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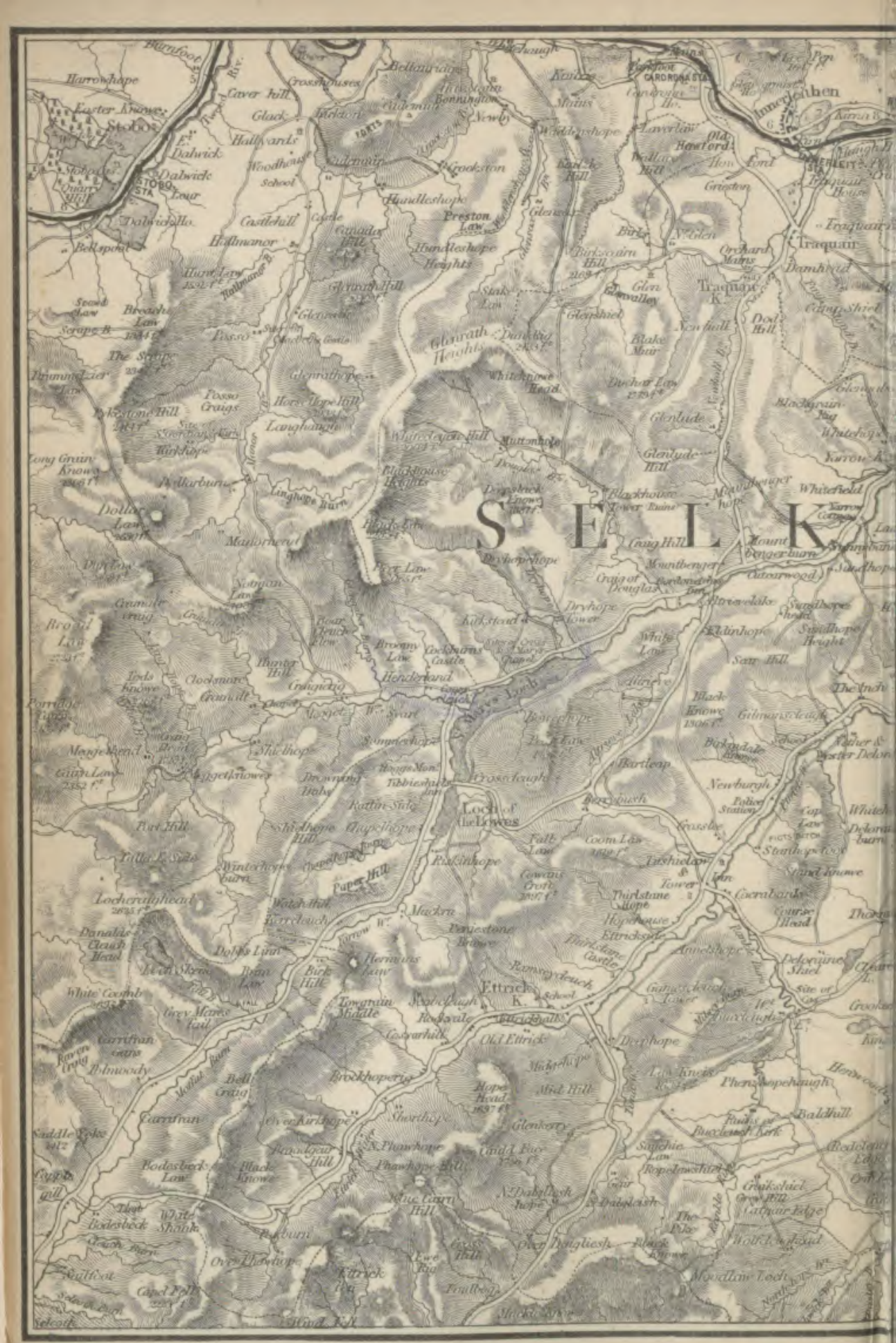
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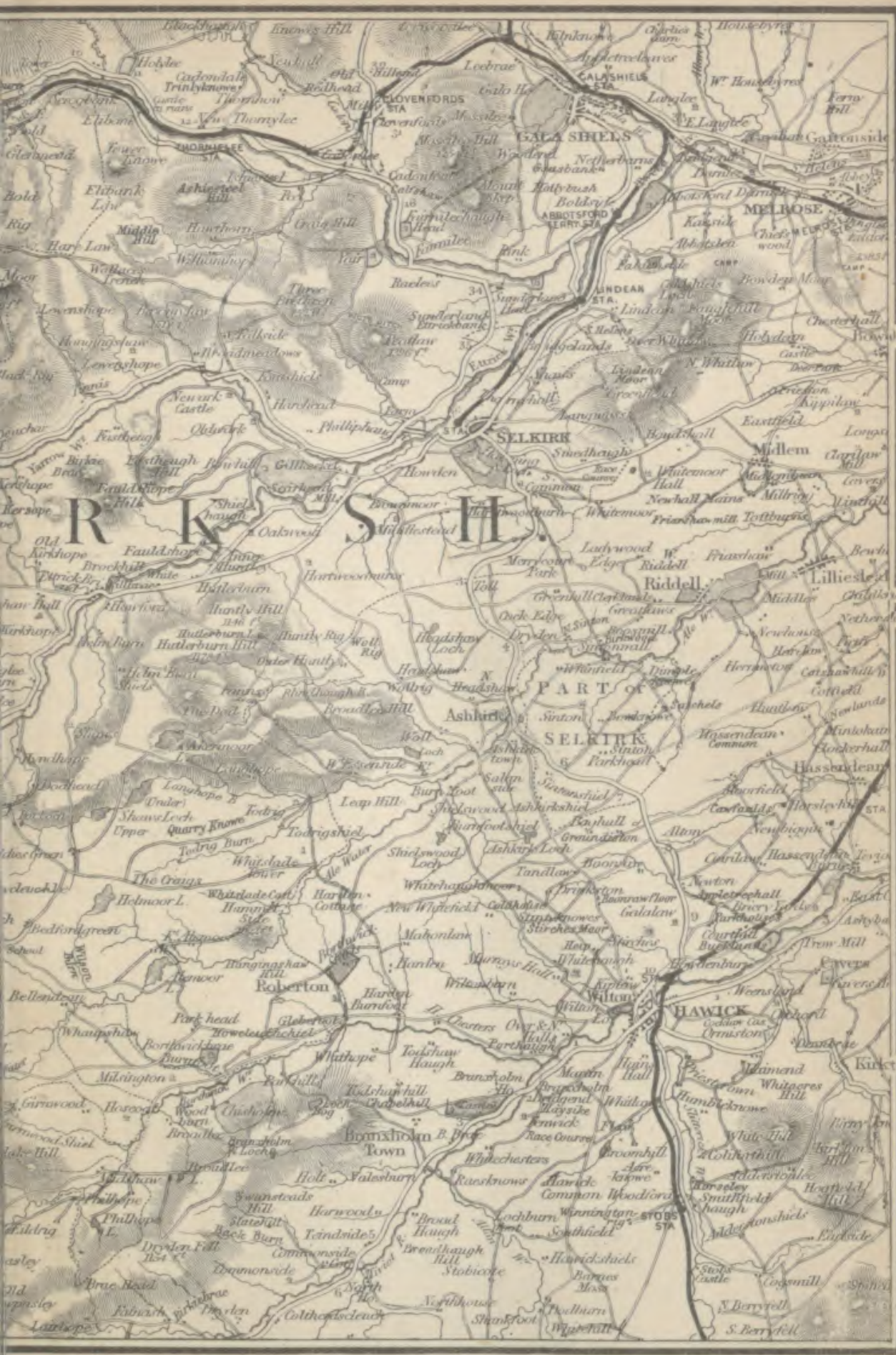
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THE TOURIST'S GUIDE

AND

ANGLER'S COMPANION

FOR THE

VALLEYS OF

ETTRICK AND YARROW.

BY

THE LATE JAMES CRICHTON AND THOMAS WIGHT.

Selkirk:
WILLIAM CRICHTON, BUCCLEUCH BUILDINGS.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW:
JOHN MENZIES & CO

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TOURIST'S GUIDE—

ANGLER'S COMPANION—

PREFACE.

IN connection with the many and varied facilities now afforded to tourists and visitors viewing different parts of the country, a cheap and trustworthy Guide-Book is an indispensible necessity. In offering such a Guide to the classic vales of Ettrick and Yarrow, a desideratum is supplied, the need of which has long been felt by visitors to this part of the country. Few districts, even in Scotland, are so brimful of interest to the intelligent traveller. Since the ruder times, when "might was right," the deeds of daring valour done on its hills and "houms" have been chronicled, and read with all the relish of romance; while the gentler influences of a more enlightened civilization have enlisted the genius of our own and other lands to celebrate, in song and story, the praise of its native beauty and quiet pastoral homesteads.

The chief elements for the Guide have been drawn from the most authentic and reliable sources, viz., the writings of Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart., the late Rev. Dr RUSSELL of Yarrow, and Mr T. CRAIG-BROWN'S *Chronicles of the Forest*. The mere naming of such authorities is sufficient guarantee not only for personal acquaintance with the places referred to, but also for enthusiastic admiration of the eventful history of this interesting district. The late Mr CRICHTON collected the greater part of the material, to which has been added some original matter from the pen of the Rev. W. ROBERTSON, who has aided in preparation for press.

In addition to notes upon the famous places in Yarrow and Ettrick, there is appended to the Guide a series of Angler's Notes by one of the most experienced of our Border anglers (Mr THOMAS WIGHT, Selkirk). This will prove invaluable to tourists who come armed with fishing-rod and lure for the capture of the "finny tribe," but who may not be acquainted with the famous pools and streams of Yarrow and Ettrick, and their tributaries. Like other loving students of Nature, from WALTON downward, Mr WIGHT writes in a simple, natural, graphic style.

To the invalid we would say, try a summer month in the Forest —the air is pure, light, and balmy, and health may be wooed and won on its hills and dales, especially in the upper reaches, if anywhere.

THE GUIDE.

SELKIRK resembles Jerusalem in two aspects—it stands upon a hill, and is surrounded by hills. If the ancient capital of the Forest be not exactly "the joy of the whole earth," it is a joy to its own inhabitants, who are justly proud of its fame "for situation." Such is the steepness of its streets, that, on a misty morning, as the vapoury veil lifts from steeple, tower, and house-top, an imaginative person might be excused for thinking that part of Edinburgh had been transported forty miles or so southward, and set down by Ettrickside.

> Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
> Where the huge castle holds its state,
> And all the steep slope down,
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!

The steepness of its streets, indeed, is known to man and beast. If our visitor, however, be of an aspiring turn, and will put "a stout heart to a stiff brae," he will be amply rewarded by the freshest of air, and the finest of mountain scenery, especially should his visit chance when the heather is in bloom, "a' the moorlands perfuming." He will feel that he is in "the land of the mountain." Professor Blackie can speak to the inspiring effect of a visit to Selkirk Hills. In winter nights, the gaslights twinkle from river-side to hill-top with magical effect.

Starting from the Railway Station, we pass up Buccleuch Road, leaving on our right the "Haugh," where the travelling show-man erects his tent, very young Selkirk disports itself, and aged Selkirk "takes the air," and on the edge of which, at the river-side, Selkirk young and old loves to ply the rod, or watch the heroic endeavours of the salmon to enter "the Cauld" in spawning-time, or view the dark-brown river in spate sweep majestically past on its way to join the Tweed.

At the end of the bridge stand Heatherlie Parish Church, possessing a fine organ, and the Congregational Church, built and gifted to the congregation now worshipping there by Sir John Murray of Philiphaugh.

The bridge was built in 1778, enlarged in 1881. From it, some idea may be gained of Selkirk as a manufacturing town. Tall chimneys line the river, monuments of the spirit of the manufacturers and the industry of the workers. Selkirk, however, is not forgetful of the adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." To the left, beneath beech trees which the west wind has made worthy of Emerson's epithet, "green-haired," is a cricket-ground which must delight the heart of Andrew Lang and all other lovers of the popular game.

Beyond the bridge, the road for Yair and Clovenfords passes the guide-post, and runs along the bottom of the hill opposite, on the lower slope of which are some of the handsomest houses in Selkirk. Tradition relates that the site of the two standing furthest to the east was the scene of a sanguinary battle between the Murrays, Kerrs, and Pringles on the one side, and the Scotts on the other, and that the name of Bannerfield was given in consequence of the banner of the Murrays being planted there. But here as elsewhere in the Borderland, so prolific of fights, the sword has been beaten into the ploughshare, and the fields on the higher slope testify that if Scottish agriculture has not, like Chinese, climbed to the very top of the mountains, it has made great strides in that direction.

But our way lies to the left of the guide-post, along the Yarrow Road, good for walking, cycling, or coaching. A short walk brings us to Philiphaugh Model Farm and Leslie Cottage, named after the victorious Covenanting general, and long the residence of an old Selkirk worthy, Rev. John Nichol, Congregational minister, now occupied by his successor, Rev. W. Robertson.

From this point, the visitor may climb the hills. A walk of fifteen minutes brings us to the pretty waterfall of the Corbie Linn. From Harehead, we look down as from an eagle's eyry on Bowhill, Newark, and Broadmeadows. From Linglie Hill to the east a fine view is to be obtained of "Eildon's triple height" and the Cowdenknowes, famed in song for its "bonnie broom." From the Peatmoss the vale of Tweed can be seen. From the Three Brethren Cairn the view embraces the vales of Ettrick,

Tweed, and Yarrow, and indeed a large portion of the Borderland. Many wild creatures find their *habitat* in or near the hills—the hedgehog, weasel, stoat, fox, hawk, and brown owl. Wild flowers also are abundant (never more so than in 1887, the year of the Queen's jubilee), and the schoolboy (still more the schoolgirl) wanders through the wood "to pull the primrose gay." Opportunities for the study of natural history and botany are so plentiful that Selkirk ought to produce another Thomas Edwards or a second Alexander Wilson.* The fir tree, thanks to Sir John Murray, clothes the hillside, making the air redolent with the resinous odours so much commended by physicians in cases of consumption, and providing a home for that merry fellow, the brown squirrel.

To return, we are now on the scene of

The Battle of Philiphaugh.

The battle, it would seem, commenced in front of where the Model Farm-house now stands, and, as the army of Montrose was forced back, raged along the hillside above the Yarrow road.

One consequence of recent victories Montrose had lost sight of, the return of the Highlanders to their homes loaded with plunder, leaving him with a force of about 1500 infantry and 1000 cavalry. The influence of the Marquis of Douglas had procured him some additional aid, and, with these reinforcements, he formed his camp at Philiphaugh, from Harehead eastwards, protected by the hills between Tweed and Ettrick, and his front by the river Ettrick. The position was a good one; but the river was between the cavalry and infantry—Montrose being with the cavalry at Selkirk, a mile from the scene of battle. His army could be defeated in detail by a wary foe. General David Leslie, recalled to Scotland by events disastrous to the cause of the Covenant, was at this time within four miles of Montrose, at the head of an army of about 5000 men, whose prowess, along with Cromwell's "Ironsides," had decided the contest at Marston Moor against the Royalists.

* The wild note of the curlew is to be heard on the hill. The kingfisher sometimes flashes by in the sunlight like a winged emerald. The heron seems to grow scarcer every year, perhaps because the streams are so infested with fishers that the poor fellow cannot make a living!

Marching from Melrose on the following morning, he forded the Ettrick and appeared before the camp of Montrose. The first tidings the Marquis had were those of conflict, or rather massacre —his infantry having been unable even to form in line. His right wing for some time stood firm, aided by the entrenchments formed in front. Leslie had, however, sent 2000 men to ford the Ettrick nearer Selkirk, who, hidden by the Linglie Hill, gained the left flank and rear of Montrose. During their assault Montrose appeared on the scene only to behold the utter dispersion and rout of his hitherto unconquered army. He made a gallant but futile effort to redeem the day, but all in vain; and seeing all to be lost, he charged almost single-handed through Leslie's troopers, and fled over Minchmoor, nor halted until he arrived at Traquair, a distance of about sixteen miles from the scene of carnage. On that day he lost the fruit of all his previous victories, nor was he able afterwards to recover the ascendancy. Leslie took many prisoners, who were shot, and the place of their execution is still known by the name of the Slain Man's Lea, near Newark Castle. By this bloody reprisal he disgraced the cause for which he fought. The poor "Irishes" met a sad fate. Philiphaugh was more a surprise than a pitched battle. It is difficult to understand the seeming negligence of Montrose. He was himself caught napping on that misty September morning. The battle was fought in 1645.

The ballad written upon the battle is a crude and rather wooden affair, and not to be compared with other lilts of the Forest. Sir Walter Scott was fond of quoting the first verse:—

> On Philiphaugh a fray began,
> At Harehead-wood it ended;
> The Scotts out o'er the Græmes they ran.
> Sae merrily they bended.

An "aged father" plays the part of instructor to Leslie, who had gained military eminence under Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North. An "aged father" he must have been, for the rhymer, whoever he was, not only makes him take part in the conflict of "Solway Flow," happening a hundred years before, but also in the battle of Dunbar, where Cromwell defeated Leslie, which took

place five years after Philiphaugh—in 1650. Mr Craig-Brown, however, accepts the tradition of an old soldier directing Leslie how to win the battle.

Proceeding, the road is here as smooth as any in Mid-Lothian. The high bank, with its southern exposure and noble trees, is a favourite refuge of birds in winter. Impressive in their summer dress, the trees are not less so in autumn, when the variety of tint reminds one of the glories of an American forest in "Indian Summer" garb. The row of splendid elms in front of Beechwood avenue, draped from top to root in brilliant yellow, of themselves are a sight worth seeing.

Beechwood, behind the trees to the right, standing within its own grounds, is the residence and property of Miss Murray, a lady well known for her kindly disposition and charitable deeds. Miss Murray is the sole resident representative of the ancient family of the Murrays, so long connected with Selkirkshire.

Thirladean, also to the right, and invisible from the road, was at one time the summer residence of Mr Russel, the famous editor of the *Scotsman*. Its sheet of water is well-kown to skaters.

A little above Thirladean, to the left across the fields, takes place the "Meeting of the Waters"—Yarrow falling into Ettrick.

Professor Veitch says of Yarrow: "Story, legend, tradition, ballad, and song are now inseparably fused with the stream, the hills, and the glens. We know the Yarrow as identified with quiet pastoral life and its peculiar seclusion; but we feel it also to be associated with stories of love and hope, of sorrow and despair, deeds of blood, and old quaint romantic memories—the impress of these is on all the natural scenery; and when we look at it, or think of it, it is not the bare stream or glen which lies before us, but the Yarrow of the faded Forest, of the Dowie Dens, of the Blackhouse tragedy, of the wan maiden awaking to life in St Mary's Kirk at the touch of her lover's hand, of the sweet Flower of Dryhope wedded to the rough Border riever, of the dead youth in his prime of love and promise in the cleaving of the crag. If the Yarrow gave help to its poetry by its peculiar history and

scenery, that has been amply repaid. The actual scene has been enriched, glorified, and transfigured by the return into its bosom of the wealth of imaginative creation, realised as the very life of the Vale."

Philiphaugh.

On the right of the route, and a little further up the valley, stands the modern mansion-house of the ancient family of the Murrays of Philiphaugh, situated at the foot of a beautifully-wooded hill, with fine terraces in front, and commanding a splendid view of the Yarrow and the country beyond.

About a mile west of the battlefield, in the park east of the mansion-house, and hidden from view of the tourist, is a monument erected by the late Sir John Murray to the memory of the Covenanters who fought and fell at the Battle of Philiphaugh. It is pyramidal in form, and almost covered with ivy and honeysuckle.

The scenery as we proceed is very beautiful. On the right are the Philiphaugh hills, wooded almost to the summit, the oak, fir, beech, and elm intermingled with the hazel copses, while the laburnum and the mountain ash, with the wild rose give liveliness, contrast, and colour to all. On the left, we have the dreamy music of the river, its near bank fringed with the bonnie yellow broom, the ozier, and the hazel, the farther bank being part of Carterhaugh, the scene of the fairy ballad of "The Young Tamlane," forming part of the estate of Bowhill, once the dowry of a Queen, now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch.

The Murray Family.

The following particulars are partly condensed from Mr Craig-Brown's *Chronicles of the Forest*, and partly gleaned from original sources. In direct unbroken male descent, no house in Selkirkshire traces to a remoter age, the present baronet being 21st in uninterrupted line from his first-mentioned progenitor, Archibald de Moravia, who signed the Ragman's Roll in 1296. In 1461, the Murrays obtained a footing in Ettrick Forest, but for a century and a-half previous they had held a prominent position in Mid-Lothian. John de Moravia was Herd-keeper to the Scottish Queen

in 1462. "Johne of Murray of the Forest" was a favourite of James IV., who gave him 20 angels "to by him a horss." The Sheriffship of Selkirkshire was held by the Murrays for generations. In 1510, Sheriff Murray was murdered by a party of Scotts and Kerrs, instigated by "Wicked Wat" of Buccleuch. On May 15, 1590, caution was found before the Privy Council for "certain bailies of Selkirk, James Scott, called Litle James, burgess there," &c., "that they will not harm Patrick Murray of Philiphaugh nor his dependents." On May 20, Patrick Murray and others became "sureties for the said Patrick" and a number of brothers, besides a Turnbull or two, "that they will not harm Robert Scott of Haining, James Scott, called 'Mekle Jamie Eister,' or any of the other 12 persons for whom caution had been found in the Act of May 15." An abstract which shows the turbulence of the times. John Murray lost a son at Auldearn, fighting against Montrose, and although unable from age to take part in the battle of Philiphaugh, suffered such loss by it that he was compelled to apply to the Scottish Parliament for aid, which was granted. In 1659, the Laird of Philiphaugh was a tax commissioner under General Monk, and afterwards sat in the first Parliament of Charles II. A daughter of his was married to a grand-nephew of Knox, who was minister of Kelso. Sir James Murray was M.P. for Selkirkshire in 1678 and 1681, was deprived of his Sheriffdom for being "remiss in punishing conventicles," imprisoned for participation in the Ryehouse Plot, but being threatened with "the boots," turned King's evidence, and became Lord of Session, Lord Philiphaugh. "The unhappy step of becoming evidence to save his life" lowered him in public estimation. John Murray, M.P. from 1725 to 1753, gave £100 to aid in bringing water into Peebles.

John Murray, third son of last, and laird of Philiphaugh (1753-1802) had a remarkable career. By contesting the Selkirk group of burghs in 1754, becoming security for others, horse-racing, keeping hounds, combined with a lavish hospitality, he lost money on all hands, and went to the West Indies with his wife and daughters, and acquired much wealth before his return

to this country. Dr John Murray, his son, practised as a physician in London. James, another son, entered the navy when eleven years of age, and in 1814, having become lieutenant, transferred himself to the service of the East India Company. This gentleman and his lady had a notable escape from destruction. While on shore at Holy Communion, his ship went down with nearly all hands, and with all his wealth.

Sir John Murray, Bart. of Philiphaugh and Melgund, was born in 1817, died in 1882. He was served heir male to Count Murray of the Austrian Empire, whose wife was daughter of the House of Esterhazy. He was twice married—first, to Rose-Mary, heiress of W. A. Nesbitt, Esq. of Bombay, and second, to Charlotte, daughter of Rev. Prebendary Burgess of St. Paul's. He had issue by both. In 1868, he contested Selkirkshire in the Liberal interest, but failed by three votes to gain what might be termed his ancestral seat. Sir John's genial manners made him a general favourite. He was a most spirited landlord. He did much to redeem this part of the country from Dr. Johnson's charge against Scotland, of being without trees. He was also a great builder.

Sir John Forbes Pringle Murray, eldest son of the last, was influenced by the Romish reaction felt in other southern Scottish families, and became a Romanist. James, second son, a gentleman of artistic abilities, married Miss Russel, daughter of the *Scotsman* editor. Rose, Sir John's daughter, was married to the Hon. Mr Trelawney, a Cornish gentleman ; and to her and her father's memory tablets are erected in Philiphaugh Congregational Church.

Mr Craig-Brown says in his History : "Of all the vast estates possessed at one time by the Murrays, only the original holding of Philiphaugh and Harehead remains." Even these, to the general regret, are now gone! Beechwood alone remains to a once powerful family, whose origin stretches back to a dim antiquity. The new proprietor of Philiphaugh is W. STRANG-STEELE, Esq.

Harewoodglen.

Passing on the left the eastern entrance to Bowhill estate, (the

bridge leading to the policies is named the "General's Bridge,") we come upon the charming scene of Harewoodglen. The villa of this name was the dower-house of Dowager Lady Murray, second wife of the late Sir John Murray. It is finely situated in a commanding position, has an extensive prospect, and delightful walks extending to near Newark. On the south, or Bowhill side of the river, is the Duchess's walk, from which the whole of the glen can be viewed to great advantage. If the visitor would enjoy a glimpse of this, the most beautiful portion of the whole valley, we must proceed slowly. There are so many points of attraction. Bounded on the north by precipitous rocks, the course of the Yarrow is now seen, now hidden ; here revealing its dark, deep, silent pools, there brawling loudly over the rocks in rough streams ; sometimes overshadowed by majestic trees on both banks ; while the rocks are gay with clumps of ferns, golden broom and furze, blooming heather, and mountain ash. The view south of the river comprises part of the estate of Bowhill, forest and lawn alternating with witching effect. One of our English poets says, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and this is true of Harewoodglen. Wordsworth says of it in his "Yarrow Visited :"

> That region left, the vale unfolds
> Rich groves of lofty stature,
> With Yarrow winding through the pomp
> Of cultivated nature.

The Farm of Harehead, one of the Forest steads, and also one of the first possessions of the Murray family in Ettrick Forest, lies contiguous to Harewoodglen ; and along with it forms the western boundary of Philiphaugh estate.

Newark Castle.

On the south bank of the river, a little further up the valley, stands the stately Castle of Newark, described by Wordsworth in the following words—

> And rising from those lofty groves,
> Behold a ruin hoary—
> The shattered front of Newark's Tower,
> Renowned in Border story.

It is here that Sir Walter Scott places the scene of the recital of his "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

> The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The Minstrel was infirm and old;
> His withered cheeks and tresses grey,
> Seem'd to have known a better day.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
> Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower;
> The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
> No humbler resting-place was nigh;
> With hesitating step at last,
> The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
> Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
> Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
> But never closed the iron door
> Against the desolate and poor.
> The Duchess* mark'd his weary pace,
> His timid mien and reverend face,
> And bade her page the menials tell
> That they should tend the old man well—
> For she had known adversity,
> Though born in such a high degree;
> In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

The Castle of Newark is in better preservation than any of the other strongholds of Yarrow. Some of them, indeed, are altogether destroyed—not so much by "the teeth of time" which, our national poet says, "may gnaw Tantallon," as by the utter indifference of those like Peter Bell, to whom

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

and who do not value the mementos of former ages, except in so far as they can, in a material way, be made profitable to themselves. Such would have been the fate of Newark Castle also, had an "economical" factor, while he was causing the front stones of Newark to be removed to help in the building of a farmhouse on the ground called the Slain Man's Lea, not been pounced upon in the midst of his vandal work by the late Duke of Buccleuch.

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* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

On the north and west, the castle is defended by high banks rising steeply from the river, which here almost forms a peninsula. It was built for the Queen of James III. about the year 1469 (T.C.B.), and here the Court often assembled to follow the deer, the wild boar, and other quarry; consequently it must have been the centre of gaiety and wassail.

> Then oft from Newark's riven tower,
> Sallied a Scottish monarch's power;
> A thousand vassals mustered round,
> With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound.

But when the Warden of the east marches of England, assisted by the broken clans of the Border (always ready to share in plunder), raided into Scotland, Newark Castle formed the rallying-point for the Foresters in defence of the valley of Yarrow. It was here that Scott of Buccleuch denied admission to a Queen, although he had been witness to her infeftment therein by the Sheriff of Ettrick Forest. Pinkerton, vol. ii., p. 277, says—"Scott of Buccleuch even appropriated to himself domains belonging to the Queen [Margaret, wife of James IV.], worth nearly 400 merks yearly, being probably the castle of Newark, and her jointure lands in Ettrick Forest." The castle was burnt in 1548 by the English under Lord Grey.

Foulshiels.

The next point of interest is the ruins of the old farmhouse of Foulshiels, which stand on the right of the route, almost opposite Newark Tower. It was here that Mungo Park, the great African traveller, was born.

Mungo Park was the third son of Mungo Park, tenant-farmer of Foulshiels, and was born on the 10th of September, 1771. His parents originally intended that Mungo should be educated for the Church, but at the age of fifteen he showed a decided preference for the medical profession, and was therefore apprenticed to Mr Thomas Anderson, a famous surgeon in Selkirk. He continued to practise under Dr Anderson for the space of three years, and in the year 1789 went to Edinburgh and began the usual course of professional study in the University. During the

three years of his attendance on the medical classes, he showed a marked predilection for botanical pursuits, a study in which he was greatly assisted by his brother-in-law, Mr Dickson, a distinguished botanist, well known in Edinburgh and London.

Mr Dickson's skill and enthusiasm in his profession procured him the notice of Sir Joseph Banks, and when Park had received his medical diploma from the University of Edinburgh, and gone to London in the hope of obtaining employment either at home or abroad, he bore with him a letter of recommendation from Mr Dickson to Sir Joseph; and this obtained him the object of his visit. He was appointed medical officer on board one of the East India Company's vessels *The Worcester*, in which vessel he sailed for the East Indies in the month of February, 1792. Having made the voyage to Benicolea, in the island of Sumatra, he returned to England in the following year, bringing proofs with him of the ardour of his studies in the rare plants and flowers he had collected —some of which he presented to Sir Joseph Banks.

Hearing of the association which had been formed for resolving the much-vexed question of the course and termination of the Niger, Park offered his services to that body; and after his character and qualifications had been duly ascertained, his offer was accepted.

The ship in which he sailed reached the African coast in the end of June, 1795. After remaining about four months in the village of Pisania (situated on the northern banks of the Gambia, at a considerable distance from the coast), preparing for his journey into the interior, and acquiring information respecting the western parts of Africa, Park launched upon his perilous enterprise on the 2nd December, 1795.

During the space of three years he toiled on, and passed through several Negro kingdoms and many towns and villages, being generally treated in a kindly and respectful manner. The greed of some of the Negro kings, however, stripped him of almost all the articles of value which he possessed; and this by way of tax or custom for passing through their dominions. [For a detailed

account of his adventures during the journey, we refer to his own narrative, which has long been regarded as one of the most interesting volumes of travel and incident in the English language.] When near the southern border of the Great Desert, he was made captive by a Moorish chief, and taken to Benown, a village on the margin of the Great Desert. Here he endured great hardships from his captors, who persecuted him both as a stranger and as a Christian. Park succeeded at length in escaping from his tormentors, continuing his journey in a south-easterly direction, and passing through several Negro countries. Though the prevailing influence of the Moors caused him to endure still greater suffering and insult, yet even in his greatest distress he was pitied and succoured by some poor Negroes. One of these occurrences is depicted with simple pathos in the well-known song, beginning:

The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The White Man yielded to the blast;
He sat him down beneath our tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he.
Let us pity the White Man, no Mother has he!

On the 21st July, 1796, he approached Sego the capital of the Bambarra kingdom, in company with a party of Negroes who were going thither, and who were entertaining him on the way with accounts of the traffic of Sego, and of the Great Water or Joliba which flowed past it. This stream Park had an idea was the Niger, of which he was in search; and so it proved. "We rode together," he says, "through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out 'Geo affilli!'—'see the water,' and looking forward I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the Eastward!* I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success." Having thus been successful in reaching the banks of the Niger, our traveller would have pursued his journey, but here he found himself entirely destitute of everything for its accomplishment; and knowing

from his own experience in the past, and from the reports he had received of the bigotry of the Moors, who held the district through which he must pass, he advanced no farther than Silla, which is considerably to the east of Sego. After gaining all information regarding the course of the river beyond this point, he returned to the coast along the banks of the Niger, reaching Pisania on the 10th of June, 1797—having been a year-and-a-half in the interior of Africa.

He arrived in London on Christmas day of the same year, and was received with great enthusiasm by all classes. He wrote his narrative for publication, and in 1801 (having in the meantime married a daughter of Dr Anderson of Selkirk), he settled as a medical practitioner in Peebles. His success in the field of African discovery gave an impulse to others, and some attempts were made (though unsuccessfully) to follow up what he had begun. Notwithstanding his success in his profession, and domestic comfort, we find him hankering after a wandering life, and declaring to Sir Walter Scott (who was one of his most intimate friends) that he preferred it to any other; and therefore, on the invitation of Government, he undertook a second journey on the 20th January, 1805, to follow out his exploration work.

Park sailed from Portsmouth, accompanied by a few artificers, and likewise by his brother-in-law Mr Anderson, and a friend Mr Scott. On arriving at the mouth of the Gambia, between thirty and forty volunteers from the garrison joined the party. Park's plan for the second expedition was to sail up the Gambia, cross the country to the Niger, and then sail down that river to its *termination*. Sailing up the Gambia as far as Kayee, they commenced their land journey thence on April 27th, in high spirits. He perfected his arrangements for the route by attaching a few natives to his party. Isaaco, a Mandingo priest and merchant, an experienced traveller, was engaged to act as guide to the expedition; giving at the same time the assistance of several Negroes, his own servants. But it was the worst season of the year for travel, and before the 19th of August, fully three-fourths of the party had died. or been left behind in a dying condition. On that day, after

leaving a place called Toniba, "coming," writes Park, "to the brow of a hill, I once more saw the Niger rolling its immense stream along the plain." Although this must have been a pleasant sight to the traveller and his companions, and must necessarily have given them a fresh impetus to continue their journey, yet there were additional deaths in their small company before they reached Sego, the capital of Bambarra. Here he was received by the King, and got a vessel fitted up for the navigation of the Niger, naming it Her Britannic Majesty's schooner, *The Joliba*. At San sanding, a town a little below Sego, on the 28th October, Mr Anderson underwent the fate of so many of his companions. Isaaco's engagement here terminated, and he brought back to the coast the papers with which he was entrusted by Park. In one of these letters he says: "I have heard nothing that I can depend on regarding the course of the Niger, but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end nowhere but in the sea. My dear friend Mr Anderson, and likewise Mr Scott, are both dead. But though the Europeans who were with me were dead, and though I were myself half-dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last die on the Niger." These were the last words which Park sent to Europe. Then succeeded vague rumours of his death. Five years afterwards (in 1810) Isaaco, his former guide, was induced to make an effort to discover his fate; and from Amadi Fatouma, who had succeeded Isaaco as guide, the information was received that Park, anxious to proceed, had sent presents to the King of Houssa; that Fatouma, whose engagement as guide here terminated, had been sent ashore to deliver the presents; and that the inferior chief had appropriated them, causing Amadi at the same time to be put in irons. The King, receiving no presents, considered himself insulted, and had sent an army after the schooner. The army came upon the party near Boussa. There is before Boussa a rock, or rather range of rocks across the Niger, with only a small opening in the form of a door, through which the water passes. There they found the army drawn up, and, on attempting to pass through, they were assailed with lances, pikes, arrows, and other missiles.

Park defended himself vigorously for a time; but after throwing everything in the canoe overboard, and seeing no chance of getting through, he took one of the white men in his arms and jumped overboard. Martyn did the same, and the whole party were drowned in their attempt to escape by swimming, except one, a native, who related the facts to Amadi Fatouma on the latter being freed from irons three months afterwards.

Twenty-one years later, Captain Clapperton visited Boussa, and saw the part of the river where Park and his companions perished. In 1830 John and Richard Lander were at the same spot, and their account will convince everyone of the truth of Amadi Fatouma's statement.

Park possessed in a high degree the requisite qualifications for a traveller, and as a man in all the relations of life was most exemplary. In person he was above the middle size, and possessed of great hardihood and muscular power. He left three sons and one daughter. His eldest son Mungo died in India, assistant-surgeon to the forces there. Thomas, the second son, was very desirous to penetrate the mystery of his father's fate; and after patiently and laboriously qualifying himself for the task, set out in 1827 for Africa. He arrived on the coast of Guinea only to die,—though not before he had showed powers of observation which made his fate the more to be deplored. In 1859, a handsome monument was erected to the memory of Park in the High Street of Selkirk; and lately a tablet has been erected in the front walls of the old farm-house at Foulshiels, by an admiring relative—Dr. Anderson of Selkirk—containing a short allusion to Park's life and death.

Foulshiels steading fell into the hands of the King on the attainder of the Douglases in 1455. Murray having been appointed Keeper of the Forest, it was tenanted by him. Ultimately it passed to the Scotts of Buccleuch on their attaining to that dignity, and in their possession it still remains. Foulshiels Hill (1,454 feet) rises with a quick ascent immediately behind Foulshiels.

There are two considerable hills on the Bowhill estate, betwixt the watersheds of Ettrick and Yarrow—Newark Hill rising to a height of 1,450 feet, and Black Andro, 1,364 feet, both visible from the road.

Broadmeadows

Was also one of the Forest steads reverting to the Crown in 1455. The estate was occupied by the Murrays and then by the Scotts during most of the 16th and 17th centuries. In more modern times it has changed hands, and is now the property of H. M. Lang, Esq., Convener of the County of Selkirk.

The modern mansion house was built in the years 1852-53, and is pleasantly situated on the slope of the hill, having fine meadows or haughs in the foreground, and a well wooded background towards the summit of the hill.

Broadmeadows has its tragic morsel of the times of sturt and strife, in being the scene of the murder or assassination of the Knight of Liddesdale (Sir William Douglas), styled the "Flower of Chivalry." This renowned warrior, along with Sir Andrew Murray, Sir William Keith, and others about the year 1335 assembled their forces, and attacked and wrested from the English the castles of Dunnotar, Kincleven, and Lauriston, and dismantled them. We next find him in conflict with the Lords Marches of England (1338), whom he met near Crichton Castle, and after a fierce encounter defeated, though he was sorely wounded in the conflict. The English forces had to re-cross the Tweed, having failed in their object, which was to relieve Edinburgh Castle, at that time besieged by the Regent Moray. Along with Sir Alexander Ramsay, we next hear of him clearing the open country of their enemies—forcing them to keep within the castles of Edinburgh, Perth, Stirling, Cupar and Roxburgh, their sole remaining possessions in Scotland. Sir William Douglas afterwards expelled the English from Teviotdale; he likewise defeated and took prisoner Sir John Stirling, at the head of 500 men-at-arms; and intercepted a convoy near Melrose as it proceeded to Hermitage Castle, which he soon afterwards reduced. The castles of Perth and Edinburgh were then stormed and captured by him. David II. about this time appointed Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie governor of Roxburgh Castle, a fortress of great strength and importance, which Ramsay had taken in a night escalade; and

along with it he granted him the Sheriffship of Teviotdale. This was certainly a most impolitic and unjust act, (as Sir William Douglas was at that time Sheriff), and raised a fierce and deadly spirit of vengeance in the breast of Douglas against Ramsay, to whom he pretended to be reconciled; but he only bided his time for revenge. While Ramsay was presiding at a Court of Justice, held in the Church in Hawick, Douglas entered, attended by an armed band. Ramsay invited him to a seat beside himself, whereupon Douglas drew his sword, and seizing Ramsay wounded him, and throwing him, bleeding, on a horse hurried him away to his Castle of Hermitage, where he thrust him into a dungeon. There was above the cell a granary, through the chinks of the flooring of which a few grains fell, and upon these the poor prisoner supported himself for seventeen days, and at last perished by hunger (1342). Yet, notwithstanding this awful crime, we find the High Steward of Scotland pleading with the King for Liddesdale's pardon; and on his intercession Douglas was not only pardoned but became Governor of Roxburgh Castle, Sheriff of Teviotdale, and Protector of the Middle Marches—receiving in fact the very offices of the murdered man. Shortly after this, we find Edward making an attempt to seduce the Knight of Liddesdale from his allegiance to the Scottish Crown. It is at least certain that Douglas had repeated interviews with Baliol and the English Commissioners. This plot, however, came to nothing; and to wipe away all trace of suspicion as to his share in the transaction, Douglas immediately (regardless of the truce then existing) broke across the Borders at the head of a considerable army, burning Carlisle and Penrith, and then retreated in haste into Scotland. A fierce war broke out after this unhapppy exploit, of which the Battle of Durham or Neville's Cross (1346) was the climax. In this battle the Knight of Liddesdale, along with many others of the Scottish nobility and their King, were made prisoners. During their captivity, and while they were bartering their country's independence for their own interest, William Lord Douglas, nephew of the "Good Sir James," who had been bred to arms in the wars of France, returned to Scotland. The country was again groaning under the English yoke, and Lord

Douglas immediately took vigorous steps to drive the oppressors out of his estates. He soon cleared Douglasdale, took possession of Ettrick Forest, and, raising the men of Teviotdale drove the English completely out of that district. The King of Scotland and the Knight of Liddesdale thought that Lord Douglas would join in their intrigue, but they were sorely mistaken. He was aware of the game of the Knight of Liddesdale, and ended it by bursting into Galloway at the head of a powerful army, compelling the barons of that wild district to renounce their alliance with England, and swear fealty to the Scottish Crown. Therefore Liddesdale, on being released from captivity on condition of serving England and returning to commence operations from Annandale, found that his teachery was discovered, and his schemes entirely defeated. At the same time Roger Kilpatrick took from the English the castles of Caerlaverock and Dalswinton, and so prevented the allegiance of the territory of Niddesdale. The Knight of Liddesdale, in view of his compact, had received from Edward a grant of Hermitage Castle and the whole of Liddesdale, which he was by no means willing to forego. On the other hand his kinsman Earl Douglas had expelled the English from Liddesdale and Annandale, and was in possession of the family estates. These occurrences caused a feeling of deadly enmity between them, which was increased by jealousy on the part of the Earl, who suspected his Countess of a partiality for his rival; and ultimately led to an atrocious murder. While Liddesdale was hunting in Ettrick Forest, he was beset and slain by his rival "in the heich of an edge near Broadmeadows," a Scots mile from Philiphaugh. The body of the murdered knight was carried to Lindean Kirk, a chapel in the Forest not far from Selkirk. There it lay for some time, and was then transported to Melrose and buried in the ancient Abbey. There was little sympathy expressed for the fate of Liddesdale. The murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay and his late intrigue and treaty with Edward had blotted out the remembrance of his great services to his country in former times. Hume has quoted a single stanza of an old ballad made on the mournful occasion—

The Countess of Douglas out of her bower she came,
And loudly there did she call;
It is for the Knight of Liddesdale
That I let the tears down fall.

Sir Walter Scott also sings—

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night winds of heaven
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne!
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale,
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition lowly laid!

Yarrowford.

The pretty little hamlet of Yarrowford, with school and schoolhouse, stands close to the route. Between forty and fifty years ago the village could boast of its civil court, with a "Provost" as ruling dignitary. One of the cottages was then occupied as a public house, and directly opposite stood "the jail," which had formerly done duty as a stable. The Provost was elected from among the principal men of the village, and at his courts all cases of drunkenness, breaches of the peace, or other misdemeanours received trial. The sentence was so many hours' incarceration in the cells, no fines being accepted. The arrangement of the prison was such however, that the criminals were "no sooner in than out," the window being so manipulated that, with the aid of their friends, the convicted parties generally managed to give the representatives of the law "the slip." Once in the open air the punishment was ended, as prisoners could not be twice tried on the same charge. In these days the youth of the district used to indulge in various practical jokes at the expense of the community at large. One of the favourite pastimes was the "liftin' of the tattie pot." One of these worthies, still in the land of the living, thought nothing of tramping five or six miles to attend a gathering or spree that was being held in the district

—his avowed intention being to capture the pot of potatoes and herring which composed the feast on these occasions. Arrayed in a red "pirnie," or night-cap, with blackened face, and a long rope with a cleek attached to one end, "Wull," on arriving at the scene of operations, would lay his plans. The first work was to reconnoitre the building, and if to his satisfaction, he mounted the roof. The majority of the houses consisted of one-storey buildings with thatch roof, and a low and wide chimney. On ascending to the roof and taking his stand at the chimney-top, the joker could see without difficulty what was transpiring below. Then dropping his cleek, he managed to catch the handle of the large pot containing the coveted "tatties an' herrin," and *hey presto!* the pot was seen to wend its way "up the lum!" Occasionally "Wull" cautiously ventured down the chimney (the width of which rendered it an easy matter for those who had practised this means of transport), and, catching hold of the large "cruick-tree" he would turn himself round on it, and suddenly in the midst of the feast the revellers were unpleasantly disturbed by witnessing the spectacle of a black face surmounted by an enormous red "pirnie," peering from the fireplace. No one doubted but that the visitor was of Satanic origin, and the scene which followed baffles description. Suffice it to say that safety was sought for in any convenient quarter—not a few hiding beneath the beds. Quietly chuckling over the success of his ruse, and with no niggardly hand helping himself to the coveted spread, "Wull" would wend his way home, leaving no trace of his identity.

Hangingshaw.

Adjoining Broadmeadows is the estate of Hangingshaw, the property of John Aug. Johnstone, Esq.

Hangingshaw has had a close association with the fortunes of the Murray family in Ettrick Forest. From the time of the "Outlaw" it was their chief seat, and there the head of the clan had kept court, and upheld the dignity of the family with that open-handed hospitality which is now, alas! only "characteristic of a by-past period." The family of Murray is one of the most

ancient in Scotland. Scott supposes that they took an active part in the civil wars of Bruce and Baliol, and that they were partizans of the latter. So far back as 1296 we find Archibald De Moravia subscribing the oath of fealty to Edward the First. In 1462, seven years after the attainder of the Douglases, John Murray of Falahill became herd-keeper to the Queen of James II. who had received in dowry the lands of Deloraine and others in Ettrick Forest. Thereafter he was appointed custos of the royal hunting-seat of Newark, and overseer of the Royal Forests, and acquired the lands of Philiphaugh, and the Forest Steadings of Harehead, Hangingshaw, and Lewinshope. In the year 1509 his grandson John Murray of Philiphaugh ("The Outlaw") was vested with the Sheriffship of Ettrick Forest by James the Fourth, an office held by his descendants till the final abolition of such jurisdictions in the reign of George the Second—in lieu of which they received £4000 as compensation. The most distinguished member of the family was undoubtedly "The Outlaw." His ancient patrimony is said to have extended from Philiphaugh to Lewinshope, including Newark, Foulshiels, Tinnis, Hangingshaw, &c. The popular tradition of the ballad of the "Outlaw Murray" is that John Murray of Philiphaugh, having been appointed custos of Newark, attempted to hold the castle against the king, but finding the royal forces arrayed against him he yielded up possession; and in consideration of this was created hereditary Sheriff of the Forest. Sir Walter Scott, however, maintains that Hangingshaw is the scene of the ballad, and in support of this he writes: "The scene is by the common people, supposed to have been the castle of Newark upon Yarrow. This is highly improbable as Newark was always a royal fortress. Indeed the late excellent antiquarian Mr Plummer, Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire, had assured him that he remembered the insignia of the unicorns, &c., so often mentioned in the ballad, in existence upon the old tower at Hangingshaw, the seat of the Philiphaugh family, although upon first perusing a copy of the ballad he was inclined to subscribe to the popular opinion. The Tower of Hangingshaw has been demolished for many years. It stood in a romantic and solitary

situation on the banks of the Yarrow. When the mountains around Hangingshaw were covered with the wild copse which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure stronghold for an outlawed baron can hardly be imagined."

Owing to the peculiar terms of tenure on which families then held their lands in Ettrick Forest, it is probable that disputes had arisen between the Murrays and the Scotts or others as to the possession of various lands, and that complaints, which were forwarded to the Court, led to the declaration of outlawry against Murray, the declaration being followed by an expedition by the king in person against the Outlaw. In the following selections from "The Sang of the Outlaw Murray," the reader will easily realise who it was that the Outlaw had to thank for the troubles which are here detailed.

THE SANG OF THE OUTLAW MURRAY.

Ettricke Forest is a feir foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie trie ;
There's hart and hynd, and dae and rae,
And of a' wild beastes grete plentie.

There's a feir castelle, bigged wi' lyme and stane ;
O ! gin it stands not pleasantlie !
In the forefront o' that castelle feir,
Twa unicorns are braw to see ;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie.

There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men ;
He keepis a royalle companie !
His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Linkome grene say gaye to see ;
He and his ladye in purple clad,
O ! gin they lived not royallie !

Word of all this was sent to Edinburgh to the King, who thereupon made a vow that he should either be king in Ettrick Forest or the Outlaw should be king of Scotland. After counsel with his nobles, word is sent to the Outlaw that if he would come and swear fealty as holding the Forest from the king all would be well; but if not, then he would be conquered, his castle cast down, his

lady made a widow, and his merrymen hanged pair by pair. James Boyd, son of the Earl of Arran, who had been restored to the king's favour, is said to have been the messenger on the occasion, and after inquiring at the Outlaw from whom he held his lands or whom he served, received this answer :—

"Thir lands are MINE!" the Outlaw said ;
"I ken nae king in Christentie ;
Frae Soudron I this Foreste wan.
When the king nor his knights were not to see"

"E'er the king my fair countrie get,
This land that's nativest to me !
Mony o' his nobilis sall be cauld,
Their ladyes sall be right wearie."

Then spake his ladye, feir of face,
She seyd, "Without consent of me,
That an Outlaw suld cum befor a King ;
I am right rad of treasonrie.
Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame.
For Edinburgh my Lord sall nevir see."

The messenger then took his leave of the Outlaw and proceeded to the Court at Edinburgh, delivering the result of his errand to the King, and along with it a description of Ettrick Forest, upon which the King gave orders to warn Perthshire, Angus, Fife, and the three Lothians. Word having been brought to the Outlaw of these proceedings, he said—

"I mak a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I mak a vow, and that trulie,
Were there but three men to tak my pairt,
Yon king's cuming full deir suld be."

And thereupon he called for messengers and sent to his sister's son, Halliday of the Corehead, who promised to meet him with 500 men. Another was sent to Murray of Cockpool and to Sir James Murray of Traquair, both of whom promised their aid. Their replies are very characteristic. Cockpool's was both friendly and cautious ; Traquair's land had been gifted already to another —he could not be in worse position ; and Halliday, with a good

deal of forecast, promised his aid, well knowing that his turn would not be long in coming should he not aid the Outlaw. The numbers of the Royal army are then noticed at the crossing of Caddon Ford. The Minstrel states their number to be full 5000, to which he adds—

They saw the derke Foreste them before,
They thought it awsome for to see.

And no doubt it was. Here we have another dialogue indicating what manner of men some of the counsellors of James IV. were. Lord Hamilton's counsel was for peace and unity in the country, and desired a meeting between the king and the Outlaw, the former to be accompanied by five earls, and the latter by four of his friends, the meeting to be at Permanscore.* Buccleuch showed a different spirit, and urged the king to press on, and if the Lords present fell back, then the Borderers would follow him with fire and sword. The answer of the king is memorable, as showing how well he knew the character of the man before him, and the Border morality he there represented. It is here the king is made to say, after casting around a "wilie 'ee"—

—"Now haud thy tongue, sir Walter Scott,
Nor speik of reif nor felonie:
For had everye honeste man his awin kye,
A right puir clan thy name wad be!"

The King then calls James Hope Pringle of Torsonse, and sends him to the Outlaw with the pacific request for a meeting at Permanscore, or the alternative of instant, and in all likelihood ruinous war. The Outlaw's reply—

"It stands me hard," the Outlaw said;
"Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me!
Wha reck not losing of mysell,
But a' my offspring after me.

"My merryemen's lives, my widowe's teirs—
There lies the pang that pinches me!
When I am straucht in bluidie eard,
Yon castell will be right dreirie.

* A hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills dividing the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, a little to the east of Minchmoor. It is the outermost portion of the lands of Broadmeadows.

He consents to the meeting, and attends accompanied by "auld Halliday, young Halliday, Andrew Murray, and Sir James Murray." Appearing before the king "they fell befor him on their knee," craving mercy "E'en for his sake that dyed on trie." The answer to their request was not by any means reassuring:

"Sicken like mercie sall ye have:
On gallows ye sall hangit be!"
"Over God forbode," quoth the Outlaw then,
"I hope your grace will bettir be!
Else ere you come to Edinburgh port,
I trow thin guarded sall ye be:
"Thir landis of Ettricke Foreste feir,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kingis in Christentie."
All the nobilis the king about,
Said pitie it were to see him die—
"Yet graunt me mercie, sovereign prince!
Extend your favour unto me!
"I'll give the keys of my Castell,
Wi' the blessing o' my gay ladye,
Gin thou'lt mak me Sheriff of this Foreste,
And a' my offspring after me."

His offer is accepted in the following words:—

"Wilt thou give me the keys of thy Castell,
Wi' the blessing of thy gay ladye,
I'se mak thee Sheriff of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the trie;
If you be not traitour to your king,
Forfaulted sall thou nevir be."

The Outlaw says:—

"But, prince, what sall come o' my men?
When I gae back, traitour they'll ca' me.
I had rather lose my life and land,
E're my merryemen rebuked me."

The King's reply:—

"Will your merryemen amend their lives?
And a' their pardons I graunt thee—
Now, name thy landis where'er they lie,
And here I RENDER them to thee."

The Outlaw then goes through a list of his possessions :—

" Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,†
And Lewinshope still mine shall be ;
Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

" And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lee and Hangingshaw,
I have mony steads in the Foreste shaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw."

The keys o' the castell he gavc the king,
Wi' the blessing o' his feir ladye ;
He was made shcriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upwards grows the trie,
And if he was na traitour to the king,
Forfaulted he suld nevir be.

Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Sicken an Outlaw in his degrê,
Sick favour get before a king,
As did the OUTLAW MURRAY of the Foreste frie.

" The Outlaw " was, sometime after the events above narrated, slain near Newark Castle by an arrow shot by Scott of Haining, a kinsman of Buccleuch's.

Dr Russell, in his *Reminiscences of Yarrow*, writes : " Hanging-Castle had a commanding position half-way up the hill, with a long straight avenue in front and behind, flanked by noble beeches. A few feet of the walls, with a broken-arched chamber, were still to be seen within the memory of man.

" The more modern mansion-house that stood hard by was burned to the ground while still in possession of the Murrays (about 1768)—a circumstance that crowned their misfortunes, after contesting at great expense the Selkirk group of burghs for a seat in Parliament with Sir Lawrence Dundas, who was backed by the influence and pecuniary support of the Government of the day. . . . During the election the Bailies and Councillors of Selkirk were entertained for days at the Hangingshaw by way of gaining their votes.

† In this and the following verse, the ceremony of feudal investiture is supposed to have been gone through, by the Outlaw resigning his possessions into the hands of the king, and receiving them back to be held of him as a superior.

"It is traditionally recorded that every person who called at the Hangingshaw, no matter how trifling the errand, was treated to a draught of strong ale out of a capacious vessel termed the Hangingshaw Ladle, which was filled to the brim and must be drained to the dregs. Sir John Murray (the late baronet of Philiphaugh) and Mr Johnstone have each a large silver cup to represent the traditionary ladle."

It is well-nigh 120 years since the estate passed from the Murrays into the possession of John Johnstone, fifth son of Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall. The estate is still the property of his descendants the Johnstones of Alva, who are associated with the highest ideal of landlordism in Scotland—always taking the deepest interest in the welfare of their tenantry, and having always manifested on their account a true and hearty sympathy. There are yet many "semelie tries" on the Hangingshaw. To diverge from the ordinary route and ascend the hill a short way, passing along its fine avenue, would well repay the tourist any delay or trouble he may experience.

Wallace's Trench.

There occurs in the history of Hangingshaw a name of which every lover of his country may well feel proud—the name of William Wallace. Even in his youth he displayed a fearless courage and almost incredible strength, with a determined hatred of oppression, that very soon told upon his countrymen, inciting them to emulate his example in resistance to oppression and self-devotion to the cause of liberty.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side;
Still pressing onward, red wat shod,
Or glorious died! — *Burns.*

William Wallace was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, whose family were ancient, though

neither rich nor noble. Endued by nature with an almost herculean frame, and a spirit that could not brook "the oppressor's wrong," in many instances he manifested this determination, and his prowess was such that his fame spread far and wide. In a fray in the streets of Lanark, which was brought about by the insolence of the officers of the garrison, Wallace had the misfortune to be involved, and would have been slain had it not been for the assistance of his wife, to whose house he fled. Heselrig or Hislop, the English Sheriff, in a spirit of dastardly revenge, attacked the house and put her to death, for which he was himself slain by Wallace. The consequence of this was that he was proclaimed a traitor, and had to fly to the fastnesses of Cartlane Craigs. There were many of his countrymen in like evil case, and by degrees there gathered around him many who had foresworn the services of their lords, of whose baseness and utter indifference to the common weal they were ashamed. These men chose Wallace as their chief, and left their homes—deliberately electing to be the enemies of England, rather than endure the wrongs under which they were groaning. It must have been about this time that Wallace appeared in Ettrick Forest. His men being of little account numerically, he had to choose a strong position in which to entrench himself against the efforts the English were sure to make. T. Craig-Brown, in his *Chronicles of the Forest*, says:

"Fortunately tradition has identified with the hero's name the particular spot of Ettrick Forest where he thus lay like one who held himself against the English usurper's peace. "Wallace's Trench" occupies a skilfully-chosen position between Tweed and Yarrow; or rather, between their tributaries Glenkinnon Burn and Hangingshaw Burn. It may be said to lie almost direct north and south, from the summit to the base of a steep hill called the Brown Knowe on ordinary survey maps. Near the lower end it is intersected by the well-known mountain road over Minchmoor, by which Montrose fled with the remnant of his army from the battle of Philiphaugh. Below this road the trench is deep and clearly traceable, but has now quite the appearance of a natural ravine hollowed out by mountain torrent. From Minchmoor

road to the top of Brown Knowe, Wallace's Trench proper is 1,050 feet in length, but near the the top it deflects a little to the east to form one side of a rectangular enclosure, 320 feet long by 100 feet wide."

While lying in his entrenchment in the Forest, Wallace appears to have received many recruits from the Borders, and in no very considerable time he felt strong enough to assume the aggressive, for we read of him continuing in his victorious career, and capturing the castles of Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, and almost all the strongholds north of the Forth. Cressingham had informed Edward of this state of matters in Scotland, and had in return received authority, in a letter still existing, commanding him not to scruple to spend the whole money in his exchequer to put down these disorders. Wallace was besieging Dundee when he received intelligence that a great army under Surrey and Cressingham were advancing against him. He instantly left Dundee, the siege of which he had just begun, and the next thing we hear of is the battle of Stirling Brig. Hemingford, the English historian, or at least chronicler, and likewise Knighton, say the English lost 5,000 foot and 100 horse; while Trivet (p. 307), and Walsingham (p. 173), assert that before half of the English had passed the bridge, the Scots attacked, and put almost all of them to the sword. To use the words of Knighton, "this awful beginning of hostilities roused the spirit of Scotland, and sunk the hearts of the English.' Dundee immediately surrendered; Edinburgh and Roxburgh were dismantled; and even Berwick was hastily abandoned at the advance of the Scots. Tytler (vol. 1, p. 55) says: "Thus, by the efforts of a single man, not only unassisted but actually thwarted and opposed by the nobility of the country, was the iron power of Edward completely broken, and Scotland once more able to lift her head among free nations." Wallace next appears carrying the war into England—ravaging Cumberland, Northumberland, and Annandale, from Inglewood Forest to Derwentwater: and shortly after his return from this expedition he was, at a meeting held in the Forest Kirk, in Selkirkshire, elected Governor of Scotland, in name of King John, and with consent of the community of

Scotland. This meeting was attended by the Earl of Lennox, Sir William Douglas, and others of the principal nobility. Wallace used the powers with which he was invested to the best advantage —by a wise and yet firm administration throughout the whole country. Meantime the great barons looked with anxiety on the altered aspect of affairs. They saw the armies of Edward swept out of Scotland, and their own places as leaders filled by young men previously unknown to fame. They were jealous of the successes of Wallace and his compeers, and in their utter selfishness they saw no other way of helping themselves than by again joining with Edward, and in being leagued with him as his tools. A correspondence was opened, and Edward was very liberal with promises and rewards. He flattered and consoled them for the venal part they had played, and were yet to play, in sacrificing the independence of Scotland to their own personal aggrandisement. The battle of Falkirk was a most disastrous event for Scotland. Divisions among the leaders of the Scottish army themselves ; the mutual jealousies of the great families of the country, and their arrogant demand that Wallace not being of sufficiently high caste to lead them should resign the command of the army ; combined with the fact that while the whole power of England was arrayed against them they could not meet that power with so much as a third of the English numbers, gave even Wallace an almost sure presage of misfortune. Such was the case. The facts demonstrated at the battle of Falkirk revealed what had been settled beforehand. The cavalry under Comyn, Angus, and Corspatrick, before even the first lines met, retired from the field without striking a blow. The division under Sir John Stewart, numbering among them the "Flowers of the Forest," stubbornly maintained the strife until the death of their leader ; and even after that event surrounded his body until they were almost cut to pieces. One of the English chroniclers notices : "that many men of tall, athletic form lay around the body of Sir John Stewart." The battle closed with a loss of 15,000 men to Scotland. Wallace shortly after this battle demitted his trust, seeing nothing but ruin to his country if he continued in office ; and we hear no more of

him as a leader. All readers of Scottish history know of his betrayal by Sir John Menteith. His mock trial and cruel death leave the indelible stamp of "tyrant" on the memory of Edward, while the name of Wallace is enshrined among the greatest of the world's freemen.

Lewinshope steading has always been let along with Hangingshaw, and still continues to form part of the estate. The farm contains about 3,000 acres, of which perhaps 600 acres are arable land, the rest being pastoral.

Fastheugh Farm, the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, is situated on the south bank of the Yarrow, immediately to the west of Black Andro, and at the base of Fastheugh Hill. It formed one of the Royal Steads, and was for long the property of the Murrays. In the 16th century it passed into the hands of the Scotts of Buccleuch. The farm is nearly all devoted to pasturage.

Tinnis lies immediately to the west of Lewinshope on the north bank of the Yarrow. It is mentioned by T. Craig-Brown in the *Chronicles of the Forest* as being a £6 Steading in 1455; then in the possession of the Murrays. From the same source we learn that the Homes figured as proprietors from 1593 to 1600. Tinnis then passed from the Homes to a family named the Pringles of Buckholm, from whom it was bought by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1619 for 20,000 merks, and is still part of the ducal estate. The farm extends to about 3,000 acres, and is nearly all pastoral land. It is said that formerly the farm was, to a great extent, under cultivation, and the appearance of the ground affords strong confirmation of this statement.

The Vale of Yarrow

Winds in a north-westerly direction from Bowhill, where "Newark's stately tower looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower," to near Birkhill at the head of Selkirkshire, amid the green hills from "whence classic Yarrow flows." The whole length of the valley between the points indicated does not exceed twenty miles. The

fine woods on the estates of Philiphaugh, Bowhill, Broadmeadows, and Hangingshaw form a beautiful and well-contrasted picture, and there are few scenes in the south of Scotland that can compare with it. Beyond the Hangingshaw, the face of the country changes into a regular succession of sloping green hills, with nothing to relieve the monotony of the scene save here and there a solitary thorn and patches of purple heather. It is difficult to realise that this is the scene where, as old Lindesay of Pitscottie tells us :—The King summoned 12,000 lords and gentlemen with their deer-hounds to hunt in the Forest. Sir Walter Scott gives a fine description of this change from the fair Forest to the treeless waste, in the following lines :—

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers –
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough :
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made ;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red ;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook !

" Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say,
" The mighty stag at noon-tide lay :
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)*

*Wolf Craig in Meggatdale

With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop, against the moon to howl ;
The mountain boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet ;
While doe and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay green-wood."

—*Marmion : Introduction to Canto II.*

Kershope.—Of Kershope we learn from T. Craig-Brown that it was held by John Murray in 1485. It was afterwards held, the Eastern part by the Murrays and the Western by a family of Scotts. In 1643, Sir John Murray owned Wester Kershope and in 1704 Robert Scott owned Faster Kershope. In 1785, Mr Johnstone of Alva is represented as being in possession of Wester and the Duke of Buccleuch in possession of Easter Kershope. Both now belong to the Duke of Buccleuch and are let along with Ladhope. They lie about a mile above Fastheugh, on a low slope formed by the incline of two hills.

Deuchar.

A short distance up the valley lies Deuchar Mill, with a whin-covered haugh between it and the north bank of the river. A clump of hazel trees stands to the right of the mill, and there are fine birks on the brow of the Deucharswire opposite.

A single arch of an old bridge here spans the Yarrow. The old bridge of Deuchar has a somewhat interesting history. Dr Russell says the Ettrick Shepherd was wont to say that it was built by one of the Earls of Buccleuch, and that the arms of that noble family were formerly to be seen upon it. No corroboration of this could anywhere be traced till the discovery of a Mr Hodge's M.S. of date 1722, containing this notice :—"South-west from Hanging-shaw is a very good bridge, with two arches built of freestone, with the Duchess of Buccleuch's arms in the forefront thereof. At the noar'-west end of the bridge there stands an old toure, called Deuchare toure." The original structure stood for eighty years, and in October, 1734, the south arch was broken down by a great flood on the Yarrow. It was estimated that it would take a sum of

£200 to repair the broken arch in a proper manner. A subscription which had been taken up among the tenants and farmers only realised £100, and with this sum a very inadequate arch was erected, quite out of harmony with the original building. Dr Russell says: "Altogether it had a very singular appearance, for it was considerably wider and higher than its companion, while at the same time so steep and causeway-like on the south side that it was with difficulty an empty cart could cross." The bridge thus completed stood for above a century to the great wonder of all who beheld it, and then just as suddenly collapsed. A new bridge having been built within a short distance rendered its re-construction unnecessary, and the ruin, nearly covered with ivy, forms a very picturesque and interesting feature in the landscape.

The same authority observes: "The foundations of the old tower of Deuchar yet remain, affording shelter to the shepherd's garden. Hard-by there was formerly a church, and quite a clachan within a comparatively recent period. The houses were occcupied by a motley set of joiners, coopers, carriers, disbanded soldiers, paupers, and a beadle." According to Hodge the tower formerly belonged to Dewar of Deuchar (and we also read of the Murrays being lairds of Deuchar,) but is now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Yarrow Kirk,

From the date on the dial, appears to have been built in 1640. It stands due east and west, and is "built in the old style of masonry, lipped with lime on the outside, the heart filled up with large stones into which hot lime was afterwards poured, thus forming a concrete harder than stone." Extensive alterations were made on the old building in 1826, the windows were altered and enlarged, the aisle doors were shifted, and partitions and passages were made to all the doors, to provide for the comfort and convenience of the worshippers. Dr Russell says: "The small belfry was enlarged, and it was then we discovered the inscription on the church bell—'Presented by James Murray to the Kirk of Lochar.' In the casting an *L* had obviously been substituted for a *D*. There is no kirk known as

Lochar in Scotland, and the chapel of Deuchar or Dochar stood hard by. The Murrays were the lairds of Deuchar; and on the principal church being removed from St. Mary's, and the chapel at Deuchar suppressed, the bell seems to have been transferred from the one to the other." On the south side of the church there are two memorial windows of stained glass to the memory of Drs Robert and James Russell, ministers of the parish for nearly a century.

In the churchyard there are some apparently very old stones, and the skull-and-cross-bones predominate. Against the north wall of the church there is a stone to the memory of John Rutherford, (an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott's, and a former schoolmaster in Selkirk), who died 8th May, 1710, having been minister of the parish for nineteen years. There also stands a stone erected to the memory of the Dr Robert Cramond, (minister of the parish prior to Dr Robert Russell), died 14th February, 1791, aged fifty years. Against the west wall is a stone to the memory of Robert Dalgleish, late tenant in Fastheugh, died 1763.

The Russell Family.

For a period of 151 years, from the building of the church in 1640 till the time of the Rev. Robert Russell's translation to the parish from Ettrick in 1791, the incumbency of Yarrow was represented by nine ministers. The Russells, who form the subject of the following brief sketch, filled the pulpit for a period of 92 years, from 1791 to 1883. Dr Robert Russell died on the 15th March, 1847, in his 81st year, and in the 57th year of his ministry. Throughout this long period he had only been absent for two days from pulpit duty; and no medical man had ever prescribed for him until three days before his death. Although but a short time in Ettrick, the impressions he left on the minds of many were still remembered after the lapse of fully half-a-century. In 1805 he was appointed chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner by Francis Lord Napier, his friend and patron in his former charge in Ettrick. He continued his services under the succeeding Lords High Commissioners for the long period of 37 years, not having been absent

from his post for a single day. His ministrations in Yarrow were faithful, earnest, and eloquent, and his life was exemplary. The tombstone which was erected to his memory bears the following inscription:—"Robert Russell, D.D., died 18th March, 1847, in the 81st year of his age and the 57th of his ministry. A faithful pastor, approved by his earnest preaching of the gospel, the example of a meek and loving life; beloved and venerated by his people for his manifold worth, and generally esteemed in the Church. 'He rests from his labour and his memory is blessed.' 'Lord now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

James Russell, son of Dr Robert Russell, was born in Yarrow Manse on 1st December, 1809. He was educated in Yarrow, and in 1822 he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he soon distinguished himself as a student, especially in the Arts classes. One of his fellow-students was the late Principal Forbes. Professor Wilson spoke of James Russell as 'one of his most distinguished students;' and while in the Divinity Hall he carried off the first prize for an essay in the Hebrew class under Dr Brunton. Completing his studies he was licensed by the Presbytery of Selkirk in June, 1831. He might, had he chosen, have occupied a more important position, but his desire was "to dwell among his own people." The Duke of Buccleuch having built a chapel at Kirkhope to serve the distant or outlying portions of the Parishes of Ettrick and Yarrow, Mr Russell was appointed to the charge, which he continued to hold for a considerable time, gathering a large and attached congregation. The Communion was never celebrated there until its disjunction and erection into a parish, consequently the hearers attended the church in Yarrow at the Communion season. Mr Russell was appointed his father's assistant and successor in July, 1841, and also succeeded him as Chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner. As a parish minister he was greatly beloved. His intercourse with his people was kindly and sympathetic—ever ready and willing to counsel by all means within his power, equally welcome at the marriage rejoicing and at the bedside of the afflicted. His statistical account of Yarrow is most

comprehensive and full of interest, especially to the antiquary, the agriculturist, and those who are interested in the history of Ettrick Forest. During winter months he instituted an annual course of lectures, of which he always delivered one, in a style so happy and instructive that his whole audience was benefited thereby; and the course was completed by the aid of friends. Mr Russell received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh in 1878, which event caused much gratification in Yarrow, as well as throughout the wide circle of his friends. Towards the close of 1882 he had been in failing health, and on the last Sabbath of the year while preaching he made a touching reference to a member of the congregation, a shepherd who had perished in a snowstorm within a short distance of his home but a few weeks before. He was unable to fill his pulpit on the following Sabbath, and on the 9th January, 1883, he breathed his last—leaving a name that will long be remembered, even beyond the bounds of Yarrow.

Dr James Russell married in March, 1851, Janet Shand, daughter of John Shand, W.S., Edinburgh. Their family consisted of a daughter, Isabella Lidster, who died in infancy; Robert, who at present occupies a responsible position in New Mexico; and John, who, after passing through the Arts course in Glasgow University, entered the Divinity Hall. He was a diligent student, and many hopes cherished by friends were sorely disappointed by his early death at Lewinshope, in Yarrow, on July 3rd, 1884.

The present minister is the Rev. Robert Borland, translated from Ladhope Parish Church, Galashiels.

Opposite Yarrow Manse a road crosses the river by the new bridge, leading over Deucharswire to Kirkhope and Ettrickdale.

Whitehope.

Whitehope is one of the oldest of the Forest Steads, and lies contiguous to the church and manse of Yarrow. The farm is in the main pastoral, and has been in the possession of the Scotts of Buccleuch since 1628. A short distance above the farm, and close to the side of the road, there was discovered by some road-

men a few years ago, a built stone-coffin containing human remains. "About 300 yards westward, when the cultivation of the moor began, the plough struck upon a large flat stone of unhewn greywacke bearing a Latin inscription. Bones and ashes lay beneath it, and on every side the surface presented verdant patches of grass. It was examined by Sir Walter Scott, Dr John Leyden, Mungo Park, and others of antiquarian lore. From the rudeness and indistinctness of the carving upon the hard rock, only the following characters can be deciphered :—'Hic memoriæ et . . . . . hic jacent in tumulo duo filii liberali.'—*Reminiscences of Yarrow.* T. Craig-Brown gives one of the latest readings:—

HIC MEMORIA CETI- LOI NENNIQ FII PRINCI P ET I NUDI DUMNOGENI—HIC JACENT IN TUMULO DUO FILII LIBERALIS.	Here is the monument of Cetilous and Nennus, sons of Nudd, Dumnonian prince and "emperor."—Here lie buried the two sons of Liberalis.

"The Dowie Dens."

Dr Russell, in his Statistical Report of the Parish of Yarrow, 1833, says :—"There is a piece of ground lying to the west of Yarrow Kirk which appears to have been the scene of slaughter and sepulture. From time immemorial it was a low, waste moor, till twenty-five years ago when formed into a number of cultivated enclosures. On more than twenty different spots were large cairns, in many of which fine yellow dust, and in one an old spear, was found. Two unhewn, massive stones still stand, about one hundred yards distant from each other, and which, doubtless, are the monuments of the dead. The real tradition simply bears : that here a deadly feud was settled by dint of arms ; the upright stones mark the place where the lords or leaders fell ; and the bodies of the followers were thrown into a marshy pool called the Dead Lake, in the adjoining haugh. It is possible that this is the locality of 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.' One cannot easily, however, unravel the details, or fix the date which the old ballad describes. Some suppose it to have been a duel fought between John Scott of

Tushielaw and Walter Scott of Thirlestane, that proved fatal to the latter, but, as appears from authentic records, this took place on Deucharswire, which is at no considerable distance. Others identify this as the fray at a hunting-match in the Forest, when a son of Scott of Harden was slain by the Scotts of Gilmanscleuch." The ballad of "The Dowie Dens" has long been a favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest. The hero of the song was slain either by the brother of his wife or of his betrothed. It opens in some ancient hostelry, where the parties at feud make an appointment for meeting—

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame my noble lord,
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."—

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowy banks o' Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

After some dramatic speech, the hero plays a heroic part—

"Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

The dying man then requests his "good brother John" to "gae

hame" and tell the fatal tidings to his lady-love, who meantime has "dreamed a dolefu' dream"—

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dool and sorrow;
They've slain—the comliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She ga'ed wi' dool and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She search'd his wounds all thorough,
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."—

"O haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

So sad a tale and so true a love has been a theme for many of the poets of Scotland—Hamilton of Bangor, Allan Ramsay, &c., and yet the sweetest and most touching of them all is from the pen of Wordsworth, which runs as follows—

Delicious is the scene that paints
The haunt of happy lovers;
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers.

And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love—
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding!

And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice
And gave his doleful warning.

The celebrated painter Sir Noel Paton, has likewise in a series of paintings descriptive of "Before," "During," and "After the Battle," caused a deeper and wider interest to be felt in the scene.

Ladhope Farm stands on the south bank of the river, about a mile above Yarrow Kirk. It is mentioned by T. Craig-Brown as being in "(1507) Granted to Walter Scott of Howpasley and his heirs of the lands of Ladhope, with power to build ane fortalice and furnish with defences and munitions, whilk are necessary to guard against thieves and malefactors." "On the 17th February, 1543-4, by command of the English General Wharton, the Armstrongs, burnt the 'toune of Laduppe,' belonging to the lord of Howpasley. Forty nolt, forty prisoners, four horses and plenishing taken away."

In general, the portioning of the farms gives but little to arable land; a field or two is under cultivation close to the side of the river, the rest being devoted to pasture. The farm-houses are, as a rule, surrounded by fir trees, and present a very snug appearance.

Yarrow School and Schoolhouse are situated further up the valley. The school is well attended by the children of the parish, and is noted in the valley for the excellence of the instruction imparted by the present teacher, Mr Bell.

Further up, on the right, the road branches off to the farm of **Catslackburn**, which is likewise pastoral. The valley here gets considerably wider on the right of the route, the hills sinking

far back. On the top of a sort of ridge overlooking the farmhouse stood the old tower of Catslack. Alluding to this, Dr Russell says :—" Many remember the walls of it, standing three feet high. They interfered somewhat with the cultivation of the field, and the stones were handy for caulding the river ; so that, in keeping with the destructive practices of a former age, they were all removed by the feuar ; and not a trace of the tower is left. The interest is increased and the regret deepened by a tradition which is mentioned in the family records of the 'Scotts of Buccleuch,' printed for private circulation. The castle is spoken of as a place of importance and strength in those times ; and it is mentioned that a remote ancestress of the present Duke of Buccleuch perished in the flames when the castle was stormed and burned. She is said to have retreated to the highest part of the building, and leaning out on the window with outstretched arms, appealed for help to the Murrays of Sundhope. The appeal was in vain, and in that attitude she fell a victim to the flames."

In 1792, the farm of Catslackburn was parcelled out into some fourteen lots, which now constitute what is called **Yarrowfeus.** The meaning of this was to have such artisans as smith, joiner, mason, tailor, shoemaker, and weaver there located, to aid the farmers in their improvements and meet the wants of the people. In 1843, not a few of the people in Yarrow were led by their convictions to join the Free Church, and in 1845 that denomination erected a church at Yarrowfeus. The building stands near the Yarrow on the left of the route.

The Rev. Thomas M'Crindle.

The first minister of the Free Church in Yarrow was a man of whom it may be said that his delight was to do all the good in his power to the people of his charge, and with his neighbours to study " the things which make for peace." His ministrations in Yarrow continued without interruption for the long space of 40 years. His relations with Dr James Russell were those of brotherly love, " in honour preferring one another," and always ready to render mutual assistance. He was a welcome and honoured guest at

Yarrow Manse. Dr Russell was equally frequent and welcome at the Free Church Manse. When Dr Russell was called away and unable to provide a proper substitute, he always requested his congregation to go to Mr M'Crindle's service ; and in similar circumstances Mr M'Crindle gave like counsel to his congregation, thus presenting a spectacle in Yarrow which it would be well to follow more closely elsewhere. Lord and Lady Amberley, of "advanced" religious views, stayed for some time beneath Mr M'Crindle's roof—old-fashioned piety and present-day neology dwelling together. Lord Amberley was Lord John Russell's son. Mr M'Crindle retired in 1881, to the regret of all. He died in Fife in the spring of 1885, but his memory is held in loving remembrance in the Vale of Yarrow. The present minister is the Rev. Malcolm Carment.

Sundhope farm lies directly opposite to the Feus. The farmhouse has a fine situation on the slope of Sundhope height (1684 feet), on the south bank of the Yarrow, and is surrounded as usual by firs. Sundhope from the earliest mention has been in the hands of the Murrays. In 1785 it passed into the possession of Mr Johnstone of Alva.

Mount Benger farm lies about two miles further up the valley, possessing park-land extending to about 180 acres, being all pastoral. The farm of Bengerburn has been absorbed in the farms of Mount Benger and Catslackburn. Mount Benger is interesting as having been once farmed by James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd—by no means successfully. In Mrs Garden's "Life of Hogg" she says: —"The Ettrick Shepherd's great ambition was to have been a farmer. Having been accustomed during his youth to look upon the large stock farmers as people of importance and good social standing, it is not unnatural that he should have thought it would be a good thing if he too should become one of them. That it was a mistaken ambition there can be no doubt, and of all the misfortunes which befel him, the becoming tenant of Mount Benger was the worst, and the most lasting in its effects."

Looking up the valley from below Mount Benger an exceedingly

pleasant view of the Yarrow is to be had, the river being seen winding through the vale, giving fine effect to Hogg's lines—

From proud Mount Benger's top the sun,
His airy course has scarce begun ;
His orient cheek is resting still
Upon the grey cairn on the hill.
The scarlet curtain of the sky,
A wreathed and waving canopy,
Sweels like the dew on mountain flower,
Or frost-work in the southland shower.

The Yarrow, like a baldrick thrown
Loose on the vale, lies bent and lone ;
A silver snake of every dye
That gilds the mountain, tincts the sky ;
And slowly o'er her verdant vales
A cobweb veil of vapour sails.

Here we can also see the school which was opened by the Ettrick Shepherd when tenant of Mount Benger, and which was afterwards endowed by two of his old friends.

At Bengerburn there is a Police Station.

The road from Innerleithen comes down the vale at this point, and joins the Yarrow road at **Gordon Arms Inn**, where a road also crosses into Ettrick. Gordon Arms Inn stands in the angle formed by the two roads. It is well known, and resorted to by anglers and tourists. The inn accommodation and stabling are both excellent. It is noteworthy as being the scene of the last meeting of Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd in 1830.

A short distance above the inn, on the left of the route, is the farm of **Eldinhope**, with about 100 acres of park-land. On the farm is ALTRIVE COTTAGE, where the Ettrick Shepherd died. The farm of Altrive of which Hogg was tenant has been absorbed in the farms of Eldinhope and Berrybush. Mr T. Craig-Brown, referring to Altrive, gives the following particulars :—"1455—A Forest stede paying £6, 1 bow cow, 1 fulemart, and 1 fogmart to the Crown." "1628—Among the lands of Buccleuch, as it still is, part being let with Berrybush and part with Eldinhope."

Dr Russell says :—"There may still be seen to the westward of

Altrive Lake, on rising knolls, five considerable tumuli. None of them have been opened, but the surface of the largest exhibits a mixture of charcoal and ashes. Its top was surrounded by a circle of stones, thirty yards in circumference, with a small square of stones in the centre that were taken away to build dykes."

Opposite Eldinhope is the **Craig** steading, standing in a thick fir plantation at the foot of Douglas Burn, fully a mile below St Mary's Loch.

"The Douglas Tragedy."

The locality of the Douglas Tragedy is ascribed by tradition to the neighbourhood of Blackhouse Tower, in Selkirkshire, where the remains of the tower are still to be seen. It is situated in a lonely glen overhanging a rapid stream called the Douglas Burn, which rises in the Dun Rig, and running through the heights above Blackhouse, passes, further on, another eminence called Douglas Craig, falling into the Yarrow about three miles below the scene of the tragedy. It is said the name Blackhouse has its derivation from the dark complexion of its lords. Be that as it may, the name is very appropriate to the region, which is of an exceedingly sombre cast.

Hume of Godscroft mentions that Sir John Douglas, son of William, first Lord Douglas, during his father's lifetime sat in a Parliament of Malcolm Canmore's, held at Forfar, as Baron of Douglas Burn. This has been disputed. It is a statement that can only be refuted by documentary evidence, and this is wanting. The Ballad shows that Lady Margaret Douglas had secretly fled from her father's tower at Blackhouse, with her lover Lord William, and that her flight was discovered by her mother.

"Rise up, rise up, now, lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."—

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lee.

"Light down, light down, lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand."—

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."—

"O chuse, O chuse, lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"—
"I'll gang, I'll gang, lord William," she said,
"For you have left me no other guide."

The lovers "rade away," slowly, in the moonlight,

Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear."

"Hold up, hold up, lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"—
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."—

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted doun.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in !—
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep !
And lay lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."—
Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have more luck than they !

What would the old lady of Blackhouse think of that night's work? Her husband wounded; her seven braw sons slain; and her daughter and daughter's lover both dead. It must have been a Blackhouse Tower to her indeed. No more family gatherings for her; no more hope or fear for the future of her children! If we feel pity for any one of the *dramatis personæ*, most assuredly that childless mother claims a full share. It is in truth a doleful story. "It is not equal to 'The Dowie Dens' in many points, but so far as gloomy reflection and sad recollection (and that unavailing and bitter) is concerned, it is at least equal."

Seven large stones (most of which are standing yet) mark the scene of the encounter.

T. Craig-Brown disputes the *locale* of the tragedy. He says:— "The little peel is neither large nor strong compared with others in the neighbourhood; and we feel disposed to identify the tragedy rather with the tower of Douglas Craig, destroyed by King James in 1450. In fact, the Douglas family never after that date had anything to do with Ettrick Forest; and it is certain that Blackhouse Tower cannot pretend to such antiquity. It probably does not go farther back than the acquisition of the lands by the Traquair family in the end of the 16th century."

The heights of Blackhouse rise to an altitude of 2,214 feet.

Dryhope Tower.

The farm of Dryhope is situated on the north bank of St Mary's Loch at its outflow, and is of considerable extent, employing three

herds. The tower of Dryhope stands to the north of the farm-house. The ruin is in good preservation, and the remains of the staircase leading to the turret still exist. The roof is arched, and the walls are about three feet thick.

"Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
And think of Yarrow's faded flower."

Sir Walter Scott says, "It is celebrated as the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the 'Flower of Yarrow.' She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations than his bride for her beauty. By their marriage contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse and man's meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; but five barons pledged themselves that at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of Mr Scott of Harden. By the 'Flower of Yarrow' the Laird of Harden had six sons, five of whom survived him, and founded the families of Harden (now extinct), Highchesters (now representing Harden), Reaburn, Wool, and Synton. The sixth was slain at a fray in a hunting-match with the Scotts of Gilmanscleuch." The romantic appellation of the "Flower of Yarrow" was in later days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branches of the Harden family. Sir Walter says he well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter "Flower of Yarrow," though age had then injured the charms which had procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air "Tweedside," beginning "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

Kirkstead Farm lies alongside Dryhope farm, and employs two herds. It has little or no arable land. T. Craig-Brown says the farm, along with Dryhope, was purchased by the Duke of Buccleuch from the Earl of Traquair for £8000 in 1750. The minister of Yarrow abandoned all claim on Kirkstead, which was of old the Glebe Lands of St Mary's Church, for the annual pay-

ment of £70 sterling. A short distance up, a path leads from the loch-side across the moor to

St. Mary of the Lowes.

O lone St. Mary of the waves,
In ruin lies thine ancient aisle,
While o'er thy green and lowly graves,
The moorcocks bay, and plovers wail :
But mountain spirits on the gale
Oft o'er thee sound the requiem dread ;
And warrior shades, and spectres pale,
Still linger by the quiet dead.—*Hogg.*

The Churchyard of St. Mary's lies on the hillside, overlooking the loch, opposite Bowerhope. The Chapel of St Mary's of the Lowes *(de lacubus)* was situated on a rising ground between two burns, commanding a fine view of the lake. It was for long used by the Roman Catholics, and latterly by the members of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches. It was nearly destroyed by the clan Scott in a feud with the Cranstons in 1557, but it continued to be used as a place of worship during the 17th century. The scene is thus depicted by Sir Walter Scott :—

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,
To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes :
For there, beside our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band
Of the best that would ride at her command,
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine ;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St Mary's lake ere day ;
But the chapel was void, and the baron away.
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto 2, 33.*

The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced, and the burial-ground is almost disused, the last families who buried there being extinct. A funeral in a place so very retired has an uncommonly striking effect. It was here that Dr Russell preached the funeral sermon of Tibbie Shiel.

" For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd."

" The remains of the Chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bowerhope, belonging with the lake itself to Lord Napier." It was in St. Mary's Church, according to the well-known ballad of "The Gay Goss-Hawk," that a lover's touch effected such wonders—

" Set down, set down the beir," he said,
" Let me her look upon : "
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone ;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

Considerably to the east of the demolished chapel stood a small mound called **Binram's Corse,** where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, a former tenant of the chaplainry. The mound which bore the priest's name was opened some years ago, and a small chest of ashes and one or two human teeth were found. From the fragments of tradition connected with this legend the Ettrick Shepherd wove a romance entitled "Mess John," which appeared in "The Mountain Bard."

—" The Wizard's grave,
That Wizard priest, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust."

Cappercleuch is situated on the left bank of St Mary's Loch, where the Meggat river joins it. It is the terminus of the

postal service with Selkirk, and is also a branch Post Office; possesses a Free Church, built in 1845 for the convenience of worshippers in Meggat and the outlying portions of Moffat and Ettrick. The church was opened by Dr Chalmers, who then expressed the hope that the people of the district would have a placed minister. This hope has never yet been realised, and worship is conducted by the Free Church minister of Yarrowfeus.

Meggat Forest.

Dr Russell says: "The Forest of Meggat, adjoining that of Ettrick, had a royal hunting-seat, and on one occasion it yielded five hundred head of game. At another time, as Lindesay of Pitscottie tells us, the king summoned many lords and gentlemen to the number of twelve thousand, with their deerhounds. They 'assemblet at Edinburgh, and thair fra went with the king's grace to Meggatland, in the quhilkis bounds was slain at that tyme aughteine scoir of deir.' The country around is celebrated by Lesly as affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. No wonder that, after such repeated and wholesale destruction the sport of hunting was much spoiled before the reign of Queen Mary. In 1566 she set out with Darnley for Meggatland, attended by various nobles; but so disappointed were they with the scarcity that they held a Council at Rodono,* and issued an ordinance that the deer should not be shot under pains of law. Already it would appear, the wood as well as its wild occupants had begun to be cleared away, the Forest being gradually converted into a sheep walk. We learn from Pitscottie that James V. had 10,000 sheep going in the Forest under the keeping of Andrew Bell, who made the king as good an account of them as if they had been going in the bounds of Fife. Consequent on the change, and occasionally on account of public services, the clearing was carried out by royal authority." In 1528, James V. "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they

* The oldest form of Rodono is Rodonoch—as in Charter of Alexander II. to Melrose.—See Monimenta de Melros, i. 235. The later form is Rodono,—in the time of James I. and II. See Monimenta, ii. 493, 571.—*Prof. Veitch.*

should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the king where he pleased, to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country ; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to fetch them," which order was obeyed. " On the second day of June the king past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland being with him, and then past to Meggitland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds ; that is to say Crammat, Pappertlaw, St Mary's Laws, Carlavrick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope."

Perys of Cockburne.

In a deserted burial-place adjoining what was once an old chapel, near the Tower of Henderland, there is a large stone broken into three pieces. On this stone there is a carving of a shield, a sword, and a cross, with the inscription : " Here lyis Perys of Cokburne and hys wife Marjory." This is traditionally given as the grave of Cockburne the freebooter and his wife. In 1529 the King surprised and captured Cockburne, Tushielaw, and other marauders. Cockburne was said to be a most turbulent and tyrannical freebooter. The king, having crossed the hills with his retinue by a thoroughfare known sometimes as the King's, sometimes as the Thief's road, because traversed by both, is said to have pounced upon Cockburne while sitting at dinner, and to have hanged him over his own gate. Historical documents, however, give a very different version of the tale, and show that Cockburne and Tushielaw were executed at Edinburgh. The old people in the valley, who have had the tradition handed down to them, refuse altogether to accept this version, and declare that he was hanged outside the gate of his castle (Henderland Tower). The king divided his lands between two of his followers, Sir James Stewart and the Lord Hume. The vestiges of the Tower of Henderland are still visible. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously through a rocky chasm called the Dow Linn, and passes near the site of the tower. Scott says : " To the recesses of this glen the wife of Cockburne is said to have retreated

during the execution of her husband, and a place called the Lady's Seat is still shown where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence." The ballad entitled "The Border Widow's Lament" is believed to relate to the execution of Cockburne. It runs—

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain,
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

The district around Henderland had been extensively populated in those days, and about five generations back there are said to have been forty-three houses at Henderland. The royal hunting-castle was at Cramalt, where there was also a chapel.

St Mary's Loch.

Saint Mary holds her mirror sheen,
To moorland gray and mountain green ;
To speckled schell-fowl hovering nigh,
To milky swan and morning sky :
Their phantom cliffs hang trembling low,
And hoary thorns inverted grow.

Her purple bosom sleeps as still
As sunbeam on the silent hill,
No curling breeze across it strays,
No sportful eddy o'er it plays,
Save where the wild duck wanders slow,
Or dark trout spreads his waxing O.

Look to the east—'tis shadow all,
Crowned by yon broad and dazzling ball.
Turn westward—mountain, glen, and wold,
Are all one blaze of burning gold !

Ah, God of nature ! such a scene,
So grand, so lovely, so serene,
Bears the free soul on rapture's wing,
Before thy diamond throne to sing ;
Above yon sky's celestial blue,
To gaze on glories ever new ;
And list the strains of angel song
From angel harps that pour along,
By fragrant breezes softly driven
O'er suns that sand the floors of heaven.—*Hogg.*

St Mary's is the principal lake in the South of Scotland. It is connected by a small stream with the Loch of the Lowes, a smaller lake lying to the west. St Mary's Loch is seven-and-a-half miles in circumference ; it is three miles long, and one mile broad from Cappercleuch to Bowerhope ; and is said to be thirty fathoms deep in some parts. The smaller lake has a circumference of a mile-and-a-half, and a depth of eleven fathoms. Dr. Russell says, "It is evident that they have originally formed one lake, whose margin extended a considerable way to the north-east. The difference of level is only fifteen inches, and the narrow neck of land which now separates them has been raised by the opposite currents of the Corsecleuch and Oxcleuch burns." Of the etymology of the lake Professor Veitch writes :—"It is probable that the Loch of the

Lowes was the original name of the whole lake, and that St Mary's is the name given in the ecclasiastical time. Loch of the Lowes is commonly supposed to be equivalent to *Lacus de Lacubus ;* for this there is no authority save mediæval chronicles, and the name is meaningless. The derivation is probably Loch of the Lowes, *Hlœwes Lows*, (that is hills), both locally appropriate, and in accordance with Anglo-Saxon designation." Hogg, Wordsworth, and Scott have all celebrated in song the praises of St Mary's.

" Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

. . . . . .

And through the depths Saint Mary's lake
Is visibly delighted.
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted."

In the Ettrick Shepherd's works abundant reference will be found to the loch, and the river Yarrow, with a great profusion of the various landmarks finely wrought into verse. Sir Walter Scott draws a beautiful picture of the solitude and soothing influence of the scene—

—Nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink ;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where of land yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness :
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;

In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

In winter time it used to be (and is still, though to a much less extent) frequented by flights of wild swans, hence Wordsworth's lines :—

—The swan* on still St Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !

From the foot of Meggat Water round to Tibbie Shiel's the loch is closed in by a belt of fir trees.

Rodono Hotel.

The road leading forward to Rodono Hotel is studded on the right with a sprinkling of gnarled thorns, apparently of a great age. The hotel is situated at the north-west corner of the loch, in an exceedingly fine site. The first mention of Rodono, as has been stated, occurs in the charter of Alexander II. (1235), granting the lands with others in the district to Melrose Abbey. In 1436, as T. Craig-Brown states, James I., " for the sincere love he bore in his heart for Abbot John Fogo, his cherished confessor, erected the lands of Ethrik and Rodono as described in Alexander's charter, together with the lands of Cairick, into a free regality, confirmed in 1442 by James II." The hotel has large accomodation, and is greatly frequented by tourists, who have the privilege of boating or fishing on the loch with the hotel boats. This right or privilege was granted after extensive litigation, in which the late proprietor, John Scott, W.S., claimed a joint right to the lakes along with Lord Napier. The case went for trial before the Lord Ordinary and the Inner Courts, when the verdict was decided in his lordship's favour. On appeal to the House of Lords, this finding was reversed, and decision given that the other proprietors owning land abutting on the lochs had equal rights.

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* Wordsworth's "swan" and Macaulay's " New Zealander " are about equally well known.

Hogg's Monument.

About midway between the two lochs, on a rising ground to the north, a handsome statue is erected to the memory of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. "The statue represents the Shepherd seated upon an oak root which is clasped by a tendril of ivy; his plaid is thrown loosely across his shoulder; his coat closely buttoned up to the large necktie; his right hand rests upon a thick staff, his left grasps a scroll bearing the last line of the 'Queen's Wake:'

He taught the wandering winds to sing.

The poet's head is slightly inclined forward, his expression that of earnest meditation. At his feet lies contentedly his favourite dog Hector.

The pedestal is about ten feet in height, enriched with oak leaves and acorns, while a ram's head projects from each of the corners. Each side contains, within a panel, an appropriate design and inscription. On the front or south side is the poet's harp surmounted by the head of Queen Mary and a wreath of Forest flowers, beneath—

JAMES HOGG,
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD,
BORN 1770; DIED 1835.

On the other three sides are quotations from the "Queen's Wake." The statue and pedestal are of freestone—the large block for the former being a gift of the Duke of Buccleuch.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd,

Was born in a cottage at Ettrickhall, close by Ettrick Kirk, about the end of the year 1770. No trace of the dwelling is now visible, but a tablet has been erected in the front wall of the dyke around the present farm-house, in memory of the fact. Of the place of his birth Hogg thus sings:—

Here first I saw the rising morn,
Here first my infant mind unfurled,
To judge this spot where I was born,
The very centre of the world.

Robert Hogg, the father of the poet, was a shepherd, and his wife

was a daughter of the "far-famed Will o' Phaup," famed in his day as unequalled for feats of strength and agility, and likewise as being the last man who had seen the fairies. To Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw four sons were born, James being the second. Hogg believed that he was born on the 25th January, 1772, and when convinced of his error, said—"Then I have two years less to live!" His mother had a great store of ballad lore and a great love of song, from which the future poet drank deeply. His father engaged in farming and stock-dealing with tolerable success, but the bankruptcy of another ruined him, and he turned shepherd again. The whole time James Hogg attended school did not probably exceed six months, and the sum of his acquirements were reading the Bible and writing letters about half-an inch long. However, he was receiving an education of a very different kind. His elder brother has recorded of him:—"He was remarkably fond of hearing stories, and our mother, to keep us boys quiet, would often tell us tales of kings, giants, knights, fairies, kelpies, brownies, &c., &c. These stories fixed both our eyes and rivetted our attention, and so our mother got forward with her housekeeping affairs in a more regular way. She also often repeated to us the metre psalms, and accustomed us to repeat them after her; and I think it was the 122nd which Jamie (for I love the words and names used among us at that day) could have said. I think this was before he knew any of the letters, I am certain before he could spell a word. After he could read with fluency, the historical part of the Bible was his chief delight, and no one whom I have been acquainted with knew it so well. If one entered into conversation on that subject, he could with ease have repeated the names of the several kings of Judah and Israel in succession, with the names of their kingdoms. At the age of seven Hogg went to service, herding sheep for half-a year. Even at this early age, he says, "Fancy was a hard neighbour for both judgment and memory. I was wont to strip off my clothes and run races against time, or rather against myself; and in the course of these exploits, which I accomplished much to my own admiration, I first lost my plaid, then my bonnet, then my coat, and finally my hosen. As for shoes, I had none.

In that naked state did I herd for several days, till a shepherd and maid-servants were sent to the hills to look for them, and found them all." While herding, whatever was his fee, it was brought home and duly given to his parents. He relates how he fell in love when only eight years of age, with a rosy-cheeked maiden who was sent out with the newly-weaned lambs. "She had no dog to assist her and I had an excellent one, and was ordered to keep beside her." He had his mischevious kye to look after, yet so deeply was the wee lad in love that "never were a master's commands better obeyed. Day after day I herded the lambs and kye, and Betty had nothing to do but sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike-head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, 'Puir wee laddie, he's just tired to death,' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young fellow, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do!" In his fourteenth year he had saved five shillings for the purchase of an old violin, and to this instrument he devoted all his spare time. His place of practice was the cow-house or stable-loft where he slept. Some very ludicrous impressions were made on those who knew not the source of the unearthly and weird sounds. At the age of eighteen he entered the service of Mr Laidlaw of Willenslee, (with whose son he had been serving at Elibank) for four half-years, as shepherd. Here he read, for the first time, the history of Sir Wm. Wallace and Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd."

When he entered the service of Mr Laidlaw of Blackhouse, the poet was in his twentieth year, and he was treated more like a son than a servant. A valuable library was placed at his service, and William Laidlaw, the son of his employer, whose abilities and general knowledge were of the greatest benefit to Hogg, became his friend. Wise counsel, pregnant suggestions, and loving, hearty criticism and encouragement our future poet found all in William

Laidlaw—who was afterwards known as the friend of Scott, and manager of his estate. During his stay at Blackhouse, the brothers and himself formed a literary society. The subjects of their contributions and discussions had this outcome that all of them, more or less, distinguished themselves in contributions to various literary preriodicals. Hogg's earlier effusions were written in the open air. A few sheets of paper stitched together (his dog and his sheep beside him), a small vial filled with ink fixed in his waistcoat, with a cork attached to it, were his equipment ; and there he sat and meditated, and jotted down his thoughts as they arose. In writing prose compositions, he had always the pen in hand to secure ideas as they were formed. In his poetic compositions this was not necessary. However long the piece, he both composed and corrected it in his mind before he committed it to paper. In such labour and companionship he reached the twenty-eighth year of his age. By this time his fame was widely spread, and indeed might have satisfied a meaner spirit. On the threats of invasion by Buonaparte he composed his war-song, "Donald M'Donald," which immediately became very popular, and was considered of great utility by Lord Moira, who thanked the singer, but never enquired for the author. A certain General M'Donald actually thought it had been composed in honour of himself, and it was sung at his mess every day for a considerable time. Being in Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, which were slow of selling, to relieve the dulness of waiting, Hogg wrote two or three of his poems from memory for the printer. Having sold his sheep, he returned to the Forest, and thought no more about his poems. "But no sooner did the first copy come to hand than my eyes were opened to the folly of my conduct, for in comparing it with the MS which I had at home, I found many of the stanzas omitted, others misplaced, and typographical errors abounding in every page." Hogg's first publication was entitled "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs," &c. "I see my error," he says writing to Laidlaw, "but what ailed you and Clarkson who had both perused the MS, that you had not told me that sooner. It is madness to lose the whole impression, to do that you know is wholly

out of my power. I wish I had the one paid for that is printed, and other things which are more pressing at present. It is a great mortification to my gay heart, who had formerly imagined the whole world were my friends. I'll proceed no farther with this reflection." At the Whitsunday of 1800 he left Blackhouse to take up his abode at Ettrickhouse, the dwelling of his parents. Of this farm James became master, and in name at least farmer ; but he saw that something better than an expiring lease was needed for the comfort of his aged parents and his own well-being. In June of the same year, he started in quest of a situation as farm-manager, going as far north as the source of the Dee, but without success. On Whitsunday, 1803, the lease of Ettrickhouse expired, and those who had for so many years enjoyed its shelter were driven to the door.

Before this unfortunate event occurred, a new and important era had begun in the life of the Ettrick Shepherd, namely his forming an acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott. In the year 1802 Scott had published the first and second volumes of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and these Hogg had read. He found himself on an equal footing with Scott, and as a critic he was not pleased with several imitations of the ancient ballads. He thought he could produce better. He set to work, and produced several ballads showing such a resemblance to the old minstrels, that it was said the only difference was in their superiority. He also copied out from his mother's recital a number of old ballads, and sent them to Scott, who was then preparing his third volume of the " Minstrelsy." Scott was then making excursions into all the Border counties in search of correct versions of old ballads, and being in the wilds of Yarrow in that year, a meeting with Hogg was inevitable ; and a happy group is pictured as assembled under the humble roof-tree of Ettrickhouse. The *dramatis personæ* were Scott, Hogg, and his mother, with William Laidlaw as their mutual introducer. Mrs Hogg is depicted as chanting the ballad of " Auld Maitland " to the company. Several other meetings followed, and the time was spent between visiting the old ruined towers and memorable localities, varied with salmon fishing.

From this time Scott took a great and active interest in Hogg's progress, while Hogg on the other hand could not sufficiently admire Scott's great powers both of mind and body. In the midst of enjoyment, however, Hogg did not lose sight of something better, and never relaxed his efforts to obtain a position as farm overseer. Twice he had taken long journeys to accomplish this desirable end, but to no purpose. In a third tour extended to the Island of Harris he saw a desirable farm, and here he resolved to settle. In the summer, all things being ready for his departure, he composed and published his "Farewell to Ettrick," but a few weeks after he was informed that he could not enter into possession of the farm, as the tacksman's right to it was in question, and a plea raised before the Court of Session. Hogg had saved £200 by his ten year's service at Blackhouse, and having embarked his capital in the venture he now lost the whole. The home he had prepared for himself and his aged parents vanished like "mist on the mountain." He passed the summer among the lakes of Cumberland. How he was employed we know not; but whenever Harris was brought up he finished the matter by crying, "Let bygones be bygones."

Hogg then hired himself to a Mr Harkness, a sheep farmer of Mitchelslacks in Nithsdale. It was a lonely, wild place, and long to be remembered by the poet. Not a living being to bear him company; still he had his faithful Hector. Not far off was his bothy, which he had to enter on all fours, and squat down on a bed of rushes from the lowness of the roof. It was in this place that he was visited by James and Allan Cunningham, the former of whom exclaimed, meeting him thus for the first time—"Well then, sir, I am glad to see you, there is not a man in Scotland whose hand I am prouder to hold." The three adjourned to the bothy, where Hogg shared with them his bread and cheese and bottle of milk. The elder Cunningham produced a bottle of rum or brandy which he had provided for the occasion. They spent the afternoon happily. Thus began, at that bothy in the wilderness, a friendship between two aspiring Scottish peasants over which the shadow of a cloud never passed.

A short time after this, he consulted Sir Walter Scott as to the advisability of publishing another batch of poems. From the "Shirra" he received every encouragement, and the "Mountain Bard" appeared, dedicated to "Walter Scott, Esq., Sheriff-depute of Ettrick Forest," and prefaced with an account of his own past life in the form of three letters to his friend and adviser. By this publication and a prose work, a "Treatise on Sheep" (for which he received £86), he found himself in possession of £300, a larger sum than he had ever owned before. He says himself, "I went perfectly mad." He leased two large pastoral farms. and got involved far beyond his capital. "I blundered and struggled on between those two places, giving up all thoughts of poetry or literature." In a letter to a friend in 1814, he said: "It pleased God to take away all my ewes and lambs by death, my longhorned cow, and my spotted bull—for if they had lived, and if I had kept the farm of Corfardin, I had been a lost man to the world, and mankind had never known the half that was in me." He surrendered all to his creditors, and entered the world again a penniless man. No sympathy was shown him, and after waiting for a winter, seeing no chance of employment, he threw his plaid over his shoulder, bade farewell to the Forest, and in February 1810 came to Edinburgh. Hogg now issued "The Forest Minstrel," dedicated to the Countess of Dalkeith, who generously sent him a present of 100 guineas; beyond this not a single farthing of profit did he reap from the venture. He attempted to establish a literary weekly journal, but after a year's fitful existence it expired. In settling the affairs there was a money squabble, and Hogg was as usual driven to the wall. He now engaged in forming, along with several talented young men, a debating association called the Edinburgh Forum. He also tried his powers as a dramatist. The natural school of poetry was in the ascendency, and Mr Grieve, a friend who understood the signs of the times, advised Hogg that now was the time to strike in. He was not slow to reply to the demand: the result was his "Queen's Wake." The work was composed in the form of a competition of bards before Queen Mary. It became a general favourite, and in

the opinion of competent judges, the poem of "Kilmeny" stands above any work of imagination that we have. After two editions had been sold off, the publisher became bankrupt, and had it not been for the exertions of Mr Blackwood and others, Hogg would in all probability never have recovered a farthing. In 1813, Hogg became acquainted with John Wilson, Southey the poet, and Wordsworth. "The Pilgrims of the Sun" and "Mador of the Moor," published by him at this time, both failed to take the public taste.

Hogg seems to have been wearied by his continued misfortunes, and to have longed for rest from the tear and wear of literary labour. He applied to his unfailing patroness and friend the Duchess of Buccleuch for a small holding in which he might shelter his aged parents. There was no immediate answer, and in less than six months she had passed away from earth. Shortly after her death Hogg learned that the Duchess had on her deathbed remembered the poor poet, and in a short time he was installed in Altrive at a nominal rent. He was now settled among the people whom he knew, in the very centre of the scenes he loved to wander among, and of which he loved to sing. Between 1813-1820 he produced fifteen volumes, and over broad Scotland his name was a household word. The old people passed away at a ripe old age, rejoicing in the fame and success of their son.

In 1820 he married Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr Phillips of Longbridge Moor in Annandale. No choice could have been wiser or more fortunate. The Shepherd was about twenty years older than his wife, yet the union was a singularly happy one. Having obtained a partner superior to his own original condition, his old ambition took possession of him, and unfortunately he took a lease of Mountbenger. He had misgivings on the subject, as the farm had ruined two skilful agriculturists. His fears were, however, overborne by unwise friends, who represented that no tenant of the Duke's was ever allowed to be a great loser, and he leased the farm for nine years. The venture was thoroughly unsuccessful, and when he left the farm he had not a sixpence in the world, having lost upwards of £2000. During

this time there occurred what Sir Walter Scott dubs "the news of news." Sir Walter, seeking to better the position of the Shepherd in the literary world, had secured tickets of admission for Hogg and himself to witness the coronation of George IV., and an invitation to dine with Lord Sidmouth the day after. Hogg declined because he had to attend St Boswell's Fair, his absence from which would, he said, discredit him in the eyes of his compeers!

During the closing years of life, the Shepherd's pen was very busy. He wrote an epic, a drama, tales, ghost stories, poems, songs. The payment was sometimes liberal, sometimes *nil.* But tokens of public favour were not wanting. An issue of his best songs by Blackwood yielded a profitable return. He went to London and was "lionised." A public dinner was given to him in Peebles. While engaged on a fresh series of tales the end came. After a severe illness of four weeks, he expired on the 21st November, 1835, in the 64th year of his age. His remains were interred in Ettrick Churchyard, within a short distance of the cottage where he was born.

To the foregoing sketch we may add that Hogg, as a young man, was famed for his fine long light-brown hair. It was so long that he coiled it up under his bonnet like a woman's. This glory he was shorn of by a fever. Robert Chambers gives an amusing description of a convivial night spent by the Shepherd and a goodly company of his cronies in Edinburgh, and also refers to the "touchiness" shown by Hogg with regard to his treatment by Scott.

"Tibbie Shiel's."

At the upper end of the loch is situated the now famous "Tibbie Shiel's," which is regarded by the tourist with an enquiring and interested curiosity.

Mrs Richardson (Tibbie Shiel) was born in Ettrick in 1782, and was married to Robert Richardson, a Westmoreland man, who was employed as a molecatcher on the Thirlestane estate. Through the kindness of the Hon. Captain Napier, she after her husband's death became tenant of the cottage since so closely associated with

her name. In her younger days she was in the service of the Ettrick Shepherd's mother, and was wont to observe of Hogg that he was "a gey sensible man for a' the nonsense he wrat." Being a tidy and thrifty housewife, she knew well how best to dispense "that homely yet substantial hospitality, which is specially grateful after a day among the hills with rod or gun," and her cottage soon made a name for itself. It became the resort of numerous men of letters, including "Christopher North," Aytoun, and the heroes of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." "North" appears to have taken a deep interest in the spot, making it the scene of one of his celebrated "Noctes," which had the effect of spreading still further the fame of its hostess. Great meetings between literary celebrities occurred beneath Tibbie's humble roof, and veteran anglers recall "how Hogg electrified the company with picturesque descriptions of fishing adventures, winding up, it might be, with the triumphant production of a large bull trout, whose obsequies would thereafter be celebrated in a protracted *gaudeamus!*" The late Robert Chambers also found Tibbie out, and mentioned her in his "Picture of Scotland." Her husband died in 1824, and Tibbie occupied the cottage for fifty-five years after this date. Dr Russell says she was "an exceedingly sagacious woman, gifted with a large amount of common-sense and a fund of quiet dry humour; withal she was deeply religious. Clergymen of all denominations were specially welcomed by her, and had uniformly to conduct the family worship, at which all the guests were expected to attend—a rule not always relished." She had a family of seven. Two of the sons went to Canada some forty or fifty years ago, and the third conducts the business. Her death took place on the 23rd July, 1879—she being then in her ninety-sixth year. She is buried in Ettrick Churchyard, in the same grave as her husband.

Bowerhope farm lies on the south side of the loch at the base of Bowerhope Law (1,569 feet) a finely rounded green hill, said to have been formerly wooded all over. The farm, along with that of **Crossclеuch** (on which "Tibbie Shiel's" is situated) has been in possession of the Napiers for more than two centuries.

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

Further out the farm of **Berrybush** lies on the top of the ridge of hills dividing the Ettrick and Yarrow, at an elevation of 1,300 feet.

The Hart's Leap.

A place on the old road between the valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow retains the name of "The Hart's Leap." It is said to be the spot where the King's huntsman slew the last deer in the Forest. Two slabs of grey whinstone, some 29 feet apart, mark the distance of the leap which the wounded hart made when transfixed with the fatal arrow.

Renwick at Riskinhope.

Dr Russell says: "At a later date the district of the Forest was associated with the sufferings of the Covenanters. Their scattered and persecuted remnant sought refuge among the mountains where the Yarrow flows. At a sheltered spot still pointed out among the hills at Riskinhope, James Renwick, the last of the Scottish martyrs, preached for the last time, and baptized a child in the waters of the brook. It is said that when he prayed that day few of his hearer's cheeks were dry. Soon after, on the 17th of February, 1685, he suffered at Edinburgh. In the *British Chronicle*, a Kelso newspaper, dated Friday, April 15, 1785, there appeared the announcement: 'We are informed that there is presently living at Dryhope, in the parish of Yarrow, one Marion Renwick, aged 102, who has all her faculties entire, hearing excepted. She was baptized in the house where she now resides by the Rev. James Renwick, a fortnight before he suffered in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh.' In the first statistical report, published in 1793, mention is made of one who had reached the advanced period of 106, and in all probability this was the person."

An extensive view can be had from the summit of the White Coombe between the lands of Riskinhope and Chapelhope, em-

bracing the source of the Clyde and all the south-western Border lands.

Chapelhope and the Covenanters.

"Not far from Riskinhope is Chapelhope farmstead, long tenanted by the Laidlaws, maternal ancestors of the Ettrick Shepherd. From their account of the wanderings, gatherings, and hairbreadth escapes of the persecuted people Hogg drew materials for the beautiful and popular tale of the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck.'" At an early period there was a chapel in the near vicinity, the remains of which, with the burying-ground are still traceable. Tradition affirms that there was once a considerable village situated here. This has long since passed away, but there yet remain indications of what may at one time have been a community.

From this district south-west into Annandale, in the almost inaccessible ravines and cleuchs, were the secure hiding-places of the Covenanters—cared for and fed by the kind-hearted farmers and peasants, who were often fined and had their goods sold by warrant at the market crosses of their respective county towns. The emissaries of the Crown, though unable to track the Covenanters to their lairs, could yet harrass and impoverish those who had afforded shelter to the poor homeless remnant of the Covenant. The principal officer of the force employed in the district gloried in his brutal work. Brave he was, but merciless and cruel. Many were the instances of constancy and fidelity to principle manifested by the persecuted Covenanters in those dark days of trial and suffering. Many places on the hills are still pointed out to the tourist where they were shot down in their flight by the troopers of Claverhouse. Did we but prize as we ought the privileges they have handed down, we should esteem those privileges more highly than we do.

Birkhill.

About five miles from St Mary's Loch, on the road to Moffat, stands the hostelry of Birkhill, within easy reach of the Grey Mare's Tail, Loch Skene, Dob's Linn, and other places of interest in the neighbourhood. The place under the charge of the mother

of the present hostess, familiarly known as "Jenny of Birkhill," attained to a high degree of popularity, and was a great resort of anglers, by whom many good stories are told of the old lady's wit, generosity, and courage. Her son, a shepherd, was killed by falling over a cliff in the vicinity of the Grey Mare's Tail, having mistaken his way while in a snowstorm, and his plaid, caught on a shrub while falling, hung for months, it being impossible to reach it. The road to the Grey Mare's Tail is comparatively plain sailing, but we would not advise tourists to try and reach Loch Skene without the aid of a guide (generally to be had at Birkhill), as the way is very steep and treacherous.

Dob's Linn.

The whole of this district is associated with the times of the Covenanters. Near the head of Dob's Linn is shown the mouth of the cave where they lay in hiding from Claverhouse, Grierson of Lag, and others. Hogg says that at Dob's Linn the remains of a cottage were still visible in his time, which two Covenanters named Halbert Dobson and David Dun (better known as "Hab Dob" and "Davie Din") used to occupy in times of danger, "and sure never was human habitation contrived on such a spot. It is on the very brink of a precipice, which is 400 feet of perpendicular height, whilst another of half that height overhangs it above! The precipice is still called Dob's Linn. There is likewise a natural cavern on the bottom of the linn further up, where they, with other ten, hid themselves for several days, while another kept watch upon the Path-knowe ; and they all assembled at a cottage during the night." He also says that tradition relates of these two companions that they, with a bible in one hand, and a rowantree staff in the other, overcame and tumbled Satan over the linn at this point, and that Satan, while falling over, turned himself into a batch of old skins. An old rhyme gives the details of this incident as follows :

"Little kend the wirrikow,
What the Covenant would dow !
What o' faith, an' what o' fen,
What o' might, and what o' men ;

Or he had never shown his face,
His reekit rags, and riven taes,
To men o' mak, an' men o' mense,
Men o' grace, an' men o' sense :
For Hab Dob, an' Davie Din,
Dang the deil owre Dob's Linn.

'Weir,' quo' he, an' 'weir,' quo' he,
'Haud the Bible till his ee ;
Ding him owre, or thrash him down,
He's a fause deceitfu' loun ! '—
Then he owre him, an' he owre him,
He owre him, an' he owre him :
Habby held him griff an' grim,
Davie threush him liff an' limb ;
Till like a bunch o' barkit skins,
Down flew Satan owre the linns."—

Loch Skene and the Grey Mare's Tail.

Some ruder or more savage scene
Like that which frowns round dark Loch Skene

Sir Walter Scott describes Loch Skene as "a mountain lake of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage ; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has for many ages built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch Skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls

White as the snowy charger's tail
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale,

from a cataract of immense height and gloomy grandeur, called from its appearance the Grey Mare's Tail. The Giant's Grave is a sort of trench a little way from the foot of the cataract. It has the appearance of a battery designed to command the pass."

Bridle Path connecting the Valleys.

From "Tibbie Shiel's" we now pass *via* Riskinhope over the old Bridle Road into the valley of Ettrick, which is entered at Scabcleuch, about seven miles from the source of the river. The road is distinctly traceable, and there is no danger of getting off once the right path has been struck. It is broad enough to take a light carriage over, but strangers should avoid driving across unless they have skilful local assistance. Immediately before striking on to the road at Scabcleuch a mound is pointed out, which is pre-

sumably the remains of an ancient village. Numerous small round stones with holes in the centre (used in ancient times for thread-making) have been found here ; and a silver coin of the reign of Queen Elizabeth is shown, which was lately found on Scabcleuch Hill.

Ettrick.

The Vale of Ettrick is longer and opens into a much wider expanse than that of Yarrow. Above the seat of the Napiers (Thirlstane), the valley is comparatively treeless, and the general character of the country partakes of a wild and rugged grandeur. Masses of dark lofty verdant hills form the watershed on both sides, running into the Moffatdale track. The scenery in the upper reaches of the river is strikingly beautiful. The full round hills, clad with a velvet-like verdure, reveal in the glare of the sun the most delicate pencillings of light and shade, the effect of which is heightened by the recurrence of fine natural copses springing up here and there, while the soft murmuring of the Ettrick, stealing silently through the solitude of the scene, make a picture which the poet has often delighted to dilate upon. The valley, though not so well-known as the sister vale of Yarrow, is much prettier (more especially in the upper regions, which on the Yarrow side are apt to be rather bleak and bare), and but for the additional interest which St Mary's Loch lends to the latter would, we have no doubt, soon take a decided lead of its more favoured rival as a field for the tourist.

Though possessing none of those tales of "love and hope, of sorrow and despair," with which the Yarrow is so strongly charged, it has on the other hand its traditions and legends, partaking, however, more of the stern realities of life. We have the story of the poisoned heir, and the father's revenge ; the depredations of the various freebooters, for which the valley has a decided notoriety, the raids of the Cumberland thieves, as related in "Jamie Telfer," and the scenes of "fairie glamourie," as set forth in the beautiful and popular ballad of "the Young Tamlane;" and along with all these, and to crown all, the scene of the eloquent Boston's ministrations.

Remains of Border peels are numerous, all of which are closely associated with the famous Border clans, and severally possess their traditions and associations.

In the lower reaches of the river, we have the charming policies of Bowhill and the Haining, with a splendid view of the Philiphaugh lands on the Yarrow side of the valley; and the ancient royal Burgh on the south bank, about three miles from the juncture of Ettrick and Tweed.

The Ettrick rises in Capel Fell, on the south side of a range of hills termed "the backbone of the country," and flows in a north-easterly direction past Ettrick Pen, (2,269 feet above the level of the sea). From the summit of this height a splendid view can be obtained, embracing nearly all the Border land, the Solway Firth, and on a clear day the Cumberland range is visible as far south as Skiddaw. **Upper Phawhope** stands at the back of Ettrick Pen, and those who wish to ascend the Pen should start from this point, following the course of Entertrona Burn.

On the west bank of the river, in an exceedingly bleak and bare position high up on the Bodsbeck Law, stands the farm-house of **Potburn,** surrounded by a thriving plantation, at an elevation of 1,252 feet above sea level, which is said to be the highest inhabited house in the south of Scotland. The estate of Potburn belongs to George Pott, Esq., Edinburgh.

The scenery here partakes of a wild and weird nature. The mountains rise tier above tier in all their gloomy grandeur, and the innumerable peat-hags with which the Bodsbeck Law is covered call to our mind Hogg's tale, the "Brownie of Bodsbeck," and the scene of the sufferings of the persecuted remnant of the Covenant is thrust before us in all its terrible realism. **Braidgarhill** farm-house stands at a lower elevation a considerable distance down.

Below Braidgarhill, on the south bank of the river, **Nether Phawhope** nestles in the midst of a clump of firs. Hogg's grandfather by his mother's side was William Laidlaw ("Will o' Phaup"), for fifty-five years shepherd at Phawhope, of whose feats of agility the Ettrick Shepherd gives numerous instances in his prose writings. "Will's Loup" is yet shown at Phawhope, where he, when

running for the doctor, cleared the Ettrick at two bounds, the first being on to a large rock still standing in the middle of the river. A course of about one hundred yards, over which he ran when getting up in years, to see how much he failed in the course of the year, is also pointed out to the tourist.

About four miles from the source of the Ettrick and rather high up on the left bank of the river, is the farm-house of **Over Kirkhope,** surrounded by a number of trees. As the name indicates, this was in days gone by the site of a chapel, traces of which may still be seen in the mounds which lie a short distance up the burn. T. Craig-Brown says: "The mounds pointed out by tradition and probability alike as those of the primitive church, enclose an area 40 feet long by 35 feet broad, rounded at one end. This end has a second wall, separated from the outer by a narrow passage, an arrangement unique, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, and to which no obvious purpose can be assigned. In absence of documentary evidence as to the date of its erection, this primitive church may safely be considered to have been built soon after the monks came into possession of the land in 1235." The churchyard (from which some of the stones now in Ettrick Churchyard originally came) has been ploughed up. Persons are still alive who have seen human bones dug up in this ancient burying ground. Tradition states that a considerable community resided here at one time. On the opposite banks of the Ettrick a place is pointed out bearing the suggestive name of the Friar's Croft.

Still further down, on the right bank of the Ettrick is the farm of **Shorthope.** In the tenth bard's song, in the "Queen's Wake," the scene of "Old David" is laid at Lochy-Law, on the lands of Shorthope, in the wilds of Ettrick. In a note to the song Hogg says: "The Fairy-Slack is up in the middle of the hill, a very curious ravine, and would be much more so when overshadowed with wood. The Back-burn, which joins the Ettrick immediately below the hill, has been haunted time immemorial, both by fairies, and by the ghost of a wandering minstrel who was cruelly murdered there, and who sleeps in a lonely grave a short distance from the ford."

A short distance farther down the valley lie the farms of **Cossarhill** on the right and **Brockhope** on the left of the route. T. Craig-Brown says: "Brockhope along with Cossarhill was valued in 1643 at £733 6s 8d Scots, and was the property of Sir William Scott of Harden. For at least 150 years Brockhope has belonged to the family of Williamson of Cardrona," to which family Cossarhill belonged in 1785.

Passing Scabcleuch on the right, we have, a little further down at a place called Goose-Green Head, the remains of a garden, where stood the cottage in which Tibbie Shiel was born.

About a mile further down the valley stands

Ettrick Kirk.

The present church of Ettrick is supposed to have been the third building since the days when Thomas Boston preached there. It was completed in the end of July, 1822, at a total cost of £718. T. Craig-Brown gives the first mention of the church in the year 1453, when Dominus Jacobus Spottiswood was "Rector of Rankilburn." From then to the time of Boston the church was presided over by seven ministers. From Boston to the present date the incumbency has been occupied by fourteen ministers. The present minister is the Rev. John Falconer, presented to the living by the Napiers in 1864. In the "Life and Times of Thomas Boston," by Jean L. Watson, Mr Falconer gives the following particulars of Ettrick Kirk:—"Our Parish Church stands on the site of the old one—due east and west—in the centre of the churchyard, with a large bell-tower on the west end, and a back wing. It is a larger erection than the old one, and was built about sixty-two years ago. It is covered with ivy. The pulpit stands against the south wall where Boston preached. The woodwork was painted oak and stained a few years ago; few churches are so nicely done up or so comfortable. In the tower is preserved a memorial slab, which I found in the churchyard, which carries us back to the erection of the church by the Napiers some 300 years ago. There are many beautiful and interesting memorial stones in our churchyard, which is kept in beautiful order. The south-east corner is the modern burying-place of the

Napiers. About half way along the south wall are the burying-places of the schoolmasters and parish ministers. The first schoolmaster was secured by Boston. Two teachers, father and son, were for 101 years schoolmasters of the parish. Boston's monument is hid from the road by two large yew-trees, which shade the grave of one of his successors in the ministry. Admiral Boston contributed the marble tablet to his grandfather's monument in our churchyard. His father's name was John, and he was chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleuch at Langholm. Not far from Boston's grave are several plain monumental stones, with dates and very brief inscriptions. Tradition says they were brought from a long disused burying-ground at the head of Ettrick, when their owners changed their place of burial. To the west of Boston's grave, and built into the wall, is an old stone to the memory, amongst others, of Beatrix Gladstone. In the south-west corner tradition has it that some Covenanters who were shot near are buried. Near the west wall lies good Tibbie Shiel, who died a few years ago, aged 96; and almost in the centre lies the Ettrick Shepherd. A daughter of Boston's—Alison, who married Mr Thomas Anderson in Yarrow, and Cossarhill in this parish—is buried here." In the south wall of the church there is a small freestone slab from the old church, with the inscription—"Rs S. Memento Mori—1619," supposed to be the tombstone of Robert Scott of Thirlestane. A marble slab on the south side reads as follows: "The Burial place of the Andersons of Rashiegrain. Erected by Andrew Anderson, 1760." Miss Watson further says—"The present Minister of Ettrick shows various relics of Boston, and amongst these are a few small metal tokens used in Boston's time to reckon the number of persons over whom the faithful pastor watched and prayed, and who, having made a creditable profession of conversion, were admitted to the Lord's table. The session records of Boston's time, written in a fine business hand, are yet extant. The portion of these records most interesting is connected with a name not unknown in literature, viz., that of the hero of James Hogg's "Brownie of Bodsbeck," Walter Laidlaw of Chapelhope. There is also preserved a small pocket Bible with silver clasp, which had

belonged to Boston's wife, inscribed, "Katherine Brown, 1699." In the churchyard, besides those already mentioned, are stones to the memory of the Rev. John Bennet, who died of fever 1822, aged 29 years, in the fifth year of his ministry; and the Rev. James Smith, born 1787, died 1858, minister of the parish from 1823 till the day of his death. About the centre of the churchyard stands "Will o' Phaup's" tombstone, with the following epitaph composed by the Ettrick Shepherd: "Here lyeth William Laidlaw, the far-famed Will o' Phaup, who for feats of frolic, agility, and strength, had no equal in his day. He was born at Craik, A.D. 1691, and died in the 84th year of his age. Also, Margaret, his eldest daughter, spouse of Robert Hogg, mother of the Ettrick Shepherd."

The church and manse are pleasantly situated at the foot of a range of lofty green hills, surrounded by trees, and lying immediately to the east of a rough stony height called Craig Hill. The Kirk Burn, a pretty considerable and rather wild stream, passes close to the manse, and a small mountain cataract rejoicing in the appellation of "The Roaring Syke," comes tumbling down the hill behind in a series of pretty cascades.

Thomas Boston.

This eminent divine was born on the 17th March, 1676, at Dunse. His father, John Boston, was a nonconformist during the reign of Prelacy, and on various occasions suffered fine and imprisonment for his principles. Thomas, when very young, lay in prison with him to keep him company. No doubt this early experience of intolerance made Boston in after life zealous for the independence of the church. He entered the college of Edinburgh in the latter end of the year 1691. On the completion of his college course he was engaged in teaching, and was much sought after as a preacher in various parts of the country. He was ordained at Simprin, Berwickshire, on the 21st September, 1699. Seven years afterwards, or nearly, he was translated to Ettrick, where he remained till his death, which took place on 20th May, 1732, he being in his 56th year. When Boston entered upon his

ministry in Ettrick he found few if any to assist or co-operate in what was to him the one thing needful; nevertheless, he set himself manfully to the task. Fortunately he knew what was his real strength, and where to seek for help. The character of the community was estimated by him, and may be shortly stated. He considered many of them to have been made Presbyterians; several of them praying persons; and believed them to be good Christians. He had never seen more Bibles in a church than in Ettrick, nor more persons giving to the Sabbath collection for the poor. He considered them kind to the poor and to passing strangers; but not so to strangers settling among themselves. Neither was there much benevolence among themselves, one towards another. One thing surprised him in particular—the prevalence of profane swearing. He was amazed to find blessing and cursing proceeding out of the same mouth; praying persons (and praying in their families too), horrid swearers at home. About a year after he had settled in Ettrick, he found himself in great trouble, because he observed a fast appointed by the civil magistrate. This was followed by contentious babble and debate, not on account of the fast, but on account of those who appointed it. Boston declares "it was a terror for him to go out among his flock; and in particular places he found himself beset with contumers of himself and of his ministry, who kept not within the bounds of common decency." About this time, his health, never very robust, became considerably worse One of his elders failed, two of them left the district; and in his own words he thus states the lesson he had learned from all that had taken place:—"I take God's dealings thus with me to be designed as a mean to make me better content, now that the Lord has driven the business to a great height of hopelessness by the removal of two of the most comfortable of my elders." He relates that in 1711 an event occurred which was the beginning of better things. "There being a great storm of snow on the ground in February, and our parish, with many others being almost broke with such a storm, I moved for a congregational fast to be held on Wednesday. Next day the weather began to be so easy that I thought the fast was turned into a

thanksgiving; but that lasted not, so that it never was more violent then on the fast day. My text was Joel i. 18, 'How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate, O Lord, to Thee will I cry.' Next day was 'no ill day,' and on Friday there came freely by a west wind without rain. Next Sabbath my text was from the 147th Psalm: 'Praise the Lord; for he giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word and melteth them; he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.' This day, with the day of our first communion, were the most joyful days I ever saw in Ettrick." In his first communion there were only 57 participants, and of the last 777 persons were partakers. These were not all parishioners, the greater part by far came from outside the parish. The celebrated "Fourfold State" was published in 1721, and went through several editions, and the "Crook in the Lot" became a general favourite. These works were the general theological text-books of the Scottish people during the century in which Boston lived, and even for a considerable time into the nineteenth century. He also took a leading part in the famous "Marrow Controversy." Whatever may be said of him, no one has ever impugned his piety; his trust in the Almighty as his sure refuge was unshaken by any event. His bodily sufferings were great. Ten children were born to him, six of whom were removed by death at a tender age. One person whom he had trusted defrauded him of a large sum of money. The year 1715 caused great disturbance in the congregation, because he had declared his loyalty to the government. His influence throughout the country and in the church courts was great. It has been said that no one did more to mould the style of Scottish preaching than Thomas Boston. Dr M'Crie reckoned him the most useful writer Scotland had ever produced. Boston's tombstone of white marble in Ettrick Churchyard bears the following inscription:—"As a testimony of esteem for the Rev. Thomas Boston, senior, whose private character was highly respectable, whose public labours were blessed to many,

and whose valuable writings have contributed much to promote the advancement of vital Christianity, this monument (by the permission of relatives) is erected by a religious and grateful public, A.D. 1806."

The farm of **Ettrickhall**, with Ettrickhouse, stands close to the church. Near it is the site of the old village of Ettrick, on the south bank of the river, where in the time of Boston there was a community of thirty-two families. The ground is full of ruins of cottages, building *debris* lying in all directions. On the top of Ettrickhouse Hill is the Weaver's Moss, which indicates that weaving was ani ndustry in the hamlet of Ettrickhouse. On the front wall of the old garden of Ettrickhall a slab with the initials "J.H." marks the place where the Ettrick Shepherd was born. No trace of the cottage is now visible. Immediately below stand the school and schoolhouse.

About a mile below the Kirk stands the farm-house of **Ramsaycleuch,** where Scott and Hogg spent the first night after becoming acquainted. Ramsaycleuch possesses a branch Post-Office.

From Ramsaycleuch a road strikes off to the right, leading over Eskdalemuir to Langholm and Lockerbie. Nearly opposite Ramsaycleuch the Tima Water, with two affluents, joins the Ettrick. In the vale of Tima are situated the farms of **Midgehope** and **Deephope,** the former belonging to Mr Williamson Kerr, and the latter forming part of the Buccleuch estate. Of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715, Boston writes :—"The southern army of rebels being forming, several went through our parish to the appointed place. On Saturday, October 8th, their general, with seven or eight with him, lodged at Crosslee, and the standard with them, which fell as they were riding by Tushielaw barnyard. On the Monday night the Earl of Wyntoun lodged at Midgehope, and about as many with him. On the Tuesday when I was at Tushielaw, I saw seventeen pass by. The water being exceedingly great, I was in fear lest that they would lodge about the kirk all night. So being in concern about my family, I made

after them ; but coming to Ramsaycleuch I saw them on the other side, and was thankful."

Thirlestane.

About half-a-mile down, on the left, the mansion-house and the old castle of Thirlestane are finely situated in the midst of lofty plantations. T. Craig-Brown says : "The very earliest mention of a Scott being in Thirlestane is the 30th November, 1502, when, at a Justiciary Court held in Selkirk, 'William Scott in Thirlestane came in the King's will for art and part of breaking the King's protection, upon Sir Patrick Creichtoun of Cranstoun Riddale, in occupying and labouring his set or assedation of Thirlestane, without a lease from the said Patrick—Walter Scott of Buccleuch surety to the King and party.' Sir Frances Scott of Thirlestane was created a baronet of Nova Scotia, just two months before his father's death in 1666. Sir William, second Baronet of Thirlestane, was the last who bore the name of Scott. By his marriage in 1699 with the Mistress of Napier, that ancient peerage came into the family, and his son, becoming fifth lord (although sixth inheritor of the title) adopted the surname of Napier." The late Lord Napier, to use the words of a popular writer of the time, for years employed his time and talents, together with much money, in improving the stock on the hills and introducing into a district hitherto bound up in its own natural wilderness, all the attributes and amenities proper to the most civilized regions. His enthusiasm was one of benevolence, and from the beautiful cottages which he planted in the wilderness the prayers of the widow and the orphan nightly ascended to Heaven in his behalf.

Sir Francis Napier,

Seventh Baronet of Thirlestane, tenth possessor of the Scottish peerage of Napier, was born in the year 1819. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1840, was Secretary of the Legation at Naples in 1846, at St Petersburgh 1852, in Constantinople 1854, appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America from Jan. 1857 to Dec. 1858 ; Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Netherlands from Dec. 1858 to Dec. 1860 ; Ambassador Extraordinary

and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Russia from Decr. 1860 to Sept. 1864 ; Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia from Sept. 1864 to Jan. 1866. He was Governor of Madras from 1866 to 1872. After the assassination of Lord Mayo, he was for some time Governor-General of India. In 1883 he presided over the Commission appointed to enquire into the alleged grievances of the Highland crofters. He was appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant (1848), and in 1880 Convener of Selkirkshire ; 1884 LL.D. Edinburgh ; is also LL.D. Glasgow and of Harvard, Cambridge, U.S.A. Lord Napier is a Knight of the Thistle (1864) and a Privy Councillor (1861). In 1872 he was created a Peer of the United Kingdom, taking the title of Baron Ettrick of Ettrick. Lord Napier has followed in the footsteps of his predecessor in all that related to his tenantry, as regards comfort and moral elevation. It may in truth be said that the country has few public servants who can compare with him in ability and prudence. Lord Napier married in 1845 Anne Jane Charlotte, only daughter of Robert Manners-Lockwood, Esq., and Lady Julia Gore (daughter of the Earl of Arran), on whom the Queen has conferred the Order of India. Their children are—1, William John George, Master of Napier, First Secretary to H.M. Legation in Japan, born in 1846. Secretary of Legation at Madrid 1873, at Berlin 1875 ; a Deputy-Lieutenant of Selkirkshire. Married in 1876 Miss Harriet Blake-Armstrong, daughter of the late Edward Lumb, Esq. of Wallington Lodge, Wallington, Surrey. 2, Major the Hon. John Scott. Served in Afghanistan in 1880, mentioned in despatches ; married in 1876 Isabella, daughter of Thomas Shaw, Esq. of Ditton, Lancashire, widow of Major James Leith, V.C. 3, Lieutenant the Hon. Basil, R.N., died 1874. 4, The Hon. Mark Francis, barrister, I.T., 1876. Junior Counsel for Arabi Pasha, leader of the Egyptian Rebellion in 1883; married in 1878 Emily Jones, daughter of the late Thomas, 7th Viscount Ranelagh. In Selkirkshire there is no family more deservedly respected.

In Mark Napier's " Life of Montrose " he mentions that among the treasures of Thirlestane House are certain relics of the great Marquis, one of which is a piece of linen about a yard square, of extremely

fine quality, tasselled at the corners like a pall, and trimmed all round with a border of antique lace, being the napkin in which the heart of Montrose was wrapped.

Behind the mansion-house stand the ruins of the old castle of Thirlestane, covered with ivy. T. Craig-Brown says: "In 1543-44 the place of Thirlestane had been burnt by the English and certain confederate ruffians of the Scotch Border, under the direction of Lord Hertford. It stands close by the side of a burn, which rising in remote hills, and forming a lofty waterfall called the Black Spout, rushes and tumbles through the policy till it finds in the level haugh a tortuous way to the Ettrick." Behind the castle is Wardlaw Hill (1,951 feet). In old times a grain mill stood on the estate, and on the site of the mill the present stables, &c., are built, and to this point the mill-lade can still be traced. The scene of Hogg's ballad "The Pedlar" is laid at Thirlestane.

The first Lord Napier (1627) was Archibald, eldest son of John Napier, Laird of Merchiston, the famous inventor of logarithms and "Napier's Bones." The Scott-Napiers have been distinguished in arms and letters—Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B., conqueror of Scinde; Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., historian of the Peninsular War; and Mark Napier, author of "Memoirs of the Laird of Merchiston," "Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose," &c. The preference of the writer for the Cavaliers is very marked. Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., commander of the Baltic Fleet during the Russian War, and M.P. for Southwark, was cousin to the hero of Scinde and the Peninsular historian, who, with their brother George, were known during the Peninsular War as "Wellington's fighting Colonels."

Gamescleuch.

Opposite Thirlestane is the farm of Gamescleuch, belonging to Lord Napier, and possessing an old castle now in ruins. In a note about the castle the Ettrick Shepherd says:—"Sir Robert Scott, knight of Thirlestane, was first married to a lady of high birth and qualifications, whom he most tenderly loved, but she, soon dying, left him an only son. He was afterwards married to a lady of a

different temper, by whom he had several children, whose jealousy of the heir made Sir Robert dote still more on his darling son. She, knowing that the right of inheritance belonged to him, and that of course a very small share would fall to her sons, seeing he loved the heir so tenderly, grew every year more uneasy. But the building and other preparations which were going on at Gamescleuch, on the other side of the Ettrick, for his accommodation on reaching his majority, when he was also to be married to a fair kinswoman, drove her past all endurance, and made her resolve on his destruction. The masonry of his new castle was finished on his birthday, when he reached his 20th year, but it never went farther. This being always a feast-day at Thirlestane, the lady prepared on that day to put her hellish plot into execution, for which purpose she had previously secured to her interest John Lally, the family piper. This man, tradition says, procured her three adders, of which they chose the parts replete with the most deadly poison; these they ground to a fine powder, and mixed with a bottle of wine. On the forenoon before the festival commenced, the heir went over to Gamescleuch to regale his workmen, and Lally went with him as a server. When his young lord called for wine to drink a health to the masons, John gave him a cup of the poisoned bottle, which he drank off. Lally went out of the castle as if about to return home, but that was the last sight of him. He could never be found or heard of, though the most diligent and extended search was made for him. The heir swelled and burst almost instantaneously. A large company of the name of Scott, with others, were now assembled on Thirlestane Green to grace the festival, but alas! what a woeful meeting it turned out to be! They with one voice pronounced him poisoned; but where to attach the blame remained a mystery, as he was universally loved and esteemed. The first thing the knight caused to be done was blowing the blast on the trumpet or great bugle, which was the warning for all the family instantly to assemble, which they did in the court of the castle. He then put the following question: 'Now, are we all here?' A voice answered from the crowd, 'We are all here but Lally the piper!' Simple and natural

as this answer may seem, it served as an electrical shock to old Sir Robert. It is supposed that, knowing the confidence which his lady placed in this menial, the whole scene of cruelty opened to his eyes at once, and the trying conviction that his peace was destroyed by her most dear to him, struck so forcibly upon his feelings, that it totally deprived him of reason. He stood for a long time speechless, and then fell to repeating the answer he had received, like one half-awakened out of a sleep ; nor was he ever heard for many a day to speak another word than these, 'We're all here but Lally the piper!' and when any one accosted him, whatever was the subject, that was sure to be the answer he received. The method which he took to avenge his son's death was singular and unwarrantable. He said that the estate of right belonged to his son, and since he could not bestow it upon him living, he would spend it all upon him now he was dead ; and that neither the lady nor her children should ever enjoy a farthing of that which she had played so foully for. The body of the murdered man was embalmed, and lay in great splendour at Thirlestane for a year and a day, during all which time Sir Robert kept open house, and actually spent or mortgaged his whole estate saving a small patrimony in Eskdalemuir, which belonged to his wife. Some say that all this time the lady remained shut up in a vault of the castle, and lived on bread and water.

"During the last three days of the feasting the whole countryside seemed gathered together at Thirlestane ; the butts of wine were all carried to the fields and broken up, and on these days the burn ran red with wine, and even communicated its tincture to the Ettrick. The family vault where the corpse was interred is under the same roof with the present parish church of Ettrick."

Such is the Ettrick Shepherd's narrative of the building of the castle. Hogg has embodied those events in a poem entitled "Thirlestane."

T. Craig-Brown says of the narrative ; "Instead of being for the most part pretty correct, as Hogg asserts, there is hardly one incident in it but what is falsified by documentary evidence." Sheriff Mark Napier likewise gave sentence against Hogg's tale,

and showed it to have been the result of the poet's imaginative powers!

The small hamlet of **Hopehouse** stands about a mile below Thirlestane. It is said to have been famous in days gone-by for its fairs.

Lower down, on the right of the Ettrick, is situated the farm of **Ettrickside,** forming part of the Thirlestane estate; and further down, near the mouth of the Rankleburn, stands the farmhouse of **Annelshope.**

Nearly opposite the latter farm, on a high ridge, stands the ancient tower of **Tushielaw,** the abode of Adam Scott, the "King of the Borders." In his expedition against the lawless Borderers in 1529, it is said that James I. crossed the mountains (the morning after the capture of Cockburne at Henderland) by a wild and unfrequented path, and appeared at Tushielaw about sunrise. Although Scott was fairly taken by surprise, he nevertheless made a most obstinate defence, and, after a desperate and unequal conflict, was utterly defeated. The plunder of the castle formed a rich booty. Tradition has it that the freebooter was then hung from the limbs of a huge ash tree (where he had hung many a better man than himself), and his head carried in triumph to Edinburgh, where it was exhibited on a pole over one of the ports of the city. Tradition in this case (as in that of Cockburne of Henderland) is again at fault; and T. Craig-Brown gives the facts as follows:—"May 18.—Adam Scott of Tushielaw, convicted of art and part of theftuously taking blackmaill from the time of his entry within the castle of Edinburgh, in ward, from John Brovne in Hoprow; and of art and part of theftuously taking black-maill from Andrew Thorbrand and Wm. his brother; and of art and part of theftuously taking black-maill from the poor tenants of Hopcailzow; and of art and part of theftuously taking blackmaill from the tenants of Escheschеill. Beheaded. His head was spiked on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh along with that of Henderland, who met the same fate two days before. This, according to Pitcairn, was in the year 1530."

Hogg placed the scene of the 14th Bard's Song in the "Queen's Wake" ("Mary Scott") at the castle, and in a note to the

poem he adds that "the upper arches and turrets fell in of late years." The castle, apparently one of the strongest and largest in the county, is now in ruins. Huge masses of masonry of great thickness, still firmly riveted together, lie scattered about in all directions, and at the west end a part of the dungeon, overgrown on the top with grass and shrubs, remains still intact. The foundations, which are easily traceable, extend for a considerable distance, and confirm the impression that the place had been of great size. The situation takes in the whole country round. From the watch-post the English movements could be seen along the line of Rankleburn up to Buccleuch, while to the east and west the prospect is extensive; and the natural barrier of the hill behind seems to make the risk of attack in that direction infinitesimal. This, as it afterwards turned out, was Scott's greatest danger, and led to his capture and overthrow. The entrance road to the tower can easily be traced, leading in an easy slope to the east end of the present stables of Tushielaw Inn. The ash tree on which tradition says Scott was hanged stood in the courtyard of the tower, and about a year ago was accidentally set on fire, nothing but a charred stump now remaining. Charles Gibbon lays the scene of a romance, "The Braes of Yarrow," at Tushielaw Tower, in which one of the principal actors is Adam Scott.

Immediately opposite Tushielaw Tower the glen of Rankleburn opens on our right, and we get a good view of the mansion-house of **Cacrabank.** The steading of that name is now let along with Tushielaw farm. Cacrabank, in 1484, as T. Craig-Brown states, "was held by William Scott free of rent, in virtue of his office as ranger of the ward of Ettrick. In 1688 Tushielaw was purchased by Mr Michael Andison or Anderson, who had married into the Scott family, and in that family it remains."

Buccleuch.

Further up the glen of Rankleburn stand the Buccleuchs, Easter and Wester, surrounded by overhanging hills. From this place the powerful and noble family of Buccleuch take their title. This was their first possession in the Forest, which is now almost entirely in their hands.

The oldest tradition extant, referring to the Scotts of Buccleuch is that which gives the origin of the name Buccleuch. This tradition bears that Kenneth III. and his court were once on a time hunting in Rankleburn, and had driven the stag to bay where none of the horsemen could approach. When the stag was thus cornered, a Galloway man who had followed the chase, rushed forward, and catching the buck by the horn, threw him on his back. The deer "being curried in that place," the king granted the man of Galloway to call himself by the name of "John Scott in Buckscleugh." This story has been rejected as mythical, and it has been suggested that the name is derived like those of Wolfcleugh, Doecleugh, &c., from its being inhabited by the wild denizens of the Forest. Whatever the origin of the name, the Scotts adopted it as their family title, and the bare and solitary cleuch still supplies the designation of one of the best-known of the aristocratic families in the kingdom.

A good distance up the glen stood the old church and the burial-place of the ancient lords of Buccleuch. T. Craig-Brown says: "This edifice, with its churchyard, occupied a corner formed by the junction of Kirkburn with Rankleburn; and about half a century ago a flood, washing away part of the banks below the church-site, brought with it fragments of coffins and a quantity of human bones." On the authority of Walter Scott of Satchells (who furnished the story of the buck being slain), we have it that Walter "the good lord of Buccleuch" along with Rt Scott of Thirlestane and the said Satchell's grandfather, visited the church and the tombs of his fathers in 1566, and found "most part of the walls was standing then, the font-stone within the kirk, and a cross before the door. When the rubbish had been cleared away, and the stones clean swept, they did discern one which had the ancient coat of arms on it."—*Chronicles*. Hogg also relates with great glee an expedition which "the Shirra" with Laidlaw and himself undertook for the purpose of finding the blue marble font-stone, which tradition stated was lying among the ruins of the old church, and out of which the heirs of Buccleuch were said to have been baptised. The party having unearthed from among the

debris the half of a small pot, incrusted with rust, "Mr Scott's eyes brightened, and he swore it was an old helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said: 'Ay, the truth is, sir, it is naither mair nor less than a piece o' a tar-pat that some o' the farmers has been buisting their sheep oot o' i' the auld kirk langsyne.' Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and, suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying that we had just ridden all the way to see that there was nothing to be seen." Numerous attempts have been made from time to time (including a most exhaustive one by Lord Napier and the Duke of Buccleuch's Chamberlain, Mr Elliot-Lockhart) but all to no purpose, and no further light has been thrown on the subject.

T. Craig-Brown further says: "Indications go to confirm the tradition that long ago the valley was comparatively well peopled. Along the banks of the stream one can trace nettled lines, marking the site of old houses, and persons are yet alive who recollect the ruins of thirteen on the banks of the small burn running into Rankleburn from the west. Situate about a quarter of a mile from the old peel, there was probably the remnant of a cluster of huts such as are to be found within retiring distance of every stronghold. The tower raised its thick rough walls where now stands the farm-house of Easter Buccleuch, on elevated ground, where Buccleuch Burn joins the central stream. It is said the old foundations, when they were dug out to provide additional garden ground in front of the farm-house in 1832, were found to be extensive and very strong. A mill-lade, fed from the unfailing waters of Clearburn Loch, is traceable for about a quarter of a mile from the head of the cleuch, ending just above a piece of ground pointed out alike by tradition and manifest suitableness as the site of the mill which provoked even Satchell's sarcasm." The valley was the scene of numerous raids by the English freebooters, in reprisal for the raids of Scott of Buccleuch.

Over the Cacra Hill at Cacrabank the traces of what is said to have been the old Bridle road to Selkirk are plainly visible, emerging at Deloraine.

A few steps from the road leading up Rankleburn stands **Tushielaw Inn,** the only inn in the valley above Ettrick-bridgend. The management of the hotel is in able hands, and every attention is paid to the comfort and convenience of the tourist. The stabling accommodation is good.

Immediately to the east of the inn is the new Free Church, erected in 1879. A manse has recently been built close by. The minister is the Rev. Mr Birkett.

At the back of Tushielaw farm-house, at the foot of Standhope height, a place is pointed out with evident regret by the old men of the district as a manufactory of "splendid stuff!" An extensive business had at one time been carried on in a quiet way in distilling "mountain dew."

Crosslee farmhouse stands a short distance from Tushielaw, on the left of the route. T. Craig-Brown mentions in the list of Forest Steadings, made up in 1455, after the Douglas forfeiture, "the six-pound land of Wynterburgh, comprising the farms now known as Crosslee and Newburgh. In 1510, James IV. set the lands and estate of the Forest of Winterburgh at feuferme to James Murray, second son of John Murray of Philiphaugh; but Murray died before raising sasine and charter thereof, probably at Flodden. Queen Mary, in 1564, renewed the grant to Patrick Murray of Philiphaugh and his heirs, male or female, for the yearly ferme of £21, with duplication at entry of each heir; and providing for the erection of sufficient mansions of stone and lime, with bath, bedchamber, barn, byre, stables, dovecots, planting of trees, &c. The Murrays do not appear to have held the place for any length of time, 'Sym Scott of Wintirburch,' brother of the late Sir Robert Scott of Thirlestane, being charged in 1578 with disturbing his nephew (a minor), in possession of house and lands." The lands then in the hands of succeeding heirs got divided, and now form the farms already mentioned. Crosslee was the first farm in Ettrick to introduce Cheviot sheep. Further down on the right stands the Police Station of Crosslee.

Newburgh farm stands about a mile further down the valley, on the right of the route.

Ladyside School is a short distance below Newburgh, also on the right.

On the left is the farm of **Gilmanscleuch.** The remains of the old castle form the foundations of the shepherd's house on the farm. The farm-house has a fine situation in the midst of a deep belt of firs, the walls being clothed with ivy. Long in possession of the Scotts of Gilmanscleuch, it passed into the hands of the Harden family in the following manner :—The sixth son of "Auld Wat" Scott of Harden was slain in a hunting match, by the Scotts of Gilmanscleuch. His brothers flew to arms, but the old laird, with an eye to some more substantial mode of revenge locked them in the dungeon of his tower, and proceeded straight to the court at Holyrood. Hogg describes his appearance as follows :—

With bonnet like a girdel braid,
An' hayre like Craighope snaw.

His coat was of the Forest greene,
Wi' buttons lyke the moon ;
His breeks were o' the guid buckskyne,
Wi' a' the hayre aboon.

His twa-hand sword hung round his neck,
An' rattled at his heel ;
The rowels of his silver spurs
Were of the Rippon steel ;

His hose were braced wi' chains o' airn,
An' round wi' tassels hung ;
At ilka tramp o' Harden's heel
The royal arches rung.

Sae braid an' buirdlye was his bouke,
His glance sae gruff to bide,
Whene'er his braid bonnette appearit,
The menialis stepped asyde.

He obtained an interview and stated the crime, receiving as a "propitiatory" the lands of Gilmanscleuch from the crown. He returned to Harden with all speed, and after releasing his sons showed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession." This property continued in the hands of the family till the beginning of last century, when it was sold by John Scott of Harden, to Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch.

Opposite to Gilmanscleuch a road branches off to the right and

crosses the Ettrick by a substantial bridge, to the lands of **Deloraine, Easter** and **Wester.** Wester Deloraine has a good situation on the south bank of the river, having fine meadow lands in front and flank. It has been farmed by tenants of the name of Scott for some generations. Sir Walter Scott in his notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, says: "The lands of Deloraine were immemorably possessed by the Buccleuch family under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals or kinsmen for Border service." Easter Deloraine (or Boston's) lies on the western slope of Deloraine Hill—a long bare ridge, black with heath, which extends down the valley about a mile. The name was supposed to have originated from the estate being the dowry of the Queen of James II. *(De-la-Reine)*, but Mr Craig-Brown claims that the place had the name of Deloraine for a long time prior.

From Deloraine the Ettrick pursues an uneventful course round a long sweep of ground at the base of the hill. We pass downwards by The Inch and Singlie Hill-end, and cross the Ettrick by another substantial stone bridge, to the estates of Hyndhope, Ettrick Shaws, &c.

Hyndhope farmhouse is well situated on the south bank of the river, where a splendid golf-course has been laid out by Mr Brown, the tenant.

"Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead."

Following the course of the Dodburn from Hyndhope, we have, about a mile-and-a-half up the glen, "The fair Dodhead," the scene of the ballad of "Jamie Telfer." At the west of the shepherd's house the ruins of the old peel of Dodhead are discernible, although now overgrown with grass. The ballad sets forth that about the Martinmastide the Captain of Bewcastle had made a raid into the Teviotdale track "to drive a prey." Gear was evidently scarce in that region. Their guide had no tidings to give them, but strongly advised them to go to the fair Dodhead,

where he promised "monie a cow's calf I'll let thee see." They accordingly came to the Dodhead and loosed the kye, ransacking the peel at the same time, and then made tracks for England. Jamie Telfer was very loth to see them depart, and pled with the captain to get back his belongings "wi' the tear aye rowin' in his ee," else he swore to be revenged. The captain laughingly remarked that there was nothing in the house but an old sheathless sword "that hardly now would fell a mouse!"

Jamie, intent on a rescue, ran to the Stobs Ha'upon Slitterick, and demanded assistance from the Elliots. None was, however, forthcoming, and Jamie, vowing that ne'er again would he pay tribute or mail to Elliot, went to Coultart Cleugh, where he got assistance from Jock Grieve, and also from William's Wat of the Catslockhill. The party called upon their liege lord, the Buccleuch, at Branksome Ha', who at once proceeded to warn the waters and pursue the Englishmen. The pursuers seem to have taken the road through the hills of Liddesdale in order to collect forces and intercept the foragers at the passage of the Liddle. The conflict, in which Willie Scott, son of the Laird of Buccleuch, was slain, is described as follows:

Then till't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell fast as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale.

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And through the knapscap the sword has gane;
And Harden grat for very rage,
When Willie on the grund lay slane.

But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat 'gan cry;
"Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Teviotside again,
Or Willie's death revenged sall be."—

O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scotts had gotten the victory.

. . . . . .

There was a wild gallant among us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside,
If ony man will ride with us!"

When they cam' to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the Captain's kin—
"Wha dare loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?"

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he."—

When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a wellcum sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' gowd and white monie;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping ee.

To the right of Hyndhope the road leads to the farm of **Ettrick Shaws,** and to Shaws Lochs. The lochs are three in number, and lie far out on the estate; they have been mentioned in connection with a gravitation scheme for Selkirk water supply. There are some tumuli near the centre loch. Shaws lochs, along with those of Haining, Akermoor, Helmoor, Alemoor, and Clearburn at the head of Rankleburn, form a continuous chain across the county in a north-easterly direction.

The south bank of the river from Hyndhope downwards for a considerable distance, is clad with a fine natural birch copse. At the foot of Hyndhope burn, a rowan tree will be observed. This was planted in commemoration of a sad accident which occurred a few years ago, when a daughter of Mr Scott of Singlie, along with two lady boarders from Yarrow School, were drowned while bathing in the Clinty pool, where the burn enters the Ettrick. **Singlie** farm-house (the property of the Duke of Buccleuch) stands close by, surrounded by ash trees.

From Singlie, the road leading forward to the Shaws lodge is lined on the left by a plantation of birks, thorns, &c., remains of part of the ancient Forest. The estate of Shaws is the property of Dr Thomas Anderson (a nephew of the present Dr Anderson of Selkirk), who purchased it in 1873 for the sum of £29,500. The shooting lodge is built entirely of iron. A suspension bridge crossing the Ettrick forms the entrance to the place.

The Ettrick not far below the Shaws takes a wide bend, and sweeping round in the form of an S, enters upon a rocky channel, in which it runs for about a mile. T. Craig-Brown says :—" Mr William Kemp, of Galashiels, whose original researches were appreciated by men of science, remarks : 'The vast rock, through a break in which now pours the Linns of Ettrick, behind Kirkhope onstead, must have dammed back the river for many ages—forming a lake for many miles up the valley, nearly as far as Deloraine. The river has not always flowed in its present bed, but by a hollow way treading round the north end of the height some feet below the summit. The old channel makes a detour of about two miles below the old tower of Kirkhope, continuing down to the north side of the village. Probably this channel was not capacious enough in times of great flood, and the lake overflowed at the next lowest point of its barrier—now the outlet. Here the ridge is comparatively narrow, and every successive flood having enlarged the gully, it became wide enough in time to contain the whole stream. The rock is hard, and the mass removed so enormous, that we are lost in conjecture as to the ages which have elapsed during the wearing out of the rugged chasm,'" and Craig-Brown hazards the opinion that "it appears quite as probable that the precipitous channel of Ettrick at the Linns may have been worn out by a receding waterfall, like to the canons of America, of which Niagara is a conspicuous example." The steading of **Kirkhope** stands on a rocky peninsula near the head of the Linns. Kirkhope was originally the property of Scott of Harden, and was purchased by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1782.

Between the steading and the manse there is the well-known

"Loup," used in angler's phraseology. The scenery here is very interesting. The river, rushing and tumbling through the huge masses of rocks—enclosed down to the water's edge by a thick plantation, many of the trees being covered all over the stem with ivy—can be seen down the whole way to Ettrick Bridge. The manse, erected by the Duke of Buccleuch, has a picturesque situation, commanding a full view of this section of the river.

On the left of the route, about opposite the manse grounds, stands the ancient **Tower of Kirkhope** (one of the old strongholds of Harden), on Kirkhope swire. The tower is still in good preservation, and has a measurement of 28 feet long by 23 wide—the height from ground to gable being 71 feet. It used to be occupied by persons employed on the farm.

Within easy reach is the hamlet of **Ettrickbridgend,** lining both sides of the route to the bridge. In the village are the parish church, school and schoolmaster's house, an inn, and police station. The church (as already mentioned) was erected by the Duke of Buccleuch in 1839, and Kirkhope was made a parish in 1852, when it was disjoined from the parish of Yarrow. The first minister after the Rev. James Russell was the Rev. John S. Gibson, M.A., son of Mr Gibson of the Shaws, on whose death in 1877 the present minister, the Rev. Hugh M'Millan, who had been appointed Mr Gibson's assistant and successor, was elected.

The First Bridge over Ettrick,

Dr Russell says :—" The bridge at Ettrickbridge, according to the tradition related to me by the Ettrick Shepherd, was built by auld Wat of Harden when he resided at Kirkhope Tower. He had gone on one of his foraging expeditions across the Border, and plundered one of the noble houses of Northumberland—the Neville's (I think) of Ravensworth. The young heir of the estate had been carried off too, and placed on the top of the baggage. The return party prospered till they reached the Ettrick, when on crossing, the boy dropped into the river unperceived and was drowned. Harden, bitterly grieved at the occurrence, resolved as a penance to build a bridge at the ford, exclaiming that 'the one lost life should be the means of saving a hundred.' In Macfar-

lane's collection of MSS. it is mentioned as near the dwelling of the laird of Harden at Kirkhope; and in a more recent MS. in 1772, it is thus described: 'It hath two large arches and one smaller, being built of freestone, with Scott of Harden's arms on the forefront of the bridge. It is four miles to the south-west from Selkirk.' The old bridge, which stood about a stone-cast above the present, had a stone in it with the Harden coat of arms —viz., a crescent moon, with the motto, *Cornu Reparabit, Phœbe*, in allusion to the frequent raids by moonlight. When the present bridge was erected the stone was transferred to the building, and may still be seen."

The farm-house of **Helmburn** stands close to the eastern end of the bridge, on the right of the route. The farm, which was at one time let along with the Shaws, was the property of the late William Brown of Galahill, whose father purchased it in 1849 for £4750. It is now in the hands of Mr Brown's trustees.

At the back of Helmburn, and between that estate and Ettrick Shaws, are the **Prison Linns**—a spot which derives its name from its connection with the fugitive Covenanters. It is finely wooded on either side, and commands as fine a view as can be had of The Loup, Kirkhope Manse, and the village. A little further up the Bailie Burn are a fairy slack and ring.

Howford farm-house, likewise on the right, occupies a good situation a short distance down. In 1728 the place passed into the Buccleuch estate. T. Craig-Brown gives a drawing of a bronze axe found on Howford Hill.

Below the Bridge, on the left bank of the river, we have the beautifully-situated feus of the Brockhill, which appear to be in a flourishing condition.

We pass **Hutlerburn** (the property of Lord Polwarth), on the left, and proceeding downwards for a short distance we come to Inner Huntly. From here a road leads off to the right, up Huntly Loan, past Outer Huntly, for Hawick, which is represented as being 13¼ miles distant. By a branch off this road we can go by Hartwoodmyres, over the moor by Middlestead, and rejoin the main road at Howden, fully three miles further down.

Proceeding, we pass **Fauldshope** farm, on the left of the river. The earliest mention of Fauldshope states that it was the possession of a family of Turnbulls. The place must have passed from their hands after a short tenure. The Ettrick Shepherd says his progenitors "possessed the lands of Fauldshope, under the Scotts of Harden, for ages; my father says, for a period of 400 years: until the extravagance of John Scott occasioned that family to part with their lands. Several of the old wives of Fauldshope were supposed to be rank witches; and the famous witch of Fauldshope who so terribly hectored Michael Scott, by turning him into a hare and hunting him with his own dogs, was one of the Mrs Hoggs, better known by the name of Lucky Hogg. One of the tenants was known by the epithet of 'The Wild Boar of Fauldshope' (mentioned in Hogg's "Fray of Elibank") of whom tradition records that he was a man of unequalled strength, courage, and ferocity. He was Harden's chief companion, and in great favour with his master, until once, by his temerity, he led him into a scrape that well-nigh cost Harden his life. There is reason to suppose this was the Fray of Elibank. It appears also that some of the Hoggs had been poets before now, as there is still part of an old song extant, relating to them :—

. . . . .

'And the rough Hoggs of Fauldshope,
That wear baith woo' and hair;
There's nae sic Hoggs as Fauldshope's
In a' St Boswell's fair.

And towards the end—

'But the hardy Hoggs of Fauldshope
For courage, blood, and bane;
For the Wild Boar of Fauldshope
Like him was never nane.

'If ye reave the Hoggs of Fauldshope,
Ye herry Harden's gear;
But the rough Hoggs of Fauldshope
Have had a stormy year.'"

There are some oak trees on West Fauldshope Hill remarkable for their great age. The trees are small and stunted, from the rocky nature of the ground.

On the right of the route a little further down, stand the farm-

house, dairy, and old **Tower of Oakwood.** A tradition which appears to have led numerous men of letters into error, stated that Michael Scott, the wizard, flourished in Oakwood during the 17th century. Sir Walter Scott adopted this tradition in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, where mention is made of:—

> "The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,
> And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone."

The wizard lived at Balwearie in Fife, during the 13th century. The lairds of Harden were likewise owners of Oakwood; and the estate is still in the possession of Lord Polwarth, lineal descendant of the Harden family.

T. Craig-Brown says: "Of the twenty or thirty castles of the peel or barmikine type which once formed the refuge of the men of the Forest in time of war, none remains in such fine preservation as Oakwood. A stone* above the window in the east wall, gives 1602 as the date of its erection; but, while the first initials are known to be those of Robert Scott, laird at that time, those of his wife can only be guessed to point to a daughter of the house of Murray. Walls measuring 38 feet by 23½ feet on the outside, and in themselves 4½ feet thick, do not permit of spacious chambers within; but Oakwood is not the smallest tower in the shire in this respect. Besides the dungeon, there are three 'living' storeys, the gables bordered with 'crow steps' of freestone, distinctive of ancient Scottish architecture. An old rust-eaten rapier, found near the tower, was exhibited in the short-lived museum of Galashiels"

In the *Border Counties' Magazine*, the story of Harden's escape from Oakwood in the '45 Rebellion is given from the narrative of John Anderson, formerly blacksmith at Ettrickbridge. He explains that his ancestors had been smiths to the Harden family for some generations first at Harden and latterly at Oakwood; and then describes how the Laird of Harden was "out" in the '45, against the advice of his friends, particularly Buccleuch; and after touching on the disasters which attended the rising, he shows

* The stone bears the crescent moon (the emblem of the Harden family), between the Letters R·S——L·M; underneath, ANO. 1602.

Harden appearing to him one night in the year '46, in the guise of a travelling gipsy, just when he had finished a hard day's work and was sitting on the smiddy hearth, taking a look at *The Caledonian Mercury*. Between them they managed to smuggle Harden into the tower of Oakwood without exciting any suspicion. Thus passed the summer; but about the Martinmas-time, the slumbering blacksmith was rudely awakened by a company of soldiers, and ordered to conduct them to Oakwood Tower. He asked a little time to dress himself, and went to his 'prentice's bedside, whom he lifted out of bed, and, opening the window, pushed out in his "sark," whispering into his ear—"Rin for yer life to the laird's! say the *black horse* is at the smiddy!" He then returned to the soldiers, and, by leading them in a very roundabout way, contrived to enable the laird to escape. Harden was, however, captured when about to sail from the Tyne, and after trial was condemned to pay a fine of £60,000. Thus concludes the narrative, "sae Harden had to sell or take bonds at that time on a great deal o' his lands; an' Howford, Bailielee, Helmburn, an' the grund we are sittin' on, passed oot o' his hands."

Bowhill.

A short distance below Oakwood, we pass Shielshaugh on the Bowhill estate on the left bank of the river. It is an exceedingly pretty place, and is occupied by the keepers, &c. on the estate, which is entered by Colin's Brig over Ettrick a short distance down. "Bowhill," says T. Craig-Brown, "is now interesting chiefly as the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch, and as the manor-house of his vast estates in Ettrick Forest. But to these it is quite a recent addition, having been till the middle of last century the property of a family named Veitch, following a branch of the Murrays of Philiphaugh." The estate of Bowhill is one of the best arranged in the south of Scotland, lying in the strip of land formed by the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow, bounded on the west by the lands of Fauldshope and Fastheugh. Bowhill House is situated on the south side of Black Andro, a long sloping hill, wooded to the summit. Before the great storm of 1884 the woods (which form

a graceful background to the house and grounds) were as fine as could anywhere be seen, but on the morning after the gale (27th January) thousands of the most stalwart of Black Andro's firs and pines were seen uprooted and cast on the hillside. The fine green terraces in front of Bowhill House lead down to the lake, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by splendid walks. The estate is rich in groups of cottages, prettily laid out for the employeés. Bowhill possesses a splendid avenue, and is noted for fine plantations. As T. Craig-Brown observes, "Under the fostering care of successive Dukes, this part of the ancient forest has been effectually redeemed from its reproach of treelessness, and the hill-side might furnish as good bows of yew, of ash, or of hazel, as in the days when it first received its name." The late Duke of Buccleuch made an interesting experiment at Howbottom, on the south side of the estate, which gives some idea of what the old forest was like. In 1829 a large area ranging in height from 600 to 1,000 feet above sea-level, and extending to some 300 acres, was enclosed, and the place left to "nature's agencies." In the completion of this scheme his Grace's object was twofold,—one being to improve the picturesque appearance of the Bowhill woods to the west, another to allow the growth of whatever might prove to be the indigenous trees and plants of the Forest, which had been kept down by the continued stock-raising. In 1878, the Rev. Dr Farquharson of Selkirk, an eminent botanist, read before the members of the Berwickshire Naturalist's Club the result of a careful examination he had made of the grounds, and the growth of nearly fifty years. The *result* he describes as follows: "If the experiment of the noble proprietor has failed to secure the re-appearance of the native oak, it has fully accomplished his other intention, that of adding to the picturesqueness of the Bowhill grounds. It is easier to give details, and to enumerate species of trees and plants growing in it, than to convey an idea of the beauty of this wild spot. What strikes one looking on it from the opposite side of the valley is its boskiness, and a certain richness and fulness in the outlines of the trees and bushes which have had room to grow, and which, standing singly, or gathered into small groups,

present most pleasing objects to the eye. A landscape gardener would discover endless subjects of study here, and carry away innumerable hints ; while the mere lover of the picturesque will find his eye turning again and again from the larger features of the scenery around, and resting with delight on this charming piece of bush country." After a minute account of the various species, Dr Farquharson draws his conclusions as follows :—"The lesson I draw from the Howbottom experiment is, that in the old Forest of Ettrick there was not a stately and uniform growth of large timber. I infer that the ground along the valleys was clothed with a dense brushwood of hawthorn, birch, and sallow, mountain ash mingling with these, but flourishing more freely on the hillsides ; while above this lower growth rose at intervals 'monie a semelie tree'—the fir, the ash, the oak—for although Howbottom offers no evidences that the oak is indigenous to the district, remains of it preserved in our peat bogs attest that it once flourished as a native in the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow. As to herbaceous plants, Howbottom has produced no varieties ; but I think the present state of its vegetation shows that, given favourable conditions of soil, and no shelter, certain strong-growing plants such as *Calluna Vulgaris*, *Aira Cæspitosa*, *Pteris Aquilina*, will strangle their weaker neighbours, and occupy the ground to the exclusion of every other species." Sir Walter Scott's lines are well-known—

> When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
> And July's eve, with balmy breath,
> Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath
> When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
> And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
> And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
> The aged Harper's soul awoke !

Carterhaugh.

"TAMLANE."

On the left lies Carterhaugh, a broad plain, situated above the meeting of the rivers Ettrick and Yarrow, the scene of the fairy ballad "Tamlane." The argument of the ballad is as follows :—Dunbar, Earl of March, the possessor of Oakwood Tower, gifts his

daughter Janet with Carterhaugh as part of her dowry. Faithfully warned of the dangers to maidens passing through the domain, she visits the place, meets with Tamlane, and by fairy glamourie, falls a conquest to his wiles. In the sequel, he reveals to the lady that he is the son of Randolph, Earl of Murray. While on a visit to his uncle, her father, he was overcome with the fatigues of the chase, and falling asleep, was discovered by the Queen of the Fairies, and transformed into one of themselves. He likewise informs Janet that this happened when he was nine years of age, at which early period they had formed an attachment to each other. He then describes the life of the fairies :—

" But we, that live in fairy-land,
No sickness know nor pain,
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

" I quit my body when I please,
Or unto it repair ;
We can inhabit at our ease,
In either earth or air.

" Our shapes and size we can convert
To either large or small ;
An old nut-shell's the same to us
As is the lofty hall.

" We sleep in rose-buds soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream ;
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on a sunbeam.

He also informed her that they (the fairies) paid kane* to hell every seven years, and that he is certain he himself is to be the next victim. In answer to her enquiries, he instructs her how to win him from the fairies :—

" This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
The morn is Hallowday :
An, gin you dare your true love win,
Ye hae nae time to stay.

" The night it is good Hallowe'en,
When fairy folk will ride ;
And they that wad their true-love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide." –

* Rent paid in kind.

" But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?
Or how shall I thee knaw,
Among so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw?"

' The first company that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae;
The next company that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae;
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

" First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown,
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

" For I ride on the milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gave me that renown.

" My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

" They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad be my maik.

" They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A hale that burns fast.

" They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn;
But haud me fast, let me not pass –
For I'll do you no harm.

" First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water;
But haud me fast, let me not pass –
I'll be your bairn's father.

" And, next, they'll shape me in your arms,
A tod, but and an eel;
But haud me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.

" They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan:
And, last, they'll shape me in your arms
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me –
I'll be myself again." –

The description of the rescue is very graphic. The fact that the ballad is one of the oldest and best of the rich Border minstrelsy causes an interest in the place where the scene is laid.

In his introduction to the ballad, Sir Walter Scott says : "The peasants point out, upon the plain of Carterhaugh, those electrical rings which vulgar crédulity supposes to be traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk, and of water, in which Tamlane was dipped, in order to effect the disenchantment ; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. Miles Cross (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross), where fair Janet awaited the arrival of the fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill, about half-a-mile from Carterhaugh. In no part of Scotland, indeed, has the belief in fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire. The most sceptical among the lower ranks only venture to assert that their appearances and mischevious exploits have ceased, or at least become more infrequent, since the light of the gospel was diffused in its purity." Close to Carterhaugh House stands "Tamlane's Well," still in use.

A notable hand-ball match took place on Carterhaugh in 1815, between the men of Selkirk, Hawick, and Gala, and the Ettrick and Yarrow men. Mention of this has been made by Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott, and Hogg ; and the two latter have each a poem on the event. The ancient flag of Buccleuch was unfurled, for the first time since the funeral pageant of Earl Walter in 1633. The Selkirk men won the first game, when the Gala contingent (who had been the allies of the Souters) went over to the enemy, and succeeded in reversing the former verdict. The match was abruptly broken up by a free fight.

The heroine of Hogg's "Pilgrims of the Sun" was Marion Lee of Carelha'—old form of Carterhaugh.

Crossing the Ettrick by a suspension bridge, we leave the Bowhill estate, rejoining the road at **Oakwood Mill** farm. This is supposed to be the site of the old mill and smithy of

Oakwood. A branch road strikes off here for Middlestead farm (the property of Mr Charles Scott-Plummer), &c.

A short distance further down, the road takes a sharp turn south-east. At the end of this is the farm of **Howden,** on the estate of Haining. On the south side of Howden Hill is Howden Moat, which T. Craig-Brown describes as follows :—"From east to west the level surface of the camp measures 230 feet, from south to north 140 feet. Across the easiest approach, that from the east, there has been a very deep ditch, now partly filled up, but still measuring 64 feet from rampart to rampart, with a perpendicular depth of 25 feet where best preserved. To the south, steep ramparts, 50 feet in height, lead to a field which slopes to the rocky bed of Howden Burn. At the west, the ridge has been deeply ditched as at the east end, the natural droop from this point being made more difficult to scale by ditches and ramparts. Some distance beyond the Moat proper, a steep slope on the north—in itself a good defence—is accentuated by fosses and entrenchments. A notable circumstance is that the entire spur on which the camp stands must in ancient times have been encircled by water, except at a narrow neck toward the east. The Howden Burn, curving round it on the south, and a broad moss or syke (now drained) lying along its northern base, might, by a little judicious draining be deepened and rendered impassable."

On the right, before entering the township of Selkirk, stands the West Lodge of Haining estate. **The Haining** occupies all the ground to the south-west of Selkirk. It has been in possession of the Scotts, the Riddells, and latterly of the Pringles. The place is noted for the beauty of its woods, its splendid mansion—built after the Italian fashion, with beautiful loch, and numerous wild fowl, in front.

SELKIRK.

Selkirk, the capital of the county, is situated near the eastern extremity of the parish, and occupies a good position on an eminence on the south of the Ettrick. The Ordnance Survey represents the site of its town hall as 561 feet above the level of the sea. It thus possesses natural advantages, which, in connection with recent sanitary arrangements—adopted under the Police and Improvement Act—should make it one of the healthiest towns in the Border district.

Of late a praiseworthy spirit of improvement has been noticeable, in the lighting of streets; in the construction of side-pavements; and in the architectural elegance of a few new public buildings, and private dwelling-houses. In the Market Place there is an excellent statue of Sir Walter Scott; and in the eastern part of the High Street, a monument has been erected to the memory of Mungo Park. The chief industry of the town is the manufacture of Woollens.

The population of the burgh is 6000. It has five Presbyterian places of worship, and also congregations connected with the Congregational, Evangelical Union, Baptist, Episcopal, and Roman Catholic Churches. The literature of the burgh is represented by a select Subscription Library; a Free Public Library which has been established in the buildings formerly used as the county jail (the generous gift of T. Craig-Brown, Esq.); and also by two weekly newspapers, the *Southern Reporter* and the *Selkirk Advertiser*. It has two well-equipped elementary schools, at which the average attendance of scholars is 734.

EARLY HISTORY.

Selkirk is one of the most ancient of the Royal Burghs of Scotland, and it may be interesting to recal some of the historical notices that connect it with the more outstanding epochs in our national annals. Its name points backward to that remote period when nearly all Scotland was under the influence of Culdee faith and worship. The weight of testimony is in favour of the etymology which derives its name from two ancient words,

Schelch and *grech*, signifying the "Kirk in the Wood." It is known that towards the close of the sixth century Melrose had become one of the centres of Culdee evangelisation, and there can be little doubt that the missionary zeal of the members of that monastic establishment led them to provide for the religious wants of a growing community of herds, hunters, and woodmen, by rearing a little sanctuary in Ettrick Forest, which soon came to be known as the "Kirk in the Wood." The venerable Bede makes mention of one of Columba's disciples from Iona, whom he designates "Ceolfrid, Abbot of Yarrow," and who was probably the first Christian teacher that statedly proclaimed the truths of the Gospel in Selkirkshire.

Selkirk next appears on the page of history in connection with the Scottish War of Independence. In one of the closing years of the 13th century, at a solemn gathering in the church of Selkirk, Sir William Wallace was unanimously appointed guardian of the Kingdom of Scotland, and commander of its armies. Two centuries later, the burgh shared in the calamities brought upon Scotland by the defeat of the army of James IV. on the fatal field of Flodden An old writer named Hodge, whose MSS. is preserved in the Advocates Library, states "that eighty well-armed men from the Burgh of Selkirk, commanded by the Town-Clerk, accompanied their king to the battle, and that all were cut in pieces except the Clerk, who brought back with him an English banner and a halbert axe." That part of the tradition which relates the capture of a banner is true. The flag still exists, in the custody of Mr J. B. Brown, the last survivor of the ancient Corporation of Weavers. Though worn and tattered by age, the figures of two shuttles are still discernible, indicating that in all likelihood it had originally been the standard of a band of weavers, trained in the art of war, and forming part of the English army.

It was long before Selkirk recovered from the blow inflicted by that terrible disaster. Ever since, sad memories of the burgh's losses on the battlefield, enshrined in local traditions, have given birth to many touching efforts of poetic and artistic genius. Not to

enumerate other productions, reflecting the plaintive tenderness of the well-known song "The Flowers of the Forest," it is worthy of record that two living townsmen, by pen and pencil, have contributed the latest memorials of the ancient heroism of their ancestors. One of these appears in a poem by Mr J. B. Selkirk, entitled "Selkirk after Flodden," a lyric of exquisite beauty, breathing in every line the artlessness, the naturalness, and the soul-subduing pathos of the true, tragic Border ballad! The other consists of a picture in water colours by Mr Tom Scott, R.A., which had a prominent place in the recent Royal Scottish Academy exhibition in Edinburgh, and depicts with realistic impressiveness the scene referred to in an old legend, thus narrated by Hodge: "At the time of the field of Flodden there was one of the burgher's wives went out with a child, thinking long for her husband, and was found dead at the root of a tree, and the child sucking her breast, on the edge of the rising ground belonging to the town which is called Lady-wood edge since that time to this day."

Forming an important part of the royal domain, Ettrick Forest received much attention from the Kings of Scotland. Their palace stood on the Peel-hill, in the grounds of the Haining close to Castle Street. The burgh received its first charter from David I. in 1119—24; another from Malcolm IV. in 1159. William the Lion and his immediate successors often held courts, and issued acts of government from their hunting residence in Ettrick Forest. To James V. the town was specially indebted for valuable privileges and benefactions. One of these is thus described by an old chronicler, "Understanding its good services James V. made a grant to the burgh of 10,000 acres of the Forest, with liberty to cut down as much of the Forest as would rebuild the town." Towards the close of the 16th century, the prevailing gloom of the period was illumined for a season by the earnest evangelical ministry of John Welch, son-in-law of John Knox, who was ordained minister of the parish in 1589. Welch was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and was the preacher above all others that imparted such a deep spiritual stamp to the Scottish Reformation. His labours in Selkirk were abruptly brought to a close by the brutal persecution

of country gentlemen in the neighbourhood; and his brief connection with the burgh just serves to emphasise the truth of Mr T. Craig-Brown's review of that early period of its history—"The sixteenth century brought no respite from the lawlessness which pervaded the closing years of its predecessors; murder followed murder, feud embittered feud, and robbery brought retaliation in rapid and appalling succession."

SELKIRK IN "THE KILLING TIMES."

There is no brighter page in British history than that which records the noble stand made for "conscience sake" by the Scottish Covenanters of the 17th century. Even at the present day, the sufferings of these heroic men and women awaken an interest, keen and deep as that excited by the exploits of Wallace and Bruce. Popular opinion endorses the dictum of Professor Blackie: "The great heroes of Scotland were the Covenanters—without them we would all have been slaves!" It is pleasing to know that in their long struggle Selkirk had a humble but honourable place. Before the persecution began, the burgh contributed a gallant little band of forty-one soldiers to the Scottish army which was sent to assist the Puritan party in England; and doubtless the unyielding courage manifested by the men of the Forest at Flodden was repeated in the decisive battle of Marston Moor, which not only saved the liberties of Britain, but, for the first time, drew England and Scotland together through the bond of common interests and principles! In the following year (1645) the name of Selkirk came to be associated with another battlefield, which proved a turning point in the history of the nation. At Philiphaugh, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and aided as tradition asserts through information supplied by one or more of its inhabitants, Sir David Leslie succeeded in crushing the Marquis of Montrose, who, with the vindictive cruelty of an apostate from the Covenanting cause, at the head of an army of Highlanders and Irishmen had been carrying fire and sword throughout the land! Later on, during the reign of terror that followed the restoration of that false-hearted voluptuary Charles II., the godly portion of

the community of Selkirk had trial of "bonds and imprisonments, and the spoiling of their goods."

In the pages of Wodrow and other historians of the period, occur the names of over a score of the inhabitants

> "Who lived unknown
> Till persecution dragged them into fame."

Among these may be mentioned the Rev. John Shaw, minister of the parish, who was summoned before the Privy Council to answer for "his seditious carriage"; his son Patrick Shaw, who, for appearing at Pentland Hill, had to flee to Holland where he died; Bailies Scott and Mein, the former being fined £360, and the latter being confined first in the prisons of Selkirk and Jedburgh, and latterly in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh; George Dunn, merchant, who had his goods (valued at 3,000 merks) taken from him, and was also imprisoned and tried for his life at Edinburgh; Francis Beattie, also a merchant in Selkirk, who was fined £260 and banished to the plantations. One of the female sufferers was a Mrs Mitchelhill, who for giving shelter to a Presbyterian minister, and some of the "Hill Folk," was imprisoned for a time in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and threatened with perpetual exile—but, says her pious biographer, "God restrained the rage of her enemies, and she returned again to her habitation!" A variety of striking incidents in the lives of these and other Selkirk worthies of the period, have recently been brought to light, by the researches of the Rev. Duncan Stewart of Hawick, whose lectures on "The Border Covenanters," do credit alike to his head and heart.

SELKIRK IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

It was during this century that Selkirk acquired its industrial pre-eminence in the manufacture of shoes. Its "Souters" have now become famous in song and story. In 1715 one of the leaders of the Jacobite rebellion, from his camp at Kelso, sent a troop of horsemen to Selkirk, demanding a supply of shoes and a contribution of £10—requisitions which were promptly complied with by the cautious bailies of the day. In 1745, when the Young Pretender had again raised the standard of revolt, his Highland

army was supplied with over 2000 pairs of shoes by the municipal authorities of the town. The mere possibility of making and meeting such requirements, reveals phases of social and industrial life that seem to us antique and far off! for nearly all the manners, customs, and institutions of last century are in striking contrast to our own.

When we read of the brutal sports, of the narrow and pedantic ecclesiastical usages, of the popular belief in fairies and witchcraft that prevailed, we find it difficult to realise that they were our great-grandfathers who cherished those superstitions, and acted in such strange and cruel ways. Yet so it was! Suppose an intelligent stranger had recorded his impressions of a visit to Selkirk when the 18th century was young, he might have stated that he could discover only three slated houses in the town —the church, the Town Hall, and the jail; that its streets were narrow; the causeway irregular and rough; and lighted for a couple of hours in the evening by a few oil lamps, suspended from ropes, stretched from house to house across the roadway; that in the absence of wheeled carriages, all kinds of carrying was done by saddle-bags, muck-creels, and wicker baskets on horses' backs, —that occasionally in the course of the day a bellman might be seen perambulating the town, pausing, and perhaps in stentorian tones announcing that "Rob Carson had lost his bonnie bairn Bell, and 'Souters ane and a'' were entreated to help in searching the woods for the missing wean;" or, veiling his face with his bonnet, the "crier" would "do" his hearers "to wit, that ane faithful brother had lately departed out of this present warld, that he lies close by the forge at the East Port, and beloved brethren and sisters are asked to gang to his burying,"—that about 9 P.M., when the town's drummer and fifer had finished their circuit, all doors were closed for the night, and from almost every dwelling was heard the voice of praise in family worship,—that at stated meetings of the Kirk-Session, the civil magistrate was present to enforce with his secular arm, the sentences of the court,—that after various penalties (in the shape of "the jougs," "fines," and "admonitions") had been recorded against certain transgressors guilty of

evil-speaking, cock-fighting, working on the fast day, or tarrying over their cups in the ale-house after nine o'clock, it was reported of one poor fellow, that he had been detected making candles in his house on the evening of the Lord's day, for which offence the representative of Cæsar fined him £3 Scots, to be given to the poor, and his spiritual overseers ordered him to appear next Sunday on the stool of repentence, and be rebuked in the face of the congregation. Still more terrible was the punishment meted out by her judges to a weak-minded frail old woman. Tortured beyond her powers of endurance, she confessed that she was a witch, and had occasionally changed herself into a mouse, and feasted on the good things in her neighbour's cupboard! Tradition says that for this she was condemned to die, and whilst being led to the stake on the Gallows Knowe, outside the town, she piteously besought a byestander for a drink of water. "Na, na," said the officer in charge, "gie her nae water; the drier she is, she'll burn the better!" What a sickening glimpse do such sayings and doings give of the ignorance, bigotry, superstition, coarseness of feeling, and heartless cruelty prevailing in those times. "Say not that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

Doubtless, the advancing century witnessed a gradual improvement in the ways of social life; still, to its close, the town never rose above the level of a mere provincial Lilliput—busying itself about trifles, distracted by the petty strifes and jealousies of "Big-endian" and "Little-endian" cliques. In 1787 Robert Burns had good reason to complain of the churlishness of its chief-magistrate and his boon companions. Twenty years later, Robert Southey seems to have been shocked by the appearance of the place and its people. "Selkirk," he writes in his diary, "is a dismal place. The houses are all darkly rough cast, and made still more ragged by a custom of painting the window out-frame exactly to the shape of the wood, which the carpenter always leaves without any attention to squareness. . . . . A new town-house with a spire, seemed to have no business in such a place. We went to the kirk and walked through it—it

had no other floor than the bare earth. Some vile daubings of Justice, Adam and Eve on the gallery front, its only ornaments, where there had been till lately, a picture of a Souter taking measure of a fine lady's foot. The people dismally ugly, soon old, and then boss-bent."

In the Scottish Parliament of 1707, the Town Council of Selkirk, with characteristic narrowness, gave its vote against the Act of Union with England. One result of that measure was the partial disfranchisement of the town, by its being made one of a group of Burghs associated in sending a representative to Parliament. The increased value of a Parliamentary seat led to increased Municipal corruption. Each contested election put the town into a ferment; party spirit ran high; Magistrates, Town Councillors, and Deacons of Corporations stood "gaping for a bribe." Most of them had no scruple in selling their votes to the highest bidder! "These parochial bickerings," writes Mr T. Craig-Brown, "tended to the complete demoralisation of the industrial spirit." Whilst sister Burghs in other parts of the country were advancing by "leaps and bounds" in population and material resources, Selkirk, notwithstanding its natural advantages, continued at a standstill. Mr T. Craig-Brown vouches for the fact, that, in the closing year of last century, "Selkirk was little, if at all superior, in wealth or numbers to the primitive clachan of King David, seven centuries before!"

But even in those days, outside the circle of civic "bumbledom," there were good men and true, whose noble endeavour was, like George Eliot, to

> ——"join the choir invisible,
> Of those immortal dead, who live again
> In minds made better by their presence;
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude,—in scorn
> For miserable aims that end in self!"

Foremost amongst these was the venerable Dr Lawson, who, though more a "man of thought" than a "man of action," became one of the "makers" of modern Selkirk, by his advocacy of Parliamentary Reform at a time when it was highly dangerous to be a reformer

and by demonstrating that all social and industrial progress is inseparably connected with the free exercise of their civil rights by the people at large. Nor was his influence for good confined to the community in which he lived. He gave a powerful impulse to the cause of evangelical truth and religious liberty, not only by his saintly character and theological writings, but by his remarkable personal influence in moulding the opinions of the hundreds of young men whom he trained for the ministry of the Secession Church—Some of whom became the originators of the "Voluntary Controversy," which issued, indirectly, in the "Ten Year's Conflict," and the "Disruption"; others of whom were the prime movers in those beneficent liberal measures, which have contributed so largely to the moral improvement and material prosperity of the country.

Thomas Carlyle the historian, who above all others was gifted with the power of keen insight into the true quality of men, thus writes:—"Professor Lawson was a great name in my boy circle; never spoken of but with reverence and thankfulness by those I loved best. The reflection rises in me that perhaps there was not in the British islands a more completely genuine, pious-minded, diligent, and faithful man—altogether original too: peculiar to Scotland, and so far as I can guess, unique even there and then. England will never know him out of any book, or at least it would take the genius of a Shakespeare to make him known by that method. But if England did know him, it might much and wholesomely astonish her! Seen in his intrinsic character, no simpler-minded, more perfect 'lover of wisdom' do I know of in that generation—really, as I now perceive, the Scottish Socrates of the period."

Selkirk may well be proud of the distinction of having numbered such a man among her citizens—certainly no worthier name has a place on her roll of burgesses.

THE ANGLER'S COMPANION.

ANGLING, as a pastime, has been pursued from the very earliest times. It is mentioned both in sacred and profane history of a very ancient date, in fact, we once heard an angler of a more enthusiastic than logical turn of mind, discuss the probability of Adam getting some country joiner to make him a rod, that he might try his luck in some of the streams flowing through the Garden of Eden. Be that as it may, we know that the prophet Ezekiel speaks of those who threw the angle in the brooks; and numerous ancient writers state that it was popular in their time.

That it has lost none of its popularity at the present day must be patent to the most superficial observer. The number of those who may be seen every day lashing our Border streams, testifies to the ever-increasing and general predilection for the sport. Nor can we wonder at the enthusiasm of old Isaac's disciples, for there is no other out-door recreation with which we are acquainted which has, in our estimation, so much to recommend it. It is healthy, harmless, exciting, and easy of access.

That it is healthy, no one will deny. What can be more invigorating than to breathe the pure mountain air—rushing down the valleys and glens through which our much-loved Border streams find their way to the bosom of mother ocean—after weeks or months of existence in the murky atmosphere of our dusky cities, amid the glare of gas, and the crash of wheels? How eagerly the lover of the gentle art looks forward to his much-prized holiday! Where will he go? and how will he spend it? These are momentous questions to him. To assist those who may decide on

spending theirs in the Forest district is the object of the writer.

Of the harmlessness of angling there can be but one opinion—that is, if it be pursued in a legitimate manner—but that it is sometimes made a pretext for more questionable pursuits is a fact to be deplored by all lovers of fair fishing. It should be the aim of all anglers to set their countenances resolutely against all destruction of property and every infringement of private rights.

Then, as to the exciting nature of the amusement, you have only to enter into conversation with any one who has been fortunate enough to secure a good basket, and the chances are over a hundred to one that you find him going into ecstasies over the adventures and the misadventures of his experience. Every angler has, at one time or another, hooked and run what, in our Border dialect, is termed a "skelper" or a "bummer," but the unfortunate part of the business is, that such "rattlers" have almost invariably either broken his tackle or got off in some other way. After making every allowance for an excited imagination, it is nevertheless true that large fish are more liable to get away than small ones, although in nine cases out of ten, it is from want of proper management.

We once witnessed an amusing incident which fully illustrates the exciting nature of the sport. While watching an angler of our acquaintance, fishing with the salmon fly, he gave a great shout, and a cry of "A' have'm!—A' have'm!" and sure enough, his fly was fast in something which moved first up and then down the stream for a few feet. The perspiration broke over his face, every limb trembled, but still he hung tenaciously on to his rod, now letting out a few yards of the line, now reeling it in again, his *fish* never moving more than a few feet from the place. At last we suggested to him to throw a stone behind it to make it run. This he did, and with so true an aim, that his line flew over his head with a jerk, having been struck with the stone—he was thus left minus both fly and fish. Immediately thereupon, he started a loud lamentation about losing such a fine fish, stating that he was sure it must have been between twenty-five and thirty pounds in weight.

Next day we were angling in the same place, and the river having subsided considerably, we saw a long twig floating on the top of the water, which we pulled out, and fast in the end of it was stuck our friend's fly! Still his excitement was as genuine as if he had had hold of a veritable sea-serpent.

Angling is also easy of access, more especially in our Border district, as the most of the rivers and lochs are free to all and sundry. That they may long remain so must be the earnest wish of every true angler. Into the rights or wrongs of trout water preservation we do not propose to enter. But apart from the reason (afterwards given) in favour of a small part of the river being preserved, we feel somewhat doubtful whether it would be for the benefit of the science of angling were all the waters which are now preserved thrown open to the public. The existence of such preserves doubtless entails more labour and trouble upon the angler as he has to go further afield for his sport, but this very fact limits the enjoyment of the sport to those who are enthusiastic in the cause, and consequently deserve to be rewarded for their trouble. Anglers who cannot submit to a little trouble or hardship are not deserving of success. If a man when asked—"Why do you not go up Yarrow or Ettrick above the preserved water?" reply, "I can't be bothered," that man deserves the ill success he may meet with below, and his share of the better though further streams falls to us who are more energetic.

We do not for a moment pretend to be able to say anything new on the art of angling, as far abler pens than ours have already exhausted the subject. Nevertheless, after something like thirty years' experience of the Border streams, we may be able, in a friendly way, to point out to strangers to the district the best places to go to, and the best lures to use. We may further say that our remarks apply more especially to those of the Border streams with which we are best acquainted, which ought perhaps more strictly be said to be in the Forest district. It is to our experience as a local guide merely that we invite attention and claim a hearing. If we succeed in assisting one single angler

in adding to the weight of his basket, or in any other way contribute to his enjoyment, our labour will not have been in vain, and our object, to some extent, attained.

The lures used and the different kinds of tackle recommended would of themselves fill a good-sized volume, but as our experience, as we have said, has been confined to the Border district, we are unable to speak of the efficacy of many of those used in the northern lochs or English streams. We have, however, tried many a highly-vaunted patent bait, and innumerable gaudy andartistically-made flies—all of which we have invariably thrown aside in disgust, after repeated trials. Anyone who cannot fill his basket with one or other of the following lures, may set it down either to his own inability to use them, or to the fact that the fish are not in a taking humour.

First, and we think most preferable, Artificial Fly (and not more than four or five kinds are necessary); second, Worm; third, Minnow (natural if possible); and fourth, Creeper and May or Stone Fly in their season. Anything else we have always found to be superfluous and only troublesome in the tackle book. Fly is certainly best from the beginning of April to the latter end of May; Creeper and May-fly in June; Worm in July and August; after which trout again rise freely to the Fly. The use of the Minnow depends greatly on the state of the water, but perhaps it will be found most serviceable during the Worm season. Unless the angler be careful in Minnow fishing he may sometimes catch something very unexpected. We have heard of one who, on one occasion, went into a public-house to rest and refresh himself, leaving his rod outside with the minnow attached to it. A hungry cat came along, and seeing such a tempting bite, bolted both minnow and hooks, and ran up the nearest tree. The angler's astonishment may be conceived when he came out and saw his rod making tracks along the turnpike, and heard the terrific howls proceeding from his four-legged fish!

The streams in the Border district are numerous, but we will confine our attention to the best of them, or rather to those of them with which we are best acquainted.

The TWEED must certainly rank first, both in point of size and in regard to general angling interest. We pass it over, however —in the first place because all the information about it has already been given by more competent authorities; and in the second, because on Tweed the best of the angling season is over before the holiday season begins, and it is principally for holiday-makers that we write.

The classic YARROW must certainly rank next, both in point of historical interest and as an angling stream. Three miles of the lower portion of it are strictly preserved. This by some anglers is considered in the light of a hardship, though we, for our own part, have never found it to be so. We rather think that a little preserved water comes in the place of a breeding and feeding tank for other parts of the river. Trout are migratory in their habits, and at certain seasons they leave the preserved waters, and find their way into the other parts of the river, thus continually keeping up the supply; whereas, if no such preserved water existed, there would be danger of the whole stream being depopulated. We do not intend to enter into the matter of the rights of proprietors to preserve water; we only state that the lower part of the Yarrow is so, and warn the angler that if he does not wish to run the risk of being turned off, he must pass over some of the most tempting-looking casts in the whole river.

Arrived at the fifth milestone from Selkirk, which is presumed to be our headquarters, we will mount our rod, and (along with a supposed stranger) proceed to fish to the source of the Yarrow—but we must first give him to understand that he has a good long way to travel; this, however, is no hindrance to an enthusiastic angler. We suppose ourselves on this excursion to be acting as guide to a stranger to the district, and following the plan or route which we would pursue were we acting as such.

For the first mile the river is very difficult to fish, by reason of the trees which overhang it on both sides, and it is, moreover, too close to the turnpike road to afford good sport, unless in the very early morning before the trout are disturbed. About a mile from our starting-point, we come to the first tributary of any consequence,

Lewinshope Burn. It contains a good number of trout, but of very small size, and we would hardly advise the angler to waste time in fishing it. The pool at the junction of the burn with the river is a very good cast, and here we generally begin in earnest. There is a fine succession of pool and stream from this point up to Deuchar Mill, a distance of about two miles. The finest basket we ever remember to have taken was on this reach of the water, where, fishing with the Creeper in the latter end of May 1872, we bagged seventeen trout, turning the scales at eighteen pounds. Though such an average as this is very rarely got, good baskets may often be taken on this part of the river. Here we generally take our lunch, and enjoy a pipe.

If the angler be an expert, he may be able to secure two or three good trout from the upper part of the mill lade, with worm; but it is very difficult to fish, and none but experts need try it. The pool at the old bridge is particularly well-stocked with large trout, and with a full water, the angler may almost make a certainty of good sport in it; but if the water be low, it will be almost hopeless work to waste time on it. Immediately above the remains of the bridge a small tributary runs into the river, but it is of very little use to the angler.

Proceeding upwards for about two hundred yards, another small stream, the Whitehope Burn, joins the Yarrow. It contains a good number of small trout, and might afford an hour or two of good sport if the angler be not particular about the size of his fish.

With the exception of one deep rocky pool, known as Whitehope Clints, the river, for a mile above this, is comparatively shallow. Still, to those acquainted with it, there are some very good casts. We have observed, that all over this portion of the river, the best trout are often taken in the most unlikely places, and the only reason we are able to assign for it is, that the average angler is sure to fish all the good-looking places, and, looking only to what he gets (not what he frightens) the fish are very shy; on the other hand, he often misses a good, though shallow part of the river, thinking it beneath his notice, and thus the trout there

escape many a fright to which their friends in the deeper water are subjected.

Catslack Burn, Ladhope Burn, and Sundhope Burn, all enter the river within a short distance of each other, and each contains numbers of small trout, and may be successfully fished after a flood.

From the junction of the latter-named burn for about a mile up we consider to be the best angling part of the Yarrow. Here is a fine succession of pools, each one more inviting than the last, and all well stocked with large-sized trout. We have here repeatedly killed them between two and three pounds in weight, and indeed there is not a cast on this part of the water in which we have not taken trout over a pound weight.

By the time we reach the Gordon Arms Inn, our basket should be pretty well filled. We have fished over something like eight miles of water, and our legs are in all probability beginning to ache. It will be better to call a halt for the day, and make ourselves comfortable at the inn. The angler is here sure of a comfortable bed and good living at a moderate charge.

We have yet three days' fishing before we reach "Lone St Mary's silent shore," so we must bespeak a bed at the inn for three nights. This, to some, may appear rather an anomaly, seeing that on the first day we have come over something like eight miles, and have only other three to go; but as we came to fish all the streams in the district, it is necessary to stop somewhere for a day or two.

On the morning of our second day we start at the bridge where we left off yesterday. We must be provided with a good bag of worms, and in all likelihood, we shall be able to get a few nice trout before we reach the foot of Eldinhope Burn. This tributary looks so inviting that we will try it. Under ordinary circumstances we should make a very good basket from it, as it contains plenty of nice-sized trout. A short way from the foot it divides into two branches, both of which are alike good; and in both we have fished with about equal success.

Worm is certainly the best lure to use in small hill burns, as

flies are very apt to get entangled on the grass at the sides. And here, once for all, we would impress upon the angler's attention that the great secret of success in burn fishing is, to keep well out of the trouts' sight, and to get as quickly over the water as possible. If one trout be captured in a pool, it will be hopeless to try in it again, unless the water be very highly coloured.

The next day we start precisely at the same place as before, and fish up the Yarrow for a mile. And a mile of rare good water it is, abounding in large trout. If they are taking at all well, we should have a goodly number from a quarter of a pound upwards before we reach the foot of Douglas or The Craig Burn (it is equally well known by either name).

Douglas Burn is the principal tributary of the Yarrow, and will afford an excellent day's sport. The best way to fill a basket in it is to fish up with worm as far as we can possibly get, and down again with fly; or if the burn be at all flooded, with small-sized minnows; and if the angler be at all proficient in the sport, he should have a pretty good basket before he again reaches Gordon Arms.

Next morning the angler should again start at the bridge, and this time with a decided advantage, as he has already been over part of the water, and, if he has been observant, he should be able to recognize the most likely casts. Arrived at the foot of the burn, we will take a rest and a pipe, and while enjoying it will relate an incident which once happened to us here, which we do in the following words:

One morning in the early part of June 1885, I started where we did this morning. The river was very low, and the trout very shy, but by dint of perseverance and keeping well out of sight, I had succeeded in capturing a good few before getting this length. As this has always been a favourite cast with me, I resolved to fish it very carefully. When just about what I knew to be the best part of the pool, my hook (a small Stewart tackle dressed on the finest drawn gut) got fast in what I thought was a grassy sod. After one or two gentle pulls to disengage it, judge of my surprise when it began to move up the stream. All my energies were at once on

the *qui vive*, knowing I had hold of something extraordinary. Up the stream it steadily went to the strongest and deepest part, when, all at once, to my astonishment the clear silvery side of a newly-run salmon appeared before my astonished gaze. Here was a fine dilemma !—a twelve-foot rod, and a cast of the finest drawn gut ! I looked all around in the hope of seeing some one to assist me in landing it, but no one was in view. Next I looked at my watch, and found that it was just half-past five ; and as the country people would be at work till six, there was no chance of anyone appearing on the scene for a long time. There was nothing for it but a trial of skill against great odds. Up the stream and down the stream I gently coaxed my fish ; every time that he came to the bottom of the pool I expected that the final struggle would come. Three different times I had his head on the dry land, but owing to the fineness of my cast, no strain could be put upon it. At last he made a grand dash from the foot of the pool with the speed of a racehorse, but instead of following the strong current as usual, he made an effort to get up the burn, and did succeed in going up a few yards. Now, I thought, my victory was sure. Alas ! alas ! he turned and like an arrow flew down the pool, gave one fatal plunge, and the hook came out of his mouth. Majestically he swam up the pool to his lair, and, like Lord Ullin, I was "left lamenting." His victory, however, was short-lived, as I afterwards learned that he was got next morning in a more certain, though perhaps less legal, way, and weighed nine and a-half pounds.

The river, from this to the top, is a fine succession of deep pools, every one of which is well stocked with large trout. There are very few days during the summer months on which a good basket cannot be got from this, the upper part of the Yarrow. The best way to succeed is to fish it up in the early morning with worm or creeper in its season, or better still May-fly ; turn at the top and fish back with fly, a dark partridge spider with bright orange body being our favourite ; this however is a matter of taste, as every angler has his own particular fancy.

But as we do not intend at present to fish down again, we must proceed on our way. The far-famed St Mary's Loch is now before

us, and we may fish either side without let or hindrance, and, unlike most lochs, it can be fished all round from the shore, as no weeds interfere with the anglers' flies.

"——Nor fen nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge."

In order to economise our time as much as possible and get over our ground, we will take the south side, because no burns of any consequence retard us, and we have already come over a good stretch of water. If the day be at all favourable, we should be able to secure a good number of nice trout as we go along the side of the loch. There is no need to wade far in, as the trout almost invariably feed best just between the deep and the shallow, that is, in water varying from two to six feet in depth. We have always found that the ordinary Tweed flies are quite as effective as any other kind, the majority of so-called loch flies being far too gaudy and large-sized in our opinion. On rough windy days, minnow may sometimes be used with a fair amount of success, but minnow-fishing in a loch is very tiresome work, as, if it be allowed for a moment to stop spinning, it sinks to the bottom, whereas in a running stream the current will keep it both spinning and floating with very little exertion on the part of the angler.

By the time we get opposite the fine hotel of Rodono, we will have had quite enough of it for one day; we can either hail the boat and enjoy a pleasant sail across the loch, or go on to St Mary's Cottage, better known as "Tibbie Shiel's."

As we have had three successive days of pretty hard work, it may be advisable to devise something easy for the next. This can be done in two ways—either by engaging a boat, which can be had at the hotel, and fishing from it, or if St Mary be too-peaceably inclined (and it is of very little use to try her if her countenance be not ruffled) we can revert to her little sister the Loch of the Lowes, and have a lazy day catching perch.

The Loch of the Lowes may almost be regarded as part of St Mary's Loch. No doubt at some former period of the world's history they formed only one; and it is equally certain that at some time in the distant future another division will be made by

the accumulation of sand and gravel brought down by the Meggat —but before that takes place the present generation of anglers will be "food for the fishes," so they need not trouble themselves about it.

Although there is only a short distance between the two lochs, and a connecting stream from the one to the other which permits of free passage to all sorts of fish, still there is a considerable difference between the proportion of the various kinds inhabiting them. In St Mary's, trout are greatly in the majority, pike and perch being comparatively few and mostly confined to certain parts of it; while in the Loch of the Lowes both pike and perch are very numerous and distributed over the whole of the loch; trout are more limited in their numbers and also more confined to certain parts, although they can sometimes be got all over it.

We consider perch fishing very tame sport, but as it requires little exertion, it suits very well by way of a change and a rest. It is the general opinion among trout anglers that perch will take anything, put upon any kind of tackle; but all our experience goes to show that fine tackle is as essential to their successful capture as it is to the capture of their wary cousins the trout. We have never found anything more efficacious in perch fishing than a well-scoured red worm, though we have tried most of the nostrums recommended.

On the supposition that we start by coach from Selkirk on the Saturday morning, the next day will be Sunday—and we are proud to say that we Scotch people have not yet arrived at that stage of civilisation which encourages fishing on that day. We will therefore rest and be thankful. It will take at least a week to fish the burns around the loch district, and even then we shall only have time to skim them over.

Our first day may be very well spent by going early in the morning to Kirkstead Burn, fishing it up carefully with worm—the further up the better. We have killed good trout at the top, where it is no bigger than an ordinary drain. After getting to the top we would not advise wasting much time in fishing it down again, as in all our experience we have found it to be very profit-

less work fishing down a small stream. If the day be not too far advanced, we would prefer to walk quickly down and spend an hour or two on the loch, as, besides the chance of getting some nice trout, we would be fishing towards our hotel, and we have always found it to be less tiresome when we fish towards home, even though it should make a longer day

Kirkstead is the only burn in the district in which we have ever killed a take averaging over a quarter of a pound. This we did one morning before nine o'clock, when our basket weighed eighteen pounds, and the average was a little over four to the pound.

We have already mentioned that the great secret of success is to keep out of sight of the trout; but there are other secrets connected with burn fishing which must not be overlooked, the principal of which is, always to get the first of the water if possible. If some one has been over it before you, it will be hopeless work to try to get anything for a long time. Your predecessor may have caught nothing, but the very sight of a man going along the side is sufficient to spoil your sport. If sheep or cattle be grazing near the side, the same want of success will invariably follow, as the trout are of so timorous a disposition that the least shadow will send them to their lairs for hours. Another thing the angler must bear in mind is, that he must fish when the trout are inclined to take, and not when he is inclined to try, as sometimes no amount of coaxing will prevail on them to bite. Early rising is one of the most essential things to be cultivated by the angler, indeed, he cannot be on the water too early, as large trout feed most greedily just at break of day, and he will often capture three or four then which will outweigh all the rest of the day's take; and independent altogether of the fish killed, he will have the satisfaction of viewing refreshed nature putting on her morning robes. We have often sat down by the riverside to admire a sunrise which has fully compensated for the loss of a few hours' sleep and five or six miles of a walk. The angler who can be at work between two and three o'clock on a summer morning is almost sure to catch something that many a wealthy man would give half his fortune to possess—we mean a good appetite for his breakfast. No need of

sauces or tit-bits to excite his appetite; a crust of bread and a drink from the clear stream will be devoured with more relish than the most tempting dishes will be by him who yawns in bed till noon.

Meggat, the principal tributary of St Mary's, has a high and a deserved reputation as an angling stream. With such an inexhaustible source of supply as the loch, it is impossible that it could be otherwise. During a flood, immense quantities of trout run up for miles, and find their way into every little burn and creek along its course; we believe that as the water subsides, a great number of them return to the loch. Still, there are always enough left to afford plenty of sport for the angler. Meggat may be successfully fished after a flood, either with minnow, worm, or fly. Each of them has its special advocates, but for our own part we prefer always to fish up with worm, and down again either with minnow or fly—fly for preference if the trout be rising. Our experience of Meggat has been all in favour of small dark spider flies. The inexperienced angler must not jump to the conclusion that trout will always take when they are seen rising. We have often seen the very reverse the case, and we know of nothing more tantalising than to see a large trout keep rising at the natural fly, and yet flatly refuse to look at ours. We may throw it lightly and enticingly about a couple of feet above the trout, and yet although it be as near a counterfeit of the natural as the skill of the best artist can produce, it will float past without a sign of recognition, and the next instant the fish will spring greedily at an insignificant living imitation of our beautiful fly. After three or four casts at a fish of this kind, we would advise the angler to take the philosophical view of the matter adopted by a friend of ours, who whenever he encountered one of these cunning fellows, went away saying, "A didna want ye; ye're a lean yin!" The plan we generally adopt with these aggravating fish is to leave them altogether for about an hour and then return to the fray. If this plan be persistently followed, we shall most likely catch him napping at last, although we sometimes get caught ourselves. For instance, we remember once raising a very large trout in the Yarrow with

May-fly ; he only looked at it, however. Next day he came up to it, again with the same result. A third day we went with the firm determination of murdering that fish ; but this time he never appeared, and the reader may judge of our chagrin when we learned that he had been caught the previous evening with a minnow, and weighed four and a-quarter pounds !

Immediately after a flood it is very difficult to tell where good trout may be lying, therefore all water that is in the least likely should be carefully fished ; whereas if the water be small and clear, the practical angler can tell almost to a certainty where they will be found, and so get more quickly over the ground.

Meggat during its course receives a large number of tributaries, all of which deserve a day, but in all likelihood the majority of tourists will be unable to fish them all. We shall therefore confine ourselves to one or two of the best, as what applies to them will equally apply to all the others.

Glengaber is the first to which we will turn our attention. There are plenty of deep rocky pools in it, and trout are abundant. If, after half-an-hour's trial, we find they are inclined to bite, we may make up our minds to spend the day at it very profitably ; but if, on the contrary, they are sulky, we may leave it at once, as we have found the trout in this to be more capricious than in any of the other burns in the Border district.

Winterhope is another splendid angling burn. It contains immense numbers of trout, running in weight about four or five to the pound, with an occasional half-pounder. It is a long and a hard day's work to fish up the Meggat and then up this burn ; still we have occasionally done it and been very successful.

Within a short distance of the top is Loch Skene, a wild and romantic sheet of water, containing a great number of trout from a quarter of a pound upwards. We never heard of any very large fish having been got in it, but a number of Loch Leven fry have lately been introduced, which may improve the sport. It is entirely inaccessible to trout from the lower waters, unless they surmount the beautiful and picturesque waterfall, " The Grey Mare's Tail," a feat past even the leaping powers of a Norwegian

salmon, and they are credited with enormous ability. To the lover of solitude and wild romantic grandeur, we know of no place in Scotland to equal this spot. There is not a human habitation within miles of it, not a single solitary tree or bush on which the eye can rest—

> " Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy
> Where living thing concealed might lie ;
> There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
> You see that all is loneliness "—

nothing but a continuation of monotonous grey peat-hags, many of which have doubtless sheltered some weary homeless wanderer during the bygone historical days of the Covenanters. Frequently we have spent a whole day around its lonely shore without ever seeing anything to remind us that we were not the only human being in existence. Almost instinctively the words of the poet here recur to the mind—

> " I'm monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute."

A number of small burns, during the spawning season literally swarming with trout, flow into Loch Skene, but at that period the fish are so ill-conditioned that they will not repay the trouble of killing them. We question if it is conducive to sport to have such large numbers of trout in one small loch ; no doubt a greater number can be caught, but in our opinion there is more sport, and more skill displayed, in capturing half-a-dozen over a pound in weight than in filling a basket with small fry.

After fishing St Mary's and Loch Skene, the Meggat and its tributaries, there are still a few more burns to try before leaving the vale of Yarrow, the best of which is a small stream flowing into the Loch of the Lowes at its west end, known by the name of Little Yarrow, or the Windy Yarrow. During and after a flood, there are often large trout to be got in it. The longest and worst-conditioned one we ever caught was taken here ; had it been in anything like good condition, it should have weighed three and a-half or four pounds, but in the wretched condition it was in, it could barely turn the scale at one pound and a-half, and in

appearance more resembled an eel than a trout. It must not, however, be taken as a fair sample of Little Yarrow fish, the majority of which will be found to weigh from two to six ounces, and, as a rule, to be in pretty fair condition.

With the exception of one or two small and unimportant streams, we have now been over Yarrow and its tributaries; and must return to Selkirk to fish the Ettrick and the streams flowing into it. It is true we should save the trouble and expense of so long a journey by going straight across the hills to the Ettrick, but then it would be necessary to fish *down* the river, and to that we decidedly object, if there be any possibility of fishing *up*, unless in flooded waters or very large streams. So we will seat ourselves on the coach beside the well-known "Bob," from whom we may expect a pleasant drive and an accurate description of all the interesting and noteworthy scenery between the source of the Yarrow and the ancient Burgh of Selkirk.

About St Mary's Loch is as good a spot as any for a visitor to fix upon for a residence for a short holiday during the summer, that is if he be fond of fishing, and probably provided also with a companion. As we have already said, the burns here will not allow of two anglers at a time, but as the streams are plenty, two friends could very easily take a burn each, and in the evening "fight their battles o'er again" with renewed interest.

Any one but an enthusiast would imagine that now, after going over so much water, we are contented, have fished enough and are desirous of rest; but those who do little know how many and how great hardships an angler in pursuit of his favourite pastime will undergo. The passion for the sport becomes so intense with some that they will sacrifice personal comfort, and even incur a great deal of danger, in their vocation. We were once angling in company with a friend in the Tweed, below Yair Bridge, where the river is very deep and rocky, and dangerous to wade. Our friend noticed a large trout rise beyond reach of his flies, and in his anxiety to cover it he took one step too many, and disappeared in a moment from our sight. Being a good swimmer, the instant he rose to the surface he struck boldly out for the

opposite shore, still grasping his rod; as soon as he was able to touch the bottom, he stood up, gave himself a shake like a large retriever dog, and triumphantly threw his flies over the spot where the trout had been rising. But evidently it could not appreciate pluck and determination, as it flatly refused to rise to his fly, however lightly and enticingly he might throw it. On another occasion we were fishing a burn along with the same friend, when a trout broke his line and ran underneath a great bank. Not to be done, he threw off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and lay down over the bank to bring it out either by force or stratagem, but overbalancing himself, he went headlong into the pool, lost both trout and line, and only caught a thorough ducking. Determined not to be done out of his day's sport, he stripped and hung his clothes on some bushes to dry. Arrayed in the suit which Adam wore before his introduction to Eve, he fished determinedly till the sun dried his garments. Nervous people may think that such doings are hurtful to health; but we never heard that anglers were more prone to disease than other people, but rather the reverse. This, however, has been a digression leading us away from our subject, and we must make another start.

The Ettrick, from its junction with the Tweed to its source, a distance of about twenty-seven miles, is free to the angler, with the exception of about four or five miles above its junction with the Yarrow. From the foot of the river, about three miles below Selkirk to the foot of the Yarrow, may be fished in one day, though, did time permit, we would prefer to take two—one to that part below the town, and another to that between it and Yarrowfoot. During the greater part of the season this portion of the river is of very little use to the angler, owing to the fact that the water is turned aside to supply the manufactories and other works of the town; but in favourable circumstances, in the spring and early summer, good baskets may often be secured in it. The trout as a rule are larger and better-conditioned than those in the upper waters, but as the season advances they become very shy, and little wonder, seeing that it is within easy distance of the town, and is consequently persistently lashed by anglers, good, bad, and indifferent.

We consider the months of April and May to be the best for this part of the river, as at that time trout rise freely to the fly, and have not been so much disturbed as later on. The largest and best river trout we ever caught was in a pool about a mile from the foot of the river. It weighed four-and-a-half pounds, and was taken with the natural minnow. We have often heard of much larger fish being taken, but it never was our fortune to come across them. The experience of all old anglers shows that, year by year, trout are becoming harder to catch. We can remember when there was no difficulty for any angler of ordinary ability to make a good basket almost any day during the spring or summer, but now it is only on an exceptional day that anything like a good take can be had. There are various reasons for this growing scarcity of trout. For instance, we can remember when the river ran full for weeks after a flood, and the number of regular anglers could almost be counted on the fingers; now, a flood only lasts for a very short time, and anglers have increased a hundredfold. If every one who now fishes the Border streams on a Saturday afternoon or holiday only succeeded in getting a dozen of trout, almost as many would be killed in one day as were captured in a whole season thirty or forty years ago.

After going over the lower water, we must go seven miles higher up to the village of Ettrickbridgend, above which the water is all free. The first mile is a succession of deep rocky pools, some of them from ten to twelve feet in depth, each being well stocked with good trout. It is, however, very awkward to fish, owing to the rough and uneven bottom, unless to those very well acquainted with it, and the angler may go at one step from the knee to the neck.

A small tributary, the Baillie Burn, flows into the Ettrick immediately opposite the village. It contains a good number of medium-sized trout. Two days could easily be spent here. On the first we would fish up the burn with small red worm, then strike across the hill to the Ettrick, which we would fish down either with minnow or fly. Under favourable circumstances, an expert angler should make a very good basket on this part of the water.

Experts, however, are the exception, most anglers being deficient in one or other of the three qualifications which we consider to be essential—viz., perseverance, a knowledge of the habits of the fish, and the habit of using fine tackle. Without perseverance it is hopeless to try to succeed, for if the angler only work by fits and starts, in all probability he will miss the very time when the fish are taking. We have many a time fished for hours without ever getting a bite, and have at last been rewarded for our patience by getting a good basket after hope had almost fled. One particular case points the moral.

Starting with the salmon-fly one morning between seven and eight o'clock, we laboured on without intermission till after five in the evening, and in fisherman phrase "never felt life." Our resolve was then made—six casts and home. One, two, three, four casts were given without better luck, and with downcast spirits we proceeded to give the two last. The fifth was made carelessly and hopelessly, but scarcely had the fly touched the water, when birr went the reel, our spirits sprang from zero to boiling-point at one bound, and we successfully ran and landed a beauty of twelve pounds. We then conscientiously took our last cast, which however was a blank.

It is not known by many of those who are unacquainted with the district that in the proper season Ettrick is a very good salmon-fishing stream, and occasionally large fish are taken even far up the water.

The story is told that at one time when the cauld or dam at Selkirk was undergoing repair, various local anglers and other worthies were examined touching the size of fish which had been known to have gone over the cauld, with a view to deciding the size of the "run." One individual said he had known of a fish of fifty-three pounds having been captured up Ettrick. "Do you mean to say," asked the Commissioner, "that a salmon of fifty-three pounds had come over Selkirk cauld?" "Weel," replied the witness coolly, "I never heard tell, ony way, o' it's comin' round by the road!"

A knowledge of the habits of the fish can only be attained by

careful study and close attention. Different seasons and different conditions of the water materially alter the places where trout are to be found—one day they will take best in deep water, another day the shallows will be found most productive ; on some days one lure will be found effective, and the next totally useless. These and such like matters must be carefully noted and stored away in the memory of the angler for future use.

Without fine tackle, perseverance will be thrown away, and the most extensive knowledge of the habits of the trout of no avail ; therefore we always use the very finest, and try to impress upon others the necessity for so doing.

On the morning of our second day here, we would start from Ettrickbridgend and fish up to Tushielaw Inn, which is the only other hostelry in the vale. With the exception of the first mile, it is mostly shallow ; still, good casts are numerous. Small trout and parr are abundant, and, as a rule, noway shy. Occasionally large fish are got, but as a rule they will be found to run about five or six to the pound. A number of small tributaries flow into the river on this day's reach, each of them containing numbers of small trout, but hardly worth spending a day on—with the exception of Crosslee, which we have fished with very fair success.

Immediately above Tushielaw the Rankleburn enters the river. It is one of the best little streams in the district, and runs for a distance of six or seven miles. Trout are very plentiful in it, many of them from a quarter to three-quarters of a pound. It will take a whole day to fish it, and with ordinary fortune, it should prove very remunerative.

Clearburn, a small stream of considerable worth, joins the Rankleburn about midway to the top. It rises in the loch of the same name, and is well worth a trial, especially during a flood and near the top, as numbers of trout then leave the loch and enter the burn in search of food.

From Tushielaw Bridge to Tima foot, a distance of about three miles, some of the best angling water in the Ettrick is found. The pools are very deep, most of them totally impregnable to that

bane of fair fishing, the trout-net, and in consequence the fish often attain a good size, and are not so shy as they are found to be where they are subjected to its pernicious influence.

The Tima is the principal tributary of the Ettrick, and abounds in fair-sized trout, but in the lower part of it parr are very troublesome. As we get higher up, the trout increase in size and diminish in number. A few small burns flow into the Tima, all of which afford fair sport. In our opinion Glenkerry is the best of these.

Above Tima foot Ettrick assumes more of the character of a large-sized hill burn than a river, and must be fished accordingly. During and immediately after summer floods very good sport can be had with worm and minnow. It is also excellent for worm fishing when low and clear, as, owing to its rapid run, there is very little still water.

We have several times advocated the use of worm as a lure. Perhaps it may not be out of place to say that in very dry weather there is sometimes nearly as much difficulty in getting the worms as the trout. It is almost a hopeless task to try to get them in loose garden soil, as in dry weather they go to such a depth as to be entirely out of reach. The angler should then have recourse to hard ground about the road sides, or if he can get among a heap of road scrapings he will find plenty rolled up into little round balls, quite tough and ready for use. A good plan is to collect a supply when they are easy to get, and fill a strong wooden box or a large-sized flower pot nearly full of nice clean moss, put in the worms, and sink it over the top in the ground, taking care that no holes are left by which they can escape. He can then take out as many as are wanted, and cover them carefully up again. They will keep thus for a long time, with very little attention. If brandlings are preferred, they can be got at any time by collecting a good heap of decayed vegetable matter, such as the refuse from the kitchen garden, and making a compost with it and a little soil ; in a short time it will be swarming with them. Brandlings are not so nice to handle as other worms, as they emit a strong, disagreeable smell—a smell, however, to which the trout has no

objection, and to which the angler will cheerfully submit if he finds they are procuring him a good basket.

A large number of burns join the Ettrick near its source, each of which is deserving of a trial, and all within easy distance of Tushielaw Inn.

The ALE rises in Alemoor Loch, flows for a distance of about twenty miles, and falls into the Teviot near the village of Ancrum. It is partly preserved, but there is enough water open to the public to afford a day or two of good fishing. The trout are numerous, but mostly small. Ale is one of the earliest fly-fishing streams in the south of Scotland—fair baskets can sometimes be made in it in the beginning of March. If poaching could be prevented, it would be one of the best little trout-fishing streams in the district; but it is strongly suspected that it suffers more from the effects of illegal fishing than any of the Border streams. We cannot too strongly urge upon all anglers the importance of setting their faces with determination against every kind of illegal fishing. The mischief it may do, or rather does, may be realised by saying that one night's netting destroys more trout than a whole season's fair fishing even by an expert angler. The Ale is augmented during its course by a number of burns, all more or less worth the notice of the angler.

A number of other good streams join the Tweed between Melrose and Peebles, which might be mentioned in a notice of Border angling, principal among which are the Leader, Gala, Caddon, Leithen, Quair, and Eddlestone, but as our acquaintance with them is more limited, and any remarks we might make might be misleading, we prefer leaving them to the pen of some one more intimately acquainted with them. We shall therefore proceed to enumerate a few of the lochs in the neighbourhood with which we have been dealing.

But before leaving our subject, we would repeat what has been already said, that the angler who wishes to be successful must exercise perseverance, stick to plain flies, use fine tackle, and not be daunted by a shower of rain or even a thunderstorm. That thunder is detrimental to angling is well-known to everyone, yet

we cannot go the length of some writers on the subject, who maintain that fish will never take then. We remember one day fishing the Yarrow during a severe and protracted storm—lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and rain poured in torrents—and yet we hardly ever saw trout rise more freely, or take more greedily. During the terrible and destructive storm which passed over the district on the 12th of August, 1885, a friend of ours caught the best basket of perch which we have seen either before or since. These may be exceptional cases, but they show that fish will sometimes bite freely during thunder, and that the angler should not throw up the sponge on its approach.

A number of lochs lie scattered around the district, but few of them are of any great importance to the trout angler, although they all contain fish of some sort. Let us begin at the eastern end of the vale of Ettrick, and briefly enumerate them. During the summer months more care is required in selecting a proper day for loch fishing than for a burn or a river, as unless there is a good breeze the stillness of the surface gives the fish a much better chance of discovering the artificial nature of the bait. In a river or running stream there is always more or less ripple, caused by the friction of the water over the bottom. We cannot assign any reason why trout should not take as well on a calm as on a breezy day, unless it be that it is more difficult to keep out of their sight, and that the tackle is more conspicuous. Whatever may be the reason, the angler will find that it is wasted time to fish a loch during a calm, unless after sunset or during a shower of rain, which has the same effect on the surface of the water as a wind.

Cauldshiels Loch is situated midway between Melrose and Selkirk, and abounds with perch. It also contains a few trout, but the number of them is so small as to offer little inducement to the angler.

Haining Loch, a beautiful sheet of water, lies in front of the mansion-house of the same name, in the immediate vicinity of Selkirk, and contains immense numbers of pike, perch, and eels. It is, however, strictly preserved.

About four miles to the south is Headshaw, a small loch containing trout of a superior quality. It is generally admitted that better-flavoured fish are not to be got anywhere. They are very shy, and the best anglers seldom succeed in capturing above five or six in a day, a dozen being considered a wonderful take. But the superior size and quality—the average being about three-quarters of a pound—makes up for the lack of numbers. It is also well stocked with perch. Headshaw Loch is very difficult and dangerous to fish, unless from a boat, as the bottom is very spongy, and overgrown with reeds and long grass. We never heard of any respectable angler being denied permission to fish it. A medium-sized drake wing and pale yellow body is the best fly to use.

Essenside, a little to the south, on some days during the summer affords very fair sport, trout and perch being in great abundance, the former from a quarter of a pound upwards. It can be partly fished from the shore ; and, so far as we are aware, no respectable angler is interfered with.

Shielswood, a little to the south of Essenside, is a small loch with a few trout, but they are very shy ; we have rarely heard of a good basket being made from it.

Lochs Alemoor and Hellmoor, near the source of the Ale, both contain pike and perch. They are open to the public, and fairish sport can sometimes be got in them. Trout in each are scarce, and very shy.

Acremoor Loch, about five miles to the south of Selkirk, contains some of the largest trout in the district ; but they are very scarce, owing to the want of spawning accommodation. We have heard it asserted, on good authority, that they range from two to six pounds in weight. An occasional one may be got, but we would consider it almost a forlorn hope to spend a day fishing for trout in it. If, however, two rods be taken, and one of them baited and set for perch, we might use the other for trout while watching our float, and thus have two strings to our bow.

Shaws Loch (or more properly lochs, as there are two of them),

contains trout, pike, and perch. It may be fished by permission from the proprietor.

Clearburn Loch is situated near the source of the Ale, and empties itself into the Rankleburn at Buccleuch, the place from which the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry takes his title. It contains plenty of nice trout from a quarter to three-quarters of a pound, and very good baskets can be made on it on favourable days. It requires great caution to wade it, as the bottom is soft and spongy, and full of deep round holes. We have fished it very successfully with a drake and red hackle ; a brown fly is also very killing, as also is a red palmer.

But we might venture to add that in loch fishing, as in a river, a great deal more depends on the using of the flies, than in the flies themselves. No doubt certain colours are sometimes found more killing than others, but, in our opinion, far too much stress is laid upon the particular shade that a fly should be ; and as for following out the instructions given in some books on angling, about the necessity of having different-coloured flies for almost every day in the season, we hold it to be perfect humbug ; at least it has been so in our experience. We would have no hesitation in confining ourselves to the four following flies (varying the sizes a little of course to suit the water), and be as successful with them as if we had our book filled with all the infinite varieties in existence, viz. :—a woodcock wing with a red hackle, a blae wing with a black hackle, a partridge spider, and a black spider.

We have now been over all the principal streams and lochs in the district, and, in taking leave of our companion, we can only express the hope that he has been pleased with his excursion among our beautiful hills and rivers ; that his success has been such as to excite a desire to return at the earliest opportunity ; and that on every future visit he may find both weather and water in the condition most suited to ensure good sport. But before finally saying farewell we would advise all who come for the sake of fishing to carry as little unnecessary luggage as possible—ivory-headed canes and kid gloves are entirely out of place when seen in company with a fishing-rod and basket. We only once saw an

angler plying his rod with the one hand, and with the other holding up an umbrella ; and a more sorry caricature of fishing we do not wish to behold again.

Recreation.

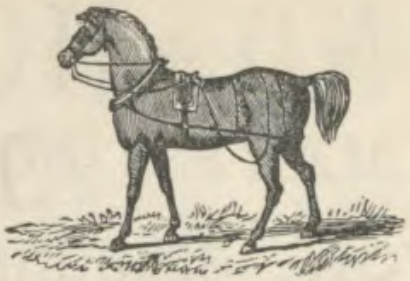
Selkirk Golf Club.—The Course is on Selkirk Hills, and is considered one of the finest in Scotland.

Selkirk Bowling Club and **Ettrick Forest Bowling Club.**—These Clubs each possess a fine Green, situated at the east end of the town.

Lawn Tennis Club.—There are two Red Cinder Courts, also at east end of the town.

Selkirk Cricket Club.—This well-known Club has a splendid ground, with handsome pavilion, on the Philiphaugh estate, within ten minutes' walk of the town.

Visitors can avail themselves of the above on terms which may be ascertained from the various Secretaries.



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