottish Minstrelsy. He was in reality a born poet, and consequently was full of poetic enthusiasm. He recited his own and his father's poems with great tenderness and taste. He sometimes favoured a Hawick audience with his matchless eloquence. The rendering of his father's "Homily," in Cross Wynd Church, was one of the sublimest elocutionary treats ever enjoyed in Hawick. The sweet and plaintive tone of voice, and the angelic glancing of his eyes, were charming all the time. At the last verse (the following) all the audience were spell-bound, and no wonder, for it seemed as if the eternal fate of all present rested upon him—

" Let here on earth all hearts agree
 In faith, and love, and woe and joy ;
 If through the ages still to be,
 They would agree amid the sky.
 If all must die, and lowly lie,
 And rise to meet the Eternal's Son,
 Cast pride away, and all spite for aye,
 For the homes of heaven wait to be won.



DR J. A. H. MURRAY,

Of Dictionary fame, published the following poem in the
Hawick Advertiser, 19th July, 1856.

THINK OF ME.

When length'ning shades announce the night,
And stem the tide of living light,
And noontide glories flee,—

When, o'er the western hill and dale,
The evening red grows faint and pale,
Dear maid, then think of me!

And when, in room of fitful Day,
Old Night resumes her ancient sway,
The Great One's might we see;
Read language traced by unseen hands,
From northern lights to Orion's bands,
Give one small thought to me!

And when, again, the rosy ray
Bursts ope the golden doors of Day,
With glory rich and free;

When dewdrops sparkle on the thorn,
Like diamonds on the brow of morn,
Then, too, love, think of me !

And when, in richest colours drest,
Fair Earth reflects her emerald vest
In light's refulgent sea ;
When myriad songsters tune their lay
And all things hail the glorious Day,
Then think one thought of me !

And when, in fashion's whirling maze,
Thou bear'st the palms, and wear'st the bays,
And Fortune bows to thee,
And pleasure seems without its bound,
And all things joyous crowd around,
Wilt thou *then* think of me ?

But when, ah ! when the day of woe
Brings down the heart's proud heavings low,
And tunes to sympathy,
Know that a fellow-feeling heart
Feels *with* thee, *for* thee, bears thy part,
Then, lov'd one, think of me !

And in thy spirit's joyous hours,
And when it dwells 'mid sorrowing bowers ;
O'er life's uncertain sea,
Where pain and pleasure swiftly chase,
With sun and cloud to gain the race,
O think, yes, think of me !

And when to Him who rules on high
You heavenward raise the prayerful eye,
And earthward bend the knee,
Beseeching love and heavenly grace,
From Him who wears a Father's face,
In prayer remember me !

Dr Murray is a native of Denholm, but came to Hawick as a teacher whilst yet in his teens. He was one of the pioneers of the Hawick Archæological Society, and was the first Secretary of that Society, and continued in office for eight years; he then resigned to fill an important situation in London, in 1864. Scholastic honours have flowed upon him from numerous learned societies and seats of learning throughout the world. He lectured frequently to the Archæological Society. In 1874 the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Dr Murray is now in Oxford, and editor of the New

English Dictionary, which is allowed to be the greatest literary undertaking of the age.

LORD NEAVES

Was at one time a resident at Wilton Lodge. As an athlete he lived in the memories of Hawick folk for fifty years; as a poet and song writer he established an enduring fame. After a three days' illness, he died in 1876, in the 76th year of his age.

His lordship presided at the Border Counties Association dinner at Hawick in the year 1870, and at the Leyden Centenary dinner four years later. His first connection with Hawick folk was at Innerleithen, when the St Ronans games were in all their glory. The Ettrick Shepherd was master of ceremonies, and all the literary lights of Scotland attended the games.

Neaves was then an advocate in Edinburgh, and so was Henry Glassford Bell, who also became known as a poet and Sheriff of Lanarkshire. These two young advocates ran in a race along with Edward Railton, a stockingmaker from Hawick. The two advocates and the stockingmaker all wore spectacles (a spectacle that was perhaps never seen before or since.) This incident put the spectators in humorous glee. However, the race was both exciting and ludicrous. Railton made a desperate effort, but he faltered and fell, and Neaves came in fresh and foremost amidst great cheering.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was published in Blackwood's Magazine :—

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

A NEW SONG.

“ Pray, what is this Permissive Bill,
That some folks rave about ?
I can't with all my pains and skill,
It's meaning quite make out.”
O ! it's a little simple bill
That seeks to pass incog.,

To permit me to prevent you—
 From having a glass of grog.
 Yes ! it's a little simple bill, &c.

However well a man behaves,
 Life's joys he now must lose,
 Because a lot of fools or knaves
 Dislike them, or abuse ;
 And soon you'll see a bigger bill
 To go the 'total hog,
 And permit me to prevent you—
 Having mirth as well as grog.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Laird of Langraw,

Is another local poet, well and widely known, not only as a poet, but also as a musician and composer of music. He was a while in the office of Mr John Oliver, Town Clerk and succeeded to the lairdship of Langraw, in the valley of the Rule, on the death of his father, April 10th, 1836. Two years afterwards he had a trip to America, and in the year 1843 he published a volume entitled, "Eight Months in Illinois," in which there is much interesting information of the New World, as well as practical observations for intending emigrants. Langraw was an open house to the *literati* of the Borders. Sir Walter Scott, being cousin to Mr Oliver's mother, was a visitor; Henry Scott Riddel was a frequent visitor, so was Robert White of Newcastle, poet and prose writer; and so was James Telfer, the poetic schoolmaster of Saughtree; William Scott, of Hawick, who was also in the charmed circle, designates Oliver, in a poem, as "young scrammeldykes, the laird o' Hunter's Ha'."

Mr Oliver took an active interest in the Hawick Archæological Society, and was factor for the Wolfelee estate until he removed to Edinburgh, where he died in 1878, aged 74. His widow and orphans had many sympathisers, for it never was truer said of any man that he lived respected and died lamented. As a specimen of his poetry we give the following—

THE LAST FAIRY.

There was a voice heard on the fell,
 Crying so sadly, " All are gone,
 And I must bid this earth farewell ;
 Oh why should I stay here alone ?
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" I've sought the brake, I've sought the hill,
 The haunted glen, and swelling river ;
 I've sought the fountain, and the rill,
 And all are left, and left for ever.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" Where'er the sunbeam tints the spray,
 That rises o'er the falling waters,
 I've, needless, roamed the livelong day,
 In search of some of Faerie's daughters.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" Each heather-bell, each budding flower,
 That blooms in wold, or grassy lea,
 Each bosky shaw, each leafy bower,
 Is tenantless by all, save me.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" No more now, through the moonlit night,
 With tinkling bells, and sound of mirth,
 We hie, and scare the peasant wight,
 With strains by far too sweet for earth.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" The new-made mother need not fear,
 To leave ajar the cottage door ;
 Alas ! we never shall come near,
 To change the mortal's infant more.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" No more, when as the eddying wind
 Shall whirl the autumn leaves in air,
 Shall there be dread, that elfin fiend,
 Or troop of wandering fays are there.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" In palaces beneath the lake,
 Within the rock, or grassy hill,
 No more the sounds of mirth we make,
 But all are silent, sad, and still.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

" Farewell the ring, where, through the dance,
 In winding maze, we deftly flew,
 Whilst flowing hair, and dress, would glance,
 With sparkling gems of moonlit dew
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !

- “ We were ere mortals had their birth,
 And long have watched their growing day;
 The light now beams upon the earth,
 And warns us that we must away.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !
- “ Oh where are Thor and Wodin now ?
 Where Elfin sprite and Duergar gone ?
 The great are fallen ; we needs must bow,
 I may not stay not even alone.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !
- “ Ah me ! the wandering summer breeze
 Shall bear our sighs, where'er it goes,
 Or floating 'mid the leafy trees,
 Or stealing odours from the rose.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell !
- “ These sighs unknown shall touch the heart,
 And with a secret language speak ;
 To joy a soothing care impart ;
 Add tears to smiles on beauty's cheek.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell.
- “ Farewell, farewell, for I must go
 To other realms, to other spheres ;
 This mortal earth I leave with wo,
 With grief, with wailing, and with tears.
 Ealie, ealie, Oh farewell.”
-

JOHN HALLIDAY,

Who, when he resided at Langbault, published in 1847 a volume of poems and songs under the title of “The Rustic Bard: or, A voice from the People”—was born at Hawickshiels in July, 1821. The volume is to some extent a mirror of Border life. “The Fair” is a vivid description of Hawick May Fair day at that period. Then “Raesknowe Ball” is a faithful delineation of country merry meetings in the olden time. Halliday's aspirations for the amelioration for his fellow-workmen are earnestly recorded in stirring strains. A pure spirit of patriotism is also manifested here and there. There are also some kindly epistles to Border worthies, and dainty love songs about the lassies. Here is one of them:—

THE BONNIE LASS O' FAIR SKELFHILL.

Air—Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.

Now Nature's drest in russet brown,
 And Autumn's winds drive o'er the lea ;
 The leaves are fa'ing round and round,
 A-bareing ilka spreading tree ;
 The day is gane, the night is come,
 Sae I'll away, wi' right guid will,
 To see the lass that I lo'e best,
 The bonnie lass o' fair Skelfhill.

When a' the lave to bed are gane,
 And weary toil lies droon'd in sleep,
 Frae 'mang them a' I'll steal my lane,
 And softly to her window creep.
 Though dark's the night, though lone's the way
 Though thick the drizzling rain doth fall,
 I canna stay, sae I'll away
 To meet the lass o' fair Skelfhill.

Although she bears nac title grand,
 What though she's neither gowd nor gear ?
 Soft modesty's at her command,
 The robes of virtue she doth wear.
 Her temper sweet, her person neat,
 A masterpiece of Nature's skill
 Ilk grace adorns—unmatched her form—
 The bonnie lass o' fair Skelfhill.

O ! gin I but could gain her heart,
 How smooth the stream o' life would run ;
 To wed wi' her, nae mair to part,
 How soft would set its evening sun.
 In some bit cot, were it my lot,
 I'd spend my days wi' right guid will ;
 I'd spend my life wi' her my wife—
 The bonnie lass o' fair Skelfhill.

WILLIAM LOCKIE,

Who was schoolmaster at Stouslea during the long period of thirty-seven years, is another of our poets of whom Hawick may well be proud. He was born at Stinty-knowes, 9th December, 1788, was educated at Wilton School when Mr James Elliot was teacher, and died at Langbault, 30th August, 1853. Several of his songs were of a personal and humorous nature, such as portraying the feelings of an ardent and disappointed lover who had been jilted by his

lass. These sort of songs were popular for a while so long as the story was fresh, then they faded away. Not so, however, was his "Farewell to Edinburgh," or his song on the departure of the Scottish Cameronian Regiment for India in 1828. But the song by Lockie, which is of most *use* for the present purpose, is one of historical value, as well as a good sample of his poetic power. It was composed on the first lighting of the town of Hawick with gas, 1830, and was sung by Mr Robert Scott, lawyer, at the municipal celebration of the great event.

"Shall I sing of our gas-light? sure that a bright theme is;
 Perhaps it is too bright to suit home-spun rhyme;
 Be that as it may; let the critics not blame us
 If we sing what accords with the place and the time.
 We are good fellows all now met in this hall,
 The spirit of enterprise over us soars;
 In industrious trade we great progress have made,
 Though we boast not of traffic with far foreign shores.
 Ours was not the genius who found out the gas-light,
 Yet we boast of improvements we've made on his plan;
 He who first said, 'Let light be,' and straightway "There was light,"
 Imparts not His gifts alike to each man.
 But who would have thought, we such things could have brought
 Without railway, or tunnel, or any canal,
 From a distance remote to our snug little spot;
 Yet of gas-lights, ours sure is the pride of them all.
 At fatigue or expense we have not been affrighted,
 Nor amid pressing times have been heard to repine;
 Now our shops and our dwellings with coal-gas are lighted,
 Our factories and mills do all brilliantly shine.
 Neither candles nor oil shall hence witness our toil,
 Behold! what improvements our gas-light has made;
Batwings and *Cockspurs* with our bright thistle burrs,
 Throw the oil and the candle now all into shade.
 And now since the gas-light our town is adorning,
 May it be a true type of the light of the mind;
 And political light, which now in its morning,
 Shall soon reach noonday to illumine mankind.
 Let Anarchy be repelled by reform;
 Let dark works at all times retreat from the light;
 Let a bumper brimful be drunk off at one pull,
 In wishing success to our gas-light so bright."

Lockie's muse kept a watchful look-out on passing events.
 His annual odes on the birthday of the Duke of Buccleuch

were sung in lively strains at the anniversary dinners. He also wrote an appropriate poem on the taking down of the Auld Brig, under the title of "The Revenge of Clinthead's Ghost."

JAMES RUICKBIE

Was the first of our local poets who ventured on publishing his works. Ruickbie came from Innerleithen, and was a miller to trade. His youth was spent in his native village. In his "Apology to the Public" he says—

"I'm no acquaint wi' mealy pows ;
I was brought up wi' tups and ewes,
High up amang the heather coves,
Where winter girns
And naething seen but heighs and howes,
And bent and birns.

I dinna wear a copper nose,
Wi' guzzling down the liquid dose,
But stuff my wame wi' guid kail brose,
To fleg the caul',
Syne strutting in guid plaidin' hose,
I look fu' baul'."

He enjoyed the friendship of such distinguished men as the Ettrick Shepherd, Professor Wilson, Allan Cunningham, Thomas Campbell, Henry Scott Riddell, William Knox, and Robert Anderson, the Cumbrian bard. He published three or four volumes of poems, one of these being issued in 1815 by R. Armstrong, printer, Hawick, and the last edition contained a few pieces written by some of his admiring contemporaries, such as William Scott and William Deans. No more fitting tribute can be paid to the memory of James Ruickbie than that written by his friend William Scott—

Thou old Son of Song ! a long night is descending
In thick gloom around thee, its shade hovers o'er thee
And darkens thy path ; but a day never ending
Shall break through the darkness—a long day of glory.

When forgot shall be all thou hast suffered while here,
Like a tale that is told shalt thou look on the past ;
Smiles shall dimple the cheek now distained with a tear,
When Heaven shall receive thy pure spirit at last.

Thy end like a mild summer sunset shall be,
 Thy grey hairs are to thee a bright halo of glory :
Thou hast walked with thy God, and through faith dost thou see
 Thy seat with the saints, and thy Saviour before thee.
 Farewell, then, Old Bard ! I have learned by thy fate
 That goodness and genius conjoined cannot save
 From neglect the possessor, but often await
 On him scorn and contempt, till shut out by the grave.

Ruickbie was landlord of the Harrow Inn, and a model one he was ; all classes of the community admired him. He died beloved by all in the year 1829, in the 72nd year of his age.

ROBERT WILSON,

Who seventy-two years ago wrote and published the History of Hawick, has been long famous as a philosopher, politician, and historian, but had no notoriety as a writer of poetry. In his History of Hawick he quotes the following lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

" Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide
 The glaring balefires blaze no more ;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore."

Wilson then says—"To these exquisitely beautiful lines may be added"—

' All now is changed, and halcyon years
 Succeed the feudal baron's sway ;
 And trade with arts and peace appears,
 To bless fair Scotia's happier day.'

These later lines appeared without any hint as to who the author was. The late Mr Walter Laing, manufacturer, had them engraven on the walls of his mansion house of Linden Park. There have been many surmises made as to the authorship. At length, John Cumming Goodfellow, in his "Border Biography," published in April 1890, ventures on ascribing the authorship of the lines to Wilson himself. This idea of Mr Goodfellow's has some support in the fact that whilst Wilson denotes the four lines of Scott as exquisitely beautiful, he has not a word to say about the

quality of the lines ascribed to him by Goodfellow, which omission may be set down to the native modesty of the historian. Then in an old MS. of Wilson's it is shown that he could versify a little when the tift came on him, for at the finish-up of a treatise on the habits and fashions of his age, he contemplates what changing time brings forth, and repeats two lines of Scott, to which he adds a few of his own—

“ Old times are changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fills the Stuart throne.
The wisdom of the olden time
Does not with modern habits chime—
With present manners square ;
For smearing woo' is now a crime
As pardonless as Byron's rhyme.”

His appreciation of Burns was testified in several ways. He eulogised Burns in his “History of Hawick,” and at the Burns Club dinners. Wilson was, amongst other callings, an innkeeper, and had a signboard on the gable of his house in Sandbed, now occupied by James Oliver Elliot. On the board was a representation of Burns at the plough, having underneath the words, “The muse found me at the plough as the prophet Elisha did Elijah, and threw her inspiring mantle over me.” Robert Wilson died on the 17th September, 1837, aged 65. He was Cornet in 1799, and was married in 1822.

ARTHUR BALBIRNIE

Is the first of our Common-Riding minstrels of whom we have any note. His version of “Teribus” had full swing for twenty years before Hogg's one came out ; but even yet it retains its vitality, and is sung at the Tower after the Cornet's breakfast, as the mounting song, and in this way is a memorial of the bards of old who inspired our sires with song when marching on to war. We give the first verse and chorus—

We'll a' hie to thé muir a-riding ;
Drumlanrig gave us for providing

Our ancestors of martial order,
To drive the English o'er the Border.

Chorus.—Up wi' Hawick's rights and common,
Up wi' a the Border bowmen!
Teribus and Teri Odin,
We are up to ride our common.

Balbirnie hailed from Dunfermline, a town that in itself is peculiarly a shrine of Scottish song. He came to Hawick at the latter end of last century as foreman dyer to the carpet factory in Orrock Place, which was carried on there for about forty years. Balbirnie's daughter, Katherine, widow of John Rae, needle maker, died in Hawick a few years ago. Other members of the family emigrated to America.

JAMES HOGG,

Author of the most popular version of the Common-Riding song, and of the ballad of "Flodden Field," was born in Hawick about the year 1780, and died in his native town October 18th, 1838, in the 59th year of his age.

Hogg began active life as a herd laddie away in the upper reaches of the Teviot; then he was apprenticed to the stocking-making, which, in his day, was spoken of as "the same trade as other folk." Being of a mechanical turn he soon distinguished himself, not only as a knitter, but as an inventor; several improvements on the frame and the manipulation of it are due to the genius of Hogg, and many of the best workers of the frame in the latter generation were taught by him. He was one of the heroic stocking-makers who suffered imprisonment in Jedburgh Jail, in those days when the combination of working-men was considered a crime. Hogg was a member of the West-End Congregation, under Dr Young and Mr Rodgie. Being of a studious disposition, he, during his leisure hours, pored over books treating on metaphysics and science, and drinking deep also at the fount of poetry, saturated himself with the songs, legends, and ballads of his country.

"What heaps of things he knew,
From Chevy Chase to Black-eyed Sue."

Though the fame of Hogg rests mainly on his two songs, "The Colour" and "Flodden Field," he was the author of several minor songs and epigrams, which, being written on current events and personal incidents, have faded away from the memories of the town. His ballads on the double Common-Riding, on Carterhaugh Ba', and a few other pieces of lesser note, are preserved in the records of the Archæological Society.

"The Colour" and "Flodden Field"—the loving labour of leisure hours for many a year—were published in the year 1819, and were sung that year at the Common-Riding by Mr James Scott, an old apprentice, and somewhat of a herald, of Hogg. Strange as it may seem in our day, these songs had to be printed in Kelso. The Hawick printer refused to do so, owing to some satirical verses that were included. These verses were afterwards allowed to fall into oblivion, and the harmony of the song improved accordingly. Latterly two of the debateable verses appeared in the notes of a new edition, in compliance with the wish of one of Hogg's associates; and now they have crept into the body of the song, with, however, a note that they are not sung.

The singing of "Teribus" used to be considered as being somewhat out of place at any time between the Common-Riding and the choosing of the Cornet for the subsequent event. Mr William Laidlaw, sen., manufacturer, was the only man who openly sang it out of season, and that was at the Bailies' dinner. Sometimes an irrepressible Teri would sing it when away from home. The first time that I heard it so sung was on the occasion of the first railway cheap trip to Edinburgh, November 9, 1849. It was sung at every jovial gathering where Provost Milligan happened to be, and is now heard in every clime, and at all seasons.

In regard to the air of the song, Hogg was asked if it was an ancient one. His reply was that "Its air's eternal," hence, now-a-days, we come to speak of it as "the eternal

air of Teribus." The refrain of the song is sometimes called in question by scholarly men. Dr Murray considers it to be part of a pious invocation to the Pagan gods, Thor and Odin, in the old Saxon days.

FLODDEN FIELD, AND THE COLOUR OF HAWICK
COMMON-RIDING.

(From a copy, revised and corrected by the Author, and published by
J. D. Kennedy, Hawick, in 1887.)

FLODDEN FIELD.

Chorus.—*Teribus, ye Teri Odin,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden,
Imitating Border bowmen,
Aye defend your rights and Common.*

Sons of heroes slain at Flodden !
Met to ride and trace our common :
Oral fame tells how we got it,
Hear a native muse relate it.

Henry, who, to kingly splendour,
Added that of " Faith's defender,"
Sped his troops by General Surrey,
Threat'ning Scotland's rights to bury.

Royal James, on that occasion,
Sent this order through the nation :
" Heroes arm, evince your brav'ry !
Prove you are not formed for slav'ry !"

Augur, sign, and dark prognostic,
Heard and seen by learned and rustic ;
Midnight cry, nor apparition,
Could not damp this expedition.

Deaf to fear-inspiring omens,
Scotia's troops obeyed the summons ;
Our sires, roused by Teri Odin,
Marched and joined the king at Flodden.

Bravely was this field contended :
Victory's palm was long suspended,
Till some English from concealance
Sallied forth, and turned the balance.

Dreadful carnage crowned the sequel
Of this battle, now unequal ;
Hardy Scots, borne down by numbers,
Strew'd the field in death's cold slumbers.

Stunn'd with shrieks of thousands dying,
'Mid showers of darts and arrows flying,
Sword in hand those gallant warriors
Firmly stood, their country's barriers.

Royal James still urged the battle,
 Though forewarned it would be fatal ;
 Pressing hard the marshall'd Southernns,
 Thus addressed the gallant Northernns :

" Should we fly and stain our honours,
 Stain our country's awful banners ;
 Banners waved by Bruce and Wallace !
 What would futuro ages call us ?

" Shall proud Surrey ; shall yon Howards,
 Tell their king they fought with cowards ?
 No, by Jove ! still vengeance slumbers
 In our host of weaker numbers !"

At this word, the fated arrow
 Breathless laid the royal hero ;
 Round him youths and warriors hoary,
 Ended their career of glory.

Sol, with broaden'd orb, descending,
 Left fierce warriors still contending ;
 Brilliant Vesper shed her glances,
 Ere they sheathed their blood-stained lances.

Low, at last, in heaps promiscuous,
 Haughty chiefs, and hinds obsequious,
 Husband, father, friend, and lover,
 Night's all-blending shades did cover.

Fame, with speed, the tempest scorning,
 Told the tale before the morning :
 Palace, hall, and humble dwelling,
 Echoed with the voice of wailing.

BEGINNING OF THE SONG.

" Hawick shall triumph 'mid destruction,"
 Was a Druid's dark prediction ;
 Strange the issues that unrolled it,
 Cent'ries after he'd foretold it.

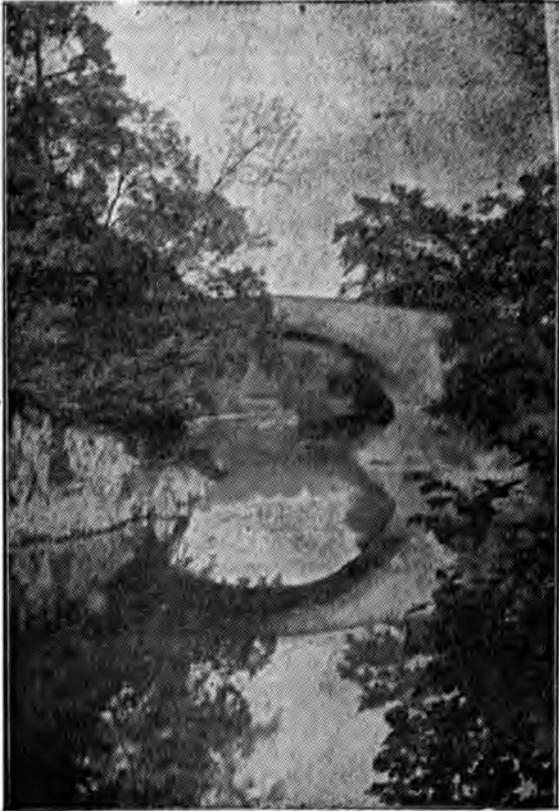
Scotia felt thine ire O Odin !
 On the bloody field of Flodden ;
 There our fathers fell with honour,
 Round their king and country's banner.

After Flodden was decided,
 Surrey half his troops divided ;
 Turned them loose to lawless plunder ;
 Heaven just, why slept thy thunder ?

At the word each fiend advances,
 Flodden's blood yet dimmed their lances ;
 Entering hamlet, town, and village,
 Marked their way with blood and pillage.

Far they spread this dire disorder,
O'er fair Scotia's Alpine border,
O'er the vales of Tweed and Teviot,
'Tween Moffat Hills and lofty Cheviot.

Hawick they left in ruins lying,
Nought was heard but widows crying ;
Labour of all kinds neglected ;
Orphans wandering unprotected.



HORNSHOLE BRIDGE.
(From a photo. by G. Allen Robinson, Hawick.)

All was sunk in deep dejection,
None to flee to for protection ;
Till some youths who stayed from Flodden
Rallied up by Teri Odin.

Arm'd with sword, with bow, and quiver,
Shouting, " Vengeance, now or never !"
Off they marched in martial order,
Down by Teviot's flow'ry border.

Nigh where Teviot sounds sonorous,
Into Hornshole dashing furious,
Lay their foes, with spoil encumbered,
Quite secure, even sent'nels slumbered.

Hawick destroyed, their slaughtered sires,
Scotland's wrongs each bosom fires ;
On they rush to be victorious,
Or to fall in battle glorious.

Down they threw their bows and arrows,
Drew their swords like vet'ran heroes,
Charged the foe with native valour,
Routed them and took their colour.

Now with spoils and honours laden,
Well revenged for fatal Flodden,
Home they marched this flag displaying,
This the tune before them playing :
Teribuss, &c.

Numbers more—our heroes aiding,
Soon they checked all base marauding ;
English bands, in wild disorder,
Fled for safety o'er the border.

High the trump of fame did raise them,
Poets of those times did praise them,
Sung their feats in moorland ballants,
Scotia's boast was Hawick Callants.

Scarce a native glen or mountain,
Rugged rock or running fountain,
But has seen those youths with brav'ry
Fight the tools of southern slav'ry.

'Twas then Drumlanrig, generous donor,
Gave (immortal be his honour !)
What might soothe Hawick's dire disaster,
Land for tillage, peats and pastures.

Thus we boast a moor and colour,
Won by feats of hardy valour,
Won in fields where victory swither'd,
Won when Scotia's laurels withered.

Annual since, our flag's been carried
 Round our moor by men unmarried,
 Emblem grand of those who won it;
 Matrimonial hands would stain it.

Back to fable shaded eras,
 We can trace a race of heroes,
 Hardy, brave, inured to perils,
 Foreign wars and feudal quarrels.

Spite of levelling conflagration,
 Spite of swelling inundation,
 Spite of frequent lawless pillage,
 Hawick arose by trade and tillage.

Imitated Rome and Sparta,
 Practis'd patriotic virtue,
 Wisely traced each art and science,
 Bravely bade her foes defiance.

Peace be thy portion, Hawick for ever !
 'Thine arts, thy commerce flourish ever !
 Down to latest ages send it,
 " *Hawick was ever independent !*"

WIDOW YOUNG,

Or "Bet Young," as she was familiarly called, was the wife of William Young, blacksmith, and was a woman of great vigour both of body and mind, and had a quaintness and off-handedness of expression which marked her out from the ordinary tenor of womanhood. She has a numerous race of descendants in the town, who are all, as well they may be, proud of the pluck and poetic pith of their illustrious ancestor. It may here be mentioned that the gift of gentle and domestic poesy has recently appeared in a member of the fourth generation in the person of Mary Nesbit Briggs. Widow Young published a volume of poetry in the year 1823, which concludes with the following address to critics—

You critics and you learned sages,
 With candour judge when viewed my pages;
 I learned no grammar, French, nor Greek,
 All's from the heart that I do speak.
 I've seen threescore the twelfth of August—
 Years seem but short who views them farthest;
 So if my rhymes they have offended,
 Little said is soonest mended.

Bet had a glow of the heroic about her, and when the Roxburgh Local Militia was embodied, she addressed them thus—

AIR—"Free and Accepted Masons."

Come, my brave lads, put on your cockades,
And join in this loyal occasion ;
We've raised a choice band our foes to withstand,
In the Roxburgh Local Militia.

Come haste away, no longer delay,
We're threatened a sudden invasion ;
Then fight night or day, and show British play,
In the Roxburgh Local Militia.

This poetic widow wrote a song on the occasion of a visit to Hawick in September, 1819, by His Royal Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

JAMES STORIE,

A plain and pious old bachelor, resided at the east end of the town. He was a hedger to trade, and passed quietly away to his eternal rest on the first of May, 1855, at the ripe age of 74.

Storie, like many a poet of higher note, invoked his muse to sing of Ruberslaw. Some of his musings have done good service to the Rev. Duncan Stewart in aiding him in his meritorious work of preserving alive the memories of Teviotdale Covenanters. Storie was also one of the competitors for the Auld Brig prize ; and in reference to the honour being awarded to Miss Douglas, the old bachelor afterwards said—

" The blush of shame may paint our cheeks
When women best deserve the breeks."

ELLIOT AITCHISON

Was one of the most unassuming of men. He had few associates, and never took part in any public movement. So retired was he, that with the exception of going to East Bank Church, or up the Wellogate for his walk, he was

seldom seen outside of his working routine. He was a stockingmaker by trade, and a bachelor by choice.

Nevertheless, throughout the town his honesty of purpose was well known and highly prized, and his fame as a poet was known far and wide. It was indeed only a very narrow circle of friends who had any chance at all of hearing his wise sayings as they fell from his lips, or even of seeing the many and beautiful products of his pencil and pen. Aitchison was not only a poet, but an artist in more ways than one, his representations of the seasons, done by the scissors, being much admired by a charmed circle of friends, chief amongst whom were William Scott and Robert Deans, printer. (Mr Deans never wearied of cracking about Aitchison.) The pencilled portraits which he made of Shakespeare, Thomson, and Byron, were shown to Sir John Watson, and the artistic baronet said that Aitchison, had he cultivated the fine arts more, might have earned for himself an independency. The poetry of Aitchison has never been published in a collected form, but Dr Rogers has a kindly notice of him in the "Modern Scottish Minstrelsy," also in "A Century of Scottish Life." His earthly career ended on October 7th, 1858, at the age of 61 years. One of Aitchison's earliest and most popular songs is entitled

BAILIE, MACNAB.

Auld Bailie Macnab's made a Justice o' Peace,
 And fu' bauldly he's drivin' the warld afore him ;
 He's clear'd five hunder pounds by twa lots o' nowt bease,
 That he sell'd the last week to some graziers frae Durham.

His outset, I trow, was e'en feckless eneuch,
 The town-piper's dochter o' Ayr was his mither ;
 I mind sin' he followed auld Dusty-rig's pleuch,
 For a' the guid gear he has scrapit thegither.

It's odd how a thrivin' wi' some folk begins ;
 He gat a bit beastie—I canna tell what way,
 And fell on o' travelling the country for skins,
 And sell'd bits o' oddments, and traffickit that way.

Luck follow't the chiel, for folk likit his crack,
 And aye now and then, as her income wad let her,
 His mither made wabs there, and helpit his pack,
 Till few i' the country could brag o' a better.

And soon after trawling a while up an' down
 Gotter forrit among folk, an' something respectt
 He cam' an' set up a bit shop i' the town,
 An' or lang w' the best i' the place was connectt.
 The warld just row'd on him, the body grew regnair,
 And married age less than Lancel 'Tingochend's little,
 'Tack farm after farm, and built houses after houses,
 'Till there's hardly his marrow for wealth i' the city.
 Atweel, when he first need to stand i' the fair,
 A swift y' wind, ye wad think, might has thrown him;
 He junk't, I scarce say, with shilpit and bare,
 For little he had either in him or on him.
 But now he egg sit at his house mangled desk,
 W' a wig like the drift, and a neb like a cartot,
 His kyte swoll'd as big as a twenty pint cock,
 An' the notes heapt round like eggs in a gartot.
 And then i' the market how money he'll stand,
 With the bits and that bitel see kindly are taken'
 A snuff o' his quill, an' a egg o' his hand,
 And O how he blows o' what bargains he's makin'.
 The shamp takes the warld, gud' t, when I saw it;
 For a' that he blusters, for a' that he's made on,
 I've seen when some there w' their hand at their hat,
 Wadna look't on the side o' the gate that he gae'd on.

The following is in quite a different strain, and illustrates
 the versatile talents of the poet. It was written in 1818
 or 1819—

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER

Again the changeful year assumes
 And winter's dreary form,
 And chilling gales, and hoarsting glooms
 Precede the coming storm;
 While calmly along the pathoset's lay
 'To cheer the brief and boundless day.
 I love, more than can here, the time
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 The days of Nature's sweetest joys,
 And summer's brighter hours;
 Of those when milder skies dispense
 The stores of heaven's beneficence.
 Yet when the gayest months have spent
 Their blossoms and their smiles,
 And winter o'er the firmament
 In gloomy grandeur piles
 His throne of clouds, the change to me,
 Comes with a mournful sympathy.

No lingering flower to cheer the eye
 In field or forest blows ;
 Cold breezes blow and hoarsely sigh
 Among the naked boughs ;
 And well with scenes so desolate
 Accords the aspect of my fate.
 'Tis manhood's wont, when looking back
 On times receding wing,
 To shed o'er youths regretted track
 The glowing charms of spring ;
 So cannot I—that tide with me
 Hath passed in dull sterility.
 And yet when memory's magic wand
 Recalls departed years,
 Though cold affliction's icy hand
 Hath sealed the source of tears,
 My soul, perhaps, not owns the less
 Impression's tears would best express.
 For though my sky was ever sad,
 And bleak my path below,
 Though former ills a gloom have had,
 No future ill may show ;
 Yet mingling hopes would cheer me then
 That are not—cannot be again.
 And tender sympathies that proved
 A balm to many a sore.
 The tongue that bless'd, the heart that lov'd,
 Can bless—can love no more ;
 And friendship's frail regards have past
 Like faded leaves before the blast.
 Yet safe beneath the iron sway
 Of winter's sternest hour,
 Survives 'mid Nature's wide decay
 The vegetative power,
 Whose rich development shall bring
 The blooming of another spring.
 And thus through all the wintry term
 Of sublunary ill,
 The mind's imperishable germ
 May live and prosper still ;
 And blest the discipline shall be
 That trains for immortality.

Another specimen, here given, was written on 22nd April, 1820.

A MATIN.

O, sweet is the morning's golden ray
 When ilka blade wi' dew is dreeping ;

And lovely are the cluds o' grey
That round the mountain sides are creeping.

O, blithe's the lav'rock's note sae clear,
His feathery wings the sunbeams gilding ;
And fragrant are the banks o' briar
When ousy birds their nests are building.

'Tis charming now to climb the braes,
And o'er the flowery uplands straying
To feed with fond insatiate gaze
On scenes that brighten in surveying.

And how delightful while I stand
Absorbed in pleasing contemplation,
To feel my raptured heart expand
Till it embrace the whole creation.

For, O ! There's na a wee sweet flower
That paints the sod but I could kiss it ;
Nae bird that chirps on bank or bower,
But I could bid its Maker bless it,

Yes, I have felt the ill o' life,
Its cares distress, its fears alarm me ;
But 'mid its cares and fears and strife,
The smile o' nature still can charm me.

WILLIAM SCOTT

Was one of the few bosom friends of Elliot Aitchison. Scott is another of the poets of whom we have much reason to be proud. His poetry is sometimes quoted even yet by the Teri in distant lands, as voicing the feelings of our absent townsmen. Only the other day a warm-hearted Teri in the United States of America found in the poetry of William Scott, lines wherewith to express the sentiments of his heart towards his native town.

Scott and Aitchison were what may truly be called brother bards. They resembled each other in poetic sentiment, in their high tone of thought, tenderness of feeling, and an all-pervading piety. There was one wide difference, however, in the habits of the two men : for while Aitchison was of a retiring disposition, Scott kept a-breast of the world, and mounted the platform wherever and whenever occasion required him. During his sojourn at Dalkeith an event occurred in Hawick which called forth his poetic

energy. This was the taking down of the Auld Brig in 1851, on the occasion of which the Magistrates of the burgh offered a silver medal as a prize for the best poem. William Scott sent in a poem to the competition, a verse of which will serve as an illustration of his love of home. After a flowery introduction, he goes on to sing—

Hawick, my native town! in all my dreams
 I pace thy busy well-remembered street—
 Tread thy by-paths, and trace thy confluent streams
 Which meet as long, long parted lovers meet,
 And, kissing, eastward glide in union sweet;
 Alas! for ever gone those blissful days
 Of happy boyhood, when my heart could beat
 In unison with all that met my gaze,
 Among thy wild green *shaws*—upon thy flow'ry *braes*.

The very year in which he passed away, a book entitled the "Living Bards of the Border" was published, and a poem of Scott's was in the collection: it was "The Sportynge Dominie."

In many a temperance speech in Hawick the name of William Scott is often and deservedly referred to; and well it may, for he was aye in the forefront of the battle when the fighters were but few, and many a long seat he had by himself, in the silent watches of the night, preparing himself for the platform, or an article for the press. The compeers among whom he laboured have dwindled down to a few; but even they who are left, it is pleasing to know, revere the name of William Scott. He died at Belfast in November, 1859, aged 64 years.

DR. JOHN DOUGLAS

Is remembered less as a poet than as a physician and philanthropist. He was indeed a man of feeling, and a Good Samaritan. His good deeds are kindly spoken of in his native town, and even in distant lands his name is frequently mentioned as a friend of the poor and needy. In his younger years he entered the army; but, as the Rev. John Thomson said at the inauguration of the

memorial erected to his memory, "He was there not to destroy life, but to save it; not to inflict wounds, but to heal them." The Doctor, as military surgeon, did duty in India and in Canada.

As a *litterateur* he was well known, and his literary merits were widely acknowledged. Amongst the *litterati* who shared in the hospitality of his home were Thomas Pringle, William Knox, and Henry Scott Riddell.

He was Chairman at the Coronation Dinner held in the Town Hall, September 8th, 1831.

When the venerable doctor fell asleep, January 23, 1861, all the town seemed to feel that a prince had fallen, and when, on the Monday after, his remains were carried along to the Auld Kirkyard, all the shops were closed as a token of respect for the worthy doctor.

The Douglas Memorial is erected in Wellogate Cemetery, and was unveiled by Mrs Thomson, of Rosalee, October 11, 1879. It bears a marble medallion of the departed benefactor.

The poetic faculty of Dr. Douglas never had full swing, he did not care to come before the public in the capacity of a poet as often as he might, indeed it was on very few occasions that he came out in that way.

The piece by which he is best known as a poet is the following on *The Sunflower*—a flower that he would see in all its glory when serving as an army surgeon in Canada. It was first of all recited by the Doctor to James Jamieson, another of our song writers, who at the time was an assistant with Mr Tait the druggist. Jamieson took it down in shorthand, and then transcribed it for the *Hawick Advertiser*, where the first public appearance was made of

THE SUNFLOWER,

Flower of the sun, how gay thy bloom!
 More bright than burnished gold!
 Though strong, thou canst not brave the storm,
 Nor live in winter's cold.
 When mild Aurora o'er the east,
 Returning, sheds her light,

Thy dewy leaves, unfolding slow,
Shake off the sleep of night ;

And as the sun rolls o'er the earth—
The tide of blazing day—
Thou lift'st thy radiant head on high,
And greet'st his burning ray.

Of Flora's children there is none
That loves, like thee, the light—
Not one that blows so full by day,
Yet looks so sad by night.

At noon, when panting nature droops
Beneath the torrid beam :
When man and beast the covert seek,
And fainter falls the stream :

Erect upon thy towering stem,
While sickens every flower,
Thou, from the fount of light and heat,
Inhal'st thy vital power.

As, from the closing gates of day,
The sun's less ardent beams,
Yet gilds the city's thousand domes—
The mountains and the streams :

Thy hues, beneath his mellow light,
A softer glow assume ;
As if the spirit of his love
Did languish o'er thy bloom.

And when behind yon darkling hills
He guides his flaming car,
To distant lands that wait for him,
And ocean's isles afar,

Thou, whilst the star of eve appears,
Ere day has reached its bourne,
Art the enamoured flower that points
In sorrow to his urn.

'Tis night—thou sleep'st—but ah ! how changed
Art thou ! how sunk, how lorn !
With head declined, and folded leaves,
Till breaks the joyous morn.

Thus dost thou travel with the sun
The round of happy day,
As if thy summer would not end—
Thy blossom ne'er decay.

Fair worshipper of light and heat !
In spring I hail thy bloom,
Or trace thee through thy summer hours,
And sigh when the hoar-gloom

Of solemn autumn mournful falls
 To shroud thee in thy sear,
 And all thy changing tints reveal
 The waning of thy year.

Flower of the sun ! the landscape fades,
 Thy dirge sounds through the trees ;
 Even as a vapour thou hast fled,
 Thy grave is in the breeze.

MISS AGNES DOUGLAS,

Sister to Dr. John, entered the public arena at the competition for the silver medal, which was offered by the Town Council as a prize for the best poem on the demolition of the Auld Brig, in the year 1851. There were seven competitors, viz.:—William Buglass, Charles G. G. Wilson, A. Henderson, James Storie, George A. Murray, William Scott, and Miss Douglas.

Henry Scott Riddell was appointed judge of the competing poems; and he awarded the prize to Miss Douglas.

The prize poem was published by Robert Armstrong, printer, and it ran through several editions.

Miss Douglas had long been known in private circles as a gifted artist. The portrait of Dr. Chartres, in the Hawick Archæological Society's Museum, is a specimen of her artistic power. In the prize poem Miss Douglas shows that she possessed the poetic faculty in a high degree, as well as deep reverence for the historic associations of the Border in general, and of Hawick in particular. There is a fine specimen of this when she makes the Auld Brig exclaim—

But ah !
 Had some been here that now are gane,
 Nane daured o' me tae touch a stane ;
 Even in the Tranties, wi' their beggars,
 The spoilers had found fearfu' fleggars.
 Could Jean my Lord lift up her head,
 Or Clinty fling his arms abroad,
 Or Caleb rise to beat the drum,

And I cry out "They come, they come!"—
 They'd cowed the bauldest o' the toon
 That lifted hand to pit me doon!

A poem by Miss Douglas, entitled "An Address to the Teviot," appeared in the "Living Bards of the Border" in 1859. She departed this life on November 20th, 1858, aged 75 years.

JAMES HUNTER

Was another who had a song in the "Living Bards of the Border," but who, like Miss Douglas and Elliot Aitchison, had crossed the border into the unseen and eternal world before the volume saw the light of day. Hunter was a framework-knitter, and died at the Kirk Wynd, Hawick, April 30th, 1859, aged 42 years. The piece referred to is entitled

THE GYPSY'S SONG.

A jolly life is the gypsy's life,
 Both far and wide we roam;
 We're here to-day, to-morrow away,
 For varied is our home.

Although our skin's of swarthy hue,
 We're of good pedigree;
 We never were chained to a place like slaves,
 But, like the wind, we're free.

Wherever we roam we find a home—
 In lane, in grove, or dell;
 The field, in need, we tax for bread,
 Our drink's the caller well.

In the greenwood shade we make our bed,
 Beneath the leafy tree;
 Our pillow it is the velvet sward—
 A happy band are we!

A jolly life is the gypsy's life,
 Both far and wide we roam;
 We're here to-day, to-morrow away,
 For varied is our home.



WILLIAM NORMAN KENNEDY,

One of the most popular of poets and prose writers in Hawick, was Inspector of Poor for about fifteen years. Whilst on his official duty in visiting a sick pauper, he was seized by a virulent fever, and died August 30th, 1865.

Mr Kennedy being one of the fathers of the Archæological Society, as well as a leading office-bearer and lecturer at the monthly meetings, the members of that Society, with becoming reverence, marched in processional order at his funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in Hawick. His resting-place is on the summit of Wellogate Cemetery.

Though Mr Kennedy was best known as an archæologist, he had a strong vein of poetry, which, blended with genial humour, used to set his jovial companions in a roar of laughter. Inspired by the taking down of the Auld Brig and the many associations connected with it, he composed two poems on the subject, not for the sake of competing

for the prize, but for the sake of auld lang syne. Although a popular man in Hawick, he refrained from putting his name to the poems, so that they might stand or fall before the public on their own inherent worth. Neither of them was actually submitted to the competition, though one was intended to be, the concluding lines of which, containing a pathetic address to the Auld Brig, are as follow—

Nature and man their vain regrets proclaim,
 And with one voice unite to sing thy requiem;
 There comes from Slitrig's source a mournful din,
 Replied to by a groan from Coli's Linn,
 And echoed sternly back by Whitlaw braes—
 Renowned alike for bairns, and nuts, and slaes;
 While Greenbrahead (in olden time Priestcrown)
 To meet Crowbyres sends the signal down;
 The plaintive sound is wafted on the gale,
 And Lynnwood's sighs are heard to join the wail;
 Backbraes and Scaurs from thence take up the cry,
 And Clean Jean's lobby hears its latest sigh.

From loom and last, from plough and stocking-frame,
 Responsive hearts feel crushed for very shame;
 Each bosom heaves that hears thy funeral knell—
 Relic of ancient times, for aye, Farewell!!!

The other and non-competing poem of Mr Kennedy was entitled "A Dialogue anent the Auld Brig." The two who take part in the dialogue are Clinty and the Brig. Clinty was an old tailor, named Robert Oliver, who lived at the Brig-end, the name of his house being Clint-head; so Mr Kennedy, in poetic licence, brings the ghost of Clinty to come and condole with the Auld Brig concerning the doom that, like the sword of Damocles, was suspended over it. This poem still retains its popularity, and is in fact becoming more and more popular every day.

A DIALOGUE ANENT THE AULD BRIG.

Time—Midnight, June 6th, 1851, being Common-Riding day.—Scene, the Auld Brig—The Spirit of the Brig standing in an attitude of inexpressible sadness and apparently pondering on the future.—The Spirit of Clint-head is seated in seeming unconcern on the Parapet, in Corduroy Smalls and a Woollen Nightcap, smoking the shadow of a pipe,—speaks,

CLINTY,—Gude safe us a', there's mischief brewing,
 Wi' sic destructive wrack an' ruin;

This gruesome sight gars me declare,
I doot gif I'm an Oliver.

An yet, an O begins my name,
My forbears a' were men o' fame;—
Auld Brig, what say ye? am I richt?
I'm drouthy, an its cauld the nicht.

Ye're sides are ratcht an I'm gey ill,
Come let us hae a Hawick gill
For auld lang syne, or aiblins twa,
This air is damp an' unco raw.

Ilk Oliver a drouth inherits,
Leevin or dead we stick by spirits,
Co' way to Willie Trummill's shop,
Through some bung-hole we'll sook a drop.

BRIG,—Cock-o-the-Rock thou still art kind,
My strength is gone, I'm undermined;
That Brig below with modern face,
Reproaching cries "to me give place."

CLINTY,—Newfangled deevils never heed them,
Folk never prize things till they need them;
They'll rue the coup as sure's a gun,
The neist big flude 'ill show them fun.

BRIG,—I mourn thee in my hour of need,
Warm hearted patriot, old Clint-head:
Hadst thou been spared, so would my arch,
Unharm'd by man's progressive march.

CLINTY,—Afore ye're numbered wi' the deid,
About the auld folks gies a screed;
An tell me o' the ploys were played,
When your fundation stane was laid,

BRIG,—Myself I have no wish to praise,
But I was born in pious days;
And priests were there in solemn state,
The work to bless and consecrate.
I was consigned to Mary's care,
With chanted psalm and solemn prayer;
And brethren of masonic art
Were there to act their mystic part.
Of rainbow shape they made my form,
That I might triumph o'er the storm;
And in my triple arch you see
An emblem of the Trinity.
Hence Slitrig's waters had no power,
To scathe me in their fiercest hour;
Eight hundred years I've firmly stood,
Untouched by time, unhurt by flood.

CLINTY,—Wheesht ye daft haveril, gie us facks,
 I want nane o' ye're Romish cracks;
 A bonny life thae papists led us,
 Till they were glifed by Jenny Geddes.

I want to ken boot auld lang syne,
 O' men an things passed out o' min';
 What blithe like lads an gray haired sages,
 Ye've carried in the byegane ages.

BRIG,—I've borne mailed Knights in grim array,
 In eager haste for border fray;
 And sandled monks my summit trod,
 Wending their way to worship God.

In time of need, I proved a boon
 To him that rhymed in Ercildoun;
 And here, though history tells it not,
 Has crossed the wizard Michael Scott.

Upon my summit, Thomas stood
 In thoughtful and prophetic mood,
 And books of ancient lore relate,
 That thus he showed my coming fate,—

“Amid destruction Hawick sall flourish
 And sall improve when ye sall perish.”

Here Gawin Douglas took his way,
 On sabbath morn and holyday;
 When vested priests in cope and stole,
 Said masses for Drumlanrig's soul.

Dark Ferniehirst's retainers rude,
 Noble Buccleuch the bold and good;
 And many a knight of border fame
 I've borne, and many a beauteous dame.

Here Harden Wat, his spoils has driven,
 By stouthrife from the English riven;
 Here your forbears oft marched at night,
 To keep their fellow burghers right.

Lord Olipher embalmed in song,
 A stranger to fear, a foe to wrong;
 Like sturdy Hab, branched from your race,
 Your lineage royalty would grace.

While Hawick retains her local fame,
 Her sons shall venerate thy name;
 Men coined in Nature's noblest mint,
 Were thy progenitors, O Clint.

CLINTY,—Auld Brig shake hands, I maist can greet,
To see ye harried sae complete;
Gude guide us a', ye're stock o' freens
Has sunk to Jock and Sandy Weens.

Auld Brig, ye've been a public guid,
For ocht I ken, sin Noah's flude;
Wi' your convoys I've filled my skin,
When Tyne-men brocht us Holland Gin.

BRIG,—Where'er my visual organs range,
I nothing note but wondrous change;
The Moat alone, primeval stands,
Guarded from sacrilegious hands.

CLINTY,—Deed aye, for I mysel' hae seen
Folk casting peats in Myreslawgreen,
An divots and rough-heads gotten where
The moderns now ca' Teviot Square.

BRIG,—I'll pay with heartfelt feelings true,
A dying tribute to Buccleuch,
Whose pride has been through good and ill,
Scotia! to guard thy relics still.

Had I been his, I'd still exist
In spite of mills and woollen twist;
The power my grandeur to destroy,
No yellow dross from him could buy.

My fabric and your father's hall
Are doomed—together they shall fall;
Let us take comfort then and die in peace,
We've done our duty like the men of Greece.

Clint's wrinkled cheeks now glowed with flame,
His placid smile a frown became;
He rose like some demoniac fool,
Dashed pipe and night-cap in the pool.

Then hurried down in headlong haste,
As though ten thousand devils chased;
Nor felt that in his swift descent,
His ghostly garments had been rent.

From fore to aft, from stem to stern,
Th' etherial corduroys were torn,
The old Breeks fluttered in the breeze,
Held by the buttons at the knees.

Each shadowy hair stood stiff and stark,
And shone like phosphorus in the dark;
Then with an oath, which virtue shocks,
Old Clinty vanished 'mong the rocks.



ROBERT KENNEDY,

Brother to W. N. Kennedy and to the late Treasurer Kennedy, spent the noontide of life in India. Leaving the toil and heat of India, he returned to his native land with a heart full of affection for Auld Hawick and all its venerable associates. He died in Edinburgh in August, 1882.

Whilst in India, he kept his eye and his heart on Hawick, and when his brother passed away, he presented to the Archæological Museum a handsome and valuable case of Argus-eyed pheasants in remembrance of his brother's connection with the Society.

When Robert Kennedy retired from active life he took up his abode in Edinburgh, but was a frequent visitor at Hawick, especially at the Common-Riding time, when he liked to forgather with Hawick worthies, and get his memory refreshed with local reminiscences. He frequently

lent a helping hand in the management of the Games, which was highly appreciated by all concerned. About ten or twelve years ago, when the Common-Riding, as a historical institution, seemed to be on the down-grade, he, at the nick of time, wrote a "Plea for the Common-Riding." The plea was printed in the newspapers, also on a single sheet of paper, and distributed broadcast throughout the town. The following extract will show the tenor of the timely appeal—

Teri Bus and Teri Odin!
Men wha Teviot's shores hae trodden,
Fast frae mountain, stream, and valley,
To our annual revels rally,

Teri Bus and Teri Odin!
Shall we hear our sacred slogan
Minglin' wi' the notes of wailin',
Droon'd by base degenerate railin'?

Record rich of fame and merit:
Lang it fann'd the martial spirit,
Nerved the arm to manly duty,
Brightly flushed the cheek of beauty.

Dying lips hae linger'd o'er it,
Britain's foes hae fa'n before it;
Dear alike in childhood's prattle,
And the deidly din of battle.

Hosts with patriotism warming,
Hearths and hames delichted charming;
Wounds of ire repentant healing,
Hallowing ilka social feeling.

Thoughts of auld lang syne come o'er us,
Scenes we shared in rise before us;
Lads and lasses braw arraying,
Fifes and drums divinely playing.

Tunefu' voices, loud and pliant,
Waft afar the strain defiant;
Owre the Mill Path swells the chorus,
Flag and ribbons waving o'er us.

He wrote an inauguration ode on the unveiling of Prince Albert's monument in Edinburgh by Queen Victoria, and sent a copy of it to Her Majesty, for which he received royal thanks.

He also composed the following verses on the erection of the Bruce statue at Stirling—

By a nation's homage planned,
 Fashioned by a patriot's hand,
 Breathing Freedom o'er the land,
 Stands the form sublime:
 Of heroic duty done,
 Of tyrannic might o'erthrown,
 Of immortal honour won,
 Telling to all time.

Now the deadly strife is o'er,
 Hushed and still the battle's roar,
 Round the Bruce for evermore
 Fame her glory wreathes:
 At his feet the trophy lies,
 Liberty the glorious prize,
 To its Fount he lifts his eyes
 As his sword he sheathes.

Brighter days upon us smile,
 Rival monarchs, civil broil,
 Human rights, ambition's spoil,
 Here no more can be.
 Hallowed by our heroes' graves,
 British soil can brook no slaves,
 Britain's sacred banner waves
 Only o'er the free.

ALEXANDER MICHIE,

Whose demise we so recently mourned over, was another of the fathers of the Archæological Society. He revelled in the poetic atmosphere of the town; all our music and minstrelsy were precious to him. He wrote the introduction to the collection of Drumlanrig Airs that the Messrs Kennedy published a few years ago. Though he never aspired to the designation of poet, he was a poet and a pithy one too. His pieces were all published anonymously, but were published for a purpose, whether it was to "shoot folly as it flies," or to encourage some movement for the amelioration of the town. His muse was ever ready, and never failed to hit the mark; at times his verses were full of genial humour and set his readers all aglow. All the local poets were personal friends of his, from Ruickbie down to "Joseph." The following is from the "Auld Moat's Address"—

I saw Hawick's burghers march away
 To Flodden's fatal field ;
 A hardy band by Douglas led,
 Who knew not how to yield.

I saw our glorious youth return
 From Hornshole's sounding shore,
 In triumph laden with their spoil,
 While Southern flag they bore.

Thrice have I seen our good old town
 Wrapt in devouring fire,
 While helpless wives and children felt
 Stern England's vengeful ire.



ALEXANDER MICHIE.

GEORGE WEBSTER,

Who was an assistant to Mr Dodds in the Parish School about forty years ago, was another of our poets who took an active part in the establishment and progress of the

Archæological Society. He died at West Barns, Dunbar,
March 13th, 1880. Here is a sample of his song—

HER FIRST HAIRST.

Come awa', Kirsty,
Keep up yer rig,
Hungry or thirsty
Care na a fig.
Push in the sickle
An' dinna be slack
At crookin' yer elbow
An' bending yer back.

Ne'er mind the nettle,
But tak' a gude grip;
Thro' fingers in fettle
There's naething should slip
Hungry or thirsty
Care na a fig,
Come awa', Kirsty,
Keep up yer rig.

Haud laigh wi' the stubble,
But cannie and clean;
There's nocht without trouble,
Ye mauna complain.
Keep up yer credit,
Ye're somebody noo;
In wi' the sickle,
An' let us get thro',

Dinna sit claiverin'
Doon at the dyke,
Or folks will be haiverin'
There's some lad ye like
Clashes and clavers
Are no worth a plack,
Up wi' the sickle
An' doon wi' yer back

Come awa', Kirsty,
Fill yer sheaf fu';
Keep up yer credit,
Ye're somebody noo.
Ye'll never need, lassie,
To borrow or beg,
Sae lang as yer able
To keep up yer rig.

FRANK HOGG.

It is but as yesterday since he, whose name we have come to, ceased to be amongst us. The poet may almost be looked upon as the most unimportant part of him. He was an able platform man, a willing worker in committees, an ardent archæologist—in short, was one of the leading lights of Hawick for many years. His labours at the Public Library are household words, and his many services to the Evangelical congregation will not be soon forgotten. To the Hawick Archæological Society he fulfilled the office of treasurer for the long period of twelve years. He was cut suddenly down at the early age of 40 years, on Tuesday, February 17th, 1880, and was interred in Wilton Cemetery on the Saturday following. The song which follows was written for the Hawick Literary Society's MS. Magazine in 1867, and has had a suitable tune composed for it by Mrs Dumbreck, so that "Auld Hawick" has deservedly become a favourite with our "men and maidens free." At the farewell supper given to Bailie Michie on the eve of his departure for South Africa, 26th September, 1879, Mr Hogg sang this song and acknowledged himself the author.

I LIKE AULD HAWICK.

They ask me, Hawick, to leave you,
 And wonder why I stay
 'Midst factory smoke and ceaseless din
 Of looms both night and day.

But I like auld Hawick, and her folks I like,
 Her men and maidens free;
 Sweet memories dwell in the good old town
 That aye was kind to me.

They tell me no beauty's around you,
 Your hills are bare and plain,
 That the lingering Teviot is silent and sad,
 And the Slitrig aye filling wi' rain.

But I like auld Hawick, and her streams I like,
 Where oft at eventide
 The tale of youthful love is told,
 Adown swe-t Teviot's side.

They say your people are homely,
 Content with mean delights;

No song, no art—they needs must spend
Dull days and cheerless nights.

But I like auld Hawick, and her folks I like ;
A blithe, untutored grace
Aye cheers the homes of the good old town,
And shines in each winsome face.

They deem you the children of rievvers,
Unkempt as of old, and rude ;
Still bound to vie with friend or foe,
In keen and narrow feud.

But I like auld Hawick, and her folks I like ;
As free as sires of old
They hold debate, and each man receives
A faith that's uncontrolled.

But they know not the spirit that leads you
Afore in the world's great strife
'Gainst Tyrants and Wrong, for Freedom and Right,
And the upward struggle of life.

So I like auld Hawick, and her spirit I like,
That leaps still forth to the van
For Liberty, Progress in Thought and Art,
And goodwill to every man.

They know not the heart that keeps you
True to your ancient fame,
That shares in the joys and sorrows of all
Who bear your doughty name.

So I like auld Hawick, and her heart I like,
Though on sons it may proudly dote,
It freely welcomes strangers too
To the town of the green old Moat.

And when, auld Hawick, I leave you,
Be my wish when far away,
While the Teviot flows to the Northern sea
You may ply at the loom as to-day.

For I like auld Hawick, and her folks I like,
Her men and maidens free ;
Sweet memories dwell in the good old town
That aye was kind to me.

WILLIAM EASTON,

Son of the late George Easton, hairdresser, Hawick, was a young man of undoubted ability. By his mother's side he was related to William Scott (see page 39).

As a school boy, he used to amuse himself and delight

his companions with verses on current events. He had an abundant share of pawky Scotch humour, and his wide knowledge and brilliant conversational powers were much appreciated by those who knew him well.

An enthusiastic volunteer, he fell at the post of duty. During a shooting competition, one of the markers being unable to be present, William Easton volunteered to take his place in the butt, and was accidentally shot. This fatal accident took place on 10th August, 1876.

His best pieces are now lost, never having been committed to paper. The following sketch will be appreciated by those who knew the characters therein depicted—

YE BALLAD OF YE KINLY STICK.

TUNE,—“ Ring the Bell, Watchman.”

In the big room at Barclay's, the Auld Stick he stands
Grasping the bell-rope with cold, shaking hands;
Ask why he lingers and sadly he'll tell,
He has'nt got a copper, so he dare not ring the bell.

Chorus—

Ring the bell, Kinly, ring, ring, ring!
Heather Jock's approaching the good news to bring,
He's pawn'd his upper garment, they say he has done well,
Ring the bell, Kinly Stick, Kinly ring the bell.

Heather Jock enters (while Kinly yet grieves),
He stands and gazes all in his shirt sleeves;
Stick hails him with a shout, which no other could excel,
And Heather's brief response was, “ Man, Kinly, ring the bell.”

Chorus—

“ Half-a-gill for the twae,” then Heather bold did cry,
“ Drink and be off,” was the landlord's quick reply;
Then Heather he did quaff the half-gill to himsel',
And left the Kinly not a drop though he did ring the bell.

Chorus—

“ Oh! Heather, that's unfair,” the Stick did wildly cry,
“ A' drank it,” quoth Heather, “ because that I was dry;
But gin you'll come wi' me, my sark I will sell,
And sune we'll baith come back again and ring, ring the bell.”

Chorus—

The following has not been previously published, and was found after his death in his private notebook—

ALANE.

The gowan keps its drap o' dew,
Ilk wild bird has its mate;

The cowerin' hare may luve anew,
 Tho' it was lone of late.
 The creepin' moss will keep wi' care
 Yon ancient, rough grey stane;
 But I've nae luve round me to cling,
 For my sweet lassie's gane.
 She left me wi' the simmer's close,
 Think not she was untrue;
 'Twas cauldride death, that gruesome carle,
 That closed her een sae blue.
 The autumn leaves lie on her grave,
 They swirl around the stane;
 I've naething left me noo to luve—
 Alas! I'm left my lane.
 Her gowden hair that used to curl
 Around her snaw-white neck
 Is lyin' 'neath the cauld, cauld mools,
 And my lane heart's a wreck.
 The saft wind whistlin' thro' the wood
 Aye mingles wi' my mane;
 It canna bring back joy to me
 Since my sweet lassie's gane.
 They say she's wi' the angels noo,
 Far frae this world o' care,
 And that she dwells in happiness
 Among the blest ones there.
 But still my heart is sair and sad,
 And still it throbs wi' pain,
 And will be till I dee mysel',
 And meet wi' her again.

THOMAS CHAPMAN,

Better known in poetic circles as "Joseph," is a more voluminous writer than any of his brethren. His muse never hangs fire, and never knows a scarcity of subjects. Sometime a member of the Roxburghshire Constabulary, and also of the Burgh Police Force, he has seen human nature in all its phases, and as he finds it so he sings.

Fourteen years ago he published a volume of poems and songs. He was recently presented with a purse of gold by the farmers of Upper Teviotdale, and is respected as a man and honoured as a poet. He was a prize winner in the Verter Well poetic competition. Although not a native of

Hawick, he sings of the Common-Riding and its surroundings with as much glee and conviviality as if he had been a born Teri. On the death of George Duncan, on 11th June, 1889, aged 97 years, he wrote the following epitaph :—

“ Upon him lightly lie the sod,
 And peaceful be his rest ;
 For who has seen the Flodden flag
 Sae aft as he been dress'd ?
 “ And, O, how few have seen the leaves,
 Sae aft as he turn broon ;
 Now like a bairnie that's asleep,
 Auld Geordie's cuddled doon.”

One of his best known songs is “ Jock o' Bowmontside,” and one of his latest is a song of Yarrow—a favourite theme of poets for centuries back.



(From a photo. by G. Allen Robinson, Hawick.)

JOHN INGLIS

Is another of our Hawick song writers who has faced the

world with a volume of worthy poems and songs. All of them are chaste and elegant, whilst some of them are charged with the fire of the old Border ballad.

The following song, entitled "Hawick among the Hills," was written for the purpose of arousing the muse of his old school companion, Mr James Winthrope, of Carleton Place, Ontario. The song is set to the tune of "Scotland Yet," and has a deserved popularity amongst our townsmen wherever they foregather around the social board.

HAWICK AMONG THE HILLS.

AIR—"Scotland Yet."

Come, Border Minstrel, sweep the chords
 Of thy good harp once more;
 O never let it cease to sound,
 Though on a foreign shore.
 If round thee there be nought to stir
 To patriotic thrills,
 Look back on bonnie Teviot side,
 And Hawick among the hills.

The muse you loved long years ago,
 Can whisper o'er the main,
 And glowing words she'll waft to thee
 If thou but strike the strain,
 And let its tuneful cadence float,
 Like music from the rills
 That shed their sweet and ceaseless song
 Round Hawick among the hills.

There's not in all the Border land
 A town with brighter name;
 Her slogan lighteth up the past—
 It led her sons to fame,
 Who often stood a stalwart band,
 With proud unflinching wills,
 And guarded well the ancient rights
 Of Hawick among the hills.

Then wake thee, minstrel, from thy dream,
 We long to hear the voice
 Which draws the sympathetic tear,
 Or makes the heart rejoice.
 Arise and sing, and loud let ring
 Whate'er thy thought distils,
 And cheer us in thy native town—
 Old Hawick among the hills.

The following is another example of Mr Inglis' poetry in a different strain—

BONNIE BRIERY HILL.

Yon dell on bonnie Briery Hill
 Will aye be dear to me,
 While memories flit, on airy wing,
 Back o'er life's billowed sea,
 To the days of youth and summer,
 At gloaming's balmy still,
 We sought the dell and hawthorn shade,
 On bonnie Briery Hill.

Now thirty years of life hath run,
 Since closed that happy day,
 And change on change have followed time
 As it sped on its way.

The birk, the broom, and rowan clad
 By June's artistic skill,
 No longer shade the flowery dell
 On bonnie Briery Hill.

Yet blue bells, and their floral kin,
 The lowly and the sweet,
 Have charms that ever draw us to
 That loved and lone retreat,
 Where love's enduring summer dawned,
 Which ne'er hath known a chill;
 It breathes the fragrance of the dell
 On bonnie Briery Hill.

JAMES WINTHROPE,

To whom Inglis addressed his beautiful song, "Hawick among the hills," left his native town about fifteen years ago, and settled in Carleton Place, in Ontario, where he has resided ever since, and won the esteem of all around, and where he has a pleasure boat that bears the name of "Teri Odin."

On the eve of his departure from Hawick, a social meeting was held in the Exchange in his honour. Mr John Rule presided, and paid a glowing tribute to the parting guest. Not only had he been admired as a poet, but there was such a peculiar "innerliness" about him that it rendered his way-going a theme of sorrow throughout the town; and more than that, his songs and stories had endeared him to

a wide circle of readers, not only of the local, but also of the Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee papers; and now, in the land of his adoption, his muse is as active, if not more so, than it used to be in the old land long ago. The new world seems to have inspired him with fresh poetic vigour. The ways of the world, and especially the ways of the worldling, are frequently the theme of his harp, and are treated of with a dry humour and a stinging satire which takes hold upon the public mind. One of his pieces that appeared in the *Toronto Globe* lately was entitled "Go Slow," and, being a gentle rebuke on the "hurry-upism" of Canada, called forth rejoinders from other poetic Canadians.

One of his didactic pieces appeared in the *Toronto Globe* in June 1888, with a brief but suggestive title of one word—the word "Do." The first four lines have a beauty which may not be apparent at first sight to readers in the old land, where they are not familiar with the robin singing among the glowing dewdrops and the golden light. It is so in Canada, however.

DO.

Up with the birds when the dew drops glow
 On the nodding flower and the silvered bough,
 When the robin sings in the golden light,
 And life springs strong from the breast of night,
 Up from the sleep which chained each limb
 Like a senseless log in your chamber dim,
 Which weighed down your eyelids the long night through,
 Away with your dreaming—arise and do!

What will you do? Is this world's work done?
 Is there no great deed which your power alone
 Can bring to perfection through sneer and ban,
 A boon to your toiling fellowman—
 No crude matter waiting the touch of your skill
 To leap into beauty or use at your will—
 No tools lying idle, no anvil unrun,
 No deft task neglected of pen or tongue?
 Away with excuses, it cannot be true
 That this great, busy world gives you nothing to do.

Do that which lies nearest your hand and try
 To better each blow as the moments fly.
 Be thorough, and patience in time will tell
 Whatever you do is worth doing well.

Though all cannot work with a giant's might,
 By brain or muscle, by touch or sight ;
 Improve on the small things God leaves with you,
 Do your best, and thank God for the power to do.
 The moments are fitting, and time's falling sand
 Is never redeemed from eternity's hand ;
 A duty forsaken makes manhood its slave,
 Rising up like a ghost from its deep hidden grave.
 Then up with the birds when the morning light
 Shoots its silver spears through the skirts of night,
 And clothes the great earth, its seas and skies
 In robes of its own transcendent dyes.
 Up, for your work to this world is due,
 Away with your dreaming—arise and do!

Here are a few verses from another of his poems, one which places him on a high pedestal, and which shows that he is not only an honour to Hawick, but a valuable poetic acquisition to his adopted country.

The poem, though in the form of a dream, is true portraiture of the beauty and richness of the flowers, the fruits, the foliage, the trees, the vesture of nature; also of the instincts of animated nature that are observable in Canada. In some respects it resembles Thomson's "Seasons," but opens with the song of summer instead of winter.

DREAMLAND.

In the dreamland I am free—
 Sweet visions come to me
 From the summerland of dreams ;
 There the sky is ever bright,
 Glowing with mellow, amber light,
 Whose glory gleams
 On river, earth, and air ;
 And, oh, what wonders rare
 The golden glamour seems
 To throw on all around !
 On the sweet flowers on the ground ;
 On the chaplets that are bound
 On the brows
 Of the living, breathing trees
 That are talking to the breeze
 As it flows,
 With an everlasting rhyme,
 Singing songs of love and time,
 Merry as a bridal chime,
 Through their boughs.

The star-eyed daisies nod
 To the violets on the sod,
 Breathing perfume up to God
 As a prayer.

The anemones greet
 The green grass at their feet,
 Or with caresses sweet
 Fondle there

The blushing wild red rose,
 And the lily, like the snows,
 Of the vale ;

Or they whisper low and clear
 In the foxglove's listening ear,
 Tender words of trust and cheer,
 A sweet love tale.

JAMES JAMIESON

Is another of our Hawick songsters who has stood the test of time, and whose warblings are as melodious now as they used to be some thirty years ago. It is rather remarkable that three such poets as Inglis, Winthrope, and Jamieson should have been schoolmates. Jamieson distinguished himself as a prize-taker in a drawing competition. His artistic proclivity gradually developed itself, and drew him away to Edinburgh, where for a long period he has been employed as a lithographer. Though resident in Edinburgh, his heart seems always to have been homeward bound ; for verily to him, and to some others, as the poet Campbell has said, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

Though unassuming and rather reserved in his manner, there is a fountain of enthusiasm in him which gushes forth at the sight of a Hawick face or the sound of a familiar voice. The following is considered one of his best pieces :

THE AICHT O'CLOCK BELL.

Whan the mist o' the gloamin' creeps over the hill,
 Whan the low hum o' labour is everywhere still,
 Whan a' things around us, below and above,
 Breathe out to the spirit sweet incense o' love,
 Oh, then comes the hour that ilk ane lo'eth best—
 The glad hour o' peacefulness, gentleness, rest :
 Ower mountain, ower muirland, ower green, grassy fell,
 Are borne the sweet notes o' the aicht o'clock bell.

There's a balm for the heart that is dowie wi' care,
 In the sweet, soothing music that floats through the air;
 It calms the worn soul with a melody mild,
 As the voice o' a mother that sings to her child—
 It comes ower the heart like some quaint cheery strain,
 That carries us back to the days that are gane;
 Auld faces, auld feelings, an' mony a dear spell
 Are link'd wi' the sound o' the aicht o'clock bell.

Where the dun, barren hills to the valley sklent doon,
 Stand the streets an' the wynds o' my ain Border toon;
 An', as mirkness glides meekly ower hollow an' heicht,
 Wee rays frae the windows glint up through the night,
 Till it seems, lyin' nestled 'mang hillocks an' scaurs,
 A whole fairy city, up-biggit wi' stars;
 While soft, low, an' mellow, owre upland an' dell,
 Is wafted the sang o' the aicht o'clock bell.

The reek, curlin' upward frae ilka lum-head,
 Betokens the ingle, bricht, cracklin' and red;
 An' I see in my mind every group gathered there,
 Frae the wean to the grannie in auld elbow-chair.
 The day's wark is by, an' the heart has grown licht—
 There are mony queer tales to enliven the night;
 While wi' ilk sang they sing, an' ilk story they tell,
 Is mix'd up the liit o' the aicht o'clock bell.

There are bright Eden-glimpses by every hearthstane;
 For the puir man has joys whaur the rich may hae nane.
 He has treasures unkenn'd, though his gear be na' rife,
 In his rosy-faced weans an' his kind, winsome wife.
 In lang after days, be they joyous or drear,
 His mind shall hold memories to strengthen and cheer—
 In mony a lane moment his fancy shall dwell
 'Mang the scenes ushered in by the aicht o'clock bell.

Though doucely an' eidently mendin' her claes,
 The lassie sits cosily beekin' her tae,
 Nae sooner the lang look'd-for sound does she hear,
 Than she's up like a hare whan the hunters are near,
 The sewin' an' darmin' are a' thrawn aside;
 For she kens *he* is waiting, and she maunna bid—
 Though the mirk gathers round, an' the breezes blaw snell,
 They are a' set at nocht by the aicht o'clock bell.

The e'e has a power that it hasna by day,
 Whan the soft licht is fadin' frae meadow and brae,
 An' the sweet words o' love are aye sweeter by far
 When told 'neath the gleam o' the bricht gloamin' star.
 Oh, mony a fond whisper an' soul-cheering thocht
 Has that calm-breathing hour in its peacefulness brocht;
 In moments to come mony a heart throb shall tell
 O' the feelings brocht back by the aicht o'clock bell.

Though puirtith an' sadness may fa' to our share,
 The time aye comes round when we feel them nae mair,
 What dull, dowie thought daur intrude on the breast
 That's cheered by the smiles o' the ane we lo'e best ?
 Soft is the licht o' the wee, gleaming sterns—
 Gentle the breezes that blaw through the ferns ;
 But softer, an' sweeter, an' gentler than a'
 Is the lassie we meet as the day wears awa'—
 Whan the tryst has been set in some lane leafy dell,
 That echoes the sound o' the aicht o'clock bell.



(From a photo, by G. Allen Robinson, Hawick.)

ROBERT HUNTER

Is another born Teri, and one of Hawick's masonic bards,
 who is "a credit to us a'." He was second best in the
 poetic competition connected with the Burns' statue in
 Dumfries a few years ago.

There is a graceful blending of humour and kindness in

all he writes that makes us "proud o' Robin;" but amidst all the sprightly songs and cantie ditties that he has composed, none seems to surpass in general favour the song of his which is here inserted. It is a most natural description of an old man's crack on the Common-Riding day, and a fair picture of the scene at the Muir. Few terrestrial pleasures can surpass the walk out to the racecourse on the Friday by a thoroughbred Teri. The cracks are all about the Common-Ridings of former years, and a' the bits of incidents that befel this one and that. The "nailing of the nugget," as our poet puts it, is one of the standard cracks. That was in the year 1854—the last in which there were races on the Common Haugh. The nugget was the gift of Hawick callants in Australia—its value being £30—and was the first piece of virgin gold ever offered as a prize for a horse race in this country. The race was the most remarkable, in more respects than one, ever run on the Common Haugh, and was witnessed by a crowded course of spectators.

THE AULD MAN'S COMMON-RIDING.

See him on the Waster heather,
Where Hawick callants yearly gether,
Wi' a heart as licht's a feather,
Sae blythe and gay;
Neither wind nor rain can tether
His joy that day.

Oot frae a' the roar an' rustle
O' the factory's birr an' bustle,
Yae day at least he'll miss the jostle,
The fecht and push,
And hear the blackbird's cheery whistle
Frae ilka bush.

There wi' freends sae blythe and cheerie,
Can the day seem lang or dreary?
Sic a thocht! na, never fear ye,
Ye glaiket gull;
Whae ever heard a rale auld Teri
Ca' Hawick Muir dull?

What wi' horses racin', prancin',
Strolling bodies fiddlin', dancin',
Lasses' een sae brichtly glancin',
Withouten guile;

Losh! the scene is fair entrancin',
And draws the smile.

What cares he for high-priced races,
Or for naigs their line that traces
Back to dams wi' furious paces,
Or sires o' fame?

Gie him a beast the road that faces,
Whate'er its name.

Here him tell the weel-kenn'd story,
When the Haugh was in its glory—
How the jockies in their fury

Rave an' ruggit,
Till the Cook wi' muckle worry
Nailed the nugget.

Or how Glorious Jock the hunter
Wan the hurdle in a canter;
Or how rattlin' Rab the Ranter,
And Deans' mere,
Beat the famous Black Enchanter
That sell'd sae dear.

Thus wi' cracking and wi' joking,
Strolling round or quietly smoking,
Slips away the day, unbroken
By strife or fray;
Syne to the toon wi' joy unspoken
He wends his way.

HARK AGAIN THE STIRRING STRAIN!

Hark again the stirring strain!
Rouse ye, Teries, from your slumbers!
Gladly greet the dear refrain,
Join the song, and swell the numbers;
Brightest day o' a' the year,
Morn to Callants ever dear.

Wend your way, this glorious day,
Kindly customs ne'er be scorning;
Auld and young, sae blyth and gay,
A' maun hae their sneesh this morning—
Grand auld cruiket sneeshing horn,
Worthy sic a glorious morn.

Noo a' is richt, the day is bricht,
Forget we a' oor toil and slaving;
Wi' joy we climb the Vertish height
To watch the honoured emblem waving,
While "here they come" is heard the cry,
"The Cornet's First" the bairns reply.

Syne rich and puir maun seek the muir,
 To press yince mair the waster heather,
 To breathe the air, sac fresh and pure,
 And crack o' auld lang syne thegither,
 And whiles wi' freends, frae ower the main,
 Auld memories to revive again.

The racing dune, we rise again,
 And daunder hameward through the plantin',
 To join again the dear refrain,
 Oor heart and voice 'll no be wanting.
 O Teribus! thy magic spell,
 Thy sons shall own where'er they dwell.

It's no in steeds, it's no in speeds,
 It's something in the heart abiding,
 The kindly customs, words and deeds,
 It's these that make the Common-Riding.
 Then rally Teries, yin and a',
 Let this year be the best ava.

The following piece obtained the second prize given by the editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard* for the best poem on the Dumfries statue of Burns in 1879. There were thirty-two competitors.

ROBERT BURNS.

Among the nobles o' the yirth,
 Oor Robin stan's, an' a' that ;
 Though humble was his place o' birth,
 An' hard his han's an' a' that,
 His soul was noble, great, and free,
 Ower high born Lords, he buir the gree ;
 An' aye he scorned the cooard lee,
 An' told the truth, an' a' that.

He sang o' Scotia's heights an' howes,
 Her glens, her shaws, an' a' that ;
 Her brattlin' burns, an' broomie knowes.
 Her Freedom, Laws, an' a, that.
 He sang her lads, an' lasses brow,
 In lowly cot, an' lordly ha',
 An' humbly prayed that ane an' a'
 Might live in peace, an' a' that.

He sang her Thistle, waving free,
 On hill, and dale, an' a' that ;
 Her Daisy blooming bonnily,
 By wood, an' dale, an' a' that ;
 An' wha like him could sweetly tell
 The beauties o' the bonnie Bell
 That tinkles in ilk flowery dell,
 Whar mawkins sport, an' a' that.

Her Haggis, an' her Cakes he sang,
 Her Barleybree, an' a' that ;
 Her Joys he sang, till rafters rang,
 Wi' mirth an' glee, an' a' that ;
 Her famous weel-lo'ed Halloween,
 When Fairies sport in moonlit dean,
 An' play their pranks ; by him has been
 Immortalised, an' a' that.

He sang her Pleughman at his pleugh,
 Sae blyth an' gay, an' a' that ;
 Her Cottar, toiling in a sheugh,
 The lea-lang day, an' a' that ;
 An' showed that happiness can dwell
 Without the aid o' magic spell,
 Beneath a hame-spun, weel-worn shell
 O' hoddan gray, an' a' that.

His words hae cheered the Scot at hame,
 The Scot abroad, an' a' that ;
 Wi' tears o' joy they've bless'd his name,
 An' thankit God, an' a' that,
 For rearing on their native soil,
 This noble, gifted, son o' toil,
 To help them through life's care an' moil,
 Wi' poem, sang, an' a' that.

An' shall not we our homage pay,
 An' Heaven thank, for a' that ;
 Foul fa' the loon, that wad say nay,
 Whate'er his rank, an' a' that.
 We'll rear a monument o' art,
 To him wha can sic joys impart,
 Wha sits enthroned, in Scotland's heart,
 Her Bard supreme, an' a' that.

WILLIAM HOBKIRK,

Whose harp sent forth many an exquisite piece to the local papers, was brother to Mr James Hobkirk, Broadhaugh. The sweep of his muse embraced and adorned a vast variety of subjects, and was equally successful in depicting the Red Indian's idea of heaven and in delineating the generous characteristics of the house of Buccleuch. He composed a song on the occasion of the present Duke of Buccleuch attaining his majority, September 1852, which was sung at the public dinner by the poet's brother, the late Mr George

Hobkirk, corn merchant. It was heartily appreciated by the audience, and published in the local papers afterwards.

SONG.

AIR—"There's nae luck about the house."

Get up my lads, and mak' a stour,
 And weel the fiddle screw—
 This night brings ane and twenty years
 To our young Lord Buccleuch.
 And wha should welcome sic a night,
 And mak' it ring wi' glee,
 Unless his ain wha eat his bread,
 And sit sae snug as we.
 For there's mony landlords i' the land,
 And guid anes not a few,
 But ne'er a ane o' them to stand
 Compar'd wi' our Buccleuch.

Our auld guidman sits ben a house,
 Whar he was born and bred;
 Lang back his forbears filled the same,
 And Jock here will succeed.
 There's fittings east, there's fittings west,
 Their rents are raised anew,
 But nae sic changes rule the roost
 Aneath the guid Buccleuch.
 For there's mony landlords, &c.

They say the grain is tumblin' down,
 The 'tatoes gaun to wreck,
 And agriculture's done unless
 There's something to protect.
 But gin protection they wad hae,
 I'd tell the whining crew
 They'll get the genuine thing aneath
 A landlord like Buccleuch.
 For there's mony landlords, &c.

Then here's to our young noble lord,
 And a' wha b'ar his name;
 To live and let live's been their word,
 And may he sing the same.
 And may he prove his country's pride,
 His sovereign's staunchest stay,
 And we throughout the Border wide
 Will hail this happy day,
 For there's mony landlords i' the town,
 And guid anes not a few,
 But ne'er a' ane o' them to stand
 Compar'd wi' our Buccleuch.



JAMES THOMSON,

Author of "Doric Lays and Lyrics," was a native of Bowden, that cradle of song, but, having been about thirty years a resident of Hawick, he got so imbued with the feeling and so quickened by the pulse of the town, that he, as it were, became an adopted Teri. He has sung of the banner in most stirring and heroic strains, and though the auld Mid Rawa be removed in accordance with the march of sanitary reform, it and its old inhabitants are embalmed in the imperishable verses of Thomson. He died at Hawick, December 21st, 1888.

THE AULD MID RAW.

This life is but a shiftin' scene,
 The world gaes circlin' roun',
 And Time's brought mony changes
 To oor ain auld toon.
 New fashions tak' the causa' croon,
 The auld gae to the wa',

And we maun bid a last farewell
To the auld Mid Raw.

What memories crood upon my brain,
Familiar forms I see,
The auld sae decent and sae douce,
The young sae fu' o' glee.
How mony buirdly chiels were born,
And lasses trig and braw,
Aneath the pendit arches
O' the auld Mid Raw.

Oh! had thae rugged stanes a tongue,
What sermons they could preach.
What tales the mouldering rafters tell,
Had they the power o' speech.
When news o' Flodden's day o' dule
Made dark baith hut and ha',
And hapless widows mourned the brave
In the auld Mid Raw.

What queer auld bodies gathered there
When the daily toil was dune,
Kilmarnock pirnies on their heids,
Knee breeks and ootsteek shoon.
The toon's affairs were a' set richt,
For weel they kent the law,
And wha were like the statesmen
O' the auld Mid Raw?

In Winter nights when Johnnie Frost,
Hath sealed baith dub and mire,
The yoke-a-tullie rankit up,
And doon the Loan like fire.
The leader of the train got oft
A crackit croon to claw,
Against the battered gable
O' the auld Mid Raw.

O ruthless time! your hand has press'd
Fu' heavy on my brow,
And left me little of the past
That can give pleasure now.
But I would gi'e the gathered gear
That's in yon lordly ha'
To be a laddie racing round
The auld Mid Raw.

Away, away, fond Memory,
Improvement's march, go on;
Why should one relic of the past
Be left to stand alone?
Old age may sigh, though youth may laugh,
As cherished idols fa' ;

Farewell, farewell to hearth and hame
In the auld Mid Raw.

The stirring song of "Our Hawick Volunteers" was composed at the time when a French invasion appeared to be looming in the distance, and for the purpose of being sung at the Hawick Volunteer concert, which was held in Dangerfield new mill on December 13th, 1860. It was sung by Captain Fraser (late ex-Provost Fraser), and is still a favourite song with Hawick audiences.

OUR HAWICK VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—"The Red Cross Banner."

Yon Eagle with the brooding brow
Would soar across the main,
His pinions, plucked at Waterloo,
Have gathered strength again.
He deems within his place of pride,
To wear the British crown,
To pluck fair England's Rose, and tread
Our bearded Thistle down.

Fair Albion saw the coming storm,
Her banner broad appears,
She gave the gathering cry to form
Her Rifle Volunteers.

With heart of steel and willing hand
For merry England's law,
Yon brooding Eagle still must bend
Beneath the Lion's paw.

Auld Scotland heard the bodin' soun',
And threw her crook away!
Now, foul fa' ilka coward loon,
Wha winna join the fray!
Synce banged her gun frae aff the wa',
Wi' belt and bayonet keen,
And swore to conquer or to fa',
To keep her Thistle green.

There's ae auld toun by Teviot's side,
That's famed in days o' yore,
Her independence is her pride,
And loyal to the core.
There's ae auld flag maun wave on high,
When Scotland's foe appears,
And "Teribus," the battle cry
O' Hawick Volunteers.

At the water-works banquet, a poetic tribute of his to the Duke of Buccleuch adorned the walls of the banqueting

hall. His Grace observed it, and asked to be introduced to the author, consequently the poet and the peer shook hands together.

One of Thomson's songs has, in recent years, become a great favourite with "Hawick Callants," and never fails to get ample support in the way of a rattling chorus. Here it is—

THE BORDER QUEEN.

Where Slitrig dances down the glen
 To join the Teviot waters,
 There dwells auld Hawick's honest men
 And Hawick's bright-eyed daughters,
 And weel we lo'e the guid auld toon,
 Ilk' nuik frae end to end on't,
 She aye has keep'd the causa' croon,
 And ever independent.
 What though her lads are wild a wee,
 And ill to keep in order,
 'Mang ither toons she bears the gree,
 The queen o' a' the border.

'Bout forest trees let Gala brag,
 We care na what belang them,
 They ha'e nae *Teri Odin* flag,
 There's no a moat amang them.
 They ha'e nae common, pasture, peats,
 They've neither grants nor charters,
 A sour plom tree, a fox that sits
 Upon its hinder quarters.
 What though her lads, &c.

Unfold the *Teri Odin* flag,
 To kiss the breeze o' Summer,
 And list again the inspiring strain,
 Led on by "Wat the drummer."
 The halberdiers wi' buttons clear,
 Like sunbeams brightly glancin',
 The Cornet and his merry men
 On mettled steeds are prancin'.
 What though her lads, &c.

Then let the "braw lads" come the morn,
 And ilk' ane bring his dearie,
 They'll wish that they had ne'er been born,
 Or else been born a "Teri."
 And up wi' Hawick three times three,
 The loon that winna chorus't,
 May hang upon a "sour plom tree,"
 And sleep in Ettrick Forest.
 What though her lads, &c.

MRS WILLIAM MORRISON,

Wife of Bailie Morrison, writes over the initials M.G.M., and whenever these appear there is sure to be something worth careful reading. Many of her pieces are of a reflective cast of thought and team with tender pathos, whilst others are all aglow with hilarious humour. The following specimen of her writing appeared in the *Hawick Telegraph*, June 10th, 1885, and is entitled

THE COMMON-RIDING.

Gaily the drums and fifes sound the old war-cry,
 Young hearts beat wildly while old hearts are fain;
 Off at the call do the flower of our youth hic,
 To stand by our Cornet and followers again.
 Children in coaches, and children in arms,
 Children on shoulders, and children in hand,
 Young men and maids in the bloom of youth's charms,
 And many a Callant from far-distant land.
 Many a welcome and many a greeting,
 And many a warm hand-shaking is seen,
 For friends who were parted are once again meeting
 The dear, living links of the days that have been,
 Up the hill, up the hill, steady advancing,
 The heaving mass doth many a motley group show,
 While chaffing and laughing the love darts are glancing
 From many a bright eye as onward they go.
 And lining the Loan and at windows and doorways,
 All joyous and elate stands an impatient throng;
 But hear from the Howegate the youngsters the shout raise,
 That yonder they come who were waited for long.
 Then see from the Vertish the eager crowds hurry,
 With many a tussle in good-humoured glee,
 They tumble, they rumble, they scramble and scurry,
 And off to the Moor fly the races to see.

JESSIE DAVIDSON

Is a name that was long ago familiar to the readers of local poetry, and is to be found among the "Living Bards of the Border." She left Hawick for Canada (in the month of September, 1862), where she is still resident, and is the wife of a Canadian farmer named Thomas Carr. On leaving her native town, she wrote a few farewell verses in the following strain—

Farewell, dear Scotia's shore, farewell !
 An exile, far from thee I roam ;
 But though in distant lands I dwell,
 I'll sigh for thee, my native home.

Though seas divide, each well-known scene
 Around auld Hawick weel I'll mind,
 Though fairer landscapes greet my een
 Yet ane mair dear I canna find.

JAMES JARDINE

Came from Dumfries-shire to Hawick when his bosom was young and susceptible of poetic impressions. He daundered about the burn sides and shady groves, looking at the wild flowers and listening to the songs of the birds, until he got so enamoured with the sights and sounds around him that there was no alternative for him but to vent his feelings in verse, and gracefully he did so. His modest signature, "J. J., Weensland," became familiar to the reading public. In the "Song of the Scottish Emigrant," which he wrote for *The Border Treasury*, he enters minutely into the feelings of a Borderer on leaving "his scenes of infancy."

AIR—"O' a' the airts the wind can blaw."

Wi' bounding steps nae mair my feet
 Will tread near sparkling rills,
 Whose murmurs sooth the martyr's sleep
 'Mid Scotia's heathery hills.
 Nor shall I hear the laverock sing
 High o'er each moorland grave,
 Where rest the hearts that strain'd each string
 To turn oppression's wave.
 Soon shall the rolling deep divide
 The valleys from my sight,
 Where live the men whose souls imbibe
 The air of freemen's right.
 Nae mair shall I a solace find
 Beside yon ripling burn
 That forms the linn where hazels twine
 With woodbine and with thorn.
 Yet, aye by thoughts each stream and fell
 Shall be to me the same ;
 My heart with rapture sweet shall swell
 At mention of thy name,

Long may proud freedom wave her wand
 Above thy mountains blue;
 Soon I must rove some other land—
 Adieu, sweet hame, adieu!

SPRING MORNING SONG.

Up, up, for the woodlands
 Are cheerful and bright,
 The sunbeams have melted
 The dark shades of night.

The stern hosts of winter,
 Now, conquered, retreat;
 And groves hear the marching
 Of Spring's cheery feet.

'Neath grey mists the dewdrops
 In jewels adorn
 The flow'rets, anointing
 The garments of morn.

The gowans, awakened,
 Now bloom on each steep;
 'Mid bank-clothing ivy
 Some primroses peep.

And joyful, the songsters
 On branch, and on wing,
 As they sport 'mid the glory
 They chirrup, they sing.

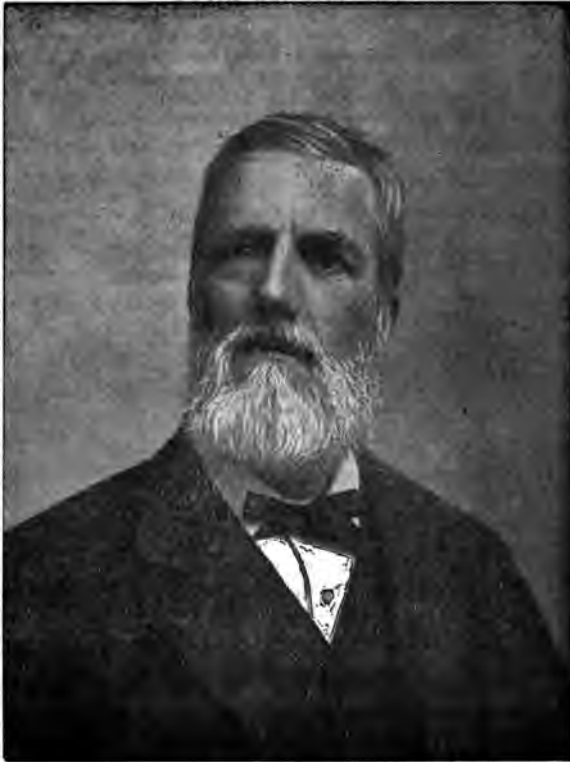
The twit of the shilfa,
 Or song of the thrush,
 Or wren's hurried ditty
 Is heard from each bush.

From gaze o'er the upland
 The plover recedes,
 The cushat's wing circles
 O'er grove-border'd meads.

Up, up, 'tis delightful;
 On air and around
 Are objects most pleasing—
 Bright tints and glad sound

And happy each creature—
 They bid us be gay
 For tokens of mercy
 That brighten our way

For in life's pleasant valley,
 Though oft drops the tear,
 'Mid grey mists of sorrow
 Some bright beams appear.



JOHN C. GOODFELLOW

Was a poetic prize-taker thirty-three years ago, and has every now and then renewed his devotion to the muse. Not only is he a true toned poet, but he is also an ardent student of Archæology, History, and Politics, his studies of which have borne fruit in several publications.

A few years ago, he attuned his "gude auld harp" to the theme of his own Borderland, and this was the outcome of the strain—

THE BORDER HILLS.

The Border hills ! the Border hills !
 I love them with a cordial love,
 And every nerve and fibre thrills
 When, on a peak, I stand above
 The rolling landscape that below
 Seems like a sea of rounded waves,
 That without life or ebb or flow
 On every side the tempest braves.

The Border hills ! the Border hills !
 In beauty stud the Border land,
 And from their sides bright sparkling rills
 Flow on to Tweed's or Teviot's strand ;
 And while they flow through Border vales,
 Far from the city's constant ills,
 I'll love, until life's vigour pales,
 My country's guards—the Border Hills.

The Border hills ! the Border hills !
 Their very names are dear to me ;
 And memory, glancing backward, fills
 My mind with scenes of youthful glee—
 When on their steep and grassy sides
 I played with those now far away,
 And chased the butterfly and bee
 When shone the sun with sultry ray.

The Border hills ! the Border hills !
 Green-robed are they 'neath summer's sun ;
 They too, when dull November chills
 All life, look sombre, grey, and dun.
 When winter rages with its storms,
 And drifting snow each valley fills.
 I love to watch the august forms
 That guard our land—the Border hills.

One of the earliest members of the Hawick Archæological Society, he has for many years been on the committee, and was secretary for a considerable period. Mr Goodfellow has long been connected with the Temperance movement, being at one time secretary of the Auxiliary to the United Kingdom Alliance. The following was recited for the first time at an Archæological Society's meeting in February, 1892, and was composed by Mr Goodfellow at the time of Turnbull's (Tam-a-Linkin) death, which occurred on 2nd July, 1861, in his 60th year.

TAM-A-LINKIN'S ELEGY.

Ower a' this earth King Death holds sway,
 And stalks about frae day to day.
 Sweeping baith auld and young away—
 He ne'er gies heed ;
 But dis't a' in a business way,
 Tam-a-Linkin's dead.

Yes ! Death, the rich man's greatest foe,
 Who frees the poor man frae his woe,
 Who often is, as we all know,
 A friend indeed,
 At last has laid poor Linkin low—
 Tam-a-Linkin's dead.

Nae mair the fun gleams in his eye,
 That used to charm the passer-by ;
 Nae mair "sheep heads an' plucks" he'll cry,
 Sae much a head ;
 His drum and bell are baith laid by—
 Tam-a-Linkin's dead.

Now stiff an' cauld beneath the clay
 Tam's banes repose until that day
 When every yin o' us, folk say,
 Will rise wi' speed ;
 And here I will conclude my lay—
 Tam-a-Linkin's dead.

RETROSPECTION.

I oft with laggard steps at eve
 Have sought the narrow vale,
 Where Teviot flows with rippling sheen,
 Beneath the moonbeams pale ;
 While feelings I could scarce control
 Deep with emotion stirred my soul.
 When summer reigns with golden days,
 And all its wealth of flowers,
 When hill, and vale, and copse, and plain
 And myriad forest bowers
 Resound with choicest melody
 Of Nature's songsters wild and free,
 'Tis then I love to watch the dawn,
 And mark the golden rays
 Which 'thwart the landscape bright and red
 With fiery glory blaze,
 While western uplands seem to lie
 Like hills of fire beneath the sky.
 But when the moon with silver light
 Illumes the Border-land,

And every howe and every height
 Assumes a form more grand ;
 Then spectre-like it seems to be
 Endowed with spell and mystery.
 Then ruined Tower and Border peel,
 Beneath the moon's cold rays,
 Seem once again astir with life
 As in the bygone days,
 When mail-clad warriors in their pride
 Kept watch and ward by Teviot's tide.
 The Teviot onward murmuring glides
 To Tweed's pellucid wave,
 As it was wont to do when knights,
 With loyal hearts and brave,
 Their country's banners proudly bore
 In battle-fields all drenched with gore.

REV. W. H. ELLIOT,

Presbyterian minister of Ramsbottom, and brother of the late Mr James Elliot, merchant, Sandbed, is another native of Hawick, in whom is combined the divinity of the pulpit with the sublimity of the poet. The following verses show that he, like the Rev. Duncan Stewart, has a deep veneration for the heroes of the covenant.

"GOD AND OUR COUNTRY."

("God and our Country" re-echoed from all the ranks.—*Covenanters at the Battle of Drumclog.*)

"God and our Country!" Echo the cry!
 Bondage we brook not; oppression must die.
 "God and our Country!" Freedom arise,
 Bold as the eagle, benign as the skies!
 "God and our Country!" Dauntless they stand,
 Truth in each heart enshrined, weapon in hand.
 "God and our Country!" Smite they the foe,
 Swift as the whirlwind, bolt-like the blow.
 "God and our Country!" Honour the brave!
 Freely their blood they shed, conscience to save.
 "God and our Country!" Happy are we,
 Seed of the martyr host, loyal and free.
 "God, Queen, and Country!" now do we cry!
 For God, Queen, and Country, ready to die!
 The star of the despot sinks dark 'neath the wave,
 The free flag of Brunswick o'er sea and land wave!

JOHN SMITH,

Who lately passed away from our midst, used to be a frequent contributor to the poet's corner. He was absent from Hawick for a while, but, like all true Teries, absence from home seemed to make his heart grow fonder at the prospect of returning to his native town. Here is a specimen of his thoughts at this time of exile and of expectation—

What rapture when I first shall view
 My native hills in distance blue,
 And see the whitened spires arise
 In factory smoke amid the skies!
 Distorted through the rising tear,
 As breaks the scene to memory dear;
 And pleasure rises into pain,
 I hail my native town again.

ROBERT FAIRLIE

Is another of our minstrels who not only adorns the poet's corner of the local papers but has also entered the public arena as an author. He was a prize-taker in the Verter Well competition, and lately paid a tender poetic tribute to the memory of his friend and brother bard, John Smith.

Though Mr Fairlie has written many a song, the one here selected has the advantage of being his first one, and of having for its theme his first love.

MY FIRST SONG.

FOUNDED ON "MY FIRST LOVE."

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

Now Acton's woods are clad in green,
 And Glenwood joys inspire my bosom,
 Amidst those bonnie sylvan scenes,
 I view the flowers begin to blossom.
 Fairest flower of all that blossom,
 Fairest flower of all that blossom,
 Meet emblem of young Jeanie Jones,
 The gentle lassie of my bosom.

The blushing rosebud on its stem,
 Receives the dews o' early morning,
 And birk and brier adoun the glen,
 Fragrance yield to sweet May morning.
 Fairest flower, &c.

Each modest, tender little flower,
 We love to greet thee, blythe new comer,
 With sunshine and with genial shower
 We hail the balmy breeze o' summer.
 Fairest flower, &c.

The roaming bee from flower to flower,
 Loves to sip the honied treasure,
 And lintie's sang from mossy bowers
 Gies youth and age a thrill o' pleasure.
 Fairest flower, &c.

Still, as I rove through Acton's grove;
 Or down thy banks fair Clutha's river,
 I'll ne'er forget the young heart's love,
 Tho' now our vows are broke for ever,
 Fairest flower, &c.

THOMAS BROWN, M.A.,

A teacher by profession and a poet by inspiration, is in a position to clothe the product of his muse with the choicest of language.

Not only does he shine in Border literature as a poet, but he has also made his mark as a prose writer in his biography of the poet Leyden. He composed a Border gathering song for a meeting of the Borderers' Union in Edinburgh fourteen years ago; it was sung to the tune of "Scotland Yet," was well received by the whole audience, and was afterwards published in the *Border Treasury*. He died at Bonjedward, March 13, 1890.

BEFORE VISITING ST MARY'S LOCH.

I fain would view those scenes so fair,
 Embalmed in song and story,
 Where, towering high in heaven's pure air,
 Rise summits weird and hoary.
 Where freshening breezes from the hills
 Fan the bosom of St Mary's,
 And sparkle winding brooks and rills,
 The haunts of elves and fairies.

I fain would see those glades and bowers,
 Renowned in metric pages,
 Whence bards have culled perennial flowers
 To blossom through the ages.
 'Twas there the soul of freedom sang
 Full many a stately ditty,

Of beauteous maid or battle clang,
Of rage or melting pity.

The echoes of the olden time
Still float adown the Yarrow,
When rustic bards in plaintive rhyme
Address their winsome marrow.
There, peerless Shepherd, passed thy life
In cares and high endeavours ;
Thy manly breast bore well the strife
Which fame gives with her favours.



JOHN E. D. MURRAY

Appeared first as a poet when he was fourteen years of age. His theme was "Hornshole," and he handled it well. The subject of the song is the taking of the colour at Hornshole, as related to him one starry night on the bridge by the voice of the Teviot, and is quite in keeping with the senti-

ment of the last poem, "The Night afore the Morn," which, as a Common-Riding worthy says, "is simply grand." As truly as Mr Murray photographs the features of his "ain folk," so truly does he in that exquisite poem portray the feelings of his town's folk. It is a worthy addition to the minstrelsy of the Common-Riding.

THE NICHT AFORE THE MORN.

Here's to our Moat, our valley and river,
 Here's to our Borderland, famous in sang !
 Here's to auld Hawick, now grown aulder than ever,
 Yet the aulder she grows the mair and mair strang !
 Here's to her lassies fair,
 Lang may they hae their share
 O' the pleasures o' life baith in but and in ben !
 Here's to each Teri true,
 At hame and o'er ocean blue !
 Here's to our Cornet, and here's to his men !

Here's to our married lads, and here's to our horses !
 Here's to the black yins, the broon, and the grey !
 If auld Surrey the nicht had a keek at our forces,
 He'd scud oot o'er the Border, away, far away,
 While every Teri lad,
 Striddlin' his gallant yaud,
 Wad chase o'er the Nipknowes wi' nicht and wi' main.
 Black, broon, and snaw-white tail,
 Chargin' the knights in mail,
 Cheerin' their Cornet again and again.

Here's to our Provost, that gallant auld Teri,
 Nane better than he likes to hear the auld sang ;
 Tho' blunt in his manner he's chatty and cheery,
 And oft when no' richt, he's nane sae far wrang.
 Let's mind oor committee men—
 They that wi' voice and pen
 Ha'e cleared oor auld customs frae slur and frae stain.
 And here's to auld "Teribus,"
 The strain that's sae dear to us,
 The watchword, the slogan, the sang that's oor ain !

Fifteen and fourteen has lang gane before us,
 Yet still we remember what deeds then were done,
 The Callants that conquered by Tevot sonorous,
 The richts they bequeathed us, the Colour they won.
 Then here's to their noble hearts,
 Weel did they do their parts,
 May oo' show the pluck they exhibited then !
 Long may their fame resound,
 And as each year comes round
 May Hawick ha'e her Cornet, and he ha'e his men.

Scoffers may chaff when they see us thus summoned,
 But to a' their deridin' we'll turn a deaf ear;
 For when the morn dawns we'll follow our Drummond,
 And spick by the Standard where'er it may rear;
 Then here's to our leader bold—
 Scott, Kyle, and all of old—
 That carried the banner in days past oor ken,
 And may every lad that's here
 Follow for many a year.
 Hurrah for Hawick callants again and again !

HORNSHOLE.

Thy fathers here have fought and bled
 To keep their country free,
 Though many years since then have sped—
 They shed their blood for thee !

They met the boasting English here:
 Though they were callants then,
 Their hearts were bold, they knew no fear,
 But fought like full-grown men !

They 'venged their fathers who had died
 On Flodden's bloody field;
 Though some of them for quarter cried,
 No mercy did they yield !

After the bloody fight was done,
 In here they threw the slain;
 Then took the standard they had won,
 And marched off home again !

JOHN BALLANTYNE,

Alias "Soapy," is now the acknowledged author of "Pawkie Paiterson." Another poet, who was reputed to be the author, on being charged with the authorship, replied "Soapy did it, Soapy is clever." However that may be, Ballantyne set it to music, and popularised the song by singing it at weddings and social gatherings, where he officiated as fiddler and minstrel. A song on somewhat similar lines is given in the *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, which shows that there is a likeness in the "characters" of different districts. Our version runs as follows, and is always sung with enthusiasm—

As aw gaed up be Hawick Loan
 Yea Monanday at moarn,
 Aw heard an auld grey mare
 Gae moonie a he'vy groan—
 Gae moonie a he'vy groan, sir,
 And this she said ta mei:
 " Aw'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
 Sei how they're guiden mei!

" The miller o' Hawick Mill bred me,
 And that aw du weel ken;
 The miller o' Hawick Mill fed me
 Wi' moonie a kind o' corn.
 But now the case is altered,
 And this ye plainly sei—
 Aw'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
 Sei how they're guiden mei!

" When a' the rest's set to the corn,
 Aw'm sent oot to the fog;
 When a' the rest's set to the hay,
 Aw'm sent oot to the bog.
 It's aw gaed into Hawick Moss,
 An' 'twas like to swally mei—
 Aw'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
 Sei how they're guiden mei!

" And as for Nellie Harkness,
 She ryses in the morn
 And cries ' O Godsake, uncle!
 The yaud's amang the corn.'
 He tuik his muckle plough staff,
 And he cam' and swabbed mei—
 Aw'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
 Sei how they're guiden mei.

" And Rob Young o' the Back Raw,
 Hei's often shod ma clutes;
 It's aw'll leave him ma shank banes,
 To bei a pair o' butes;
 His legs 'll gang into them,
 And they'll take him to the knei—
 Aw'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
 Sei how they're guiden mei!

" And as for Peggie Duncan,
 She is a bonnie lass,
 Aw'll leave her ma eye holes
 To be a squintin' glass
 To set her spinniers streight,
 For they often stude aglei—
 Aw'm Pawkie Paiterson's auld grey yaud,
 Sei how they're guiden mei!

“ As for the Priest o’ Wilton,
 His coat it is worn thin,
 And for to keep him warm
 Aw’ll leave him ma auld skin :
 Wi’ hide and hair to keep him warm,
 As lang as it’s dune mei—
 Aw’m Pawkie Paiterson’s auld grey yaud,
 Sei how they’re guiden mei !

“ And as for Stonie Stewart,
 He’s often scarce o’ stanes,
 And for to mend his auld fail dykes
 Aw’ll leave him ma auld banes :
 And a’ the callants o’ Hawick toon
 Will make banefires o’ mei—
 Aw’m Pawkie Paiterson’s auld grey yaud,
 Sae that’s the end o’ mei.”

“ LEAN YEDDIE GIBSON ”

Is another local song that has a plurality of authors. William Tait and Andrew Cameron, both intelligent men, and acquainted with Gibson, are the reputed authors of the song ; and Adam Brown, a local artist, is said to have given it a finishing touch. It is quite a gem in its way, and to have heard it sung by the late Walter Davidson, of Lynnwood Mills, who set the song to music, was a treat of no ordinary kind.

The subject of the song was a quaint-looking, but most loveable man, an enthusiastic angler, and well acquainted with the best haunts of the finny tribe. He was in no way selfish in imparting his information to less fortunate fishers. He was seized with a sudden and fatal illness while fishing in the Teviot on the Minto estate, and was carried into one of the Minto cottages. The Earl of Minto, who was well acquainted with the dying angler, attended to all his death-bed wants, and paid all expenses connected with the funeral. The body of Gibson was removed to Hawick, and was interred in the Auld Kirkyard in presence of all the anglers of Upper Teviotdale, and all the cronies that used to for-gather with him in his regular houffs in the town. His demise happened upwards of forty years ago.

AIR—"My mother sent me to the well,"

The salmon scarcely fear the wiles
O' Andrew Thomline and the Kyles,
But they're rather fearfu' o' the smiles
O' Lean Yeddie Gibson.

Frae Teviohead to Lanton Cauld,
Nae pool, or stream, or cunning hauld
But what weel kens the visage auld
O' Lean Yeddie Gibson.

The silver trout, the slippery eel,
And geds as greedy as the deil—
'Tis thought they ken the verra creel
O' Lean Yeddie Gibson.

In summer suns, when skies are blue,
'Twas quite a treat, and something new,
To see the sunbeams dancing through
Lean Yeddie Gibson.

When frae the fishing makin' hame,
His nose a yird afore his wame
Made Wull the Cutler fair think shame
O' Lean Yeddie Gibson.

"SONG BY A CALLANT ABROAD,"

Though assumed to have been written according to the title it bears, is the composition of "a callant at home," but until now there has been no public avowal of the authorship. It is a song of which any of our poets might well be proud. It is a faithful picture of the feelings of a true "callant abroad," when yearnings for home creep upon him. The piece first appeared about twenty-eight years ago in the *Hawick Advertiser*, and was recognised then as having the right sort of ring about it and breathing the true Hawick sentiment. The song was written by John Rule, who is now inspector of poor for the parish of Hawick.

SONG BY A CALLANT ABROAD.

Again I will sing you a Border lay
Of my native town that is far away,
Where the Slitrig's rippling murmurs cease,
Where the Teviot flows with a gentle peace,
Where the grand old hills, like sentinels, are
Keeping watch and ward as in time of war—
Unchanged through the years as they come and go

In the changing form of the town below.
 The Border Town—the good old town—
 Nurse of the true, the brave, and free;
 Though now I live in a distant land
 Her name shall aye be dear to me.

Oft in my dreams I visit again
 The scenes of youth—the hill, the glen,
 The whimpering stream, the rocky cave,
 The haunted wood, the warrior's grave,
 The mould'ring watch-towers which stud the vale
 Giving life to the past in a weirdly tale—
 Such scenes appear to memory's sight,
 And cheer the heart with a strange delight.
 For I love the town—the good old town—
 Nurse of the true, the brave, and free;
 The scenes of youth all live in their might,
 And make her memory dearer to me.

And who has not heard of the days gone by,
 When the spirit grew wild with the fierce war cry,
 When the clattering hoof or the measured tramp
 Made the Border town like an armed camp,
 When the scourge of war or the fiery brand
 Left a desolate wail in the Border land,
 When the gallant youths, in their rustic gear,
 Fought well for their homes and all they held dear
 In the Border town—the good old town—
 Nurse of the true, the brave, and free;
 Shall the brave, rough deeds of the days gone by
 Not make her memory dearer to me?

That the fruits of peace may garner the town,
 While she weaves for herself an unfading crown;
 That honour, and love, and kinship dear,
 May brothers aid, and strangers cheer;
 And, oh that the soul of the mighty past
 May live in her midst while the ages last!
 That, changed as the form or the time may be,
 Hawick may be brave—Hawick may be free.
 Then who would not love the good old town,
 Nurse of the true, the brave, and free?
 Growing fair in form as the years go on,
 Her name shall aye be dear to me.

MRS J. G. WINNING.

From the sympathetic feeling with our town which is embodied in the appended verses, we think we are justified in including this lady in the number of our song writers.

The verses originally appeared in the *Express* newspaper

under the title of "Hawick 'mong the Hills," having been written in ignorance of the existence of the pleasing lyric, by John Inglis, under the same title. Many of Mrs Winning's writings have had a wide circulation, and we trust that when another edition of this book is called for, we may be able to give further examples of her muse on subjects of local interest.

Auld Hawick's sons hae wandered far
 In mony a distant land,
 By rivers broad, and forests green,
 An' mountains wild an' grand;
 Whaur ilka bird o' varied hue
 The air wi' music fills,
 But aye the sweetest sang they hear
 Is "Hawick 'mong the hills."
 Tho' bards hae sung o' classic Tweed,
 An' Jed's pure sparklin' tide,
 O' Ettrick's banks, an' Yarrow's holmes,
 An' mony a stream beside,
 Tho' swiftly rins the bonnie Clyde
 Wi' a' its dancing rills,
 Yet sweeter far the Teviot's flow
 By "Hawick 'mong the hills."
 The fame o' Hawick's gallant sons
 Spreads far beyond her vale,
 For Scotia owns no braver men
 Than dwell in Teviotdale.
 The stirring strain o' "Teribus"
 Their ilka heartstring thrills.
 O dear to me the Borderland,
 An' "Hawick 'mong the hills."

As was hinted in the second edition, we are able to give another local piece by Mrs Winning, written on the occasion of the memorial plate being placed on the cairn reared in Teviothead to the memory of Henry Scott Riddell.

What was it but an old grey cairn
 That crowned the bare hillside,
 Where winter's storm and summer's gleam
 First swept the Teviot's tide?
 The heath and harebell whispered back
 Bird's song and wild bee's hum,
 The winds and waters told their tale,
 Only the stones were dumb.

But now with rev'rent hearts we stand,
 Beneath the autumn skies,
 As when of old the prophet stood
 And watched the dry bones rise.
 For now at last the stones have voice,
 And all who will may know,
 Whose mountain's shrine was here upraised
 Full twenty years ago.
 Was here upraised? True Border bard,
 Of Border life a part,
 The fittest shrine for thee is reared
 In every Scottish heart.
 And while on Teviotdale's green braes
 Her honest men are met,
 A loyal song of praise shall rise
 To thee and Scotland yet.

WILLIAM IRVINE

Was long known as a leading man in Hawick, both in social reform and in political movements. He was an acknowledged force in the newspaper press and on the platform. He played a leading part at the presentation of the harp to the poet Riddell, and recited a poetic address to the venerable bard. Here is a song which Irvine wrote forty years ago, and which was afterwards published in the "Living Bards of the Border."

SONG.

I love to see the morning shine
 O'er Cheviots grassy fells,
 When burnies glance and sweetly chime
 Among the lowly dells;
 When early sunbeams tint the dew
 That gems the moorland fen,
 And laverocks speck the welkin blue,
 And merle is in the glen.
 But, better far, I love to see
 Young Jeanie's gracefu' form:
 She's pure as gowan on the lea,
 Or blossom o' the thorn.
 When smiles illumine her bonnie face,
 Nae sadness bides wi' me;
 Her language has the touching grace
 Of sweetest minstrelsy.

Oh! what care I for lordly halls,
 Where flaring tapers shine—
 Where truth is rare, and manhood falls,
 O'erpowered by madd'ning wine—
 Where beauty brings her studied wiles
 And all her polished art;
 And oft beneath dissembling smiles
 Conceals an aching heart.

Young Jeanie's love is a' my ain;
 And loftiest ones of earth
 A purer joy can ne'er obtain,
 Nor prize of higher worth.
 Oh! love can cheer the heart of woe
 In cot or kingly hall;
 And, by its magic power, can throw
 New beauty over all.

JOHN STAFFORD,

Who left Hawick as a soldier, was maternally descended from the oldest Cornet of whom we have any record, viz., James Scott, the Cornet of 1703. The following piece shows him to be a worthy scion of a Hawick Cornet—

THE HAWICK "CALLANT'S" FAREWHEEL.

Fareweel to Teviot's flowery vales,
 My heart is unco wae tae lea' thee;
 Where's mountain scene mair lovely green?
 Or burns or streams that rin mair freely?
 I canna lea' thy balmy braes
 Without a sigh o' fond devotion,
 Afore I gang to India's plains,
 Across the wild, wide stormy ocean.

Of when a wee bit sportive bairn
 I rambled 'mang the purple heather—
 The dark deep glens an' gowan braes
 I've roamed wi' heart as light's a feather.
 Fareweel, sweet scenes aroun' my hame—
 Dearer to me by far than ony
 That I will see, however grand,
 When wandering far frae Caledonie.

Not India's bright an' sunny shore
 Shall e'er my heart from thee dis-sever,
 Though seas between us aye should roar
 My heart will cling to thee for ever.
 Fareweel! auld Hawick, an' may the sun
 For ever shine upon your dwellin's,

While I wander far alone
 In yonder dreary land o' wailin's.
 Fareweel ! ye balmy haughs an' knowes,
 Where love an' freedom aye forgather ;
 Where thy sturdy sons in days o' yore
 Fought for their hames among the heather ;
 When Wallace wight, and Douglas stern,
 Led on the spearmen o' the Border,
 An' drave the daurin' English faes
 Frae aff their land in dread disorder.
 Fareweel ! my faither, kind an' true !
 I dree my weird, an' I maun leave thee ;
 My heart bluids at the waefu' thocht,
 For I can see how sair I grieve thee.
 My dear loved mither, fare ye weel !
 Brother an' sister, now we sever—
 May Heaven's bright smile licht on ye a'—
 Fareweel ! loved ones, maybe for ever !
 Fareweel ! ye gowden scenes o' loye
 Aroun' the cot where dwells my Mary ;
 Oh ! how I love the balmy groves
 Where lang an' often we did tarry.
 Nae mair we'll speel dark Ruberslaw,
 Nor ramble in the Wellswood brierie ;
 I'll pu' the rasps wi' thee nae mair,
 My faithfu' love, my only dearie !
 Fareweel ; sweet lassie o' my heart,
 I'll ne'er forget thy true love token,
 Whatever lands I wander through,
 Until life's golden threads be broken !
 Oh ! where's the Scot who does not feel
 A wild pang in his bosom beating,
 When leavin' country, glen, an' hame,
 An' a' his kin behind him greetin' !
 Fareweel ! ye blissfu' scenes o' youth,
 My harp on thee is hushed for ever ;
 Thy stately woods and hills and vales—
 Shall they be forgotten ?—Never.
 For to me thou'rt dear old Hawick,
 An' dear to me is Teviot's river.
 My heart throbs sair—I'll see nae mair—
 Scenes o' my youth, fareweel for ever.

REV. DR MACRAE

Was a native of Glasgow, and studied at the University there for the ministry. The Glasgow University conferred



REV. DR MACRAE.

on him the degree of D.D. in the month of February, 1864. He succeeded the Rev. J. A. Wallace as parish minister of Hawick at the Disruption time of 1843. The roll of membership of Hawick Kirk was so low after Mr Wallace left, that there were only ninety persons present on Sabbath, the 4th June, in that historic year. Dr MacRae was introduced into his charge at St Mary's Church, Hawick, by Principal Macfarlane of Glasgow. Next year the new Parish Church in Buccleuch Street was opened on 13th October, and in 1851 he entered into possession of the new manse. After a successful ministry of nearly half-a-century, he died on the 8th of January, 1892, aged 74.

The following prize poem was published in the Glasgow University Album for 1836. The piece is too long for our limited space, but part of the closing song is given.

FAREWELL TO DAY.

A PRIZE POEM BY JOHN MACRAE.

(Subject—One born blind, who, in middle life, after undergoing a surgical operation, enjoyed for a short time the blessing of sight, and subsequently relapsed into total blindness.)

Now o'er the margin of the main
 I float my solemn song,
 Ye glassy caves receive the strain
 Your crystal bowers among.
 Awake! awake my own good lyre,
 Sing out upon the sea;
 Those swelling tones your voice inspire,
 The last perhaps to me.

A flood of glory fills the vale,
 The dark blue wave is bright,
 The summer wood, the verdant dale,
 Rejoices in the light.
 What tho' the night the curtain draw,
 Deep-shade the blooming scene,
 And make the beaming light we saw,
 As that which once had been?

Perchance the milder queen of night,
 Sweet Luna, and her train
 Of snow-white vespers, smiling bright
 On silent earth and main,
 Walk forth: then lovers lonely sigh,
 The silv'ry scene is fair,
 No sound save rilly melody,
 For halcyon rest is there.

Then lead me to the lone hill side
 And leave me lingering there,
 To hear the rippling riv'lets glide,
 And wake the silent air;
 And lay my good harp in my hand
 That I may haply sing
 In chorus with the sea and land,
 And make this Eden ring.

Logic Class, Glasgow College, May 1, 1885.

 JOHN TURNBULL.

There are many delightful spots in and around our neighbourhood where extensive and beautiful views over hill and dale may be had, quite undreamt of by the visitor who merely passes through our town. We would recommend such an one who may be a lover of scenery to start

from the Town Hall and walk straight up the Wellogate for three-quarters of a mile, and he would behold the scene so truthfully depicted in the following lines by Mr Turnbull of Rosalee:—

THE HILLS AS SEEN FROM THE WELLOGATE, NEAR HAWICK.

'Neath Summer's glorious clouds,
In some sublime arrangement bright displayed,
Sudden disclose to view those verdant hills—
Skelfhill's majestic peak, and nearer viewed
Penchrise the summit of yon moorland height;
More distant Wisp, and *Cauldcleugh's lofty brow
With deeply furrowed front, where linger oft
The wintry snows, e'en when young Spring has decked
The vales below, and many an airy steep
Seen near or far, like the subsiding swell
Of ocean when the storm has spent its might,
That leaves but here and there a loftier wave,
With gentler billows rolling wide between.

It would be near here, possibly a short way up the Mosshills road, which turns to left shortly before turning down to Hilliesland, that Sir Walter Scott conducted Wordsworth and his sister when visiting the district in 1803. (See page 5.)

Other two pieces by the same author are here given:—

AGED TREES AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

Ye venerable trees that scattered stand,
Around yon ancient seat, how oft have I
Beneath your pleasing shade in sultry hour
Peaceful reclined, then heard the dying fall
Of zephyrs 'mid your myriad twinkling leaves
With the faint hum of the unwearied bee,
Or the soft rustle of the swallow's wing
Swift glancing thro' the shade; as pleased to hear
From out the gloom of some wild wintry eve
Your gath'ring roar amid the doubling storm,
As if the deep, tempestuous, mighty sea,
Quite near at hand, lashed the resounding shore.
Strange thought that on my father's natal day
Ye waved and rustled in the genial gale
Even then as now, a century gone by;
On high ye reared your heads more firmly then,
Defied the wintry blast, for many a bough,
Leafless and sprayless, now must sad attest

*The highest hill in the neighbourhood, 2000 feet above sea level.

Time's slow, but sure assault. Ye bind in one
 The present with the loved but shadowy past :
 What voices have been heard amid your boughs—
 Voices of young and old, the sportive boy,
 And beauteous girl have frequent gamboled here.
 Ye saw the vigorous summer of their day,
 And here they linger'd thro' life's slow decline
 Ere passed, for ever passed, from earth away.

MINTO CRAGS.

Fair Minto, on thy crags I fondly stray.
 When summer comes with her exulting cheer,
 To you with pensive joy I wend my way,
 Clothed with the splendour of the fading year,
 When spread with gorgeous hues your woods appear
 Seen far beneath your crags that tow'r sublime—
 Your crags a precipice all frowning sheer,
 Rude shatter'd as of old and hoar with time,
 Crowned with green moss and the dark mountain pine,
 That round your summit yields a scattered shade,
 While noontide rays with temp'rate glory shine,
 O'er hills and streams. expansive, bright displayed,
 You form a scene which fancy loves to hail,
 Ascending wild by Teviot's lovely vale.

JAMES BRYDON, M.D.,

Son of Mr William Brydon, a well-known pastoral farmer, was born in the parish of Hounam somewhere about the middle of the thirties, and spent his boyhood at Whitslade, in the parish of Ashkirk. He received the rudiments of his education at Robertson school, and afterwards studied at St Andrews and Edinburgh Universities. After receiving his degree of M.D. and surgeon's diploma, he filled the important offices of demonstrator of anatomy at Surgeon's Hall, and resident physician in the Royal Infirmary.

On the 20th December, 1856, he was entertained to dinner in the Prince of Wales Hotel, Edinburgh, by the junior students of the anatomical class, Royal College of Surgeons, for the high position he held in the University, and for the disinterestedness and success with which he discharged his duties as demonstrator.

In 1858 he commenced practice in Hawick, and has led a busy life here ever since. He has taken a deep interest



(From a photo. by G. Allen Robinson, Hawick.)

JAMES BRYDON, M.D.

in the sanitary well-being of the town, and was a member of the first School Board. He has also been president of the Hawick Archæological Society. As an antiquary he has acquired more than local fame, and has had the honour of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries for Scotland.

Dr Brydon has frequently enriched the local press with poetry (always anonymously) as well as prose. He edited the poetical works of the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell in 1871. He has also contributed articles on scientific and other subjects to various journals and periodicals. His bent for poetry manifested itself whilst a student at St Andrews, where he gained a first prize for an essay on Latin

prosody, and another for a metrical translation of certain of the odes of Anacreon.

The specimen which we give of Dr Brydon's poetry is by no means his finest production, but it is of a humorous character, and deals with a subject of historic interest—viz., the visitation of rinderpest in the year 1865. The person particularly referred to in the poem held the degree of M.R.V.S. of London and Edinburgh, and was well known for his vigorous treatment of the cattle plague. His notoriety, however, did not rest so much on what he did, as on what he said about his own doings. He was looked upon as a hilarious romancer.

THE BOWIE BALLADS.

Away and away
 From the light of day,
 Away through the pack and the floe,
 Great icebergs past,
 O'er glaciers vast,
 And through plains of eternal snow ;
 Away, and still on,
 I journeyed alone,
 Fair science I followed her still,
 Till I left behind
 The whole human kind,
 And all trace of their good or ill.
 I stood where no one
 Born under the sun,
 Aye, where never a human soul
 Ever stood before
 Or will evermore,
 I stood on the top of the pole.
 The socket was worn
 Where the axle did turn,
 And the earth did turn and jar ;
 I mended this soon
 With bolts from the moon,
 And the rings of a neighbouring star.
 I scarcely had done
 When up rose the sun,
 And shone with a glorious light ;
 The reason was plain,
 Why the boreal main
 So long had been shrouded in night,

While I stood and gazed,
 And greatly amazed
 At the wondrous objects now seen,
 A heavenly creature,
 Whom mortals call Nature,
 Approached in the garb of a queen.

She fell on her knees,
 My hand she did squeeze,
 And in tones of melody said:—
 “Oh blessed mortal,
 Here on earth's portal,
 How e'er shall thy labour be paid?

“The earth rolled ajar,
 And would 'gainst some star
 Have dashed, and to atoms been sent:
 No one could be found
 The universe round
 Save thee, this dread end to prevent.

“Then take this reward,
 And do it well guard,
 'Tis replete with the deepest lore;
 All mortal disease,
 From plague to the grease,
 It teaches to cure; and much more.”

The volume I took,
 Her dear hand I shook,
 And made myself scarce at the pole.
 So now I am here
 The country to clear
 Of *Pests*, either one or the whole.

REV. GEORGE DAVIDSON, M.A.,

Who came as minister to Allars U.P. Church, 6th November, 1883, and succeeded the late Rev. R. Muir, has taken an active part in the life of the town, being a strong temperance advocate, and generally being deeply interested in all that pertains to the good of the community. Neither has he neglected the lighter side of life, as the following playful verses on a now popular and world-wide game will show. The Hawick Golf Club was formed on February 15th, 1878, the officials being General Scott, Hoscote, hon. captain; R. F. Watson, captain; Robert Purdom, secretary and treasurer. A Ladies' Club was started on 19th May, 1893.



(From a photo. by G. Allen Robinson, Hawick.)

REV. GEORGE DAVIDSON, M.A.

I'LL NEVER PLAY GOLF ANY MORE

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”—*Pope*.

I have climbed the Loan a hundred times
 On the way to Vertish Hill ;
 The caddies I've met by St Mary's chimes
 And engaged them with right goodwill.
 But now, alas ! 'tis a hope that is past,
 The game's a perfect bore ;
 The strain on my brain can no longer last—
 I'll never play *golf* any more.

I've a scarlet coat and all the rest,
 I can polish my irons bright ;
 I can swing my club with infinite zest
 In my bedroom by candle light.
 But whenever I take my way to the hill,
 And face the actual ball,
 My nerve, my strength, and my fancied skill,
 Get a shock beyond recall.

I dreamed of taking tremendous drives,
 And of reaching the green in one,

Going the round in "fours" and "fives,"
 Till the eighteen holes were done.
 But now, I have no heart for dreams,
 My limbs are aching sore ;
 The silliest game, to me, it seems,
 Is golf—and I'll play no more.

I've watched crack hands drive off from the tee,
 With envious eyes and soul ;
 They drove a long ball and they laughed with glee,
 And in "two" lay close to the hole.
 But *I* can't do it ; my ball won't fly ;
 I've tried it so often before ;
 Could I do it but once, I would gladly die,
 And *never* play golf any more !

To have my praise as a golfer sung,
 I've started with wild desire ;
 My cleek I have swung till lip and tongue
 Were bitten and hot as fire.
 I lifted the clods and I missed the ball,
 And hoarsely yelled out "Fore !"
 And now my sweetness is turned to gall—
 I'll never *play* golf any more.

I've scattered the balls like winter's hail,
 In bunker and burn and grass ;
 Up to the heaves, and with anger pale,
 I have plunged through the wild morass.
 And few of those balls have I ever found,
 I started with quite a store ;
 But as long as I live, another round
 At golf—*I'll* never play more.

I've smashed my clubs that looked so grand,
 Brassy and bulger and spoon ;
 Only the shafts are left in my hand,
 And the heads have gone up to the moon.
 I've ploughed the ground with furious sound,
 As I tried to reduce my score ;
 On every spot my mark may be found,
 But I'll never play golf any more.

From Vertish Hill I've ta'en my last view
 Of the landscape, in sorrowful mood ;
 To the greens and the glades I have murmured "Adieu !"
 And replaced all the turf I could.
 Yet who knows ? Perhaps to-morrow I'll stand
 With hope in my heart as of yore,
 With a ball at the tee, and a bulger in hand,
 Just to try the old game *once more* !

SPRING SONG.

Now shines the sun with loving light,
 The gloomy shades dispelling ;
 And fairest blooms long hid from sight
 Break from their winter's dwelling.

The snowdrops gleam like silver bells
 Set by the soft wind ringing,
 And only fairies in the dells
 Can tell what they are singing.

The crocus blue and white unfolds :
 Its tender leaves untwining
 For bees to drink the sweets it holds
 And yields without repining.

The daffodils bend low their heads,
 As if in silent wonder
 They gazed upon the earthy beds
 Which they have crept from under.

And now the primrose all aglow
 With virgin gold's adorning
 The mossy banks where children go
 To revel with the morning.

And here the blackbird calls, and there
 The lark's shrill note is falling ;
 And on the meadows green and fair
 The lambs to each are calling.

O happy Springtime, bright with flowers,
 And full of life and breathing,
 Come to my heart, restore the hours
 Which I have lost in grieving!

REV. DAVID WATERS,

Who died at Shipley, Yorkshire, in September 1889, at the age of 76, was a native of Hawick, and a poet of more than average popularity. All the schooling that he got was a quarter of a year at Tibbie Thomline's school at the Under Damside. He was the third person in the town who signed the Total Abstinence pledge, and was the pioneer of the first factory soiree. He was a spinner at Lynnwood Mill, and took an active part in the temperance movement, and in evangelical meetings, which were being held in Cross Wynd Church, and then afterwards was called upon for the ministry. However, in whatever phase of thought or sphere of labour, he was a poet all the time. In his early days

when fools were his theme, satire was his song, and his effusions had a ready sale, but when he entered the evangelical work he repented of his former effusions, and confined his muse to the composing of hymns and spiritual songs, which, besides being published in a volume, have enriched several collections. He then engaged his friend David Lyon to gather in and burn all the former pieces which he could lay his hands upon. The most popular of all his satirical poems was the one entitled "The Ghost of Coffer Ha'." The supposed perpetrators of wrongdoing in the Ha' were treated in a way which was considered to be quite deserving at the time. Hence the popularity of the satire. The author also voiced the public feeling by his true and kindly delineation of the victim—the Laird of Coffer Ha'. His name was William Oliver, and in accordance with the custom of the period, was nicknamed *Old Cash*. He was the foremost mercantile man in the town, and when he died unmarried November 19th, 1808, the *Kelso Mail* said of him that "he was much and justly regretted." Mr Oliver having been Cornet in 1758 had seen the jubilee of his Cornetship. He was the first bank agent in the town, being agent of the Bank of Scotland in 1792. His name is frequently seen on subscription lists of local publications. He was also liberal with his purse in matters connected with Church and State. He, along with the Duke of Buccleuch, was the principal subscriber towards building the addition to the Old Church of Wilton, and he gave ten guineas to the State Patriotic Fund at the latter end of last century. Verily as our poet says—

Banker Cash, a daintie carl,
Wha was ower guid for sic a warl';
Guid-natured soul! his doings tell,
He thought a' ithers like himsel'—
Trustworthy, honest, just, and good,
Disinterested, naeways proud,
Had mony frien's an' ne'er a foe,
Name could him hate that did him know;
For ne'er a neighbour wad he wrang,
He'd sooner in a halter hang;
Sae ilka bodies pickle gear
Was lodg'd wi' him without a fear.

Mr Waters paid a visit to Hawick about the year 1876, and delivered a series of lectures which were much appreciated, and wrote a long epistle to the members of the Hawick Temperance Society on the occasion of the jubilee celebrated in 1887. The subjoined stanzas will be read with interest by many:—

Guid Robbie Michie, noble man,
 First o' the speechifyin' clan,
 He made us laugh till sair;
 His wit and wisdom sparkl'd bright,
 An' threw on points an' unco light,
 That fairly made us stare.
 An' honest Richie, sturdy chiel,
 Straught-forrit, aye, an' true as steel,
 To what he thought was right.



(From a photo. by J. E. D. Murray, Hawick.)

TOM KER,

Who generally writes over "Teekay," has written several

patriotic pieces, which show he is thoroughly imbued with our best traditions. He has been treasurer for the Common-Riding Fund for some years, and takes a great interest in all the proceedings connected with our ancient festival.

GATHER, CALLANTS, GATHER!

Hearts have begun to flutter,
Pulses are beating fast,
Exiles are heard to mutter—
“ We're going home at last ; ”
For the gutter bluid is stirring,
As it stirs but once a year,
When the drums and fifes are birring
The Slogan through the air.

Then gather, callants, gather !
From over land and seas,
For the flag once more,
As oft before,
Is unfurled to the breeze.

Terries, where'er abiding,
When June's balmy breezes blow,
To Hawick and its Common-Riding
Their sympathies freely flow ;
Their thoughts are homewards turning
With pleasure undashed with pain,
And they're filled with a conscious yearning
To visit Auld Hawick again.

Then gather, callants, gather !
Your friendships of old renew,
For the Cornet's lads
Are saddling their yaulds
To follow the banner blue.

What music can charm or gladden,
Or quicken the heart and brain,
Like echoes of Teri Odin,
Or a snatch of the old refrain ?
Or th' enchanting thoughts that hover
Round Hawick and its rich folk lore,
For Terries the wide world over
Are Terries evermore.

Then gather, callants, gather !
On Haugh and Moor and Moat,
Where old friends stand
With outstretched hand,
Waking memories long forgot.

R. S. C.

The following verses have not hitherto been published. At the express desire of the writer they appear under the above initials and not otherwise. As regards *John Leyden*, the casual reader may be informed that he died in Batavia; and it is natural to think that the last thoughts of the poet of Teviotdale were of its well-loved valley and hills.

TO JOHN LEYDEN.

When the tropic light had faded
 Into twilight in your eyes,
 Did another, sweetly shaded,
 In your dying mind arise?
 Through its mystic, magic, gleaming,
 While the winds the jungle fanned,
 Did it come to you in dreaming—
 Your beloved Borderland?
 Did you see its sparkling fountains
 When your burning lips were dry?
 Did you wander on the mountains
 Where the lonely curlews cry?
 Did you live again the stories,
 And the battles long ago,
 In the woods and autumn glories,
 Where the Teviot waters flow?
 When your dying eyes, unheeding,
 Their last remembrance saw,
 Did they see the shadows speeding
 On the slopes of Ruberslaw?
 Did you think of Her you walked with
 When the summer sun was low:
 Of the "dearer self" you talked with
 In the village long ago.
 And when the light had perished,
 And your eager soul was free,
 Did it seek the land it cherished
 By the dreary Northern sea?
 And when the moonbeams quiver,
 And old-world secrets tell,
 Do you wander by the river
 That you loved and sang so well?

TEVIOT.

When, the smiling valley passed
 With the dawn on distant hills,
 When the sound of seas at last
 All the morning music stills;

When the twilight soothes to sleep
 Every wave that frets and sighs,
 When the lengthening shadows creep
 And the fading sunlight flies ;

Does your memory, Teviot, wake
 To your birth by Teviot Stone,
 And regretful moaning make
 For the gentle fairies gone ?
 Do you hear their airy tread
 Moving round the magic ring,
 Shake the reeds about your head
 With the moonpearls glistening ?

Through the dark and sullen plain
 Where you steal your weary way,
 Is your murmuring the refrain
 Of some old unhappy lay
 Caught amid the whispering trees
 And the braes by Branxholme Hall :
 Carried onward by the breeze,
 Now the evening shadows fall ?

Where the old romantic town
 Sees your waves with Slitrig meet,
 And the grey old Moat looks down
 On a changed and busy street,
 Does it bring you now the dream
 Of the days of long ago,
 When your waters caught the gleam
 Of the flaring beacon-glow ?

Or of that more distant past
 Dimly featured in the mist,
 By the ages overcast
 When the Druid maiden kissed,
 And the Druid warrior fought :
 Made his last immortal stand
 For the land his blood had bought,
 For his sacred Border land ?

When the sea is sounding near
 And you hear the seabird's call,
 Do you, gently flowing, hear
 Shouts by Norham's castled wall ?
 Do you catch the glint of shield
 And the fury of the fray,
 And the moans of Flodden Field
 Where the flowers were wede away ?

And when Mother Ocean grey
 Sweetly clasps you to her breast,
 Does she kiss the dreams away,
 Rocking troubled waves to rest ?

Is she gentle as a lover ?
 And when I have reached the sea,
 When the haunting dreams are over,
 Will the silence come to me ?

JOHN R. LAURIE

Has contributed articles on a variety of topics to the local newspapers, as well as numerous letters on matters of current interest to both local and other newspapers. It may be mentioned that one of Mr Laurie's articles on the Land Laws, which was published in the *Hawick News*, attracted a considerable amount of attention in the town and district. The following poem was published in the *Hawick Advertiser* of 29th June, 1889 :—

TO SUMMER.

Again the circling earth has brought the sweetest season round,
 And every field and bush and tree with verdure deep are crowned ;
 The sun in majesty steals through the opening gates of morn
 To usher in the radiant day that cheers the most forlorn ;
 The shadows of the night have flown before his brilliant beams,
 And the garden ground is gay with flowers that in the sunlight gleams ;
 The winter's frost and snow are gone, gone is the long dark night,
 And all the land is warm and glad in Sol's resplendent light.

The lilac and laburnum trees their splendid blooms display,
 And hawthorn blossom, pure and white, make all the hedges gay ;
 And daises pink, and violets blue, adorn the sweet green grass,
 And butterflies with gaudy wings feast on them as they pass.
 Whilst overhead the fleecy cloud sails o'er the pale blue skies,
 The landscape picturesque extends to our delighted eyes.
 O, summer dear, enchanting time ! when thy long day declines,
 Along the western heavens a flood of gold and crimson shines.

O, summer sweet, and glorious time ! with bright and tranquil hours,
 What fragrant odours thou dost waft from thy sweet-scented flowers ;
 O, summer dear, delightful time ! adown the waving vale,
 Do pleasure-seekers wend their way, and lovers tell their tale.
 The murmuring brooklet, as it flows, a healthy freshness lends,
 And the birchen tree with silvery bark its slender branches bends.
 O, summer ! may'st thou long endure to bliss us with thy charms,
 Soon desolating winter will enfold us in his arms.

CONCLUSION.

Fate forbids me to tarry any longer at present in this rich field of song, but may allow me to re-enter on some

future occasion. Cherished with the thought of an early renewal, I now conclude the present essay with the fervent hope that others may take as much pleasure in perusing the notes and the specimens here given as I have had in gathering them, and giving them in a collected form to our ain folk—our ain true-hearted ain folk.—R. M.

NOTE.

“SCOTLAND YET.”

This version differs in some small details from others which have appeared in print. It has, however, been collated with a MS. in the poet's own handwriting, and bearing his signature.

This MS. was presented by the author to the late Mr GEORGE MILLER, precentor in St Mary's Church, and is now in the possession of his family

