The Border magazine

THE BORDER MAGAZINE

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EDITED BY

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Author of "The Elder at the Plate," "The Auld Scotch Minister," "The Kirk Beadle," Etc.

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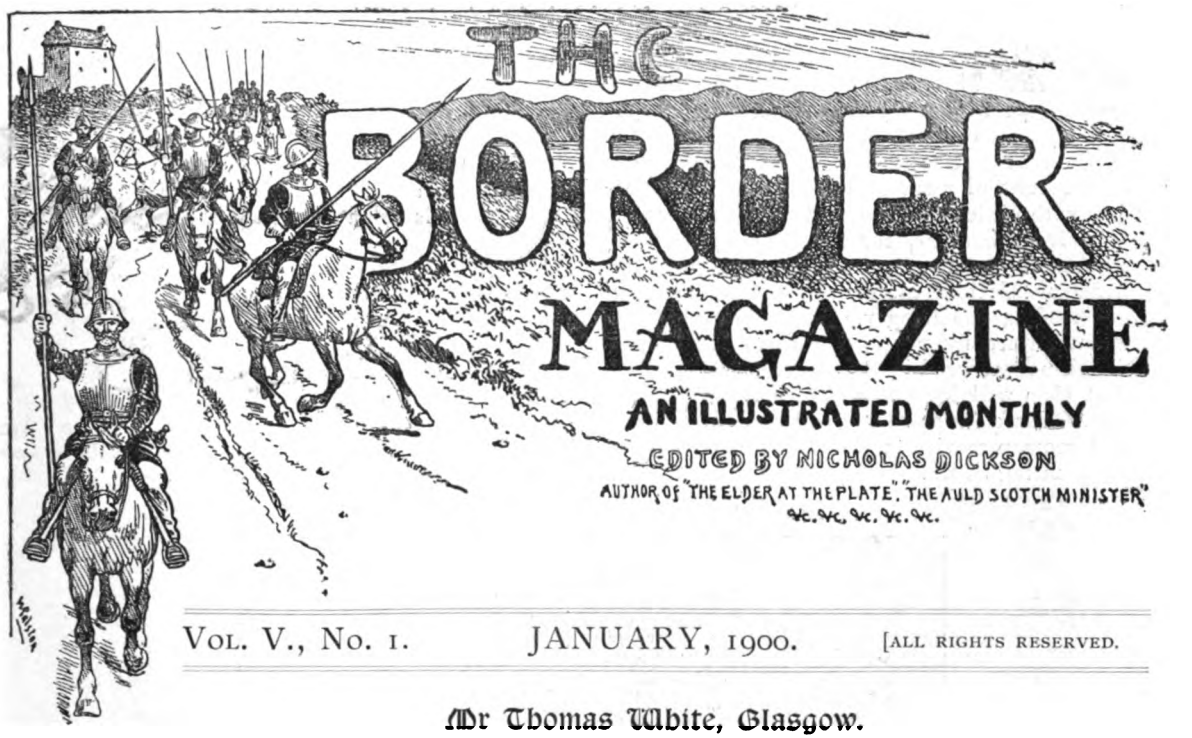
From Photo by Lafayette.

MR THOMAS WHITE, GLASGOW.



VOL. V., NO. 1. JANUARY, 1900.

Mr Thomas White, Glasgow.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

MR THOMAS WHITE, senior partner of the firm of Messrs White & Smith, restaurateurs, Glasgow, is perhaps as well-known, and certainly as well liked, as any Borderer in the Second City. Deservedly so. He has been the pioneer of his own fortunes, rising to his present position from the humble cottage, "the but an' ben," a house which makes the happy home of the industrious peasantry of Merse and Teviotdale.

Mr White was born half a century ago at the "Farm Toun" of Skaithmuir, in Berwickshire. He had no more than got into the period of "short clothes," when his father removed to Dunse, as it was then known and spelt. It was in this pretty little Border town that Mr White was for the most part educated. Here he received the kind of instruction that makes for Scottish character, an education for which the parish schools of those days were justly eminent. The parish dominie was a friend both feared and loved, and it is a question if the Board School teacher is leaving such a strong impression on the minds of the boys and girls of to-day.

In those schoolboy days, as was common with all children of the agricultural classes during the vacation, Mr White had the usual spell of farm work, graduating from the singling of turnips and raking corn to the climax of every country boy's ambition—the driving of a horse and cart. On leaving school Mr White chose to follow the "genteel trade," and was duly apprenticed to Mr John Young, draper, in Duns. During his first week behind the counter, the following incident happened. Plucking up courage to encounter his first customer, a wee girl put a penny down on the counter and demanded "a ha'-penny pirn and a ha'-penny back." The pirn was duly forthcoming, but the embryo draper had to appeal to older hands plaintively, "Where do the ha'-penny backs lie?"

Having finished his apprenticeship, and after serving three years with another firm of drapers in the soutars' toun of Selkirk, our friend came to find a home and a career in the great commercial city of the west. Mr White relates with gratitude his first experience of the city. Coming in the forenoon, a perfect stranger, within one hour of his arrival he secured a good situation in a large retail drapery warehouse in Buchanan Street. After several years' service, noting changes at work in the wholesale trade, and ever on the alert to get to the top of the tree, he applied for, and secured, the appointment of buyer in one of the most important departments in the large and prosper-

ous drapery warehouse of Messrs Stewart & McDonald. This position Mr White occupied for ten years with great satisfaction to his employers.

He was forced to relinquish this appointment on account of a severe ice accident which he met with while skating, and which incapacitated him from business for about one year. On resuming, Mr White gave up what he calls the trade of "clothing the naked," and took to that of "feeding the hungry." He commenced his new venture by purchasing the old-fashioned hotel, now merged in the Bonanza Warehouse, but then well known as "His Lordship's Larder." Here for another five years, Mr White did yeoman service to the farmers and others frequenting St Enoch's Square on market days.

The functions entrusted to the firm are numerous, from parts both north and south; now providing for a banquet at the "Bonnie House o' Airlie," anon for the launching of a British battleship at Barrow-in-Furness—items that have to be attended to on the shortest notice.

Mr White is a man of generous sympathies. Very little is known to his innermost circle of friends of what he does for those in need. Perhaps it may be even an offence to make this statement, so much does he keep his right hand from knowing what the left is doing.

Punch's famous advice, "Don't," has been disregarded by Mr White, for, after having been for about eighteen years a widower, he has taken unto himself a wife. All the Borderers who know him are happy over the

MR WHITE'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

Selling "His Lordship's Larder," Mr White acquired the much more extensive business long carried on by Mr Forrester in Gordon Street. Here his business increased by leaps and bounds. After another five years' hard work, he assumed a partner, and purchased at the same time another business—The Trades' House Restaurant in Glassford Street. In Mr Smith, Mr White finds a partner most congenial, thoroughly practical, and with energy enough to go through fire and water.

The firm of Thos. White and Smith is known far and wide. The number of cakes and buns, made and disposed of by them at Christmas and New Year, is something enormous and requires all hands to work on night and day shifts. These, as New Year gifts, find their way into all parts of the world.

event, and feel assured that he has got a proper helpmeet. This event took place on the 14th November last in the Catholic Apostolic Church, Glasgow, of which both Mr White and his good lady are members. He has a son and daughter, now grown up, who reside with him in his happy home at Willowbank, Gartcosh.

Living, as Mr White does in the country, he is a more regular attender at the Parish Church of Chryston than at his own in Glasgow. I had the privilege of sitting in the same pew with the Chryston parish minister's wife, and in course of conversation she gave me what I think may be regarded as the local village estimate of his character. "Fine man, Mr White. I wish we had more like him."

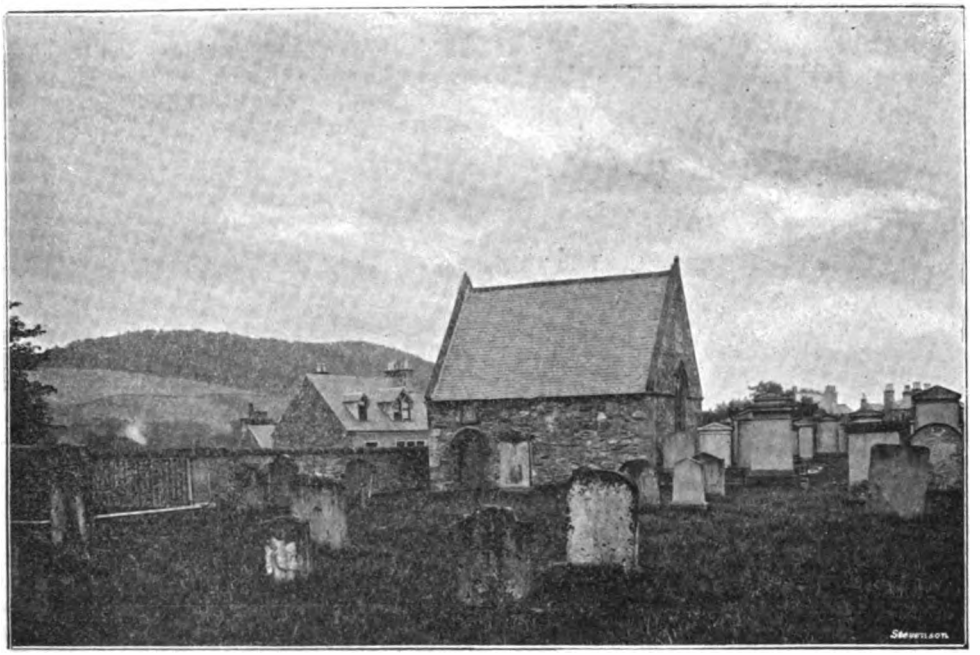
Glimpses of Galashiels in the Olden Time.

By Robert Hall.

THE accompanying illustration represents the Scott Aisle in Galashiels Kirkyard. It was erected in 1636 by Hugh Scott, who was a younger son of that renowned Borderer, "Wat o' Harden," his mother being the no less celebrated Mary Scott, "the Rose of Yarrow." Hugh Scott became the husband of "the black eyed lass o' Galashiels," Jean Pringle, only daughter of Sir James Pringle of Smailholm and Galashiels. In 1632, Sir James retired to Smailholm and disponed the barony of Gala to his grandson, James Scott, to whom Charles I. granted a charter for "all and haill the lands and steadings of Gallowsheills and Mosilee with the pendicles thairof callit nether or eister maynes of Bolesyd, Stobrig, with the tower, fortalice, mansioun, maner-place, houss, biggings, wodes, cornemylnes, and waulkmylnes thairof. And with the fishings of salmond and utheris fishings upon the water of Twede on baith the sydes thairof betwix the bridge of Melros and lands of Southerland Hall, quhair the water of Ettrick rines in the said river of Twede. * * * Togither with the advocatione, donation, and right of patronage of the vicarage of the Kirk of Lyndane."

In the olden time the Parish Church was situated at Lindean, the earliest record of its existence dating from 1275. In course of time it fell into decay, and was finally abandoned in 1586. In 1591, the vicar, William Kerr, together with the elders and deacons, approached the King and Privy Council in order to have a new place of worship erected in a more convenient locality. Their application proved successful, and authority was given for the erection "of ane new Kirk biggit apoun the north side of Twede, at the west end of the toun of Bolsyde, and to be beildit of the quantitie following, viz.:—Of lx. fuitis of length, and the side walls thairof to be saxtene fuitis of height, and the gavallis effering thairto."

A church had been erected at Galashiels in 1617, and owing to the increase of the population the Parish Church was transferred thither in 1622, the reasons given for effecting the change being "there lived above 400 pepill in



From a Photo by THE SCOTT AISLE IN GALASHIELS KIRKYARD. Rev. W. B. Thomson, B.D.

Gallowscheills and so meikle the more as we (the ministers of the adjoining parishes) find ane house already there, weel built, comlie appareled, and which with small help as is provided, may easily be made sufficient for the whole pepill in their most frequent assemblages."

Originally the aisle was attached to the north side of the Church, and measured internally fifteen feet square. When the old church was removed about 1813, the side walls and roof were extended southward for about six feet and completed with a gable, into which was inserted a mullioned Gothic window. Above the window is a sculptured stone which formerly occupied a position over the door of the old church. It is now considerably wasted and weather-worn, and destroying time will soon efface the following inscription which can still be deciphered:

GLORIE . TO . GOD . IN . HEVIN
PEACE . IN . EARTH . AND
GVDVIL . AMONG . MEN.

Within the aisle is interred its founder, Hugh Scott. His tombstone is in good preservation and bears a Latin inscription to the following effect:—

"Here lies an illustrious man, Captain Hugh Scott, laird of Gallosheiles, famous for his valour, distinguished for singular piety and charity, who acted vigorously in propagating the reformed religion in England, until at length compelled by severe illness to return to his country with loss to the Church and State (a dear wife, friends, and ten children of the best promise surviving), the sixth week from his return he fell asleep most peacefully in Christ, 1st September, 1644. He lived blamelessly, and in this appointed tomb awaits the coming of the Lord."

There is also a tablet built into the interior of the aisle commemorating the memory of the Rev. Mark Duncan, minister of Galashiels from 1648 to 1651. The inscription in Latin and Greek is in fine preservation, and reads as follows:—

"Caledonia bruised bewails the slaughter of her heroes,
The Church mourns the fall of her teachers—
Mark Duncan, pastor, whose virtues outnumbered his years,
Departed, not taken away by violence or by age.
To his Church, his country, his widow and dear kindred
He says, dying I live, the victory is won—
'For whom God loves dies young.'
He died 15th Nov., A.D., 1651, in the 27th year of his age and third of his ministry."

The above allusion to Caledonia probably refers to the disastrous battle of Dunbar, in which the Scots were so signally defeated by Cromwell the previous year. The sentence "For whom God loves dies young," appears to be what may be termed a Christianized version of the pagan expression, "Whom the gods love die young."

With the exception of a very small place of interment in Darling's Haugh, lying between High Street and Bridge Street, the old kirkyard was the only place of sepulture in Galashiels till 1840. At that date the original portion of the ground constituting Ladhope Cemetery was acquired by the trustees of Ladhope Chapel. The forefathers of the hamlet were interred at Lindean, but the founders of the town were all buried in the old kirkyard. Being comparatively modern there are few old tombstones. A few fragments of the oldest "with shapeless sculpture decked" are carefully preserved, but the inscriptions are entirely effaced, the oldest decipherable date being 1697. The only noteworthy memorial marks the burial place of the Parks of Foulshiels, upon one side of which appears an inscription to the following effect:—

SACRED
To the memory of
MUNGO PARK,
the celebrated African traveller,
who perished in the interior of Africa
in 1805. Aged 35.
Also to
ALICE ANDERSON,
his wife, who died at Edinburgh
in 1840. Aged 59.
Also,
their eldest son,
MUNGO,
Assistant Surgeon, E.I.C.S.,
who died at Trinchonopoly, Madras,
in 1823. Aged 23.
And,
THOMAS,
their second son,
of the R.N., who died in Africa,
1827. Aged 24.

On the left of the accompanying illustration, surrounded with an upright iron railing, is the grave of the Rev. Robert Douglas, who, in the early years of the town's history, exerted himself so nobly in promoting the well-being of his parishioners. No storied urn or animated bust marks his lowly resting place, only a plain tombstone bearing the inscription—"In memory of Robert Douglas, D.D., for fifty years minister of Galashiels. Ordained 19th July, 1770; died 15th November, 1820." The stone to the right of the door of the aisle marks the burial ground of Robert Fyshe, the once famous parish schoolmaster. His memory is yet green among those now in the "sere and yellow leaf," who, in life's morning were wont to attend "The Auld Toun Schule." The tallest stone, surmounted with a pediment, in the extreme right of the illustration was erected by a few friends over the grave of George Craig, the somewhat eccentric, but

withal kindly and genial Baron Bailie, who was thus referred to by Sir Walter Scott in a letter to a friend,—"George Craig, writer, Galashiels, for whose judgment, sagacity, and even for whose taste I have much respect." Within the narrow limits of the illustration are depicted the graves of three men whose names are inseparably connected with the early history of the town. In life they were closely associated, and in death, separated by a few feet of earth, "They rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

To be Continued.

Thomas the Rhymer.

ANY one acquainted with the biography and the writings of Sir Walter Scott can hardly fail to be struck by the frequency with which, in their pages, the name of Thomas the Rhymer is mentioned or his sayings quoted. The romantic career of this Border seer seems to have touched Scott in many ways, and to have influenced him in various directions. While only a child and an inmate of his grandfather's house at Smailholm Tower, he used to hear the seer's prophetical utterances frequently recited. At the very beginning of his literary career, Scott devoted a large portion of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" to Thomas the Rhymer. After settling down at Abbotsford, his favourite walk was through the romantic pass which he named the "Rhymer's Glen." Long before the Waverley Novels were even thought of, Scott began a tale of chivalry, having the Rhymer for its subject. It was never finished, however, and remained a literary "Fragment" only. Here and there in the Waverley Novels the Rhymer turns up; but the most interesting mention of him is in "The Bride of Lammermoor," where Caleb Balderston quotes one of the prophecies when Ravenswood announces his intention of accompanying his guests to Ravenswood Castle, and remaining there for a few days.

"The mercy of Heaven forbid!" said the old serving man, turning as pale as the tablecloth which he was folding up.

"And why, Caleb?" said the master, "why should the mercy of Heaven forbid my returning the lord keeper's visit? . . . You are for marrying me into a family that you will not allow me to visit—how's this? And you look as pale as death besides."

Caleb replied that his master would only laugh if he told the real reason. "But Thomas the Rhymer," he went on to say, "whose tongue couldna be fause, spoke the word to your house that will e'en prove ower true if you go to Ravenswood this day."

"Truce with your nonsense, and let me hear the doggerel which has put it into your head," said the master, impatiently.

With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines:—

"When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe."

The prophecy, as quoted by Caleb, turned out to be only too true; but as it is beside our present purpose to narrate the catastrophe, we leave it here. About Thomas the Rhymer, however, what about him? There seems to be little doubt, after a great deal of controversy and discussion now happily set at rest, that Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune, better known as the Rhymer, was the earliest poet of Scotland. The history of his life and writings is involved in much obscurity, but it is generally believed that the residence and probably also the birthplace of the Seer were are Ercildoune, now called Earlston—a village on the Leader, about two miles above its junction with the Tweed and four miles from Melrose. The ruins of an ancient building, now the property of the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, are shown and known as the Rhymer's Tower. The exact date of the Rhymer's birth is unknown, but he appears to have come into the beginning of his reputation, not so much as a poet as of a prophet, in 1283, when he is said to have predicted the death of the King of Scotland. The story goes that one day while the young prophet was visiting the Castle of Dunbar, the Earl of March asked him, more by way of joke than anything else, if anything remarkable or special was to happen within the next day or two. To the astonishment of the Earl, the prophet replied, in all earnestness, "Alas for to-morrow—a day of misery and calamity! Before the twelfth hour shall be heard a blast so vehement that it shall exceed all those which have been yet heard in Scotland—a blast which shall strike the nations with amazement, shall confound those who hear it, shall humble what is lofty, and what is unbending shall level with the ground." On the following day the Earl, who had been unable to observe any unusual appearance in the weather, was just preparing to seat himself at table when a messenger arrived with the startling news that King Alexander III. had fallen over the rocks between Burntisland and

Kinghorn, and was killed on the spot!

From this remarkable prophecy, Learmont became popularly known as "True Thomas," and his future career was full of the most romantic incidents and adventures. The Queen of Fairyland heard of his fame, and one day, as the story goes, she came down to visit him. The interview took place on Huntly Bank, about half-way between where Melrose and Abbotsford now stand, and the upshot of it resulted in the two going off to Fairyland together. Much as we learn from Thomas of earthly matters, he related none of those of Fairyland, for he was bound to be silent on that point as directed by the Queen—

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For if ye speak word in Elfinland,
Ye'll never get back to your ain countrie."

After seven years' residence in Fairy or Elfinland True Thomas revisited his native district in the Borderland. He was, however, bound to return to his royal mistress whenever she should come or send for him. Think of such a career! Of more than mortal mould now, Thomas could see far into the future, and accordingly we find him revealing events that were long afterwards to be fulfilled. Taking up his favourite position, or seat, on the shoulder of one of the Eildon Hills, he had before him one of the most enchanting views in all the enchanted Border country. With the mantle of the prophet on his shoulders Thomas opened his lips and uttered many sayings which have all been literally fulfilled. Looking over to Bemerside, he gave expression to the following prophecy which every Borderer knows by heart:—

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

Literally true, for the Haig of to-day is Colonel Haig, the lineal descendant of this ancient Border family. But Thomas was more than a seer or prophet—he was a rhymer and a poet. "What can be finer?" asks the late Professor Veitch, "what can be finer, or more true to the feeling for nature, than these lines—

"In a merry mornynge of Maye,
By Huntlie bankes my selfe allone,
I herde the jaye and the throstylle cokke,
The mawys menyde hir of hir songe."

Towards the close of last century there was much commotion among the literary circles of this country as to what had become of a fine old poem entitled "Sir Tristrem." It was at last discovered by Mr Ritson in the Auchinleck manuscript preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and placed in the hands of Sir Walter Scott. What a treasure for Sir Walter! He entered upon his examination of the work with the greatest enthusiasm, and made out his case so conclusively that the authorship of "Sir Tristrem" has long been definitely accepted as the work of Thomas the Rhymer.

Over the South of Scotland generally, at all events in the Border country, there is perhaps no ancient writer who is so often or so lovingly quoted as Thomas the Rhymer. There are few localities which do not possess some prophecy or legend associated with his name. The Borderer in his wanderings comes across some bridge, when he opens his mouth and makes a quotation from his favourite seer—

"At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
A brig ower Tweed you there may see."

But the Rhymer's prophecies were not confined to local matters merely; they were extended to matters of general Scottish history. We have seen how he foretold the death of King Alexander near Kinghorn. He also foretold the disasters of Flodden Field and Pinkie Cleuch. One of the Scottish nobles, the Earl of Dunbar, on one occasion visited the Rhymer at his usual place by the Eildon Tree for the purpose of obtaining some consolation, apparently, after the prediction of so many Scottish disasters.

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban
Some blessing show thee now to me,
Or by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me."

Probably terrified into acquiescence, the prophet had, after all, something encouraging to show that was to happen in Scottish history. In reply to the demand just made to him, Thomas at once replied—

"The first of blessings I shall thee show
Is by a burn that's called of bread,
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow
And find their arrows lack the head.
Beside that brig, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen."

Here, in these lines, Bannockburn is plainly meant—"a burn that's called of bread." Encouraged to hear such good news, the Earl of Dunbar ventures to ask a little further:—

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain
Even from the north to southern sea?"

In the prophet's reply we learn not only that such a ruler was to come, but we get an inkling of the naval supremacy that was waiting on Great Britain—

"A French queen shall bear the son
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come
As near as in the ninth degree.
The waters worship shall his race,
Likewise the waves of farthest sea;
For they shall ride owre ocean wide
With hempen bridles and horse of tree."

Leaving the Eildon Tree and his place of prophecy on the hill, we find that the closing scene in the Rhymer's career took place at his tower of Ercildoune. A great feast was spread there on some auspicious occasion. Lords and ladies were present, and a great company had been invited. After the feast was over, the prophet was called upon to entertain the company with some of his wondrous tales and romances.

"Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale."

The tale recounted and sung was the old one of "Sir Tristrem." The listening audience were enchanted and entranced. As the spell broke and utterance returned—

"Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak;
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry."

When the evening's entertainment closed and the guests retired to rest, one of their number could not sleep. Lying awake and thinking over the woeful tale which the Rhymer had recited and sung, Lord Douglas imagined that he heard footsteps near him. Starting up, he called his page and demanded who it could be that had dared to step in where the Douglas lay! The footsteps continuing to be heard, both lord and page got alarmed. Out of Ercildoune Tower they rushed, then down by the Leader Water, where a wondrous sight met their eyes. A hart and a hind, white as the snow on Fairnalie, were passing along the banks of the river, and scarcely looking at the crowd that was beginning to gather round them in the moonlight.

The hour had come! The Queen of Fairyland had sent for Thomas the Rhymer! A messenger hurried from the crowd that was gathering by the river side, and told him what was taking place.

"First he woxe pale, and then woxe red:
Never a word he spake but three—
'My sand is run: my thread is spun:
This sign regardeth me.'"

Hanging his harp in minstrel guise around his neck, True Thomas rose to go. Bidding farewell to all around him, he uttered his last prophecy—a prophecy that has been literally fulfilled:—

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And on this hospitable hearth
The hare shall bear her young."

While still lingering, as if unable to leave the place, the hart and hind approached where the Rhymer halted. With them, however, he went at once, crossed the Leader, and disappeared for ever from human sight.

"Some say'd to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been.
But never in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen."

Drummeldale.*

THIS is a book which will be read with the greatest delight by Borderers who are far frae hame, and those who are privileged to live in the beloved Borderland will be touched by the pathos and warmed by the humour of these "Lights and Shadows from the Border Hills." Many of the sketches and poems contained in this neat little volume must be familiar to the readers of one of our Border newspapers and they, like ourselves, will have looked forward to seeing them published in book form. The fact that the volume is issued by the famous firm of George Lewis & Co., Selkirk, is a sufficient guarantee of excellence in printing and binding, an important matter which is too often overlooked in the issue of such books. The author, C. M. Thomson, has a quick eye, a warm heart, and a ready pen, and all these she has put into the volume now before us. In the introduction she says:

To sketch the everyday lives and perpetuate the memories of the good old folks amongst whom I spent my youth in the quiet vale of Ettrick, has been to me a labour of love: most of the characters are therefore drawn from real life, and easy of recognition to those who knew them. Some, however, are fictitious, though all are common types of Scottish character in rural districts. The foreign element is mainly introduced as a side-light, which brings into clearer relief the individual characteristics of the plain-spoken but more wholesome-minded villagers of Sunnyburn.

To the honoured memory of the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, who so dearly loved the green valley in which lay his ancestral estates, and where, in the stately seclusion of Thirlestane, his lordship spent the latter years of a useful life, I have dedicated "Drummeldale."

The volume comprises fifteen prose sketches and thirteen poems, all of superior merit, and containing a careful blending of pathos and humour. The latter quality, which is so often overdone, is of a refined and pleasing nature, and being true to the life, is sure to find its

* "Drummeldale." Lights and Shadows from the Border Hills. By C. M. Thomson. Selkirk: George Lewis & Co.

way to the hearts of Borderers. Manners and customs which are, in some cases, disappearing are here preserved in an interesting form, and we cannot sufficiently thank the author for her careful handling of the "soft Lowland tongue o' the Border." The book opens with a sketch, entitled "Grannie's Bairn," and we give one of the opening sentences to show how carefully the Border dialect has been handled. The obnoxious tae never appears, which in itself is enough to recommend the volume to not a few, and the author distinguishes between ay and aye. For these reasons we can overlook her far-fetched spelling of our everyday exclamation, "O ay!" as will be seen in the closing sentence.

The Drummeldale postman is thus addressed by the wee lassie he had agreed to take "up the waiter" to her grannie:—"Are we near Grannie's hoose yet, Sandy?" "Ay, hinnie; we'll sune be there now, ye're no' turnin' cauld, ir ye?" "No' very. Will Grannie be expectin' iz, Sandy?" "O, wye, I'se warran' will she, hinnie. Juist 'e creep doon amang yer haps a wee whilie yet, and I'll tell ye when oo wun to Grannie's hoose"

We trust the volume will find its way into many a Border household at hame and awa', and we feel sure that it will help to keep alive that love of the Borderland which is such a marked feature in the character of those who hail from the Borders.

W. S.

Humours of a South Country Divine.

THE Rev. Walter Dunlop, familiarly known as "Watty Dunlop," was at one time a well-known figure in the South of Scotland. He was gifted with a large measure of shrewdness and what is termed pawkiness. He was also famed as being able to pack a lot of wisdom into witty responses, and was not easily excelled in repartee. Indeed, those who crossed swords with him usually came off second best.

Mr Dunlop was an eccentric preacher, and on exceedingly free and easy terms with his congregation. He had a strong vein of humour, and a happy way of conveying a telling homily in a witty sally. Many of his pawky sayings and many humorous stories about his doings are still to be met with in the south country.

On one occasion Mr Dunlop, while on his round of pastoral visits, arrived at a farm-house, where, shortly after entering, he was asked if he would like anything to eat. He replied that he would take something after he had finished his devotional exercises, adding, "Ye can pit on the frying-pan, and leave the door ajar, and I'll draw to a close when I hear the ham fizzin'."

After a hard day's labour, for Mr Dunlop was ever among his flock, and while he was having a "dinner tea," he kept praising the ham and hinting that his good wife at home was fond of ham, when his hostess kindly offered to send her one. "It's unca kind o' ye," said the divine, "I'll no pit ye to sae muckle trouble, I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me." Accordingly the ham was put into a sack, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. However, his inventive genius was equal to the occasion. "I think, mistress," he said, "a cheese in the ither end o' the poke would mak' a gran' balance." The hint was taken, and like another John Gilpin he rode away with his balance true.

Once when offering up prayer in a house in which he was visiting, a peculiar sound was heard to issue from his great-coat pocket. This was afterwards found to have proceeded from a half-choked duck which he had "gotten in a present," and whose neck he had been squeezing all the time to prevent it from quacking.

One day while on a visit to the small village of Doweel, and just before entering it, he saw a servant girl trying to drive a herd of swine out of a field of corn where they were doing fearful havoc. Every time she made use of the stick she exclaimed "de'il choke the swine." On reaching the other end of the village he was surprised to observe another girl chasing a flock of geese, and shouting the while "de'il tak' the geese." "Oh, ma lassie," said the minister, "the de'il canna tak' yer geese the noo for he's owre thrang chokin' swine at the far end o' the village." Then he remarked to a villager, "Ye should change the name o' this place frae Doweel to Doill, for wi' the de'il at the ae end catching geese, an' chokin' swine at the ither, it maun be a habitation o' sin and iniquity."

Two young fellows on seeing this old-time minister coming down the High Street of Dumfries, thought to have some fun with him. "Have you heard the news, Mr Dunlop," they said solemnly? "What news," he inquired. "Oh, that the de'il's dead." "Is he?" quoth Mr Dunlop, "then let us pray for twa faitherless bairns."

On another occasion he was accosted by three conceited wits, with "Good morning, father Abraham," "Good morning, father Isaac," and "Good morning, father Jacob," to which he replied, "I'm neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob,

but Saul, the son of Kish, out seeking his father's asses, and lo I've found three of them."

When conversing with a brother of the cloth, who in a facetious way remarked, "Man, Watty, I believe, after all has been said, that my head could hold two of yours." "Man, Jamie," he replied with a pawky smile, "I never thoucht afore that yer heid was sae empty."

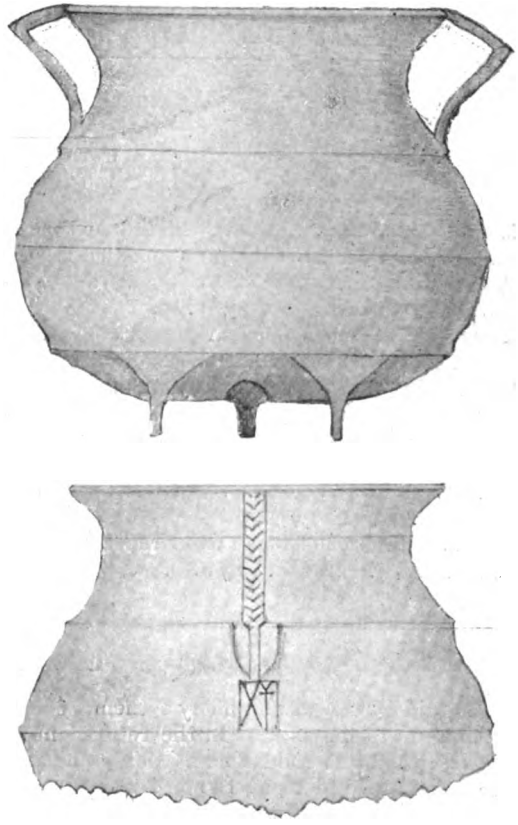
But perhaps the best specimen of Mr Dunlop's wit is that related of him at the time when the celebrated Edward Irving was lecturing in Annandale. He met a friend who had been to hear the famous preacher, and asked, "Weel, Willie, an' what did 'e think o' Irvin'." "Oh," answered Willie, "the man's crack't." Putting his hand on the critic's shoulder, Mr Dunlop, in his own pawky manner said, "Willie, ye'll often see a licht peepin' through a crack.'

G. M. R.

A Border Relic.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

OF course every reader of the BORDER MAGAZINE is acquainted with Leyden's weird ballad of "Lord Soulis," and with the traditions which have gathered round that sinister personality. Indeed, the mighty-framed, tyrannical lord of Hermitage, who, at the building of that castle, would yoke his workmen to their loads like beasts of draught, and who would plot and bargain with a familiar-spirit for the accomplishment of his designs, is among the best-known figures of Border legend, being well remembered by the writer for one, in connection with nocturnal terrors in childhood. Detected in conspiracy against the Bruce, Soulis fell a victim to the zeal of certain adherents of the latter, who, interpreting literally an expression used in haste by their master, actually boiled the misdoer alive. The scene of this horrible execution is the Nine-stane Rig in Liddesdale, and it is said that as the captive lord passed out from his castle for the last time, he flung the keys behind him over his left shoulder, thus consigning the building to the care of his ghostly coadjutor until he should himself return. What is less known than the above is that the cauldron traditionally said to have been used for the boiling, and described by Leyden (Poetical Remains, p. 56), as having been "long preserved at Skelf Hill," is still in existence at Dalkeith Palace, whither it was sent by a well-known local country gentleman. The vessel, which is of copper, is figured on the opposite column, and an idea of its bulk may be formed from the tradition that at a rustic merry-making of bygone days it served as a seat for three fiddlers.



FROM A DRAWING BY SIR GEO. DOUGLAS.

POT IN THE CHARTER-ROOM AT DALKEITH PALACE, LABELLED AS FOLLOWS: FOUND IN HERMITAGE CASTLE—SUPPOSED TO BE THE IDENTICAL LADLE USED AT THE BOILING OF LORD SOULIS.

Lines to a Friend.

WITH THE GIFT OF A VOLUME OF SONNETS.

DECEMBER 31st, 18—.

DEAR Fergusson, my friend in earlier day,
When yet I trod the precincts of youth's fold,
As now when well nigh twice six lustrums told
Have thinned my locks and turned the remnant gray;
To you I dedicate, this Hogmanay,
A friend's fond gift, rich with poetic gold,
Fashioned by cunning workmen in the mould
That gave its form to Petrarch's amorous lay.
Your friendship has to me a treasure been
Moth-proof and thief-proof, permanent, secure;
May it, ev'n as some lusty evergreen,
Still flourish on, and flourishing endure
Till, the verge reached of life's much-chequered scene,
The Great Friend take me to his mansions pure.

A. C. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

"A guid New Year and mony o' them," comes echoing up to me as I sit in the retirement of the Keep on this Auld Year's Nicht, and, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, I send on the glad message to all my fellow Borderers. I am aware that the BORDER MAGAZINE finds its way into far distant parts of the earth where the leal hearted sons of the Border are bravely fighting life's battles, and to them especially I send hearty greetings. In this quiet, peaceful retreat, I do not forget those who are in the thick of the South African troubles, and are defending the Empire with all the spirit and daring of their Border forefathers. Let us hope and pray that these lads o' the Border will return, unscathed, but crowned with honour, to the peaceful hills and vales of their fatherland.

* * * *

To our Borderers at hame I would put the question:—"Will you help to increase the circulation of our Magazine by getting at least one new subscriber?" The Magazine is entering upon its fifth year of publication and has had a longer life than any former magazine devoted to the Borderland, but the promoters are far from satisfied and wish to see the circulation largely increased. This can be best accomplished by each individual reader endeavouring to interest non-readers in the Magazine, and so make it more and more a link which shall bind together all who love the Borderland.

* * * *

So many interesting tit-bits referring to the Borderland and its literature appear in the various Border newspapers each week, that it is quite unnecessary for me to attempt any original matter in this column, so in the future I shall continue to draw extensively upon the contents of the pigeon-holes in the Border Keep. To begin with, I select a most interesting item from the Canadian letter of the "Galashiels Telegraph." Mr Wm. Dickson, Goderich, Ontario, writes:—I have just laid down the "Telegraph" of 17th ult. I looked over the local news first, then I went on through every column till I turned to the last page. There I read "Galashiels Manufacturers' Corporation annual dinner and ball." My, what a flood of early associations did rush into my mind. Seventy years of my life were forgotten for

the moment, and I stood in my father's humble dwelling in Auld Street (now High Street), dressed in my deacon's togery of bottled green jacket with plenty of brass buttons, shining like burnished gold, blue breeks, and a bonnie Tam o' Shanter bonnet, the admired and petted boy in the household; and also I had a whole sixpence in my pouch. Yes, I was an actual deacon of the "Creashies," and my queen, I think her name was Jenny Rag, but of that I am not certain. When the procession formed there was our own bonnie blue flag with a sheep and a broad yellow band round it, a medal hanging on nothing, as we used to say; we marched at the head of the procession, and a good right we had to be there, for were we not in the van and are still in, converting the fleece into the finest of our broadcloth. The procession was not complete until we had the Weavers, the Young Dyers, and the Old Dyers, all in a march through the town, then we left the Old Dyers at Murray's Inn, the Young Dyers at the Tod Inn, near the Post Office, and the Weavers went to Scott's School, near the stovehouse; while the "Creashies" went into Tom Murray's barn, which was cleared out for the purpose, and we were regaled with pies and ale to our full. Then we had a fiddler, who scratched away for so long as there were any to dance. We generally broke up early and scattered between the Young Dyers and the Weavers, and spent the greater part of the night there. Now, I see that all the above is changed.

* * * *

At the recent dinner of the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club, Mr Andrew Lang made a speech which is worthy of being preserved in this column. Referring to the present war in the Transvaal he said:—"That just at this moment literature was rather taking what might be called a back seat. They were much more interested at this moment in action, than in writing about action. From all he had heard that night, there was a spirit of contrast between literature and action. An anecdote occurred to him showing how they might be reconciled. It was the anecdote of the Unknown, the Macdonald, who held Colkitto and Montrose before Argyle and cut his forces to pieces at Inverlochy in the glorious cause of Charles I. In this action the Unknown acted as a most excellent guide, but when he came to the fighting his chief said, 'Now here, I suppose, you are going to show us how to fight.' The Unknown replied, 'No, I propose to sing to the company.' The singing of great deeds appeared to be congenial to the literary character. There were a few literary men, perhaps, who would have preferred a life of action to that sacred to the muses. Among these, as they know, was Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter Scott decidedly regretted that the infirmity of which they had heard, prevented him from taking a part in the battles of his country, and perhaps from getting shot in his first skirmish. That was the life that Sir Walter would have chosen. He (Mr Lang) had just that evening been reading the published correspondence of the greatest man of letters born in Scotland since Carlyle—the letters of Mr Robert Louis Stevenson—and he gathered from them that this great and kindly genius would also have preferred a life of action if his health had not made it as impossible for him as lameness made it impossible for Scott. These were men who would rather do great deeds than sing of them. He confessed that at this moment the humblest scribbler would rather be doing something than be talking and writing; but they were not all gifted with the necessary qualities of action. And when he thought of those great men of letters who would fain have been men of action, rather soldiers than poets, he also thought of Wolff, when he went up the St Lawrence to climb the heights of Abraham and to die in battle with the equally great and noble Montcalm—Wolff, as he was rowed up the river, reciting Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and saying that he would rather have written that poem than have won a dozen battles. This might be called the generous spirit in which literature and action ought to regard each other—Scott and Stevenson and many others desiring to be soldiers, and Wolff, the great soldier, desiring to be a poet. As Partridge said very justly to Upton—non omnia possumus omnes—we cannot all do everything. But it was agreeable to observe that the greatest men of action would fain have been poets and the greatest poets would fain have been soldiers. Although his poor profession was at the present moment rather out of request—he did not call it a good time for publishing books—yet they could wait their turn, and they could recognise, as his Excellency said, that poets like Scott and Burns, and even Hogg, if they could not for one reason or another fight, still they could induce other gentlemen to do so. He did not think that he should recommend all poets at this time to write war poems. He had read some in the newspapers by archbishops, and Mr Kipling, and other men of genius, and he should have thought that men of letters should do what he was going to do, and hold his tongue."

DOMINIE SAMPSON

A Peep at the Castles of Etal and Ford.

By J. Parrington Poole.

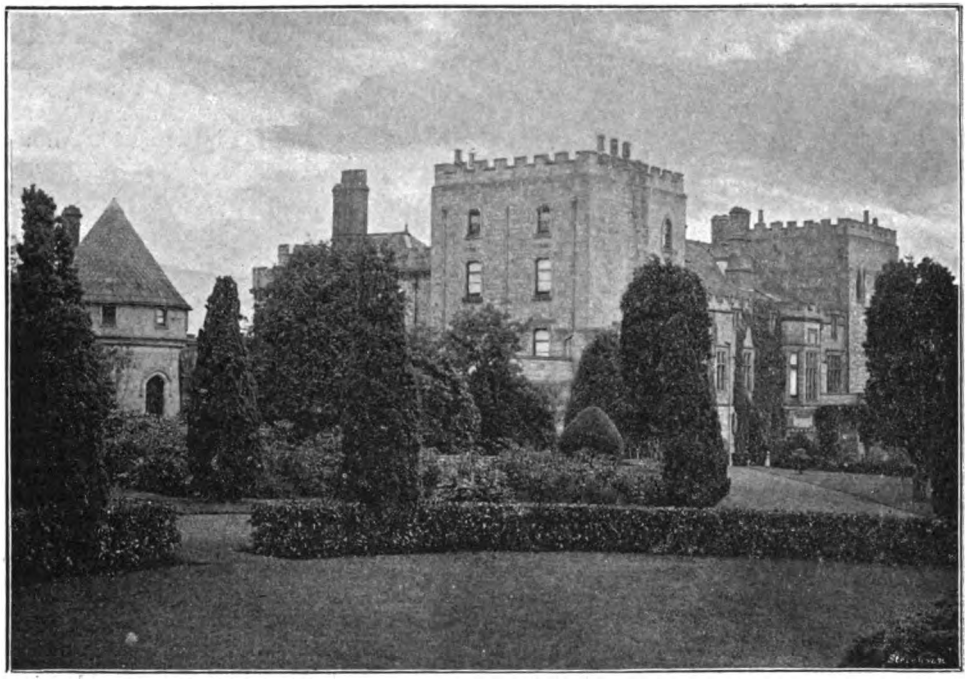
A BLUE cloudless sky hung overhead. Away beyond the river lay a broad stretch of delicious Borderland, pulsating with the strong heat of an August sun. The waters of the Till ran deep and lazily towards the silvery Tweed, and on the bank where the stream bent round with a sudden twist, a flock of meek-faced sheep stood stupidly watching the play of a black-and-white collie which was chasing, with loud and noisy barks, a stray pigeon that had just lit on the top bar of a fence which encircled a neighbouring field.

With the dip of the oars a popular rhyme came to the ear, and the glad music of the birds upon the trees which edged one lip of the Till, made us put the words to tune, and join with them in their spontaneous outburst of summer song. So we sang:—

"Tweed says to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till says to Tweed
'Though ye rin wi' speed
And I rin slaw,
Yet where ye droon ae man
I droon twa.'"

When the meaning of the lines came home to us we sat very still, though there was not the faintest ripple upon the water. Recollections of the dangers of mocking Fate weighed heavy upon us. Only a day before when laughing over the ill-luck of a party who had been thrown from a brake at a dangerous turn in the road, our own carriage wheel came off and we were deposited, not too gently, in a wayside ditch.

Etal in the full glow of summer presents a charming sight. The thatched cottages with their coloured creepers and garden plots of bright and varied flowers deck the place with a fairy beauty, while to the west of the village stand the ruins of the old castle, picturesque old towers and a portion of the court wall still remain, and on each side of the entrance gate is a gun which belonged to the ill-starred Royal George. These weapons of war can be distinctly seen in the accompanying photograph.

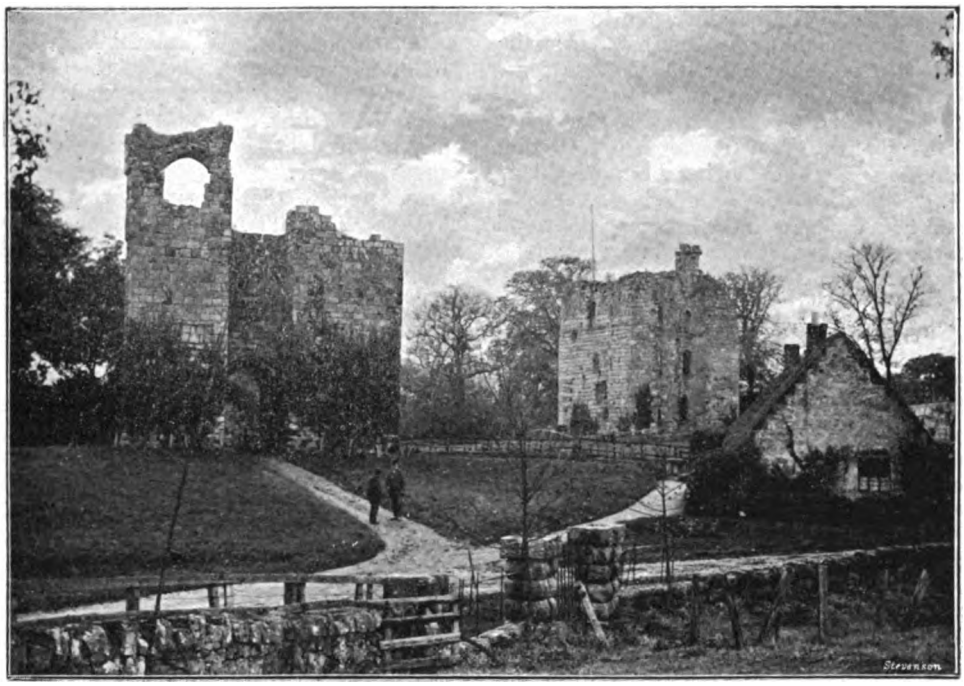


From Photo by Nichol Elliott, Coldstream.

FORD CASTLE, WHERE JAMES IV. SLEPT ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

Ford surpasses Etal in situation. The surroundings are more varied and beautiful. Broad belts of woodland break the monotony of pasture and tillage, and rugged hills throw over the district the glamour of romance. But the place itself has one drawback, and though the freestone figure of St Michael overlooks an artistic fountain and tempts the traveller to

stoop and drink, yet a weary, throat-dry journalist would fain turn where, here, he cannot go, even if it were to commit no greater sin than wet his lips with a harmless lemon-dash. To be plain, there is no public-house in Ford. The castle is, of course, the chief place of interest. It commands a splendid view of the surrounding country, and stands like a sentinel, majestic and watchful, on the summit of a bold ascent. This fortress, we know, was taken by James, a few days before the battle of Flodden, and here Lady Heron played her game with the king, and saved the castle from destruction. In one of the bedrooms a curious old bedstead still stands, and this is pointed out as the one in which the king slept the night before the battle.



From Photo by Nichol Elliott, Coldstream.

ETAL CASTLE, SHOWING GUNS TAKEN FROM "ROYAL GEORGE."

As we passed out of the old gateway we remembered the well-known lines from Marmion:

> "The monarch o'er the siren hung,
> And beat the measure as she sung,
> And, pressing closer and more near,
> He whispered praises in her ear.
> In loud applause the courtiers vied,
> And ladies wink'd and spoke aside."

Jean's Sweetheart: a Chapter of Village Gossip.

"EH, Granny! d'ye ken whae I saw at the station the day?"

"Na, Nance, whae did ye see?" asked Mrs Grainger, eyeing her small grand-daughter curiously.

"Jean Lumsden!" was the reply, in tones which showed that the maiden knew this was welcome news.

"Never!" ejaculated Mrs Grainger. "What can the lassie be daeing hame a'ready. It's nae mair nor a month sin' she gaed to her new place. Did she speak till ye, Nance?"

"Ay, Granny, she shakit hands wi' me, and speired gin we were a' weel. Syne, says she, 'Tell your Grandma, Nance, that I am sorry I won't be able to see her this visit, as I go back to work on Monday morning, and we expect visitors to-day.'"

"Naisty, prood little brat," muttered Mrs Grainger. "It's a fine pass to think she canna spare a meenit to see her ain auntie! But whae can they be expectin' the day? Did she no tell ye, Nance?"

"Na," said Nance, "and I didna see the train come in, or I wad maybe hae fund oot. But Ailsie Turpie said she'd gang hame withoot me, if I stoppit ony langer, so I cam away."

"Tuts, ye gowk! Ye micht hae waited to see whae Mistress Jean was meetin'. I wadna wunner gin it be a sweethairt, seein' she was sae close about it."

"I thocht Bob Cox that plays the organ i' the Auld Kirk was Jean's sweethairt?" ventured the child.

"So they said lang syne, afore Jean gaed to that grand schule i' the north. But I haena seen them thegither a' simmer, so it's mair than likely Jean has faun in wi' a Hielander, and this will be him come to see her mither. Gang doon to yer Auntie Kate, lassie, and ask her to come up-by gin she has time. I haena seen her sin' mornin'."

"A' richt, Granny, maybe she'll ken aboot Jean," replied the child mischievously, seizing her skipping-rope, and dancing down the village street.

In an hour Nance returned, having delivered the message to her aunt, and interviewed all the boys and girls she met on the way.

"My Auntie Kate is washin', Granny," she said, "but she'll be up or nicht."

In due time the busy Kate was ensconced in an armchair by her mother's fireside.

"Whae's bidin' at Lumsden's, mither?" she asked, before that good woman had time to open fire.

"Losh, wuman, if I ken! That's the verra thing I wanted to speir at ye. Hae ye seen onybody?"

"Ay, Jean's hame, and gaun aboot wi' a young man the nicht. They gaed by oor house at the darkenin'. It was rainin' and Jean had on her new waterproof wi' the big sleeves, and he was haudin' an umbrelly aboon their heids, and lookin' doon into her face as sweet-like as ye never saw."

"They maun hae been linkin', Kate."

"Ay, were they. I didna just see that they were, ye ken, but they couldna hae been under ae umbrelly unless; and then the way he was lookin' at her—it was fair skunnerin'."

"What was he like, Kate?"

"Oh, a big strappin' wise-like chap, and braw put on. Jean lookit gey little aside him, but she's a sma'lie craitir."

"Where was ye when ye saw them?"

"I was i' the hoose up to the elbows in suds, and they were by or I could get oot, or I would hae spoken to her. My certy, I wadna hae let Jean by withoot speaking, if I could hae got oot in time. The pride o' that lassie's something awfu', but I wad soon hae let him ken that I was her cousin, and ta'en her doon a peg."

"It's beats a'," sighed Mrs Grainger. "What dae ye think aboot it, Kate?"

"Oh, it's a sweethairt to Jean, sure," was the quick reply. "An' mair than that, Lumsden's hoose is a' lichtit up. There's a fire on i' the parler, and another in the best bedroom, forby a great licht i' Jean's room. That'll be Agnes' new paraffin stove that she has ta'en up the stair to warm the lassie's room a bit. Depend on't Agnes disna burn coal and paraffin like that for naething. She's no the kind. That's Jean's sweethairt or my name's no Kate Bailie."

"That's just what I'm jealousin' mysel, Kate, but I'll no be richt till I get to the bottom o't. My ain brither's dochter tae, and me to be keepit in the derk like this!"

"Will she no bring him up to see ye, mither?" suggested Kate.

"Nae fear o' her" was the vigorous reply. "Forbye, she tell't Nance that she wadna hae time to come up, for they were expeckin' veesiters. Did Nance no tell ye?"

"Na, she didna."

"Oh, but she gaed to the station to meet him, and Nance was up wi' anither lassie seein' the folk, and Jean said that to her."

"Is he ocht like a meenister?" Mrs Grainger continued, as a bright thought struck her. "Jean was aye daft aboot meenisters ye ken, and naething wad be ower grand for Agnes Lumsden's bairn—uppish thing that she is."

"Na, mither, he's no a meenister," replied Kate. "A meenister disna wear claes like yon. This man has licht tweeds on, and meenisters wear black."

"Ay, for ordinar', but I wadna wunner noo, gin they wear licht tweeds when they are off duty—haein' a holiday, like."

"Maybe," said Kate. "But I dinna think he's a meenister. He hasna the style o' yon lads at a'."

"I wad like maist awfu' weel to ken whae he can be," said Mrs Grainger slowly.

"Speir at Agnes, mither. She couldna but tell ye if ye speired direck."

"Catch Agnes tell me!" returned her mother. "I wad hae been telled or this, gin I had been meent to ken; and if Agnes has made up her mind to mak' a saicret o't, ne'er a me will get it oot o' her."

"They're gey queer folk ye canna wheedle news oot o', mither," was Kate's complimentary remark. "But ye micht ask Dick," she continued. "Wad Dick no tell ye, mither?"

"Dick daurna, gin Agnes has telled him no to," said Mrs Grainger shortly.

"Weel, I maun away and pit the bairns to bed. Their faither's no in, and they'll be makin' a fine steerie. Guid-nicht, mither."

"Guid-nicht, lassie."

But the younger woman had scarcely reached the garden gate when a loudly whispered "Kate!" brought her back to her mother's door.

"Could ye no gang to the kirk the morn, Kate? They'll likely be there."

"Mercy me, no, mither! I'm no sae keen as a' that to see them. Oh, no, I couldna dae that. I haena been inside the kirk door sin wee Peter was bapteesed, five year back come Mairtenmas. Na, na, I couldna dae that. Ye're liker gaun yersel than me, mither, wi' a' thae bairns."

"Oh, I canna gang to the kirk i' this weet, Kate. I'm nane ower strong ye ken. But guid-nicht wi' ye. Maybe we'll get the news frae somebody else."

. . . . . .

"Ay, they were at the kirk, Kate, Nellie, up by, telled me aboot it. The sate was fu'. I canna tell ye whae a' was in't; ony wey Jean and the sweethairt were at the heid o't, and I'se warrant they didna hear muckle o' the sermon. Nellie says Jean turned ower the leaves o' her Bible, and put her hat strecht, and faund gin her back hair was richt, a' wi' the ae hand, so he maun hae been haudin' the ither ane, for she never could see but ane o' his aither."

"Humph!" retorted Kate. "They'll get ower that. I mind sin Peter and me were the verra same."

"Weel," continued Mrs Grainger, "I says to Nellie, 'Nellie, my wuman, did ye no see them comin' hame?'" "Ay," says she, "I walked no a yaird frae them, frae the kirkyaird gate to the fit o' Snoddy's brae."

"Did she no speak to ye, Nellie," says I, "ye used to be sic freens."

"When Jean saw I wasna gaun to gang by," says Nellie, "she nodded to me, and says 'Good morning, Miss Nicol,' as high as a duchess. Syne she turned her face to the man again, and I fair had to gang by."

"I never heard mair than that," remarked Kate. "The pride o' her! And yet baith Agnes and her has been rale guid to me and the bairns when Peter has been oot o' wark."

"Tuts! What's a wheen auld claes or twae or three shillin's to the like of them, Kate. Tak a' ye get, and look for mair, my wuman. But I'll be even wi' Agnes yet. I'll get it oot o' her some how. Gae away to yer bairns, Kate. I want to my bed. It's ten o'clock, and I've to rise sune the morn.

. . . . . .

Monday evening.

"Weel, Kate, what dae ye think? I ca'd on Agnes this forenuin, and after I had telled her hoo nice she had her hoose, and hoo fresh like she was lookin' hersel' (Jean and the lad's away by this, mark ye), an' ye hae had a veesit o' Jean, Agnes," says I.

"Yes," says she, and never anither word.

"Yon wad be ane o' yer Edinbury freens that was gaun about wi' her yesterday," says I —"a fine looking lad!"

"No," says she, quite quiet like. "My sister's sons won't be here till Christmas,"

"Oh," says I laughin', like as I was makin' a joke o' the maitter, "then it'll be a sweethairt that Jean has gotten."

"At that she fair blazed at me."

"Mrs Grainger," says she, "if you have come to me to give you news of my daughter's private affairs, you have only come to be disappointed. May we not have a friend in our own house, but you must know all about it, and go chattering from house to house with your wretched gossip. You are my husband's sister or I would have more to say to you now that I have begun. You and your silly childish story-making have been the plague of my whole married life, and how I have kept temper with you till now, I do not understand. Good-morning."

"And wi' that, Kate, she opened the door, and signed wi' her hand for me to gang oot; and I fair had to dae't, mind ye, for the licht i' her een wasna canny, and I saw fine that she was haein' hard wark to keep frae gaein' me anither gollerin'."

"That's oor last chance noo, mither. We'll no find oot whae Jean's sweethairt is till the weddin' comes off."

G. ARMSTRONG.

James Veitch of Inchbonny.

FIRST PAPER.

BY GEO. WATSON.

INCHBONNY, the abode of the subject of our sketch, is situated about half-a-mile up Jed-water, on the common road from Jedburgh to Newcastle, via Carter Pass. Its situation is extremely beautiful. On the left-hand side of the road rises up a precipitous bank, thickly studded with trees whose tops, as seen from the road below, seem to reach to the very heavens. To the west and the south are to be seen the thickly wooded banks of the Jed, sung of by such poets as Burns,

Thomson, and Leyden, while to the north runs the common road cut out of the scaur, at the base of which may be observed the junction of the primary and secondary periods, made classical on account of its description by Hutton in his "Theory of the Earth." Inchbonny House lies on the west side of the road, and is about one hundred yards from the junction of the Howden Burn with the Jed. To the east of the house, at the foot of the bank already mentioned, lie three cottages, to the south of which, on the other side of the burn, is a large square building which served in former

INCHBONNY.

times in the capacity of a workshop, while a little to the north of the present house itself there stood a block of buildings, one part of which—parallel to the road—was the dwelling-house, which still remains, while the other part, which was at right angles to the dwelling-house and extending to the road, was used as a workshop. This latter part was removed about the close of the last century.

The Veitch family purchased this beautifully-situated property in the year 1732, but did not take up their abode there until 1739, removing to this place from Mossburnford, having before their settlement at Mossburnford come from Bedrule. Of a stock whose characteristic was to combine manual labour with land cultivation, the place was well suited for them. Here was James Veitch, the subject of our sketch, born in the year 1771. Little or nothing is known of his schooldays. We learn that he received the "ordinary education of his class at that time," and schooldays being over. "by dint of private unaided study" he "taught himself mathematics and astronomy in the evenings with wonderful success," and also that he was well versed in optics and other scientific subjects. It is said that his love of mathematics was so great that he spent much time in calculating the places of the planets, the eclipses of the sun and of the moon, the transit of Mercury across the face of the sun, the transit of the satellites of Jupiter across the primary, and occultation of stars by the moon, "often unnecessarily, as he might have found the same from the Nautical Almanac, accommodating the projection to the latitude and longitude of the place." Veitch was a hard working man, and a plough-wright to trade. He seems to have been taught the art

of making ploughs by Small, to whom he was sent away at an early age to serve a period of apprenticeship. Nor did he appear to be satisfied with the make of the plough of those days, as he set himself to improve upon it, and, as he did everthing on a scientific principle, aided by calculations and experiments, he was successful in doing so. Needless to say, his conversation was much appreciated, being able to talk not only on scientific matters, but also theology and subjects generally. The Rev. Dr Ritchie used to tell the story of how he on one occasion went to visit the already aged philosopher. After giving him much good counsel, Veitch thus finished up:—"Ye hae a cunning adversary, mind that; Satan's no a 'prentice hand." Another visitor was Mr James Scott, son of the Relief Minister, who was both clever and eccentric. He came out as a minister and received a charge in Edinburgh. He was not at first appreciated there, but afterwards became an attractive preacher, yet it was common property in Jedburgh that, having received the loan of some volumes of sermons from the Inchbonny library, he got the gist of his sermons in these, the books being returned suspiciously thumb-marked "at the very texts of the most popular of his discourses."

When any scientific theme perplexed the minds of youthful disputants, they would agree to go to Veitch, their scientific referee, and lay the case before him. The workshop already mentioned, which stood to the north of the present house, and from which many a good plough went forth, became the resort of the curious and of the intelligent, of the old and of the young, of the working youth and of the college-bred student. Some French prisoners were stationed at Jedburgh for some considerable time and these visited the workshop daily, many being versed in science, especially the naval officers. Among these, "M. Charles Jehenne—captured at Trafalgar, who from the mast-head observed Nelson's fleet bearing down upon the French: 'They saw us,' he said, 'before we saw them'—successfully constructed a telescope. Another old naval lieutenant, M. Scot, with a long grey coat, was to be seen with every gleam of sunshine at the meridian line, with compasses in hand, resolved to determine the problem of finding the longitude." Nor was art awanting among our foreign guests, for one of them made a painting of Jedburgh, which he dedicated to Mr Veitch, dated 1812. There were also among the daily visitors at the workshop at Inchbonny: Robert Easton, of astronomical and botanical pursuits, whose excuse when detected in error was that "All men err since Adam fell"; James Fair of Langlee; Robert (afterwards Rev. Robert) Hall; Aaron Reid; James Anderson, schoolmaster; and George Noble, poet; while among the less frequent visitors, but none the less sincere friends, were: The Rev. Dr Thomas Somerville; George Forrest, gunsmith, whose inventions were made honourable mention of in the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal"; Mr Gibson, watchmaker, and maker of reflecting telescopes and barometers; William Veitch, his brother, a clever mechanic; and Alexander Scott (son of George Scott of Falla), a draper in and a bailie of the town, who afterwards became factor to the Earl of Hoptoun. Scott experimented much on balloons and new kinds of bombs, expending much money on the latter, expecting that at some future date his efforts would be rewarded, both as regards success and money by the sale of his patents to the Government, but his expectations were never realised. He was also deeply versed in geology.

Perhaps the most attentive of his pupils was the son of the burgh schoolmaster, David, afterwards Sir David Brewster. When David became one of the admirers of the country philosopher is not known, but we find that under the directions of Veitch, David made a telescope when he was but ten years of age. Brewster used to visit the country workshop daily after school hours, and would often stay until it was dark in order to view the stars by means of Veitch's splendid mirrors, and, after having surveyed the heavens, afraid, boyish-like, to face alone the dark road on the homeward journey, he would be escorted up the steep part of the road by his older friend, and left to find the way himself after the Abbey loomed in sight. Brewster's happy nights at Inchbonny, however, terminated soon, for he was sent to Edinburgh University at the age of twelve to be educated. He was intended for the ministry but came out as a scientist, optics being his especial field of work. We cannot but see that the lessons at Inchbonny had much to do with his choice, as they must have instilled into his mind a desire to follow such a course. Even after their early separation Veitch and he kept up a correspondence, mostly on scientific matters, consisting of "astronomical calculations, abstracts of abtruse mathematical and scientific works, notices of the ardent commencement of his life-long study of optics, as well as of the favourite amusement of making and testing telescopes and other philosophical instruments." It is said of Veitch and Brewster —"But of all the helps and training, the greatest that Brewster met with was from James

Veitch of Inchbonny," and Brewster himself, writing to Veitch, says:—" . . . particularly of you, whom I have every reason in the world to remember as long as those studies can afford me any delight which you first encouraged me to pursue, and in the prosecution of which I repeatedly received your assistance." Veitch had a wide circle of scientific and literary friends. He was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, Mrs Mary Somerville, the famous mathematician (born at The Manse, Jedburgh, 1780); Dr Wollaston, the philosopher (joint discoverer with Fraunhofer of the lines of the solar spectrum), whose acquaintance Veitch made when Wollaston was on a visit to Jedburgh with Mrs Mary Somerville; Professor Sedgwick, the famous geologist; Lord Jeffrey and Sir Humphrey Davy; while he corresponded with Sir William Herschel (who invited Veitch to visit him at his Observatory at Slough), Professor Schumacher of Altona, Hamburg, Professor Wallace, Sir John Sinclair, David Erskine (Earl of Buchan), to whom Veitch was indebted for a very useful scientific library, Lord Meadowbank, Professor Playfair, Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, near Hawick, Sir Thomas McDougall Brisbane, Bart., of Makerstoun, and many others—Veitch being a welcome and constant visitor at the residences of the two last mentioned. Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor, and on these occasions never failed to handle the sword which was once the property of stalwart Ringan Oliver (or Oliphant) of Smailcleuchfoot, which had done excellent service at the battles of Bothwell Bridge and Killiecrankie, and which had been handed down to Veitch, his great-grandmother being Ringan Oliver's sister. Sir Walter and Veitch were on intimate terms, and the former, knowing the latter's worth, used to advise him to go to some centre and make practical use of his scientific knowledge. "Well, James," he was wont to ask, "when are you coming among us in Edinburgh, to take your place among our philosophers?" "I will think of that, Sir Walter, when you become a Lord of Session," was the customary reply. Sir Walter, when at the Circuit Courts held at Jedburgh, made a point of visiting Veitch regularly, and generally brought with him judges and advocates anxious to enquire into the starry realms, and it is related of Lord Jeffrey that, after having seen the stars through the telescope, when coming down the dark stairs leading from the observatory above, he was heard to repeat over the well-known lines of the 23rd Psalm—

> "Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
> Yet will I fear none ill."

Dr Wollaston also, as before mentioned, was on one occasion a visitor at Inchbonny. Veitch contracted a warm friendship with Wollaston, notwithstanding a slight hitch at the commencement of their acquaintanceship, and Veitch often regretted not having obtained information from him regarding many subjects which the Doctor was proficient at. The slight hitch referred to is as follows:—Wollaston being somewhat of an authority in the science of optics, Veitch put a rather difficult question to him regarding the focal distance of certain optic glasses. The remainder of the story can be best told in Veitch's own words. "The Doctor got into a passion and said: Had he problems in his pockets ready to pull out on every occasion? and with an angry look at me said, you pretend to be the first that discovered the comet, altho' it has been looked for by men of science for some time back." This was an injustice to Veitch, as astronomers were not aware that such a body existed until it was discovered in 1811.

Thornlea.

OUR dear little village is situated on the highway between the Royal Burgh of Meldrum and the market-town of Muir. Both towns have stamped their name and influence on Scottish history. At the former was enacted one of those life-tragedies which seem to have haunted the ill-starred Stuart race; while at the latter, in stirring Covenanting times, there assembled in militant display the chivalry, the worth, and the independence of a Church true to Christ, the King.

Meldrum is a quaint old town, whose Royal Charter gave it burghal rights and privileges hundreds of years ago. Its extensive Burgess Common was the reward of prowess in olden days of civil strife—happily gone and well-nigh forgotten. Now, everywhere throughout the lovely dale there breathes the spirit of sweetest restfulness. The pellucid stream, the verdant meadow-land, the ancestral oaks around Wellstane Castle, and away beyond—the "fair round hills"—all blend in harmony of tone and colour and effect, and form a landscape of beauty unsurpassed in Border scenery. The square tower, with its double dial and deep-toned bell; the cruciform kirk, a memorial of protesting times; the King's Road and the Chancellor's Avenue are not the ruins of former glory and magnificence, but the halidome and heritage of a law-abiding, God-fearing, loyal, and—take them all in all—an industrious

and thrifty population. A bein folk, and, as I know, hospitable to strangers!

Muir is also a town of some antiquity, but less remote. Here for many generations the principal corn market in the district has been held. It is really a county town, being in the midst of the residences and fair domains of many of the nobility and gentry, whose woods and glades and turrets sheer delight the lover of Nature—made superbly pretty through the service of art. Here, too, is the seat of the chief Law Courts, and even in its silences, the town adopts the mien of legal decorum and etiquette.

Thornlea to the modern wayfarer is but little known. It is not only beyond the reach of rail, but a broader and beildier road now runs from Meldrum to Muir. Even the cyclist seldom takes the moorland route, for he is not bent on viewing a wide territory. He keeps his eye on wheel and track, and the hawthorn blossom, so tempting to the pedestrian, only serves to remind him of a punctured tyre.

But isolation has its charm, and there are many beauty spots of Nature beyond the beaten track. However, let us picture the scene as it really is—"no posing for effect." To the north stretches a long line of undulating hills, in autumn adorned with royal purple, albeit in winter bleak and bare, save when shrouded in a mantle of snow. Looking southward, a rich agricultural panorama unfolds itself, dotted with grey towers and battled Border keeps which hasten slowly to decay. The climate is cold and damp, as moss-grown stone and peat bog intimate. There is an absence of trees to afford shelter from the biting east wind which blows from Knocklaw Moor. There is but little varying shade of foliage to chasten and to soothe the vision. As several small farms huddle near the village, at a distance one dreams of a considerable collection of tenements, but when Thornlea itself is reached it is found to be a mere hamlet, straggling in two or three erratic lines. Not till one has lived and worked among the simple, quiet, villagers can it be realized that this is a paradisal spot, where peace and concord ever dwell.

For about two hundred and fifty years the village has given name to the parish. The first incumbent was the Rev. John Pearson. He seems to have been a man of strong convictions and distinct personality. More than once he was deposed and again re-instated. He was at length summoned before the Privy Council. Failing to appear he was denounced and "put to the horn." Refusing to take the "test" he was deprived of his living, status, and freedom. Withal, he had the saving grace of humour, for it is related that when he left the parish he pointed out to his successor a weel-hairted peat stack, and requested that a similar one should be left for him in the event of his returning to Thornlea.

There are in the parish several sites of old chapels, now almost obliterated. Halydean is an exception. Here a considerable portion of the pre-Reformation structure exists. Pieces of a holy water-stoup, an ambery, and a baptismal font lie within the mouldering walls. But, thanks to the reverence and good sense of a long line of gentlemen farmers in Halydean, in whose acreage lies the hoary ruin, the plough has not yet grazed the hallowed edifice.

At Westwood, within the policies of Lady Elliot Murray, a chapel was built early in the fourteenth century by a scion of that distinguished house. The site was visible till about one hundred years ago. The only relic preserved is the old baptismal font.

Nothing now remains of the chapel of Wareham which was gifted, during the reign of David I., to the monks of Calchou, along with "ten acres of land with pasture for sheep and cattle."

The houses in the village have all been renovated within recent years, only one thatched roof remaining to link the architecture of two centuries. Almost every dwelling has a garden plot in front of door and window, that of Mrs Galbraith being always scrupulously tidy, and in its season redolent of bloom. There are a few shops for smallwares, but the signboard gives no indication of the miscellaneous goods which are stowed away in every corner, high and low, of the house. I never hear the word "haberdasher" without my thoughts wandering to Thornlea and seeing, as in a daydream once again, old Peggy Mathers pulling out drawer upon drawer, displaying to view buttons, tailor-thread, needles, lacings, hooks-and-eyes, gumflowers, etc., etc., in endless profusion. Then, when Peggy had been busy making claggim-confectionery, as she called it, how the goods sought her fingers and stuck to them till for shame and temper she declared "It's maist impossible to please everybody, an' what's mair, a've gi'en ower tryin.' But sorrows ne'er come their lane—there's that confoonit pat rinnin' ower!" And then my dream vanishes, and the echoes of the past have gone.

With that feeling for nature so persistent in the Borderland, our village is said to derive its name from an overspreading thorn-tree which has stood for many generations on a miniature mound dipping gently towards The Howe. On

this supposition, it is quite possible to date back the first biggins four hundred years. But even our reverence for antiquity will not tempt us to so venerable an age. Only, in 1574 we find Thornlea with a local habitation and a name. A few primitive "sheelins" beside a thicket of thorns, of which but one now survives, were probably the nucleus of the hamlet as we see it to-day. While for one generation at least it has grown neither more nor less, there rests over it a stillness of almost rural melancholy, sweet through the memory of tender associations, and holy through the pathos, the earnestness, and the consecration of some who are now numbered with the dead.

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

A. T., G.

Sir George Douglas on the Ettrick Shepherd. *

"A WOMAN'S preaching," said Dr Johnson, "is like a dog walking on its hind legs. You are not surprised to find it done well. You are surprised to find it done at all." Of James Hogg it may be said that the wonder is not so much that he wrote good poetry as that he wrote poetry at all. Of him it may truly be said *Poeta nascitur non fit.* Yet the circumstances of his early struggles, his education or rather his want of education, have been the cause of many critics rating Hogg much higher than he deserves. Taking all things into consideration, Hogg's achievement was a remarkable one, but many a critic has erred by saying that his poetry is great because of the circumstances under which it was produced. It requires a man with some breadth of outlook (and Sir George Douglas has that breadth), to deal adequately and sanely with Hogg, and this little book may safely be put down as one of the sanest estimates of James Hogg which has been written. There is no high falutin in it about "imperishable verse" and such like, but the poet receives that treatment which one would naturally expect from an accomplished and sympathetic critic.

The picture presented to us of Hogg as we believe him really to have been is altogether attractive. It represents him as the peasant possessing all the native worth of his race. "At the lowest estimate, Hogg's lineage was a thing to be proud of, for it is beyond dispute that he was sprung of peasants of sound physical constitution and of honourable life." Fond of notoriety, yet never losing his head either in the society of Edinburgh or London, devoted to his parents as well as in later days to his wife and children, something of a Gamaliel yet possessing much good sense and shrewdness, Hogg is essentially a loveable character. This little book exhibits throughout a fine sympathy with its subject, and Sir George has again placed Border men and women under a debt of gratitude. The volume also contains sketches of Motherwell, Tannahill, and Thom. It may be remarked that Hogg lends himself to treatment in a series like the 'Famous Scots' much better than some of the other notables who have volumes devoted to them.

* "James Hogg." By Sir George Douglas, Bart. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

An Impression.

Dim, ye sprang from mists of yore,
In an age when Death was young;
Wind and wave in travail bore
The wild notes that formed your tongue:
And your childhood's love ye gave
To your God's eternal hills;
And He taught your heart to crave
What His sea alone fulfils.

And the fiat had gone forth,
Ere your race has well begun—
Ye must choose the bitter North,
Though your brothers seek the sun!
And through fiery paths ye trod
Far beyond your brother's ken—
He did not spare the rod,
For He sware to make you men.

On the justice that ye love,
Hath He founded you a throne;
And the virgin lands ye rove
He had bid you call your own;
The keys to all His treasure
In your sea-girt fortress lie;
And a sword to smite the oppressor
Hath He girded on your thigh.

Are ye worthy of His trust,
As the workers in His pay?
Or, the Empires in the dust—
Are ye nothing more than they?
And when powerful foes defy you,
Or your own stout fabric rocks,
Shall ye always find Him by you,
With a Cromwell or a Knox?

In the story of the past,
Ye may read your coming days.
When your sky is overcast,
And ye face the parting ways,
Your Guide is still above you,
Ye may scorn the despot's hate;
For a thousand tribes that love you,
On your bugle-call shall wait.

Then, ye royal race, march on!
Purged of all things mean and small.
The despairing victim's groan
Be your loudest battle-call.
And your God shall fail you, never,
As long as Time shall be;
And your Edda peal for ever
In the sounding of the sea.

J. B. M.

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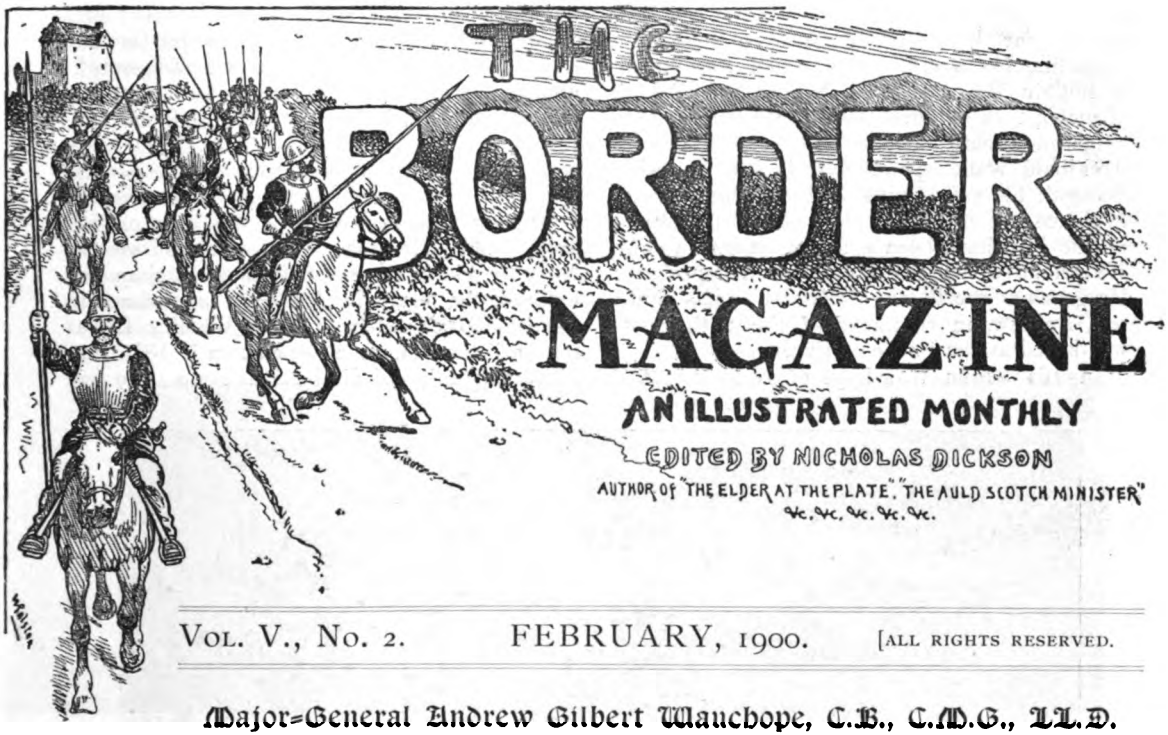
From Photo by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

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



VOL. V., NO. 2. FEBRUARY, 1900.

Major-General Andrew Gilbert Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D.

BY STUART DOUGLAS ELLIOT, S.S.C.

AMONG all the "Soldiers of the Queen" serving in South Africa, no one perhaps was more widely known—certainly no one was more universally beloved and respected than General Wauchope. When it was rumoured in Edinburgh on Wednesday, 13th December last, that he had been wounded in the engagement at Magersfontein on the preceding Monday, the news was received with incredulity, and when the official intelligence of his death on the field of battle was received a little later, a gloom was cast over the whole city and the terrible reality of the war was brought home to all classes in a way it had never reached them before. The universal sorrow, not only in Midlothian and the Border districts, but throughout the whole Empire evinced the love and esteem in which the deceased General was held. His most active political opponents (for he had no enemies) could and did admire his transparent honesty, and gentlemanliness, and their tributes to his memory were as sincere, as spontaneous, and as appreciative as those of his own party. Mr Arthur Dewar, M.P., his successful opponent in South Edinburgh in June last, speaking at a Liberal meeting the same evening said he had regarded it as an honour to be privileged to oppose a soldier so distinguished, and a man so eminent and thoroughly respected as General Wauchope. As the election proceeded, their regard for him had increased from day to day. And now he was dead. He had died as he lived, serving his Queen and country; and he (Mr Dewar) was certain of this that had he chosen his own end, he would not have had it otherwise. They could now but pause to do honour to the distinguished man who had passed away, to give their last tribute to him who was their gallant political opponent, and who became their friend, and to place upon his grave a wreath of respect and regard.

The name Wauchope has been said to be derived from the Irish "Uagh," a den, and the Saxon "Hope," a short valley running into a height. The family seem to have taken the name from the district of Wauchope in the South of Scotland. There are two Wauchopes, one near Langholm in Dumfriesshire, and the other in Rulewater, Roxburghshire. The former is the more likely place of origin, but nothing definite is known on the subject. Wherever they came from, this is certain that they settled in Midlothian many centuries ago and became Hereditary Bailies in the County to the Keiths, Marischals of Scotland, afterwards Earls Marischal, from whom they got the lands of Niddrie Marischal, and they are

now by far the oldest possessors of land in a male line for a wide range round Edinburgh, if not in the whole of Scotland. Robert Wauchope of Niddrie Marischal inscribed his name on a tomb which he built in 1387. From Archibald Wauchope of Niddrie and Eupheme Scougal, his wife, living in 1491, the chain of evidence is complete to the present day. Many of the line have been soldiers. Captain John Wauchope of Niddrie fought as a Captain of Dragoons at the Battle of Minden. His eldest son, Andrew, in command of the 20th Foot, was killed at the Battle of Pyrenees.

In 1643 John Wauchope of Niddrie got a Charter of the "tennandrie of Town Yetham," and the family have possessed these lands ever since. Speaking at the soiree of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union on 2nd December, 1898, General Wauchope gave a little interesting sketch of the family history. He referred to the Union's visit to Niddrie the preceding year and hoped that next year they might go a little further afield and come to another part of Scotland with which he was connected, Yetholm. He was a true Border man, and his family, a long time,—a very long time ago, were resident in a place in the Borders called Wauchope-dale. They started down in the Borderland, but some of his ancestors thought they had better track northwards to Edinburgh, and although Edinburgh was not a bad place to come to, they had always had a strong feeling for the Borderland, and 300 or 400 years ago his family again took root in the Borderland, at Yetholm, which he loved so much.

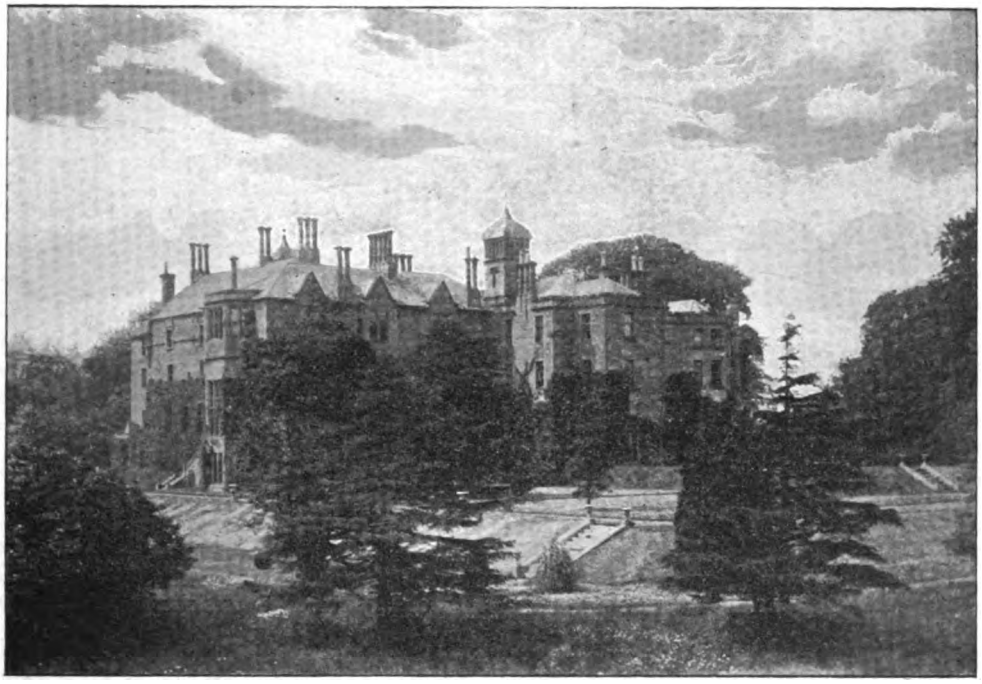
Andrew Gilbert Wauchope was born on 5th July, 1846. He was at first destined for the Navy, in which he served for a short time, but entered the Army in 1865, as Lieutenant in the 42nd Highlanders or Black Watch. It was not until the Ashantee Expedition in 1873 that his opportunity of distinction came. He had

YETHOLM.

command of a company from Prah to the Adansi Hills, and afterwards served as staff Officer to Colonel McLeod, commanding the advanced guard. He was present at the capture and destruction of Abubiassie, the capture of Borborasi, the battle of Amoaful and the capture and destruction of Becquah. He was slightly wounded at Jarbinbah, and after a share of skirmishes and ambuscades, he was severely wounded at the battle of Ordahsu. For his conduct in this last engagement he was mentioned in dispatches and was awarded the medal and clasp. His next campaign was the Egyptian Expedition of 1882-4. He fought at

the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, for which he received the medal and clasp. In 1884 he acted as Deputy Assistant Adjutant and Quarter-Master General, and towards the end of the campaign he was severely wounded at the battle of El-Teb. For his services in the campaign, he was honourably mentioned in dispatches published in the "London Gazette" of 6th May, 1884, received two clasps, and was promoted Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. In the Soudan campaign, 1884-5, he was very severely wounded at Kirbekan and was awarded two additional clasps. In 1879-80 he was employed in a civil capacity as British Delegate to the Sultan's Land Enquiry in Cyprus, where his services were very highly appreciated and for which he was created C.M.G. In the summer of 1898 Colonel Wauchope, then in command of the Black Watch, received an appointment as Brigadier in the Soudan campaign, which ended in the decisive victory of Omdurman. In recognition of his services he was raised to the rank of Major-General and C.B., received the thanks of Parliament, and was awarded the British medal and clasp. Last year he was appointed to the command of the Highland Brigade in South Africa and fell at the head of his Brigade in the unsuccessful attack on the Boer position at Magersfontein on 11th December, 1899.

In April, 1899, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.—the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, and the Marquis of Dufferin receiving a similar compliment at the same time. Professor Sir Ludovic Grant, in presenting Major-General Wauchope said: "It is a fortunate coincidence that a graduation ceremonial which is honoured with the presence of the Commander-in-Chief should also include amongst its distinguished guests one who is so noble an embodiment of all that is best and bravest in the British army as is General Wauchope. Here, in Scotland, his name is a household word, synonymous with courage and devotion to duty."



NIDDRIE HOUSE.

Although it is as a soldier that General Wauchope bulks most largely in the public view, yet in other capacities he was also highly distinguished. As a politician, in his famous contest with Mr Gladstone, he astonished both his friends and his opponents, and in his recent contest in South Edinburgh he made a gallant fight. He knew his own mind and stated his

views with a boyish frankness and shrewd humour which charmed his friends and disarmed criticism.

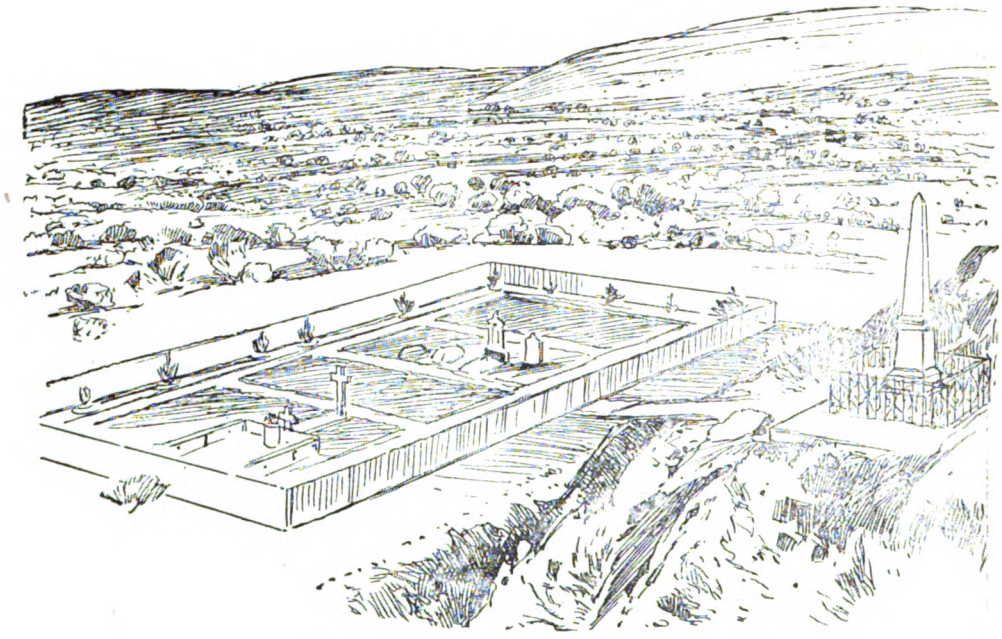
As Deputy-Lieutenant of the County, Justice of the Peace, and member of the School Board and Parish Council, he took an active and intelligent interest in local administration, and the feelings with which he inspired the villagers of Newcraighall and Niddrie were those of personal admiration and devotion.

As an elder of the Church of Scotland he sat in the General Assembly for many years, always ready for any work that was laid on him. He loved the Church of his fatherland with a great, simple, manly love, and any good cause, especially one that touched the social life of the people, found in him a champion.

As a landlord, he was regarded with honest pride and deep affection by his tenantry; as a country gentleman he recognised that property had its duties as well as privileges, and in all the relations of life he was frank, modest, approachable, and kindly. It would have been interesting to quote some of the numerous pulpit and newspaper references but space forbids.

General Wauchope succeeded his brother in the estate of Niddrie in 1882. His first wife, Elythea Ruth, daughter of Sir Thomas Erskine, Bart., of Cambo, died in 1883, leaving a son, Andrew William, who died on 4th April, 1887. In 1893 he married Jean, daughter of Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., by whom he is survived. With Mrs Wauchope in her sad bereavement and great sorrow the deepest sympathy is felt, but it will be some comfort to her to know the high esteem in which her deceased husband was held.

As a soldier, General Wauchope loved his profession. He was brave and fearless. He believed that the welfare of the country was bound up in the welfare of the army, and he ever exerted himself to make his men comfortable and to spare them unnecessary fatigues and uncalled-for risks. They repaid him by their devotion and would have followed him into any danger. Those who were privileged with his personal acquaintance and knew the loyal nature of the man, will never believe that he would say or write anything unworthy of his fame as a soldier or of the grand old name of gentleman, of which he was the ideal embodiment. His name will long remain emblazoned on the roll of Border Heroes who have fought and died for their beloved country.



MATJESFONTEIN CEMETERY—GENERAL WAUCHOPE'S PLACE OF BURIAL.

[The above block is kindly lent by the Publishers of "The Hawick Advertiser," Messrs W. Morrison & Co., Limited.]

The Proverbs of the Waverley Novels.

VII. AND CONCLUDING PAPER.

THROUGHOUT the Waverley Novels we have several examples of the spirit and meaning of the proverbial text, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Thus in "Guy Mannering" Glossin gets what he had long set his heart upon—possession of the Ellangowan estate. When he entered upon possession, however, he found nothing in it but vanity and vexation of spirit. The Earl of Leicester, in "Kenilworth," moves heaven and earth to gain the favour of Queen Elizabeth, and when he has succeeded beyond his utmost expectation, it is only to experience the bitterness and the wrath of the Queen, as she hears of his secret marriage and his duplicity towards herself. All is vanity and vexation of spirit. Though Effie Deans, in "The Heart of Midlothian," rises to be Lady Staunton, "the ruling belle, the blazing star, the universal toast of the winter . . . she yet experiences, to the full, the truth of the sacred text, vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

According to Solomon, the slothful man excuses himself from the performance of duty by the presence of imaginary difficulty or danger in the way. "There is a lion in the path!" Thus the Regent Murray is the lion in the path which bars the road against Queen Mary's attempting to reach Dumbarton. The Widow Maclure, in "Old Mortality," advises Burley not to go the way he had indicated to Morton. "If ye be of our ain folk," she says, "gangna up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path that is there. The curate of Brotherstane and ten soldiers have beset the pass to ha'e the lives of any of our puir wanderers that venture that gate."

Passing on to the Gospels of the New Testament we have some interesting illustrations of the proverbial sayings of our Lord. Thus, in "The Monastery," the gay and handsome English knight, with an especial passion for fine clothing seeks refuge in Scotland, and while there receives a letter intimating that some fine clothing has been forwarded to him. "I pray you, pardon me," he says to the Abbot and Sub-Prior, whose train he was in while visiting the tower of Glendearg, "I must needs see how matters stand with (the clothes) without further dallying." Saying so, he left the room. Looking after him, the Sub-Prior significantly added, "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Sir Walter frequently quotes the proverb in the Gospels—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and while doing so always illustrates its meaning. Thus Clara Mowbray begs of her brother not to worry her with the details of the coming private theatricals at St Ronan's. She will attend and do the part assigned to her, but to think of it beforehand makes both her head and her heart ache. She comforts herself, however, with the sacred proverbial assurance that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Sir Walter had this text in his mind when, in "Rob Roy," he gives it as his conviction that of all the propensities which teach mankind to torment themselves, that of causeless fear is the most irritating, busy, painful, and pitiable.

In the form of a proverbial saying our Lord teaches this important truth, that no one can do anything well unless his undivided attention be concentrated upon what he has undertaken to do. In the words of Scripture, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." In "Old Mortality" Burley says to Morton with reference to joining the Cameronian cause—"When I put my hand to the plough I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back to the things I left behind me." This proverbial expression seems to be a great favourite with Sir Walter, as he very frequently uses it. Take one more example by way of illustration. In "Woodstock" Cromwell uses the expression while addressing Colonel Everard on the lukewarmness of many of their supporters. "Because," said Cromwell, "we look back after we have put our hand to the plough, therefore is our force waxed dim."

In His address to the seventy disciples sent out to preach, Our Lord tells them that they need have no hesitation in accepting of any kindness or hospitality offered; for, as an equivalent, they bring the blessings of peace to every house into which they enter—"the labourer is worthy of his hire." In the "Pirate," Yellowley thinks that when he finds a hornful of old coins below the hearthstone in one of the old rooms at Stourburgh he has a right to the best share. He puts the proverbial expression in this way—"Surely the labourer, as one may call the finder, is worthy of his hire." In "St Ronan's," Mowbray goes to his legal adviser to arrange for the loan of a sum of money. Seeing nothing but ruin in store for the family, the agent expresses his regret and sympathy by saying, "It brings tears into my auld een." "Never weep for

that matter," replied Mowbray, "Some of the money will stick in your pockets, if not in mine. Your service will not be altogether gratuitous, my old friend—the labourer is worthy of his hire." In "Kenilworth," Foster grumbles at having to undertake both the trouble and the risk of looking after Tressilian. He thinks that Varney should also take his share of the danger. "But this comes," he says, "of being leagued with one who knows not even so much of Scripture as that the labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Corbies dinna gather without they smell carrion," says our old friend Andrew Fairservice in "Rob Roy," by way of paraphrasing the parabolic text "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." The hungry group of hangers-on in the antechamber of the Duke of Buckingham was like a "gathering of the eagles to the slaughter" —a needy lot of adventurers living upon the wants of greatness, or stimulating the desires of lavish extravagance.

The parabolic teaching of Our Lord supplies much material to Sir Walter. That, however, does not lie within the scope of these papers on the present study; so we pass on to a few of the apostolic illustrations of proverbial teaching, and with these we close our present inquiry. In support of his exhortation, "Avenge not yourself, but rather give place unto wrath," St Paul quotes this authority from the Old Testament, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." In almost every novel that the great novelist wrote, we find this proverbial text quoted or illustrated in some way or other. As George Staunton relates to Jeanie Deans the story of Wilson's execution, he remarks that after his companion's death there remained only one thing to be accomplished, and that was vengeance. "Oh, sir," replied Jeanie, "did the Scripture never come into your mind—'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it?'" But minister's son though he was, Staunton had to confess that for the last five years or so he had never opened a Bible.

We are reminded of the apostolic proverbial expression, "Owe no man anything," in the reply which Nigel gives to George Heriot, who suggests that the poor young Scottish noble should appear at Court, and personally plead his case before the King. "I know not why I should be ashamed of speaking the truth," says Nigel. "I have no dress suitable for appearing at Court. I am determined to incur no expense which I cannot discharge." In this connection, a determination to owe no man anything, our old friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie vindicates his father's good name and memory. "He paid what he ought and what he bought, Mr Galbraith, and was an honester man that ever stude in your shanks." And when Ravenswood intimates to Caleb Balderstone, his faithful domestic, his intention of going abroad, he also expresses his desire to go with the reputation of an honest man, leaving no debt behind him, at least of his own contracting.

In his Epistle, St James teaches us to fear and dread an unruly tongue as one of the greatest and most mischievous of evils. In the Waverley Novels we have a great many illustrations of the truth of what the Apostle says about this unruly tongue. In the "Heart of Midlothian," Ratcliffe objects to being classed among murderers. "I never shed blood," he says. "But ye sauld it, Ratten," replied Sharpitlaw. "Ye hae sauld blood mony a time. Folk kill wi' the tongue as well as wi' the hand —wi' the word as wi' the gully." Meg Dods is sorry that she indulged in rather too plain speaking to Mr Tyrrel, but she resolves that, for the future, she will guide her tongue better, for, "as the minister says, it is an unruly member—troth, I'm whiles ashamed o't mysell."

We cannot close the present article without pointing out how very heartily Sir Walter seems to enter into the apostolic injunction of using or exercising hospitality toward one another. We specially associate the novel of "The Pirate" with this injunction, for it illustrates in a most interesting way both the general exhortation of St Paul on the point, and that of St Peter who adds that hospitality is to be exercised without grudging. And so keenly is this hospitality urged throughout the Waverley Novels that it passes into a proverb, and the charge of inhospitality is always treated as an extremely grave offence. The Marquis, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," demands the meaning of the inhospitable reception which his kinsman, the Master of Ravenswood, receives at the hands of Sir William Ashton's family! What a picture of blank astonishment we get when Bailie Nicol Jarvie and party arrive at the inn of Aberfoil, and are actually refused admittance! How contemptible a community the inhabitants of Bâle appear when they refuse the rights of hospitality to the Swiss Deputies as narrated in "Anne of Geierstein!" In the "Legend of Montrose," Sir Duncan Campbell visits Darnlinvarach, and while there he receives a message from Angus M'Aulay to the effect that the cavalier, who is to accompany him, is ready, and that all is

ready for his return to Inveraray. Indignant at the affront which such a message conveyed, Sir Duncan started up, and, looking toward M'Aulay, exclaimed, "I little expected this. I little thought there was a chief in the West Highlands who . . . . would bid the Knight of Ardenvohr leave his castle when the sun was declining from the meridian, and ere the second cup had been filled. But, farewell, sir. The food of a churl does not satisfy the appetite. When I next visit Darnlinvarach it shall be with a naked sword in one hand and a firebrand in the other!" And so this inhospitable conduct was neither soon forgotten at Darnlinvarach nor forgiven at Ardenvohr. It passed into a proverb, and the proverb lives when the story itself is possibly forgotten.

A Sleeping Village.

INCREDIBLE as it may appear in this age of steam, bicycles, motors, and telegraphs there still exists, hidden away in the nooks and corners of the Scottish Borders, one or two villages where Time's invincible sway seems to have made no impression. For the last quarter of a century it has been my lot to pass the greater part of every year in one of them.

My village lies in the snuggest little dimple amongst the hills, protected from the north and east, but open away to the south and west, and our early roses and mammoth strawberries are the proofs of this favoured situation. There are no pretentions to architectural beauty in our cottages, houses and gardens are jumbled together as though some giant had shaken them from a pepper box, but the hill air is fresh and pure, flowers grow in abundance round our humble walls, and everything looks tidy and in good repair. We are absolutely trainless, and the nearest station is nine and a half miles off. Few of us have ever been further from home than this larger village where the station is, and yet we have in our midst one or two travelled spirits who have seen a little of the world, notably, our minister who goes almost every May to attend the meetings of the General Assembly in Edinburgh. His wife goes with him, and what with fashions and polemics there is almost too much to tell when they come back. Our doctor is one of the boldest amongst us, he has been twice in London, and once even crossed the channel and reached Paris. Though many years ago, this journey is quite a landmark in the parish, and events are still dated from "the winter the doctor gaed tae Pairis," or, "ye'll mind the time the doctor was on the Continent." In this doctor of ours we have the most unbounded faith. "If he canna sort oot yer trouble, there's nae ither body can yoke wi'd," said an old woman, and this after thirty years in the same village speaks volumes for our medico's tact in his profession. On the rare, very rare, occasions when the doctor takes a holiday our invalids would rather wait till he came home than trust themselves to the pranks of a locum. Once or twice Dr Campbell did get some one to take his place, but it was not a success. "He pit some kind o' machine under ma oxter an' took the hail strength oot o' ma system," one old man related, who had never had his temperature taken before, and this dark story grew and magnified till the unhappy locum was looked upon as a species of Cain, whose attempts to cure were only a veil for deeds of the deepest dye. With considerable trouble we got one of our old ladies into one of the Edinburgh hospitals, but though seriously ill she could not be induced to stay there. "Na, na," she said when she came home, "yon's no the place for me, nathin' but sortin' fleurs an' the nurses gettin' dressed up for the doctors. If a body's ill gie me Cawmill." As a village we shine with no glory from departed days or genius. No famous Border reiver ever lived in our midst, no poet or politician ever sprang from our humble hearths; we are as insignificant and unworthy of notice as any small village could well be, but if we have not wealth in our midst, neither have we that sordid poverty which is so depressing. We are certainly many years behind the fashions in the cut of our garments, but rags are quite unknown amongst us. Every man's hand goes freely to help his neighbour, and even in politics our discussions are quite friendly. As a community we are loyal, oh very, and every item of Court life is read with the deepest interest.

"Ahm, glad they've gotten a man for Beatrice," was the remark made by one of my oldest friends the day the engagement of Prince Henry to our Queen's youngest daughter was announced. "Puir boddy, I doubt she'll feel leaving her maw though she's no just a bairn noo."

"Eh, I hope I'll leeve till the Queen dees," said another old wife of seventy-nine, and when pressed to give her reason, confessed, "there'll be sic' an on-going at her funeral, I'd like to read aboot it."

During the visit of the Czar and his family to Balmoral some years ago our interest in Court life became extra keen, and Russia came

in for not a little of our notice. One morning I went to call on our washer woman, the only one of her profession amongst us and therefore a person of considerable standing, and some means.

"Have ye seen this group?" she said, handing me a photograph, "ma sister sent it frae Edinburgh yesterday."

"Oh," I replied, is it your sister with her husband and baby?"

"Hoots, woman," came the indignant answer, "it's the Craze, an' the Crazeeny, an' the bairn, little Ogle!"

As well as being trainless we are shopless, gasless, and policemanless. The nearest town (!) supplies us with the necessaries of life by sending carts once or twice a week, but most of our shopping is done for us by the postman. He is equally good at choosing a finnan haddie or a new hat. Many years' practice have made him a man of iron where a bargain is to be had. Once a fortnight the policeman comes round to have a look at us and to ask if there are "ony compleints."

The church and manse are two hideous whitewashed buildings about a quarter of a mile from the village, and as yet schism has not reared its head in our midst. The few who have departed from the "Auld Kirk" wend their way on fine Sundays to the "toon," where the respective ministers of the Free, the U.P., and the "Independents" may be sat under. If wet they just stroll along to the Kirk here and spend the rest of the day taking the sermon to pieces and telling how much more light Mr A. or Mr B. (their respective parsons) could have thrown on the subject.

One of our oldest and most respected inhabitants is the tailor; very short of stature and bent of leg and a much greater expert in growing roses and ferns than in constructing breeks. A shock of paralysis some years ago affected his speech slightly, and when trying to explain to the minister's wife that he had won a silver cup at the flower show he kept saying "It's no a pot-tea, it's just a kind o' a vassal."

One evening he came to call upon me, and having humbly shewn him my garden and had all its faults pointed out while he ate every raspberry that was ripe, I said, "Come and have a few strawberries now, James, before you go."

"Na thank ye," he replied, placing his hand on the lower buttons of his waistcoat, "rapses ower mony, stammick, stammick!"

Taking this hint that something was necessary to quell the storm he believed brewing, I offered him a glass of whisky, which his sense of the fitness of things counselled him to accept. James has been twice a widower. When I went to condole with him on the death of number two, he looked at me with calm resignation and remarked, "Oh, aye! ah feel as tho' ah had gotten a kind o' dirl on the elbow, but the Lord will provide." And sure enough the Lord did provide, for before the year was out a buxom Mrs James, number three, ruled over the tailor's cottage.

Twice a year we have our elder's supper. This is a great event, looked forward to for many weeks before, and giving us conversation for a long time after it is over. Our tailor is a great pillar of the church and almost equalling him in zeal is Tammas, the smith.

"Do have a little more, Thomas," said the minister's wife to him on one of these occasions, "let me give you some of this."

Desire for more gleamed in Tammas's watery eye, the spirit truly was willing but the flesh ah, how weak, and "Eh, wumman, I'm fu' fu'!" was his brief but effective reply.

We would deny it with the greatest indignation if any one said we were superstitious, but about certain things we have our own ideas. A gay young schoolboy cousin of sixteen came to spend a few days with me, and one Sunday while most of us were in the Kirk, he thought fit to take a ride on the smith's pony. On nearing home the fiery steed became so impatient that its rider could not manage it, and in its mad rush for the stable one of the smith's garden gate-posts was knocked over and broken. The culprit carefully stuck it up again hoping it would escape detection. All went well till the afternoon when the smith and his son-in-law went into the garden to smoke their Sabbath pipes and discuss the sermon. As they opened the gate, down fell the post right between them "wi' it's heid pointing recht towards the kirk-yaird."

"'Tis death for yin o' us, an' that afore the year is oot," said Tammas, "do 'e no see the airt it points till?" and pale as ashes the couple returned to the house there to think of the fate impending for one of them before a few months had passed. The confession of the culprit next day brought the colour back to their cheeks and lifted a heavy weight from the minds of both. Should a hare cross the path of any one going to see a neighbour, evil will befall the rash visitor if he persists in paying that call, and no self-respecting old woman would keep a black cat in her house. Salt is nearly always strewed in the rooms of an empty house by the in-coming tenant before

his furniture is brought in. This is to drive out any evil spirits and to propitiate the fairies for future good luck.

"I get no salary for the work I have done for this company," wrote the joiner's clever son, who was in a good situation in Glasgow, "but they have asked me to accept an honorarium."

"An what, an honorarium, Tammas?" said the joiner to his boon companion, the smith. "Dod! I'm no sure but I think it's a kind o' a piany." "Weel I'm sure oor Jimmy wad far raither hae had the siller, an' I ken fine so wad his mother!"

In my village we are all old, but the oldest of us all is the beadle. A very little man, with a mighty temper which none of us dare cross, and a long hooky nose, at the end of which, winter and summer, trembles an immense crystal drop. By trade he is a gardener, and has been in many different "places," and though comfortably off now and not needing to work, still the old habit remains, so he often "gives" me a day in my garden. I met him one summer afternoon coming out at my gate with a basket of my finest early potatoes. "John," I said mildly, "are these my growing or yours?"

For a moment he looked somewhat caught, but his spirit was equal to the occasion. "Oh!" he replied, "I'll no deny that you micht consider thae tatties yours, but ye ken fine that since the Fall no mere man has been able perfectly to keep all the Commandments."

I was silenced, for who can argue against the wisdom of the Shorter Catechism? Poor old man! Last winter he was very ill with pneumonia, we never thought he would recover. When I went to see him after the worst was over, he was sitting up in bed, very shaken and thin, but in speech and argument just as doughty as ever.

"Aye! aye!" he said, "the doctor tells me I hae had bad fewmonie, but nae doubt you an' me 'll pop aboot for a guid while yet." Though nearly half a century separated our ages, I murmured my sentiments that in the due course of nature I would probably be the first to "go."

The beadle loves an argument, he will be more than ready for you, when you discover us in our sleeping village amongst the hills, but do not loose time for we shall soon be as though we had never been. With profound thankfulness every one must know the advance which each year brings in our manners and morals, but who would dare deny that the simple, contented, self-denying, if somewhat narrow lives, of the older Scottish peasantry teach us a lesson that many of us even in this age of "improvements" might do well to imitate.

A. B.

Memoirs of Boston.*

WE have pleasure in introducing to our readers "this scholarly and artistic edition of Thomas Boston's Autobiography," which is the opinion of Dr A. Whyte, Edinburgh, in his "Recommendatory Note." As it has come late into our hands, we can only state that Mr Morrison has modernised the spelling, and given excellent notes which throw light on what is obscure in these valuable and quaint memoirs. The introduction is well done, giving a bird's eye view of Boston's life and eventful times. We quote the following note which may interest our Border readers:—Local tradition has it that Boston laid two commands upon his son (Thomas, minister of Ettrick, Oxnam, and Relief Church, Jedburgh.) One was not to leave Ettrick; the other, not to marry into the family of Tushielaw. Thomas Boston, junr., did both. On 26th April, 1783, he married Elizabeth Anderson of Tushielaw; on 10th May, 1749, he was admitted minister of Oxnam.

The Editor has an interesting note regarding the confusion concerning Boston's likeness. It is to the purport that one prefixed to Dr A. Thomson's Life is considered to be that of Boston's son. All Boston authorities agree that another which hangs side by side with the former in Boston U.P. Vestry, Jedburgh, is Boston, senior. It accords with accounts given of his appearance in McCrie's "Story of the Scottish Church." It is this likeness which appears in the work now under notice. The get-up as to printing, etc., is perfect, and well entitled to Dr Whyte's estimate of being of "national importance."

SCOTUS.

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*Memoirs of Thomas Boston, A.M. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. George H. Morrison, M.A., Dundee. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

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The Border Keep.

There seems to be no limit to the enthusiasm of the Scot who is far from his native shore, and I am of the opinion that the Border Scot is perhaps the most enthusiastic of them all. Through the kindness of Sir George Douglas, who takes a great interest in all Border matters, including the BORDER MAGAZINE, I am able to draw the attention of my readers to an extraordinary example of the enthusiasm referred to. The firm of Messrs Williamson & Co., Toronto, Canada, have reproduced in facsimile two manuscripts of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. As I look at the specimen of the "Shepherd's" hand o' writ now before me, I am amazed at the enterprise of the firm mentioned and not surprised that the cost of each copy of the reproduction should cost over £20. In the next two paragraphs I quote the publishers' remarks on the volume.

We have the pleasure to offer a real literary curiosity—a manuscript of one of this famous writer's best stories. In his personal reminiscences the poet novelist tells the story of the writing of this work and with his usual candour. "In 1822, perceiving that I was likely to run short of money, I began and finished in the course of a few months 'The Three Perils of man, viz., War, Women, and Witchcraft.' Lord preserve us; what a medley I made of it! And being impatient to get hold of some of Messrs Longman & Co.'s money or bills, which were the same, I dashed on and mixed up with what might have been one of the best historical tales our country ever produced, such a mass of *Diablerie* as somewhat retarded the main story. I received £150 for the edition of 1000 copies." Afterwards going up to London the author found that Longman had no copies left, and except in a much abbreviated form, with a new title, "The Siege of Roxburgh: a legend of the wars of England and Scotland in the reign of Robert II," the work is not now known. This interesting manuscript came from Edinburgh into the hands of an early settler in the Guelph district.

It is written on foolscap of various sizes and qualities and is numbered up to 445 pages (both sides of the paper used.) The first sixty-four pages are in plain round hand, written with great care, as the writer's intention evidently was to make it "a monumental work of border history." Money pressure may have forced him on, as the rest of the MS. is in his own characteristic chirography. The admirers of Hogg, now rapidly on the increase, will be pleased to know that this most valuable relic has been preserved in good condition. Nearly all of every page is quite legible, although some of the larger ones are slightly frayed at the edges. In this story Hogg has excelled himself, his narratives of fearful Diablerie or the 'Mysteries of Fairyland,' being told in the *con*

amore spirit of one who was more than half persuaded of their truth. He tells with a wealth of detail of that famous "Battle of the Spirits between Friar Roger Bacon and Michael Scott, the Magician," which was suddenly ended by Bacon's sprinkling of black sand (gunpowder) and making an explosion such as quite confounded his opponents. This MSS. has thirty-two chapters, while "The Siege" has only fifteen.

* * * *

From a Border newspaper I quote the following interesting scrap:—The House of Waverley.—The earliest ambition of Walter Scott was not to be either a poet or a novelist, nor even a judge of the Court of Session, but a Border laird, like many of his ancestors of the old house of Buccleuch. Accordingly, when "The Lady of the Lake" had established his fame and brought his fortune, he lost no time in looking about for the site of his future castle, and within a year he had purchased the small farm with the rustic cottage, destined to be metamorphosed by the Wizard of the North into the "romance in stone and lime,' so well known to all. Abbotsford, when Washington Irving visited it, resembled a snug little shooting box, with its trophies of the chase and a whole pack of hounds, every one a thoroughbred. The Sheriff was loth to see this first edition of Abbotsford destroyed, but the cottage had to make way for the mansion. The grand new edifice was built by instalments, so to speak, being added to and extended at intervals on no particular plan. Inside was tessalated floors and fretted ceilings, and every room was a museum of the rare and old and beautiful. Probably it was the accounts of all these splendours that drew from Carlyle the sneering remark that Scott wrote novels to buy land and upholstery. The Laird did not confine his attentions to castle-building, for he was an enthusiastic lover of trees, and had quite a reverent admiration for stately avenues. Visitors often encountered the stalwart figure, with a plaid round his shoulders, and Maida, the bloodhound, at his heels, sauntering through his plantations and sowing the seeds of future forests, by way of relaxation after dashing off chapters of "Old Mortality" at express speed. The Laird of Abbotsford was the best of good neighbours. Wassail played an important part, too, in the entertainment, and many a flowing bowl of toddy was mixed by the Ettrick Shepherd himself. Abbotsford stands on a bank that slopes towards the Tweed, with the Selkirk hills as a sylvan background, and it does not seem as if it would be the home of generations of Scotts after all; for it is now in the market. No one has yet suggested that the house where the Waverley novels were written should be bought for the nation.

* * * *

Writing of Hermitage Castle, the London weekly, "The Sketch," says:—When Queen Mary was at Jedburgh to hold assizes in 1566, she rode over the hills to Hermitage Castle to see Bothwell, who had been wounded by that noted Border freebooter, "Little Jock Elliot" of the Cark. She conferred with Bothwell for two hours, in the presence of her nobles, and then returned to Jedburgh the same day, a ride of forty-eight miles. As a result of over-exertion in riding over such a rough country, she had an attack of intermittent fever, which prostrated her for a fortnight, and endangered her life. When Walter Scott visited Liddesdale, Dr Elliot presented him with a Border war-horn, which had been found in Hermitage Castle. It had been in use by one of the doctor's servants as a grease-horn for scythes. When cleaned, the original chain, hoop, and mouthpiece of steel were all entire. Scott carried it home in triumph from Liddesdale to Jedburgh slung round his neck. He carried much more away than the Border war-horn, for here he met Willie Elliot, of Millburnholm, an upland sheep-farmer, who sat for his portrait as Dandie Dinmont in "Guy Mannering." In a note to this novel, Scott admits that this is a composite portrait, and that James Davidson, of Hindlee, also furnished some hints and characteristics. Lockhart, whose opinion is always worthy of consideration, believes that William Laidlaw also sat for his portrait in this connection.

* * * *

The wonderful response to the Government's appeal for Volunteers to South Africa, recalls the days of the False Alarm when the Border Beacons were lit and the sturdy Borderers proved their mettle by turning out instantly to defend their hearths and families from the dreaded Bonaparte, who was then threatening our shores. Many accounts and sketches of this wonderfully spontaneous rising of the Borderers have appeared, but we are still waiting for Mr Robert Murray, of Hawick, to give us the benefit of his knowledge, for he has made the subject peculiarly his own and knows more about it than perhaps any man living. I rejoice to see our old friend hale and hearty, and that his pen may long abide in strength is the earnest desire of

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Glimpses of Galashiels in the Olden Time.

By Robert Hall.

Part II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reference made by Sir Walter Scott in the Introduction to the "Monastery," to "the ruined and abandoned churchyard of Boldside," there is no warrant to conclude that a place of sepulture ever existed there. On the contrary, when the Church was transferred from Lindean to Boldside it was strictly stipulated that "the transporting of the said Kirk suld naither alter the name thairof, nor yet be hurtful nor prejudicall to the vicarage, glebe, landis, and mans pertaining thereto, with the pertenentis appointed for the service of the said Kirk and the auld burial place to remain quhair it is presentlie." It was also "concludit and condisendit unto that ane cobel suld be maide apoun the expensis of the hail parrochin to bring ewer the dead to the burial place, and to be biggit and halden up perpetuallie be the haill parrochinaries as ane common weel." This proviso regarding the maintainence of the name would appear to have been soon disregarded, as in 1612, a minute appears in the Presbytery records to the following effect: "John Dun of Brigheugh, and Andro Shortreed were ordered to satisfy the Kirk of Boilsyde for leading corn upon the Sabbath day."

How long the arrangement regarding the disposal of the dead remained in force is unknown, but doubtless for years after the formation of a churchyard in Galashiels many of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" would be conveyed across Tweed and laid to rest at Lindean in the company of their neighbours and friends amid "the graves o' their ain folk."

In the earlier years of the town's history superstition was rampant, and the villagers were devout believers in the existence of ghosts, fairies, and witches. They were firmly under the belief that the door of the Scott Aisle opened of its own accord for nine nights previous to the death of a laird. In connection with this building the following story is yet familiar among the older inhabitants:—In the beginning of the present century it was customary for parties of the villagers to assemble round the white-washed hearth of one or other of the village ale-houses, when strange, weird stories were rehearsed concerning the doings of ghosts, bogles, and fairies. On one of these occasions the usual company had foregathered, amongst whom was Tam Sanderson, the shoemaker. The old tales were retold, with the usual eerie effect upon the listeners, when, stimulated perhaps by the generous liquor he had imbibed, Tam laughed their fears to scorn and declared his readiness to go anywhere in spite of deil, ghost, or goblin. He was at once challenged by the blacksmith to go along to the kirk and leave an awl sticking in the laird's haunted pew, which might testify the following day that he had fulfilled his mission. This proposal was more than Tam anticipated, and he was somewhat staggered by the suggestion; but seeing no way out of the difficulty, except by admitting he was afraid, he screwed his courage to the sticking point, and procuring an awl he started very reluctantly to fulfil his idle boast. The party followed, but on arriving at the kirkyard gate they halted to await his re-appearance.

The night was dark, a wintry gale was moaning through the leafless trees on Gala Hill, from which at intervals came the eerie hoot of the midnight owl, when with quaking heart and quivering limbs, Tam started on his dreary mission. As he made his way to the kirk door, the old tombstones on either hand appeared in his heated fancy to be ghostly visitants from another world, and the sough of the wind as it sighed across the grassy mounds, sounded in his ears like weird whisperings from the lips of unseen witnesses. The door was at length gained, and he began to grope his darksome way toward the haunted pew. The dreaded spot was reached, and in a state bordering upon frenzy he stooped down and drove the awl to the haft in one desperate blow. Hurriedly endeavouring to rise, he was firmly held by some invisible power, and filled with the awful thought that he had fallen into the clutches of the Evil One, his yells resounded through the midnight air, striking terror into the hearts of the company congregated outside the gate. An awful silence followed. The startled comrades, almost frantic between fears for their own safety and the dire danger of their neighbour, hurriedly and with sinking hearts made their way to the kirk door. It was no sooner reached than another appalling yell resounded through the building, scattering them right and left. The miller in his agitation clutched desperately at the bell rope, with which he had come in contact, causing the bell to give voice in its loudest tone. The unusual sound aroused the

villagers, who soon formed a crowd within the kirkyard. A couple of worthies engaged in "burning Gala" were attracted by the commotion, and with blazing "cruzie" and shouldered leister, they hastily made their way through the Kirkcroft Park, and along the Bow Butts to the centre of attraction. In the blazing light courage returned. With the "cruzie" held on high, and the leister projected well to the front, the reckless fishers entered the kirk with the crowd at their heels. The old walls and roof were lit up with the unwonted glare, along the passage, on the pews and pulpit the shadows fitfully fell, but save the sound of their own footsteps all was silent as the grave; no grim spectre, goblin, or wraith was to be seen. The aisle was reached, and in the laird's pew the helpless shoemaker was observed extended motionless upon the floor. Eager hands were stretched out to raise him, and willing feet ran to summon medical assistance lest haply a spark of life might yet flicker in the unconscious victim. On endeavouring to remove him, they only succeeded after some considerable difficulty, when lo, amid the unextinguishable laughter of the erst-while terror-stricken company, it was discovered that in his blind terror he had driven his awl not only into the floor, but also through his stout leather apron, which had successfully resisted his frantic efforts to escape. He was carried out and soon recovered. The village gossips got a fresh subject for discussion, in which the shoemaker took no part; for the future he stuck to his last, and the village ale-houses knew him no more.

The accompanying illustration represents the old house of Gala. The original portion was erected in 1457 by Robert, the second Hop-Pringle of Galashiels—whose wife's dowry was evidently utilised for the purpose. An inscription to the following effect is said to have been cut over the doorway:

> "Elspeth Dishington builted me,
> In syn lye not;
> The things thou canst not get
> Desyre not."

One sculptured stone was removed from the building, dated 1583, which probably was the date of the first addition to the old tower by Andro Pringill, whose memory is commem-

Photo by OLD GALA HOUSE A. R. Edwards, Selkirk.

orated by the following epitaph still extant within the precincts of the Abbey of Melrose:

"Heir leis ane honorabil man, Andro Pringill, feuar of Gallowschiels, quha decessit ye 28 of February, An. Dom. 1585."

A second stone is still to be seen, dated 1612, which refers to the principal addition made to the house. Subsequently the building has been enlarged at various dates, till in 1876 in order to provide ground for the extension of Galashiels a new mansion-house was erected upon a different portion of the estate.

The old house was inhabited by the Pringles till 1632, when Sir James Pringle retired to Smailholm, leaving his daughter Jean, and her husband, Hugh Scott, in possession, from whom the Scotts of Gala are descended. In 1880, the old building, together with sufficient ground to preserve its amenity, was acquired by Andrew H. Herbertson, Esq., Galashiels, who changed its name to Beechwood.

To be Continued.

James Veitch of Inchbonny.

SECOND PAPER.

BY GEO. WATSON.

THE visit of Dr Wollaston, as mentioned in our last paper, must have taken place after 1811, since it was in that year that the comet was discovered. At half-past nine on the evening of Tuesday, 27th August, 1811, when taking a survey of the heavens, turning his telescope towards the N.N.W., Veitch observed

"Some comet or unusual prodigy"

near to the star marked 26 situated on the shoulder of the Little Lion Constellation. Veitch continued to make observations on it nocturnally while

"From the dread immensity of space,
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends,"

and to trace its course among the stars until the time that it escaped the observation of the unaided eye—25th December, 1811, being at that time in the 15th degree of the constellation of Aquarius, south declination 1 degree. During the period of its visibility this illustrious stranger received much attention from the leading astronomers, including Sir William Herschel in Britain, and M. Olbers on the Continent. It was spoken of by Hind, as "perhaps the most famous of modern times." People were able to see it in full daylight. It remained visible for 510 days. Its tail was one hundred million miles long, and fifteen million miles broad. Sir William Herschel determined its head to be one hundred and twenty-seven thousand miles across, and the star-like nucleus within to be four hundred and twenty-eight miles across. How apt the line quoted from Thomson's "Seasons," "From the dread immensity of space," will be evident when it is known that, after having gone round the sun, this comet rushes out into space, with gradually lessening speed, to the distance of about forty thousand millions of miles.

As this comet shone during part of the years 1811 and 1812, there were not awanting those who, superstitiously believing that

"Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish . . . . . in the sky,"

or thinking that

"Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes,"

saw in it the forewarning of Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow in 1812.

Its period is variously given. Herschel computes it as exceeding 3000 years; Argelander as 3065 years, with no greater uncertainty than 43 years; Bessel upon the supposition of an elliptical orbit, as 3383 years; while Flauguergues thinks it is the same comet as that of the year 1301.

Mr Veitch's name is mentioned in several works in connection with the comet's discovery. Mary Somerville having written an article to the "Quarterly Review" on Halley's Comet, in which she mentions that it was a peasant, with a small telescope, who had first descried it on its return, Veitch wrote to her (12th October, 1836), reproaching her for not having mentioned that it was a peasant also who had discovered the comet of 1811, on account of which she makes mention of him in the 4th edition of "Connexion of the Physical Sciences,"—"It (the comet) was first discovered in this country by Mr James Veitch, of Inchbonny," and Thomas Dick, LL.D., referring to this comet in "Diffusion of Knowledge" (p. 73) 1833, states "The splendid comet which appeared in our hemisphere in 1811, was first discovered in this country by a sawyer, who with a reflecting telescope of his own construction, and from his sawpit as an observatory, descried that celestial visitant before it had been noticed by any other astronomer in Great Britain. The name of this

gentleman is Mr Veitch, and I believe he resides in the neighbourhood of Kelso."

The same writer—"Sidereal Heavens" (p. 461) 1840—states that he discovered the comet while taking a random sweep over the north-western quarter of the heavens with his telescope, about the beginning of September, 1811. "Not having heard of the appearance of any such body at that time," he goes on to state, "I was led to imagine that I had fortunately got the first peep of this illustrous stranger; but I afterwards learned from the public prints that it had been seen a day or two before by Mr Veitch, in the neighbourhood of Kelso, who appears to have been the first that had observed it in this country."

There seemed to be much doubt as to who it was that first sighted the comet—Brewster, indeed, ascribing the honour to Flauguergues, an astronomer on the Continent—(Brewster's Ferguson's Astronomy, vol. 2, p. 240, 1821) —but Veitch's priority was firmly established by the testimony of many of the leading astronomers of the day, including Herschel, Francis Baily, etc. The telescope with which Veitch discovered and made observations on the comet was one specially constructed for such work. In addition to his success in the discovery of the comet of 1811, Veitch was amongst the first to discover other comets, including one of great brilliancy which seems not to have attracted the attention of astro-

Photo by JAMES VEITCH. A. R. Edwards, Selkirk.

nomers, and which was seen only thrice, the weather being cloudy and unsuitable for observation.

In 1816, James Veitch, at all times busy, made efforts to determine the longitude and latitude of Jedburgh. Veitch's fame was now spreading, while his connection with Sir Walter Scott was of the most intimate nature. In April, 1818, we find Sir Walter writing of Veitch to a friend of his—a Mr Ellis of Otterburn—thus:—"I heard these particulars from James Veitch, a very remarkable man, a self-taught philosopher, astronomer, and mathematician, residing at Inchbonny, and certainly one of the most extraordinary persons I ever knew. He is a connexion of Ringan Oliver, and is in possession of his sword, a very fine weapon. James Veitch is one of the very best makers of telescopes, and all optical and philosophical instruments, now living, but prefers working at his own business as a plough-wright, excepting at vacant hours. If you cross the Border, you must see him as one of our curiosities; and the quiet, simple, unpretending manners of a man who has, by dint of private and unaided study, made himself intimate with the abtruse sciences of astronomy and mathematics, are as edifying as the observation of his genius is interesting."

About the year 1821, Sir David Brewster, already famous in the scientific world, had thoughts of acquiring a country residence on the Borders. About 150 yards from Inchbonny, but on the other side of the Jed, stands the beautifully situated villa of Allars. This property Brewster—probably with the desire of being at his native place, and so near his old friend, the Inchbonny philosopher—had thoughts of purchasing, but, having a strange dread of the possibility of danger on account of the mill-stream which runs immediately in front of the house, Brewster could not bring himself to purchase the place. The sequel is very sad. Brewster bought a piece of ground near Melrose and built a house thereon, which, probably influenced by the name of the Jedburgh site which he had declined, he designated Allerly. What he dreaded of Allars transpired at Melrose. His second son, Charles, a boy of fifteen, and of great promise, was drowned while bathing in the river Tweed on 28th June, 1828. The father and mother were fairly overwhelmed with the blow. In their affliction Veitch proved himself to be a friend in need. He hastened to visit and sympathise with them, and being of a deeply religious character his presence would be extremely helpful. After this Veitch frequently visited Allerly, and communication was kept up between the two men of science.

In the year 1826 we find Veitch, who was Inspector of Weights and Measures for the County of Roxburgh, and also for the town of Jedburgh, publishing his "Tables for converting the Weights and Measures hitherto used in Roxburghshire, into the Imperial Standards, as established by Act 5, George IV., c. 74," at which task (that of converting the old weights into the imperial standards) he had been assisted by Mr James Elliot, Goldielands, while he, conjointly with Mr James Jardine, C.E., did the same for the County of Berwick. Veitch also acted in the same capacity for Selkirkshire, and in order to convert the old measures into the new the more readily, he drew up and caused to be published tables for the last mentioned two counties also. It is related that Veitch when on his way to Selkirk to conduct the necessary experiments called upon Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford in order to receive instructions. Sir Walter proved to be quite a novice in these matters. But when the day of assize at Selkirk came round, Scott, adjudicating as Sheriff, showed that he had in the interval made a thorough study of the subject, his charge to the jury being brilliant and effective. In this year (1826) we also learn that Veitch gave up his trade of plough making, and devoted himself entirely to the making of scientific instruments.

In 1836 he aided Mr Francis Baily, the well-known astronomer, in making observations at Inchbonny of the annular eclipse of the sun on Sunday, 15th May, of that year, an account of which is to be found in the "London Astronomical Transactions." Inchbonny was selected by Baily as the most suitable place to view the eclipse on account of its being directly in the line of the eclipse, and because of its propinquity to Makerstoun Observatory, from which he could get any instruments that he might require, and at which he could get his chronometers regulated. Baily was a stock-broker to trade, but relinquished that in 1825 and devoted himself entirely to science. He was the author of a biography of Flamstead, published a Star Catalogue, revised the Nautical Almanac, and was organiser and president of the Astronomical Society. Born at Newburgh, Berkshire, 28th April, 1774, he died at London, 30th August, 1844.

"Holloas from the Hills" *

WE can fancy with what keen delight the beautiful quarto volume bearing the above title will be perused by those who have in any way taken part in the chase, and the poems contained in the book will recall many an incident in the hunting field. A writer in the "Southern Reporter" says:—

Fox-hunting, though sometimes spoken of as but the rich man's amusement by the non-sporting world, is still the popular sport of the nation. The sentimentalists who denounce it are, in ninety-nine cases out a hundred, ignorant of the sport, knowing nothing of the thrill of excitement which throbs in the breast of peer and peasant, and of men, women, and children alike when a "meet" takes place in their neighbourhood. School discipline and authority count for nothing that day, and the lads of the village school are quite willing to undergo the severest terrors of the dominie's tawse rather than miss the sight of redcoats on their spanking steeds and the sound of the hutsman's horn. Even near large centres of population the infection of the chase is felt, and fox-hunting is becoming a uniting bond between town and country. Hundreds of cyclists are to be seen at almost every meet in a

DEAD BEAT.

*"Holloas from the Hills." By T. Scott Anderson, Master of the Jed-Forest Foxhounds. With Illustrations by G. Denholm Armour. Jedburgh: T. S. Snaill.

hunting district, and they, with an intimate knowledge of all the highways and byeways, frequently see a great deal of the sport. The scribes for the local papers are pretty certain to be included among this class of sportsmen, and a "graphic account" of a heavy run often forms a spicy item in the week's budget of news. The description may be, however, a trifle eccentric and not quite faithful in its details; nevertheless, it is read and appreciated among an ever-increasing number of readers; and thus fox-hunting is gaining a wide popularity and taking a firmer hold in the minds of the people.

The very title has a breeziness about it, and as we peruse the twenty poems which constitute the volume, we catch some of the enthusiasm of the author, Mr T. Scott Anderson, M.F.H., who says in the prefatory note:—

The lines have been strung together at times and under conditions which might well stir up the dullest soul to shout for joy. The verses were mostly made while coming home at the close of hunting days, with a good horse under me, an honest pack of hounds round me, and the most picturesque countryside in the Borders to ride through, although often chilled to the bone, and wet to the skin, yet with the after-glow of a gallop still tingling in my veins, and the music of the pack still ringing in my ears.

The beautiful volume is dedicated to the Earl of Dalkeith in the following lines:—

Dalkeith, I dedicate these rhymes, such as they are, to you,
In hope that they may chance at times to bring to mind anew
The mem'ry of some days of old, when hounds ran fast and far;
When we were light and keen and bold, and—younger than we are.
Then winter days were all too short, no country was too big,
We always saw the best of sport, and never cared a fig
If now and then we took a fall—'twas counted in the fun,
And little thought of, if at all, unless it cost a run.
September saw us start to ride—and then for many a day
We galloped over Teviotside, right into merry May.

The text is enriched by many spirited illustrations from the pencil of Mr G. Denholm Armour, and by the kindness of the publisher, Mr T. S. Smail, Jedburgh, we are enabled to reproduce the picture entitled "Dead Beat." "Holloas from the Hills" is an excellent specimen of the beautiful work which can be produced by the firm of George Lewis & Co., Selkirk, and the volume, as a whole, is something of which Borderers may be justly proud.

A Hawick Man in the Transvaal.

MR John H. Young, son of Mr Geo. Young, Wellington Street, Hawick, has just returned home from Klerksdorp, a town in the Transvaal, about fifty miles from Mafeking. He had great difficulty in getting away. Intending to stay in Klerksdorp, where he was in a situation, he pledged himself to remain neutral during the war and was promised protection. Notwithstanding this, shortly after war broke out, he was commandeered by the Boers, and ordered to the front, on pain of imprisonment. He refused to fight against his own country, and with great difficulty obtained a pass enabling him to leave the Transvaal. He had to come away very hurriedly, on 14th November, leaving many of his things behind him which he would have liked to bring away. He states that the climate in the Transvaal is very fine and warm, and very healthy after one has been acclimatised. The heat in summer

MR JOHN H. YOUNG.

is somewhat trying at first; their winter resembles our summer. The veldt that we hear so much about is the undulating plain of which the country is largely composed, varied by chains of mountains, some of them as high as 6000 feet, locally called kopjes. He visited Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell with a force of some 1500 British soldiers is besieged by a Boer army numbering 9000 or 10,000. Baden-Powell, who is a man of great resource and has a thorough knowledge of the country and of Boer tactics, has surrounded Mafeking with entrenchments covered with barbed wire, and strengthened by dynamite mines, some of

which have been destroyed by the Dutch. The majority, however, are intact, and Mafeking is believed to be quite safe meantime. Near the town is a Kaffir fort, manned by 2000 loyal Kaffirs, armed with Lee-Metfords, and ready to strike a blow against the Boers, whenever called upon by the British. The Boers have one big siege gun, which they have brought to Mafeking from Pretoria. The artillery is managed mainly by Germans and Hollanders. There is a scarcity of horses among them. Baden-Powell has put his own picked men, on whom he can thoroughly depend, in charge of the trains and the telegraph stations. He has four armour trains, two running each way, with which he makes attacks on the Boers, who lost a good many men just before Mr Young left. Captain Rivers, of the Bechuanaland Border Police told him (Mr Young) that Baden-Powell, who expects Plumer's column to come to his relief, can hold out for a long time. Colonel Plumer has the honour of being the first British commander to lead his troops across the Border of either Boer Republic since the war began.

The ignorance of the average Boer is almost incredible. A Dutchman called at one of the Government offices and inquired how the war was progressing. He had heard, he said, of Mr Chamberlain and Mr Franchise, but who this Mr Ultimatum was he could not make out! Perhaps he knows now. Another old Dutchman who had a severe cold was advised by his wife to try Chamberlain's cough lozenges. "No, no;" was his reply, "I'll have nothing to do with Chamberlain!" The Boers have a great liking for Scotland and Scotsmen; but hate the English, whom they regard as a different race. Once when Mr Young was cornered with a few Dutchmen, he was asked if he was still going to fight. He replied ironically—"Give the English a good licking. They have taken Scotland from us; and after you have taken England from them we will get our country back again!" They believed this, so easily are they bluffed.

Mr Young travelled by rail from Klerksdorp to Johannesburg, 120 miles. He saw there a number of the Boers who had been wounded at Elandslaagte. Some of them declared that they had no wish to return to the front, having got more than they bargained for in their encounter with the Gordons and the Lancers. They never expected to get cold steel. The city is almost entirely deserted, shops and houses barricaded and the grand dwellings of the Uitlanders occupied by policemen. Some terrible scenes occurred during the headlong flight when war broke out. One lady of rank asked a Boer official if he expected her to go into a cattle truck alongside niggers and all sorts and conditions of men and women. "Yes," was the reply; "you are fighting for equality; you have got it there!"

Mr Young next went to Pretoria, which was very busy, a large number of Boers being there to defend it in case of attack. He visited the racecourse, where he saw some 1500 British soldiers getting their morning exercise. He was not allowed to speak to them, but they appeared to be in the best of spirits. Pretoria is a fine city, fitted with electric light and all modern appliances. He saw the First and Second Raadzaal, the Government houses, and met President Kruger coming up to his office in the morning. He appeared to be in good health, and not particularly careworn then. This was about 16th November. On going to see the President's house, he met an English Jew, who pointed out the two splendid marble lions presented by Barney Barnato to the President. Two policemen came on the scene, and one of them exclaimed, "You are verdomde Engelsman." The Jew declared he was a Hollander. One of the policemen then turned to Mr Young, and maintained that he must be a Swede. On being informed that he was a Scotsman he went away quite pleased. Pretoria is surrounded by five forts, which command the approaches from every direction, and all the guns, which are of the latest and most improved construction, are carefully concealed. The two main entrances to Pretoria are from the north and the south.

Mr Young next took train for Delagoa Bay. The scenery is very mountainous and picturesque, and all the way to the Portuguese Border the railway bridges are undermined with dynamite wire. On reaching Komati Poort on the Transvaal Border, he was searched, and all the Transvaal papers containing strong statements, which he was trying to smuggle out of the country, were taken from him. All his cash above £10 would also have been confiscated; but he had taken the precaution to conceal the major part of his money in the sox which he wore. In due time he landed at Lorenzo Marques, the port for Delagoa Bay, where he stayed for two days. The town was crowded with refugees, most of whom were in a deplorable and destitute condition, and this applies also to Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Cape Town. Delagoa Bay is a most desirable harbour, the best in South Africa, and if it can be secured by the British it will be a great acquisition. The Portuguese there favour the Dutch, and would willingly allow vessels carrying munitions of war for the Boers to get

in if they dared. While there, he saw a French vessel fired upon and disabled by a British warship, because it would not reply when challenged. Having got a pass for Durban from the British Consul, he went on board the "Braemar Castle" along with 1500 refugees, mostly white people, who were landed at the various ports on the way to Cape Town. There he saw the New South Wales, the Canadian, and the Australian contingents arrive. They were fine-looking fellows, and appeared capable of doing good work at the front, to which they were at once dispatched.

The general opinion in South Africa is that Buller has taken the wrong course. Had he, as anticipated, gone up towards the Orange Free State he would have found a fine flat open country, where our troops would have had an excellent chance of overcoming the Boers, the latter depending very much on getting cover, which they have in abundance in Tugela River district. That the Boers as well as the British in South Africa expected Buller to approach in this way, was evident from the fact that regiments under Marico and Zeerust left Mafeking thinking that they would meet Buller at De Aar. The majority of the Boers still think they can defeat the English, and are loud in their professions of dependence upon a higher Power for success. They appear to be very religious, and quote passages of Scripture to suit their own views. The more intelligent of them, however, know that they must be beaten in the long run.

The Boers of the Transvaal and the Free State are armed almost to a man. We are in reality fighting with two States armed to the teeth. All the males from 14 to 70 years of age are commandeered, there being about 100,000 Boers in the field. They are all sharp-shooters, having any amount of practice in shooting game which abounds in the country. They have enormous stores of arms and ammunition, accumulated during many years past, but especially since the Jameson Raid. Of course they cannot easily get any more now, and their stock of provisions, though immense, must be dwindling. The Boer guns have a longer range than those of the British. There are 10,000 Mauser rifles in reserve around Kimberley alone. It is evident that the British have entirely underestimated the strength of the Dutch, who made their preparations very secretly, although our Government ought to have been aware of what was going on. Sections of Dutch sharp-shooters have been told off to fire at our officers, and this accounts for the heavy proportionate loss among those commanding our forces. The Boer army, which includes Germans, Scandinavians, Hollanders, French, and even British who have been forced to join, will take a lot of beating, and it is to be feared that we will have to lose many more lives before we can regain our supremacy. After the war is over, there will no doubt be a great rush to the Transvaal, which is probably the richest mineral country in the world, there being abundance of gold, silver, copper, and coal all over the land.

[We are indebted to Messrs Vair & McNairn, Hawick, for allowing us the privilege of placing before our readers the portrait of Mr Young, along with the interesting account of the Transvaal, which appeared in a recent number of "The Hawick News."—Ed. "B. M."]

"O, I see the purple heather."

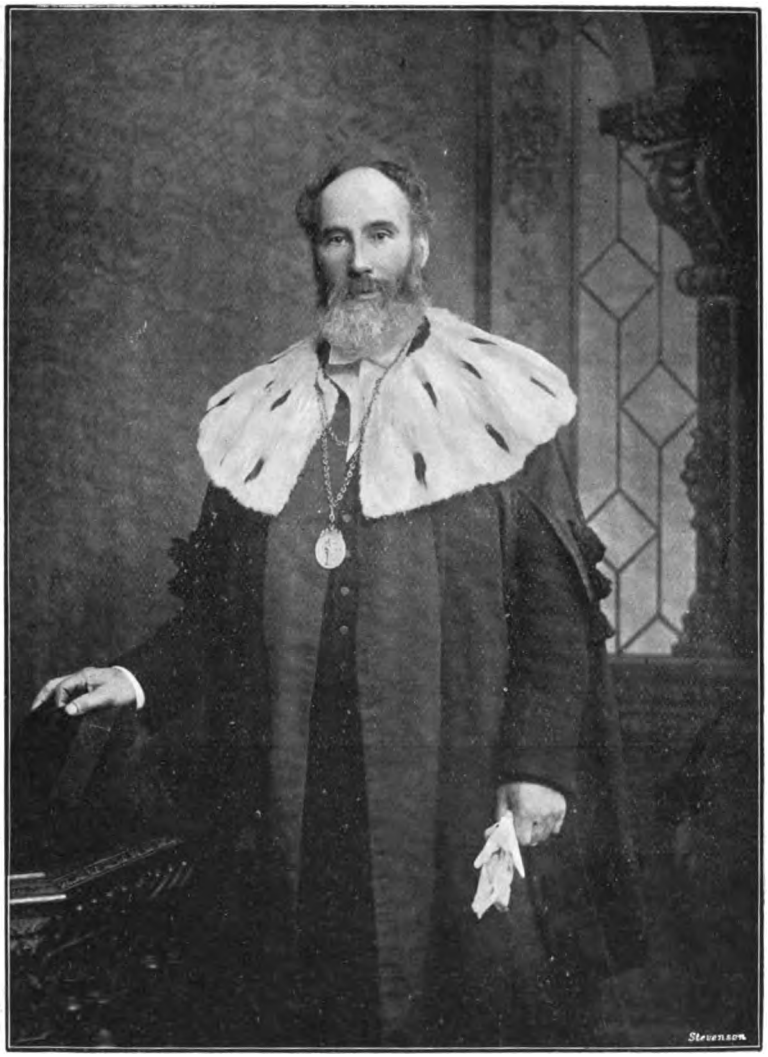
By James Mabon,
Author of "Rose and Thorn," "Shingle and Sand," &c.

O, I see the purple heather,
Blushing through the August weather,
And I feel your touch upon me
Where the silver waters flow;
And you bend your ear to listen
Where the gentle wavelets glisten,
Singing, child-like, to the waters
In your accents soft and low.

When the twilight shadows creeping
O'er the silent woodlands sleeping,
Brings a calmness to the spirit
That the day can ne'er bestow,
Then I see your bright eyes beaming,
In the sweetness of my dreaming,
And the heart makes holy homage,
Finding heaven in their glow.

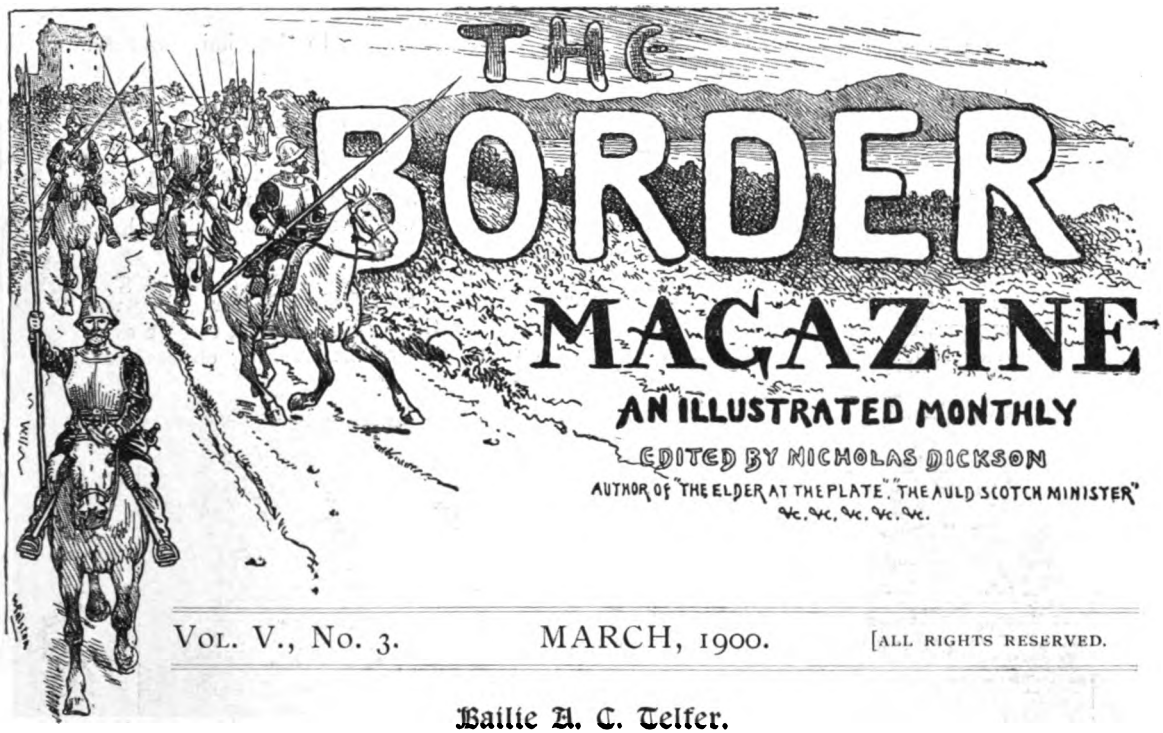
The above beautiful specimen of faultless rhythm is quoted from "When West Winds Blow," by Mr James Mabon, a Border poet of whom the Borderland is justly proud. On the first appearance of the dainty little volume of verse just referred to we wrote appreciatively of the poet and his work, and we are pleased to note that the book has passed into its second edition. The volume is issued from the well-known press of A. Walker & Son, Galashiels, and should be possessed by all Borderers who rejoice to see the cultivation of the muse among the men of the present generation.

Printed for The Border Magazine Ltd., by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



From Photo by J. Lamb, Edinburgh.

BAILIE A. C. TELFER EDINBURGH.



VOL. V., NO. 3. MARCH, 1900.

Bailie A. C. Telfer.

BY AN EDINBURGH BORDERER.

IN the public life of Edinburgh, Borderers have played a conspicuous and honourable part. At the present moment there are no fewer than six members of the Edinburgh Borderers' Union members of Town Council. These are Bailie Telfer, Treasurer Cranston, Judge Macpherson, and Councillors Mallinson, Waterston, and Douglas, while the town clerk, Mr Thomas Hunter, W.S., is also a member of the Borderers' Union. The present President of the Union—Mr H. W. Hunter, J.P.; it may also be pointed out, is an ex-Councillor, and were we to take all those with the particle "ex," a formidable list could be made out.

But the subject of our sketch—Bailie Telfer, in some respects occupies a position, and has had a career which is unique to that of any of the others. For in a municipality which ranks first in precedence in Scotland, and second in the Empire, and in a city which has always been said to set considerable store on social standing for its Magistrates, it is something to be proud of in being able to say that the first working man to be elected to the Council, and the first working man to be elected to the magistracy, was a Borderer.

There is no denying the genuineness of the one, for it cannot be pronounced without recalling the well-known Border ballad "Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead." Indeed, the Bailie in physical appearance might sit for a picture of what we might conceive the doughty Borderer to be. There is a certain sternness of aspect, which, however, covers a kindly heart beneath, and an air of resolute determination about the man, while the tenacity with which he holds to his opinions when formed, is quite as great as the anxiety and perseverance shown by his namesake in trying to recover his stolen kye. Were the Bailie at all anxious to construct a genealogical tree, we believe he could trace his descent from the famous Border character. But questions of genealogy do not interest him, he is of too practical turn of mind for that.

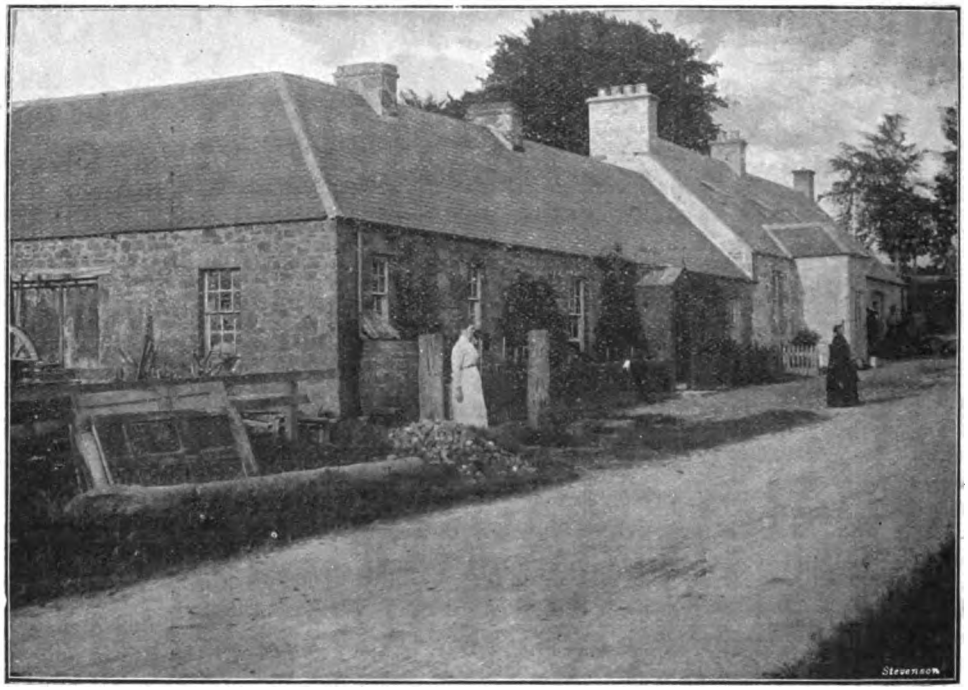
Andrew Cowan Telfer was born about fifty-four years ago at the farm-place of Lethen, in the parish of Southdean, the parish where the author of the "Seasons" spent his youthful years. He came of a race of shepherds, who from father to son, in a sort of apostolical succession, carried on the calling. His father was one of those who came out at the Disruption and helped to form the Free Church congregation of Wolflee, and his son Andrew, being

ing to Presbyterian traditions, took the minister's name of Cowan. The future Bailie attended the parish school of Clesters and speaks highly of the education which was there given. Up to the age of sixteen, he had in the summer, and other odd times, helped his father, but at that age he definitely gave up the idea of a pastoral for a mechanical life, and was apprenticed to Gilbert Amos, the joiner in the village of Chesters, and father of the present Councillor Amos of Leith. After completing his apprenticeship he came to Edinburgh in 1867 or 1868. Here he attended the evening classes in the Watt Institution for one or two sessions and also connected himself with the Watt Literary Society. The affairs of his own trade also soon began to occupy a good deal of his attention, and he was sent as one of the representatives of the Joiners to the Trades Council. The Trades Council of the day produced not a few men who in succeeding years rendered good service to the city, one of these, Councillor Cubie, being at present an esteemed member of the Town Council.

Mr Telfer, after being a representative for some time was elected to the chair, and for three years he held this post. The principal event in his chairmanship was the great popular demonstration in Edinburgh on the rejection by the House of Lords of the Franchise Bill in 1884. It was at Mr Telfer's suggestion that the idea of having a demonstration of the working classes was taken up, and was a huge success.

When the Commission on the Housing of the Poor came to Edinburgh, Mr Telfer was appointed by the Trades Council to give evidence on the part of the working classes. He laid down three conditions which, in his opinion, were essential to a satisfactory settlement of this important question. Briefly stated they were, power to Town Councils to acquire land at a reasonable valuation; money to be lent by Government at a low rate of interest; and simplification of transfer and sale. It will be seen that his method of dealing with the question went to the root, and there is little doubt that these would, if carried out, help very materially the solution of the problem.

The Trades Council during Mr Telfer's career produced a scheme with regard to the re-divis-



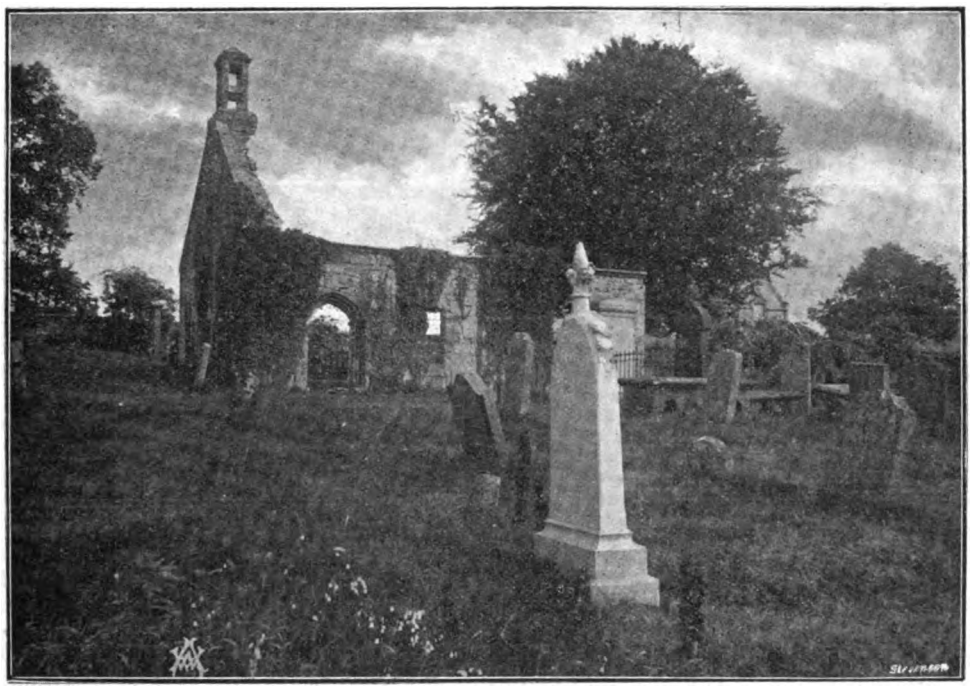
From Photo by SOUTHDEAN. Walter Amos, Edinburgh.

ion of the city consequent upon the passing of the Redistribution of Seats Act. Although produced too late to be adopted in whole, a suggestion in regard to the East Division of the city was adopted.

When the question of having direct representatives of the working classes on the School Board was raised, Mr Telfer was selected as one of three gentlemen to stand in their interest. The three were all elected, and though Mr Telfer did not head the poll so far as figures were concerned (although he was third), he had the greater distinction of having the largest number of individual voters, a strong testimony to the esteem in which he was held. It may be said that the three gentlemen all justified the choice of the ratepayers, and in their conduct on the Board showed by the broad commonsense view they took of questions, that they were capable of viewing these not from the somewhat narrow standpoint of a class, but from the larger one of the good of the community as a whole.

While referring to Mr Telfer's educational work it may be as well to state here that he strongly opposed the scheme for the diversion of the funds of George Heriot's Hospital, and appeared before the Endowed Schools Commission, and also did a lot of lobbying in the House of Commons. Though the passing of the Free Education Act, later, to a large extent met, in the matter of education, the class for whom the benefits of the foundations were intended, yet he looked with distrust upon the alienation of the funds of an institution from the class which the testator had in view, in order that another and entirely different class might benefit.

In 1889 Mr Telfer was asked to stand as the representative of St Cuthbert's Ward in the Town Council, one of the largest Wards in the city with a large working-class population, but also with a very large villa class. At that time party feeling ran very high. The Council had in the July previous, by a majority, conferred the freedom of the city on Mr Parnell, and it was the party which had been identified with this which asked Mr Telfer to stand. The other side brought forward Mr R. A. Lockhart, a gentleman well versed in public questions, who had taken a prominent part in city affairs. The contest was a keen one, but Mr Telfer was



From Photo by SOUTHDEAN CHURCHYARD. Walter Amos, Edinburgh.

returned by a majority of 164, in a total poll of 3060, being the first working-man to be elected to the Town Council of Edinburgh. There were many who shook their heads at the idea of a working man being returned to the Town Council, and prophesied that he would simply be the mouthpiece of his class, and subordinate the general to the particular good. How these predictions have been falsified subsequent events have proved, and it is not too much to say that by his conduct as a Councillor Mr Telfer has raised his class in the estimation of the public, and has conclusively shown that there are men in his station of life with as great an aptitude for public affairs and as capable of taking a statesman-like view of questions as those of any other class. Since Bailie Telfer was elected he has never had to contest his seat, a proof that the Ward generally is satisfied with the way in which he has represented them. In the work of the Town Council he has taken a full share, and been most faithful and diligent in the discharge of his duties, and this is the more to his credit, as it has been mostly done at a pecuniary sacrifice. Bailie Telfer, it may be stated, is still a working joiner, his employer being Mr James Steel, a present member of the Town Council, and a former Bailie. By arrangement he is allowed to leave his work to attend Council and other meetings. Though Mr Steel and Bailie Telfer have been in the Council together during all the latter's period of service, the fact that the one is the employer and the other the employee has never militated against their absolute independence of action. In all their municipal work each has retained the esteem of the other, a state of matters which is honourable alike to both.

An evidence of the opinion entertained by the Council of Mr Telfer's abilities was his unanimous election to the position of Convener of the Plans and Works Committee, one of the outstanding committees of the Council and one of the most important. During his term of office a new fire station for the city—replete with all the most modern appliances—was begun and is now nearly completed. The staff of the Fire Brigade has also been reorganised, and is now one of the most efficient in the country. In connection also with the amalgamation of the city with Portobello, a large amount of work fell on Bailie Telfer's department.

In regard to the electric light undertaking, he was among the very first who strongly advocated that this should be managed by the city and not by a private company. The magnificent success of the undertaking has justified the position taken up by those who were in favour of the town having the control. He was also in favour of the town taking over the tramways, and, generally speaking, his policy has been to strongly support all movements for placing under the control of the people those undertakings, such as gas, water, electric lighting, &c., which derive their value principally from the prosperity of the town. He is, in fact, prepared in these matters to go a good length in the way of what may be called municipal socialism. Another subject which has engaged his attention is that of the housing of the slum poor, and he has been at enormous pains by personal visitation and otherwise to get at the root of this question.

In November of last year Mr Telfer was elected a Bailie. The place was not at all of Mr Telfer's seeking; indeed, he was only induced to stand under strong pressure. Mr Telfer was proposed by Mr Mallinson, the working-man representative of St George's Ward, in an admirable speech, and seconded by Sir James A. Russell, an ex-Lord Provost, and elected, being the first working-man to attain this honour in Edinburgh.

Bailie Telfer is no believer in short-cuts to the millenium; on the contrary he is of the opinion that the working classes have to a large extent to work out their own social salvation, and the best means of equipping them for this work, he holds, is education. He, therefore, strongly supported the Public Library movement in Edinburgh, and was one of the promoters of the unsuccessful plebiscite to establish a Free Library in the city, and took part in the movement which led to the establishment of the present Public Library and branches. He has been on the Library Committee almost since he entered the Town Council.

Perhaps there is no work of a public kind in which Bailie Telfer has taken part that afforded him greater satisfaction than the formation of the Conciliation Board for the building trades in Edinburgh. The object of the Board was to prevent strikes, and during the whole time it was in existence it was successful. The Board consisted of seven representatives from employers and seven from the men, with an oversman chosen mutually, the Board having to be re-constituted annually. Once a year the representatives met and discussed the situation, and in the event of any difference the oversman was called in, whose decision was final. The scheme worked satisfactorily for a period until it was broken up. We believe the reason which led to this was

that the places of some of the employers on the Board were taken by others whose sympathies were more with a movement of a different kind—a federation of all the trades. At any rate, to the regret of many, the scheme was allowed to drop. We understand that the experiment was watched with great interest by the Board of Trade to see if it might not form the basis of a scheme for the establishment of a tribunal for the settlement of labour disputes. The Bailie is strongly opposed to strikes, being of opinion that they are a barbarous and costly method.

It only remains to be added that politically Bailie Telfer is a Radical, and ecclesiastically a Free Churchman, being a member of Free St Luke's congregation. Though he has been elected to the eldership he has never accepted the office. He is a Justice of the Peace for the County of the City of Edinburgh, and as a Bailie of the city he is an Admiral of the Forth.

In conclusion, we think that we may say that Bailie Telfer is a man of whom Borderers may be proud, and is worthy of a place in the Border Magazine Gallery of Fame.

James Veitch of Inchbonny.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING PAPER.

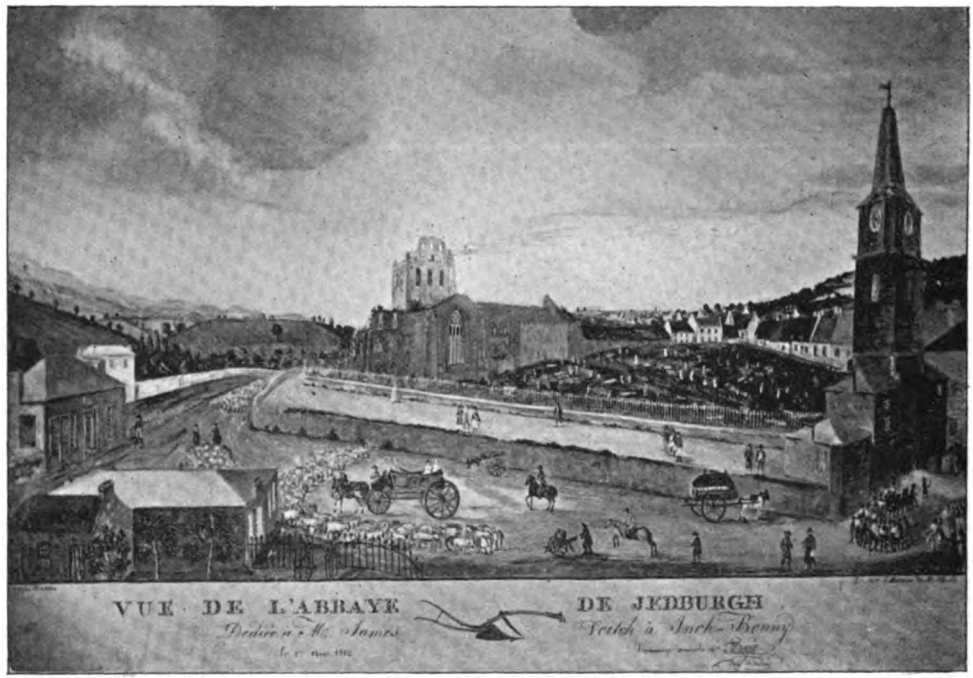
BY GEO. WATSON.

NOTWITHSTANDING his earnest pursuit of science, Veitch found time to apply himself to the making of scientific instruments, and in this he excelled, especially in the constructing of telescopes. He must have commenced very early in life to investigate the method and laws of the casting of specula, for he was but twenty when Brewster, then ten, made the telescope under his direction. The first telescope that Veitch himself constructed was a reflector—15 inches long—made from a speculum given him by Mr Alex. Scott, son of Mr George Scott, of Falla. The pursuit which he preferred most was the constructing of telescopes, and, always painstaking, he calculated the curvature of the various specula, and also of the lenses for achromatic object-glasses, with the greatest care. Needless to say, Veitch improved in the making of telescopes by practice. In 1818 he is termed "one of the very best makers of telescopes now living," and in 1831 we find that Brewster, in his life of Newton (p. 218) classes him among the chief telescope makers, when, taking a retrospect of scientific progress, he remarks on the "great contrast between the loose specula of Gregory, and the fine Gregorian telescopes of Hadley, Short, and Veitch." In those latter days the telescopes were tested by directing them toward the "King of the Wood," a noble, stalwart oak, situated up the Jed, nearly a mile from Inchbonny, and, there generally being some birds on the topmost branches of this lofty tree, if the telescope by day could define the eyes of any of the aerial flock, it was deemed worthy to be turned towards the stars at night. But this stage of perfection was not reached all at once, the initiatory steps having to be ascended. From what we learn, it appears that at first the tubes of the telescopes, however good the specula may have been, were of by no means elaborate make, for we find Brewster, writing to his friend in October, 1800, stating—while giving a description of a 2½ inch Newtonian reflector which he had seen—"It is fitted up in a fine brass tube, and mounted on an excellent stand, whereas ours bear a greater resemblance to coffins and waterspouts than anything else." In the December of 1800 he secured an excellent speculum for a seven feet reflecting telescope, which showed images with great distinctness. In August, 1812, writing to Brewster, he promises him, as a specimen of his workmanship, a small reflector, the tube to be of something like the following dimensions:—length, 9 inches; diameter, 2¼ inches. In April, 1816, we find Brewster writing to Veitch soliciting him to make some experiments on the difference of light-giving power between the Gregorian and Cassegrainian telescopes, both classes being reflectors, the only differences being that the small speculum of the Gregorian telescope is concave, while that of the Cassegrainian is convex, and the Cassegrainian is shorter than the Gregorian telescope. It appears that on reflection from a concave speculum more light is lost than by reflection from a convex, which difference of quantity Brewster here asks Veitch to determine. Veitch made several experiments on that subject, and came to the conclusion that, when the telescope is a short one, the Cassegrainian has the superiority by one-third over the Gregorian, but with larger powers they showed equally well on Saturn and certain double stars. About this time he constructed a Gregorian telescope, which, according to his own description, was "34 inches focus, diameter of metal 5¼ inches. It is first a Gregorian telescope with two sets of eye-glasses, magnifying 78 and 150, and then a Cassegrainian telescope with magnifying powers of 173 and 300; with the power of 173 Cassegrain-

ian, it is equally bright and distinct as the power of 150 Gregorian. I see Jupiter's belts exceedingly well, and the disc of Jupiter, round and well-defined, with the last power of 300." This telescope he sold for £21. In 1821 he received an order, through Brewster, for a telescope—a Gregorian reflector, which order was from Professor Schumacher of Altona, Hamburg, and the instrument—which was to be one of his best—when completed, was of the following dimensions: focal length, 32 inches; aperture, 5 inches. It proved to be a splendid article. Another was constructed on the same plan for Lord Minto, and a third for his

electric machines, and even spectacles, engaged his attention. In the year 1810 he turned his hand to the making of a hydrometer—of beechwood—a simple and ingenious instrument. It was, however, pronounced by Brewster to be defective and not to be relied on for measuring the variations of moisture.

The making of thermometers also fell under his notice, at the manufacturing of which he was an adept. The last piece of work which he accomplished before being overtaken by his last illness was the construction of two thermometers, "finished with all his wonted accuracy and delicacy of execution."



JEDBURGH IN 1812.

son, the Rev. Dr Veitch. One of the telescopes that Veitch himself used was a five feet Gregorian reflector. It may be here mentioned that the only telescope possessed by Mary Somerville was made by Veitch, while he also constructed and supplied telescopes to, among many others, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Thomas M. Brisbane, Sir Henry McDougall, Dr Thomas Somerville, minister of Jedburgh parish, and Mr Rutherfurd of Edgerston.

Nor did the constructing of telescopes occupy all his spare time. The making of barometers,

The timepiece likewise received his attention, and he made a clock for Sir Walter Scott, which the novelist invited him to bring over to Abbotsford when the building of that residence was completed, as "he would then have a better and more distinguished place for the work of his (Veitch's) hands."

Veitch also made a study of Survey work, and the Earl of Minto and he made many measurements of heights and distances, "the use of the barometer being carefully tested by the circle or sextant."

Nor was the microscope without a place in the studies of this natural genius; indeed, he was greatly interested not only in the construction, but also in the management of it. Sir David Brewster, having broken the object-glasses of his microscope, wrote Veitch (9th August, 1812), asking him to furnish him with two glasses for the same, and, in giving the dimensions of the glasses, says that he could not get these in all Edinburgh, and, not having confidence in the city opticians, prefers to give the order to Veitch. Sir David Brewster, on another occasion, sent him "a fragment of garnet, but cannot see how you can get it cut at Jedburgh." But Brewster was mistaken in the calibre of the man, and it is this same piece of mineral which he speaks of in his Treatise on Optics (p. 337-8), when he states, "Mr Veitch of Inchbonny, has likewise executed some remarkable garnet lenses out of a Greenland specimen of that mineral given to me by Sir Charles Giesecké"; and in his Treatise on the Microscope (p. 24) he makes the following tribute to Veitch with reference to the garnet: "We have used lenses made of this substance by Mr Hill, Mr Adie, and Mr Veitch, all of which exhibit minute objects with admirable accuracy and precision." Veitch did not, unfortunately, utilise all his time to such advantage, much of it being spent in common mechanical work—in the making of tubes, stands, and other such things, which the ordinary workman could have done as well, but this sort of employment Veitch took great delight in.

Veitch's profession, as already remarked, was that of ploughmaker. Not content with the plan of the plough of his day, Veitch sought, by aid of calculation and experiment, to improve on it, and he was so far successful therein that there was a large demand for his make, he having lightened them and relieved the draught. He contributed articles on these improvements to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." In 1805, and again in 1808, he seems to have made other improvements, the former of which was noticed in the "Edinburgh Magazine," and the latter he was asked by Brewster to write a description, and give a drawing of, in order to be published in the "Encyclopædia." To Admiral John Elliot of Monteviot (who defeated privateer Thurot off the Isle of Man, 1760), Veitch was indebted more than to any other for assistance in this department, he having lent Veitch many books on ploughs and ploughmaking which he could not have got otherwise. He also brought about a ploughing match at Timpendean, a large number of influential gentlemen being present, at which Veitch's ploughs were proved to be quite superior to all the others, on account of which he received a large number of orders from all parts of the kingdom. Veitch did not, with all his various pursuits, fail to find time to take up the pen. His correspondence with Brewster was in itself an Encyclopædia of scientific facts, which correspondence Brewster much appreciated, especially the results of his experiments and observations. Some of these so interested his quondam pupil that he would say in his reply, "I shall print them in the next number of the Journal"; while his experiments on the difference between the Gregorian and Cassegrainian telescopes Mr Playfair intended to publish in the "Transactions," Veitch also writing a paper on his "method of Casting and Grinding Specula" for the same publication. At another time Brewster expects "much valuable assistance in the article Grinding for the Encyclopædia." In 1826 he published his "Tables for converting the Weights and Measures hitherto used in Roxburghshire into the Imperial Standards"—a 24-page pamphlet, published (by Walter Easton, Jedburgh,) by authority of the Justices of the Peace. Veitch also served for a considerable period in the volunteers, and was an excellent marksman.

He was married when he was about thirty-one years of age. His wife (Betty Robson) appears to have participated in her husband's love for astronomy. Mary Somerville remarks of her that she "seemed to be a person of intelligence, for I remember seeing her come from the washing-tub to point out the planet Venus while it was still daylight." Veitch had three sons and four daughters. William Veitch, his eldest son, possessed all his father's zeal for making telescopes, born 1805, died 24th July, 1888, aged 83 years; Rev. James Veitch, D.D., who became one of the ministers of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh—born 1807, died 11th April, 1879, aged 72; John Veitch, born in the year 1814, was a lad of great promise in the scientific world, but was cut off at the early age of 17—died 23rd January, 1831. Of the four daughters the only survivor is Miss Betty Veitch, New Bongate, Jedburgh. In the year 1818 Veitch lost his father—William Veitch, wright (died 24th August, aged 80 years), and five years later lost his mother (died 22nd April, 1823), aged 84.

The character of Veitch is in many respects worthy of imitation. He was very devout, and was an elder of the Jedburgh Parish Church, of which he was also precentor. He observed the Sabbath day with much reverence and regularly maintained family worship. Al-

though of a quiet, simple, and unpretending manner, he often indulged in a scientific prank. It is said that, had he fully known his powers, been actuated by ambition, or followed the advice of friends such as Sir Walter Scott, he would have risen to distinction in other spheres. He had a fine appearance, being tall, handsome, and strongly built. He had an extraordinary large, bald forehead, and piercing eyes, with keen, penetrating glance. He was shrewd, outspoken, and at times sarcastic, and having many visitors when his fame had spread, these visits taxed his patience very much. Especially by those of the female sex, unversed in scientific matters, was he bothered. Of these he would bitterly complain, saying, "What should they do but ask silly questions, when they spend their lives in doing naething but spatting muslin?" Veitch was in his latter days old beyond his years. His health began to fail and the body no longer possessed its wonted strength. The mind, however, performed its functions, while the fingers retained their former activity. "Notwithstanding the bodily prostration which rapidly ensued, his mind retained its full powers until two days before the end, and then wandered into the belief, full of solemn and joyful truth, that he was on a long journey, and that he was going home." . . . He spoke repeatedly of the mystery of man's being, and the close alliance, yet clear distinction, between mind and body, testing the continued soundness of intellect by his ability to go through a process of calculation. His concern, however, was chiefly about the things of his peace; he expressed his deep sense of sinfulness and his trust in redemption through the blood of Christ. He frequently requested the Scriptures to be read, especially the Psalms and passages from the Gospel of John, and also to have prayer offered in which he might join: he seemed himself to be privately much engaged in commending himself to the mercy of the Saviour. Of his approaching end he spoke with calmness and solemnity, and, if not with assurance, yet with good hope through grace. At length, on the morning of the 10th June, 1838, his strength completely failed, and he quietly departed to his rest in the sixty-eighth year of his age."*

*Notes by Rev. Dr Veitch.

[This and the two preceding papers which originally appeared in the "Jedburgh Post" were afterwards printed in pamphlet form for private circulation. The illustrations here used are from photos kindly lent by Mr James Veitch of Inchbonny. Ed. *B.M.*]

The Muse of Yarrow.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

THE annual dinner of the Peeblesshire Society was held in Edinburgh on the evening of the 5th December last. Sir George Douglas occupied the chair, presiding over a gathering of from forty to fifty gentlemen, and in proposing the toast of the evening, after congratulating the society on having celebrated the 117th anniversary of its birthday, proceeded as follows:—Gentlemen, I have spoken of myself as an "outsider," and it is true that I cannot claim Peebleian kindred or connection. And yet I think the term was scarcely just; for I cannot but believe in the essential unity of the Border country—of the Scottish Border country; and I would venture to remind you that when an artificial line, drawn across the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, sundered the peoples to its north and south, it but drove the northern races into closer union, amalgamation and consolidation more complete. And as for Roxburgh and Peebles, with Selkirk—the old middle marches of the country—does not Tweed bind us, with its silver thread, and make us one? Its silver thread! And on that thread are strung, like beads—lustreless gems of some antique barbaric chaplet—the castles of the land: ruinous Drummelzier, lofty-standing Tinnies, your stately pile of Neidpath, Horsbrugh, Cardrona's shattered tower, immemorial Marchidun or Roxburgh, the keep of Norham, Berwick—warders, austere and frowning, stationed at their posts for this purpose, and for this alone: Border defence and Border war! And this, I think, sirs, is the character, as revealed by history, of our common Border land; it is, above others, a land of warfare, strenuous and valiant; and yet a land where war's asperities are tempered by the civil tongue of song. For not to commerce, not to art, must we look, if we would trace the course of softening and refining influence through the historic ages of our country. Not to these; but to the untutored impulse of our native pastoral muse. Our pastoral muse! A maiden of the wilds; and somewhat rude, perhaps, of nurture. And yet, methinks, she has a charm, a magic, of her own, to touch the *heart* and bid the unpractised tear spring to the eye—a charm which none—no, none—of Latin culture, or Pierian inspiration, has equalled or excelled! Such power has nature "to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." Therefore give me

From Photo by Green, Berwick-on-Tweed.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY—KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

the muse of Yarrow, taking instead—if take you must, tho' dear—her of the fount Bandusian, the Digentian stream, grots and recesses by Lucretilis, and Anio's ancient lyric cadence, falling and "falling yet!" "Love thou thy land!" so spake the clear and mellow-throated Laureate, whose voice is but lately stilled; "Love thou thy land!" But oh, how easy of obedience is this precept, when the land is such as ours—so dowered with natural beauty, so enriched by story, so renowned in song! Gentlemen, the main object of our Society is to foster and promote this love of country; may that Society flourish, as its high object makes it worthy to do!

Poems,

Lyrical and Descriptive.*

BEARING the above unpretentious title, we have before us a goodly volume of verse, much of it dealing with the Borderland, which has evidently a very warm corner in this poet's heart. The book is well described by the author in his preface thus:—

"Poetry, and by poetry I here mean verse, is a province of things in which mediocrity is well-nigh intolerable; and, therefore, we may say, a province in which a real success is seldom achieved. But let us not be discouraged. Poetry, we know, is perennial in the human soul, and will spring up there to the end of time. Nor is any true fountain of poetry to be despised however tiny it be. The wayside well, hidden by nature's growth, is generally a very small matter; yet it gratefully refreshes and succours many a weary traveller; and no wise man would abolish it because it is small. Nay, nay! Thanks to Heaven for blessings great and small! Thanks for the tiny wayside well which offers gratis its salvation to the sun-scorched, travel-worn wanderer! Thanks for the poet, however limited, who, out of no mercenary motive, says a word to solace and invigorate our spirit!

This book contains a considerable number of poems, chiefly on Scottish subjects; some of them written during the twelve years I was a farmer on our Scottish Border; some while I was engaged elsewhere, and with very different occupations."

The volume extends to 248 pages, and contains 120 pieces, some of them of considerable length. A wonderful variety of subjects are touched upon by the kindly pen of the poet. The book is one which we can take up at any moment and derive pleasure from a perusal of its pages, and we feel sure that it will make a welcome addition to the ever-increasing library of modern Border Poets.

W. S.

* Poems, Lyrical and Descriptive, chiefly connected with Edinburgh, the Lothians, and the Scottish Border. By Robert Allan. Edinburgh: W. Smith Elliot & Co.

Border Volunteers for the Front.

ON Tuesday, 13th Februarv. the Volunteer Service Company of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, to the number of 120, who had been drilled for a fortnight at the regimental depot at Berwick, left there for Southampton, where they embarked on the following day in the steamship Greek for South Africa. The men, who consist of detachments from the Dumfries and Galloway Rifles, the Border Rifles, and the Berwickshire Volunteer Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, were under Captain Haddon, Hawick; Lieut. Craig-Brown, Selkirk, in place of Lieutenant Shortridge, of the Galloway Rifles, who has been invalided by an attack of rheumatism; and Lieut. Stoddart, Greenlaw. On their march from the barracks to the railway station, they were headed by the Volunteer Brass Band and the pipers of the K.O.S.B., their progress through the streets being witnessed by large crowds of people. At the railway station, the Mayor (Mr D. Herriot, J.P.) and the Sheriff (Major A. T. Robertson), Colonel Dixon, C.B., A.D.C., commanding the 25th Regimental District, as well as several Volunteer officers from the counties from which the Service Company is drawn, were present to witness the departure of the men and to wish them God-speed and a safe return.

New Music.—"I Like Auld Hawick the Best." Such is the title of a pleasant new song written and composed by Tom Ker and arranged by M. Rosenberg. It is published by Mr Adam Grant, of 10 Bridge Street, Hawick, and is sure to be popular with all lovers of the brave old Border town. The music is clearly printed, and the accompaniments are not too difficult. It is a pleasing feature of our times that such songs are frequently being issued by our modern Border minstrels.

The following clever paragraph appeared in a recent number of the M.S. Magazine of the Glasgow Border Counties Literary Society:—"Sappers and Miners for the front. The Border Whist Club is asked to supply members who can handle a *spade* and are expert at *shuffling*. They will be supplied with frequent *changes of suits*, as their work will consist mostly of *breaking new ground* and cutting a *good deal*. *Hearts* are *trump*, and any *diamonds* that are *turned up* will *fall* to the finder. In all disputes as to ownership, *spades* may be used as *clubs*."

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

Once more I am indebted to Sir George Douglas for an interesting bit about Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, which has come to him from America. A gentleman in Cincinnati, after referring to Sir George's recent biography of Hogg, thus writes:—

Feeling confident that you would be interested in anything appertaining to this wonderful Scotchman, I beg to say that as the executor and representative of Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, Ohio, the old publisher, there has come into my possession a snuff box of James Hogg's. Mr Clarke was a particular admirer of the works of the "Ettrick Shepherd," and like all Scotchmen, loyal to that country's poets. He had a great many editions of Burns, Scott, and Hogg, and after the death of James Hogg, his widow sent to him this snuff box. I enclose a copy of a newspaper clipping of the "Cincinnati Daily" in 1856.

SNUFF-BOX OF HOGG, THE POET.—Yesterday we had the pleasure of taking a "pinch" from a snuff-box, which was carried for many years by the Ettrick Shepherd, the Scotch poet and author, James Hogg, to whom it was presented by R. A. Smith, a musical composer, and an intimate friend of Mr Hogg. It will be remembered that the poet died in 1836, since which time, until recently, the relic has been kept by his widow. It is now in the possession of Mr Robert Clarke, of the firm of Patterson & Clarke, booksellers, in Sixth Street, to whom it was sent by Mrs Hogg.

This box is what in Scotland is denominated a "snuff mull," being made from a cow's horn turned into a very pretty shape. The cap, or cover, a piece of variegated goat's horn, set in a silver band around the mouth of the mull, forms the fastening. On the lower band is engraved: "To Mr James Hogg, from his friend, R. A. Smith." Engraved on the band of the lid is "To Robert Clark, from Mrs M. Hogg, 1855." The actual value of this relic may not be great, but the associations linked around it—the fact of its having been the pocket companion of one of Scotia's sweetest bards, and most faithful authors, of its having often passed around the board when these worthies who directed "Old Ebony, met in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," attach to it a value not to be reckoned in dollars and cents.

* * * *

Methinks that lovers of Shakespeare, and there are not a few among the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, would only be too delighted if any relics connected with the Bard of Avon could be discovered. I feel confident that something of importance will yet be discovered which will throw some more light on the life of the world's greatest dramatist. The following news-cutting seems to give grounds for such a hope:—

The latest Shakespeare story, which comes by way

of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and the Berlin correspondent of the "Standard," is, to say the least, a remarkable one. The question has often been asked why Shakespeare removed Hamlet, who was born in Jutland, to the castle of Kronborg, near Helsingor, or Elsinore, in Seeland; and how he came to have such a curiously exact knowledge of the local conditions of the little seaport. These questions are answered by an old document found a short time ago in the archives of Helsingor. In the said document one is informed that the burgomaster of the town had a wooden fence erected in the year 1585, and that this fence was destroyed by a troupe of English actors. The names of the latter are mentioned, and amongst them are found some of whom one knows for certain that they were members of Shakespeare's company. From this it is concluded that this troupe, or several members thereof, had given representations in the year named in Helsingor, and that Shakespeare had obtained from them a description of the castle of Kronborg and its neighbourhood.

* * * *

All eyes are turned to South Africa at present, and I am afraid that were it possible for President Kruger to visit our Borderland just now, he would get a reception which would be not only warm but decidedly hot. It was different, however, in 1880, for in that year the redoubtable "Oom Paul" was the guest of Lord Reay at Laidlawstiel. I am not suprised to learn that Mr Kruger was delighted with the scenery of the Borders, and said that it reminded him of portions of Natal.

* * *

In the September 1898 number of the BORDER MAGAZINE there is a drawing of "Old Q," who was born in Peebles, and who is called the "degenerate Douglas" by Wordsworth, because he cut down so many of the famous Neidpath yews, and in other ways despoiled the family estates. The chequered career of many members of this branch of the Douglas family is recalled by the recent death of the Marquis of Queensberry. The following newspaper paragraphs are of considerable interest to Borderers:—

The Marquis of Queensberry, whose death is announced, represented a branch of the great Douglas family which had a bend sinister in its early days, but which rose to be one of high importance in the Borders. The best-remembered, though not by any means the best, member of the family was "Old Q.", the last of the Douglas Dukes of Queensberry, the typical eighteenth "fin de siecle" aristocratic roue. He and the late peer's ancestor who succeeded to the older Queensberry titles were but remotely connected, yet something of the same blood must have tainted both.

When "Old Q." died the greater part of his estates went by the entail to the Duke of Buccleuch, as well as his ducal title, but it is a mistake to imagine, as some writers do, that the successor to the marquisate got nothing. As matter of fact the Marquis of Queensberry inherited estates belonging to "Old Q." in the parishes of Cummertrees, Lochmaben, Mouswald, Tinwald, and Torthorwald of the annual value of over £12,000. Most of these have, however, been sold, and it is to be feared that the new marquis will cut but a poor figure territorially as compared with his ancestors.

The kindest thing to say about the late Marquis of Queensberry is that he belonged to a family which through several generations has been eccentric to the verge of insanity. Almost the only thoroughly sane and satisfactory member of the family during the last century was the Marquis's own eldest son, Lord Drumlanrig, whom Lord Roseberry raised to the English peerage as Lord Hilhead for the convenience of having him by his side as private secretary in the Upper House at the time when he was Foreign Secretary. Lord Hilhead was a man of character as well as intellectual brilliance, and his sad death by a gun accident was one of the greatest misfortunes which ever befel this unhappy branch of the house of Douglas.

Lord Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers, who now becomes Marquis of Queensberry, saw a good deal of life in the Australian bush a few years ago. He knocked about the Westralian goldfields for some time, and was likely to remain connected with them after his return home, but by degrees he drifted out of the Colonial circle. Lord Percy Douglas, as he was then, for his elder brother was still alive, made many friends on the diggings.

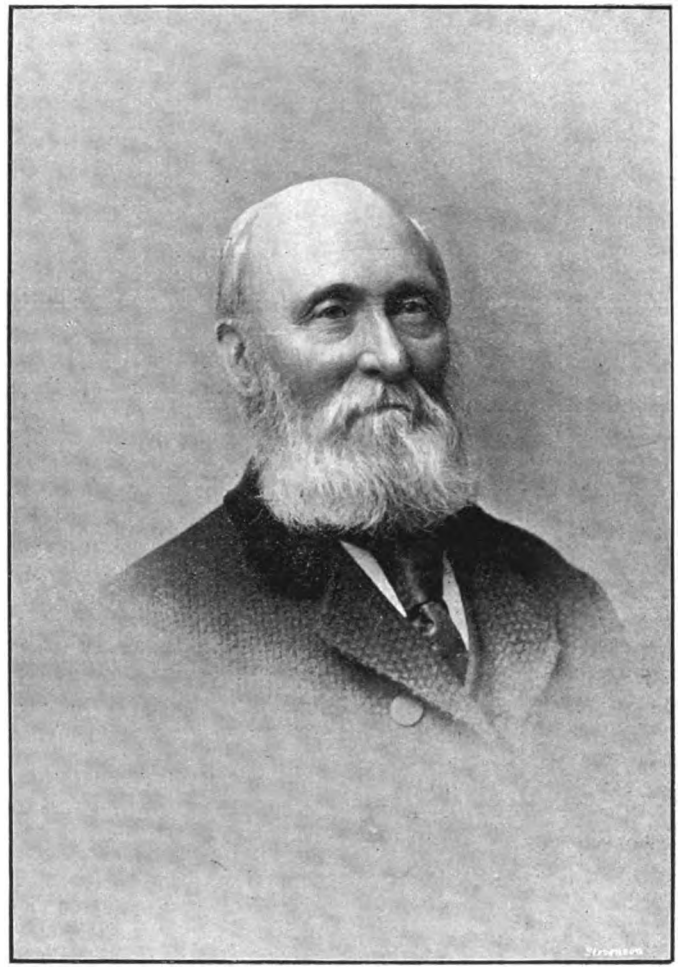
* * *

From the "Southern Reporter" I cull the following notice of an old established Border publication:—"The Border Almanac" (3d, by post, 6d) published by J. & J. H. Rutherford, Kelso, is this year somewhat behind its usual time of issue, but, come when it may, its appearance is always welcome to those who have learned its value as a book of handy reference for information on Border matters; and for 1900 it is not less full of it than its predecessors. It presents among its varied and useful contents, official lists of the Courts and Boards of the Border counties, and statistical tables and particulars which are not to be found elsewhere in such clear detail. The obituary department of the publication has always been interesting, and the notices of distinguished Borderers whose names appear in the death roll of last year is not less so. The last of the worthies of whom memorial notices are given is Major-General Wauchope, who had a close connection with Yetholm; and the benefits he conferred on the villages in the matter of water supply, and otherwise, established his claim to be ranked among philanthropic men in the Border country. Mr James H. Rutherford, who has had much to do with the getting up of the Almanac since its commencement in 1867, and "now verging on his 81st year," intimates that he must now withdraw from work in connection with it, and addresses a few farewell words of thanks and good wishes to its readers and subscribers.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Late Mr A. J. Waitt, Jedburgh.

IN London on the 28th of November last, there passed away in his 80th year a native of the county town whose memory will long remain green to a large circle of friends. Mr Andrew John Waitt was born and spent the first twenty years of his life in Jedburgh. He then spent many years in Glasgow, but afterwards, on grounds both of health and business, removed to London, where the latter half of his life has been spent, and during which period he has seen far less of his native county than he desired. His father, for whom he ever retained a high esteem, followed the honourable and useful, but far from lucrative, occupation of a schoolmaster, and his favourite amusement was fishing. On these fishing excursions by the sylvan banks of Jed or Teviot, his younger son often accompanied him, and no doubt in this way benefited a constitution never very robust. Like Andrew Mercer, the tailor poet,



From Photo by MR A. J. WAITT. G. W. Austen, London, W.

"When life was young and free from care,
He breathed the healthful gale
That swept along the hills and glens
Of bonnie Teviotdale."

When about fifteen his mother met in the street the bluff old Provost Hilson, who sixty-five years ago presided over the town's civic affairs. "Well, Mrs Waitt," said the Provost, in his

cheery way, "what are the boys doing? send them to the mill, can't you; ye're sae d—d prood." The boy, however, did not go to the mill, but was bound apprentice to Adam Turnbull, bookseller and bookbinder, Market Place, with whom he spent five years. It may have been partly owing to this occupation that he got a taste for literature, and especially poetry, which he always retained. From his youth up it was a pleasure to him to learn poetry by heart, and the stores he had in this way acquired were quite remarkable. Asked on one occasion to read a paper in connection with a literary society, he so far overcame his native modesty as to consent. He introduced his paper by the appropriate motto, "I have made a nosegay of wild flowers with nothing of my own but the string that ties them," and for nearly an hour delighted his audience with a beautiful selection of poetry largely quoted extempore. He could even make his poetical acquirements tell in business. On one occasion he had been estimating for some work when the year was just about closing. The buyer said, "I don't see much advantage; we may as well stick to the old people." Mr Waitt at once replied,

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true"

and got the order.

It is not possible to convey to outsiders the full impression of his genial and sunny nature, of his playful fancy and quiet humour, the little flashes of wit, with never a trace of malice, which always characterised him. Never very successful in money-making, he was the far finer character of a diffuser of happiness to those who knew him best. He had a distinctly artistic faculty, and loved the drama, though never very much of a theatre-goer. He had an eye for painting and architecture and scenery, but, above all, he loved his home, where he always said the real enjoyment of life was to be found. Like Dr Johnson, he enjoyed the company of congenial spirits, younger than himself in years, though not in life or gaiety. A quiet, but not very quiet, rubber in such company was his delight, and as he trumped a fat trick he simply sparkled with enjoyment.

Time would utterly fail to tell of the boyish remembrances of his native town, which were both numerous and interesting: the old "characters" of that now far-off period—the political contests, snatches of sharp sayings and of satirical verses, and of much besides. It must suffice to mention one. He lived through the stormy times of 1832, and distinctly remembered Sir Walter Scott, in an outburst of passion, saying, "I care for you no more than for the braying of the beasts of the field." A howl of execration was the rejoinder, quickly followed by the cry, "Burke Sir Walter," and it was always his belief that the rash old Tory had a narrow escape. Mr Waitt leaves a sorrowing widow, the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows for half a century, and four loving and devoted children, and now sleeps his last sleep in Finchley Cemetery.

"Life's fitful fever o'er."

A Dream of the Past.

A Border Idyll.

THE green hills fall back on one side from the roadway; on the other side the greener fields sweep down to the river. High over the backs of the distant mountains the sun sends out a glancing ray, which tells by its upward cast that the day is done; while higher still, against the blue of the autumn sky, floats the magic form of a hawk, that gazes off into the realms toward which the sun is passing, with a seeming knowledge of the future denied to the denizens of the earth.

Down the vale to the east, the hills are of a softer outline, and lie with their brows bathed in the sunshine which has left the upper glens. The scene is of such beauty, peace, and sadness, that the solitary wayfarer is moved by feelings he cannot express. What man ever expressed those feelings yet, except in the finest poetry. Oh, the glory and delight of those golden-tipped, autumn hills of Yarrow! Silent lies the deep, dark loch; silent stand the sentinel hills around, their slopes in shadow, but their brows in glory, the purple-yellow glory of the evening light. It were sacrilege to move in such surroundings; all life has flown from the scene, leaving nothing but the silence of the everlasting hills, with the occasional cry of a shepherd, heard as if uttered by the shadows on the upland.

But the edge of the gold creeps slowly upwards, till only the tips of the distant heights are still alight; then, without warning, the picture becomes one of greyish-purple outlines and deeper black shadows, over-arched by the pale blue sky, in whose eastern portion several starry discs tell of other worlds. Night has come; and yet the day lingers, for here and there a little cloud still turns a rosy flank towards the west; but the night sounds are with us, those eerie, wailing sounds of the uplands, the calls from shadow-land. The whaup on the moorland whistles and curlews, the peewit in the meadow answers; back and forth swing the cries, now faint behind a knoll,

now clear in the air above, now mingling with the shriek of the wandering owl, while, as the breeze comes fresh down the vale, the sound of the river comes with it, like a sigh for the day that is past.

Oh, wild is the sough of the strong-rushing river:
Oh, sad are the cries from the muirland so lone;
While up by the linn the pale birk-tree doth quiver,
And sighs, with the ssh, for the day that is gone

Ah, why do I love thee, thou wild Border upland?
Thy secret, what is it, that's wrapt round my heart?
In dreamland I see thee; in songland I hear thee;
No other delight can my soul from thee part.

Is't thy beauty, thy story, thy songs, or thy people?
I know not; but ever thou'rt first in my thought;
I know that I love thee. What more can I tell thee?
In thee do I find the sweet rest that I've sought.

HARRY FRASER.

The Late Trooper A. S. Dunn, Melrose.

TROOPER A. S. DUNN of the Imperial Light Horse, who was killed during the Boer assault on Ladysmith, on January 6th, was a Borderer, belonging to Melrose, and a great grandson of the late Sir David Brewster. He had been in Africa barely a year when the war broke out, and was amongst the first to volunteer, passing the severe tests of the above corps with distinction. He served in it for three months, and had taken part in four engagements.

From Photo by TROOPER A. S. DUNN. his Sister.

A Border Poet of the Earlier Half of the Century.

By Alex. Oliver, B.A., D.D.

THE traveller by the Waverley route from Hawick to Hexham, after leaving the main line at Riccarton, passes the rural station of Saughtree. The place is quiet and lonely, and recalls Wordsworth's description, applied to Yarrow, of "pastoral melancholy." Here lived and laboured one who is not yet quite forgotten in his native borderland, although many years have gone since he was gathered to his fathers, and who has left both in lyric and ballad form what is fitted to charm. We refer to James Telfer, who held the post of teacher in a small school there, on the modest salary, besides a dwelling-house, of not more than twenty pounds a year.

Telfer was born near Oxnam in the early part of the century, and, disliking the care of sheep in which he first engaged, he sought and gained employment among the shepherds as a teacher of their children. The other day we foregathered with an octogenarian on the North-umbrian side of the Border, who had been one of his pupils at Jedhead, and who had very vivid memories of him. From the distance of the parochial school, and the roughness of the roads, the shepherds had to combine for education; and, according to our octogenarian friend, this was the method followed:—The schoolroom was fixed at the shepherd's house at Jedhead, from its central position; but Telfer was a peripatetic lodger. The parents of the children lodged and boarded him "time about," as they phrased it, the number of weeks' board in each family being regulated by the number of children it had under tuition. Those who had the larger number kept him for a longer time, and those who had the smaller kept him for a shorter.

Both on his pupils and their parents he left very deeply marked the impress of his personality; and for many a long year after the name of "Jamie Telfer" was a household word with them. His rhyming propensities got to be known, and sometimes a sly look of a pupil from slate or copy-book would discover him in what was described as "a brown study," and by and by the youngsters would be tickled by hearing his quiet laugh. The brain of their dominie was then busy with fairy song or satirical ballad. It was at this time (about 1824) that he wrote and got printed on a broadside his famous ballad of "Lang Eaby," which created great excitement in the district and made Telfer himself alarmed. The scathing satire was libellous, and might have led to legal proceedings. This Telfer came to realise, and, according to our friend, he had his hiding place sought out, and was ready to retire to it if any suspicious person should be seen approaching. There was not a house in these moorland wilds that was not familiar with the ballad, and enjoyed it, and all the more that its satire was more than ordinarily biting.

The ballad, of which, although rare, a copy now lies before us, was entitled, "The Fearfu' Hinderend of Lang Eaby." The friend, from whom we received it many long years ago, appended this explanatory note:—"Mr Telfer, an unassuming-looking countryman in plain garb, had attempted to enter the court-house (of Jedburgh) during some trials going on within, and was rudely repulsed in the spirit of officious impertinence by "Lang Eaby," one of the town officers. The ill-treatment was too much to endure, and the bard took ample revenge in the character of satirist." The satire consists of nineteen verses, in which Eaby's two sons, popularly known as "Tip" and "Sheck," figure prominently and not very creditably. How Eaby himself is made to appear these opening lines sufficiently indicate:—

"When death gat the warrant Lang Eaby to catch,
'Twas needless to think o' escapin';
And Eaby was feared, he had been such a wratch,
He kenned he wad burn like a brumstany match,
And lang the red pit had been gapin'."

In a notice of Mr Telfer, which appeared in 1851 in the "North and South Shields Gazette," then edited by Mr Brockie, another Border litterateur, and written we believe, by the late Mr John Hilson of Jedburgh, it is stated that this satire was shown to Sir Walter Scott, and that he laughed very heartily when he read it.

When fairly settled at Saughtree, which was in 1827, he prepared and published a volume of "Ballads," which he dedicated to the Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg, for his "Queen's Wake" had done much to inspire his muse. That volume, which contains some of Hogg's finest poetical efforts, Telfer admired intensely, and some of the Shepherd's notes find an echo in his. He also became a contributor to the 'Newcastle Magazine," and one of his papers there is said to have called forth high praise from a distinguished professor in one of our universities. Among his contributions were a series of papers entitled "Literary Gossip," of which Mr Hilson says:—"Though less diffuse than the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' yet they are as true to nature, and often equal, if not superior to them in the range of general in-

formation and sound masculine judgment."

In 1835 there appeared his tale of "Barbara Gray." This did not excite much attention, except among his friends, but it is a touching and well-told story of humble life, and deserved to be known. Then short tales and sketches were contributed by him to the "Tyne Mercury." Some twenty-six years after, when age was beginning to tell and the "res angustæ" were being keenly felt, "Barbara Gray" was republished with a selection from his ballads and other poetical pieces, and with his "Witches o' Birtley," a prose legend from the traditions of Northumberland. Very material aid was lent him by his friend Mr Hilson in pushing the sale of it. Three years after this we had the rare privilege of meeting the old man at Newcastleton, and reminding him of old family associations at the head of the Jed. We tried to interest him in further literary efforts, but the fire had begun by this time to burn low.

"Barbara Gray" is a tale that greatly engrossed him. Writing to a friend of an illness he had in 1830, he tells him that, fearing he was to die, he had but one regret, and that was that he would not be spared to complete his tale; and he finely adds, "You may, perhaps, smile at me for this, but the boy's mite is his all, and consequently not to be cast away." The story is meant to expose the harsh treatment which, in the earlier part of the century, many of the peasants and small tenants had to suffer from their arrogant and overbearing superiors. In the working out of it an unprincipled laird parts two lovers through the agency of the press-gang, and under the pretence of a Scottish marriage, which he would fain have repudiated, blights a young and innocent life, but comes to reap as he had sowed. There is a good deal of incident in the tale, and the characters are well drawn. Very touching is the picture of poor Barbara, when her brain has reeled under the heartless treatment of the man who had vowed to be her husband, and she longs for the "cold blue water, over which the birken tree flings its shadow, to cool her burning brow." In these days of sensationalism, it may be felt not to be sufficiently spiced with the weird and thrilling, but it is a tale in which the reader will find more true genius than in some works better known and of higher pretensions.

But if "Barbara Gray" has fallen into the shade, some of his ballads are not likely to be forgotten. "Fair Lilias," which ends in "a lady bright being led by her knight to the holy altar's side," is the longest, and is marked by much beauty of fancy and sweetness of versification; but "The Gloamyne Bucht" is, in our judgment, the best. It is a weird story of the last of the fairies that came to the ewe-bucht, "clad o' green, and wi' lang hair yellow as gowd hingin' roun' its shouthers, whiles gien a whink of a greet, and ay atween hands raisin' a queer yirlish, unearthly cry—'Hae ye seen Hewie Milburn?'" The bonnie Jeanie Roole was milking the "yowes" and singing "The Keache i' the Creel" when this creature raised "its note and sang sae witchingly and sweet." The description of the power of its song is most graphic. We can only give these verses. After telling how the very "mowdies powtlet out o' the yirth and kissed the singer's feet," the ballad thus goes on:—

"The waizel dun, frae the auld grey cairn,
The thief foumart cam nigh,
The hurcheon raxit his scory chaftis,
And gepit wi' girnin' joy.

Tod Lowrie, frae the screthy holis,
Cam cowrin' cunningly;
The stinkan brock wi' his lanky lisk,
Shot up his gruntle to see."

On bonnie Jeanie Roole, who "held her breath and thought it all a dream," the effect was—

"That never mair at gloamynge bucht
Wad she sing another sang."

"Auld Ringan," which follows, is in a different style. Ringan Oliver was a typical Borderer of the olden time, stout of heart and strong of limb, quite of the class who would brandish their weapon and sing—"And wha daur meddle wi' me?" He had had a remarkable history. He had been at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, for he was "a champion grim of Scotland's broken covenant;" and at Killiecrankie, too. After that disastrous fight he and a small party made good their retreat to Dunkeld, where he held the kirkyard. There, next morning, he had also a tough but successful combat with a powerful Highlander who was challenging "every canting, psalm-singing, Whig repellioner to meet him." In his own borderland he had done many doughty deeds to the cost of Englishmen. But the story of the ballad, although it refers to these incidents, is mainly occupied with another. It narrates Ringan's wrath against the Marquis of Ferneyhirst, who thought fit, when hunting, to spoil his crop, and tells how Ringan shot his dogs and struck down one of his menials who had dared to cross swords with him in the field, and how returning home he barricaded his house against the officers sent to

take him, and with the help of a servant maid defended it bravely till she fell by an unlucky shot. This action cost him eight years' imprisonment. The whole story is powerfully told. The struggle in the field between Ringan and the Marquis's huntman was not a very long one, for

"The first stroke Ringan at him wan,
The blood came trickling down;
The second stroke he at him wan,
He smote him o'er the crown.
The pricker then, like stricken stot,
To eard fell in a swoon."

The siege which followed was a more serious matter; for it was Ringan and his maid against a body of armed men. But Ringan made a heroic resistance.

"And he shot out and they shot in,
Nor ceased the bitter strife;
It was a weary work to work
Against an old man's life.
The siege began in after-prime,
While high and hot the sun;
When rudely blazed he o'er the west
The fortress was not won."

Although overpowered by numbers, yet Ringan nobly vindicated his claim to be the foremost of the "Stout Jedforest clan" whose name he bore.

Our space forbids further quotation; and we have only to add that Telfer died in 1862, in "the leafy month of June," when the hills he loved so well were clad in their richest green. The house in which he had lived would be now condemned as insanitary, and there can be little doubt that it hastened the close. We shall be glad if our notice revive an interest in the writings of one of whom it has been justly said—"Since the decease of the Ettrick Shepherd, we have had few, if any, imitators of the genuine old minstrel ballads equal to James Telfer."

Aunt Mary's Lodger:

A Melrose Story.

AUNT MARY is, by her own confession, thirty-seven, but I happened to get hold of the old family Bible the other day, and found that she was born in the year 1847. However, like another old lady I have heard of, she "isn't much in figures," and that perhaps accounts for the discrepancy.

About three years since Aunt Mary had an offer, and it is about this I am going to tell you.

You must know, to begin with, that my aunt is possessed of a comfortable little property, consisting of a small cottage at Melrose and some bank stock, on which she manages to live very comfortably. At one time Miss Lennox, whose father had been a physician, lodged at the cottage, but somehow my aunt never seems to get along very well with those of her own sex. But any gentleman of marriageable age is sure to be in clover at my Aunt Mary's. The nicest butter and the most delicious preserves are sure to be brought out for his benefit.

Well, just at this time three years ago a Mr Ewan came to Melrose, and took rooms at the cottage for the months of July and August. He gave it out darkly that he was a successful novelist, whose works appeared under another name, and that his object in coming to the district was to secure local colour for a romance, in which Sir Walter Scott was intended to be the central character. He was "a bit run down," as he termed it, but, though my aunt would insist that the poor gentleman's health was delicate, I soon noticed that his appetite was far from delicate.

Mr Ewan evidently enjoyed the good fare which he got at my aunt's, and kept up the role of invalid very well. I remember being there to tea one evening, and regarding with astonishment the ravings of his appetite.

"A little more strawberry jam, Miss Heron," he said pensively. "I don't think it can hurt me."

"No, I am sure not," said my aunt with alacrity.

"And your scones are so good I think I will venture upon just one more." He had already eaten six.

There was some fruit cake on the table, which I have always considered bad for dyspeptics, but Mr Ewan kept helping himself till there was none left.

"I am afraid I have eaten too much," he said, at the close of a meal in which he had eaten enough for three men.

"Oh, no," said my poor, infatuated aunt. "I'm afraid you haven't eaten enough to last you till morning."

"I have to deny myself, Miss Heron, and it is denial with such excellent dishes as you always set on the table."

"Now I am sure you are flattering me."

"Nay, my dear young lady" (that mode of address gained my aunt's heart at once) "I have put up at many excellent places. In London I always dine at Gatti's, but I have never found cooking that excelled yours."

"You are very kind," said my aunt gratefully, "but I'm sure you can't be in earnest."

"I am indeed, and I am sure your sister will bear me witness to it."

"My sister?" said Aunt Mary, interrogatively.

"Yes; this young lady," turning to me.

"I am Miss Heron's niece," said I with emphasis.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr Ewan, with well-assumed surprise. "I did not suppose Miss Heron had a grown-up niece."

"She is the daughter of my oldest brother," said my aunt, anxious for her own reputation for juvenility.

"Only two years older than yourself!" I thought, but did not venture to say so.

One day I came in and found Aunt Mary in a strange flutter of excitement.

"Oh, my dear Caroline, I have such news to tell you," she said.

"What is it, aunt?"

"I—I hardly like to tell you," she said, bashfully.

"I hope it is nothing bad."

"Oh, no, quite the reverse. Mr Ewan, Caroline, you must have observed——"

"Yes, I have observed him," and I wickedly determined not to help my aunt out.

"I mean you must have observed of late his — don't know how to say it exactly—I mean that he has been quite attentive to me."

"I have noticed his attention to all your nice dishes. My dear aunt you ought to increase the price of his board."

"For shame! Caroline," said my aunt, indignantly. "He eats no more than a bird."

"Ahem!" I coughed dubiously.

"Yesterday he told me," continued my aunt, "how lonely he was. You can't think what a sad history his has been. The young lady to whom he was engaged died just before marriage, and he has mourned for her ever since. He says," my aunt proceeded with a simper, "that she looked like me."

"Does he want to marry you?" I asked rather abruptly.

"Yes, Caroline," said my aunt bashfully.

"And, of course, you refused him ——"

"I did no such thing," said Aunt Mary angrily. "Why will you be so provoking? Why should I refuse him?"

"He's a good deal younger than you."

"You are very much mistaken, niece. He is thirty-five, and I am thirty-seven. Two years are a trifle."

"Well," said I, "you don't know anything about his character."

"I know that he is a most excellent young man. It is strange, Caroline, that you should have such a prejudice against him."

"I haven't that I am aware of."

"I am not responsible," said my aunt with sarcasm, "for his liking me instead of you. If he had liked you I am sure I shouldn't have tried to set you against him."

"Make yourself easy on that point, Aunt Mary," said I, quite amused. "When I fall in love it will be with quite a different man. If you like Mr Ewan I am sure I hope you will marry him. I have no objection."

"Spoken like my own niece," said my aunt cordially.

"Has Mr Ewan any property?" I asked with a sudden suspicion.

"Yes, he is quite rich," said my aunt with an air of importance.

"Did he tell you so?"

"Yes."

"Where is his property?"

"He has a fine place in Surrey, and owns a house in London also."

"Then I suppose we must lose you?"

"Yes. I suppose we shall live either in London or Surrey most of the year, but we shall run up here for a few weeks every summer."

"Well, aunt, I hope you won't forget us when you are Mrs Ewan."

"No, my dear child," said my aunt, who was in excellent humour. "I shall want you to come and spend part of next winter with us."

"Will Mr Ewan be willing?"

"Oh, yes, he will agree to whatever I suggest," said my aunt proudly.

A week after I called in again and found my aunt alone.

"Where is Mr Ewan?" I asked.

"He has gone to London to make some preparations for the wedding," she answered.

"And when is it to come off?"

"In a month—as soon as I can get ready."

Aunt Mary revealed another circumstance which caused me some anxiety, though it didn't appear to trouble her at all. Her affianced husband had borrowed of her the sum of one hundred pounds, alleging that all his money was so invested that he could not realise without loss.

"But what does he want this money for?" I asked.

"He said that he wished to buy me a splendid piano as a wedding gift."

"But you don't know how to play."

"I can learn. I shall at once begin to take lessons of one of the best instructors. When you come to see me you must try my piano and see how you like it. Such a delicate and beautiful wedding present, don't you think so?"

"Ye-es," said I, hesitating. In my secret soul I had come to the conclusion that Aunt Mary would never see anything more of the money.

Three days later I chanced to meet the postman coming with a letter for my aunt. Suspecting that it was from Mr Ewan I took it and carried it into my aunt's cottage.

Her face brightened up when she saw it, and she hastily opened it, but a change came over her as she read it, and a minute later she screamed and went into hysterics. After bringing her too I took the letter and read as follows:—

"Good bye, old lady, I have thought better of it, and think if I marry at all it will be a more youthful bride—your niece, for example. I like your cooking, but beauty isn't your strong point. If you can find any old fellow of sixty, about your own age, willing to marry you, give him my compliments, and say I won't stand in his way.

"As to the money, I shall return it sometime if ever I find it convenient. When that time comes I will let you know. By-by. Love to your niece.

J. EWAN."

"Was there ever such a wretch?" I exclaimed indignantly. "Oh, my poor aunt, how could you listen to such a man?"

"How dare he call me an old lady?" exclaimed my aunt with flashing eyes. "To speak of me as sixty! If I only had him here, I'd——"

Here my aunt burst into another flood of tears.

Indeed, I should have pitied Ewan if he had been present there. I verily believe he wouldn't have escaped without some bruises. Aunt Mary could pardon anything but reflections on her age. That was enough to inspire her perpetual enmity.

Nothing has been heard of Ewan since, nor, I regret to say, of the hundred pounds which my deluded aunt entrusted him with. My aunt doesn't often allude to her first offer in my presence, but I believe she hasn't given up hopes of a second.

"SCOTTISH AMERICAN."

Sir Walter's Funeral.

A REVERIE IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.

SEVERAL inquiries having been frequently made regarding the following lines, which were well known and often quoted by a former generation of Borderers, we have much pleasure in reproducing them here. The lines originally appeared in one of the old-fashioned Annuals of "Sixty Years Since," but we have never been able to ascertain who wrote them. Ed. *B.M.*

'Twas morn, but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When Beauty walks in gladness forth with all her light and song;
'Twas morn, but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows like the wings of death were cast upon the gale.

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume and cloak and pall, a funeral train swept by.
Methought! St Mary shield us well! that other forms moved there
Than those of mortal brotherhood—the noble, young, and fair.

Was it a dream? How oft in sleep we ask, "Can this be true?"
Whilst warm Imagination paints her marvels to our view,
Earth's glory seems a tarnished crown to that which we behold
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold.

Was it a dream? Methought the dauntless Harold passed me by:
The proud Fitz-James with martial step and dark intrepid eye:
That Marmion's haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake:
And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet Lady of the Lake.

The Minstrel whose last Lay was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious Waverley with glance and step of woe,
And Stuart's voice rose there as when 'mid fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave Vich Ian Vohr.

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the Dominie stalked past,
With Bertram, Julia by his side, whose tears were flowing fast.
Guy Mannering moved there, o'erpowered by that afflicting sight,
And Merrilies as when she swept o'er Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave Monkbarns appeared amidst that burial line;
And Ochiltree leant o'er his staff and mourned for "Auld Lang Syne."
Slow marched the gallant M'Intyre, whilst Lovel mused alone—
For once Miss Wardour's image left that bosom's faithful throne.

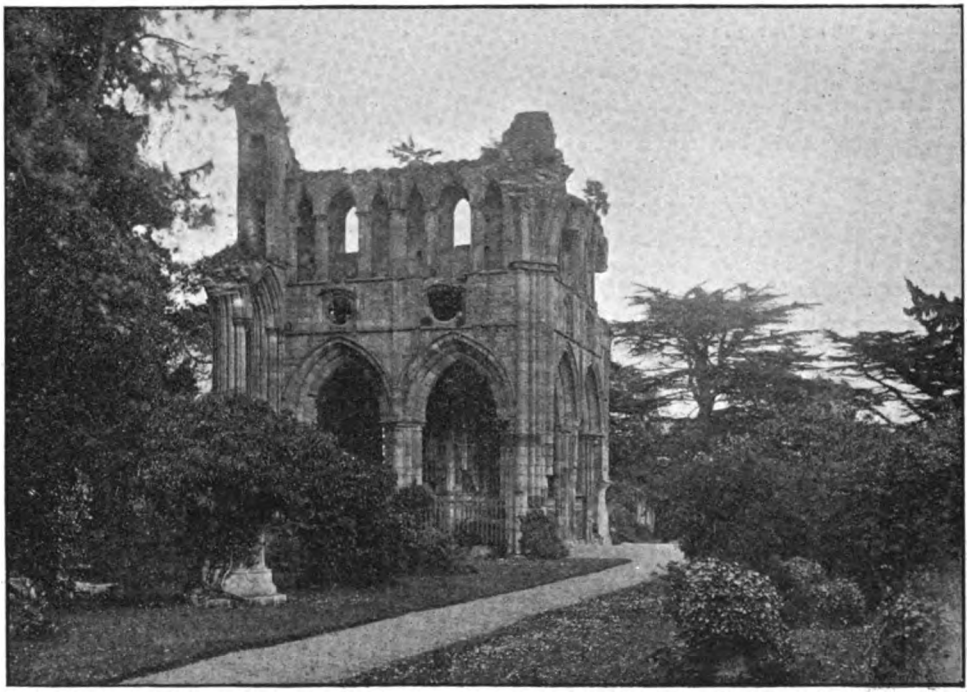
With coronach and arms reversed came forth MacGregor's clan,
Red Dougal's cry pealed shrill and wild—Rob Roy's wild brow looked wan,
The fair Diana kissed her cross and blessed its sainted ray,
While, "Wae is me," the Bailie sighed, "that I should see this day!"

Next rode in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far-renowned Black Dwarf.
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free,
The pious sculptor of the grave stood Old Mortality.

Balfour of Burley, Claverhouse, the Lord of Evandale,
And stately Lady Margaret whose woe might nought avail,
Fierce Bothwell on his charger black, as from the conflict won,
And pale Habakkuk Mucklewrath who cried, "God's will be done."

Then Annot Lyle, the fairy queen of light and song stepped near:
The Knight of Ardenvohr, and he the gifted Highland seer.
Dalgetty, Duncan, Lord Menteith, and Ronald met my view,
The hapless Children of the Mist and Alrich Connel Dhu.

On swept Bois-Guilbert, Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy's plume of woe,
And Cœur-de-Lion's crest shone near the valiant Ivanhoe.
While, soft as glides a summer cloud, Rowena closer drew
With beautiful Rebecca, peerless daughter of the Jew



From Photo by DRYBURGH ABBEY. Jas. Crighton, Edinburgh.

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms midst wildest scenes,
Passed she, the modest, eloquent, and virtuous Jeanie Deans.
And Dumbiedikes, that silent laird, with love too deep to smile,
And Effie with her noble friend, the good Duke of Argyle.

With lofty brow and bearing high, dark Ravenswood advanced,
Who on the false Lord Keeper's mien with eye indignant glanced.
Whilst graceful as a lovely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
Approach'd the beauty of all hearts, the Bride of Lammermoor.

Still onward, like a gathering night, advanced that funeral train,
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main,
Where'er the eager gaze might reach in noble ranks were seen
Dark plume and glittering mail and crest and beauteous woman's mien.

The vision and the voice are o'er—their influence waned away,
Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day.
The vision and the voice are o'er, but when will be forgot
The buried genius of Romance—the imperishable SCOTT!

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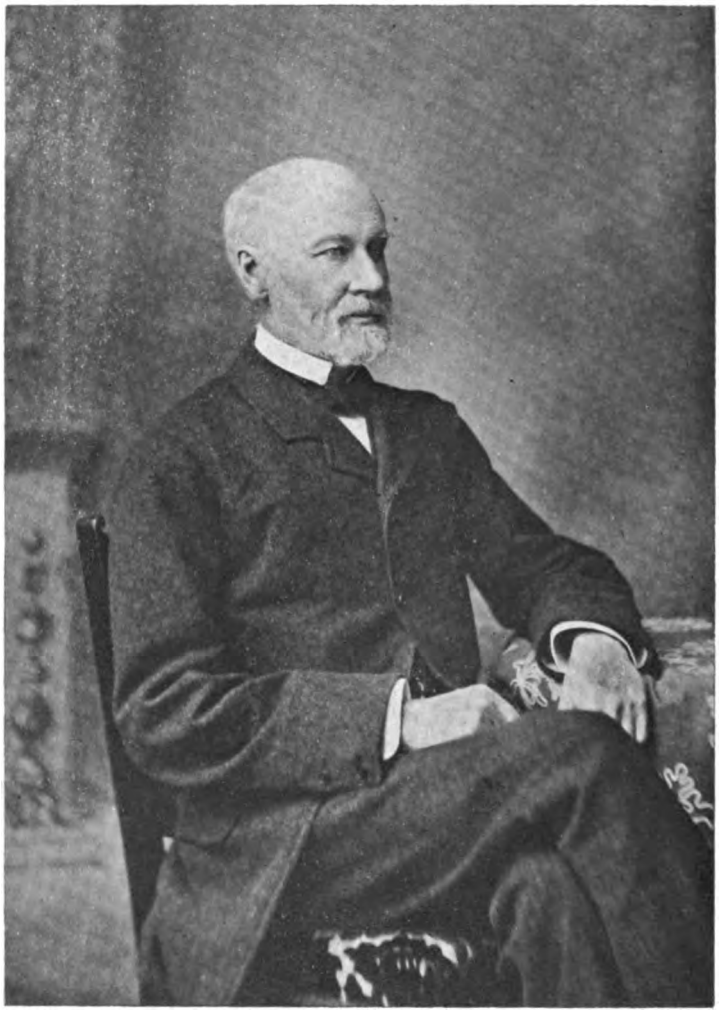


From Photo by J. McKnaught & Son, Peebles.

SIR G. GRAHAM MONTGOMERY, BART.

VOL. V., No. 51. APRIL, 1900.

Sir G. Graham Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart.

οὔτε τινὰ ῥέξας ἐξαίσιον οὔτε τι εἰπὼν
κεῖνος δ' οὔ ποτε πάμπαν ἀτάσθαλον ἄνδρα ἐώργει.—HOM. ODY. IV., 690, 693.

"He nevere yet no vileynye ne sayd
In al his lyf unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knyght."—CHAUCER, Prol., 70-72.

IN giving sketches of the more prominent landowners of the Border Counties, the BORDER MAGAZINE is fortunate in having to deal with the careers of many gentlemen whose rank and wealth are combined with personal worth and public service. Among them none stands higher in general esteem than Sir Graham Graham Montgomery.

Sir Graham was born at Edinburgh on the 9th July, 1823. His grandfather was a very eminent lawyer, who purchased the estate of Stobo, and for his services as Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, received the Baronetcy of Stanhope. His father was Sir James Montgomery, the second Baronet, who married as his second wife Miss Graham of Kinross. From his father, Sir Graham, at the early age of sixteen, inherited the estate of Stobo, in Peeblesshire, and from his mother the Kinross estate. He was educated at the Academy, Edinburgh, where, having gained a prize which he showed to Lord Cockburn, he was amused at his lordship's vigorous censure of the school authorities for giving a copy of Homer as a prize-book to a boy. After leaving The Academy he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1846, he graduated Master of Arts.

The responsibility of managing two important estates devolved upon him as soon as he came of age. But his character was already formed. It is now more than fifty-five years since the inhabitants of Kinross, congratulating him on his majority, expressed their confidence in his ability worthily to bear his part as Lord of the Manor. Their hope has been well fulfilled. To be a successful landowner requires a rare combination of thrift and generosity. Never thoughtlessly rushing into lavish expenditure, and never grudging any necessary improvement because of its expense, Sir Graham has all along kept his property in good order, and maintained his position with dignity.

"At Raehills, on the 10th April, 1845, by the Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Graham Graham Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart., to Alice, youngest daughter of John

James Hope Johnstone, of Annandale, Esq., M.P." On this auspicious notice there followed a long and happy married life. They had eight of a family, among whom may be mentioned James Gordon Henry, Lieut.-Colonel, Coldstream Guards (retired), the heir to the Baronetcy; Alice Anne, who is Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos and Lady Egerton of Tatton, and Helen Mabel, who is The Countess Temple. Lady Montgomery, as wife, as mother, as a distinguished personage in society, and as the centre of a large circle of retainers and dependents, well deserved the affection, the esteem, and the respect which she enjoyed from all.*

STOBO CASTLE.

Besides the diligent discharge of the multifarious duties of a landed proprietor, Sir Graham Montgomery has been eminent in public service. A staunch Conservative, he entered Parliament as member for the County of Peebles in 1852. From that year up to 1880, a period of twenty-eight years, he represented Peeblesshire, and latterly the combined Counties of Peebles and Selkirk. At election times he had his share occasionally of the boisterous attentions of disappointed opponents, but he was no more ruffled thereby than a sportsman by the pelt of a passing shower. His talents were recognised by the Government of the day, and in 1866 he was rewarded with an appointment as Scotch Lord of the Treasury. With this office, which he held under two administrations, he obtained prominence among other Scotch members. For, as the Lord Advocate failed to secure a seat, the charge of Scotch business for a year was entrusted to Sir Graham. He was conscientious in attending to every detail of his office, and his courtesy commended him to men of all parties.

Sir Graham is Lord-Lieutenant of Kinross, and Vice-Lieutenant of Peeblesshire.

With the institution of County Councils he was elected first Chairman of the County Council of Peebles, an honour to which he has regularly been re-elected. A keen interest in the work not only secures his constant attendance at the Council meetings, but also at meetings of committee. A year or two ago, when no other member of the Finance Committee appeared, Sir Graham was there, and himself

* Lady Montgomery died on the 16th December, 1890, aged 68.

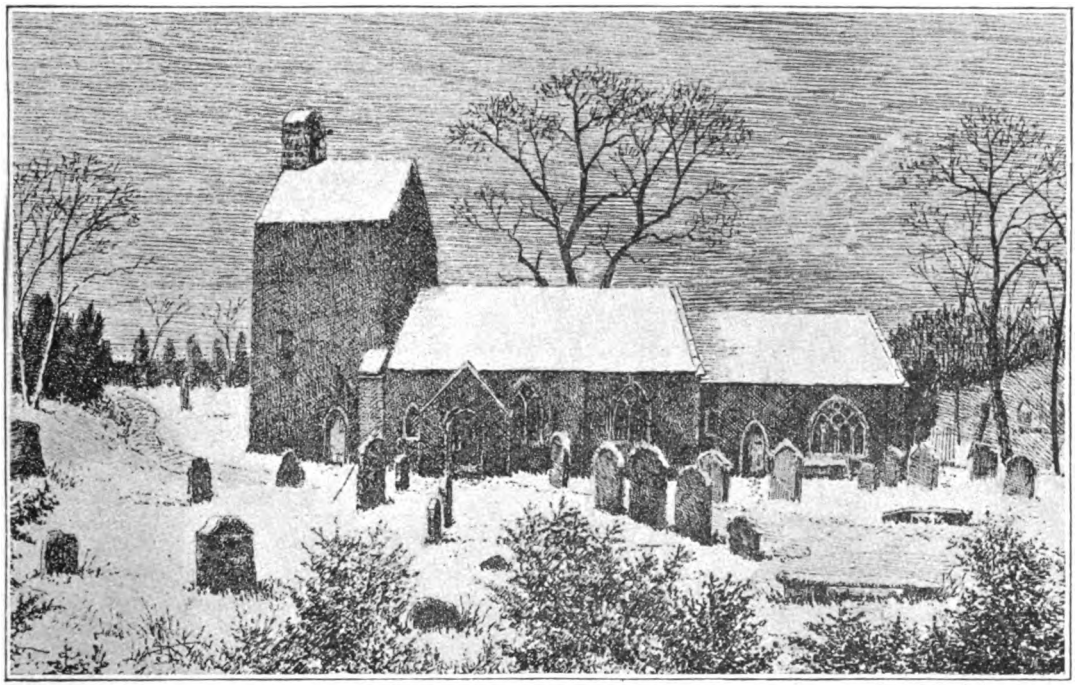
strictly audited all the accounts. In his own parish he is Chairman of the School Board and of the Parish Council. Very few minutes appear with the signature of a deputy chairman.

Sir Graham was a zealous promoter and the first Chairman of the Fife and Kinross Railway Company, now absorbed in the North British, and of the Peebles Railway Company, which constructed what is now the North British route between Peebles and Edinburgh. The first turf of the Peebles Railway was cut on 9th August, 1853, by Lady Montgomery. "Taking the spade she lifted the first sod, and with great dexterity and spirit filled the wheelbarrow amid the acclamations of the assemblage. Sir Graham then, with great good humour, took off his coat and wheeled the loaded barrow, a regular 'navvies' run,' and emptied it. On bringing it back he filled it again himself and again discharged his load with a will amid loud and repeated applause." ("Peeblesshire Advertiser," 1st Sept., 1853.)

He had been wary enough, however, not to be led away with the railway mania of 1844-46. When, on the recommendation of a friend, he speculated a little in railway stock, and found himself in a week richer by a cheque for £200, it was "with wonder and astonishment that he put the cheque in his pocket." "Needless to say" is Sir Graham's highly characteristic comment, "I did not repeat that." This wariness against inflated prices has made him a valuable councillor for many years as Deputy Governor at the Board of the British Linen Bank. Not the stormiest Tuesday morning prevented him from travelling from Peeblesshire to his post in St Andrew's Square.

Some two and a half years ago, in recognition of his great services to the community, Sir Graham was presented with his portrait. The picture, by J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A., gained a place in the Royal Academy. It now hangs in Stobo Castle, and a replica of it may be seen in the Council Chamber, both of Peebles and of Kinross County Council. Another portrait by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., adorns the Board Room of the British Linen Bank.

Of the Kinross estate, it is not within the province of the BORDER MAGAZINE to do more than note that in 1880 Sir Graham had the honour of conducting the Duke of Teck, the



Block kindly lent by Mr Allan Smyth, "Advertiser" Office, Peebles.

STOBO PARISH CHURCH.

Duchess of Teck, and the Princess May, now the Duchess of York, to Loch Leven Castle, which belongs to Sir Graham—the first Royal personages to visit the interesting ruin since it was the prison of Mary Queen of Scots.

Stobo Castle occupies an elevated position on the north bank of the Tweed. It took six years (1805-1811) in building. The park by which it is surrounded is extensive, well-wooded, and well-stocked with game. The proprietor is a keen sportsman, and takes an active interest in his home farm. The Parish Church is notable as dating from Norman times. Peter was Dean of Stobhou—such is the early form of the name (Stob-hou, Thorn-hollow)—in 1175. Probably about that date the Church was erected. It bears too obvious traces of reformations at various periods to suit the moods of changing times; but several fine Norman arches remain intact. Prior to 1863 it had become somewhat dilapidated, but then, solely at Sir Graham Montgomery's charges, it was put into, and ever since it has been kept in, thorough repair. A capital Parish School was built in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, Lady Montgomery laying the foundation stone on Jubilee day. The parish is not populous (433), but the parishioners would fain believe as still true the Statistical Accounts' commendation of their ancestors: "There is perhaps no parish where the moral character and conduct of the people are in all respects more uniformly unexceptionable." To the poor of the parish and neighbourhood, Sir Graham has always been a kind friend—kind not only with the brief act that may be done on momentary impulse, but with the long-continued benefaction that bespeaks considerateness and a good heart.

This sketch of the Laird of Stobo may best be concluded with a quotation of the classic sentences spoken by the late Lord Napier and Ettrick when presenting Sir Graham's portrait to the Peeblesshire County Council:—"The condition of a County gentleman in England or in Scotland, at the present time, is perhaps the happiest condition of human existence in the whole of society. . . . This position Sir Graham Montgomery has occupied during a long life, extending to the limits of our personal recollection, and he has occupied and exercised that position in every particular as a sacred trust. In presenting to you this portrait, I present to you the image of a gentleman, a landowner, a Magistrate, and a Member of Parliament, in whose pure and perfect record there is no reproach, no shadow of regret, no stain, no blame."

Appletreeleaves Tower.

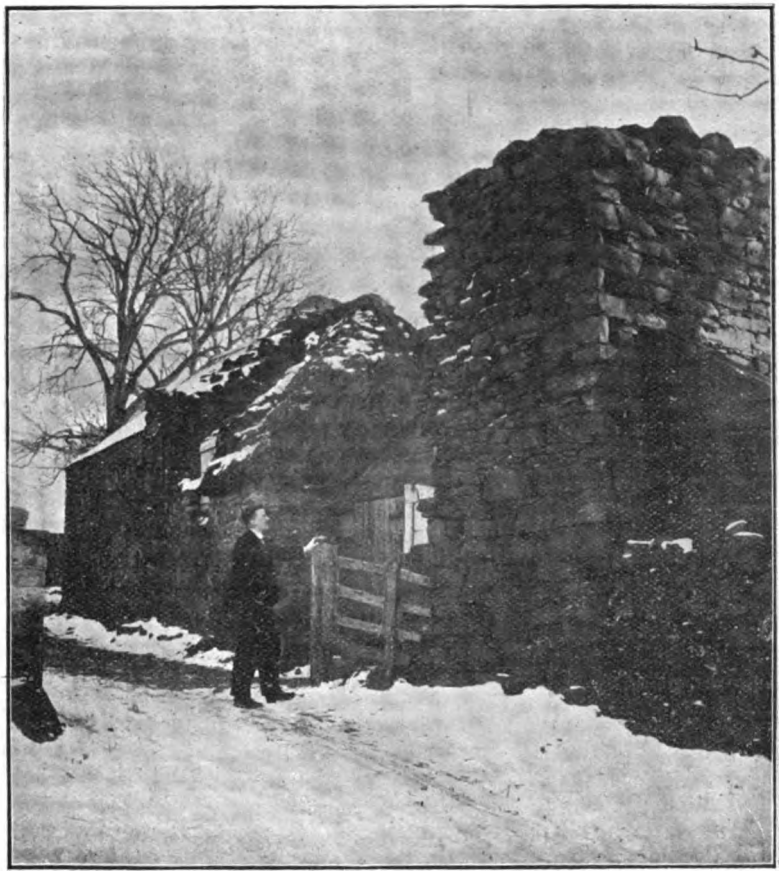
By Robert Hall.

THE accompanying illustration represents the remains of the old peel or tower of Appletreeleaves, but regarding the date of its erection, or the name of its founder, history and tradition are alike silent. Only a small portion of the original building now remains, which has been utilised in forming the walls of an outhouse in connection with the adjacent cottage. Externally the tower measured thirty-one feet in length by nineteen feet in width, the clay-built walls being three and a half feet in thickness, and in all probability would rise to the height of three storeys, as was common with similar buildings in the olden time. It occupies an elevated position overlooking the lower valley of the Gala, and commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding district. Northwards, Buckholm, Williamlaw, and Torwoodlee hills bound the view, to the west, Meigle rears its head high above the surrounding heights where the Royal flocks found pasturage when the Stuart line sat upon the Scottish throne. Its sloping sides are now made blythe with plough and harrow, and yellow grain waves where the purple heather was reflected in the limpid Gala. To the southward flourish the ancestral oaks of the Scotts of Gala, whose sylvan shades were said to be the favourite haunt of the White Lady of Avenel. Under the spreading branches tradition affirms the ancient Druids celebrated their religious rites, while Gorgun, the wood crowned summit of Gala Hill, keeps watch over the old village nestling below. Turning eastward the eye wanders from the wooded heights of Abbotsford to the triple Eildons, celebrated in Border legend and song, and nearer, Darling's Hill completes the circle.

So far as can be ascertained the first mention of Appletreecleaves and its owner occurs in 1598, as recorded in Pitcairn's criminal trials. As no reference is made either in the Privy Council records or other historical documents, to the tower or its occupants, it may be surmised that they took no part in the constant feuds that were so common at an early period in Scottish history. At the above date a complaint was made to the Privy Council by Philip Darling, Apiltreleaves, that, "while he was gangand at his awin pleuch in peceabill and quiet maner without armour, Thomas Hardie in Blyndley, furnished with pistolets, sett apoun him and cruellie persewit him of his lyffe, shot three pistolets at him, and had not failed to slay

him, were not the grace of God and his awin better defence." What the particular reason might have been for this outrage is not recorded. The culprit was a servant to George Hoppringle of Blyndley, and failing to appear before the Privy Council he was declared rebel.

In an extract from a general decreet of valuation of teinds in 1629, it is recorded that, "there compeared Peter Darling and Andro Darling, callit meikle Andro, and Andro Darling, callit young Andro, equal proprietors and portionioris of ye landis of Appletreeleaves." In this document it is declared that the lands of Langhaugh formed part of the estate at that period. In 1792, that portion known as Ladhope came into the possession of the great-great-granddaughter of Andrew Darling, she being the nearest lawful heir. In the same year she disposed of Ladhope to Archibald Menzies, merchant, in Edinburgh, who, in 1801, sold it to John McRitchie, writer, there, and in 1813 it was acquired by Archibald Gibson, W.S., Edinburgh. In the same year the remaining portion of the estate was divided by the Court of Session, when George Blaikie, portioner in Appletreeleaves, who appears to have been related to the Darlings, acquired the lands of Langhaugh, which he sold to the late Admiral Clark in 1817. In 1822 the remainder of the estate came into the hands of Mr Gibson, who, in 1843, disposed of it to William Brunton, in whose family it still remains. That portion of the estate termed Darling's Haugh, upon which a portion of Galashiels is built, extends to the south side of the Gala, and comprises a small part of the north side of Island Street, Bridge Place, Bridge Street, the north side of High Street, Sime Place, and the north side of Channel Street. This portion of the Haugh now belongs to the Gala family, having been



From Photo by APPLETREELEAVES TOWER. F. I. W

acquired at various dates since 1775. The remainder of the Haugh, on the north side of the Gala, came into the possession of Messrs Horn & Rose, W.S., Edinburgh, about 1834, and was utilised to a certain extent by the erection of Stirling Street, originally termed the Tory Haugh, in reference to the political party, in whose interest the buildings were erected. This portion was acquired about 1855, and vested in the trustees of Ladhope Parish Church.

Sir Walter Scott in Jedburgh.

By James Cree.

[read at jedburgh ramblers' club]

In the preparation of this paper I had two particular objects in view. One was to trace within more or less well-known records the connection of Sir Walter Scott with the town of Jedburgh; the other to collect, and it may be to preserve, some traditional information and reminiscences in regard to that connection which might possibly be lost. No apology is needed for an effort directed towards increasing our interest in and perhaps our admiration for the personal characteristics, the brilliant genius, and the magnificent work of Sir Walter Scott. It is 128 years since he was born, exactly one hundred years since his first poems and ballads were produced, and sixty-seven years since he died, and to-day his literary works are esteemed as highly as ever they were by all who have an admiration for intellectual power manifested in the creation of the highest form of romance, a tasteful and resourceful literary style, and the artistic sympathy and embellishment that we call poetry. Nowhere is his memory held in greater honour or are his works more highly valued and cherished than in the Borderland of Scotland, whose romantic history and lovely scenery he has illuminated by the brilliance of his imagination and the flashing touches of his genius.

In setting out upon this inquiry, I called on my friend, Mr Thomas Smail. He has had the privilege of seeing Sir Walter Scott in Jedburgh, when Sir Walter used to visit the Circuit Courts here. I found that Mr Smail was deeply interested in the subject, and to him I am indebted for facilities in acquiring some of the facts that are contained in my paper. Mr Smail was a boy—I shall not say in the presence of ladies precisely how old he was at that time—but he was a boy when Sir Walter formed one of the Circuit Court company that marched from the Spread Eagle Hotel to the Jedburgh Court House. You can imagine Mr Smail as a boy gazing with awesome admiration at the procession of lords and sheriffs and advocates—not forgetting the magnificently adorned trumpeters and the antique body guard drawn from the citizens of Jedburgh, bearing with martial dignity their harmless flintlocks, and displaying on their heads the best examples of tall hats that the town could produce. Sir Walter Scott was there, genial in aspect, slightly halting in gait, and interested in the characteristics of the people and in the quaintness of the scene beyond ordinary men. Mr Smail has more than once seen Sir Walter Scott in this procession, and he cherishes the recollection with justifiable gratification.

In order of courtesy, I ought to have stated first that there is a lady in Jedburgh to whom Sir Walter Scott has spoken. This is Miss Forrest, Abbey Place, and I called on her to ascertain what her recollections were. She recalled an occasion in her youth when Sir Walter spoke to her. She and another girl were amusing themselves in Friars, near the top of the Spread Eagle Yard, and Sir Walter came along. When passing the girls he spoke a kindly word to them, and in answering him they called him Sir Walter. He remarked that they evidently knew him, and Miss Forrest and her companion said—'O yes, Sir Walter, we know you.' And undoubtedly Miss Forrest knew him quite well, as did also Mr Aaron Forrest, her brother. They had both seen Sir Walter Scott frequently in their father's shop in High Street. That is the shop now occupied by Mr T. S. Smail, bookseller. Mr Forrest, the father of our respected friends in Abbey Place, carried on the business of gunsmith in this High Street shop. Many of the antiquities that Sir Walter collected, and that are now preserved in Abbotsford, were repaired in Mr Forrest's shop on Sir Walter Scott's order. Indeed, Mr Aaron Forrest informs me that it was the dealing with these treasures that gave his father and the members of the family the interest in antiquities and cognate subjects that has been, as we all know, a feature of their life. Sir Walter Scott often went into Mr Forrest's shop and sat beside him while he was at work. Sometimes he would sit with his legs on the counter and engage in conversation, chiefly about armour and antiquities in general. Mr Forrest invented what was in those days an important improvement in the gun then in use. This was a detached magazine, so fitted as to minimise the risks of explosion. The magazine contained fulminating powder, and deposited one

charge in the gun. It kept the charge covered until the hammer fell and the magazine was detached. So greatly pleased was Sir Walter with this invention that he took the gun into Edinburgh, and an engraving of it by Mr Lizars, a famous engraver of those days, was published; and on Sir Walter's nomination Mr Forrest was made a member of the Society of Arts. By the invention of the percussion cap Mr Forrest's improvement was superseded. How highly Sir Walter Scott valued Mr Forrest's work is indicated by the fact that he ordered three guns from him—one for Major Scott, his eldest son; another for Mr Charles Scott, his second son; and the third for Sir Adam Fergusson, who lived at Huntly Burn; and in one of Sir Walter's letters reference is made to his ordering a gun from Mr Forrest, of whom he speaks in appreciative terms. When Sir Walter had any celebrity staying with him he usually made an excursion to Jedburgh with his friend, and Mr Forrest's shop and Inchbonny were always among the places of call. It may be of interest to say that one of the great men who visited the gunsmith's shop with Sir Walter Scott was Sir Humphrey Davy. Sir Walter was always gathering information and also studying character, and observing peculiarities in phraseology. He had assistants in this work. Mr Thomas Shortreed, son of Sir Walter's friend, got Miss Forrest's grandmother, who was a fine singer, to sing over to him old Border Ballads and Scotch Songs, and he wrote them down and sent them to Sir Walter Scott. Connected with one of these there is a particularly interesting incident. This old lady supplied Mr Shortreed with some lines of a ballad about Rob Roy.

Rob Roy is to the Hielands gane
And to the Lowlands border

it began. Mr Shortreed sent it to Sir Walter, and in reply got a letter expressing great delight in the scrap and asking for more, as ballads about the Highland chieftain were rare. The old lady sent him all she had of the ballad. As these verses appeared in the original edition of one of Sir Walter's novels, we can understand the fact that Miss Forrest's father was convinced that Sir Walter was the Great Unknown before the authorship of the novels was publicly acknowledged. Sir Walter knew all the characters about Jedburgh in those days, and no doubt picked up many characteristics and expressions that were afterwards used by him. One day he set out to visit Piper Hastie, the last piper of Jedburgh, but failed to find the distinguished official at home. Mr Aaron Forrest has a distinct recollection of Sir Walter Scott's last appearance in Jedburgh, when he wore a Lothian bonnet, made of superfine blue cloth, of Tam o' Shanter shape, and with a split ribbon at the back. I think it must be a fact of great interest to us that there are at least three persons in Jedburgh who have seen Sir Walter Scott here.

Much of Sir Walter Scott's connection with Jedburgh is associated with his friendship for Mr Robert Shortreed, who was Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire. Mr Shortreed was the eldest son of an extensive farmer in Jed-Forest. He was born in 1762, and was fully eight years older than Sir Walter. He began business in the office of Mr James Fair of Langlee. Mr Tancred, in his 'Annals of a Border Club,' says of him—'Robert Shortreed had a great talent for music; he delighted in old Border Ballads and legends, of which he had a large collection.' His house in Jedburgh was the building now occupied as the British Linen Company's Bank-house. Lockhart, in his life of Sir Walter Scott, states that it was while attending the Michaelmas head court at Jedburgh that Sir Walter was introduced to Mr Shortreed. Sir Walter was then quite a young man—he had been admitted to the Scottish bar at the age of twenty-one—but the passion and divinely-guided purpose of his life had hold of him. In Mr Shortreed he found a most congenial companion. Here he had discovered a man full of the legend and tradition of the district, a collector of those ballads and antiquities in which Sir Walter was so enthusiastically interested. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that a very close intimacy was formed between the two. Sir Walter communicated to his friend Shortreed that he had a project in his mind of visiting the wild and almost inaccessible district of Liddesdale, particularly with a view to examining the famous Castle of Hermitage and to pick up some of the ancient riding ballads said to be preserved there among the mosstroopers who had followed the banner of the Douglasses when they were lords of that grim and remote fastness. This was an undertaking entirely congenial to the Jedburgh man. Mr Shortreed offered to be Sir Walter Scott's guide, and we may be sure that Sir Walter gladly accepted the offer. In this way was formed a partnership that very closely connects Sir Walter Scott with the town of Jedburgh, and gives the town through one of its inhabitants a peculiar share in contributing to the material which Sir Walter's genius converted into romance and poetry. During seven successive years Sir Walter Scott met with Mr Shortreed of Jedburgh and together they made what Sir Walter called a

raid into Liddesdale. It can be easily imagined how closely Sir Walter would be associated with Jedburgh at that time, and indeed we have testimony that in Mr Shortreed's home in the High Street of Jedburgh Sir Walter Scott was a frequent, an honoured, and a delighted guest. Accounts of these raids form a most interesting part of the record of Sir Walter's life. Lockhart says that he had many opportunities of hearing Mr Shortreed's stories from his own lips, having often been under his hospitable roof with Sir Walter, who to the last was his old friend's guest whenever business took him to Jedburgh. And we know that when in course of time Mr Shortreed died in his house in Jedburgh on the 7th July, 1829, Sir Walter mourned. In his diary of 9th July he says—'Heard of the death of poor Bob Shortreed, the companion of many a long ride among the hills in quest of old ballads. He was a merry companion, a good singer and mimic, and full of Scottish drollery. In his company and under his guidance I was able to see much of rural society in the mountains, which I could not otherwise have obtained, and which I have made my use of. He was, in addition, a man of worth and character. I always burdened his hospitality whilst at Jedburgh on the circuit, and have been useful to some of his family. Poor fellow! So glide our friends from us. Many recollections die with him.'

To be Continued.

James Telfer, Saughtree.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BORDER MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,—Two reasons caused me to read the article by Rev. Dr Oliver on James Telfer with deep interest—first, because of the subject, who runs the risk of being very much forgotten in these days of "advanced" fiction; and, second, on account of the writer, who is always fresh and sunny in the "green pastures" of Border literature and reminiscence. I trust many will be induced to search out for perusal the volumes of James Telfer, whose writings will be found as fruitful in pleasure, and perhaps more conducive to reflection than the average run of modern novels of the society or faddist sort. The biographical particulars given by Dr Oliver relating to Telfer's life might easily be supplemented. No notice of him seems to be complete without revealing the long and intimate friendship which existed between Telfer and the late Mr Robert White of Newcastle, who has written himself deep in the traditionary annals of Northumberland as well as in stirring incidents of Border and Scottish history. No year passed without part of Telfer's holidays being spent with Mr White at Newcastle, where the great array of books, which the latter had collected, was a never-ceasing feast to Telfer. They might almost be likened to the loves of David and Jonathan. Allusion is made to the pittance of salary which Telfer derived from his school work. Mr White had an income which made him comfortable, and his open hand and heart knew how to do liberal things. But these were the smallest phases of their fellow-feeling and fellowship. There was regular epistolary communion kept up between them—letters not of the scrappy sort common nowadays, but letters in which thoughts were embosomed in free and familiar intercourse, carefully thought out and indited with due regard and literary expression. It is a tradition that these letters are carefully preserved, and would be worth perusal if they could be got into print. That is a point not easily attained when so many are trying to elbow their way into authorship. Yet when it is known that a literary gold or silver mine is lying unworked—almost unknown—the regretful thought forces itself to the surface that it is not accessible, and many readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE will almost deplore that a man so well worth knowing is almost forgotten and neglected, and some of his best works never likely to see the light in printed form.—Yours in true gratitude for the work you are doing,

THOMAS TWEED.

Sir Walter Scott's Fondness for Boys.

REMINISCENCE OF THE FAMOUS POET AND NOVELIST.

THE great minstrel of the Border never lost his early love for out-door sports, nor yet his admiration for displays of physical energy. All through life he manifested a hearty interest in the sports and pastimes of boys, and did much to encourage these in many parts. He took a peculiar delight in watching their street gambols, wayside games, fishing and other exploits, and often gave rewards that their games and contests might be all the more exciting.

Towards the close of his eventful life, Sir Walter seldom passed boys at play without taking a kindly notice of them. It was often

a friendly smile, a cheery word, and not infrequently a gentle clap on the head, that he bestowed upon them. On this account he was always a great favourite with boys, and there are still a few old men living who remember, with pleasure, the genial words or kindly pats which they received from Sir Walter, or as one put it, "one of the most illustrious of the many illustrious sons of Scotland."

Sir Walter Scott was wont to encourage boys to come about his home, and it was no uncommon thing for them to visit Abbotsford in considerable numbers. At Hogmanay, when each boy was given a cake and a penny, Sir Walter used to stand in the lobby marshalling the youngsters and chatting with them on the most friendly terms. As each boy passed out with his prize, he would pat him on the head and smilingly say, "Now be a good boy."

He has been known to put himself to considerable inconvenience to make inquiries for boys in times of sickness, and on more than one occasion was most unremitting in his attention to lads during their last illness. On the evening of the death of one poor boy whom he had befriended, Scott called at the humble cottage to find that his parents were dreading that he had fallen into his final sleep. But at the sound of the visitor's voice, the lad opened his eyes and uttered words of gratitude which brought tears into the great man's eyes, and soon afterwards expired.

A grand-son of Sir Walter's coachman died the other day at Hawick, who, when a child, often saw Scott in Abbotsford Library, and was dandled on his knee, Sir Walter patting him on the back and addressing him as "Jimmie."

An old man, who died recently in Edinburgh, took great delight in telling how that he sat on Sir Walter's knee, and also received a sixpence from him. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar. A companion was killed by a kick from a horse, and being the only one who had witnessed the accident, he had to go before Scott, who was Sheriff of Selkirk. "The Shirra," as he was popularly called, took him up on his knee, and patting him on the head, said, "Noo, Johnnie, tell me what the horse did to the laddie," and in other ways coaxed the whole story out of the boy. When the tale was told, Scott drew forth a coin, saying, "There's sixpence, my boy, for daein' sae weel," and stroked his head once more.

Another old man, living still in the neighbourhood of Leeds, whose father was gardener at Abbotsford, remembers being in the garden when Sir Walter strolled in, accompanied by his favourite dog. He stopped and talked pleasantly to him, and afterwards filled his pockets with apples, and then said good-bye, with the usual pat on the head, and the words, "Now, be a good laddie."

Two men, well advanced in life, and residing in Edinburgh, who came in contact with Sir Walter Scott when boys, still remember, and that with pride, the words which he addressed to them and the unique impression which his presence made upon them. His appearance, genial face, and kindly words won their hearts.

Scott's striking personality made a lasting impression on their minds, as it did on the minds of many others. His bearing, high, broad forehead, sparkling grey eyes, expressive face, and pleasing voice are memories ever dear to them. There was a something, they say, in his words and his ways which completely won the boy heart, and impressed it as no man ever did, before or since, and that with impressions which cannot be effaced.

G. M. R.

A Ballad.

BY A. C. MOUNSEY.

O lady sweet! I've wandered far;
My cheeks are bronzed with eastern sun;
Glory I've sought in holy war,
And fame's proud circuit run.

I've fought on fields where heroes fell,
Where blood flowed fast as summer rain,
And deeds I've done that yet shall swell
In minstrel's loudest strain.

The danger, hardship, toil and pain,
The combat's clash, the battle's din
Gladly I'd brave them all again,
Lady, thy love to win.

Sweet damozel! turn not away!
In climes afar, on land and sea,
My dreams by night, my thoughts by day,
Lady, were all of thee.

Mine eyes have seen no face more fair,
My heart no other love has found;
All names but thine are fleeting air,
Their praise an empty sound.

Adieu! Though thus thou art unkind,
My heart still fondly clings to thee,
As ivy round the branch entwined
That will not severed be.

Heaven guard thee, peerless maid, from ill!
Be Mary mother's special care!
Thy lot be joy and pleasure still,
As mine is dark despair!

He said, and left the lady's sight;
Nor long endured his hopeless pain,
But madly brave, in thickest fight,
By Paynim steel was slain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

In my young days I was acquainted with a lady who in her youth had been a servant with Sir Walter Scott, and had attended him on his death-bed. She was the proud possessor of a lock of Sir Walter's hair, and I can well remember how we endangered the Tenth Commandment when we thought of that valuable keep-sake of the great minstrel. From the "Peeblesshire Advertiser" I quote the following interesting notes about another domestic of the Abbotsford household who died recently:

A SURVIVOR OF THE ABBOTSFORD OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—At Kirkhill, Penicuik, on Saturday, 17th February, 1900, there died Margaret Thomson, whose life has a very interesting claim for notice, in so far as she was probably the last survivor of the household at Abbotsford as it existed at the death of Sir Walter Scott. Margaret Thomson was born in 1813 at Auchendinny, not far from the mansion which was the abode of "The Man of Feeling" and afterwards of Mrs Erskine, the "enskied and saintly" friend of Scott. She owed her admission to Abbotsford to Mrs Mackay, who was house-keeper there in 1830. In November of that year, being then sixteen years of age, Margaret entered upon service at Abbotsford, at the period when the whole household entered loyally into the altered circumstances of the master's life, "seeming happier," as Lockhart puts it, "than they had ever been before." She stood on the margin of that inner circle which had knowledge of much cause for anxiety which was hid from the multitude of tourists who had flocked to Abbotsford that autumn in greater numbers than they had done for many years before. Scott himself she used to see walking outside with his dogs, or moving about the house, but she never spoke to him, for, as she explained, speaking of the family, when she saw them at any time she "tried the more to keep out of their way." She took great pride, however, in performing her daily work, which consisted in cooking, under the supervision of Mrs Mackay, for the household. Often in the preparation of the simpler dishes she was left to her own resources, and the preparing of Sir Walter's supper was invariably left in her own hands. Her master, she said, was not difficult to "study," "he was a plain living man."

* * *

On the 22nd September, 1831, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Anne Scott, and Lockhart, with their personal attendants, left Scotland for Naples, and the establishment at Abbotsford was temporarily broken up. Margaret Thomson accepted a situation in the household of the Marquis of Tweeddale, on the understanding that she should be free to leave it when Sir Walter returned from abroad. In May of next year Margaret had a letter from Mrs Mackay, stating that the master was on his way home, and the girl hied back to Abbotsford to be in readiness. On the 12th July, Scott once more descended the Vale of Gala, and was again in sight of his own towers Of the home-coming scene as described by Lockhart in the concluding volume of his "Memoirs," Margaret Thomson was an eye-witness, as she had also been of the departure nine months before. After the 12th July, Margaret never again saw Sir Walter alive, but after his death she was taken into the room where the remains lay in state, and was permitted to view that countenance which has been described as a "majestic image of repose." After her father's death Miss Anne Scott was prostrated with grief, and Margaret Thomson was brought into communication with Mrs Locknart, who assumed charge of the household affairs until the funeral was over. Of the funeral itself she was also a spectator, viewing it first from a retreat indoors, and afterwards obtaining a more extended view of the cortege from the offices outside. Some days afterwards she

was driven down in the carriage to see the last resting place of her master in Dryburgh Abbey.

Miss Anne Scott's kindness to the girl extended to the last hour of their association together, and it was with sincere regret that Margaret learned a few months afterwards of the death of her young whilom mistress. After Scott's death the establishment was again broken up. Mrs Mackay obtained a situation as a housekeeper in St Colme Street, Edinburgh, and Margaret Thomson returned to her widowed mother's house at Auchendinny. She was afterwards married to Alexander Clapperton, who for forty-eight years was in the employment of Messrs James Brown & Sons, papermakers, Esk Mills. Mr Clapperton died several years ago, and his widow lived by herself in a cottage at Kirkhill, Penicuik, in the neighbourhood of which the greater part of her married life had been spent. Until Christmas last she enjoyed good health, and she lived, happy and contented, bound up in the interest of her children's children, and as she turned over memory's pages not the least pleasing was that wherein was recorded her recollections of the period when she had part and lot in the fortunes of the great Sir Walter.

* * *

While I am dealing with links with the past, I may as well include the following interesting cutting from the "Southern Reporter":—

A Link with Waterloo.—On Friday, 16th February, 1900, Mrs Miles, a venerable and much esteemed old residenter, died at Waverley Cottage, Melrose, at the advanced age of over ninety years. Mrs Miles had an interesting and varied history, and when a child was near the field of Waterloo. She was born at Woolwich, where her father was a gunner in the Royal Artillery. She was with her mother in the last stages of the Peninsular War, travellel with her in the baggage train, heard the guns at Quatre Bras, and saw the Highlanders march past to the tune of "Hey, Johnny Cope" from the bagpipes. When questioned about Waterloo, the old lady became animated, and recited with much spirit the martial lines, commencing with—

"On the sixteenth day of June, brave boys,
In Flanders where we lay."

Upon the conclusion of peace, Mrs Miles went forward to Paris with the army of occupation; and when the war was over, her father, whose only loss in going through the campaign was to have his knapsack shot off, settled in Jedburgh. In spite of her great age, Mrs Miles was wonderfully vigorous, both in mind and body, and throughout her lifetime retained a strong martial spirit, while her cheerful, kindly disposition endeared her to a very large circle of friends. It is noteworthy that one of her grandsons—Lance-Sergeant David Sanderson, of the Melrose Volunteers, and one of the best of Border athletes—has at considerable sacrifice left but recently for active service in South Africa. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon, when the remains of the deceased lady were followed to Melrose Abbey burying-ground by a considerable number of mourners.

* * *

It is a great pity that old worthies are allowed to slip away without their rich stores of reminiscences being secured in a permanent form by the present generation. What a world of possibilities are bound up, for instance, in the following short paragraph which I cull from the same source as the above:—

Death of an Old Resident.—There died at Singlie Inch on the 20th February, 1900, Gideon Laidlaw, the oldest inhabitant of the Vale of Ettrick. He had reached the unusual age of ninety-seven years, his faculties were not greatly impaired, and he had wonderful vigour up till near the close of his long life. He was born near Tushielaw, and had been in the Ettrick and Yarrow valleys all his days. Being in Yarrow in his younger years he was well acquainted with the Ettrick Shepherd, being "in service with him," as he termed it. He had thus opportunities of seeing and knowing Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson; and Carterhaugh Ba', at which he was present, was one of his bright recollections. He lived for a period of years at Hopehouse, and in his youth and his prime he walked regularly on Sabbath to Selkirk (a distance of sixteen miles), waiting on the ministrations of Professor Lawson. He was a roadman in his working days, and enjoyed a pension from the County Road Board. Gideon Laidlaw was a man held in much respect; he was spoken of as an honest, upright, and God-fearing man, and his end was peace.

* * *

Our Border hills have often been the scenes of unrecorded acts of heroism on the part of our brave shepherds, who, no less than our soldiers, take their lives in their hands when they go forth to battle with the forces of nature. The following interesting news cutting reads like a bit from a novel, and I have pleasure in recommending the incident to some of our budding Crocketts or Maclarens:—

The Snowstorm in Yarrow.—An Exciting Incident.—Thursday, 15th February, 1900, will be long remembered by the inhabitants of this district. It was one of the stormiest days experienced for many years. The snow fell lightly at first, but the wind rose to a gale, and the drift on the hills and along the roads became blinding. The shepherds had a difficult and anxious time. One of them in this parish, Mr Alexander Rodger, Yarrowfeus, nearly lost his life. He went out to the Feus hill, on which he has been shepherd for many years, when the storm was at its height; and after walking about for some time attending to his flock he found it impossible to make his way home again. When it became known that Rodger had not returned a search party was organised, but though they scoured the hill in all directions they could find no trace of him. Some of the party had great difficulty in getting back to their homes through the drift and deep snow. Fortunately in his wanderings Rodger came to a wire fence running along the Catslackburn march, and keeping constantly in touch with it he walked backward and forward tramping down the snow in order to keep himself warm, as he was fully aware that if he lost touch of the fence he would speedily succumb to the rigours of the storm. But in the course of the night he fell into a deep hole near the fence, and there he lay for several hours practically buried in the snow. His faithful dog kept close to him all the night, and ever and anon barked loudly as if calling for assistance. On Friday morning about nine o'clock Mr William Douglas, of Catslackburn, when on the neighbouring hill, heard a cry, and hurrying towards the place from which it proceeded, found Rodger standing almost entirely covered by the snow, stiff with cold, and completely helpless. He was utterly stupefied, and did not know where he was. A sledge was procured, and he was speedily conveyed to his home, and when restoratives were applied he began to rally. Rodger is over eighty years of age, and is probably the oldest shepherd in regular employment on the Borders; and considering that he was nineteen hours exposed to the fury of the blizzard, the marvel is that he survived such a dreadful experience.

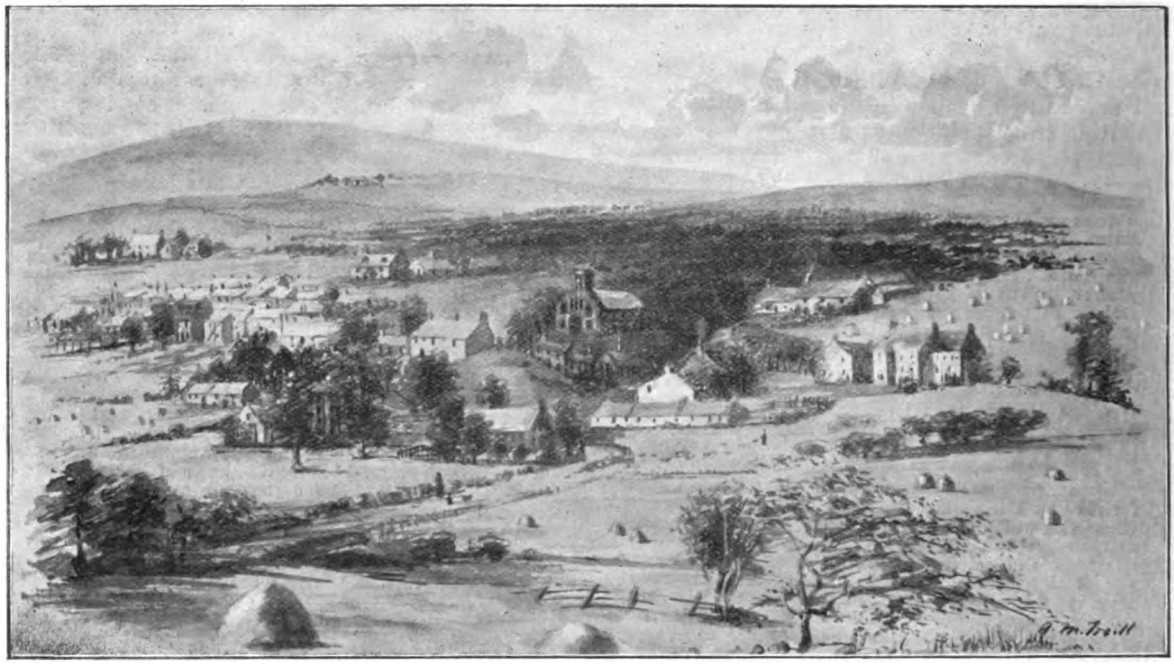
Dominie Sampson.

Annals of Thornlea.*

IN September, 1897, we had the pleasure of placing before our readers, in these columns, the first of a series of papers which continued monthly until the September of the following year. The thirteenth paper appeared in January of the current year, while the whole have just been published in a handsome volume of one hundred and twelve pages. The author does not place his name on the title-page, but contents himself with his initials only on a separate leaf—A. T., G., which stands both for name and place of residence.

It is always a source of much pleasure to the Editor of a periodical when he meets with a volume containing the matter which appeared originally in his own columns. In the monthly form of the said periodical the matter is at best but transitory and temporary—apt to be forgotten when the succeeding issue appears. But when a series of articles is collected and published in volume form, the previous acquaintance deepens into friendship in a way that a monthly meeting can seldom or never expect to retain. In the work now under notice we have an instance of what we have just described, for the memory awakens over the acquaintance of friends who have at length come to stay and remain with us. Here we have an opportunity of again revisiting the village of Thornlea, and, renewing our friendship with the Minister, the Dominie, the Postman, the Farmer, and getting once more interested in our neighbours, registration humours, parochial difficulties, and other matters brought under our notice. While all these subjects are gracefully treated and pleasantly narrated by the author, we cannot help noting here that the one we have most enjoyed, in this renewal of friendship, is the last on the list of subjects, namely, "At Home." We think it the best in the volume. It takes us back to the days when there was no School Board, and where we get a fine literary portrait of the old Dominie who held sway as schoolmaster of Thornlea. "He was a laimeter, and, as the saying goes, he sometimes lost his temper, and then woe betide the recreant! The image of a 'crookit left leg and a crutch' would haunt him in his dreams. But the old man was generous. A gift of 'sweeties,' and a touch of 'those white hands' would charm away all thought of retaliation or revenge."

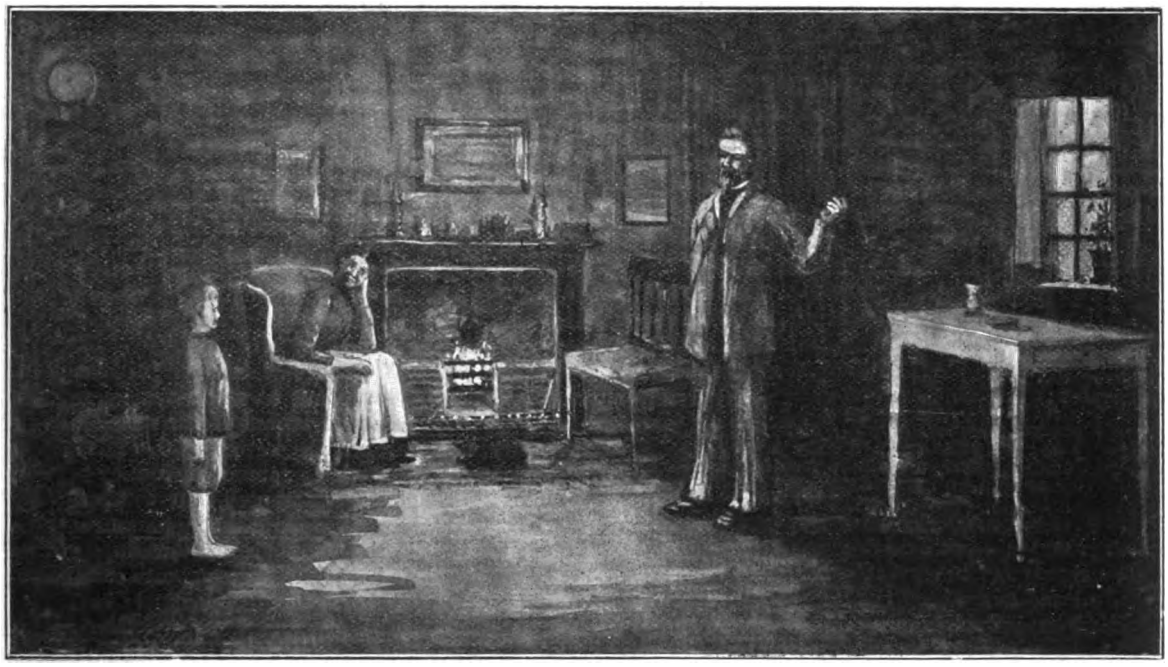
The volume, bringing back all these pictures



THORNLEA.

* Border Reminiscences: Annals of Thornlea. Galashiels: D. Craighead.

of by-gone times in Scotland, contains seven full-page illustrations by Mr A. M. Traill, which have been carefully reproduced on fine art paper from blocks prepared by Messrs David Stevenson & Co., Edinburgh. By the kindness of the publisher, Mr Craighead, we have the pleasure of reproducing two of these illustrations. Nicely printed and bound, the "Annals of Thornlea" is certain to have a wide circulation not only in Galashiels, the place of its birth, but also throughout the Border Counties of Scotland.



PAROCHIAL DIFFICULTIES.

The Chesters Couplet.

IN a former number of this Magazine, October, 1897, a description was given of Chesters Castle, the residence for many generations of the Rhymers of Chesters. Mention was made of a curious carving over the main entrance, along with a couplet which was characterised as "brief but comprehensive, more eloquent and pointed than many sermons preached and published now-a-days." The history of this couplet forms the subject of our present paper.

A generation or two after the first settlement at Chesters of the Rhymer family, the reigning Laird was seized with a strong desire to become a poet and a prophet like his illustrious ancestor, Thomas the Rhymer. This ambitious gentleman cried night and day, for weeks on end, for the gifts of poetry and prophecy: but the gifts, neither singly nor combined, did not come. Then he tried his hand at prophecy only, but he soon found that he was without the power which draws aside the veil that hides to-morrow from to-day. And as for poetry, he fared even worse. But as "a gangin' fit is aye gettin'," he stumbled upon rhyme, as many others have done in their search after poetry. The laird of Chesters was so pleased with the outcome of the supreme effort which crowned his longings that he resolved on publication—not in book-form, but in enduring stone after the heart-felt longing of the patriarch Job when he exclaimed,

> "Oh that my words were now written,
> That they were graven with an iron pen
> And lead in the rock for ever."

Accordingly, the rhyming laird of Chesters sent for the master-mason of Melrose Abbey and instructed him to carve in stone, over the main entrance to Chesters Castle, the two uplifted hands, as described in the former paper referred to, and the famous couplet:

Twae hands: gude and evil:
Feer God: fecht the deevil.

So pleased, so proud of his work, was the author that he used to stand on the Castle terrace and gaze at the illustrated couplet so often, and so long, that he soon came to regard it as equal, if not superior, to anything that Thomas the Rhymer had ever done. He delighted in pointing out to visitors, strangers, and pilgrims this famous couplet, and according to the way in which these good people praised the production, or irreverently laughed at it, so did the laird extend, or dispense with, the hospitality of Chesters Castle. It is recorded that many a poor way-faring man got a good bellyful of meat and drink by diligently inquiring of the laird what the work was intended to teach, and what mystic meaning lay beneath the symbol of the two uplifted hands.

An amiable and worthy man the author of the couplet seems to have been. We can easily condone the little bit of vanity which cropped up in the success of the publication. It was quoted everywhere, at Mass and market. Mothers introduced it into the lullabies with which they hushed their children to sleep. One of these nursery songs is worth quoting here, not only to show the skilful adaptation of the couplet to the song, but of the song to the couplet:

"Away to bed e'en noo, e'en noo,
An' sleep for siller to buy a coo.
Three yikkers o' grass to feed her weel—
Feer God an' fecht the de'il."

Most of us imagined that the famous "three acres and a cow" question cropped up only a few years ago: nevertheless here it is embodied in a cradle song of the fourteenth century! There is indeed no new thing under the sun. "Is there anything whereof it may be said, see, this is new?" "No," replies the wise king. "It hath been already of old time which was before us."

The Chesters couplet brought the author into great fame and popularity. His contemporaries declared that his name and his fame would go down to posterity beside those of his scarcely greater ancestor, Thomas the Rhymer. But that was surely vanity? It is seldom, however, that in literature a great reputation is made by the production of a couple of lines. There is no rule without its exception, and here there is a remarkable instance of the truth wrapped up in this old saw.

The author of the couplet had a soft side. What was more, he took a great delight in letting people know which side was affected. Visitors from Melrose Abbey were specially welcome at Chesters, when they dwelt much on the subject of the carving and the couplet. Over a roasted capon and a flagon of generous Bordeaux, every shade of meaning was brought out of the couplet. No visitor from Melrose was more welcome than the master-mason. Had not his cunning art carved the uplifted hands and cut the letters of the couplet! Accompanying the master-mason there frequently came to the castle Simon the Cellarer, and Peter the Treasurer—three jolly fellows whose ongoings at Chesters uplifted to the seventh heaven the simple soul of their worthy host. On every conceivable occasion they lugged in the famous couplet, and made it do duty in their solo songs and melodious madrigals.

One day a visitor of a very different stamp from these three worthies found his way to Chesters. Long and earnestly did he stand gazing at the carving and the couplet. When at length the laird approached, he saw that the stranger was a poor monk of the Benedictine Order. After a few words of welcome, the laird pointed out the beauties of the passage and expatiated at some length on the symbolic meaning of the two uplifted hands. The monk, however, remained silent, shook his head, and looked as if he would rather not say what he had come expressly to say.

Puzzled by the strange behaviour of the monk, the laird was about to retire and leave him alone to his own meditations on the terrace. Curiosity, however, got the better of the laird who invited the monk to remain to dinner—an invitation which was accepted, but without the slightest show of gratitude or pleasure. During the repast, the monk's reserve gradually eased off, until at length he became quite communicative. "I had a vision in my lonely cell last night, my Lord of Chesters," said the Benedictine, looking across the table, and holding up his hands exactly like those carved over the castle entrance—"a vision so real and clear, and passing strange, that I must needs rehearse it if my Lord of Chesters will lend me his ears."

"Most willingly," replied the laird, whose countenance fell at the sight of the two uplifted hands still visible across the table. "But first, let thy cup be replenished and mine also. You have evil to tell, I see by thine uplifted hands. Let me stay my heart with wine that I may be able to bear the tidings which thy looks and hands import."

"Not so, my Lord. If the vision which I have to relate be for thy good, the evil that accompanies it will pass away like the dew on the grass, or the foam on the river."

"And what might thy vision be?" asked the laird impatiently after swallowing a good 'willy-wacht' of wine.

"I saw in my vision standing over against me the august party whose name you have introduced at the end of the Chesters couplet."

"What!" cried the laird, rising abruptly from his seat, throwing up his hands, and yelping out in a dreadfully alarmed tone, "the Deil!"

"The same," replied the monk.

"And what did he want in your vision?"

"Well, he came to me regarding the mention of his name in the Chesters couplet. This he considers as a mortal offence, and one which he cannot overlook."

"I meant no harm," cried the poor rhymer.

"Harm or no harm, the deed is done and the party referred to threatens Chesters with destruction whenever a suitable opportunity arises."

"Oh ho!" cried the laird in real alarm. "Then the sooner we remove the carving and the couplet the better."

"Not so, my Lord of Chesters. That would be but capon-hearted conduct after the deed is done. Let both carving and couplet remain as they are."

"Whatever shall I do?" cried the terrified laird, holding up his hands in the Chesters fashion.

"Stick to the text you have chosen, my Lord."

"Waes me! that I should have alarmed such an august party in my poor rhyme."

"Consider yourself among the most fortunate of preachers. You have done in a couplet what thousands have failed to do in a sermon."

"What shall I do?" again asked the terrified laird.

"Stick to your text," repeated the monk rising from the table. "My message is delivered, mine hour is come, and I must reach Dryburgh before nightfall."

The laird rose also and declared his intention of accompanying his guest part of the way. As they went down the hill, they met a man who was walking between two horses, and guiding them by a halter. The man was tall, dark, swarthy—almost black indeed: with piercing eyes and sharp features. He spoke first. "My Lord of Chesters," he said looking toward the laird, but ignoring the presence of the monk, "I am charged with a message to thee, if I may be permitted to speak and live."

"Speak," replied the laird with a choking voice, a dry tongue, and a whitening face.

"It is well, and I thank you for the honour. My Lord Abbot of Durham," continued the dark man, "is now on a visit to St Mary's of Melrose. He has heard of thy great fame, and desires to make thy acquaintance. For this purpose, my Lord Abbot will do himself the honour of calling at thy hospitable castle here to-morrow at noonday. He will remain as thy guest until he can fully gather the meaning of thy famous work, and as it is so full of meaning this visit may probably last for a day or two. In the meantime, however, my Lord Abbot asks thine acceptance of these two beautiful creatures. He is aware of a certain prejudice against white and grey horses at Chesters, but both of these noble animals are from the Holy Land whither they were brought by a most noble knight who greatly distinguished himself in Palestine. Both horses have crossed the Jordan at the ford of Jericho, and not only will they be proof against all harm at Chesters, but they will keep all harm away."

The swarthy man was apparently speaking to time, and skilfully doing his utmost to excite the laird and the monk to the borders of distraction and impatience. While the laird was getting whiter in the face, the monk was getting redder, until he could stand it no longer. In a voice ablaze with passion, the latter roared out—

"Now for a lie—a lie direct and hot from the father of lies. Begone, I say, before I raise this sign, and send you and your presents back whence they came."

The swarthy man was about to reply, but the monk putting his right hand into his bosom pulled out a crucifix and holding it above his head, literally yelled out, "Avaunt, thou messenger of evil, if thou be not the Evil One himself. Bring not temptation into this Eden, but take thy presents with thee back to the place from which thou comest."

"Go back whence I came!" exclaimed the swarthy stranger. "Not till I have told the Laird of Chesters what is in store for him or his descendants. For the insult published to the world on the walls of Chester I have sworn to be avenged. Since the horses are refused, I shall wait till a future time when I will offer them again. Should they again be refused, I shall wait for some one at Chesters who will sell himself and the castle to me. Meantime I shall wait for that revenge for days, for weeks, for months, for years, for generations, for centuries—I care not how long. But remember this, my Lord of Chesters," continued the swarthy man, specially addressing himself to the author of the unhappy couplet, "Remember this, that the longer I wait, the hotter it will be for Chesters."

After delivering this dreadful threat, the swarthy man and the two horses, at one bound, leapt from the roadway, and the next moment were lost to view in the forest—the same forest as that in which Thomas the Rhymer had disappeared when he returned to fairyland escorted

by the white hart and the grey hind.

The poor monk who had done his part so nobly was also gone, and although he was afterwards sought for at Dryburgh, at Melrose, and the other Border monasteries, he was never again seen or heard of.

The rhyming laird of Chesters never was the same man after this strange adventure. Never again could he bear to look at the uplifted hands, or read the famous couplet. He bade adieu to rhyming, retired into private life, and would see neither friend nor visitor. When at last he went the way of his fathers, he was long remembered as the laird who had brought a threat upon Chesters by writing a couplet which had vexed the Devil.

Thomas Pringle,

POET AND PHILANTHROPIST.

BY THOMAS SMAIL.

THE ancestors of Thomas Pringle were Border farmers, and appear to have been men of great respectability and private worth.

Thomas himself was born at Blaiklaw, in the parish of Linton, near Kelso, on 5th January, 1789. He says "I was the third child of a family of four sons and three daughters, which my father, William Pringle, had by his first marriage." He also informs us that when only a few months old he met with an accident in his nurse's arms by which his right limb was dislocated at the hip-joint. The nurse, unfortunately, concealed the incident at the time, and it was a considerable period before the nature of the injury was ascertained. The dislocation could not then be reduced, and Pringle was thus rendered lame for life. He says "My early reminiscences reach back to a period when I must have been about three years old, or little more. I remember being carried to Kelso when about that age, and being tormented by doctors examining my limb, and making me wear a red morocco boot with steel bandages to keep it in some prescribed position. These appliances were of no advantage, and were, ere long, superseded by a pair of crutches. The latter I soon learned to use with such ease and adroitness, that, during my boyhood and youth (when I generally enjoyed robust health), I felt but little incommoded by my lameness. Nanny Potts, the old nurse in whose hands the accident had happened to me, never forgave herself for being the unintentional cause of my misfortune, and to make amends, indulged me, so far as she could, in every caprice."

When Thomas was about five years of age he accompanied his two eldest brothers, William and John, daily to school. 'We rode, all three, on one stout galloway, the foremost guiding our steed, and the other two holding fast, each by the jacket of the one before him. We carried our noontide meal, consisting usually of a barley bannock and a bottle of milk, in a wallet, and my crutches were slung on each side of the long padded saddle on which we sat.'

His mother died when he was only six years old, and to her memory he seems to have clung with great fondness. So late as 1812 he thus expressed himself in one of his letters: "I recollect her distinctly, and particularly all the circumstances connected with the last days of her life. How could I ever forget the last kind and solemn words, the farewell smile, the parting embrace of my mother—of such a mother!"

> "And, when that gentlest human friend
> No more her anxious eye could bend
> On me, by young affliction prest
> More close to her maternal breast,
> I deemed she still beheld afar
> My sorrows from some peaceful star:
> In slumber heard her faintly speak,
> And felt her kiss upon my cheek."*

In his fourteenth year he was sent to Kelso Grammar School; and three years afterwards to Edinburgh University to complete his studies. His companion was Robert Story, son of the parish schoolmaster at Yetholm, and the two boys walked from Kelso to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty miles, in one day. Robert Story afterwards became minister of Roseneath, on the Clyde.

At Edinburgh the friends lodged under the same roof, and amid the temptations of city life, did not fail to remember their Creator, for 'during the whole session Pringle conducted worship in his apartment, alternatively with his companion, after the fashion of devout Scottish families. The Sabbath day they kept holy, avoiding so much as the opening of a book on that day, which was not of a directly religious character.' The session over, they returned to Teviotdale, and during the 'summer solitude of these college vacations,' were written almost all his earlier poems. At the end of three years, Pringle left the University better versed in general literature than in exact learning, and after halting long betwixt law and medicine, ended as a copyist at the Register House. He was still buried among the musty records of the kingdom in August

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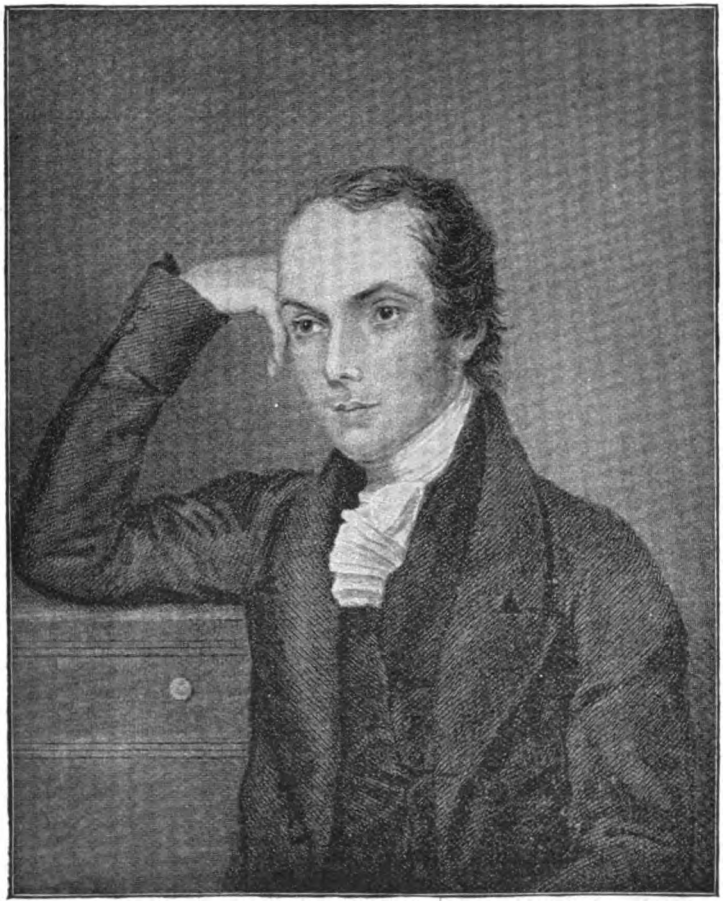
* Autumnal Excursion.

1815, when there came a letter from his old companion Robert Story, announcing the delivery of his first sermon in 'the little temple' on 'Linton's hallowed mound,' where Pringle's kindred sleep.

He and his friend Story, during a tour in Teviotdale, visited St Mary's Loch, and this gave Pringle the subject of a poem, "The Autumnal Excursion"—a poem which won the praise of Sir Walter Scott, and made its author famous. Elated by success, and forgetful of the maxim, 'Literature is a good staff, but a bad crutch,' Pringle now resolved to live by his pen. The work at this period by which he will chiefly be remembered is the founding of "Blackwood's Magazine," which he edited for six months, along with his friend Cleghorn.

In January 1819 the poet went back to his desk at the Register House, where, however, he remained for only six months, after which he returned to his father's house at Blaiklaw. His love and admiration for the scenes of his childhood was very great. He seemed to find a life and loveliness in everything—to have a capacity of sympathy with all the var-



Yours truly
Thos. Pringle

ieties of beauty and grandeur. Although lame, he had a passion for ascending hills. He frequently climbed to the top of Hownam Law (1472), one of the best hills to enable the visitor to see the Borderland. It is about eight miles distant from the great Cheviot, and is a bold and picturesque object in the horizon. Near by is "Flodden's Fatal Field," and the river Till. The Till is generally said to be the most sluggish river on the Borders, and this fact gives rise to the old rhyme:—

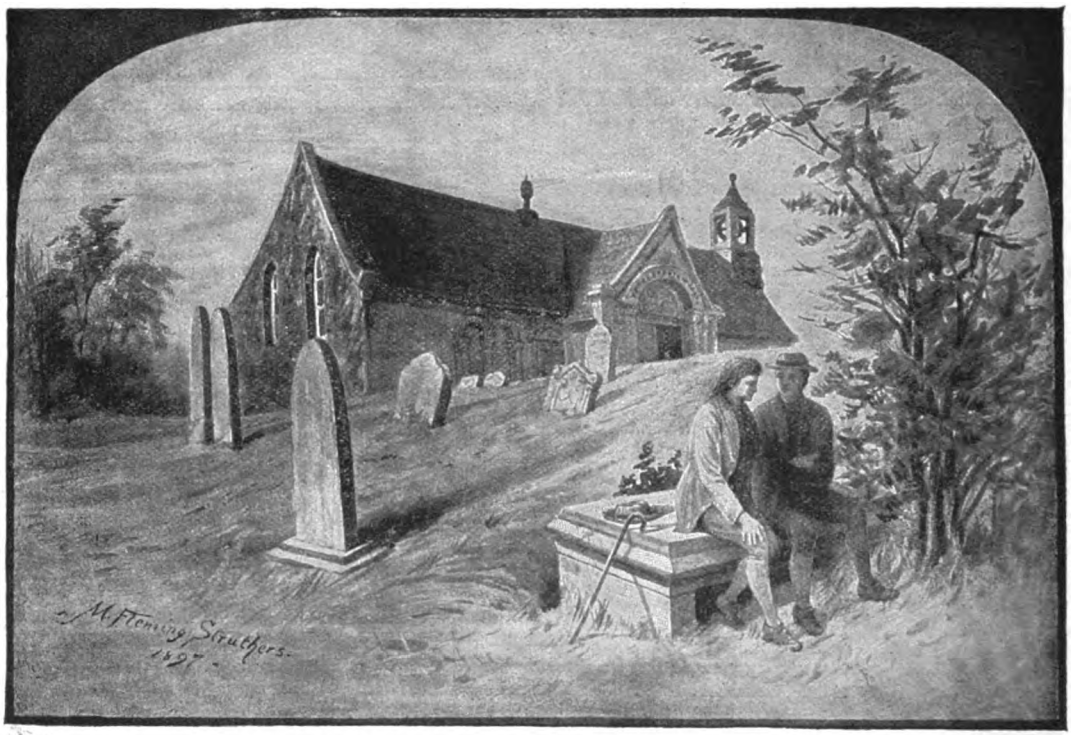
"Tweed says to Till, 'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till says to Tweed, 'Although ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slae,
Where ye droon ae man, I droon twae!'"

sisting of twenty-three souls, sailed from Gravesend in February, 1820, in the brig "Brilliant." Their voyage occupied about four months, as they did not arrive at the Cape of Good Hope till the month of June. How different in these days of "Ocean Greyhounds" when the voyage can be made in sixteen days! Pringle's poem is well worth repeating:—

A Farewell to the Borderland.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotia's mountains blue!

The battle mound—the Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell—



LINTON CHURCH, KELSO, AND TOMB OF THE PRINGLES.

Thomas found that his father's farm had not been paying for a number of years. Very gloomy indeed was the tenant of Blaiklaw, as a series of bad harvests had brought him almost to the verge of ruin. It was at this time that the Government scheme of colonizing the unoccupied territory at the Cape was promulgated, and at the request of the Pringle family the poet made application to the Government for a grant of land in South Africa. Partly by the influence of his friend, Sir Walter Scott, he received this; and the family, con-

The martyr's grave—the lover's bower,—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts—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 Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

It is worthy of note that on the first Sabbath after their arrival in South Africa, the emigrants held divine service, and the devotions were led by Thomas Pringle—the opening Paraphrase being:—

"O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led."

After getting his father's household re-established, and a fair start made by all his kinsmen, Pringle took up his abode at Cape Town; he had with him several letters of introduction to Lord Charles Somerset, who was then Colonial Governor. In compliance with the wish of the home Government, Pringle was appointed keeper of the Colonial Library. The salary being small, he projected the opening of an academy, and invited a Mr Fairbairn, of Edinburgh, to join with him in the scheme; he began the school before Fairbairn's arrival, and it throve every day. The anti-slavery agitation had already begun, and a commission of inquiry was on their way out to investigate the state of affairs at the Cape. The dawn of a new era now opened on that land of chains and slavery. Pringle's heart beat quick and high at the prospect of aiding on the movement, and with that love of freedom which had always so warmly glowed within him, he, along with a Dutch clergyman, thought of disseminating knowledge throughout the colony by means of a journal or magazine. The consent of the Government officials having been got, the "South African Journal" quickly appeared, and was soon followed by the "South African Commercial Advertiser," a weekly newspaper, the literary department of which Pringle and Fairbairn were only engaged to superintend. Both publications flourished, and so did the academy; therefore, Pringle thought that he was on the fair way to public usefulness and to private well-being; but the course of his prosperity never had run smooth for a great length of time at home, and it did not continue to glide smoothly on in Africa. He and his colleague had carefully guarded themselves against publishing any language which might be offensive personally to the governor. But that did not satisfy Lord Somerset. He ordered the fiscal of the colony to assume the censorship of the Press, and as such to attend the printing-office. Pringle indignantly refused to allow this prostitution of the British Press and open act of tyranny. But redress was vain, so he and his colleague left the editorship of the paper. The magazine had also to be stopped. As soon as the magazine and newspaper had been discontinued, a petition to the King was got up by the respectable inhabitants of the colony asserting the liberty of the press. The Governor then became alarmed, and tried what personal intimidation could do. Accordingly, with that intent, he summoned Pringle to his august presence in the audience-room.

To be Continued.

[The two illustrations to this article were kindly lent by the Editor of "Life and Work."]

Chronicle of the Year's News.*

THIS is a volume which few readers can afford to be without. After looking over the morning or evening paper, there are not many of us who have not the wish to make a note of something or other that crops up in the course of our reading. An incident in yesterday's paper, a remark in somebody's speech, the date of some noteworthy event—all are lost to us unless we take the trouble to make a note of such in a record of our own. But how few keep such a record. And here it is where the value of such a work as the one now under notice comes in. A glance over its pages reveals what a busy world we are living in, and how much history is going on every day around us. The chief speeches of the year are epitomised, while a clue is furnished to all the main evidence and dicta on such subjects as Licensing Reform, Old Age Pensions, Sugar Bounties, the amount Madame Sarah Bernhardt received during her London engagement, what Mr Rhodes said at a meeting in London to promote the social work of the Salvation Army, the result of East Edinburgh election, notes of the Postmaster-General's annual report, and hundreds of other matters which come before us in our daily papers. The origin and history of the Transvaal War are duly chronicled, and it is not the least interesting portion of the volume which relates the incidents which lead up to the Ultimatum of October 10, and follow the consequences up to the end of 1899. "Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News" is a most excellent and useful book of reference. It is provided with a very full and carefully prepared Index, and is just the kind of volume which should find a place not only on the writing desk of every literary man, but also on the table of every newspaper reader.

* Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News of 1899: A Diary and Epitome. Compiled by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow: Morison Brothers.

A Border Spring Visitor.

THERE are few more welcome visitors to the Borderland than the cuckoo. He is a favourite with all, and his voice is greeted with cordiality given to no other visitor. He comes as the herald of good news, and his first notes cause many to exclaim—

"O, blithe new comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice."

Our spring visitor usually makes his appearance in April, the 20th having long been regarded as the day on which he is due. His visit, however, seems to be regulated by an instinct which takes note of weather rather than time, and only when the season is early can we fully merit Michael Bruce's beautiful description.

From the writer's observation, his visit to the Borderland is much later than the time fixed by the poets and almanac makers. As a rule the cowslips, primroses, and violets are above ground, and birds are trilling their love songs and are engrossed with parental duties before his voice is heard. The poet, therefore, very truthfully says—

"Delightful visitant, with thee
I hail the time of flowers."

Between April and the end of August the cuckoo may be found in every corner of the Borderland. Strange though it may seem, whilst he has crossed great tracts of sea and land, when once he takes up his quarters he remains constantly near the spot for the season.

Probably in this is found an illustration of the truth that there is no place like home, as he may have been hatched thereabout.

The cuckoo is not the destructive visitor he was once thought to be. Naturalists are agreed that he was greatly slandered, and now regard him as the friend of the gardener and farmer. It has been estimated that out of every hundred hairy caterpillars which work such mischief to crops, thirty-nine are devoured by the cuckoo But in the matter of house-keeping our spring visitor shrinks his responsibilities in a disgraceful manner. It was a long time before much credence was given to his unamiable propensity. But it has been ascertained beyond a doubt that on quite a number of Border birds has fallen the burden of rearing his children.

"He dresses his wife in her Sunday best,
And they never have rent to pay,
For she folds her feathers in her neighbour's nest,
Where hither she's gone to-day."

The Border legends and mythical superstitions which gathered round the harbinger of spring are numerous and interesting. It was long thought that the cuckoo passed the winter in sleep, hence the old stories about him starting in full cry from the hollows in logs as they burned on the winter fire. It was also thought that he changed into a hawk.

Many a Border maid on hearing the first notes of the cuckoo was wont to take off her left shoe, expecting to find a man's hair in it the same colour as that of her future husband. It was also considered that if you had money in your pockets when his first notes were heard you would have plenty all the year.

The oracular power of the "beauteous stranger" was also greatly credited. He was regarded as being able to fortell fate in a variety of ways, notably in regard to the allotted span of life, and the chances of matrimony. The former question was answered by the number of times the bird repeated his cry, and the eternal question of the maids in a similar manner, only the maid must first of all kiss her hand towards the voice of the bird. Of course we have got away from all that sort of thing, School Boards having ousted our visitors' power.

Towards the end of June the voice of the cuckoo ceases to be heard on the Border. Indeed, he then loses his musical voice and almost entirely passes from public view. When he takes his departure is not easily determined, but he often goes in July. He, however, occasionally stays into August, but

"In August fly he must,
For a cuckoo in September
Not a fool can remember.

G. M. R.

TALL BORDER MEN.—John M'Neill told one story at his Glasgow meeting on the 11th ult., which is really too good to be forgotten. A Borderer, he said, a big fellow, six feet if he was an inch, once asked him if he knew why the Border men were so tall. "Oh, yes," said he, in reply, "I know quite well. You were great cattle thieves in the old days, and were often strung up to trees. Your ancestors always happened to be cut down in time, but this process, carried on all through the generations, was a grand thing for shaking the reefs out of your spine." "And," the evangelist added, "I was never again troubled with that man's tallness." We should think not.—"Scottish American."

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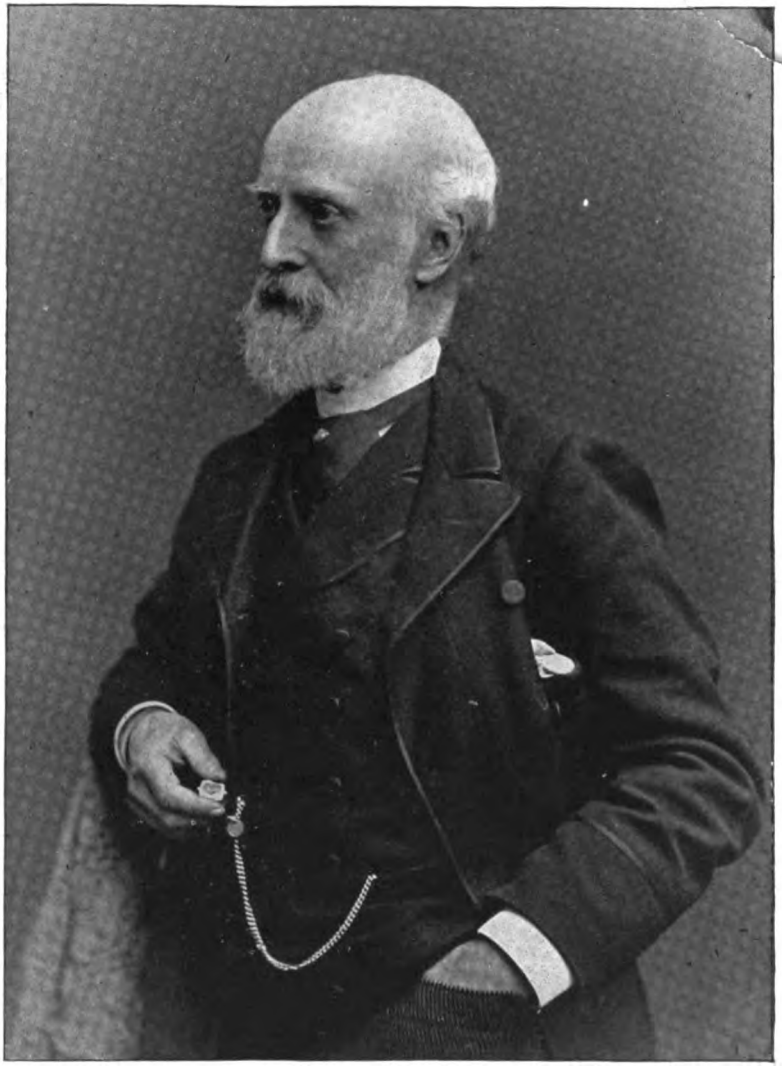
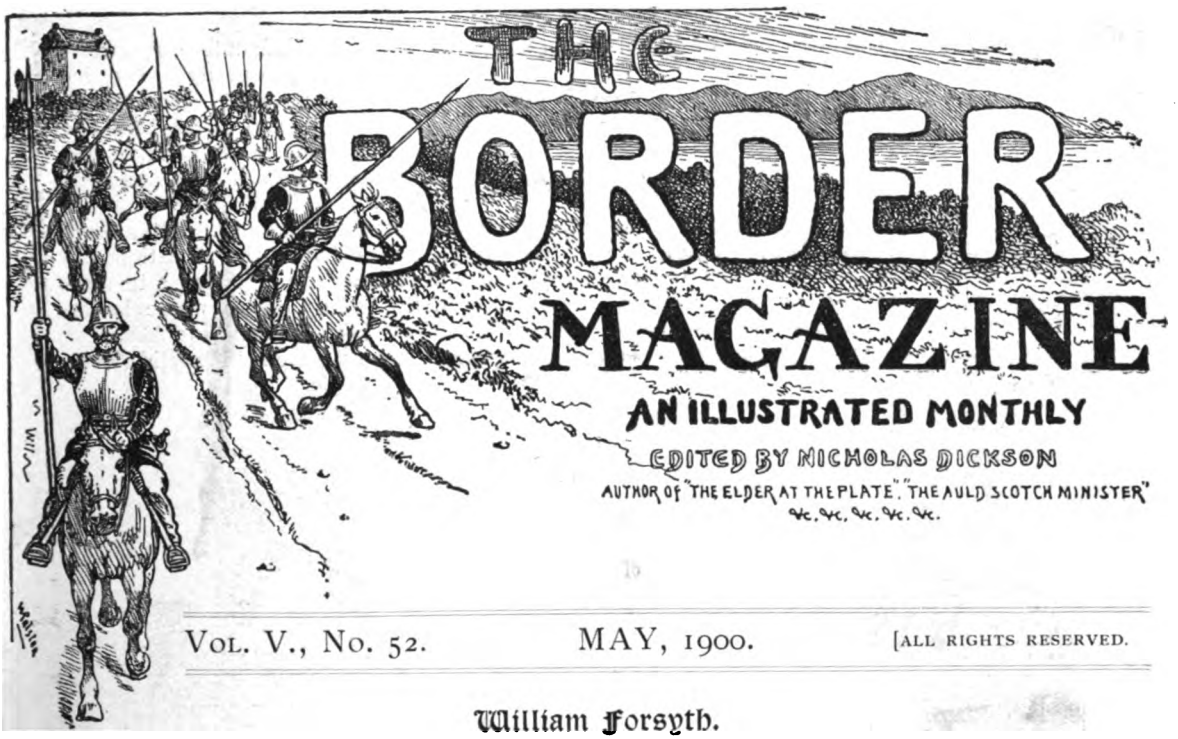


From Photo by Adamson Bros., Glasgow.

WILLIAM FORSYTH.



VOL. V., NO. 52. MAY, 1900.

William Forsyth.

THE subject of the following sketch furnishes a noteworthy example of what may be attained by industry, energy, and perseverance, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances which may encompass and hamper the early life of an individual.

William Forsyth belonged to an old Covenanting family. He was born in 1822, almost under the shadow of the classic "broom of the Cowdenknowes," and the ivy-clad tower of the poet seer, the renowned Thomas of Ercildoun. When he was seven years of age his parents removed to Galashiels. There he received the rudiments of education at "Whitson's Schule." He started to earn his bread at a tender age, and in course of time served an apprenticeship to the craft of spinning. In his twenty-second year he started business as a woollen manufacturer in conjunction with the late Mr Robert Walker, but eventually the enterprise was abandoned. Nothing daunted he returned to his former occupation in the firm of Messrs Robert and George Lees, Galabank Mill, where he remained till about 1854.

In those days opportunities for self-improvement were not so rife as they are at the present time, but he took full advantage of the scanty means within his reach for the cultivation of his mental faculties. The debating society or some kindred association was his college. By sheer application he developed into a fluent and ready speaker. Endowed with a strong sense of the beautiful, both in nature and art, his style became both rich and poetic. As showing the trend of his mind, his first purchased work was Milton's "Paradise Lost," which, in company with one or other of the Border poets, were generally found in his pocket. His leisure hours were divided between his literary studies and haunting Tweedside, pursuing the gentle art of which, at that early period of his life, he was passionately fond. Those lines by Andrew Lang in his "Ballade of the Tweed," he could heartily endorse—

> "They boast their braes o' bonnie Doon:
> Gie *me* to hear the ringin' reel;
> Where shilfas sing and cushats croon,
> By fair Tweedside at Ashiestiel."

While quite a young man Mr Forsyth took an intelligent interest in the political, ecclesiastical, and social questions of the period. He was a strong advocate for spiritual independence, and at the Disruption in 1843, cast in his lot with Ladhope Free Church, Galashiels, being shortly afterwards elected to the deaconship in that congregation. When that place of worship was opened in 1844, he acted as precentor on the occasion. Few remain to tell how their hearts thrilled, when to the tune

"Stroudwater" he "raised" that old Covenanting battle song,

> "God is our refuge and our strength,
> In straits a present aid."

He became the moving spirit, the life and soul of the "Educational Association" in connection with that Church. When the Rev. W. P. Falconer left Ladhope Free Church, Mr Forsyth, in conjunction with the late Dr George McDougall, were appointed by the congregation to represent them before the Presbytery of Selkirk. He was also deeply interested in the prosperity of the now defunct "Galashiels Mechanics' Institute," of which society he was elected president in 1851.

Mr Forsyth possessed the gift of song in a high degree, and was a grand interpreter of our national melodies. None who ever heard him render "Scotland Yet" can forget the thrill that "dirled" through their veins, as with all the patriotism of his being he sang that immortal lyric by Henry Scott Riddell. He was the best platform orator Galashiels ever produced. As a lecturer he became extremely popular. Border life and Border poetry were his favourite themes. Undaunted by adversity, and unspoiled by prosperity, he never forgot an old acquaintance. His talents brought him into notice, and about 1854, he was induced to become a temperance lecturer. As the headquarters of that organisation were situated in Edinburgh, he found it necessary to remove to that city. After some little experience he found the situation uncongenial and resigned. He started a temperance hotel in St Andrew Street, where he remained till 1857, when he removed to Aberdeen and founded the now famous "Forsyth's Temperance Hotel." In 1864 he left the granite city and went to Glasgow, where he established the "Cobden Hotel" in Argyll Street.

From a Photo CADDONLEE COTTAGE. In possession of Miss Grant.

The original site of the headquarters of the Edinburgh Angling Club.

The great advocate of free trade, in a letter to Mr Forsyth, granting the use of his name said, "You are very rash to mount the sign of a living politician on your hotel. It is a safer rule to allow public men to quit the stage before we commit ourselves irrevocably in their behalf. I know a person who had adorned the walls of his study with the leading heroes of the Reform Bill, who afterwards turned the majority of their faces in disgrace to the wall.

I cannot but feel honoured at your having taken the risk of a similar fate for me."

While a resident in Glasgow, Mr Forsyth was a member of St Mungo's Angling Club, and in 1887, he wrote "A Lay of Loch Leven," which was dedicated to the Glasgow Anglers' Association. During that period he took a warm interest in the repeated but futile efforts that were made on Tweedside to secure a reform of the Tweed Acts, and both by tongue and pen strove to guide popular feeling in a practical direction.

When the centenary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was observed in Galashiels, Mr Forsyth was requested to address the vast assemblage. This was a public tribute to his abilities won by years of generous labour on behalf of his fellow-townsmen. He also, by special request, took a prominent part in the great demonstration held in Galashiels in 1884, for the purpose of protesting against the action of the House of Lords in refusing to pass the bill for the extension of the county franchise. In 1885 Mr Forsyth stood as a candidate to represent the Bridgton division of Glasgow, but failed to secure a majority.

Toward the closing years of his life Mr Forsyth laboured under an affection of the heart. With the view of alleviating his sufferings he was removed to the Bridge of Allan, where he died on the 28th May, 1889, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was survived by four sons and four daughters, the eldest of whom is the wife of ex-Provost Brown, of Galashiels. It does not fall within the scope of a magazine article to intrude upon the privacy of domestic life, but regarding Mr Forsyth, it can be affirmed that within that circle, those who understood him best loved him most.

From a Photo BETTY MESSER'S. By William Brown.

After Mr Forsyth removed from the cherished scenes of his youth, he continued to the close of his life to take a warm interest in all that pertained to the Borderland. Like the home-sick captive under the willows at Babylon his heart clung to the streams familar to his boyhood. What the Jordan was to the Jew, the Tweed was to him. His whole being was permeated with the song and romance in which it is enshrined. He reverenced its ruined abbeys and mouldering towers. The witching spell of the classic river was upon him. With the old poet he could exclaim,

"Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show;
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle water all compared with thine."

He was familiar with nearly every stream and pool between Tweed's Well and Berwick, as well as those of its no less classic tributaries. From early morn till dewy eve he had wandered by their banks and had cast his angle in

"The lanesome Talla and the Lyne,
An' Manor wi' its mountain rills—
An' Ettrick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow frae the Forest hills.

An' Gala too, an' Teviot bright,
And mony a stream o' playfu' speed;
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed."

While during the course of his life Mr Forsyth's angling excursions extended far and wide, in his later years his footsteps were irresistibly drawn to Tweedside. On these occasions he took up his quarters at that cottage on the Peebles road about a mile and a half above Ashiestiel on the other side of the river, known to the past generation as "Sclate Willie's," now more familiar as "Betty Messer's," which he has immortalized as the place

"Where friends we meet and gladly greet,
Wi' eye o' welcome gleamin',
We gather there sae free o' care,
Oor cot wi' kindness beamin'.

Ilk fishing splore in days o' yore,
Ilk wondrous take an' capture;
The lengthened run—the nights o' fun,
Rehearsed wi' kindling rapture."

The passion for angling grew with his years, and amongst a wide circle of literary friends, many were ardent disciples of good old "Izaak." Amongst those may be mentioned Alexander Russell, of the "Scotsman," author of "The Salmon"; Thomas Tod Stoddart of Kelso, author of "An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs"; Mr Stewart, author of "The Practical Angler"; John Younger, St Boswells, angler, poet, and essayist, besides a host of others whose names were familiar as household words among the angling brotherhood.

Mr Forsyth had also drank at the Castalian font, and was the author of many unpublished lyrical pieces of great vigour and beauty. His verses entitled, "The Landing o' a Saumon," are one of the most popular angling songs extant. Who amongst the fraternity cannot appreciate the following extract:

"Let others fish the bosky burn,
That daunders through the trees;
An' tak' their troot at ilka turn,
Keen niblin' at their flees.

Gie me the river gleamin' wide,
Or gushin' down the glen;
Wi' lairs where fish can jouk an' hide
Awa' frae human ken.

What though we brave the mountain's blast,
Or breist the lippin' tide;
'Tis there we hae the choicest cast—
The saumon in his pride.

The first tug o' his tossin' head,
The thrill that nane may ken;
But he whase luck has been to lead
A saumon down the glen."

Mr Forsyth was an enthusiastic follower of the gentle art. Outside the domestic circle he was seen at his best in the company of a few congenial spirits. None of those privileged to be present at these gatherings can forget his clear cut features, the keen glancing eye brimful of humour or pathos, geniality or mirth, according as the spirit moved him. Though he possessed a thorough mastery of the English language, yet on such occasions it was forgotten and nothing was heard from his lips save "The soft Lowland tongue o' the Border."

A remnant yet remains of the old circle, who at times are wont to recall faces and forms that have passed from "the sunlight to the sunless land," and as the once familiar name falls upon their ears, their hearts feel sore with a vain longing

"For the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

R. H., G.

Thomas Pringle.

Poet and Philanthropist.

By Thomas Smail.

Part II.

THE account of the interview with the Colonial Governor is thus given by Pringle himself:—"I found him, with the chief-justice, Sir John Trotter, seated on his right hand, and the second number of our "South African Journal" lying open before him. There was a storm on his brow, and it burst forth at once upon me like a long-gathered south-easter from Table Mountain. 'So, Sir,' he began, 'you are one of those who dare to insult me, and oppose my government!' and then he launched forth a long tirade of abuse; scolding, upbraiding, and taunting me, with all the domineering arrogance of mean and sneering insolence of expression, of which he was so great a master, reproaching me above all for

my ingratitude for his personal favours. While he thus addressed me in the most insulting style, I felt my frame tremble with indignation; but I saw that the chief-justice was placed there for a witness of my demeanour, and that my destruction was sealed if I gave way to my feelings, and was not wary in my words. I stood up, however, and confronted this most arrogant man with a look of disdain, under which his haughty eye instantly sank, and replied to him with a calmness of which I had, a few minutes before, not thought myself capable, and told him that I was quite sensible of the position in which I stood—a very humble individual, before the representative of my sovereign; but I also knew what was due to myself, as a British subject and a gentleman, and that I would not submit to be rated in the style he had assumed, by any man, whatever was his rank or station. . . . I asserted my right to petition for the extension of the freedom of the Press in the colony; and I denied altogether the 'personal obligation' with which he upbraided me, having never asked nor received from him the slightest personal favour, unless the lands allotted to my party, and my own appointment to the Government library, were considered such—though the latter was, in fact, a public duty assigned, in compliance with the recommendation of the home Government. This situation I now begged to resign, since I would not compromise my free agency for that, or any other appointment his Lordship could bestow. Lord Somerset saw he had gone too far—he had, in fact, misapprehended my character, and had made a not uncommon mistake, in taking a certain bashfulness of manner for timidity of spirit; and as his object then was not absolutely to quarrel with but merely to intimidate me, and thus render me subservient to his views, he had the singular meanness, after the insulting terms he had used, to attempt to coax me by flattery, and by throwing out hints of his disposition."

The consequence was, that Pringle quitted the librarianship, but still the persecution did not slacken. A Literary and Scientific Society, begun by him, was next attacked, and the chief justice and other Government functionaries, who had become members of it, were ordered instantly to withdraw their names; while it was distinctly intimated, that everything in which Pringle was concerned should share the same fate; and this was no empty threat, the ignoble Somerset organized a system of espionage. Terror and horror were depicted on every countenance. Persons were examined on the charge of being disaffected for no other reason than continuing in the acquaintanceship of Thomas Pringle. Thus again thwarted in his career of industry and of usefulness, he left Cape Town, and retired for a while amongst his friends at Glen-Lynden. The gloom of his adversity is well depicted in his poem, "Afar in the Desert," from which the following is an extract:

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon,—
Day dreams that departed ere manhood's noon,—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft,—
Companions of early days lost or left,—
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame!
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,—
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten or gone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandon'd and good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy:
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh, then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
And here,—while the night-winds round me sigh—
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land,—
A still small voice comes through the wild,
(Like a father consoling a fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying,—"Man is distant, but God is near!'"

Coleridge, when he first came across this poem, was so much delighted with it that he did little else but read and recite it, now to this group and now to that; and in a letter to the author he said, "I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyrics in our language."

Pringle could not shut his ears to the groans of the slave, and the clanking of his chains: and for loving and advocating freedom of thought and action he was tortured and persecuted. He thinks of his native land; and as he thinks, sentiments, warm and vigorous,

flow from the depths of his soul, and he writes as follows:—

TO SCOTLAND.

"My country! when I think of all I've lost
In leaving thee to seek a foreign home,
I find more cause, the farther that I roam,
To mourn the hour I left thy favour'd coast;
For each high privilege which is the boast
And birth-right of thy sons, by patriots gained,
Dishonour'd, dies where Right and Truth are chained,
And caitiffs rule, by sordid lusts engross'd.
I *may*, perhaps (each generous purpose cross'd),
Forget the higher aims for which I've strained,
Calmly resign the hopes I priz'd the most,
And learn cold cautions I have long disdain'd;
But my heart must be calmer, colder yet
Ere Scotland and fair Freedom I forget!"

Deeper and more deep did he feel day by day for the slave, and ardent and more ardent did he toil, with head, heart, and hand, that the slave might be freed. He penned a graphic account of the real state of slavery as it then existed in the colony, and sent it to Britain. It was published in the "New Monthly Magazine," then edited by his friend, the poet Campbell. It attracted the notice of Zachary Macaulay and of Fowell Buxton, both of whom were leading men in the anti-slave agitation.

Pringle, seemingly ruined in circumstances and in prospects, but sound in conscience and in character, set sail for Britain to obtain redress. He left Cape Town on 16th April, and arrived in London on 7th July, 1826, the voyage having lasted eighty-three days.

The efforts he had so honourably and so ably made in the cause of humanity rendered him peculiarly adapted to be of good service to the anti-Slavery Society. Accordingly, he was engaged to be secretary of that society; and a more congenial situation for Thomas Pringle could not have been thought of, because in him were combined the fervour of the poet, the sympathy of the philanthropist, and the patriotism of the politician. This situation was in all respects congenial to his taste, and entirely suitable to the development of his large philanthropic heart. The enthusiastic ardour and singleness of purpose which characterised him as an abolitionist procured him the friendship of all the leaders of the Emancipation. He became the advocate and protector of many individuals of African origin who, when brought to Britain, claimed their freedom. Even in his anti-slavery occupation he was opposed by "Blackwood's Magazine," which then was the organ of the slave owners. It is rather remarkable that no sooner was the object of the anti-Slavery Society gained than the hand of death seemed to fall on Pringle. He lingered on, however, and assisted in the arrangements for the celebration of the emancipation of the slaves in the British Colonies, and the 1st of August, 1834, was the crowning day of Pringle's highest aspirations. On that day 770,280 slaves were emancipated from bondage.

Pringle still enjoyed the hope of returning to Africa to rejoin his friends, but on 5th December, 1834, he gently passed out of life, in the 46th year of his age; and "the friend who held the hand that was stretched out to bid him farewell in the approach of death, felt nothing but the passive throb of the frame from which the spirit had already disengaged itself, to return to its Father and Redeemer." His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, where a simple stone with a very just and elegant tribute to his memory, written by William Kennedy, marks the spot.

The poetical works of Thomas Pringle have run through several editions, and his African sketches are well known and greatly admired. "Friendship's Offering," an annual publication of high standing in its day, was edited by him, and several of the leading journals were enriched by his pen.

It has been truly said of him, that in the walks of British literature he was known as a man of genius; in the domestic circle he was loved as an affectionate relative and faithful friend. He left among the children of the African desert a memorial of his philanthropy, and bequeathed to his fellow countrymen an example of enduring virtue. Having lived to witness the cause in which he had ardently and energetically laboured triumph in the emancipation of the negro, he was called from the bondage of this world to the enjoyment of eternal liberty.

[In the preparation of this article, the author has to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr Robert Murray, Hawick, for liberty to use extracts from a paper read by him before the Hawick Archæological Society, over thirty years ago.]

"Jouking the Sbirra."

I NEED not begin to say one word in the BORDER MAGAZINE about the district of Yarrow, when, as we all know, almost every foot of it has been made classic by the writings of Scott, Hogg, and Wordsworth.

Brought up as I was in early youth by the side of "Lone Saint Mary's silent lake," my memory revels in recalling this "lone sister of the sky." How often have I watched the sun setting behind the hills, casting its glittering rays athwart the loch's unruffled bosom, or stood and watched the mist like

a grey mantle descending upon the hills. How often has the "loneness" of the district cast a melancholy shade even upon my young spirit. It is because of these memories that I wish to try and tell of an incident which I have never yet seen recorded, but which happened to Sir Walter when "Shirra" of Selkirkshire.

I was then living with my aunt Nanny in a cottage which stood by the side of the Loch. This cottage consisted of a "but and a ben," and a garret, the last being reached by a ladder, which was pushed out of sight when not used. My aunt was an old maid, whose honest boast was that she had "aye been able to work for hersel'," and judging from the amount of work she was able to do at the age of sixty, her record in this respect must have been a pretty good one.

The old lady was in the habit of letting her room to gentlemen who came from the city for the fishing. The room was fairly large and certainly was always kept clean and tidy. It contained an open iron bed-stead, which was a rarity in the district then, and was entirely hid by long white curtains which hung from the roof.

Old Nanny was well known to the frequenters of the district, and was held in the very highest esteem by such men as "Rob the Carrier" of Yarrow-feus, a decent hamely body who used to supply the surrounding farmhouses with anything, in fact, everything, they required. Another admirer of my aunt was John Scott of Selkirk. Now, John was far away the best, albeit the most daring, poacher either on Yarrow braes or Ettrick shaws. Jock used to make my aunt's house his lair when out on what he considered his legitimate employment. I well remember many a pock-ful of "hair and feather" which stood in the out-houses until transferred to the cart of "Rob the Carrier."

It was in the autumn of 18—, I was out at the side of the Loch, when looking down the Selkirk road I saw Rob driving furiously towards my aunt's door. I immediately ran into the house shouting, "Here's Rob driving like mad up the road."

"There must be something the matter when he's driving sae fast," said my aunt, coming to the door.

Just then Rob came up to the door shouting, "Nanny! Nanny! quick wumman, have ye ony o' Jock's stuff in the house?" he asked in breathless haste.

"Aye, mair than ye can cairry at yae time," replied my aunt.

"For guidsake try and hide it. The Shirra's oot frae Selkirk efter Jock, and somebody telt him tae search your hoose. Hurry up for onysake, Nanny, and get the stuff oot o' the wey."

After delivering this startling intelligence Rob drove away up by the head of the Loch, and left us alone.

"What wull ye dae, aunty?" I said in a trembling voice.

"Dae, laddie, I just jouk and let the jaw gang bye: but dinna stand shaking there. Come an' help me out with the calf frae the room tick."

We both went into the room, and in a short time we had the "calf" out of the tick, and were busily employed in transferring the "hair and feather" from the garret and out-houses, when, in the midst of our work, we were startled by someone speaking at the back window.

"Weel done, Nancy, weel done, ma wumman, we'll jouk the Shirra yet."

This was famous Jock. He was a well-built, sturdy type of Border manhood, about thirty years of age, and had the free open face that is often seen in men who fear nothing human.

"Dae ye no ken the Shirra's oot after ye, Jock; and he's coming here wi' a warran' tae search ma hoose."

"Oh, aye, I ken fine, I saw him coming up the Ettrick, and I took a short cut to warn ye; but shairly we can bamboozle a lawyer body frae Edinboro when we get him on the hills. Away wi' ye, wumman, what are ye feart for? Let him search a' the hoose, but keep the room to the last. I think I hear him comin', so I'll away."

My aunt put the finishing touches to the bed, and arranged the long curtains, and then returned to the kitchen.

In a short time the Shirra entered. His figure had become well known to Scotchmen then, but I never have heard a better description of the great Wizard than that given by my aunt Tibby. "The Shirra was a decent sort o' man, wi' a plaid and a pair o' checked breeks, and when he walked he hotched."

Sir Walter entered with a smile upon his genial face, and with his homely way said, "Weel, Nancy, how are ye the day—busy as usual, I see."

"Aye, sir, the willing horse is seldom idle ye ken, and puir folk maun work tae eat."

"That's true, Nancy, and some of them can scarcely get enough to eat to live."

"My conscience! and ye're right. It's very difficult for puir folk tae live noo a-days; but what might ye be efter the day sae far frae

the toun, if I may be sae bold?"

"Weel, Nancy, I'm after that rascal, Jock Scott, the poacher, and on information given, I have a warrant to search your house."

"What's that ye say? A warrant to search ma hoose, sir, and what do ye want to search ma hoose for, I'd like to ken."

"Oh, it's only a matter of form, Nannie, my woman, for, honestly, I don't believe you would have anything to do with the blackguard," said the Sheriff mildly.

"Oh, I dinna blame ye, Shirra, I suppose it's some o' your Edinboro notions; but ye're welcome tae search frae byre tae garret; but afore ye begin, wull ye no take a scone and a drink o' milk efter your lang ride?"

"I'll be very glad to do so," replied Sir Walter, sitting nearer the table.

I only wish I could remember that conversation as my aunt repeated some of the ballads that were then common property of the inhabitants of that district. Sir Walter took down in a note book some that were new to him, but these were few, as his knowledge was extensive. After he had finished the impromptu meal he rose and said—

"Weel, Nancy, if you please, I'll give a look round the house."

Conducted by my aunt, he searched all the out-houses, the byre, the hen house, the kitchen, and even went up the ladder to the garret, but found nothing. During all this time the two of them were repeating verses of this, that, and the other ballad. When they came to the door of the room, I saw my aunt's face change, but she opened it, saying—

"Weel, Shirra, ye see your information has been wrang this time, ony way."

"That's true, Nancy. I'm very sorry I've given you all this trouble for nothing."

"It's nae trouble tae me," replied my aunt, advancing to the bed, while the Sheriff stood at the door.

She laid her hand upon the curtains and without a tremor, whilst I was shaking in my shoes, said, "Come in bye and see for yersel'."

"Hoots, hoots, never mind any more, Nancy. I know there's nothing there but clean "calf" and clean blankets."

"Div ye say sae? I'm gled ye think sae," said my aunt, letting go the curtain. Just as she said this we heard the sound of a gun.

"Good gracious, there's that scoundrel at his work before my very nose," said the Sheriff, rushing to the door and loosening his horse's bridle.

We had just time to rush to the door to see the Sheriff galloping up by the "Loch o' the Lowes," while across the Loch we saw the smoke of a gun rising slowly from the hill side.

"Weel, Jock's a deil, but I hope he's not catched, for he's been a guid frien' tae me," said my aunt as she entered the house.

It was about twelve o'clock when the Sheriff left in pursuit of Jock Scott, and about an hour after, "Rob the Carrier," came down from the top of the Loch, and the "stuff" was safely transferred to the bottom of his empty cart, and, I doubt not, was safely stowed in some unknown corner in Rob's house, even while the Sheriff was busy hunting the poacher on the hills.

It was about eight o'clock when Jock arrived at my aunt's without his coat, his hat, and his boots. With pawky humour he told my aunt how he "jouked the Shirra" on the hills, every foot of which had been known to him since a boy.

"Weel, ye see, Nannie, when I left you I slipped off ma buits and hid them at the side o' the burn. I ran roond the hill and crossed the Yarrow, and when I got up fornent here, I let off a shot, for I kent that wad bring him oot efter me."

"But, Jock, were ye no feart he nipped ye?—ye ken he was on horse-back," said my aunt.

"That's jist how I had the best o' him. Ye ken there's a lot o' holes and moss haggs on the hills, and it's no easy for a horse to get owre some o' them. Weel, efter I fired the first shot I ran roond the shouther o' the hill, and being in ma stocking soles, I ran about three miles afore the Shirra got to the place I fired from. When I saw him looking roond, I let off another yin, and, of course, he came galloping efter me. Ye ken the knowe that rins roond be the Covenanters' Hole, weel, I ran roond that, and got to the Hole, and ye ken there's a lot o' bog holes and slush in the narrow opening, and a lot o' rocks ahint, so I stuck ma hat and coat on a stick—they were jist seen owre the tap o' the rocks. I then ran up the face o' the brae, and lay flat, looking owre on the tap o' the opening. The Shirra thought he had me when he saw the hat, or maybe, he thought it was a herd, for he cam' up to the opening pretty fast, and ye wad hae laughed had you seen him. His horse put its fit into a hole jist at the opening, and the Shirra went sprawling into the slush and mud. When he got up, I heard him swearin', and he said somethin' aboot 'gan doon to the vile earth frae whence he sprung,' as he scraped the mud off his coat

and breeks. He began shouting to ma coat and hat, thinking it was me or a herd. He left his horse and climbed up the rock, and I nearly split ma sides when I saw him coming doon cairrying them under his oxter."

"And what did he do wi' them, Jock; did he take them wi' him."

"Aye," said Jock, with pawky humour. "I heard in the toun he was filling his new hoose at Abbotsford wi' a wheen auld guns and swords, and an auld bonnet wi' a feather in't. He'll maybe pit ma hat and coat among them. I'm shair they're auld eneugh."

"What did ye do then, Jock?" queried Nanny.

"Oh, I jist lay still and watched the Shirra leading his horse away owre to the road; it could hardly walk as it was sae lame. He wad hae to walk to Selkirk, and I'm shair it's the hardest day's wark he's done for many a day. Puir Watty! I was sorra for him, he's sic a decent body. But Nannie, I'm awfu' hungry; hae ye onything to eat?"

"Aye, Jock, I kept twae hares and boiled them efter Rob went away."

In a short time Jock was busily engaged "putting in another stave," as he said, and shortly after he went up the garret and drew up the ladder. When I awoke next morning my aunt told me Jock had been away since daybreak, and so ended one of the many unrecorded incidents in the life of Sir Walter not told by Lockhart. In reading "The Poacher," by Scott, I came across the following lines:

"Our scarce-marked path descends yon dingle deep:
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip:
In earthly mire philosophy may slip,"

and wonder if the whole poem was not inspired by his knowledge of Jock Scott, the Yarrow and Ettrick Poacher, and if he was not telling personal experience when he wrote the line in italics. Certainly that day when he fell into the bog hole, he had plenty earthly mire upon him.

AITKEN WELSH.

Which are the "Border Counties?"

IN a recent review of Sir George Douglas' "History of the Border Counties—Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles," the reviewer asks why these three counties should be called the Border Counties, the real Border Counties on the Scottish side being Berwick, Roxburgh, and Dumfries.

The reviewer's question at first sight suggests ignorance of the history of Peebles and Selkirk, for the part they have played in Border story fully entitles them to the position usually accorded them in the Border group.

But on second thoughts, the reviewer's remarks regarding those two counties show that he is questioning, not their historical, but their geographical claim to that position, and he seems to have right on his side when he says Dumfries is more entitled to be styled a Border County than either Peebles or Selkirk. Yet even on the point of geography, we believe him to be wrong. There seems to be no ruling given on this point in any of the geographical text-books we have consulted, but our own opinion is that the Border Counties are those which are watered by the Tweed and its tributaries.

This ruling would account for the exclusion of Dumfries and the inclusion of Peebles and Selkirk with Roxburgh and Berwick, forming the group known as the Border Counties. We should like, however, if any of our readers are able to throw more light on the subject, to have this opinion confirmed or amended.

The Late Mr Thomas Small, Jedburgh.

AS we go to press, we observe with great regret the announcement in the papers of the death of Mr Thomas Small, Inspector of Poor, Jedburgh. He was one of our most esteemed correspondents and contributors. In our present number will be found the second portion of Mr Small's paper on "Thomas Pringle," probably the last bit of literary work on which he was engaged. Deceased was well known in the Borders as an antiquary, and his knowledge of Border literature was very extensive. For many years he carried on business as a bookseller. He was a member of the Berwickshire Naturalist's Club, and many articles of historical and local interest have come from his pen.

AN Army chaplain was visiting the wounded men in the field hospital, when he came to a soldier who was groaning loudly. "Come, my poor fellow, bear the pain like a man!" said the chaplain. "It's no use kicking against Fate." "Bedad, sorr, you're roight!" groaned the sufferer, who had been severely kicked by a transport mule. "'Specially when it's the fate av an Arrmy mule!"

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1900.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

The Border Keep.

The following interesting notes about Scott and Abbotsford recently appeared in the "Weekly Scotsman," and are worthy of preservation in the Border Keep:

In his life of Sir Walter Scott, Mr James Hay has an exceedingly interesting picture of Abbotsford, and he tells how enthusiastic was Sir Walter in the work of enlarging and beautifying it. Scott, he says, had a painter's as well as a poet's eye for scenery; indeed, he compared a planter to a painter for the exquisite delight afforded by such employment. "The planter," he said, "is like a painter laying on his colours—at every moment he sees the effects coming out. There is no art or occupation comparable to this; it is full of past, present, and future enjoyment."

When the Laird was in Edinburgh attending to his official duties, he sighed for Abbotsford, and took the liveliest interest in all that was going on there. He writes to the land steward:—

"George must stick in a few wild roses, honeysuckles, and sweetbriars in suitable places so as to produce the luxuriance we see in the woods, which nature plants herself. Get out of your ideas about expense; it is, after all, but throwing away the price of planting. If I were to buy a picture worth £500 nobody would wonder much. Now, if I choose to let out £100 to £200 to make a landscape of my estate, and add so much more to its value, I certainly don't do a more foolish thing."

It is pleasant to see from the Laidlaw MSS. with what alacrity and zeal Scott's noble friends helped him with kind contributions. The Duke of Buccleuch sent bushels of acorns; the Earl of Fife presented seed of Norway pines; a box of fine chestnuts came from Lisbon—the box was sent on from Edinburgh to Abbotsford unopened—and before the factor heard of them they were pealed and rendered useless for planting. "Confound the chestnuts and those who peeled them," exclaimed Scott, "the officious blockheads did it by way of special favour."

Scott told his friend Morritt that he never was so happy in his life as in having a place of his own to create. He was perpetually buying land from the needy, greedy, neighbouring proprietors to add to his original purchase. "It rounds off the property so handsomely," he says in one of his letters. There was always a corner to "round off." For these neighbouring lands he paid far beyond their market value. On one occasion, when a friend remarked that for a certain tract he had paid an exorbitant price, Scott replied good-naturedly, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Well, well, it only is to me the scribbling of another volume more of nonsense."

Abbotsford meanwhile from a rustic cottage in the wizard's hands grew into a fairy palace. The furniture and decorations were of the most gorgeous and princely description, the wainscots of oak and cedar, the floors tesselated with marbles or woods of different dyes, the ceilings fretted and carved with the delicate tracery of a Gothic abbey, the storied windows blazoned with the rich-coloured insignia of heraldry, and the walls garnished with time-honoured trophies, while scattered through the mansion were rare specimens of art and sumptuously-bound books, gifts from King George and other friends.

His antiquarian tastes were visible everywhere. Except his wife's boudoir, every room was a museum. Over one mantelpiece hung the sword of the great Montrose, on another lay the pistols of Prince Charlie. Nor was religion or sport forgotten. The beautiful marble heads of nuns and confessors, and antlered heads of noble stags adorned the hall, while Maida, the famous staghound, kept sentinel over the Omnium Gatherum.

Such was Abbotsford, which of all the creations of his genius will probably be the first to perish.

Mr Hay, from whose lately published volume the foregoing interesting items are obtained, has apparently never been in the Border Country. Writing of Scott's school days at Kelso with the Ballantynes, and their wanderings by the Tweed, he says, "Even on that same spot where they walked and talked, Scott was to raise Abbotsford." Kelso and Abbotsford are both, no doubt, on the Tweed, but they are distant from each other some fifteen or sixteen miles at least. Mr Hay's treatment of Border names is quite independent of Sir Walter's. Thus John Leyden is John Lynden, Ashestiel is Ashicstill and Ashiestcil, while the Eildons are treated as the Eldons.

* * *

But, oh! Border readers of the Waverley Novels, how it will astonish you, as it has astonished me, Dominie Sampson to wit, to find how cavalierly Mr Hay deals with the spelling of the names of my friends: Vambeest Brown, Playdill, Hatterick, Mucklewraith, Kettledrumlie, Meg Dodds, and many more to such an extent as to bring out of me my favourite exclamation, Prodigious! But over and above these and many more mishaps, we have found Mr Hay's volume an interesting and instructive one. When it reaches a second edition, the blunders here indicated may all be easily put to rights.

* * *

In the month of March there died in her hundredth year Mrs Smith, Biggar. Deceased was the widow of the late Dr David Smith, minister of the United Presbyterian Church of Biggar. She belonged to a good old Dissenting family, being the daughter of the Rev. John Brown, of Whitburn, and granddaughter of John Brown, of Haddington, the well-known commentator on the Bible. In addition to a splendid physical constitution, she possessed a vigorous mental character, keeping up a strong interest in all public affairs.

* * *

As usual, I have more material for this column than I can use, and so I will save space by here stating that most of the contents of this column have been "lifted" in true Border style from various papers, and I trust the several writers will accept this acknowledgment.

* * *

Miss M. A. Graham, who was for many years postmistress at Ecclefechan, sends some interesting particulars to the "Scottish American" concerning that now world-renowned village. She knew Carlyle's mother very well; her granddaughter was a neighbour and playmate of Miss Graham's. When Carlyle, in his younger days, visited, his birthplace, he used to take a midnight walk through his old haunts once a year; but he kept himself very quiet, and the villagers were not in the habit of lionising him at all. It is a remarkable fact that not far from Carlyle's grave lie the remains of Dr Arch. Arnott, the medical attendant to Napoleon at St Helena.

* * *

The people of the Scottish Border would note with satisfaction that Lord George Scott, the third son of the Duke of Buccleuch, had the distinguished honour of unfurling the Union Jack and running it up over the roof of the Presidency at Bloemfontein. The flag was a silken one, which had been worked by Lady Roberts in anticipation, no doubt, of this or a similar event in the progress of the war, and with the aid of Commander Fortescue of the Royal Navy, Lord George Scott displayed the British emblem amid the cheers of the soldiers and the populace.

* * *

At a meeting of the Hawick Archæological Society, Mr J. J. Vernon read the second part of his paper on the "Parish and Kirk of Hawick, 1711-1725." The Parliament which met at Edinburgh in 1690 gave to Scotland the Establishment which it still enjoyed, restoring and giving the government of the Church to the surviving Presbyterian ministers who had been deprived of their living in 1661. Of these there remained but sixty. In the six Presbyteries forming the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale there were only nine, the minister of Minto being the only member of the Presbytery of Jedburgh who survived to re-occupy his pulpit. Mr Vernon described the life and work of Mr Robert Cunningham, who in 1712 succeeded Mr Orrock, the first minister of Hawick after the Revolution, and gave an interesting description of the parish Sunday of 200 years ago. Both before and between the services of the day the people loitered in the sunshine among the gravestones, conversing no doubt about their ordinary affairs, a practice which the minister and session tried repeatedly to put down, but without success. Having otherwise but few opportunities of meeting friends and acquaintances, many, especially country people, were in sympathy with the young man who declared that he "wadna gi'e the crack in the kirkyaird for twae days preachin'!" The forenoon service then occupied about two and three-quarter hours.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Sir Walter Scott in Jedburgh.

By James Cree.

[read at the jedburgh ramblers' club.]

Part II.

We must go back some years to learn something more of Sir Walter's visits to Jedburgh when he was 'on the circuit,' as he says. He not only found one of his warmest and most helpful friends in Jedburgh, but here he made his first appearance as counsel in a criminal court. This was at the Circuit Court in 1793. His client was a veteran poacher and sheep stealer. The name is discreetly withheld, as it is undesirable to burden any family history with incidents of this kind. There was evidently good ground for the accusation against the prisoner, but Sir Walter succeeded in getting him acquitted. 'You're a lucky scoundrel,' Sir Walter whispered to his client when the verdict was pronounced. 'I'm just o' your mind,' was the reply of the poacher, 'and I'll send you a maukin (that is, a hare) the morn, man.' Either at these same assizes or the next in Jedburgh, Sir Walter defended a notorious housebreaker, but the evidence in this case was too strong, and the housebreaker was convicted. He was grateful in his own way for the efforts of his advocate, and requested him to visit him before he left the place. Sir Walter went to the condemned cell, and the housebreaker said to him—'I am very sorry, sir, that I have no fee to offer you, so let me beg your acceptance of two bits of advice which may be useful perhaps when you come to have a house of your own. I am done with practice, you see, and here is my legacy. Never keep a large watch-dog out of doors—we can always silence them cheaply—indeed, if it be a dog, 'tis easier than whistling—but tie a little tight yelping terrier within; and secondly, put no trust in nice clever gim-crack locks—the only thing that bothers us is a huge old heavy one, no matter how simple the construction—and the ruder and rustier the key so much the better for the housekeeper.' Lockhart heard Sir Walter tell this story some thirty years after at a Judge's dinner at Jedburgh, and Sir Walter summed it up with a rhyme. Addressing Lord Meadowbank, he said—'Ay, ay, my lord,

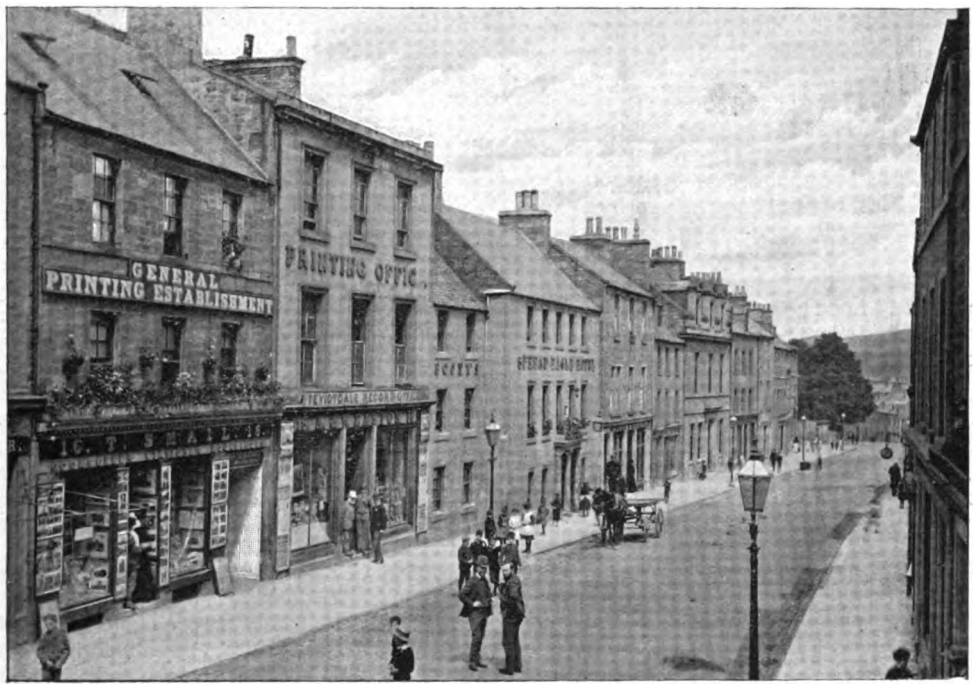
From Photo by R. Jack, Jedburgh.

COURT HOUSE, JEDBURGH.

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.'

It will be in place I think to bring in here the record of one of the most interesting visits Sir Walter Scott made to Jedburgh, when his companions for a time were William Wordsworth the poet, Wordsworth's sister Dorothy, and William Laidlaw, author of 'Lucy's Flittin'.' This was the time when the Wordsworths made A Tour in Scotland, and the date is September, 1803. It was after the publication of Sir Walter's ballads and the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The Wordsworths met Sir Walter in Melrose and he conducted them to the places of interest there. He was travelling to the assizes at Jedburgh as Sheriff of Selkirk—an office to which he had been appointed three years before this. He went off to Jedburgh very early on the 20th of September. Later in the day the Wordsworths followed, and arrived at Jedburgh half-an-hour before the judges were expected out of Court to dinner. The name of Mr Scott was given by the Wordsworths as a passport at the inn, where they were very civilly treated, as Dorothy Wordsworth says. There was no vacant room in the inn, however, and private lodgings were found for them. This was in the house No. 5 Abbey Close, where the poet and his sister stayed during the time they were in Jedburgh. The remarkable woman in whose house they lodged is the subject of Wordsworth's poem, 'The Matron of Jedburgh,' some of the lines of which are:—

I praise thee, Matron; and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise and true,
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold:
Thy looks, thy gestures all present
The picture of a life well spent.



From Photo by R. Jack, Jedburgh.

HIGH STREET, JEDBURGH.

Dorothy Wordsworth had a view of the Abbey Churchyard from this house, and she remarks that several women brought their linen to the flat table tombstones, and having spread it upon them, began to batter as hard as they could with a wooden roller, a substitute for a mangle. When Sir Walter's business in Court that day was over he walked with the Wordsworths up the Jed, and the poet and his sister have recorded their impressions of the scenery. They visited Ferniehurst and then walked down the river. Dorothy Wordsworth says they were accompanied on their walk by a young

man from the Braes of Yarrow. This, as I have said, was William Laidlaw, the author of 'Lucy's Flittin'.' We are told by Dorothy Wordsworth that the town of Jedburgh, in returning along the road, as it is seen through the gently winding narrow valley, looks exceedingly beautiful. When they got to their lodgings they had their dinner sent from the inn, and a bottle of wine, that they might not disgrace the Sheriff (that is, Sir Walter Scott), who supped with them, stayed late, and repeated some of his poems. Next day Dr Somerville, parish minister, called upon them with Sir Walter Scott, and they went to the manse and the church. The assizes closed that day, and the Wordsworths went into the Court to hear the Judge pronounce his charge, 'which (says Dorothy Wordsworth) was the most curious specimen of old woman's oratory and newspaper paragraph loyalty that was ever heard.' Sir Walter travelled with the Wordsworths to Hawick, pointing out notable places by the way. Next morning he took them for a walk up a bare hill; and Dorothy Wordsworth, who is very candid in her comments, has the audacity to write that 'Hawick is a small town.' Sir Walter parted with them after breakfast. This visit of Sir Walter Scott to Jedburgh in September, 1803, must take a place of prominence in the record of his connection with the town, because of the interesting companions that were with him on that occasion. No more notable four ever walked by Jedwater together than Sir Walter Scott, William Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, and William Laidlaw; and that evening on which Sir Walter and the Wordsworths supped together in Abbey Close and Sir Walter read some part of his then unpublished 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' is entitled to an honourable place in the history of the town.

Inchbonny, the home of Mr James Veitch, was frequently visited by Sir Walter Scott, and when he was here at the Circuit Courts he often took the judges and advocates with him to see the philosopher of Inchbonny and his observatory and the striking geological formation near his residence.*

The residence of Sir Walter Scott's uncle, Mr Thomas Scott, in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh, was another link that connected Sir Walter with the town. This uncle resided, as I have said, at Monklaw, and it may be accepted as certain that Sir Walter was a frequent visitor there, for the casual reference to the fact that he sent an artist to take a portrait of his uncle, shows that he was in intimate and affectionate relationship with him and that he held him in esteem. This feeling was reciprocated. Sir Walter's last visit to his uncle at Monklaw was after he had avowed the authorship of the Waverley Novels. His uncle's kindly greeting was—'Eh, Walter, you were ay guid, but you're now great.' Mr Thomas Scott died at Monklaw.

Lockhart indicates that 'Sir Walter Scott's acquaintanceship with Sir David Brewster (a Jedburgh man) in their earlier years was slight,' but their common attachment to, interest in, and admiration for the philosopher of Inchbonny probably formed a stronger bond of friendship between them than Lockhart was aware of. It is certain that in 1820, when Sir Walter Scott was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Sir David Brewster became one of his most valued friends; and I find that in a letter written in 1823 Sir David Brewster makes an appreciative reference to Sir Walter Scott. 'We are all impatient here,' he says, 'for the appearance of St Ronan's Well, which is said to be excellent. I was highly amused a few days ago at the anniversary dinner of the Antiquarian Society, to see Sir Walter joining in all the honours, when the "Author of Waverley" was given as a toast. He is in great health and spirits.' We have thus seen that Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor to Jedburgh, to attend the Circuit Courts, to see his uncle at Monklaw, to visit his friend at Inchbonny, and to enjoy the hospitality of his companion and guide, Mr Shortreed.

I have collected some notes of things as they were in Jedburgh at the time Sir Walter Scott visited it and which have changed since then. The Justiciary Court room occupied the portion of the County Buildings in which the Burgh Police Court Room and neighbouring offices are now situated. The outlook was to Market Place. An iron rail separated the public from the bench, bar, jury box, and seats for witnesses. A gallery was usually the resort of ladies who attended on occasions of interest. The site of the present Sheriff Court Room was occupied by the Flesh Market. The entrance to the Flesh Market was from Castlegate by a large gate which was the sole insertion in an other-wise dead wall fifteen feet in height. Within, the market had much the appearance of an auction mart of the present day. The booths of the butchers were arranged in succession around the wall of the market, and the space in the centre was used in killing the animals. They were not so scientific in their

* As these visits were narrated in Mr Geo. Watson's interesting papers on "James Veitch of Inchbonny," in recent numbers of this Magazine, we not not here repeat the narrative. Ed. *B.M.*

arrangements of slaughter-houses as we are now. Outside, towards the Churchyard, there was a pen for the live stock. All butcher meat was bought in the market. This place was afterwards converted into an infant school, and later the county authorities bought it, and the present Sheriff Court and offices below were erected.

It is only historicallv that we are interested in public houses; and regarding them in this way we have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever hardships the former inhabitants of Jedburgh may have had to endure, the facilities for refreshment and social recreation were abundant. They had the Commercial Inn, where Messrs Hislop and Oliver's establishments now are; the Cross Keys, where now stands the shop of Mr James Halliburton; The Crown Hotel, in High Street, at Crown Lane; the Swan public-house was opposite the Cannon Hotel in Exchange Street—the latter still existing under the name of the Exchange Hotel. The Swan occupied the site of the Store Company's bakehouse. These were in addition to other places of entertainment that are still in existence, and with which we are all more or less familiar. Besides all these, I am assured —it may have been in confidence—that every licensed grocer's premises were in reality a public-house where people could sit and drink drams. In the Burn Wynd of those days (a place now dignified with the name of Exchange Street) there were two outshot buildings, where in still earlier days there had been a tower and a gate for the defence of Jedburgh. The situation is near to Mr Veitch's shop in Exchange Street. On Mr Veitch's side of the street the out-shot building was occupied as a baker's shop by Mr James Veitch; on the other side the corresponding erection was tenanted by a tinsmith, Mr John Bruce. Both had windows and doors looking towards Market Place. If a person jumped up on the dyke near by, he could have a look at the frisky and odorous skip-running burn. The passage between these shops was so contracted that carts could scarcely pass. The Chevy Chase and Blucher Coaches passed through Jedburgh in those days and were the conveyances by which people travelled from Newcastle to Edinburgh and to intervening towns. Jedburgh was at that time on the highway between England and the Scottish metropolis; and in many wavs, compared with other towns in the district, it was a place of more importance than it is now.

To be Continued.

A Friendly Raid.

ON the 5th November, 1629, Messrs C Lowther, R. Fallow, and Peter Manson crossed from the Lonsdale country into Scotland. Some of their experiences, as given in the unadorned and almost incoherent extracts from their journal, which is to all intents and purposes unknown, are worth giving by way of showing what was the real feeling between Englishmen and Scotchmen about three centuries ago, and that then we were, in spite of recent declarations to the contrary, not so much worse off than our neighbours. The following extracts refer to the Border country:

From Carlisle they use stacking of corn, on forward into Scotland. The houses of the Grames that were, are but one little stone tower garretted and slated or thatched, some of the form of a little tower not garretted; such be all the leards' houses in Scotland . . On the east side of Esk to Selkerigg which is four miles along the river Esk, from Canonby to Langholm be good woods on the E. side, Helliwearekoog and Langham wood on the W. side, and Hollow-wood through which is our way to Langholm, and three miles from Langham over Langham Wood in my L. Buch. colepits. Along the river of Eske is very good grounds; on the height is waste but good ground, and the most part beyond Esk towards Berwick is waste.

Langham is my Lord Maxfield's, but my Lord Buckpleugh hath it and all his land there mortgaged, and is thought will have it. My Lord Maxfield hath gotten it to be a market within this five years, and hath given them to Langham and Eskenholme land ;to them with condition to build good guest houses within a year. We lodged at John a Foorde's at my Lord Mayfield's gate, where the fire is in the midst of the house; we had there good victuals, as mutton, midden fowle, oatbread cakes on the kirdle baked the fifth part of an inch thick, wheat bread, ale, aquavitæ. Robert Pringle: Courts, Barons, and Burghs may hang and order any other causes, hang if offenders be taken with the manner of the deed, but it must be within twenty-four hours, but if after then there must be a commission gotten that they may have a jury which consisteth of fifteen, the first of which is called the chancellor and hath two voices, they go by votes, and the jury is to be elected out of the whole sheriffdom.

At Langham, . . . we laid in a poor thatched house the wall of it being one course of stones, another of sods of earth, it had a door of wicker rods, . . . Mr Curwen, parson of Arthuret . . . endeavoured to

get us a lodging in Lord Maxfield's house because of the outlaws in the town at that time.

Eskerigg to Selkerig.—All the churches we see were poor thatched, and in some of them the doors sodded up with no windows in almost till we came to Selkrig. A sheep grass hereabouts and about Langham is 1s 6d a-year, a beast grass 2s or 2s 6d, butter is some 6s a stone, they have little or nothing enclosed, neither of corn ground, woods or meadows, they have very little hay unless at a knight, leard, or lord's house some very little.

Over all or most part of Scotland (except Murray—finest land in Scotd. for fruit, corn, and of trees, etc.—most part enclosed), land not enclosed. Beasts taken to grass day and night. At Selkerigge we lodged at goodman Riddall's, a burgess of the town, the which town is a burgh regal for antiquity the fifteen in the kingdom of Scotland. [Governed by two bailiffs they may hang and punish according to custom.] They have a very pretty church where the hammermen and other tradesmen have several seats mounted above the rest, . . . the women sit in the high end of the church, with us the choir, . . . On a corner of the outside of the choir is fastened an iron chain wit (sic) at a thing they call the Jogges, which is for such as offend but especially women brawlers, their head being put through it, and another iron in their mouth, so abiding foaming till such time as the bailiffs please to dismiss them, it being in the time of divine service. The form of it is a cross house, the steeple fair, handsomely tiled as the Royal Exchange at London, it having at each corner four pyramidal turrets, they call them pricks; . . . For the repair of the churches, their presbyteries impose taxation on the parishioners . . . If any pay not his tax he is put to the horne. The Church was tiled upon close joined boards and not lats. In the town there were many fine buildings for hewn stone but thatched, it is as great as Appleby. The women are churched before the service begins; through Scotland the people in church when the parson saith any prayers they use a hummering kind of lamentation for their sins. The inhabitants of Selkrig are a drunken kind of people. They have good victuals throughout the kingdom, unless it be towards the south-west, but cannot dress it well. Here we have a choking smoky chamber, and drunken unruly company thrust in upon us called for wine and ale and left in on our score. [Ground good all the way to Edinburgh.] There be yet some woods of Ettrick Forest along the two rivers remaining.

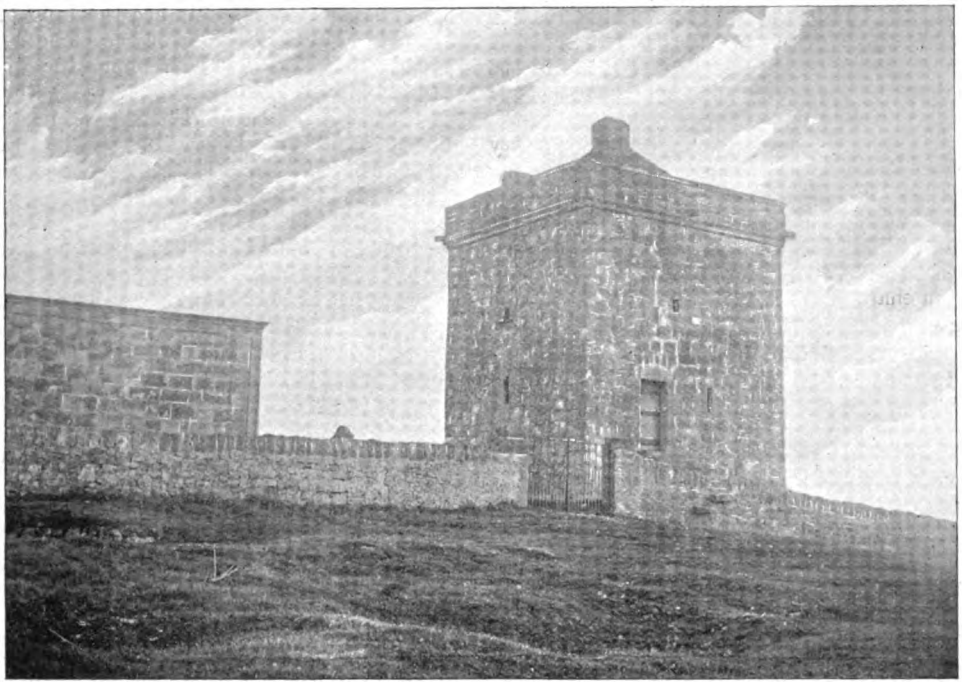
Gallowsheilds.—Went to Sir Ja. Pringle's house. He is one of the best husbands in the country as appeareth by his planting and suffering his tenants to hold on him by planting six fruit trees or twelve other trees, and if they fail to pay for every tree not planted 4d he also finding two fullers mills and two corn mills." . . There are of the Pringles for some eight miles up Gallowater, gentlemen all of pretty seats and buildings. [Went to church with Sir Ja. Pringle—heard a good sermon fore and afternoon—orderliest church and finest seats I have seen anywhere.] He hath a very pretty park, with artificial ponds and arbours now making—neat gardens and orchards—cherry trees—sycamores, trees he calleth silk trees and fir trees. . . In Scotland the wives alter not their surnames. They served up the dinner and supper with their hats on before their master, each dish covered with another, then there was a bason withheld for to wash our hands before we sat down, then being seated Sir James said grace. There cheer was big pottage, long kale, bowe or white kale, which is cabbage, "breohsopps," powdered beef, roast and boiled mutton, a venison pie in the form of an egg goose, then cheese also uncut, then apples, then the table-cloth taken off and a towel the whole breath of the table and half the length of it, a bason and ewer to wash, then a green carpet laid on, then one cup of beer set on the carpet, then a little long serviter, plaited up a shilling or little more broad, laid cross over the corner of the table and a glass of hot water set down also on the table, then be three boys to say grace, the first the thanks-giving, the second the paternoster, the third a prayer for a blessing to God's church [goodman, kinsfolk, etc.] they then do drink hot waters so at supper . . the collation which is a doupe of ale . . . From thence [Buckholme] to Herrets houses, a guest-house where we alighted, is eight miles, in which space we crossed the Gallowater some twenty times. [In Lauder dwell many of the Lauders, one of whose houses is a very fine one.] [Stobhill—Coal pits of the Leard of Erniston—Erniston a fine seat—Lord Ramsey house seated on a rock a fine building.] In view from Edinburgh four miles southwards is Keeth, a borough where all the witches are burned, and Earl Morton's house is. . . . From Edin. about a mile distant is Leith, the chief haven, having belonging to it 150 sails of ships holding about 200 tons [Lords, merchants, etc., fit out ships to take prizes, we saw three or four French & Flemings they had taken, there is a pretty harbour.]

T. G., *Glasgow Herald.*

Repentance Tower.

He wrote "Repentance" on the wa',
An' prayed baith sune an' late;
For the souls untimeous sped awa',
Through Herries o' th' Thwaite.

THE old tower of Repentance has long been a conspicuous landmark in Annandale. It rises high above the mild and gentle beauties of the fertile howes, and is visible from many points. The view from its ancient walls, to quote from Carlyle, is such "as Britain or the world could hardly have matched."



REPENTANCE TOWER.

The Tower stands on the brow of Hoddam Hill some three miles from the Carlylean shrine of Ecclefechan, and near to the banks of Allan Cunningham's "silver Annan." Its square thick hewn stone walls rise to the height of twenty-five feet, and over the door-way is carved the figures of a dove and a serpent, and between these is the word Repentance. Strange and uncertain traditions have gathered round its ruins. Doubtless some singular story lies hidden in the singular name, but authentic records are not to be found.

It is said to have been erected in the fifteenth century by Lord Herries, a member of the family who held the estate on which it stands from the century previous, who, for his marauding propensities, was surnamed "John the Reif." Many reasons have been assigned for his having erected the tower, and more especially for his selection of the word Repentance.

Tradition on which a quaint old ballad is founded says that he was returning from one of his reiving expeditions across the Border, when he and his "Solway Raiders" were overtaken by a high tide. In addition to the "heavy beeves an' fat sheep," prisoners, and followers,

"A maiden's gowden tresses sweep
Lord Herries' saddle bow."

The tide rose with such rapidity and came upon the gang with such violence and volume that in spite of frantic efforts all were swamped.

Doun, doun sank the beeves, the fat beeves a'
I' the shinin' sinkin' san';
It sooked them doon its greedy maw,
Till ne'er a beeve was fan'.

Herries alone got "back to the Scottish lan'." The tide floated away the "maiden fair," and he lost even his own "guid mare," for we read

that next morning when he came to himself

"He fan' her lyin' stiff an' stark,
On the shinin' wat red san'."

The terrible catastrophe so wrought upon Lord Herries' mind that he became a changed man, and as a retribution for his lawless life he built the tower and spent the remainder of his days within its walls in prayer and penetence.

He builded him a tall stane tower,
A-tap o' a lanesome heicht,
Whar he could glower the waters ower,
O' the Solway day and nicht.
An' day an' nicht in his tower he sat,
An' glowered at the risin' tide,
An' glowered when the shiny san' shone wat,
Maist ower to the English side.

According to Spottiswoode the tower was long used as a beacon, and the Border laws directed a watch to be maintained there, with fire, pan, and bell, to give alarm when the English crossed or approached the river Annan.

A story is told to the effect that a local divine overtook a lad in its neighbourhood, and inquired if he knew the way to Heaven, when he promptly replied, "It's by way of Repentance, sir," and at the same time pointed to the tower.

Carlyle started farming in Hoddam Hill in 1825 just under the shadow of Repentance, and mentions the tower and the hill in his letters to Jane Welsh. The latter he says is "as old as Caucasus itself," and regarding the former he writes, "The ancient tower of Repentance stands on a corner of the farm, a fit memorial for reflecting sinners."

It was then that Carlyle, according to Froude, spent his morning in work over German tales, and his afternoons in rides on his favourite pony, and wrote "My own four walls," which closes with the lines:

The moorland house, though rude it be,
May stand the brunt when powder falls;
'Twill screen my wife, my book, and me,
All in my own four walls.

It was here also that he was visited by Miss Welsh in September, 1825, when she "charmed all hearts," and when he himself was "loath to end the halcyon days." A difference with the landlord brought Carlyle's "singularly happy" life in the neighbourhood of Repentance to an abrupt close, and he quitted "My own four walls" in 1826, after a year's tenancy.

Below the old tower, it may be mentioned, stands the Castle of Hoddam, originally built by the Bruces about the beginning of the fourteenth century. The present Castle is of the same period as the tower, massive and picturesque, commanding a view of the loveliest Dumfriesshire straths. G. M. R.

The Border Ballad.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

THE Ballad is very old—"old as love and war." It teems with the memories of far-off days, wild or weird, winsome or waesome. It reflects the history, character, and manners of a race whose brave deeds and dutiful actions have a being and an impulse when all else is dead. "It has the tang of the soil, as well as the savour of the blood." The rugged Border life, led among the rough heather hills of Liddesdale, breathes through ballad lore a "bracing breeze for the healing of a sickly literature." A mystic melancholy broods o'er the dowie houms of Yarrow. And Eildon, with its shifting shadows and its wealth of yellow bloom, has stood for a thousand years the first fair home in Fairyland.

It is said that the climate of Scotland has given form to our religion—Presbyterianism hard, cold, stern, severe. In the same way, the dour and perfervid nature of the Scot is reflected in his literature and song. The Jacobite Song, which moved the fairest of Scotia's chivalry, was lyrical, emotional. The Ballad is dramatic. It shifts on the scene to the varying moods of men. It is not always limited by accuracy, and that of later date is loaded with hatred or contempt. It occurs in different versions, thus proving its antiquity. Internal evidence, as a rule, places its pedigree beyond doubt.

Centuries ago, the angel touched to fine issues the chords of the harp. The echoes sound in rhythm or in rhyme down all the ages. The wail of the bagpipe floats still upon the air, while he who raised the tune has left his name unsung—

"Though long on time's dark whirlpool tossed,
The song is sung, the bard is lost."

The Ballad was at first sung or chanted. It cannot be properly studied apart from its air. The town-piper was the poet or musician of a later day. The office was hereditary. "The last of all the bards" died at Jedburgh one hundred years ago. The refrain or owerword, so common in the Ballad, relieves the monotony of the strain. One striking example occurs—

"The broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes."

The Cymric Kingdom of Strathclyde was the nursery of Ballad rhyme and song. It may have sprung from Denmark. The invariable "yellow hair" is, possibly, a thread of those Norsemen who have left their names on our shores. Some affirm that it is a transcript from the French localized. More probably it is inspired by local tradition. In any case, it is historical. It, indeed, forms the great mass of the minstrelsy. In Border Ballad literature, Douglas is the most familiar name. Its motto points to its kingship of the wilds—"It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." Gordon is the northern ballad-name. Gordon —a Border name "stown awa!"

In character and constitution the Ballad is robust. There is about it a kind of open-air feeling, but in many cases an absence of mirth and light-heartedness. There is in it a deep stirring of human emotion. It wells up from a full heart which only sings because it cannot help it. This idea is beautifully expressed by one who in our own day has touched the tenderest chords of human feeling and imagination—

"Like one that sings, and does not know,
But in a dream hears voices calling
Of those that died long years ago—
And sings although the tears be falling."

Fletcher of Saltoun's epigram, "Let me make a country's ballads, and let who will make its laws," has been often quoted. Perhaps it should read, "A musician is a greater hero than a lawyer," but, sooth to say, the origin of some of our best Ballads is unknown. Others have been partially lost. Others, again, have been sadly mutilated, or mingled with the faults of "faithless memory." In a sense, the song is not lost but only dispersed. The soul of it lives. Tweed, Leader, Ettrick, Cheviot, Lammermoor are the chosen home of romance.

Scott gathered the Ballads from the lips of old women, hill-shepherds, and the wandering tribes of cadgers and hawkers, and gave them forth, "a legacy of posterity," in 1802. Unwittingly, it may be, he became not only a ballad-gleaner, but a ballad-maker,

"Like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Scott was indebted to the Ettrick Shepherd for many of his best Ballads, and most of all to Hogg's mother, who afterwards said to Sir Walter, "There was never ane o' ma sangs prentit, till ye prentit them yoursel. And ye hae spoilt them athegither. They were made for singin' and no for readin', and they'll never be sung mair. And the warst thing o' a', they're naither right spell'd nor right settin' doun." But for all that, Scott saved the Ballads.

Till about one hundred years ago, all over the Borderland these Ballads were said and sung by the hearth, or on the braes which gave them birth. In almost every cottage, there were copies of "Chevy Chase" and "Sir William Wallace." Mothers taught their children the deeds of their ancestry in plaintive rhyme—"without trickery of plot or story." Old men clasped their hands and tossed their flowing tresses to the wind, as with tear-streaming eyes gleaming with ecstatic fire they vied with each other in feats of memory. In early times, the Ballad was sung to "lords and ladies gay," but eventually it was ruled out of Court, and falling into the hands of the balladmonger, for greed of gain and to suit the cravings of the Common Fair, it was clad in spurious dress.

The Fairies are ever the pets and favourites of the poets. The Ballad is thus occasionally mythological. It was often written in an age of terror. Fancy was weird and wild. The Elf was white, like noon and moonlight. The water-elf was Kelpie.

Leyden assisted Scott to collect Ballads. Himself the first fully to depict the power of Border scenery, he wrote "Lord Soulis." It carries one back to wizard days, to the fame of King Arthur and the marvellous Merlin. Barbour remarks that he need not relate Soulis' victory over the English on the shores of the Esk—

"For quha sa likis, thai may heir
Young women, when they will play,
Sing it emang thame ilka day."

In the days of Wallace and Bruce, our sturdy forefathers fought bravely and died hard for the glorious privilege of being independent. Even yet the stirring, stirring strains of "Scots wha hae" gar the Scotch bluid loup in a' oor veins. Though broken into sects, houses, or clans, living far apart in social life, when menaced by the common foe they stood "shoulder to shoulder." The war-cry resounded o'er hill and through glen, and party—for a time—gave place to patriotism. Inspired by "pipers braw," they scented the battle afar and marched on to death or victory:—

"Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order,
Front about ye, musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English Border.
Busk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets."

The Ballad goes to the root of national character, to the "pith and marrow of national life

and history." It rings with the joy of combat. It weds war with music—in bonds which cannot be rent asunder. "The Battle of Otterbourne" is the grandest of martial ballads. In it, Border chivalry finds its most abiding memory. A pathos and tenderness have been given to the words of the dying Douglas from the fact that our own Sir Walter Scott, as the gloaming of life seemed wooing him to his "lang hame," crooned so mournfully and yet so meekly these self-forgetful words,

"O! bury me by the bracken bush
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here."

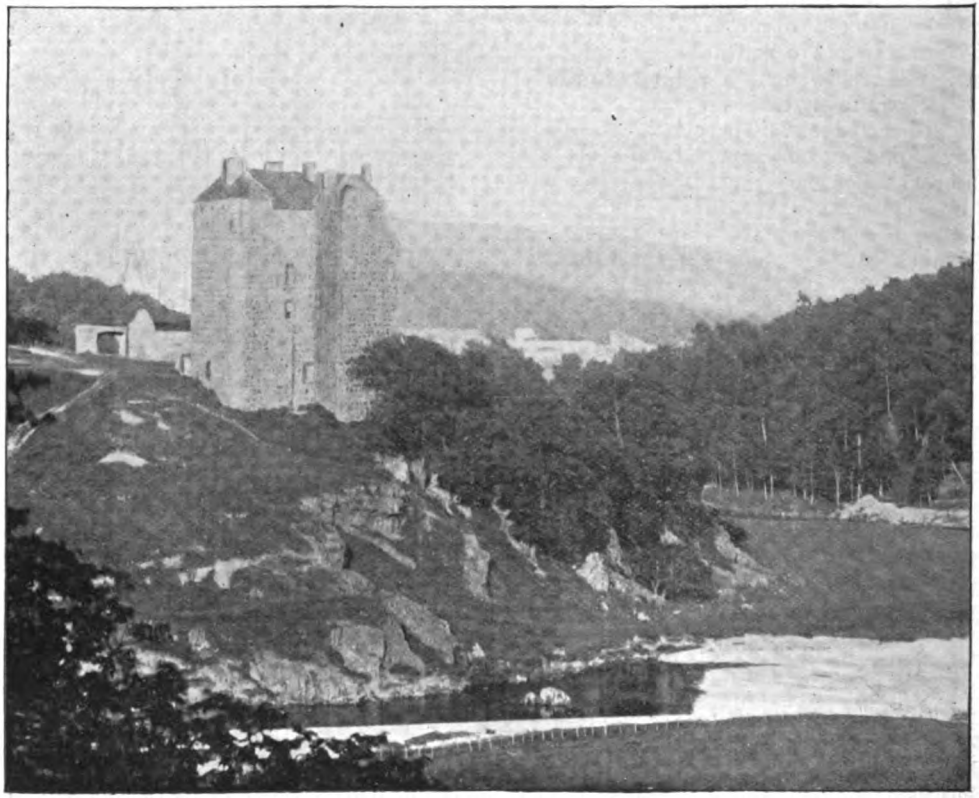
But, for all that, dear, very dear to us is that hallowed niche in Dryburgh Abbey where is laid to rest the knightliest knight in all the train of knighthood.

A. T. G.

Neidpath Castle.

May brings again her garlands green
To every waving tree,
And sunny bank and bosky dell
Are haunts of bird and bee.
With music rippling as of old,
Tweed's silver current gleams,
And over all her wayward path
Still bends the world of dreams.

Of dreams that bring the old romance
To this stern world of ours;
Reclothes with more than summer's grace,
Her reaches and her bowers.



From Photo by McKnaught & Son, Peebles.

NEIDPATH CASTLE.

And, singing by thy mouldering walls,
Oh! Neidpath still she sings
Of thy fair maid, and fairest flower,
That bloomed in far-off springs.

Oh! Love's despite, and fortune's wrong
To blight fond hearts and true;
How summer-like had passed their lives,
How brief and transient, too.
But blighted flower of Neidpath tower,
Embalmed in poet's lay,
You still shall bloom while Tweed shall sing,
And woods grow green in May.

JOHN BROWN.

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The Late Lady John Scott-Spottiswoode,

AUTHORESS OF "ANNIE LAURIE."

BY REV. ALEX. OLIVER, B.A., D.D., GLASGOW.

WE regret to announce the death of Lady John Scott-Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode, Berwickshire, which occurred at her residence at Spottiswoode on the 12th of March last. Lady John Scott was the eldest daughter of John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode, near Lauder, and was born in 1810. For centuries the family have held a prominent place in Scottish history. One of them occupied the position of Superintendent of Lothian, an office in the Reformed Church of his time, created in consequence of the scarcity of pastors, and of great responsibility. His son was Archbishop Spottiswoode, who had the honour of crowning Charles I. at Holyrood in 1633, and was the author of a "History of the Church of Scotland." And his son, Sir Robert, who became, as one of the lords of the Court of Session, Lord Newabbey, was known as a distinguished lawyer, and the author of a treatise on the "Practice of the Law of Scotland." Lady Scott thus came of an intellectual stock, and was not the least gifted of a house that had many able scions. On 11th March, 1836, she was married to Lord John Scott, second son of Charles, the fourth Duke of Buccleuch. After nearly twenty-four years of wedded life she was widowed, Lord John Scott dying on 3d January, 1860. Her only brother, Lieutenant Andrew Spottiswoode, the heir to the estate, having died without male issue, Lady John succeeded to the family estate in 1870, and in accordance with her father's settlement she adopted the name of Spottiswoode in addition to that of Scott.

Had her thirst for literary fame been equal to her gifts and accomplishments she would have been widely known as a poetess entitled to take rank among the sweetest singers of her country. Her genius was of a high order, and Sir George Douglas, no mean judge, has spoken of her as the worthy successor of that noble quartette—Lady Anne Barnard, from whose pen we have "Auld Robin Gray;" Miss Jane Elliot, Lady Grisell Baillie, and Lady Nairne. Her poetry shows a fine appreciation of nature. Reared among the hills, she caught the music of their streams, and revelled in the beauty of their woods and "cleuchs and glens." Though in the South of England in her young days, yet her heart was in her native Lammermoors, and she wrote:—

"I hate this dreary Southern land, I weary day by day,
For the music of the many streams, in the birch-woods far away;
From all I love they banish me, but my thoughts they cannot chain,
And they bear me back, wild Lammermoor, to thy distant hills again."

There is nothing of the humorous in any of her pieces. The shadow that came on her, through her being widowed, led her to adopt a minor key in her songs. "There is," as Mr Crockett has justly said, "a note of sadness running through them, as if the writer were sighing for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." But it is this very note which gives them much of

From Photo by A. Lothian, Duns

FRONT VIEW OF SPOTTISWOODE

their charm. We know nothing more touching than the piece entitled "Duris Deer," this name being that of the burial place of her husband. We quote the last two verses:—

"The yellow broom is waving abune the sunny brae,
And the rowan berries dancing where the sparkling waters play;
Though a' is bricht and bonnie, it's an eerie place to me,
For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by burn or tree.

Far up into the wild hills there's a kirkyard auld and still,
Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the mists hang low and chill;
And there ye sleep in silence while I wander here my lane,
Till we meet ainee mair in heaven, never to part again."

The same tone is prominent in her "Ettrick" whose closing lines are:—

"Bright stream, from the founts of the west, rush on with thy music and glee;
O to be borne to my rest in the cold waves with thee!"

And it is still more touching and tender in her "Bounds of Cheviot" in which she sings as one who has taken her farewell look of those hills, that are as beautiful as they are rich in historic lore. Her first verse is:—

"Shall I never see the bonnie banks o' Kale again?
Nor the dark craigs o' Hownam Law?
Nor the green dens o' Chatto, nor Towford's mossy stane?
Nor the birks upon Philogar Shaw?"

Each succeeding verse is in the same key, and is followed by the plaintive refrain:

"Nae mair, nae mair,
I shall never see the Bounds of Cheviot mair."

But what may be called the romance of her literary life is connected with the well-known and popular song, "Annie Laurie." A good deal of controversy has been carried on about

that song. The locality of it has been matter of contention, but it is settled now that its "Maxwelton Braes" are in Glencairn, Dumfriesshire. Then there has been controversy as to who Annie Laurie was, and about the authorship of the song itself. But the researches which have been made, and Lady John's own public acknowledgments enable us to give now the simple facts. The version of the song as now sung is not the old version. The original does not appear in any collection of songs or ballads earlier than 1823, when it was published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe in his volume entitled, "A Ballad Book." It appears there with this prefatory note:—

From Photo by A. Lothian, Duns.

ANGLE VIEW OF SPOTTISWOODE.

"Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of the Maxwelton family (created 27th March, 1685), by his second wife, daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed the following verses under an unlucky star, for the lady afterwards married Mr Ferguson of Craigdarroch." The verses referred to are these:—

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me doun and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel may span,
Her waist ye weel may span,
She has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me doun and die.

Mr Sharpe does not say in his book where he got the verses; but in a letter written in 1848 to Mr Graham, editor of "The Songs of Scotland," he says he "wrote them down from the recitation of Miss Margaret Laurie of Maxwelton," a distant relative of his own, and that she had informed him that the writer of them was a Mr Douglas of Fingland, who was an admirer of Annie Laurie; and that she knew nothing of Annie beyond this, that she was said to be very handsome. It was in 1812 when Mr Sharpe had this information from his relative; and as, judging from the date of her father's marriage, 1715, she must have been then far advanced in years, her memory must have gone back far enough to catch up traditions which had not become so old as to be trustworthy. But this Miss Laurie said she had "never heard anything about the music

of the song." Allan Cunningham copied the verses, with Sharpe's prefatory note, into his "Songs of Scotland," in 1825, adding, "I am glad such a thing finds a local habitation in my native place."

Annie and her admirer, to whom she "gave her promise true," were not married. "The course of true love" failed, in this case as in others, to "run smooth." How the engagement was broken off is not said: but perhaps age had something to do with it, for a younger suitor for her hand carried the day. In 1710, seven years after her troth was plighted on Maxwelton braes to Mr Douglas, she was married to Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch. The disappointed lover, however, who was willing to give his life for "bonnie Annie Laurie," did not "lay him doun and dee;" but made a runaway marriage, so the story goes, with a Galloway lady, several years before Annie was married.

Lady Scott first met with Douglas's verses in Allan Cunningham's collection of songs. She had not seen Sharpe's book, in which Cunningham had found them. She was much taken with the words, and adapted to them a tune she had composed for a ballad of the same measure entitled "Kempe Kaye." But, not satisfied with some of the lines, which are rather inelegant, she altered and very greatly improved them, and added the third verse. The song as it came from her hand runs thus:

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true:
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
In the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the warld to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

The superiority of the first two stanzas as touched by Lady Scott's hand is apparent, while nothing could be more beautiful than the last. The popularity of the song has attested the genius of the gifted lady who gave it its present form. The tune to which it is now sung was composed, as we learn from a letter of Lady Scott's, in 1834 or the following year, and both song and tune were published by her in 1848. Six years later, and when the country was at war with Russia, this song and several original pieces were collected and issued in book form for the benefit of the widows and children of soldiers that had fallen in the Crimea. "All her published songs indeed," as we learn from Mr Crockett in his "Minstrelsy of the Merse," "have been sold in the interests of charitable organisations."

Lady Scott was known for her kindly interest in her dependants, and for her general charity. Even Charles Blythe, grandfather of the present king of the gipsies, whom she had come to know in her girlhood through his wanderings leading him and his to encamp occasionally in the neighbourhood of her house, had her kindly attention in a provision for his old age. She has long outlived her generation; but her name will survive, and in the Borderland, where her good deeds were best known, the memories of her will be always green.

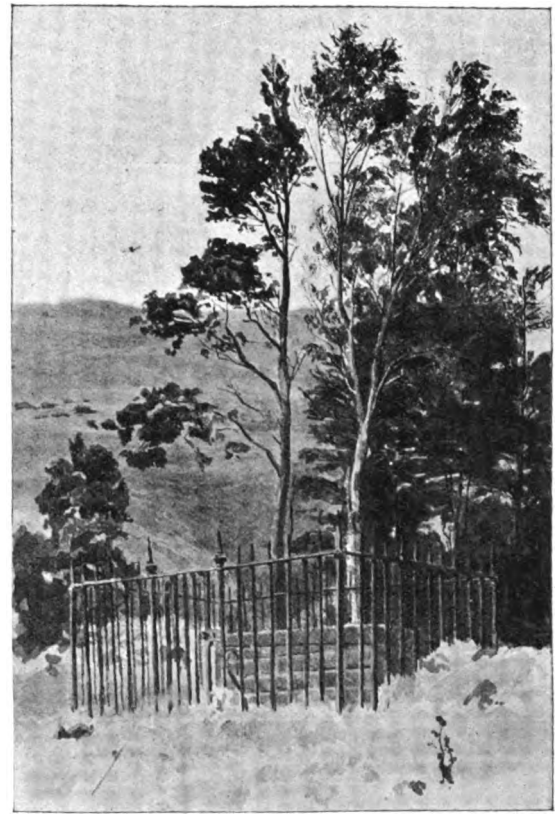
Her ladyship had a great dislike to see old landmarks removed, and we believe that it was through her influence that many of our old Border "peels" have been kept from disappearing. On her estate she was careful not to allow any interference with what kept alive the memory of the past in any outstanding feature. The old farm names she forbade to be changed, and on the gates on the roadway to the mansion house the direction to those entering was not "Shut the gate," but in the old style, "Steek the yett." For roofing the familiar thatch was preferred. When an old house was pulled down and rebuilt slate was never used; the straw covering invariably reappeared. All the places on her estate, about which there were any traditions of interest, she had dug into and carefully searched for anything ancient they might contain, and any antiquarian "find" in the district she endeavoured to secure. Her collection of antiquities, the gathering of many years, is very extensive. Her strong conservative feelings made her look with disfavour on bicycles and motor cars. It seemed to her as if they were turning the world upside down, and for its ill rather than its good. She was of a most benevolent disposition. The aged and the infirm in her neighbourhood owed much to her beneficence, and not a few were through her generous gifts kept from seeking parochial relief.

The death of her husband seemed to affect

her, not only deeply, but strangely. For years, perhaps to the end, she acted as if he were still alive. He had his chair set for him at every meal; when she travelled his luggage continued to go with her own; and many were the letters she wrote to him, as if absent on a journey, and by and by to be expected home. There surely had been some lesion, in the brain of one so finely strung, occasioned by his death. But while there will be the quiet smile at her eccentricities, her memory will be cherished as that of a lady whose genius had as its fitting setting a character that made her widely revered and loved, and will now make her death greatly mourned.

A New Yarrow Guide.

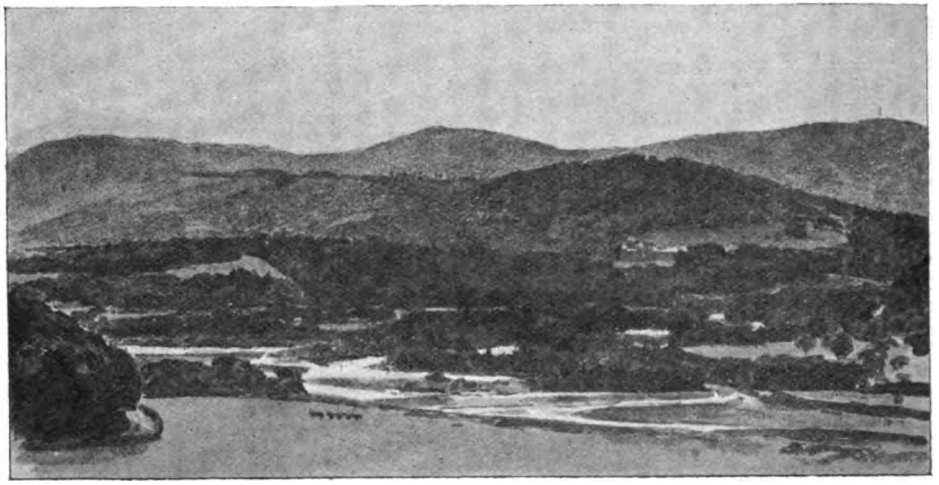
WE have pleasure in calling the attention of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE to a new "Illustrated Guide to the Vale of Yarrow." Of making books about Yarrow there is no end. Probably no other glen in Scotland has been the subject of a larger literature, and it is certain that no river has been so besung. Yarrow is an unfailing attraction. Its very name is redolent of the divinest poetry and the richest romance in the Borders. The favourite haunt of Scott, the joy of Wordsworth in his brief Border excursions, the happy abode of the "Shepherd" whose name for ever links the twin streams together; the holiday-home of Christopher North, and, since his day, of not a few of his professorial successors, it is no wonder that Yarrow with all the associations that gather around it, attracts to its "dear and refreshing solitudes" the rank and file of summer wanderers. There is no holiday like a Yarrow holiday. That is the sentiment of a hundred hearts. Mr James M. Menzies has therefore (though there are other excellent guide books to Yarrow) prepared his guide and illustrated it with many charming pictures of Yarrow scenery and spots of classic note. There are in all six chapters dealing with the upper Yarrow, St Mary's Cottage, Kirk, and Loch, the three towers of the Yarrow, the Dowie Dens, Hangingshaw, Newark, Philiphaugh, and Carterhaugh. The chapters are brightly written, and contain the leading facts of old Yarrow life and traditions, an account of the ballads and songs which the locality has inspired, and many other points of interest which the visitor should make himself acquainted with. Of course there are some errors which give one the impression that Mr Menzies has not been in Yarrow for some years. It is, for instance, long since William Richardson was tenant of St Mary's, and a few other points might be corrected in a future issue. But the book is worthy of its theme, and is the production of a writer



GRAVE OF THE COCKBURNS.
RUINS OF HENDERLAND TOWER ON THE HILLSIDE.

thoroughly in sympathy with the Border spirit, and who has caught not a little of the secret of Yarrow. Mr Gardner of Paisley is the publisher, and the book is produced in his best style. The price is 1s 6d. By the favour of the publisher we give two of the illustrations—grave of the Cockburns, and Junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow.

W. S. C.



JUNCTION OF THE ETTRICK AND YARROW.

Sir Walter Scott in Jedburgh.

By James Cree.

[READ AT THE JEDBURGH RAMBLERS' CLUB.]

Part III.—Conclusion.

NOW come to incidents connected with Sir Walter Scott's visit to Jedburgh that are less pleasant to deal with than have been those to which reference has already been made. These were events of the troubled times of 1831, when the country was greatly agitated over the question of Parliamentary electoral reform, and when there was a stiff contest in this county. Sir Walter was opposed to the Reform Bill. On the 21st of March in that year he attended a meeting of freeholders of Roxburgh held at Jedburgh in connection with this Parliamentary reform. His daughters endeavoured to dissuade him from attending this meeting. Sir Walter, however, was determined to take the opportunity of showing his aversion to the bill. He attended the meeting at Jedburgh and proposed one of his Tory resolutions. He was in weak health, and his speech was delivered in low tones and with painful pauses, and only a few passages of it could be heard by the audience.

'We are told,' he said, 'on high authority that France is the model for us—that we and all the other nations ought to put ourselves to school there—and endeavour to take out our degrees at the University of Paris. The French are a very generous people; they have often tried to borrow from us, and now we should repay the obligation by borrowing a leaf from them. But I fear there is an incompatibility between the tastes and habits of France and Britain, and that we may succeed as ill in copying them as they have hitherto done in copying us. We in this district are proud, and with reason, that the first chain bridge was the work of a Scotchman. It still hangs where he erected it a pretty long time ago. The French heard of our invention and determined to introduce it, but with great improvements and embellishments. A friend of my own saw the thing tried. It was on the Seine at Marly. The French chain-bridge looked lighter and airier than the prototype. Every Englishman present was disposed to confess that we had been beaten at our own trade. But by and by the gates were opened and the multitude were to pass over. It began to swing rather formidably beneath the pressure of the good company; and by the time the architect, who led the procession in great pomp and glory, reached the middle, the whole gave way, and he—worthy, patriotic artist—was the first that got a ducking. They had forgot the great middle bolt—or rather, this ingenious person had conceived that to be a clumsy-looking feature which might be safely dispensed with, while he put some invisible gim-crack of his own to supply its place.'

Lockhart says that at this point in Sir Walter's speech he was interrupted by violent hissing and hooting from the people. He

waited calmly till the storm was past and then resumed his speech.

'My friends,' he said, 'I am old and failing and you think me full of very silly prejudices; but I have seen a good deal of public men, and thought a good deal of public affairs in my day, and I can't help suspecting that the manufacturers of this new constitution are like a parcel of schoolboys taking to pieces a watch which used to go tolerably well for all practical purposes, in the conceit that they can put it together again far better than the old watchmaker. I fear they will fail when they come to the reconstruction, and I should not, I confess, be much surprised if it were to turn out that their first step had been to break the mainspring.'

Sir Walter, we are told, was again interrupted. The close of this scene I give you in the words of Lockhart—'He abruptly and unheard proposed his resolution, and then turning to the riotous artisans, exclaimed—'I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green.' His countenance glowed with indignation as he resumed his seat on the bench. But when, a few moments afterwards, the business being over, he rose to withdraw, every trace of passion was gone. He turned round at the door and bowed to the assembly. Two or three, not more, renewed their hissing; he bowed again, and took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator, which I hope (says Lockhart) none who had joined in these insults understood—Moriturus vos saluto.'

Sir Walter Scott was at this time in very feeble health, and the incident just described was much to be regretted. Looking back upon it from our day, generous as we all wish to be in our thoughts and opinions regarding Sir Walter's life, we are likely to agree that he was at fault in throwing himself into the midst of this political agitation. He did so against the affectionate remonstrance of his family. The populace were greatly excited over Parliamentary reform, and just as Sir Walter used the powers and privileges he possessed to resist the popular clamour, so the people used the rude and relentless weapons at their command to express their disapproval of his attitude. We must feel, too, I think, that there is a lesson here. Sir Walter Scott, with all his intellectual powers and great experience, was entirely wrong in his predictions as to the consequences of reforming the constitution. I think I may venture to say that notwithstanding the change he opposed, and many other and great changes that have since been effected, the British constitution is as strong and as stable as it ever was. Even the ablest and most experienced man may take his politics in moderation, and may be quite sure that all the wisdom is not with him.

Not long afterwards Sir Walter Scott suffered a stroke of paralysis. Lord Meadowbank, who had been at the Jedburgh Circuit, was on a visit at Abbotsford at the time. From this illness Sir Walter so far rallied as to resume work. On the 18th of May he paid another visit to Jedburgh, again in connection with political affairs. This was the time of the Roxburghshire election, and there was much disturbance and excitement throughout the county. Lockhart says—'The rumours of brickbat and bludgeon work at the hustings of this month were so prevalent, that Sir Walter's family, and not less zealously the Tory candidate (Henry Scott, heir of Harden, afterwards Lord Polwarth), tried every means to dissuade him from attending the election for Roxburghshire. We thought overnight that we had succeeded, and indeed, as the result of the vote was not at all doubtful, there could be no good reason for his appearing on this occasion. About seven in the morning, however, when I came down-stairs, intending to ride over to Jedburgh, I found he had countermanded my horse, ordered his chariot to the door, and was already impatient to be off for the scene of action. We found the town in a most tempestuous state: in fact, it was almost wholly in the hands of a disciplined rabble, chiefly weavers from Hawick, who marched up and down with drums and banners, and then, after filling the Court hall, lined the streets, grossly insulting everyone who did not wear the reforming colours. Sir Walter's carriage as it advanced towards the house of the Shortreed family, was pelted with stones; one or two fell into it, but none touched him. He breakfasted with the widow and children of his old friend and then walked to the hall between me and one of the young Shortreeds. He was saluted with groans and blasphemies all the way—and I blush to add that a woman spat upon him from a window; but this last contumely I think he did not observe. The scene within was much what has been described under the date of March 21st, except that though he attempted to speak from the bench, not a word was audible, such was the frenzy. Young Harden was returned by a great majority, forty to nineteen, and we then with difficulty gained the inn where the carriage had been put up. But the aspect of the street was by that time such, that several of the gentlemen on the Whig side came and entreated

us not to attempt starting from the front of our inn. One of them, Captain Russell Elliot of the Royal Navy, lived in the town, or rather in a villa adjoining it, to the rear of the Spread Eagle. Sir Walter was at last persuaded to accept this courteous adversary's invitation, and accompanied him through some winding lanes to his residence. Peter Mathieson by and by brought the carriage thither in the same clandestine method, and we escaped from Jedburgh with one shower more of stones at the bridge.'

Sir Walter's Diary contains this entry—'May 18.—Went to Jedburgh greatly against the wishes of my daughters. The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are nowadays. The population gathered in formidable numbers—a thousand from Hawick also—sad blackguards. The day passed with much clamour and no mischief. Henry Scott was re-elected—for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit.* I left the borough in the midst of abuse, and the gentle hint of Burke Sir Walter. Much obliged to the brave lads of Jeddart.'

About this scene I may explain that the inn referred to was the Spread Eagle Hotel, that the winding lanes were the back entrances to that hotel and the Friars Gate, and that the villa of Captain Elliot, to which Sir Walter went, was the house (Mr Smail informs me) that is now occupied as Boston Manse.

There has been some controversy regarding the treatment of Sir Walter Scott when on this last visit to Jedburgh, and I think it is of sufficient interest to justify some close consideration of the circumstances and the evidence we have in regard to them. Correcting a reference to these events Mr Thomas Smail recently published a letter, in which he said —'I have a distinct recollection of the whole affair and can quite corroborate the testimony of ex-Bailie Wemyss regarding the dates. The meeting of 21st March was one of freeholders and townspeople. Political feeling ran high, and Sir Walter was frequently interrupted during the delivery of his speech. . . . On the 18th May, 1831, which was the date of the election of a member of Parliament for the county, I remember seeing the Hawick men (many of them armed with big sticks) march down the Townhead of Jedburgh with drums beating and banners flying. I quite agree with ex-Bailie Wemyss, however, that the report of the ill-treatment of Sir Walter on this occasion was much exaggerated. Lockhart was very much to blame for this, as he wrote an article in the "Quarterly," which he edited, making far too much of the affair. Questions were asked in the House of Commons about Sir Walter Scott's treatment at Jedburgh, and the Home Secretary of the day wrote to the Magistrates for a report on the matter. The Magistrates met (and in this recollection I am strengthened by a conversation I had shortly before his death with the late Mr George Hilson, sen., who was a magistrate at the time of the incident), examined witnesses, and sent a report to the Home Secretary, stating that, as usual at election times, party feeling had run rather high, but giving it as their opinion that the whole matter had been very much exaggerated.'

I think it will have been obvious to those who have read Lockhart's account of these proceedings that he is not to be regarded as a fair witness. I do not say that he purposely misstated the facts; but his mind was inflamed with animosity against the people. He was annoyed that Sir Walter had made this visit to Jedburgh at such a time of excitement and danger; he was naturally anxious about the effect it might have upon Sir Walter's health. Consequently he resented any display of opposition to his venerable and infirm friend. He was on the outlook for insult and violence, and I believe that under the influence of this prejudice he applied to Sir Walter occurrences that were not directed towards him. His state of mind is shown in a bitter remark that he makes about Jedburgh and Hawick. 'The civilised American or Australian (he says) will curse these places, of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century when perhaps all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands planted from our blood.' His temper was also shown in the attack he made upon Jedburgh in the "Quarterly Review," in which he said that Sir Walter was spat upon by the Jedburgh people.

When the article appeared in the "Quarterly," Sir David Brewster was indignant, and protested that the statement was not true; and he himself being in a state of feeble health, he urged the Rev. K. M. Phin of Galashiels, to send a contradiction to the "Quarterly." Mr Phin said he was quite ready to comply with his wishes, but that he required further information. Mrs Gordon, in her Home Life of Sir David Brewster, has a note on this matter, in which she says—'Although the statement of the "Quarterly" was perfectly correct, and Sir Walter Scott was undeniably insulted in Jedburgh, yet it was not that town which was

specially at fault, for the inhabitants of the whole county were assembled, and the mob from Hawick was particularly active, instigated by a Radical proprietor.'

This explanation, however, only transfers the responsibility from the brave lads o' Jethart, to the 'sad blackguards' from Hawick, and so far as the spitting incident is concerned, I am not satisfied with it. The only testimony we have on the point is that of the incensed and vengeful Lockhart. And Lockhart says that only one person spat, and she was a woman, and she did the nasty deed from a window. The window was situated somewhere between the British Linen Company's Bank and the Town Hall. The streets were thronged with people, including the thousand aforementioned from Hawick. Within spitting range from the windows there would be scores of people. A woman spat, and Lockhart says she spat upon Sir Walter Scott, implying that she intended to do so. If a woman spits with as much accuracy as she throws a stone, he is a recklessly courageous man who ventures to say what her intention was. Lockhart assumes that the woman knew Sir Walter Scott, that she was hostile to him, and that she had the ability to control with the utmost nicety the direction of her expectoration. It is absurd. I say without hesitation that that charge is not proven.

Then with regard to the gentle hint 'Burke Sir Walter.' I have asked you to consider the state of mind in which Lockhart was at this time, and we find that Lockhart, who was in Sir Walter's carriage with him, does not say that he heard this remark. There is no doubt that had Lockhart heard it he would have recorded it. It must be admitted that Sir Walter Scott either heard it or thought he heard it; but it is also obvious that if such a thing was said, it was the remark of one person and not a shout of the crowd. Admitting that the words were used by someone, I must say they look to me more like a grim expression of humour than anything else. Be that as it may, it is not chargeable against any number of the people who were present on that occasion, for it was not heard by the man who sat beside Sir Walter Scott or he would not have failed to make a note of it.

Lockhart, in dealing with this incident, has treated the people of Roxburghshire with great injustice. I am not going to discuss the political question, although I will venture to say this, that it was a great error on Sir Walter Scott's part to throw himself at that time into the midst of this tumult. Lockhart separates Sir Walter Scott from the position he took up at the time. Sir Walter was present as a political leader, and because Sir Walter was somewhat roughly used as a political leader, Lockhart with great unfairness makes this opposition applicable to him in his capacity as a writer of books. This is a malicious pervision of the facts of the case. Whenever Sir Walter Scott entered the field as a politician, he voluntarily surrendered his claims to consideration as a man of letters, and the treatment he received was much milder than was given to politicians in many other places in those troubled times.

It is to be regretted, no doubt, that in connection with Sir Walter Scott's visits to Jedburgh there were some unpleasant incidents; but had it been otherwise this record would have been at variance with ordinary human experience. On the other hand, we have found that in Jedburgh he formed and maintained some of the firmest and most fruitful friendships of his life, that in Jedburgh he began the public practice of his profession, that in Jedburgh he was stimulated and assisted in the researches that formed the basis and the inspiration of his splendid literary works, and that Jedburgh may well claim a peculiar interest in his unparalleled achievements and in the veneration and gratitude with which his memory is cherished.

(Conclusion.)

The Nation's Prayer.

LORD GOD OF BATTLE! Who of old
In justice never failed,
'Gainst Whose strong arm no princely power
Nor mighty host prevailed:
Thou art the God of Battle still
To judge 'twixt foe and foe,
To aid the right with eternal might,
And bring the oppressor low.

If we, O God! have stained our hands
With fellow-creatures' blood,
For lust of gold, or pride of power,
Or cause that is not good,
Thy word can bring our plans to naught
And make our armies flee;
But grant, O Lord! that through Thy word
We may return to Thee.

But if our cause be judged upright
Before Thy sinless eyes,
O guard our soldiers in the fight,
And make our counsellors wise.
And grant that victory, swiftly won,
From vengeful hate be free;
So through that peace, when strife shall cease,
Shall all men turn to Thee.

ROBERT BELL.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

PRODIGIOUS!

Glasgow is indeed a most progressive city, but in the matter of Public Libraries the Western Metropolis has lagged far behind. From the days of the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie, the citizens have been rather inclined to rest content with "the comforts o' the Sautmarket," but the recent decisions of the Corporation on the subject of Public Libraries, etc., warranted the artist of the "Glasgow Evening News" in making use of my name and form to express his glad surprise at the long delayed consummation of his desires.

* * *

If we take the street nomenclature of Glasgow as evidence, there must be not a few admirers of the Borderland among those who build or own property. Abbotsford Place probably received its name when the Wizard was yet with us, but Melrose Gardens, Jedburgh Gardens, Leyden Street, Waverley Gardens, St Ronan's Drive, Ettrick Terrace, Dryburgh Gardens, are of quite recent date. The names of the world-famed Clyde River steamers also give evidence of the admiration in which the works of Sir Walter are held in the west.

* * *

In the new history of Scotland by Mr Andrew Lang there are many points which will cause discussion, but his treatment of the Hero of Scotland is eminently fair. His estimate of Wallace is as follows:—It is conceivable that if he had surrendered even at the eleventh hour Edward might have spared Wallace. The bitterness of his offence was probably his refusal to do fealty, to come into the King's peace, to waver for an hour in his loyalty to Scotland and her king over the water. Again, the horrors attributed to the Galwegians in the harrying of the north and the alleged murders of the religious were the last offences that Edward could overlook. Wallace died as Archibald Cameron was to die in 1753, untried, by the same brutal method and for the same crime. Like the limbs of Montrose, the limbs of Wallace were scattered 'to every airt.' The birds had scarcely pyked the bones bare before Scotland was in arms again, which she did not lay down again till the task of Wallace was accomplished. We know little of the man, strenuous, indomitable hero. He arises at

this hour like Jeanne d'Arc; like her he wins a great victory; like her he receives a sword from a saint; like her his limbs were scattered by the English; like her he awakens a people; he falls into obscurity, he is betrayed and slain. The rest is mainly legend. He seems ruthless and strong, like some sudden avenging judge of Israel; not gentle and winning like the Maid, but he shares her immortality. For the scattered remains, long ago irrecoverable, of the hero no stately grave has been built, as for the relics of the great Marquis of Montrose. But the whole of a country's soil, as Pericles said, is her brave men's common sepulchre. Wallace has left his name on crag and camp—

'Like a wild flower
All over his dear country.'

* * *

The desire to claim every man of fame or notoriety as a fellow-countrymen is an amiable weakness, but it is rather remarkable that such claims are founded on fact in many most unlikely cases. General Cronje, the exiled Boer leader, who is now in far distant St Helena, has been claimed as a son of Galloway, which also claims the dreaded rover, Paul Jones, but, in a special article on "Cronje's Pedlar Father," the "London Daily Express" says:—The now flourishing manufacturing town of Galashiels, which is one of the three towns composing the Border Burghs, represented in Parliament for sixteen years by Sir George Trevelyan, bows all other claimants out of the field. Here lived and moved and had his being, eighty years ago, John MacCronje, a cadger or pedlar, who supplied the countryside with delf ware. Authentic proof of this may be had by consulting the town register. The pedlar had the reputation of being a shrewd business man, with a long stocking-foot, i.e., lots of money. He never went to the kirk, but spent his Sundays spearing salmon in the Tweed. It was also a proud boast of his that his grandfather fought with the men of Ettrick Forest at the battle of Flodden. The belief was prevalent in the town that the cadger's forefathers were cattle reivers in those stirring times. There still lives an old inhabitant who remembers John MacCronje's departure for South Africa, along with about a score more of his fellow-townsmen." The London scribe who penned the foregoing thus makes out that General Cronje's great-great-grandfather was present at a battle which was fought in September 1513, a statement which can only be met by my favourite expression —Prodigious!

There may be some doubt as to the Scottish origin of the foregoing, but there can be none about the Borderer mentioned in the following cutting:—From Herd Laddie to Millionaire.—Mr James Oliver, the American millionaire, inventor of the chilled plough, and the proprietor of the Oliver Plough Works (the biggest of their kind in the world), began life as a herd laddie with 2s a week. His father was a shepherd in Roxburghshire, on Wheathaugh farm, belonging to his uncle. In 1830 his eldest son emigrated, and was followed in 1834 by a brother and sister. The following year the rest of the family emigrated to Indiana, and settled near Geneva, but soon removed to Nushawaka, St Joseph county, where the father died in 1837, and James had to take to herding again. In 1840 he got regular employment in a grist mill, and then made his first real investment—a house and lot which cost £160. The grist mill was burned, and then he became a cooper. Then he got married and set up housekeeping in a little slab house which cost £4, and where he still says he spent the happiest months of his life. After acquiring a knowledge of the moulding trade he started in 1855 the manufacture of ploughs in South Bend, Indiana, selling his ploughs from a waggon to neighbouring farmers. By dint of perseverance he built up his present magnificent business, which has made his name a household word with agriculturists.

* * *

Thomas Armstrong, who was a postman in the Ettrick valley for thirty years, and who was eighty-eight years of age, died at Linglie Road, Selkirk, on a Sabbath in March last. He retired from active duties over sixteen years ago, and had been in receipt of a pension from the Post Office during that time. In his early days he used to walk to Ramsaycleuch with letters, a distance of eighteen miles, and back to Selkirk the next day. But this arrangement was succeeded by the present service of two postmen, one of whom drives up, and the other down, each day.

Readers of "Drummeldale" will remember the sketch of this old postman, who, under another name, is so beautifully pourtrayed by the author, and will return with pleasure to peruse the delightful book which was recently reviewed in the columns of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

A Border Captain at the Front.

By James Edgar.

AMONG the Border officers at the front, there is perhaps no one more widely known, and more generally respected than Captain Andrew Haddon, of the Border Volunteer Service Corps. Captain Haddon is descended from an old Hawick family, and is author of "Annals of Hawick" and "Memories of Hawick." It may be interesting also to recall the fact that the father of our present sketch joined the Jedburgh Company of Volunteers in 1859, and had command of the Denholm section, being present with his company at the great review by the Queen in Edinburgh in 1860. Captain Haddon has for the past fifteen years been an enthusiastic Volunteer, having received his commission as lieutenant

From Photo by J. E. D. Murray.

CAPTAIN ANDREW HADDON.

thoroughly imbued with the true Border spirit. His father, the late Mr Andrew Haddon, Honeyburn, was a well-known agriculturist for about half a century, though in his younger days he was a successful hosiery manufacturer in Hawick. Much of his success, both in trade and agriculture, was due, no doubt, in a large measure, to the excellent business training he received as a youth in the law office of the late James Wilson, Town Clerk, of Hawick, and in the Selkirk Detachment in November, 1884. In April, 1889, he was promoted to the rank of captain, and on the death of Captain Innes in May, 1895, he was appointed captain-commandant. He has long been recognised as one of the ablest and most efficient of Volunteer officers, and when it became known that he had volunteered for service in South Africa, no doubt was entertained as to his being selected for the command of the corps. Cap-

tain Haddon for many years enjoyed a large practice as a solicitor, in connection with the old-established firm of Messrs Haddon & Turnbull, Hawick, of which, his brother, Mr Walter Haddon, is the senior partner. He had full charge of the court work, and proved himself an able and successful pleader. In the social life of Hawick Captain Haddon was a prominent figure, and in 1891 he discharged the duties of Cornet with great acceptance.

The Border Ballad.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

THERE is nothing vulgar or flippant in the Ballad. It speaks plainly, but music-hall ditty is unknown. Read "Dado," "The Sorrows of Satan," or "Solomon's Mines," and then you will long for a deep draught of ballad literature. As an example of outspokenness two lines may be here quoted. They are found in several of the Ballads—with slight variations—

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud,
Sae loud I hear ye lie."

The debatable land, lying between Esk and Sark, was for long the scene of moonlight foray and revenge. The wardens of the marches were supposed to adjust claims, but when might was right, all sense of justice as we know it was unknown. The Border Reivers

"Might seek their broth
In England and in Scotland both."

The Ballad which preserves the manners of the Raiders may be called the Riding or Reiver, or, more pointedly, the Border Ballad. It is not often tender or pathetic, but like the reiver himself, hearty and boisterous. The leal Borderer glories in his hard-won independence. But there clings to him an offishness, ever ready to assert

"I am little Jock Elliot
And wha daur meddle wi' me?"

Then there was a popular idea abroad that land held by the sword was inviolable. It is never easy to uproot feelings which have grown for centuries.

Speaking generally, there is in the Ballad no realization of the symbolism of nature, with its changing moods, and its power to awaken human sympathy. Hill and dale, in their very contrast, conduce to the growth of literature and song, but the feeling for nature which makes our lyric poetry so emotional was as yet but dimly realized. Even less than one hundred years ago, it is written of the locale of the Ballad, "This country is almost everywhere swelled with hills which are for the most part green, grassy, and pleasant, except a ridge of bordering mountains between Minchmoor and Henderland being black, craigie, and of a melancholy aspect, with deep and horrid precipices—a wearisome and comfortless piece of way for travellers." How true it is that some men can walk through a forest without seeing any firewood! Scott seems to rise on his elbow—bodily strength abating, but mental vision keen—as he says, "I like the very nakedness of the land. It has something bold and stern and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamental garden-land, I begin to wish myself back among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather once a year I would die."

The chief reiver—the Shire-reive or Sheriff—upheld the dignity of the law. There is said to be honour among thieves. It was quite honourable to spoil the enemy. It was only fair

"If I steal frae a man, but wha sta frae me,"

Hence the ballad is tinged with this moral laxity. "The more rude and wild the state of society, the more general and violent is the impulse received from poetry and music."

It has been erroneously said that Scotland has no original poetry to speak of. But Flodden has, 'mid all its saddened memories, wooed the muse to some of the tenderest strains the world has ever heard. To that "bluidy eard," there went out the flower of Scottish chivalry—never to return. An old ballad, with its melancholy refrain—composed by John Skene in 1620—has long lingered in lonesome hearts, and the echoes of it are never silent—

"I ride single in my saddle,
For the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away."

Growing out of this sad wail, there are at least two versions which can never die. Jean Elliot wrote the more delightful ballad—in language exquisitely simple and tender. Mrs Cockburn, a daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie—a lady whom Scott says was personally an object of love and admiration—writes the ballad which is, perhaps, more familiar in our day. The original copy is (or was) in the possession of Miss Russell of Ashestiel.

The oldest strains of Tweed, Ettrick, and Yarrow come down from the fifteenth century. An old fragment seems to have given the key-

note of the Yarrow Ballad—

"When I look east my heart is sair,
But when I look west it's mair and mair,
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,
And there for aye I lost my marrow."

And whence arises the charm of this historic stream? 'Tis but a river bare! But there cling to it long sad memories of "dool and pyne." Nothing in poetic literature is so fascinating as the "dowie houms," the "cleavin' o' the craig," the "wan water," the "scroggy braes," the "bent sae brown." It is Yarrow still—changeless 'mid the changeful years. Its mood may vary as, in cloud or sunshine, it frowns or smiles, but the heart of it beats true to the tender impulse of song. The devotion of the muse to Yarrow is that of the patriot to his fatherland. There is in it a veneration for the past, a desire—life's fitful fever o'er—to sleep the last long sleep, lulled by the murmur of its rippling wavelet, and to leave the sunshine for the sunless land, with its soft sweet shadows lingering still. Such a feeling is repeated in the pious, pithy, patriotic and pathetic prose of the farmer who begged "leave to live in the hames, and lie 'mang the graves o' oor ain folk;" and in poetry thus—

"The peasant rests him from his toil,
And dying bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers prayed."

Dr John Brown has wandered "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," and in language poetic in its prose has charmingly described the scenery of the Borderland. An admirer says, "He was the gentlest, kindest, most amiable man I ever had the pleasure of knowing."

In Yarrow, one "moves in an atmosphere of pure pathos." There is a silence and a stillness, and a meek loneliness by St Mary's Kirk and Loch, a pensive shadow 'mid the everlasting hills, infinitely tender and sweet.

Tragedy, too, mingles with the song for "Willie's drowned in Yarrow." A north-country song, "Willie's drowned in Gamery," may be a local adaptation. But, indeed, there is considerable incongruity in the ballad as given by Scott. It has been suggested that the above and "Dowie Dens" have been borrowed from a single ballad of much earlier date. Professor Veitch discovered a purer version, the origin of which he gave to "Blackwood" some years ago.

The twining of the rose and the brier, the Valhalla of all true lovers, is not peculiar to our literature. It pervades all ballad lore. In Portuguese folk-song, the cypress and the orange perpetuate love. The king cuts them down. From them flows a double stream of blood, in death not divided. Scotch caution does not go quite so far. The old rendering is very common-place,

"At length came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by mischance he cut them down,
Or else they had still been there."

Nowhere in all literature does the intensity of passion reveal itself so impressively as in the love poetry of Scotland. Often where the ballad is saddest it is laden with the sorrow of unrequited love, or with the awful mystery of those heart-rending longings for unreturning days, which at last reach the agony of despair. Nor is it strange that wretchedness should be expressed poetically. Poetry is the revelation of the most innate feelings and aspirations of man. Misery and love are, in some ways, not far apart. There is virtue in having loved and lost! Passionate love, to the cynic at least, is melancholy enough. Burns, who of all men knew the awful extremities of both, somewhere says, "Misery is like love—to be known it must be felt." But there is no sickly sentiment in the ballad page. Love is no spoon-meat for babes, but a substantial meal for strong men and brave women.

Lady Grizel Baillie, in 1665, tells the story of disappointed love, and as we write we think of another of a learned and noble family, a lady who possessed the faculty divine, the pure personal feeling for poesy and song, one too who did much to rescue from oblivion some old-world ballads dear to all leal-hearted Borderers. Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode has this day gone from out the

"Wild and stormy Lammermoor!"

and many hearts are sad, for she was kind to the poor, and lived to a venerable age "amang her ain folk."

Ay, truly, the lights are sped, the garlands dead! But somehow we think of the olden days, not because they were better than these, but because they are hallowed by the fond memories of tender associations and deep-twined heart-ties which neither time nor death can sever. The Border Ballad is old, very old, but it knows no decrepit age. It will live as long as joy and sorrow, love and hate, hope and hopelessness environ the human soul.

"The past, at thine enchantment, brings
Her keys, and all my soul within me waits,
While heavenly troops of long-forgotten things
Pass through the golden gates."

A. T. G.

Langholm to Eskdalemuir.

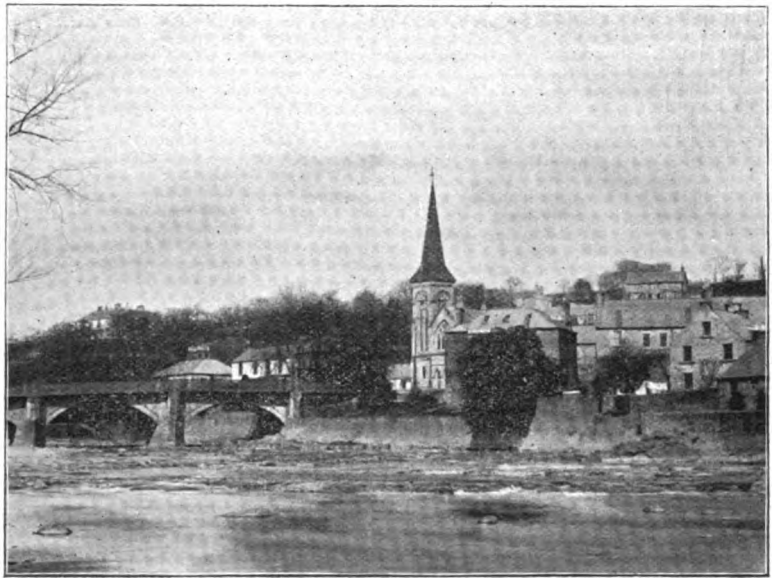
The Eskdale Coaching Tour.

The muckle toun where a' surpasses
A' ye hae seen in other places!

NO one happily gifted with an eye for the beautiful can fail to be struck with the loveliness of the scenery through which the railway approaches the town, and with the charm of the unique situation it occupies at the confluence of Ewesdale and Wauchopedale with Eskdale.

Langholm Bridge is perhaps the first point that should be visited, as two or three minutes' walk bring us to the enjoyment of the glorious combination of hill and dale, wood and water, within sight of it. In front, the Eskdale road we are about to traverse disappears in the woods. Behind, rises the huge bulk of Whita crowned with the monument to Sir John Malcolm. Down stream are seen Boatford Suspension Bridge, the mouth of the Wauchope, and Langholm Church, backed by Warblaw hill and woods. Up stream are the mouths of the Ewes, and Ewesdale, stretching away northwards. Langholm Castle—a remnant of which still remains—stands on the level holm lying along the left bank of the Esk above Ewesfoot, and it was here the redoubtable Johnnie Armstrong and his gallant company "ran their horse and brak their spears" before proceeding up Ewesdale on their fatal journey to meet James V. in 1529. This ground is known as the Castle Holm, and is within the policies of Langholm Lodge—a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch—which are open to visitors when the family is absent.

Those who have time and vigour should climb Whita, from the top of which—1162 feet above sea level—a magnificent prospect may be enjoyed. The hill being terminal, the eye wanders uninterruptedly over the Western Borders and the Solway Firth until it rests with delight on the grand rampart of the Cumberland Fells. On clear days Snaefell in the Isle of Man is also distinctly visible.



Block kindly lent by W. Douglas, Langholm.

LANGHOLM BRIDGE.

The Hope Hospital should be noticed, not only as a striking evidence of man's humanity to man, but of the place Eskdale holds in the hearts of her prosperous sons. The Hospital has been built and endowed with funds amounting to over £100,000 left for the purpose by the late Thomas Hope, a native of Langholm.

Although the district's historical associations are as rank and stately as the brakens on the hillsides, only the briefest reference can be made to them here. The ground now occu-

pied by the town of Langholm was the scene of the decisive battle of Arkingholm, fought in 1455, at which the power of the Black Douglases—one of the most powerful houses that ever crossed swords with their sovereign—was finally shattered by a coalition of the Border clans.

The Crown Charter erecting Langholm into a Burgh of Barony is dated 1643, and in 1672 the first Duke of Buccleuch (Monmouth) obtained warrant for the holding of three fairs annually in the town, ever since which the fame of "The Muckle Toon" has waxed and widened continually.

We first pass through the Galaside Wood and obtain charming glimpses of Langholm Lodge standing on the low ground to the right. Half a mile beyond the end of the wood a conical hill is seen ahead. This is "Peden's view," from the top of which Alexander Peden the Covenanter used to watch for the approach of the persecuting dragoons, and where on one occasion, tradition relates, he was miraculously hidden from them by a sudden mist. The backward view at this point is very fine, and should be noticed now as well as on the return journey.

On rounding the base of the hill we come in sight of Craigcleuch, the seat of General Sir John Ewart, K.C.B. "Ewart, bring on the tartan," cried Sir Colin Campbell at the relief of Lucknow, and "the tartan" (93rd Highlanders) sprang forward with Ewart at their head. After some hours—hours of fierce hand-to-hand conflict and appalling carnage—he returned to Sir Colin bareheaded, blackened with powder smoke, and severely wounded to report that they were in full possession of the Secundrabagh, and that two thousand of the mutineers had fallen. Shortly after this his left arm was carried off by a cannon shot at Cawnpore, and there are few officers now living who have such a record of service and heroism behind them.

For some distance beyond this point a beautiful view is enjoyed both up and down the Dale. The old churchyard of Staple Gordon, one of the old time "five kirks of Eskdale," is seen on the opposite side of the river, and Burnfoot, the seat of Colonel Malcolm, presently comes into view amid the woods on the right. This is the birthplace of the "Four Knights of Eskdale," all sons of a sheep farmer, who all made their way in the world from the quiet pastoral life of an Eskdale farmer to serve their king and country, each of them being knighted for their services. Sir John Malcolm, whose monument crowns Whita, was a very successful diplomat at the Court of Persia and elsewhere, and latterly Governor-General of Bombay. Sir Pultney—the father of the present revered representative of the family—was Admiral of the Mediterranean fleet when the great Napoleon was imprisoned at St Helena. Sir James and Sir Gilbert also held Government appointments. "The History of the past and present owner of Burnfoot" would be well worthy of an article in the BORDER MAGAZINE. The hill top on the left is crowned with one of the ancient British forts or camps which are numerous in the district.

About a mile beyond this we come in sight of Westerhall, the seat of Sir F. Johnstone, Bart. The house was built in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and has since been twice partially burned down. Although the site would grace a palace, the building now occupying it is without claim to either elegance or antiquity.

Presently the coach pulls up at Bentpath, the only inn between Langholm and Tushielaw, a distance of thirty miles. This old house of call, familiarly known as "The Benty," has seen the ebb and flow of upper Eskdale for generations past, and though tempted by a crowd of memories that beckon for a word, space forbids and we forbear. Notice the crest and motto of the Johnstones over the door. Meetest of mottoes for an inn!

> They have fish, flesh, and fowl in their choicest get up;
> "Mountain dew," "old October," and cool claret cup;
> All the meats and the drinks—never fear a hiatus,
> For the old Benty motto's "Nunquam non paratus."

A few hundred yards away on the opposite bank of the river are Westerkirk Church and churchyard; the former new and raw, the latter old, and filled with the hallowed ashes of byegone generations. The white dome conspicuously visible is the mausoleum of the Westerhall family. Close beside it there is a humble tombstone bearing the inscription, "In memory of John Telford, who after living thirty-three years an unblamable shepherd, died at Glendinning, November, 1757." That slab was carved by Thomas Telford, the famous civil engineer, whose remains lie in Westminster Abbey, and the "unblamable shepherd" was his father. Leaving the heart of the parish behind us we next come to its head, in the shape of the parish school. Shades of the past! No wonder Westerkirk was an educated parish. The cheap article had not come in your day, and "schooling" was something to be paid for and remembered. In place of a code there was

presbytery, and the only "free" element was the capital punishment you so generously threw in without extra charge! May your spirit pervade the school board and permeate the generations of Eskdale!

The adjoining building in the shrubbery is Westerkirk Library, endowed by the late Thomas Telford, C.E. It is crammed with all that is best in English literature, and every year brings valuable increase to its stores.

Next we come to Bonease, La bonne aise, unimpaired by agricultural or any other kind of distress. Then The Knock, straggling between road and river. Time was when this home-built village could boast its native poet and statesmen, but now the glory is departed—at least a good deal of it—and the very name of the "City" might be appropriately changed from "The Knock" to "The Knocked," there is so little of it left standing.

At Bailiehill we are close to the King pool, one of the best casts on the Esk, and, of course, a favourite resort of anglers. Although the fish landed here have been many and goodly, there are but few and small—a mere handful of baggies—in comparison with the exceeding great multitude of thumpers that have "got off." Even the Pictish King drowned here some little time ago has been "hooked," turned into the king of fish of course.

A little beyond this the road swerves round to the right, and we cross the Black Esk. On the right is the Handfasting Haugh, which in olden times was a famous annual trysting place where men and women used to look out likely mates and "handfast" them for a year, at the end of which, on next trysting day, they either married for better or worse, or parted to seek more congenial partners, or resolved, perchance, nevermore to risk spending such another twelvemonth.

A mile or so further on we pass Castle O'er, situated among the woods on the right. This is now the seat of Richard Bell, Esq., but one of his predecessors in title was Lywarch Hen, Cymric poet and warrior, who built a place of strength here in the end of the sixth century, and gave it the name of Castle Lywar. Its remains may still be seen, and are usually said to be Roman—a very natural error, seeing that the builder undoubtedly laid his plans on Roman lines.

Block kindly lent by W. Douglas, Langholm.

BENTPATH.

Presently we come to the end of our outward journey at Eskdalemuir, where the coach tarries an hour, and where the inner man may be most fitly fortified with crisp oat cakes and butter, and mayhap a crumb or two of ripe old kebbuck, washed down with delicious new milk such as only these upland pastures can produce, as well as the modern lunch of roast

beef, or good Scotch high tea of ham and eggs.

A visit should be paid to the tomb of Andrew Hyslop, the martyr, which stands in a field a few minutes' walk beyond the church. Hyslop was a native of Dryfesdale, where he was taken by Claverhouse and brought over into Eskdalemuir, then under the jurisdiction of Johnstone of Westerhall. Claverhouse and Westerhall happened to meet at this spot, and the prisoner was promptly tried and condemned to death. It has been said, however, to the credit even of Claverhouse, that he protested against the execution, saying to Westerhall—"The blood of this poor fellow be upon you; I am free of it."

Of the 228 camps, forts, or rings scattered over Dumfriesshire, Eskdalemuir can show more than a fair share. "Druid circles," "Roman remains," "Girdle stanes," "Stanin' stanes." Call them as you will. Explain them as you please, we'll e'en save controversy by just leaving them "stanin'."

On the return journey we forsake the "watergait" for a little, and take the road over Shaw Rig. Here we attain the "summit" of our tour, at an elevation of about 900 feet above sea level, and, if the day be clear, enjoy an extensive and varied prospect such as is rarely to been seen from an eminence so easily negotiated as a seat on the "Flower of Eskdale." At the foot of Shaw Rig stands Bilholm, formerly tenanted by a son of the celebrated Christopher North, and where the genial philosopher himself was a frequent visitor.

A little further down the dale we cross Enzieholm Bridge, and journey back to Langholm on the same road by which we left it, enjoying all the while its varied beauties in reversed succession.

The Re-Building of Mosspaul.

OPERATIONS are now well advanced in the erection of an hostelry on the site of the old inn at Mosspaul, midway between Hawick and Langholm. In days goneby, before the locomotive penetrated the district, when the stage coach plied between various centres, Mosspaul was one of the best known halting places between Carlisle and Edinburgh. It is said that the name is a very ancient one, mention being made of it in the charters of the Earl of Home, in the early part of the seventeenth century. A chapel existed there prior to the Reformation, and traces of its ruins were visible about 1835. A writer on the subject says:—"The lands surrounding Mosspaul in ancient times bore the quaint name of Penanngo, this name surviving in Penangus Hope, the present-day name for the glen in which Mosspaul Burn rises. These lands of Penangus along with Caldcleugh, were gifted in the fourteenth century to the monks of Melrose by William, Earl of Douglas, for masses to be said, especially for the soul of William Douglas of Lothian, who was buried before St Bridget's Altar in Melrose. The surrounding lands belonging to the monks and their having a chapel adjoining, gives a clue to the origin of the name Mosspaul—the moss of St Paul's Chapel, abbreviated into Mosspaul. This theory as to the origin of the name receives further support from the fact that two mosses in the district bear names which may also be traced to an ecclesiastical source—Mosspatrick and Mosspeeble—the origin of the former, we conjecture, to be from St Patrick, and of the latter from William de Peblis, a well-known prior of Melrose Abbey, slain by the English in their assault of the Abbey in 1322." The old inn had been in ruins for many years, and it was but recently that an influentially signed memorial was presented to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, praying that he might allow Mosspaul to be rebuilt. The Duke granted a feu on favourable terms, and a company has been formed to carry the scheme out. Mosspaul Inn stood as now on the roadside, at the foot of the Wisp, which rises to a height of 1950 feet, and from whose summit one of the finest views in the district is to be had—to the south-west as far as the glittering waters of the Solway, and northwards embracing the Eildons, the Lammermoors, and to the south-east the lofty Cheviot range. When the Border Union Railway was opened in 1862, the coach had to give way to the locomotive. Naturally, the last coach which left Hawick attracted great attention, Mr Crozier guiding the four-in-hand towards Mosspaul and Langholm. Subsequently Mr Crozier got the Tower Hotel, Hawick (also the property of the Duke), but about twenty years ago he died and was buried at sea while on a voyage to Australia for the benefit of his health. For some years back Mosspaul has been but a ruin, and suggestions were frequently made to revive the old hostelry—the favourite halting place between Hawick and the "muckle toon o' Langholm." Some interesting particulars may be gleaned from the minute book of "The Wisp Club," which was formed in the spring of 1826, the meetings being held at Mosspaul Inn. The old minute book says:—It was resolved by a majority of gentlemen that took place at Moss-

paul in the spring of 1826 to form themselves into a society to be denominated the Wisp Club, which should in future meet annually on the Friday after Dumfries Spring Horse Market, and record the average prices obtained the preceding season for one and two year old shorthorn and Galloway cattle, all descriptions of Cheviot and blackfaced sheep, and their relative wools produced in Scotland, south of the Firth of Forth. The following resolutions were at the same time adopted:—(1) That the price of the different articles shall be fixed by majority of votes, and to avoid altercation, every gentleman must, when called upon, without any preliminary remark, put a value upon the respective articles as given out by the secretary of the Society. (2) That no person after 1828 will be admitted a member of the club unless regularly proposed and voted in by two-thirds of the members of the club present, and that no person will be considered worthy of this Society unless he be able to drink one bottle of aqua. (3) . . . Two shillings will be exacted from each member absent, which will go to the fund entrusted to the charge of the treasurer of the club. (4) That ——— shall from his holy walk and pious demeanour perform the clerical duties of the meeting." The minute book also shows that in 1833 the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet," was elected an honorary member of the club, which continued till about 1857. In "Recollections of a Tour in Scotland" (1803), Dorothy Wordsworth mentions how she and her brother, after parting with Sir Walter Scott, and driving away from Hawick in their Irish car, "saw a single stone house a long way before us, which we conjectured to be, as it proved, Mosspaul, the inn where we were to bait. The scene, with this single dwelling, was melancholy and wild, but not dreary. Though there was no tree nor shrub, the small streamlet glittered, the hills were populous with sheep; the gentle bending of the valley and the corresponding softness in the forms of the hills delighted the eye. At Mosspaul we fed our horse. Several travellers were drinking whisky." At Branxholme they saw the coach, "the only stage coach that had passed us in Scotland. Coleridge had come home by that conveyance only a few days before." Mosspaul itself stands at the summit of a hilly pass 840 feet above sea level, about twelve and a half from Hawick and a mile less from Langholm. The re-building of the inn will be hailed with satisfaction by many. It is within easy reach of much that is famous in Border song and story; the lover of the heroic old Border riding ballads, such as Johnnie Armstrong, Kinmont Willie, and Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead, is here in the very heart of the country of the mosstroopers. The hosts of cyclists who frequent this favourite route will also hail with pleasure the revival of the old inn.

R. D.

Sir Walter Scott's Great-Great-Grandson.

LOCKED up in Ladysmith there was a young soldier who bears the historic name of Walter Scott. To be quite accurate, he is Walter Maxwell-Scott. As a matter of fact he is really a Maxwell, but as the great-great-grandson (and the eldest male descendant) of the Wizard of Waverley, his career will be watched with affectionate interest by the world which loves romance. As yet he is too young to have done anything great: but the fact that he volunteered from his own regiment (the 1st Scottish Rifles or Cameronians, who are stationed at Lucknow, and to whom he was gazetted in 1898) in order to join Sir George White's forces in Natal, where he was attached to the luckless Gloucesters, shows that he has all the grit which made his ancestor an immortal soldier of fortune in the field of letters.

If Sir Walter Scott had not had a limp leg he would surely have been a soldier, for he had come of a race whose survival on the warlike Border down to the eighteenth century indicated the indisputable right to live. All his three brothers served their country; the eldest in the Navy, the second and third in the Army. Walter, however, had to content himself with an office stool. But even there the irrepressible soldier in him had to come out, for if there is one characteristic in Scott's verse it is the clang of battle.

The melancholy part of Scott's heroic struggle was that so far from founding a house his line failed. His elder son Walter followed the natural bent of his race by entering the 15th Hussars. But he outlived his father by only fourteen years. Strangely enough, it was at the Cape of Good Hope that he died (on February 8th, 1847), and as he left no issue the baronetcy that had been created for his father in 1820 expired, and has never been revived. Many of us hope that the young soldier lately leaguered in Ladysmith may yet

win his spurs and win back the baronetcy of Abbotsford. Scott's second son, Charles, died unmarried at Teheran in 1841, as attache to our Embassy in Persia, and so the male line of Sir Walter became extinguished.

The line was carried on by Scott's grandson, Walter, the son of his beloved daughter, Charlotte, who had married Lockhart. He, too, entered the Army, but he died unmarried as a Cornet of Dragoons in 1853. The tale was then taken up by his sister, Charlotte, who had married James Robert Hope, Q.C., the grandson of the gallant Earl of Hopetoun, who succeeded Sir John Moore in command at Corunna. But though the Q.C. took the additional name of Scott, there was yet no hope for a male descendant, for his eldest son, Walter, died as a child of eighteen months. Mr Hope-Scott married again (the sister of the present Duke of Norfolk) and had a son, but Abbotsford naturally went to his daughter, Mary Monica, as the real descendant of Sir Walter, her great-grandfather, and the mother of the young lieutenant now at the front.

Six-and-twenty years ago Mary Monica Hope-Scott married the Hon. Joseph Constable Maxwell, then a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, and younger brother of the present Lord Herries. The name Maxwell is a proud one, but that of Scott is prouder still, so Mr Maxwell added his bride's (adopted) surname to his own. Mrs Maxwell-Scott is happier in the number of her sons than any of her predecessors. She has four boys—Walter, Joseph, Michael, and Herbert. Walter, the eldest, was born on April 10th, 1875. His regiment, the 1st Cameronians, seemed unlikely to be sent to South Africa, so he volunteered for the front and found himself at Ladysmith. Had he been in the second battalion he would have had his chance at Spion Kop, where the regiment suffered heavily. Not that he escaped disaster, for the 1st Gloucesters, to whom he is attached, lost many of their number, 351 of them having fallen into the Boer trap at Nicholson's Nek. His second brother, Joseph, is a midshipman on board H.M.S. Cambrian. The other two Maxwell-Scotts are just seventeen and nine years old respectively; they have three sisters.

"Watch weel," the Scott motto, was never more appropriate than while the whole world was watching Ladysmith and its heroic stand against the investing Boers. And after the war in South Africa has been decided we shall still "watch weel" what this Walter Scott is going to do with life, for the world owes a debt of gratitude to the house that bore him:

Sir Walter SCOTT (1771-1832).
Charlotte Sophia Scott;
mar. 1820 John Gibson LOCKHART
(her father's biographer).
Charlotte Harriet Jane Lockhart;
mar. 1847 James Robert HOPE, Q.C.
(who took the name of Scott).
Mary Monica Hope-Scott;
mar. 1874 Hon. J. Constable MAXWELL
(who took the name of Scott).
Walter Joseph MAXWELL-SCOTT,
recently locked in Ladysmith.

I have said the Scotts (like most old Scotch families) have the blood of soldiers in their veins. The chief of the clan, the Duke of Buccleuch, is represented by two sons at the front, and the nation owes much to Captain Percy Scott, of the "Terrible," who invented the ingenious carriage for the naval guns. Here is a list of all the Scotts who are or who have been fighting:—A. Scott, Major, Royal Field Artillery; A. L. Scott, Lieutenant, Army Medical Corps; C. A. R. Scott, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Artillery; E. R. Scott, Major, Leicester Regiment; Lord George Scott, 10th Hussars; Lord Herbert Scott, A.D.C. to Lord Roberts; J. C. Scott, 2d Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherlands, wounded Magersfontein; L. B. Scott, Captain, North Staffordshire; Percy Scott, Captain, H.M.S. "Terrible"; P. C. J. Scott, Captain, Army Service Corps; R. Scott, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Scots; T. A. Scott, Captain, Argyll and Sutherlands; W. A. Scott, Major, Gordon Highlanders; J. J. Scott-Chisholme, Colonel, Imperial Light Horse, killed Elands Laagte, Oct. 21; W. Scott-Moncrieff, Major, Middlessex Regiment, wounded, Spion Kop, Jan. 24; H. Scott-Turner, Major, 2nd Black Watch, killed, Kimberley, Nov. 28.

J. M. Bulloch, in "The Sphere."

A SMART youth in a certain Border town was recently accepted for the Yeomanry to proceed to the front. As he wasn't just an expert rider he hired a mount and commenced practice in full war-paint in a field adjoining the town. He was much annoyed whilst at exercise by a crowd of urchins laughing and making non-flattering remarks at the figure he was cutting. One day he lost his temper and bawled out—"What are you staring at? Did you never see a war horse before?" "Ay," chimed one youngster, "but nane o' us ever saw a waur rider."

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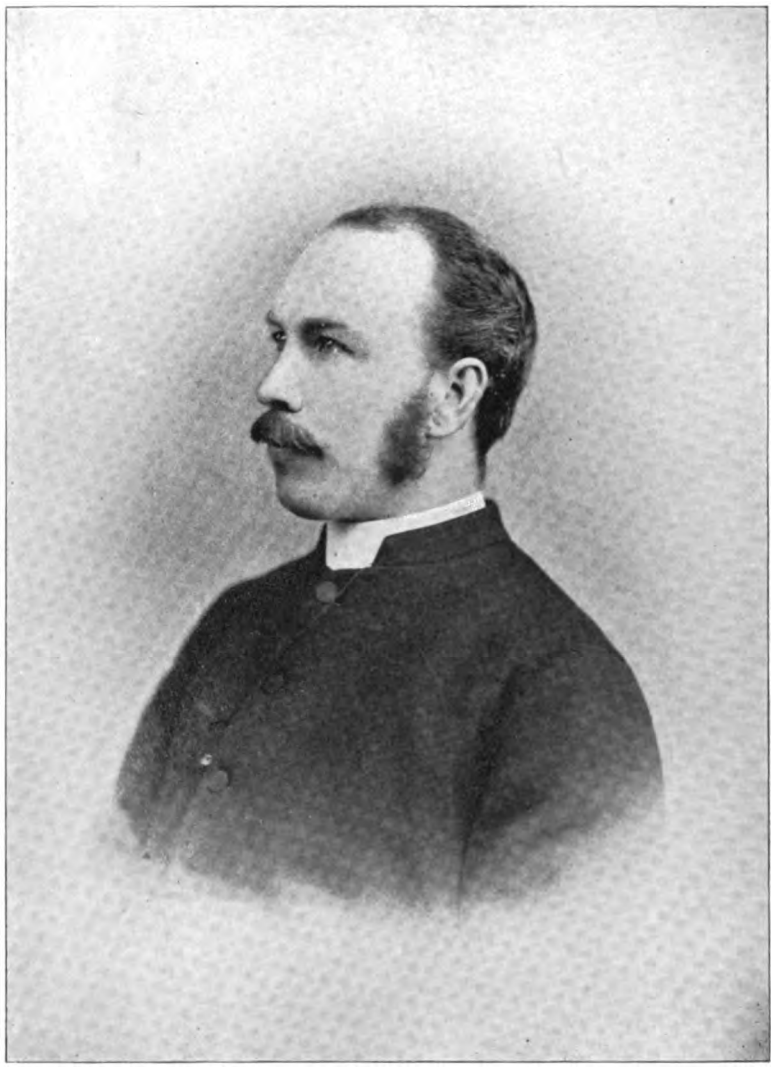

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THE REV. GEO. GUNN, M.A., MINISTER OF STICHILL AND HUME.

VOL. V., NO. 54. JULY, 1900.

The Rev. George Gunn, M.A., Minister of Stichill and Hume.

BORN JUNE 3, 1851; ORDAINED JUNE 21, 1878; DIED JAN. 12, 1900; AGED 48.

A HIGHLANDER by descent, a citizen of the capital by birth and immediate ancestry, George Gunn spent the whole of his adult life in the heart of the Border district. This threefold combination contributed its elements towards the making of the man. To his Celtic inheritance he owed his perfervid disposition, his abounding energy and historical imagination. The education, training and associations of Edinburgh, its High School and University, cultivated in him that shrewd, kindly commonsense which enabled him to adapt himself naturally to all sorts and conditions of men. And the romantic environment of his beautiful Border Manse awakened in him a great love, and a determination to know its archæology, its natural history, and its people. Hence his universally admitted success as the Parish Minister of a rural parish.

George Gunn's father (also George, according to the custom of the clan), sub-editor of "The Edinburgh Evening Courant," who died in 1861, bequeathed to this his eldest son, aged nine, the legacy of a good name, the fragrance of a whole-souled devotion to his profession, and the headship of the family of six young children. Nobly did this young boy carry on the example and duty of his prematurely-taken father. An old head appeared on the youthful shoulders, and George there and then dedicated himself to the service of the young widow and family. This was a real act of personal consecration which he carried on to the day of his own early death. Hence his celibate life.

During the dark and apparently hopeless years that followed their bereavement, George never lost sight of his great aim, to become a minister. In this he was supported and stimulated by his mother, one of those brave, self-reliant, self-devoted matrons, largely to whose great heartedness the Scottish nation owes its place in the world. She and her son in their darkest hours never lost their trust in God, nor did they ever cease to hold that real communion of the saints, the belief that the spirit of the departed father was able still to guide and guard them, which made them resolve never to grow weak in the great responsibilities which he had entrusted to them. Constant prayer kept them in touch with the unseen presences:—"When you receive your examina-

tion paper, and the first look at it floors you, just put up a silent prayer ; it's wonderful what a help you will find in it," said the elder brother to a younger in later years. And this habit of carrying every little difficulty in prayer to God steadily overcame apparent impossibilities and opened the way. *Laborare est orare* was the corollary. Twelve hours a day and more in a solicitor's office for many years ; eight hours' teaching per day in addition to University classes ; studying in the hours of midnight and early dawn, carried him laboriously but uninterruptedly through the Arts and Divinity Classes. Never at any time was he plucked. During all this weary time George was never too busy to neglect the home. There was always the Saturday afternoon walk to the sea, during which the brothers became greatly drawn to one another, confidences imparted, and advice and sympathy given. So in time he approached the goal ; George was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. The first sermon was delivered in an out-of-the-way church in the city, and was listened to by the members of the family in fear and trembling, scattered among the congregation. It was a success, and shortly thereafter the young licentiate was appointed assistant to the Rev. Norman McLeod, of St Stephen's, Edinburgh.

The goal was now perceptibly nearer. No reaction was allowed to interfere with his working capacity. He went on working very hard ; but it was now more congenial. He threw his whole heart into the duties connected with the many organisations of a large city parish. The congregation was one of the most cultured in Edinburgh, embracing many leading members of the professions and lords of the Court of Session. This demanded close study and careful preparation. No less particular, however, was he in the less conspicuous ministrations of his office ; he considered the young men's and young women's classes as his most important opportunities of influence, and his success with the youth of both sexes was most marked. Eighteen months of happy usefulness swiftly passed ; his probationary period came to an end. He left St Stephen's, its minister and people, amid expressions of mutual regret, and became minister of the united parishes of Stichill and Hume in the month of June 1878.

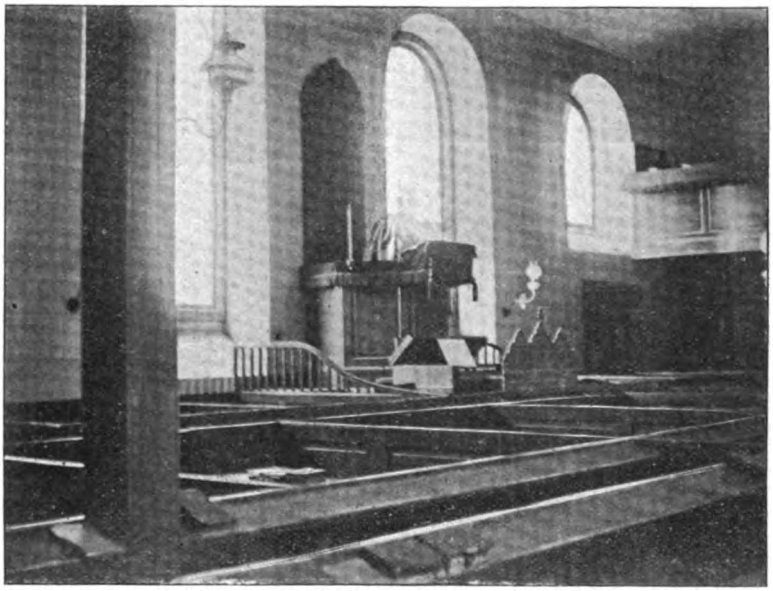
STICHILL KIRK.

George Gunn had now attained his holiest ambition. The election came as a birthday gift, when he was twenty-seven years old. His life-long desire had been to serve the Master in the larger family of the parish, as he had served Him in the smaller family of the home. He resolved to be all things to all men in order that he might win souls. He determined to know nothing among his people save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Born and educated in the city, he knew nothing of country life. The Roxburghshire dialect was unfamiliar ; the parishioners were strange ; their pursuits of

agriculture and stock-raising unknown. These things are mentioned to demonstrate how he adapted himself to his new environment. The result was that ere the end he became more of a Borderer than those born in the Borders themselves. His first duty was the ministry. He preached every Sunday in the Parish Church at Stichill; and organised alternate services at Hume along with the Rev. Alexander Cameron, Free Church minister of Greenlaw. Monthly evening services at Stichill were likewise carried on along with the Rev. David Cairns of the U.P. denomination alternately in each other's churches. There was also inaugurated and successfully carried on during the whole ministry of Mr Gunn and Mr Cairns a united Sunday exchanging friendship.

Mr Gunn did not consider that his ministerial work ended with his purely sacred offices. Along with the schoolmasters of Stichill and Hume he conducted classes for secondary education with the result that several of the pupils now occupy responsible positions at home and abroad in scientific and technical pursuits. Mr Buckmaster, science lecturer at South Kensington, when he examined the classes, expressed great surprise not only at the splendid results achieved among a purely rural population, but also that a clergyman was found of such active enthusiasm as to inaugurate these studies with the inadequate equipment available.

To the preparation of his pulpit work Mr Gunn devoted great care. He was eloquently earnest, and of clear enunciation. In his time instrumental music was introduced into the services of the Church. To his parishioners and acquaintances Mr Gunn was a loyal and true friend. He had the Christlike gift of sympathy highly developed. It did not end in words merely, but by identifying himself with the purpose desired, he gave of his service or means generously to all requiring either. His also was a pure and guileless soul, incapable of thinking evil of any one, but manifesting a broad and large-hearted charity towards all with whom he came in contact. In this way the sermon of his daily life and example was more influential for good than the weekly composition from the



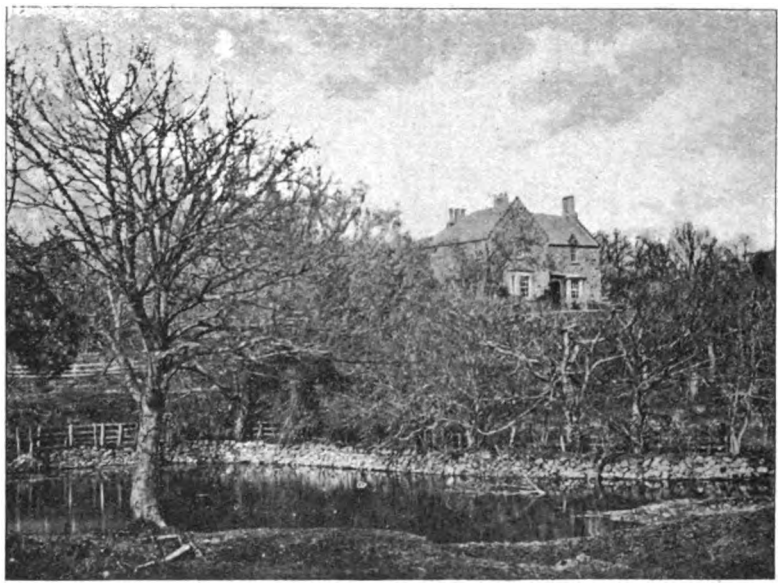
STICHILL KIRK—INTERIOR.

School, in which teachers and taught belonged to both the churches. These several united agencies all working together for the good of the whole people of Stichill and Hume, not only accomplished great work for the Master, but afforded an object lesson to the parishioners of real brotherly love and Christian discipleship. In his pastoral duties Mr Gunn was assiduous, visiting the sick almost daily however great the distance. This he did because he considered that in no other way had he better opportunities of coming into touch with the people as man to man, carrying them in the arms of prayer to the feet of the Father, arguing with unbelief, affording sympathy in deeds more than in words, giving counsel, receiving and

pulpit on Sunday. His message was ever the New Testament teaching of the love of Jesus Christ whom he strove humbly to follow.

His kindness of heart, especially to those who were friendless, was great; and he was most sensitive regarding the wounding of anyone's sensibilities. In illustration of this there is the following:—Shortly after coming to Stichill, Mr Gunn criticised justly but severely a set of anonymous verses in the local paper descriptive of the beauties of the neighbourhood. He did so all unconscious that their author was an auditor of his trenchant remarks. Some one in a spirit of mischief enlightened him, thereby causing the minister poignant regret. Too honest to take back his words, he keenly felt the wounds unintentionally inflicted, and the closure thus summarily applied to any promise of fruition there might have been in the future. Twenty years elapsed; Mr Gunn was preaching in a strange church where he expected that the unfortunate poet might be one of the congregation. Into his sermon he introduced one verse out of a little volume which the versifier had produced. The message with the implied amende from the pulpit to the pew struck its mark; the one man in the large gathering received the special word intended for him and was moved. After the service the two men met. "That debt is paid at last," said the one; "Thank you," was all the other could reply. But the incident drew them very closely together.

Passing now from his purely parochial work one must glance, though briefly, at the outside activities he exercised throughout the Borders generally. Under this head he is best known as having been President of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Field Club, and latterly its Honorary Secretary. This brought him into contact with experts in all the natural sciences on both sides of the Border. He brought his usual laborious conscientiousness into all the duties connected with these offices. He took great delight in arranging all the details of their excursions. He brought the Club transactions up to date, and contributed many valuable papers himself. Among these were The Early History of Stichill up to 1627, also The Church of Hume, An Introduction to the Kirk Session Records of Bunkle, and various botanical and geological articles. He has left behind him a fuller History of Hume Castle, chronologically arranged, also a translation of the Court Book of the Baron Bailie of Stichill, beginning at the year 1659, and many fugitive pieces. For the daily and weekly press he reviewed publications, and contributed articles, more especially upon the Disestablishment agitation, a matter by which his whole soul was stirred. Though essentially of a peace-loving and conciliatory disposition, all his Celtic fervour burned forth with indignation when anyone sought to lay hand on the Ark of the Establishment. So also



From Photo by STICHILL MANSE. Mackintosh & Co., Kelso.

when he heard of any injustice suffered by a poor person, a woman, or a child.

The Botanical Society of Edinburgh, the Scottish Alpine Club, and the British Pteridological Society all claimed him as a working member, to each of which he contributed his quota of research. At Stichill he established a beautiful Alpine Rockery containing over fifteen hundred different Alpine plants; and had formed a museum of geological and archæological specimens, chiefly illustrative of the formations and history of the neighbourhood. It was a treat to watch the shamefaced, yet pleased way in which some ploughman would approach the minister on a summer evening working among his plants. Laboriously diving into the recesses of a deep pocket, he would produce a stone quern, a prehistoric celt, or even an iron cannon ball from the ramparts of Hume Castle. Then would ensue an interesting chat, in which the visitor was not the only learner.

This was one great characteristic of Mr Gunn; all his life he was ever a humble learner, seeking after truth. Although he could exhibit considerable dignity of manner when occasion demanded, and like St Paul, magnified his office, yet he associated freely and without condescension with the humblest of his parishioners. He understood the true nobility of manhood, and had discernment to see the Christ in every one. Especially so with children, with whom he was always a great friend, and for whose spiritual and moral development he ever showed a most sensitive regard. He was an enthusiastic curler in the winter time; and was a Freemason. He had been R.W. Master of his Lodge; Grand Chaplain of the Provincial Lodge; and Chaplain of Grand Lodge of Scotland. Into everything he undertook he brought an infectious enthusiasm. No labour or research was too great to assist a fellow enquirer. He was a laborious and conscientious consumer of the midnight oil. He had hosts of friends and not a single enemy. One remembers the expression of deep pain which passed over his features when some one said to him, "You are just Christ." The irreverence was unintentional, but in the remark there was a germ of truth. There is something of Christ in every man; one cannot succeed in living like Him in this world, but one can at least persevere in the attempt to emulate, however humbly and imperfectly, the lives of those who have shewn themselves to be Christ-like men,—

STICHILL LINN

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe
That friend of mine who lives in God.

The Border Magazine of 1863.

MANY may be interested to know that a BORDER MAGAZINE existed before our present one. Years ago when looking through the large and well-ordered Telford Library, in the town of Langholm, we came upon a bulky volume of 384 pages bearing the above title and date. We glanced over its pages with no little curiosity and were greatly interested in its contents. Often since then have we sought out this Border worthy.

The maiden number of the magazine was published in May, 1863, by Nimmo of Edinburgh, and contained sixty-four pages of very readable matter. The editors (no names are given) in their address to the readers outline the future contents of the new Borderer in a very pleasing way. They promise that their pages will be neutral territory to the antiquary, naturalist, historian, and literary aspirant whether residing on the English or Scottish Border. The language, works, social conditions, and developments of the Border were to have much attention, whilst Border sayings and traditions were to be carefully collected, and articles on Border men were to form instructive and delightful reading.

In the new venture, whilst it is recognised that the whole Border district was "rich in spoils of time," the "flourishing manufacturing emporiums of Hawick, Selkirk, and Galashiels were to receive special attention." Among the contributors were to be men who had rendered essential service to the cause of popular knowledge, science, and art. The possibilities of antiquary, natural history, and archæology are dilated upon with enthusiasm.

The pages open with an illustrated article on Wark Castle, from the pen of the Rev. Peter Mearns, of Coldstream. Then comes a paper on Hawick Cross, and another on Ednam, the birthplace of the poet of "The Seasons." Scattered through the volume are interesting papers on Border birds, genealogies of Border families, plant lore, and tales of a varied character. The correspondence, calendar of horticulture, agricultural reports, and obituary notices are not the least interesting features in the BORDER MAGAZINE of '63.

In the first obituary notices the name of Henry Elliot, Esq., Lanton, Jedburgh, heads the list. There are several pieces from the pen of Henry Scott Riddell, "Abbotsford Papers," giving a description of the furniture, pictures, and armoury of the "chivalrous hero of romance," whilst the Border biographies form very pleasing reading, and the illustrations greatly enhance the volume.

How long the BORDER MAGAZINE of 1863 existed we cannot tell, but it would be exceedingly interesting to know of the duration of its life, and who were the guiding geniuses of the enterprise.

G. M. R.

The Prince Charlie Plaid.

AT the Free Church Sale of Work held in Jedburgh in October last, one of the most interesting articles sold was a Prince Charlie Plaid, given by Mr J. Lindsay Hilson, of Messrs J. & W. Hilson, Jedburgh. The pattern was copied from a plaid which had been worn by Prince Charlie, and which is now believed to be at Blair Castle. This pattern was sent in October, 1821, by a customer in Dunkeld with an order for a dozen plaids exact to description given.

In conformity with this description Messrs Hilson completed the order and revived the manufacture of the Prince Charlie Plaid. The original letter has been photographed by Mr Jack, Jedburgh, and forms, outside of portrait and landscape views, one of the most interesting pieces of photographic work we have ever seen. The Prince Charlie plaid is one of the prettiest of patterns, and has many warm admirers both south and north of the Tweed. Among the warmest of these is Her Majesty the Queen, to whom one of the plaids was lately sent. Mr J. Lindsay Hilson was much gratified by the receipt of the following acknowledgment:—

MISTRESS OF THE ROBES DEPARTMENT.
Montagu House, Whitehall,
London, S.W., April 10th, 1900.

The Duchess of Buccleuch has been desired by the Queen to inform Messrs Hilson that the "Prince Charlie Plaid" arrived at Windsor before the departure of Her Majesty for Ireland, and that Her Majesty was much pleased with it, and wished to thank the firm for it.

To Messrs J. & W. Hilson, Jedburgh.

A CERTAIN divine was very particular that the hymns sung should be suitable to his discourse, to the sometimes no small annoyance of his precentor. One Sunday morning, on the precentor appearing for his list, the minister remarked—"Well, David, my subject for to-day is 'Self-help.' Have you anything that will suit?" "Naething, sir," said David, puzzled, "except—except 'Paddle yer ain Canoe'!"

Melrose Lammas Fair.

A Retrospect. By R. H., G.

"Time changes a' thing, the ill-natured loon,
Though 'twere ever sae richtlie he'll no let it be."

SO runs the old song and in any one of mature years the perceptive faculties must be dull indeed who cannot endorse the truth contained in the couplet. With the view of preserving "from time's destroying rage" the memory of an ancient Border institution now numbered with the things that were, the following pages have been penned.

At one time Melrose Lammas Fair was the most extensive market for lambs in the south of Scotland, and was held on the western slope of the central peak of the Eildons. For some days before the appointed time, previous to the introduction of the railway into the district, the roads in every direction were occupied with flocks on their way to the hill. Upon the night previous to the fair, 100,000 lambs might have been seen, each separate flock attended by a shepherd and his watchful collies. About sixty-five years ago a great thunderstorm occurred, causing such a panic amongst the lambs that they got mixed into one huge flock. On another and later occasion a similar occurrence took place in consequence of a hare being started in the vicinity, which was hunted through amongst the flocks by all the collies in the neighbourhood. Latterly, in many cases, the system was adopted of surrounding the flock with stakes and nets, which kept the lambs more securely together and saved the shepherds from a considerable amount of trouble.

The fair was held on the 12th of August, except that date fell on a Saturday or Monday, the day being observed as a holiday by the country people for miles around, a half-holiday on the occasion served the towns and villages in the district. As soon as the dawn appeared business began, and in a short time the flocks began to change hands. Happy the shepherd who was fortunate enough to get his lambs removed early in the morning, as by the forenoon the road from the hill to the railway station was literally covered with live stock. It was a scene ever to be remembered. The shouting of excited shepherds as they wildly gesticulated with staff and "mawd" to keep the flocks separate, the barking of scores of collies, and the bleating of thousands of lambs combined to form a perfect Babel. In dry weather pedestrians had to thread their way slowly and painfully past the flocks, at the imminent danger of being knocked down by a sudden rush of lambs, and nearly suffocated by a thick cloud of red dust, while the air was redolent with the odour of sheep dip. Owing to the introduction of auction marts, which received the support of the great majority of the farmers, the market was transferred to St Boswells, and notwithstanding the efforts put forth to maintain the old style of sale by private bargain, the fair ceased to exist in 1879. A Melrose poet thus mournfully bewails its demise:

"The farmers maun get a' the wyte,
They sell their lambs nae mair;
The auctioneers, and they, in truth,
Hae murdered Lammas Fair."

For a long period the fair was one of the outstanding events in the year which broke the monotony of country life. For weeks previous it afforded matter for speculation amongst the lads and lasses in every farm toun within a considerable radius, and also furnished a fruitful topic for discussion long after it had taken place. There old acquaintances were wont to foregather, and many a hearty "How are ye, Tam?" or "Hoo's a' wi' ye, Bob?" were heard as hands met in kindly clasp. An adjournment to a convenient tent took place, when "owre a bottle o' yill," the days o' langsyne were recalled. Old friendships were renewed amongst those who had been "auld neebours thegither," but whose opportunities for meeting and spending a day in company were, like angels' visits, few and far between.

Those attending the fair were not confined to that section of the community generally referred to as "the lower classes." A considerable sprinkling of "the better sort" might also have been recognised in the crowd, who, to all appearance, found as much enjoyment in the motley gathering as their humbler neighbours. Times change and men change with them. In those days men and women lived simpler lives and found sources of recreation and amusement in scenes which the great majority of their successors would consider *infra dig.* were they even to be suspected of harbouring a desire to lift upon such gatherings the light of their very superior countenances. In the old days this feeling was conspicuous by its absence. We have seen a pompous manufacturer hailing from Galashiels escorting his wife, on horseback, through the fair, and have heard a genial worthy belonging to the same social cult gleefully relate how he "ga'ed doon to the fair, spent fowrepence, an' carry't on the awfu'st."

During the earlier portion of the day many hundreds of

"Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown,"

wended their way to the great centre of attraction, those from the surrounding towns and villages making their appearance in the afternoon. Long before the hill was reached the noise of the fair was distinctly audible. Shows of all sorts were there, each one rejoicing in an orchestra of some kind, in the great majority of which the big drum distinctly predominated. At intervals glib-tongued showmen harangued the crowd, ever and anon vociferating, "Walk up! walk up! ladies and gentlemen." They earnestly counselled the onlookers not to miss the rare opportunity placed within their reach of inspecting some giant or giantess, fat lady or living skeleton, dwarf, or some other freak of nature. There were also a large number of merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, and aunt sallies. One obsolete style of shooting gallery consisted of a long and light vehicle, mounted on four wheels, upon which the owner might have been observed extended at length on his way to the fair, the motive power being supplied by half a dozen yelping dogs. In place of bullets darts were used. The prize consisted of nuts, the number given being regulated by the value of the shot. The presiding genius advertised his presence with the then familiar shout, "Nuts for your money, and sport for nothing."

Judging from the discordant sounds that fell on the ear at every turn, it might have been imagined that all the strolling musicians of Scotland were present. Fiddlers, blind and otherwise, hurdy-gurdies, bagpipes, clarionette players, and performers on the tin whistle abounded. Leather-lunged ballad singers, clad in sailor costume, in most cases minus the usual number of arms or legs, whose stentorian voices were heard high above the surrounding din, cap in hand, chanted, "The bonnie lassie's answer was aye, No, No," "Flora Macdonald," or "The gallant Forty-twa man," with a vigour and persistence which at least deserved, if it did not command, success. Here also flourished those philanthropic individuals who sold sovereigns for nineteen shillings, or, to all appearance, dropped a number of half-crowns into a purse which was offered for sale, and sometimes greedily bought for half a crown, the silly simpleton finding to his amazement when the purse was opened that it only contained a few pence. Nimble fingered adepts at the three card trick, thimbles and pea, prick the garter, wheel of fortune, and other modes of relieving the verdant rustic of his hard-earned cash, plied their vocation wherever they could escape from the watchful eye of the police, who often made a raid upon them and confiscated their stock-in-trade. In those days the guardians of the public peace were extremely "kenspeckle" in a crowd. They were clothed in a blue swallow-tailed coat, and a "lum" hat, the crown of which was made of glazed leather, a narrow strip of the same material extending down each side.

Various crafts were also represented. Bicker makers from Birgham were there with an assortment of their wares, ranging from a "luggie" to a washing tub, and in close proximity were to be found the manufacturers and retailers of the now obsolete horn spoons. The shoemakers belonging to the district were also present in force with a large and varied assortment of their wares—and generally had both patience and temper severely tried with the irritating delay incidental to the indispensable "fittin' on." The tinkers were always present in force, and had a very busy time cantering to and fro, mounted upon their sorry "yauds," constantly on the look-out for an opportunity either to effect a "swap" or a sale.

Along the side of the fair ground, next the hill, stood a long row of tents belonging to publicans from the various towns and villages on the Borders. In order to minimise as much as possible the temptation to indulgence in liquor, the temperance party in the district provided a large tent in which tea, coffee, and other refreshments could be obtained The tents were furnished with long tables and forms, each one having a signboard with the owner's name and place of abode painted upon it. During the earlier part of the day the scenes of mirth and jollity witnessed in some of the tents beggar description. As a rule they were occupied by a noisy, but good humoured crowd of shepherds, ploughmen, and country people generally. When the "maut got abune the meal," it appeared as if every one was endeavouring to drown his neighbour's voice by sheer strength of lungs. Occasionally as a fiddler or piper appeared upon the scene, some stalwart young shepherd, who had imbibed not wisely but too well, might have been seen in the centre of an admiring circle, with his staff in one hand and his "mawd" in the other, performing a hornpipe, with a vigour and agility that a dancing Dervish might have envied, his blushing sweetheart vainly endeavouring to prevail upon him to behave himself, while his faithful collie sat staring in dumb amazement at the unwonted spectacle.

Judging from appearances, it might look to the casual observer as if drunkenness prevailed amongst these men, but this conclusion would have been entirely erroneous. On such an occasion everything was against them. The sense of freedom from their daily toil, the meeting with old friends and acquaintances, and the strong temptation to "taste" along with them, the absence of regular meals, and many other causes all combined to show their conduct in the worst possible light. Under such circumstances a very small quantity of liquor proved sufficient to upset them, and a totally false idea regarding the ordinary behaviour of such men was given to any one not conversant with their every-day life. In all probability for the next twelve months, the overwhelming majority of these ploughmen would taste nothing stronger than milk, and the stalwart shepherds would be perfectly contented with a draught of cold water, as it gushed from amid the heather on the lonely hill-side.

Opposite the tents upon the other side of the promenade stood the "krames," laden with confections of every sort. The attendant owners, with practised tongues, knew well how to cajole the lads into purchasing their wares as they passed up and down the fair with their best girls on their arms. Rapidly the shilling cakes of gingerbread were transferred to the handkerchiefs of the fair ones by their acquaintances and admirers, who, in return, had the honour of a "swagger" up and down the fair, these engagements, in many cases, being entered into weeks previously. The popularity of the females could always be pretty accurately gauged by the amount of spoil they carried from the field.

As the afternoon waned those having some distance to travel commenced to turn their faces homeward. Many a pugilistic encounter now took place among the gallant swains for the honour of escorting some rustic beauty, who sometimes might have been seen quietly awaiting the result, then gaily proceeding on her way in the company of the victor, whose bleeding and battered countenance eloquently testified that he had not attained the coveted distinction with both ease and honour.

When the gloaming fell, fond couples, arm in arm, and sometimes a good deal closer, might have been observed leaving the fast decreasing crowd, which still continued to perambulate the green. Those females who were not provided with a sweetheart or other escort, were now anxious to secure some one to fill that position, as it was considered a kind of disgrace for a female being obliged to return from the fair "a' 'ir lane," or even in the company of a sister in misfortune. In these cases it was sometimes wise before committing one's self to learn the distance and the direction the female had to travel. We once knew a gallant Galashiels weaver offer his services as escort to a pretty face, finding to his dismay that, before he had accomplished his self-imposed task, he was well on for the head waters of the Ettrick in the small hours of the following morning.

As darkness cast her mantle over the scene the tents were struck, carts were loaded, and tracks were made homewards. The owners of the krames also packed up their unsold wares and departed to their various destinations. The showmen and other peripatetic wanderers hitched their horses to their caravans, and went off to seek fresh fields and pastures new. By daylight the following morning the hill was deserted, and all that remained to tell of the great gathering was a long expanse of trampled green sward, littered with the multi farious collection of rubbish inseparably connected with Melrose Lammas Fair.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BORDER MAGAZINE."

GLASGOW, 13 June, 1900.

Dear Sir,

I wish to correct one or two errata in my article on Lady John Scott-Spottiswoode.

The date of her marriage should be the 16th and not the 11th March, 1836.

Her brother, described by me as "Lieutenant" Andrew Spottiswoode, was "Colonel," and was the "younger" not the "only" brother.

The reference to "eccentricities" in the last paragraph I desire to cancel. I regret that relying on report I made mention of them, as the accuracy of my statement has been denied by her representatives.

I am, Yours truly,

ALEXANDER OLIVER.

"THE SCOTT COUNTRY," by W. S. Crockett, telling the story of the famous Borderland and its associations with its greatest son, will be published by Messrs Black about the end of the month. Mr Crockett comes from the district—Sandyknowe and Kelso—in which Scott's early years were spent, and is one of the best authorities on the subject of the Border and its literature.—(From *Literature*.)

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1900.

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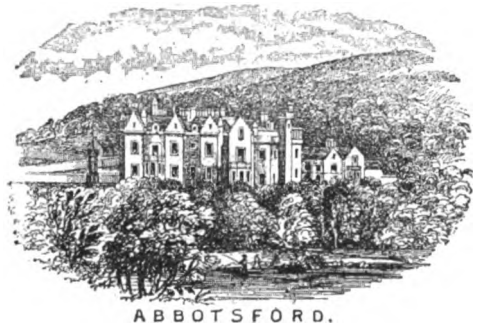
The Border Keep.



ABBOTSFORD.

Doubtless this world's shrine will be visited this season as usual by thousands of tourists, especially from America. As a rule these American cousins of ours are well up in their Scott, and flock to these shrines not for mere globe-trotting purposes, but from a genuine admiration for the "Mighty Minstrel." It almost seems a pity that such priceless shrines should be in private hands. What is a nation's glory should be national property.

* * *

The Queen's Birthday (24th May) was a royal day in Jethart, the occasion being the opening of the Carnegie Public Library and the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall. In opening the Library, Provost Sword, in the course of a few remarks, said That these magnificent and commodious buildings were the gift of Mr Andrew Carnegie, who had done so much to give free literature to the people. The Provost sketched briefly the history of library and reading-room movements in the burgh, and said that a great change had taken place in this respect since the beginning of the century. During the time of the war of allied armies against Napoleon only one newspaper came to Jedburgh, viz., the Magistrates' paper (the London "Times"), and whenever the paper arrived, the first magistrate present had to proceed to the front of the County Buildings and read it aloud to the people. In concluding, the Provost mentioned that Mr Carnegie had subscribed the sum of £2000 for the Library. He handed a silver key to Mr Hew Morrison, Edinburgh, and asked him to perform the ceremony of declaring the Library open.

* * *

In connection with the stirring events which have taken place in South Africa it is interesting to note the important part played by Borderers. Those who saw in the troublous times of the Jameson Raid the foreshadowing of greater things to come, will be pleased to read the following:—

Captain Thomas Mein, the millionaire mine-owner, and one of the principal figures in the Jameson raid in the Transvaal, died at his home in Oakland, California, on the 4th May. Death was due to congestion of the lungs. He was born in Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, on April 1st, 1838, went to California in 1853, and engaged extensively in gold mining. In 1892, he proceeded to Johannesburg, where he at once joined the ranks of the Uitlanders, and became a prominent member of the Reform Committee. His office was the headquarters of the commissary department, and when it was searched enormous stores of food were found waiting on the siege that never came off. Captain Mein was arrested, and was one of the three men who were sentenced to death, and who afterwards were liberated on the payment of a heavy ransom.

In the three following paragraphs, culled from various sources, reference is made to the passing away of old Border folks, well known to not a few of the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE, who will be pleased to see these notices in the "Keep":—

Death of a Border Character.—Mr Howieson (or "Robbie," as he was familiarly called) was for many years a well-known figure on the streets of Hawick, especially at Common-Riding and other sporting gatherings. He liked to be called the "champion bill-seller," and was a popular vendor of race and games cards at Hawick, Selkirk, Kelso, and other Border towns. "Robbie" had a keen eye for Hawick people, and quickly "picked them" up when they returned to their native town after a long absence. On "high occasions" he wore a scarlet hunting-coat given to him by a member of the Buccleuch family. He died on Wednesday, 8th May, aged sixty-one, after a few weeks' illness.

* * *

Almost a Centenarian.—Mr Robert Scott Glendinning, the oldest farmer on the Buccleuch estates, died at his residence on 3rd May, in his 100th year. He was born at Stintie-Knowe, near Hawick, on 15th May, 1800, so that he was almost a centenarian. The old man had a keen remembrance of the arrival of the news of the British victory at Waterloo in 1815, and told many stories relating to the French prisoners on parole in Hawick and the other Border towns. A treasured curio in the old farm-house is a silver-mounted stick, which, it is said, was found on board Lord Nelson's flagship, the "Victory," after Trafalgar. Stored away in the attics of Boghall farm-house for many years was a fine set of deer antlers, and a boar's head found in the neighbouring bog quite adjacent to the steading, and they now adorn the ducal mansion at Bowhill. Mr Glendinning came of a good old long-lived stock, his mother having reached the age of ninety-six years. Up to within a few weeks of his death the aged farmer regularly visited the Hawick markets. The funeral of Mr Glendinning took place on 7th May, and was largely attended. The place of interment was Wilton Cemetery, and a service was held at the grave. Deceased was a married man, but leaves no family. The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. S. D. M'Connell of Pollokshaws, who is at present officiating in Wilton Parish Church in the absence (at the front) of the Rev. J. R. Wilson.

Death of a Noted Villager.—On Saturday morning, 5th May, there passed away from our midst, in her 80th year, Esther Kennedy, one who has been longer and better known in the village and the Ettrick valley generally than any other who could be named to-day. Esther Kennedy was in many respects a remarkable woman. Force of character, quick and keen discernment, ready expression, and high descriptive power, were all marked characteristics of the woman; and had it been the fortune of such a man as Ian Maclaren or J. M. Barrie to meet with her at her fireside and to listen to her in a cracking mood, he would have been furnished with a more robust and forceful type of Scotch character than either Drumtochty or Thrums has supplied. Everybody in Ettrick, and many beyond it, knew Esther; and it may be said with equal truth that there were few residents or visitors to the vale whom she did not know, and know about. Very few people, driving or walking, passed her shop door without pulling up or stepping inside to inquire after her health, or to purchase some of her wares—as often as otherwise for the sake of hearing her pithy observations on men and things. She was well informed on general matters, not excluding politics, and had well formed opinions on the questions of the time and the leading statesmen of the age. Her estimates of the latter were always discriminating and definite, though sometimes expressed in terms more forcible than flattering. She was a daughter of an old and respected family in Bridgend, and after a period of domestic service in her youthful days she came home to attend to the little grocery business which had been conducted by her forbears in the village. For many years she drove her own pony and cart to Selkirk for supplies of goods, and in this capacity executed commissions of many kinds for the villagers. Of late years she was a good deal troubled with rheumatism, but enjoyed a fair measure of health and strength till a few months ago, and was in a way able to attend to her little business till within a fortnight of her death. . . . The spick and span equipage with the humbler vehicle were frequent visitors at her door, and all got the one salutation, for Esther knew no respect of persons, and many a beggar had cause to bless her kindly heart if he writhed under her honest tongue. A member of one of the oldest families in the Bridgend, she will be sadly missed, both by the younger generation, with whom she was a prime favourite, and the old people as well.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

Reminiscences of Life and Work, 1823-1900.*

BEARING this unpretentious title we have a record of a life well spent in the service of God and humanity. The author, the Rev. Thomas Cochrane, Pleasance Territorial Church, Edinburgh, to quote a prominent daily paper,

REV. THOMAS COCHRANE

Has been one of the most diligent and successful ministers among the outlying masses in Edinburgh; and his volume is valuable not only as a record of work done, but as instructing others how to labour among them. Dr Candlish, among others, took a deep interest in his mission; and he gives this description of him by an old shepherd who had heard him when he had gone to open a new church—"Man, I jist lookit at 'im as he cam' alang the passage bizzin' like a bee. His een were glintin' like the fire o' heeven, an' I says—says I to ma'sel—there's mesic in you, billie." Dr Begg, who also watched his work with interest, finding him one day dispirited, cheered him in this way—"Na, na, ye maunna cast awa' the cog when the coo pits her fit in't." Young ministers, who sometimes have their fainting fits, might do worse than take a note of this prescription for them by one who knew what it was to struggle against heavy odds.

Gifted with a quick eye and a retentive memory, our author has been able to recall the days of his youth in all their vividness and paint for us little pictures of the lang byegane, which becomes more and more valuable as the years roll past. His birth is thus recorded:—

"On the 18th of June, 1823, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and now about seventy-seven years ago (1900), a little man, whose name I bear, was born in the white-washed house of the Home Farm of Portmore, called Harcus, embowered in woods, and surrounded by the bonnie green hills of Peeblesshire. When about two weeks old I was baptised in my father's barn, as the parish minister had come to our farm on a diet of visitation and catechising.

We have a glimpse of primitive things when he writes of the village where he went to school:—

Eddleston being a small village there was no public clock, but to meet this want there was in the possession of one of the villagers an eight-day clock, which gave time to all the families in and around the village. In course of time the owner of this timekeeper died and at the public sale of her effects my father bought the clock, which has been timekeeper in our family ever since I was born—how long before I cannot tell—and it still holds on in the ticking tenor of its daily work, and, I fancy, will do so when the hand that now records it is still and at rest!

Interesting side lights are thrown upon the relations of masters and servants in connection with agricultural work, and not a few lessons for present day use may be derived from our author's record. He gives us interesting recollections of contemporaries of Sir Walter Scott, lingering superstitions, scenes at the hustings, the introduction of the first Reform Bill, the "dry year" of '26, resurrectionists, cholera and influenza visitations in the thirties; the coming of the lucifer match, the penny post, cheap newspapers and cheap bread. Living under three sovereigns, George IV., William IV., and our good Queen Victoria, our author draws from his vast experience and weighs the past with the present, oft-times to the advantage of the latter, for he is no pessimist. In his Edinburgh career he gives us striking portraits of famous Divines and Professors, as well as saving from oblivion the name of many city hero unknown to fame. Mr Cochrane has even tempted the muse, and the one or two selections to be found in the volume have considerable poetic merit. The book, which is up to date, as it contains poetical and prose references to recent events in South Africa, is one we would heartily recommend to our readers. To quote the words of Alex. Whyte, D.D., the book is:—"Fresh, spontaneous, racy," while we agree with the desire of A. H. Charteris,

* Peebles—Allan Smyth.

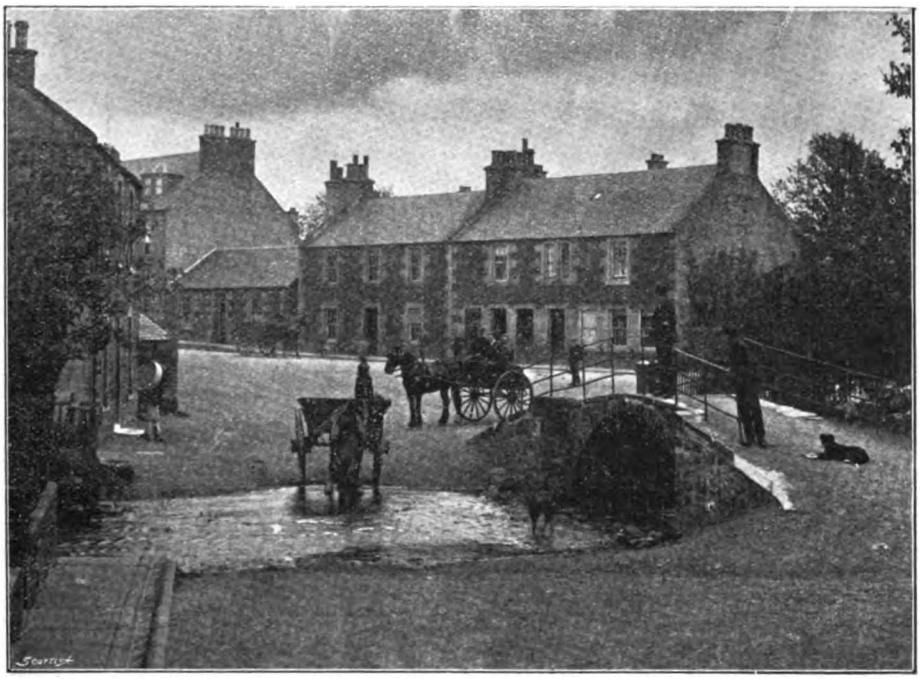
D.D., LL.D.:—"I wish this book were ever so much bigger, and I believe every reader will echo the wish." A word of praise is due to Mr Allan Smyth, printer and publisher, Peebles, for the excellent printing of the book, which is produced at the extraordinarily low price of one shilling (cloth binding.)

W. S.

Biggar: Historical, Traditional, and Descriptive.*

THIS is a guide book which bears the stamp of the litterateur on every page, and we do not wonder that the reverend author, who promises fair to wear the mantle of the late Professor Veitch, has dedicated the volume to the memory of his father, who was a native of Biggar. The letterpress extends to about 130 pages, while there are ten full-page illustrations and twenty-two illustrations in the text, all beautifully produced—a result to be expected when we learn the printers are George Lewis & Co., Selkirk. Mr Crockett in his introduction says:—

"London's big, but Biggar's Biggar." So the changes have been run over the name of the snug little town in the Clyde uplands. It is the joke of the district and the humour of it is never stale. Yet within recent years Biggar has been steadily growing bigger, not only in point of size, but in attractiveness and popularity. It is now a favourite holiday resort, singularly healthy, clean, comfortable, and convenient, as few country townships are. From June to September the place is literally filled with visitors, bent either on an ideal day's outing, or a longer residence amid the summer sweetness of its fields and fells. . . . It stands over 700 feet above sea level. The surroundings are free and open. The atmosphere is of the purest and most bracing. There is a pleasing variety of landscape, some of the highest hills in southern Scotland being in the vicinity. Within easy access are the rivers Clyde and Tweed. The roads are generally in excellent condition. For the artist, the angler, and the cyclist, few districts present stronger attractions, while there are the unfailing concomitants of a good golf course and well-kept bowling and tennis greens. Added to all these must be the historical and romantic associations with which the district abounds, and the sure place which it holds in the public memory as the home of a family whose name is writ large in the annals of British statesmanship, and as the birthplace of one of the kindliest physicians and most genial writers of his time.



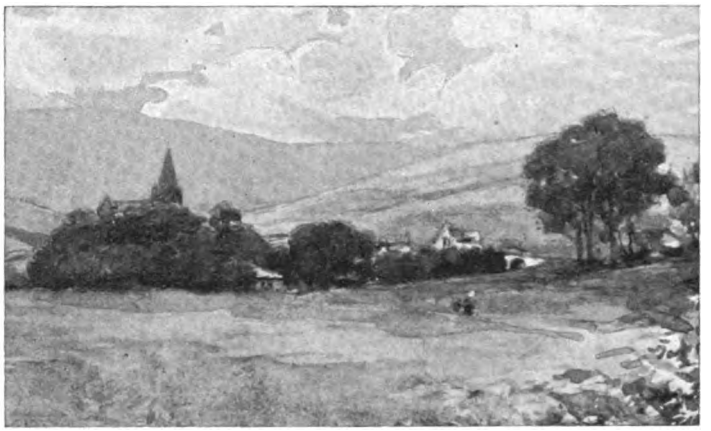
Kindly lent BIGGAR—CADGER'S BRIG. by Publisher.

If the foregoing does not tempt every reader, while in Lanarkshire, to visit Biggar which has somehow the feel of Tweeddale about it, we recommend them to the long chapter on Notable Natives, etc This list contains sketches

* By W. S. Crockett, Minister of Tweedsmuir.

of famous men of whom any town might be proud, and it is worth the price of the book to gaze on the unwrinkled face of grand old Dr John Brown, the genial author of "Rab and his Friends," etc. To those who know Biggar, or intend to visit it, this book is an absolute necessity, while those who may not be so privileged can have a genuine literary treat by perusing its pages.

W. S.



Kindly lent TWEEDSMUIR. by Publisher.

"Dirk."

DIRK was a gipsy—a royal gipsy—and boasted of the fact to other boys, especially to new-comers.

The family had migrated from their native Border village to a remote hamlet in the same county where, with others of the tribe who had previously settled there, they carried on the trade or trades peculiar to their race.

The name "Dirk," as applied to this boy, had no particular significance. It merely served to distinguish its owner from several young kinsmen who bore the same family name.

He was a handsome lad—tall, straight-limbed, well-proportioned—with an open countenance, and frank manner (to strangers) which utterly belied his true character.

The household to which Dirk belonged was a large one, being a refuge of various ne'er-do-weels of the tribe, and extending protection also to their unfortunate children.

Of the man he called "faither," Dirk stood in wholesome awe. He owned no other master, and openly and unceremoniously defied others of his elders who tried to rule or subdue him. From the time that he proved himself too big and strong to be subjugated by sheer physical force, his mother had ceased to attempt to influence him.

"Juist you let me alane, mither, an' I'll no meddle you," he had said on that occasion, "an' gin ye tell my faither this time, or ony time, I'll ——"

The sentence was left unfinished, but the accompanying look and gesture struck terror to his mother's heart, and of the boy's misdemeanours she deemed it prudent to make no mention to the head of the house.

A new minister came to the parish—young, enthusiastic, and desirous of making the "lapsed" his especial care. He persuaded Dirk to go to Sunday-school, and had him in his own class, as being an interesting case. For the first Sunday Dirk's behaviour was exemplary, subsequently he degenerated, and at the end of a month was pronounced to be a nuisance to the whole school. Then the crisis came.

Dirk had made himself excessively disagreeable on this particular morning. He crowned a series of exasperating tricks by one so unpardonably offensive that he was forcibly expelled by the minister with the command never to return.

Dirk could not forget this indignity, and meditated speedy revenge. He planned a midnight raid on the Manse garden, where, at this season, the apples hung in tempting luxuriance. He engaged four boys to assist; but the expedition proved a failure. The "watch" failed to give the signal of alarm in time, and Dirk, as he was "pouchin'" the last apple he meant to take, found himself in the minister's firm grasp. The others escaped. Their leader

gave their names truthfully and willingly, but proof of their guilt was lacking, and as they all pled innocence in the strongest of terms, no action could be brought against them. Dirk was handed over to justice by the merciless priest whose theory in this instance was, "It is criminal to neglect opportunities of suppressing crime."

Dirk's punishment was that which usually falls to young law-breakers whose first offence it is not. He returned quietly home, with the look in his eyes which his mother knew.

"I'll watch mysel' next time, and I'll only tak' twae o' ye to pouch," he announced to his confederates a few days later.

Which resolution he carried into effect, and robbed the orchard with complete success in clear moonlight. The minister was from home.

Dirk took an early opportunity of "peyin'" each of his accomplices who had escaped on the first occasion.

"Ye wad hae gotten waur than that at Jethart," he explained to each separately, after thrashing him to within an inch of his life, "an' *it wasna richt o' ye to tell lees aboot it.*"

School was the great trial of Dirk's life. His freedom-loving nature chafed under the enforced restraint. It was torture to him even to sit still, and settled work of any description he simply loathed. Indeed, the monotony of the daily routine of school life brought an expression of unfeigned weariness and heart-sickness to the boy's face, that was truly pathetic.

Dirk was in Standard IV. In the beginning of the year a new teacher came to the school —a bright young lady fresh from college, with decided views on school discipline, which, however, have generally been found impracticable. She talked with kindling eye, of love, and kindness, and moral suasion, and denounced in no measured terms the weakness of any teacher who resorted to corporal punishment as a means of enforcing commands or instruction.

"There is one boy in your class that you will find troublesome, Miss Cormie," Mr Watson remarked on her first morning. "We call him Dirk. He is incorrigible, but if he annoys you to excess, let me know."

"Oh, I hope I shall be able to manage him; I always get on well with boys," Miss Cormie replied confidently.

The old man smiled—the kindly, half-pitying smile that experience bestows on hopeful innocence.

In the meantime, school had assembled. Miss Cormie, who rather prided herself on her skill as a physiognomist, ran her eye over the bright young faces before her, but failed to detect the black sheep. During the morning, one boy, with open face and clear grey eyes, was particularly attentive and obliging, and seemed on the alert to find occasion to render helpful service. And this was Dirk. And so it continued for days, the boy being untiring in his efforts to be useful.

Presently it occurred to Miss Cormie, that, owing to his constant attention to outside matters, Dirk missed many of his lessons. She gave him a private examination, and finding he was much further behind than she had expected, she gently told him that for a time he must give up the various duties he had taken upon himself and apply himself to his lessons.

This was the beginning of trouble. For the first time Miss Cormie saw the scowl upon his face. Next day he took his place in class, did the smallest possible amount of work, and so attracted the attention of his classmates to himself, that no progress could be made. His teacher was in despair. She tried all her arts of kindness and persuasion, but nothing would induce Dirk to exert himself. Two miserable days passed, during which Dirk's continued misbehaviour disturbed the whole class. Miss Cormie's patience was exhausted.

"You will stay in to-night, Dirk, and finish that arithmetic before you go," she announced in her severest tones, on the second afternoon.

Dirk made no reply, but when the others had gone, he walked to the farthest corner of the room, placed his back against the wall, folded his arms, and gazed defiantly at his perplexed teacher.

"Go to your seat, and begin your work at once," she said angrily.

"I'll no—no if ye should tell me five hunder times," was the insolent retort.

What was to be done? Miss Cormie had never thrashed a child in her life, but she would thrash this one now, with great good-will—if she could. But Dirk was nearly as tall as she, and much stronger, and as he did not intend to be thrashed, she knew how utterly vain it would be to attempt it.

Then she remembered the master's words. It was humiliating—very humiliating—but no other course was open. Quickly opening the communicating door, she summoned Mr Watson to her aid.

Dirk was very much astonished. He had not calculated upon this. He had thought to get the upper hand of Miss Cormie from this night forth, expecting she would be glad to let him have his own way for the sake of peace.

The "maister" paid him in full for accumulated sins, gave him good advice as to his future conduct, and suffered him to depart, a wiser and a sadder boy.

For some time after this, the relations between Dirk and his teacher were considerably strained. He rendered sullen obedience, but did his work slowly and negligently. However, Miss Cormie had wonderful tact and patience, and at last the dark look departed from the boy's face, he settled to work fairly steadily, and soon became much attached to his teacher.

"Push him on if you can, Miss Cormie," Mr Watson had advised. "If he gets through Standard IV. this year you will be quit of him after the examination."

Miss Cormie took the hint, she even burdened her conscience by resorting to bribery.

"Dirk," she said one day, "I will give you a beautiful prize if you pass Standard IV. this examination."

The boy's face beamed. "What wull ye gie me?" he asked.

"Oh, almost anything you like," she answered wildly. "What would you like?"

"They maistly get books for prizes, here. I dinna want a book. Wull ye gie me a golf club?"

"Very well, Dirk, if you work hard."

And he did work hard for three long months. The examination was in April. A few weeks before it, Dirk seemed to fall off, but his teacher encouraged him, and felt confident that he would do well on the all-important day.

To her surprise and dismay, he had never appeared more stupid. If he would only be quiet! But with a great display of eagerness, Dirk made a point of answering every question asked, whether addressed to himself or not, and no answer even approached accuracy. At last H.M.I. lost patience.

"Be silent, boy!" he cried, and to Miss Cormie—"Keep that boy in Standard IV. another year. Such appalling ignorance is disgraceful."

Dirk was the only failure. In the playground, the boys gathered round him.

"You've failed, Dirk," one ventured. "I thocht ye was gaun to pass this year."

"Did ye!" sneered Dirk, showing his teeth. "Muckle guid that wad dae me. *Ye'll a' be in the maister's room noo*, and I'll be wi' Miss Cormie—*and next year I'll be fowerteen.*"

With which caustic remark he strode away, and relieved his pent-up feelings by chasing the school-house cat through three fields and into a wood half a mile from the school, where the persecuted animal escaped.

Miss Cormie could not conceal her disappointment, and remonstrated vehemently with him next day.

"Never heed, Miss Cormie," he said soothingly. "Ye see, I got a golf club frae Colonel S. for findin' his watch. It's an auld ane, but it'll dae fine. But as sure as —— I'll no bother ye," he added with great earnestness. And he kept his word.

As midsummer approached, a brighter look came to the boy's face. The marked elasticity of his step, and the sparkle in his eye denoted inward gladness.

"We'll sune be gaun away, Miss Cormie," he announced one day to that lady, in a moment of confidence. "We're gaun to camp owre in Northumberland this year, an' I'm to ride auld Barney. Woman, it's grand to get away to the muirs an' the woods, an' hae naethin' to dae but eat an' sleep, an' hunt rabbits an' gump troot, an' ride aboot on auld Barney!"

The joyful day arrived. Miss Cormie stood at the school door to watch the gipsy procession. First came Dirk riding "auld Barney," and urging on his steed with joyful shout. Following him came some half-dozen dilapidated spring carts, loaded with all manner of saleable tinker ware, and drawn by sorry nags. Women and children were lodged promiscuously among the goods. The men walked, some of them leading cobs that had seen better days, and which would now be sold by the gipsies at some of the approaching country fairs.

As Dirk passed the school, he noticed Miss Cormie. Gallantly waving his ragged bonnet, he gave vent to a wild "hurrah!"

"We're away noo, Miss Cormie," he shouted gleefully. "I'll no be back for a lang time."

His teacher watched him out of sight, then turned back to the school-room with a womanly sigh.

"Peace and quietness now," she said to herself, "but I'll miss my gipsy boy. He was no ornament to the school, but I wish he were back—the restless, mischievous, warm-hearted Dirk! I do wish he were back."

"DERNCLEUCH."

Catrail and Rink.

"Between the Camp o' Rink,
And Tweed water clear,
Lie nine kings' ransoms
For nine hundred year."

Old Rhyme.

THE Catrail, an ancient British earth-work, runs from Torwoodlee in Selkirkshire, to Peel Fell in Northumberland, a distance of about fifty miles. It is locally known as "The Deil's Dyke" and "The Picts' Work Ditch" (or Dyke). It is in the main a hollow or fosse, extending between or near a series of hill-forts, of whose date and use history is silent. The fosse itself has been severally designated a road, a boundary, and a line of defence. It has existed since the Roman invasion. It is probably a work borrowed from the extraordinary skill and rapidity with which that warlike people threw up entrenchments, and held at will the land they conquered. But there are some who deem the Catrail more ancient than any landmark stamped by Agricola.

When Gordon, the antiquary, took note of it (and he seems to have been the earliest surveyor), he stated that it was twenty-five feet in width. The ramparts were six feet high, and ten feet thick. These measurements may be accepted as extreme, for in several places the ditch is only six feet wide, while the rampart is only three feet high.

It was in the year 78 A.D. that Britain was made a Roman Province. Agricola led his victorious legions through Roxburghshire to Edinburgh, probably by way of Lauderdale, as the names "Blackchester" and "The Chesters" seem to indicate. After gaining the Battle of Mons Grampius (84) he withdrew his troops, no doubt leaving behind him forts, enclosures, and even roads to tell of his triumphant march. Early in the fourth century the Romans again subdued our Borderland, and in 410 A.D. they finally left our shores.

From Photo by RINK CAMP. F. I. W.

The forts which appear on the line of the Catrail are generally placed in commanding positions, that of Rink-Hill-Fort being conspicuous for several miles, and having in long and open view the valleys of Tweed and Ettrick. It is within one hundred yards of the Catrail. Its diameter measures about 250 feet. Its rampart is twelve feet high, and its "fosse" is thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep. There is a single entrance, apparently strongly guarded and suggesting a route to the line of Catrail. Mr Craig-Brown in his "History of

Selkirkshire" says, "To the west a half-moon bastion, at its widest nearly 100 feet, has been pushed outside the second rampart."

Jeffrey considers this fort to be the work of the Romanized Britons—erected as a defence out-work against the Saxons. Sir Walter Scott believed it to be older than the Catrail. On one of his hunting expeditions he tried to leap the latter, but horse and rider fell. Scott was severely bruised, and in the after days was wont to relate the incident with "superstitious mournfulness."

It may seem almost idle now to conjecture the use of this mysterious mark across the face of Nature. Each theory advanced has been tenaciously held and as vigorously assailed. Professor Veitch gives the derivation of Catrail from the Cornish "cad," battle, and "treyle," to turn—hence a battle-turning or defence. This suits the theory of the learned Professor, but it does not remove the question from the realm of obscurity. It will probably continue to be a theme of speculation and research until it be relegated to the dreamland of myth.

Mr Francis Lynn, F.S.A., no mean authority on the point, alleges the work to have been executed anterior to the Roman invasion, and to have consisted in those remote days of several lines or routes or roads, whereby peaceful tribes held intercourse with one another—"lines of communication" as one would now say. The discovery of Roman remains in the line of the Catrail does not, to his mind, prove that the "fosse" was made by the Romans or even by Romanized Britons, but only bears witness to the fact that the road (?) was used by the Romans.

The latest writer on the subject, Sir George Douglas, Bart., leaves the question with this conclusion—"a prehistoric work, the object of which is unknown."

Mr Andrew Lang, in his "Gold of Fairnilee, thus writes, "The dry ditch was called the Catrail. It ran all through that country and must have been made by men long ago. Nobody knows who made it or why. They did not know it in Randal's time, and they do not know now. They do not even know what the Catrail means. The Camp at Rink is a round place, like a ring, and no doubt it was built by the old Britons many hundreds of years ago. The stones of which it was built are so large that we cannot tell how men moved them."

In this article no reference has been made to the theory adventured by Mrs Craig in a paper read before the Hawick Archæological Society in 1896. It is certainly altogether different from those previously held, but her argument cannot be followed without some study of philology, in which branch of education the lady is an expert. She has at least made clear that the word Catrail is not an "invented name" for an "invented rampart." The territory said to have been enclosed is the "Reged" of prehistoric date, and the Catrail is probably one of the few time-worn relics of

"Reged wide
And fair Strath-Clyde."

A. T. G.

The Border Esk.

"There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the three waters meet."

THE Border Esk, formed by the confluence of the Black and White Esk, has during recent years become a favourite with lovers of the gentle art, and many of its pools are regarded as anglers' paradises. The former rises on the slope of Jock's Shoulder in Eskdalemuir, and the latter springs from an acclivity in Ettrick Pen in the same parish. The one runs some twelve miles and the other fourteen, and are joined by the Garwald, Moodlaw, and other lesser tributaries before they unite. From the junction in the south-east corner of Eskdalemuir the Esk winds south-eastward through Wester-Kirk, Langholm, and Canonbie parish, passes along the English Border and finally enters Cumberland on its way past Longtown to the head of the Solway Firth.

The streams that run into the Esk are numerous, mostly of short course, small volume, and remarkable chiefly for the beauty of picturesqueness of the ravines and dells which they traverse. The chief of these are the Meggat, Ewes, Wauchope, Tarras, and Liddel, all under the Esk and Liddel Fisheries' Association, and all affording excellent sport.

The Liddel, which travels some twenty-seven miles, is fed by a score of affluents, the chief being the Hermitage and the Kershope waters. For a dozen miles its banks are bleak and bauld, with a good deal of hill gorge and glen, but afterwards these spread out into a beautiful valley, "carpeted with fine verdure, adorned with fine plantations, and screened by picturesque heights." Beyond Newcastleton there is much that is sylvan and romantic along its banks. The famous Penton Linns or cataract, three miles above the confluence with the

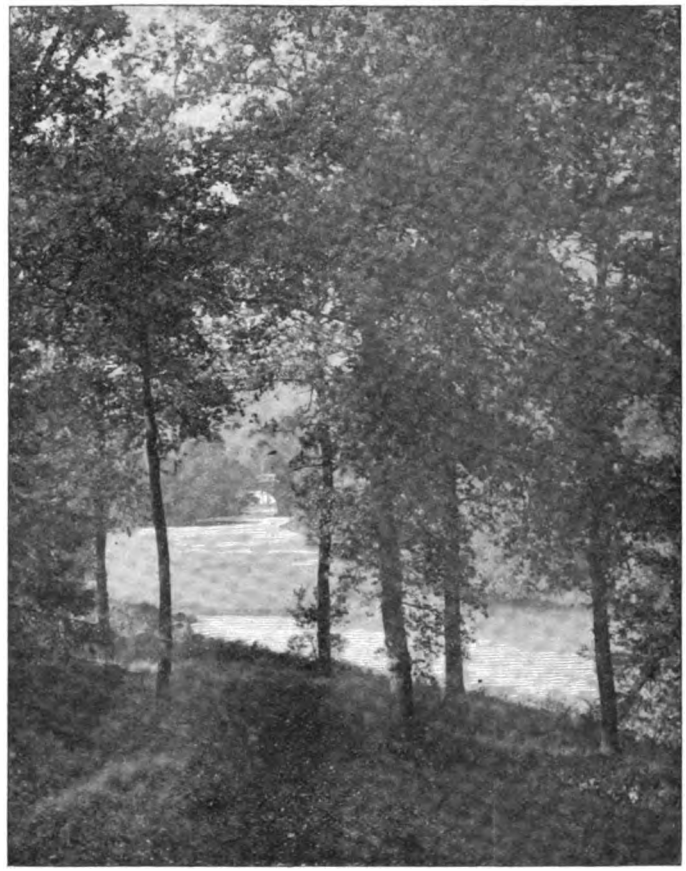
Esk, are wildly yet beautifully grand. The stupendous rocky precipices, foaming waters, and terraced walks form an impressive picture.

All those waters come, not perhaps like Tennyson's "Brook," from haunts of coot and tern, but through lands almost every acre of which is rich with historic and traditional lore and to whose various shrines the Muckle Toon and Copshawholm form common centres.

The pronounced feature of the Esk in its early reaches is the number of rugged hills impressed travellers from all lands.

Castles, keeps, forts, camps, ruins, and traditionary spots of interest, with the homes and haunts of the gallant, great, and good are to be found along the banks of the Esk in considerable numbers. Its holms and scaurs, sykes and greens, becks and gills, rigs and laws speak of the dead of byegone days, and combine to form one of the most interesting features of the Southern Highlands.

In addition to its fishing, heathery uplands,



From Photo by THE ESK AT LANGHOLM. Geo. McRobert, Edinburgh.

that shoot skywards. A change comes over its banks as it glides through the parish of Westerkirk. The scenery becomes charming, and continues an unbroken panorama through Langholm, the Dean Banks, "Canonbie Lea," where the valley flattens out into variegated plains, until Westlinton is reached; the scenery between the Muckle Toon and Netherby Ha' being particularly rich and varied, having wooded haughs, and stirring memories, the Esk has furnished geological specimens from its shale beds entirely new to science, some of which are to be seen in Edinburgh and other museums, and from time to time have attracted no little attention. Then there are many other points of interest associated with the Border Esk that have made it famous in song and story. Indeed, from the days of the knightly

tournaments and chivalry to the union of the kingdom, the banks of the Border Esk have not only been the theatre of many memorable exploits, but they have also served to adorn the lays of bards and swell the pages of the historian, whilst its romantic beauties have ever attracted the tourist, the poet, and the painter.

GEORGE ESKDALE.

MUSIC.—"Jethart Sangs by Jethart Singers."—Mr T. S. Smail, Jedburgh, who worthily follows in the footsteps of his father, has earned the gratitude of Borderers far and near by publishing four songs, which are thus referred to in one of the local newspapers:—

Borderers the world over are indebted to the enterprising publisher of "Jethart Sangs," which have been got up in an ordinary music folio, with music in the staff notation and the sol-fa with accompaniments at the modest price of one shilling. The songs are four in number, viz., 'The Braw Lads o' Jethart,' 'Little Jock Elliot,' 'Jed Water,' and 'Jethart's Here.' A really fine song is 'The Braw Lads o' Jethart.' The words are by William Scott, and the music by James Barton. The old melody to which this song is set has long been known by the different names "Rob o' Fettercairn," "Newburn Lads," and "Braw Lads o' Jethart." In and around Jedburgh it has always been associated with the latter title, but it has never before been published as a song with symphonies and pianoforte accompaniments. The well-known and popular "Little Jock Elliot" and "Jed Water" have both been previously published, but have been out of print for some years. The words of "Jethart's Here," by Dr Fyfe, were written about three years ago, and the song has become very popular. It is rendered on every occasion where a Jethart company meets, and gives effective expression in song to what has long been the proud, if prosaic boast, of the sons of the Jed in the various encounters in which they have been engaged. It is to be hoped that the very laudable effort of the publisher to make musicians, and especially Borderers, better acquainted with "Jethart Sangs" than heretofore will be rewarded with the full measure of success it deserves.

Personally, we would counsel the publisher to bring his powers of musical composition to bear upon "Jethart's Here," for the present tune is anything but a Border one. Mr Smail's success in the beautiful melody which he composed for the "Scottish Probationer's" exquisite lyric "Jed Water"—a song we have frequently sung in public and private—warrants our hope that he may yet "strike the Border Harp again." The collection of songs above referred to is beautifully printed, and have as a frontispiece a fine view of Jedburgh Abbey, while at the end there are two short poems on Fernieherst Castle, by Mr Walter Laidlaw, Abbey Gardens, Jedburgh, illustrated by a vigorous sketch of the Castle.

T. L.

For Home and Country.

When the mighty Roman Empire
Sought to conquer all the world,
And her erst victorious legions
At our little island hurled;
Ravaged they our northern country,
Houses, huts, and hovels burned,
Yet the Scots remained unvanquished,
And the Roman yoke they spurned.
When foemen come to the Borderland,
And beacons burn on every hand,
Then Borderers all together stand
To fight for home and country.

In the days when Scots and English
Never laid their weapons down,
When the dream of English Monarchs
Was to wear the Scottish crown;
But the Scots for home and country,
With undying love imbued,
'Mid success and failure struggled
Through the ages unsubdued.
When foemen come to the Borderland,
And beacons burn on every hand,
Then Borderers all together stand
To fight for home and country.

And Britannia now united
Under bonds both fast and free,
Scattered o'er earth's widest surface
Sons of one vast empire we;
Varied in our faith and language,
In our colour, race, and mien;
But united in our fealty
And allegiance to our Queen.
When foemen menace the Briton's land
And warnings flash from strand to strand,
Then Britons all together stand
To fight for home and country.

TEE KAY.

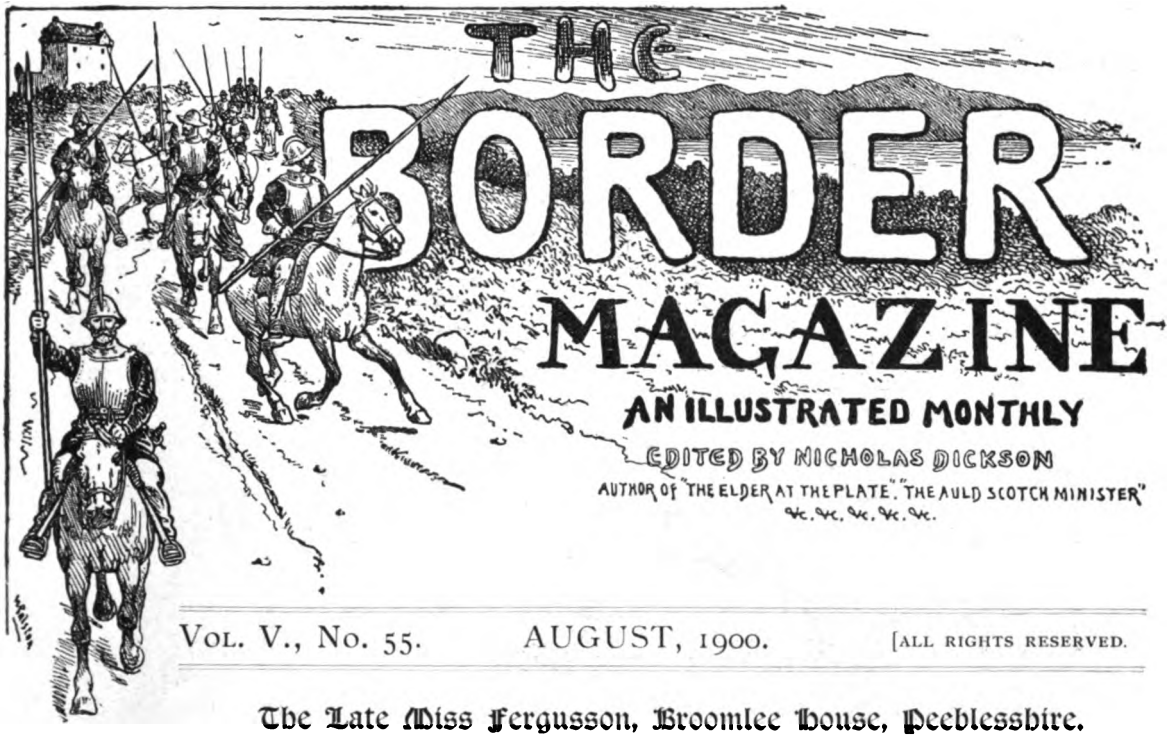
THE old precentor of a small rural parish kirk, though he had for years, Sunday after Sunday, given out the Psalms to be sung in the service, had never quite mastered the Roman numerals. One Sunday, after some consideration, he announced Psalm xliii. in the following manner:—"Let us sing to the praise and the glory of God, the ex, the el, and the three-eyed Psalm!"

As showing the late General Wauchope's devotion to his profession—he had been wounded four times, thrice severely, before going to South Africa—the following story is told. Shortly before he started for the Soudan last year he met on a country road near Niddrie an old tinker, a character in his way, whom he had known nearly all his life. Said the itinerant—"Eh, laird, I hear ye're gaun aff to the wars ance mair. Whan wull ye e'er get yer fill o' fechtin'?" The officer smiled, but made no reply. The tinker went on:—"I'm thinkin' that'll be never, laird! I'm jist the same mysel', sir; I can ne'er get ma fill—but it's no fechtin', it's whusky." The laird took the hint

Printed for The Border Magazine Ltd., by A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.

From Photo by Gillman & Co., Oxford.

THE LATE MISS FERGUSSON, BROOMLEE HOUSE, PEEBLESSHIRE.



VOL. V., NO. 55. AUGUST, 1900.

The Late Miss Fergusson, Broomlee House, Peeblesshire.

BY WILLIAM SANDERSON.

IN these stirring times, when the natural desire of the people is to look for their heroes on the battlefield, and their heroines in the tents of the Red Cross Society, it is well that we should pause for a moment, and give our excited minds a rest by dwelling on the simple incidents of a noble life, passed among sylvan beauties, where the roar of battle is but a faint echo, and the rush of modern life is unknown.

A visitor to the quiet healthy village of West Linton, on the 21st March, 1900, would have been impressed by the genuine sorrow which seemed to be in every heart, as the people watched a funeral cortege passing from the mansion of Broomlee to the kirkyard which surrounds the Parish Church. The weather was of the most miserable description, sleet falling in heavy showers, and mingling with the melted snow, while the melancholy trees were dripping with wet. Notwithstanding these uncomfortable conditions, every one who could possibly be present came forth to pay respect to the last sad ceremony which robbed them of a friend and a benefactor. The incident is thus referred to in a poem by the well-known Border poetess, "Effie," a sketch and portrait of whom appeared in the November, 1896, number of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

A VILLAGE EPISODE.

IN MEMORY OF MISS FERGUSSON, BROOMLEE HOUSE, whose memory will be ever held in loving remembrance.

How still and silent all the street,
Subdued and slow the passing feet,
And downcast faces tell
They mourn some great and sad event.
Hark, with the sighing breezes blent,
The mournful funeral bell.

O strange sad hour, the raining sky,
The swelling river rushing by,
The solemn bell,
The silent mourners as they pass,
Slow winding o'er the sodden grass,
Befitteth well.

The grief surcharging every heart,
One well beloved, who held large part
In all our good,
Is laid to-day in Mother Earth,
Where never voice of grief or mirth
May dare intrude.

She rests where soft the shadow falls
Of ever dear and sacred walls;
Those walls a page
Where the skilled labour of her hands
Her sweet memorial ever stands
From age to age.

The memory of the just shall live,
And evermore our hearts will give
Their tribute meet,
To this fair life which leaves behind,
In thoughts and actions ever kind,
A perfume sweet.

Miss Jane Porteous Fergusson was the eldest daughter of the late Sir William Fergusson, Bart., of Spittalhaugh, LL.D., F.R.S., late Professor in King's College, London, and Sergeant-Surgeon to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This gentleman was noted for the interest he took in all things pertaining to the welfare of the district, and his memory is still cherished, though his death took place in 1877. Inheriting from her father her talents, which were of no mean order, and her large-heartedness, she exercised these faculties with womanly tact for the good of those around her.

From Photo by Mrs Robertson, West Linton.

BROOMLEE HOUSE.

A Dorcas of the highest order, kind and courteous in her intercourse with all classes, unselfish, loving, and good, it is not to be wondered at that everyone who knew her felt indebted to her for an undefinable impulse which made life appear to them nobler and better than it was before.

In this short sketch it is impossible to enter into any lengthened details of the various good works originated and carried on by the late Miss Fergusson, in all of which she was nobly assisted by her sisters, but we must accept the unmistakable "Go thou and do likewise" lesson of her life, and point out a few things which may be of benefit to other communities in our beloved Borderland.

The sisters Fergusson instituted and carried on for many years a most successful industrial exhibition which has been the means of encouraging a spirit of industry in many of the villagers, while at the same time, by means of the sales accomplished, adding not a little to the income of many households. The value of such industrial exhibitions can hardly be overestimated, for whatever tends to keep our youth from straying from the kindly and protecting influences of home, during the long nights of winter, is of national importance, while the developing and fostering of skill and dexterity may have far-reaching effects upon the future careers of those who may seek their fortunes far from the scenes of childhood. That Miss Fergusson was thoroughly qualified to guide and control such industrial exhibitions is proved by her own rare skill in certain departments of handicraft, the steadiness of her hand being probably an inheritance from her surgeon father.

The visitor who may enter the Parish Kirk of West Linton, where the Rev. Mr McLintock ministers in sacred things, is at once struck

by the wealth of wood-carving which decorates the windows, doors, skirtings, and gallery panels, and is still further astonished when he is informed that the whole of the work was executed by the deft fingers of her whose loss we mourn, with the exception of the pulpit, which was the work of Mrs Allan-Woddrop of Garvald. This highly decorated church will be a lasting memorial to her who has gone, and will remind generations of worshippers of the possibilities which lie hid in a quiet country life.

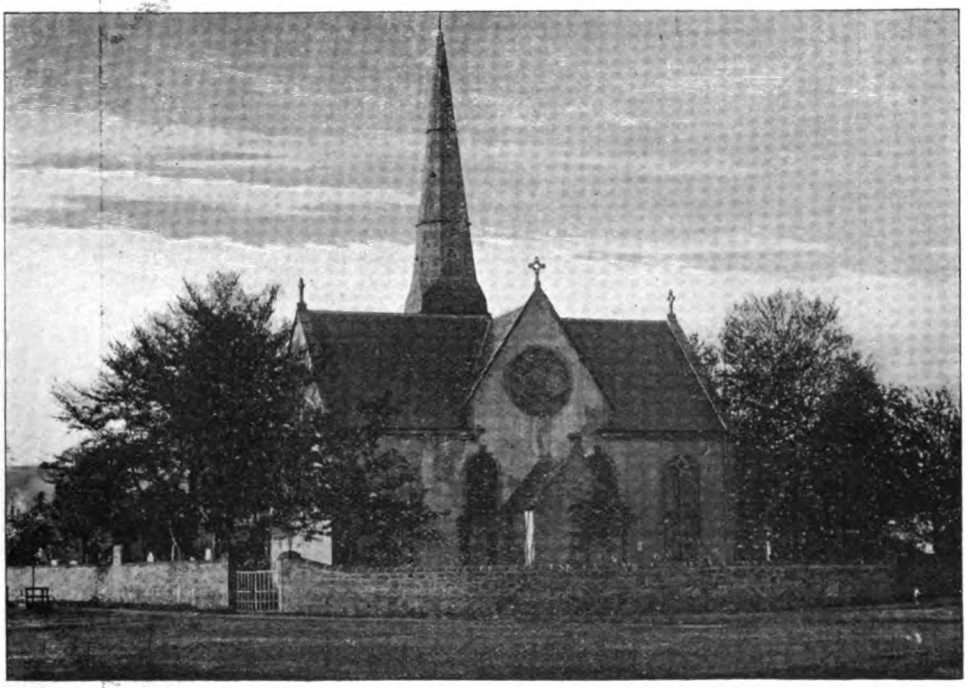
The interest Miss Fergusson took in the young people of the district was very marked, and the good seed sown in the Band of Mercy, which was founded by her sister, Miss Helen Fergusson, is sure to bring forth an abundant harvest in the future lives of the young folks who were privileged to come under her influence.

The benefits she bestowed were conveyed in a quiet, unostentatious manner, so that the recipients were not lowered in their own eyes, as is too often the case when some patronizing Lady Bountiful condescends to help her less fortunate fellow-mortals. A calm Christian spirit permeated her every action, and enabled her to realise the unity of the human race, and our equality before the Eternal Father, in spite of social distinctions which separate us here. Her days were spent in doing good, and her leisure moments in adding to the rich stores of her well-informed mind. No meeting in the district seemed complete without the presence of Miss Fergusson, and it will be long before her place can be filled.

A great admirer of our Scottish songs, she was ever ready to praise the efforts of those who, by public performances, did what they could to keep alive the national love of our priceless melodies. In this she was at once an example and a rebuke to those young ladies who think it beneath their dignity to sing a Scottish song.

As a memorial to the late Miss Fergusson, a beautiful organ (opened at a special service on 22nd July) has been put into the Parish Church of West Linton.

Space forbids our entering further into the details of the useful life of her who has been called home, and so we close with a simple tribute to the departed.



From Photo by Mrs Robertson, West Linton.

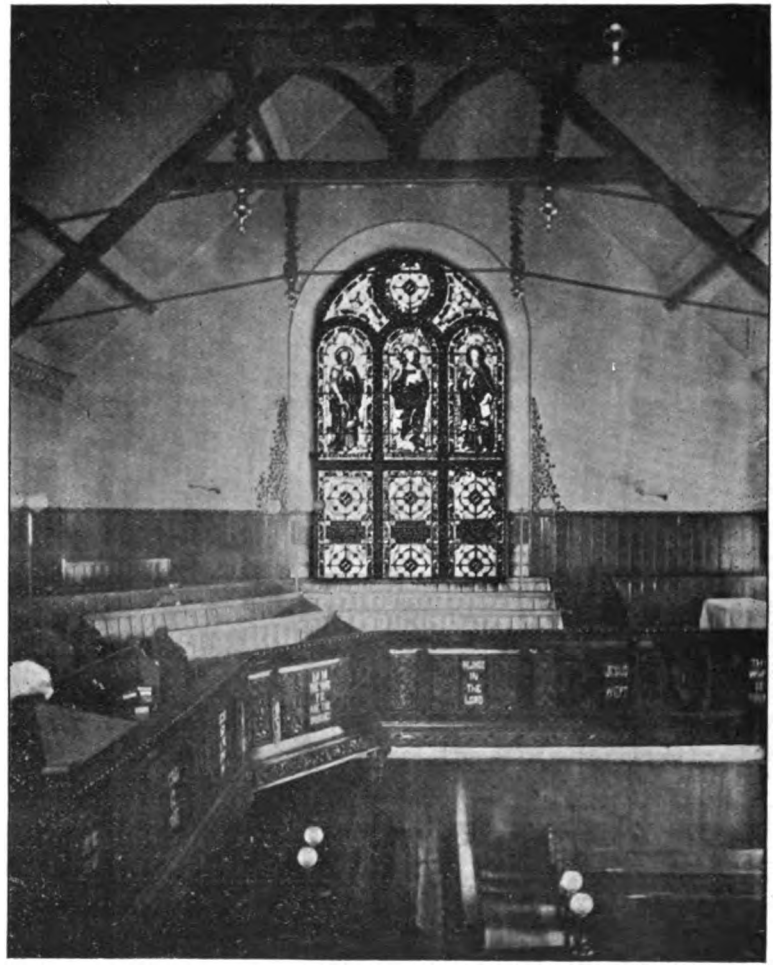
WEST LINTON CHURCH

THE LADY OF BROOMLEE.

There's sadness in the singing
  Of Lyne's clear flowing stream,
And Nature's tears seem clinging
  Where shines the sun's bright beam.
The woodland winds are sobbing
  Through bending birch and thorn,
Responsive to the throbbing
  Of hearts that sadly mourn.

The old folks sadly moaning,
  Converse with bated breath,
And gaze along the loaning
  To yonder house of death.

Yon mansion from whose portal
  So often joy hath gone,
To cheer some downcast mortal
  Whose heart was sad and lone.



From Photo by Mrs Robertson, West Linton

INTERIOR OF WEST LINTON CHURCH.

The maid no more rejoices
  When tripping o'er the lea,
And Nature's varied voices
  Seem tuned in minor key.
The ploughboy's filled with sadness,
  As home he wends his way,
And gone is all the gladness
  That marked the close of day.

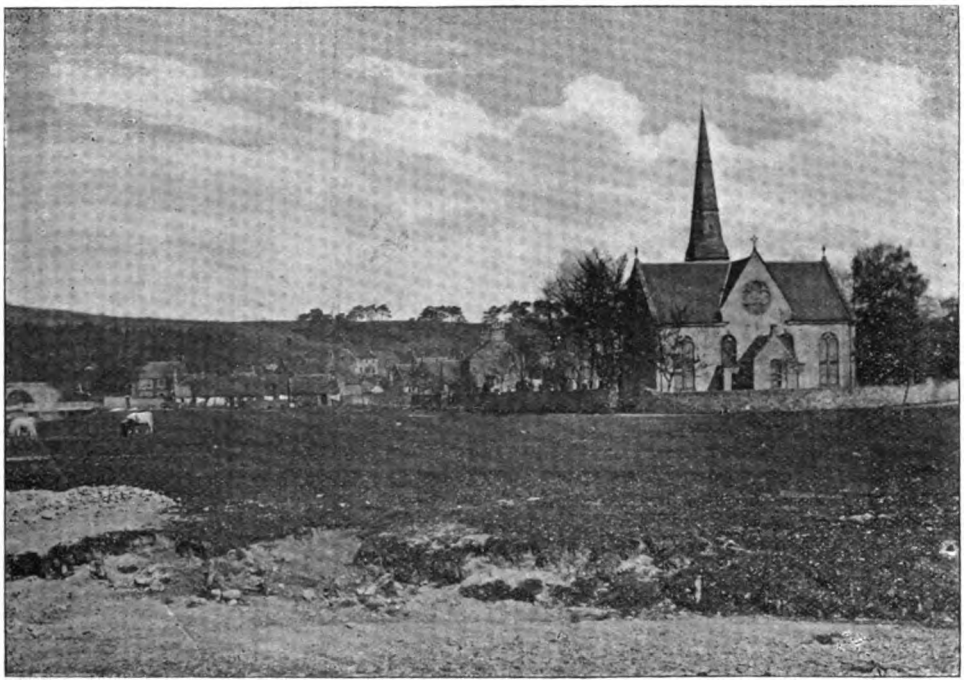
The school bairns at their daffing
  Are quiet and subdued,
And fearful lest their laughing
  On others' grief intrude.

But now there's sobs and sighing,
  And teardrops flowing free,
For cold in death is lying
  The Lady of Broomlee.

No wonder that there's weeping
  In cottage and in hall,
For she who there lies sleeping
  Had kindly thoughts for all.
And willing hands aye ready
  To help where help she could,
Her life one purpose steady—
  To aid the true and good.

God sends such souls to lighten
  The burden of each morn,
To gently cheer and brighten
  The hearts and homes forlorn.
And while o'er wood and water
  The upland breeze blows free,
Forget not Lyne's fair daughter—
  The Lady of Broomlee.

Would'st thou go forth thus blessing
  Thy generation's day?
Relieving wants distressing,
  Awakening Hope's bright ray?
Then ne'er to mean thoughts pander,
  Or stoop to baser things—
A noble heart is grander
  Than right divine of kings!



From Photo by Mrs Robertson, West Linton.

WEST LINTON.

Ednam,

BIRTHPLACE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS."

IN our last month's issue an esteemed contributor drew attention to the BORDER MAGAZINE of 1863, and gave an interesting account of the contents of the first number which appeared in July, not May as stated. It was published in Edinburgh by William P. Nimmo, contained several wood engravings, and was sold at one shilling per part. Our predecessor only flourished for six months, however, and then, without warning of any kind, stopped short and became one of the things of the past. After the lapse of seven and thirty years, a look over the pages of this old magazine affords many interesting matters for thought and reflection. One of the articles in the first number treats on the subject of "Ednam, the Birthplace of the Poet of the Seasons," and is written by the author of "The Old Churchyard," "Random Notes," etc. As anything affecting the author of "The Seasons" is of the deepest interest to Borderers at the present time, we propose to relate the substance of the article. It is too long for our pages, and contains much irrelevant matter that may be safely set aside as of little interest to present-day readers. The most interesting part of the article is as follows:—

The tourist who approaches the village of Ednam from Kelso, when it first bursts on his eye through the rows of stately trees which border the roadside, must be struck with the quiet rural beauty of the scene. In the foreground, a verdant gowan-spangled meadow, through which a streamlet winds its devious way, "singing to itself." Beyond, and almost

on its banks, stands the village—terminated on the west by its church, a plain, unadorned erection, surrounded by many a moss-gray stone, which tells that there the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"—and on the east by a modern bridge of three arches, which has taken the place of the weather-worn erection which Moir mentions in his often-quoted and well-drawn description of the simple elements of the scene. Between these two points stretches the modern village of Ednam—though in the days of the poet it extended considerably both to the east and west of them, and was much more irregular in the arrangement of its "cottage homes." In the "Border Raids of the Earl of Hertford" it is styled Long Ednim; and in common with many of the hamlets and villages in the South of Scotland, it suffered from the vengeful ire of that ruthless invader.

On entering the village by the bridge abovementioned, we find ourselves surrounded by all the business establishments of the place. There is the smithy, where Vulcan is heaving his ponderous hammer and deafening the very echoes with the ring of his giant strokes. There, too, is the hotel where refreshment is afforded to the general traveller on week-days, and to the bona-fide traveller on Sundays. And there, on the other side of the way, stands a huge old fashioned, half-tiled, half-slated, and antiquated pile, the brewery, which has been famous for ages for the excellence of its beverage; and which, it is said, occupies the very site of that which was founded by Thorlongus, the first Saxon colonist of Ednam in the ninth century. Westward, leaving a wide intervening space, with neatly trimmed garden-plots in front, stretch two lines of plain but substantial-looking cottages—the one to the south, terminating in the manse and church—and the other, the northern, in the school-house and school. The internal appearance of the village reminds one very much of those sweet arcadias which we find in the midland and southern counties of England.

From sundry entries contained in an old parchment-covered volume, found built up in a recess of one of the old walls of the manse, which was taken down to make way for a more modern structure, we learn that the Rev. Thomas Thomson's incumbency in the parish of Ednam lasted from July 1692 to November 1700: that in 1693 he married Beatrix Trotter, and that four out of his family of nine children, were born in Ednam—three sons, Andrew, Alexander, and James, the author of "The Seasons," who was baptized September 15, 1700, and one daughter, Isabel, who became the wife of Mr Thomson, Rector of the Grammar School of Lanark.

From these facts thus briefly stated, one or two errors are corrected. It will be seen that the maiden name of the poet's mother was Trotter, not Hume as his biographers assert. And it cannot fail to be noted that, from the date of the poet's baptism till the final removal of the family, there is only a space of nine or ten weeks, beyond which it cannot be shown, and indeed it is most improbable, that Thomson had any subsequent connexion whatever with Ednam.

Regarding the exact spot in which the poet first saw the light, the writer of the article continues: Biographers naturally infer that, because Thomson's father was minister of the parish, he was born in the manse. But this is not borne out—indeed it is plainly contradicted by tradition. Oral testimony cannot certainly be in all cases relied on, but in this instance there is reason to believe that it is conclusive. Thomson's father, it would appear, was a native of the parish, and the son of the gardener of the Edmonstones, a family who held the estate of Ednam for many centuries, whose mansion-house was in the immediate vicinity of the village, and whose lordly halls are now, alas, converted into a mill-house and its accompaniments. About the time of the poet's birth, some necessary repairs were being executed at the manse, on account of which the minister and his family removed for a time to the cottage of his father, and during their temporary sojourn there, the immortal bard was born. This cottage, in 1715, became the village school, and was used as such till 1812. . . . That humble cottage still stands. But the tool of the vandal hath been there: its front wall has been taken down and rebuilt at a different angle: its door and windows have been closed, and it is now used, or rather misused, as a sort of out-house convenience for the present farmer. And all this outrage on classic taste has been perpetrated in order to make some improvements on the entrance to the kirk! The clay-built biggin in which Burns was born is scrupulously preserved; Shakespeare's house is now the property of the nation; and who with a gleam of poetry in his soul can refrain from shedding a tear, or uttering a malediction, when he sees the temple, once hallowed by the inspirations of genius, desecrated and defaced by ruthless hands!

[We have to remind our readers that the foregoing description of Ednam was written,

or at least was published, seven and thirty years ago. It will be interesting to compare it with the Ednam of the present day. Ed. *B.M.*]

Sir Walter Scott's Church.

IT is not generally known that Scotland's romancer and poet, Sir Walter Scott, was a member of the picturesque little Parish Church of Duddingston, near Edinburgh.

According to the Church records, he took a hearty interest in its concerns, and was elected and duly ordained an elder in 1806. He also represented the Church in the Synod, and on two occasions sat as a member of the General Assembly.

Not only was Sir Walter brought up in the Church of Scotland, but all his children were baptized by its ministers. The youngest was baptized by the Duddingston minister in 1805. Dean Stanley says that through his whole public life he never departed from the Church which he claimed to be his own. Principal Baird and Dr David Dickson officiated at the funeral at Abbotsford.

He was on very intimate terms with the minister of Duddingston, Rev. John Thomson, who, by the way, was a great musician and the best Scottish landscape painter of his time. Scott was a frequent visitor at the manse, and loved to wander in the garden and muse under its many venerable trees.

The Church at Duddingston is exceedingly quaint and interesting. Much of it is in Norman style and many of the features, a delight to Sir Walter Scott, are still retained. It is now the only Church in Scotland which retains the iron collar or "jougs" in which malefactors of old did penance; and the "louping on stone" for the use of honest farmers who brought their "guid wives" to Church riding on the same horse. The stone platform with its steps was used to enable the women to alight, or mount up behind their husbands when the service was over.

From Photo by George McRobert, Edinburgh.

DUDDINGSTON AND CHURCH.

This instrument of punishment and these useful stones, greatly in vogue in pre-Disruption as well as in more recent times, have long since disappeared from other Churches, and are therefore objects of considerable interest at Duddingston.

The walk to Duddingston Church on a summer Sunday has long been a favourite with Edinburghers, and doubtless Sir Walter traversed the way many a time. A prettier or more interesting walk can hardly be found. Leaving Holyrood behind, the neighbourhood imperishably associated with the "Heart of Midlothian"

is passed, then comes the slopes to the Wells o' Wearie; Neffer Mill, associated with Jeanie Deans's unsuccessful suitor; the beautiful sheet of reed-fringed water, with its swans and water fowls, before the drowsy little village, nestling between the loch and the hill, is reached.

G. M. R.

From Photo by George McRobert, Edinburgh.

JOUGS AND LOUPING-ON STONE AT DUDDINGSTON.

Langholm Castle.

"The ladies lookit frae their lofty windows
Saying, 'God send oor men weel hame again.'"

LANGHOLM CASTLE, long associated with the daring Johnnie o' Gilnockie, is situated in one of the prettiest holms in Eskdale, close to the capital of the Southern Highlands where the Esk and the Ewes unite.

When or by whom this old stronghold was erected cannot now be stated with any degree of certainty. Tradition has it that it was built by Gilnockie's brother, also that it was raised by command of Lord Maxwell by the freebooter himself.

The position of the Castle was well chosen, commanding a view of all the dales which merge here. It must at one time have covered a good deal of ground and was an important stronghold in its day, as ancient history shows.

How it came into the hands of the Armstrongs is not easily ascertained, but in 1525 Johnnie Armstrong, who had settled at the Hollows early in the century, obtained a grant of the lands of Langholm with some other pendicles in the same locality. His son, Christie, at the same time got a grant of the "ten pound lands" in Eskdale. These grants were made at Dumfries on the 3rd of November in the presence of Lord Maxwell, then Lord Warden, on condition that the bold marauder swore submission to him and received protection in return. Johnnie "with his hand at the pen, as he could not write his name," signed the deed.

For some unknown reason Gilnockie resigned the lands of Langholm to his chief again in February 1529. Soon after, however, he became master of Langholm Castle again, through treachery it is said, having taken it when Lord Maxwell was a prisoner in England. The latter had entrusted its keeping to Lord Dacre.

In that year the Regent, moved by various representations, led a small force into Eskdale and took the Castle from the Armstrongs, but it again seems to have come into the redoubtable Gilnockie's possession, for it was here that he and his retainers "ran their horses and

brak their spears" in Border chivalry before the eventful ride to Carlanrig.

From here Johnnie Armstrong and his "gallant companie verrie richlie appareled," to the number of forty, Sir Walter Scott says thirty-six, rode away to meet the king in 1530. As the ladies from the "lofty windows" of the Castle beheld the imposing cavalcade leave the holm, cross the Ewes, and pass up the dale out of view they wished their lords "weel hame again." Braw indeed they must have been, for King James on beholding Gilnockie and his retinue exclaimed, "What wants the knave that a king should have."

"Hame again." Never! Lured by a treacherous king the dauntless freebooter and his men, with one exception, met their doom on the 8th of June. The one exception is said to have broken through the cordon of soldiers and carried the sad news to Langholm Castle, where there was weeping and wailing of the sorest kind.

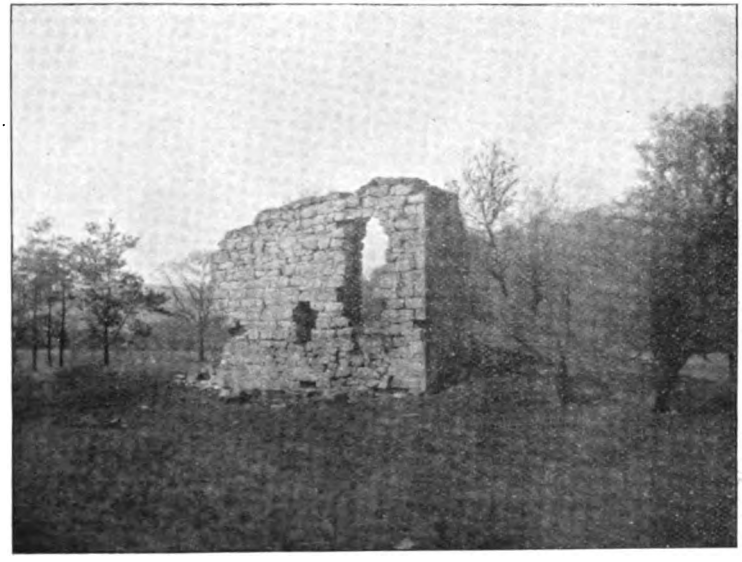
Little of the old Castle now remains. Its loopholes, fortalice, and thick walls are fast disappearing. Scraggy bushes grow from clefts where, perchance, projecting antlers supported war-like spears, and budding trees mark the spot where swords and shields may once have hung. Nature is doing her best to cover with loving and tender fingers these scared and weather-beaten stones, once the refuge of sturdy Borderers.

GEORGE ESKDALE.

Guide to the Land of Scott.

MESSRS OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER have re-issued Paterson's Guide to the Borderland, and we can thoroughly recommend this excellent sixpence-worth. Much information is contained in small compass, while the various routes and journeys are described in a simple and clear manner. The letterpress is excellent, and a valuable map of the Borderland accompanies the book.

CYCLING.—Large numbers of Borderers are devoted to the wheel, but their raids into the nooks and corners of the Borderland are of a more peaceful character than the forays of their forbears. To all such we recommend the "Official Journal of the Scottish Cyclists' Union," which is issued monthly from the well-known press of A. Walker & Son, Galashiels.



From Photo by George McRobert, Edinburgh.

LANGHOLM CASTLE.

MR J. J. BELL, artist, Broomie Knowe, Lasswade, has just completed two fine studies of Border landscapes. One is a view of Neidpath Castle, above the town of Peebles, with the Tweed winding past. As Mr Bell is an adept at sketching trees, he makes the most of his opportunity here, and Borderers who were with the Edinburgh Borderers' Union Queen's Birthday excursion here, will readily recognise this beautiful scene. The other picture is on Yarrow, showing Newark Tower. Mr Bell will be pleased to show Borderers these two interesting pictures.

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

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

MELROSE ABBEY

The magic name of Melrose draws visitors from all parts of the world, and descriptions innumerable have been written of "St David's ruined pile." It may be of interest to quote from an article which appeared in the "Edinburgh Magazine" for September, 1803. Half of the article is taken up with the writer's strongly expressed opinions on the conduct of those who wrote rubbish in the visitors' book kept at the village inn. He says: "Such a collection of sorry, childish, filthy nonsense I never saw and could hardly have conceived." It is pleasanter reading when he thus refers to Melrose and the Abbey:—

We approached Melrose from the east; and at the distance of less than two miles it appeared to great advantage, when regarded in connection with the surrounding beauty. On every hand were rich fields of ripening corn. Some elevated grounds rose on either side and stretched a long way to the west. The classic Tweed winded beautifully in the vale between, and a heap of lofty hills terminated the prospect. In the midst of all this, at the foot of the Eildons and on the bank of the river, the ruin of the Abbey rose, majestic and elegant to the view. It was the principal object to interest the eye; the opportunity was too inviting to be disregarded. The heart was seized with a kind of magic charm, and yielded to the impulse of nature. Imagination instantly took wing and flew away before; wandered over the melancholy pile with suitable emotions; called up to the mind those thousand ideas which were afterwards suggested by a nearer and more minute inspection, and thus gave us a foretaste of the pleasure to which we looked forward with so much satisfaction. The Abbey is indeed a grand and beautiful ruin. No person of any taste can help admiring it, whether he surveys it narrowly or contemplates it at some distance; whether he examines it in detail, or in one comprehending view. It is not one of those rude edifices which, when seen from afar, when contrasted with some neighbouring object, and magnified or embellished with imagined perfections strike the eye with admiration of their vastness and beauty, but from the coarseness of their materials, or the ignorance of those who constructed them, sink into deformity when subjected to a minute and critical inspection. It is impossible to view it from any quarter, or in any direction, without perceiving it to be a most admirable specimen of the architecture of former times, and a striking monument of the taste of its builder, as well as of the piety of its founder. It pleases alike by the magnificence of its plan and the exquisite fineness of its workmanship, by its local situation and the interesting associations to which it gives rise. He who can view the Abbey of Melrose without being highly gratified, has neither understanding that is cultivated, nor feelings that one might envy. He is ruder than the ground on which he treads, he is more insensible than the structures whose beauties he cannot see.

I am afraid the day of ghosts has passed, and yet we are continually coming across things which cannot be explained according to the ordinary laws of nature. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dream't of in our philosophy" is a well-worn quotation from the Bard of Avon, and notwithstanding the wonderful and far-reaching investigations of scientists there are still a few things which remain unexplained. In the BORDER MAGAZINE for last month a view of the interior of Stichell Kirk is reproduced, and the details are brought out with wonderful distinctness. Apparently the building is empty, until the pulpit is closely examined, when a faint ghostly representation of the minister is seen, arrayed in his pulpit gown with arms extended as if in the act of preaching. Doubtless our camera men, who are so numerous nowadays, will be ready with an explanation, but to the uninitiated the appearance of the picture above referred to does seem a little strange.

* * *

All who know Yarrow will be interested in the following, from the "Southern Reporter," which fine old Border paper, by the way, has been greatly enlarged of late. The issue for 5th July contained a sketch and portrait of the Editor of the BORDER MAGAZINE.

There passed away on Thursday, 7th June, 1900, at the house of his son at Yarrowfeus, Mr Adam Scott, for forty-six years blacksmith at Yarrowford, than whom there were few better known or more respected men in the vale of Yarrow. During the long period that Adam presided at the smiddy at the well-known hamlet, he saw many changes, and none he mourned more over than the gradual depopulation of the valley. The smiddy was the centre to which all the social life of the country for miles around trended, and tourists, gentle and simple—all got acquainted with the worthy smith, and in this way he was known far and near. He took the lead in all things pertaining to the amenities and the uplifting of the social life of the district, and so well was this recognised that the "Provost of Yarrowford" was a dignity involuntarily bestowed upon him, a dignity which, while it carried with it no official status, gave him an undisputed place in the hearts and affections of his friends and neighbours, and proved yet once again that

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Two generations of musical and other talent testified to their regard for the smith by journeying amongst winter's storms to entertain the villagers and other residenters in the valley during the many years that the concerts and lectures were carried on in the schoolroom. The hearty appreciation shown, and the unstinted hospitality bestowed upon those who gave their services, made the labour involved one of love, while the happy hour or two passed at the close, when the fiddle was strung up and song and dance reigned supreme, will recall to many at home and abroad the happy knack Adam Scott had of forming friendships, friendships that ne'er were broken while life lasted. The blacksmith was to the social life of the village what the late Dr Russell was to its religious life. The two were fast friends, even though Adam tramped every Sunday to the "meeting house" at Selkirk. Like the minister's, the smith's door was open to all comers, and none ever wanted bite or sup who cared to partake of his hospitality. Adam was a real old Presbyterian, and his acquaintance with the Scriptures was extensive. Like the old stock, he believed in having the altar in the household, and regularly "waled a portion with judicious care;" he also clung to the old tunes, and Balerma, St Asaph, French, Coleshill, and such others often made the rafters ring. This knowledge was his sheet anchor during his painful illness, borne with exemplary patience. He is gone, but his memory will be cherished by all who ever came in contact with him, while his genial and happy presence will be much missed in the vale of Yarrow. His remains were followed to their last resting-place in Yarrow Churchyard on Saturday, 9th June, by a goodly company.

* * *

The following item will interest a much wider circle than is to be found in the parish of Selkirk, which is specially mentioned:—

"Saint Andrew" states that Selkirk parish, to which the Rev. George Lawson was recently inducted, has a somewhat unique history in that none of its ministers for over 200 years have left the parish for another. The ecclesiastical records show that no one has done so since 1697, when a minister of the name of Hume was translated to Abbey St Bathans. One of the most noted ministers before this time was John Welsh, son-in-law of John Knox. The parish was then a much larger one than it is now, as it included not only the present parish and town of Selkirk, but also the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow, and the whole of Ashkirk and Rankleburn. It appears, however, that Welsh and his parishioners did not get on well together; there was constant friction between them, and, after a ministry of three years, he bade the parish goodbye. He died in London, and an entry in a registrar there certifies that he "was buried on the 4th of April, 1662, twenty-eight years after he had left his uncultured and inhospitable charge at Selkirk."

* * *

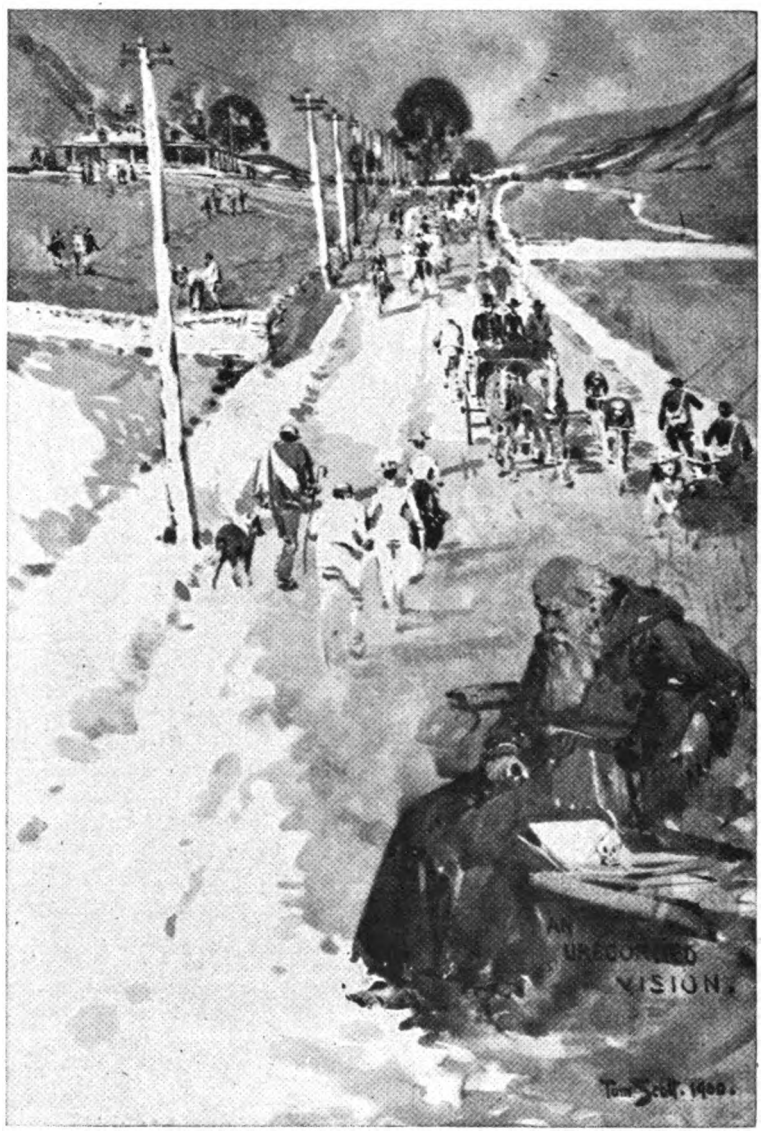
We are so accustomed to thinking of the "Bold Buccleuch" as only being connected with Scotland and the Borderland that the following scrap will be a surprise to some:—

It is perhaps not generally known (says a correspondent), that the Buccleuch family own a magnificent house and estate in the neighbourhood of Kettering, and that the family monuments in the village church make the village of Warkton, near the estate, quite a place of pilgrimage for admirers of beautiful sculpture. Indeed, in the summer there are often as many as one hundred visitors a week to view the sculptures and the frescoes of the house, Boughton House, it is called, which is open to the public on certain days. There are seventy miles of avenue, lined with magnificent elm trees, radiating from the house in all directions. Lady Dalkeith and her family frequently stay at the house. The family monuments in the little parish church at Warkton are beautiful specimens of the work of Roubillas and Van Gelder. The four monuments represent a total cost of some £130,000. One of the monuments was erected to the memory of the daughter and co-heir of Duke John of Montague, the last owner of the now extinct title. The sculptures, with their exquisite figures of women, children and angels, are well worth the admiration bestowed on them by artists who visit the church.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

The Re-Opening of Mosspaul.

IN ideal summer weather, and in presence of a vast concourse of interested spectators, the new hotel at Mosspaul was formallv declared open by Provost Mitchell, Hawick, on Saturday, 7th July. This hotel has been built on the site of the famous old inn—midway between Hawick and Langholm, and lies picturesquely ensconced "in the green bosom of the sunny hills." A description of the building appeared in our June number, and through the courtesy of Mr Edgar, of the "Hawick Express," we are this month enabled to reproduce the clever sketch by Mr Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., which adorned the front page of the menu card at the opening luncheon.

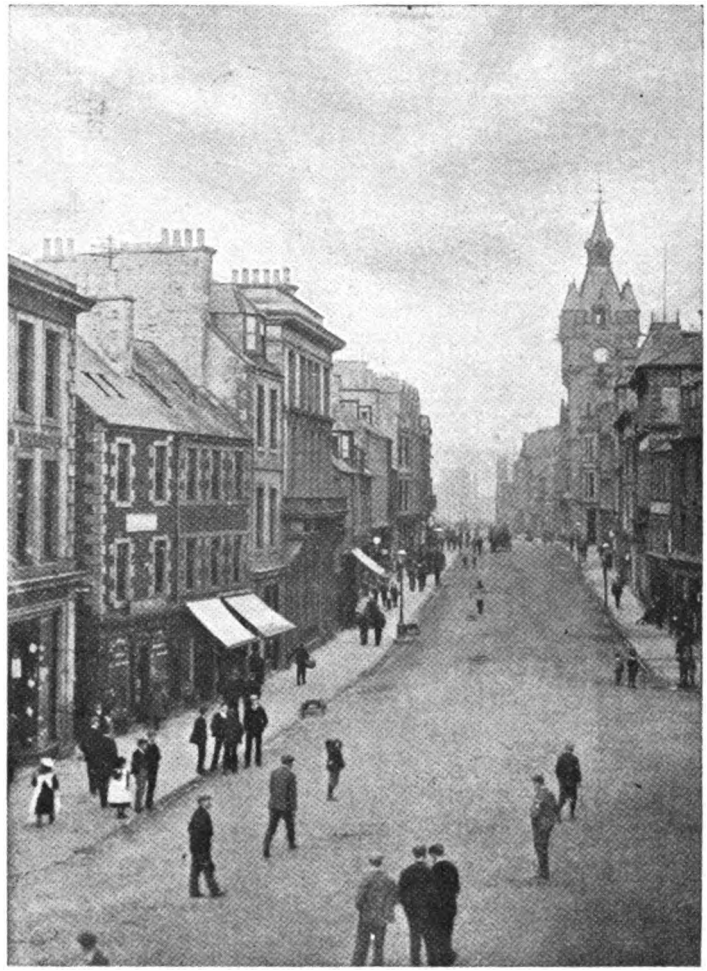


AN UNRECORDED VISION.

Hawick as a Tourist Resort.

There is a toon, o' toons the pride,
That stands on Bonnie Teviot's side,
Wha's fame has reach'd the world wide,
Auld Hawick on the Border.

THE charms of the "ae auld toon by Teviot's side" have been sung in stirring and imperishable verse by many a leal-hearted



HIGH STREET, HAWICK.

"callant," but as if more were still required to justify the burgh's claim to be "Queen o' a' the Border," the Town Council have just issued a beautiful quarto handbook, entitled "Hawick as a Tourist Resort." The object of the publication, we understand, is a desire to attract to the town a share of that holiday and excursion traffic which has now become, during the summer months, such an important factor in the industrial, and especially the shopkeeping prosperity of many a town. The evident belief of the municipality is, that the attractions of the town and neighbourhood are still not sufficiently well known, and in order that the burgh might to some extent be advertised as a holiday haunt the Town Council recently voted a sum of money for this purpose, and entrusted the compilation of a small local handbook to the care of a special committee, with ex-Bailie Laidlaw as convener. One of the first fruits of this committee's labours is the chastely printed and finely illustrated brochure which is now before us. Within its twenty pages a fairly succinct sketch of the town and its lead-

ing features of interest are given. The antiquity of the old burgh is appropriately referred to, and its great annual festival, the Common Riding, briefly described. The Moat, Drumlanrig's ancient Tower, the venerable Church of St Mary's, "Old Mortality's" Cottage, and other objects of special interest to visitors are detailed, while particular reference is made to the public parks, with which the town is so well provided. Probably no town in Scotland, for its size, it is said, can boast of parks of equal size and attractiveness. The Vertish Hill, part of the Town's Common, which overlooks the town and the valley of the Teviot from the west, is one of the finest natural parks to be seen anywhere, and from its summit a magnificent view of the surrounding country is to be had. It was to the top of the Vertish Hill that Sir Walter Scott in 1803 conducted the poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge, along with Miss Dorothy Wordsworth, so that they might obtain one of the finest views of the Borderland, as well as of the Liddesdale hills. In the east-end the Miller's Knowes is another fine hill placed at the disposal of the public, while on the banks of the Teviot above the town, is the beautiful Wilton Lodge Park, over 100 acres in extent, as the chronicler truly says, "the admiration and astonishment of all visitors." The richly wooded and picturesque estate of Wilton Lodge was purchased by the Town Council in 1890 for £14,000 and £1000 spent on improvements. The estate in the olden days was known as Langlands, and was the possession of Langlands of that ilk, and later a seat of the Napiers of Thirlstane. In the time of the war for Scottish independence the proprietor of Wilton Lodge was Thomas de Charters, otherwise Longueville, one of Sir William Wallace's staunchest friends, and fighting by the great warrior's side in many a hard fought field. This delightful park is splendidly adapted for excursion and picnic parties. A fine band stand has been erected and every facility is given for dancing and sports being engaged in—often an important consideration to committees arranging their annual outing to the country. To many holiday-makers good golfing facilities are a powerful attraction, and at Hawick the devotees of "the wee bit gutty ba'" can have their pastime indulged in to their heart's content, and that

WILTON LODGE MANSION, HAWICK.

over a course which is admitted on all hands to be one of the finest inland courses in Scotland. On the Vertish Hill the Hawick Golf Club have laid out an eighteen hole course. and as the Club only pays a nominal sum to the Town Council for the use of the Hill, townspeople and strangers have the fullest use of the course without any payment whatever. There is also a well laid-out ladies' course of nine holes. A handsome and commodious clubhouse, available to both ladies and gentlemen, adjoins the course. Another matter of importance to visitors is that the charges for driving are of the most moderate, the usual rate for companies of five or six being one penny per mile per head. Pleasure drives to Branxholme Tower, Harden Glen, Minto Crags, Denholm Dean and other places of historic interest can thus be had at an extremely low figure. There are a great number of posting establishments in the town, and finer turn-outs are not to be seen anywhere. An important point to visitors, especally to those who intend to make a week or a fortnight's stay, is the general health of a town. So far as Hawick is concerned this is perfectly satisfactory, the average death-rate for the last four years having only been 14¼ per thousand. This, it is said, is in a large measure due to the excellent and abundant water supply, and the thorough system of under-ground drainage which exists. In 1865 a water supply of 300,000 gallons was brought in from the Allan Water at a cost of £8000, and in 1882 the Dodburn scheme was inaugurated at a cost of £24,000, there being in connection with it a storage reservoir for 100,500,000 gallons, this being sufficient to supply the wants of the town for 150 days, even without any rainfall during that period. The daily supply entering the town is about sixty gallons per head. The under-ground drainage system and purification works were inaugurated in 1883 at a cost of £28,000. There is also a strict inspection of meat carried on at the Shambles by a veterinary surgeon, and any carcase showing symptoms of tuberculosis, or considered unfit for human consumption, is at once seized and destroyed by warrant of the magistrates. No wonder than it is recorded with pride that with such precautions taken by the Local Authority "Hawick is an ideal town to live in." A careful perusal of the book must convince every one that, after all, Hawick has considerable claims as a tourist resort. Much has been done in recent years by the Town Council to carry out desirable public improvements, and it may be taken for granted that their labours in this direction are not nearly exhausted. The illustrations which accompany the letterpress are distinctly one of the features of the handbook, most of which are from sketches by Mr T. H. Laidlaw, the well-known Border artist. Mr Laidlaw's sketches are:—The Town Hall, the Tower Hotel, St Mary's Church, Hawick from the Victoria Bridge and the Moat, the Buccleuch Memorial, Branxholme, and the old Hanging Tree, Harden and the foot of the Glen, "Old Mortality's" Cottage, the Reservoir, Williestruther Loch, Hornshole Bridge, the Percy Gauntlet, the Douglas Pennon, Minto Crags, and the Hawick Standard and Coat of Arms. There are also three fine half-tone blocks—two of which, the High Street and Wilton Lodge Mansion House, from photos by Mr Inglis—which we reproduce through the courtesy of the publishers. The work, which is issued from the "Hawick Express" Office, is printed in a manner which reflects credit on Mr Edgar's staff. Copies of the booklet, we understand, can be had free on application to Mr Purdom, town clerk. In issuing such a work the Corporation of Hawick have shown an enterprise which deserves to be attended with the best results.

Off the Beaten Track.

By R. Cochrane.

MANY of my excursions off the beaten track have been full of instruction and pleasant surprises. For instance, I landed one fine summer night at the foot of the Pentlands, in the hamlet of Swanston, which is only three miles south from Edinburgh, and had a chat with Miss Cunningham, nurse to R. L. Stevenson, the "Cumy" of the 'Child's Garden of Verses,' to whom the book is dedicated, and who had a row of first editions with interesting autograph inscriptions. One of the most interesting was on an "Inland Voyage." The inscription set forth that if it had not been for her care, when he was a youngster, the book would never have been written. She has portraits of Stevenson at all periods of his life, from early boyhood; but one could not help seeing that his career, as at one time it had also been to his father, the late Thomas Stevenson of lighthouse fame, had been a disappointment to her. Stevenson has two sketches of Swanston in 'Memories and Portraits,' where he discusses a gardener and a shepherd: there are several references in "Edinburgh Picturesque Notes," and in the very last story he wrote, "St Ives," this hamlet is also mentioned. The summer home of the Stevensons here was

known as Swanston Cottage. It has a rambling garden in front, and southward Caerketton and Allermuir, of the Pentland ridge, rear their lordly heads. A friend took a snap-shot at the hamlet, with the wood and hills behind, and the writer with his cycle in the foreground. Often have I been there since, and chatted with Mrs Ochiltree, who keeps the little shop. She remembers Robert Louis Stevenson quite well; he was a very pleasant, respectful boy to her. When the Stevensons had their summer home at Swanston their afield, in the very heart of the Pentlands, in Glencorse valley, a favourite run of mine, there we have also come across traces of his presence. For did he not once write to S. R. Crockett, of Penicuik, from far Samoa, in this home-sick strain: "Do you know that the dearest burn to me in the world is that which drums and pours in cunning wimples in that glen of yours behind Glencorse old kirk. (There is a new kirk since.) O that I were the lad I once was, sitting under old Torrance, that old shepherd of let-well-alone, and watching with awe

From Photo by Miss Cochrane.

TWO CYCLING CRONIES READY FOR THE ROAD—A. S. RUTHERFORD AND R. COCHRANE.

carriage used to pass her door; many a bottle of wine was left for her sick husband by them, and many a kindly inquiry made. Miss Cunningham now resides in Edinburgh with her brother.

I would hardly like to say the number of times I have passed through the village of Colinton, three miles west of Edinburgh. In the manse there, beside the Water of Leith, Stevenson was a frequent visitor in childhood to his grandfather, Dr Balfour, then parish minister. There is a loving picture of this place also in "Memories and Portraits." Further the waving of the old black gloves over the Bible, the preacher's white fingers meanwhile aspiring through. Man, I would even be willing to sit under you, a sore declension truly, just to be there." On that slope to the westwards from Glencorse is Rullion Green where a company of Covenanters were scattered by a force in 1666. An inscribed stone shows where some of the soldiers were buried. Instead of being 'happit with good Scots clods,' Stevenson rests on that hilltop in Samoa, and Mr S. R. Crockett edifies the public, not from the pulpit, but through books.

On a dark night a friend and I turned up at Mr S. R. Crockett's home within the grounds of Penicuik House. We had cycled through mud and darkness, and the light of his hospitable home was welcome. We found him adjusting a telescope to take some observations of Mars. We had a peep of his study with its type-writer in the corner, and its bewildering array of books. He had lately received a dedication for one of his books from R. L. Stevenson, which he read to us, and was rapidly coming into notice as a story-teller.

I often pass the cottage at Lasswade where young Walter Scott resided for several summers after his marriage. Scott did his best to make an ordinary thatched cottage into a picturesque abode. From the garden there was a fine view of the Esk. The cottage had only one good sitting-room. Fraser Tytler of Woodhouselee, tells us that in walking over here one morning Scott was seen mounted on a ladder nailing a Gothic sort of arch of willows over the entrance gate. He was so proud of this arch that on its completion he and Mrs Scott went out in the moonlight to admire it. He was also very proud of a dining table which he had made with his own hands. When Scott visited the Tytler's at Woodhouselee, in that beautiful nook, in the south side of the Pentlands, he would gather the young folks together and propose a walk on the hills, and choosing a favourite spot, where the view was good he would begin one of his delightful stories, no doubt coined for the occasion. Sometimes they were legends of the Covenanters as they were near the battlefield of Rullion Green. The ghost stories in the autumn evenings were no less attractive to the young people, for were they not within sight of "Auchendinny's hazel shade" and at "haunted Woodhouselee." There was a tradition that Regent Moray thrust Lady Anne Bothwell and her child into the woods at Woodhouselee. There she went mad, and died, and when the stones of old Woodhouselee were taken to build the new house, the poor ghost still clung to the domestic hearth. There was also a haunted bedroom, where Lady Anne made her appearance, one of the maids getting so close to her as to see that she wore "a Manchester muslin, with a wee flower." Scott laughed heartily when he heard of the "wee flower."

I remember being much interested in seeing a badger in confinement which had been caught at Boghall. A shepherd had dug it out from a hole in the hills. Later, I saw a litter of foxes, half-a-dozen in all, on the other side of the hill at Cross-wood. They were kept in a barrel covered with "divots" (turf), and their sharp noses and bright eyes made a curious appearance as they crouched up to the remotest corner of the barrel. They had just been at their dinner, which consisted of young lamb. The torn remains lay in front of the barrel.

Some of the finest runs of this season have been with the genial Mr A. S. Rutherford, notably to Haddington and Gifford. We viewed the restored Church of Haddington, heard the organ, saw the birth-place of Samuel Smiles and Jane Welsh Carlyle, and read the pathetic inscription of Carlyle to her memory in the Abbey Church. Another capital run was to quaint Culross in Fife, taking Dunfermline on the way home, and yet another to Gorebridge, Middleton, round by Gladhouse Reservoir, and home.

French Prisoners of War at Jedburgh at the beginning of the Present Century.

By Geo. Watson.

DURING the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the present century a large number of Frenchmen were made prisoners. Many of these—chiefly officers, who were captured in combats on land and sea —were quartered in various towns up and down the country, and many interesting stories have been handed down concerning them. The small but beautifully situated town of Jedburgh received its complement of prisoners. These for the most part were officers, many of whom were well educated. As might be expected, there were many surgeons among them, and these rendered much assistance to the sick in the town.

The prisoners were billeted in various houses in the burgh, and received pay from their own Government according to their rank, in order to meet the expense of their keep. Somewhat strict, but doubtless necessary, rules were laid down to be observed by the Frenchmen. They had to be into the burgh before the bell at dusk had warned them that their daily peregrinations had come to a finish. Anyone who disobeyed this rule was fined, a reward being given to the informant. Another rule was to the effect that the prisoners were allowed to go only one mile from the town. Needless to say, the Frenchmen took every advantage of this latter rule in order to admire the beautiful scenes which environ the Jed. On the Hart-

rigge estate, and about a mile from Jedburgh, there is a tree on which are left the marks of one who has long since passed away. The tracing is quite distinct and reads thus:

VIALLA
OFFICER
PRISONER
7 AVRIL
1812.

It is noteworthy that "Officer" and "Prisoner" are spelt according to the English manner, and "Avril" according to the French.

Tradition relates that one of the foreign prisoners was accused—whether rightly or wrongly—of stealing a leg of mutton. For this offence he was tried, found guilty of larceny, and, in a day when the law was more rigorous than now, sentenced to be hanged. When the fated day arrived, and the hangman was preparing for the final scene, the doomed Frenchman piteously beseeched of him, "Misericorde, misericorde" (mercy, mercy). But the hangman's knowledge of languages was extremely limited, and in consequence of this, he, taking the appeal in all its phonetic signification, answered him thus: "Measure the cord, measure the cord, ye puir creatur; it's lang eneuch to hang ye weel, and that's surely as lang as ye'll need it." (W. S. Crieff, in the "Chronicle.")

TREE WITH INSCRIPTION AT JEDBURGH.

It is unfortunate that such a rich store of information, especially regarding the French prisoners, should have passed away with the late Mr James Robson. Jamie was born in the year 1799, and was thus a youth when the Frenchmen were in the burgh. He died in the year 1895, at the extreme age of ninety-six. He was wont to boast that he was only once confined to bed through sickness, and to relate with glee the manner of his recovery. The story is as follows:—An uncle of his, who was then staying at Abbotrule, happened to get his leg broken. In haste he was brought to the house of Jamie's father in Castlegate, Jedburgh, in order that the doctor might attend to him there. Search was made for a physician, but not one could be found at home. As a last resource a French surgeon was called in, who, with wonderful dexterity, and in a manner which would have done credit to any practitioner, set and dressed the broken limb. At Jamie's mother's request the Frenchman next directed his attention to Jamie, who was lying on the adjoining bed. Having diagnosed what was the matter with Jamie, the foreign

surgeon wrote out a prescription, which was promptly attended to. Jamie soon recovered from his complaint, but whether from the effects of what was prescribed, or from the effects of imagination, we are not informed.

"Auld Jamie" was also wont to tell of an incident, of which the following are the chief features: Among the prisoners was one of tall stature, who, probably on account of his having a cadaverous look, was nicknamed by the boys "Rackett's Ghost." Many a chase the boys had by the exasperated Frenchman on account of their tendency to call him by that name. On one occasion this one-time follower of Napoleon—who, though probably one who had assisted his countrymen to chase away Germans, Austrians, Italians, or Spaniards, from the field of battle, did not disdain to give chase to a few Jethart callants!—went off in pursuit of those who so persistently nicknamed him. He pursued them along the Ramparts, and overtook one or two at the foot of the "Bow." He was about to punish them to his heart's content when a big, brawny inhabitant, who had been silently observing the scene, stepped forward and demanded why he was taking such steps. "Zey call me Racquett's Ghost," fairly screamed the excited Frenchman, "Zey are to blame, entierement! entierement!" "Ca' ye Rackett's Ghost!" said the townsman, "and sae they weel micht; man, it's like 's if ye had been born in the Catacombs o' Pairis. Let the lads alane, and dinna let mei see ye fashin' them again, or aw'll slaister the grund wi' yer brains; if ye have ony, that's tae say." At this threat the Frenchman curled himself up in a manner reminiscent of the action of a hedgehog when alarmed, and slunk away as fast as such posture would admit of his so doing.

From an Etching by M. Bazin.

M. SCOTT, JAS. VEITCH, AND WM. VEITCH.

Many of the prisoners were naval officers, and were deeply versed in science, including navigation, and, necessarily, astronomy. A favourite resort of these was Inchbonny, the abode of James Veitch, the self-taught astronomer. Inchbonny is situated up the Jed about half a mile from Jedburgh. Among the prisoners who made a point of visiting Veitch's workshop we may mention: "M. Scot, an old naval lieutenant, who, with a long grey coat, was to be seen with every gleam of sunshine at the meridian line, with compasses in hand, resolved to determine the problem of finding the longitude." M. Charles Jehenne also belonged to the Navy, and was captured at the Battle of Trafalgar. He, on that memorable day, the 21st of October, 1805, from the masthead of his vessel observed the British fleet under Nelson bearing down upon the French and Spanish vessels. "They saw us," he was wont to say, "before we saw them." He was a constant visitor to the workship and constructed a telescope there for his own use. He was most agreeable in his manner, and careful not to give trouble when doing any work for himself with Veitch's tools. He also was an astronomer, and would often stay at Inchbonny until long after the tolling of the bell—which warned the prisoners that the daily period of liberty had again expired—in order to view the stars through Veitch's telescopes. In order that he might escape being noticed by the observant eyes of any who might be desirous of obtaining the reward given for a conviction, he usually got the loan of Veitch's plaid, and muffled in this, reached his quarters undetected. Billeted along with Jehenne, and staying in the same room, was Bazin of St Malo (a fortified sea-port in the north of France), who was of quiet demeanour. He was very talented in the use of the pencil, and fond of drawing sketches of Jedburgh characters, many of which are preserved at Inchbonny. He made a painting of Jedburgh Abbey, which he dedicated to Mr Veitch, dated 1812.* In this picture the French prisoners are to be seen marching on the Ramparts, and their faces and forms, as also those of many local characters, are so admirably sketched, as to be easily recognisable. A duplicate of this picture Bazin sent home to his mother. He was of wealthy parents, and got back to France some time before his fellow prisoners were released.

Many of the prisoners were very ingenious in constructing boxes and other articles elaborated with coloured straw. This was a source of revenue to them, as the townspeople readily bought these articles. In the new Museum there is now a box, with designs in coloured straw which one of the French prisoners made and presented to Mr Lewis Grant, saddler in Jedburgh. This box found its way to Tasmania, but has now been returned and consigned to the newly-built Museum.

It is stated that when word came that the Frenchmen were to be allowed to return to their native land, they caused their manufactures and other belongings to be rouped. One of the prisoners, whose knowledge of the English language, even after his prolonged stay in this quarter, was very limited, was delegated to obtain the sanction of the Provost of the Burgh to hold such roup. He who at that time graced the office of Provostship had a draper's shop in Canongate, and hither the Frenchman went on his errand. His lack of knowledge of the popular tongue, however, proved to be an inconvenience, for, on arriving at the shop he could only request "A rope, a rope." The draper had the customary supply of old ropes, and, willing to oblige, brought them out, and, to the perplexity of the visitor, commenced to "wale out the best of them." Seeing that his would-be benefactor was obviously mistaken, the French envoy reiterated his former request, and supplemented this by adding, in a style which would have done credit to any auctioneer, "One, two, tree." Light dawned upon the Provost's comprehension, and the necessary permission was not long in being granted.

Many of the prisoners are supposed to have rejoined Napoleon on his return from Elba, and to have fallen at Waterloo.

* A reproduction of this picture appeared in the BORDER MAGAZINE for March, 1900.

My Ain Country Side.

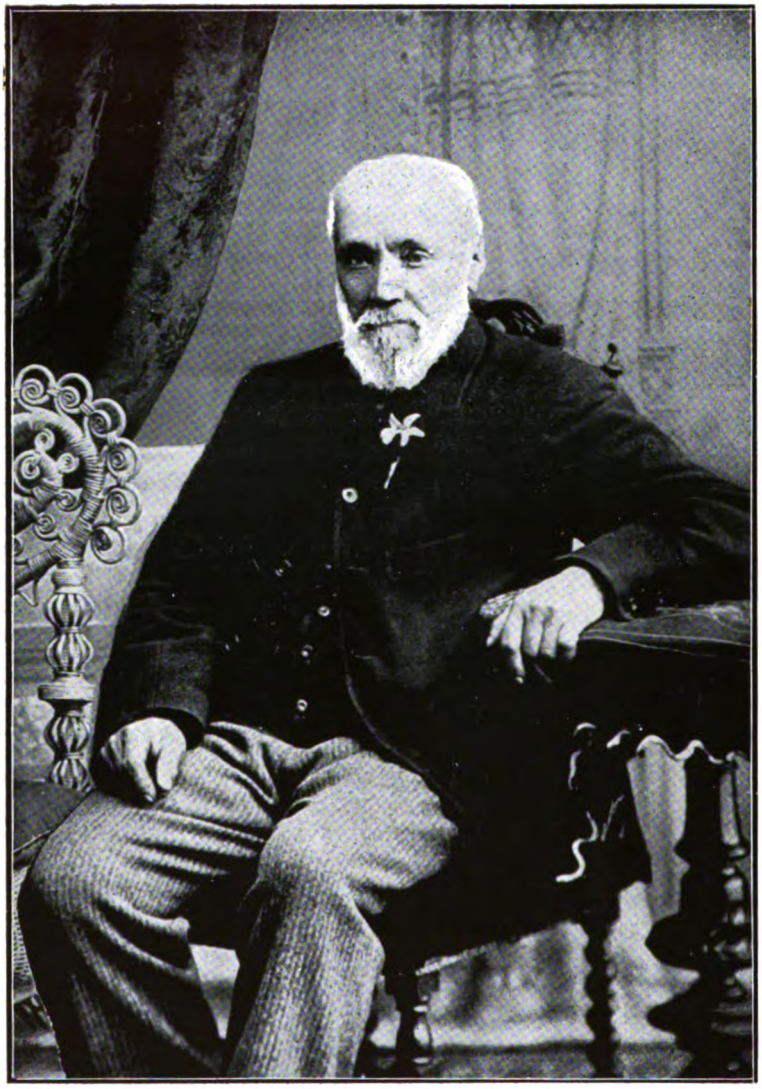
Dae 'e ken yon hills, where blooms the red heather,
Where nature's rare beauties I oft hae ador'd;
By the sweet siller Esk as it glides to the sea,
Wi' its memories o' youth noo carefully stor'd.

How aw lang for a sicht o' ma ain country side,
An' feel 'neath ma feet th' bent o' the bree;
Nae thing can compare wi' its knowes an' its howes,
Where nestles ma hame on th' green gowan lea.

For an 'oor by the burnies or the murmurin' Ewes,
To dream o' the days we'll never mair see;
When we clam' up th' hichts and rac'd through the dells
Wi' licht sunny hearts, an' spirits sae free.

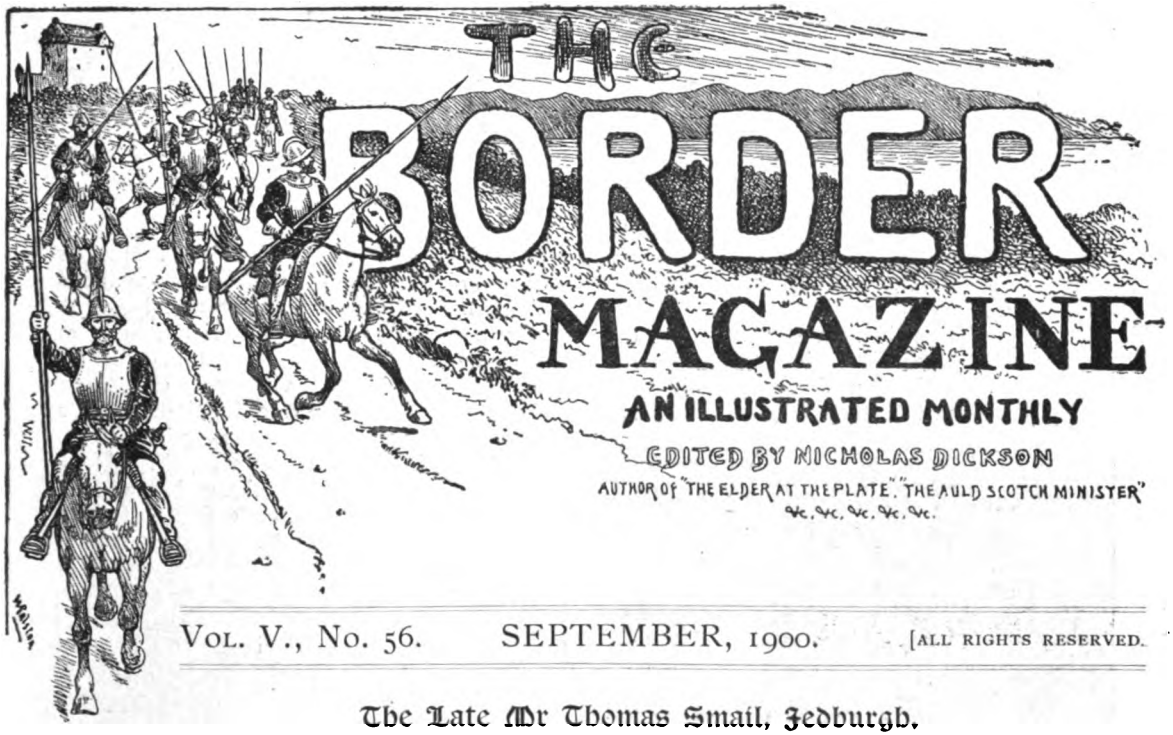
Ma thouchts turn aft to ma ain country side,
As crimson rays fade, an' the gloamin' draws near,
When aw'll lie 'neath the sod, o'er spreading the knowe,
Side ma kith an' kin, an' ma hame ever dear.

G. M. R.



From Photo by R. Jack, Jedburgh

THE LATE MR THOMAS SMAIL, JEDBURGH.



VOL. V., No. 56. SEPTEMBER, 1900.

The Late Mr Thomas Smail, Jedburgh.

By James Cree.

MR THOMAS SMAIL, Inspector of Poor, and previously bookseller, in Jedburgh, who died there on 17th of April last, possessed in high measure many of the best and most striking characteristics of the Scottish Borderer, and these particularly as they were to be found exemplified in a generation that has almost entirely disappeared. His birthplace—which had been the home of his ancestors for generations—contributed by its situation and history to the formation and development of these features of character. Jedburgh in the past was not infrequently the seat of Scotland's Sovereignty—it was a Royal Burgh in fact as well as by charter; and its inhabitants—at times so near the Scottish monarch, and always standing between Scotland and her English invaders—were reared in an early courtly chivalry and a patriotic valour that have had their influences on succeeding generations. Both physically and philosophically the result was the survival of a hard-headed, strong-handed, energetic, and independent people, who had deeply-rooted within them the sense of man's right to claim, defend, and use his own, and to fully exercise his liberty within the limits of the common weal. It is the spirit of "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" To those who are acquainted with Jedburgh it is also of significance to say that Mr Smail was a Toonheider. There was a time when the inhabitants of the Toonheid of Jedburgh had peculiar privileges and customs, and were not wont to associate quite unreservedly with the inhabitants of other parts of the town. These Toonheid folk were mostly owners of property, and though their houses and lands were usually only of modest extent, they were within the Royalty; they were situated on the highway nearest to the Castle—the birthplace and residence of Scottish monarchs—and the titles to them were held directly from the Sovereign. Mr Smail's ancestors had such a property in this Castle Gate, and it is now in the possession of one of his sons. To the last of his days, when comment was made on his activity, his physical powers of endurance, his enthusiasm for the Uppies in the annual game of handball, or on almost any other of the features of his life, Mr Smail would answer the implicit inquiry with the emphatic explanation—"A'm a Toonheider," and there was nothing more to be said.

In his youth—though he had to face responsibilities early—he enjoyed the bracing freedom and the exercises and the educative influences of a life among the hills and dales and by the river banks of a district rich and varied in its natural form and comeliness. To this youthful experience was partly due his cease-

less enjoyment of nature's charms, his love of the rod and line, his delight in walking, his quick and shrewd observation, and his good health. He was in business in Jedburgh as a bookseller, printer, and publisher for about half a century. His shop in High Street in former times—when it was occupied by the late Mr Forrest, gunsmith—was often visited by Sir Walter Scott. Of this association with the Author of Waverley, Mr Smail was proud, and it was enhanced in his estimation by the fact that he had vivid recollections of having in his early youth seen Sir Walter when he visited Jedburgh to attend the Circuit Courts.

From Photo by Miss Blair.

MR SMAIL IN HIS GARDEN.

Among the products of Mr Smail's printing press relating to the town and district were—"Smail's Guide to Jedburgh," "The Autobiography of a Scottish Borderer," and "Jethart Worthies." His business, as well as his willingness to be of service, brought him into contact with many notable men, and invariably a lasting friendship followed.

Jedburgh had first place in the affections of Mr Smail, and he was its worthy and well-informed representative on many occasions when visitors went to view its beauty or to learn its history. A most congenial undertaking this was for him, and there must be many who feel that a visit to Jedburgh is not what it used to be, since Thomas Smail is dead. Not the less was Mr Smail a Borderer in the broader application of the name—one whose sentiment embraced the Borderland, and held Scotland first of nations. He had a large number of friends and acquaintances in all parts of the district. The bond of friendship frequently was an ardent love of Border scenery, and a delight in Border history and archæology. A new generation know by experience little of such long excursions as were taken by Mr Smail and his friends to visit spots of interest and beauty, to look at a tree, it might be, or a flower, to stand where "The Scottish Probationer" found the loveliest scene in all the vale; or to explore the nooks and corners of some old castle or peel and to fit history and tradition to its walls. He was seventy-five years of age when he went with a party of friends to the top of the Cheviot, and afterwards wrote a vigorous account of the expedition, which was published in the BORDER MAGAZINE, and was printed for private circulation. In the course of his long life he acquired a valuable store of tradition and history respecting his native district and the Borderland in general, and this, gained many a time with great effort, he was always ready to share with others. He was a lover of poetry—knew the Border poets well and had made much of the best sentiment of Scotland's premier bard his own. How strongly he held by his old favourites was evinced by the appreciation of Thomas Pringle which he wrote a few weeks before his death for the BORDER MAGAZINE. Some years ago, under the influence of a strong admiration for the genius of Robert Nicoll, he determined to visit the poet's grave in North Leith Churchyard. This was not so easily accomplished as he had anticipated. The memory of Robert Nicoll is not green in the place where he died. The gate of the Churchyard was locked, and the keys could not be found; and it was an illustration of the energy and enthusiasm of Mr Smail that—man of many years as he was—he scaled the wall and railing of the Churchyard by means of a ladder he had borrowed for the purpose, and paid his tribute at the then neglected grave of the young Perthshire bard, who has written his heart in his poems.

A never-failing delight Mr Smail found in the cultivation of flowers. To him his garden was a shrine, whence insight and aspiration furnished stepping themes to higher things. His shop front, with its seasonable succession of flower and foliage, was a perennial embellish-

ment of the High Street of Jedburgh, in which the eye of the returning townsman eagerly sought confirmation of the happily-borne impressions of former years, and in which the visitor found a point of beauty that arrested attention and drew forth praise. His lilies were a springtime to him even in the declining years of life. With Wordsworth he could say—

> For oft when on my couch I lie,
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,
> And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils.

Genial in disposition, he delighted in the fellowship of his kind. He was a member of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, and would go long distances to join in their excursions, and when they visited Jedburgh and district, he was generally their counsellor and guide, furnishing them with much instructive information from the stores he had gathered. The outdoor meetings of the Jedburgh Ramblers' Club were often used by him to renew his pleasure in visits to places he had long known; and those who had the privilege of his companionship found in him "a guide, philosopher, and friend," whose increasing years diminished in no measurable degree the natural buoyancy and cheerfulness of his disposition.

He died at the age of seventy-seven years, after but a few days' illness. He had enjoyed a large measure of good health during his life-time, and within a week of his death was full of interest in all that concerned the life of his friends and his native place. To many his death was as the sudden closing of a bright and pleasing volume.

From Photo by A. R. Edwards.

THE SMAIL BURIAL GROUND IN JEDBURGH ABBEY CHURCHYARD.

The Thomson Bi-Centenary.

THERE is an æsthetic rivalry among the towns of the romantic Borderland. Galashiels has its Abbotsford, Melrose its beautiful ruin encircled by the abiding glory of the everlasting hills, and Jedburgh its charms for those who love to be out of the beaten track. All have been planted in the midst of picturesque scenery. But none is so beautiful for situation as Kelso, which was on Friday, the 27th July last, the Mecca of many from far and near delighting to do honour to

a poet who got closer to nature than any of the singers of his artificial generation. The sweeping road descends steeply from the railway station, and through the drooping branches of a leafy avenue one catches the pleasantest of views framed in the freshest of foliage—the wide semi-circle of the Tweed to its junction with the less-famed Teviot, the graceful arches spanning the now shallow waters, and the ruined Abbey dominating the mixture of hardly-seen roofs and aspiring trees, which we know to be Kelso. It is such a delightful picture, or series of pictures, as Thomson himself would have loved to behold had he ever cared to revisit the scene of his nativity. But one regrets to say that the view has been marred. A too-enterprising tradesman has written his name on this fair landscape, and, literally from the housetops—the tops of two inartistic buildings—proclaims himself to the oncoming world. On one of the cliffs at the entrance to the Grand Canyon in Colorado there used to be the advertisement in prodigious letters "Buy ——'s Plug Tobacco." It was "the abomination of desolation"—utilitarianism in the temple itself, naked and ashamed. Here in quiet Kelso the effect is hardly less repulsive, since it is displayed almost in the shadow of those Gothic ruins, eloquent of a far different time, which are the first object to catch and hold the eye. The Border town could hardly be said to be en fete on the date we have mentioned above. There was none of the excitement that once a year comes to it with the Border Hunt Races. Nevertheless the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, by which the celebration had been organised, mustered in strength from the Metropolis, and the company of visitors was strongly reinforced by local admirers of the bard. It was therefore a goodly procession of vehicles which started from the Market Place on a tour through the picturesque country of which Ednam, Thomson's birth-place, forms a natural centre. The day was a perfect one. What clouds there were, floated in fleecy whiteness over a sky intensely blue, while the heat of a brilliant sun was pleasantly tempered by the breeze. At the little village of Ednam, a pretty spot which, however, must have altered

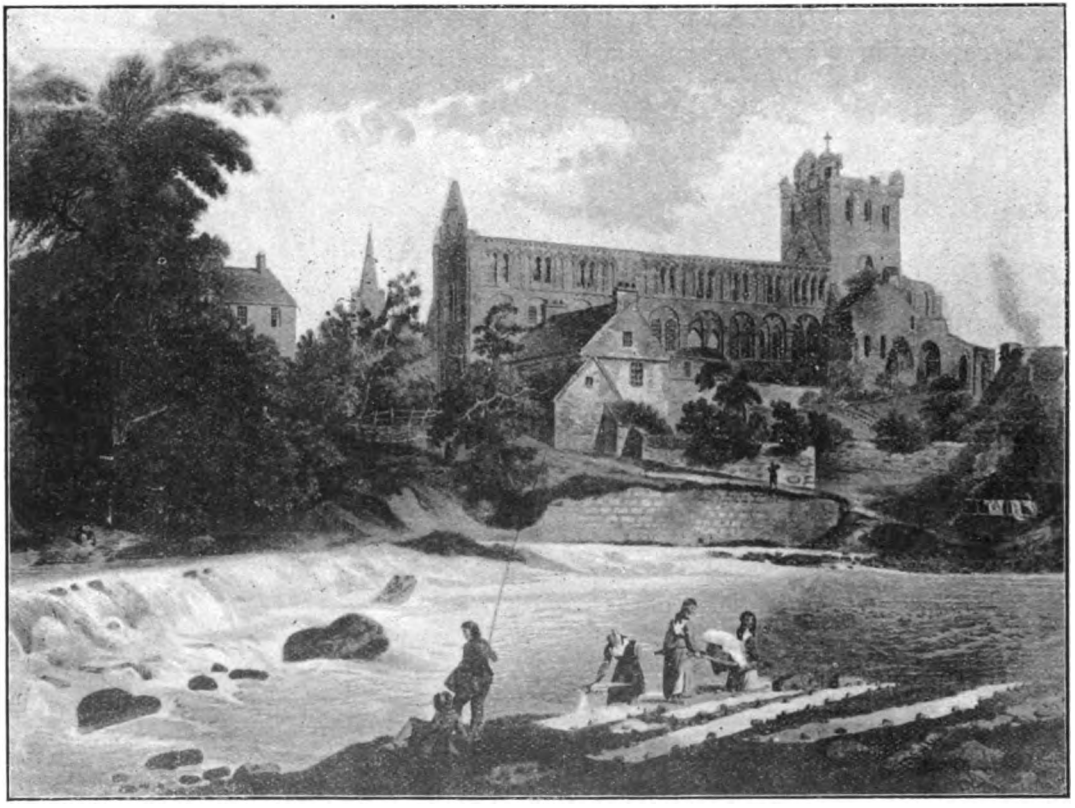


Photo from old Sketch. JEDBURGH ABBEY IN 1793.

THE THOMSON BI-CENTENARY CELEBRATION AT EDNAM.

considerably since Thomson's day, a halt was called, and there from a temporary platform erected in a meadow bordered by the diminished stream of the Eden a number of speeches were delivered. Sir George Douglas, a well-known authority on Border lore, was called to the chair, and he had as supporters not only a large circle of county people, among whom was the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., but several gentlemen who have gained distinction for their tributes to the author of "The Seasons," such as Dr Morel, of Paris, the author of "an erudite, accurate, and exhaustive life of Thomson," as the Chairman described it; Mr Wm. Bayne, Edinburgh, who has written an interesting brochure of the poet; and Judge Willis, a fervent admirer from across the Border.

MINIATURE OF THOMSON.

After the singing of the National Anthem, Dr Morel, at the request of the Chairman, read the following letter from M. Casimir Perier, late President of the French Republic, and at present president of the Franco-Scottish Society:—"Sir and dear Colleague, You are going to Scotland, and I know in what quality you have been called there. I wish you to carry over with you my very friendly greetings to our Scotch friends, and let them know that nothing that toucheth the heart of old Scotland leaves us indifferent."

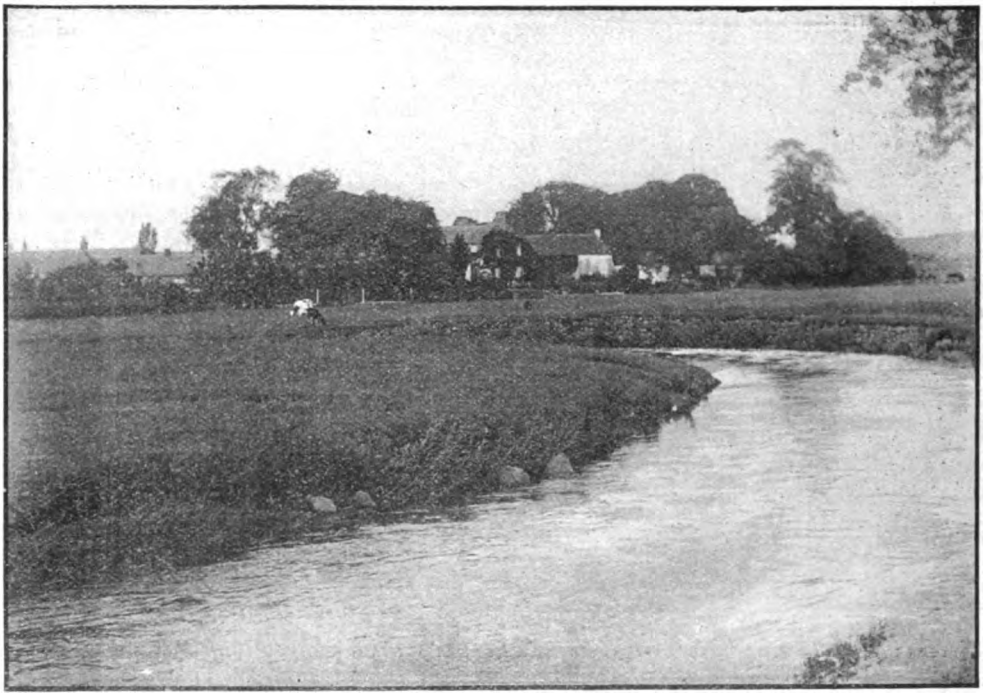
The Chairman, in the course of a felicitous speech, said that for many months past we had been living in the thoughts of war. That day we were called upon to draw off our thoughts from the one engrossing topic and to turn them to whatever was most opposite, most peaceful —to poetry, and in poetry not to the martial lyric or the epic form, but to the outpourings of the pastoral, and moral or didactic muse. The transition was perhaps abrupt, but he trusted the interlude was not unwelcome. His hearers remembered, perhaps, the beautiful and touching passage in Homer's Iliad where the Greeks encamped before Troy paused for one day, and refrained from fighting that they might give themselves whole-hearted to the celebration of the funeral games. Like the Greeks, his hearers had turned their thoughts from warfare for a day, but in their case it was in order to go back in memory upon one who in other fields than those of battle had deserved well of his country—Thomson, a native of these flowery fields where Eden flowed, the poet of nature and of chastened music, of sentiment rather than of passion, eloquent perhaps more than inspired, a poetic mind born in an age of prose, and yet, by the immortal treasure trove of his subject and the unerring instinct which guided him, a poet who to-day lived and interested us after 200 years.

Dr Morel, Paris, who next addressed the gathering, said that Scotchmen were justly proud of their great countrymen. The present hour, when the patriotic feeling was so highly strung all over the British Empire, should revive, if need be, the affection of all Scotchmen and of all Britishers for the poet of "Britannia," of "Liberty," and the stirring and noble "Rule, Britannia." But the poet of "The Seasons" was, moreover, a poet of all ages and all nations, and this side of his genius might be fitly recalled by a Frenchman. It was a matter of history that the work of the young Scotchman obtained an immense success all over Europe; that it was translated over and over again into French and into German in prose and in verse, besides translations into Italian, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Romaic, Latin, and Hebrew. In fact, during the greater part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, "The Seasons" was the book of all others to which men would go for the sensation of true rustic life and of true scenery. It was a sort of mental infirmity of our great-grandfathers that they could hardly enjoy nature, and the simple things of creation, except through the medium of art and poetry. It had been the honourable privilege of James Thomson that for a long period his poems were acknowledged to be the best, freshest, and most complete representations of the material world. Thomson's work well deserved its character of a universal, truly catholic exposi-

tion of the beauty of things such as might appeal to all readers in all times and in all countries. Some, indeed, reproached it with a certain tameness, a commonplace directness and simplicity. He was very much tempted to believe that those very qualities secured Thomson his pre-eminence among the poets of nature. After a comparison with Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley, Dr Morel said that Thomson would stand the test among the more ambitious poets if the time should ever come when, under the powerful influence of the scientific spirit, men required that even poetry should be, above all things, true.

His Honour Judge Willis afterwards spoke of his affection for Thomson, and in stirring words recalled the part which the Earl of Buchan had played a century ago in pointing his generation to their duty to the memory of the poet. Mr Hamilton, Melrose, gave the sentiment of "The Navy," and dealt prominently with Thomson, as the author of the most stirring of naval songs, "Rule, Britannia." Captain Norman, R.N.; ex-Provost Craig-Brown, of Selkirk; Dr Mair, of Southdean; and Mr Usher, secretary of the Border Counties Association, afterwards spoke, the last-named mentioning that a letter had been received from the Poet Laureate excusing his absence. At intervals a village choir, assisted by several ladies and gentlemen from Kelso, sang suitable pieces, such as "Rule, Britannia," and, at the close of the proceedings, "Auld Lang Syne."

The party afterwards drove to the monument of the poet, which stands on an eminence commanding a view of Roxburgh, Berwick, and Northumberland, and such historically-interesting spots as Hume Castle and the Waterloo Monument at Penielheugh. A brief stay was made at Hendersyde, where, through the kindness of Sir Richard Waldie Griffith, refreshments were provided, and then the company returned to Kelso, and dined at the Cross Keys Hotel. The chair, which was taken by Sir R. Waldie Griffith, was one a couple of centuries old, which belonged to Thomson, while at one end of the room hung Slaughter's portrait of the poet. *Glasgow Herald.*



From Photo by VILLAGE OF EDNAM Mackintosh & Co., Kelso.

James Thomson.*

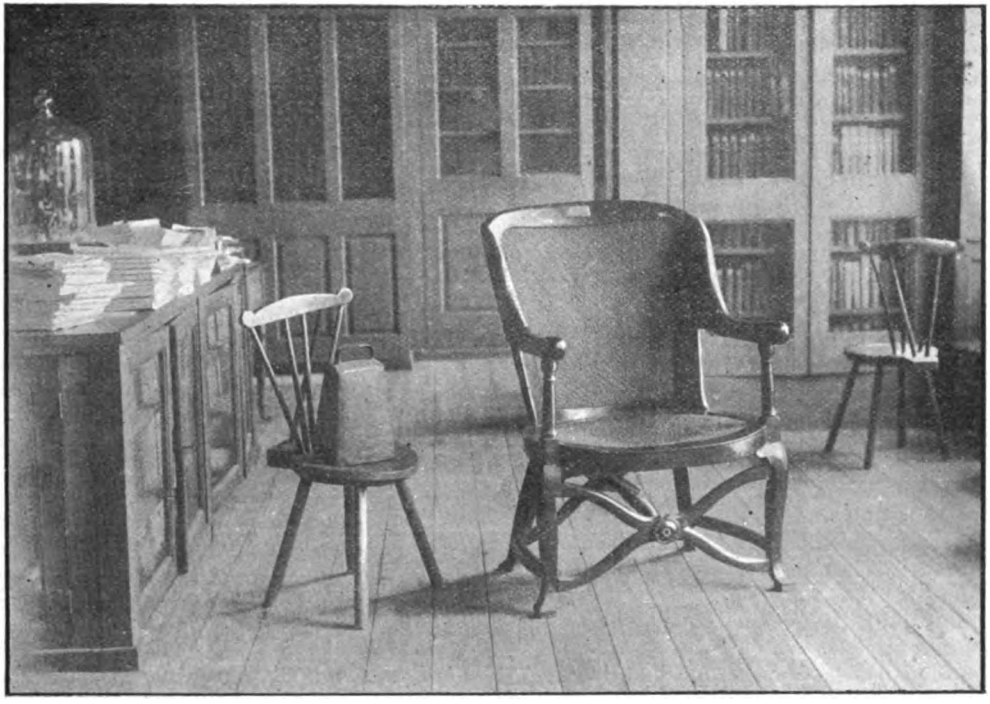
THE appearance of this, the eighteenth volume of the "Famous Scots Series," is one more evidence of the reviving interest in the life and work of James Thom-

*James Thomson. By William Bayne. Famous Scots Series. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

son. The popularity of "The Seasons" has had its ebb and flow; but beyond the efforts of critics, favourable and otherwise, there is no denying the significance and desert of the amaranthine wreath which these two centuries, since his birth, have placed on Thomson's brow. His is an instance of the survival of the fittest.

In this handy and well-printed little volume, Mr Bayne writes an appreciative and discriminating life of Thomson. The work opens with a chapter on the "Early Scottish Poetry of Nature," in which, after pointing out its Celtic source, a first place is claimed for Thomson. An interesting kind of poetic apostolical succession is traced from Thomas of Ercildoune, Barbour, Henryson, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Alexander Montgomery, and Beattie, to Thomson, "the greatest name of Scottish, perhaps of British, writers of descriptive poetry." We have read a number of lives of Thomson—some of them very much bulkier than the work now under review, but nearly all that is interesting about him is here cleverly compressed with wonderful completeness within the pages of a small post-octavo volume.

James Thomson was born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, where his father was minister. His birth took place in his grandfather's house near the Manse (from which the family had temporarily removed while under repair.) "This cottage in 1715 became the village school and was used as such till 1812." It still stands. James was the fourth of nine children. He was removed to the Manse of Southdean in the same county, along with the family, when he was two months old. The date of his birth was 7th September, 1700 (some writers say the 11th.) Here "young Thomson found a congenial soil for his poetic upbringing." To many natives of the Borders it may be a disappointment that all Thomson's poems were written in English, but a closer acquaintance with his verse will afford such the consolation that perhaps no other writer so faithfully and lovingly photographs Border scenery. "In numerous instances he has simply lifted the scene from Southdean and laid it in his 'Seasons.'" While attending school at Jedburgh he shewed no indications of genius. He was a great reader, but we cannot trace in his poems any signs of acquaintance with Scottish authors. He owed much to the help of the Rev. Mr Riccaltoun, minister of the neighbouring parish of Hobkirk, who indeed was his literary father. Under this tutor, Thomson wrote verse abundantly, but year by year, on



From Photo by Mackintosh & Co., Kelso.

THOMSON'S CHAIR IN KELSO MUSEUM.

New Year's day, he made a bonfire of what he had written. The few scraps which had escaped the flames testify to the wisdom of the practice.

In 1715 Thomson entered Edinburgh University. His parents intended him to be a minister, but he does not appear to have taken to Divinity with any enthusiasm. His father died in 1719, whereupon the family removed to Edinburgh. In 1724, having passed the Divinity Hall, he was asked to prepare a discourse upon one of the Psalms. It came forth like a corner of Sharon—a wilderness of flowers. This drew from his unsympathetic Professor such adverse remarks as stung his sensitive soul and, as afterwards appeared, practically decided him in favour of the muses. Early in the following year we find him in London. Here he had for a while a hard lot owing to the failure of expected help of friends, accentuated by a certain blateness which had held him back in Edinburgh, and which marred his success all through life. At this time Mallet, the poet, his fellow student, who had preceded him to London, was of great use to him. Southey says that Mallet was "a man of more talents than honesty," but, notwithstanding this, and other hard things deservedly said of him by various writers, he continued to be a friend and helper in many ways to Thomson, and latterly became the joint-author with him of "Alfred, a Masque," composed to celebrate a royal birthday, and in which occurs the now intensely popular song, "Rule, Britannia." After Thomson's death Mallet published this song as if it had been his, and this gave rise to a keen controversy as to the authorship of the song. Mr Bayne enters very fully into the question and settles it, alike on moral and literary grounds, in favour of Thomson. It is worth noting that the two great English war-songs—this of Thomson's and Campbell's "Men of England," were both written by Scotsmen.

We must here notice a noble deed quietly done by Quin, the actor. Though a stranger to Thomson, he introduced himself, having heard of the poet's pecuniary embarrassments, and said, "Sir, I am in your debt for the pleasure which your poem of 'The Seasons' has afforded me, and you will give me leave to discharge it now." Quin then presented the poet with a note for £100.

Thomson obtained and retained many friends. His personal qualities, as well as his growing literary fame, drew and kept around him many of the elite of his time. He had no enemies. He was in love once; his "Amanda" was a Miss Young, who married an Admiral. Neither privation nor plenty ever led him to neglect his duty as a son, as a brother, or as a friend. Tall and handsome in his youth, his slightly Bohemian home habits did injustice to his later heavy port. "His features were much less expressive in repose than when animated." He lived a blameless life—good-natured, gentle, diffident, high-souled—beautifully consistent with the morale of what he wrote.

Excellent use is made of Thomson's letters by Mr Bayne, and these sidelights bring us distinctly into closer touch with the man and the poet.

Thomson tells that the idea of "The Seasons" was suggested by a poem named "Winter," written by his mentor, Mr Riccaltoun. Thomson's "Winter," written as George Gilfillan says, "with the rapid pen of poverty," was first published in 1726, "Summer" in 1727, "Spring" in 1728, and "Autumn" with the first complete edition of "The Seasons" in 1730, and the glorious hymn of the year sublimely full of devotion and of God.

The reception of "The Seasons" was tardy at first, but within a few years it earned for its author the fame upon which his name still chiefly rests. "Liberty," a long, heavy poem which Thomson thought his masterpiece, occupied him nearly three years after he had spent two years in Continental travel as tutor to Lord Talbot's son. This poem was a failure and has continued to be so. The last poem that he published was "The Castle of Indolence" in 1748. It was "at first little more than a few detached stanzas in the way of raillery of himself and of some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence, while he thought them as indolent as himself." Its composition was spread over fifteen years. This "exquisite poem" is delightfully lazy, reminding us broadly of Tennyson's "Lotus-eaters," with whom it is always afternoon. Gilfillan says, "It is certainly the sweetest piece of poetic seduction in the world. No hymn to sleep ever was so soft, no dream within a dream of rest beyond the dreaming land was ever so subtle." He also wrote some half-dozen plays, some of which were popular for a time, but they are now almost entirely forgotten. Of the smaller pieces, the lines on "Sir Isaac Newton" excel in ability, and those on the death of his mother, in tenderness. We have no room for quotations, although the perusal of Mr Bayne's work has sent us back to the poems with renewed zest.

Thomson selected Richmond as his place of abode. But he never forgot Scotland. With

the desire in his soul to revisit the land of his birth, he caught cold and soon after died on the 27th August, 1748. "His death excited the deepest sorrow." He was buried in Richmond Church. In 1792, Lord Buchan placed a brass tablet in the church bearing a quotation from "Winter." Among other monuments to his memory, there is one in Westminster Abbey, beside Shakespeare's, unveiled May 10th, 1762, and an obelisk erected at Ferney Hill, near Ednam, in 1820. There is also a beautiful memorial window in the recently-erected Parish Church at Southdean.

The bi-centenary of the poet is at hand. The occasion will be celebrated by the Edinburgh Borderers' Union and other friends in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere, at Southdean on Saturday, 8th September next. Why should not the London Scots, and the Manchester Society, gather with their kin of the Border towns to honour this unique occasion? What could be finer than, even for a day, to study Thomson in the beautiful neighbourhood around which he has cast a halo?

G. T.

Remembrance.

THE crescent moon shines sweetly fair
The fleecy clouds are high;
The blackbird sings his last good-night
Beneath the twilight sky.

A veil upon the river lies
In folds of softened hue;
The Eildons show a single peak
That mingles with the blue.

The trees are sleeping in the shade:
The fields are fading fast;
And higher, higher climbs the moon
And night has come at last.

At such a time, at such an hour,
Here in the same old lane
Long days ago, we stood and saw
What I have seen again.

We heard the river through the night
Go murmuring to the sea;
The same, soft, drowsy stillness lay
On woodland and on lea.

But then you had a song to sing
And hope was all its tone,
To-night the silence deepens while
I wander here alone.

I cannot hear you sing that song
Or see your face again;
I dream my dream, and feels the dream
That lies about the lane.

And now, while Tweed adown the glen
Sings ever soft and low,
I hear the something of the song
You sang me long ago.

And there's an echo in my heart
That pulses with my life,
Creating peace and prayer, to fill
The pauses of the strife.

O friend! To-morrow may be sweet,
I know not, here I cast
To-morrow's thought aside, and walk
Once more, the tender past.

I think of all the bloom that decked
The sweetness of the way,
The purple pleasures that were set
About me day by day.

We walk together side by side;
Love glorifies each scene,
I'd meet to-morrow's care on care
With smiles for what has been.

JAMES MABON.

To the Memory of James Thomson,

WHO WEDDED TO DEATHLESS VERSE THE CHANGING SEASONS.

(Dedicated to Dr John Mair, Southdean, July, 1900.)

To lay a wreath upon a poet's tomb,
This hand, unworthy, gathers these poor bays,
Which for a day may linger, to his praise,
Ere claimed again by night's forgetful gloom. . . .

With dreamings of Jedwater in his soul,
He left the Border hills;
But could not break
The influence of his childhood, nor unmake
What Nature's charm had woven, nor control
The glamour of the unforgotten rills
His young life loved. The spirit of the Jed
Haunted his spirit in the far-off street
Whither he wandered, by ambition led;
And Tweed's soft music sweet,
Like incantation, whispered in his dream,
And led him where it wist. . . .
The snow knee-deep on Cheviot, and the mist
Grey in the glens where wandering waters gleam,
Spoke to his heart of winters long gone by,
When all the land lay ghostly in its shroud,
And dark above Jedwater hung the cloud,
Snow-laden, till the slow-returning Spring,
Across the kindling sky,
Brought blossoms, given
With promise or sweet Summer birds that sing,
Pouring their molten melody to heaven.

Where Thames rode seawards through grey London town,
He looked across the years,
And, as in vision, when the shadow clears,
He saw the golden harvest o'er the down,
And heard the old sob of scythes among the ears
Of Autumn corn,
With echoes of old songs men used to crown
The year's long labours with where he was born.

And so he sang the Seasons. In his song
Summer and Autumn, Winter, Spring
Roll onwards, and, as still they roll along
The varied year, God's glory still they sing;
And, while the Seasons range
Through each recurrent change,
The memory of their singer never dies,
And lone Jedwater still remembers him,
Though far away, beyond dead years grown dim,
Low in a Richmond grave asleep her poet lies.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

Turiff Manse.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

KELSO

The inhabitants of Kelso may not appreciate the advantage of the railway station being on the other side of the Tweed, but the visitor who is on the look-out for the picturesque, combined with peacefulness, is charmed with the position of the town, even though he has to walk a considerable distance to get into it.

A correspondent sends us the following account of an incident which occurred on the way down to Kelso:—

"Many years ago on arriving at Kelso Station from the South, I found that I would require to wait a while before continuing my journey northward. Sauntering down the brae that leads to the town, my attention was directed to a cottage on the wayside covered with the most beautiful roses I had ever seen. While engaged in admiring the display a motherly body came out and asked if I would like a rose? On replying that I would esteem such a gift as a very great favour, she soon put me in possession of the loveliest bunch of roses I had ever beheld. Returning to the station, I met the Rev. Dr and Mrs Bonar who were seeing some friends away by the train. Mrs Bonar was so greatly taken with my roses that I gallantly offered them to her, and they were most graciously accepted. I am never at Kelso Station without a vivid recollection of this incident: while the beauty and the perfume of the flowers are still to me an imperishable and an unfading memory."

* * *

Recently I came across an interesting letter in the "Galashiels Telegraph," signed "Old Inhabitant." The letter in question revives some old memories and will cause the pulses of some of my older readers to beat with some of their old vigour.

Some time ago I noticed in a Border newspaper an interesting letter from a native of Selkirk who had gone to Canada more than seventy years ago. He mentioned in his letter a great many changes, of which I remember also, and specially referred to one Deacon Emond. There have been many Emonds in Selkirk, but the Deacon was a character in his way, so the letter says. There were not many Sabbath schools at that time. The Deacon on Sabbath afternoons would endeavour to get boys and girls to come into his house and get them to read a lesson in the Bible, and learn a Psalm and other exercises—teaching the young idea how to shoot, but, strange to tell, he was brought before the Presbytery for his conduct, and Professor Lawson, instead of reproving, said it would be better if all the members would do what the worthy Deacon had done. The Lawsons have been in Selkirk for a full century. I have heard George and Andrew, who were considered good preachers in their day; I think the family are all gone now. According to Henderson's

letter, the Deacon had taken a great interest in the Reform Bill of 1831. I may mention that in Selkirkshire at that time there were only seventeen persons who had the power of voting, and they were all fossilized Tories. I remember going over to Selkirk at the first election, when a big platform was erected in the Market Square. People stood round about. Pringle of the Haining was the Liberal, and Pringle of the Yair the Tory, and after each had spoken the Sheriff took a show of hands, when nearly all held up for the Liberal, Pringle of Haining, and not above six or so for the Tory. Sir, there were no Tory working men in those days. The first Reform Bill was brought in by Lord John Russell in 1831. It was a £10 qualification franchise, and there was a tremendous difficulty to get it passed. In that same letter Henderson mentions about some Galashiels men going over to Lauder and stopping some carriages with Tory voters, and keeping them from voting. I recollect of the circumstance, I was younger than they. Their names were Turnbull, a slater; Henderson and Clapperton, both spinners. Turnbull got acquainted, or perhaps recommended, to the staunch Radical, Joseph Hume, and I think he got well on. He, I think, was the best educated of the three. Henderson speaks of Wombell's menagerie being in Gala after the Reform Bill passed, and their band playing through the town. There would be about three thousand inhabitants at that time. The letter refers to the Deacon going down to Melrose to a dinner, to celebrate the passing of the Reform Bill, when the company all rose up to cheer with the exception of a person opposite the Deacon. The Deacon gripped him by the coat neck, and asked him to "get up, man, get up, it's Durham, man, it's Durham." And it was Durham who was travelling incognito. Sir, I think I have given you most of the contents of this really interesting letter, most of which I well remember.

* * *

My reverend and esteemed friend, the Rev. W. S. Crockett, minister of Tweedsmuir, to whose ready pen we owe so much, has contributed an article on "The Author of 'The Seasons'" to "St Andrew." He thus writes:—

As everybody knows, the Scottish Border is the home par excellence of romance and song. There is hardly a parish but has produced some singer more or less notable. Some of the very best names in our poetical literature are of Border extraction. Sir Walter was the great literary Borderer, and next to him, but as Border bards in particular, come James Hogg and John Leyden, with quite a host of those who have added, and are still adding, to the minstrel's pile. Berwickshire has already had her poetical children—close on a hundred—commemorated in a goodly-sized volume. There is room for a similar collection (notwithstanding Mr Andrew Lang's strongly-expressed opinion on the subject of anthologies) from the other three Border counties, which are even richer in poetical merit and power than their fair sisters of the Merse. Teviotdale especially bears the palm for having given us a contribution of poetry which is much more than local. The poets of Roxburghshire are known and admired all the world over. Of Scott, it cannot be otherwise said but that he belongs to all. So do Hogg and Leyden, it is true, but their scope is more circumscribed. With the exception of a few choice compositions which have laid hold of the multitude, their productions, in large measure, are purely provincial. The poet of "The Seasons" is more in the Scott category. He is not local by any means, though a Borderer, and a most outstanding one. His verse is associated with no particular district, though he dearly loved the classic vale of the Tweed and its tributaries. He has been so identified with England from residence and the whole tenour of his works, that it is somewhat difficult to remember his Border birth and upbringing. A few indirect references here and there are all that his writings show regarding his early life by the Border burnsides and braes.

* * *

Referring to the important work of a noted Edinburgh Border Association, Mr Crockett pays the following tribute:—

The Edinburgh Border Counties Association have not, however, forgot the fact that close on two hundred years ago, James Thomson was born in a Border manse, in one of the prettiest of Border parishes. We cannot but wish well to all the business of such an association. It is one of the most patriotic clubs in the Scottish capital. Within recent years it has been doing most admirable and useful work in bringing about a much-needed revival of Scottish literary interests, and, of course, those of special Border significance. The recent Thomson bi-centenary celebration is, at least, the fourth of these enterprises since 1895. In that year the members of the Association purchased the Rhymer's Tower at Earlston, and with considerable ceremony, such as the little town had seldom witnessed, took formal possession of their property. In 1896 they became owners, also through purchase, of Dr Leyden's birth-cottage at Denholm. In 1898 they erected a fine memorial on the site of the Ettrick Shepherd's birthplace at Ettrickhall, close to the shrine of Boston among the Ettrick solitudes. And now in 1900 they have gathered at Ednam and Kelso for the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the author of "The Seasons" and the now more than ever popular "Rule, Britannia."

* * *

Among the millions of readers of Scott's novels, few probably ever think of the historical chronology contained in these volumes of bewitching fiction, but it is worth while to look into this matter and thus gain a renewed interest when the time comes, as it ought to come, for re-reading the Waverley Novels. Someone has been at the trouble to go thoroughly into this subject, and the following is the correct historical order in which the novels should be read:—

Count Robert of Paris; The Betrothed; The Talisman; Ivanhoe; Castle Dangerous; The Fair Maid of Perth; Quentin Durward; Anne of Geierstein; The Monastery; The Abbot; Kenilworth; The Laird's Jock; The Fortunes of Nigel; A Legend of Montrose; Woodstock; Peveril of the Peak; Old Mortality; The Pirate; My Aunt Margaret's Mirror; The Bride of Lammermoor; The Black Dwarf; Rob Roy; The Heart of Mid-Lothian; Waverley; The Highland Widow; The Surgeon's Daughter; Guy Mannering; The Two Drovers; Redgauntlet; The Tapestried Chamber; The Antiquary; St Ronan's Well.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

A Border Poet's Home.

SOME of the busiest and happiest days in the life of the poet Knox were spent in the quiet pastoral valley of the Ewes, the Yarrow of Dumfriesshire. In 1812, with considerable expectations, he entered upon the Wrae farm, leased from the Duke of Buccleuch, which was situated a little above Langholm, and not far from the spot where Henry Scott Riddell first saw the light.

Although Knox devoted himself steadily to his farm and was regarded as one likely to excel in farming, the fruits of his labour seem to have been disappointing. At least it was a struggle to make ends meet, and ultimately he gave up all hopes of pursuing agriculture as a profession, and resolved on following literature and poetry.

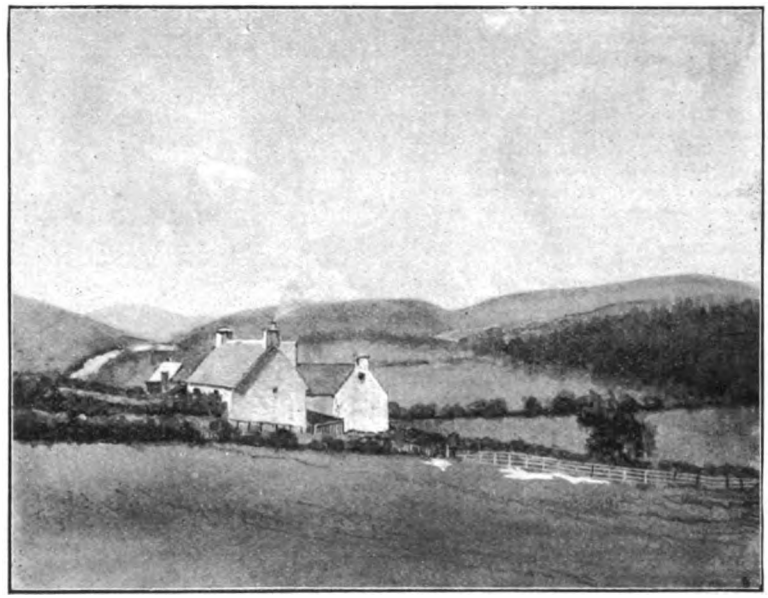
He was much beloved throughout the valley and neighbouring district. His frank, friendly, generous nature and fine conversational powers, coupled with his wide knowledge of literary matters, made him a favourite with cultured men and gained for him a ready entrance both to cot and hall. Therefore, not a few regretted his giving up husbandry in 1817, and his departure from the sweet vale soon after.

The poet's father was an extensive agricultural and pastoral farmer in the shires of Selkirk and Roxburgh, and is mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's diary as a most respectable yeoman. William, who was the eldest of the family, was born on the estate of Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, in 1789. He attended the parish school till he was fifteen, and then passed on to Musselburgh Grammar School. After a time in a writer's office he returned home to assist his father.

From his early boyhood Knox was given to rhyming, but it was not till he had reached manhood that he gave himself to the composition of poetry in earnest. He had an extensive knowledge of ancient and modern poets. His visit to Keswick Lakes when farming, and his study of the Lake School of poets, had no small influence on his mind.

During his residence at the Wrae, Knox composed the greater part of the pieces contained in his first book, the "Lonely Hearth and other poems." He also wrote the "Influence of love and other passions," after the style of Campbell, "Father's Cottage," and other unpublished poems.

Knox, who was a familiar figure in Hawick, made the acquaintance of Henry Scott Riddell at Todrig, and enjoyed his friendship ever after. Long before he left the Ewes valley he enjoyed the friendly encouragement of Professor Wilson, who recognised his genius and intellectual ability. His poems and lyrics attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott and other men of note. Indeed, Scott evinced a marked interest in the poet, encouraging and



From Photo by Geo. M'Robert.

THE WRAE FARM.

assisting him in many ways. In his diary he mentions Knox's talent and poetical merits.

In 1820 the poet removed to Edinburgh, when he became a frequent contributor to "The Literary Magazine." In 1823, when on a visit to his brother in Ireland, he composed and published his songs of Israel, which consist of lyrics founded on the history and poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. They are particularly thoughtful and solemn. His "Harp of Zion," which he rewrote from memory without difficulty owing to the MSS. being lost when in the printer's hand, appeared in 1825. He wrote a novel, a Christmas tale, and composed a number of other pieces about the same time.

"Mortality," better known by its first line, "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud," is perhaps Knox's most famous poem. It is certainly one of great beauty and power. It was the favourite of President Lincoln, who spoke of it as "the finest production in the English language." It proved a great solace to him in many a trial, and he delighted to recite its verses to his latest years. He often declared that he "would give a good deal to know who wrote it." He caused search to be made for the author, but William Knox had then gone to his long rest. Lincoln, however, forwarded fifty dollars to the family as a small acknowledgment of his respect for the author of the poem that had taken such a hold upon him, and been such a help in public and private life. So closely has Knox's poem become associated with the great President, that it has frequently appeared with Lincoln's name appended as author.

Knox died in Edinburgh after three days' illness in the thirty-seventh year of his age. Many mourned his decease. Had he been spared, he would have obtained great eminence in his favourite pursits of poetry. The eminent poet and scholar, Robert Southey, regarded the work with great esteem, and Gilfillan spoke of him as the best sacred poet in Scotland. A stone was erected in Calton Cemetery to his memory by his grand-nephew in 1896.

The farm on which he spent so many pleasant days has long since been merged into the neighbouring farm of Terrona. Very little of the farm-steading, which skirted the highway between Carlisle and Hawick, now remains. Three trees which grow near by are said to have been planted by the poet, and stand in the sequestered valley as a monument to his memory.

G. M. R.

John Veitch, A.M.

MORE than two hundred and fifty years ago the opposition to Laud's Church Service Book, as manifested in the stubborn protest of Mrs Janet Geddes, was the initiative of that struggle for spiritual independence and freedom of conscience which marks so conspicuously the closing years of the seventeenth century, and in which many in the Borderland took a prominent place. Distinctive among meritorious names is that of the Rev. John Veitch, for fifty-four years minister in the Parish of Westruther, which lies on the lower edge of the wild and stormy Lammermoors. His father was John Veitche, a graduate of St Andrews, who, in 1624, was "translated from Dalkeith," where he had inherited a considerable estate, to the Parish of Roberton in Lanarkshire. On his joining the Resolutioners in 1654 he was deposed by the protesting Presbytery. He died at Lanark in 1673, at the age of eighty-four. His wife was Elizabeth Johnston, daughter of a Glasgow merchant. She was "a pious and frugal woman, very dexterous in house-keeping and educating of children; which her husband knew little of as to family affairs."

There was in 1863 in the possession of the late Rev. Walter Wood, M.A., a former minister in Westruther, a Latin Bible, on the blank leaf of which there was an interesting inscription stating that "Mr Jon. Vetche, minister at Westruther, sonne of Mr Jon. Vetche, minister at Roberton, was borne at Lanark, March 2, being thursday, 1620. And was laureat 1639 and admitted minister 1648 May 8 and married to Agnes Hume, daughter to Alexr. Hume, of Bassindean, Septr. 7, 1652."

The first Church at Westruther—now an ivy-covered ruin—was built in 1649, "stonework, timber, thack, door, and glass all perfect." In 1647 complaint had been made by the parishioners that the Church at Gordon was at too great a distance and that it lay beyond an almost impassable moor. It may have been on this moor that in 1745 the troops of Sir John Cope were seen in disorder and dismay pursuing their route to Coldstream.

Bassendean Chapel was of more easy access, but it had not been used for worship since the Reformation. It had then belonged to the nunnery of Coldstream. This Chapel was therefore appropriated for worship while Westruther Church was being built. In this parish, then, John Veitch ministered to an attached and faithful congregation till his death in 1703. He, like his father, reached the advanced age

of eighty-four years, and it may be worthy of note that "three ministers in succession, though each about thirty years of age at his admission, served the cure of this parish from 1647 to 1782, a period of 135 years."

Previous to 1617 Westruther belonged to the ancient parish of Home, but in that year it was assigned to Gordon. It is not generally known that it was at Westruther where John Home received part of his early education. It is quite possible that when roaming through Flass Woods, then a veritable forest, he may have meditated his "Tragedy of Douglas."

It was during the most eventful years in the history of the Scottish Presbyterian Church that John Veitch was minister of this rural parish, and maintained the honour of the Covenant among a God-fearing, deeply-serious, but withal a simple and unobtrusive people. It must be remembered, however, that the Covenanters were not always united in policy. Internal dissensions weakened their cause. Extreme views did not receive universal assent. Veitch urged moderation when he saw some of his colleagues pressing matters too far. He was greatly beloved throughout the whole district. It is related that during the season of Holy Communion great numbers came from Edinburgh and even from Fife to attend the protracted services of the day. Collections were then as now made for the poor, and the monies received so accumulated that, in the year of scarcity (1800), the miseries of famine were averted through the distribution of the fund which had been so carefully husbanded.

By the Glasgow Act of 1662 Veitch was deprived of his living, but he continued to preach at Westruther "by connivance" till 1664. Then followed dark days of which no record has come to light, but we may well suppose that he ministered to the people who "heard him gladly," for in 1667 he ventured to preach, "the sentence not being taken off." From this date till 1679 he no doubt visited his flock, exhorting them to be of "one mind in the Lord," and bearing the message of the gospel of peace to those in sorrow. He may even have held field-meetings, though these were declared to be illegal. He would certainly be a welcome and honoured guest at Bassendean and Flass, at which latter place resided James Hume. But he was at length summoned to Edinburgh along with his more famous brother—William Veitch—who had already suffered much for his adherence to the principles of the Covenanters.

The chief persecutor of William Veitch was the Rev. Thomas Bell, Vicar of Longhorsley. When a boy this renegade divine had herded cattle in the parish of Westruther, where he came under the notice of the minister. He was a lad of promise, fond of reading, and his heart seemed set upon "higher things." Mr Veitch secured for him the Presbyterial bursary which enabled him to prosecute his studies, and at the same time he recommended the student to Pringle of Torwoodlee, who further aided him. But he gave way to intemperance and fled to England, where he joined the Episcopal Communion. He became a relentless persecutor of the Covenanters, and urged upon Lauderdale the necessity of extreme measures. He came by a sad death. His hatred of William Veitch led him to vow, in a drunken carousal, that he would bring about the murder of the Covenanting divine. On his way from Newcastle he seems to have tried to ford the River Pont. His body was found frozen upright. His boots and gloves were worn through, as if he had died in an agonizing struggle for life.

But this is a digression, though not without local interest.

It is probable that in 1679 Veitch had again begun to discharge the duties of the stated ministry, for on the 11th February of that year James Hume of Flass, a brother of the Laird of Bassendean, was married to Janet Lyle (of Falside) in Westruther Kirk.

In the summer of 1680 Veitch preached in a field-conventicle held near Dogden Moss. He was summoned to appear before the Council. Refusing to "receive as ordinance the commandments of men," he was denounced as a rebel and put to the horn. His hiding-place, as reported by Adam Lothian of Houndslow, and noted by the author of the "Covenanters of the Merse," was at Jordan-Law Moss, near Spottiswoode, and not far from Pyotshaw Wood, where tradition says the Covenanters of an earlier day sought concealment.

About the middle of the year 1683 Veitch, along with several others, was charged with harbouring Alex. Hume of Hume before his apprehension. He refused to take the Test and was held bound to appear at the Justiciary in Edinburgh. In August he was committed to the Tolbooth to await his trial in December. He was then dismissed "under caution," and deprived of his license to preach at Westruther. In 1684 he was cited to Duns, but did not appear. His son, George, had the process discharged under a bond of 5000 merks.

In the end of 1685 Veitch was apprehended and thrown into the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. He had neither candle, nor fire, nor liberty to

see his friends for several months. He was "a poor, old, infirm supplicant, so sickly and weak that his life was in danger." He was attended by Sir Ro. Sibbald, who had now turned Papist, but who had been an intimate friend of his own in former days. It had been for this kind physician that he had written "ane descriptione of Berwick shyre in the Merse, two sheet and a halfe." Sibbald's MS. Collection may be seen in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. It is the work of an eminent scholar and a painstaking penman, and contrasts most favourably with the letters of many of the nobility and gentry of the day.

There is a touch of humour in the story of the old minister leaving the manse at Westruther for indefinite imprisonment. He advised the curate in charge to maintain the peat-stack so that on his return he might "have his own again." At that time, and even one hundred years later, the incumbent had a right to six days' casting of peat at Bassendean.

Mr Veitch continued to be minister in Westruther for fifteen years after the Revolution. He had a genial friend and co-presbyter in the person of the Rev. John Hardy, minister in Gordon. On one occasion the attendance at Holy Communion at Gordon was so large that additional tables were sent from Westruther to accommodate the communicants.

In the beautiful little Free Church at Westruther may be seen a plain dark slab bearing the following inscription:—

"In memory of John Veitch, for fifty-four years minister of this parish. He was ordained in 1649. He was twice forced to leave his manse because he would not receive as ordinance the commandments of men, and died on his return from attending the Commission of the General Assembly in December 1703, at Dalkeith, where also he was buried. The people of Westruther again departing from their Church, because they cannot own other than Christ's authority within Christ's Kingdom, and remembering the example of one who being dead yet speaketh, erected this stone in the year of Grace, 1843."

And if this monument be considered as claiming too much either for the minister or the Secession, the following eulogium from the pen of the late Dr Ro. Jamieson, one of the ablest ministers of the Church of Scotland and at one time minister of Westruther, may be quoted:—"The fidelity of this excellent man—his uncompromising principles—his extensive influence and celebrity as a preacher, procured him the distinction of being included in the number of those Scottish ministers who were watched and marked for proscription by the advisers of Charles II."

It is undoubtedly true that not one of the Churches has a monopoly of the spirit which moved our Covenanting forefathers to prefer principle to policy in ecclesiastical affairs. What is best in all the Churches is the fruit of the labours of men who, like John Veitch, had courage to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

A. T. G.

The Hyslop Memorial.

ON Friday, 22nd July, 1898, a public dinner was held in the Queensberry Hotel, Sanquhar, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of James Hyslop, author of "The Cameronian Dream." Towards the close of the proceedings on that occasion, a suggestion was made that an effort should be exerted for the purpose of securing some fitting and abiding memorial of the poet. The suggestion was at once accepted, and a committee was there and then appointed to carry out the matter. The first act of this committee was to make an appeal to the public for subscriptions, and so generous was the response that in a few months the committee were able to announce that a sum had been subscribed which was large enough to warrant them making arrangements for erecting a monument that would not only be an honour to the memory of Hyslop, but an ornament to the district in which it was to be erected. From a variety of designs subsequently submitted to the committee, the one selected was that of an obelisk of polished Peterhead granite by Messrs Scott & Rae, Glasgow. The site ultimately fixed upon, occupies a fine position on the banks of the Crawick, on the farm of Whitehall, and generously granted by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

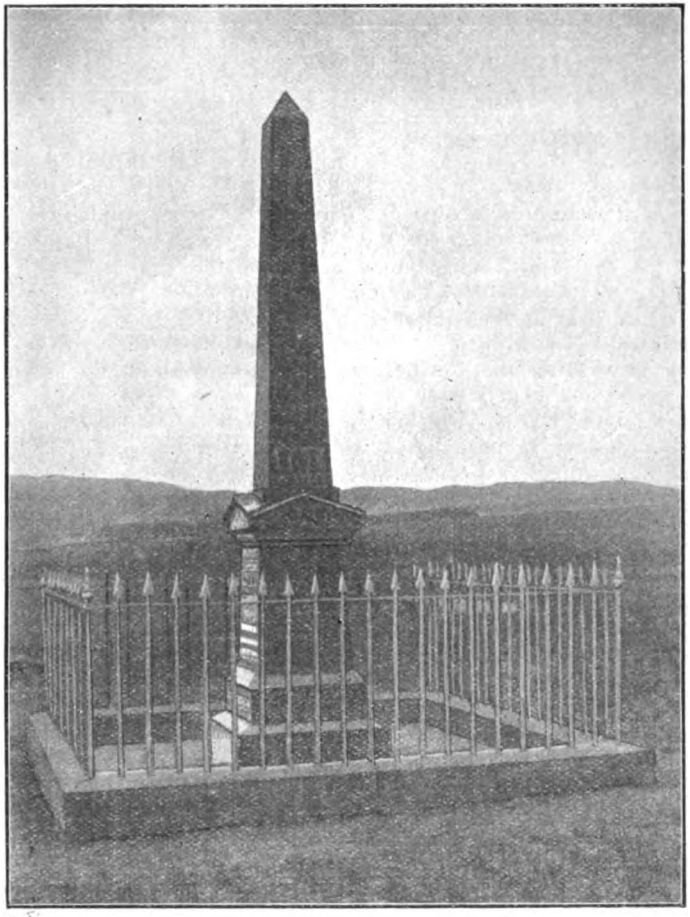
The date fixed for unveiling the memorial was Saturday, the 26th May last. Provost Waugh of Sanquhar presided on the occasion, and gave an interesting account of all that had led up to their meeting on that auspicious and memorable day. Calling upon Mr A. B. Todd to unveil the monument, that well-known journalist at once accepted the honour, and in the course of a stirring and fervent estimate of Hyslop's genius, concluded with this fine and eloquent peroration:—

"And there now stands his monument, and we trust to stand for centuries to come, to tell of the admiration which the people of this generation had for his genius, his achievements, and his worth. But, built though that monument is of the enduring granite, yet, as the centuries come and go, the corroding tooth of time may, in the lapse of ages, crumble it to dust; or the lightning of the thunder-clouds which brood and gather among those grey, old, everlasting hills, and which so frequently burst over this beautiful valley, may one day shiver it to pieces; but so long as the great Covenanting struggle of the 17th century has a place on the pages of Scottish history, so long will "The Cameronian Dream" keep the name of James Hyslop green, and bear it down with honour to far future times."

We have the pleasure of placing before our readers an illustration of the monument from a photograph taken by Mr James Laing, Sanquhar. The front panel of the obelisk bears the following inscription:—

JAMES HYSLOP:
Born 23rd July, 1798.
Died 4th November, 1827.
He wrapt himself within
His Plaid—And dreamt
"The Cameronian Dream."

CENTENARY MEMORIAL.



From Photo by Jas. Laing, Sanquhar.

THE HYSLOP MEMORIAL.

The lines here quoted are from the pen of Mr Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman.") The monument is surrounded by a substantial malleable iron railing of neat design let into a freestone base. The illustration from Mr Laing's photograph will convey to our readers a better idea of what the Hyslop memorial is like than many lines of descriptive matter.

After the luncheon which followed the pro-

ceedings at the inauguration of the monument, there was some interesting speaking under the presidency of Provost Waugh. Mr William Anderson, Glasgow, was called upon to propose the toast of the day, and while doing so he traced the career of Hyslop in fine and glowing terms. As Mr Anderson pointed out, the poet, whose memory they had that day met to honour, was "truly a poet of Covenant times. Born and brought up in a district so rich in Covenanting memories, it could hardly have been otherwise." The company then rose and drank to Hyslop's memory in solemn silence.

It should be mentioned here that during the day it was arranged that the custody of The Hyslop Memorial be handed over to a sub-committee of subscribers, consisting of Provost Waugh, Mr J. R. Wilson, Mr A. B. Todd, and Mr Wm. Anderson. Any vacancies occurring are to be filled up by the remaining members, and instructions noted to the effect that the monument be visited annually on the anniversary of the poet's birth, or as near that date as possible.

A Sharp Salmon.

By A. Fisher.

IT was a fine morning in the height of the fishing season, and I had made up my mind to spend the day in pursuing the gentle art. As I was journeying to my prospective destination at a somewhat leisurely pace, I was overtaken by a brother angler who seemed in a great hurry to wet his line. He was a stranger to the district and had heard great accounts of a river teeming with salmon and sea-trout, and like many another enthusiast, had dreams of an immense basket to be carried home at night. As we journeyed along our talk naturally was of fish and fishing, and I learned that he had had the good fortune to kill several fine salmon (at least so he said), in a neighbouring river. Arrived at the river, we found the water somewhat discoloured from recent rains, and having agreed that worm was the bait to be used, we commenced fishing a hundred yards or so from each other. Ten minutes had elapsed when I heard a shout and saw my friend frantically waving his hand. Throwing down my rod, off I rushed, gaff in hand, over rocks and through pools, barking my shins on slippery places, but eager to render assistance. He had been fishing at a place where the whole body of water flows between two rocks, and after rushing some half-dozen yards in a strong stream, falls into a deep rock-fringed pool. "What have you got hold of?" I shouted, almost out of breath. "A salmon, and a good one," was the reply. "I hooked him up in the neck of the stream, and he rushed down into the pool—he's lying close to the edge behind that rock, and I can't get him to move. He's a twenty pounder I should think from the weight he needs." "What kind of tackle have you got—will it hold him?" I asked. "Oh! it's all right, it is the strongest I could get." All this time he was standing with rod bent almost double, and the salmon seemed to be quite at ease and not inclined for much exertion. I peered over the rock quite near the edge, behind which he had indicated the fish to be lying, but owing to the perturbed state of the river I could see nothing. Five minutes passed and no alteration had taken place in the state of affairs, so I ventured to suggest that I should throw in a stone to see if I could get the fish to move. After some demur on his part he at last agreed to this, and I plunged a good big stone down into the pool just where the sulky fish should be lying. But master salmon cared as little for stones as he did for hooks, and stone succeeded stone without producing the desired effect. I suggested that my friend had hooked an old sack, but he was indignant at the very idea—he had seen its broad red back as it dashed over the falls into the pool. To dispel my doubts he asked me to take the rod and feel how the fish pulled, and true enough there was the heaving motion such as is produced by a big fish. I relinquished the rod immediately, not wishing to be blamed for losing such a monster. We were now at our wit's end, and my friend was quite sure that it had taken up its quarters in some stronghold where it could defy us for an indefinite time, provided always that the tackle held out. At last, after wearisome waiting, I stripped my coat, rolled up my shirt sleeves, and tried by lying over the rock to reach the bottom with the gaff. To my surprise it was little over two feet deep, and I made a swift and deadly stroke, as I thought, but only to blunt the gaff on the rock over which I lay. I now commenced some fishing on my own hook. I carefully dragged the point of the gaff over the bottom until I met with some body which stopped further progress. "You're touching him now," yelled my friend, hoping to the last, and with one feel swoop I pulled nearly a yard out of the water—a rusty scythe blade.

A Bicycle Run to Duns.

ONE fine May morning a friend and I started from a little village about eight miles from Glasgow, with the intention of cycling to Duns, the famous old town that "dings a'." For the first five miles the road was rather hilly, and although we passed between two lochs, namely, Lochend and Woodend, the scenery was not altogether lovely, our view being generally obstructed by intervening coalpits and ironworks. Our first stop was at Coatbridge, one of the dirtiest, but, strange to say, healthiest towns in Scotland. Here we took the train to Forrestfield in order to avoid a bad road and a long incline. Reaching the latter about 11.30 a.m., we immediately set off on the main road for Edinburgh. The wind being in our favour and the road in good condition, we spinned along to Armadale at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, but instead of continuing on the main road here, we turned northwards and, after a very pleasant run of six or seven miles through a fine agricultural district, we reached Linlithgow just in time for lunch. After partaking of a much-welcomed repast, we visited the palace, once a favourite residence of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, but now a splendid ruin.

Scott thus refers to it in "Marmion":

> "Of all the palaces so fair
> Built for the royal dwelling,
> In Scotland far beyond compare,
> Linlithgow is excelling."

This immense building was burned in 1424, but was rebuilt by James III., James V., and James VI. It is a massive quadrangular edifice, beautifully situated on an eminence which advances a little way into the lake. Near it is situated St Michael's Church which, though partly burned at the same time as the palace, is one of the best preserved Gothic Churches in Scotland. After examining the decaying grandeur, we again mounted our bicycles and set off for Edinburgh. This part of our journey was accomplished uninterrupted, as there were no ruins of castle, palace, or tower to demand our attention. The only structure of art, and of which we but caught a glimpse, was the Forth Bridge. We arrived in Edinburgh shortly after three o'clock, but having neither money nor time to spend, we soon left behind us the old capital with its numerous buildings, both interesting and historical. Our next stop was Portobello, where we stayed for an hour and a half, during which time we had tea and "forty winks." Being greatly refreshed, we again started on our journey, and for the most part our way lay along the coast. We passed through Musselburgh and Prestonpans, both of which are great fishing towns, and at the latter saw the place where the Highlanders under bonnie Prince Charlie won a victory in 1745. The next villages, which are scarcely worth mentioning, were Cockenzie, Aberlady, Gullane, and Dirleton. Last of all we arrived at North Berwick, where we stayed a few days, during which time we visited Tantallon Castle, once the residence of the Douglases. It is situated on a high promontory and has every appearance of having been a great stronghold in the time of the Covenanters.

We started from North Berwick early in the afternoon, and went first to Dunbar, on the road to which we passed several little villages, the prettiest of which was Tyningham. Our next stop was at Cockburnspath, which is a most interesting place. In reality there are two villages under the name of Cockburnspath, one situated on the shore, the other fully half a mile from the sea, in which there is a hotel. From this hotel to the sea there stretches a cave, but whether it is still used as a passage I cannot say. In olden times it was of great use to the smugglers who frequented our coasts. Before arriving at this village we passed over two beautiful little burns which flow through the estate of Dunglass. About a mile further on we passed Ravenswood Tower which recalls to our mind Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor." Just beside the tower is a burn which takes its name from the tower, and over which there is a very small bridge (now in ruins) which Cromwell and his army crossed on their way to Dunbar. We reached Grant's House about six o'clock, and there we turned directly south over the Lammermoors. The north side of the hills was rather bare, but on gaining the summit we had on our right the crystal waters of the Whitadder, sometimes trickling over bare hills, but more often hidden entirely from our view by thick woods of fir trees. The decline on the south side was very steep, but well wooded, and is known in the surrounding district as the "Cleugh." After passing Preston, we crossed the Whitadder, now a stream of considerable importance and splendid for fishing. We went on as far as Cumledge, where we stayed all night with a friend, and the next day we visited Duns, which is only two miles further on. There is nothing very much to be said about Duns. It is a nice clean old town, and near it is Duns Castle, situated in beautiful grounds on the side of a loch. After making a few calls in Duns, we went for

a short ride of about ten miles to a farm called Whitrig along a beautiful smooth road, passing Mount Pleasant, Bogend, Leitim, and Orange Lane, returning the same way in the evening, and arriving at Cumledge about 7.30. The next day being Saturday we started on our way back to North Berwick, but this time took a different route. We went first to Duns, then via Clockmill to Hardins Hill, at the top of which we obtained one of the most magnificent views that eye ever witnessed. All the country lying to the east, south, and west we could see for miles and miles, our view to the north being obstructed by the Lammermoors. In the distance we saw the Cheviots and the Eildons, near which are Melrose Abbey, the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott was buried. Straight ahead of us lay the snug little village of Longformacus buried, as it were, in a valley of trees. After passing the latter village our way lay up a very steep hill, over which we never attempted to ride, but screwing up our courage, as the saying is, we soon reached the top but only to find such another in front of us. Here, I am sorry to say, the road ceased to be, and in its place was a very rough green track. On reaching the top of the second hill we thought that the way must surely descend soon. In the meantime, however, we had to walk along the top of the hill; then came into our view a valley at the opposite end of which, to our great disgust, was another hill as high, if not higher, than the one we had just ascended. Unluckily, the road now did not even consist of a rough green track, but was composed of great big stones, and, consequently, in many places we had to carry our bicycles instead of our bicycles carrying us. I began to think that we must have taken the wrong road, when I called to my remembrance that there was a finger-post at Longformacus distinctly telling us that this was the road to Haddington. Well, we walked steadily on, pushing our bicycles when we had not to carry them, and about an hour afterwards we succeeded in reaching the top of the third hill. I can tell you our hearts did sink when we saw we had still another hill to ascend. It was now about three o'clock, and having left Duns about ten, with nothing to eat during the interval, we began to feel a bit hungry. We looked round to see if we could not find a shepherd's hut, but neither shepherd nor hut could be seen, nothing but hills and streams and sheep. I do not think the sheep had ever seen bicycles before, because they looked quite terrified. I forgot to mention that the streams we had to cross had no bridges, but I think that was one of the most delightful parts of our adventure—just taking up our bicycles and walking straight through the water.

After surveying the country, we again continued our journey, and I think I never felt so glad in all my life when, on gaining the top of the fourth and last hill, I saw towering away in front, instead of the Lammermoors, the Bass Rock. I called to my friend, who had lingered a little behind, and when she came up we sat down and, while resting, called to our minds the passage from "Marmion":

> "The noon had long been passed before
> They gained the height of Lammermoor;
> Thence winding down the northern way,
> Before them, at the close of day,
> Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay."

This passage exactly describes our journey as far as Gifford, near to which is the ancient castle of Gifford, or Yester as it is sometimes called. From thence we proceeded to Haddington, where we had tea, and then hurried home to North Berwick, arriving at the latter place about nine o'clock, much later than we had anticipated.

A Border Map.

MR SMAIL of Jedburgh has lately published a small but exceedingly clear and handy map which will prove of much interest and service to residents, visitors, tourists, and others in the Border country.* It is drawn and engraved from the Ordnance Survey maps on the scale of two miles to the inch by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. Doubled and folded in three, this Border map slips nicely into the pocket, where it neither takes up room nor adds to the weight of what may be already there. With Jedburgh for its centre, the map takes us as far to the north-west and north as Melrose and Kelso; Kirk Yetholm and the Cheviots on the east and south; down the Slitrig to Hawick on the west; and completes the boundary by including Lilliesleaf and Bowden. Everything is clearly laid down, the flow of burns and rivers, the height of hills and mountains, the line of railways, Roman roads, etc. It is not often that we get a little humour out of a map, but a glance over some of the names on the one before us sets us a-smiling, and reminds us that we are looking at a bit of Sir Walter's Country and the land

*Smail's Border Map: Jedburgh District. Jedburgh: T. S. Smail.

of Border humorists: to wit, "Pity me" near Jedburgh, and "Fatlips Castle" on the Minto grounds. The price of the map is only threepence!

The Foul Fords.

"The muirs and the waters remain!
The road ower the brae
We sae aft used to gae."

IN the heart of the Lammermoors lies the quaint little village of Longformacus. It is prettily situated on Dye Water, within a few miles of the point where it joins the Whit-Adder, a northern tributary of the river Tweed. Here resided many years ago a certain John Neale. He is said to have been descended from a famous Macneill, who was a farrier in the army of the Rebellion of 1715. John, too, was a blacksmith, and along with his son, Henry, has left to posterity a tragic memory in a weird, old-world, story which lingers beside what is locally termed the "Fool Foords."

This eerie spot, so ominous in name, is to be seen on Greenlaw Moor, about midway between Longformacus and Greenlaw. At the latter place John Neale had attended his sister's funeral, and on the afternoon of a December day was returning home greatly depressed in spirits. Near Dronshiel he was met by Robert Wilson of Blacksmill, who remarked upon his wan appearance and dejected state of mind. At midnight he reached his own doorstep, where he fell down senseless, and he was carried to what seemed his death-bed. When morning broke he regained consciousness, and requested his wife to send for the minister of the parish. Mr Ord was soon by his side, and Neale asked to see him alone. To him he related the strange story of his journey across the Moor. He stated that a body of riders on horseback surrounded him. In the company he discerned many of his relatives who had died years before, as well as his sister who had that day been interred at Greenlaw. The leader of the cavalcade had a feather in his hat, and led a riderless horse. He ordered Neale to mount the empty seat. Refusing to do so, he was seized and only escaped by promising that none of his family would ever cross "The Foul Fords" after sunset or before sunrise, on pain of an awful death.

When the minister left the house, the dying man called his wife and family together, and made them promise, one by one, that they would, on no account, cross the Moor in the darkness of night. Immediately thereafter, he threw his hands over his head and expired. It was only after the death of Mr Ord that the manse housekeeper, Mrs Deans, revealed the secret story, which the minister had told her in confidence.

Ten years after John Neale died, his son Henry went in the fall of the year to Floors Castle, to settle some business affairs with the Duke of Roxburgh's Chamberlain there. He returned by Greenlaw, and continued his way home by the Castle Rings and the west side of the Kames. John Michie, blacksmith, at Spottiswoode, was the last person to see Neale in life. As a thick mist seemed falling over the Moor, he tried to dissuade him from going by the "Foul Fords." Neale asked Michie to accompany him as he knew the night would be a fatal one. But their roads soon parted, and the awe-struck man seems to have died in terrible agony. His body was found almost naked next morning by Adam Redpath, who was on his way to his daily work of digging drains.

It is to be noted that when this story has been related John and Henry Neale have generally been designated men of dissolute habits. This statement, however, seems to have been imported to account in some way for a tragic event which could not otherwise be explained. But in the village itself there is no record of the habitual drunkenness of the men. They were strong, stalwart, rude in speech, and blustering in manner—men not likely to be terrified by the ordinary occurrences of life. In the case of Henry Neale, at any rate, one is constrained to believe the oft-repeated affirmation of honest John Michie that he was "absolutely and entirely sober" on the evening of his death.

The question then arises as to the truth of John Neale's mysterious encounter. That he told it to Mr Ord as stated above is beyond doubt, but it is the delirium of a man whose mental balance was lost, it may be, in the realization of utter loneliness. Thus Henry Neale's death may be assumed to be a mere coincidence, or a confirmation of the law of heredity

The wayfarer may now see at the "Foul Fords" a tall grey slab erected by Mr Spottiswoode, in commemoration of an event which occurred in an age when superstitious fears held greater sway over the feelings and imagination of men than in these days of more sober judgment and higher education.

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SIR WALTER THORBURN OF GLENBRECK, PEEBLESSHIRE,

M.P. FOR THE COMBINED COUNTIES OF PEEBLES AND SELKIRK.

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Sir Walter Thorburn, M.P.

THE constituency of the United Counties of Peebles and Selkirk were most agreeably surprised and delighted by an announcement in the morning newspapers of Monday, 1st January, 1900, that Her Majesty the Queen had been graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Mr Walter Thorburn, who has represented the United Counties in Parliament since August 1886. In Peebles the news was received with every manifestation of delight, and everyone appeared to feel that the honour conferred on their representative reflected honour on themselves.

The new knight was born in 1842, being the third son of Mr Walter Thorburn, Springwood, Peebles. He was educated privately and at Musselburgh Academy. Receiving a business training, he early displayed the energy which has characterised him throughout his career. In 1869, when the Waulk Mill was put up for sale by the town, it was acquired by the firm of Messrs Walter Thorburn & Bros., and since then has been built up that large and successful business of tweed manufacturing carried on at Damdale Mills. His abilities were for a time devoted entirely to the business in which he, as senior member of the firm, had special interest. Since entering Parliament, however, he has devoted almost his entire time to the interests of the constituency, which he so well represents, his younger brother, Mr M. G. Thorburn, taking upon himself the management to a considerable extent of the large and increasing business.

In 1871, two years after starting the firm of Messrs Thorburn & Bros., Mr Walter married a daughter of the late Mr David Scott, Meadowfield, Duddingston, taking up residence at Kerfield. In 1896, at the celebration of their silver wedding, Mr and Mrs Thorburn were presented with an enormous number of presents, including one from the employees in the works, consisting of a very handsome set of solid silver fruit dishes, which they very highly appreciated as evincing the goodwill which had always existed between employer and employed. The happiness of their married life was fully testified to by Mr Thorburn, when, at the entertainment given to the workers at that time, he stated that he was more proud that night of his wife than when he first married her.

Sir Walter's interest in agriculture is well known. In 1889 he purchased the estate of Glenbreck, in the parish of Tweedsmuir, consisting of from six to seven thousand acres, and enlarged and improved the shooting lodge, which makes a pretty feature in the landscape amongst the surrounding hills. In the same year, Lords A. and L. Cecil, having left Orchardmains, Mr Thorburn, in the interest of the health of his family, removed there from Kerfield, and, in addition to the mansion house,

took over the farms of Orchardmains and Newhall. He is much interested in a herd of pedigree shorthorns, which he has established, and has already earned a high reputation as a breeder. During the last few years his young bulls, sold at Perth, Kelso, and Berwick, have maintained an average in price equal if not higher than many old-established breeders. He has recently added to his herd by the purchase of a very famous bull named "Bell the Cat," whose produce has commanded enormous prices, one of his sons having fetched the sum of 3800 dollars at Buenos Ayres. He no doubt looks forward to improving and strengthening the reputation of his herd by this addition of new blood. In 1896, Sir Walter returned from Orchardmains to Kerfield, where he has since resided.

It is in politics Sir Walter has taken the deepest interest and has come most prominently before the public. In 1868 he was Chairman of Committee for Sir John Murray of Philiphaugh, when he contested the counties against Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart. of Stanhope. Sir Graham won the election by three votes. This was before the adoption of the Ballot Act and the extension of the franchise. He remained Chairman of the Liberal Association, and in 1880 was Sir Charles Tennant's right-hand man, when the Liberal party won the seat, Sir Charles ousting Sir Graham by a majority of 32. In 1885 Mr Thorburn continued actively to support Sir Charles Tennant, who again carried the election, this time by a majority of 708. In 1886, after the introduction and defeat of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, Mr Thorburn severed himself from the Gladstonian party. The Unionists having failed to secure a suitable candidate, he stepped into the breach at the last moment, and with much personal regret at having to oppose his old friend, Sir Charles. Believing, however, the question to be of such vital importance to the country, and being confident that the opinion of the United Counties was decidedly opposed to Home Rule, he became a candidate, and proved the correctness of his belief by winning the seat, and converting Sir Charles's majority of six months before into a minority of 50. He thus became member for the United Counties, and has since retained the seat, although he has been opposed on two occasions. In 1892, Sir Thomas D. Gibson Carmichael of Castlecraig contested the seat, and after a contest carried on with the greatest good nature and kindliness between the rival candidates, Mr Thorburn was again returned, by a majority of 236. The other occasion on which he had to contest the seat was in 1895, when the Master of Elibank came forward in the Radical interest, and was defeated, Mr Thorburn being again triumphant, after a stiff fight, by a majority of 54. He was in very indifferent health at the time, and was unable to compete with the marvellous energy and work of the Master of Elibank and his good lady.

During the time he has been in Parliament, Sir Walter has faithfully attended to the interests of his constituency, and has proved himself a popular representative. He has also introduced and successively carried through one or two bills which have been of great public benefit, notably that bill whereby the residents in a police burgh attached to a Royal burgh should have votes as well as the residents in the Royal burgh. Previous to the passing of this bill residents in extended burghs such as Peebles had no vote although they paid municipal taxes, and Mr Thorburn received many thanks for his work in connection with that bill. Another bill which he was successful in passing was the Terms Removal Bill, which had the effect of equalising the dates of removal terms in town and country. The Farm Servants' Holiday Bill, which he introduced for the purpose of giving farm servants a holiday in lieu of fast days and fair days, which were gradually being abolished, passed through the House of Commons without a division, but was eventually lost in the House of Lords, an equal number voting for and against it, and by the rules of the House, the bill fell. Mr Thorburn also introduced a bill for the purpose of having a plebiscite taken of the people of Scotland on the question of the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, the object being to have the opinion of the Scottish people on this subject without being mixed up with other issues at a general election, but the bill never got to a second reading, being systematically blocked. Sir Walter has spoken in the House on Home Rule, particularly on Home Rule for Scotland, which he opposed, and on the Agricultural Rating Bill, which he supported. Although not intervening frequently in debate, he has generally taken part in the discussion of Scotch questions of which he had some knowledge, almost every session taking part in the debates on one subject or other.

Sir Walter received hundreds of letters and telegrams congratulating him on the honour of knighthood conferred upon him. These came from all parts of the United Counties, as well as from many other districts in the kingdom. The utmost satisfaction was expressed

throughout the constituency with the honour conferred upon their Parliamentary representative, for whom we wish continued prosperity, and many years in which to bear his title. It will be interesting to our readers to know that Sir Walter's son is at present in South Africa serving with his regiment, the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers.

[For the foregoing article and the portrait block of Sir Walter Thorburn, we are indebted to Mr Allan Smyth, the obliging and enterprising proprietor of "The Peeblesshire Advertiser."—Ed. *B.M.*]

Selkirk Common-Riding

As Seen by an Outsider.

IT is scarcely possible for a resident in any of the Border towns to escape the infectious enthusiasm which takes possession of the good folks of Hawick, Selkirk, and Langholm when the Common-Riding season comes round. For weeks before the great event is so much in everybody's mind, especially in the first-mentioned burgh, and as the time draws near the coming event is on everybody's tongue, so that even a casual observer cannot but be struck, and to a greater or less extent interested. With many of the people the Common-Riding is the one outstanding event of the year. All their important family and social engagements are dated from the festival season. They are married at the Common-Riding, their baby was born just before the great event, their father died on the very day of the celebration, and so on ad infinitum. To an outsider it is all very puzzling and mysterious—he cannot quite make out what it is all about, but to be a true-born "Teri" or "Souter" it is as natural as the air he breathes, and to be absent from the great festival, when it comes round, is the regret of a life-time in the eyes of the good burghers of the three towns mentioned.

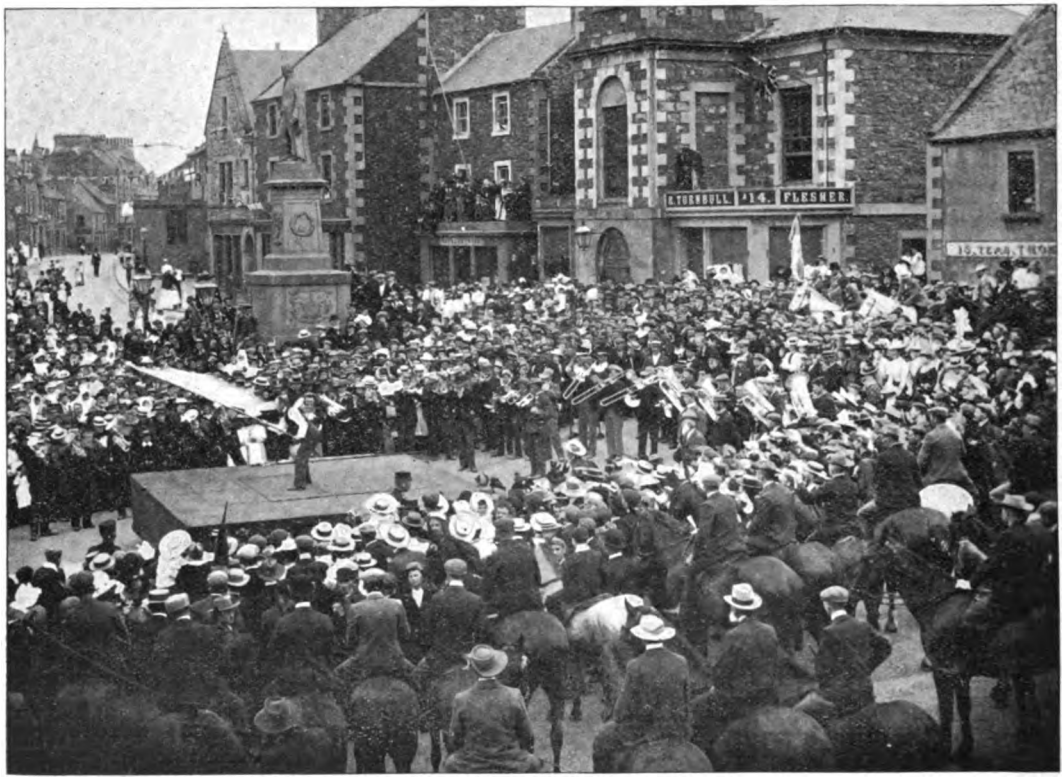
No matter how much an outsider may hear about a Common-Riding, he cannot properly understand it unless he has been present. It is one of those commemoration days that need to be seen to be understood. The writer was present at the last celebration at Selkirk, and to some extent at least was enabled to understand what it means to a native Souter to share in the fun and excitement of the Common-Riding. On the Thursday night, he was privileged in being present at the "Bussing of the Colours" on the new flag of the Tailors' Corporation. The Town Hall, where the ceremony was held, was filled with eager and sympathetic sight-seers, who were evidently prepared to cheer to the echo anything that was to add glory to the ancient and interesting ceremony. The Deacon of the Corporation—a thorough-bred Souter—and a character in his way, gave the right tone to the meeting by his spirited and humorous address. As he spoke it was easily seen the excitement was rising, and even a stranger could not help being influenced by the magnetism of the surroundings. Needless to say, "The Flowers o' the Forest," both versions, was sung, the new by a stranger who had never been at a Common-Riding before (Mr D. Pringle, Innerleithen), and the old by one of the fair Souteresses, Miss Douglas, of Selkirk. The Tailors were doubly proud of themselves this year—and with good reason—for had they not a beautiful new flag painted entirely by one of their own craft, and which would have reflected high credit on any knight of the brush. Amid breathless silence the event of the evening, the "Bussing of the Colours," was deftly performed by Miss Lothian, daughter of Mr Jas. Lothian, the artist referred to. Thereafter the Standard-bearer promised that he would do his duty faithfully and well on the eventful morrow, and invited his fellow-tradesmen to follow the standard in large numbers. Three cheers were given for the Queen, the Deacon, the Standard-bearer, Miss Lothian, and the singers, and the meeting broke up in thorough good humour.

Later in the evening the ceremony of presenting a new sash, subscribed for by Souters residing in Edinburgh, took place in the same building. The Provost presided, and was supported by the Bailies and several Town Councillors. Mr Duncan Sword, as representing the subscribers, handed over the sash to Provost Russell, who, in accepting it, said it was only another evidence that wherever "Souters" were to be found their hearts beat true to their good old burgh. He mentioned that in addition to the sash they had received a riding switch from lads in Pretoria, and a bridle from New South Wales, to be run for in the morning. The town's Standard-bearer, Mr Scott, was present, but the ceremony of pinning it on his breast was delayed, so that it might be done at the Provost's residence by Mrs Russell on Friday morning. This meeting was not so large nor enthusiastic as that of the Tailors' Corporation, but all the same the real ring of the Common-Riding spirit was very evident.

The meeting broke up just in time to see the Cycle Parade, which also was spiritedly carried through, and in the best of humour, and it appeared to be much enjoyed by the large

crowd of spectators. A short visit to the "Haugh" with its flaming electric lights from a host of showmen's caravans, and where also every one was in the best of spirits, ended "the nicht afore the morn," as the phrase runs, and the decent citizens retired to bed in happy anticipation of a glorious Friday morning.

The proverbial good luck of the "Souters" with respect to weather did not forsake them, for it was a glorious morning, and by six o'clock nearly everybody, as one might say, was on the streets, either to see or be seen, or to take part in the ancient ceremonial. The proceedings, of course, began at the Provost's residence, where a platform had been erected, and where the Edinburgh sash was pinned on the Standard-bearer's breast. Thereafter the usual cavalcade, numbering over a hundred horsemen, was formed, and preceded by the Jubilee Silver Band, the Standard-bearer and the four Corporations, and attended by thousands of spectators, the procession marched together through the streets to the Corn Mill. As usual, the procession split in two here—the horsemen to cross the river and ride the marches of the Burgh's property by Linglie Farm, re-crossing the river again down near Bridgeheugh, and returning into the town by Shawburn Old Toll. As the horsemen set out to ride round the boundaries, the Corporations and the general public return to the town from the Corn Mill, and have time to enjoy an extra good breakfast before the horsemen are due on the Galashiels road. About nine o'clock the braeface just above the Toll, and every point of vantage was eagerly taken up by the crowd to watch the riders as they returned from the marches. The four races on the road were keenly contested, and immediately they were over there was a hurry-scurry by the crowd to the Market Square so as to be in time to see the "Casting of the Colours." Headed by the band the procession was re-formed, and on arrival in the town the riders take up a position at the back of the crowd on the upper side of the Square, while the Corporations, whose representatives were to figure in the ceremony of the colour-casting, take their places within the railed-off space, the arena of the morning's great performance. Without loss of time and to the music of "Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk," the four flags



From Photo by MARKET PLACE, SELKIRK—CASTING THE COLOURS. A. R. Edwards, Selkirk

were deftly "cast," the proceedings being carefully watched by thousands of spectators, who were not stinted in the applause they rendered to the heroes of the hour. The ceremony was soon over, but its exact import and meaning was not easily gathered by a stranger. All the same it was exceedingly impressive and effective, and carried through with great enthusiasm, perhaps more so than any other part of the morning's proceedings. It struck one as singularly appropriate that it should finish with the playing of the "Flowers o' the Forest" and "God Save the Queen" by the band. The Provost then called for three cheers for the Queen, and Bailie Linton for a similar compliment to the Provost, and thus the Common-Riding of 1900 was at an end.

From a spectator's point of view, the whole proceedings, from beginning to end, were most enjoyable and interesting. A simple visitor need not pretend to understand the meaning of it all, nor to be very well versed in the history of the ancient festival and all that it implies, but looked at from the outside, it seems to be well worthy of preservation, more especially as its attractions are said to be growing every year. Provost Russell said on Thursday night that the remarkable patriotism which the present war had called forth was but the outcome of such institutions as theirs. If that be so, the effect of the Common-Riding must be to foster and encourage that love of home and country of which we are so proud to-day.

"ROBIN."

Memorial to the Late Mr Bell, Schoolmaster.

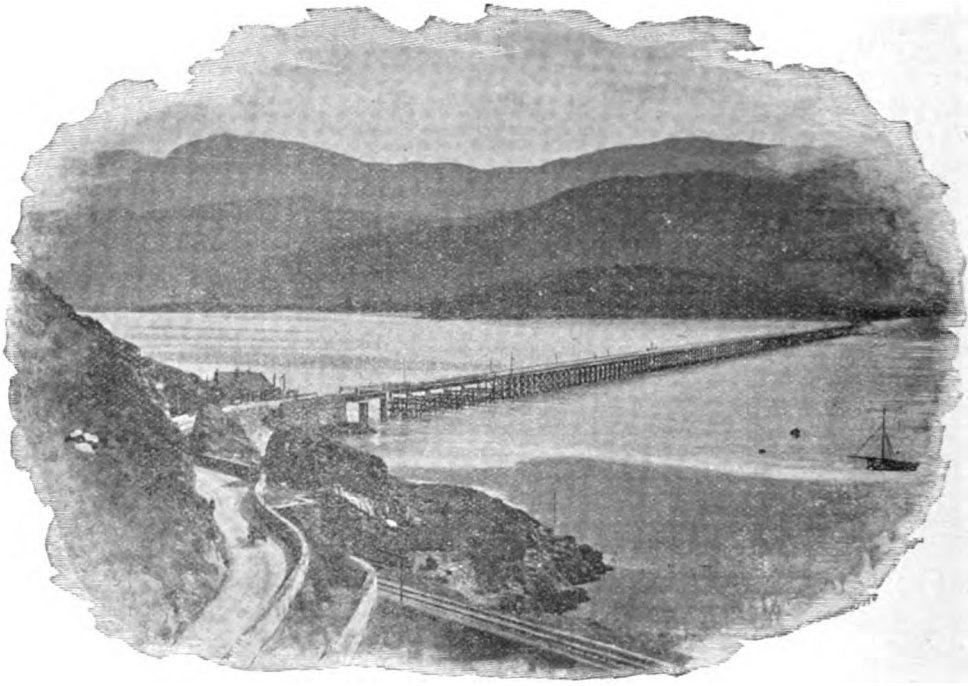
THERE was lately placed in Yarrow Churchyard a handsome grey granite cross, in memory of the late William Bell, for many years schoolmaster of Yarrow. The memorial was erected out of loving memory by Mr Bell's many old pupils and friends in Yarrow and elsewhere. It stands ten feet high, and the base occupies a space of four feet square. The cross is a very fine example of the well-known Celtic order, and stands out in a most prominent position in the churchyard, being easily discernible from the public road. It bears the following inscription:—"To the memory of William Bell, for thirty-nine years schoolmaster of Yarrow. Erected in grateful appreciation of his worth and works by his old pupils and friends. Born 11th December, 1858, died 6th April, 1899." The work was executed by Mr G. Sutherland, Galashiels.

Esther Kennedy.

ON Saturday morning, 5th May, 1900, there passed away from our midst, in her eightieth year, Esther Kennedy, one who has been longer and better known in the village of Kirkhope and the Ettrick valley generally than any other who could be named to-day. Esther Kennedy was in many respects a remarkable woman. Force of character, quick and keen discernment, ready expression, and high descriptive power, were all marked characteristics of the woman; and had it been the fortune of such a man as Ian Maclaren or J. M. Barrie to meet with her at her fireside and to listen to her in a cracking mood, he would have been furnished with a more robust and forceful type of Scottish character than either Drumtochty or Thrums has supplied. Everybody in Ettrick, and many beyond it, knew Esther; and it may be said with equal truth that there were few residents or visitors to the vale whom she did not know, and know about. Very few people, driving or walking, passed her shop door without pulling up or stepping inside to enquire after her health, or to purchase some of her wares—as often as otherwise for the sake of hearing her pithy observations on men and things. She was well informed on general matters, not excluding politics, and had well formed opinions on the questions of the time and the leading statemen of the age. Her estimates of the latter were always discriminating and definite, though sometimes expressed in terms more forcible than flattering. She was a daughter of an old and respected family in Ettrick-bridge, and after a period of domestic service in her youthful days she came home to attend to the little grocery business which had been conducted by her forebears in the village. For many years she drove her own pony and cart to Selkirk for supplies of goods, and in this capacity executed commissions of many kinds for the villagers. Of late years she was a good deal troubled with rheumatism, but enjoyed a fair measure of health and strength till a few months ago, and was in a way able to attend to her little business till within a fortnight of her death. Her remains were accompanied to the quiet burying-ground of Kirkhope by a large number of relatives and friends from all parts of the valley, from Yarrow, Selkirk, and other places. Short religious services were conducted in the house and at the grave by the Rev. Mr Macmillan and Rev. Mr Birkett respectively.—*Southern Reporter.*

Edinburgh Borderers' Union Excursion to Wales.

THE fourth annual autumn excursion in connection with this Union took place from 30th August to 8th September. Barmouth, or in Welsh, Abermaw, on the West Coast of Merionethshire, was selected as the headquarters. From here a series of daily excursions were made. The drive to Tyn-y-groes and Mount Morgan Gold Mines was probably the finest. The road ran along the Estuary of the Mawddach and the windings of the coast line gave an ever-changing panorama of hill and plain, water and mountain, which was very much admired. Ruskin has described this drive as "the finest in Europe." A less varied but still beautiful pathway led to Cwm-bychan Lake and the Roman Steps, said to be 2000 in number. These in most places were disappointing as steps, but the pass in the hills through which they led was wild and grand. The Waterfalls of Arthog, although not of great size, were very beautiful, and the ascent of Cader Idris which followed tried the wind and limb of the party. Cader is some 2929 feet high,—almost the same as Cheviot—and as the ascent begins practically at sea-level it is a stiff three hours' journey. The view from the summit is unsurpassed, and the guide informed the party that they had got the finest day of the season. The descent was made by the "Foxes' Path"—an almost perpendicular drop of some 800 feet over loose stones—to Dolgelly. The summit of Snowdon was reached by way of Bedd-gelert (the grave of Gelert, the faithful hound of Prince Llewellyn and the Pass of Aberglaslyn—probably the grandest scenery to be seen in Wales. Snowdon is 3560 feet high, but a pathway from Nant Gwynant leads all the way to the top and makes the ascent comparatively easy and safe, no guide being required as in the case of Cader. This pathway was opened by Mr Gladstone in September 1892, and partly climbed by him, and here in the lone mountain valley, from the summit of a commanding rock, he addressed a large audience of Welshmen on the subject of "Justice to Wales." An hotel, a postal and telegraph office, and a railway



From Block kindly lent by Hon. Secy., Holiday Tours in Wales, Barmouth.

BARMOUTH VIADUCT AND CADER IDRIS.

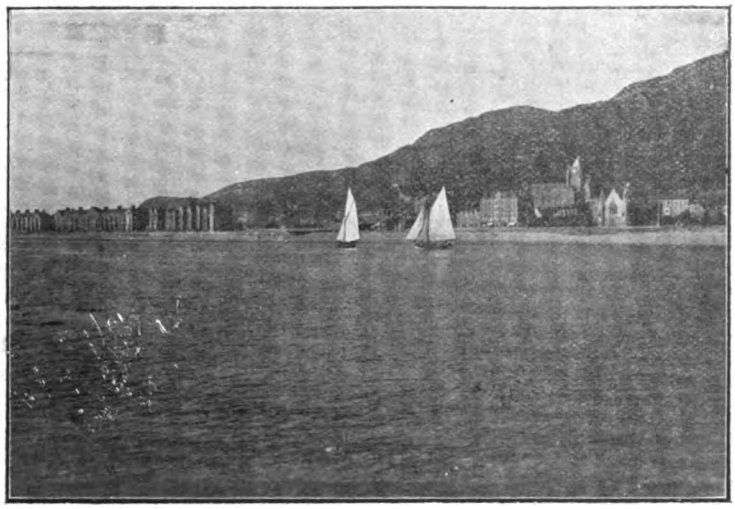
station give a somewhat prosaic aspect to the highest peak in England or Wales. A corner of Scotland, the Wicklow mountains in Ireland, and the Yorkshire and Westmoreland hills are said to be visible from Snowdon. The truth of this we cannot vouch for, but the view is magnificent in the extreme and the only regret was that time did not permit of its being sufficiently enjoyed. The drive from Bedd-gelert to Portmadoc on the homeward journey was along the picturesque banks of the Glasslyn. A visit to Bala, Festiniog, and the slate quarries of Oakley was much enjoyed. The slate quarries are said to be the largest in the world, and, through the kindness of the manager, Mr Roberts, the party were given an opportunity of inspecting the works and viewing the various processes of splitting, cutting, and shaping the slates.

Barmouth "the beautiful," as its natives fondly call it, is built on a narrow strip along the base of high cliffs and with a delightful stretch of clean, firm sand, many miles in length, forming an agreeable bathing resort. It has a normal population of about 2000, increased in the season to some 7000. Its Mayor, the Rev. G. Davies, J.P., takes a deep interest in all that concerns its welfare—temporal and spiritual. As President of the North Wales Holiday Association, he received the visitors, attended to their comfort, and accompanied them on the visit to the slate quarries. The town is clean and there is an abundant supply of pure water, which, however, we learned was costing the inhabitants in yearly rates something like 5/ per £ on the rental.

The short walks in the neighbourhood are numerous,—that known as the panorama walk —commanding lovely views of the Estuary, town, valleys, and mountains being most admired. The bathing is conducted in French style—there being no distinction between the sexes. The Borderers enjoyed the novelty, and the daily morning bathing parade was largely attended.

The party, twenty-nine in number, were comfortably lodged in the boarding-house of the Holiday Association—Miny-y-Mor —and the evenings were agreeably spent in social intercourse with the other visitors, who were greatly delighted with the Scottish Songs and Scottish Reels in which the party revelled. A farewell concert by the English visitors was given on the last night, and was attended by the Mayor, who sang the Welsh national song after "God Save the Queen."

On the outward journey a break was made at Chester where the quaint "Rows, City Walls, Cathedral, &c., were inspected, and a delightful drive to Hawarden Castle was enjoyed. On the return journey a short stay



From Block kindly lent by Hon. Secy., Holiday Tours in Wales, Barmouth.

MARINE PARADE, BARMOUTH

was made at Liverpool, and a break at Hawick for the Thomson Bi-centenary celebration at Southdean.

Altogether the excursion was a most enjoyable one and the weather throughout was perfect. The company were greatly struck with the beautiful scenery of Wales and the excellent bathing facilities, and if the railway companies would only be a little more liberal in their terms, Barmouth might speedily become one of the foremost holiday resorts. The Cambrian Railway is not noted for its speed, the journey from Chester to Barmouth, seventy-two miles, taking about three hours for its accomplishment.

The language at first sight looks harsh and the words unpronounceable, but after a very little experience it is found to be comparatively simple and easy, being largely phonetic. Most of the inhabitants, moreover, speak both Welsh and English with facility, and visitors, therefore, are never at a loss. At the Sunday evening service Mr Davies took notice of the presence of the visitors and gave the text and heads of his discourse in English for their benefit. The singing, too, was very hearty, and evidence was everywhere visible of the piety and godliness of the Welsh. The Sabbath is observed with reverence, and no driving or boating takes place at Barmouth on that day.

S. D. E.

Eskdale Bridges.

NUMEROUS bridges span the forty miles of water known as the Border Esk, but four of these are perhaps more notable and picturesque than the others.

The first of any importance is the one which unites the old and new towns of Langholm erected in 1775 by the "good Duke Henry," who caused the whole district to be intersected by good roads. Previous to its erection Langholm was confined to the west side of the river, and the traffic of the district was carried across the river at Boat Ford, where a suspension bridge was raised in 1871. This bridge was built by Robert Hoetson, a native of Langholm, and was regarded at the time as a very difficult undertaking. When it came to be widened and otherwise improved in 1880, the work was carried through by another Langholmite, Mr James Hyslop, a great-grandson of the builder.

Thomas Telford, a native of the district, and greatest bridge builder in the world, finished his apprenticeship and wrought for some months at this bridge, receiving thirteenpence a day, the standard wage on the job being one shilling, and it is thought that this was the first bridge at which the great engineer wrought.

One of the conditions of the contract was that the structure should be upheld for seven years, and an interesting story is told in connection with the first flood that came to test the stability of the bridge. The builder happened to be from home, but his good wife, Tibbie Donald, in her anxiety for its safety put her shoulder to the parapet and cried to onlooking neighbours, "Where's Tam?" When Tam appeared on the scene she exclaimed, "Come away, man, the brig's shakin." "Oh," said Tam, "if it's shakin' there's nae fear o'd," an opinion that has been endorsed by bridge builders ever since.

Previous to the erection of the bridge, the houses in the district, according to a writer, consisted of one storey of mud walls and ruble stones, bedded in clay and thatched with straw, rushes, or heather, the floors being of earth, and the fire in the middle, having a plastered creel chimney for the escape of the smoke, and instead of windows small openings in the thick mud walls admitted scant light into the hovels. Great improvements, however, were carried out by Duke Henry about 1767. Under his management the mud houses gave place to comfortable dwellings.

Soon after the completion of the bridge new Langholm began to spring up, the inhabitants finding employment in the cotton weaving industry.

As the population of the new town increased a feeling of enmity grew up between them and the inhabitants of the old town, which was the principal market town on the Border, and there used to be constant war between them. The former were known as the Muckleholmers and the latter as Langholmers. In their conflicts, when sticks, stones, and other weapons were freely used, they frequently met on the "toon heid brig."

Happily these days have long since gone, and both communities are recognised as one and are equally proud of the auld brig which keeps them in close touch with one another.

About a mile lower down the Esk and half a mile below "Land's End," near to Langholm Distillery, once a paper mill, the Skipper's Bridge spans the river. The place is exceedingly rocky. When it was erected workmen received something like fourpence-halfpenny per day. Previous to 1831 it was very narrow, low-ledged, and most dangerous. An addition was then made which increased its breadth by another half, and also added to its elegance and convenience.

The Skipper's is a famous angling pitch, and one of the most fascinating spots on the Border Esk. Here the roadway, between Hawick and Carlisle, enters the picturesque wood known as the Dean Banks, where, in days of yore, stood a deanery once the property of the Knight Templars.

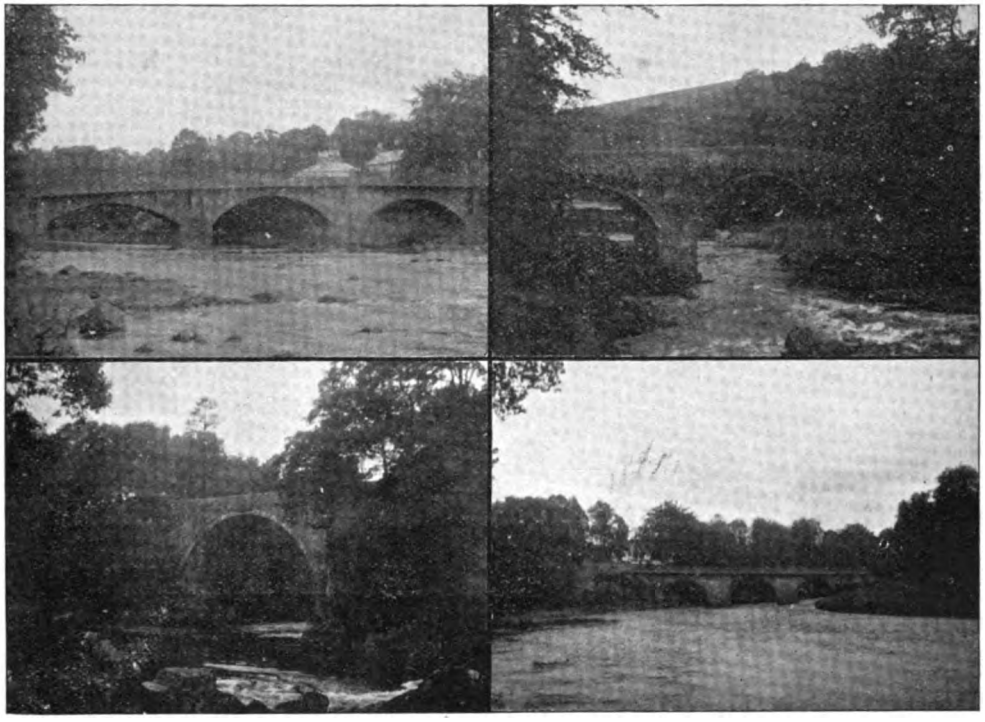
Four miles further down stands Gilnockie Bridge, an object of interest to artists and photographers. Here the water runs between high beetling rocks, near to which stood the fort belonging to the famous freebooter. The last ruin of the old castle in which the Armstrongs held sway had so long disappeared when the bridge was built, that the stones were being used in the new structure.

Upon the bluff at the end of the bridge overlooking the river, earthen ramparts indicate where Gilnockie's stronghold stood. It is supposed to have been a place of considerable strength and extent, surrounded by outhouses, a broad court yard, and a high wall enclosing all, with huge fortified gateways. The Hollows Tower on the other bank near by was usually occupied by retainers, who kept watch and ward for the laird of Gilnockie. The view from Gilnockie bridge is one of great beauty. The turbulent stream, sylvan glades, sloping banks, and extending woods are most impressive.

Two miles beyond, in the heart of Canonbie Lea, immortalised in "Lochinvar" by Sir Walter Scott, the fourth bridge is reached. It is scarcely behind the others in picturesqueness of situation and surroundings. Indeed, the neighbourhood is said to be the prettiest in the South Highlands. The bridge is very old, but was recently widened and vastly improved, so that it now looks modern and handsome. It is certainly the most important in the district, and serves a very wide tract of country on either side of the Esk.

The village, the church, the school stand near by, and the coal pits are at no great distance. The river here affords good sport for anglers. The surrounding country comprises the low grounds of Eskdale and, with its haughs, ridges, indulations, and stream, makes a pleasing and memorable picture.

G. M. R.



From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

LANGHOLM BRIDGE. SKIPPER'S BRIDGE.
GILNOCKIE BRIDGE. CANONBIE BRIDGE.

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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1900.

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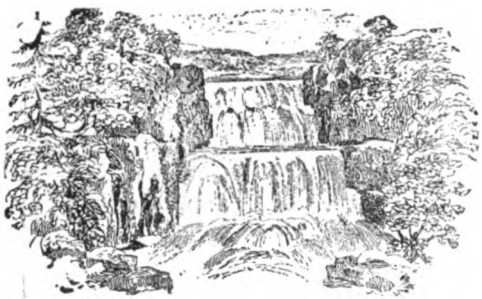


FALLS OF CLYDE.

There are a few rambling clubs in various parts of our Borderland, but their number ought to be increased a hundredfold, for few pleasures can excel the delight experienced when we explore the hills and vales of our native land in company with kindred spirits who have eyes to see the beauties of nature and ears to hear her many voices. Among the more noted of our rambling clubs is the Innerleithen Alpine Club, which was started in the spring of 1889 and is still vigorous and healthy. A sketch and portrait of the late Mr Robert Mathison, founder and first president of the Club, appeared in an early number of the BORDER MAGAZINE. The sad death of this splendid specimen of the intellectual Borderer, and the recent decease of the energetic secretary, Mr Thomas Young, banker, were sore blows to the Club, but others seem willing to carry on the work. On the 8th September last the Club travelled to the Falls of Clyde, the beauties of which were seen to great advantage under the guidance of Mr W. W. Thomson, banker, Innerleithen.

* * *

Mr Arthur Hart, Ivy House, Farnham, Surrey, writing to the "Saturday Review," says many writers have stated that Sir Walter Scott derived the title of the "Waverley Novels" from the abbey of that name here, through reading the "Annales Waverlienses." Some have expressed regret that he never visited the monastery, and have suggested that, had he seen the old Cistercian ruin only once, it would have suggested a fine plot. In a brochure I have recently written ("Farnham, Past and Present") I mentioned that Sir Walter had not visited Farnham. Two days since I received a letter which conclusively proves that Sir Walter did know Waverley Abbey personally. The Rev. Owen C. S. Lang, rector of Bentley, Hampshire, tells me that Sir Walter visited his grandfather, Mr Robert Lang, the then owner of Moor Park, Farnham, early in the century, and it is a well authenticated fact in his family. As Moor Park—the home of Sir William Temple, and the scene of some of Jonathan Swift's work—is not a mile from Waverley Abbey, this most conclusively shows that Sir Walter Scott must have seen and known a good deal about that

Abbey. This appears to me to settle a much disputed point.

* * *

Mr A. H. Miller, in the latest number of the "Scottish Review," writes thus of Mr Andrew Lang's gift of making history attractive:—He is a poet, and has published verses which no man can number; he is a novelist—witness his story called "A Monk of Fife," and his share in another named "Parson Kelly"; he is a philosopher, and has discoursed on mythology, the evolution of religion, folklore, and kindred subjects in ethics and ethnology; and he has studied both written and unwritten history. He is, moreover, the master of a flowing literary style, and can brighten the darkest subjects by a delicate play of humour, without descending to buffoonery. There is another quality he possesses which makes him especially original in his treatment of history; it is what, without offence, may be called the feminine instinct, which enables him to arrive at conclusions without the laborious drudgery of reasoning about them. Hence he is often right in his inferences, though he could not always defend them by strict syllogisms. While respecting the ideas of his predecessors, he is independent enough to refuse to be "thirled" to them because of their antiquity or their general acceptance. From such a writer one may expect a history that will be original both in matter and manner.

* * *

The reverse of the medal appears in the following:—

An American writer reviewing Mr Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland," says:—"Mr Lang recognises the popular character of the Reformation in Scotland, but he has no adequate account either of its effect on Scottish character, or of the effect Scottish character had on it, and never misses an opportunity to bring out his poor opinion of the Reformers. These are defects which give the last half of this volume the appearance of moving on the lower and minor lines of the history. The author seems to care more to convict the house of Douglas of their treacheries, and to bring home to the Earl of Arran and the King of England their sins, than to develop the history of Scotland under the Stuarts. If Mr Lang's point against John Knox that he was too fond of scandals, will hold against the reformer, it will hold against the historian as well.

* * *

Sir George Douglas, Bart., shares with Sir Herbert Maxwell (says "The Sketch") the distinction of being the most indefatigable literary worker in the baronetcy. Between the Member for Wigtownshire and Sir George, who is of too retiring a disposition to seek Parliamentary honours, there is a similarity in the number and the frequency with which works from their respective pens appear. Only a short time ago Sir George Douglas's admirable sketch of the three Border counties, "Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles," was added to Messrs Blackwood's series of County Histories, which closely followed on a monograph on "James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," and a work on "The Blackwood Group," both in the Famous Scots Series. An old-time friend of Mr Thomas Hardy, the distinguished novelist always enjoys the holiday he occasionally spends at Springwood Park, Sir George Douglas' country seat near Kelso.

A correspondent in a western contemporary writes:—Noticing in the columns of one of our papers the advertisement of the annual celebration of the Sir Walter Scott Club brings to mind the words of the librarian of one of our largest libraries:—"Very few read Scott now," he said; "for one volume of Scott's novels that I give out there are hundreds in circulation by the popular living authors." That this should be the case is most distressing, but in fiction, as in everything else, the fashion changes, and just now the public is glutting itself with "Dr Nickolas" and other products of the brain of Guy Boothby and others. You will never find any of these gentlemen worrying their readers with psychology, nor do any philosophical touches impede the thrilling narrative. It is the marionette show that is demanded just now; the puppets whose personnel may be neglected if they only perform their part. "Sieur de Marsac" is preferred to "Quentin Durward"; the "Red Axe" or "Joan of the Sword" has taken place of "Kenilworth" or "Ivanhoe"; while for Nigel Olifaunt we are offered some insipid Scotch journalist, about whose improbable doings in London we are asked to be interested.

* * *

On the foregoing the "Galashiels Telegraph" makes the following pithy remarks:—

There must be something faulty in the construction of the man who cannot interest himself in the doings of such men as, say, Harry the Smith. I have read most of the Waverley Novels more than once, and am waiting for the time with some impatience when I shall have forgotten them and so be able to read them over again. I discovered a friend some time ago poring over the "Pirate,' and I complimented him on his choice. "Oh," was his answer, "I am paying a visit to Orkney next week, and I find a great deal of information here about the place." There are few places in Scotland that Scott does not give one some information about. But it gives one a slight shock to think of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" or "The Lady of the Lake" being taken and read as companion guide-books. And who ever reads Scott's "Life of Napoleon" now? It is a sad fact that we Scotchmen have deposed our own Sir Walter from his position of the most popular author. But the fashion may change, and instead of "Kit Kennedy" and other tales of that ilk we may again betake ourselves to the "Heart of Midlothian." We certainly shall not be the losers if we do.

* * *

Whether Scott is read or not, my fellow-Dominies seem to think that their pupils should be able to say something on the subject, and so we occasionally get results like the following:—

The "Literary World" publishes a schoolboy's criticism of Sir Walter Scott in an examination paper as follows:—"Walter Scott was a great poit. He was a lawyur but people loved him. When he was dyeing he felt it coming on so he wrote sum touching lines which he ment for himself.

> The way was long the wind was cold
> the minstrul was infernul old.

O may we all feel the same wen death catches hold of us."

Dominie Sampson.

John Gibson.

MANY names are fated to sink into obscurity and pass almost altogether out of note and recollection, though those who bore them had in their day made a reputation for themselves which caused them to hold an honourable place on the roll of fame. Sometimes mediocre gifts or slender achievements are destined to live in history, while more worthy contemporaries sink into oblivion. Among the latter stands the almost perished name of John Gibson, who in his day seems to have been dowered with an intellect which stood out in the small community of Kelso as entitling him to a place which many might covet or envy, but none could reach. No doubt he had fame of a kind, but he seemed deficient in those qualities which bring many into notice and memory, and thereby his talents and achievements in the regions of mind and mechanics have never been properly recorded, and it appears now to be impossible to recover and preserve sufficient to place his memory in that position of prominence which is his due. Had the period of his activity been more recent some Samuel Smiles might have made him the subject of his researches and the hero of his magic pen, whereby he would have become the world's wonder and admiration. He lived a strenuous life, filled with varied activities, and accomplishing in its course tasks which are possible only to a high order of intellect. This result was all the more wonderful and honourable that these things were attained under circumstances which in a great degree were adverse to the prosecution of what he undertook. He was not born to even a moderate endowment of this world's wealth or social position; but he possessed powers of intellect which wealth cannot purchase or an ancestry bestow or bequeath. If more was known of him in our day he would be held to rank with the discoverers and workers who have made the world their debtors, and might deserve not only the honours awarded to great qualities and achievements, but a monument which would be a fitting memorial of a humble life usefully spent in tasks which were beyond the powers of the common multitude, but which increased the knowledge and awakened the aspirations of the people of that and after times.

John Gibson was born at Jedburgh, but the precise date is not known, and somewhat diligent efforts to trace it have not hitherto been successful. Nor is the exact position or calling of his parents known, nor have any accounts of his school-days or school learning been preserved. It is known, however, that he was apprenticed with a watch and clockmaker at Jedburgh, and there the bent of his mind seems to have been laid and fostered. The intricacies and delicacies of the works entering into the construction of the various kinds of timekeepers coming into his hands would impart training to a mind such as his, and at the same time initiate him into that fine and skilful use of his hands which was such a distinguishing feature of his after life. Jedburgh has a high repute in optical science, for the names of James Veitch of Inchbonny and Sir David Brewster are intimately associated with its history. They carried optical science and instruments many stages in advance on what they found them; but Gibson was before them, and they began at a stage to which he had been greatly instrumental in carrying discovery and invention. Even at the outset of his career he had to encounter a serious disadvantage in the prosecution of any difficult task. He had the misfortune not to enjoy robust health, and on this account it is said that on the completion of his apprenticeship at Jedburgh he removed to Kelso, where he established himself in business. Even here it is understood that he found it expedient for health's sake to find a dwelling in the suburbs. At that time and later Kelso had some "heady" citizens, erratic and perhaps fantastic in their way. One of these—familiarly known as Johnnie Waitt the Pieman—was given to astronomical studies, which he prosecuted with very primitive appliances, though carrying his observations and theories to wonderful lengths. From his shop-door at the Horse Market corner of the Square he would watch the sun passing the weather-vane on the top of the old Town Hall, and this was his favourite astronomical observatory. No doubt, his notions are now food for ridicule; but it required a person of no common force of mind not only to reach them, but to maintain them. Johnnie had "the courage of his convictions," as shown by the fact that he published a little pamphlet—a very daring thing for any one in his position to do in those days—against the conclusions of Sir Isaac Newton, the Kelso astronomer believing that the sun revolved and that the earth was stationary—a belief which Paul Kruger is said to entertain even in our own day. In these days of evolution and revolution the old-world notions in reference to these things may seem more remote and absurd than ever. Johnnie had other "corners" in his composition than this astronomical heresy, but these are becoming forgotten, though the tradition of his

narrow escape with life on Kelso Bridge still lingers in an inaccurate form. Johnnie was, in the style of Pharaoh's chief baker of old, proceeding to Caverton Edge Races with a boardful of pies on his head, and in crossing the present bridge, which was then nearing completion, and which was done by walking a plank over one of the arches, as was done morning and night by milkmaids with the milk vessels—"cogs" they were termed—on their heads, a shake in the plank almost threw him over into the river, but he luckily recovered himself, though his head cargo went overboard. The board was afterwards recovered near Sprouston, but its consignment of pies went as food for the fishes, if they had a taste for them.

Kelso at that time had other "men of mark," among whom was Palmer, the printer, who founded in 1782 and conducted the first "Kelso Chronicle," and the Ballantynes, though they would be much younger, who afterwards became associated with Sir Walter Scott and the "Kelso Mail"; while there were many characters of the eccentric and half-wit kind. But Gibson possessed qualities which justifies us in thinking that he stood intellectually head and shoulders above them all. In his own particular line as an artificer in clocks and watches he acquired great proficiency, and there is still a tradition that his handiwork in this line was regarded as possessing marked excellence, while in many cases he introduced novelties either in the way of securing accuracy or in useful and fanciful adjuncts which caused them to be valued not only for their usefulness, but for their ingenuity and curiosity. It was in this calling that he at first set himself to earn a livelihood, and the repute of his workmanship brought him increasing and confiding customers. Though it may be supposed that some of his clocks may be in existence in the district till this day, no example of them has been traced, though endeavours have been made to find them. But he aspired to something higher than his common trade, and his active spirit and remarkable gifts of mind led him ever onwards and upwards. Optics became a favourite, and, as it proved, a profitable study and occupation. In a newspaper notice recording his death it is affirmed that in this pursuit he had "no equal" in his day. Circumstances seem amply to confirm the verdict. His improved achromatic telescopes, for instance, were considered by judges to be superior to any of similar size constructed by famous English makers, though he was wholly a self-taught expert, and was under the necessity of working with tools and materials which he had himself to make or smelt. A gentleman who was given to astronomical studies—a native of Jedburgh, but settled in America, where he has since died at a good old age—was communicated with in order to learn if he could throw any light on Gibson's early years; but he could tell nothing; though he ventured to state that achromatic telescopes were not things belonging to his day. But in this, though he had ventured into authorship on astronomical subjects, he was in error. A celebrated maker of this kind of telescope was Mr Dolland of London, whose fame reached far and wide for his productions, but it is recorded that Gibson's "prospects" in a short time far surpassed those of this celebrated inventor and maker. At first he only made reflecting telescopes, which he sold at prices from two to five guineas. Though none of his clocks have as yet been discovered, it has become known within the last two or three months that one of his 2½-inch reflecting telescopes is still preserved among those possessed by the late eminent Mr Veitch of Jedburgh. When he proceeded to the construction of achromatic telescopes, and outstripped those of Mr Dolland, his fame received an impetus which brought him orders from distinguished personages. One telescope he constructed for Sir John Peter, at the time Envoy at the court of St Petersburg. The magnifying power is given as 150, and the diameter of the object glass was six inches. For this instrument, with all its appartus, he received 100 guineas. But its history does not stop there. Sir John Peter took it with him on his return to Russia, when he presented it to the Empress Catherine. It seemed to exercise a kind of enchantment over her, for she sent to the humble Kelso workman an urgent invitation to transfer himself to her capital, where she promised to favour him with her patronage. Had he been in the enjoyment of robust health this tempting offer would in all probability have lost to Kelso a citizen who was a credit to the place and a perpetuator of its ancient repute. His state of health caused him to decline the courtly offer. His next undertaking in this line was the construction of a telescope of similar size and price for the Duke of Roxburghe. With this instrument it is said that in a favourable state of the atmosphere a sparrow could be discerned on the roof of the steeple of Berwick Church—a distance of some twenty-four miles. Though almost an amateur in this work, it is not to be supposed that his productions partook of unskilful finish, for it has been thought fit to mention that they

were mounted in the most beautiful style. What gives a still higher idea of the wonderful gifts of inventive fertility of this remarkable man is the fact that he melted and refined the glass for his lenses, grinding and polishing it with marvellous skill. Another instance of his mastery in this department is found in the circumstance that the reflecting telescope in Short's Observatory on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, had been rendered useless by a spot of rust developing upon the larger speculum, which threw the Observatory people into despair when they found that none of the city opticians could be found to tackle the task of removing it. By good luck a Kelso gentleman suggested that Gibson should be asked to perform the difficult operation, which he not only successfully accomplished, but greatly improved the instrument otherwise. For this skilful piece of work he was awarded fifty guineas, and his fame as an ingenious optician was greatly extended as a consequence. Though Gibson had gained the reputation of excelling the manufactures of the famous inventor and maker Dolland, that gentleman seems not to have cherished any jealousy concerning him. Gibson eventually made a journey to London, at that time a great undertaking in the condition and expense of modes of travel, especially in the case of one none too able to keep off the effects of weather changes. While there he had an interview with Dolland, who received him with signal kindness, remarking that his "ears had been stunned for some time past with the fame of the wild fellow about the Cheviot Hills who excelled all the opticians in London in making achromatic prospects," and that he was "glad to see the artist." Thus was his skill acknowledged by the most competent authority entitled to speak, and inferentially he may be regarded as having a share in the invention of the achromatic method, or at least having a considerable hand in perfecting it. He also turned his attention to the organ of sight, of which he acquired such a complete and accurate knowledge as surprised professional men, and his discernment and skill enabled him to construct glasses adapted to remedy natural defects in the eye. Whatever in the region of mechanics he took up he seemed to have the gift of mastering, and in this walk he is said to have improved and invented several useful machines.

Eminence in these walks was sufficient to make a great reputation and ensure its perpetuation in futurity; but Gibson had other and worthy claims to fame in other departments of knowledge and skill. In mere mechanical aptitude and efficiency he was remarkable for swiftness and deftness of hand, thus enabling him to carry into the field of the practical the conceptions of an active and inventive brain. He devoted himself to some extent to the study of electricity, and constructed for himself an electrical machine or galvanic battery. This was an object of great mystery and marvel at the time, and it is no wonder that its possession and examples of its working, combined with his general acumen and penetrating observation, should have obtained for him the repute of being gifted with what was called "second sight." He sometimes indulged people in that belief, either from a grim sense of humour, or the amusement which playing upon people's credulity afforded him. That he employed his unique powers to perform unusual offices there seems good reason to believe. Here is an instance of the way in which he acted in a puzzling case in such a way as to countenance the popular belief that he could call to his aid the help of uncanny spirits. A farmer in the Jedburgh district had good reason to suspect that his shepherd was dishonestly disposing of some of his sheep: but all the arts he had employed failed to cause the thief to confess his guilt or to find evidence to convict him. The farmer bethought himself of trying what Gibson could do, and one day he despatched the man with a letter to deliver to the Kelso oracle. Gibson read the letter, and took in the situation with his usual mental alertness. He placed the innocent-looking chains of the electrical machine in the shepherd's hands (who suspected nothing), turned on the current, and the man, writhing in the grip which had taken hold of him and thrilled through him, soon made full confession, and would very likely have confessed to much of which he was innocent rather than prolong the torture. In this case the trick was the discovering of guilt, and the farmer was satisfied; perhaps also convinced that Gibson had power to "summon spirits from the vasty deep" to fulfil his behests. In this way people were induced to consult him regarding the discovery of stolen property, and the frequency with which his advice led to the tracing of hidden articles brought to him ever-increasing requests to exercise his powers of divination. His curious faculty in this mysterious realm was even sought to reveal the future of those who wished to have a glimpse of their fate or fortune in the world to come. Perhaps a person of his penetration, knowing the kind of life his clients of this sort were living here, would have little difficulty in lifting the veil of the future to astonish those who were so far left to themselves as to seek

divine light from a darkened, even though unusually enlightened, human understanding.

In the more strictly intellectual sphere the same qualities of uncommon gifts were conspicuous. Besides being well versed in astronomy, he had a good reputation as a mathematician, and was recognised as having a general knowledge of almost every branch of natural philosophy. A high estimate was also formed of his taste and skill in painting. His power of acquiring another than his native language is evidenced in his applying himself to study without a teacher the Latin tongue, which he soon mastered so as to be able not only to read with ease, but readily to translate Lewenhoeck's "Arcana Naturæ." Not less was his power of memory, which not only enabled him to accumulate vast stores of knowledge acquired by reading and observation, but to bring it to his service as occasion required.

In the domain of music he was also bountifully endowed, and though he never studied under a teacher he was a master of musical instruments of various kinds, playing with a degree of delicacy and proficiency which equally astonished and delighted his hearers. Taking a fancy for the Irish pipes, he constructed his own instrument, which it is said he carried out upon an improved plan, while his playing upon it is spoken of as being characterized by "exquisite taste and skill, his tone and execution being reckoned in no way inferior to those of the most celebrated pipers."

This man—whose death took place at Kelso about the end of September, 1795—may, though now so far forgotten, be regarded as nothing short of a kind of universal genius, excelling in whatever he set himself to accomplish by mind or hand—full of resource, original in conception, skilful in execution, pleasant in conversation, without reproach in life, and altogether a man among men. It is surely rare that a man so gifted and accomplished is destined to spend a lengthened life in such obscurity, and fated to be so far forgotten by posterity. Yet it will be regarded as fitting that in our own day, and especially in the place where he lived the principal part of his useful career, his name should still be kept in remembrance and honour, for he was a man capable of great conceptions and pursuing exalted aims, and at the same time gifted with such inventiveness and skill as enabled him to carry out what he planned with the hand of a master artificer.

THOMAS TWEED.

The Blanket Preaching—A Day in Yarrow.

BY ROBERT HALL.

THE BLANKET PREACHING! Such is the familiar name of an annual religious service held by the minister of Yarrow at St Mary's Kirkyard, the original site of the ancient and classic Kirk of St Mary of the Lowes. The site forms part of the glebe in connection with the Kirk of Yarrow, but there is no sure tradition regarding the origin of the custom. The original Kirk was burned in 1640, and in all probability the present practice commenced in the way of a natural tribute to the genius of the place. Certain it is that the service was conducted regularly by the late Dr Russell, and the present incumbent has wisely respected the continuity of the tradition.

Notwithstanding the want of any sure ground of confidence, various reasons are given to account for the annual observance. Some maintain that the parish minister would suffer pecuniary loss should he fail to observe the old custom; others cling to the idea that the service has some connection with those dark days in Scottish ecclesiastical history, when

"The Minister's home was the mountain and wood."

So far as the designation is concerned, the etymology is simple. It arose from a former practice of erecting a temporary shelter, consisting of two sheep flakes set on end, and covered with a blanket, under which the officiating minister was enabled to conduct the service regardless of the fickle atmospheric conditions which prevail in the neighbourhood of lone St Mary's. This primitive erection did duty till the advent of the Rev. Robert Borland, who, under such conditions, found his somewhat Herculean frame "cribbed, cabined, confined," and it was consequently dispensed with.

At the risk of being anathematised for the thankless duty of dispelling a popular delusion, the simple fact is,—the meeting is merely an ordinary religious service held at the site of the original Kirk of Yarrow. It has not the most remote connection with the days of the Covenanters, and no dire result, either pecuniary or otherwise, would ensue were the observance of the custom to be discontinued henceforth.

Those readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE who may not have been present at any of these

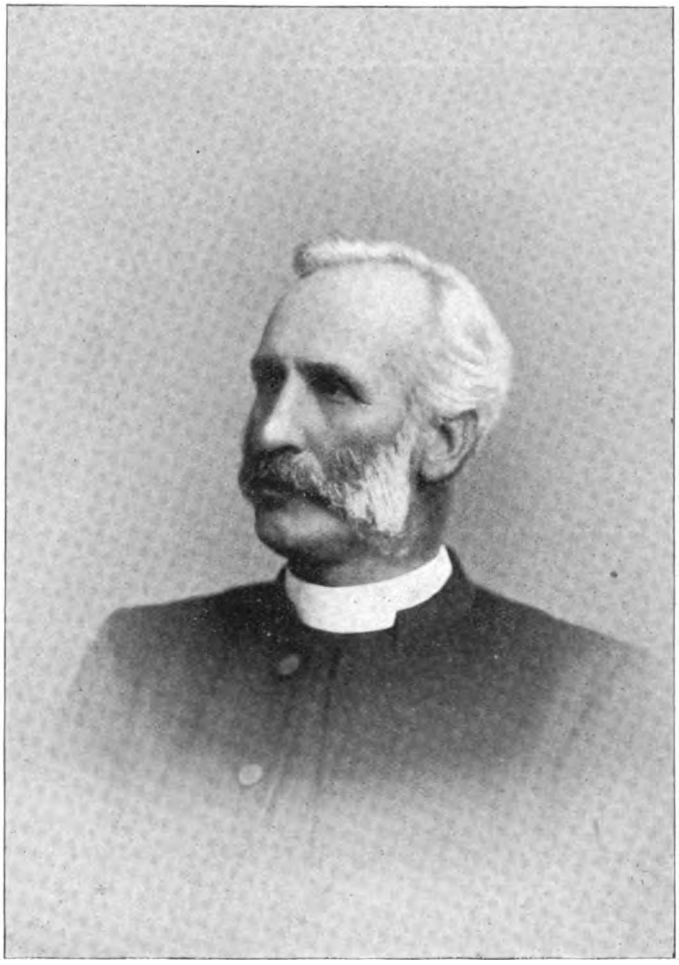
services, or even had an opportunity of visiting Yarrow's classic valley, may find the following notes of some little interest, while, at the same time, placing upon lasting record an interesting episode in connection with the religious life of the Scottish Border.

On the 22nd July, 1900, the annual service was held, and in the company of a kindred spirit, we started on our pilgrimage. As the ordinary means of transport were not available, we took advantage of what a reverend assembly of fathers and brethren recently styled "another mode of locomotion," by which we were enabled to reach the desired goal with celerity and ease. The ancient "burgh toon" was soon reached, from where the peculiar charm of the journey may be said to begin.

The route is classic, and forms the scene of the finest ballad poetry in any language. The plaintive murmur of the Yarrow as it "glides the dark hills under," sounds like a requiem for the souls of the men and women who had lived, loved, and died within the sound of its rippling streams. The ruins of the grey old towers that stud the hill-sides are haunted by memories of the olden time when—

> "From wood and howm and tower
> Came outlaw, maid, and knight."

Why is this? Here we have no Loch Lomond with its sylvan beauty, no vale of Glencoe with its wild and savage grandeur. These green



From Photo by A. R. Edwards, Selkirk.

REV. R. BORLAND.

hills cannot compare with the lofty tempest scarred Grampians? There is but one answer. There is not in Scotland, nor perhaps in the world, such a limited area so thickly strewn with historical and traditional memories. Of it may be said, every field has its legend, and every stream its song. The vale of Yarrow has given birth to a race of singers, and the witching spell of the poet has cast a glamour over it. From its lonely cleuchs and glens have come the voices of those who sleep in nameless graves, yet centuries after they have joined the choir invisible, their strains sound wild and sweet as the song of the lark at heaven's gates. Those forgotten ones have left a precious legacy of stirring ballads, which pourtray the lives of long buried men. With "that touch of nature that makes the world kin," they present to our wondering gaze the emotions of hearts that once beat warm and high on the braes of Yarrow. They conjure up the men and women of the long ago, their loves, joys, sorrows, their heroism, fidelity, manliness, and, in too many cases, their crimes, which were almost inseparable from the wild and lawless age in which their lot was cast. Like children of unknown parents these old strains can only rely upon their own merits. The inheritance remains, but it is not given to every son of Adam to appreciate the gift. But to those whose spirits are attuned to finer issues, Yarrow without its poetry would only be "a river bare," barren and cheerless as the summer fields and woods without the primrose and gowan and the wood notes wild of the mellow mavis.

Crossing the Ettrick we soon reach Philiphaugh, where Montrose was overthrown, and the cause of the Covenant triumphed. In swift succession we glide past the fairy-haunted Carterhaugh, sweet Bowhill, and the beautiful Harewood glen. On past the humble ivy-clad ruin where Mungo Park, the knight errant of African exploration, was born. On the opposite side of the Yarrow, perched upon a wooded eminence, stands the famous Newark Tower, immortalized in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," now peacefully rearing its old grey turrets

> "Against the sky,
> As if its walls had never heard
> Of wassail-rout, or battle-cry."

Broadmeadows, with its tragic memory of a famous Douglas, is passed, then Hangingshaw comes into view, once the abode of the "Outlaw Murray."

> "In his land a king was Murray,
> Holding rule and giving law;
> Where the Yarrow seeks the Ettrick
> By the woods of Hangingshaw."

After passing the pretty hamlet of Yarrowford the valley gradually unfolds, and soon the softly undulating green hills greet our view, bearing out the poet's description—

> "Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
> A softness still and holy;
> The grace of forest charms decayed,
> And pastoral melancholy."

Speeding onward, the ruined bridge of Deuchar is left behind, and the hospitable manse and ancient Kirk of Yarrow attract our attention, forming with their surroundings as fair a picture as the eye would care to rest upon.

The present incumbent, the Rev. Robert Borland, was translated from Ladhope Parish Church, Galashiels, in 1883. He has testified his love for the valley of his adoption by publishing a handsome volume, entitled "Yarrow, its Poets and Poetry," beside other works which form a valuable addition to the literature pertaining to the classic Borderland.

To the west of Yarrow Kirk lie the famous "Dowie Dens," but to those who have surrounded the locality with the glamour of romance, the scene will prove tame and prosaic. The "derk foreste" has vanished. The natural aspect of the locality is entirely changed. Fields "made blithe with plough and harrow" have superseded the wide expanse of tangled green wood, once the favourite hunting ground of Scottish Kings. To the bodily eye nothing serves to distinguish the spot from any other portion of the valley save a few upright stones which mark the scene of—

> "Old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

Mount Benger, once tenanted by Hogg, is passed, and soon the well-known "Gordon Arms" is reached, where the weary traveller may obtain needed rest and refreshment. The house itself is of interest on account of having been the last meeting-place between Walter Scott and James Hogg. Further on a distant view is obtained of Altrive, where Hogg died, and shortly the Douglas burn is crossed, the scene of the Douglas tragedy. At length St Mary's Loch lies before us. Near its lower end stand the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birth-place of the immortal Mary Scott, "the Flower of Yarrow," and a little further on, upon the lone hillside, lies the object of our quest, the site of the Kirk and Kirkyard of St Mary of the Lowes. Destroying time has

razed the buildings to their very foundations, but the Kirkyard, with its old grey lichen-covered tombstones, "with shapeless sculpture decked," yet remains. Here for centuries the old sojourners in the Forest were laid to sleep, while around and over them—

"Like silent sentinels the grand old hills
Their faithful watch and ward are ever keeping."

In this sequestered spot, far from the madding crowd, monks, curates, ministers, and people had met to spend their hours of public devotion. All are gone.

"And some were clad in sober dress,
In plaids both brown and grey;
And some were flaunting, fair, and fine,
Like lords and ladies gay.
And some came from far Douglas burn,
And some from Dryhope tower,
And some had oared it o'er the Loch,
From Bourhope's bonnie bower."
And some from lowly Galashiels,
And Selkirk's lofty nest,
And some from Moffat's dainty homes,
All in their Sunday best."

Here Scottish men and women, like children of one family, were met this glorious summer afternoon under the blue canopy of heaven amid the silence of the everlasting hills to worship

From a Photo. BLANKET PREACHING.

"St Mary's Loch lies shimmerin' still,
But St Mary's Kirk bell's lang dune ringin';
There's naething now but the grave-stane hill,
To tell o' a' their loud psalm singin'."

As the hour of service approaches, numbers of men and women are to be seen wending their way thitherward. Cyclists of both sexes are strongly in evidence. Waggonettes and other vehicles arrive in rapid succession. Pedestrians singly and in groups converge by diverse ways to the common centre. Across the broad bosom of the placid loch boats, laden with intending worshippers, are slowly nearing the desired goal.

their common Father. For the time being, the stuffy, sickly, somniferous atmosphere, too commonly found in ecclesiastical edifices, was discarded. They, perhaps unconsciously, were giving practical effect to the call of the late whole-souled John Stewart Blackie.

"From the loveless strife of parties,
And from churchly rancour free;
Let him come to lone St Mary's
Grassy-mantled hills with me."

The hour had arrived and the congregation were waiting in silent expectancy. The impressive stillness was only broken by the faint

bleating of sheep on the distant hillsides, the whistle of the plover, and the whispering of the mountain stream as it soughed fitfully on the scented summer breeze.

"And soon there came a stalwart man
Who gravely paced the sod,
And walked into their midst and said,
'Come let us worship God.'
'And let us sing a psalm,' and they
With glad response obeyed;
I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid."

An eloquent and impressive sermon followed The preacher showed God's love toward man, and inculcated such brotherly relations within the human family as would tend to usher in that glorious time, foreshadowed by Scotia's darling poet—

"When man to man the warld o'er,
Should brithers be."

The simple but impressive service was concluded by singing that old but ever new hymn, "O God of Bethel," and with bowed heads the familiar benediction fell upon our ears.

By this time the "gowden afternoon" was waning. St Mary's Loch had ceased to sparkle and now lay still and dark under the shadow of the surrounding hills. A yellow radiance yet lingered high on the broad bosom of Bourhopelaw, across which the lengthening shadows were slowly creeping. The purple shades had gradually deepened in the distant glens, while away in the dim and misty distance faintly loomed the peaks of the Southern Highlands, where amid the mosses and muirlands—

"Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant and a bigot's bloody laws."

The scene was impressive. It awakened feelings we would not willingly let die. With lingering step and slow we turned away with the earnest tones of the preacher ringing in our ears. He had not laboured in vain. His words had lifted our hearts to a grander conception of the everlasting love. He had inspired us with a kindlier feeling toward our fellow-mortals, and had deepened our dumb longing for the full fruition of the glorious time expressed by John Campbell Shairp when he wrote—

From this world of eye and ear soon we must disappear,
But our after life may borrow
From these scenes some tone and hue when all things are made new,
In a fairer land than Yarrow.

Mr James Oliver, Thornwood, on the Rise of Auction Marts.

MESSRS KENNEDY, of Hawick, have published a little book by Mr James Oliver, Thornwood, Hawick, on "Farm Leases and Rents." It is dedicated to the Teviotdale Farmers' Club, of which Mr Oliver has been honorary secretary and treasurer for over forty years. The price is half-a-crown, and the proceeds go to the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans Fund. To many, the most interesting chapter in the book will be the history of the rise of Auction Marts, in which Mr Oliver has been a pioneer, if not the founder, at least in the South of Scotland. In his young days he tells us farmers used, in the end of autumn, to bring in their fat sheep to the town and expose them for sale, laid on straw along the sides of the streets. At the large fairs at Inverness, Falkirk, St Boswells, Melrose, Lockerbie, Stagshawbank, Morpeth, and York stock then usually changed hands. Some farmers clubbed together and had periodically sales of fat stock. Mr Oliver reminds us of the difficulty of advertising at that time, owing to the high rates; by handbills posted in towns and villages, or handed by the parish schoolmaster to the children was a common method of making the sales known. The postage of a letter from London to Hawick was then 1/1½; from Edinburgh 8½d; and from towns such as Jedburgh and Selkirk to Hawick 4½d.

On the repeal of the auction duty in 1846 it occurred to Mr Oliver and his father in the following year to start a monthly sale. The results were poor for the first few years. The monthly sale of January, 1851, for example, was as follows:—

1 Kyloe Cow	£3	17	6
1 Kyloe Cow	4	0	0
1 Grey Mare	7	15	0
	£15	12	6

But matters began to improve so much that in 1860 Mr Oliver was emboldened to erect his present mart, which was looked upon as a wild project by many. Besides fat stock and milk cows, at the suggestion of Mr Stavert, Saughtree, lambs were added, and soon rose from 8000 to 20,000 each season. Mr Oliver believes the Hawick mart to have been the first in the country. Mr Riddell, Hundalee, he says, was the first to begin to sell tups by auction in Hawick, in 1845. The Kelso ram sales began in 1846, at a time when Mr Turnbull, Eastmiddle, was the only one in the district who bred Border Leicesters. Mr Gird-

wood commenced his wool sales in Edinburgh in 1853; his first sale was 288 bales.

About 1878 Mr Oliver, along with Mr Mark, who died lately, founded the present flourishing mart in Valleyfield Street, Edinburgh, which has been turned into a limited company. In 1851 Mr Oliver tells us that his twelve monthly sales only amounted to £535; in 1881 there was sold at his Hawick and Edinburgh marts over 200,000 sheep and lambs, and 22,500 cattle, realising upwards of three-quarters of a million sterling. The tables in this volume, showing valuations of Cheviot stocks, many of them in Ettrick, will have a strong interest to agriculturists, as well as the average prices struck by the Teviotdale Farmers' Club since 1859. Mr Oliver works out the problem sensibly enough regarding large and small holdings, and for many reasons gives his vote for large holdings. To those who wish to master his method of leases and rents in pastoral and arable farms, the first paper in the volume may be commended.

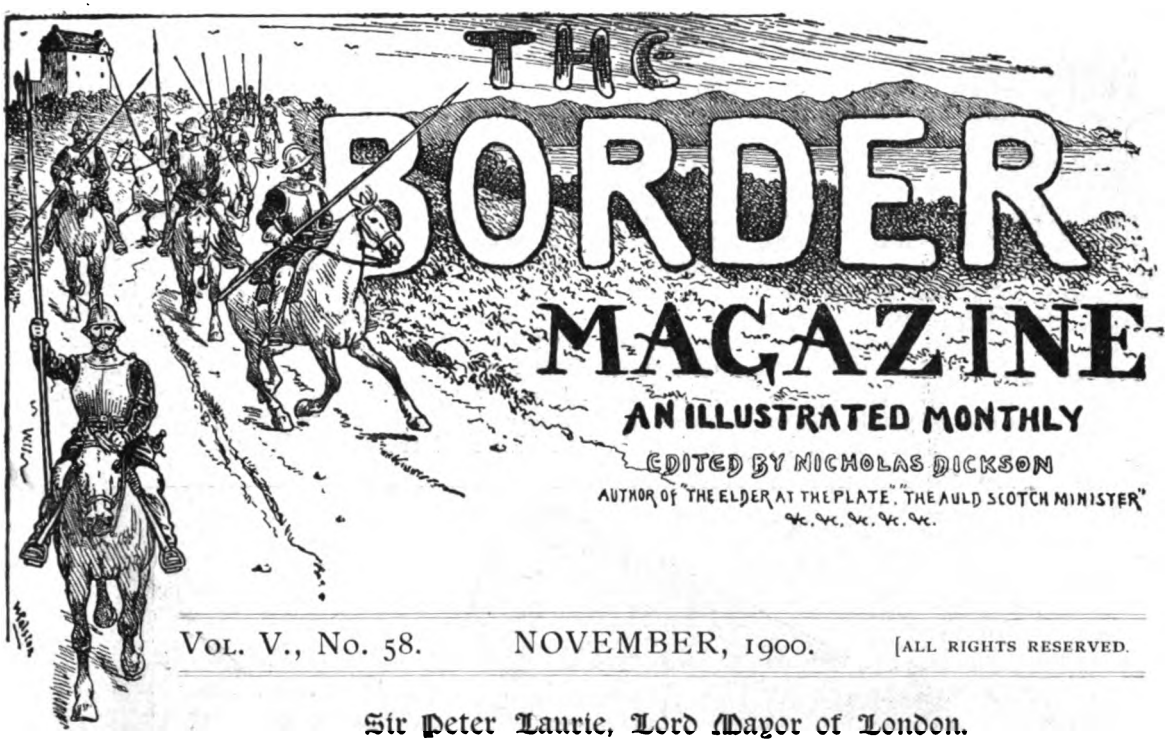
This book has a permanent value as a record of prices of stock, and agricultural operations during the past fifty years in the Borders. Mr Oliver has earned the gratitude of all who prefer a good bone of fact to an unlimited amount of theorising, and his little book must be added to the libraries of all who are interested in the agricultural welfare of the Borders.

R. C.

JAMES OLIVER, ESQ., THORNWOOD.

SIR PETER LAURIE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY THOMAS PHILLIPS, R.A.



VOL. V., No. 58. NOVEMBER, 1900.

Sir Peter Laurie, Lord Mayor of London.

BY GEORGE WATSON.

SIR PETER LAURIE was of a family which, according to John & John Bernard Burke's "Encyclopædia of Heraldry," had settled in the parish of Stitchell, in the county of Roxburgh, Anno Domini, 1650. The father of Sir Peter was John Laurie who, when quite a young man, started his business career as a farmer on a small scale. The first farm which he tenanted was that of Skinlaws, near Kelso. From thence he removed to Littledean, and next to Kedslie, near Earlston. Subsequently, however, he went to Haddingtonshire, which county had for nearly a hundred years before this time possessed a high agricultural reputation, and settled at Sandersdean, near the county town. He became a member of the Secession Church in Haddington, the minister of which was the Rev. John Brown (1722-87.)

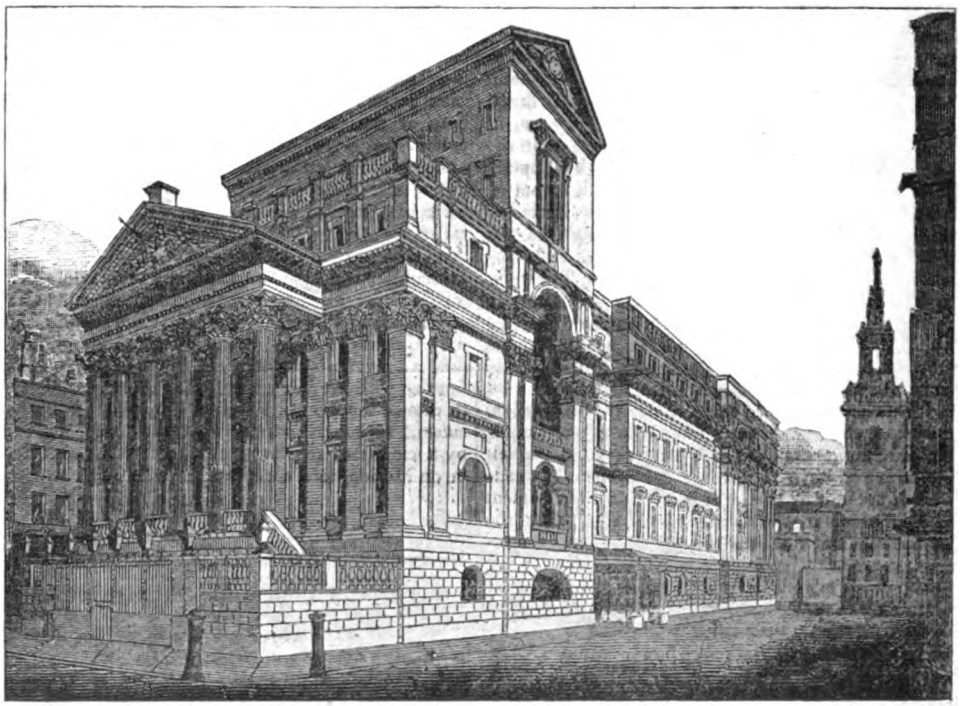
John Laurie was three times married. His second wife, and the mother of the future Lord Mayor, was Agnes Thomson, whose people were farmers near to Makerston, and who was aunt to the late Rev. Dr Thomson of Coldstream, of Scottish Bible monopoly fame. His third wife was a relation of Rev. Dr Carfrae, minister of Morham Parish, in the centre of East Lothian. John Laurie is interred in Morham Churchyard.

Peter Laurie was the youngest of a family of twelve, and it was in the year 1778 in the farmhouse of Sandersdean that he first saw the light. He received his education at Haddington Public School, and was intended for the ministry. In consequence, however, of matters which arose from his father's re-marriage he, at the age of twelve, was taken from school in order to be articled as an apprentice to his half-brother George Laurie who, at that time, had a saddlery business in the Royal Burgh of Jedburgh, the county town of Roxburghshire. To this half-brother (some twenty years older than himself), was the future Master of Saddlers' Hall sent, in or about the year 1790, in order to serve an apprenticeship in the saddlery trade.

Unfortunately the Minute Book of the Hammermen Corporation of Jedburgh, which should have given some information, both as regards George Laurie and the date when Peter was articled an apprentice, has been burned. Peter could not but have been charmed with Jedburgh. The romantic and beautiful situation of the little county town would appeal to his eye, while the historical houses, the old abbey, and the tales of Border warfare would awaken his imagination. But whatever the ties which may have endeared the place to him, domestic affairs would not admit of his staying, and—the result of a quarrel between him and his

master's daughter "Nannie," who was of ill-tempered disposition—he left the town for good. We next hear of him as being in Edinburgh where he was again articled. In the year 1796 he proceeded to London, provided with letters to influential friends there. It is not our purpose to go minutely into details as to this part of his history, suffice it to state that after one or two changes he got a situation in the establishment of Pollock, saddler to George III., and, at the early age of twenty, was foreman there. Three years later, in 1801, this enterprising youth started business for himself, and succeeded beyond expectation. In 1803 he was married to Margaret, daughter of Mr Jack of Hans Place, Brompton, with which family he had become acquainted through being in the habit of attending the Scottish Church in Swallow Street, to which Church the Jacks also went. The next twenty years of his life were characterised by busy toil. In the earlier part of his business career he was successful in obtaining contracts for India and the Navy. In the years 1823-24 he was Sheriff of London, and on April 7, 1824, he, as Sheriff, had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him. This honour was obviously for personal merit, as no similar honour was conferred on the other Sheriff, nor even on the Lord Mayor. In 1826 he was elected Alderman of Aldersgate Ward, which office he held at the time of his death.

We next come to the year 1832, which was an eventful one for Sir Peter, as it was in that year that he was created Lord Mayor of London. The office of Lord Mayor is tenable for one year, and the term of office is from 9th November. Sir Peter's period of office was for the year commencing 9th November, 1832. We give an illustration of the Mansion House, London (of date 1834), which is the residence of the Lord Mayor who sits daily in an apartment called the Justice Room, "to hear complaints, commit offenders, and take cognizance of such things as concern the tranquility and welfare of the city, over which his authority extends." The Mansion House is also the scene of many a convivial gathering, on a scale befitting the station of Lord Mayor. At this time the Corporation was in the habit of granting the sum of £8000 to its chief magistrate for such purposes. Sir Peter, be it here said, was especially distinguished as an intelligent, indefatigable, and independent magistrate on the bench.



From "Pinnock's Guide to Knowledge."

THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON, IN 1834.

In the following year (1833) Sir Peter was

Master of the Saddlers' Company. This famous Company is said to be the most ancient of the City Guilds, and to have "existed in Anglo-Saxon times, as is shown by the conventions between the Company and the monks of St Martin, still preserved in the archives at Westminster." The Company of Saddlers received its Charter of Incorporation from King Edward I. Sir Peter's portrait occupies a prominent place on the wall in Saddlers' Hall. A south-country paper states:—"Mr John Laurie, his nephew, M.P. for Barnstaple, and Sheriff of London in 1845, was also a member of the Court, and his portrait hangs upon the staircase. A great number of members of the Laurie family have been members of the Company, and at the present moment General Laurie, M.P. for Pembroke, and Colonel R. P. Laurie, C.B., formerly member for Canterbury, and subsequently for Bath, are members of the Court, while Mr P. G. Laurie is Master, and two of his brothers, Colonel Dyson Laurie and Mr Alfred Laurie, a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, are Wardens. There are about fifteen members of the family in all connected with the Court and Livery. The Company is commonly known in the City as the "Laurie" Company, in the same way as the Mercers is known as the "Palmers and Watney" Company, and one or two other companies in the same way. The present Master of Saddlers' Company (Mr P. G. Laurie, Heron Court, Herongate, Brentwood), mentioned above, is a grand-nephew and god-son of Sir Peter Laurie.

In 1834 the subject of our sketch thought of entering the arena of politics. In that year the Haddington District of Burghs was without a Conservative representative. It may be necessary to explain that the towns of Haddington, Jedburgh, Dunbar, Lauder, and North Berwick formed a constituency, which arrangement gave way to the present by the passing of Redistribution of Seats Act in 1885. In the middle of December, 1834, Sir Peter declared his intention of contesting the seat. The Liberal candidate was R. Stewart, Esq., Alderston. The supporters of the Liberal interests, however, were too numerous for Sir Peter to hope to attain his object, and of this he was quickly made aware. Acting on this, he sent his nephew, Mr P. Laurie, jun., to the north in order to see how matters were, and to act accordingly. The result was that a circular was issued, dated Edinburgh, 26th December, 1834, and signed by P. Laurie, jun., to the Electors of Haddington District of Burghs, stating Sir Peter's views. The promulgator of these said:— "Had Sir Peter Laurie declared his intention of becoming a candidate sooner, there is not the slightest doubt but that his success would have been most triumphant: I regret, however, to find that, owing to the late period at which he first solicited your suffrages, so many pledges had been obtained in one Burgh by one sitting member, at a time when there was no other candidate in the field, that his ultimate success is uncertain." In view of this it was thought inadvisable for Sir Peter to proceed to the poll at that time, but the statement was made that he would again solicit their suffrages, and that he trusted "to have the high honour and satisfaction to be returned as the representative of his native district in Parliament." We are not aware that he ever again attempted to achieve his object.

About this time Sir Peter visited Jedburgh, and we learn that, while there, he visited, among a few others, David Laurie, dairyman, who was a kinsman of his, although we cannot claim any nearer affinity than second-cousinship. David's grandfather, Andrew Laurie, was perhaps of about the third or fourth generation from the original stock which settled at Stitchell. He was brought up at Calroust, on Calroust Burn (a tributary of the Bowmont), and subsequently was tenant of the farms of Upper and Under Samieston, near Oxnam Water. He died and was buried at Hownam Kirk. A son of his, William by name, settled at Denholm, near Hawick, and afterwards found his way to the Jedburgh district. The latter was father to the aforesaid David Laurie, who, after having lived for some time in Bongate, Jedburgh, took up his abode at the foot of Queen Street, where he carried on a dairy. He died 16th November, 1843, aged 71 years. Walter Laurie, carrier, also stayed at Jedburgh at the time of Sir Peter's visit. He was cousin to David Laurie, and quite probably bore the same relationship as did David to Sir Peter. He died at Carlisle on 18th October, 1895, in his 92nd year.

Sir Peter took an active interest in public affairs. He was President of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospital. He was founder of the Union Bank of London in 1839, and was governor of it until the day of his death. Sir Peter Laurie, whose life forms a notable instance of what perseverance can enable one to attain to, died at Park Square, Regent's Park, on 3rd December, 1861, at the ripe age of 83. He was interred in Highgate Cemetery, where also are the remains of Lady Laurie, who predeceased him. Sir Peter left no family.

The biography of such a person indicates that he was far above the average of mankind. It has been said, we believe with every degree of truth, that he was universally recognised as a great and good man in his sphere of life; one who might have become much greater had he so desired. He was always ready to participate in undertakings of commercial and philanthropic character. Among his friends were the Rev. Edward Irving, the famous Scottish preacher in his earlier days, George Peabody, the great American philanthropist, Sir David Wilkie, and Sir John Pirie, Lord Mayor of London and a native of Kelso.

The Ettrick Shepherd and the Border Games.

JAMES HOGG, whose originality of verse has sprung from the lower orders of social intercourse, has become emphatically a hero in the eyes of poetry and romance, achieving the amount of greatness due to his fame through his own peculiar talents. From time now immemorial, he has retained the public appellation of "The Ettrick Shepherd," claiming it as his proudest title, and one he always gloried in receiving; while no man has more invariably identified himself and his writings with the class to which he belonged, than the author of "The Queen's Wake."

At all times a lover of romantic scenery, the hills and vales of Ettrick seemed to echo themselves in the voice of song, inspiring his muse in a strange delight to hover above the familiar stratum, while it still made his lowly occupation "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Under his guidance and direction, there was established the society eventually called "The Ettrick Forest Gymnastic Club," and their first meeting was held on Mount Benger Haugh on the banks of Yarrow in 1816. Here once a year the "humble herdsmen of the dale" assembled in the mutual fellowship of sport. The annual gathering, more commonly called "The Border Games," thus instituted, continued an independent course, and seems to have been in the zenith of its fame for more than twenty years, when its merits gradually decreased on account of so few persons entering their names for the several contests. The last memorable event concerning the games in connection with "The Shepherd" took place on the first of August, 1833. In this instance the prizes were well contested, excepting that of wrestling, for which there were very few competitors—"only ten for the medal and none for the blue bonnet." At the close of the events of the day, the usual club dinner took place in Mr Cameron's new ball-room at Selkirk, where all the members attended. Sir Thomas Brisbane of Makerstoun, who was Warden of the Border Associations for that year, in the absence of his friend Lord Napier, occupied the chair. He was supported on the right by the Earl of Traquair, Sir John Hay, Bart., M.P., Sir John Naesmith, Colonel Fergusson, the celebrated Captain Alexander, and some of his brother officers of the 42nd. After the usual ceremonies on such occasions, and the national sentiments had been duly honoured, "The Shepherd," it is related, was called forward and treated the audience to the rendering of some of his best songs. His head, however, not being very clear that evening, he was sometimes a little put out and found himself at a disadvantage if it had not been that there were plenty assistants present to set him going again. Sir John Hay, in rising to propose his health, and at the same time to add hilarity to convivialism, remarked "that he knew it was customary for his friend ('The Shepherd') to write a song, or perhaps half a dozen, and not remember a word of them next day. But he looked upon it as the highest honour ever paid him, that he could never be at fault without finding two or three prompters."

The second day's proceedings were taken up with rifle shooting, succeeded by archery. The bow-men were entered in three sweepstakes, and it is worthy of note here that on one occasion the prizes in this series went to Altrive Lake, all having been won by the Ettrick Shepherd. It is remarkable that the fortunate recipient of these trophies never drew a bow till after he was sixty years of age. His first master was Colonel Fergusson of Huntly Burn, the friend and near neighbour of Sir Walter Scott. Thinking that Hogg would soon be an expert archer, the Colonel made him the present of a bow and arrows to exercise with. Hogg's whole motive, however, for excelling in archery, seems to have been the desire to beat his master!

In the evening the club dined at Riddell's Inn, and Hogg occupied the chair. Next year his name does not occur in connection with these sports, and after that date his death occurred—a loss which deprived the Border Games of a most able counsellor and a valued friend.

The first deterioration of the Games seems to have commenced in 1835, but for how long a time they continued to exist after this date, the writer has been unable to ascertain.

M. W. Scott.

An Old Tolbooth.

THE primitive meaning of the word "toll-booth" seems to have reference to a place where goods were weighed to ascertain the duty or toll to be exacted. It points to a time when there was no Free Sale, but when the products of the district were "exposed" in the market of the village under the surveillance of the law. At a later date part of the building was used as a Court-room, while another and meaner part was used as a common prison. In one case at least, in more degenerate days, it was appropriated as a slaughter-house. It is stated of the Tolbooth of Galashiels that the fleshers of Lauder and Selkirk were there wont to buy fat oxen, and to kill them "in the building."

Near the centre of the Royal Burgh of Lauder there stands an old Tolbooth, a plain oblong structure without any distinctive architectural feature. It has not at any time been allowed to fall into decay, and during recent years it has been considerably improved, especially in outward appearance. Its square tower and double-dialled clock command the attention of the visitor, who deems it at once a monument to the taste and good sense of the magistrates and a valuable relic of a distant generation of manners and men.

The upper-storey is the Town Hall, in which municipal affairs are discussed with decorum. The under-storey, which is in part arched, is cold, dark, and tenantless. Until lately there were here preserved the Burgh Records, along with the Standard Weights and Measures and other municipal "effects." The Square, or approach of the Tolbooth, is somewhat imposing, and withal remarkably tidy. One apprises the forethought of the Town Council, who, in 1761, ordained that "no middings shall be allowed from the Tolbooth stair foot to the west side of the avenue head after Candlemas-day, under a penalty of three shillings and forfeiture of the dung."

The Old and New Causeways run on either side of the building, and in front of the Town Hall stair the antiquarian eye may yet detect the site of the Market-Cross where, in the olden days, public proclamations were made. Iron railings have now been substituted for the heavy stone walls at each side of the stair. In 1546 a decreet of 7th June "ordains the said Jhone Haitlie of Mellostaine to be warnit be oppen proclamation at the mercat croce of Lauder of this continuation, and to heir the witness sworn, because it is understood to the saidis lordis that the officer hes na sure passage to warn the said Jhone personalie at his dwelling-place, be raison that his brother drew wappins to the officer, the last time he was warnit to the said action, for his slauchter in execution of his office."

In May, 1598, the Earl of Home led a raiding expedition into the very heart of the town. Either to escape the fury of Home or to defend the rights and privileges of the Burgh, Bailie William Lauder, commonly designated "Willie at the West Port," betook himself to the Chambers of the Council, and there stood to his arms. When the door was forced by the enemy he fired his pistol from a window, and the shot struck John Cranston (John with the gilt sword.) Cranston retaliated by setting fire to the door, and soon the Tolbooth was in flames. The Bailie rushed to the street, where he was "hacked with swords and whingers all in pieces."

William Lauder was probably a scion of the House now represented by the Dick-Lauders of the Grange, and at one time residing at Lauder Tower. The "Tower Gardens" are a silent testimony to the truth of the tradition. Up to 1561 the family was designated as of "Lauder and the Bass." At that date the estates were divided by Sir Robert Lauder, who gave the Bass to his son Robert, while his eldest son was known as Richard Lauder of Lauder.

The assault described may have been a foray of revenge. At any rate, the result gave incontinent joy to the House of Home; and Lady Marischal, sister of Lord Home, "hearing the certainty of the cruel murder of William Lauder did mightily rejoice thereat, and writ it for good news to sundry of her friends in the country. But within less than twenty-four hours after, the lady took a swelling in her throat, both without and within, after a great laughter, and could not be cured till death seized upon her, with great repentance."

In 1611, in "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials," there is the following reference to the above event:

"Burning of the Tolbuth of Lauder and slauchter of the Baillie of Lauder—

"Johnne Carutheris was in fernice with my Lord Home and the pannel askit instrumentis."

The Tolbooth was undoubtedly repaired without delay, for in the end of the seventeenth century it was continuously used as a prison, more especially when "witchcraft" was a crime which led the guilty and the guiltless to pay the penalty of being suspected of having an "evil eye." The cells were full of "suspects," and others waited to breathe the

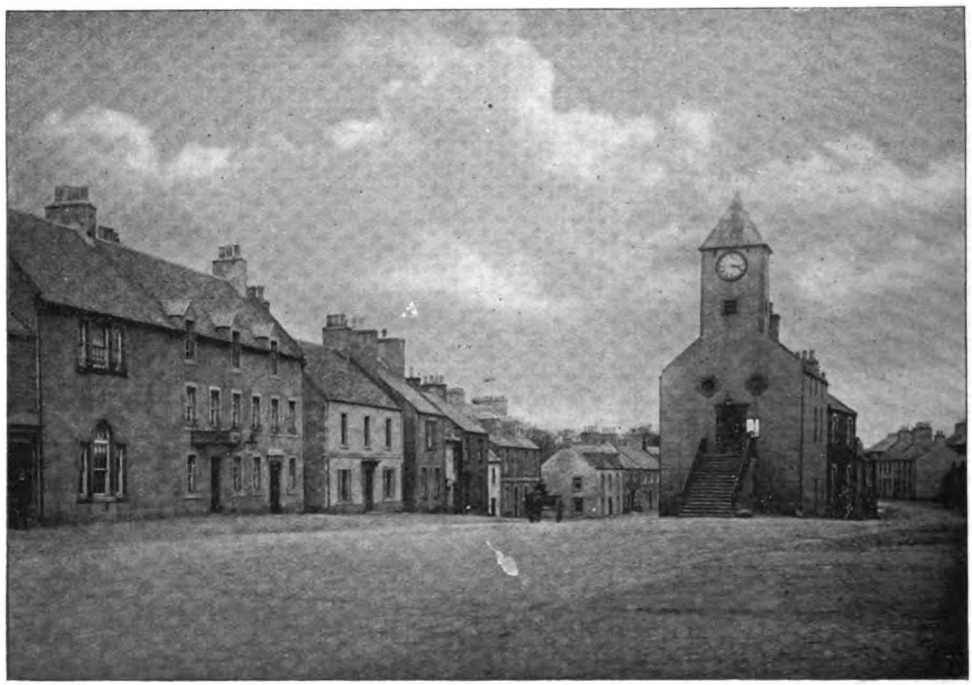
foul air, scarce touched by the light of heaven, before the law of Church and State was satisfied. All the while, too, the dignity of the Council must be maintained, for in 1685 James Mason was imprisoned in the "Tolbuith" for eight days. He had been guilty of several abuses, especially of abusing the Magistrates and Treasurer.

In 1734 a new clock was ordered for the Tolbooth at a cost of four hundred merks. It was provided with the greatest expedition. It was the gift of the Town Council and the inhabitants. John Kirkwood, "Clock Smith at Hardgatehead," visited the Burgh, and received the warrant of the Bailies for "makeing of a sufficient new clock." An inscription engraved on a brass plate attests the accuracy of the contract.

In 1736 a farmer was imprisoned for non-payment of rent amounting to £85, 16s Scots. He secretly escaped and fled the district. The Bailies of the day were held responsible for the debt, but whether they discharged the same has not been recorded.

Till 1770 the roof of the Tolbooth was covered with thatch, but at that date slates were used instead. Doubtless, too, there would then be further repairs necessary, though the walls of an earlier day remain. The Hall was once struck by lightning, but there is no accurate note of the damage.

Incarceration was not always the "durance vile" we are wont to associate with the discipline of the jail. On one occasion a farmer in the neighbourhood assaulted the farmer of Huntington, and as the "offence" was committed within the Burgh jurisdiction he was sent to the Burgh Prison. The prisoner and his quondam-keeper were invited by the Bailies to spend the evening in the Hotel "on the other side"—the farmer as a guest at the Bailies' supper-table in the Big Room, and the old jailer courteously entertained in the kitchen. The Bailies were not forgetful of "meats and drinks."



From Photo THE TOLBOOTH, LAUDER

It is not unlikely that the proprietor of the "Black Bull" was at that time William Nicol. The hotel has long had a reputation for hospitality. It seems to have been part of an old "keep"—the walls are so thick and strong. It is commodious and well-apportioned; and an excellent livery-stable adjoins.

In 1834 a stranger was sent to prison for passing bad coin at the Hiring-market. From

the window of his cell, he entered into conversation with the boys outside. In the evening about a score were admitted to be entertained by this clever "jail-bird." He sang songs and exhibited a paste-board figure dancing to his vocal music.

In the following year four men were imprisoned, awaiting opportunity to be sent before the Sheriff for trial. They broke the inner door of the prison, removed the outer-doorstep, and gained their freedom. Though they were seen making their way out, the townsfolk shewed no desire to secure them. When they were beyond the arm of the law, there was general joy at the discomfiture of the Bailies. As then there were no police and no gas-lit streets, escape was easy and probably frequent.

In these old days, too, prisoners sometimes "asked out." The hotel hostler, having been drunk and incapable, was deprived of his liberty, and lay within the strong walls of the Tolbooth. The Sheriff of the County, while on his way to Greenlaw, passed through Lauder and solicited post-horses for his carriage. The hostler was liberated by the Bailies on condition that he returned to prison after doing postilion duty for the Sheriff. He honourably fulfilled his engagement and completed his term.

Jean Wilson was a Civil prisoner. She was in debt, but not without pocket money. She feigned great depression of spirits, and the kind-hearted and perhaps thirsty jailer procured for Jean a supply of whisky at her own expense. But the old man was too sympathetic and imbibed too freely, for Jean, getting better as he got worse, locked him in the prison and carried off the key.

The Tolbooth was used as the Burgh Prison for Criminal as well as Civil offenders till about 1840, when a Police Station was built in the Kirk Wynd. In 1845 the parish minister reports that it has three apartments tolerably well-secured, and adds with pardonable pride, "It happily has seldom any inmates."

Of late there has been marked improvement in the general appearance of this delightfully situated town, as if in preparation for the city visitors who may be expected to sojourn there when the Lauder Light Railway is laid down the lovely dale; and an exceedingly bright and comfortable Temperance Hotel has been erected at the "West Port," as if to give the weary traveller a kindly welcome to "an ideal health resort."

A. T. G.

The Parish and Kirk of Hawick.*

MR VERNON has followed up his researches on the Pre-Reformation Church in Hawick with an exhaustive examination of the Session Records of the Reformed Church between the years 1711 and 1725. The results of the examination were laid before the Hawick Archæological Society in a recent series of papers and have now been published in book form. The work does great credit to its author, for it is a model of patient and laborious research and it will compare favourably with the best work of the Archæological Society in the palmy days of its existence from the years 1863 to 1880. If ever the History of Hawick be written, this book will be found to be of incalculable value to the historian. It is true, doubtless, that the picture given of Hawick in the eighteenth century is limited, and is in the main a sordid and depressing one, but this arises of necessity from the materials under examination. We cannot doubt that there was a brighter and somewhat jollier side of the life of the town than is revealed to us here. The grim severity of ecclesiastical discipline looms large over everything, and indeed seems to differ but little from the thunders of "Holy Church" of two centuries previous. "Presbyter is but priest writ large" is the remark which rises involuntarily to our lips as we finish the perusal of this book. The record is in the main one of frequently exercised discipline, of payments to paupers, of their burial, of repairs to the Church, and sundry other details.

It must not, however, be supposed that the record is a mere dry-as-dust collection. Many of the items are of considerable interest, and we trust that by transcribing a few of them we may send a large number of readers to the book itself. For example on page 76 we find the following item:

"Given by Baillie Ruecastle and a Corum of the Session to a Christian prince from Ciria. £3, 0s 0d."

On this the editor aptly remarks that it is another case of the Syrian coming "down like a wolf on the fold." There is something deliciously naive about the entry, and it requires little imagination to picture the wily son of Ham getting round the Scots magistrate by harping on the religious string.

Under date September 21st, 1712, we find the following:

* The Parish and Kirk of Hawick, 1711-1725. By J. J. Vernon: "Express" Office, Hawick, 1900.

"Compeared upon citation James Crow in Branxholm for breach of Sabbath by gutting herring in the evening thereof, qch he ingeniously acknowledged, thinking they would spile if lying ungutted until ye Monday. John Riddell, his servant, confest that he brought home ye load of herring upon the Sabbath att the sunsetting." Happily for Mr Crow and his assistant the Session took a lenient view of their case, and it was dismissed on the guilty parties promising "by God's grace, to carrie ymselves circumspectly on ye Lord's day." "Circumspectly," blessed word!

It is surprising how very seldom the great affairs of the outer world are reflected in the Session books, but here is one instance. Under date October 16th, 1715, we find, "No Sermon, in regard to ye tumult occasioned by a numerous multitude in arms against King George and his government": and again on October 30th, "No Sermon, Kenmure, Englishes, and Highlanders in ye town." Thus was it that the Jacobite Rising of 1715 affected the old Border town.

Under date January 29th, 1716, there is the following curious entry:—"This day upon citation compeared Mr Lithgo, officer of ye excyse, and confessed that he was occasion of due meeting in Thomas Hugan's house (who had disposed ane hatt to a publick raffle), and averred that he was not present in ye sd Thomas's house att ye brawl in ye morning, but when he heard ane crying murther he straightway went up to make riddance and to allay tumult. Who being most seriously exhorted to avoid all evil companie, promised to demean himself as a Christian and a Gentleman."

In the year 1716, under date June 3rd, we find the end of the Jacobite Rising celebrated as follows:—

"Intimation made this day that Thursday next, ye 7th curt., should be set apart as a day of thanksgiving to God for King George's good success, etc."

In 1720, the Kirk Session received a curious gift, accompanied by the following letter, from Mr Elliot, merchant, in London:—

London, August 31st, 1720.

Reverend Sir,—I have taken the opportunitie of this bearer to perform my promise of sending you a vellvatt pale (pall) for the benefite of the poor of Hawick paroche. It is a much richer vellvatt than the former, and, with tolerable usage, will last you fourtie years. It is a right Genoa vellivet, the former was only Dutch. I desire that it may be entered in your Church book as my gift to the poor. Please let me hear when it comes to your hand. I have sent it in a fine milled serge Bagg, with Silk and Strings, and altogether in a Dale Box."

The pall or mortcloth was regularly used at funerals, and a fee was charged for its use, the money so received being devoted to the poor. The Common Riding seems to have been as great a trouble to the clergy in former times as it is at present, for on May 31st, 1724, we find that—

"The Minister complained in ye Session, as he had done in his Sermon, to the Congregation of severall immoralities that were committed upon occasion of ye Common Riding, and particularlie of that scandalous practice of distributing strong Liquor to one another in the open street to an excessive measure." The Session, it is needless to say, "unanimously resolved that they would in their private capacitie discourage and discountenance that practice, and that if this method was not thoroughly effectuall they would next have recourse to other measures."

Space does not permit us to quote much more, but we may note in conclusion an entry of expenditure. It runs as follows:—

"Paid Bailie John for drink at putting up bell, 3s 7½d." From which we may infer that it is not necessary to go "East of Suez" in order to raise a thirst.

There are many other points in this book which we should have liked to notice, but space forbids. From the above extracts it will be seen that the contents are of much interest, and the fact that it appears in a somewhat humble form does not make it less valuable than if it had appeared in all the glory of handmade paper, broad margins, rough edges, and roxburgh binding. It may also be added that anyone who reads this book will find abundantly confirmed the saying of a wise man of old: "Say not that the former times were better than these, for thou dost not consider wisely concerning this."

W. E. WILSON.

The Thomson Bi-Centenary at Ednam.

To the Editor of THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

Cheviot House, Berwick-on-Tweed,
24th September, 1900.

Dear Sir,

On the occasion of the Thomson Bi-centenary celebration at Ednam by the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, two interesting facts in connection with the history of that quiet and

sequestered, yet famous little village, did not find their way into the oratory of the day. One of these is that the Rev. Francis Lyte, author of the famous hymn, "Abide with me," was born at Ednam in 1793; the other, far less, if at all known, that Ednam was the birthplace of the father of Captain James Cook, the celebrated navigator. "John Cuke, the grandfather of the Captain, was an elder in Ednam parish in 1692, Mr Thomas Thomson, father of the poet, being at the same time minister." For further details see Dr Johnston's "Natural History of the Eastern Borders," p. 177 (London: Van Voorst, 1853), about the most delightful book of the sort that ever was written, well-known on the Border, but long ago, I regret to say, out of print. It ought to be re-printed.

Yours truly,
F. M. NORMAN, Commander, R.N.

Coleridge's Grave in Highgate.

A BORDERER who looked in on Westminster Abbey the other day declares that his bones must not rest there. It is far too crowded and dingy, and the monuments to the great ones are dusty and smoke-begrimed. He is of opinion that he would rather rest under the open canopy of heaven than that his dust should be trampled over by the curious, the reverent, and the irreverent of all nations. His fears are doubtless groundless. Was this the same individual who hunted for the grave of George Eliot in Highgate Cemetery the other day in vain until a Scotsman came to the rescue, and then proceeded to the Grove at Highgate, where, in the third house, Samuel Taylor Coleridge spent the evening of his days, and died under the hospitable roof of Dr Gillman? This Highgate surgeon evidently well deserved the memorial erected in St Michael's Church to his memory, which says that "while on earth his intensity of heart and generosity of character gained the confidence and esteem of men." Not far away, under the Church adjoining the Grammar School in Highgate, rest the remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is very evident that few visitors come to see the grave of the author of the "Ancient Mariner," as the custodier of the key of the churchyard did not know where the tomb was, and was indebted to one of the visitors for finding it in the crypt. It is a flat square monument with the one word "Coleridge" on the top, and on the south end above the door of the tomb is the memorial record of Coleridge, of Sarah, his wife, who died at Chester Place, Regent's Park, in 1845; of Henry Nelson Coleridge, son of James Coleridge, and of Sarah, his wife, daughter of the poet, who died at Chester Place in 1852; also of Herbert, their only son, born at Hampstead in 1830. The initials S.T.C. and S.C. are cut on the door of the tomb, down which you must descend a few steps for the entrance. Certainly few amongst the thousands of Americans who have been visiting London find their way to Highgate, although this district with its beautiful Waterlow Park and easy distance from Hampstead make it well worthy of a visit. The graveyard surrounding the Church, which has the remains of Coleridge, has quite the air of neglect one is accustomed to in a country churchyard. This visitor further says that the book for north London, for the Highgate and Hampstead districts, is William Howitt's "Northern Heights of London." The same author's "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets" may be referred to with profit also. It is rich in its references to the Border country.

R. C.

Bi-Centenary of James Thomson, 1700-1900.

THOU poet of the varied year,
Who didst delight to sing
Of Summer, Autumn, Winter drear,
And charms of verdant Spring.

Two hundred years have come and gone
Since on thy natal day,
The Muse of Poesy then shone
To greet thee on thy way.

And thou reflected back her beams
With radiancy sublime,
And gave to us thy golden dreams,
In words of classic rhyme.

The Spring in all its verdure bright,
Thou didst in verse portray,
And Summer with ethereal light,
Depict in colours gay.

While Autumn thou with glory crowned
Throughout her happy reign,
And Winter with a raging sound,
Soon follows in her train.

And thus "sweet poet of the Year,"
The Seasons ever bring
Those mem'ries of thee ever dear,
That round our hearts shall cling.

For long as Time its course shall run,
May Scotland still revere,
The genius of her gifted son,
"The poet of the Year."

MIDDLEMASS BROWN,
Author of "Aspects of Life," &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
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THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

HAWICK BURGH ARMS

It is difficult to tempt me to stray from the quiet retirement of the Border Keep, for the old Dominie has too long been accustomed to revel in the perusal of the contents of his crowded bookshelves, but the brilliant weather we had in the second week of September found me enjoying a few holidays in the brave old town of Hawick. "The Queen o' a' the Border," as the song has it, impresses me more favourably every time I visit it. I admire the town and its surroundings, while I am favourably impressed with the independent business kind of air which the inhabitants assume—it tends to prosperity in the long run. Of course the real "Teries" consider that there is no place on earth like Hawick, and that there never can be any rival discovered. This settled conviction in the Hawick mind is so deep rooted and so thoroughly permeates all classes of the community that discussion on the subject is almost impossible. It is as well, therefore, to fall in with the general feeling while residing on the banks of the Slitrig.

* * *

It goes without saying that I was much in the company of my old and esteemed friend, Mr Robert Murray, or "Robbie" as he is familiarly called by the inhabitants of the town. He is almost as much a part of Hawick as the Moat is, and to spend an hour in his

company is to get an impression of the true spirit of the place which is not easily obtained in any other way.

* * *

The sun was blazing hot, and the pure blue sky overhead shewed no sign of tempering clouds, so my old friend and I adjourned to the beautiful grounds of Wilton Lodge, which now form the Public Park of Hawick—one of the finest provincial parks it has been my privilege to visit. Truly, the Town Council of 1890 were wise men when they purchased these hundred acres and spent another thousand in improvements. Generations yet to come will rise up and call them blessed.

* * *

There, under the shade of a great spreading beech tree, we sat and told stories and recalled incidents until the leaves above us almost quivered with our laughter. "A merry heart doeth good as a medicine," and an indulgence in such pure mirth makes an old Dominie like me feel as if he were once more among the happy bairns at the school, or even further back still, when he himself "went storming out to playing" over the well-worn door sill of the village school.

* * *

My companion, "Robbie," was in rare form, and awakened memories of byegone days, when we together enjoyed the peculiar delights of archæological research and the inexhaustible pleasures of Border lore. At our feet the Dean Burn wimpled past to join the Teviot's clear waters. In front the ornamental fountain threw up its cooling sprays which flashed in the sun like showers of diamonds, giving ample evidence that the town's water supply is in no way restricted, and that the Town Council is not afraid to combine the ornamental with the useful. In the woods could be seen the spot where the Wallace Thorn grew, a tree which, according to tradition, served the Hero of Scotland as a tethering post for his horse. Never mind though some moderns discredit this tradition—it is quite possible that the venerable thorn may have been used for such a purpose, as Wilton Lodge was occupied by one of Wallace's staunchest friends, Thomas de Charters, otherwise Longueville, who would be almost certain to receive a visit from the Hero when he was in the district.

* * *

Coming nearer our own day—was it not in this same Wilton Lodge, on the evening of the 31st January, 1804, that Lord Napier, laird of Wilton lodge and Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire, was entertaining his Deputy Lieutenant, Mr Pringle of Whytbank, when the butler made the announcement:—"My Lord, dinner is on the table, and the Beacon is lighted." A few minutes sufficed for the repast, and then the two were mounted and fast speeding over the hills to Selkirk. Yes! the false Alarm, about which my friend "Robbie" knows perhaps more than any man living, was a superb proof of the everlasting bravery of the sons of the Border, and their readiness to assemble at a moment's notice to defend their dearly-bought liberties against the common foe.

* * *

There are few places in Scotland where the word "common" is so well understood as it is in Hawick, and it is a thousand pities that what was enjoyed by so many towns and villages in the past, should have been lost through sheer carelessness on the part of the people who allowed their rights to be trampled under foot without raising a protesting voice. The common proper of Hawick is not the only ground, however, which belongs to the town, for Wilton Lodge and other important properties are all valuable municipal possessions, which have been acquired by enlightened Town Councils in modern times. Public lands are an absolute necessity if a town is to keep up its independent spirit, and Hawick has the credit of being a pioneer in this modern movement of buying back what once belonged to the people, and instilling into the minds of the citizens the true meaning of the injunction:—"Aye defend your rights and common."

* * *

As "Robbie" and I strolled towards the town by the banks of the Teviot, we envied the boys who were dookin' in its clear waters, and for a few moments we forgot our increasing years and felt tempted to plunge in also. Reaching the High Street, I admired once more this clean, handsome thoroughfare, and felt refreshed on that hot day by hearing the "lapping" of the little stream of water which is allowed to flow continuously along one side of the street. A little tree here and there is all that is required to give that rural touch which is so much appreciated wherever it is tried, and we have no doubt it is only a matter of time before this also is adopted by the members of the Town Council, who are doing their best to make the town well-known as a "Tourist Resort."

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

THE unveiling of a Memorial Bust of the late Lord Napier and Ettrick took place on Saturday, the 15th September last, in Ettrick Church. The weather was brilliantly fine, and, considering that the district is so outlying, there was a large gathering, including representatives of all the leading county families. After prayer by the Rev. Mr Borland, minister of Yarrow, and the singing of the 100th Psalm, Mr C. H. Scott-Plummer, convener of the county, as chairman of the Memorial Committee, read a letter from the Duke of Buccleuch, who had been expected to have unveiled the memorial, stating that by the advice of his medical adviser he was unable to be present. The Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., then performed the unveiling ceremony, and in a brief address referred to the distinguished services rendered by the late Laird of Thirlestane to his Queen and country at home and abroad, and to the deep interest he took in all that concerned the interests of the county of Selkirk. Sir Walter Thorburn, M.P. for the counties of Peebles and Selkirk, moved a vote of thanks to the Earl of Dalkeith for coming to unveil the memorial, at the same time expressing his regret, which, he was sure, would be shared by everyone present, that he had to do so owing to the indisposition of his distinguished father. The bust, by Mr Pitendreigh Macgillvray, Edinburgh, is a beautiful work of art, placed on a handsome pedestal bearing an inscription expressive of the estimation in which the late Lord Napier was held.

In these days of 'wheels' how delightful it is to whirl out of the busy 'centre,' and in a few hours to find oneself 'peddlin' up a lonely unfrequented vale in the far country, with miles of white road in front, a fresh gurgling stream at your side, flanked by lines of high, green, interminable hills bathed in sunlight! At every turn to have new vistas of verdant meadows and to have fresher breezes fanning your brow; to have song as you go, the rare and incomparable solos of the hill birds, the plovers, and the whaups, high up on the purple 'happit' laws; to have a world of historic associations entombed in song and story, thronging your memory as you pass the lone sentinel Border keeps that occupy the bare and rugged spurs, frowning ruins of a turbulent past! We are in Ettrick. And what a day to be out! And what a raid we are making along with others in this quiet vale! Hundreds of cyclists and machines, from simple traps to prodigious four-in-hands, all bound for Ettrick Kirk.

At high noon a host of motley pilgrims are bestirring themselves around the sacred precincts of the kirk, and arranging their cycles anywhere out of sight as things incongruous within a kirkyaird. Everybody is wiping the perspiration of the day's exertion from their brow, and saying, 'What a day!' Nobody who was not impressed with it. The son of Buccleuch, in unveiling the bust of his noble and illustrious kinsman, said, when he did so, that the day was a symbol of the rich fulness, the benevolence, the benignity, the broadmindedness of the great Christian Scotsman who lay sleeping in that consecrated spot. The 'hairst' fields were full of yellow stooks, and the silent spirit of the scene, the blazing sun and the cloudless

'lift,' had its parallel in Lord Napier's life, his inviolate and unblemished character, nurtured amid these everlasting hills, like that of most of the many great Scots, filled and trained as it was by an early and close contact with nature, fitted and moulded his mind and enabled him to fill the highest positions in the service of his country—not only so, but when that work was finished enabled him to retreat from the brilliant scenes of Court life, like some patriarch, to those of his early inspiration, to seek in his own Ettrick a holier communion with his God; to find among the 'hames o' his ain folk' and the lown waterways and the burnsides of his native vale some noble, peaceable thing to do—to work, to spread happiness, to be a friend, to be found simple and sincere, and ultimately to lay himself down and mingle his dust with shepherd sons and his loved Ettrick.

The services were simple, beginning with the Hundredth Psalm, the Sermon on the Mount, an appreciative prayer, a eulogy by the Earl of Dalkeith, and the function of unveiling the bust. The little church was filled with faces from the many Border towns. It was a kind of heterogeneous congregation, filled with a common admiration, and breathing a common sentiment, that gazed in reverence at the marble countenance of the great diplomatist. It was a face as I had seen it in life, and the sculptor must be complimented here—that in the loving look of the eye and the saintly sincerity of it betokened he had been with the 'Master.' As we were thus engaged the minister gave out the second paraphrase,

> 'O God of Bethel! by whose hand
> Thy people still are fed;
> Who through this weary pilgrimage
> Hast all our fathers led.'

'From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs,' and no Scotsman is worthy of the name who is not moved by such an occasion. We leave the quaint little country kirk, with its high-backed pews, its galleries touching the ceiling, its obtrusive and lofty 'pu'pit' surmounted by a ponderous 'soondin'' canopy and a reredos of auld Scotch 'dails.' We walk gingerly over the raised mounds in the auld kirkyaird, a thing (now since graves are mostly levelled) one feels almost to be an uncanny impropriety to do. We ardently seek out the humble resting-places of the Ettrick Shepherd, the divine and orthodox Boston, and we read the effusive and amusing attributes set forth in sculptured script where lie the mortal remains of Will o' Phaup. To-day a beautiful wreath lies on the tomb of Napier, and the scent of the dead roses haunts the family enclosure, the creeping ivy trails lovingly about the marble stones, and the first of the autumn leaves are beginning to hap the sod. But I thought all this incidental, and nothing compared with the sweet memory and the enduring monument the life and example of the good man had written and erected in the hearts of his countrymen.

One feels reluctant to leave such a spot, for never since the sun shone on Ettrick Shaws had it revealed more beauty than it did to-day. It was immaculate! Hillsides flooded with the richest hues; a mystery of bracken, broken up into multitudinous tints, from the deepest green of the luxuriant frond passing from blood-red passages of colour away through warm patches in all stages of their dying and decay, to the soft golden and straw hues of the 'sere and yellow leaf.' The wine-red moor, the purple heath—and in our mind the martyr with his sword and his bible—a pastoral of surpassing loveliness. The bleating of the far away flocks, the white gables of the cosy 'sheilins,' the smoke of the shepherd's peat fires hanging like a wee laich 'clud in the warl' its lane.' Trees, wild birches and gnarled oak, vestiges of the 'olde forest,' studded here and there, and singing, gurgling on and on, the silver sparkling stream of Ettrick. By the sequestered woods of Thirlestane and Tushielaw, shingly and white, and broad and fresh and sparkling all the way except at the 'Brigend,' where it shows you what its possibilities are in some short suggestions of rocky pools and cascades. Theatrical effect, however, is not in its line, and after this single instance of by-play, so to speak, it broadens and stretches itself again, turning oft in its circuitous windings, but bearing ever over its white pebbly bed that soft audible murmur of a song that charmed and thrilled the soul of Scott, that tuned the lay of her shepherd bard—a voice, a murmuring voice, not a 'sabbin'' one like that of her sister Yarrow, but a voice withal that has inspired the minstrel of many years. This is one aspect of Ettrick. We are chasing the sun in our run home, and it is setting a great bleary orb on the western hills of the dying day. Behind us the shadows gather, and a weird mist rises over the plains of the receding vale lying like the ghost of forgotten days. The fragment of a harvest moon will break over the dense night later—it will flicker through the windows and fall on the marble maybe, and the eerie owl will shriek in the yaird outside. The circumstances of death will be over it all. But triumphant above the

shades of all these things and the dazzling light of the day itself is the holy influence of a voice that being dead yet speaketh, who while he was with us wore the white flower of a blameless life, and who bore worthily the motto of his noble house, 'Ready, aye ready.'

G. H. T.

From a Sketch by ETTRICK CHURCH. George Hope Tait.

A Way through the Wilderness.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY, always in itself interesting, has an added charm attached to it, when it runs as the only connecting link between one district and another, and has no rival in the "iron road." In a certain region not far from the classic river of "dule and sorrow," there runs a road where all the varied traffic that filters through the countryside has no choice but to take its path. The stranger might ask, wonderingly, if the road leads anywhere at all; so often does it seem as if it could pierce no way through the thickly crowding hills. And yet, the corner turned, we see it cleverly twisting round the base of the grassy hills, which rise so steeply up, and grudge river and road alike a pathway between them. For, the wonder of the district is this: take any hill by itself and you will find it presents no feature of grandeur. It may have a sharply-defined outline, but no rugged rock breaks up its form, and it is tender with fresh grass from base to summit. Yet, look at these hills as they group themselves together, and crowd so closely that they seem to blot out the sky. Great gloomy recesses are formed where the shadows always lurk, and the silence lies heavy as a pall. Then you begin to ask yourself into what haunted region the road is leading you. This was assuredly no place where gentle deeds flourished long ago. There is a pitiless grimness about it that makes one listen with a fine sense of the fitness of things to the old traditions of the place; how that track up the bare hillside, that can still be traced through many parishes, was called "The Thief Road" from the time when unscrupulous Border raiders led their plunder across it; or how yonder hillside echoed to the psalms of the hunted Covenanters; and that glen was where a martyr's last sermon was preached. With the spirit of the past holding one, one could believe that the river finds here its source, to slip through the valley like a wandering voice telling of "old unhappy far-off things."

Many changes have come since these days, and change is going on still. The passing of the years makes a difference even in the latter-day history of the quiet valley. The march of the times is felt here too, and the old stock of tenants must give way in the race for wealth. One glen, farmed from one end to another for generations by a race sprung from the soil, is now the field of speculation for the city capitalist. So every rank of life, from that which finds its sway in stately mansion-house to that which broods in the loneliness of Border farmhouse, feels the expelling power of this new plutocracy. It is a thought touched with sadness, for it comes like a shock to hear new names in the old places. One realises that along with the old natural landmarks, much else is vanishing fast.

But we live in a prosaic age, where a tragic aspect of things is not encouraged, and the wanderer, who stops for a night or two at a shepherd's hut on the historic highway, need not—unless he be a so-called sentimentalist—exercise any deeper emotion than that of amused interest in the stream of life that flows past. For there is amusement in the contrast between the life which skims past, and the life which is fixed there. The cyclist wheeling from one end of the country to the other, the pedestrian (how few in number now! this accomplishment being almost left to the pro-

fessional gentlemen of the road), the noisy holidaymaker in the coach, which does duty for the train, these all bring a strange view of things, sometimes a strange tongue into this world of slow thought and scant speech. The stranger with his soft southern accent tries to find a common ground of speech between himself and the native shepherd. And as he lamentably fails in this, so he fails in adjusting his views of things to the views of this solemn-voiced man. Witness even their ways of looking at the weather. The stranger frets and fumes at the swiftly recurring showers, and wishes impatiently to know when the rain will "hold off." The native frees himself from all implied responsibility in the matter, by a sublime indifference that refuses to commit itself. "I wadna say it'll rain a' day; the heicht o' the day's comin' on, it might mak a differ," and with this the stranger has to be content. And we can hardly touch on this same vexed subject of weather, without noticing how pathetic is the native's faith in it. In these parts a day without sunshine—so long as it keeps free from rain—is noted a "grand" day. And the usual conditions which are—at least in this most disappointing of summers—flying rains and mists, and "winds, austere and pure," are accepted stoically.

Perhaps the native has got the true artistic sense which tells him that his surroundings need that element of mysterious mist and darkly hanging cloud to heighten their majesty. A shadowy compensation for material discomfort! One must believe rather in a stoical acceptance of things beyond disputing. Nothing in the education of Nature, as she here teaches, could lead to a whimpering thought of life. One could imagine oneself "turned to a fine note of courage," or, at least, forced to take a more unflinching gaze at the mysteries of life. Is it only a sentimentalism uttered from the safe standpoint of nineteenth century life to say that one could find it—not easier but less despairingly hard "to dae and dee for it" here? But these are wide inferences to draw from comparisons of views about the weather.

How large a part after all, one is tempted to ask, does the stranger of the highway play in the lives of these simple men and women? Possibly he over-estimates his own importance, and imagines that he brings a stir and din from the outer world, that they have never known before. And yet, perhaps, these country folks are sending their thoughts out to the other end of the world. There are few travellers among them, but those who take the road go a long way, so that the names of the far Colonies are as household words to these at home. One is told how the shepherd who hewed out that dangerous path on the face of the precipice has gone to the harder task of carving out a fortune in the far West, or how that other son of the glen is at that "grim front," where all eyes are turned.

There is one thing the stranger has not done, and let us be thankful for it. He has not corrupted the natural kindliness of heart of these people. The old hospitality reigns there still. In these days, when the fashion is to measure every one by the standard of wealth and position, it is something to meet with men and women who base their interest in you not on the results of such a measurement at all; who, knowing nothing of you, offer you the common kindnesses of life in a way that makes the simple gift a royal one, and would brand the refusal of it a sin of rudeness.

But it is not in a short sojourn among these hills that one can exhaust the mysteries of that enchanted region. One may re-adjust much of one's way of thinking, may strike again some forgotten truths in the simple manner of life in these glens, and yet come away with the sense that one has only skirted the fringe of a world that lies trembling to the touch of him who has learned the "Open Sesame." And yet, the wheelman scorching through the glen, or the pedestrian in his more praiseworthy leisure taking a day to the tour, will tell you that he knows that road!

Scott's Love Affair.

JUST as Sir Walter Scott was entering on the literary career which he pursued till his death, and when about twenty years of age, he fell deeply in love.

He was then in the habit of worshipping in Greyfriars, coming round from his home in George Square. One Sunday on leaving the Church he observed a young lady of much beauty sheltering from a shower in the porch, and he gallantly offered her his umbrella. The covering was graciously accepted, and Scott fell in love with the lady right away. This, it is presumed, was their first meeting.

The lady proved to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches, of Inverary. For nearly six years Scott is said to have indulged the hope of wedding this lady, and there is every reason to believe that she gave him encouragement and helped to fawn the flame that burned in his bosom. His atten-

tions continued till close on the eve of Miss Margaret's marriage, in 1796, to Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, who, in the day of adversity, proved to be one of Scott's most delicate-minded and staunchest friends.

What came between the young couple will never be known. From an entry in his diary in 1827 some infer that a misunderstanding arose between them—whether or not, the passage goes a long way to complete the story of this passion—said to be Scott's first and only deep passion, and is a most pathetic and characteristic entry.

The attachment had a very marked influence on Scott's after life and, according to more than one writer, kept him "free from some of the most dangerous temptations of the young, and created within him a world of dreams and recollections through his whole life on which his imaginative nature was continually fed."

His disappointment at being "jilted" was so great that some of his friends were somewhat alarmed over his utter prostration. He however rallied, the pride, always a notable feature in his character, doubtless raising him above his inward pain of body and mind. It was, nevertheless, some time before he could say that his heart was "handsomely pieced"—not mended.

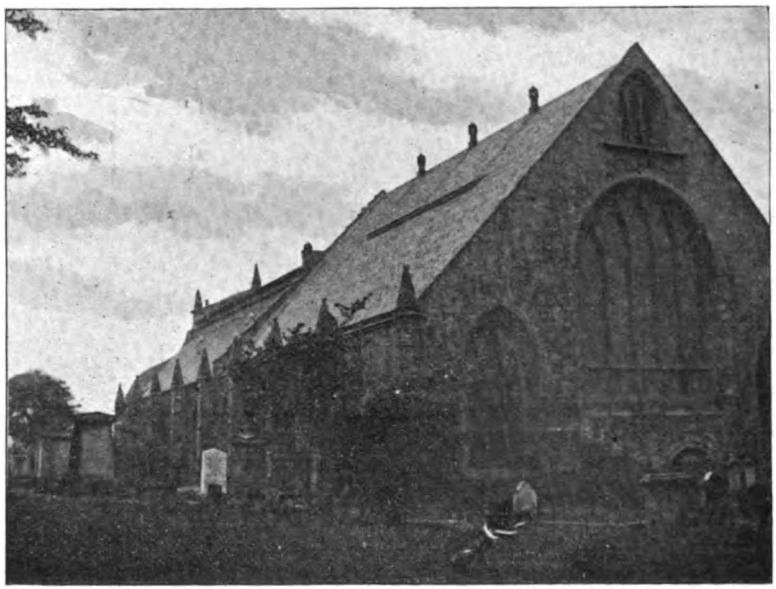
In the year following the blasting of his hopes, Scott wrote the lines "To a Violet," said to be one of the most beautiful of his poems. Some of the lines, however, betray a feeling of resentment, though delicately produced, and show how keenly Scott felt his loss.

Like many others who have experienced similar disappointment, Scott soon formed new ties, and became engaged, in less than a year, to Miss Charlotte Margaret Charpentier, or Carpenter, the daughter of a French royalist, whom he had met at the Cumbrian watering-place of Gilsland. The lady was taking the air on horse-back when Scott saw her first. They were married on Christmas Eve, 1797.

Mrs Scott has been spoken of as a lively beauty, and as one who, "on the whole, made a good wife, but who could not share Scott's deeper anxieties or participate in his dreams." Hogg said she was one of the handsomest creatures he ever saw, and that he would ever remember her as a sweet, kind, and affectionate being.

She loved her husband, was proud of his genius, and "sunned in his prosperity and tried to bear his adversity cheerfully." Scott was greatly attached to her, as one of the most touching passages written in his diary after her death clearly shows. Her end, though long expected, affected him deeply.

G. M. R.



From a Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

OLD AND NEW GREYFRIARS.

Robie and Jean's Visit to the Camp.

Losh! hev ye no heard o' the daein's on the hill?
Hoo for twae or three weeks o' inspection an' dreel,
Were encampit some ten or twal hunner, or mair,
O' oor braw Scottish callants, God bless them, I'm shure,
Wi' the richts o' auld Scotland whae daur interfere,
Sae lang as she boasts o' a brave Volunteer!

Tae veesit the camp of coorse a' the folk ran,
Sae no juist tae be ahint Robin, ma man,
Says aw half alood—aw'll e'en harness auld Nell
Tae the little spring cairt, an' the wife an' masel'
Sall hae a bit jauntie, oor first ane for 'ears,
An' oo'll see what oo think o' thae braw Volunteers.

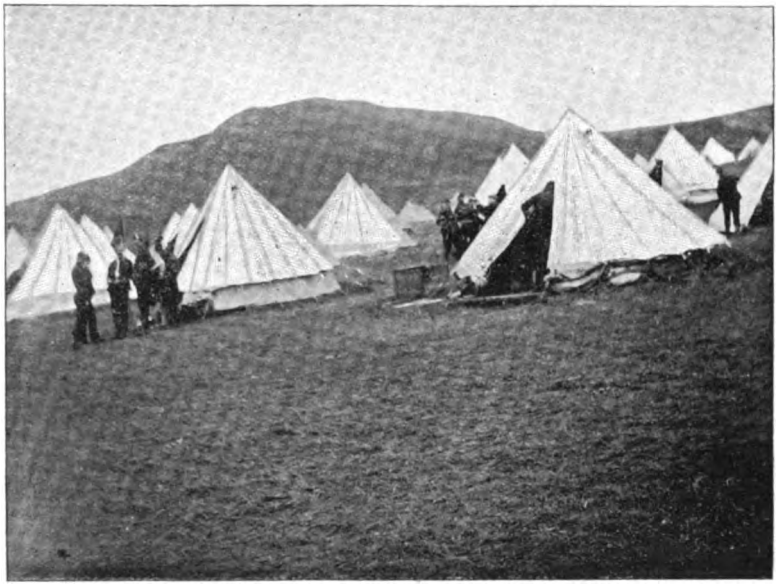
Weel, naither tae haud nor tae bin' was the wife!
She donned her best bonnet, an' lairger than life
She sprang up beside me—sine a' the gait there
She discoorsed on the State, an' the War, an' far mair
Than aw've time tae repeat—but she solemnly sweers
She wud back 'gainst the hale Boers oor brave Volunteers!

Arrived at the hill we were puzzled a bit
What tae dae wi' the powney an' cairt, but sune hit
On a dooce-lookin' callant, where, for a dowsoor,
Engaged tae look after the beast for an hoor;
So we strecht up the hill for the camp 'gan tae steer
When richt in afore's stept a tall Volunteer!

Aw could see that the wife got a gliff—but for me
Aw waitit until he should speak—and says he,
"Don't ye see there's a dreel goin' on? Ye must stay
On yon side the sentry box," pointin' that way.
Says aw, "aw'm some blind, sir, but shurely aw see
A thing like a high dookit standin' aglee."
Eh, but he look'd angry! Which gin the wife saw,
She grippit ma coat sleeve, an' drew me awa.
"Rob, div ye no see ye've offendit the man?
Be quick, an's let's make off as fast as oo can
Tae where he direc'it—aw'm no withoot fears
Oo may get intae grief wi' oor braw Volunteers."

My certes! the gress didna grow 'neth oor feet,
Wi' the hurry oo made oo were clean in a heat
An' when oo were fairly on safe ground again,
It seemed as tho' railly Jean's fears had been vain,
For ne'er a ane lookit as tho' they wud fash us,
Ne'er the less oo determined tae steer very cautious.

Weel, aw askit the next Volunteer that oo met
If oo michtna gang inside—for there oo could get
Sic a far better view o' the men an' the tents.
He said he kent naithing ava tae prevent's,
Sae in oo baith walkit, as crouse as could be,
An', losh man, it was a fine sicht for tae see!



From Photo by E. Lumgair, Melrose.

A GOSSIP.

The tents were the first thing that took oor attention,
They struck me as bein' a gey queer invention;
Hoo sic bits o' eggshells could haud echt full-grown men,
Is a thing that aw never can yet comprehen'.
An' then the confushion—the hale rick-ma-tick
Juist lookit as if't had been steered wi' a stick!

Wi' bags an' portmanties the hale place was strawn,
Claes, caps, buits, an' bowls in amang them were thrawn;
The pillows an' mattresses lay at the door,
Man, siccan a steery aw ne'er saw afore!
Aw canna conceive hoo they aw got tae bed
Unless the confushion was somehow outredd.

The bit baith the wife an' me thocht maist amusin',
Was tae stand at the place whar the tea was infusin;

Some sodger-like chiels were there superintendin',
An' ane wi' his coat off was constantly mendin'
An' sorting the fire—aw did peety his case,
His job was a het ane tae judge by his face.

It was siccaw a lauchable thing for tae see,
The skurry they a' made tae get at the tea;
Jean lauched, fit tae spleet at a lot o' young chaps
Wha were rinnin' wi' airmfu's o' big wheaten baps.
Man, they lookit sae cheery it did ma hert gude,
Aw could aye sympatheese wi' a frolicsome mude.

The last thing oo cam' tae was ca'ed the Canteen—
A big wud erection, but what it micht mean
Aw'm no juist quite shure—tho' aw aye raither think
It must have had something tae dae wi' the drink,
For the wife an' me railly were vexed for tae see
A lot o' puir young lads no as they should be.

Noo, temptation should never be thrawn in folk's road,
For, gudesakes, the wey tae destruction's sae broad,
There's nae need tae widen't—at least that's what aw think;
But the wife an' me aye were opposed tae the drink,
An' oo've seen little cause for tae change oor opeenion,
There's naething e'er thrives under whisky's demeenion.

Tho' auld Nell did her best an' ran weel—a' the same
It was gettin' gey darksome afore oo got hame;
But oo've never regrettit oor jauntie that day—
It was graund, man, an' noo as aw close, aw maun say
That ye're boun' for tae join me in three ringin' cheers
For auld Scotland's defenders, her brave Volunteers!

From Photo by E. Lumgair, Melrose.

AFTER A FORTNIGHT'S RAIN—AIRING THE TENTS.

Told by the River Side.

BY A. FISHER.

EVERY one knows the pleasures of angling by day—and even a stormy day which would drive another man to the shelter of a cosy parlour has few terrors for an enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton, provided there is the prospect of a good basket. But those who venture on a night fishing expedition are not so numerous, and indeed it requires a man with no small amount of courage to undertake to spend the best part of the night by a lonely and treacherous river. The hoot of the owl as he flies from his home in the hollow trunk of some ancient tree or niche in the old bridge, the rustling and squeaking of the rats in the grass not a yard away, the shrill whistle of the otter as he silently swims in search of a dainty supper from the back of a salmon, the ceaseless plash, plash of the trout, all tend to set up a man's nerve; while his temper is frequently upset by the hopeless entangling of his cast, which as often as not puts an end to his night's sport. Nor is such an expedition without dangers of a more real and substantial kind, for a false step may plunge the unwary angler head over heels into a deep pool or lay him low amongst hard and

unkind rocks. But seldom indeed is the night fisher without a companion, for some well-stocked reach or pool is a favourite rendezvous. At the side of such a pool I sat one summer evening in the company of a veteran sportsman, waiting for the last rays of the setting sun to fade from the river. In the dim light I fancied I saw on the other bank a crouching figure, framed by a background of dark rock, and after debating in my own mind for a short time as to whether it was a human being, or merely a rock bearing a singular resemblance to one, I referred the question to my companion.

"Aye, ye may weel ask that, sir," he replied, "mair than you have speired the same question, and wi' guid cause."

"Aye, and why do you say that, David?" I asked.

"Weel, sir, ye see it is a rock, and some micht say mair than a rock, but I'll e'en gie ye the story as I had it frae my auld gran'faither, wha had it frae his gran'faither before him, and ye can judge for yoursel'. Mony year syne, hoo mony I couldna say, there lived up in the village a kind o' wastrel o' a body, ca'd Jock Tamson. He was an orra man on a farm, whiles, but mair aften a poacher an' hanger-on at the 'Town's Airms,' an' as ye micht weel think was a keen fisher. Now Jock had for a wife an uncommon fine woman wha worked hard, nicht an' day, tae keep hoose an' hame thegither, an' I doot she wad hae a sair time. She was a strict keeper o' the Sawbath day, an' ye wad vera seldom see her an' the bairns absent frae the kirk, but Jock made Sawbath an' Setterday alike, muckle tae her shame. Weel, Jock cam' hame ae Sawbath nicht wi' owre muckle drink in his stammack, an' naething wad keep him frae gawn awa' tae the nicht fishin', juist as we are daein' the nicht. His wife, puir wumman, tried hard tae persuade him tae bide at hame, mair especially as big black cloods were gatherin', an' it lookit like a thunnerstorm. But gang he wad, an' as he reached doon his rod an' marched oot at the door, he cried, 'I'll gang though the deil himsel' were tryin' tae hinner me.' Just as he gaid aff, there was a crack o' thunner, but in spite o' that, aff he went to his favourite cast, just whaur yon big stane is now. Now, i' thae days, the rocks were higher an' bigger, an' there was juist room for a man tae come an' gang 'atween them an' the water, an' it was there that Jock aye sat doon tae fish. Weel, that nicht there was the awfu'est storm o' thunner an' lichtnin' ever kent i' the countraside, an' at hame Jock's wife was sittin' shakin' tae think what micht happen tae her man in his drucken state. At last she could wait quietly at hame nae langer, an' so she roused some o' the neibours tae gang an' look for him an' bring him hame. When they kenned that he had gane tae the fishin' they made straught for Jock's favourite cast. But sic a sicht as met their een when they came tae the place, ye couldna weel imagine. The rocks were split an' scattered in a' directions an' where Jock used tae sit there was naething but yon big stane, an' my auld gran'faither aye said that the deil himsel' had come in a flash o' lichtnin' an' carried awa Jock's saul, an' turned his body into a block o' stane—an' I wadna wunner but it's true eneugh."

Langholm Castle Holm.

THE capital of Eskdale in all probability derives it name from the beautiful holm which stretches along the banks of the Esk, and on which the favourite Lodge of the Duke of Buccleuch is so snugly situated, just a little above the town.

A remnant of Langholm Castle, an important stronghold in its day, which gave to the holm its name and is closely associated with Johnny Armstrong, still remains. It stands near to the junction of the Esk and the Ewes, and near to the spot where unfortunate creatures suffered on the charge of witchcraft, and where Johnny Armstrong and his men before setting out for Carlenrig "ran their horses and brake their spears."

Here, in the good old days, the Eskside witch, an object of no little terror, was put to death. She was wont to act as houdie-wife in the town, and in that capacity is said to have had the power to transfer the pains of labour from the wife to the husband. For their cantrips the witches were sometimes burned on the holm. How the birth-rate stood relative to the burnings is not recorded.

Pennant in his narrative of a tour through Scotland in 1769 makes mention of the castle and of the burning of witches here, and also tells how that in "this place (Langholm) they kept an instrument of punishment, called the brank, which the magistrates liberally applied to check the excesses of that unruly member, the female tongue. It is a head piece that opens and encloses the head of the offender, while a sharp iron enters the mouth. This," says our tourist, "had been used only a month before, and as it cut the poor woman till blood gushed out from each side of her mouth, it would be well that the judges, before they

exert their power again, consider not only the humanity, but the legality, of the practice."

A particularly fine view of the Holm is obtained from the notable hills which stand around. Viewed thus it is indeed a charming piece of landscape. The Esk on one side, bounded by the Ewes in an opposite direction, with overhanging hills which seem to brush the sky and stately woods form a picture bad to beat.

There's not a spot in Britain's isle where human feet have been,
There's not a land in foreign climes the eye of man has seen,
There's not a patch on God's green earth like that whereon I stand,
Or half so beautiful as this enchanted fairyland.

The Lodge, where the Duke of Buccleuch and family spend a portion of the year, is situated in the heart of the Holm. The building is plain and commodious. In the summer it is adorned with lovely roses which hang in clustering masses from well-trained trees. No baronial hall was ever graced by grander natural surroundings. Majestic avenues and miles of pleasant walks intersect the grounds and plantations.

Further up the valley is Peden's View, where tradition says the prophet found shelter from his persecutors. There is also Milnholm and Craigcleuch. The former the home of a nephew of Carlyle, and the latter that of General Sir John Ewart, K.C.B., who served with the Highlanders in the Crimea and lost an arm at Cawnpore.

The "muckle toon," which can lay claim to an abundance of magnificent scenery of hill, dale, wood, and stream, is lower down the valley. It is on the Castle Holm that the annual holiday attached to the old-time ceremony of riding the Common is held. The Holm and, indeed, the town, are perhaps seen at their best on that occasion.

GEORGE ESKDALE.

From Photo by Geo. M'Robert, Edinburgh.

LANGHOLM LODGE.

BORDER NOTE.—Captain Haddon, who is in command of the Volunteer Service Company of the King's Own Scottish Borderers at the front in South Africa, writes home as follows:—"On Sunday afternoon Lord Roberts and his staff paid us a visit, wishing to see the trenches, and expressed himself as being highly satisfied with them. . . . His Lordship asked me if it was not very cold at night on the hill top, and I said it was, but we managed all right. He has, however, remembered us, for to-day tents have arrived, the first we have seen since we left Bloemfontein four months ago. He is a splendid man, and I don't wonder that the soldiers fairly worship him."

From Photo by The London Stereoscopic Company.

THOMAS BROWN, ESQ., DUNEDIN.

VOL. V., NO. 59. DECEMBER, 1900.

Thomas Brown, Esq., Dunedin.

BY THOMAS CRAIG.

IN these days when Colonial federation is enlarging our views of rule and empire, the men who have made the Colonies are more and more being recognised as worthy of welcome and honour. The Colonies have long taken of the best that the Mother Country could give, and thus both have been benefited, as well as knit together by ties of blood and kindred. The Borderland has not been behind in sending its sons to become pioneers and developers in the great work of creating new countries and founding new homes across the sea.

One of these has, during the last few weeks, been affording many old friends in the homeland an opportunity once more of shaking the hand of friendship and recalling reminiscences of "auld lang syne." This is Mr Thomas Brown, from Dunedin, New Zealand, who is one of Dunedin's most prominent citizens.

Mr Brown, born in 1840, claims Wooler as his birthplace, his father taking up auctioneering and farming lands there and engaging in other industrial pursuits. Though thus belonging to what is now regarded as "the other side of the Border," Northumberland was of old so much of Scottish territory that no doubt he is sometimes dubious whether he is entitled to rank most as an Englishman or Scotsman. But to whichever of the two he may be assigned, he has qualities about him which may make either proud to claim him.

When schooldays came to an end with him, in 1854, he became an apprentice with a draper in Berwick-on-Tweed, where he had a care to keep himself free from the thoughtlessness, idleness, and doubtful follies which often prove too seductive to lads in their teens.

From Berwick it was his fortune to be transferred, about 1860, to Kelso, where he entered upon an engagement in the oldest and one of the leading drapery establishments in the town. Outside this business house he formed some select acquaintanceships, numbers of which he has had the pleasure of renewing during occasional trips "home." Among these in those early years he felt in congenial society, and that means a great deal to a young man out in the world, when the feelings of loneliness and heart-sickness are apt to assert themselves. A not unimportant event in his life here was his associating himself with the First United Presbyterian Church Mutual Improvement Association, where he entered freely into the activities of the society, and imparted and received benefit thereby. In preparing essays for the meetings, and papers for the MS. magazine, as well as in sharing in the

debates, he was often well to the front, and thus he was unconsciously training himself for taking his part in unexpected and important spheres in the more serious duties of the career in which he has since borne such an honourable and prominent part. Though that Association made members of all denominations welcome, Mr Brown was also a member of the congregation, and thus he came under the influence of a remarkable man, both in the pulpit and out of it—the Rev. Henry Renton, A.M. No doubt the influences thus brought into his life helped to implant and confirm right principles and wholesome aspirations, which form a broad and stable base on which to rear the fair fabric of a useful and honourable life in which all are builders. At this time, too, he had opportunities, of which he occasionally availed himself, of waiting upon the ministrations of the Rev. Dr Horatius Bonar, the eminent hymnologist. In the leisure hours of summer mornings and evenings he found pleasant recreation in gardening pursuits, thus gratifying his taste for flowers, and helping the earth to produce its fruits, besides reaping the rewards of him who performs kindly offices for those who stand in need of them. It would be an unpardonable oversight were it not here mentioned that a great loss befell him—he lost his heart! yet he did not thereby become heartless, for he won another —one worth winning, too. In due time—when he had been settled in New Zealand for some time—Hymen repaired this not uncommon experience, and by restoring and uniting the lost brought happiness into the lot of both and into the home thereby set up.

Then in the course of time (1862), the "divinity which shapes our ends" led him to set out in quest of what fortune might have in store for him to the shores of New Zealand.

BROOMLANDS.

Those were the days when no steamship ploughed the main thitherwards, and he made the voyage in a sailing vessel, which had the usual fortune of fair winds and hopeful progress, and at other times knowing the tedium of what it was to be becalmed. The ship carried, passengers and crew, some 450 all told, and the misfortune befell it that fever broke out, resulting in converting the vessel into something like an hospital ship, and in the death of thirty-five of the passengers, including four of Mr Brown's chosen party of emigrants. In addition, the provisions and

water were alike bad, and the passage was anything but enjoyable or exhilarating. It was characteristic of our voyager that he kept a very full diary of events during these long weeks, and this appeared afterwards in a Border newspaper over a succession of weeks. He first tried his fortune at Invercargill, where he at first knew something of the roughness and hardships of bush life. Next there was a "billet" in a general store, which was soon wound up and the stock disposed of by auction. Mr Brown assisted in this dispersal, and every day bought some goods for cash which he sold at night at a profit. Eventually he took a partner and started business there, but after some months, when things were going on profitably, he had the misfortune to be burned out. He soon afterwards proceeded to Dunedin, where, through the kind offices of a friend, he found an engagement in one of the leading houses at once. Then came the taking over, along with a partner, of that business. This has been an unvaried tale of progress, until now, with the business in his own hands, it is one of the largest in Dunedin. The business premises have frontages of 150 feet, and the firm is assessed upon £14,000. The employees number from 150 to 200. Energy, Colonial push, sound judgment, and honourable dealing have been the animating and dominating aims of business, and thus individual benefit and general good service have gone hand in hand. Though the personal attention demanded by such a large and progressive business concern was very constant and onerous, Mr Brown had time for other duties of a public order. For a time he served as Mayor of the Burgh of Mornington, and he gave himself to the business also of the Dunedin Chamber of Commerce (from which he was a delegate to the conference of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire held recently in London.) He also undertook the duties devolving upon the directorate of various Colonial undertakings, from twelve to twenty in number.

Perhaps not the least important of these has been in connection with dredging for gold. This was started in 1880, when he and a small syndicate or company, proving to be pioneers, set to work the first steam dredger, which was attended with such marvellous results that now there must be between 300 and 400 dredgers at work. These are chiefly employed in dredging river beds, but wherever there is a likelihood of getting gold in payable quantities dredging operations are prosecuted, as, for instance, in what is called in Scotland haugh-lands, where water is artificially laid on and a dredger set to work. So successful have some of these dredgers been that as much as £50,000 worth of gold have been obtained by one in a single year, the working expenses of the dredgers running about £50 per week. This dredging industry is now recognised as one of the most important, expanding, and profitable in the Colony.

Great as has been Mr Brown's services to the industrial development of New Zealand, his connection with the Conservation Society (popularly termed the Amenities Society) have been more conspicuous still. He, along with another Borderer (Mr Alex. Bathgate, hailing from Peebles), are the head and front of this Society, which has for its object the ornamenting and beautifying of the streets and environs of Dunedin. It took its origin at the time of the Queen's Jubilee, and its first important work was the creation of the Jubilee Park. It has transformed the æsthetic character of Dunedin, and though vast expense has been incurred, it is one of the most popular societies of the place.

Finding recreation in the wielding of the angle, he has taken an active hand in populating the Otago rivers with trout and salmon, the efforts in regard to the former at least having met with very remarkable success, some of the rivers now at certain seasons swarming with trout of large size.

Home interests have not been neglected, for he has erected for himself a residence, surrounded by ornamental grounds, with an extensive and choice garden, worthy of his position. Not unmindful of home names, he has caused it to be known as Broomlands.

Mr Brown has done a little as a world-traveller in his time. Independent of his runs home, he has varied the route so as to enable him to see a considerable tract of America, not least the threading of the thousand islands; while a year or two ago he made an extended tour through Australia. Nor has he neglected to make himself acquainted with English and Scottish sights and scenes. An eye with which he can see, and the faculty of narrating vividly and picturesquely what he has seen, he is a choice companion, who can either talk or listen.

Thus have we briefly, and all too inadequately, sketched a career full of interest on its own account, and not without teaching to those who are yet only on the threshold of life's journey. He has acted the true man all through, and thus has made himself "troops of friends." In these days when war's ghastly trade has made heroes of many otherwise de-

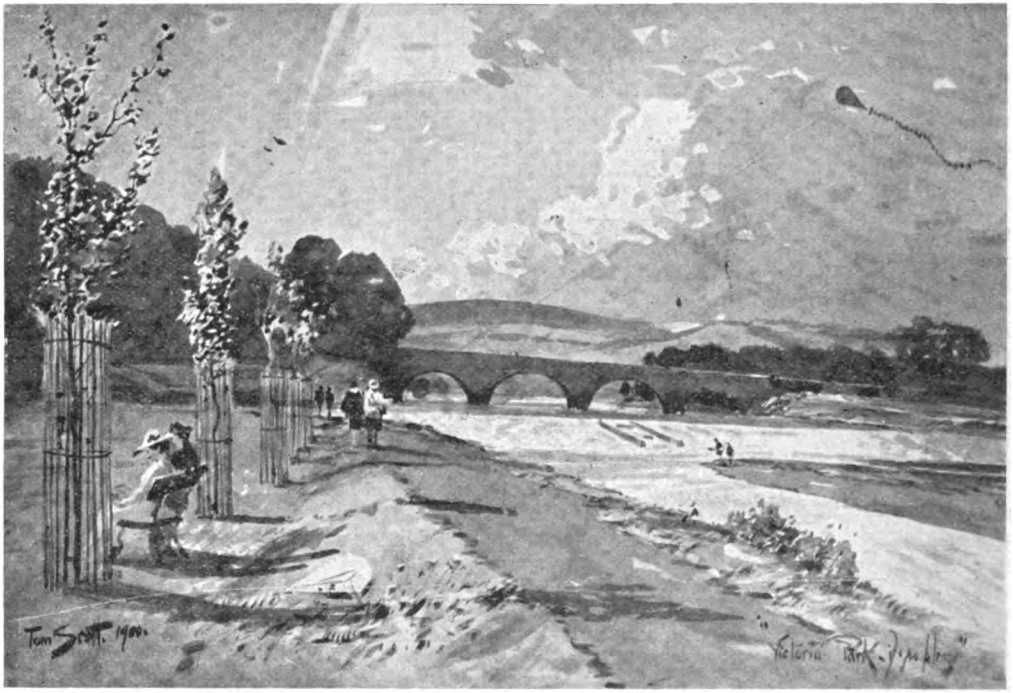
stined to a life of obscurity, let us not forget that

> "Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war."

Here we have an instance of one who has fought to the front in the arts of industry and peace, whose brow has honourably won the laurel wreath.

Selkirk and Cricket.

THE Soutars' town has long been famous for its cricketers, but it will be news to many to learn that the Selkirk Cricket Club is now celebrating its jubilee. In 1851 the game was first played in Selkirk, and from that distant date until the present time the Club has always held a prominent place among the cricket clubs of the country. A most successful bazaar, under very distinguished patronage, was held on the 19th and 20th of October last, for the purpose of raising funds to make an addition to the Pavilion. In connection with the bazaar, there was issued a Jubilee Bazaar Album, which will be prized by all who were fortunate enough to secure a copy. The book it beautifully got up, and was issued from the press of Messrs James Skinner & Company, Edinburgh. The book is illustrated for the most part by Mr Tom Scott, A.R.S.A., one of whose exquisite "bits" we have pleasure in reproducing, while Mr W. Anderson also adds to the pictorial attractiveness of its pages. The letterpress is pleasingly varied, and the signatures of some of the writers are names to conjure with. Mr R. Lees tells the story of the club's matches from the start in 1851 till 1883, while Mr Andrew Lang writes in his own inimitable way of Old Cricket at Selkirk, ending with these words, "I would rather be bowling for Selkirk than be Poet Laureate; oh, very much rather!"



"VICTORIA PARK, IF YOU PLEASE!"

Sir George Douglas, Bart, "J. B. Selkirk," Mr Duncan Fraser, Dr Dixon, and others contribute original poetry, which enhance the value of the Album very much. Mr Robert Anderson tells of Cricket in Hawaii, while Mr John Anderson, from his distant Hawaiian home, sends a most racy article entitled "An Umpire for a Single Innings." Altogether, the Jubilee Album of the Selkirk Cricket Club is worthy of the best traditions of the town, and the large photo of the club by Mr A. R. Edwards will give it a historical value in years to come.

W. S.

Lauder Bridge.

"I mean the Douglas, fifth of yore
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in Court defy
And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat."

THE ROTTEN ROW is probably the oldest part of Lauder. Until less than one hundred years ago it was the most direct road to Thirlestane Castle—the Lauder Fort of Scottish history. At an earlier date it was the "Route of Royalty" to the opening of the Old Scottish Parliament which occasionally

From Photo by G. W. Gibson, Coldstream.

LAUDER.

met at the Kirk of Lauder. This road also led to the farm of Norton, through what is now known as the Castle Park. In 1810 this road was closed by sanction of the Burgh of Lauder, in terms of pecuniary compensation from the Earl of Lauderdale. The Rotten Row leaves the main street of the Burgh immediately on entering by the "West Port." Further along the street there remains the "Avenue," which was the main approach to the Castle. Until 1827 a double line of large beech trees marked that private carriage-way.

The old road to Norton and the gamekeeper's house passed the west side of the Castle Gardens, which were removed about 1840 and

whose locality was marked, until a few years ago, by some apple-trees. About sixty yards from the west front of the Castle a sycamore tree marks the spot where stood the Old Kirk, which was completely removed in 1673. In 1235 a meeting was held in this Church when "a convention was entered into between the prior and convent of St Andrews and the master and monks of Haddington for settling of reigning disputes in regard to tithes and other ecclesiastical dues." It was doubtless, too, the place of sepulture of some of the illustrious dead. Among others, Alexander, Bishop of Dunkeld (1440), son of Sir Robert de Lawedre of Lauder and the Bass, was interred within its walls. And it was here that, in 1482, the nobles held a secret council, at which Lord Gray related the historic fable of the mice having been annoyed by the perambulation of the cat and conceiving the original idea of hanging a bell round his neck to warn them of his approach. But who was to bell the cat? The application of the fable was apparent. Led by Archibald, Earl of Angus, the nobles resolved to seize the "intellectual companions" of James III., and to hang them over Lauder Bridge "befoir the King's eyes."

The site of the Bridge is undetermined, although it is commonly understood to have

been across the Leader, on the road from Rotten Row to Norton along the Old Kirk Wynd. The river here has changed its course, but the parapet at the end next the town was seen in 1869, and when the writer in the "New Statistical Account" states that the Bridge was "a little below the Castle," it is not to be assumed that this signifies a site further down the river, but rather that it points to its being immediately below the foundations of the Castle which "are fixed to solid rock fifty or sixty feet above the tranquil Leader."

In 1679 this Bridge, or its successor, is spoken of as Egrypt Bridge, and in 1687, when on 22nd October, the Bell of the new Church was hung, Charles, Earl of Lauderdale, informed the Kirk-Session that he had taken "as much timber of the Bridge as would serve the purpose, and when the Bridge happened to be built again he would either restore so much timber or the price thereof." Two hundred years after the execution of the favourites a print of the Bridge with its victims was produced, in which its situation is fixed on the west side of the Castle.

But while the above surmise may be considered the more accurate, some affirm that the famous (or infamous) Lauder Bridge stood near the point at which the Leader is now crossed by a substantial foot-bridge, leading to "The Luggie" and Drummond's Hall. Near this spot a mill-lade was carried to the Lady's Mill, which was situated at the foot of Wyndhead Brae. About one hundred years ago the ruins of this "corn mill" were in abundant evidence. Within recent memory there was fixed over the window of Wyndhead Lodge a sign-board indicating that in former days it was licensed as a tavern. Where the Lodge itself now stands there was a thatched cottage which was let along with the Lady's Mill. As early as the twelfth century we read of this "Grinding Mill and fish-ponds," and as late as the seventeenth century there were "upon Leider Water twenty Mylns."

James III., who was "a man that loved solitariness, and desired never to hear of warre," arrived at Lauder at the head of an expedition into England. Edward IV.—Edward the Robber—had invited Alexander, Duke of Albany, the brother of James, from France, ostensibly to place him on the Scottish throne, but really to recover the town of Berwick. The Parliament determined to resist the invasion, for although the nobles were discontented with their sovereign and popular feeling was on the side of Albany, they were jealous of the "auld enemy." James, with an army of 50,000 men, encamped within the precincts of Lauder Fort. Surrounded by his favourites—"musroomes sprung upe out of the drege of the comons"—he little wot the deliberations of the nobles whose ancient lineage was stained by the upstart blood.

In order, if possible, to correct the abuses of maladministration, the following were condemned to immediate execution:—Cochran (the mason), Torphicen (the dancing-master), Hommeill (the tailor), Rogers (the musician), Leonard (the shoemaker), Andrews (the physician professing a knowledge of the occult sciences), Preston, and Ramsay. No sooner was the resolution passed than Cochran appeared at the door of the Church with a message from the King. He was attended by a bodyguard of 300 men gaily dressed in a livery of white, with black facings. Cochran, himself, was attired "in a riding doublet of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck to the value of five hundred crowns, a fair blowing horn in a chain of gold borne and tipped with fine gold at both ends, and a precious stone called a beryl hanging at the ends thereof. He had his helmet borne before him, all over gilt with gold, and so was all the rest of his harness: and his pavilion was of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof of fine twined silk." He asked to be hanged with one of the silken cords of his magnificent tent, but a hair-tether, more ignominious than hemp, was at hand. The other favourites were found in the King's pavilion. The nobles "caused armed men pass to the King's pavilion and two or three wise men with them, and gave the King fair and pleasant words till they had laid hands on all his servants." The soldiers offered the ropes of their tents and the halters of their horses to assist in the hanging. Ramsay alone was spared on account of his tender age—being a youth of sixteen years. In terror he clung to the King and clasped him round the waist. James threw his arm around him, and begged his life from "Bell-the-Cat." Ramsay is known in later history as Lord Bothwell, having obtained from the King the castle and barony of Crichton. When the King fell at Sauchieburn, in 1488, he lost his estates, and died in obscurity in 1513.

Leaving, as far as history is concerned, Cochran and the "six ill-fated favourites" hanging each by his own head, the army returned to Edinburgh with the King, who was placed by the nobles under a "gentle and respectful degree of restraint." The immediate result of this callous revenge of the nobles was

the complete loss of the town of Berwick.

In 1791, there stood on the north side of the main street of Lauder an old vault, the ruin of a building higher and stronger, in which the King is said to have been captured, but this is probably incorrect. It is almost beyond doubt that James preferred the constant society of his effeminate favourites of whom he was incontinently fond, and it is not too much to affirm that the execution being carried out "befoir the King's eyes" distinctly indicates that Lauder Bridge was within view of the King's pavilion, where also he was held a prisoner.

A. T. G.

Edinburgh's Grandest Ornament.

A Special Attraction for Borderers.

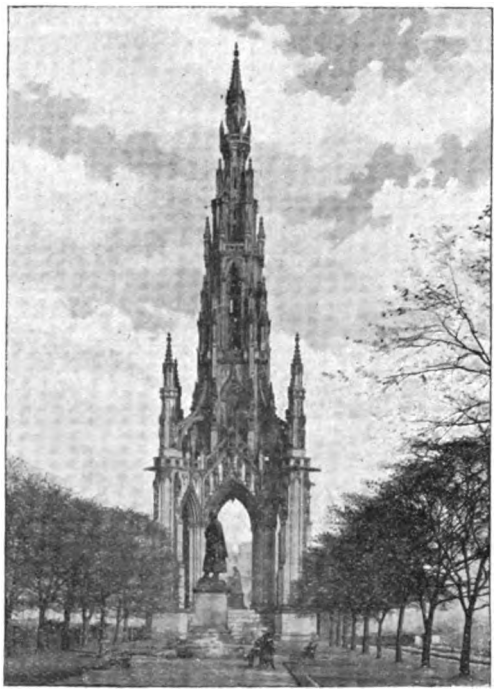
MODERN ATHENS has many and peculiar attractions for Borderers. This, largely because it was Sir Walter Scott's "own romantic town." Few Borderers visit the city without seeking out some of the haunts of the Border Minstrel. His monument on the esplanade of Princes Street Gardens probably comes in for the greatest share of attention.

The massive pile, modelled on the details of Melrose Abbey, has long been regarded as Auld Reekie's grandest ornament, and spoken of as one of the finest monumental edifices in the land. It is the constant pride of the city and the admiration of its many visitors.

The Carrara statue of the great romancer, with his favourite dog Maida, cut from a thirty ton block, is impressive in itself. Then there are the handsomely decorated galleries, the sixty-four statuettes representing characters in his works, the medallions of historic personages, the turrets, pinnacles, and arches, and many other features all combining to add to its wealth of beauty.

The writer has a vivid recollection of his first visit to and ascension of the monument. Almost thirty years ago he formed one of a band hailing from Eskdale and Annandale. They mounted the long stair-way with mingled feelings. One of the number dropped and clambered up on his hands and knees lest he should be blown through the loop-holes. There was considerable congestion near the top, and another of the band was accused of trying to pick a lady's pocket. This was terrible, and denied with strong language. Strange feelings possessed all as they got two hundred feet up in the air. The view from the last platform compensated for everything.

Here from amongst "Scott's Gothic pinnacles" one of the finest close views of the city was obtained. "Long lines of masonry appeared" everywhere, whilst the pedestrians on the famous thoroughfare below appeared like so many pigmies. The beautiful valley separating the old and new town stretched away on either side. The new town sloping towards the Forth, the old town sloping upwards ridge above ridge; the Calton Hill and its monuments, Arthur's Seat, and the Crags: the Castle rock and ramparts; and piles of remarkable architecture were most impressive.



THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

Looked upon for the first time one might well exclaim in Scott's own words, "Saint Margaret, what a sight is here."

But Borderers delight also to visit College Wynd, where Edina's greatest son was born; George Square, the home of his youth and manhood; Old Greyfriar's Churchyard, the scene of his first love affair, Castle Street, where he resided from 1798 to 1826; and his day's writing consisted of 9000 words, and other haunts of the Great Unknown. And to them it needs no great effort of imagination to picture in their mind Scotland's Shakespeare as he then lived, moved, and had his being.

G. M. R.

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

THE BORDER MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1900.

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The Border Keep.

PRODIGIOUS!

In these closing days of the year, which are also the end of our wonderful nineteenth century, it would be strange, if an old Dominie did not moralise a little and endeavour to conjure up the past. It is true that the past may perhaps bulk rather largely in his mind, to the exclusion of the living present, but still, even into the quiet retirement of the Border Keep, there come some of the throbbing pulse-beats of modern life. Looking back through the long vista of the years and attempting to estimate the tremendous advances that have been made in the realms of invention and discovery since the year 1800, I can find only one word which adequately expresses my feelings, and that is my favourite exclamation, "Prodigious!"

In all the improvements which have tended to ameliorate the condition of the people and to add to their enjoyments, our beloved Borderland has had a very large share. Could we see our countryside as it was a hundred years ago, and could we reproduce the daily life of our people in those distant days, we would at once be able to appreciate the immense advantages we now enjoy. Of course I am not blind to the fact that we have more worry and excitement than our forefathers had, and there are many things peculiar to our own times which we could well do without, yet, on the whole, we are better off and life seems more worth living.

* * *

Things are not always what they seem, even in the Borderland, as I experienced when on a flying visit to Kelso in September last. I entered the town in the afternoon, and after a chat and a cup of tea with one of the worthy citizens, we strolled leisurely in the direction of the station. On the way we foregathered with the worthy Provost of Kelso, who desired to point out some particular improvement at the riverside, but, behold, when we looked over the parapet of the Bridge, the white mists were

gathering in the haughs, and the object referred to was hidden from view. When I got into the train the gloaming was settling down and the patches of mist on the fields gave a strange and unfamiliar appearance to the landscape.

* * *

It was a veritable mirage, not in the desert, but in our rich and luxuriant Borderland, and as the train sped on we looked down on wide stretches of what seemed to be water, with here and there an island standing out from the mist lakes. Anon we seemed to travel near an arm of the sea with the hills on the other side of the firth dimly visible. A twinkling light revealed the outlines of what might pass for a fisherman's cot, while occasional dark specks on the white looked like fishing boats riding at anchor. A bright orange tint in the sky lent a warm glow to the scene, and as a break in the clouds revealed the twinkling stars of the autumn night, the delusive picture seemed as perfect as nature could make it.

* * *

Our destination was Hawick, which famous Border town we reached after a long, weary wait at St Boswells. The morning broke bright and clear, and we were able to take an early look at our surroundings. What stirring scenes have been enacted upon these green haughs and hill slopes around us? For are we not upon the ground where the tide of English invasion ebbed and flowed almost incessantly in the dim, distant past—a past which has been endeared to us not only by its poetical associations, but by its glorious record of liberty-securing deeds.

* * *

The heart of Hawick is in the High Street, and we cannot walk many yards without meeting the leading men of the town, who are all true Borderers, and interested in the welfare of the BORDER MAGAZINE, for they recognise the value of such a medium for the preservation in permanent form of the large mass of Border literature which is continually appearing in the daily and weekly newspapers. We cannot do enough to foster the love of the Borderland which is such a marked feature of its inhabitants, for it tends to true patriotism, and has lasting effects which are far-reaching as the utmost bounds of our world-wide empire.

* * *

The Archæological Society of Hawick has long held a prominent place among Border Associations, and its published transactions are a mine from which some future Border novelist may secure material for tales of Border life and character. There is plenty of scope for work in this direction, and we hope that it will not be long before some writer of high-class fiction will turn his attention to the Borderland.

* * *

We spent a pleasant hour or two in the Archæological Museum in the Buccleuch Memorial, where there is crowded together enough material to fill three Museums of the same size. I was much interested in seeing the old Dead Bell of Hawick, and learning that its story had something of the Aladdin's Lamp about it. It appears that a servant in the family in whose house the relic was kept had been "redding up" one day, and gave the old bell to a dealer in old iron, etc., who chanced to call. As soon as the loss was discovered, the gentleman of the house lost no time in communicating with the dealer, only to discover that the accumulated old iron had been despatched to Edinburgh. Nothing daunted, the gentleman went to the Scottish metropolis and made diligent search in a large old iron store with the result that the valuable relic was rescued.

* * *

Doubtless many readers carefully keep the monthly parts of the BORDER MAGAZINE for the purpose of getting them bound into volumes. Just a word of caution—don't trust to the tender mercies of the bookbinder, but remove covers and advertisements yourself and then arrange the parts in their proper order, placing the picture supplements in their proper places. Be sure to place the frontispiece facing the title page, and see that the index is in its proper place. Even from important firms I have received volumes so carelessly bound that the index and title page were near the end of the books. All this can be averted by attending to the above small matters yourself.

* * *

But I must draw to a close as the old year waneth and the young folks are looking forward to the joys of Hogmanay and the New Year, while their elders hope to have many a guid crack about auld times with the friends of their early days. That all the readers of the BORDER MAGAZINE may enjoy a Guid New Year and experience many happy returns is the sincere wish of

DOMINIE SAMPSON.

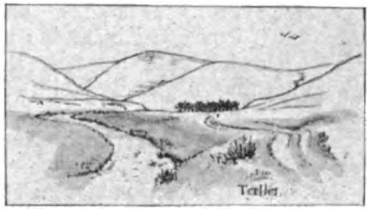
Place-names of the Upper Tweed.

By a Linton Lad.

In Two Parts.--Part I.

"In a dream hears voices calling
Of those who died long years ago."

THE study of the place-names of a district carries one far beyond its written records, in a dim and distant past. The very oldest of the existing names are



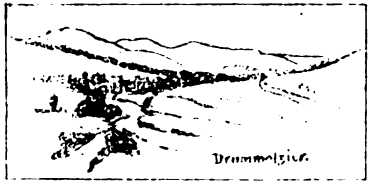
mere "echoes along the corridors of time," from the long silent voices of the early races who lived in the valley of the Tweed. The student when tracing these old words up the stream of time, will find the original place-names becoming scantier, and probably the really primitive names have been completely lost and their places taken by others, or the words themselves merged into the oldest of the existing names. In other cases the words "long on time's dark whirlpool tossed," have been subjected to change, some being worn away, and others added to, as the case may be, and now survive in a more or less modified form.

None of the surviving place-names in Tweed-

dale can be traced back to those shadowy and primitive races, the Iberians, who lived in prehistoric times. Their language being only oral, without written or pictorial signs, either died out with them, or was ultimately merged into that of their successors, the Celtic races. Thus the earliest place-names that can be traced, belong either to the Gadhelic (Gaelic), or to the Brythonic (Cymric or Welsh) branches of the Celtic family—and these races have left many traces of themselves in the names of hills and streams, transmitted from one generation to another. Although these Celtic languages were only oral, yet the words have been preserved, owing to their having been adopted in many cases by the Saxons and others who followed.

The old Celtic names have a directness all their own, and are very expressive of some feature in the form, colour, situation, outline, etc., of hill or valley. They tell what the country was like, whether wooded or bare, if a river spread out in pools, followed a winding course, or rushed down a rocky glen, and what were the animals that roamed the forests. But though these names give their own meaning with accuracy and beauty, they tell little or nothing of the history of the period when they originated. That enthusiastic native of Tweedside, Professor Veitch, in one of his poems, has said of them—

"Fit music flows in each name,
They gave to the wavy hill,
The stream that winds thro' the hauga,
And the rushing mountain rill.



Garlet, Garlavin, Caerdon,
Ye speak of their ancient time;
Penvenna, Trabhenna, Tracquair,
Ye fall with a mystic chime.

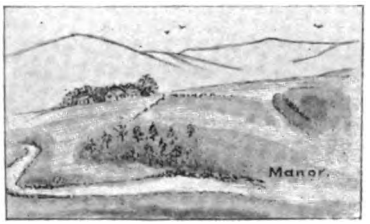
There's Talla, Manor, and Fruid,
Drummelzier foaming in speed;
And ere they had story or fame,
Yarrow, and Teviot, and Tweed."

The high grounds around the upper waters of the Tweed are rich in Celtic names, mostly of the Cymric or Welsh form, as distinguished from the Gadhelic or Gaelic. This is due to the Britons having been driven out of the valleys by the Romans, Saxons, and other invaders, the old language thus surviving longest in these remote retreats. The strangers, while they imposed new names on the lands taken from the natives, in many cases partly retained the old names with an addition of their own.

The early monkish chroniclers, in the absence of previous records to guide them, spelled the names phonetically, each as he heard them spoken, and this gives some clue to the pronunciation of words then in use, and also accounts for the various spellings of the same name at different periods. For instance,

Peebles appears as Pobles, Pebles, Peblis, and Tweed is Tede, Thveda, Tweda.

While the Celtic names are descriptive, the later names of Saxon origin are more matter of fact, the owner's name and his house appearing, as Haystoun, Winkston, Kidston, and a variation is Burnetland, and Goseland. In the terms applied to the streams of the district, the Saxons have left a classification. The Tweed is the only *river*, but the larger streams are *waters*, the next in size *burns*, and the runnels are called *sykes*, and *strands*, the source of the latter being a *well*, for instance, Tweed's Well. Hills are also classified according to their size, as *height*, *law*, *mount*, *knowe*, and *brae*; while valleys are *haughs* in the more open parts, higher up they are *cleughs*, and where the valley forks it is called a *grain*, and the watershed between two valleys is a *swire*, These old terms of Saxon speech, if they lack the beauty of the Celtic, have come down to our day with a personal interest of their own, and are a connecting link between the prehistoric past and the present day, preserved by



the labours of the monkish scribes. They were the broad Scots words in daily use by our grandfathers, and now in the "saft, lawland tongue o' the Border."

The Tweed which "carries with it the story of the land and the people," can be traced under various spellings back to Cymric origin. Comparing an early spelling *Tede*, A.D., 966, with the Welsh word *tyd* (y pronounced like e in her), meaning what is continuous, a similarity can be traced. This may be taken as descriptive of the valley, or course of the river, which slopes evenly, free from steep rapids or falls, and with the sides of the valley open to sloping grassy hills. Such a characteristic feature of the scenery would be the first thing to strike a Celtic mind. Some have said it is from the Welsh *tuedd*, meaning a district, pronounced something like *tieth*. Others again say it is from the Welsh *twyad*, meaniug a checking (pronounced like *tuead*,) which is near the sound, but the checking is not obvious. In old writings about 966 it is found Tede, in 1150 Thveda, in 1160 Tweda, and in 1654 Tweid. In Timothy Pont's map of 1654 the district is called Twee-dail, and in another map by H. Moll, 1725, it is called Tweddail. David I. in a document calls it Tueddal, and Malcolm IV. *Tuedeale*. The county of Peebles is known as Tweeddale, and in the Border counties the term "dale" has been applied to the district adjoining as well as to

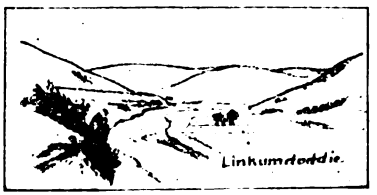
the valley of a particular river, and besides Tweeddale, there is Teviotdale, Eskdale, Liddesdale, and others.

The term "water," as applied to the larger streams, also means the adjoining district, for instance, Gala Water, Rule Water, etc.

> "Gae warin the water, braid and wide,
> Gae warin it sune and hastilie."

These words in the ballad of "Jamie Telfer" seem to bear this out.

The names of the waters and burns which flow into the Tweed from both sides of the valley, in many cases can be traced to a Celtic origin, either Gaelic or Welsh. Cor Water may be from the Gaelic *Coire*, a ravine; the Welsh *Ffrydio*, to stream, is found in Fruid Water, and exactly describes a rushing hill burn. The Welsh *Tul*, front, is related to Talla burn, while Kingledoors burn is from the Gaelic *Cinn*, *gill*, *dur*, head of the clear water. Holmes Water does not, at first sight, seem to be of Celtic form, but it derives its name from the parish of Glenholm through which



it flows. This name was originally Glen whym, from the Gaelic *Chiomach*, the captive. The Lyne is derived from the Welsh *Llyn*, a lake and evidence exists of its valley in pre-historic times having been a chain of shallow lakes and marshes. Similarly the Gaelic *Linne*, gives

Talla Linn, the pool at the foot of a waterfall. The Welsh *Pwll*, for a pool is seen in Polmood. The Manor Water derives its name from the parish of Manor, and this may be partly from the Welsh *Maen*, a stone, referring to some old Druidical remains, or boundary stones, or it may be from the Welsh *Maenawr*, a manor district, i.e., in the possession of the lord of the manor. The Leithen is from the Welsh *Lleithio*, to moisten, or overflow, and the town of Innerleithen is the Gaelic *inbher* (inver) the mouth of a river, referring to its site at the junction of the Leithen with the Tweed.

The Soldier's Return.

THIS sketch, so pathetic, so true to nature, and to literary art, was written by Wilson, the famous Border story-teller. It is reproduced for two reasons: As suitable to these stirring times of war; and as showing that the short story reached a high standard of excellence long before the appearance of the present-day article which has so securely captured the popular taste.

Seven or eight years ago—thus runs the story in Wilson's "Tales of the Borders"—I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently as fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intensely on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's; yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey greatcoat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the wayside, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and throwing it gently about ten yards, "That," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no gravestone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living; and," continued he, with a sigh, "may I also find their love! It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

While he was yet speaking, the grave-digger, with a pick-axe and a spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth; it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial-place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—he rushed towards the spot.

"Man!" he exclaimed in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot, awa' wi' ye!" said the grave-digger, starting back at his manner; "whatna way is that to gliff a body!—are ye daft?"

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand, "whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye're surely out o' yer head; it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave; now, are ye onything the wiser for speirin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in a humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed, inquiringly—"My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He

hastened forward; he fell upon his knees by the bedside.

"My Mother!—oh, my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me! Look at me—speak to me; I am your own son—your own Willie; have you, too, forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her deathbed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes; she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother; his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other; he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

Some months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made enquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections. For several weeks, his search was fruitless; but, at length, he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher-class of the farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage; he heard voices in an apartment on the right; again he knocked, but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor, and amongst them a minister, commencing the marriage-service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired—"What do ye want, sir?" but, instantly recognising his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued: "Sorrow tak' ye for a scoundrel! What brought ye here, and the mair especially at a time like this! Get oot o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get oot o' my house, and never darken my door again wi' yer ne'er-do-weel countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridesmaid.

"Peace, Mr Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside. "Since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, for auld langsyne: you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand; but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And, as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love, and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say fareweel; but at present I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see; for, O Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and love, as the farmer trusts to seed-time and to harvest, and is not disappointed. O Jeanie, woman! this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow. But ye maun be anither's now—fareweel!—fareweel!"

"No! no!—my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the action of stupefaction: "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours. Save me, Willie! save me!" And she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder; but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and almost rending it in twain discovered underneath, to the astonished company, the richly-laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time dropping his wrath exclaimed: "Mr Campbell!—or, what are ye!—will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy, middle-aged man without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is everything, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, of His Majesty's —— regiment of infantry, to whom long years before, she had given her young heart.

"Scottish Canadian."

The Twae Dowgs.

(GLASGOW BORDERERS' FISHING CLUB VERSION.)

THE following delightful bit of Border enjoyment was recited by its author at the annual supper of the Glasgow Borderers' Fishing Club, held on Friday evening, November 2nd last, in Messrs White & Smith's, Gordon Street. We have much pleasure in placing the recitation before our readers. The language of "The Twae Dowgs" is about as fine a specimen of "the soft Lowland tongue o' the Border" as we have ever seen, or ever heard. As such we cordially commend the perusal of the piece to the attention, and the enjoyment, of our numerous readers.

Ed., *B.M.*

CLYDE.

A've often wondered, honest Tweed,
What sort o' life thae fishers lead,
A'm wae to see them trampin' by,
Oot in a' wauthers, wat an' dry.
They're stacherin' 'neath their wechty creels,
Trauchlin' owre dykes an' tattie dreels,
Trailin' theirsel's an' gear, puir wretches,
Owre miry sheuchs, an' scaurs, an' ditches;
Wi' anxious looks on every faitur'
They're wadin' to their wames in waitter,
Or, speldert flat on chorkin' banks,
Sciatic germs assail their shanks.
To hide frae troots they crooch in sedges;
To hide frae keepers creep through hedges;
Syne try their haunds wi' hyimult steeks
To hide ilk ither's riven breeks.
Ye'll see them comin' owre the brae
To cleish the dubs by skreigh o' day;
An' blinks o' sun an' blasts o' rain
Wi' philosophic calm are ta'en,
Till derkness hides the traicherous ruits,
An' auld tin cans pretend they're troots.
What ither men wad take sic pains
For girnin' wives an' hungry weans?

TWEED.

Losh! Clyde, ye melt me to the core,
A never saw'd like that afore;
Gude kens what peatmoss ye was reared in,
Ye're shairly green to Lowland herdin'.
Toiling for wives an' weans, quo' he—
It's thaim that need yer sympathy!
The creel's the emblem o' the craft,
A man bude hing his sign alaft!
Like gildit pails at pheesick-stores,
Or brazen ba's owre pawnshop doors.
The wecht o'd. Ye may hain yer groans,
It's maistly panged wi' barley-scones,
An' then, the naitural juice, d'ye see,
O' barley-scones is barley-bree.
But meat's like lear, it's lichtly cairrit,
An' freedom's sweet to men that's mairrit.
Nae doot they ha'e a trauchle for't,
But yon's no workin'. Losh! yon's sport!
Ye'll hear't exprest in different ways,
But—what is't that the Poet says?
"A towmond o' troubles, if that be their fa',
A mennont but nibbles, an' sowthers it a'."

CLYDE.

They seemed sae eident, douce an' daicent;
But, faith, ye pit a different face on't.
An' yet,—they maun be honest craiturs
(For troots ha'e cunnin' shifty naiturs),
Seein' they try sae keen to get them
Wi' worms an' flees, when they could net them.

TWEED.

Huh! Worms an' flees! Whiles baith thegither,
An' deil a tail wi' yin or ither;
An' than yon *aixtra* honest sort,
That *feed them*, or they stert their sport!
An' some (they're maistly hermless fuils),
Cowp divots in, to fyle the puils.
An' than there's certain kinds o' lures
Look less like flees an' mair like flooers.
There's yin a freend o' mine hings oot
*Micht catch—*a vote*—but de'il a troot.
An' some A ken, when a' thing fails
In desperation flee to *snails*.

CLYDE.

Oh ay! A ken thae chaps i' faith,
Yon bits o' ceety, clerky graith?
Ye ken them by the braw white chokers,
Their sportin' keps an' knickerbockers.

TWEED.

Na, Clyde, ye're wrang! Yon's hermless—quite!
Nae doot, puir chaps, it's no' their wyte,
The biggest price in rods an' reels;
The latest thing in Kharki creels;
Their gear an' tackle up to date;
Their pooches lined wi' silver bait;
Their spoils A wadna grudge or stint.
It's nocht to what they *leave ahint*.
The "big yins" (Ach! their tackle brak),
The sma' yins (that they *aye* fling back),
Tuim bottles every dizzen yirds,
Auld bauchles, cans, an' roostit girds—
For dodges yon kind's far owre green,
It's hoary greybairds that A mean.

CLYDE.

Gude save us a'! Is that the way o't?
To think A've been sae far astray o't!
But 'deed A'm gled if sic employment,
Can bring the craiturs some enjoyment.
But nichts get lang an' days get snell,
An' a' things seek their lairs pell-mell.
When Wunter comes, wi' gusty whurls,

---

*An allusion to the "Union Jack" fly recently invented by a facetious member of the Club.

An' theekit ruifs an' stackyaird tirls,
They'll sleep?—like nowdieworts an' squirrels.

TWEED.

Did ever collie hear the like?
A'll back you for a donnert tyke!
Wunter's the croon o' a' their joys;
Everly hatchin' jinks an' ploys.
They bum like bees, harass an' worry,
The life oot o' their saicretary;
'Mong poppin' corks an' plunkin' bungs
Tie up their rods, an' lowse their tongues.
Like sweetie-wives they clash an' blether
Till facks an' lees scarce ken ilk ither;
An' ilk three-unce o' Clyde riff-raff,
Turns forty pund an' briks the gaff.
An' than, they plan yae michty splore
Wi' tripe, an' her'n, an' wheef galore.
For weeks afore McRubber's "clockin',"
Doon amang imps an' mermaids trokin'
For news frae a' the puils an' drifts.
The poetry-mill's gaun dooble shifts,
The "auld yins" trim'lin' what to say
In case they gi'e theirsel's away.
The hour arrives, an' A've heard tell,
He pu's some string, or rings some bell—
His wark's complete—she gangs hersel'.
The chief arrives an' takes his place;
The "chaplain" billie says the grace:
The servant lassie gangs an' comes
Till a' "their kytes are bent like drums;"
Than, owre "twal-pennyworth o' nappy"
Their ongauns prove them unca happy;
Yiblins a "rowth o' auld nick-nackets"*
Is haundit roon in paper packets,
Or whiles some mair substantial token
When Benedick his vow has broken;
Than, talent o' a' sort's enlistit,
An' auld Scots lilts are jee'd an' twistit,
An' toasts an' jokes, an' sangs galore,
Till Forbes-Mackenzie draws the score.
So Clyde, ye see, as A was statin',
There's various ways o' hybernatin'.

CLYDE.

'Deed so A think. An' thank'e Tweed,
A've heard as muckle as A need,
Frae your account A plainly see, sir,
A fisher's life's a life o' pleesure!

TWEED.

Oh! they get knocks. There's certain papers
Come doon gey heavy on their capers,
And whiles by sheer consait misguidit
They land in scrapes they micht avoidit.
When Tam an' me was oot last simmer,
Efter a donnert wanderin' gimmer,
Oo met a squad had filled their creels—
They *said* they catched them a' theirsel's.
Weel, what d'ye think? They daunders hame,
An' to their wives declares the same,
A tale the wives refuised to credit
Until they showed them how they did it.
So, duist to try an' pacify them
They tuik the wives the next time wi' them,
But,—Solomon laid doon the law
That pride gangs aye afore a fa'.
Their first success was rumoured roon',
An' sune had spread through a' the toon;
*St Mungo heard o' it himsel',
An' grips his staff an' rings his bell,
Quo' he, "Be bate by thae Soothenasters?
A gallus herd o' Border Leicesters!
They'll sing a different ditty yet,
Come on wi' me to Elvanfit!"
Forth gaed the troop in brave array,
An' fished, duist deevilish, a' the day.
Result—A *think* it was a troot,
A heard some word o' streetchin't oot;
A couldna tell ye if they did it,
But when A saw'd, it seemed to need it.
Oh! they get knocks, an' whiles gey hard yins,
Their champion "takes" compared to sardines!
Tam read it, so ye needna doot it,
Yon Hope Street chiel kens a' aboot it.

CLYDE, sneeringly.

What does he ken o' fish—a penny-a-liner!

TWEED, with emphasis.

He has twae, on a cake, every day to his denner.

J. B. M.

*The prizes are usually of a comic nature.

*St Mungo Angling Club.

Peace in Yarrow.

A rare sight cross'd our view this Autumn eve,
As on the Yarrow heights we hied along;
A nation's sorrow made the spirit grieve,
And all the rills lent sympathy in song.

When lo! across the hills a rainbow shone
With dazzling ray, entrancing all who gaz'd;
Transmuting the grey walls of Dryhope lone,
To palace such as wizard's spell uprais'd.

The herdsman's song was hushed adown the vale,
The beaters stayed their 'wildering, wild hallo:
The river ceased her plaintive old-time tale,
In tribute to the symbol ever new.

And far extending o'er the heath-grown way,
That link'd two nations in the days of old,
Quick fancy saw it light with shimm'ring ray,
The tower where lived and ruled the Douglas bold.

It slowly stole along the heathery brae,
The Heaven-sent peaceful message to proclaim;
Then poising o'er the lonely kirkyard grey,
It vanished to the realms from whence it came.

Yet it had told anew that Border brawl
Should ring through pensive Yarrow never more;
That Faith's old mystic sign did men enthrall
With force more mighty that the feuds of yore!

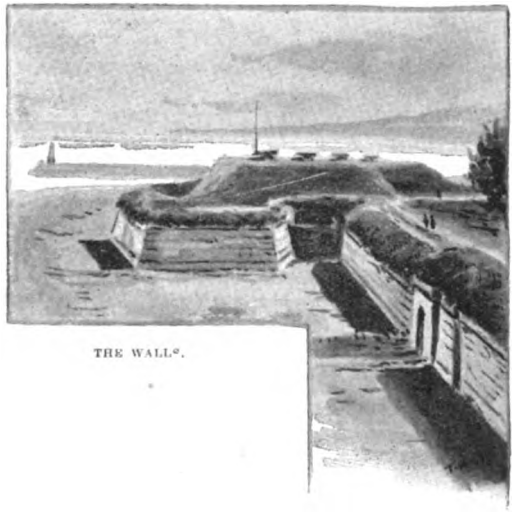
. . . . .

Then twilight fell on hope, and holm, and scaur,
And far-off voices rose from moor and glen;
And Yarrow's wave sped with the tidings far,
That sing the peace and brotherhood of men.

DUNCAN FRASER,
Author of "Riverside Rambles," &c.

*Guide to Berwick-on-Tweed.

THE that knoweth not the history of Berwick has lost much of the romantic story of Scotland, for Berwick was Berwick more than a thousand years ago, and the adventurous Danes found safe anchorage there before



THE WALLS.

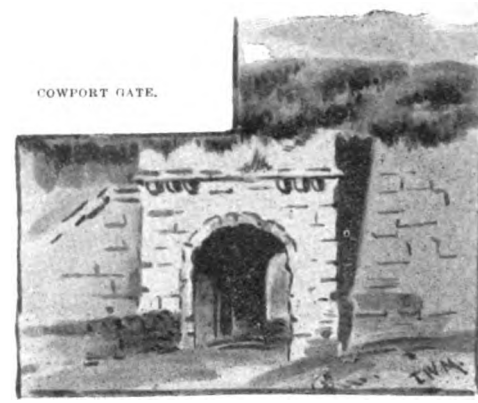
the days of the Norman Conquest.

Whether the reader is familiar with this famous Border town or not we would recommend him to become possessed of a neat little sixpenny guide which has recently been published. It is clear and concise, and the illustrations, of which we give examples, add much

LINDISFARNE PRIORY.

to the attractiveness of the book. After dealing shortly with the early history of Berwick the author says:—

"It is the purpose of our Guide to introduce the reader to most of the attractive sights of the present day town. From all points of view it is apparent that Nature has greatly blessed this place. The combination of sea and river, mountain and dale, is picturesque, as perfect as that which stirred "the soul of Kerr when he wrote his 'Morning Hymn,' or that gave the painter, Martin, his ideal of 'The Plains of Heaven.'" You touch the Cheviots and the Eildons, the Tweed and its sister streams, but to recall the



COWPORT GATE.

spell of Thomas the Rhymer, Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and a whole race of singing men; you look seaward for the very beginning of things. Across the broad Bay—like Naples in its summer beauty—the islands of the Farne come crescent-like on our sight. This was the home of Christianity, what Freeman calls the cradle of our national life. On the farthest seaward point is the home of Grace

ETAL.

Darling. On the north the eye carries as far as St Abbs', also associated with monastic memories and the holy life of St Ebba."

W. S.

*Mills' Popular Guide to Berwick. Berwick-on-Tweed: T. W. Morris.