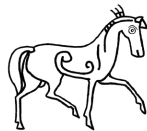


CHRONICLES OF MUCKLEDALE

*being the Memoirs of
Thomas Beattie of Muckledale,
1736–1827*

Edited by
Edward J. Cowan



THE EUROPEAN
ETHNOLOGICAL
RESEARCH CENTRE

Sources in Local History

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Introduction

This substantial document was brought to my attention by Victor Wilson of Dumfries, who had consulted it in the burgh's Ewart Library. Enquiries to Graham Roberts, Archivist for Dumfries and Galloway Region, received a positive and characteristically enthusiastic response. He swiftly arranged the necessary permissions for the European Ethnological Research Centre to produce an edition to be placed online as part of the Centre's Regional Ethnology of Dumfries and Galloway Project. The document was retyped by Ms Sheila Findlay who made many helpful suggestions and observations during the process. I subsequently discovered that Ms Paula Simcocks of Canberra, Australia had also worked on an edition, inspired initially by genealogical interests. She proved very willing to share her knowledge with us while still planning to publish a version of her own and indeed communicated some material of great interest. The document is neither a diary nor a memorial proper though both genres may have contributed to the final product. Rather Thomas Beattie seems to have written a summary of each year, when he felt so inclined, after plans to maintain a diary in his earlier years were gradually abandoned. Our designation, *Memoirs*, is intended as a shorthand compromise.

Thomas Beattie was born on 13 July 1736 at Langholm, the son of John Beattie (1689-1781) and of Helen Armstrong (1709-93). He died on the 8 October 1827, aged 91, at Muckledale. For much of his life he was a stock farmer who leased, and eventually bought, hill farms in east Dumfriesshire and Roxburghshire for the raising of sheep and cattle. Muckledale is in the parish of Ewes, Dumfriesshire, a community which even today lacks a village. It extends north of Langholm through Ewesdale to the watershed where, at Mossaul, it meets the Roxburghshire border. His *Memoirs*, which he began to write in 1788, inspired by the untimely death of his beloved daughter,

paint a brilliant picture of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century life in a remote and little known part of the Border Country during a period of great social, economic and political change. Some of his property transactions are incredibly complex. He seems to have speculated on overburdened leases and farms whose owners were in extreme financial difficulties, as many appear to have been. He details his business dealings with the dukes of Buccleuch and their factors. He was well acquainted with the Johnstones of Westerkirk who produced an MP (whom Burns satirised), a Florida governor and William Pulteney, 'the wealthiest man in Britain' who patronised among others, Thomas Telford. Each year he lists the prices he earned for his produce, mainly cattle and sheep. He had endless difficulties, financial and personal, with drovers. He writes about weather in his moorland parish. He mentions the great events taking place off-stage and the impact they have on prices.

His account of his upbringing is full of interest as he describes the internal dynamics of family life, inter-action with other families, his schooling, his years at Edinburgh University, his blossoming interest in literature, and local life in Langholm and district. He supplied Walter Scott with a version of 'Gilpin Horner'. His sadly afflicted wife, Margaret Borthwick, was crazed for much of their married life, though with periods of some lucidity. While still married he fathered two other families for whom he provided, sometimes most reluctantly, because he was never absolutely certain that the children were his. The mothers led him a merry dance of blackmail and ultimatums, threatening to expose him to a community that already was no doubt well aware of his adventures. Thomas Beattie reveals his own doubts and reflections throughout the text. He is frequently overcome with guilt yet often sins again. He wants to do his best by his women, notably his unfortunate wife, always on his own terms, but he is usually duped by all of them into concessions of one kind or another. He was well aware of his own weaknesses and those of others. He was a moderate drinker but alcoholism was a huge problem among his contemporaries. Crooks and conmen abound in his pages.

A much fuller discussion and assessment of the memoirs is in process and will appear at a later date. Meanwhile any corrections to, or comments on, the text will be most welcome. Local information on farms mentioned, or those that perhaps have disappeared, together with the folk who inhabited them, would be particularly valuable.

Ted Cowan

Editor's note

This edition of Thomas Beattie's memoir is based on a typescript made in 1959 by James Beattie of Westerkirk Mains, Langholm, and held by Dumfries and Galloway Council Archives. James Beattie used as his source a handwritten copy made in 1880 by Alexander Hay Borthwick, which is now in the possession of a descendant in Australia. The current edition, therefore, is at least two removes from the original, which has not been traced.

Chapters and chapter headings have been introduced to make the text more reader friendly. For the same reason, some of Thomas Beattie's punctuation has been modernised and further punctuation introduced. Typographical and transcription errors that appear to have originated in earlier copies have been silently amended. Abbreviations of place and personal names have been silently expanded. Otherwise, editorial interventions and comments have been inserted in []. The endnotes are intended to illuminate and clarify the text.

A glossary, comprising mainly Scots words and legal and farming terms, has been provided, as has a note on further reading.

Acknowledgments

The editor and the European Ethnological Research Centre are grateful to Graham Roberts of the Dumfries and Galloway Archives Centre for allowing them to make a copy of James Beattie's typescript of Thomas Beattie's memoir, and to Hugh Beattie of Dumfries for granting them permission to use it as the basis for the present edition.

The editor is also grateful to Ms Paula Simcocks of Canberra, Australia, for generously sharing her knowledge of Thomas Beattie and supplying information about her own research into his memoir and the copy made by Alexander Hay Borthwick.

Warm thanks are also due to Mrs Kate Knott of Muckledale, Ron Addison and Tom Stothart of the Langholm Library, Bruce McCartney, co-author of *The Ewes Valley*, and Billy Young, author of *A Spot Supremely Blessed*.

Thanks are also due to the Trustees of the National Library of Scotland for granting us permission to reproduce the detail from John Thomson's *Atlas of Scotland*. Thanks are also due to the Trustees of the National Library of Scotland for granting us permission to reproduce the detail from John Thomson's *Atlas of Scotland* and, for the front cover, the etching of Langholm from Walter Scott's *Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, Volume 2*, Edinburgh, 1817.

Glossary

Assoilzie	to acquit by sentence of court, to pronounce not guilty
Bield	a shelter
Boal (boll)	a measure of capacity for grain and the article measured, in Scotland generally 6 imperial bushels
Buist	to mark cattle or sheep with the proprietor's distinctive mark; the mark itself
Carl	a man, a fellow
Codicil	in Scots law, a writing by which the granter bequeaths legacies out of his moveable estate and which does not contain the nomination of an executor
Cracking	talking
Criminal conversation	adultery
Decern	in Scots Law, to decree, to order by a judicial decision
Dinmont	a wether between one and a half and two and a half years old
Displinish	especially of a farm, to sell off the stock, implements etc.
Excambion	an exchange of land
Firlot	both a measure of corn (a quarter of a boll), and the vessel in which the corn was measured

Fly	a one-horse carriage
Foremailed	earmarked for spending
Gueld	barren
Herd	a shepherd
Hirsel	both the number of sheep looked after by one shepherd, and the allotted area of pasturage to be grazed by a flock of sheep under the care of one shepherd
Hog(g)	a yearling sheep, a young sheep from the time it is weaned till it is shorn of its first fleece
Hypothecate	in Scots Law, to give, take or pledge as security
Intromit	in Scots Law, to handle or deal with funds or property, especially of another person living or dead, with or without legal authority
Jilt	a strumpet
Jocky	a trick
Kyloe	one of a breed of small Highland cattle, having shaggy hair and long curving horns
Lammas/Lambas	1 st August, one of the traditional quarter-days in Scotland, when servants were hired and rent, wages, loans etc. were payable
Land setting	letting land to tenants
Led farm	a smaller or outlying farm owned or rented by the possessor of another farm and managed by him through a representative
Libbed	castrated
Maile	rent
Martinmas(s)	11 th November, a traditional quarter-day that had become one of the two term-days recognised by law

	in Scotland, when servants were engaged for the winter half-year and rent, wages, loans etc. were payable
Ment	deliver
Middle	to interfere with, to bother, to harm
Mug	a breed of sheep, with long bodies and legs and characterised by a profusion of white wool, imported from England to improve the quality of wool in Scottish breeds
Nabob	the name given to someone who had returned to Britain after having made their fortune in official service or trade in India, a person of great wealth
Nolt	cattle collectively, especially cattle for fattening, oxen, steers and heifers
Oversman	a person appointed as an arbitrator in a dispute
Palie	an undersized, ailing lamb
Pendicle	a small piece of ground forming part of a larger holding or farm and frequently let to a sub-tenant
Pratie	a trick, practical joke, a piece of mischief
Pr(a)eses	the person who presides at a meeting, the chairman, president
Quey	a young cow, heifer
Repetition	restitution, recovery or restoration (of goods or money); repayment
Resile	to withdraw from an agreement or undertaking
Reversion	in Scots Law, the right of a debtor who has borrowed money on security of land to redeem the land within a limited time by payment of a sum specified in the original contract or in a separate deed
Rife	worthy; plentiful, abundant
Roup	a sale or let by public auction; to sell or let at a public auction

Scotts	Scottish
Scurl	a scab which forms over a healing wound or sore
Shambles	a slaughterhouse, a butcher's stall
Skaith	damage, injury; costs, penalty
Smotting	marking sheep to prove ownership
Soum	both the number of livestock which can be supported by a certain amount of pasturage, and the unit of pasturage which can support a certain fixed number of livestock
Spean	to wean an infant or a suckling animal
Sporter	a goodtime girl
Staunt	a stance
Stear	to bustle; to be hard pressed with work
Supersedere	in Scots law, a judicial order granting a debtor immunity from prosecution by his creditors
Syke	a small stream, especially one that meanders through a hollow or across flat or boggy ground
Tack	a lease, tenancy; a farm or piece of land held on lease
Teaze	to stir up meal to make it look bulkier in the measure
Throng	busy, full of work; crowded, congested
Tidewaiter	a customs officer
Trake	to stray, become lost; to die of disease; misfortune, especially caused by disease in farm animals; the flesh of sheep which have died of exhaustion or disease
Udder locking	removing wool from a sheep's udder to facilitate sucking
Vary	to show the first symptoms of delirium; to begin to 'wander'

Wail	to make one's choice or selection; to separate into lots, especially farm animals
We(a)ther/wedder	a castrated ram
Whitsunday	15 th May, a traditional quarter-day that had become one of the two term-days recognised by law in Scotland, when servants were engaged for the summer half-year and rent, wages, loans etc. were payable

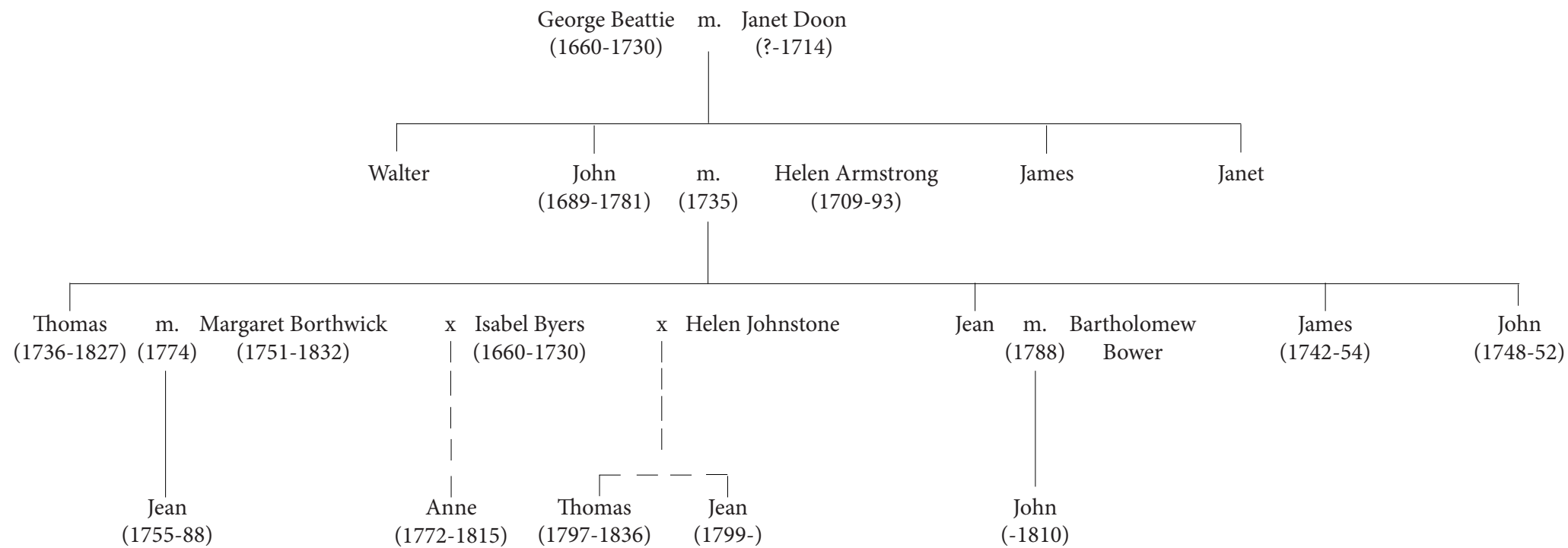


Fig. 1 A simplified family tree of Thomas Beattie of Muckledale.
 (Based on information in James Beattie's introduction to the 1959 edition)

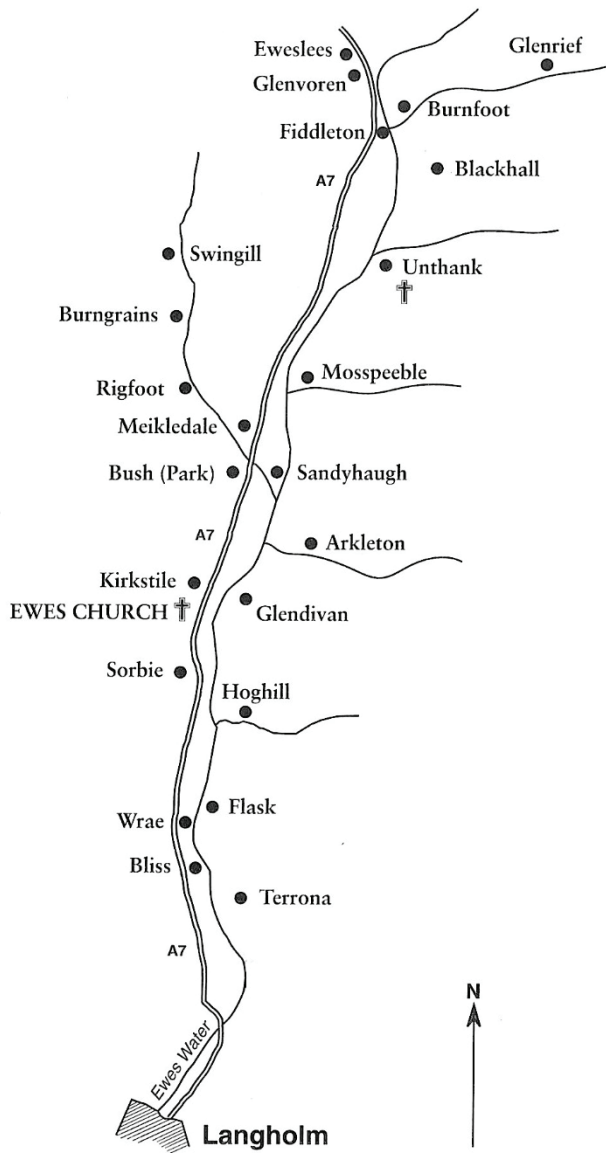


Fig. 2 A map of the parish of Ewes. (Compiled by Brenda I Morrison and R Bruce McCartney. Reproduced courtesy of R Bruce McCartney)

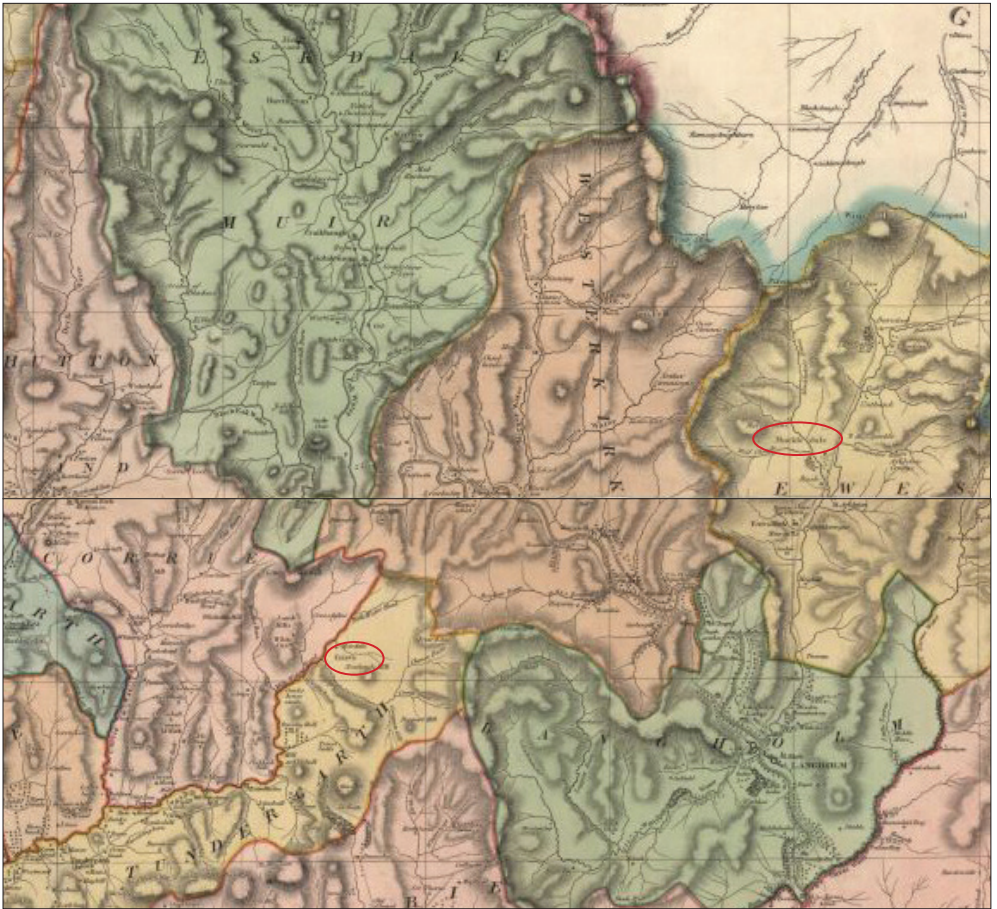


Fig. 3 A detail from John Thomson's *Atlas of Scotland* (1828), showing Ewes and neighbouring parishes. Muckledale and Crieve have been circled. (Reproduced courtesy of the National Library of Scotland, <http://map.nls.uk>)



Fig. 4 The farmhouse and steading of Muckledale. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 5 Muckledale farmhouse. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 6 The byre at Muckledale. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 7 Muckledale from the north west. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 8 Meikledale Burn. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 9 Ewesdale from Sorbie. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 10 The Little Stone. Simon Little was granted the lands of Meikledale, Sorbie and Kirktoun in 1426 giving the Littles the distinction of being the oldest recorded family in Ewesdale. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 11 Looking towards the site of Crieve. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 12 Water of Milk, Tundergarth parish. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig.13 Mosspebble. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)



Fig. 14 Glendivan. (Photograph by Ted Cowan)

Chapter 1

Border Broods

MUCKLEDALE 13th DECEMBER 1788

I am now in the fifty third year of my age. Providence has been remarkably indulgent to me in granting success to my endeavours for attaining what is usually termed the good things of this world, yet I have had convincing experience of their vanity, for everything hitherto that I promised myself most pleasure in the possession of has been obtained and proved to me the source of cruel disappointment, mourning and sorrow.

Upon the second of June last I was deprived of my dear, my only, my angelic daughter; in her all my hopes were concentrated, and as I have no other lawful child to keep my name in remembrance, I have thought proper to write some account of myself and her family, if they deserve that name from whom they are descended.

I know there is not materials in the lives of such low and obscure people as I have to mention to furnish out anything like History, neither have I the vanity to attempt such an undertaking. All I mean is by a plain narrative to convey to those into whose hands this may come in after times when I am gone, some information concerning the persons I shall speak of, and to insert in the course of my relation the most remarkable occurrences that have fallen out in this country during the time that I treat of.

To begin with the Beatties, my Father's family, I have here the singular priviledge of beginning, as it were, at the origin without going far back, for George Beattie, my Grandfather, never knew from whom he derived his being. The first thing he remembered he was a little boy at Cornhill in the east border of Northumberland. He was put to school and educated there, but who paid for him he knew not; however, he got more education than most in those days. When he grew up he came into Eskdale country where the scenes of what is here inserted will mostly lie, and went over to Ireland

as a servant to one of the family of Westerhall who was a Military Gentleman. There he remained for some time but returned again to Eskdale, I believe in the Colonel's service and some time after married a wife of the name of Dixon, of whose family I shall take notice of afterwards. They got a small farm called Martfold being a pendicle of the farm called now Megdale in the water of Meggat and Parish of Westerkirk and there his wife brought forth two sons, Walter the oldest and John Beattie, my Father. However, matters not succeeding well with him and having been in Ireland before, he went over to Ireland again and took his family with him and there he had a son born called James and a daughter called Janet, but finding his circumstances not altered to the better by his journey to Ireland, he returned again to Eskdale and there his dear wife died about the year 1714.

He lived himself to about the year 1730 and then died at Walk Mill [*i.e.* Waulkmill] in Eskdale, a farm belonging to the family of Westerhall,^[1] aged something about 70. He was all his life in poverty and in the latter part of it indigent but by the favour of Sir William Johnstone of Westerhall, who still took some notice of him, and the assistance of his sons, I believe he was never indebted to charity for his support. He is reported to have been a man of a complexion rather fair, something taller than the middle size being five foot nine inches, thin and slender in his make, slow and composed in speech and manner and a very quiet, sober, honest man.

As to the Dixons, my Grandmother's name was Janet and her father's name was John, but of him I can say almost nothing as I never remember to have heard more than that he had a son who left a family and have heard of some Dixons in England, cousins of my father's, but I never saw any of them. But of George Dixon who was either a brother or Uncle of John's, I have heard a great deal. He had been in the army in his youth and all his life still continued to wear cuffs upon his coats resembling the uniform, from whence he derived the name of old Geordie Leathersleeves. He lived in Muckledale,^[2] the place where I now write; and had likewise the Farms of Burngrains and Cartridge both in the same Parish of Ewes. This country is entirely almost composed of Farmers, the property being nearly all engrossed by the Family of Buccleugh with a few exceptions. George seems to have been a man of some consequence in his day; he is said to have been so indulgent to the travelling poor that he built a House for their reception which was seldom unoccupied. He had the misfortune however to live in bad terms with his wife (a misfortune which seems to have been entailed upon his successors

in that place). She often wished when he went from home that his horse might come home with an empty saddle, which fell out at last for in coming down Wolfhope, a burn in the Farm of Burngrains, he fell from his horse and was killed just above a place called Alder Bush. It may be expected the good woman would bear the melancholy event with christian resignation.

George left no sons that I ever heard of but he left two daughters, one of them married to [*first name missing*] Elliot in Teviotdale; this Elliot left likewise two daughters, what sons he left I know not. One of the daughters was married to George Pot in White Hill Brae, by her he had five sons, viz. Adam, George, James, John and Robert who became the principal farmers in the Head of Teviotdale in their time, all of them (excepting Robert who died unmarried) bought Estates. Adam bought the lands of Hoscoat and Outerside in Borthwick, George purchased Todrigg in the Water of Ale, James purchased Dodd in Slitrigg, John purchased the lands of Rigg in Teviot and from them the Potts are spread abroad and are amongst the most opulent Countrymen in the upper part of Teviotdale at this day. The other daughter of Elliot married John Elliot of Burnmouth in Liddesdale^[3] a younger son of the family of Thorlyshope [*i.e.* Thorlawhope], of whom I will have occasion to speak afterwards. The other daughter of George Dixon married Simon Little in Wrae, a son of the Lairds of Muckledale. The Littles of Muckledale are reported to have been a very ancient and respectable Family; their Estate extended long ago from Muckledale down the side of Ewes to Langholm Parish. The two younger brothers of them went to Edinburgh in the reign of James the Fifth, one of them became a Merchant, the other a man of Law. The Merchant came to be Lord Provost of Edinburgh and bought the lands of Liberton which his descendants are possessed of still, the other brother came to be the first Commissary after the Reformation in Queen Mary's time and purchased the lands of Orchard town^[4] somewhere in the west country, but I believe that family is extinct. Simon Little's Father, whose name I have heard was David, married a sister of Sir Thomas Armstrong in Whitlawside, but David was the last Laird in Muckledale, which he sold to the Elliots. I have never heard that he had any sons that survived him but Simon; he had another son Thomas who died young. Simon, by his wife Isabel Dixon, left three sons, David in Langholm, Simon in Terronah [*i.e.* Terrona] and William in Wrae, they all left familys. Simon's son James lives in Terronah still; William, a son of William's in Wrae, lives a farmer in Barrowscrofts in Canonbie. All the other descendants are dwindled into perfect obscurity.

The Principal Familys in the county in my Grandfather, George Beattie's time were 1st the Scotts of Davington in Eskdalemuir, the representatives of the Scotts of Thirlestane;^[5] this was an ancient family and had long possessed the Honour of Knighthood. I have heard it said they could have gone from Garwaldwater in Eskdale to Peebles upon their own land and that long ago when land was almost of no value, the rents of their Estate amounted to above twenty thousand merks per annum but Sir John Scott, one of that family, having got greatly into debt, a friend^[6] of his, Patrick Scott in Tanlawhill, who was a Factor for the family of Buccleugh, relieved the estate when one of the Douglasses of Kilhead was ready to adjudge and being an artful man and Sir John an indolent unsuspecting man, he got the writings extended greatly in his favours and Sir Francis, Sir John's successor being a man much like his Father, things were suffered to lie dormant, in a confused manner, till Frances Scott, second son of Sir Frances came to be a man. He then by disposition from his Elder Brother John carried on a long and expensive process, first before the court of session, and then before the House of Peers, for recovery of the estate from the Representative of Patrick Scott of Tanlawhill, now become Lord Napier, by marrying the Heiress of that Family. This plea was lost by the Scotts by which they were entirely ruined and that ancient family is in a manner extinguished.

The Family of Westerraw or as it now called Westerhall. The family name is Johnstone, they came originally from a place called Westraw^[7] in Clydeside. When they came to this country I cannot distinctly say, but the first I hear of as a Knight was Sir James Johnstone, who married a daughter of Sir William Ballantynes of Corras in Clydedale. Shortly after one of these Ballantynes committed some misdemeanour and the Family was obliged to pass over into England, they lost their order of Knighthood and their Scotts Estate and continued for some time to possess a small Estate in Cumberland called Crookdyke and some of the girls were matched among their friends in Scotland but I believe they are now extinct. But to return to the Johnstones, this James Johnstone that I mentioned is the same man that was rather considered as accessory to the death of Andrew Hyslop who was shot at Craickhaugh^[8] in Eskdalemuir in the time of Claverhouse, who was present at the execution but at that time was rather backward, as related in Craikshanks his History of the Church of Scotland.^[9] This Sir James had three sons: James the eldest was shot by his own gun accidentally, John the second succeeded to the Estate and he and his brother William married two sisters, co-Heiresses of the Sheens

[i.e. Sciennes] in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Their family name was likewise Johnstone. Sir John left only one daughter who was married to Douglas of Dornock, but as a female could not inherit the estate, his Brother then Sir William succeeded, he had been bred to the Law and was a Gentleman of ability and character; he represented for some time the Burroughs of Dumfriesshire in Parliament and lived and died greatly respected throughout the county. He had by his first wife, Mrs Johnstone, only one son, Sir James who succeeded him. In his old days he married his Housekeeper whose name was Meikle; by her he had two sons Walter and [name missing]. The first son was bred in the navy and the other to Physic. Sir James Johnstone was also bred to the Law and, as his father had done, he long represented the Burghs in Dumfriesshire in Parliament. He married Barbara Murray, daughter to Lord Elibank, a Lady remarkable for spirit and vivacity but altho unimpeached for the practice of any vice, yet rather the shining than the amiable character, for altho she had a soul of Godlike mold, intrepid and commanding, her passion far outstripd the wind. By her he had seven sons and four daughters, viz. James, Alexander, William, George, John, Patrick and Gedion, the daughters Barbara, Margaret, Elizabeth and Charlotte. The old Gentleman Sir James and his Lady^[10] were both tall handsome persons and question much if there was a statlier Family in Scotland, most of them being as much distinguished for their abilities as for the comeliness of their persons. Sir James and his Lady died both at no great distance from one another about the year 1769 or 1770.

Sir James their oldest son succeeded to the title and estate. He was a Captain in the army in his younger days and when in that situation married a Lady from Lynn in Norfolk, she was a widow much older than himself, a little diminutive creature, by her he had no children, I never heard her name altho I have seen, spoke and eat and drank with the family along with her several times. Sir James afterwards came to be a Colonel but the Regiment was broke after the peace in 1763. When the war with our American colonies became serious there were several Regiments of Fencibles^[11] raised in Scotland, the Duke of Buccleugh commanded the South Fencibles and Sir James was a Major in his Regiment, but that Regiment and all the Fencibles were reduced at the peace which followed. Sir James now, as his Father and Grandfather had done, represents the Borroughs of Dumfriesshire and altho he is not a first rate speaker in Parliament, yet he is respected by every man that knows him, as a Gentleman of strict honour and integrity and in his native country he is perfectly adored for his great humanity, affability and condensation.^[12]

Alexander, the second son was likewise in the army. I believe he rose to be a Colonel. When the Granadas were ceded to Britain in the peace of Paris 1763 he purchased a large estate there, which has turned out amazingly. He died of a dropsied disorder at London and Sir James now enjoys that Estate which I am told nets 5000 a year.

William the third brother was bred an advocate at Edinburgh. He went up a jaunt to London and Bath and at Bath he met in the Assembly Room with Miss Pulteney, niece to the Earl of Bath. By some accident or secret manuvre they happened to be partners three nights successively; she took a fancy for him, he carried her off and married her. She had then a brother, but he died soon after and William Johnstone behaved so well that he ingratiated himself with all her friends, so that both her Father's estate and the large estate of Bath mostly devolved to his family. It is said he has now an Estate in Right of his Lady of 36,000 a year besides a hundred acres let upon long leases for building upon in Westminster and as these leases are almost expired, they say they will soon have houses there will give one hundred thousand a year. By the Earl of Bath's direction Mr Johnstone took the name and arms of Pulteney.^[13] He is constantly a member in the House of Commons and supposed to understand the Constitution of England exceedingly well, as several pamphlets he has wrote abundantly testify. He is a sound but not very eloquent nor frequent speaker. He had by Miss Pulteney a son who died young and a daughter who is now marriageable and at this day one of the greatest fortunes in England.

George Johnstone, the 4th brother, went to sea when very young. He greatly resembled his mother in intrepidity, ability and dispositions. He came to Lieutenant and quarrelled and fought a duel with his Captain, I believe in the West Indies, and shot him. He was then broke and was long commander of a Merchantman and he was known to be a man of great courage and a consummate seaman. He got into the Royal Navy again and promoted to the Rank of Captain. His brother John and he had some concern in the East India Company but before the Court of Directors he gave the first proof of that bold and manly eloquence for which he came afterwards to be distinguished. After the peace was concluded, the Florida being ceded to Great Britain, he was appointed Governor of Florida and ever after went by the name of Governor Johnstone.^[14] He was after this for the most part in Parliament and made many nervous and animated speeches before that august assembly. He was often in the opposition and when his passions were roused was intolerably severe, which was sometimes like to have brought him into quarrels and he

actually was called upon and fought a duel with Lord George Germain, but little mischief was done.

During the continuance of the war with our Colonies in America he was appointed one of the Commissioners in order to negotiate a peace with them amongst with the Earl of Carlisle, Mr Eden and Lord How but that proving abortive he came home and commanded a small squadron of Ships of War, stationed near Lisbon. He there got acquainted with a young lady of great beauty but no fortune, called Charlotte Dee. He had long kept a Gentlewoman, one Mrs Ford, and by her he had a fine family of children and as they had lived all along as man and wife and the lady had behaved irreproachably and had the highest regard for him, all his friends considered her as his wife and took great notice of the children, but the sight of Miss Dee entirely effaced his attachment, for being afterwards sent with a squadron of men at war to attack the Dutch Settlements about the Cape of Good Hope, he went rather out of his route to fall in with a Dutch Fleet about Port Prayo where he was attacked rather by surprize by Monsuir Sufficin the French Admiral and after a deal of firing on both sides they parted neither a ship being taken nor sunk on either side.^[15] He then proceeded on his expedition but performed nothing of consequence, hurried back to Lisbon, married and brought home Miss Dee. Mrs Ford was quite disconsolate, his friends all offended and as he was advanced in life and Miss Dee very young she had not long the esteem for him Mrs Ford had always expressed. It is reported in this country he became unhappy, he was seized with a cancer in his throat which cut him off in the year 1787. He left several children by Mrs Ford but by Miss Dee only one son.

John Johnstone,^[16] the fifth brother, went amongst with his younger brother Patrick early in life to the East Indies, as a writer. He was a Gentleman of great stature and strength. He and his brother Patrick were both amongst the number that were thrown into the black hole amongst with Mr Holywell, where so many of them were suffocated for want of air. Patrick died but John was amongst the small number that survived. After that he continued in the East all the time of Lord Clive's administration in India and after it he by some means amassed a Princely fortune. He brought a Lady out of the East with him, her name was Keens. He had by her one son and a daughter. She died several years ago; he is still a widower. He purchased the estate of Hanginshaw in Ettrick belonging to Mr Murray of Philiphaugh; he purchased the estates of Lord Alva, Duneven and others in Stirlingshire. He had constantly a great

deal of money in the funds. I have heard his yearly income said to be worth £30,000 a year but I think it is not possible. He is a man of strong sense [and] has often been in Parliament but not very eloquent. There is generally allowed to be one striking contrast in his character, viz. he will act the scrue [*i.e.* screw] for sixpence and to a generous action without reluctance to the extent of a Thousand Pounds. Gideon the youngest brother was a sea-faring man.^[17] I am not certain if he was ever in the Royal Navy. His residence was mostly about Liverpool. He there married a Lady and brought her down to Scotland but had no children. He died of a fistula at Hawkhill near Edinburgh in the year 1788.

Third, the Scotts of Ranelburn. This family was descended from the Scotts of Thirlestane. The first of them that I have heard of in this country was Chamberlain to the Lord of Buccleugh. They had a considerable Estate, and their seat was at Douglen, but matters not succeeding with this Gentleman, whose name was John, the Family of Buccleugh got a good deal of their land, nothing remaining to the Heirs but Douglen, Coat, Graystonlee & Ranelburn. He died leaving three sons, John, Thomas and James. John succeeded to the Lands and married the Heiress of Pim in Tweed, but died without issue. Thomas was a Physician at Lisbon and died unmarried. James was a great farmer; he lived at Carlesgill and had besides Millholm, Loganhead, and Effgill, Croock & Bog & Allryridge. He married a Miss Ballantyne from Crookdyke, a friend of the Westerhall family, and by her he had two sons, John & William. Upon the death of his two brothers he succeeded to both their fortunes, the most of which together with his own he left to John who succeeded him.

John was a remarkably stately comely man and a man of great parts but remarkably high minded and proud, he went up to London & then abroad & still had the ambition to keep company with Noblemen and Gentlemen far above his station. He would not stay at home, he would be an officer and when by friends and money he had got a Lieutenantcy in the Guards, which I believe ranks as Captain in a marching Regiment; the Duke of Cumberland affronted some of his party and they resigned. He would not be behind any of them and he likewise resigned and would serve His Majesty no longer. He then came home but had quite reduced his fortune; he would not diminish his expense as long as he had anything. He sold Douglen to the Buccleugh Family and died at the age of 47, poor but never in absolute want, Douglen being in his possession, which was sold to Mr John Johnstone after his demise. He

never was married and bore no children. William was a Physician and was likewise eminent in his profession but turned consumptive and died young without issue, so this family is quite extinct.

Fourth, the Maxwells of Broomholm. This family are descended from the Nithsdale family and allied to the Knights of Springkell; they have been long of Broomholm.^[18] William Maxwell of Broomholm married a daughter of Scott of Wooll [*i.e.* Woll]^[19] in Selkirkshire, the brother was long Sherriff of that County; by her he had two sons, John and Walter, and a daughter Mary. William was engaged in the rebellion in the year 1715 but the estate was not forfeited. William died and left his children young. John married a daughter, indeed the only daughter of Mr Robert Malcolm, Minister of Ewes,^[20] who had only her and a son named George. By her John had nine sons, no daughters. Two of the sons died in the East Indies and one at home; four of them are in the East Indies still. John himself has long been esteemed one of the most honest, sensible & ingenious men that this country ever produced; he has acted as justice of peace with high character for upwards of 40 years. He got a bad-cast by his Brother-in-Law George Malcolm, who got him and Sir William Maxwell in Springfield to engage in a wine trade along with him and when nobody expected it, Malcolm broke and paid nothing and the company lost about £4000. John is the leading justice in our country at this day. Walter the other brother was a Physician, but very unfortunate he died abroad. Mary married John Little, Merchant in Langholm, but turned out a Devil and separated from her husband long ago.

As we are mostly farmers in this country I shall just mention the principal farmers in these times. Mr Scott of Ranelburn I spoke of before; the Scotts of Cauldfield, John and Hugh, had all Wauchopedale but [*i.e.* except] Blough & Muckleholm, between them. Thomas Armstrong of Sorbie whom I shall have occasion to mention in the sequel had Sorbie, Potholm, Flask, Burngrains & Lodgegill. The Atchisons in Eweslees had Eweslees, Burnfoot, Mosputle, Byreclough water and part of Airswood & Blackeskhead. The year 1672 killed almost all the sheep, it drifted thirteen days.^[21] 1709 and 1715 were remarkable severe winters, and the year 1740 only inferior to the year 1672 for loss of cattle.

In speaking of the Westerhall family I forgot to mention what became of the daughters of the family. Barbara, the oldest, married Lord Kinnaird; by her he had several children. Both him and her are dead some time ago. A son of hers is Lord Kinnaird at this time. Margaret, the second, married Lord Ogilvie,

son of the Earl of Airlie. The young gentleman went out with the Pretender in the year 1745 and his Lady accompanied him in all that expedition. After the Battle of Culloden, he went over to France, from whence he never more returned. She proved with child in France & came over to Britain and bore a son who now inherits the Estate of Airlie for the old Earl his Father was still alive, which prevented the forfeiture of the Estate but the title is lost. Charlotte, the youngest, married Mr Balmain one of the commissioners of excise; they are both dead & left a family. Betty the other daughter is alive and unmarried.

John Beattie my Father was born at Martfold, a pendicle of the farm of Megdale in February, 1689. He went with his father over to Ireland, when a child, and returned with him again to Eskdale as his Father was in low circumstances. He went to service when about nine years of age, first with Mr John Bell of Crurie and afterwards with his brother Thomas Bell in West-side. He was in several services and when he grew up he came to herd sheep and assist in working to Thomas Armstrong in Westerhall. When he came to be about twenty years of age he came to live with Thomas Armstrong of Sorbie [and] continued with him some time Herding Ewes. Thomas Armstrong had several sons and daughters; among the rest, Helen my Mother attracted the affection of my Father. It was presumption in him to address her yet he could not think of life without her. I believe he made some sort of declaration of his regard but as he had no fortune they could not think of matrimony. He took it into his head to go to the south country and carry the Pack, an employment by which several people had made small fortunes.^[22] He applied to William Armstrong of Thirtletsun who had been in that employment himself and whose Brother-in-Law David Bell was a wholesaler in Reading in Berkshire; this William Armstrong's son David was long sheriff of this county and his Grandson Edward is Sheriff at this day.^[23] My father went for England in the year 1723. He was put like apprentice to a man of the name of Douglas, a drunken dissipated wretch, who broke before he had half learned his business, & the wholesalers insisted on my father taking to the business which he did, but for a while with very little success. He did not know what to do, but struggled against his misfortunes, with all the efforts that the most anxious industry frugality could suggest. After some time matters took rather a better turn. He got a man named James Johnstone, a man known by the name of Muckle James; ever after he came to him things prospered better. He then got up James Beattie, his younger brother, & success increased.

James Johnstone died leaving my Father executor and Heir to one half of what should be recovered. My Father collected his debts most assiduously and got about £120 by it for himself and as much to the Heirs. In short in about eleven years he made about £400 and came home, leaving his brother James and his nephew John Beattie, a son of my Uncle Walter, in the business he had carved out.

Walter my Uncle married the only daughter of Adam Bigholm's in Blough Burnfoot in Wauchopedale. He had by her four sons and two daughters. He got the farm of Woodside belonging to Irvine of Auchenbedridge & there he lived & died, a sober, honest, religious man. His sons were: 1st, John who went to my Father and continues in the south country still, with no great success (he married a girl by the name of Bunce, by her he had no children); [2nd], Adam married a girl by name of Carruthers but neither had he any children; 3rd, Walter went to sea and was never heard of more; 4th, George who died young. The two daughters were Janet, who married Thomas Malkin a Potter about Boslum and bore to him a son Walter who likewise went to sea, I know not if he is dead or alive, & a daughter Helen who died. Jean married Francis Beattie a mason in Annandale and had to him two sons, Walter and John, both masons, and a daughter Betty who married some man about Cockermouth. James, my mother's younger brother, died of the smallpox in the south country unmarried. My Father returned from England in 1734 and in the beginning of 1735 married Helen Armstrong my mother. As they had not got a stock farm, a thing my father still wished to have, he set up a shop in Langholm and there I was born in the House nearest the cross, upon the 13th day of July 1736.^[24]

Before I proceed farther I think it necessary to give some account of the Armstrongs and Elliots, two leading clans in this country and the Family name of my Mother's Father & Mother. The Armstrongs had been in Sorbie^[25] time immemorial; it is reported they were descended from the ancient family of Whithaugh in Liddesdale. The first that we hear of was John Armstrong of Sorbie, but of him I know nothing more than that he was succeeded by his son Alexander who was a Gentleman of character and married Priscilla Armstrong, sister to Sir Thomas Armstrong of Whitlyside in Canonbie. Who this Sir Thomas was or how or when he was Knighted I know not. I have heard he was born in Holland, but [it] is certain he was one of the most steady adherents of James Duke of Monmouth, joined with several of his friends in his rebellion and lost his head for it.^[26] After his defeat, as may be seen in most

historys of these times, Alexander Armstrong had by Priscilla a son named John and two daughters, Blanch who married John Armstrong of Caplefoot [*i.e.* Capelfoot] and Jean who married his brother Christo in Howdale; from them the Armstrongs in Crossdykes in Annandale & Brockwoodlees in Canonbie are descended. John Armstrong their brother was a very bold, strong, resolute man and I have heard of some duels he fought especially one hard battle he had with Captain Maxwell, a connection of the family of Sprinkell, whom he disarmed. He readily joined his Uncle Sir Thomas in Monmouth's rebellion. He had undoubted rights to the lands of Sorbie but when he set off in that expedition he delivered his papers to Alexander Patterson of Drygrange whom he considered both as a friend to himself and to the cause he was engaged in, he being a Factor upon the Buccleugh Estate, which Monmouth had right to by his Lady the Heiress of Buccleugh.

John Armstrong after many dangers and perils in that unfortunate affair, was at last taken with a Captain's commission from Monmouth in his pocket and thrown in prison in the Castle of Edinburgh where he lay until they saw he was declining. He was then got out, by the interest of the old Earl of Cromarty,^[27] and came home and died. He is said not to have been very tall but uncommonly broad, nervous and agile. He married (I have been told several times) in a drunken frolic, Margaret Murray, daughter to William Murray in Readings; by her he had a son, Thomas, and two daughters, Agnes and Jean. I have often heard it said that the Earl of Cromarty had so high an opinion of John Armstrong's intrepidity that he often wished he had been married to a woman in the North, whom His Lordship knew to be of an invincible spirit and pleased himself with the idea of a determined Brood. As John Armstrong never saw Alexander Patterson again, the Rights of the Lands of Sorbie were never got back from him. When John Armstrong died, his children were very young and, as he had been quite negligent of his worldly interests, his affairs were much deranged.

The widow, Margaret Murray, was left with the children and almost nothing to support them but she was an active, industrious woman and Thomas, her son, turned out to be a sober, careful, intelligent young man. He took to droving Black Cattle to the south of England, an employment for none but desperate men.^[28] He had two or three lucky years and, as soon as he thought he could shift without it, he gave it entirely up and took to farming with uncommon judgement and application. Before his time there was a small, despicable breed of sheep in the Water of Ewes; he thought the

land might keep a better and larger kind and began to fetch the Tups of a superior kind into the country. And to show the great difference between the times and the present he brought twenty Tups from about the east Border and gave seven pounds for the twenty and it was the speech in the whole country who thought the man would ruin himself by giving such exorbitant prices and this very year there has been several scores of Tups bought in that country for sixty guineas.

He had first Sorbie and Upper Wrae, sometime after he got the Farms of Burngrains in the same Parish and shortly after the Farm of Wolfhope contiguous which united into one farm, and it has been so possessed by his descendants or relatives ever since. He got the first of it about the year 1700, shortly after he got the Flack and, a little time after, Lodgegill, and a good while after, Potholm, in Langholm Parish. All these belonged to the Buccleugh Estate except Lodgegill which belonged to his wife's friends, the Elliots of Tarras.^[29] He married Jean Elliot, daughter of William Elliot of Coums and by her he had three sons and three daughters, viz. first Margaret, then John, then Helen, next William, then Christian, then Thomas, Agnes was youngest. When he was about 45 years of age he took to keeping company and became an uncommon drinker and his lands that he possessed, being all good and well managed, supplied him with the means of supporting it. He was famous wherever he came for strong sense and strong drinking but he was a man of remarkable stature and strength. The rest of the company were almost always knocked up before liquor made any impression upon him. So he continued that practice to his dying day without his health or constitution or intellect being much impaired. He was greatly respected in the country for his great skill in country business, his good sense and kindness to his friends and dependants and all in distress. He lived to the age of 78 and died about the year 1761, leaving all his children alive but Thomas, his youngest son. He was a man about six feet high, broad shouldered, high breasted, his whole person masculine exceedingly, his eyes, ears, nose and whole features uncommonly large and awful, especially when he spoke, for he spoke slow but his voice like Shakespeare's Coriolanus would have quired with a drum.^[30]

Margaret, his eldest daughter, married a friend of her own, William Armstrong in Capplefoot [*i.e.* Capelfoot]; they had many children but most of them died young. There is none of them alive that I know of at present, but John, who has long been in Jamaica and a daughter, Christian, married to William Beattie, farmer in Becks. William, her husband, died soon and

she married one James Little, a dancing master, and lived with him in Langholm till she died. John Armstrong, his oldest son, married Margaret Elliot, daughter to Henry Elliot of Tarras; by her he had eight sons and four daughters. As long as his father lived he dwelt in Potholm, an excellent Farm, excepting one year or little more in Flask. He was a very sensible man and an university scholar, but not at all regular in his conduct. Margaret Elliot died of a cancer in her breast leaving him with his children very young. He then drew up with a woman called Margaret Brown, an ill-looking, diminutive creature of no character, connected and descended from the refuse of mankind and, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of his friends to prevent it, he married her. By her he had eight children and what was strange, always one of the first wife's died when one of hers was born or shortly after, so that his children are just twelve remaining. I find there has been one exception to this observation for he has now 13 at this day: four of the first wife's, Christopher in America; William in Kingston, Jamaica; Robert in Glendivan; Charlotte, wife to Robert Scott, in Dalkeith. The second wife's are all alive: Priscilla married James Graham, a Wright, he died and she married Robert Kerr, a stocking weaver, in Langholm; Henry married an Exciseman's only daughter and is in the Excise; Jean is unmarried; Alexander, Gilbert and John are surgeons on Board Guinea men^[31] at Liverpool; Frances and Benjamin are but boys. I am mistaken, there is likewise a boy called David John Armstrong. Like his father [he] was much addicted to company and drinking; a handsome, good-looking, stout, little man, few equal to him of his size for a bousing [*i.e.* boozing] Match, which he tried far too often. He ran himself quite aground in his circumstances and, being deserted by all his friends, upon his second marriage he was obliged to sell his stock of Potholm to one James Telfer about 1755. The price was 14/9 for Hog and Ewe, which was a wonder in these days.

My Father was then in Millholm and would have given the price but, as he had quarrelled with all his friends about his marriage, he would not let them have it. John then left and went and lived at Flask for some time but his namesake John Armstrong, in Wrae, had influence enough to get it wrested from him by Mr Craigie of Kilgrastone, the Duke's commissioner, the very year his Father died. He then came to Sorbie, where he lived till he died till about the year 1780, aged 73, leaving his affairs in confusion. William, the second brother, married Helen Elliot, his cousin, daughter to John Elliot of Coums. They went and lived at the Craig and had a numerous family but

proved unfortunate and broke. They then kept a Publick house at Kirkstyle [*i.e.* Kirkstile] in Ewes and afterwards at Drummonshall, upon the grounds of Sorbie. He lived and died in poverty and distress; he died there about 74 years of age. Like all the family he was addicted to drinking but neither him nor his wife had much capacity; their children were weak and shallow, some of them almost idiots. They were mostly boys who went all abroad and I know nothing more about them. The old woman still lives and a daughter, a widow with two boys; they are both mostly supported by a friend.

Christian, the third daughter, married likewise her cousin Robert Elliot, a brother of William's wife; they likewise proved unfortunate. When they married they took up house at Hoghill and he was heir to the estate of Coums but his father, who will be mentioned amongst the Elliots, had embarrassed himself so that the estate was obliged to be sold to one Thomas Scott in Brieryshaw and, matters growing worse and worse with Robert, he was reduced in his old days to keep a Turnpike Bar.^[32] But, he was a man of superior honesty, for he surrendered everything to his creditors. When nobody was molesting him he paid every man in full, had a reversion to himself and died worth money. He had by Christian Armstrong four sons and four daughters: John is a shoemaker in Berwick; Thomas is Farmer in the Mains of Borthwick; William is a Taylor in London; Andrew is in the East Indies; Jean married George Graham, Farmer in the garden of Glanzies, a decent man, and has a large family; Agnes, Margaret and Christian are unmarried. Thomas, the youngest son of Sorbie, married Christian Elliot of Riccarton Mill in Liddesdale, a handsome, good looking woman but bold, imperious and self sufficient. They took up house in Dalgleish in Etrick and proved most unfortunate. He had by her two sons, Thomas and Henry, and two daughters, Jean and Isobel. Thomas and his wife are both dead. Thomas, the oldest son, went abroad and died. Henry married a cousin of his own, daughter of John Elliot, baker in Hawick, his Mother's brother, and is himself baker in Hawick at this day. Isobel married one James Armstrong, a mason in Liddesdale, and lives at present at Riccarton Mill. Jean is yet unmarried. Agnes Armstrong, Thomas Armstrong of Sorbie's youngest daughter, married Thomas Dryden, excise officer in Langholm; by him she had one daughter called Jean. Both Father and Mother and daughter are dead some time ago.

I sometime before mentioned that Thomas Armstrong of Sorbie married Jean Elliot, a daughter of William Elliot of Coums. As the Elliots are by far the most numerous of clan in this country, more especially in Liddesdale, I

would wish to give some account of them, but information is so inconsistent and involved in such perplexity that I cannot know what to depend upon. The outlines as far as I can learn are as follows. It seems agreed that the first of them that was ever heard of in this country came from Cornwall with Robert Bruce, his name was Robert Aliot. They were of Norman extraction and came from thence, as the Bruces did originally, with William the Conqueror. They had been settled in Cornwall some time and the Elliots of Newport Elliot, seemed to be the chief of the clan. This Mr Aliot that accompanied Bruce, proving a faithful adherent, after Bruce became King of Scotland he gave him, as a reward for his fidelity, a good deal of land in Liddesdale. He is said to have had eight sons, all of whom were settled in Liddesdale, and they soon became a numerous clan. Elliot of Lariston [*i.e.* Larriston]^[33] was considered as their head and I have heard it say that he had so large an estate that he could ride from Lariston to Hawick upon his own land. But, growing powerful and living just upon the Borders of England, he was obliged to keep a strong body of Freebooters about him and, getting by their incursions into England a habit of marauding and plundering, they became very licentious and troublesome in the Borders. It was to quell them that the Earl Bothwell came into Liddesdale in Queen Mary's reign, when he was wounded by John Elliot in the park and it is said that shortly after that they were divested of a large part of their fortune for something like Rebellion. However that may be, it is certain that all the chief families of Elliots in Scotland seemed to claim their origin from Lariston. And it is strongly asserted and I believe it is a fact that the family of Stobs, now the principal Family of Elliots in this country, is descended only from an illegitimate branch of the family of Lariston. As the story goes in this country, one of the Lairds of Lariston had a Mrs called Maggy Kidd whom he kept sometime at a place not far from Lariston called, to this day, Kidd's Walls but, being a married man, his Lady became outrageous and he was obliged to move her to Harkgarth (a Farm now my property), and there he built her a Tower, which I have seen but it was taken down and the stones applied to building the present House and Offices in Harkgarth. He kept her there long and had by her a family to whom he gave Lands in Teviotdale and from some of them the family of Stobbs are descended. They are known in history so I need say nothing here, only just notice that George Augustus Elliot, the renowned defender of Gibraltar, afterwards created Lord Heathfield,^[34] was a younger brother of this family. From them are descended the Elliots of Minto, who were knighted about the

Revolution and have made a consider[able] figure as Judges in the Court of Session or Members of the British Parliament ever since.

The Elliots of Midlummill are of the same family and I have heard it said the Elliots of Borthwick Brae likewise, but I see the Elliots in Liddesdale and Teviotdale are such a numerous, complicated clan that to attempt to investigate their geneologys is both beyond my power and would exceed all bounds. I shall therefore just only mention that branch from whom my Grandfather was descended. Robert Elliot, Laird of Unthank, was said to be descended from the family of Lariston. He was sometime a Factor for the family of Buccleugh, altho it is said that he could neither read nor write. His accounts ran into confusion which seems not strange and the Buccleugh Family seized his lands. He had several sons. Robert, the eldest, called Bonny Hobie, died unmarried. Adam Elliot of Muckledale, the second son, married one of the Glendinnings of Glendinning. He lived in Muckledale, had Burngrains and Cartridge as Farms and was a very fortunate man. He had three sons and left them all landed property at his Decease. To Walter Elliot, the eldest, he left Arkleton, and although this Walter had six sons and entailed the estate upon them all in succession, except Adam, the eldest, who had offended him, and the Heirs Male of their Bodies, whom failing to their Heirs female and the Heirs Male of their Bodies, yet, strange as it may appear, it is now above a twelve month since the last possessor died and no Heir has yet appeared and it seems to be disputable whether any person will be found that can connect their propinquity with any of the Heirs of entail.

I have been informed since writing the above that there is letters come from a Brother of the last possessor, in the East Indies, who was thought before to be dead, as he had not been heard of for some years and in the meantime the estate remained without a proprietor. To John Elliot, the second son of Adam, he left the lands of Effgill and Medgihole who sold these lands and purchased the lands of Thorlawshope. John Elliot had three sons and nine daughters, all of whom were married. His eldest son William, of Thorlawshope, was Father to William Elliot, of Thorlawshope, who was Father to Robert Elliot of Everton etc. Henry Elliot, his second son, was Father to William Elliot in Dinlee, Henry Elliot in Flat and Adam Elliot in Kirnton and had four daughters. John Elliot, his 3rd son, left two sons: William, Farmer of Arkleton, and Robert, Burnmouth. Jean married Charles Scott, Laird of Gorrenberry. Elizabeth married Robert Scott in Singlee, in Etrick. Margaret [married] John Armstrong in Sorbie, my Uncle. Christian married Edward Aitchison in

Eweslees. All of them left familys. Margaret Elliot, oldest daughter to John of Thorlawshope, married Simon Elliot, Tarras, or Lodgegill. Helen Elliot, his second daughter (viz. John of Thorlawhope), married William Elliot of Coums, who was Father to John Elliot of Coums and Jean Elliot, who married Thomas Armstrong of Sorbie, my Grandfather. As before mentioned, to wade further amongst the Elliots is in vain for, as they are a crowd, confusion is inevitable, only I cannot help observing as a thing worthy of notice that Thomas Armstrong of Sorbie married a daughter and Helen Elliot, who was daughter to John of Thorslawhope, and John Armstrong, his son, married a daughter of Henry's in Flat, who was son to John of Thorslawhope so that the Mother-in-Law and Daughter-in-Law were first cousins.

For farther particulars about this numerous Border Brood I refer to paper apart and I now proceed in my narrative as at first proposed without attempting to develop geneologys as I am now convinced and I am fully persuaded that every person into whose hands this may fall will easily discern that I am very unequal to the task and shall only mention to compleat the account of Adam Elliot of Muckledale and Family who, as I said before, had three sons, and left them all possessed of landed property at his Demise. Walter of Arkelton and John of Thorlawshope I have mentioned already. The third son was William, to whom he left the lands of Muckledale, but William seems to have been a great vagabond. He married one of the Scotts of Merrylaw but drew up with one sort of gypsy and left his wife and lived for some time with her, in a cave in a place well known by the name of Christenberrycraigs,^[35] between Cumberland and Northumberland, in the Parish of Beaucastle [*i.e.* Bewcastle]. The occult cave is called Muckledales Cave to this day. Here he fell into the practice of stealing English horses and disposing of them in Scotland. After some time he returned home but could never leave of his practice of stealing fine horses and disposing of them in the North of Scotland, as he had ranged the whole country and knew every place proper for concealment. When they came into this country to look after their horses their search produced no discovery but at last they found out that he disposed of his stolen horses in the North Country and, upon a fine horse being amissing in England, the proprietor, instead of coming into this country to search, went directly to Stirling Bridge and there he apprehended the Laird of Muckledale, mounted upon the stolen horse, and he was imprisoned at Stirling and with great difficulty, by dint of his friends and money, escaped hanging. He then came home and shortly after died, leaving his wife with a

son called Adam and a daughter Lucy in embarrassed circumstances.

Adam Elliot, William's son, was but very young when his Father died and was left under the tuition of his Mother, who seems to have been as great a fool as his Father had been a villain. She indulged him in everything, however ridiculous. It is a byword in the country to this day 'as great a fool as Lady Muckledale, who hanged the hen to please the bairn' and it is reported that she had once to bribe a sottir,^[36] or wool gatherer, very High to show them her privy parts as he took a crying to see them and would not be pacified until he had explored them. When Adam grew up to be a man he was obliged to sell the Lands of Muckledale to his cousin William of Thorlawshope, who sold them afterwards to William Scott in Rowanburnfoot and he sold them to Mr William Laing, who left then to William Elliot of Borthwick Brae, son of John Elliot, of Borthwick Brae, and Margaret Laing, Mr Laing's youngest sister, and he is a proprietor still.

Adam Elliot, before he sold the Lands of Muckledale, married a daughter of Christopher Irvine, alias Kick Maleria,^[37] and by her he got the barony Catlowdie in Nichol Forrest, Cumberland, and this Kick Maleria is so strange a character that I cannot pass him without some detail. He, from his childhood, had a strong taste for music and it is said that when a cow herd boy he framed something of the head of a dead horse upon which he played several tunes. He afterwards got the fiddle and began to be taken notice of as an uncommon player; he afterwards came to be so famous about the time the Duke of Queensberry was Queen Anne's commissioner and drew a great deal of the nobility and principal gentlemen in Scotland to Drumlanrigg in order to concert measures for bringing about the union.^[38] When they had bands of Music from Edinburgh and other places none of them could please the company so well as Kick. In short, by playing as a country fiddler, he left a free estate that would now give £800 per annum. But as he was famous for playing, so he was infamous for his love [of] money and the mean methods he took to acquire it. With his hands tied behind his back he once, at Crossgreens in Newcastle, for a trifling sum, worried a strong old cat with three feet tied and one loose to scratch him. He lived and died a contemptible rich man. He left two daughters: to the one he left the lands of Hartsgarth and Langhaugh, Liehaugh [*i.e.* Leahaug], Greenholm and Redheugh, all lying contiguous in the Parish of Castleton or Liddesdale (this daughter married Adam Beattie); to the other he left the barony of Catlowdie in Cumberland, who married Adam Elliot of Muckledale, as I mentioned before. But Kick's acquisitions

did very little good; it is long since all was gone and his descendants are in extreme poverty. Adam Elliot, by his wife, had several sons and daughters. The oldest son Christopher turned smuggler and as he was a very strong, resolute fellow he became the terror of the excisemen and Tidewaiters. He too, like his Grandfather William, drew up with another woman and left his wife. For some misdemeanour he was obliged to abscond and was never heard of more. The other son that I have seen was George, a very tall, stout man, one of the greatest bruisers in the Border; I believe he is still alive in poverty and obscurity near Carlisle. Old Adam is dead long ago. Of the daughters I can say nothing material so I hope I am now got clear of the Elliots. For Lucy, William's daughter, I have only to add, married John Scott, a country writer, son to Mr James Scott in Caulfield and had by him a son called James who was bred a surgeon and went into the navy for some time and then came and settled in Annandale and I believe is now dead.

Chapter 2

The Getting of Knowledge

I left my Father and Mother keeping a shop in Langholm, in the house near the Cross, in the year 1736, where I was born upon the 13th July in that year. In this situation they continued 3 or 4 years but with little success, for my father being a man of violent, impetuous temper, could not accommodate himself to the manners of his customers, for when they said anything that offended him he stormed and railed and was not out for the business at all, so that he was glad to sell his stock of goods to one Adam Beattie of Demainholm, a Brother of trade of his own and got quit of it. And here I cannot keep remarking that, as the occurrences in my life that have given me the greatest vexation and sorrow have all been brought upon me by women, so they began with me very soon, for before I was 3 years old my Mother took a most dangerous and violent fever and was long insensible. As she was in that situation I was obliged to be delivered over to the charge of our maid whose name was Bessy Little, commonly called Bonny Bessy. I slept with her and she put always my cloaths upon me. She had been a sporter, and a barbar[ian] whose name was George Wallace came in to her almost every night and when I was like to make a noise they still told me it was John Howman. This was a man that made very much of me and they knew I liked him so well that I would hold my tongue when I thought it was him. I told my Father that John Howman slept with us every night; my Father questioned him about it and he denied, as well he might. My Father found who was the culprit but not before they had hurt me and broke one of my ribs. I then began to turn poorly but, as the woman always dressed me herself, it was not known what was the matter with me. At last, the woman that had been my dry nurse when I was upon the breast, for my Mother nursed me, came to see my Mother and undressing me discovered the broken rib, beginning to knit in a very awkward posture. This was the beginning of my infirmities,

as it afterwards turned out a curious bone and was the foundation of much distress, as will appear in the sequel.

As I hinted before that my Father was of a hasty, impetuous temper so I very early felt the effects of it as he began to chastise me with great severity when I was 4 years of age. He began sooner but at that age there was a rod kept on purpose to correct me and the first thing that I think I remember in this world was my Father desiring my Mother to reach him the rod to whip me with, which he often exercised upon me, as I have heard say, unmercifully and I cannot help thinking to this day it did me much hurt as I became a weakly, puny, timid child, as I lived always in terror. I was afraid of everything and in my childhood I was a stranger to that cheerfulness and mirth so common amongst children at that time of life. I think it was in the year 1739 that my Father sold his shop and stock of goods to Adam Beattie of Demainholm. My Father and Mother then, of course, left that house and took another from James Coat in what is called the Brae of Langholm, near the side of Sorbie Syke, and there my sister Jean was born upon the 22nd January 1740. She was born in the 7th month, my Mother being poorly, and by the direction of Mr Meikle, then Minister of Langholm,^[39] she was wrapped in a Black fleece and, altho they could often scarcely discern life in her, she survived her untimely birth and is alive at this day.

At Whitsunday, 1740, my Father and Mother took a house from James Murray, Wright in Langholm, beside what is called the Deacon's Well and there he lived two years. This year viz. 1739 and beginning of 1740 was a most stormy winter, the snow lay very long and the frost the severest ever remembered. It was not out of the dunghills when they were driving out their dung neither in the spring, nor out of some of their mosses when people were casting their peats almost at Whitsunday. It killed a prodigious number of sheep and shattered even those that came through the winter in such a manner that thousands died the following summer. It ruined many stock farmers in many highland countries and almost famished the poor, for the frost continued so long that it was apprehended no crops would be got in and oatmeal rose to 40 shillings per boal, a thing never dreamt of before and as distressing to the labourer then, as it would be now if it was to cost near £10 per boal, for the price of labour was little more, if any more, than one fifth of what it is now, so that, shocking to relate, I believe some poor people in several places were literally starved to death.

At Whitsunday, 1741, my Father bought the stock of Burngrains, in the

Parish of Ewes, a highland stock farm belonging to the Duke of Buccleugh, from my Mother's brother, William Armstrong. The stock and possession of the ground cost only 8/3d per piece, a small price in our days, but enough at that time when everything was so low and, considering the value of the product, I think the rent was very high, for the rent was then £61.3/- and that year he got £11 for draught Ewes and not quite £12 for wool. But as my father had been bred a shepherd and wished still to have a stock farm, he was delighted with his acquisition, the real value of the stock was not quite £400 (vide old day book folio 54).^[40] This was the first stock my Father ever had but as times were not favourable, he did not make much of it for some years. He had a shepherd, a big, strong, old man called Robert Nicol, a sensible honest man, but knew not the letters of the alphabet, but so careful and skilful as a shepherd that whoever got the Farm, none ever thought of changing Robin. He lived upon it to his dying day and, what is rarely heard of, he herded one Hirsle 65 years himself without assistance, either in youth or age. Another thing seemingly very severe in his lot, he had two sons and two daughters, as stately, robust men and women as the Parish could produce and the smallpox carried them all off in less than a month, in the prime and vigour of life. Fortunately the oldest son was married and left two sons, one of which Robert Nicol is alive at this day and is Farmer of Philip and Boughhope in Borthwick, Roxburghshire.

In the year 1738 I had been taken, it would appear, in the summer to Sorbie, to my Grandfather's, Thomas Armstrong's, house and he gave me a ewe lamb to begin my stock. She bred soon and her product increased rapidly and the first trake that I ever had, the fox worried one of my Lambs. My Grandfather always said 'That Bairn will have great luck with sheep.' This was the first sheep I ever had and her and hers bred so that my Grandfather at last made my Father pay for them and then would not keep them at all and my Father brought the old Ewe and her offspring, amounting to 31 to Millholm, I think in the year 1746 or 1747 but I believe the wether lambs were sometimes changed for Ewe ones to accelerate the increase.^[41]

About the beginning of the year 1742 I was taken to [the] school of Langholm, then taught by a Mr Dunn. John Maxwell in Broomholm, then a young lad, took me to school but alas it was soon found that I could not learn anything. The Master gave me up and told them he could make nothing of me and I was taken from the school as incapable. At the same time Meikle, the Poet,^[42] was dismissed for the same reason. My Father began to teach me

himself for he was a good English Scholar, both read well and write not amiss in those days and had some notion of arithmetic and had far more information in History and more taste for poetry than is usually to be met with in people of the line of life in which he had been bred. But he had a great memory and his Father, being a man of education for that period, had instructed him in several things. I have heard my Father say that he could have Read the old Rhyme History of Sir William Wallace^[43] when he was seven years of age and before he was nine could have repeated, from memory, a great deal of it, which he retained to his dying day. But altho he was not a bad scholar, I found him a hard school master, for he, for the most part, when he put the catechism into my hand, took the horsewhip in his own and when I blundered, which I did very often, the lash was applied as quick as the reproof. I grew quite stupid with fear and during the time I was under his discipline, which was above a year, I learned little more than the alphabet and to spell some words but could read very little.

At Whitsunday, 1742, my Father and Mother left Langholm and took a cot house and grass for a cow and a horse from Simon Little, then tenant in Terronah in the Parish of Ewes, and there my Mother was delivered of a son called James. My sister Jean and I had both a fever that year but both recovered after a tedious illness. In the year 1743 my Father and Mother came to Sorbie and went into my Grandfather's house; my Father was like manager of the arable land and my Mother Housekeeper, and my Grandfather boarded with them. My Mother had been perfectly acquainted with such house-keeping and being a sedate, composed, intelligent woman she behaved with great propriety and economy but my father was far too violent with the servants. When he got drink [he] was furious. I have seen him in that situation upon a good little grey horse they called Yorkshire, ride in at the kitchen door and make jump about the house and ride the pot off the fire. In one of these mad fits he struck me a blow upon the head with the great end of his whip, which laid me at his feet without sense or notion. My Mother laid me in a bed and weepd over me thinking I was dead. I at last revived but will carry the mark to my grave.

Sometime in summer, 1743, my Grandfather took me to Ewes school, then taught by a Mr Easton, a man of high character as a teacher in those days and, as far as I am able to judge, the best teacher of reading, writing and arithmetic, I ever saw yet. I went to school with great reluctance after I had been under such discipline with my Father that I expected to be whipped

every time I said my lessons. When I came to School I found Mr Easton, as I thought, a terrible man. He was a stately, good-looking man, [of] very black and most commanding aspect exactly such a face as is drawn for Sir Arthur Onslow in the edition of Smollet's History of England with cuts.^[44] I found likewise a great number of Scholars, for they resorted to him from all quarters. He was rather severe in his discipline and kept the scholars at great distance. I was impressed with such terror that I durst never look up for the first half year but keep my eyes constantly upon my Book Reading and sweating for fear when I was called up to say my lesson. I shook the whole time but under the influence of this system of terror I gave such uncommon application that in the first quarter I got my catechism and thro' Dickson's Spelling Book and was reading the Bible, and what amazed my Father and all that had known me before my memory was found to be so tenacious that in going thro' Dickson's Spelling Book, I could have repeated every lesson that I read to the Master without Book, columns and all. I then began to be a favourite with my father and my school master took much notice of me, but this still did not abate my dread of him for, when other boys asked to go out for secret purposes, instead of asking leave I durst not so look at him and many time I sat until I was constrained to piss in my breeches and endured for some time shocking pains for retention. My Master found out my situation and sometimes, of his own accord, bid me go out but, as he made it a rule that none should go out without leave, we had three turned sticks, that we called pissing sticks, one of which you must hold up in your hand when you ask leave so that never above three could be out at a time. He insisted on me asking leave as well as the rest and would not let me go without asking; still I could not do it. He threatened me sometimes, sometimes he spoke kindly. All would not do, at last he ordered two or three big lads to bring me before him and stand about me and see to make me take courage to say, 'Please to give me leave'. When I was surrounded by them, I with fear and trembling, in a voice scarcely articulate, pronounced something like the words and got out. But ever after that I asked leave and began to be happy at school for I found no difficulty in getting my lessons and was almost constantly at the head of my class.

Sometime in the Spring, 1744, my Father purchased the stock and tack of Millholm, in the Parish of Langholm from Mr Scott of Ranilburn. He had not much money then to pay it with and after he had made the bargain, altho it cost only £557.16., the stock he got from Ranilburn, yet he was

very likely to turn faint upon it and transfer his bargain to another. But as it was an extraordinary place for living in, abounding in mild[ness] and corn, my Mother would never hear of renouncing the bargain, but encouraged him greatly and always affirmed that there was no fear of him, if him and her were settled in the possession and that they would work their way as he had a great opinion [of] both her capacity and skill in country business and most deservedly he stood his bargain and removed there with his family at Whitsunday, 1744.

I was then left at Ewes school under Mr Easton's instructions and was lodged in a small cot house with a woman called Helen Nicol, sister to old Robin, our shepherd in Burngrains. My Father and Mother sent me my provisions from Millholm and the old woman had one boal of oatmeal every year for making it ready and taking care of me. Here I continued [for] two years and, as the old woman was very kind to me, I was never happier than I was in this miserable smoky hut. During this time I perfected my Reading English and likewise learned to write for some part of this time but, altho I found no difficulty in learning to read, I made very slow progress in writing. I believe, naturally, I had no talent for writing but what greatly increased the difficulty was a difference between my Father and Master about my mode of writing. My Master said for one thing 'Mind your slope'; my Father said 'Even up and down.' When I was with my Master I wrote by his direction, when I came to my Father he set me down and compelled me to write to his taste and he differed from Mr Easton, not only in what I have already mentioned, but even in the form of the letters and you might as well have attempted to persuade him that he was dead and buried as to persuade him he could be mistaken in writing. No, he would not give his eyes for no man's opinion. By these means I was held in cruel bondage for some years and notwithstanding the rigid discipline I underwent and then pains I was compelled to take, my proficiency was very small. My Father at last rather gave me up and then I did some better but it was long before I did well and I may safely assert that writing cost me more trouble and vexation than all my other Branches of Education.

When I was at Ewes School with Helen Nicol I had a companion almost next door, one David Beattie, son to James Beattie, Taylor. He was about my age and we were often together but he was a blackguard from his youth. He was a coward and when we differed I could have thrashed him but then he would never fail when he saw an opportunity to come behind your back

and knock you down with anything he could lay his hands upon and he once almost killed me by coming behind my back and striking me over the head with a piece of square deal that had been sawn off the edge of an ash plank; and, as he began, so he has turned out a villain and vagabond. After he came to be a man he quarrelled with a man in a Public House in Langholm whose name was Telfer. Telfer licked him; it was in the Night, David would fight no more in the house but challenged him to come out. When he came out David attacked him in the dark with a sharp pointed knife and wounded him dangerously in several places and run up to London under the idea that he had murdered him. After he had lurked about two years he was obliged to abscond again for theft and the last account I heard of him he was wandering in England, disguised like a Jew with a long white beard.

In the year 1746 Mr Easton was removed to the school of Langholm and I was sent there to attend him and boarded in the house of John Hownam for some time. I then entered to the Latin with a son of Mr Boston's, the Duke of Buccleugh's Chamberlain at Langholm Castle, and William Meikle, the famous poet who had been dismissed alongst with me by Mr Dun. He was of the same age but far less, being a little crooked legged thing, but a good scholar. The chamberlain's name was John; he was the eldest son of the famous Preacher Thomas Boston, Minister of Etrick, Author of The Fourfold State etc, and elder brother to Thomas Boston, Minister in Jedburgh, who first found the Relief Congregations in Scotland.^[45] But, notwithstanding his descent from such learned men, the young man, whose name was Thomas, had neither talents nor taste for learning. I was desired by our Master to give him all the assistance I could and, during the time that we classed together, he made some progress, but not much, and after we parted he never did more and Mr Boston was obliged to give up his education and send him on board a Man of War. I believe, by the Buccleugh interest, he at last got up to be a captain in the Navy.

But after I began Latin I made no such progress as I had done in English, my Master was not dexterous in teaching it and besides, he was so overwhelmed with crowds of scholars that flocked to him from all quarters that he could not get the Latin Scholars properly attended to. But what I believe marred me most, I began to turn tender and was often from the school for want of health. I was always remarkably thin and lean and I now began to be troubled with a cough and shortness of breathing and bad symptoms of an approaching consumption, so that sometimes I attended the school, sometimes I did not,

and my progress in learning was slow. I was taken home from Langholm to Millholm and, as it was only about two miles distance, the Doctors told my father it would be the best method for him to buy me a little horse and let me ride back and forward every day. My Father readily obeyed their advice and bought me a little white Galloway called Dickie from Doctor Duds for 31/6d. This Dr Duds was such an extraordinary character that I think he ought not to pass unregarded. His name was William Campbell, he came from Argyle Shire to Edinburgh in his youth, he had got some education, could write pretty well and had some slight notion of the classics. There was a famous Doctor there in Edinburgh, Dr Pitcairn.^[46] How it happened I never could learn that Campbell became the Doctor's principal servant and the Doctor, finding something like genius about him, took him alongst with him almost constantly when he was visiting his patients, made him write his receipts and gave him so much information on his profession that Campbell became a celebrated sangrado.^[47] He was afterwards sometime in the navy and then came home and married a woman of character and lived by his profession. His wife soon died and he afterwards, to the astonishment of everybody, drew up with a tinker's daughter whose name was Gordon, joined with that crew and travelled all the South of Scotland and North of England in her company, in the style and dress of a common beggar and was therefore called Doctor Duds. But even when he was in that situation he performed such operations and perfected such cures in cases given up by regular Physicians, of which my wife and Father were both instances, that many people believed him to be the ablest Physician in Scotland and his practice was great in many places and altho he appeared in rags I believe he had always plenty of money and purchased and left at his death some pieces of land, what a contrast to many of the faculty.^[48] I then began to ride backwards and forward between Millholm and Langholm to attend the School. This was, I think, in the Spring of 1747, but the Doctor's little horse proved very unruly [as] he threw me from him many times. I was sometimes hurt but never dangerously but he once fell with me in the water when it was deep and rapid; I got hold of the stirrup and he drew me out. After that my Father never allowed me to mount him more, but he exchanged him for a little grey mare that did rather better. But, as I was still in a poor state of health and very weakly, I believe I could not have managed any horse. With riding and exercise I got clear of my cough but was attacked by another painful disease. I mentioned before that when I was between two and three years of age, a jilt that I sleepd with and her

Gallant had broke one of my Ribs and concealed it and that it was knit in a very awkward posture; this year it began to increase considerably, the hard swelling upon that rib. Dr Mowat, after inspecting, said it would be to cut but that it was not ripe for such an operation. He therefore gave me something to anoint it and ordered me to wear a hairskin, with the downy side next to it, to bring it forward. It still increased and in autumn, 1747, it began to turn rather soft above but still hard at the core. In the spring, 1748, one of my comrades accidentally justled me with his elbow and burst the tumour upon the top. The Doctor dressed it regularly but, as it was not like to cleanse, he put a probe into it and opened it below; still it was not like to disperse [so] he then laid it entirely open and every day it was dressed and the tincture of myrrh and aloes blown into it from a syringe. This was a most severe medicine, it burned like fire and with this I was long severely tortured but the hard tumour began to disperse at last and in the end disappeared entirely and the running dried up. I then thought I was relieved but I was soon assailed by a more dangerous disorder. When the running in my side began to abate I began to feel a sort of stiffness and contraction about my neck, accompanied with some pain. The Doctor gave me something to run upon my neck; still it grew rapidly worse. He then blistered me between the shoulders and kept it open by some sharp ointment. Still the malady increased in an alarming degree, my neck became distorted, my head lost its natural position and I could not stand but with my chin almost upon the right shoulder and my ear supported on my left. At last it got into my head and I felt a considerable degree of pain and, after such a degree of stupor and dullness as rendered me almost insensible, it came at last to such a height that I could sit up no other way but with my head resting upon a pillow, laid upon something of a proper height and a proper position and both when I laid my head down and lifted it up I had to do it in my hands.

In a former page when I spoke of the family of Ranilburn I mentioned that William, the younger brother, was bred a Physician and eminent in his Profession. This Gentleman being in the country at the time of my illness came to see me. After examining me with attention he ordered a seton^[49] or cord to be cut into my neck, my head to be shaved and washed with cold water and gave directions about my diet. Old Dr Mowat put the cord into my neck. I did not think the operation painful at all but I believe I had not proper feeling at the time, and as soon as the seton began to run fairly the pain in my head began to abate and in time was entirely gone. But I was heavy and dull for a long time after and, altho my judgement gradually returned, my

memory never regained its former strength. I then began to go about again but as the contraction in my neck still continued in some degree and my head was not like to recover its natural attitude, I was ordered in the Autumn, 1748, to go to Moffat Well to drink the waters and bathe.^[50] My Mother, which I ought to have mentioned before, was, upon the first of February 1748, delivered of son at Millholm who was named John after my Father. When I came to Moffat I was lodged in the house of one John Gillespie. I had a furnished room. My Mother came to Moffat with me and saw me fairly settled and then went home and sent a little decrepid woman called Janet Taylor to take care of me. This poor object came to my Father and Mother's house in the year 1742; she was an orphan from Edinburgh; she was a little, cross, splenetic, passionate creature, but careful, faithful and economical in a very eminent degree. As she had been dry nurse to my two younger brothers and had no near connection of her own, [she] also considered herself as belonging to the family and never once entertained the thought of leaving it and she continued in it to her dying day. During a period of full five years under the care of this little woman and with the use of the waters, I gathered so much strength that in time I went to the Latin School at Moffat, taught at that time by a Mr Dobie, an eminent man in his profession. But when I went to school, to my astonishment and mortification, I found I was a very dull scholar and, notwithstanding my application, I was still in the lowest order [as] my retentive memory was gone. I stayed at Moffat until the season began to turn cold for drinking water. I then came home all winter and returned to Moffat in the Spring and, as I was not considerably better, I was boarded with one Robert Dow, [word missing].^[51] His wife's name was Marion Henry, to whose care I was chiefly entrusted being an acquaintance of both my Father and Mother, but she took care of herself but very little of me, as she gave me such a scanty diet that I cannot say I ever knew what it was to be straitned for victuals but at this time and, as my health was restoring, I had a tolerable appetite. However, I had some pocket money, with it I bought bread and continued with her until I was become pretty well and came home to Millholm in Summer of 1749.

When I came home it was intended that I should return to Mr Easton's School at Langholm and I did again enter to school, but about this time there came an old acquaintance of my Mother's to Millholm, in distress and out of all employment, mainly clad in the dress of an old soldier. This man, whose name was William Bell, was born and brought up in the Parish of

Ewes and got some education there. His friends perceiving that he acquired learning with wonderful facility sent him to Hawick to learn Latin with a Mr Anderson, a noted Teacher of Languages in those days. Here he arrived at great proficiency for he was a man of surprising memory but it had swallowed up his judgement for of this great essential he had so little that he was in fact a Mad man. He had been appointed School Master in Bedrule in Roxburghshire and was there for some short time but altho he was an able scholar his behaviour was so unaccountable that he was turned out of his office and, being destitute, enlisted into the Scott's Hollanders,^[52] got his bounty money and then deserted. He was soon apprehended and taken over to Holland and was there some time. He was just returned when he came to Millholm and seemed to be brought to his senses by the hardships he had suffered.

As my sister Jean was then nine years of age, my brother James, seven, and I had been with Mr Easton before and made no great progress in the language, my Father and Mother engaged him for a year to teach us at home and I was brought home and put under his instruction, as he was an able teacher. And I gave application and learned a good deal the time I was under his eye. My sister Jean was rather slow and dull in acquiring her education. My brother James learned readily and with ease. We continued to learn in this manner, at home, for some better than a year and a half. My Father and Mother were satisfied of Mr Bell's ability but he took such wayward fancies and was so ridiculous in his words and actions and at times so severe upon us that they were obliged to part with him. He went off and some time after he came thro the country with a white Galloway and a few goods upon it and continued to travel the country to his death. He lived to a very advanced age and was so extravagant in his notions that he afforded to many people great entertainment. Amongst the last times I ever saw him he was in high spirits, expecting to be preferred to the office of Hangman of Jedburgh, but his interest somehow failed, for I think he never got into that conspicuous station.

At Whitsunday, 1751, my father took an upper room for us in what is called the Brae of Langholm and Jean, James and I removed there and Janet Taylor went with us as Housekeeper. Here we all continued for about two years. I continued to attain the Latin and to write, but made slow progress, as my Master could not get us properly attended to, if he had ever been better qualified, having commonly from 120 to 160 scholars, but Jean and

James, being Reading and Writing, did very well. My Father gave occasion to many a hearty laugh by his singing. As he had a great memory, he retained the words of a great many of the old Border Songs which he had learned in his youth and as his voice was indifferent and his ear very bad, yet when he was in company and hearty, he sung these songs (if his manner deserves that appellation) seemingly with glee and satisfaction to himself and diversion to his audience. He seemed fond of music and judged for himself. There was at that time a noted Fiddler in Langholm called Robert Elliot. My Father was much delighted with Robert's music altho he sometimes criticised it most injudiciously. But nothing would please my father but I must enter to Robert as a scholar and learn to play as he did. I was therefore entered to Robert in Autumn, 1751, and began playing upon a little half fiddle, sent me in compliment by an acquaintance of my Father's.

This Robert Elliot came from the same quarter of the country where Kick Malerie resided, who I noticed before. Robert's father was a fiddler taught by Kick. Robert began his playing with his father and afterwards went to different places seeking improvement where he could meet with it, but he had never been regularly taught. He could read very little but, by the help of an excellent ear and famous hands, his execution was singular. Mr Maxwell of Broomhold [*i.e.* Broomholm], who is an excellent judge and published a much admired treatise upon music,^[53] says he was the first performer of Scott's music he ever heard and a musician who had been in the Duke of Buccleugh's Fencibles. Speaking of Elliot, [he] said to me 'Oh, music died when he died, for I have been over all Scotland and I never yet heard his equal.' But if he was distinguished in his profession he was defective enough in other respects being a man of neither capacity nor economy; he lived and died in poverty. Under this man I began to scrape but made very little progress for, altho he played exceedingly well himself, he did so from no sort of theory but merely from the impulse of a Musical genius and as it was impossible for him to communicate this to his Scholars he was a bad Teacher.

In the beginning of this year, viz. 1751, my Father purchased the stock of Makman from a Mr Graham of Shaw at eight shillings per piece, Hog and Ewe, and his right to the possession of the Farm alongst with them. This farm is situate in the Water of Dryphe [*i.e.* Dryfe] in Annandale and belonged to the Marquis of Annandale who was then in confinement and a process of Lunacy depending against him.^[54] The stock came to some more than 400 and, as my Father had not money to pay it, he had engaged one Alexander Ogilvie from

Liddesdale to be his partner. But they differed somehow about it and my Father was obliged to stand to it himself and lucky it was for my Father that he had no concern with Alexander Ogilvie for he turned out a profligate, ruined himself and hurt many of his connections, for when he became bankrupt he paid only 2/5d per pound. My Father was obliged to borrow money where ever he could get it to stock this Farm and, as the time proved bad from 1751 to 1756, he was in great difficulty and his circumstances seemed rather to decline. But my Mother and himself, being both remarkably frugal and careful, they struggled on in the best manner they could. However, they still endeavoured to forward the education [*illegible*]. In the year 1752 when [*illegible*] Langholm, our little brother John being at Millholm with my Father and Mother, was seized in February with a sort of Fever and inflammation and swelling in his throat of which he died upon the 3rd of March following, being 4 years and a month old. He was very like my Father in shape and person, being not tall but very broad and stout made. We all continued at Langholm until Whitsunday, 1753.

I then began to be sensible that I was making very little improvement and as my Father was anxious that I should be a Scholar, my Mother who was a sincere Religious Christian, had ever flattered herself with hopes of seeing me an eminent preacher, for sensible parents are often pleased with indulging high expectations of the future acquirements of their children, even when, to an unconcerned observer, there would appear very little reason for indulging such hopes. It was therefore resolved that I should be instructed by some able Master. The School of Castleton,^[55] in the Parish of Liddesdale, was then taught by a lame lad called William Scott, an excellent Scholar prosecuting his studies for the Ministry. I was therefore sent to Liddesdale a little after Whitsunday, 1753. I boarded at Dykesair, in the same house as the Master, and committed to his care, my brother James and Jean still remaining at Langholm. Under Mr Scott I made considerable progress during the time that I was with him, which was about a year and a half, but then it was interrupted sometime by his going into Edinburgh in Winter. I acquired a decent knowledge of the Latin and begun to learn Greek and was looked upon as fit to go to attend the College in Edinburgh.

Before I was sent to Castleton at Whitsunday, 1753, my brother James was beginning to turn delicate and had some symptoms of a decline. He was a genteel, handsome, fine looking boy, uncommonly fair and white skinned, very agile and manly and was a great wrestler amongst the boys. I think he

had hurt himself much by it, for he took a pain in his side and had a cough and seemed poorly. After I went away he got some better in Summer but it returned in Autumn and seemed to threaten serious consequences. They brought him home to Millholm and he recovered so far that I believe he returned to the school in winter, but in the Spring of 1754 he relapsed and the disease, and consequently his weakness, increased most rapidly. I came home and saw him once and not long after, learning that he grew worse, I came over again and to divert him I brought him, in a bag in my hand, two tame doves of a singular sort. When I came home he was still going about but wasted to a very hair. He seemed glad to see me, was delighted with his doves and seemed cheerful and played some games with my Father and me at pitch and toss. Within 3 or 4 hours after I came home he complained he was sick and must go to bed, but he leaned only down with his clothes on. In a few minutes he said he was dying and took an affectionate leave of us all and prepared for his departure with such lively and strong expression of devotion and confidence as seemed far beyond the powers of any boy of his age. In a little time some sort of Phlegm came up and rather stopped his utterance but we observed his lips move for some time; he then closed his mouth and all was still. He died without either a shiver or a groan upon the 19th June 1754, aged 12 and near half. We were all much affected for the sudden death of so valuable a child and the manner of his death and affecting expressions affected all that heard him with strong emotions of sorrow and concern.

In a little time after my brother's demise I returned to Castleton School and continued there till after Martinmas, 1754. It was then agreed upon that I should go to attend the College at Edinburgh alongst with Andrew Ogilvie, a Liddesdale Lad, the youngest brother of Alexander Ogilvie, who I mentioned before. He was studying Divinity intending to be a preacher and as he had been there several times before and was much older than I was and knew their customs and forms, I was committed to his care. We went into Edinburgh in December, 1754, and took a room in Potter Row in the House of Mr David Greig, Shoemaker. As I was ordered to follow Mr Ogilvie's advice I determined to observe it as far as was in my power but the first advice he gave me cost me very dear. He went with me to college and entered me to the Greek class taught by Mr Robert Hunter and the Mathematics taught by Mr Matthew Stuart.^[56] He then told me, 'Now when you go back they will attempt to hoist you, but do not allow them. Make resistance and they will presently drop it.' Accordingly, when I went back they cried, 'Here is

the new scholar, hoist him.' They then attempted to lay hands upon me but, in obedience to Mr Ogilvie's advice, I made the most desperate resistance I possibly could, striking most furiously with feet and hands and hurt the face of Mr Archibald Cockburn, who was afterwards Sheriff of Edinburgh and is now one of the Barons of Exchequer.^[57] But, in spite of the resistance I could make, they overpowered me and four of them, one by each hand and one by each foot, lifted me up as high as they could and soused me down upon the small of my back upon a stone pavement, Mr Cockburn, in resentment to the blow I had given him, pressing me down to make my falls more severe. This they did several times and when they let me alone I could scarcely rise. I came home to Mr Ogilvie sadly mauled and complained bitterly of his bad advice, for that very day I saw some new scholars hoisted, they made no resistance and were gently used. All the excuse Mr Ogilvie made, he said he had never attended that class but he had seen it attempted in some other classes and given up upon resistance. Be that as it will, I was so much bruised that it brought something like a Rheumatism into my back, which did not leave me for a long time.

I continued to attend those two classes all the winter and spring seasons but I found many of my class fellows better scholars than I was and besides I had such a coarse South land (as they called it) pronunciation that they seldom heard me read without bursts of laughter.^[58] I was so abashed that being naturally diffident, I was afraid either to read or to speak and was not happy among them and I cannot help remarking that of all schools I ever attended the College was the most tumultuous and unruly for as they punish only by small fines, Gentlemen that had plenty of money took a pride in it. I have seen them throwing red hot coals to one another in Hunter's class, even when he was in the chair, and fines going on and offences committing almost constantly. As my Father was a man that well knew the value of money, he kept me very light. I was always indifferently dressed and obliged to regulate my expenses by the most rigid economy.

I do not know how it entered my head but I ventured at something like gaming in hopes of supplying my expenses. An Englishman came to Bristo Street and published a sort of card containing, as I thought, a scheme of Gaming, highly advantageous to adventurers. It stated that you paid 2/- for every throw of the Dice, that there was no blanks and for every prize, even the lowest, he obliged himself to give 1/6d so you could lose 6d and then you had a chance for several prizes from 8 to 10 guineas; I believe there were

many dice in the box. Mr Ogilvie, Mr Elliot (afterwards Minister of Cavers), James Elliot (then young Laird of Ormiston) and I went to see him one day. Mr Ogilvie, after considering the scheme, would venture nothing. I only ventured and won some little things and they would not allow me to venture any more and as long as Mr Ogilvie stayed with me I never went back but Mr Ogilvie, going out of the country and leaving me in the room by myself, as soon as I had got a Remittance of two Guineas from my Father, I set out to visit my old friend in Bristo, in order to enrich myself. The Gentleman received me with great civility and produced his tables. I began by winning some trifle. The Gentleman said in a most Friendly account, 'Sir, you are surprisingly fortunate, I think you should try the ready money tables.' He then produced another large, painted Table upon which the token was fairly printed and here every throw was 5/- and a number of blanks, but some prizes as high as £500. At this table this discreet Gentleman soon disburdened me of every shilling I had and then took leave of me in a very complacent manner and I returned to my room with a heavy heart. What to do I knew not. Mr Ogilvie and many of my acquaintances were gone to the country. To my Father I durst not apply as I had got money from him just before and as I had a furnished room and purchased my own victuals I had not a shilling to buy myself bread. I was in a strange place where I had myself to maintain, without either money or credit. I had two pairs of shoes. The Girl in the House, at my desire, took out one pair of them and sold [them] to relieve real want [and] in the strictest sense and in penury and sorrow, I sincerely lamented my folly.

There was in Edinburgh a great acquaintance of my Father's, one Robert Hope, Wool Stapler,^[59] but he, about this time, had failed in his business and had taken shelter in the Abbey.^[60] Yet, to this man, bankrupt as he was, I applied and laid my case fairly before him. He heard me with attention and seemingly commiserated my situation, but said his stock was so low that he could do nothing for me. However, he gave me six or seven shillings that I managed with severe frugality. I then wrote secretly to my Mother, who sent me something by which I shifted on until I applied again to my Father who, ignorant of all that had happened, sent me some money and then I was relieved. But I have often thought since that the discreet Gentleman in Bristo was a kind instructor: his lesson gave me such a detestation for gaming that to this day I never attempted it more and the want that I suffered taught me in so sensible a manner the value of money that I took better care of it in all time to come.

I have before said the Collegians were an unruly set, so kick and cuff were

very frequent amongst us. As I was of a spare, thin make, I did not appear to be strong but, as my joints were properly knit and proportionate, anybody that handled me alledged they found me much stronger than they expected and I sometimes, even at College, overpowered some that appeared to be stronger. But happening to encounter with one Will Hepburn, a Minister's son near Berwick, who was lower and, to appearance, weaker than I, he worsted me in spite of all I could do and I thought myself sadly affronted. One morning when I got up to prepare for the classes I found myself very uneasy and was obliged to lie down again; all that day and ensuing night I was sick and feverish. My landlord wished to call a doctor, I told him I knew no doctors but a brother of Mr Maxwell's in Broomholm who was in the Infirmary and I had but once seen since I came to Edinburgh. They went and told Mr Maxwell and he came to see me. He ordered me some things but I was no better. He came and saw me every day and one morning when he came I asked him, 'Mr Maxwell, what is this stuck out in my Face?' Upon examining it he exclaimed, 'Christ preserve me, it is the Smallpox!' I said I was surprised he had not observed that sooner [but] he supposed that I had had them before and never thought of such a thing and added, 'It is an excellent Pock and every symptom favourable and I will write to your Father.' And indeed, after they struck fairly out, I was never very sick and I had but few Pocks and was in no way pitted. As soon as I recovered strength I prepared for my journey home and came to Millholm about the latter end of April, 1755. When I came home I found my sister lying in the Small Pox in great distress and danger, [which] she took just when mine began to blacken at Edinburgh but I believe she was then at Langholm and the Pox were in the neighbourhood. It was nothing like my Pox, being a small white, watery, confluent Pox and seemed not to rise at all. I never heard of any so dangerously ill that recovered; she was long blind and a good many days dumb. She had like 3 sets of them, when those above her breath were at the height, those in her body were level with the skin and those in her legs and thighs were in the same situation, when these upon her body were full and it was the 27th day before the last set began to turn. Yet at last she came through all but she was very weak and her face so sadly disfigured that all traces of her former features were entirely gone, never to return.

This summer when I was at home I went to Mr Easton's school every day to learn writing, Arithmetic and Book-keeping. I was pretty well in my health, only the pain in my back still was troublesome at times. The Doctors advised the cold Bath, which I tried for some time but it had little effect.

They then advised me to put an issue or pea in every thigh, which I did, and it relieved me but gave my constitution a bad habit of requiring an artificial drain. This summer a lad called Robert Johnstone, son of James Johnstone in Mikleholm our next neighbour, and I quarrelled at school and determined to end it agreeable to the Laws of Pugilism. We were much of a size as to height but he was broader, much fatter and rather older. We chose each our second and went out like heroes to a place called Mount Holly and there stripped and agreed that we were neither to grip nor strike at other's faces, but just to box till one gave out. We then began. Robert attacked me first with great fury, but he struck so fast that he put himself out of breath. My mind continued better and when he began to fail I struck as hard as I could. The bystanders said I would be at him and I think both Robert and myself were of the same opinion, but aiming a blow with my right hand at his left flank with my utmost force it happened to hit the corner of his haunch bone and entirely disabled my right hand. After this we patted at one another a good while but did or indeed could do very little hurt to one another, till a man came and parted us and threatened he would tell the Master, so we quit it like two spent cocks and never quarrelled again. From what I have seen since we were certainly two very bad hands.

About this time, or a little before, my old Master at Castleton, William Scott, was upon his trials before the Presbytery of Langholm, as a preacher. He was to all appearance a most sober, grave, religious man, yet he fell into an awful snare which eventually frustrated all his future prospects and in appearance carried him to an untimely grave. He had long been very intimate with his cousins, the Elliots of Whithaugh. There was one among them called Helen, who was considered as his future consort. Another suitor came in the way and it was said she acquainted Mr Scott of her resolution to marry that man. Be that as it may, it is but too certain that Mr Scott got her with child [and] instead of aiming at concealment to save the character of the young divine, she stayed at home and was delivered of a son and not only divulged everything but declared that he had taken unfair means to compass his ends and persecuted the poor man with such unrelenting severity before sessions and Presbyterys that he laid it so much to heart that he died within about a year after it happened.

This year was likewise the aera [*i.e.* era] of my misfortunes. As I was about nineteen with a tolerable face and a person rather handsome, I began unfortunately to be noticed by the young girls at the Summer Fair of

Langholm this year, viz. 1755. Amidst a vast number of people a young lady from England, a Miss Ridley, took much notice of me. We were by some means introduced to one another in company and engaged in conversation. As I had read a great many plays and seen some acted and considered it as a frolick, I made love to her in a sort of theatre style, with which she seemed highly delighted, which was no great proof of her good taste. For although poetry was ever my principal forte and my chief delight, yet I am sure my action would be shocking. I never thought more of it but I soon found it was not to end so. She came again into this country, was introduced to my Father and Mother and visited us at Millholm, and as my Father and Mother knew her connections and that she had some fortune, she was kindly received and some time after my mother went to Bathe in the sea at Sandfield House and drink a sort of mineral there. We were two nights in the house where she stayed, as I accompanied my Mother. As I saw the Friends on both sides seemingly satisfied I began to dread matrimony, which at that time of life I had no idea of and behaved in such a manner that our correspondence rather dropped. Yet I believe we had long a sort of regard for one another for I had no objection to the girl but would not think of Matrimony.

But I fell into a far worse snare at home. A servant girl of my Father's, far older than myself, began to behave to me in a very kind obliging, familiar manner. As I was entirely ignorant of woman, it cost her some time and pains before she could fulfil her intention. She, however, unhappily succeeded and I lost both my innocence and my peace of mind and thereafter I began to form connections with womankind. I was just either happy or miserable in proportion as I was connected with them, or totally estranged from them, as will appear in the sequel if I am spared to write it.

After I had fallen with this woman I was overwhelmed with shame and dread of the consequence for, as she had been so kind, I thought she had had some notion of bringing me in to father a child begot by some other and, as she was neither young nor lovely, I looked at her with contempt and disgust. She had not much reason to be pleased with my behaviour and left our service at Martinmas Term. I was so much vexed and distressed about this first transgression that it was a good while before I ventured to transgress again.

About this time the Borthwicks,^[61] very respectable people in their line, were become great Farmers. There were three brothers of them: William, the oldest, lived in Glendinning, the most extensive farm in the south of

Scotland and had several other farms besides in Scotland and one in England; Thomas, the second brother, lived at the Shaws in Ettrick and had likewise a deal of farms; and Walter, the youngest brother, lived at Einzieholm and was likewise a great farmer. William, sometime before this, sold his stock of Glendinning and purchased the lands of Nether Cassock. William had two sons: William, the oldest, is at this day a General in the Artillery; Thomas, the second son, died in the East Indies. Isabel, William's eldest daughter, was married to one Doctor Hennyson and went to England. Janet, the second, married Matthew Irving, Merchant in Langholm, a man of some fortune. Margaret, the youngest, was unmarried and, as she was beyond compare the most comely, handsome and agreeable woman in our country, she had many admirers.

There was an opulent farmer in the neighbourhood, John Beattie in Bailliehill, who had an only son and two daughters. He had likewise a brother called Andrew, a rich old bachelor, and as it was expected that John's son would be heir to both his father and his uncle he had a decent prospect but there was something strange about this lad. When he was at school he was so dull and looked so stupid that he was a sort of laughing stock to his companions, yet he was found to have an uncommon talent for mathematics and numbers. He was now become a man and it seems had been captivated by Miss Peggy Borthwick's attractions and fell upon a most strange device to obtain her. Any person that ever was spoke of as a suitor of hers, he contrived by some means or other to convey hints to them, sometimes insinuating that she was guilty of one crime, sometimes of another, sometimes she was decried, for her shape was entirely owing to pads and stuffing in her dress and he hesitated not to write (as far as he could) in different hands and signed different names. And in the meantime he wrote her letters without signature, which I afterwards saw, [that were] extremely rude but very animated and passionate and the last he sent was signed with the initials of his name, seemingly wrote with blood. He had had some suspicion, I think, of my pretending to Miss Borthwick, which was altogether groundless, as I had no thought of Matrimony with her nor any other, but whenever I met him he was still speaking to her disadvantage and when matters were likely to come out he told somebody it would certainly be me that had used such art. I was questioned about it by some of her friends and I told just what I had heard him say. As he was in the town, it being market day in Langholm, I was desired to get a companion of his and mine and take a walk out and try to bring on the subject to see if he would say the same things

before another witness. As he had accused me, I undertook to do this but he was too hard for me, for altho he was very free to myself, he would [not] speak a word before another. However, with the letters and information they had, Mr Maxwell granted warrant to apprehend him and upon his examination he confessed all [but] I never heard of any punishment inflicted upon him. He is dead some time ago, he was never married, was never counted wise and his settlement was sadly contested upon that ground, yet he almost tripled his fortune in about 20 years. Miss Borthwick, a good while afterwards, married James Moffat in Garwald, a great farmer in our country; by him she had two sons and one daughter. Mr Moffat has been dead some time. The daughter is married to Mr Brown, Minister of Eskdalemuir.^[62] Mrs Moffat lives at present at Garwald with her two sons who are both unmarried. They live very happy and in the most affluent of circumstances of any in the neighbourhood.

I returned to Edinburgh about Martinmas, 1755, to prosecute the same studies and it was likewise designed I should acquire some knowledge of the French. As Mr Ogilvie was to be only a little while in Edinburgh I got one John Laidlaw for my messmate, a strange young man who was studying in order to qualify himself for becoming an anti-Burgher preacher, a species of seceders.^[63] We took again the same room from Mr Greig but I found a great difference between Mr Laidlaw and Mr Ogilvie. Laidlaw had been brought up by his Mother and had been so indulged, being in easy circumstances, that he considered every body near him as bound to obey him. He was continually chiding the people in the house and he provoked me so often that I sometimes struck him and when he found that I was his master I got more peace. But he was a strange compound of levity and devotion: now he would be scraping on the fiddle, then dancing; in a minute he would be praying in a corner of the room. He gave me many solemn exhortations to turn seceder, as I valued my immortal soul, and warned me of the awful judgement which awaited the whole world for not joining their righteous cause. I was not convinced by his denunciations and never thought of secession, but one Mr McPherson, a Quaker preacher, got acquainted with us and he managed us in such a masterly manner that I began to think that there was much good sense in his reasoning and I had a higher opinion of the Quakers than seceders.

Mr Greig had at this time a man working as a journeyman, called William, his surname I have forgot. He was originally from the North Country and had been bred a Shoemaker but, being a resolute, regardless, crazy fellow, he soon left his Trade and engaged with a gang of smugglers and by deforcing officers

and other illegal practices he rendered himself so obnoxious to Government that he was glad to join the rebels in the year 1745 and continued among them till after the Battle of Culloden. When they dispersed in the North he came South and, no notice being taken of him, he was now with Mr Greig. He made Lady's shoes and was making one day a pair of very fine satin shoes for some lady. After he had left his work at night, Mr Laidlaw went into the workshop, brought out the satin shoes and kept them a good while and seemed pleased to look at them and handle them and rather sullied them. Next day, when William came back and found out he had stained the shoes, he flew into such a paroxysm of rage that we were all afraid and poor Laidlaw was terrified almost out of his wits. I believe this desperado gave Mr Laidlaw a more useful and impressive lesson than ever his pious and Religious Mother, or ever all the seceding Ministers had ever done, for ever after he was so terribly afraid of William that he behaved more discreetly in the house. Mr Laidlaw and I attended both the Greek and Mathematics. I likewise went to attend Mr Cariven, a Frenchman, for that language so that I had plenty to do if I had attended to these studies properly, but as Mr Laidlaw and I could both scrape a very little on the fiddle, we agreed to go and attend a Music Master and entered to one Mr Hutton, a very good teacher. Here I began again upon a plan very different from Robert Elliot's. This Branch, as we were keen about it, took too much of our time from a variety of causes. I made very little improvement in Edinburgh this season. I found the Greek, as I thought, a most difficult language; in Mathematics I made slow progress; the French I learned to understand in part but could neither ever read or pronounce it properly. The Fiddle rather marred my other studies and even in it I advanced very little [as] there were two other causes which impeded my application. Ever since my brother James died my Father seemed unwilling to part with me but seemed to wish me to stay at home to be his assistant and representative and I thought I had education amply sufficient for such a station, and there was another great stop to my application, a Young Lady.

Our Land Lady had a sister married to a Minister who had been dead some time. He left only two daughters: Ann, the oldest, was little and rather deformed; Miss Peggy Oliphant, for that was their name, had an agreeable face but not a beauty, as she was remarkably black and rather swarthy in complexion, but she had two fine black eyes and as handsome a person as I ever yet saw, about the middle size. As she had something considerable in money she had several sweethearts and one Mr Mowbray, a man who had

considerable property in houses in the neighbourhood, was laying close siege to her at this time and it was said by the friends that matters were in the train of matrimony. As they lived just in the flat of the house above us, she was sometimes coming in to see her Aunt. Here her and I frequently met and soon became acquainted. I readily found the way upstairs and was cheerfully welcomed and in time was admitted to every innocent freedom for she was a woman of virtue and really an amiable character. But I acted most honestly with her for, from the first, I always openly declared my aversion to Matrimony. I remember she once asked me, 'What then, would you do if you were to fall in love with a woman of character and strict principles?' I told her I thought I would rather die of Love than yield to Matrimony, at which she laughed heartily. Altho she and I seemed happy in each other's company, I cannot think there was much view of Matrimony on either side but, in spite of all her friends could do to prevent it, she broke off all connection with Mr Mowbray. Her Aunt blamed me and tried to prevent our meeting with one another but in vain, but I do not believe I had any blame in her rejecting Mr Mowbray for he was a very indifferent looking man, much older than she was, and it was never agreeable to her to admit his addresses. She lived and died a maiden with unspotted fame and as long as she lived, whenever I went to Edinburgh, I went and called upon her and she still received my visits with a civility and tenderness which affected me in a very sensible manner. What with Miss Oliphant and Music, the Greek was but a dry study and every branch of Education was attended to in a very superficial manner. When the classes were near breaking up I returned to Millholm but left Miss Oliphant with a sorrowful heart, and after I came home I found myself far more unhappy from the want of her company than I ever imagined I would have been. I found I had been in love and had not known it.

I stayed at Millholm some time this summer, 1756, without meeting with anything worthy of notice. My father, when in the South Country, had travelled in Berkshire and there were two wholesale linen drapers lived in Reading with whom he kept a constant correspondence. It was agreed I should go up to them and assist in the counting house at times and see the country in that quarter. Accordingly, I set off about Lammas, mounted upon a little grey Scots Galloway, in the company of one William Brown, another lad called Robson, and two girls who were going to some friends they had in that country. As there were five of us in company and the weather fine and the roads dry, we had a very agreeable journey to the South and, as we were

not limited as to time, we had the pleasure of seeing all the large towns upon the western London road, which road we followed until we turned off for Oxford. I admired Oxford most of all the towns I had seen. We at last arrived at Reading and were civilly received by our friends. The two Gentlemen that I went to stay with were Lamb and Routledge, Linen Drapers, both originally from the border of England, adjacent to our country; there was besides like a little colony of Borderers and their descendants settled there. I soon found that I was in a different world, as I thought, from anything I had ever seen [as] all was here stir and bustle; trade and business engrossed their chief attention. In the time that could be spared from eating and drinking, learning or mental improvement were little attended to and little regarded. We were so regular in our movements that when I gave a journal of one day, it will suffice for the whole of the time I stayed there, unless when we went to visit some neighbours, which frequently happened.

We got up in the morning early. The first thing we did was we got a pint of warm puree, a sort of Bitter Ale and woods boiled in it; this was a sort of laxative and reckoned wholesome. I then went to the counting house and wrote till breakfast then returned and was employed till dinner. Then we went all to a public house and got a full draught of fine strong beer. After dinner we then returned [to] business for some time and as soon as it began to approach the evening we went to a public Room and did not leave it until eleven o'clock, sometimes later, when we came home and went to bed, a little flustered, seldom drunk, and this was our constant routine from day to day. After I was a little habituated to this mode of life I began to turn lusty and inclined to turn fat, a thing I never all my life had the smallest appearance of, either before or after. But then I found a sort of dullness and stupidity about me which I never perceived before and after I returned to Scotland and was settled in my former sober and plain diet, I found so great an alteration in myself that I have been ever since fully convinced that during all the time I was in England, which was above one half year, I had never been perfectly sober the whole time. The middle ranks of people in the large towns in the South country are certainly more dull and heavy than the same class in Scotland which I ascribe, in great measure, to their diet and mode of life. It is certain they have less education than the same class in Scotland, but their mode of living is by no means calculated to keep the understanding unclouded and serene and their ordinary conversations are such that it is not surprising that they should have neither taste nor value for Literary acquirements. They plod

on in their own business, upon their skill and knowledge of it only. They value themselves and they are not disposed to esteem any man, whatever his other attainments may be, if he does not understand what, to them, appears to be the main thing needful.

When I went to these Publick Rooms I found a great concourse of people divided into many companys, each company with a little table before them and their own liquor, and some of them, for the most part, ordered something for supper, some seldom ordered anything but drank for all. Their drink was mostly malt liquor, but they had different sorts of very fine strong Ale and Beer and porter; some drank one thing, some another and some mixed them. Every man almost had his tobacco pipe in his mouth and we were just in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke. I never learned to smoke but soon I accustomed so that I found no sort of inconveniency from their smoking. Our principal topics of conversation were trade, agriculture, horse racing and eating. This last subject I was surprised at and thought it would certainly soon be exhausted. I found, however, I had been mistaken; the different dishes, different methods of dressing, different tastes, what one liked and another liked, afforded a field of long and ample discussion and when any man had been so fortunate as to dine much to his mind he, with a joyful heart and countenance, communicated the glad tidings to his friends, who did not fail to congratulate him upon his good fortune and I always observed they spoke with more pleasure and relish upon that subject than upon any other. As I was little acquainted with any of these subjects I made but a sorry figure at these meetings and altho I wished to have done some service to the Gentlemen in their Compting house I was so slow that I could do very little. Whenever the Gentlemen went to visit any of their neighbours I went along with them and here I was introduced to several free, forward, hearty girls but alas there was no Miss Oliphants among them. To me the difference seemed immense. I was never a polite man, I was always rather awkward and backwards in company, yet still I could distinguish between a woman of sense and education and those that had very little pretensions to either.

There lived in Reading at this time an old acquaintance of my Father's, Mr Thomas White. This man, by success in trade and a fortune he acquired by marriage, had amassed a great fortune; he had his carriage, his Livery servant and lived in all the style of barbarous magnificence. When you went into his house you were struck with an appearance of grandeur; when you came to converse with him there was a great falling off, as he had risen from

obscurity – he held not even the common education of the lowest orders in Scotland. His conversations centred principally upon himself; his own actions and acquisitions seemed to him to be the only subjects worthy of his regard. He was constantly the hero of all his stories and, as he had no talent even for these stories, his narratives were slow, dull, heavy and disgusting. I thought it ridiculous to see such a man dressed like a nobleman (for he dressed in higher state than any Gentleman in that neighbourhood) and living in such splendour. He had a daughter, Miss Sally White, about 17 years of age. As she came several times to Mr Routledge's where I stayed, Mr Routledge advised me to make up to Miss White; it would make my fortune, but I heard him with great indifference. The daughter had just as far attractions in my eye as the father and during the time that I was in England I had no connection with [the] female world, neither lawful nor criminal.

I went about to most places within about fifty miles round and saw most places in that quarter. I went and saw Winchester and viewed the Cathedral, South Hampton, Gosport and Portsmouth. As it was in time of war^[64] Portsmouth was all alive and the concourse of shipping, the Docks, Military and Naval Stores, the Cannon, Bombs, Mortars, Pitch works and Building and equipping the Men of War, were to me entertaining objects. I afterwards went to London and was there some time but there I saw nothing very surprising but the crowds of well dressed whores that parades the streets in the evening.

Chapter 3

An Impudent Young Fellow

About the latter end of March, 1757, I bought a little stout brown mare and set forward for Scotland in company with one John Calvert, who was coming to near Longtown, and came to Millholm about the beginning of April that year, viz. 1757, and was kindly welcomed by my parents who would now not hear of my leaving them again, neither for education nor business, but I must just stay at home and become a Stock Farmer and assist my Father who was now in the 60th year of his age. This was not agreeable to me at all for I thought it a sort of low occupation and, besides, I saw very little encouragement to undertake it, for a great many of the farmers in the neighbourhood were breaking and going to ruin and even my Father and Mother for all their care had not improved their circumstances from the year 1751 when he bought the stock of Makman. Whether my father over-stocked his grounds, or what ever the cause, I know not, but it appears by his statements in his Old Book folio 81 that his loss of sheep had been remarkably great for some years before this time, far greater than I have been accustomed to since, upon an average of years. To see such loss of Gear and all the principal farmers in every hand brought to ruin and poverty was certainly dismal for a young man who was obliged to risk his sole dependence upon such a precarious foundation, and it will not appear strange that I entered upon this Business with great reluctance when I have enumerated a part of the principal failures that happened about this time in our quarter, viz. Robert Elliot, Laird of Fenwick, Westerkirk, Haychester, and some other place I have forgot, lived at Arkleton in Ewes and, besides these estates, he had the Farms of Arkleton, Upper Glendivan, Coums, Broad Head and Middlemoss, Unthank, Shaws, Hislop and Ramsycleuchburn. He broke in 1755 in £9000 of debt. He had a sister, a widow of fortune, who gave his son money to stock the Farm of Unthank, but the son soon failed likewise. William Borthwick, who I mentioned before, after having great success, after he had farmed very

extensively and purchased the lands of Neither Cassock, at last failed and Land and Stocks and everything was sold and he was obliged to go to school after he was 60 years of age to qualify himself for a different employment and went to live in Irvine, in Ayrshire. John Huggan, in the extensive farm of Westwater, broke and paid nothing. John Armstrong in Pottholm, my Uncle, did not absolutely break but he was got so much in debt that he was obliged to sell his stock of Pottholm to relieve himself, as it was by far the best Farm in the Country of its extent. My Father wished much to buy it and sell his stock of Makman, but my Uncle had differed with all his friends about that little silly creature, Meg Brown, and he would not sell it to my Father but sold it to one James Telfer at 14/9d per piece, Hog and Ewe, a price never heard of in the country before, but my Father thought it was worth more. Telfer was like to run from his bargain. My Uncle then came and told my Father that he might still have it and I struck the bargain for 20 guineas more than Telfer was to give. He then told Telfer he might either stand or not but he certainly never intended us to have it and Telfer and he made it up somehow and Telfer got it and lives upon [it] to this day and is in good circumstances but might have made an estate out of it if he had been a man of prudence and economy. A little after, all the three Aitchisons, viz. Edward in Eweslees, William in Burnfoot and Robert in Carretridge, brothers, went all a slop in one year. William Scott in Bush and Stichelhill and his Brother David in Blackhall broke, but some friends set David rather on foot again and some time after John Armstrong in Wrae, James Little in Terronah and, in process of time, the great Mr George Malcolm became bankrupts and although Mr Malcolm and his family live in as grand a style as ever, he paid only 7/7d per pound. John Reid in Becks and Mr Huggans in Bigholms both failed as did also our nearest neighbour, James Johnstone in Mickleholm, who had that Farm Barnleeshead and Tower of Sark. James Moffat in Garwald, a principal farmer, who afterwards made a deal of money, was so reduced that he gave up his farm, but no man could be found to take it and he paid his rent just as he pleased until times grew better [so] that he recovered.

In short, matters came to that pass that there was not one farmer in the Parish where I have long lived and where I live still and where most of my family has ever been, viz. the parish of Ewes, but what had been bankrupts, excepting one man, Thomas Scott in Brieryshaw. These bankruptcies did not all happen at the time I entered to Farming, some of them were some 2 or 3 years before, some of them, especially Mr Malcolm, was many years after, for

his was the last, but most of them happened at no great distance from the year 1757, for about that time the poverty and distress of the farmers was about its worst. When I considered these sad examples set before me, I thought it was just like desiring me to take a voyage, this life in a track where almost every person that embarked had been shipwrecked and bankruptcy and misery stood before me in awful horror. But I was encouraged by my parents, especially by my Mother of whose sound sense I ever had a high opinion and I was entered seriously to the Farming business about Whitsunday, 1757, being then near 21 years of age, in higher health and vigour that I ever afterwards enjoyed and here, before I proceed any further, I intend to give something as like my own picture as it is possible for me to draw it.

I am certain to do it fairly yet, as it is impossible for me to view myself through any other medium than self love, I know I cannot do it justly as a judicious and impartial observer would have done. My reasons for doing it at this time are that I was now in the Bloom of Life and I take it at the time when it will appear to most advantage and I cannot do as Historians do, who commonly draw the person's character after his death. I was about five feet nine inches high, my hair of which I had a great deal was a very dark brown, my eyes were nearly of the same colour, my skin fair enough for my complexion, my nose perfectly straight, my whole features no way irregular and my cheeks a little ruddy but there was not much animation in my countenance. My eyes had a sort of languid, thoughtful look bordering upon dullness, my speech and manner were rather slow and I discovered very little humour or sprightliness, either in my appearance or conversation. As the make of my body was round, I had not the fine, square, broad shoulders and hollow back; my shoulders were round but not stooping, but appeared narrow. My neck was rather long and stood tight from the shoulders, my head was large with a remarkable sharp peak behind it, my joints were all tightly knit and I had a handsome leg and foot, with an ankle so small that ever after I came to be a man I could have grasped it fairly round with the thumb and fingers of one hand, a thing I met with very few could do but myself, and when I was in the prime of life I weighed near thirteen stones, for as my body was round and both measured and weighed as far as some that appeared grosser and my agility and strength were fully equal to my appearance. As to my mental powers, if I can presume to dignify them with that epithet, I was a man of plain common sense. I was rather slow in comprehending anything, but after I came to understand a subject my first opinion was generally decisive – I could

seldom amend it upon further deliberation. This temperament answered me tolerably well in the ordinary occurrences of life and in a sober conversation with a friend who allowed plenty of time, but in mixed companys I never could collect myself and was often confounded by men that were not, in the main, my superiors. I had nothing like sprightliness myself, neither did I regard it in others; a man of masculine good sense, I admired, all the sallies of imagination I considered as mere froth, almost unbecoming in a man. My memory, although it had gradually returned since my health was restored, was nothing like what it was before my distress but I have been often inclined to think that memory is greatly influenced by taste.

With regard to my business, my memory was so indifferent that I durst rely very little upon it and constantly carried pen and ink to commit everything to writing. I often attended Church and could not tell where either Text or Lecture had been when I came home. When I read History I could have retained a great deal, but when I read Milton, Young,^[65] some parts of Shakespeare or any of the graver Poets it affected me in so sensible a manner that the tears would gush from my eyes and when I went to bed at night I could not sleep for its ringing in my imagination and of such Poetry I retained a good deal. It may be thought inconsistent that a man who had no relish for wit and vivacity should have so feeling a sense of the beauties of such Poetry, but certainly the noblest efforts in Poetry, grave and sublime, depend upon something very different from what we denominate wit and fancy. In ordinary conversation it is true the imagination must be exalted otherwise the production will be destitute of spirit and fire but then it must be completely reined in by a superior and Commanding judgement or the poem will be very incorrect. I have ever thought that to shine in works of this description is the highest attainment that human nature is capable of, for here the powers of genius and judgement both, which seldom coincide in the same person, must be displayed in the most grand and striking attitude.

I must now resume my homely narrative, which will now prove a more barren subject than before, for me to speak of the rides I took to the different farms, my business amongst the cattle, the different markets I attended, could be no way interesting. I shall therefor mention only such things as I think deserve notice and even these will not be of much consequence. I entered to the Farming business about Whitsunday, 1757, under the same system of terror that I entered to the School of Ewes in 1743. I thought poverty and misery almost unavoidable but [as] I was determined to do everything in my

power to avert it, I considered our situation and endeavoured, as far as I could, to estimate our subject. My Father had then the stocks upon the Farms of Millholm, Burngrains, Makman and an insignificant spot called Wattaman belonging to Sir William Maxwell. We had, in whole, near 3000 sheep and about 40 Nolt and Horse but as Gear were then of little value and my Father was considerably in debt, I do not think we had one thousand pounds of free capital; but this will appear more fully, by inspecting his own state, I mean my Father's state, of the value of his Stocks, inserted in his old Book folio 58, compared with his state of debts in 1757 in the same book, folio 163, and to these I refer.

After I came home I was fairly settled to my rustic employment and had fully entered upon my former mode of life and plain and simple diet, and the fumes of the English liquor and diet were exhausted, I began to feel a sort of want and often a lowness of spirits and perfect apathy and defection. My health began to decline and I turned so thin and pale that many people thought I was verging upon consumption and what may appear surprising, my father (who had always been a very healthy man, having never been troubled with anything but sometimes a cholick, of which he was cured by Doctor Duds, it is certain however it never returned) had so little feeling for the distress of others that he considered it as a mere fancy, it could be nothing else and even when I was in that situation he would abate nothing of my service but would have called me in the night time, 'Tammie, Rise and go to such a place.' 'O Father, I am not well, I cannot go.' He would answer, 'Get up, you will be the better of riding.' 'Oh Father I cannot rise.' He would then turn angry, 'Rise, it must be done, what will lying in bed do for anybody?' and a great deal of the same sort, so that I was often obliged to rise and set off with a sorry heart. I have sometimes been at Makman about daybreak, altho it was about fifteen miles of bad waste road, and when I was sent to Carlisle to assist in buying Black cattle afterwards, when our stock increased in the end of Harvest, I would be near Longtown at daylight and constantly home again that night. It is true at times my father never hesitated to do the same himself, both before and even at this time, but then his constitution was such that he knew not what it was to be attacked by disease and he concluded that every body was in his situation, for it was not to me alone but to almost everybody that he held the same language.

I remember we were selling some sheep to one Gabriel Graham, a Butcher in Carlisle. This man had been a sort of rambling blackguard in his youth but

had a taste for many things unknown to most of his trade. He was completely taught fencing, a most excellent shot, a remarkable dancer and an uncommon judge of horses and had some taste for music and had an uncommon fluency of speech, but mad, furious and passionate as any man I ever saw. This man had been afflicted for some time with violent attacks of palpitation of the heart and when he was handling the sheep it seized him so severely that the sweat ran off him and he was like to faint. We were all sorry for the poor man but my Father, who addressed him in his usual strain: 'Mr Graham, it is all a fancy, it can be nothing else.' Notwithstanding his distress, Graham broke forth into a most violent passion, cursing and swearing in an awful manner. My Father, who was likewise very violent, grew likewise hot and stood to his text: it is said to be a mere Kimmery (his manner of pronouncing chimeara), a fancy and nothing else. Graham felt too sensibly to be convinced by my Father; my Father would not be convinced by him; and they continued a most violent altercation until Graham was so exhausted by sickness and wrath that he sunk quite low and my Father seemed to gain the victory. But in the end poor Graham proved that he was right for he never recovered and died of that disease.

My father this year sold his Good Weather Lambs to Mr William Curr in Yet-Byre. When they were to be delivered my Father somehow could not attend and I went to Burngrains with Mr Curr. I had upon my horse a new white bridle. When I came there I took off my saddle and bridle and let the horse go and laid my saddle and bridle down at the back of the Fold Dyke. When I came to go away I found some young, hungry dogs belonging to the Herds had entirely eaten my bridle reins and I came home without a bridle and the bits in my pocket and I was not well received by my Father.

But the hardest service I had this year was at Staigshaw Fair.^[66] My Father sent off for it his wedder hogs at Makman and a lad called Archibald Scott to drive them. When they came near the market the road turned so thronged with Drovers that I was sent to join him two days before he went to the Hill, to help him forward. The first night, I got a bad bed but as all was confusion and noise and they played upon the Fiddle and danced just in the room, I got not a wink of sleep. The next night I was never in bed, but went on to the Hill in the afternoon of the next day and there my father joined us and that night, being the third, I had wanted rest. I was like to fall asleep walking and as soon as our sheep settled, I sat down and fell asleep upon the hill, my father came and found me and took me into a tent, but I got no sleep there and thought,

next day, being the Fair, that the Sun had stopped in the valley of Avalon, for it seemed to me a week between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon.^[67] We got quit and came off but as far as we rode, my Father and another man rode upon each side of me and took care to keep me upon horseback, otherwise I would have tumbled off asleep. We came to Wallick, I got into bed and slept sound but was wakened far too early next morning. Next night I came home [and] I was obliged to rise betimes the next day and go to Burngrains' speaning. The day turned out wet and we could not spean but I went to some distance and lay down and fell asleep and was wet when I awoke altho I was rather sheltered by a bield.

I remember when I was complaining of want of rest amongst some drivers [*i.e.* drovers] at Staigshaw Hill, they laughed at it, and one of them said he had sometimes not been in bed for 20 nights running. I then thought it and do think it still a base business driving. I had still but little heart to my business, but about this year we got about 3/d for our best lambs, 1/6d for the worst, 5/10d for our wool, from 6/- to 7/- for draught and Fat Sheep and altho we had 276 sheep dead, besides what died in Wattam, which was so insignificant that we kept no account of the dead in it, yet we rather reduced our debt, and altho our savings were small, yet it gave me more encouragement than a far greater sum would have done at some future periods of my life and I am certain that a man that saves only £20 a year thinks just as much of it and looks before him with as cheerful a prospect as he that saves £2000. As our business required but little attention in winter, unless it happened to be a severe storm, I had a good deal of time in winter to bestow upon reading. I read a good deal this winter and got intimately acquainted with Young's complaint.^[68] As I was not in high health or spirits it suited the temper of my mind and, altho some alledged it was a book ill suited to my complaints, I am still of opinion I was benefited by it, but at some future period of my life I lost the high veneration for Young which I entertained at this time and to this day I look upon him as more Poet than Philosopher. I think his imagination overpowers his understanding so that many of his reasonings are far from being conclusive. As I was in low spirits I lost all relish for company and had not the smallest concern about my dress or appearance. I degenerated into a perfect sloven and had not even the spirit of resentment that I found in my younger days. I sauntered mostly about home, sometimes reading, sometimes dull and gloomy, seldom cheerful; none of the young ladies regarded me and I gave them no trouble. It was to me a melancholy winter but in the spring I

began to ride and as the season advanced I rather got better, in so far as my spirits and vigour gradually returned but I continued still much thinner and paler than I was before and, as I took no concern for my appearance, my face and hands being exposed to all weathers, in the summer season they were very brown with sun burning and I began to be tormented with toothaches and some time cholics.

I have before said that I regarded not the young Ladies but this summer I fell into the habit of connection with servant girls. I have often thought it strange that the two winters I was in Edinburgh and the time I was in the South country I lived as chaste as man could do and I had much merit in it, for I had never any desire after the ladies of the town, but after I came home I was got some health and spirits. When I met amongst banks and bushes young girls bare footed, bare legged, often bare headed in high health and little cloathing, I lost all command of myself and altho for some time I had severe compunction and often resolved to do so no more, I soon found that my resolutions were like the early deer which vanished when the sun of temptation arose and that I was the Bond Slave of [*missing word: Satan?*] and led captive by him at his pleasure. I can say one thing, I never went out of my way for the comfort of bad women, nor even frequented bad houses; in short I never went a mile out of my way for any woman's company, either upon honourable or dishonourable views in my life, excepting for the woman who I afterwards married. Yet still my behaviour was highly unbecoming and vicious, for how it happened I know not, but I was seldom at a loss for a helpmate and fell into sins of the flesh at this time, which I have bemoaned and will repent of whilst I live, but notwithstanding my repentance, I contracted such habits about this time that in spite of all I could do, they have never been eradicated to this day and have been the sources of much sorrow and vexation to me even in this world, as will be apparent from the account of the future parts of my life, if I live to write it. To enter into details of my transgressions is not my design but I would wish to warn all young men to beware of contracting bad habits in their youth for if they do, they may depend on it, they will find them inveterate in the after stages of their life. As there was nothing remarkable occurred this Summer excepting such lapses as I have already said I do not wish to relate, my narrative will be barren for some time.

This year, viz. 1758, we had only 179 sheep died, we got about 3/6 for our good wedder lambs, 2/- for our Mid Lambs, 6/6d for our wool, about 9/6 for our draught ewes and considerably diminished our debts. This year my

Father got £85 for his clip of wool and spoke highly of what he looked upon as an extraordinary sum. As I was troubled with cholics it was determined that my Mother and I should go to Moffat after Lambas when the throng time for stock farmers is mostly over, there to drink the water which is reckoned excellent for all complaints of that nature and we set off in company with Thomas Scott of Brieryshaw and his wife and stayed there some time and I found myself a good deal relieved by the use of the water. I mentioned before that in the year 1751 my Father entered the possession of Makman, a farm belonging to the Marquis of Annandale; that the Marquis was insane and a process of Lunacy was depending against him, about the year 1757 he was declared incapable and a small annuity was settled on him and the Estate was put under the management of the Earl of Hope Town [*i.e.* Hopetoun], being nearest of kin and heir apparent.^[69] The Earl of Hope Town was a stately, grave looking man, sober and religious but fond of money and rigid and severe with his tenants and at this very time he was at Moffat letting leases for nine years of the Annandale estate. He seemed to use as much art to raise the rents to the utmost as any needy tradesman could have done in disposing of his merchandise. He let generally one Parish at a time, and at the first set he threw out two or three families that he knew could not want a Farm, then he set no more for about a fortnight to give these people time to give in their proposals for the next set. If they got farms then they threw out some others that must be provided at next set; if they got none then they attacked next set again, so that it spread over the whole estate. I went out one day and saw him set a Parish, where several lost their Farms, and those that got them again seemed sorry for what they had done, dreading they would never be able to pay. As my Father's was one of the best farms in that part of the Estate it was said there was great application for it, and it was reported that some people were trying to get it by interest before the set came on, which was said to be the case with some that had lost their possessions at the first set. As I was alarmed, I wrote to my father but got no answer. I then spoke to Mr Williamson, Lord Hopetoun's man of business, but all the satisfaction I obtained from him [was that] he told me we had powerful adversaries. I then resolved to speak to my Lord himself. I was told he used to rise early in the morning, and take a walk at Annandale. I rose several mornings and at last met him coming from his walk, and got off my hat and did obeisance with fear and trembling. He looked at me, as I thought, sternly and in a strong voice and slow speech he said, 'Do you want to speak to me, young man?', upon which

I told him my story. He heard me with seeming attention and then replied, 'Give yourself no trouble, young man, I will not take your father short; I assure you I will not set that farm before I speak with him.' This set me at ease and it was not set during the time my mother and I stayed at Moffat.

Some time after, my father went to Moffat and after a great deal of wrangling and after my father had come off and left them and was come eight or ten miles upon his journey homeward, the Factor, Mr Blair, sent an express after him, who overtook him upon the road and brought him back to Moffat, when he took it for nine years at £90 a year and £80 entry money, the former rent being £74, and, although it was considerably dearer than before, yet by the turn of the seasons, and advance of markets, we made far more of it than ever we had done before. This was the best year for Stock farmers that had ever been known by the oldest man alive at that period. Everything sold at prices far beyond expectation, and as the winter had been remarkably mild, Stocks were good and little loss and plenty of lambs [but] my father, like many others, sold too soon and lost by not asking enough. This year my father also sold his stock of Wattaman for £121, and his possession along with it. There was one John Kennedy, a mason, had some money in Sir William Maxwell's hand and had a lease of that farm in security and he subset it to my father. They exchanged missives, but I believe they were not correct but the intention seemed to be that my father was to have it for seven years if he inclined to continue, but with liberty to throw it up at the end of three years if he found it did not answer, as it was a dirty, wet place. My father would willingly have quit it the first year, but Kennedy held him to his bargain, and a great deal of violent altercation was about it, and now when my father had sold it, being now the third year, Kennedy would not allow the purchasers to continue for the other four years, alledging that a missive was only binding for three years. He was a sober, religious man but the crossdest man I ever saw. He and I had a most violent dispute to very little purpose, and the Irvines of Glenzier, who bought the stock, were obliged to give him something to be quiet.

This year, with this stock, our selling account came to £672, altho often before the sales of the same farms were below £300. Good lambs sold for upwards of 4s; Mid lambs 3/6d; draught ewes sold at 8s to near 10s; wool from 8d to 10d, a thing never before known. In short, we paid off all our debts, got our stocks clear, and not only we but the whole country were exalted above measure, all alive without the smallest dread of ever being

poor again. As I do not recollect any remarkable occurrence this year I shall only observe that it was like the former year, an uncommon fine winter; we never had so little loss of stocks as in these two years. In 1759 we had only 149 died through the whole year, in all our possessions, and in 1760, 144, so that we had a great number of both sheep and lambs to sell, but as they had lived so well and bred so fast, they became plenty and prices began to decline. Yet with the quantity that we had to dispose of, we sold to the value of £572, and lent out some money. As we had never been in that situation since I knew anything about business, my unexperienced and untaught mind was so foolishly elevated that I dreamt of nothing but conquest, taking farms I was fond of, but my views aimed still higher, even at purchasing lands.

There was at that time a process depending before the Court of Session to bring to a judicial sale the Lands of Crieve, in the parish of Tundergarth, that formerly belonged to the deceased John Armstrong of Crieve. As it was entirely stock farms such as I was acquainted with, I had a great desire to have part of it.^[70] To the whole of it, even my youthful vanity durst not then aspire. One day, as I was coming from Makman on foot, I came that way and took a serious view, both of the ground and the year, and most strenuously determined to have a share in it, if it was possible to acquire it, and when I came to the upper end of it I pulled a sprig of heather and twisted it in my hatband, which I considered in my own mind as taking [word missing: possession?]. This heather I wore in my hat both at home and abroad for a very long time, and the people used to tell me I was become a McDonald, as it seems that clan wore heather bows in their bonnets in the year 1745, but no man, not even my own father, ever knew the real meaning of the heather bow. As these lands gave rise to many occurrences in the after part of my life, I have considered it as not all together improper to say something of the proprietors of them for a considerable time before.

Crieve belonged for a long period to the family of Carruthers of Holmains.^[71] This was a very ancient and respectable family. Mr Hume of Godscroft,^[72] in his History of the family of Douglas, speaking of Sir William Douglas the Hardy, surnamed long leg, says that when the Barons of Scotland were summoned by King Edward the first of England to Scone, to swear fealty to the Crown of England and sign the famous Ragman Roll, there were some that refused, but [*i.e.* including] Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie, Sir William Douglas of the Sanquhair and William Karrudise of Annandale. This [last-named] Gentleman is considered as the predecessor of the family

of Holmains, at least this is certain that they had more superiorities, and far more lands could be traced as derived from their family, than from the Johnstones, afterwards the Marquises of Annandale; and they continued to be a respectable family even to my days; but now the remaining estate and the Kirkwood, the family seat, is sold to one Captain MacRae, a man of low birth but a bloody minded man, and a son of Belial. Upon a trifling quarrel with Sir George Ramsay nothing would appease him but Blood. Sir George was obliged in honour to fight him. He shot Sir George dead and escaped beyond the seas and the house of Kirkwood is now almost uninhabited.

In the year 1567 Carruthers of Holmains disposed these lands, viz. Crieve and Kepplefoot [*i.e.* Capelfoot], Newland Hill, Howdale and Glaisters, to Christopher Armstrong of Barnlees. I imagine the Armstrongs had just been Border Marauders in these days, as there was an old Tower at Barnlees, the remains of which I have seen, and there had likewise been a kirk near it called Kirk Bernard and there is still [a] burying ground. The country people call this place Barngliesh [*i.e.* Barnglish], which our [*word missing*: historians?] say is [a] corruption of Birnardie Ecclesie. The next paper, which seems to be a bond of corroboration in case of eviction, is granted by Holmains to William Armstrong, son of Francis Armstrong, commonly called William of Kynmont, in the year 1610. This William is the same man who was rescued out of the Castle of Carlisle by Walter, Lord Buccleugh, in the time of Queen Elizabeth.^[73] He lived at Tower of Sark, a little way from Barngliesh, and not long ago, when the farmer was taking some stones from the old Tower to build some stones, in cleaning the rubbish they found a pair of large and heavy fetters, of an uncommon make, which I have seen, which they judged to be the fetters with which Kynmont was loaded in the Castle, as they had a tradition that they were not taken off till he came home. These Armstrongs continued in possession for several generations, and they had all along tenants of the same name, probably relations.

Two of these tennants married my Grandfather's Aunts, as mentioned before. One of these Armstrongs, called Christys Will, was a man of gigantic size and incredible strength. There is many stories concerning him amongst all ranks of old people in our country, all wonderful, but most of them very improbable.^[74] The strangest, and what is most generally mentioned, is a storie that the Earl of Traquair was to be tried for his life upon a certain day, and his friend found out that if they could get one of his judges out of the way at the trial, there would be a majority of the judges in his favour. But if this

man, who they call the Lord President, sat upon the Bench he would certainly be condemned. In this dilemma they sent for Will Armstrong and told them what they wished to have done. Will, accompanied by a band of Borderers mounted upon gallant horses, most probably stolen from England, for exploits of that Nature Will was famous, repaired to Edinburgh at the races. It seems it had been the custom for Horsemen then to wear large cloaks. When the Races were running in Leith sands, Will and his party surrounded the Lord president. Will pulled him off his horse at once and got him below his cloak, whispering to him to make no noise or he should die that moment. His troops carried off the Horse and Will, in the middle of them, carried him off unperceived. When they were got to a convenient place they bound up his eyes and assured him his life was perfectly safe. They brought him to the south country and Will himself conveyed him to a tower in the Water of Dryphe above Borland, the remains of which are still standing. Here he was attended to by a trusty servant of Will's and saw no other body and after the trial was over the Earl was acquitted. Will again blindfolded him and carried him back in the one night and set him down blindfolded in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh and left him, and he never had the smallest idea of either where he had been or who had carried him away.

Strange and incredible as this story appears to me, and will do so, I think, to most men, it has been often told and never doubted by very many old people, but what makes it most probable is that the Noble family of Traquair took particular notice of his descendants for a long time after, and I have seen, very often, one of them, Christopher Armstrong, who, I have [been] told by my father, used several times to go and visit at Traquair. There are [a] number of other stories told by this man but as they are mostly of one class, viz. plundering the English, I shall only observe that from his intrepidity and the strange schemes he fell upon to avoid detection, he seems to have been an adept in his nefarious profession.

The last Armstrong that was Laird of Crieve was called John. It would seem from several papers in my possession that he had been a man more civilized than these Barbarians; yet how it happened I cannot tell, but towards the close of the 16th century he killed one Johnstone of Old Walls and was obliged to fly into England and took a farm called Pidderrill, from Lady Praston,^[75] and lived in England to his dying day. Before he went into England, he had got involved in cautionery^[76] with one Graham of Mossknow and Colonel Johnstone of Graitney [*i.e.* Gretna] in very heavy sums and all the

three gentlemen were greatly embarrassed. After he had been some time in England he was seized with a fever, of which he at length recovered, but ever after his judgement seems to have been greatly impaired.

There was at that time, living in Annan, a man named John Rae, a famous fellow in his line as shall be noticed presently. This man, knowing the weakness and facility of John Armstrong, had the address to inveigle him into a sale of his Estate; the bargain was concluded, John Rae got a disposition, directly took infestment and entered to possession. The heirs, sisters children of John Armstrong, raised a process of reduction upon the ground that John Armstrong was incapable of selling his estate being deranged; and by the papers in that process it would appear that the witnesses brought by John Rae made him a sensible man, those brought by the Heirs made him a downright idiot. This process was afterwards involved with other matters; both Graham of Mossknow and Colonel Johnstone became bankrupts. John Rae had engaged to pay all John Armstrong's debts, as he had been greatly involved with these Gentlemen. Rae could not tell what he would have to pay till their affairs were settled. Rae himself came to be in want of money, he applied to William Scott of Rowanburnfoot, a great Drover, who lent him 900 and got an heritable bond upon Crieve and, in process of time, John Rae became Bankrupt and not long after died, and some years after William Scott became Bankrupt; and two of his Creditors who had affected his heritable bond upon Crieve, likewise became Bankrupt. So there was such a labyrinth of confusion as seldom ever came before the Court of Session. Colonel Johnstone had a great estate, Graham of Mossknow had a good estate, John Rae had a deal of lands about Annan and Castle Bank and Skailwood near Ecclefechan, and had acquired a right to Crieve; and all those were notoriously Bankrupt, and all so twisted together that until matters were settled amongst them and the Estate sold and the different schemes of division approven of, it could not be known what any of them was to draw. William Scott was likewise Bankrupt, and two of his Creditors who with others had infected his heritable Right upon Crieve were likewise Bankrupt, and besides all this, John Armstrong's heirs, which by many was thought to be in vain were pursuing for a Reduction of John Rae's Bargain, and some men of the name of Irvine were pursuing for a part of Mossknow's Estate, alledging it had been unfairly evicted from their family.

But it will give a juster idea of the confusion and difficulty into which their business was plunged when I add that a process of Ranking and sale of these estates depended before the Court of Session for above 50 years and long

before it was finished all these Gentlemen I have mentioned were dead and gone and there [were] none of the Heirs that drew anything but the heirs of Armstrong of Crieve. For, after John Rae's demise, when these Estates was to be brought to a sale, the Lords found that John Rae's Heirs were just and onerous creditors upon Crieve for every thing they could instruct that John Rae had paid for John Armstrong. But in consideration of the state of John Armstrong's intellect at the time the Bargain was made, they found that sale should not injure his Heirs and Decendants, etc. and after the Estate was sold, contrary to all expectation, they drew a considerable reversion. John Rae's Heirs, when his lands were first sold, would have had a tolerable reversion but the lands about Annan were sold to Colonel Stewart Douglas, one of the Hillhead family and John Bushby, Sherriff Clerk, in Dumfries, became cautioner, a man damned to everlasting fame, whom I cannot pass over in silence, and the Estate of Castle Bank and Skailwood was sold to Mr Kay of Crawford Town N.S., and Mr Armstrong of Kirtletown who about that time became Sherriff of the County became his cautioner, as they became all Bankrupts and never could fulfil their engagements and the Estate was afterwards sold again, in the Time of the American War, and the debts were not near paid.

This John Rae was a poor boy near Annan. He had been at school, could read some, but write none. He was put as soon as he could do anything to keep cows by the sea side. Some Man in the neighbourhood saw him a smart boy and asked him if he could write. John said no, he could not. The Man wrote something up the sea sand with his staff and explained it to John. John attempted to imitate it. The man, seeing him clever and desirous to learn, set him several copies in that large sheet and John made such progress that he could readily both read and write in the stick style. He then got upon paper and soon wrote a hand that was legible, but it appears from some of his letters in my possession that he had never either speed or understood the language properly.

When he came to be a man he turned smuggler, a great trade in that part when the Isle of Man was a free port. As he was a stout resolute man and of strong sense he conducted his enterprizes with equal Boldness and address, and soon became a leading man amongst them. After he had followed this business with success for some time, the office surveyor of the Western coast of Scotland became vacant. John set off for London, to solicit the office from Sir Robert Walpole, then Minister of state. John soon found out Sir Robert's

principal domestick and told him he wishd to speak with Sir Robert. Upon the Gentleman beginning to speak haughtily, in the politest manner, John presented him with a fifty pound note, which made his countenance more placid. He then told John to come at a certain hour tomorrow and he would endeavour to obtain him an interview with Sir Robert. When John came he took him into a large room and told him Sir Robert walked in there every morning to receive petitions and he always began at a certain corner and received them in order all round; and he stationed himself so that he should get his presented first and advised him not to quit his station and not to be either readily abashed or refused. At last Sir Robert came in, John presented his petition. After reading it, Sir Robert, beholding him with a stern countenance, said, 'How can you have the audacity to petition for a place under His Majesty when I am well informed [that] you are the most noted smuggler in all that country?' John replied, 'Sir, that is just what qualified me for the office, always set a thief to catch a thief. No one knows their praties, nor their staunts, so well as I and there is no man so fit to detect them.' What other arguments he used I know not but certain it is, he came home with his commission in his pocket and, as he managed it, the office was then better to him than 200 per annum.

John then turned a high man. He acquired a Right to the Crieve, as I mentioned before. Still he was unmarried. There was a young lady of the name of Colquhoun that lived somewhere in the East part of Northumberland, east of Alnwick, that fell with child to some Gentleman in that place, who either would not or could not marry her. She was sent to Boulness [*i.e.* Bowness] upon the West coast, to be delivered of the child, as she was reported to be a Lady of fortune, and I have heard she really had above £200 which was a fortune in those days. John got acquainted with her and went and visited her after she went home. As he was a very likely man, he was very agreeable to the young lady, and her friends were not averse to the match, only they said they knew nothing of his circumstances. John asked if they knew any person in his country, some of them said they knew Mr Scott of Rowanburn, who I mentioned before. 'Well,' says John, 'I'll bring you a character from Mr Scott.' John came to Mr Scott and told him it was much in his power to serve him. After telling his story he produced a letter, which he desired Mr Scott to copy and sign, conceived in these Terms: 'Sir, I have fully considered your proposals for letting me a lease of your Lands of Crieve if you will enclose it with a sufficient stout Dyke, and divide it into enclosures, none of which

must be above 40 acres, I will give you £700 per annum for it.' Mr Scott well knew it was not worth near half the money, but then as it was moss and muir land, no stones to be got, and no possibility of enclosing it, he thought himself in no danger to write and subscribe the letter, which he did accordingly. John went back to Northumberland [and] procured Mr Scott's letter and his commission to Miss Colquhoun's friends. As it mentioned enclosing, they took it for arable land such as they were acquainted with. Here was a man held in office of 200 per annum; here is a Gentleman of character [who] offers him £700 per annum for his estate; they cheerfully agreed to his proposals and he directly married and brought home Mrs Rae.

These traits will show that he was a man of some genius, but the prejudices of education are not to be eradicated for the smuggler was apparent in all his schemes, which would more fully appear if I were to relate some of his other exploits. John Armstrong had that fever that weakened his intellect in the year 1722. John Rae bought the estate in 1723. The Heirs brought their process of Reduction in 1731 and the lands were brought to a judicial sale in 1762 and Crieve was purchased by William Elliot, writer in Edinburgh, of whom I will have frequently occasion to write of, if this narrative continues.

I must now, after this long digression, return to my simple and uninteresting memoirs and shall begin in the year 1761. In this year my Grandfather, old Thomas Armstrong of Sorbie, died a little before Whitsunday. John Armstrong, his son, as I mentioned before, had offended all his friends; they had all deserted him upon his second marriage with that contemptible creature, Meg Brown, and he had been obliged to sell his stock of Potholm to James Telfer and got the Farm of Flask in the Parish of Ewes, a farm which my grandfather and uncle had long held as a led farm. Upon my Grandfather's demise, my uncle intended to come and live at Sorbie and hold Flask as a led farm, but he was baulked of his intention of holding Flask as a led farm by his nearest neighbour, John Armstrong in Wrae. This man was a Drover, a cunning draughty fellow but little scholar and as little real capital; yet he blustered forward, and used often to say that £20 worse than nothing was a good stock, for says he, 'I can make £20 a year by lying with ease.' By some means he elude [*word not identified*] himself to be taken notice of by Mr Craigie of Kalgraston, who was the Duke's^[177] commissioner during his minority, and, by presents, he obtained the favour of John Craigie, the Chamberlain at Langholm Castle; by his interest he some time before got the farm of Wrae, and as my Uncle's farm lay contiguous to it he had taken it into his head to see to jockey my

Uncle out of his possession, as my uncle was in embarrassed circumstances. John Armstrong had sometimes advanced him money to pay his rents in the spring, reimbursed by getting into his hands what cattle my Uncle had to dispose of in the following summer. This year John Armstrong promised to do as usual, but put it off upon various pretences, until my uncle was warned away, and then refused to do anything for him for he had secretly laid his plan in concert with the Chamberlain to wrest the farm from my uncle. My uncle then applied to my father, who went and told the Chamberlain that he would pay the money. 'But,' says Craigie, 'that will not do, unless you are rented along with him, I will not take him as a tennant.' He thought my uncle would object to this and then they would take the farm from him upon pretence, that he was in embarrassed circumstances and could not find a cautioner; and if my uncle did agree to my father's being rented, then they would turn him out upon pretence, that he could not hold it himself and was bringing in another, without the commissioner's consent, so that in any event he was to lose his possession.

It was now near the time of land setting, when the commissioner came to settle anything for that year. My uncle and father, seeing the designs, waited upon the Chamberlain, produced the money for payment of the rents, and offered to agree to everything he required, but to their surprise he would neither receive the money nor do anything in the business until the commissioner's pleasure was known at the land setting. In the meantime John Armstrong, I mean Wrae, had in concert with the chamberlain presented a petition to the commissioner, setting forth that my uncle could no longer hold his possession, and that he was bringing in another tenant, without his consent, and as the farm lay contiguous to his, he hoped he would prefer him to it. This petition, backed by the Chamberlain, had the desired effect. John Armstrong got the farm by downright villany, and after it was so settled they directly pursued for the money they would not receive before, and altho the chamberlain talked much of his Honesty and walking, as he said, 'in God's High ways',^[78] my Heart was filled with indignation against him and Armstrong, and I had very violent and acrimonious quarrels with Armstrong upon that subject.

This year was not near so good for stock farmers as some of the preceding years, for the Sheep had bred so fast, and lived so well, that they had become very plenty, and all demand was glutted and prices much reduced. As we saw that we would have all our Lambs to take to the Market we brought all our

Lambs from Burngrains and Makman to Millholm, two or three days before the summer fair (excepting the good Wedder Lambs of Burngrains), in order to draw them into parcels as it was nearest to the market. The day before the summer fair, when they were to be drawn, I was sent off some other way so that I was not at the drawing, but it turned out a very bad day and they were sadly abused in the Folds in drawing and before they had done, Esk came down so rapidly that they could not pass it and were obliged to set off for the Bridge below Langholm (as there was no Bridge then at the Town) on their way to Warblaw,^[79] where they designed to lie all night. They had to cross the little water of Wauchope, discoloured and flooded by the rain, and the lambs would not enter it [but] with great difficulty they got them through. Just as it began to turn dark they had then to go through a wood in ascending Warblaw. As it was now dark they scattered them in the wood, and having got them gathered, as they thought, they set out for the top of the Hill, there all the Lambs that had come down that side of the Esk were lying. Before our Drivers were aware, they rushed in among the other parcels; every man ran to take care of his own but, as it was night and all the lambs wild, all that was near ran into a confused mass.

As I had come home to Millholm that night, I was up early next morning to go to the fair. When I came out I saw a great confusion of men and lambs at Warblaw. I went down by Langholm expecting to meet the Lambs, but could hear nothing of them. I then went to the low Bridge and rode out for Warblaw hill. I then met some who told me we would not get to the Market that day, for our Lambs were all in a heap, and a great number of other lambs among them, and every body striving to get their own from among them, to set off for the market; and some of theirs, the very mark of some of ours. After a deal of confusion, and being left by everybody about eleven o'clock in the fair day, we got a little fold at Skipper, with five parcels of Lambs in a group and there we began drawing.

The first parcel we got drawn, we wanted 45 of our number, and in all we wanted 76 and before we had done drawing it was about one o'clock and with the crowd of men and horses, it was impossible to go through the town, and we were obliged to go by the Langholm dyke heads and come down the Turner Cleugh, and as the market was very throng, we never got upon the fair steads, but we got within view of it, between 2 and 3 o'clock. The market was nearly over, but by this time my father had sold Burngrains' good Wedders and some of our acquaintances agreed to take some of these I stood with, but

we had between 18 and 19 scores that no body ever offered for. My father, I think just from vexation, had got rather intoxicated. Late in the afternoon when all was over, my father came to us in high spirits, attended by a man that had every appearance of a Blackgaurd; he was a very big, Broad, tall man, Red Haired, a cowering countenance and almost in rags and my father would sell him the Lambs. I opposed it. I found a Northumberland man who knew him. He said his name was Alexander Maclelan, he believed from Galloway, but he had left his native country and had been some time in Northumberland, but he told me neither he nor (he would venture to say) any other man would pass his word for him for a shilling. But, in spite of all I could say, my father sold him the Lambs for £56. And, to the surprise of everybody, at last got nearly paid. I think I was never more fatigued nor more vexed with a day's work in my life. I thought we had lost 76 lambs, and given away near 380, but in end there was little loss, for we found every Lamb we had, next day, in the Stubholm woods.

Either this year or the year preceding we did something in our scheme of stock Farming that would now be considered the height of folly and ignorance. We had then in Burngrains a noted shepherd called Tom Murray. In choosing our Tup Lambs, to ride our stocks, we wailed them all, Blackfaced, Black legged and course skinned, and after pitching upon the darkest and coarsest we could find. Still Tom thought they were not either coarse enough in the skin nor sufficiently Blackfaced. He prevailed upon my father to allow him to go to the Blackhouse in Yarrow and buy some real short Scotts Sheep, Blackfaced and horned. These, Thomas said, would amend their skins and make them Broader in the backs and, indeed, they answered his expectation for as they had terrible horns, none of our Rams attempted to fight for the Ewes, but were obliged to stand quietly by and see the Ewes covered with these hairy saves [*word not identified: savages?; slaves?*]. I think they had ridden the most of them and begot such a Race of Mangrels [*i.e. mongrels*] as never was seen in the water of the Ewes in the memory of man and it was a very long time, many years, before the stock of Burngrains came to be like their neighbours, for they were neither right short or long, their wool was bad, and the sheep not sale rife. In our days, I mean towards the close of the 18th century, when the improvement of wool and the Breed of Sheep is attended to, the most Ignorant man in the country would scout such a plan. Altho things sold but very indifferently, yet we rather still added something to our capital. This year good Lambs sold for about 2/6 to 2/-; Mid lambs from

1/- to 1/6; Hogs from 4/- to 5/-; draught Ewes from 4/6 to 6/-; and wool from 6/- to 7/-.

1762^[80]

This was the worst year for both prices and dull sale among sheep and Lambs I had ever seen. The country was so full of Lambs that all demand was glutted, and everybody had their Lambs to bring to Market. It was said that that year at Langholm Summer fair, there was custom paid for 36,000 Lambs, of which not one half was sold. We had a great deal there, but sold not near one half and we sold the Top wedder Lambs of Millholm for little about 20d per piece. Many people put their Lambs into the hands of the Dealers without making any price; but just as they could not keep them, they were to take them into England, sell them for what they could get, and I believe many of them got but a bad account of them. My father would not do so with his but kept them till Lockerbie Market and there we got quit of them all at one price or other, but as we were glad of every offer, we sold some that were never paid.

This year the long expected sale of the Estates of Crieve and Mossknow [*i.e.* Mossknowe] took place upon the 22nd of June. My father entered heartily with my view of purchasing a part of it, if it could be got easily; and as Gear were then very low, he thought such land as it would not sell high. It was Howdale he wished to have and he went in along with some other people to attend the sale, but he then found it was to be sold in one lot. However, William Elliot, writer in Edinburgh, intending to purchase the whole and knowing my father's character and situation perfectly well, and that he was a judge of such lands, consulted with my father as to its value, and offered to let him have half of the lands, if he should be the purchaser, for half the price, and expenses and £50 for trouble. To this my father readily assented, as Mr Elliot was to give him time to pay the money upon his paying interest. They then agreed that Mr Elliot was to offer 3500 for the whole, but when it came to be sold Mr Elliot gave 4200 for it and my father would have no concern with it, thinking it too dear; and indeed, considering the low price every part of the product of such farms were at that time, it was certainly dear, for Elliot could meet with no man that would give the money for it, and when he tried to set it he could not make 4 per cent for his money. As I thought it was under bad management, I wished to take the whole of it, but my father thought it too much ground of that uncertain cast, so I took Newland Mill and Howdale in Tack for 3 years to enter Whitsunday, 1763. We might, I believe, [have] got a longer Tack but the times were so forbidding that I was indifferent about

the length of the lease. This was the case, likewise, with William Irvine who possessed Capplefoot and Crieve; I paid for mine £85, William Irvine paid £90 and one way and other there was near £20 of public burdens. This was the first farm I ever had in my own name, and I thought if I made little of it, I could stock it for little money and I bought Ewes and Lambs from different people, mostly on the ground, from rather under 5/6d to 7/-. That was the highest for Ewes and Lambs and the Gueld sheep were about 4/- so that I came easily by my first stock.

About this time but I cannot fix whether it was in the end of 1762, or in the end of 1763, and all the writings I have by me, which furnish the materials of this narrative, do not clear it up, a great deal of the young men in the country agreed to have a weekly club at Langholm every Saturday in the afternoon. It began about Martinmas and continued for above 2 years. We had a set of Regulations which every Member upon submission subscribed. As we were mostly young men that had got some education, Improvement in Literary acquirement was the object of our meetings. We met every Saturday at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in a room at the George Inn, Langholm, then kept by a Mr Richardson who had been in the Artillery and made some money and built these houses at Townfoot of Langholm. His wife was a daughter of Mr Scott's of Rowanburn, Susan Scott, a genteel, well bred, sensible woman. Every night a praeses was appointed for the ensuing week, and the praeses in the Chair after his successor was appointed named three or four of our number who were appointed to make discourses upon any subject they choose, and deliver them at the ensuing meeting and he likewise proposed three questions which were to be the subject of debate at that time and every member had a week to consider these questions which were to be the subjects of debate all that time; and every member had a week to consider these questions, to be prepared to debate at the meeting, so that every night we had three discourses to hear and criticise and three questions to discuss. At first we were mostly young men in the parishes of Langholm, Ewes and Westerkirk, but after the club began to be spoke of, and our Regulations, speeches and debates to be taken notice of, almost all the sensible men in the country of whatever age approved so much of it that they, almost without exception, entered as Members and when business did not prevent it, they were punctual in their attendance, and if they once entered I do not remember of ever one of them Deserting us, so that in time our meetings became as Numerous and Respectable as the country could produce.

I have ever thought that my understanding was rather rendered more Distinct and my information considerably enlarged by these Hebdomedal meetings, and I likewise attracted the Notice of several Gentlemen in the country, who have continued to honour me with intimacy and friendship to this day. I was mostly indebted for my improvement to Mr John Maxwell of Broomholm, a man of most universal knowledge, of any County Gentleman I ever knew, and not withstanding his age and the avocations of a multiplicity of business, continues unremitting in his pursuit of Literary improvement to this day, when he is in his 74th year of his age and tends to prove the truth of Young's assertion, were men to Live [coeval] with the Sun, the patriarch pupils would be living still.^[81]

Mr Maxwell had three sons members and their Tutor, Mr Little, who is now Minister of Applegirth [*i.e.* Applegarth], and whenever Mr Maxwell was at home, he constantly attended himself, and did excellent service. We had amongst us several school masters and some young Divines that acquit themselves decently when they came to be Ministers, but none of them were distinguished in our Club. We had one very singular Member in our club called John Huggan, who was then an apprentice to a surgeon in Langholm. He had a clownish manner and as foolish an aspect as any Man I ever saw and in many things he appeared miserably defective, for common sense he appeared to have very little, but upon some subjects he stated such strange and uncommon ideas, as could never have been conceived in any Brain but his own. He was far from being an eloquent speaker, and could seldom support his uncommon conceptions by solid argument, but still they sometimes threw a new light upon a subject and gave an unexpected turn to a debate.

The most sensible people in the country were greatly divided in their opinion about John Huggan. Old Lady Johnstone of Westerhall, a lady of great sense, information and Spirit, looked upon him as a sort of Idiot. Mr Maxwell of Broomholm thought him a man of original genius, be that as it will. John Huggan's Parents had died Insolvent and as he was wishing to attend the Medical classes at Edinburgh, in order to Qualify him to prosecute his business as a Surgeon, it was agreed upon by the club to attempt to act a play, for the benefit of John Huggan, in order to try if we could procure him as much money as to support him a season at the College, and as Mr Maxwell was a great admirer of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*,^[82] that was fixed up as the play and the part of Roger was assigned to John Huggan, a part in which it was thought impossible for him to be out, as his own manner, appearance,

speech and, in short, every thing about him was exactly that of a clownish Shepherd. The part of Patie was assigned to me, but I had by no means the Natural advantages John Huggan had in his part. A son of Mr Maxwell's played Bauldy but he was far too fine and delicate a figure. Mrs Richardson played Peggy, her sister played Jenny. All the characters we found with ease, but Sir William, Mause and Madge and Elspa. We then began to consult who could be found in the country most proper to support these characters and we presently fixed upon the most proper persons as we thought, having regard unto age, figure, voice and manner, and what I have often wondered at since, not one of these old people ever refused us, nay more, after they had attended two or three rehearsals, they seemed to enjoy it as much as the young people and were most punctual in their attendance. My Uncle John Armstrong, in Sorbie, being a handsome, comely, black man, of a Middle size, with a very grave look and much the manner of a gentleman, seemingly full sixty years of age, altho he was not quite so old, played Sir William, and as he was man of education and taste, with an excellent ear, he far outstripped us all. I question if Sir William was more justly represented, our Mause was above 70, lean and wrinkled. Madge about 60, Big, strong, coarse and Masculine; Elspa was about the same age, but a far Handsomer woman, but they were all married ladys. We had many rehearsals before we appeared and Mr Maxwell was at great pains with us. I appeared at first to understand my character of Patie tolerably well, but I made little improvement and performed indifferently even at last. John Huggan was Roger at first sight but, upon trial, it was found he had no sort of ear, and there was such a sameness in his delivery, and such a want of feeling of his character, that notwithstanding his suitable figure and manner he never acted his part with any propriety. There was none of [us] topd our parts, but my Uncle and some of our old wives. After we became tolerably perfect we had several rehearsals before select companys of Ladies and Gentlemen who flattered us with their approbation and, as we took no money, they generally treated us with a supply, plenty of wine, music and dance, so that we had a very merry time of it.

It was then proposed that I should write a prologue, and repeat it myself, and John Huggan should write an epilogue. I was afraid I would not succeed as I was told it must be a work of Humour and for that I certainly had no talents. However, after maturely considering the subject, I formed my plan and resolved to execute it in the style and manner of Hudibras,^[83] to the utmost of my ability. When I first spoke it in public it was received with

such applause as perfectly astonished me, I doubted the sincerity of their declarations but copies of it were much desired and handed about in many places in the South of Scotland and read at Public meetings, and Mr John Hume,^[84] the Author of Douglas, Agis, Siege of Aquileia etc. happening to see a copie, sent for me when he came to Langholm and desired me by all means to cultivate a taste for Poetry and to write some work of more consequences, and by all means just to can to [*i.e.* expand] my own genius.

John Huggan's epilogue was tolerable but more trifling. About three months after we had begun our Public rehearsals we advertised our first Public Exhibition for the benefit of John Huggan. As we expected a numerous audience, we thought no house would hold them, but Richardson, being an Engineer, contrived to cover the whole Area of his Back court, and fitted up a very large Theatre, and complete stage at considerable expense which was to be reimbursed by our Tickets, which were, some of the first seats 2/-, but the most of them only 1/-, but we had a great concourse of people who flocked from all quarters to attend our performance. I think I never acted my part worse, even from my first essay, for being unaccustomed to appear before such an assembly, I was overwhelmed with shame or bashfulness and altho the audience perceived it, and made several friendly attempts to assure me, I could never rightly recover my composure. Some of our Actors received great applause, some were considered as indifferent, some defective, of the last I was one. However, upon the whole, our report was so favourable that we had many solicitations from Gentlemen in many places to perform again, but as several of our members were going into Edinburgh to attend the college that winter, it was delayed until the ensuing Spring. After paying all expenses we delivered to John Huggan £24 as the clear profit of our first Night, as we intended to act again in the Spring. And [as] I thought my genius ill calculated for works of Humour, I determined to write a prologue and to rely upon Judgement alone. It was rather like an essay upon pastoral poetry. I offered some reasons why Shepherds, from their sequestered manner of life, were less contaminated with the vices and arts practiced by those who were, as Shakespeare says, 'Hackneyed in the ways of men',^[85] that upon that account the life of Shepherds, bore the greatest resemblance to the primitive and patriarchal ages, that man, untainted by disquiet, was still a pleasing prospect to the wise, that even, according to scripture History, the Shepherds seemed to have been the greatest favourites of Heaven, a strong presumption that they were the most innocent, that a just representation of this Innocent

simplicity must be agreeable to all, especially to people in high life, for their mirror of man's life was shown in stages to be removed from their own. After I had said what occurred to me on the subject, I offered it only as my opinion, and added by submitting it to the Audience in these lines:

If just or false I cannot well discern
It's here produced that I may fully learn
If falsehood lurks t'will instantly appear
I will meet the touch of Heavenly temper here.

Alluding to that passage of Milton, when Satan lurks at the Ear of Eve in the shape of a Toad, and upon Zeption touching him with the point of his spear, he explodes into his proper shape, for, adds the Poet, falsehood can't endure the touch of heavenly temper, but perforce returns into its proper shape.^[86]

When we met again in the Spring, I repeated my new prologue; some few approved of it, but most part of people never regarded it and some found fault with it. We acted our play again, we had more Gentlemen than before, but far fewer common people. I spoke my new prologue; it was never noticed. I was sadly mortified but it cured me of the *pruritus scribendi* [*i.e.* itching to write]. However, some years afterwards, I met with [an] essay of Rousseau's, in which several of the same thoughts were stated, that gave me some consolation, but I renounced poetry as I saw I was no Judge, for my piece that was condemned I think to this day greatly preferable to that which was approven of. About the Martinmas following our club dissolved, but the report of what had been acted at Langholm recommended John Huggan to the Notice of several Gentlemen, and even to some of the professors in the university of Edinburgh, who got him some office in the Infirmary where he got Board and Education for nothing and a small salary. There he remained until he had finished his education and, after he had taken his degrees, he went abroad in company with some Gentlemen of fortune, and died in his travels at Turin in Italy.

I must now return again to my rustic employment. I entered into my Farm of Newlandhill and Howdale at Whitsunday, 1763. I got the stock for very little money, but I was most unfortunate in my first Shepherd, as the Farm was much abused with Nolt and horse and had no character as a stock farm to which I had declared my intention of transforming it. I could get no shepherd of experience that would undertake it. I at last met with one Francis Armstrong, a man I knew nothing about, but I enquired of the people [with]

which he then lived, who gave him a tolerable character. Francis readily undertook it; the Bargain was concluded, and written articles exchanged. In two or three days I learned that [he was] a sad Blackguard, that he had terrible quarrels which ended in Law with his three last Masters, and that he had continued in the place he was then in for the last year by violence, because his Masters had not used some forms of Law, and that they had used forms of Law to turn him out their Service, that Whitsunday, and were glad of the opportunity of transferring him to me. It was the Telfers in Cleughfoots did me that good turn, an action worthy of the men. I had certainly Grounds for an action against them, but I did not molest them, but Francis soon convinced me, I was no Match for him. By our agreement, he was to take charge of the Hay and any Nolt we had, and to assist in herding the Sheep. A son of his then present, about 17 or 18 years of age, was to be one of the Shepherds. In the articles it was stated simply 'his sone', and I looked upon it to be the lad present [but] after Francis was settled at Howdale the lad went to Carlisle and hired himself and I went over and remonstrated with Francis. He produced a boy about 8 years of age and told me there was my servant, and desired me, with insulting language, to read my articles if I could, and I would there see it was only said 'his sone' was to herd them. 'And this,' says he, 'is my son, and you can get no further to avoid strife.' I was obliged to hire a man to herd, and board him in another house, and I had a horrid year of discord with Francis, and we were obliged to use every legal method to get quit of him. He provoked me to strick [*i.e.* strike] at him by every means in his power, and after he was gone, he threatened me to pursue my Father for some alledged claims. At last they agreed to refer it to arbitration. A submission was regularly entered into, a descreed arbitral^[87] pronounced and Francis found to be in our debt, yet, in the face of all this, he applied upon a false petition to a Justice at some distance and got a warrant to apprehend my Father when he came to the Market. In short, I never met with a Man that had more of the Devil in him than my first Servant, and the reason of my knowing so little about him was that he had been expelled by Law from Sir John Douglas in Kelhead, and was but lately come into our country when he was received into the service of the Telfers, who soon became sensible of their folly in protecting him but kept it as quiet as possible in hopes of getting Quit of him.

But if I was unfortunate in my man, providence was kind, the year was altogether favourable, the summer was warm and dry, the winter remarkably mild. My stock prospered beyond my expectations. I had good cattle and very

little loss and along with the auspicious Season we had a likewise Quicker demand and advanced prices. We got about 3 shillings, some of them more, for our good Wedder lambs, 2/6d for our Mid Lambs; 6/- for our wool, and 6/6d and 6/8d for our Draught Ewes; and considering that in all our Farms, our Sheep had lived remarkably well and being in the high order and Lambing time excellent, they brought very many Lambs, with a full clip of wool. Even at these prices as our Rents were not high and we had much to sell, we added considerably to our capital, and this being the first year of my farming for myself, being young and inexperienced, I was elated beyond measure and dreamt of nothing but conquest, but my father and I never made any distinction of property; all went to the common stock.

This year was likewise a very good year for people in our line, the year was very good, the stocks lived well, and were in high condition, and very productive [and] prices were likewise still upon the advance. Our good Wedder Lambs sold for about 4/-, Mid Lambs for about 3/-, wool for 7/3d per stone and draught Ewes for 7/3d. Our Rents were then just 300 per Annum, and we sold product to the amount of £664.7.9. As every body thought Howdale Dear when I took it, and I found it profitable, I thought there was no fear of making plenty of money if we could but enlarge our possessions, and although we had then Burngrains, Millholm, Makman and Howdale, I was eager for more farming, as I thought it was only another word for enlarging our Income. The farm of Muckledale lay adjacent, and much involved with our farms of Burngrain. Mr William Laing in Bowhill of Eterick [*i.e.* Ettrick], a factor of the Duke of Buccleugh's, was proprietor, and John Laing, a distant friend of his, and who had been married to his sister, was then tenant, and as he had lost his wife and was become an old man, he signified his intention of parting with it, to Mr William Laing, and as soon as I heard it was to Let, I went to Edinburgh to speak to Mr Laing about it. The Rent was £114 and he asked for £130 for 21 years lease. If I had not dreaded my father's resentment I would have concluded the Bargain directly but I got a letter from Mr Laing to my father, specifying the Rent and conditions, and Mr Laing told me he would soon be in our country, when we might conclude the Bargain.

When I produced the letter to my father he would not agree to give the Rent. I was vexed beyond description. I thought all my prospects were to be obliterated by his timidity. I wearied him with my importunity, and at last he went and met Mr Laing at Hawick, but instead of concluding the Bargain, he

offered £120 for it and came home. It appeared to me one of the strangest actions any man did. One Oliver came to offer for it and knowing what my father had offered, he bid 125 and left it. I thought the people were mad. Two days after Mr Laing came to Langholm, and I went down, determined not to loose it, and my father, seeing my resolution, came and countenanced the bargain which was struck for 21 years at £130 of Rent. But my father had no concern with the farm altho, as I said before, we made no distinction of property, yet in the Missive entered into [with] Mr Laing and the tack, which was afterwards extended for my liferent, which tack is still [*word missing: valid?*] and, Blessed by God, not yet expired. I was only mentioned as the sole Tennant of that farm, to which I entered at Whitsunday, 1765. I got the stock by the Valuation of Neutral men. I said only 18/6d for Ewes and Lambs, 9/6d for great Ewes, Gimmers and Lambs, 7/3d for gueld Ewes and Gimmers and 6/11 for Ewe Hoggs. The prices were considered as very high and it came altogether to £525.10.7, reckoned a great sum on these days.

Ever since I came from England, I had been at times greatly distressed by cholics. They attacked me often, and were mostly in the lower regions of my Bowels and, after distressing me for three or four days, they always ended in a severe and painful flux, which often continued for above a week and weakened me exceedingly. I had applied to several surgeons, and had received no material benefit from their prescriptions. There was at this time an old Quack in the country, called Andrew Ferguson, who had performed some extraordinary cures as was alledged; to this man I foolishly applied, and had very near cost me my life. He advised me to take some powder Rhubarb in Substance and sufficient Quantity of it, and it would have a Binding Quality behind it, which would prevent me being troubled with a Flux for some time. I followed his advice, and the next time I was attacked by the Cholic, instead of evaporating in a flux, my Belly was totally obstructed and the pain was more severe. However, by taking physick and letting blood, I recovered at that time, and anybody would have thought that this bout would have convinced me of the impropriety of using astringents. But, like a Madman, I took a quantity of powdered rhubarb again, and just before Whitsunday, I was seized with a most dreadful cholic and my pains was not like gripes in my Bowels, but a fixed and excruciating pain in my stomach. I took, of my own head, a vomit, and that did not work properly. We then sent for a doctor, he let blood and gave me Physick. All signified nothing, the diseases seemed to increase, and the symptoms became every day more alarming. In short,

in spite of all the Physick, Injections and every method they could devise, my Belly continued obstructed, without any passage downwards, for 17 days and all that time I was so racked with pain that I slept no more, neither by Night nor day, than I am doing at this moment; and after the first three days Nothing would stay on my stomach, I threw all up directly and Mr Mowat of Longtown, who attended me, as they told me afterwards, when anybody enquired for me, answered without hesitation, 'He is dying as fast as he can.' But, in the Eternal Decrees, I had much more to do in this vain World, for when all expectations failed, my passage downwards was restored, and the Powdered Rhubarb that had obstructed it came away in hard lumps clotted together, Resembling exactly the inner bark of the Alder tree. As soon as I begun to have fair passage the pain began to abate, but it was long before it left me entirely, and as soon [as] I could rise I was so weak that I could not stand without one on every side to support me. Altho I was then in the 29th year of my age, I think I never recovered my former strength, and for 2 years after this disorder I was thin and delicate and my health precarious when I was in extreme danger. My Father signified to Mr Laing that in case I did not recover, he would never enter to the possession but as I had got the turn some few days before the Term, he received the stock and entered to the possession. As soon as I was able to ride I went, by Mr Mowat's advice, to Gilsland Wells,^[88] and after using the water for some time, the pains left me, and I came home free of pain but very feeble.

This year, viz. 1766, was an extraordinary year for people in our line. The winter was favourable, our stock lived well, were in high condition and very productive. The demand in the Markets was Quick and the prices high. We got 4/- for our good Wedder Lambs; 3/6d for Mid Lambs, some of them 3/9d; 3/- for our small lambs; 7/3d for our wool; and 7/8d for our Draught Ewes; and our Rents, now including Muckledale, were £430 yearly, and this year we sold off product above £900. James Telfer in Potholm, our next neighbour, observed all our motions, and being a man much Bruised about other people's business, he had been at pains to find out all our Numbers and prices, and to compute the amount of our sales; and he really came within £5 of the real truth, and published it over the whole country and every Body almost thought our profits exorbitant. I believe never any farmers in our own country had made as much money in one year before.

As I entered to Newlandhill and Howdale^[89] at Whitsunday, 1763, the tack was only for 3 years. It was to expire at the Whitsunday, 1766, so in the latter

end of the year 1765, William Irvine, in Capplefoot, and I were desired to meet Mr Elliot at Selkirk to pay our rents and speak about the renewal of our Leases. William and I met at Selkirk and before we spoke to Mr Elliot we had some conversation together. William said if we did not Middle with one another, he saw no Body to Molest us, and we made a positive and firm agreement that I was not to offer for William's [and] neither was he to offer for Mine; and we thought we would get them at the same Rent, and after we had made that agreement we shook hands in striking the bargain, and William said, 'Now, Man, after I have Made this agreement, I will sooner be tied to a stake and shot, than I will offer for thy farm.' But the whole had been a villainous scheme to deceive an unexperienced Lad for I learned afterwards, but too late, that he went Directly to Mr Elliot, and told him that I had proposed such an agreement. 'But,' said he, 'Sir, I told him I would make no such agreement, for it was the height of villainy (as he called it) to haud down your profit.' In the afternoon we waited upon Mr Elliot, and after paying our rents, he said to me in an angry tone 'Well, Tom, are you for taking your farm again?' I said I was. 'Well,' says he, 'will you give me any more rent for it?'. I said, 'No'. Then he says, 'Go down stairs, till I speak with William Irvine.' So I went away and lost my Farm by my credulity, for I never got another offer for it, altho it was sometime before I knew that William Irvine had got it. I was sadly vexed and meditated revenge, which was augmented by William's vain Boasting how he had outwitted me, and the Insults I endured from other people for my simplicity.

Just contiguous to Muckledale, on the other side of the water of Ewes, lies the Farm of Arkleton; it was private property belonging to Doctor Elliot in Jedburgh. It was then possessed by one William Elliot as tennant, a Distant Relation of my Mother's. It had been sometimes the same Rent as Muckledale, altho it is certainly a good deal better; William Elliot had had a Tack of it for 21 years, which expired at Whitsunday, 1766. About the latter end of the year 1765 William Elliot was endeavouring to get his Lease Renewed for 21 years but, as he was a Timorous Niggardly man, he wished to have it again for almost no advance of Rent and offended the Proprietor so that he set it to James Jardine who is Tennant to this day, viz. the year 1800, for £172 but at a very different Rent, being now £400. When Mr William Laing heard of that he told John Laing, his late tenant, and other friends that he had set Muckledale far too cheap, as here was a farm set for £42 more than formerly used to be at the same rent, but as I had a Missive for 21 years

there was nothing said to me, but when I went to Bowhill in Summer, 1766, whatever might be Mr Laing's Motives I shall not positively say, but to my surprise, instead of a tack for 21 years, he proposed a Tack for my life. As I had none to succeed at my demise and as my father I knew would be indifferent if I was gone, having no other son, I readily agreed to it, and the Tack was extended during my life. It was always my opinion that Mr Laing, after the set of Arkleton, thought it was too cheap and as I had been so near the Gates of Death lately, and still was feeble and thin, I think he thought I would not Live long, and waived the Lease from 21 years to my life Rent in the Hopes of getting it sooner into his own hands again. If that was not his view, I can assign no other motive for his conduct but one thing is certain, that he served me essentially, for it was the best bargain I ever got in my life, and has assisted me greatly in my subsequent undertakings.

Mr Jardine is to enter upon a new Tack at Whitsunday, 1800, to the Farm of Arkleton at £400 per annum, it has been for some time above 300. I still possessed Muckledale, and will to my Dying day at 130, conform to the Tack Recorded in the Books of Council and Session, the 5th August 1795, office N.P. For this Lucky hit I had no Merit, I was barely passive, and when I review my past life, I find that the most fortunate strokes in it have been some of them owing to accident, some of them to superior rashness, none to superior prudence or skill, and I am satisfied of the Justness of Shakespeare's observation, that our 'Indiscretions sometimes serve us well, when deep laid plots do fair.'^[90] When I entered to my possession of Newlandhill and Howdale it was a clause in the Lease that as there were no houses upon the Farms, I was to build decent Houses and Mr Elliot was to allow, out of the Rent, what expenses I would instruct that I had laid out, by Tradesmen's accounts and Receipts, for Timber Wright and Mason work. When we attempted to settle in the beginning of 1766, he received all my Receipts very cheerfully, came and looked at the houses, and was well satisfied to appearance, but says he, 'You know that in all cases of Reparation of Houses, the Tennant is obliged to allow Meat and service, and this is ever considered as one half, and I will only [pay] ½ of this expense?' I would not agree to that but insisted upon his Implementing the Tack. He stormed and swore and raged. I regarded him not. He then tried me with fair words; it was all the same. I still adhered to my purpose and told him I would not pay the Rents unless the Reparations were Deducted. He swore in wrath he would make me pay it, and as soon as he had it in his power, he sent me a charge for horning for the Rent. I went

into Edinburgh and applied to a Man of Law and Determined to Try it but, before entering upon the process, I went and cornered him, Mr Elliot, in his writing chamber. The Dialogue was most acrimonious. He stormed and swore, and I was resolved to disburden my Mind to him. He swore I was the Most Impudent young fellow he had ever Met with but in time he began to speak Milder, and in the end came to a compromise, and he seemed to Regard me more ever after.

I delivered my Stock of Newlandhill and Howdale to William Irvine by Arbitration of Neutral Men at Whitsunday, 1766, and, as I had increased the number of the stock and the prices were far Higher, I got Double the Money for the Stock that it cost me, and as I had had it for 3 very favourable years, what with the profits by possession and the Sale of the Stock, I made a good deal of it. With the profits of our Farms, and the price of Howdale Stock, we were enabled to lodge a considerable sum in Bankers' hands in Edinburgh.

This year, 1766, was still better for people in our line of stock farming than any of the preceding years; the prices were still Higher, and demand very Quick. We sold our good Lambs for 4/3d, Mid 3/6d and 3/8d, draught Ewes 8/4d and 8/6d, some fat Sheep 11/- and 7/- for our wool, and altho we wanted Newlandhill and Howdale and consequently our Rents were only 345, yet our stocks were so productive that our Gross sales amounted to 874.1.6½, and as we had a good deal of Money at interest before, we added considerably to it this year. And as Mr Elliot still endeavoured to sell Crieve, but would not separate the Farms, I began to entertain the hope of acquiring the whole Estate, and my desire of doing so was derived from the partiality which I had long entertained for Crieve, as I formerly mentioned, and our present success in business, combined with the strong desire I felt of being revenged upon William Irvine for his perfidy, which I own I was not so good a Christian as either to forgive or forget, and whether I was right or not I leave to abler casincts [*word not identified: instincts?*] but I soon, I believe, partly from the prospect of Crieve, became fully convinced that it was my Duty to Resent villany by every Means in my power.

There was nothing occurred in the winter, 1766, or Spring, 1767, that I think worth writing, but in Summer, 1767, the Earl of Hopetoun set another Lease of the Annandale Estate, for nine years to enter at Whitsunday, 1768. My father went to Moffat to try take his Farm of Makman again, but as times were then prosperous and the tenants in high spirits, altho he offered more for it than it was really worth, he could not have it again. The Rent was then

90, he offered 150 for it, some offered about 170, and at last John Grieve in Recklaw took it for 180, but it was so foolishly taken that it broke him in 3 years, and my father had the offer of it again for £140 a year, but we had then got something else to do and, no, would not engage with them again, and what I wonder at to this day, viz. 1800, notwithstanding the great advance in the price of stock since that period, it has never yet come up to Crieve's rent, being just now 175. When I say it was gone I thought the Stock of it would still be so much more money to help to pay Crieve, for when I say the uncertainty of possession other people's property, I was determined to have Crieve if it could be acquired, and I thought that with the Money we had, the value of the stock of Makman, and our profits in 1767, which I could calculate, we could pay $\frac{1}{2}$ of it with our own Money, and as Markets then appeared very flattering, I thought that Millholm, Burngrains and Muckledale assisted by our interest in Crieve, we would work out the other $\frac{1}{2}$. In short, I overlooked all danger; I saw none.

In Harvest, 1767, Mr Elliot of Woollea,^[91] the proprietor of Crieve, came to Langholm. After consulting with my father, I went down to Langholm to speak with Mr Elliot about the purchase of Crieve, and my father and I agreed what I was to offer for it, but as I had then contracted acquaintance with some people that I knew would give me some assistance, and my Father was become very partial to my conduct, I determined not to confine myself strictly to his orders, not to miss it for a trifle, but what I could never yet comprehend the meaning of, altho Millholm was only two miles distant and my father was at home, he would not go down himself, but sent me. When I came to Langholm, I met with Mr Elliot, and we took a walk into Matthew Irvine's Garden and conversed at some length about the purchase, but I found the shrewd old veteran not easy to cope with, for although he gave only 4200 for it, and the Rent was then only £190, yet as he had observed the Great advance in the price of the product of such Lands since he Bought it, he would not now sell it under £5250, and £20 more for all writings. I offered him 4800 for it and left him. When I came home I told my father what I had done and he seemed satisfied.

This summer, viz. 1767, was likewise the first year the present Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh came to Scotland.^[92] Mr Craigie of Kilgraston had been a good many years his commissioner; Mr Craigie, a friend of his, was Chamberlain at Langholm; Robert Scott at Branxholm; John Laing in Liddesdale; William Laing at Bowhill; and William Ogilvie at Melrose. During

the time the Duke stayed at Dalkeith, to the astonishment of his Tennants and others, [they were asked] to give in their proposals in writing for the farms upon the Duke of Buccleugh's Estate. The Tennants were alarmed; the adventurers from all Quarters exulted, exclaiming 'the Land is before us.' Mr Malcolm,^[93] who was then a Leading Man amongst us, got the tenants in the District of Eskdale convened and drew up a petition to his Grace, praying that it might be set by valuation by his Grace's Managers and not by giving in proposals, and Mr Malcolm, after all the Tennants had subscribed, told them that some Man must go and present that petition to his Grace and endeavour to enforce the argument, and as no man was thought so proper to such an Important piece of Business as himself, he was appointed our Delegate, to present it, and support it by argument. As soon as he was appointed and had got it in his pocket he seemed greatly elated and I remember my father observed it and said he wished he might not have some selfish scheme in view, as he seemed so happy in the prospect of it. Indeed, if he had accomplished his aim, he would have done well for himself, but would have made a poor tennantry, for we were afterwards informed that he proposed taking the whole five Kirks of Eskdale,^[94] finding his Grace security, and he would set it to the Tennants as he could and take his chance of a great rise. Rather than have it advertised so that he would have been like the Middle men in Ireland, but I doubt we would have lived poorly under him. Luckily the Duke would have nothing to do with him in that way, and before the Duke left the country he discarded all his five chamberlains but Mr William Ogilvie of Melrose,^[95] and another advertisement appeared, intimating that the Tennants were to expect no answers to their petition, but all Tennants and others were to give in proposals in writing for a nine years Lease of the Duke of Buccleugh's farms to William Ogilvie Esquire, at Melrose. In summer, 1767, my Mother was seized with some sort of female complaint, of a very Dangerous Nature, which for a long time baffled the Physician's Skill and seemed to preclude all hopes of Recovery. It weakened her exceedingly, but she at last Recovered and Lived to a very advanced age.

In January, 1768, I went from Millholm in company with Walter Graham, one of the Heirs of Crieve, who was going to Edinburgh to do business with Mr Elliot, and James Telfer in Potholm, who was going into Melrose to give in his proposal for his farm to Mr [William] Ogilvie, and it was agreed between my father and I that I should go by Melrose and give in our proposals to Mr Ogilvie for a Lease of our Farms, and that I was then to go to Edinburgh to try

to make a Bargain with Mr Elliot for Crieve, and I carried a proposal amongst with me for our Farms and a letter from my Father to Mr Elliot signifying that he would confirm any bargain I should make with Mr Elliot, but he charged me to give very little more than had been offered at Langholm.

When I came to Melrose and waited upon Mr Ogilvie, as soon as he saw me he said, 'There is a very high offer given in for one of your Farms' and he directly read me the offer, concealing the Name of the offerer, of 130 a year for Millholm. As Millholm was then only £51.10 and Burngrains £74, in all £125.10, I told Mr Ogilvie this offer of £130 must be for them both, but he assured me it was for Millholm alone. As our offer in the Proposal I had amongst with me was little above 130 for them Both, I never gave it in, but wrote a letter to my Father by James Telfer, who returned home Directly, acquainting him with the extraordinary offer, and I set forward with Walter Graham for Edinburgh, determined to purchase Crieve if possible, for I thought the possessions of farms very precarious, and I considered Millholm as lost.

We got into Edinburgh in the afternoon and in the Evening I waited upon Mr Elliot in his Writing Chamber. After reading my father's letter he says, 'Well, Tom, the lands are not sold, and I will deal with you as soon as any man.' I then asked the price; he said just 5250 and £20 for all writings. I Directly offered him 5000, but he said he would not take it. I said, 'Sir, I rise in my offer, you never sink your price. Unless you show yourself more willing to conclude a Bargain, we shall say no more about it.' 'Well,' says he, 'Tom, I asked £20 for all writings, I will take £10.' I directly struck him. He said, 'Well, Tom, you shall have it. I shall send for my son tonight and come back to me tomorrow about eleven o'clock and everything shall be settled.' After a good Deal of conversation we parted about ten o'clock in the evening.

Next day I arose about eight o'clock, and as we had some Money in Bankers' hands in Edinburgh, and as I had brought some money with me, I went about ten o'clock into the office of Messrs. Forrests and Maxwell, with the Intention of getting our Bills renewed, and of adding what I had brought with me to the sum. Mr Maxwell and Young Forrest were in the office when I went in and, whilst we were settling our business, old Mr Forrest came in. 'God Bless us,' said he, 'Mr Elliot is Dead last night.' 'What Mr Elliot?' said I. 'Mr Elliot, the writer in the Lawn Market,' says he. I answered, 'It is unlikely. I did business with him last Night, and left him in perfect health at ten o'clock.' 'But,' said he, 'he Died in an apoplexy fit before twelve.' I then found all was

over. I went about one p.m. to his house and found his son Cornelius. I asked him if his Father had told him anything of a bargain he had made with me last night for the Lands of Crieve, he said yes, he had been speaking of it but he had not been allowed time to settle it properly, and says he, 'You cannot expect that I can do business at present, but go home and return to me in about a Month, and I will then be ready to do business with you.'

So I came home and, as the Bargain was not finished, I did not at first tell my father I had bought it, but told him what Mr Elliot asked, and said I did not know what Cornelius Elliot intended to do with it, as he laid his account with losing his Farms, from the High offers made for them, and began to be apprehensive he would never get the offer of Crieve again. In about a fortnight he said he wondered I had not struck the Bargain, I said he had expressly forbid me to go so far. 'But,' says he, 'you sometimes take your own will, and as you seemed so keen,' says he, 'I thought you would venture to do it in the purchase.' This was just what I wanted. I then told him every circumstance and he seemed not at all dissatisfied, and went and told my Mother. She said it was certainly too Dear. He said, 'I do not know but as he has made the Bargain he must see to work it out, for it will never pay in my days.'

This William Elliot, the writer, was the son of the Miller of Oakwood Mill, above Selkirk. At an earlier period of life he was employed as a Clerk and Server to one Mr Haliburton, a writer in Edinburgh, and when they came into the country he rode before Mr Elliot's cloak Bag.^[96] He was, at that time, a very dyseparated [*i.e.* dissipated] young man, spent every thing he could acquire, but discovered a great Deal of shrewdness and capacity. This Mr Haliburton was somehow connected with the Family of Middlem Mill, a very ancient and Respectable Family; the present Lord Minto is only descended from a younger Brother of that family. A daughter of the then Laird of Middlem Mill, Helen Elliot, stayed often with Mr Haliburton. William Elliot was a good looking, stout, handsome man of a very masculine and athletic manner, and insinuated himself into the favour of Miss Elliot, and they made a private marriage of it, as he had Neither Birth, character, fortune nor friends to recommend him. Her friends thought she had behaved most imprudently and took little notice of them.

William then found himself without fortune or friends with a wife to support whom he tenderly loved. He immediately renounced his former course of life and Resolutely determined to exercise the most unremitting

assiduity in his business, and the most Rigid economy, in order to compensate for his want of fortune and friends. In a short time his uncommon diligence and frugality began to be observed. Most of Mr Elliot's friends say there were hopes of his doing well and in a little while his business increased rapidly, and his character for attention and integrity in his business became eminent. I may be wrong, but I really believe his honesty was more properly derived from policy than principle, for he was not confined by principles of equity, when his character as a Man of business was not concerned, and in other respects he was the Roughest, overbearing man and one of the most horrid swearers I ever heard. He publicly expressed no great regard for Religion, as it was a common saying of his that he would go further to eat a good Haggis, than to hear a bad Sermon, but for some reason I am not acquainted with, he left the Mode of Worship of his Father and joined the Episcopalians in Edinburgh, and when he was in the country he gave himself little Trouble about Public Worship. He was thrice married. His first wife, Helen Elliot of Middlemill, bore him a son named Thomas and a Daughter Elizabeth, and then Mrs Elliot died and he afterwards Married a sister of Mr Thomas Scott of Hobsburn, who died without children. He then married a sister of Mr Ogilvie's of Hartwoodmyres, the same man I have already mentioned, as Mr Ogilvie at Melrose. By her he left three sons, Cornelius, who succeeded to his Business and Estate, and Adam and William who went both abroad, and two Daughters, Jean and Helen.

Thomas Elliot, his oldest son, married a Daughter of Sir John Elphinston and died without Issue. His sister Eliza married William Ogilvie of Hartwoodmyres and, as I said before, Mr Elliot afterwards married Mr Ogilvie's sister, so that he was both Father-in-Law and Brother-in-Law to Mr Ogilvie. Mr Ogilvie was, to his Death, the principal Factor of the Duke of Buccleugh, and his son Adam is in the office still. Mr Elliot's two daughters were both Married and I believe left Families. Jean married Major Balfour, and Helen to a Mr Davidson of Pinnaclehill, beside Kelso. Cornelius married a Miss Renwick, a farmer's daughter of great Beauty and good connection but no fortune, and has a large Family. The daughters were very Beautiful and made great Marriages: one of them married a man of fortune in Edinburgh; one of them a Nabob from India, in London; and one of them to Mr Carmichael of Skirling who, although he did not succeed to the titles, succeeded to the principal part of the Estate of the Earl of Hyndford. The Son, William, went to India and I believe is in the Army, but is not a money maker. James, the

writer, is in business and married a daughter of Hunter's of Polmood, with an ample fortune. I have confused this Narrative through inadvertency, for I am now again to return to return to the old Man, after I have given some account of his children and Grandchildren.

After Mr Elliot was married and Reformed, and applied seriously to business, as his first wife, one of the Elliots of Middlem Mill, had numerous and opulent connections, and his reputations for Diligence, ability and integrity became established, he came to be as much employed as most of the agents in Edinburgh and, as he was frugal and parsimonious, his fortune accumulated very fast. In his first wife's time he purchased the Lands of Wooler, in the Water of Rule, and Parish of Hobkirk, in Roxburghshire. He afterwards bought some other lands contiguous to it; the whole of his Estate there is now let for above 900 per Annum. He afterwards purchased Crieve as I mentioned before, but his Landed property was nothing to his money, for as his principal employment was amongst the country gentlemen (for he never was agent to Noblemen) he found by advancing them money privately, upon heritable Bonds, he both secured his money at full interest and their employment and interest, so that altho he never was employed in a family of larger fortune than Mr Scott of Harden, after bringing up and educating and assigning their portions to all the other children of the Family, he left his son Cornelius above £2300 and Mrs Ogilvie alone, being the only surviving child of his first marriage, had at her marriage and her Brother's Death, got upwards of £4,000. He continued unremitting in his business to the last, and during the vacation he constantly rode through a great part of the South of Scotland to consult with his clients and collect his accounts twice a year, and in most places he was attended by a Number of clients and Dependents, some people called him the old Tyther, alledging he collected the Tythes.^[97] In his Plan he persevered till he struck his Dying Blow with me, as mentioned before I think either in the 79th or 80 year of his age.

I forgot to mention in its proper place that the year 1767 was still superior to any of the years we had ever seen; the prices were still higher, and the demand was quick. We sold our good Lambs for 4/9d and 4/10d and our draught Ewes for 9/8d, a price never heard of before. The wool was much the same as in 1766, and altho we had only Millholm, Burngrains and Muckledale, and our whole Rent was only £255 10/-, our gross sales amounted to £784 9/-. After I came from Edinburgh, after Bargaining with Mr Elliot, my father and I could by no means discover who the man was that had given such an

extravagant offer for Millholm but, as we both gave it up for lost, it rather stimulated us in the purchase of Crieve, and although the offer was not taken at last, it did us material prejudice, for in order to frustrate such a Daring offer, when we gave in our proposal to Mr Ogilvie for our Farms, we ventured as far as we possibly could with any prospect of safety and gave in an offer which was in fact more than they took for it, but then they gave us no Tack. It was in the latter end of January that I struck hands with old William Elliot for the Lands of Crieve. As Cornelius Elliot had desired me Return in a month, I waited on him at Edinburgh about the beginning of March and carried alongst with me a letter from my father obliging himself to implement the bargain which I had made with his Father. After reading my father's letter, he said with affected surprise, 'What Bargain is this, Tom, you speak of?'; says I, 'Sir, did not your Father tell you that he had sold Crieve to me?' He answered, 'No, he told me you had made him an offer, but he did not say that he had accepted it.' I asked what this offer was, he told me exactly, but still persisted in denying the Bargain. I then told him to make the most of it and we parted rather in a huff. I came home and told my Father but was incensed at Cornelius Elliot, as I was positive he knew the Bargain perfectly, and I have often since had occasion to Lament that Cornelius inherited all the chicane, perhaps more than his father, without even the resemblance of his capacity.

In the year 1766 my father sold some sheep to a Gentleman in the North of Yorkshire, Leonard Hartley Esquire of Middleton Tyes near Richmond.^[98] The old Gentleman had been a very active, stirring man in his day. A great man upon the Turf, and had bred many noted Running horses and, altho he was near 80 years of age, he took it into his Head to come down and see our country, and he came with a servant to Millholm in Summer, 1767, and stayed about a week. As the weather was very fine and everything in full bloom, he admired the rural beauties of the place and I rode out with him every day, and when he went away he gave me a strong invitation to come and see him at Middleton.

As my father encouraged the proposal, I set off to visit him about the Middle of March and was there about a fortnight, and it was to me a new world. I never was amongst such a set of Gentleman as the Yorkshire Squires in the vicinity of Richmond. The Old Gentleman took me to many of the Gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood, of which there is a great number. As they were almost all Sportsmen, the first thing they showed us was their stable of Hunters and Running horses, then their Kennels of Dogs. The

Grandest house and stables I ever saw was Sir Lawrence Dundas at Aske, and the Grandest water works. I found most of them in conversation but illiterate men, but then I was so overwhelmed with their Grand houses, splendid equipage, sumptuous entertainments and attendance of servants, that I wearied of it very soon and came away sooner than the Gentleman intended, for I thought I was among people where I had not right to be.

In April following, viz. 1768, Cornelius Elliot came into our Country accompanied by Mr Thomas Scott of Hobsburn and Robert Laidlaw in Falnash, as two men of skill in whom he could confide, and their design was to inspect the Crieve, and these skilful men were to advise him whether or not he should conclude the Bargain with me. They came to Mr Malcolm at Burnfoot, and the next morning these three Gentlemen and Mr Malcolm and Thomas Wright, writer in Langholm, set off to view the Crieve, but as it was a waste road and very little tract of road, as it came on a sort of Mist when they were upon the heights, they began to fear they would lose their way and returned to Burnfoot. The next day all the five set out again, but that day it came some showers and they returned to Burnfoot again. The third day was not rain but a dark, dull day, and they thought it would be mist on the Heights, so the Gentlemen, all by Mr Malcolm, came down to Langholm and sent for me, but never yet saw Crieve, the sole cause of their coming to the country.

I went down to Langholm in the afternoon and stayed with the Gentlemen till about ten at night, but we were very ill met, for I thought if Mr Elliot wanted to conclude the Bargain, it was his part to ment on it, as it was him that had resisted. I thought if I wanted it, I should speak, and although we were cheerful and rather Hearty, not one word was said about the Bargain by either party. After I came out to go away, Robert Laidlaw followed me out and began to talk about it at a distance, as if he wanted to find how my pulse beat, but nothing direct to let me know whether Mr Elliot intended to Ratify the Bargain or not. As I found he wished to keep Mr Elliot's intentions concealed from me, I determined to conceal mine from him and I gave him no light whatever as to my designs. This I thought prudent, especially as Mr Elliot said not one word himself. So we parted as we met. I believe Robert Laidlaw rather thought I was out of conceit of the Bargain.

Some time after Mr Malcolm met with my Father and asked him bluntly whether or not he would stand my offer, if Mr Elliot was willing. As my father was a most literal man, he answered as bluntly that he would. 'Then,'

says Mr Malcolm, 'it is the worst managed thing I ever knew, for Mr Elliot sent for your Son on purpose to conclude the Business, if he ever had spoke of it.' I think Mr Malcolm had wrote to Mr Elliot, for in a few days a letter came from Mr Elliot to my Father desiring him to come to Woollee and speak with him upon that Business. He accordingly went to his acquaintance Harrot and next day waited upon Mr Elliot who swore he would not conclude that Bargain. He would have more for it, but to my father's surprise, he asked only ten shillings more at the whole, so the Bargain was concluded for £5260.10, and they exchanged missives. But he had intoxicated the unsuspecting old man, for when my Father came away from Woollee in the Evening, he put on a wide coat belonging to some man at Woollee, not at all like his own, and came that night to Harrot and never knew but he had his own coat. As Mr Elliott and my Father had only exchanged Missives, it was agreed between them that as soon as Mr Elliot was returned to Edinburgh he was to write to my Father when it would be proper for him to come into Edinburgh in order to get the Minute of Sale extended. Mr Elliot wrote in May and my Father got one Thomas Wright, writer in Langholm, to extend a Minute of Sale, which he did, leaving a blank for the time in which Mr Elliot obliged himself to clear the land of all encumbrance and to deliver the progress of writs and a valid disposition to him in security of his purchase. This scroll of the Minute was sent to Mr Elliot, and he approved of it and desired my Father to come in, as there was nothing to do but extend the Minute, fill up the Blanks and sign.

My Father did not take me alongst with him but went himself in the beginning of June but Cornelius had certainly intoxicated him as he did at Woollee, for the Minute will still testify that he wrote his name far worse than he ever wrote at that time of Life and when he produced the Minute to me, the Term at which Mr Elliot was bound to fulfil his part of the contract was expressed to be betwixt and [*word(s) missing*] next to come. This my father had never observed but came home well satisfied but when he gave me the Minute to read I was shocked at it, believing the deception to be far more dangerous than it turned out. My Father exclaimed Cornelius Elliot was a villain to cheat him so and altho in the end it turned out not to be material, my father for some reason never would do more business with Mr Elliot by himself, as we were assured by men of Law that this Blank term of Mr Cornelius Elliot's for fulfilling his part of the contract, viz. next to come, would oblige him to fulfil it within a year from the date of the minute. We set about our payment without hesitation as we had £3000 to pay at Martinmas,

1768, with interest from the Whitsunday, preceding. We paid what money we had of our own immediately, as Mr Elliot agreed that he would receive it when it was convenient for us to pay it, and that interest should be deducted according to the date of Mr Elliot's receipts as we were considered by our neighbours as careful, industrious men and [in] the good times had made money plenty in the country.

What we wanted by our own, we borrowed without difficulty and before Martinmas had paid Mr Elliot £3000 with interest to that Term, but we had neither experience nor skill in conducting a purchase; we thought we had nothing to do but pay Mr Elliot and get his disposition and then we thought that all was finished, for as to the many heritable securities we thought we had not the smallest concern with them. But when we went into Edinburgh in the Beginning of December, 1768, to get our Disposition from Mr Elliot extended, we employed one Andrew Stevenson, a Writer, to inspect the papers and he immediately removed the mist from our eyes. He told us that the Estate was sold by Judicial Sale and heritable debts affecting it to almost the whole amount of its value [and] until these heritable debts were paid neither Mr Elliot nor we had a real right to the Estate, the right was in these creditors, and if Mr Elliot did not pay them they would seize the Estate, even in our possession, without a possibility of our preventing it. So, says he, 'You have no more than a personal security from Mr Elliot for your £3000'; and added he, 'As it is a very confused affair and much involved with other Estates, these must be sold and the schemes of Division approved of, before the Creditors upon Crieve can be paid and this will probably be a work of time'; and said he, 'Mr Elliot is at present possessed of an ample fortune, but' continued he, 'you know not in what circumstances he may be before all these matters are settled.' As this was what we had never dreamt of and as Mr Elliot appeared then to be an extravagant young man and dashed away at an extraordinary Rate, it startled us exceedingly, the more so as it was quite unexpected, for Mr Elliot had wrote us to come in to Edinburgh and he would grant us a Disposition and assign to us William Irvine's tack of the Lands; and then said he, 'I have done everything incumbent upon me in implementing the Bargain', but when we met the next day with Andrew Stevenson, alongst with us, when he saw we had been given to understand the situation in which we stood, a most violent altercation took place and we parted without coming to any agreement. Next day we met again and parted in the same strain. What to do we knew not. Mr Elliot wished the bargain to

stand and so did we if it could be done in safety, but on the third day Mr Elliot proposed a sort of compromise, to which we agreed. By this compromise Mr Elliot was to grant a Disposition to the Lands of Crieve to my Father in Life rent and to me in fee and any debts that Mr Elliot had already paid. He was to convey them to us in Security in part of the £3000 already paid and the remaining £2260 of the price. He had it not in his power to demand till all the debts upon the Estate was cleared off and conveyed to us and the money was to remain in our hands, at the rate of 4 per cent after Martinmas, 1769, until all the debts upon the Estate was cleared off and conveyed to us. And he obliged himself to pay off all the debts and convey them to us within 3 months after the Scheme of Division of John Rae's Estate was approved of and for the £2260 my father and I were to Grant our Joint Bond, qualified as it is mentioned above. To these terms we agreed and everything was settled accordingly as the writings will testify. We thought we had then got clear of the disputes with Mr Elliot but that was far from being the case, as will appear in the sequel, if I am permitted to write it.

In order not to interrupt the narrative about the purchase of Crieve, I declined mentioning that at Whitsunday, 1768, we displeas'd our farm at Makman; as I now see by consulting our old Books that I have been mistaken when I stated that we had it not in the summer, 1767. The Grieves in Recklaw, who took the Farm, had several meetings with us at Boreland to try to buy the stock, but we could not agree. We sold it by Roup before Whitsunday but a great part of it remained in our own Hands, for my Father had then great dealings with an old man called Lionel Robson, or Deaf Lionel from his dullness of hearing, and he got Lionel to help the Roup but he marred it greatly, for he either wanted to be employed to sell them for my Father in England or else, from his defect in hearing, he did not know what other people had offered but he just outbid all other offerers and most of the stock fell in his hand and he took them to England and sold them at my Father's risk and we made a poor hand of them for, from the Good Seasons, sheep were beginning to turn plenty and prices were falling and the demand slow. Instead of 4/10d, as we got last year for our good lambs, we got this year only 3/- and everything in proportion excepting the wool which nearly stood last year's price, viz. 7/-, and this year, after Whitsunday, we entered to Millholm and Burngrains at an advanced rent from a £125.10/- to £165, so that our income was doubly reduced, our rents being higher and our product far less.

We now found out that the offerer for Millholm, who had offered so

surprisingly high, was a young labouring man in the neighbourhood called James Glendinning, who has now a part of Glendinning and Over Cassock. I have it now rather in my power to resent it, if I please, but I believe he was secretly instigated by an ungrateful man, who had been several times obliged by my Father as William Irvine in Capplefoot had swindled me so villainously out of the possession of Newlandhill and Howdale, as I mentioned before. It was rather mortifying to him to hear that we had bought the whole lands and had it in our power to enter to the natural possession at Whitsunday, 1769, for William had taken it for 5 years yet by a clause in the Lease, Mr Elliot sold the Lands [and] it was declared that the purchaser should have it in his power to enter to the possession at the end of 3 years. He saw he was in our reach and he knew he could expect no indulgence yet he several times communed with us about taking it again, but he was such a strange, irregular, fantastic creature that it was not easy to discern what he meant. I could never find any meaning in his words on many occasions, Rhapsodys of nonsense and palpable and monstrous lies, to set people laughing. However, although we designed, at least my Father, to set the whole of it for 5 years, yet William and he never came fairly in Terms but William went into Teviotdale and bought a small property called Newton, in the vicinity of Hawick. I believe it was not a dear purchase but as it was not extensive and he lived upon it and had involved himself in debt by the purchase, I believe the debts were never paid nor ever reduced and William is dead long ago and his son Thomas is also dead and has left a family embarrassed.

As I thought it would be sometime before we had the remainder of Crieve to pay and I saw the stocks were badly managed, for William Irvine was miserably ignorant of Stock Farming, I could have wished that we had stocked the whole ourselves and as gear were expected to be low, I fancied we could stock it for very little money. But to this my father would not agree and so he set Capplefoot and Crieve to one Alexander Irvine in Nether Cassock and George Bell, eldest son of John Bell in Minscow [*i.e.* Minsca], for 5 years at £130 a year and as we could not set my old possession of Newlandhill and Howdale to our minds, it remained for us to stock it, so we entered to the possession at Whitsunday, 1769, and stocked it very easily for as Gear were but dull of Sale when William Irvine's stock was roused, there were very few buyers but ourselves and as we did not offer rashly, we bought the Ewes and Lambs for about 8/- per couple and every other sort of stock in proportion but as William had abused the ground shamefully with nolt and

horse and had far too heavy a stock upon it, altho they were a small price, they turned out the dearest stock we ever bought, for both the gear and the ground were tainted by the Horses and Black Cattle and it was seven years before the ground recovered, so as to keep the stock sound; and as I have now a deal of experience in recovering soft grounds that had been ruined by Nolt and horse, I think it proper to observe that I am fully convinced far more soft grounds will, in time, keep a sound stock by proper management than is generally imagined. These soft grounds with the most of Farmers are stocked promiscuously with sheep, nolt and horse. When they come into the hands of a man that wishes to keep a regular sheep stock, he lays aside his Black Cattle and horses and stocks light. This is all very right but he must lay his account with loss for 5, if not for 7, years, for as long as the Nolt Tath,^[99] either from their dung or their breaking the ground with their feet, is in the surface the sheep will be little better than when the Nolt was among them and most people, when they see that, grudge the want of the profit of their Nolt and lay them on again without allowing time for a fair Trial, whereas if they had persevered, altho it is a loss in the meantime, in the end I am persuaded it will, for the most part, succeed. Altho Gear were low this year at Whitsunday, there happened an unexpected spurt in the prices of Lambs at our Langholm Fair and they were sold considerably better than the year before: good lambs sold from 3/9d to 4/ and smaller lambs in proportion, only wool was lower being only 6/6d per stone and altho our rents, taking Newlandhill and Howdale at 100 yearly, were near 400, our gross sales amounted only to £530.17/, so that before we kept house, paid smearing and other expenses, I saw we could not save one shilling and as the year before was rather worse, I began greatly to dread that it would never be in my power to pay the Lands of Crieve.

As I said before that there was an unexpected rise in the price of lambs at Summer Fair, there was one William Busher, a Drover that was in tolerable credit in our country, took it into his head that it would be the same thing with draught Ewes. He therefore met with my Father and bought all his draught Ewes of Millholm, Burngrains and Muckledale at 8/6d per piece. About the time he should have come to receive them we heard that he had differed with Atkinson's of Temple Sowerby^[100] who had been in use to supply him with money, and that he was rather embarrassed, but as he had bought them my Father durst not sell them again; neither could he have sold them for near the money, as draught Ewes had fallen, but after all Sale in the country was

over, we got a letter from Busher, desiring us to dispose of them, as he could do nothing with them. What to do with them we knew not. To sell them in the country was impossible and keep them we could not and, altho I had no experience and few acquaintances in that quarter, my Father resolved to send them off and send me to sell them in Northumberland. Accordingly, one Robert Elliot and one of our own servants went off with them and I followed in a day or two and overtook them before they came to Wallick, on this side of Cholerford Bridge.^[101] There I left them and, as it was Hexham Market Day, I went to Hexham to see if I could not meet with any buyers. There I met with one or two acquaintances and they introduced me to some more and, after a deal of talking and drinking, I got a good many chapmen trysted to see them next day at Wallick but when I came back there I found that a friend of Busher's, one David Murray, a Dealer, was likewise come there with a parcel of Ewes for Sale. At this I was both vexed and surprised but could not help it. Next day many of the Farmers I had trysted came and at first they seemed fonder of drinking than buying but as I was resolved to humour them as far as I thought prudent, I joined with them heartily and after we began to turn warm and noisy, first one bought a few and then he encouraged another bargain and, before I came out of the house, I sold the whole cargo whilst David sold almost none. I got no great prices but got money and good men for them all and came to Carlisle and home on Saturday night, being in all 5 days from home and my father was highly pleased with my success.

Chapter 4

Management, Marriages and Misfortune

I have before noticed that I have got into a vicious habit of sometimes corresponding with Servant Girls; this I had never been able to refrain from altogether. This year, after Martinmas, I went over to Howdale. It was then a frost and some snow upon the ground. Just before I came to the house a jolly, stout, buxom young hussy came just through before me and went to the house and notwithstanding the severity of the weather she was walking bareheaded, with fine dark brown hair, barefooted and barelegged with her coats kilted and the frost had not in the least altered the whiteness of her skin; for she seemed to regard the cold no more than if it had been the middle of June. She was to my taste, more an object of desire in that trim than the fairest Lady in England would have been in the most elegant Dress and most superb Bedchamber in the Kingdom. As soon as I came into the house and saw her rightly, it struck me so that I said within my own mind, 'My faith, there is an excellent subject to breed a bastard from.' I went and sat down beside her and in a very little we became as familiar as it was decent to be before company and seemed equally fond of each other, for altho I had never observed her before, I afterwards learned that she had noticed me before this meeting. After I had been sometime in the house I went to the upper end of the ground to view some Nolt and when I was there Isabel Byers, for that was her name, came past me and an old man calld David Graham, in the same style, stretching her fine white legs among the snow without seeming to feel it and old David looked at her earnestly and after she was past, he said with a sort of cunning laugh, 'Lord guide us Master, that woman must not be of nature'. However, I saw no more of her for some time.

There was nothing material occurred from about Martinmas, 1769, to Whitsunday, 1770, that is worth mentioning, but at Whitsunday, 1770,

Tebby Byers came to me in the market at Langholm and told me she would now be near me, for she had hired herself till Lammas with our Shepherd at Millholm. When she came there her behaviour surprised me, she took every opportunity of throwing herself in my way and she had certainly an eye to me, for I often met her where I did not expect her, yet whenever I attempted to use such freedom as I thought she had intended she repulsed me with disdain and anger. What she meant I knew not, but she still threw herself in my way. I began to be vexed at her harsh language and strange behaviour. I began to think that she had either a notion that I would marry or give her money [but] I disdained to do either. I therefore avoided her and I had in a manner given her up when a very few days before she left the place, as I was going along the head of a wood, thinking nothing of Isabel, she came out among the trees. We were met and Isabel, to my surprise, was gentle as a lamb, as fond of me as I could be of her and we parted seemingly equally well pleased but her behaviour was ever unaccountable for in less than a week after we had commenced our commerce she left the place seemingly without regret, although she seemed much pleased with my company, and went to somewhere in the North of England and stayed there till Martinmas and when she came home she never attempted to renew our acquaintance, nor ever came near me till long after that I heard she was with child. As she never came near me and it was near half a year since I had seen her I thought the child could not be mine, but at Candlemas she came to Langholm and threw herself in my way as I came home and told me she was with child and that I was the father of it. As I had no money to send her out of the country I did not know what to do. However, I desired her to meet me that day, eight days, and in the meantime I borrowed five pounds from a friend and wrote a letter to Doctor Armstrong in Brampton recommending her to his care. This I showed Isabel but told her, as it was uncertain when the child might be born, and it might turn out not to be mine, I would not give her the letter unless she would solemnly aver she never would show it to any person but the Gentleman to whom it was directed. This she undertook most solemnly, even with an oath but alas, I was then little acquainted with woman kind, as I safely can declare, I never yet met with one of them who would abide either by oaths, promises or any engagements whatever. I never yet met with a woman who did not use me as ill as ever she possibly could and always far worse than I could either fear or suspect. She opened the letter and showed it to all her friends as soon as ever she got home. However, she went away to Brampton

leaving me in a sad condition as I greatly dreaded my Father and Mother would come to the knowledge of it and how to get money to support her without my father's assistance I could [not] devise, for altho some was to have assisted me, I had no reason for borrowing but such as I durst not enclose.

She went away about Candlemass, 1771, and was delivered of a daughter in the beginning of May following. It was near to the time I expected but the child bore no resemblance neither to her nor to me in the face, but it was much of my shape and has turned out a clever, sensible woman, but of that I will have occasion to write afterwards, but the Mother, Isabel Byers, turned out to be a sad Jade. She had several natural children afterwards and as she was a very likely piece it was thought it mostly the Masters she lived with that drew up with her, for altho she never would tell who were the Fathers of the children, yet she was somehow supported; but she was very apt to strike the fancy of those that were near her for I really thought old Dr Armstrong had such a notion of her that he wished me to marry her [as] he always spoke well of her and several times said she was as Lady a looking woman as was in the County of Cumberland. However, I soon found that the expense of supporting her at Brampton would be beyond my power without assistance from my Father and I durst not tell him. What to do I knew not when the whole was discovered by my sister. She had long been jealous that I kept up some correspondence with girls and had been in the practice of watching me narrowly and we had often sad differences about these matters. I had got a letter from Dr Armstrong about that business. After I had read it I concealed it where I thought no person would look for it but, to my astonishment, when I returned into the room where it was concealed, my sister was standing with it in her hand and accosted me, 'You vile villain, you have a Bastard Daughter', with a deal of abusive language. She acquainted my Father and Mother directly but neither of them were half so violent as she was. My Father went to Brampton and saw Isabel and the child and was so far pleased that he took the charge of supporting them upon himself and after they had stayed some time in that neighbourhood they came home and Isabel gave up the child and we boarded it with one Matthew Waugh at Archerbeck, where it remained till she was six years of age. Isabel Byers never thought of marrying and died young before her trade was failed. As I was not like to marry at that time, I have thought both from what I have mentioned and some subsequent traits of my Sister's conduct that she wished me to die childless.

From the year 1767 to the year 1770, the product of Stock farms was not

high. 1768 was the worst, prices were lowest and the sale very slow. 1769 was rather better but not much. 1770 something better still and 1771 still rather upon the advance. I mentioned before that in December 1768 my father and I granted a Bond to Mr Cornelius Elliot for 2260 with the express condition that it should not be in Mr Elliot's power to demand the money until all the debts upon Crieve were purged and in the meantime we should be liable in no more than 4 per cent. As Mr Elliot, owing to some difficulty arising about the Sale of John Rae's Estate, could not get the debts upon Crieve purged and as he was liable in 5 per cent to the creditors, he began to be very importunate for the money in our hands and tried every method to obtain it that a Lawyer could devise. He first threatened us with the Law and did make a sort of trial but when he saw that would not do, he sometimes threatened, sometimes attempted to persuade, nay even condescended to cajole. All his arts proved ineffectual and he was greatly incensed against us.

I likewise mentioned before that his Brother in Law, Mr William Ogilvie, was the only Chamberlain the Duke of Buccleugh had kept in his service and, as the Duke was a young inexperienced man, Mr Ogilvie had the sole management of the Estate. In Harvest, 1770, Mr Cornelius Elliot came to Branxholm, Mr Ogilvie's Residence, and altho we still both, by word and writing, absolutely refused to pay the money until the Estate was disencumbered, yet he wrote us from Branxholm desiring us to meet him at Moss-paul,^[102] but said nothing about paying the money. As it was not far we agreed to meet him. When we met there the first thing he said to my Father was, 'Well, John, are you going to pay this money?' My Father replied no, he would not. He then broke out in a violent passion. 'What the Devil, Sir,' exclaimed he, 'then did you bring me here for?' I answered [that] the meeting was his proposal, not ours. He answered [that] we might well know it was only to receive the money that he wished to see us and continued to insult us with the meanest and most scurrilous invectives that ever I think was heard in Billingsgate.^[103] I answered him with spirit and as I was not so intoxicated with wrath I had rather, I thought, the advantage of him and I ever had, since I became acquainted with him, as poor an opinion both of his heart and his head as he could possibly entertain of me and being sensible of no natural superiority I gave him no sort of respect, for I thought by his behaviour he was entitled to none. So we parted in great rage and he went for Branxholm perfectly furious. My father, altho for the most part a very violent man, was calm the whole time and reproved me for treating Mr Elliot with

such contempt after he was gone. I understood ever after when Mr Elliot spoke of me he always frowned and called me a cross Devil, but my father was wiser than I was, for as he went in rage to Branxholm I have ever ascribed the catastrophe that ensued to the violent altercation at Moss-paul.

Upon the 4th March 1771 my father received a letter from Matthew Little, Merchant in Langholm, who was a sort of Deputy for Mr Ogilvie in our country desiring my Father and me to come down to Langholm as he had something to communicate that would not be agreeable. We accordingly went down and he delivered to us an open letter he had received under cover from Mr Ogilvie as follows:

Sir, by a letter I had last post from the Duke of Buccleugh, I am ordered to void your possession of Millholm and Burngrains in order to [permit] Mr Church's entry to them at Whitsunday next, as Mr Lomax gets his farm of Lymiecleugh. I have thought it my duty to give you the earliest information and am sorry that this incident has deprived me of such good Tennants but, as I have heard you say these farms were dear, the loss will be less, but the matter is so settled that it will be in vain for you to remonstrate against it. I am, etc., Will Ogilvie.

After Matthew Little had delivered this letter and we had read it, he said with an air of insult, 'That is just all.' My father answered it was all they could do. As soon as I had read it I thought I discerned the hand of Cornelius Elliot in it. I believe I was partly right but not altogether, we came home much disconcerted and I mounted directly and went to Branxholm to speak with Mr Ogilvie and when I came there Mr Ogilvie said, 'To be very free with you, I was the man that pointed out Millholm for Mr Church; as for Burngrains, I knew nothing about it till I received the Duke's order. Mr Church has, by some means, obtained Burngrains by his own interest, but by what means I know not. I think it hard to turn you entirely out of the Estate but there is no avoiding it.' I then learned that Mr Church was at Hassendean Bank, below Hawick, and I went there that night and had some conversation with him and there I thought I discerned a glimpse of hope of retrieving Burngrains, as I thought notwithstanding Church's caution, I rather discovered that he had obtained it from the Duke by misrepresentation.

I came home directly and set about writing a petition to His Grace and as I thought Mr Church had obtained Burngrains by representing that there was

such a connection between the two farms that they could not be possessed separately, I remonstrated strongly there was no connection and that when we possessed both Farms we kept them perfectly distinct from each other. This petition we sent off to the Duke upon the 6th March but after waiting near a fortnight and hearing nothing about it, I determined to go up to London myself to speak with His Grace. My father opposed my design and said it would be in vain, but I persisted and told him if it should even be to no purpose, still I would go for if I did not go I would never be satisfied with myself for not having done my utmost in that business. My Mother wished me to go and my father at last consented. There was nobody acquainted with my designs but Mr Dickie, our Minister, and Matthew Irving, Merchant in Langholm. This man had been long in my father's confidence and to him he revealed everything and consulted with him as a firm friend.

As we had not a horse fit for the journey I contrived to get a good little Dun Horse hired by a friend from Richardson who kept the Post Chaise and let out hack horses at Langholm and I set out [as] privately as possible upon the 21st March. I went beyond Kendal the second night but when I came to take my horse out next morning, I found him lame in a fore foot. I took him to a blacksmith, he searched the foot and told me that the horse had been gravelled^[104] lately all this time, altho I did not know it, and that it was gathering again and he cut a hole in his sole to let it out, stuffed the foot and clapped on a large Band Shoe I was to stuff anew every night. I could only make from 30 to 35 miles each day for he was quite lame during the whole journey. I could keep company with none that came up with me upon the road. The very boys laughed at me as I went along, 'Are you for London, Sir?' 'Yes, why?' 'I think your horse will be at his speed before you get there.' I was very unhappy during the journey. The affair of Isabel Byers was not come to the knowledge of my Father and Mother, this was a sad burden upon my mind; the loss of the farm clouded all my prospects; I had no hope that ever I would be able to pay Crieve; riding far from home upon a tired horse that I could not tell what to do with; not much money and none to assist me if I should fail. In short, I was miserable. However, with exertion and patience I got him at last to Newport Pagnel, within 50 miles of London, and as I had an acquaintance lived there, one Mr Beattie, a great lace merchant, I was not afraid of want of money. So I put up my horse at an Inn and waited upon Mr Beattie but I found him too high to take much notice of me; he pretended at first not to know me and said there was something so stiff and formal in

my manner he could not believe it was me. But, as he was going directly for London, I left my horse and hired a hack and set off with him in the afternoon.

We slept that night at a Grand Inn at St Albans and I was much surprised at the extravagant bill, as I thought it, given the next morning. Next day we came to London and I got a man to conduct me from the Angel in Angel Court where we put up, to His Grace's Lodgings in Grosvenor Square. When I came there a man with the appearance of a Gentleman came to the door and when I enquired for his Grace, he said he was at Adderbury, 70 miles west from London. He asked me what I wanted with his Grace; I told him [and] he said, 'He has a Factor in Scotland does all his business, you should have applied to him and not come here.' I thought this was cold comfort to me. I did not know the road between London and Adderbury and as John Calvert, the same man I travelled with from London to Scotland in the year 1757, was going a good way upon the road next day, I stopped till he went and the first night we lodged at Henley upon Thames.

The next day I got within a little of Adderbury and was there before his Grace arose next morning. I breakfasted with his principal servants; there was no doubt but they thought me a clown; I thought them the most frolicsome, lightheaded creatures I had ever seen. I sent up a note to his Grace to let him know I wished to speak with him and got for answer that he would talk with me after breakfast. Accordingly he came out to the court and I made up to him. After talking some time without, he began, I thought, to take more notice of me and he said, 'Come this way.' He then took me into a little room with Musquets, Pistols and swords, which had been [in] the Armoury of John, Duke of Argyle;^[105] here he gave plenty of time but after all he only concluded with this: that he would write to Mr Ogilvie and if there was no connections between the farms, as I had represented, we should have Burngrains again. As I was afraid of Mr Ogilvie, I offered to prove to his Grace's satisfaction that we had kept them distinctly separate for many years, but to that he would not agree, but it must depend upon Mr Ogilvie's report and I was obliged to rest it there. In other respects he was very discreet. He saw me in the Court afterwards and came out and joined me and talked about the state of the country and other subjects and said very kindly, 'Your horse will be weary, you had better stay all this day and the following night here with my principal servants and set off tomorrow morning.' But, as they were company I was [not] most fond of and as I saw nothing more could be done, I begged leave to decline accepting his Grace's obliging offer. But there was one thing that

surprised me, I found by his conversation that he had been perfectly informed of all our motions and knew something which I was certain he could learn from no other person but either Mr Dickie or Matthew Irvine.

I set off in a little from Adderbury and came that night to Aylesbury. I there wrote my Father an account of what I had done and conceived the letter in such a manner as to make it proper to be laid before Mr Ogilvie but enclosed in it a small note desiring him at all rates, if possible, to endeavour to gain Mr Ogilvie's interest as I found there was nothing to be done without him. I then went back to Newport Pagnel and met there with one Andrew Johnstone, a merchant in Dumfries, and again mounted my lame horse. It was both lame and quite exhausted and if it had not had an excellent bottom [*i.e.* road surface], it had certainly given up but Mr Johnstone was so obliging as to wait upon me and after a tedious and painful journey we came at last to Carlisle. When I came there I understood Richardson was broke and all his effects seized by his creditors. As I knew he owed my father eleven pounds I left the horse at Carlisle in order to secure him, if possible, for our payment and hired a hack and came home to Millholm that night. I do not think I ever felt more comfortable than I did when I mounted a horse of action and spirit after having been plagued so long with a lame, dull, tired jade.

Upon my coming home I learned my father had laid my letter before Mr Ogilvie and that Mr Ogilvie had received a letter from the Duke at the same time, exactly in the same style, wishing to know if there was any connection between the farm and Mr Ogilvie had answered his Grace that he did not know as to the Farms, but he would enquire and let his Grace know in a short time. I likewise understood, to my utter astonishment, that Matthew Irvine was Mr Church's partner in these farms, which perfectly accounted for the correctness of his Grace's information, as my father had consulted with Matthew Irvine upon everything and he had communicated everything to Mr Church. The obtaining the possession of Burngrains was still very uncertain. I knew Mr Ogilvie, upon Cornelius Elliot, all bore us no good will, but then, luckily for us, Mr Ogilvie and Mr Church were rather at variance and I thought Mr Ogilvie would not be displeased by having it in his power to show his Grace that Church could be guilty of gross misrepresentation, nor were there wanting some malicious people, but who they were I know not, who told Mr Ogilvie gross falsehoods, either out of resentment to us or in aid of Irvine and Church, but in spite of all they could do, we got the truth established and as I had some notion when his Grace's sentence would come,

as soon as I knew the letter was come to Langholm, I mounted my horse and was at Branxholm before the post.

In a few minutes the letter came in and Mr Ogilvie, after reading it, said, 'Hear your sentence. His Grace says as there is no connections between the farms of Millholm and Burngrains, I allow Beattie, as an old Tennant, to continue in possession of Burngrains. I confine Church to Millholm only as Church represents that Burngrains is cheaper, I will order a survey and Report to be made of the value of these farms.' I was pleased to think we had obtained the object of my journey but Mr Church came next day to Branxholm and stormed at Mr Ogilvie like a mad man and when he met me at Langholm he seemed much inclined to strike but as I was nearly as stout to look to, and far younger, I did not fear him, but rather enjoyed his chagrin. However, at Whitsunday, 1771, we were obliged to dispenish our farm at Millholm; Mr Irvine and Church got the stock by a bargain made between Church and me at Lymiecleuch. We got only 11/- for our Ewe and Lambs, 8/- for our Gueld Ewe and Gimmers and 7/- for our ewe hogs, and our whole sheep stock amounted only to £245, 18/-; and then our whole family removed to Muckledale at Whitsunday, 1771.

From that time Mr Church's interest with the Duke was in a rapid decline. Altho he had represented to the Duke that Burngrains was cheaper than Millholm and the Duke had wrote that he would order a valuation and report to be made of these farms, yet after his Grace came to the country and I went to acknowledge the favour he had conferred in allowing us to retain Burngrains, he told me that Mr Church must rest satisfied as the Rents then stood and no valuation ever took place. The Duke lost all confidence in him and I believe the Duke's intention of dismissing him altogether was signified to him after he had been about a year and a half at Millholm, but in the meantime he died and his family removed to a farm at Ecford [*i.e.* Eckford], which the Duke had sometime before granted to James, his oldest son. Matthew Irvine, his partner, possessed Millholm for a few years and then Mr Kerr, who succeeded to Mr Church's office, got it; of him I will have occasion to write afterwards.

We got the little Dun Horse for Richardson's debt and when I stayed in the country I sold it for the money it cost us, but [to] the man that bought it in appearance it [looked] sound and, as it was a likely little horse, set out upon it in a journey to the South country and it behaved with him just as it had done with me, for it turned always lame in that foot when it travelled much upon Turnpike roads.

This year was a tolerable year for us stock farmers. We sold our best lambs

for about 4/9, our mid lambs for 3/6, our draught ewes for about 7/-, only wool was about 6/8, but as we then had only Muckledale, Burngrains and Newlandhill and Howdale and the two last did very badly, both the ground and stock being tainted by William Irvine's Nolt and horse. As I mentioned before, we made slow progress in advancing our circumstances and I was convinced it never would be in my power to free the Crieve.

All this time Mr Elliot was attempting by every means in his power to compel us to pay the money. He often tried it by specious but unsound application to the Lords of Session and several times, whether it was in absence or with the connivance of our agents, he got a decree against us for a considerable part of the money. We then gave in a reclaiming petition and whenever the matter came to be debated he dropped it for some time. Then, ere we were aware, he was at it again and continued in that manner to harass us for a number of years. However, his behaviour to us was attended with this bad consequences, but as we did not know how soon he might have it in his power legally to demand the money and we knew we had no mercy to expect from him, for he had twice a hovering [*i.e.* a wavering indecision] and once a caution against us, we borrowed far more money than otherwise we would have done, that we might always be prepared for him, and as he often fixed a time when he would be ready for us, when we went to Edinburgh to settle we found nothing could be done and was obliged to lend out the money we had provided and a great part of it was lost, so that upon the whole at this time our business did not wear a promising aspect. Mr Elliot seemed to be inebriated with a foolish opinion of his own importance, that his behaviour to us was never like a man of [*word missing*] commonsense. He thought nothing of sending us out false statements of what debts we had paid and what discharges he had received and desiring us to come in and pay the money and when we, in Faith of his Statements, had collected what money we could and had come in to settle, we several times found the whole a mere fabrication and when we complained of the usage he capered and vapoured^[106] and seemed always to think it was no matter how he behaved to us.

One time in particular he exceeded all his former impositions. He had not only wrote in that he had settled the whole business but had had the address to make our agent in Edinburgh believe it and both he and Mr Elliot insisted upon our coming in to finish. We then got ready as fast as we could and wrote him when we would come in and he wrote that everything should be ready. When we came to Edinburgh we waited upon Mr Elliot with our

man of business amongst with us to see that everything was properly settled. It was upon Monday that we met Mr Elliot; he produced his statement, such a debt paid, 'Where are the vouchers Mr Elliot?' 'I have not yet got them but they are to be here on Wednesday and I will then deliver them to you.' Many of the debts were in that situation. He then proposed, as the time was very short, that we should pay the money that day and the Grounds of all the debts should be conveyed to us on Wednesday. As we knew Mr Elliot, we would not agree to that but we consented to stay till Thursday and then he would have got the discharges and we would pay the money, so we parted and agreed to meet upon Thursday forenoon. Upon the Wednesday my father met Mr Elliot upon the street and he exclaimed with seeming surprise, 'John, are you never away yet?' My father answered him, 'How can I be away when I am trysted to settle with you tomorrow?' He then said, 'How, did you come to town on purpose?' My father answered, certainly he came on purpose, as he had wrote him in such a pressing manner. 'Oh,' says he, 'I thought you might have some other business.' After some more nonsense to the same time, we were obliged to come home and the business was not finished for at least ten years after that time.

There was nothing occurred remarkable during the remainder of the year 1771, but about New Year's Day, 1772, it came one of the severest and most destructive storms that ever any person remembered to have seen and it continued a severe storm to the middle of March; it did more harm amongst sheep stocks in our country than the year 1740. We had some 306 Ewe Hoggs kept in Muckledale in 1771 and the whole of them that came through and were fit for clipping in 1772 was only 106. A great number of our ewes died of perfect hunger as sound as lambs, these that remained were so weak and feeble that they could bring no lambs. The very air was tainted in the spring with the number of carcasses rotting upon the ground. All the Highland Stock Farmers had their rents to pay and most of us lost stock far above the value of another year's rent, some far more. The country got a severe shock and I got something else to think of than paying Lands. As there had been such an enormous loss, stock was very scarce and everything we had to sell sold high, but then we had so little to spare that all we had would not make up the loss and short-comings in our stocks by a great deal. In all the grounds we had we only sold 50 mid and small lambs, ewe and wedder and some few top wedder and after all our stocks were greatly diminished both in number and value.

Some time this summer I was at Langholm with John Armstrong, James

Little in Terronah, Gavin Elliot, Unthank, Robert Aitchison, James Scott in Brieryshaw and a number of the Ewes people. James Scott was then a mighty vain young man. I was for leaving the company and got up to go away; Robert Aitchison pulled off my hat and threw it to Brieryshaw, he would not give it to me. I was not afraid of him but I dreaded John Armstrong and James Little in Teronah as I saw they encouraged Briery and I knew upon account of former differences they both wished to do me a mischief. I suffered all the abusive language that he could devise but when we had got up to go away, I met with him in the Passage and how it happened I cannot well say but when upon hearing a scuffle they brought a light, Briery was lying on the Ground almost breathless and both his eyes blacked. Indeed it was no conquest for he was nothing. They got him up and after he came round they persuaded him to try me again. I liked it not in the company I was in but they insisted upon it, yet no sooner had we met than John Armstrong cried out 'Don't let them fight' and James Little, the strongest man among them, laid hold of me and gripped me as strait as he could and Briery spoiled all my Face over his shoulder whilst he held me fast in his arms and when I complained of foul play, he pretended that he thought somebody had held Briery the whole time, but no man offered to touch him. It is foolish to quarrel at any rate but especially in mixed companies.

About Martinmas this year Mr Elliot by some means got a retention for part of the money due for Crieve, with an order from Lord Ellick^[107] ordaining us to pay the money for which the decree was past and all the interest due upon the Bond directly. We thought it not in terms of our Bond but we were advised to comply and we waited upon Mr Elliot upon the 10th December and paid him near £1100 and reduced the debt due to him to £1600.

Thomas Borthwick, Farmer in Shaws in Ettrick, who I mentioned before married a daughter of Mr William Elliot in Borthwick Brae, Jean Elliot. They were a very stout, robust couple as I think I almost ever saw, strong made but by no means clumsy. They had only two children. William the son, one of the most masculine men you could see, married when young the only daughter of Mr Alexander Hay, a Master Builder in Edinburgh and by her he got a considerable property; he had at this time two children by her, and him and her, the children and his sister Margaret were come into Edinburgh at the time my Father and I had come in to do business with Mr Elliot. Margaret Borthwick was a big boned, strong woman, too stout made

to be handsome, not fair skinned, no sort of female delicacy about her, yet an awful commanding sensible look, with a terrible stare with her eyes yet, as her eyes were dark and seemingly penetrating, I thought her altogether rather agreeable. I had seen her before and had been at Shaws and was so pleased with the good sense of the family, their mode of management and the sober and religious manner in which the family was brought up, that I thought Margaret Borthwick would make a more sensible wife for me than any I had ever seen and as I was then 36 years of age, I began to think seriously of matrimony, which my Father and Mother greatly wished. I met William Borthwick upon the street and he desired me to go to Mr Hay's and there again I saw Margaret.

After we had done our business with Mr Elliot we came for home and William Borthwick came with us the length of Selkirk, where we stayed all night, and my Father seemed highly pleased with William Borthwick and enquired about his sister and seemed as we came home to wish me to make up to her. After I came home I wrote her a letter desiring permission to address her. This letter she sent to her Mother and some time after I received a letter from her father acquainting me that the connection I proposed was agreeable to the Family, only Margaret said she was too little acquainted with me to give any answer and as prior acquaintance and knowledge of one another was certainly necessary before entering into such a lasting union as I proposed, I should be very welcome to visit the Family when I pleased and cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with Margaret Borthwick. This letter was shown to my parents and as the Borthwicks were very respectable people in their line and she had a great many good connections, both by her Father and Mother, my parents not only gave their consent but encouraged me strongly to proceed in it and so I went and disclosed my intentions to her early in the Spring, 1773. I must here observe one thing, that altho I had been too much acquainted with light girls, I believe I was one of the greatest novices in virtuous love that ever addressed any of the sex, but luckily for me Margaret Borthwick seemed as ignorant as I was and I think there were never was a more homely courtship in this world.

In the later end of the year 1772 the Tennant of Bigholm in Wauchopdale failed and made a very poor composition with his Creditors. His name was William Beattie, he had been a sort of jobber and had only lately comd to the Duke's Estate from Annandale. He married one of the Curls of Moodlawknow, who was a perfect termagant and had no pretention to character in no sense

of the word. As they had no family and had not behaved well, the Duke, in the spring, advertised the Farm to be let and desired offers for it to be given in to Mr Ogilvie. My Father, amongst other people, signified his wish to possess it, as he had lost Millholm, but offered no rent but left that to the Duke who readily granted it to my father. No sooner was it known that my father was to get it than William Beattie, and particularly his wife, vented the most abusive language against my father that could be devised; many scandalous stories which I never before heard of, mere fabrications of lies; and they threatened to maintain violent possession, and at Whitsunday when my father was obliged to go and formally demand possession, he got the most outrageous reception. However, they sold their stock, of which we bought a share, and removed at that term. Some time after William Beattie met my father in Langholm Market and abused the poor old man in a most indecent manner. Somebody came and told me. I ran on to the street and met with William Beattie. I asked to speak to him and got him so far down the entry leading to Mr Little's garden that we were out of sight of the Market place. I then told him my mind in great rage and gave him two or three violent pushes, to see if he would offer to strike, but he made back for the Market place as fast as he could. He was full as strong-like as I was, but older, but seemed not at all failed, but this action I had great cause to repent for a long while after that [for] whenever his wife saw us in the Market she came upon us with open mouth, railing and scolding and being as loud as ever she could brawl, so that for a long time we were sadly plagued by her.

This Bigholm was the cheapest soum we ever had and the cheapest acre. There was about 1100 acres of it and it would keep 400 sheep, 20 beasts lying without, 8 or 10 cows and Fodder for them all, 6 or 8 bolls [of] corn sown and about a boll and a half of Beer or Bigg, and the rent was only £35 yearly. Yet, for all its cheapness, I fancied it not. The beasts and sheep made little improvement, the sheep were mostly Hoggs and there were many of them died and if you had bought a beast from a good pasture and brought it there, instead of growing better it grew worse and often some of the Nolt traked enfine.^[108] I saw no use for it at all and it put one so far out of conceit with such lands that I never looked after such more, and I am fully convinced that the dearest soums in our country are by far the cheapest in the end.

Upon the 7th June this year my father sent, by John Hislop, a letter and draught to Edinburgh for £60. Upon the 12th he was waiting upon the Turnpike road to meet Hislop as he came down. He met him upon the road

at a place called Parkgateheads below the Bush and delivered him a letter and the £60, it was 12 five pound notes. My father had a custom of going with his coat open at the Breast and buttoned below [and] after counting the notes he put them into the Breast of his coat, between it and the waistcoat, till he read the letter. After he had read the letter he set to cracking with Hislop and he was a remarkable fluent man. There were some women in company and the two old carls cracked on for about a mile upon the road until they came to a little publick house at Drummond's Hall and there, as it was a fine day, they sat down without and drank some ale. All this time my father was so entertained he never thought of his sixty pounds. After parting with Hislop, when he got time to think, he remembered his £60 but it was gone; he then got somebody to look for it but nothing could be found. They came and told me. When I asked who he met upon the road he said nobody but a man of Mr Malcolm's, one Clapperton.

As the Clappertons were people of no character, I gave the money up for lost, but we met Clapperton coming back and questioned him about it; he denied that he had seen it with much insolence. I told him that if I had been placed in such a suspicious situation, I would have thought [it] a piece of justice to my own character to have convinced the world I had not, and that I would have gone into a house and stripped and allowed all my clothes to be examined. This he refused to do with a deal of opprobrious language; this rather increased my suspicion that he had it. I then, with more heat than prudence, rushed forward to lay hold of him but as there were then several people come about us, I was held back by some wiser than myself. After I got time to reflect we agreed that application should be made to a Justice for a warrant to search him and in the meantime I assured him, that go where he would, I would attend him, so he and I and some more set down the road with resentment in both our breasts. After we were come about a mile, when he saw that I was resolved to stick by him, with much rage he went into a house and was searched and it turned out he had it not. He then spoke of thrashing me but did not attempt it.

As there was a woman with John Hislop, called Marion Little from Tarras Foot, who my Father remembered walked several times behind him and John Hislop upon the road, I got a horse and rode down to Tarras Foot to interrogate Marion. But as they were accounted honest people and she had been formerly a servant of ours, there was no strife between Marion and me. She calmly told me she never saw it and I believed her word and we parted peaceably. There was a man called Joseph Carruthers, a weaver, a sober, religious man, lived at the Kirkton burn side; this man had gone up the road from his own house in the time

that my father was with Hislop at Drummond's Hall, so that my Father could not meet him. After I was gone to Tarras Foot somebody told my father about Joseph and he waited upon the road until he met with Joseph coming down. My Father questioned him about it but he made sort of evasive answers. My Father could not tell what to think but Joseph kept him in suspense till he came to Stable Cleuch then he stepped off the road and lifted a sod and took out the notes and asked him if these were his. My father counted them and found them right and gave Joseph something, but not as much as his integrity deserved, but Mr Malcolm, who ever wished to affront me, persuaded Clapperton to apply for a warrant to bring me before the Justice for searching him by force and I was accordingly brought before Sir James Johnstone, Sir William Maxwell and Mr Maxwell of Broomholm. Sir James was presses and I thought treated the witnesses very cavalierly but after all Clapperton failed in the proof and I was assoilzied.

All this summer I occasionally visited Margaret Borthwick. I found her very plain, but although she appeared illiterate I thought she had a tolerable share of common sense. She very soon told me she did not feel too much aversion to my intentions as she had done upon a former occasion. I knew to what she referred: James Grieve in Harden, a distant friend of her own, had courted her before [and] as he was a man of character and thought to be in affluent circumstances all her friends were very fond of the match. But here Margaret gave the first proof of that resolution for which she had ever been distinguished, for after all that they could entreat or threaten, she obstinately persevered in rejecting him and set all her friends at defiance. However, I had no cause to complain of her, for we accorded so well that the matter seemed to be settled, but when the two old men began to talk about the settlement they could not agree at all. Mr Borthwick, at his son's marriage, had managed Mr Hay as he pleased. When he came to talk with my father he would make no settlement at all, nor jointure her in anything (in which he certainly wrought against himself). Only he [my father] told Mr Borthwick that as the Tack of Muckledale was mine, he should resign it and the sheep stock to me and have us in at the first term after our marriage. Of this Mr Borthwick thought so little that he told me, unless my father would make a better settlement for me, I need never be at the pains to saddle my horse to look for a wife. At this I was rather nettled and determined to put it out of his power to insult me again and the matter seemed to be broke off.

The winter between 1772 and 1773 was remarkably mild, the stock in

the spring were in great order, the lambing was warm and dry, they brought many lambs and as there had been such a loss the year before everything sold well. We got about 5/- for our lambs, 3/- for the smaller sort, 7/- for our wool and 10/- for our draught ewes and our selling account amounted to £679.9.1d and as our rents, valuing Howdale at £110, was only 340 we made some progress this year.

Thomas Borthwick had a brother, named Walter, who I mentioned before, who lived at Enzieholm in our neighbourhood. He had by some means understood how matters stood between me and his niece; he spoke to me about it one day at Langholm and as he was a man with whom for sometime I had been intimate, I told him everything without reserve. He said it was entirely owing to bad advice that his brother had behaved so for it would never have entered his head, it was some other person speaking by his mouth and not himself for he was a man that was incapable of either cunning or design. In this however, I afterwards found he was grossly mistaken. Indeed, from my experience in the world, I now regard characters very little. But Mr Walter told me if I would go back to Shaws he would engage that none of these things would be insisted upon. As I had still some regard to the girl, I agreed to go back and then we made such progress that in a month or six weeks we began to talk of fixing the day for our Marriage. After everything seemed to be concluded upon, Peggy either spoke with more freedom or I inspected her more minutely and I thought I saw something that rather alarmed me. I observed that she spoke with great spite and violence against any person she did not like and when she expressed herself in that strain her eyes flashed with the wildest glare I had ever seen. Her character from all her friends was that she was surprisingly good natured. I began to dread that they were greatly mistaken as I thought there was a sort of rage in her composition approaching to madness and altho her eyes seemed good and strong, I saw by her knitting and sewing there was something wrong about them and indeed some defect or strange peculiarity in her eye sight all together preternatural. I have experienced much sorrow, mourning and woe in the after part of my life, I began to dread the connection would prove disastrous and communicated my suspicions to my parents, but as matters were gone so far they encouraged me to proceed. I was rather backward but there was one reflection which determined me to accomplish that had been intended whatever might be the consequences. After I had that terrible cholick in the year 1765, I, by whose advice I do not remember, confined myself to the simplest diet imaginable.

I ate very little butcher meat, used no bread but barley; my breakfast was thin barley pottage and small beer. I became weak, thin and pale but the cholick began to turn less violent which encouraged me to persevere in my plan of diet. But about the year 1768 I began to feel something in my stomach I had never felt before. I took sudden qualms and sick fits and it then ascended to my head and for near a minute I was seized with the strangest stupor and confusion of ideas imaginable and when my recollection returned I was for a while sick unto death and frequently threw up.

In this state I continued with little variation till the later end of 1769. As I had not these fits frequently and they never deprived me all together of sense or motion, I applied for no Medical assistance, but about the later end of 1769 or beginning 1770 they began to deprive me, for some seconds, of sense and motion and I lay like one in a faint. I then consulted Dr Mowat in Longtown who advised me to use a more nutritive diet of milk, butter, cheese and vegetables, but to abstain from butcher meat, fish and all ale or strong drink. I tried his prescription a good while but found no relief [so] I then consulted one Clapperton, a surgeon of eminence in Annandale. His advice was widely different. He said I had ruined my stomach by such a weak and spare diet and desired me to try Beef and Mutton and a draught of Stout, Ale or Porter after it, but Milk at supper. I followed his advice for some time but I thought the shocks, altho far from frequent, rather grew more severe and alarming. I then again consulted Dr Mowat in Summer, 1773. He said he did not understand the meaning of Clapperton's advice, and he was still of the same opinion as to my diet, but as he thought the cause of my disorder was in my head, he desired me to put a seton in my neck. As I was then in a sort of progress towards Matrimony with Margaret Borthwick I told him I did not wish to do that if it could be avoided. He then said we might try a pea in every^[109] arm for some time, but he was afraid the cord would be put in at last before the Disease could be removed, so he put an issue in every arm in Harvest, 1773. After they began to run it was a good while before I had another shock but in the later end of 1773 or beginning 1774 I had the severest shock I ever had and continued stupid for some minutes after it was over. My parents thought I would die in some of these shocks and as I was almost their only hope they wished me to marry, to see if possible to leave Heirs and as I myself thought I would not live long, I thought Margaret's temper could not be of much consequence to me, as I would soon be out of her reach and as my parents wished it so much I determined to celebrate the marriage with all convenient dispatch.

The winter between 1773 and 1774 was another very stormy season, the snow was deeper that winter than in 1772 but as it did not lie quite so long, although the sheep were reduced very low, there was not near so much loss among them as in 1772. As the Shaws, where Margaret resided, was a wild stormy place, above 20 miles distant from Muckledale, over very wild Hills and no beat in Road, I could seldom see Margaret during the winter, but as soon as the snow abated, we settled all matters and resolved to solemnize in March. As her Father was an Elder everything was to be conducted agreeable to the Rules of the Church. About the middle of March her brother William and I went to Yarrow Manse to Dr Lorrimer^[110] to give in our names and require proclamation, but upon the road from Shaws to Yarrow my horse fell and got from me and ran back for above a mile, until he was stopped by Kirkhope Park Dykes. I considered that as a very inauspicious omen, but for the reasons I have mentioned I still determined to proceed. After the forms of proclamation had been gone through, Walter Borthwick of Enzieholm, Margaret's Uncle, my father, sister and I set off in the morning of 30th March and there we met her Uncle and Aunt of Borthwick Brae, there was no other excepting their own family present and that day, viz. 30th March 1774, I was married at Shaws to Margaret Borthwick by the Reverend Dr Lorrimer, minister of Yarrow. We came home to Muckledale two days after and stayed at home a fortnight to receive our friends and then we went both back to Shaws to visit her father and mother and were most kindly received. I stayed a day or two, but as Margaret wished to stay longer it was agreed that I should go home and they would send a servant over with Margaret in a day or two, but a week passed and I heard nothing from her. About the middle of next week I went over and found that her mother had been ill and Margaret told me how her mother had been and added, 'Oh, my Dear Mother, if she had died, I thought the world would not be worth living in to me.' I thought it a strange declaration for one so lately married yet I believe it was sincere.

I got her home again with some reluctance. After we came home my father, mother and sister lived with us till Whitsunday but my sister and her presently quarrelled and by some means my mother, altho a very sagacious, prudent woman, was drawn into the contest, but what I wondered at, Margaret seemed not in the smallest degree to value their resentment. However, she had symptoms immediately of being with child which was some consolation and as my father, mother and sister determined to leave us at Whitsunday, I thought we would then do better. I was in the 38th year of

my age and Margaret in her 23rd when we married. These shocks I spoke of before were never very frequent, commonly about once in half a year. After Dr Mowat had put the issues in my arms, I was free of them rather longer than usual, but about a month after we were married, sitting after dinner in a warm room with Margaret and some strangers in company, I suddenly dropped down and was to all appearances dead for some time. The whole company seemed greatly alarmed, Margaret alone excepted who seemed to be very little concerned about it and behaved with such ease that Mr Scott, our minister, who was present, could not help admiring her composure. As it was a most severe shock and I was greatly alarmed, I went to Dr Mowat and consulted with him and he gave no sort of hope that I would ever be relieved of the disease, but told me it would grow more violent, but he advised me to go to Edinburgh to consult Dr Cullen.^[111]

I accordingly went into Edinburgh and consulted Dr Cullen. After considering the case he gave me a prescription, some medicine to take for my stomach and ordered me to cut out my hair, shave the head every week and let a Tea Kettle full of the coldest water be poured over my crown every morning, holding my head over a basin and to keep open the issues Mr Mowat had put in my arms and rather encouraged them running, to confine myself mostly to a milk and vegetable diet, avoiding all strong meats and drinks and everything that inflamed and by the following [of] his prescription, through God's Blessing, I have never had another shock since and it is long since I gave up the pouring the water upon my head.

As my father and mother designed to go to Bigholm and leave Margaret and me at Muckledale at Whitsunday, my sister and Margaret, about the Term, went to visit our neighbours at Arkelton. As the weather was fine they proposed wading the water as they came home, which they did. As soon as they came out of the water my sister said 'Come, let us take a race to warm our feet'. They set to running and Margaret, being of a far heavier make than Jean, she kept up with difficulty and warmed herself much. They came at last to two felled trees, Jean jumped over them and Margaret followed but after they came home Margaret turned sick and became very ill and, as we were certain before that Margaret had conceived, we were afraid of a miscarriage and when Margaret told me how it happened I was angry with my sister. However, Margaret settled again and at Whitsunday my father, mother and sister went to the Bigholm and left Margaret and me by ourselves at Muckledale.

When my father left us at Whitsunday, 1774, I got, by agreement, the Sheep Stock of Muckledale but little of the plenishing and none of the cows or crop, save one cow which they gave Peggy, and her mother gave her another. We had then a stock of sheep and two cows, we wanted horses, but I had brought, about 17 years before, a little stout brown mare out of England and had her still and she bred two Foals before and had one at her foot then and my father gave me a little stout brown mare for my young filly, so then we had two cows and two horses with the old mare; for the crop we made a bargain which I pointedly fulfilled. I do not think I got much of my father's subject at this time, if any explanations had taken place between us, for I had before had Newlandhill and Howdale 3 years and by the advance of markets the stock sold for above double what it cost and besides, I had the Tack of Muckledale from Whitsunday, 1765, and he drew all the money all along and accounted unto me for nothing; but notwithstanding we set out barely, I was not discouraged much as I intended to do what I could and I then relied upon my own skill and I saw Margaret, altho violent in her temper, understood well how to manage in a farmer's house. We bought cows, furniture and many things that year and being both careful we did not run much in debt.

This year, 1774, turned out well. We got better than 5/- for our best lambs; 4/4 for mid ewes; 3/3 for mid wedder; 7/- for wool; and near 10/- for our draught ewes and as all the cows we bought had calves. I believe Margaret made more butter and cheese and sold more milk to Langholm than any that had ever been in Muckledale had done before her. Margaret was still advancing in pregnancy and she and I did tolerably well, only I was astonished to find that she sometimes took very strange and wayward fancies for which I could by no means account. But she managed her house and servants well and seemed to regard our common interest.

Upon the 7th January 1755 Margaret was delivered of a daughter which upon the 14th of the same month was baptized Jean after her Grand Mother at Shaws. Two days after she was born I took her in my arms to the window and when she came to the light she opened two of the finest eyes I thought I ever saw. I felt myself touched in a manner I cannot describe and from that moment till the day of her death, I never thought I saw her equal. Margaret insisted upon nursing her herself and as she was a remarkably stout looking woman and had the appearance of a great flow of milk, nobody opposed her nursing, but altho she had the most abundant flow of milk, far more than the child could dispose of, altho a big and seemingly very healthy child, yet

Margaret's constitution was ill calculated for nursing. Immediately tumours began to rise in her neck and burst and discharged a bad ichor. The Doctors advised us to get some other to nurse the child, but this Margaret would never hear of but continued to nurse in that situation and still the flow of milk was like to rot her clothes and she was obliged to get glasses to apply to her breasts. But, for all these uncommon evacuations, in about 4 months she began to be visited by her monthly courses, still she would not part with the child. As she and I slept together, presently her courses again stopped and she had every appearance of conception and continued in that state for between two or three months.

I must here say something of my sister Jean, of whom I have said very little hitherto. She was a stout, tight little woman, rather below the middle size and had no resemblance to me, neither in her shape nor features. She was never accounted beautiful and had been very much disfigured with the small pox, but she was an active, keen, industrious creature and so healthy and firm that she could endure almost any toil. Her and I accorded very well when we were both in our Father's house. Amongst the first great differences we had was when Anne was born. As I mentioned before, I was again vexed at her challenging Margaret to run a race when she was with child, and after Margaret came into the family her behaviour to Margaret and me both was nothing like her former behaviour to me. Altho her figure was by no means engaging she had a great taste for Dress and keeping company and as she was a woman of character and, at any rate, expected to have some money and as I never looked after a wife until I met with Margaret Borthwick, many people said I would never marry and she would Heir all. I think she had been of that opinion herself and secretly did not rejoice at my marriage, but there was one singularity about her, if it be a singularity; altho in all other respects she was a notable woman, knew and attended to her own interest most assiduously, yet in the choice of husband, she was swayed altogether by her eyes. Several men of some station and character had addressed her, with whom she might have lived in ease and affluence, but these were by no means the men to her taste. But if she could meet with a young fop, ten or fifteen years younger than herself who could put on his ruffles and powder, dress and dance, these were the only men ever she would look to and it was no matter to her whether they were men of either fortune or character or not, if their appearance pleased her eye. About the time I saw Margaret Borthwick in Edinburgh and before our courtship had commenced, she had proposals of marriage made to her

by Andrew Graham, a young surgeon at Langholm. This young adventurer had come from Longtown about a year before and had settled in his business at Langholm. He was a man of dissolute principals, had two natural children whilst in Langholm, mad about fine horses and reckond a man whose word could not be safely credited, yet he was thought to understand his business tolerably well. Yet with all these blemishes he was a great favourite with my sister, as he was gay and, what was more, quite young and pleased her eye. His courtship and my sister's and Margaret's and mine went both on for some time but when ours began to draw to a period, theirs began to slacken and, before our marriage, was entirely broke off, at which I believe my sister was greatly hurt and sadly vexed.

As I mentioned before that Margaret had every appearance of having conceived, in the third month after she turned very uneasy, being troubled with sick fits and pains and Dr Graham was sent for. He gave her some sort of stuff which, after a violent struggle, brought about an uncommon discharge from her womb and brought upon her a flooding which continued, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, for 8 or 9 years. All that time the quantity was far too much and the periods quite irregular and during all that time she never had any appearance of conception again. When my sister saw this she seemed quite pleased and told Margaret she thought it good luck for now she might nurse Jean as long as she pleased.

This Dr Andrew Graham, several years afterwards, married the only daughter of Henry Elliot in Flatt, but he had two sons. One of them is since dead. The other, John Elliot, is farmer in Flatt, Liddesdale. Henry Elliot being first cousin to Mr Ogilvie, Branxholm, and Mr Ogilvie having much influence with the Duke of Buccleugh, after Dr Graham had married Kate Elliot, Mr Ogilvie got him in to be the Family Surgeon to the Duke at Dalkeith and by the Duke's countenance he got in to extensive practice about Dalkeith. But he never behaved like a man of principal, for he was so mad about fine horses that he often involved himself with horse Dealers, so that he could not extricate himself and then oftener than either, once, twice or thrice he forged Bills upon his Father in Law and endorsed them to Dealers and the poor old man was obliged either to pay them or to hang the Son in Law; in this way he wrested a great part of Henry's subjects from him. At last Henry died and Graham would have been miserable if his brother William, who had made some fortune abroad, had not come home. He mostly resides about Dalkeith and has often relieved him in extremity, but to the astonishment of

everybody he still continues in favour with the Buccleugh family and is their family surgeon to this day.

Altho Margaret was much distressed with her flooding, yet for all could be said either by Doctors or Friends, she would never hear of the child weaning, she still had a flow of milk and the child seemed to thrive very well, grew big, stout and plump, but Margaret turned thin and pale but I think she was never so sober and void of whimsical notions as she was about this time. The child took up her attention very much, which with the care of superintending her Family, gave her full employment and, as she and I had both a sort of careful taste, we accorded very well and, as I thought, to be very happy and perfectly satisfied with each other. Dr Graham inoculated our child; he tied the arm very tight that was inoculated and desired that the bandages might not be removed until he returned but he was so long in returning that the child's arm festered and swelled exceedingly and the dear Babe fevered with the pain and when we at last got him back, upon taking off the bandages, he found the arm not only swelled but suppurated and he introduced a Lancet into it and it ran a deal of matter and continued to run for about a fortnight, but after it began to run the child got better and excepting the distress occasioned by neglecting the arm, our dear little woman was little hurt by the inoculation. This summer we had for some weeks a servant called Tibby Inglis. She had been an old servant at the Shaws and was a great favourite of Margaret's, who desired me to hire her at the May Fair of Hawick. Tibby was happy to come and agreeable to Margaret's character about Shaws, enlarged upon her good nature. However, she had not been a month in the house before Margaret and her differed and after a most violent altercation Margaret packed her from the house.

I must now say something of my Father and Mother. When they left us at Whitsunday, 1774, they went to the Farm of Bigholm in Wauchopedale. It was not a bad house but very damp. They got one room properly fitted up but as the ground around the house was swampy and the air moist and foggy they did not like it at all and wished to be out of it as soon as possible. My father had, before, the Newlandhill and Howdale in his own hand and at Whitsunday, 1774, he took likewise the Crieve into his own hand, having bought the stock from George Bell in Minscow, the preceding tenant. As I thought George Bell had little skill and as I thought managed badly, I strongly insisted upon my father's taking it into his own hand as George Bell had abused it much with Nolt and horses and commonly bought a deal of Tup or low country

hogs to drimout^[112] upon it and we were designed to keep it clear of Nolt and Horse and try it with a regular Ewe stock. We got from him neither a sound nor suitable stock and after we had got stock and ground, as the Newlandhill lay in the bosom of the Crieve, I insisted that it should be herded along with Crieve and to herd Howdale by itself. To this my Father, for what reason I cannot to this day account, would not agree, but would herd Newlandhill and Crieve separate. I was vexed but he would take his own way and did so to the day of his death but whatever was the cause I shall not say but these farms did not do well, never in his time.

There was one Richardson that had married a daughter of Mr Scott's of Rowanburnfoot. He and she had been abroad with the army in Germany in the long German war which ended, I think, in 1763.^[113] He was in the artillery, she kept a grand suttlng house^[114] and they made a deal of money. They came home and bought some houses and a piece of ground at Langholm Townfoot and built a good house and suitable offices for an Inn and kept chaises and post horses, as I mentioned before when I hired the little Dun horse from him in the year 1771. Some time before he had applied to the Duke for some corn farm in the neighbourhood, to help him support the Road, and the Duke had given him the farm of Meikleholm in the immediate vicinity of Langholm. He broke in the year 1771 but he continued by the assistance of friends both in the possession of the Inn and the farm until his wife died. The Duke and him then somehow differed and the Duke advertised the Farm to be let and entered to at Whitsunday, 1775, and it was not strange that the Duke wished to have him out of the Inn for he could not support the Road. It was by no means a suitable farm for my Father as it consisted mostly of arable land, in which my father was by no means an adept as he had never made it his main business; yet, as it was a pleasant place and an agreeable residence, my father applied for it amongst others, under the persuasion that they would allow him to retain Bigholm as a led farm, and when he applied to Mr Ogilvie he gave him reason to expect that he would get Meikleholm but said not one word of his losing Bigholm. At last word came that my Father had got Meikleholm and he went to Mr Ogilvie at Branxholm to be fully informed and he read him the Duke's order to put him in possession and still seemed to confirm my Father in the persuasion that he was to retain Bigholm and my Father came home highly pleased. As Richardson was to leave the Inn it was necessary that some other person should occupy it and as it was thought that it could not be properly supported without a Farm, everybody was surprised

that my Father had got Meikleholm, but it had been previously arranged in a different manner. There was, just below Langholm, a farm called Murtholm where two men of the name of Dalgleish lived and in about a week after my father knew he was to get Meikleholm the news came that the Inn was to get Murtholm and the two Dalgleishes to get Bigholm. My father could scarcely credit it, after what had passed between him and Mr Ogilvie, but he was obliged to submit and from what happened then and afterwards, I have ever been of the opinion that when Mr Ogilvie encouraged him to apply for Meikleholm and offered his assistance he meant to do him prejudice.

I have before noticed that my father, in every difficulty, consulted chiefly with Mr Dickie, the Minister,^[115] and Matthew Irving, his principal Elder, at Langholm; my Mother, who was a very religious woman, looked upon them as two saints. As Matthew Irvine, as I formerly mentioned, turned out to be Mr Church's partner and had under hand, from the confidence that my Father put in him, been enabled to inform Mr Church of all my father's designs, this had opened their eyes with respect to him. Mr Dickie they still considered as a faithful friend and informed him of almost everything. When they came out of Muckledale to Bigholm, Mr Dickie frequented their house, I believe more than any house in the parish and was greatly regarded by my father and mother; he knew of their application for Meikleholm and of their having got it. There were two parks of arable land in the farm of Meikleholm, called Barnhills, that lay adjoining to Mr Dickie's Glebe; as soon as Mr Dickie knew that my father was to get Muckleholm [*i.e.* Meikleholm] and that it was not to go to the Inn, he secretly applied to the Duke for Barnhills to lay into his Glebe at a rent [that] my father sometime after was informed of but could not believe it.

I waited upon Mr Ogilvie but he gave me no satisfaction at that time; but when he came to collect the rents before Whitsunday he said with great haughtiness, 'You lose Bigholm, you lose Barnhills' and he told us what abatement of Rent was to be allowed for Barnhills, which was very little, and now says he, 'I have just only to ask whether you accept Muckleholm upon these conditions or want altogether?' I said I thought my father had been ill used, he stormed and desired us to give him no further disturbance and we were obliged to leave him as he turned his back upon us. Mr Dickie's behaviour about Barnhills, after the unbounded confidence that my father and mother placed in him, was the first occurrence that began to form my opinion of the infidelity of the Clergy and from what has occurred since, I

really cannot think them entitled to equal confidence with the General run of men that have any pretention to character. However, my father, mother and sister came to Muckleholm at Whitsunday, 1775. It was a tolerable house and rather an agreeable residence but in point of interest it proved a losing bargain. But it furnished him with corn, kept cows and horses and supplied a family well and as it was near Langholm my father was there every day when he was at home.

In the beginning of the Harvest, 1775, Margaret and I went down to Muckleholm to see my Father, Mother and sister and we took our dear little woman along with us. We were mounted upon a young stout horse; I had Margaret behind me and carried little Jean before me. Next day in returning through the water of Esk, at a place called Birkford, above the old castle, now shut up since the Bridge at Langholm was built and the feuer's ground enclosed, the horse stopped to drink. He afterwards moved in the water very slow and Margaret desired me to put him forward. I touched him with the spur when on a sudden he plunged and kicked as if the Devil had entered into him. Margaret fell presently but upon her feet. As I was more concerned with the child than myself, I kept her in my arms until the crown of my head struck in the bottom of the water and altho I was rather stunned, I held her up to her mother who got her in her arms and carried her back to Muckleholm, completely wet but not in the least hurt, but I got such a fright then that I never would carry a child before me afterwards. This year, 1775, was not much different from 1774 for Stock Farmers, but rather lower. We got about 4/6 for good wedder lambs; 3/8 and 3/6 for Mid lambs; about 9/6 for draught ewes; and 8/- for wool, which was considered an enormous price such as we had never got before and which we thought it was very improbable it ever could exceed.

In summer or Harvest, 1776, Mr William Laing, proprietor of Muckledale, died. These Laings came originally from Hawick; the first of them that I have heard of was old Bailiff Laing of Hawick, a plain decent man. He had two sons, Walter and John, both bred Writers. Walter the oldest was bred up under Mr Hugh Somerville who was long the Duke of Buccleugh's principal manager. It somehow happened that an alarming fire broke out in the Palace of Dalkeith when Walter Laing was there and he, at the eminent hazard of his life, rescued from the flames a chest containing papers of great value, in return for which the Duke of Buccleugh made him his Factor at Newark, for the Estate in Ettrick Forrest and the Barony of Eckford and Clerk to

his Commissioners when they came round to set the land and he, viz. the Duke, made John, the younger brother, Factor in Liddesdale. Walter Laing married a woman of the name and belief [*i.e.* expectation] of Johnstone from Annandale and left a considerable family. Mr William Laing, who afterwards purchased the Lands of Muckledale from Mr Scott of Rowanburn, was the oldest and succeeded his father as Factor and Clerk to the Commissioners. He was the man that set me the Life Rent Tack of the Lands of Muckledale. His brothers were all dead before him but one Gilbert, who was a Merchant at Petersburg in Russia, and he was married but had no children. Mr William Laing had three sisters. The oldest, Violet, married her first cousin David Scott, son to Hugh Scott in Blackhall of Ewes and Laing, sister to Walter and John Laing. Murzy, the second, married John Laing in Westerkirk, afterwards tenant in Muckledale, my immediate predecessor. The youngest, Margaret, the far prettier woman, married John Elliot of Borthwick Brae, Margaret Borthwick's uncle in his widowhood, as he had been married to one of the Murrays of Cringletie, but she died soon and left no children. Margaret, Mrs Elliot, was the favourite both of her Uncle John and her brother William's regard for her bordered upon adoration. He always said there was not such a woman in Scotland and after he was turned out of the Duke's business he built a house at Old Melrose, a property he had upon the Tweed, and there in his dining room, above the chimney piece, was a flattering picture of Mrs Elliot. This was directly opposite to his seat and then he had the room all hung with mirrors so that which way so ever he turned his eyes he might have the pleasure of viewing either a real or reflected picture of Mrs Elliot. When he died he left his brother Gilbert heir of his land, failing heirs lawfully begotten by him, the whole fortune to go to Mrs Elliot and her heirs and as Gilbert was married and had no children it was very probable all would devolve upon Mrs Elliot and Gilbert died in about two years and then Mrs Elliot got all and part of his fortune likewise. Mr Laing's two other sisters, viz. Mrs Scott and Mrs Laing, left both families but for them neither William nor Gilbert made any provision whatsoever.

William was a very little airy, vain, foppish man, much occupied about dress and appearance. I was only acquainted with him in his later days when he had contracted a habit of drinking and when he began to turn hearty he extolled himself so highly and treated other people with such contempt that his vanity was insufferable, but there was something strange about him when in liquor; when he could not speak sensibly, set him down to write, he

not only wrote sensibly but seemed to have far deeper designs than he was capable of when sober. Of this I saw two such astonishing instances in some business I had with him that I never would speak upon business with him again when he either was or pretended to be intoxicated. His uncle, John Laing, Chamberlain, Liddesdale, lived at the Road; he never was married but kept all along one housekeeper but she never brought forth. He had not much salary but as the Laings had great influence upon the estate so long as the old Duke lived, John Laing took into his hand whatever farms he liked and sold the stocks and possession of the farms whenever he pleased. He never knew much about Stock Farming but was governed entirely by his shepherds, yet by this plan of country stock jobbing and living at little expense and having a very long time to accumulate (for he lived long upon his nephew and died about the age of 95 or 96) he acquired the largest fortune that ever was made in our country. He left a deal of landed property in the water of Ale, some near Hawick, and it was said £30,000 in money and excepting some legacies to friends of no great amount, the whole was left to Mrs Elliot of Borthwick Brae and her heirs, so that the Laings greatly increased the opulence of the Borthwick Brae family. John Laing was a proud, passionate, vapouring, swearing, rough, indelicate, overbearing man to those that stood in awe of him; but even his own servants could have silenced him immediately when they opposed him with equal rage.

About Martinmas, 1775, Margaret Borthwick attempted to wean our dear little Jean. The child was kept to the breast all day but in the night she fell a-crying and notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary Margaret again laid her to the breast and altho her flooding was become alarming and she was become weak and then, yet for all could be said, she kept the child at the breast till Summer, 1776, so that, disregarding her situation, she nursed her above a year and a half and certainly injured her own health much but the child still continued big, stout and plump.

In summer or spring, 1775, which I should have mentioned before, my sister hired a little girl of one Robert Beattie in Langholm, called Margaret Beattie, to be Dry Nurse to our dear little Jean. She washed all my wife and child's clothes and presently both Margaret and child became affected with the Itch and we found that the girl had a small dry scurvy upon her and that she had tainted both the mother and child. We turned her away but Margaret was obliged to rub with some sort of Salve, before she got quit of it and it hurt both her and the child. As Margaret's health seemed to preclude all

hopes, at least for some time, of more children, little Jean was my only hope and when she began to speak in the Summer, 1776, I found her the most powerful enchanter that I ever yet saw. My soul was far too much bound up in the dear little woman but I was often getting warnings of the uncertainty of her life. In Harvest, 1776, we had a woman to keep her called Eliz Reid, a remarkable, right clever girl but young, light and thoughtless. There was a woman coming past leading a horse and cart; Bet^[116] and the child got into the cart, the woman led forwards the horse without ever looking behind her, the cart wheel came upon the corner of a house and run up the wall until the cart completely overturned. Bet, by a most vigorous exertion, sprung from the cart with the child in her arms just when it was overturning and jumped so far that she was without the body of the cart which turned so completely that the mare run a little way forward with the body bottom up and left the wheels standing. Eliz light upon her feet, the child run a great risk but was not in the least hurt but Eliz was a good deal strained by her exertion.

When I entered to the possession of the Farm of Muckledale the houses were in bad order and it was part of our agreement that Mr Laing should put them in proper repair and I was bound to keep them in repair and to leave them so at the expiration of the Tack but Mr William Laing, altho he often spoke of putting the houses in complete repair, never would come into any terms that I could depend upon, altho he twice wrote a Missive to me about the repairs, but they were so insidious that I saw I had much better want the repairs altogether than agree to them. He then turned very angry when I would not accept of them and said I was a critic and I never more mentioned the subject to him and all his life I got nothing. He died, as mentioned before, in 1774. His brother Gilbert came to Scotland in Summer, 1775; they sent for me to Borthwick Brae where he mostly resided. When I came there I met with him, his old Uncle, John Laing, Mr and Mrs Elliot, altogether. Mr Gilbert was a little man, not unlike his brother, but stouter built; he seemed not at all friendly but seemed much dissatisfied with his brother for setting a life rent Tack and found some flaws, as he pretended, in the Tack and spoke of reducing it and then tried if I would accept of something to give it up and the sum that he mentioned was so trifling that I would not have taken twenty times the sum and when I stood in my own right John Laing, the old Uncle, blustered and treated me with contempt. I then not only told them I would maintain my Tack but that I would oblige him to put the houses in repair, in implementation of his brother's contracts, and we parted not very friendly.

Mr and Mrs Elliot did not interfere in the contest but when Mr Gilbert was going off for Russia he called at Muckledale and saw Margaret and the child. I was at Langholm and met him upon the road as I came home. He stopped his carriage and spoke very discreetly; he said he was going to Russia, it was a question when he returned and as he wanted to settle all his business he would allow me twenty Guineas for all the repairs to end all disputes. I accepted his offer, thanked him in the best terms I could and parted good friends. I then set about repairing the houses but I was very little the better of Mr Laing's £21 when Tradesmen gave in Estimates of the expense of what I wished to have done; for I resolved to do a deal myself without asking reimbursement. Borthwick Brae sent one David Laing, Mason, to give in an Estimate, a cousin of old John Laing. David's Estimate was near double to what other tradesmen had given in, I therefore would not agree with David. Mr Elliot of Borthwick Brae, as factor for Gilbert Laing, sent for me and told me I must let David have the job and had David there to contract for it. I told Mr Elliot, I could not deal with David but Mr Elliot insisted David should do it, 'For,' says he, 'our Uncle, John Laing, insists that the old brute shall have the job and Mr Laing says he can do it as well and I will make him do it as cheap as any man. And' says Mr Elliot, 'he dare not oppose Uncle John and never you fear, for all his Estimates, we will make it cheap enough in the end.' As I looked upon Mr Elliot as a friend I allowed myself to be imposed upon, for after the work was finished, in 1776, Mr Elliot gave me peremptory orders to pay David everything he demanded as he knew him to be a man that could not charge more than the work was worth. I saw I was cheated. I spoke to Mr Elliot about it with warmth, he did not say a great deal but Mrs Elliot stormed. I was very like to make a plea of it but my friends persuaded me from it but I have often repented since that I had not brought it before a Court, for when gentlemen take such unjustifiable licence they ought to be exposed. I am sensible it would not have looked well for me to make a question with so near a friend but I found nothing like friendship in his behaviour to me.

This Summer Margaret weaned our little darling and the child began to walk and prattle; she was a remarkable fine child, both strong and handsome, fine skin, dark brown hair with two fine dark eyes. I felt a pleasure in her sweet and innocent conversation that I never tasted before and never will again. Margaret was thin and sickly but she was, for the most part, decent, quiet and careful but whenever we had any words I found that she had such strange and unaccountable constructions upon my words and actions that she

had many causes of complaint that I never could have thought of and against which it was impossible for me to guard. After she had weaned the child her flooding rather increased than diminished.

This year, viz. 1776, the product of stock farms was still rather upon the decline. We got about 4/- for our good lambs; 3/- for our mid lambs; 2/- for our small lambs and 9/- for our draught ewes; 7/6 for wool; about 12/- for fat sheep; 5/- for cheese; 9d for butter; about 50/- for a stirk; and 25/- per boal of oatmeal. My father made no great progress in his business but [for] Margaret and I, being keen and careful, things looked very well. We sold sheep, lambs and wool as my father did but then we sold fat swine, we sold milk to Langholm, we sold a good deal of cheese and butter, we sold stirks, we furnished out of our own crop the victual stipend, payable by my father for Burngrains, to the minister of Ewes (a famous character if I am spared to delineate it).^[117] Of all these last articles my father sold none and notwithstanding the prices were not high, our rent was only 130 and our selling account this year produced £348.10.6.

During all this time, since ever my father had involved himself in debt by the purchase of Crieve, he made slow progress in relieving it. I think in the year 1775 we were in as much debt as in the year 1768, after the purchase of Crieve. My father had certainly saved some money in that time but then, as I mentioned before that we were obliged to borrow money to lend out again, so that we might be prepared for Mr Elliot and a good deal of it was lost; so that I think from the 1768 to the 1776 he had lost as much as he had gained in 1770. Alex Orr, a Writer to the Signet, and a man of property in Nithsdale, Secretary to the Douglas Bank, got £400 from us. As we could never bring matters to a proper bearing with Mr Elliot we got neither stock nor interest before Mr Orr died. It was said he died rich but he left Mr Armstrong of Kirtletown and Mr Andrew Crosbie, two bankrupt lawyers, as tutors to his children. They promised us our money from term to term with great confidence but paid us nothing. When we began to dread losing it we attempted to adjudge the estate. They opposed this for some time. When they could evade no longer they produced an extract of an heritable bond due to the Douglas Banks for 6000 and a great deal of interest 7 years and this was equal to the value of the estate. They jarred us for giving ourselves so much trouble and incurring expense to no purpose and we were obliged to give up with the loss of stock, interest and £11.11/- expenses. My father had likewise lent some money to Mr Kirkpatrick of Boreland, in Dryphe. Mr

Kirkpatrick died. Sevan, who had married his sister, succeeded him. Sevan's son was a writer [who was] by some law advised; he thought to succeed to a great part of the estate without paying his uncle's debts and he preferred such claims against the subject for his mother and two grandmothers, both of which were living. After a great deal of wrangling and consultations of lawyers we compromised the matter so that we lost all the interest and one third of the capital and the Sevans sold as much of the estate to Dr Rogerson,^[118] first physician to the Empress of Russia, as paid all the creditors and reserved to themselves near 200 a year, so that through the villainy of lawyers my father's industry availed him little for at least 7 years.

I have only further to remark as to the year 1776 that our stock in Muckledale was uncommonly fortunate. A cousin of mine, Thomas Elliot, now a considerable farmer in Tweedside, was Ewe herd. The time that my father stayed in the house we were obliged to please him to herd the stock by his direction although we both thought him wrong. My father was surely a man of some skill in his day but the plans of herding, in practice in his youth, he still adhered to and these are long since entirely exploded by Stock Farmers in this country. As soon as I came to have the direction we entirely altered the plan and this year we had only 9 tup gueld ewes at udder locking as we thought and at smotting time we had only 9 still; three of them we thought gueld having proved with lamb and 3 libbed and we had twins sucking still, the like was never known in Muckledale, neither before nor since. However, we have persevered in the mode of herd selling Thomas Elliot and I adopted to this hour and ever will whilst alive. At summer Fair in 1776, a man of the name of William Oliver in Hars house came to me and proposed to buy my Mid Ewe lambs but he insisted that he must have them upon credit till Martinmass. As I had never seen the man I told him, as I did not know him, I must have some person's security that I knew. He seemed offended and said he would give me no security but he was well known in the market and I might enquire into his character from any person that knew him and, if I did not incline to trust him, I might keep my lambs and he pointed to Mr Robert Scott in Skelfhill, a great farmer and leading man in Teviotdale in those days, and said, 'There is a man knows me well.' I enquired at Mr Scott and he gave him so good a character that I sold him the lambs without hesitation and took his bill payable at Martinmass for £22.15/-. Martinmass came, I heard nothing from him. I wrote him about New Year's Day, got an answer but no money; wrote again after Candlemass, still had no money. As he had been so

well recommended to me I was not very troublesome and the matter lay over till the beginning of May, 1777. I then received a letter from William Grieve in Southfield, who had likewise credited Oliver, telling me that he had heard that Oliver was like to prove a villain for he had bought some place about Newcastle for his son and the landlord had seized the whole subject and now he had nothing and [he] desired that I would meet him and we would go into that country and see if anything could be done. Accordingly, we set off upon the 14th May and went to his house near Elsdon but could not see him. We then went along [the] way to see his landlord, one Squire Horsely, but he gave us no satisfaction, indeed took very little notice of our business, but fell a-talking about fox hunting. We then went to Whitsunday Stagshaw Fair as we were informed William was gone there but, although several people saw him there, he kept out of our way and never paid one shilling in our country to this day and for three years I was so unfortunate as to lose my ewe lambs entirely every year, the purchasers broke and the landlords seized all.

As there was little occurred in my own transactions worthy of notice in the year 1777, I have thought proper here to introduce three notorious characters that appeared in our country about this time, all of whom I have already mentioned, viz. David Armstrong of Kirtletown,^[119] lately Sheriff to this country; John Bushby, Sheriff Clerk; and Robert Scott in Skelfhill, in Roxburghshire.^[120] To begin then with Mr Armstrong, the first of these worthies, he was, as I mentioned before, the son of William Armstrong of Kirtletown who had been a packman in his younger days. As they had little fortune to depend upon, young Davy was bound apprentice to one John Carlisle in Satur,^[121] a puny country writer near Ecclefechan. Davy was, in his youth, a handsome, well-made man, but remarkably lean, dark skinned and pitted with small pox with a large prominent nose, only he had two lively peering eyes, an uncommon volubility of tongue, a most animated action and very insinuating address. After he had served his time with John Carlisle he went to Edinburgh to see if he could work himself into business as an agent and, by some means for I know not how, he wriggled himself by degrees into business and had the good fortune to gain several pleas of some consequence which brought him into repute. After continuing an agent for a number of years he took it into his head that he would enter as Advocate but, alas, it was found he was not a scholar. He then as regularly as any schoolboy attended classes and got most of his education when he was advanced in life and had a wife and family for long before. When he was in low water he had run

off with a Miss Bingle, the only child of Mr Bingle, a minister and man of property. After he commenced advocate he crept by degree into business; he was never thought a profound lawyer but he had a great flow of language and often stated a case, though not in the most elegant style, in very strong language and came in time to be in the second class for employment, but as he was obliged to support the dignity of an advocate, his income was never equal to his expenditure, yet, by getting some of the neighbouring heritors engaged in law suits under his direction, he somehow acquired a right to several lands contiguous to his own without paying anything for them. His oldest son, William, went into the army. His second son, Edward, was bred to the Bar and although he was perhaps not superior to his family in a natural capacity yet as [he] got a superior education he came, in time, to make a considerable figure as an Advocate.

Mr David Armstrong was a man of such an intrepid complexion that he always behaved with the greatest ease in the company of his superiors and, being a lively man, he had the good fortune often to insinuate himself into their favour. He had somehow got acquainted with the Duke of Queensberry, who then had the principal direction in our county, and upon the demise of Mr Kirkpatrick of Elliesland,^[122] our former Sheriff, to the astonishment of many, David Armstrong was appointed his successor. He was then in his meridian, had accumulated a decent estate, sheriff of the county, had a good deal of employment as a lawyer, his son seemingly a rising young gentleman, but still there were such fundamental errors in the structure that it had small chance for stability for he always wished to rank still far above his circumstance so that, as his station was elevated and his income enlarged in the same proportion, he run faster into debt and became in reality the poorer man, and although he certainly had abilities yet I question very much his principles. It is notorious that he made no scruple of wronging any man when he could do it with the protection of the Law and as to the payment of his own lawful debts, he gave himself no concern.

Some years after his promotion to the Sheriffship he broke; how they managed the estate I know not. I believe the Douglas Bank^[123] had somehow a right to it, but as his creditors could not arrest his salary as sheriff nor his emoluments as a lawyer, he held them all at defiance, paid not one farthing and showed away in as grand a style as ever. In this way he continued several years but at last fell into a snare that brought him to disgrace. There was one Hunter that was a merchant in Edinburgh that had gone from our country

some considerable time before, who had flourished greatly in Edinburgh for a time. He had purchased the Estate of Clerkington in East Lothian and carried on a very extensive trade. By some misfortune Hunter's circumstances became embarrassed and as he was well acquainted with Mr Armstrong he consulted with him what was to be done in that emergency. Mr Armstrong advised him to abscond for some time and leave some agent to settle matters with his creditors and he might return when the storm was subsided. Mrs Hunter was daughter to Mr Lorrimer, a minister, and was born in Annandale. There was at the same time in Edinburgh a writer named William Johnston of Banks, a near neighbour and disciple of Mr Armstrong. As they were all Annandale people, it was agreed that Hunter should abscond and leave Mrs Hunter and his business to the care of Mr Armstrong and Mr Johnston. As Mr Armstrong was bankrupt, Mr Johnstone was to be the ostensible agent, under Mr Armstrong's direction.

Hunter left with them upwards of £2000 in money. This, it was agreed, Mr Johnstone was to carry to London to pay his creditors in part, till such time as the goods and estate in Scotland were disposed of. Johnstone and Mr Armstrong never designed to pay Hunter's creditors with the money. Hunter immediately absconded and went to Holland; Johnstone went to London and offered Hunter's creditors a mere trifle. They, of course, would not accept, knowing he had a property in Scotland of considerable value. Johnstone then wrote to Hunter to keep close and well out of the way for he found his creditors incensed against him as a fraudulent bankrupt; matters being in this state Johnstone lent 1500 of the money to Mr Armstrong.

Johnstone afterwards married a girl of the name of Shortred [*or Shortreed*] near Hawick with whom he got about 1500. With this money and what of Hunter's he had kept up he purchased an estate from Mrs Hunter's own brother, a very simple man who was entirely ruined and reduced to want by Johnstone's villainy. When Johnstone spoke with the English Creditors he told them nothing about his having the money, but offered a small composition. As Mr Armstrong had 1500 of the money and Johnstone above 500, they set to work with Mrs Hunter to persuade her to conceal that money from the creditors, for said they, 'You have a family, if you surrender all, what will the creditors do for you and the family? Nothing at all, you may go beg. Now, if you will conceal it and allow the money to remain in our hands, we will regularly pay you the interest, which will be a provision for you and the family.' They presently prevailed upon [the] weak woman to concur with their

designs, but when Mr Hunter's books came to be examined it was found that there was a large sum that could not be accounted for and Mrs Hunter was ordered to be interrogated upon oath, whither or not she knew of any more effects belonging to her husband than what had been given up to the creditors. To take a false oath terrified the minister's daughter and gave the gentlemen trouble to keep her steady to their views. She declined the oath long upon various pretences [but] at last a magistrate was ordered to take it in her own room and she did swallow that bitter cup. Some time after she had taken the oath, when she came to be in want of money, she applied to Messrs. Armstrong and Johnstone for a part of the interest due but they told her they would not pay her one shilling, she had no right to demand it as she had sworn that she knew of no more subjects belonging to her husband than what was given up and if it should be found out that she had taken a false oath with the intention of defrauding her husband's creditors, the Law would hang her, and they presently silenced and terrified the poor weak woman. She then found herself in agonizing misery with a guilty conscience and in abject poverty and real want, her health began to decline through vexation and sorrow but at last she discovered the cause of her despondence to a confidential friend who advised her to send for a Magistrate and make a full and ample confession, which she did.

The creditors brought the two gentlemen to Trial and got at last a decree against Johnstone for the money; and Mr Armstrong, for the infamous part he had taken in it, was degraded from his Sheriffship, his Advocate gown taken from him and rendered incapable of ever more acting as a Magistrate or pleader in any court of Justice. The Creditors, viz. Hunter's, in this process soon got a decree against Johnstone for the money and recovered payment but Mr Armstrong alledged that he had not the least idea that the money belonged to Hunter's Creditors. When Johnstone offered it to him he said he understood it was his wife's fortune and utterly denied knowing anything of advising Mrs Hunter to secrete it so that several sessions elapsed before it was terminated, as I have before related. But as Johnstone had been compelled to pay the money, he apprehended Mr Armstrong and incarcerated him in Annan Jail before he was divested of the Sherriffship. As he was a great man about Annan, they endeavoured to make his confinement as agreeable as possible; he kept open doors, the jail was constantly crowded with company, nay more, as he was still sheriff he kept courts in the jail and exercised every part of his duty as a Magistrate in the same manner that he could have done if

he had been at his liberty, and in this style he continued until he was liberated in course of Law. Johnstone then brought an action against the Magistrates of Annan, alledging that in the eye of the Law this man had never been in prison. The Lords differed in their opinions about it and during the process Johnstone died. After his death his widow carried it before the House of Peers and, after an ample discussion, she obtained a decree for 2300 in full, of stock, interest and expenses against the Magistrates of Annan.

As soon as Mr David Armstrong began to apprehend that he would lose his Sherriffship, he sent his son to the Duke of Queensberry at London, supplicating his interest to get his son Edward appointed his successor, with a letter of Resignation in Edward's favour, if the succession could be obtained, and even in that they succeeded and Edward obtained the Sherriffship. Edward married a girl of the name of Myrtle, a niece of the Paisley [or Pasley] family in Eskdale; she had a child or perhaps two, but I think only one survived her. She died soon and Mr Edward is still an irregular widower but there was a deficiency of principals in the whole family. Mr Edward became a noted card player, often played very deep and won large sums from many people. The Gentlemen began to consider him a cheat and in a large company in Edinburgh they appointed Mr Ferguson of Craigdarroch^[124] not to play, but just to sit opposite to him and to watch all his motions. Craigdarroch pretended to be drunk and kept his eyes half shut, as if he had been asleep, until he saw Mr Armstrong guilty of a villainous manoeuvre, he then sprung up and catchd him by the wrist and all was discovered. Mr Armstrong was obliged to resign his Sherriffship, his Gown and character. They are still both in our country. David lives upon his estate at Kirkletown and Edward at Kerick, in Dryphe, an estate left him by old Mr Bincle. They are not much noticed by Gentlemen, but when he has an opportunity the old man is as keen of doing mischief as ever, by abetting unjust litigations.

Of John Bushby, the second of these worthys, I cannot speak with such certainty in the early stages of his life, which were obscure and attracted little notice, but I shall give you common report which says that John Bushby was born in the neighbourhood of Wigton in Cumberland. His father, who had several children, was banished from Cumberland for dishonesty and when they came to Dumfries, Bushby was carried in a bag slung over the back of an ass and another brother upon the other side of the ass in the other end of the bag, to balance it. I find he was some time after in the family of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag^[125] as a sort of lacquy [*i.e.* lackey]. Altho but a

boy, he insinuated himself so much into his favour that he gave him some education and what is most strange in the character of this uncommon man, he never got intimately acquainted with any gentlemen of fortune, but in a little time he got them entirely under his direction. He soon got the principal management of Sir Robert's Estate and Business and although many believe he deserved no trust, Sir Robert seemed to be of a different opinion. About that time the exchange was very high betwixt Edinburgh and London. Several people in the Borders made a business of purchasing bills upon London in the North of England with cash and selling them in Edinburgh for Bank notes. For this they got a premium and then they directly Run upon the Banks for cash to purchase other Bills. I never heard it accounted for how Bushby got the money but he engaged deeply in this business and was so active in procuring both Bills and cash that he became famous amongst the Dealers in Bills.

When this business began to fail he entered into a sort of apprenticeship to a writer in Dumfries, with the intention of being admitted Procurator before the Sherriff court but when he came to demand admission he was opposed by all the other writers and many of the most respectable characters in Dumfries who said he was a man of no character, full of [*word missing*] and deceit and that he would disgrace the court. He then pursued them for defamation and after a long Trial before the Lords of Sessions, he prevailed, was entered as a procurator and his opponents were cast in £600 damages with costs of suit. He then bought the George Inn in Dumfries and put his Father and Mother into it and soon became the principal man for business in the Sherriff court. About this time several Gentlemen in Dumfries and Galloway established a Bank at Dumfries. Bushby, being an active man and something acquainted with that matter, had a commission for Furnishing cash and as the Earl of Galloway^[126] and Mr Murray of Broughton^[127] were both proprietors in the Bank, Mr Bushby got acquainted with them and in a little time got the entire management of both their large estates and notwithstanding the vicissitudes that have since occurred he still retains the management of both estates. He preserved Mr Murray's friendship till he died and the Earl of Galloway patronizes him still, and by his influence he got the sole management of Sir James Graham's large estate in Cumberland, as Sir James married the Earl of Galloway's daughter.^[128] About the time the bank was established he married a Lady of the name, I believe, of Maitland of Eccles and sometime after when the Sherriff Clerk of Dumfries died he was, by Galloway's interest, promised to be Sherriff Clerk, which suprizd many men as Queensberry's interest

was decidedly against him. He then began to flourish, bought a considerable estate and lived in a very genteel style. About this time or a little after, the Great Ayr Bank, which spread ruin and desolation amongst the gentlemen in the south of Scotland, was established. The old Bank at Dumfries was given up and several of the partners became sharers in the Ayr Bank and a dreadful catastrophe ensued as every sharer that put in £500 lost 3200 before the business was settled, a thing totally unprecedented.^[129] Bushby was an acting partner in this Bank and had a commission for furnishing them with cash, which he furnished to an amazing amount and some alledged, most unjustly, and after all when the bank stopped, with the failure of Fordyce the great banker in London, Bushby gave in such accounts as were never heard of. For one thing, altho he had so much per cent per cash he charged them £10,000 for the expenses of 100 journeys to London to procure cash. Still, after all he was so terrible in debt to the Bank that there was no hope of his ever paying it and the Duke of Buccleugh and other partners persuaded the company to allow all his accounts to pass, as they said after all his charge he would still owe the Bank far more than ever they would recover, but in the meantime they imprisoned Mr Bushby. A good while before this happened he had sent out his youngest brother, William, to the East Indies. He had been out not quite 11 years, had never been in lucrative employment, yet he now returned, as was said, with a fortune of near £20,000 when nobody thought it possible that he could accumulate such a ministerial fortune. The Bushbys made it out that he had made it by gaming, as they Game very deep in the East Indies; indeed, there was no other way to account for it, but most part of people thought it was money John had purloined. William offered the Bank a specific sum if they would give John a discharge and as they saw no method of acquiring payment they accepted of it and John is now a free man. He lives at Tinwald Downs in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, a grand house built by the late Lord Alva.^[130] He is Sherriff Clerk, has the sole management of the Earl of Galloway's, Broughton Murray's, Sir James Graham's Estates and some others, keeps his Chariot and pair, an elegant coach and four and as grand a house as is kept in the County. He has got his son made Sherriff of Wigton, a daughter married to an English officer of Rank and yet after all it is said and not doubted in this country, he gave in to the commissioners for the Income Tax at only £100 per annum and all the commissioners can do, they make nothing of him. Notwithstanding all his grandeur he is despised by the common people and detested by many Gentlemen in the County and meets

with many sad affronts. 'But all affronts do still give place to his impenetrable face, which bears him out thro worst affairs. As pigs thro hedges creep with Thoms Hudebrass.'^[131]

Robert Scott in Skelfhill in Teviotdale, his Father and Grandfather had been both of the same name, viz. Robert Scotts, and had both resided in Skelfhill and had amongst other things got a long lease of the whole of Sir Ralph Milbank's Estate in Northumberland, with a power to subset, so that they were like the middle men in Ireland. Robert's Father had bought the estate of Harrot, in Teviot, so that Robert was a considerable man amongst us Highland farmers and after all I think he was one of the most sensible, genteel, polite countrymen I ever saw. The Gentlemen of the county got him into the commission as Justice of Peace and he did a great deal and was much respected by the gentlemen at their Justice Courts. In this line he continued to support a high character for many years but as he kept grand company, both at home and abroad, his finances became at last rather embarrassed and he fell upon very odd devices to carry on his business. There was then a branch of the Douglas Bank kept at Kelso, the manager's name was Robert Scott, a great acquaintance of Skelfhill. As they were often in want of cash and Bills upon London, Skelfhill was useful to them and they took his Draughts [*i.e.* drafts] with little hesitation. As he had several shepherds in Northumberland he made one of them draw a Bill at 3 months upon a house in London with which he had some connection, payable to another of his shepherds who he dignified with the title of Esquire, and then the esquire endorsed it and Mr Scott got it discounted at the Kelso Bank. If they enquired who the Esquire was, 'O,' says he, 'a man of large property in Northumberland and a very good acquaintance of mine.' He continued these deceptions for some time and several of them were aggravated by a sort of collateral deceit of which I will just give one for example. One night at Hawick he met with one Fairbairn, a wine merchant; he enquired if he had made a good journey. 'Pretty well,' says Fairbairn, 'I have got about 500.' 'Would a London Bill suit you?' says Skelfhill. 'Yes, if it is good' says Fairbairn.

There was at that time a younger brother of the family of Borthwick Brae named Gilbert Elliot, newly comd to the country, who had bought the estate of Langlands and was known to be a man of fortune. Skelfhill introduced him into their discourse and represented him as a man of fortune; Fairbairn said he knew he was. 'Well,' says Skelfhill, 'I have a Bill of Gilbert Elliot's upon London for 200, will you give me cash for it?' Fairbairn paid the money

directly and got the Bill; he sent it to London; it returned and after all it turned out not to be drawn by Gilbert Elliot of Langlands but by a dyker in Liddesdale of the same name. At last the bubble burst and so many frauds appeared that he was obliged to take shelter in Northumberland and even there he constantly kept shut doors and never appeared abroad but upon a Sunday. He had only one brother, James, who was thought before Robert's bankruptcy to be but in low water but it would seem Robert had taken care of him for ever since he flourished exceedingly.

I must now return to my own uninteresting narrative. This year was just a middling year for most people in our line. We got about 4/- for our good wedder lambs, some only 3/8; about 2/- for mid lambs; 18d for small ones; about 8/- for draught ewes; about 6/6 for wool; from 9/- to 11/- for fat sheep. Margaret and I did decently but in both 1776 and 1777 my father did not good at all, as may yet be seen by his accounts inserted in a little book marked 'No 1' where the profit of all his farms are drawn out separately. These accounts are all in my handwriting as I then wrote everything of consequence, but they were all written at the dates they bear in his presence and with his concurrence after examining his books. Muckleholm he lost by; of Crieve and Howdale he made very little, for the ground was so abused by Nolt and horse that the stock proved unsound and many of them died; of Burngrains he made something but not much. However, this year he got me rental along with himself in the Duke's books for Burngrains, but made me sign an obligation that I was never to interfere with it whilst he lived to possess it.

1778

In the spring of the year my father got again a warning to remove from his Farm of Muckleholm at Whitsunday. A bridge had been sometime built over Esk at Langholm^[132] and the Duke wishing to build a great addition to the village of Langholm, upon the Muckleholm, it being his own property (for the most part of the old Town belonged to Mr Maxwell of Broomholm and other small heritors), he gave them the Holm land for building upon and for yards and corn fields and the hill pasture for their cows, so that my father had only the old houses of Muckleholm, grass for two cows and 2 horses and 2 small parks of arable land. But, as the Duke was sorry to turn him out as he had been bandied so much about, he did not set it to him too dear, for it was only £4. 19/- yearly. My Father then had 2 farms of the Duke's at very strange rents: Burngrains was £99, not £100; Muckleholm 99/- not £5. And here I

think it is not improper to observe that although there were very few houses, I believe only two upon it before this, yet it was increased so much that in about 20 years New Langholm or Muckleholm, contained 700 inhabitants; but my father was not hurt by losing the farm for he never made anything by it. At Whitsunday, 1778, we had our stock of Muckleholm to sell but as stock was now not much in request, and the builder who got the ground wanted no stock, although we advertised it and took every proper mode, still it was the strangest roup, if I may use the term, that I ever saw or heard of, for after waiting all day not a single person but the crier came near us to buy one single article. I bought two cows and a horse when I found no buyers and my father was obliged to scatter the rest of his stock amongst his other farms so that very little was made of Muckleholm stock.

This year Gear sold rather better than was expected at Whitsunday: we got about 3/6 for our best lambs; 2/6 for mid lambs; 1/6d small; 9/- for Dinmonts; 8/6 for draught ewes; about 9/- for fat sheep; but for wool there was little demand, the common rate was about 5/- per stone.

All this time Margaret and I did very well at Muckledale; we accorded for the most part tolerably well and as our child grew and was a most engaging little creature we were both happy with her. Margaret's flooding still continued unabated but she was very active in managing the house and everything turned out better than it ever has done since. We sold meal; we sold a deal of milk, butter and cheese. I know not how it happens but we can do no such things now and Margaret has often said that she lived better and had a fuller house when she was the farmer's wife of Muckledale than ever she had when she became the Laird's wife of Crieve and still we saved something yearly. This year our little daughter was a long time at Muckleholm with my father, mother and sister and was a great favourite with them all but particularly with my father who seemed perfectly to idolize her.

1779

This year originated a sad misfortune, which has been productive of much vexation amongst us. There was at this time in Langholm an exciseman called Bartholomew Bower. His father had been bred a weaver at Dunbar and had continued in this line somewhere not far from Kelso for most part of his time. He had several children of which I believe Bartholomew was the youngest son, but he had been in the service of one Dr Douglas at Kelso as a stable boy but that service, for what reason I cannot say, he soon left. The Collector of

Excise at that time who presided at Kelso was called Roderick Merchant, a man from the North of Scotland. He took Bower into his service, first as a servant to ride with him and afterwards he got him instructed so as to qualify him for the excise and from the character Mr Merchant gave him, it is plain that he had been greatly deceived by him and indeed it was not strange, for he imposed for a good while upon all his acquaintances in our country, who regarded him as an honest, warm hearted man, for he had the strangest knack of discovering the strongest feelings and sensibilities when he wanted to carry any point that I ever knew in any man. He could, at any time, work himself up until, with anguish, his heart seemed ready to burst and the tears rolled in torrents down his cheeks; at the same time he well knew he was imposing upon you and that it was mere grimace. This will appear more intelligible if I am spared to relate some of his actions. As he was stationed at Langholm, and my father and mother and sister were at Muckleholm, he began to frequent their house and although he was but a mean scholar and could converse only upon the most common topics yet as he was a good deal younger than my sister and could dress, powder, dance and Talk Big about horse racing and assemblies and keeping grand company, he soon became a favourite of my sister. He talked with my father upon such subjects as he thought would be most agreeable and soon ingratiated himself a good deal into his favour, but indeed it was not strange, for the poor old man's discernment at that time was not great. For my Mother, it behoved him to pursue a different plan; with her he was a sober, religious man, constant in his attendance on publick worship and a constant partaker of the Sacrament of the Supper.

He had made considerable progress in the good graces of the family before I knew much about it, indeed never did interfere much about it. However, the intimacy in the Family seemed to increase all that year. Several years before this there was one of the Thorlawshope family, William Elliot, a son of John in Burnmouth, third son of John of Thorlawshope, who had married Margaret Aitchison, only sister of the Aitchisons in Eweslees and Burnfoot. He was a good many years a tenant of Muckledale and afterwards of Arkleton, which he lost by his niggardliness. As he was then rather destitute and it was about the time that offers were to be given in for the Duke's Farms, he gave a running offer for many of the best of the Duke's Farms, that is to say that 'if I do not get one farm then so much for another' and so on, till he should get one and amongst the best, he offered for Millholm and Burngrains. As he got nothing he went to a small farm belonging to his nephew, John Elliot in

Burnmouth, called Binks in the Head of Teviot. His wife, Peg Aitchison, was a drunken jade as ever existed. He had only one son, named Henry, and he was rather addicted to Liquor and the old man was himself frequently in Drink. He had a deal of daughters who were all unfortunate and as their farm of Binks was small and they were an expensive family, their subject was wasting space. The very same year that my father got the farm of Bigholm there was two of the Duke's Farms, viz. Bush and Nether Stenishwater, advertised that both lay contiguous to my Father's farm of Burngrains and when my father applied for Bigholm and not for them Mr Ogilvie seemed surprised and said, 'Certainly John, there is something nearer you that would suit you better.' My father knew that well but there was a widow and a small helpless family in the Bush and they came and entreated my father not to meddle with it and they were sure their friend would stand by them, and they would get it again. So my father, by their entreaty, just stood aloof until he saw with regret the Elliots of the Binks enter to the possession of these Farms. Henry had some time before fallen intimate with a daughter of one James Laidlaw who lived at Muckledalehaugh, a plain labouring man, and had by her a son.

Sometime after he got these farms, as he was often in Ewes, some of his friends and the girls were drinking at Fiddleton Toll Bar, then kept by Adam Laidlaw, her uncle. They sent for the girl (Jean Laidlaw from Burnfoot, where she then lived) and when Henry was drunk proposed a marriage. Henry had no objections and James Scott in Brieryshaw took upon him the office of Priest and they were married with every requisite solemnity and publicly bedded. This gave great offence to Henry's friends, the old man would never hear of her but as soon as a house was built at Bush, old William came there to live and sent Henry and his bride, with a very small wage, to be his herd in Stennishwater. This summer Old William Elliot died and as Henry wished to put up his Father-in-Law and was not very able to stock the farm, he petitioned the Duke to subset a part of Bush, otherwise he said he could not keep it. As my Father wanted a Farm then, Mr Ogilvie informed him and he petitioned for it and the Duke readily granted it to him. No sooner was it known that my father had got it than Henry exclaimed with fire and fury against us all, but principally threatened me. We met at Kirkstyle and had a most acrimonious contest; he seemed much inclined to strike but I think he was doubtful how it might end. But to see how blind people are, how sore they feel for themselves and how little for others, altho he acknowledged Bidding for our farms, he seemed to think nothing of that at all, but for us to

meddle with him seemed a sin against the Holy Ghost.

He went off in wrath and went into Dalkeith to speak to the Duke, but meeting with no encouragement, he instantly took something like a cholick, to which he was subject, and died at Hawick upon his return, for which I was very sorry, not that I had much regard for the man but as people might impute his death to vexation for looseing his Farm. And as he left an indigent and helpless family, for his debts were never paid, the Duke had agreed that he might retain Stenishwater provided he could find security to satisfy the Chamberlain. If he did not do that then it was to fall to my father alongst with Bush. After Henry died Mr Ogilvie applied to his Friends to know what they intended but getting little satisfaction, he insisted strongly with my father to take it along with Bush. It was the better Farm of the two by much, but my father would not hear of turning the widow out destitute and, when Mr Ogilvie insisted upon it, my father desired that the widow and children might have the farm if he should be caution himself. Then Mr Ogilvie said, 'Well, be it so' but he agreed to give Harry's friends some time to come forward. Jean Laidlaw had a brother named Robert, a very industrious, saving man, who by taking bargains of Turnpike and other jobs had saved so much money that he was then nearly able to stock the farm of Stenishwater. He was fond of a Farm and applied to some of Henry's friends assuring them that if they could caution his sister they should have no trouble as he would stock the ground and manage the farm. As he was known to be a penurious man and worth money, he prevailed upon some to caution his sister and he took the management of the farm. But it did not do much for Henry's heirs. His eldest son, Henry Robert Laidlaw, bred a surgeon and sent him abroad. His other son herds a Hirsell for his uncle Robert Laidlaw. Robert still keeps the farm and draws the profits and has now got other farms, as will be noted in the sequel, and as he was ever keen and industrious and remains still unmarried he is at this day a very rich man.

This year, 1779, was a year when stock yielded but a poor price. Our best Lambs this year gave only 2/6 and 2/8, the small ones low in proportion; wool about 5/- and 5/3; fat sheep about 8/- and wedders only 9/- per piece, sheep and score. My father made little progress in his business but he removed with his family to Bush at Whitsunday, 1780.

Margaret and I did tolerably well at Muckledale and our little woman grew and was become a fine child and [in] 1780 she went to the school at Ewes, taught by Mr Barrie, and proved a good scholar; and some time before

we brought home Anne, my natural daughter by Isabel Byers, who went to school and proved an excellent scholar; they now went to school together. Anne discovered a stronger memory and quickness of apprehension but Jean had more judgement and solidity. Anne was bold, daring and resolute, would fight any boy of her age; Jean was mild, quiet and inoffensive.

When Henry Elliot died, there was one James Paterson [who] was his labourer in Bush, ploughed and managed his arable land and won his hay. This man, finding that he was to have no employment under my father, poured forth a torrent of abusive language against us all, but mostly against me and with the assistance of the Aitchisons in Mosspeeble, Henry's cousins, fabricated such ridiculous falsehoods as I never heard. They valued not what they said if they could but bring us into contempt. James Paterson and I often exchanged hard words and all the time, from Henry's death till Whitsunday that he removed, we were in constant warfare.

All the time my father remained at Muckleholm and after he came to Bush at Whitsunday my sister's courtship was still carried on by Mr Bower and in the end they were married at Bush in the year 1788. In the middle of August the collector supervisor, Mr Kerr, and I attended the wedding and they went down to a house that had been taken and furnished for them in the New Town of Langholm. The collector gave him a high character, but if he spoke as he thought, he had been greatly mistaken, but I think he had deceived him as he did everybody for I do not think anybody, at least in our country, had the most distant idea of his real character, although I have since been informed that it was pretty well known in his own country. As soon as he was married he set out in style, dressed gay, got a Girl to do the business in the house and presently a boy to keep his mare. When my sister and him went a-visiting he often ordered a chaise; he kept high company and spoke great things. The weaver's son was metamorphosed to the son of a Gentleman of a most ancient family and opulent estate who had lost his great estate by being in the rebellion in the year 1745. And for the loss of this estate, which never had existence, when he was in the company of Gentlemen that knew nothing of this matter, he would be seized with paroxisms of distress; his heart would be like to burst, the tears would roll down his cheeks and nothing could ever mitigate his agony but the Reflection that, as the Government had restored their Estates to the Frazers and the Camerons,^[133] he hoped in God they would restore theirs likewise. His distress would have moved any man that knew nothing about it although he knew it was a mere humbug. However,

his expenditure soon exceeded his income. My father assisted at first, but soon tired and used to say, in his coarse way, 'that man would spend his arse if [it] was loose.' I assisted a great deal, first and last, for which I have still the vouchers, but I never saw his coin in payment to this day. But I was no worse at first than other people for whatever any person would lend him it was all his own, he paid nothing but spent all. He began to drink and in a little time our whole family perceived they had been greatly mistaken as to his real character.

I inadvertently forgot to mention in its proper place that in the beginning of August, 1778, my Father got a letter from Mr Cornelius Elliot informing him that he had now got a decree of the Lords against us for the money in our hands due to him for Crieve and insisted in strong terms that the money must instantly be paid. As we had not been advised of it and knew we had no mercy to expect from Mr Elliot, it threw us into consternation. We collected what money we could and set off for Edinburgh. Upon coming there I found that Mr Forrest, our Agent, had been out of Town and that the decree had been obtained in absence; and upon considering Mr Elliot's representations upon which the decree had proceeded, Mr Forrest advised me to apply for a Bill of Suspension,^[134] which was done accordingly, and as we had not the smallest idea that the Bill of Suspension would be rejected, I came for home and Mr Forrest went to the country. How Mr Elliot managed I know not, but Lord Elliot the ordinary, as the sum was above £1900, passed the Bill of Suspension for 700 and refused it for above £1200. Mr Elliot then charged us with Horning directly and on the Friday wrote to his man of business at Langholm that if the money was not paid in Edinburgh on Monday during Bank hours, he would have a caption^[135] ready and would send out a party to bring both my father and me prisoners into Edinburgh. I had scarcely been at home eight days when my father came and showed me the letter. It started me exceedingly and I set off for Edinburgh again with speed, with all our money and called at Hawick to see if I could get any friend to assist me but I came bad speed. I went first to the place where Mr Forrest resided in the country. He seemed surprised at my news, but pretended to know nothing about it, but it is in vain to expect one Lawyer will do anything against another. I then went to Mr Elliot's house, but after waiting long, he would not speak with me and when I passed the Front window he and his lady were standing within it in great state and he frowned as I passed by and made faces at me with contemptuous insolence. I then went to Mr Hay's, William Borthwick's

Father in Law, who was very friendly and would have assisted me but as I had got cash for a Bill in Edinburgh which I scarcely expected, I was prepared to meet Mr Elliot without Mr Hay's aid and as I saw that Mr Elliot had obtained the decree and defeated the suspension by a misrepresentation and as I was nettled by his insolent treatment, I would hear of nothing but going to prison and bespoke Bed and Blankets from Mrs Hay to go into the Tolbooth next day. Mr Forrest came into Edinburgh and desired me to go along with him to Mr Elliot's; I would hear of nothing but going to jail. Mr Forrest then went to Mr Elliot's and spoke with him and said Mr Elliot desired to speak with me at his house. I told him I would not go after the ignominious reception he had given me the day before and he had threatened to imprison my Father and me both. And as Mr Forrest told me he had his caption ready signed I told him I would walk the streets of Edinburgh, and would not run and he might fulfil his pleasure. Mr Forrest rather attempted [to] intimidate me about the imprisonment, but to no purpose, for it was really what I wished Mr Elliot to do, but I was only afraid he durst not do it. Mr Forrest then went back to Mr Elliot and presently returnd and asked me if I would meet Mr Elliot in a coffee house. I said I had no objection as there we were equally free, [so] we met in John's Coffee house, and at first he began to bluster, but presently found it would answer no purpose. After a deal of wrangling and altercation we became more calm and in the end Mr Forrest persuaded me that Lord Elliot's decret would be a sufficient warrant for the payment it contained accompanied by the vouchers to which it referred. Mr Elliot delivered all the papers we demanded at that time and I payd the money, not that I thought Mr Elliot could compel me, but as Mr Forrest thought it safe I wished to be quit of Mr Elliot as soon as possible but in this instance, as in many others, I was vexed at myself for want of firmness and resolution.

The year 1780 was the last year ever my Father sold anything, it was much like the preceding year as to the markets but his good fortune seemed to have entirely forsaken him. That Summer Fair he sold three parcels of Mid Lambs to men that never paid anything; one in particular, altho I found a Bill signed Thomas and James Wilsons, I could never meet with any person that knew any such men and I never found them out and what I thought was strange, he entered none of these in his selling account and certainly had omitted many things for two years and this year, upon the 27th December, he and I attempted to close his accounts for that year 1781 and after the strictest investigation we could make, from such materials as he afforded me and from

accounts which I had stated before at his desire, it appeared that after paying Rent and smearing of Burngrains, he had gained £17.18/-; the whole he made of Capplefoot and Crieve after smearing without Rent £112.10/-; of Newlandhill and Howdale ditto £73.18/-; in whole £204.6/-. This was all he had to pay: interest of money, publick burdens, household expenses, servants etc. It would do nothing at all but I cannot think there was any sort of exactness in his accounts for some years. Although I mostly wrote for him, as he had shock so that he could write almost none, and as I was but with him at times and then he dictated from memory and often both mistook and forgot things and besides, after I came to be married, he looked upon me as having a separate interest and did many things in the course of his business of which he never gave me the most distant hint. The statement upon the 27th December 1780 is still to be seen in the end of the little Book marked 'No. 1'.

In the beginning of April, 1781, my Father and I went both down to Langholm upon a Wednesday, and as he intended to go over to Crieve to udderlock next day it was agreed that I should go home and he would stay all night at Langholm with Mr Bower, and I was to go over to Crieve and meet them, Bower being to come alongst with him next day. I left them in Robert Aitchison's, a Publick House. My Father was hearty but not in the least intoxicated and seemed to be in his ordinary state of health. I went home and got one of our shepherds to go with me next morning and was there some time before we saw anything of my Father and Bower. At length they appeared at a place called Winterhopnick, at a considerable distance from us, and we waited a long time in the expectation of seeing them come near us for, as they had a hollow and then a low hill to pass after we first saw them upon the edge, they were out of our sight most part of the way. At last Bower came galloping and told us that my Father was lying upon the ground and could neither ride, walk nor stand. I was shocked at this relation and I and all the men that were there run to the place where we found him in the situation of a man that is almost dead drunk. I got him lifted upon a horse and set a stout man behind him to hold him straight upon the saddle and got him to one of our Herd's houses and set him by a good fire and he took some warm milk and seemed to revive a good deal.

I then went and got the sheep udderlocked and when that was done I got a man again to ride behind him and brought him to Hopsrigg. I then sent a message in the most respectful manner I could to Sir James Johnstone and got the favour of his chaise and brought him home to Bush, when my Mother

was greatly alarmed. His memory and recollection seemed to be restored but still he had something of a feverish nature about him, a cough and pain about his Breast. The account that he gave of the matter was that after I left him at Langholm, he went to Mr Bower's and took some supper. After supper Bower made a Nipper Kin,^[136] as he called it, of very strong Armstrong punch and after drinking his share of that, his head never rightly settled; he went to bed and varied all night, and he slept no more than if he had been at the Mercat Cross and when he arose the next day he found himself all shaking. From what Bower told after, they had been very great, for as my sister was then with child Bower said that my Father promised that if it was a son it should inherit his estate, to the exclusion of me and mine.

When my father lived in Meikleholm, before sister became acquainted with Mr Bower, my mother and sister requested that he would execute a deed of settlement in their favour to a larger amount than formerly. As my mother could bring him to anything she easily prevailed upon him to augment her settlement and as they both persuaded him that Jean would never marry he thought that all would come to me at last and was brought over to their measures. My mother was left £60 yearly and the whole stock and household furniture etc of any Farm he should live upon at his Demise and my sister was left £1200. Of all this I knew nothing and considering the debt left upon me and the small value of the produce of the stocks at this time, it being in the American war, their shares were greater than mine. After my sister married and he begun to be disgusted with Bower's extravagance, he spoke with my mother about altering his settlement and she so far approved of it that she had no objections to her own settlement being reduced, as she said affairs did not wear such a promising aspect as they did at the time the settlement was made. He had in his own writing scrolled out what alterations he intended to make. Of this my Mother knew well enough and twice saw it but as my sister was like Housekeeper at Bush about the time of my Father's death, that paper disappeared.

Altho my father seemed not to be very ill and spoke much in his usual way when he was up and sometimes was out and often spoke to me upon business, yet as he often varied and sometimes raved when he was in bed, especially in the night. The Doctors had bad hopes of him and one day he desired me to send up Thomas Wright, a writer in Langholm to make out his settlement. I did so, but I was not at home when it was done, and it was villainously done for the rascal had done his utmost by perplexing it, to lay the Foundation for a

Law suit. However, the most obvious meaning was that my Mother's annuity was reduced to £50 yearly and Jean's fortune to £700; as I thought it little I made it £800.

My father continued much in the same way as when he came home to the 20th or 21st April. That night he said he thought he could take some milk and bread, for his appetite was tolerably good. He sat up in the bed, he took a porringer of Milk in one hand and a piece of bread in the other. He sat and ate and suppd as if he had been in perfect health, until he had finished both Bread and Milk, gave them the porringer, laid himself down and, to our utter astonishment, expired instantly, without uttering one word or giving the least shiver or groan. He was a man of about 5 feet 7 inches in height, perhaps rather more, but broad made with thick arms and legs and in every respect strong and robust. He was remarkably healthy and so hardy that he seemed insensible of cold, hunger, watching or fatigue. He used often to say that he thought he had the most convenient stomach that ever any man had for he could rise and make, at 4 in the morning, a hearty breakfast and if he chanced to get nothing in the morning and fasted till four in the afternoon, he felt no odds, unless sometimes cholics. I never knew him have a complaint about himself and he was so far from having a sympathy for the distresses of others that he perfectly laughed at them as mere whimsys. In his business he was far from being masterly in his plans but in his execution he was indefatigable. I thought him always honest but hard and rigid to a farthing. His actions speech and movements, whether of Body or mind, were remarkably quick and impetuous, any man would have thought that he never deliberated at all. In company it was quick, forward and rather assuming and as he seemed to disregard propriety and he had a strong coarse wit, highly tinged with satire, which he was so far from restraining that he seemed to have great pleasure in it. He was often like to get into quarrels and certainly gave great offence and brought upon him ill will. Some people from this manner reckoned him an honest man that would speak his mind without regarding the consequence. He had more taste for literature than any man of his education I ever saw, his memory in his young days had been amazing, but of that most difficult study, the knowledge of himself, he seemed to have made very slow progress for altho he was much addicted to wrangling, both at home and abroad, he seemed still to consider himself as a very good natured man that had the bad fortune, very often, to meet with coarse ill-natured people. After all, he was an active steering man and as far as ever I could discover addicted to no manner of vice.

After his demise his settlement was read and no sooner did Bower and my sister hear of the alteration he had made to their disadvantage than they both exclaimed most vehemently against my Mother and me, consulted men of Law and threatened to set aside the settlement upon the plea of my Father's insanity at that time. Bower, in particular, went so far as to tell many people that he was certain if my father had got his own will, he would have left him Heir to the lands and would have excluded me. This was a most improbable story, my father knew him too well and if he had been left Heir to everything, he would soon have spent every shilling. He was one of those fools who, never having had any subject, are perfectly elated by a small fortune and think it can never be spent and in this persuasion run themselves presently to real want. It is a long time since Bower run himself entirely out of both money and credit. I had his debts to pay and for a long time his wife and son have been entirely supported at my expense so that altho they were highly offended at my father's settlement, it was a lucky thing for them for, if the subject had been lodged in Bower's hands and not mine, they would have been in poverty and misery long ago.

There was one man who most indesignedly helped to stop Mr Bower's process, this was Mr Dickie, the Minister of Langholm. This man by his behaviour about Barnhills, when my father came to Muckleholm, after he had long been revered as a saint by us all, had greatly offended me and I, being young and rash, behaved to him once or twice in company in a manner I believe indeed truly insolent. He presently got intimate again with my Father, mother and sister, but he still retained resentment against me and I believe indeed he had reason. Hearing that my Father was in distress, he happened to come to the Bush that very day that Thomas Wright came up to make the Settlement. Seeing they had sent for Thomas Wright when I was not at home and seeing my sister going about, the Holy Levite thought they had been making a settlement much in her favour. He conversed with my father a good deal that day and was at pains to publish how sensible and collected he found him and in time Bower laid aside plans for a process, but Mr Dickie was perfectly silent when he understood how the deed was conceived.

Chapter 5

Misery, Tribulation and Woe

This year, at the July Fair of Langholm, upon the 26th July, my sister was delivered of a son, who was called John Beattie Bower after my Father. Bower still continued his expensive style of living and began to drink very frequently to excess and swear roundly; my mother lost all opinion of him she ever had and was sorry for my sister. This year, 1781, was much like former years; since the commencement of the American war,^[137] trade and manufactures of every description were dull, the demand for Sheep, Black Cattle and Wool was slow and heavy and prices low. We got about 3/- for our best lambs; 2/- for Mid lambs; about 1/6 for small; 5/6 for wool; 6/- for draught ewes; about 8/- or 8/6 for fat sheep; and 5/- for cheese; only £3.19/- for good Bullocks. My sales amounted only in gross to £346. I had no chance to save almost any thing. I have since sold off the same or equal possessions, three times in value in one year and what I wonder at is the small quantity of wool we then clipped off the number of sheep and I really think that by introducing the East Border Breed of Sheep into our country, the principal improvement is in the wool, for I do not think the Sheep nor Lambs are all together so hardy, neither are they stronger in the Bone nor heavier in the carcase, but they produce considerable more wool and of a superior quality.

Some months before my father died, John Armstrong in Sorbie, my uncle, also departed this life. He left in Sorbie a large family of the second marriage with Margaret Brown but only the youngest son of the first marriage, called Robert. This lad had always continued with his Father and had wrought faithfully for his Father and his young family. He had long been his ploughman and being a very stout man was a very good one, but as a man he was dull, heavy and uncultivated. Upon my Uncle's demise, Henry Elliot of Flatt of Liddesdale, Robert's Uncle, and I appealed to Mr Ogilvie for the Farm to Robert not choosing to claim it as a property; and Mr Ogilvie and Robert's

Mother being first cousins, we got Mr Ogilvie's assistance, but the Duke having raised a regiment of Fencibles just before and my Uncle having presented him with his two oldest sons of the second marriage, who were grown up almost to men, they applied to the Duke for the Farm and after a deal of wrangling, it was at last determined that the rent of the farm should be 50 yearly instead of 20th [*i.e.* one twentieth] of the old Few duty of Sorbie and rent of Upper Wrae, and Robert should have the farm and be manager but Meg Brown and the younger children should have a residence upon it and so much yearly out of the profits.

Robert had nothing to stock the farm with, [so] I bought the stock and Mr Elliot and I jointly paid for it. We thought then matters were settled but Robert proved very unlucky. Sometime after this was settled he went to Hawick winter Fair and falling in with some company they called at Fiddleton Bar, there kept by one Tom Graham who had married a daughter to one John Little in Carlesgill. She had in the house with her a sister, Peggy Little, a light sort of woman who had had a bastard by one of the greatest blackguards in the country. She was first cousin to James Scott in Briery Shaw. It may be remembered that at the same place James Scott had married Henry Elliot and Jean Laidlaw sometime before and as that marriage proved valid and James Scott had never been quarrelled about it (Scott being an artful, deceitful man, altho in many respects very weak and foolish), he seemed to have intended to provide a husband for his cousin Peggy Little. He came to Fiddleton Toll Bar with Robert Armstrong, got him in there, got some friends to join them and when Robert got drunk proposed a marriage with his cousin Peggy. Robert immediately consented and James Scott regularly married them with every ceremony and solemnity requisite. They were there publicly bedded and everything seemed concluded.^[138] Next day, when Robert was sober, he came off and left them abruptly. They sent to him desiring him to come and acknowledge his wife [but] he told them he was sober now and would not go near them. They then, in a little time, summoned him before the Commissary at Dumfries. All his friends were sorry for him and he seemed to have an aversion to the woman, however they insisted upon their process for a Declaration of Marriage. Robert went to Dumfries to attend the process. Peggy came there likewise, and I think (but as it did not much concern me I have no notes of it and write only from memory) Robert and her met there and Robert again got drunk and did something that greatly hurt his cause. The matter sleepd for some time, but when Robert still refused to

adhere, in time the matter came before the Commissaries of Edinburgh. Mr Malcom, Mr Ogilvie, the Chamberlain, [and] his son Adam Ogilvie, then an Advocate, still interested themselves on Robert's behalf. Mr Adam Ogilvie did everything he could for him, but in the course of the process Robert and Peggy Little were both ordered upon a certain day to be examined at Edinburgh. Mr Adam Ogilvie attended at the examination and entertained hopes that Robert would still get quit of the marriage. When Robert came out from his examination he met Dr Andrew Graham, the same man who was formerly Surgeon in Langholm, but now in Dalkeith. Dr Graham was a great acquaintance and intimate friend of John Scott's in Hopsrigg, a near relation of Peggy Little's. Knowing Robert's weakness he pretended to be very glad to see him, got him into a publick house, begun hard drinking and when Robert became intoxicated, Peggy Little and her friend were introduced. In the state Robert was in they easily persuaded him that it was nonsense to make more words about the matter but that it was his wisest course publickly to acknowledge Peggy as his wife, to Bed as such openly, to adhere in time coming and quash the process at once. Robert took their advice in every point, acknowledged her as his wife, bedded openly with her for two night, but in their journey in coming home he ran off and left them and when he came home seemed more adverse [*i.e.* averse] to the match than ever but as he had behaved so foolishly, all his friends deserted him. A good deal of time elapsed before anything more happened, during which there were several meetings between Robert and her friends who endeavoured to persuade him to take her home, but all in vain. He would neither acknowledge her nor have any connection with her whatever might be the consequences.

They then renewed the process against Robert with increased vigour and Robert, having no friends to support him, they obtained easily a decree against him for her maintenance and threatened to seize the stock of Sorbie in his possession. As Mr Elliot and I had advanced all the money we again took delivery of the stock and got an instrument of possession, but as Robert was rental'd for the ground, Peggy Little's friends were still like to be troublesome. It was then agreed amongst us that Mr Elliot and I should be rental'd for the farm and to obviate every claim of the Littles, Robert should be our shepherd and then we could allow him what emoluments we pleased, but this we could not do without the chamberlain's and the Duke's concurrence.

I met Mr Ogilvie at Moss-paul and showed him a letter from Robert desiring that scheme. Mr Ogilvie seemed heartily to concur in the plan and said he

had no hesitation in saying the Duke would approve of it as Mr Elliot and I were such good tenants and he thought it hard to turn Robert and us out of it before we were reimbursed for the trouble and expense we had been put to about it and desiring me to get a letter from Robert to that purpose to be laid before the Duke. When I informed Mr Elliot and Robert they seemed pleased to find Mr Ogilvie so friendly and sent him the letter he required. But alas, there was no friendship intended. I met with Mr Ogilvie at Martinmas Rent day following and enquired if he could tell me what the Duke had determined about Sorbie. 'Oh, yes' said he and directly produced me the Duke's Order to advertise it as a vacant Farm. I was vexed but when I began to complain that he had greatly encouraged us in that design, he stormed and turned his back upon me. Mr Elliot and Robert were both grieved but Mr Ogilvie had had a view in what he did that we never dreamt of.

In the year 1783 my Father in Law, Thomas Borthwick in Shaws, lost his large farm in Ettrick belonging to Mr John Johnstone and at Whitsunday, 1783, he removed to Langshawburn, a farm belonging to the Duke of Buccleugh. Langshawburn was a large wasir [*word not identified*] farm, but a most uncomfortable, wet, mossy place to live in. The Duke had been several nights in Thomas Borthwick's house at Shaws when he was fishing in the Lochs in the Summer and knew him well. Thomas, as I said before, had married a daughter of Borthwick Braes. Mr Ogilvie had stayed years in that family in his youth and had still a regard for them. He knew they wanted a living place and that Sorbie would accommodate them handsomely and he encouraged our plan with a view to make it open for their application. Before it was disposed of the Duke came [to] the country [and] I went down to the Castle and I believe sent him up a Memorial rather too full of Spirit for so great a man. The thing I principally insisted upon was that the Armstrongs had lost their right to Sorbie by venturing life, land and everything in the cause of his ancestor Monmouth and His Grace, being the Representative of that Family, I hoped would never be the first to take advantage of a forfeiture, occasioned by their attachment to his Family but altho I saw him several times he never would speak but turned his back and went off whenever he saw me and the farm was lost and Mr Borthwick entered to it at Whitsunday, 1784.^[139]

Not to interrupt this narrative, I have gone over several years: Robert entered to the farm at Whitsunday, 1781; the most part of the mischief between him and Peggy Little happened in 1782 and 1783; and Robert lost it at Whitsunday, 1784. The Duke got Henry, my Uncle's eldest son of the

second marriage, into the Excise and settled an annuity of £10 upon the old woman. For Robert nothing was done and after all he married Peggy Little and lives with her still and has two sons by her and by some influence is a Commissioner of Supply.^[140] The concurrence of the gentlemen who had been acquaint with his father and Grandfather, got him a little comfortable residence at Glendivan and has the charge of some miles of the Turnpike road and lives decently. But altho many people consider him as a very honest man, I cannot boast neither of his honesty nor gratitude, for I assisted him when no others would do it and he owes me a bill which is prescribed some time ago, as I never asked it when he was in low water, but he, happening to get a Legacy by the death of a Friend, I have craved him again and again, but unless I pursue him he will pay nothing and that I have hitherto disdained. I really begin to think characters are often misplaced.

Hitherto, Margaret Borthwick and I done indifferently well. I found her very violent in her resentments and sometimes possessed with most unaccountable fancies, which all the evidence in the world could not make her abandon. But in the year 1782 something occurred which raised her indignation to such a pitch that she was completely deranged and did not rightly settle again for about 16 years and during all that time I lived in misery, tribulation and woe. We had in the year 1781 a little tight girl called Bet Murray; she stayed with us to Whitsunday, 1782. In the later end of 1781 I was riding to the Kirk with Margaret behind me, Bet Murray was walking before us with white stockings and a pair of neat shoes. Peggy observed to me, 'Oh Thomas, Bet has a handsome foot and leg.' I inconsiderately replied 'Yes, I think I never saw a handsomer.' As I knew Margaret was remarkably jealous nothing could have been said more foolish. After that she could never endure to see Bet and calld her 'Thomas' handsome woman.' Upon the 6th March 1782 I was standing in the Byre, Bet was there likewise, we were just within the door, Bet upon the upper side of the door and I below it. Margaret came into the Byre and challenged me for being there. As I had often challenges of the same nature before I did not mind it much and expected that she would settle but she grew more and more violent every day, hystericks rose upon her and she had no rest, day or night, and gave us little. In short, she became downright furious and mad and nothing I could do but her wroth was inflamed. If I looked out at the Window I was looking for the Hussy. If I walked and looked about me I was looking for the hussy. If I looked down to the ground I was looking for the Hussy's footsteps to

walk in them. If she went out she still found the prints of feet or something to fire her indignation. In short, let me strive to please with as much care as if soul and body had depended upon her favour, the return was still the most violent rage, contempt and reproach – ‘ugly old brute’, ‘perjured villain’ – and all that madness and rage could devise. Sometimes she would curse me, she became a perfect fury, and when she had tormented me sometime she went to the Shaws and left me and refused to return. In a little time I followed her to the Shaws and vainly hoped that by arguing the matter with her before her Father and Mother I would convince them of my innocence and persuade her to return. But I found my hopes were in vain; everything she said, however wild, was, with them, like proofs of Holy Writ; everything I said, even when I confirmed it with a solemn oath, Falseness itself, and Mrs Borthwick stamped with her foot and stormed ‘Hold your peace regardless, wretch.’ However, they persuaded her to return to Muckledale to try again to live with me and, if she could not do, her mother would come over and see how we came out. After we returned it was still the same, I would have turnd the woman away, but for what reason I know not, that was what she did not desire, but sometimes spoke in a friendly manner of the woman and when the girl offered to go away she would not allow it. In a little her Mother came over and for about a week seemed to be my friend and seemed to think Margaret’s whimsys very groundless but in a little time the devil of jealousy entered her in such force that, if it was possible, she was as bad as Margaret.

I was then in the State of the Damned and had no rest, day or night. I was at first violent and passionate when they provoked me, but in time, by dint of perseverance night and day, my spirit was greatly broke for it was a time when I had often to rise early upon business and she would not sleep from me, lest the Hussy should come to me, and I often rose in the morning without having sleepd one moment, being kept awake by her brawling all night and then when I arose she would ly by herself till 12 o’clock and I suppose sleepd for I found her always fresh and ready for me, when I came to bed, to torment me the whole night and in this miserable manner I spent about 5 month. I have sleepd on Horseback, I have sleepd standing on my feet. With want of rest I became quite stupid and dull; I thought I would lose my senses, but in time a kind of apathy took place, my health began to decline, I thought I was dying and became resigned, but before all this was brought about that I was so humbled. We had many hard contests. Sometime rather before Whitsunday, the Girl went away. I was then, I thought, relieved

and after all I fairly acknowledge that there had been a sort of familiarity between that girl, Bet Murray, and I that was not proper for a married man, but I solemnly aver that she lived and died a Maid for me. After she was gone, her Mother, I mean Mrs Borthwick, being with us, I thought I observed them both still watching all my motions and in less than a week they became as furious about another woman, one Jenny Anderson, a coarse, ill-looking, clumsy jade as could be seen, one who I never could have thought of, one whose lips I never once thought of touching, nor of the least familiarity. But all signified nothing. Margaret and her Mother were as much convinced of a criminal correspondence between me and that Girl as if they had seen us in the most indecent posture. Mrs Borthwick even took the lead in that business. She sleepd in a room below, Margaret and I just above her, and after we had had a deal of strife about Jenny Anderson, one night Mrs Borthwick pretended that she heard a foot come out of our room and come down the stair and saw Jenny Anderson come thro the room that she sleepd in and next morning she challenged me fiercely about it. I denied it with an oath as well as I might.

Mrs Borthwick stormed and commanded me to hold my peace. I do not think anything more false and malicious could have been devised, even Margaret herself at first could not believe it and said, 'Dear Mother, Thomas and I lay together last night.' 'O, but Peggy,' said Mrs Borthwick, 'you are sound sleepd and he had her there and you know nothing of it.' As it was food for jealousy Margaret soon swallowed it and then the war was carried on with great spirit. The Girl was sadly abused because she would not confess; I was likewise ordered to confess and when they could not bring out a confession themselves they sent for the old Elder from Shaws. He prayed with us and gave me many a solemn exhortation to confession, repentance and amendment, for of my guilt and Jenny Anderson's he had not the smallest doubt. I liked his harangues worst of all for he went over the whole country and, being a very specious man, he glossed matters, in a very extraordinary manner, to my disgrace and his daughter's advantage. When he spoke of me I was a monster and I will ever believe that if his daughter had, at that time, cut my throat in bed, it made old Tom Borthwick Judge it would have been a meritorious action. To relate all or even the serious contentions we had, it is impossible to be brief, after a summer spent in Torment in which I was sometimes like to attempt my own life. Jenny Anderson, when they could not get her to confess, went away in July. Then they directly began with a woman

called Peggy Scott. Then Margaret gravely told me she saw she could never live happily with me unless I would allow myself to be gualded and must employ a surgeon; this she insisted on again and again. I would by no means agree to it, it was sine qua non and both her and her mother went off for the Shaws in the later end of July and took the child along with them. I was then left alone with very indifferent servants, for two of the women servants were gone, and after she went to Shaws all the Family, except her brother William, were active in publishing my disgrace.

William was still slow in believing all their scandalous storys and never would interest himself in their schemes and behaved in such a moderate manner that I entertained a regard for him to his Dying day. But the old man, her Father, went about the country Blowing the Trumpet of her justification and my infamy and, as he had many acquaintances and Friends, one threatened to get me turned out of my Farms, another with bodily harm, another threatened me with Law and whenever I met with any of them I was insulted and despised. To talk of her living with me they would not hear, but I must settle £200 per annum upon her as a separate maintenance and allow her to retain the child. Mr Ogilvie of Branxholm, the Duke of Buccleugh's Chamberlain, wrote to me upon the subject after some consultation with Margaret and her Friends, as being a man of weight and insisted upon my agreeing to a separate maintenance, as he saw my wife's affection was irretrievably lost. I went and spoke with with him and proposed that, if she would come again to Muckledale, I would surrender up the house to her and go back to my Mother and as it was only half a mile distant, I could oversee the management of the farm and would sometimes visit her and my daughter. If I found my visits well received I would come oftener; if I found them disagreeable I would seldom trouble her and I thought we might perhaps, in time, coalesce. Mr Ogilvie said it might be tried, but he was afraid it would do no good, but when it was proposed to Margaret she refused to come unless she had some companion to protect her, as she alledged she dread bodily harm of me. I agreed to everything and she brought her Aunt, Mrs Scott, with her and returned to Muckledale sometime after Martinmas, 1782.

I stayed at Bush with my Mother and sometimes came thro to see them, but I presently found that her Aunt was just to be a second to help to scold and keep me down and I came seldom and refused to cohabit with her unless her Aunt went away. Her Aunt left her in Winter or Spring and I returned to

Muckledale in March 1783, but matters were very grievous between us for a long time afterwards; all regard for each other seemed quite extinguished and she, for many years, was still visited by some mad freak or other. She often left my Bed and would not allow me to come near her and at last, altho we lived in the same house, she deserted my Bed so entirely that for between eight and nine years I had no more connection with her than with the Queen of England. She never rightly settled from 1782 to 1789 and was ever uncertain afterwards and at sometimes in that period she was downright deranged. She once took it in her head that the angel Gabriel was coming to carry her to Heaven, but as all earthly food was polluted she refused to eat anything and had almost starved herself to death and often threw things out of her hands and broke them alledging they were polluted, and all that time I was in perfect misery.

About that time we milkd Ewes in Bush, Burngrains, Wolfhope and Muckledale and had many cows. We made, for about six weeks in the milking season, upwards of 5 Scotts stones of cheese and 2 stones of butter every day and for two months in summer we had sixteen maidservants in the house. I found by a letter from her aunt that she concluded [me] guilty with them all. I was, in her eye, a monster and we lived in torment and I often thought I would be obliged to forsake her and quit all business for she would hire no servant herself if we wanted [*i.e.* had need of them] and all the women I hired she considered as whores. About the Term I often thought never to hire another woman but I was still obliged to hire them or give up entirely. In this wretched way we continued several years until her jealousy took a different direction, which will appear in the sequel if I am permitted to write it.

This year 1782 things rather began to take a turn: we got 3/6 and 3/10 for good lambs; 2/6 and 2/10 for Mid lambs; 1/6 for small lambs; about 7/- for draught Ewes; 9/- for fat sheep; 6/8 for wool; near £4 per piece for good stots; and, although products were very low and amounted not to one third of the value I have since seen, we were, I mean the country in general, very much satisfied with markets because they were better than formerly. At the summer Fair of Langholm this year I took my dear little child down to Langholm, I mean the July Fair, but have some reason to think it was not till the following year 1783. She was well when she went from home but as I was throng with business I left her all day with my sister and Mr Bower and calld for her and brought her home in the evening. She complained off a pain in her stomach as we came up and went to bed directly upon coming home.

Next day we had to call a surgeon and she was badly long and languished long after Red freckles stuck out on her skin and they calld it a scarlet fever. Bower still said she had got it with eating cherries. God alone knows how it was, but I think her health was never so well established afterwards and as I found Bower an unprincipled wretch I could not suppress sad reflection when matters began to be very unsettled at Muckledale.

In Spring, 1782, Anne was obliged to be sent off to Langholm. I boarded her with my sister and Mr Bower. She stayed there two years at school but she never was allowed to come more near us, but I, after she came from Langholm, sent her to the care of my Mother at Bush, who took good care of her and brought her up very soberly and she stayed with her until she was married, unless it was a while she was in Edinburgh for Education, which I had some pleasure in bestowing upon her, as I found she had both a capacity and taste for learning, which she received with great ease, having an excellent memory.

In the year 1783 there was nothing uncommon occurred worthy of notice, my situation at home was the same as I have already mentioned and I was engaged in no other business but as usual, looking after my stocks and selling my product. This year I sold Mr Malcolm for Mr Johnstone: 106 great Ewes, 106 payable at 9/6 per piece, 21/- to be returned and in the beginning of the year 1802 the same sheep would have sold for 26/- per piece, sheep and score; for our good wedder lambs we got about 4/3, some few 4/6; for mid lambs about 3/4, some only 3/-, some smaller 2/6, palies 2/ and some only 1/6; our draught ewes were only 7/6; Fat Sheep about 10/-; and Black Beasts were still low, not above one third of their present value, yet still our product increased something every year, that year my Father died being the smallest and, as we were not extravagant, we gained something which I then thought considerable every year and as I had a pleasure in attending to the business I was perfectly satisfied with my situation, if I could have found peace at home.

About Whitsunday, 1784, we sent our dear little woman into Edinburgh as she had an opportunity of going in the chaise, along with some friends, to try if taking her from school and company and amusement and sea bathing would do anything for her health, but she turned sick in the chaise and stayed in Edinburgh till Lammas. We then sent horses for her and Jess Borthwick to come out upon: a little gentle Galloway for her to ride upon when she pleased and [a] steady horse with saddle and pad for her to ride behind a man

when she inclined and Jess to ride the Galloway. The weather was fine and they took short journeys but when she came home she was still very delicate and tender. This year Markets began to rise. We got about 5/9 and 6/- for our best wedder lambs and other lambs in proportion, but the greatest rise was in the lambs as it had been a bad lambing time and they were scarce. Draught Ewes were likewise dearer. In wool and other articles no alteration from 1783 and altho some articles of our produce were dearer, yet as they were scarce, upon the whole we made little more money, for the gross products of all the farms I possessed did not exceed the product in 1783, many shillings above £13.

There was man at this time who had a Feu right to the lands of Crossdykes from the Earl of Hopetoun, named William Armstrong. This man was a distant friend of mine by my mother's friends, the Armstrongs. He was the son of Walter Armstrong whose Grand Mother was one of the daughters of Sorbie. Walter had purchased the Feu right of Crossdykes from one Andrew Johnstone, who held it from the Marquis.^[141] This Walter was a strange, whimsical, mad, hot-headed creature and very particular in everything. He had been a merchant in his youth and had seen a deal of company and had been in Spain and several places abroad and was then said to be a great Beau. But after he settled at home he became one of the raggedest creatures ever was seen; altho he was still a man of property he had every appearance of a common beggar and to render the resemblance complete he had got his shoulder dislocated and it had never been rightly reduced and his left arm hung powerless by his side. He certainly was never thoroughly wise since I knew him. He married a wife of the name of Johnstone, who was as unlike other people as he was: he was mad and noisy, she was dull and stupid. He once sold her to Mr Harris of Haldykes and she was glad of the sale and with great pleasure got behind Mr Harris and rode away with him. Walter followed and it was said Mr Harris made him pay soundly before he got her back. He had by her two sons and three daughters who survived him. The wife died long before him but the different species of madness in the Father and Mother had by no means produced a proper temperament in the children, for one boy and girl were downright idiots and for the other 3, altho some had a great flow of words and in something cunning in the extreme, yet they were in many respects very unlike the general run of mankind.

Walter died when we were possessed of Crieve and sometime before his death his son William had married a daughter of Walter Beattie's in

Winterhopehead. Old Walter had made a settlement to the idiot boy John: he left nine pounds a year as aliment and if the Land should be sold, it was to be a burden, viz. £180, to answer that annuity during John's life. To the three daughters he left £100 each and two cows, grass and some other emoluments upon the Ground, so long as they remained unmarried. William had the land and was residuary legatee. William was getting fast with a family and set out in dealing, and as he was known to have more property than some of his neighbour jobbers, several of them prevailed upon him to endorse their Bills, by which he soon involved himself in inextricable troubles. In the meantime he gave himself no trouble about his sisters, paid them with nothing but hard words, in which weapons the oldest sister Bet was more than a match for him, or as I think, for any man alive, and they lived in Hellish strife. But Bet, to our astonishment, got a husband, one Andrew Reid, merchant in Kilmarnock. Then they easily prevailed upon the other two sisters to assign their rights to Bet, and then Andrew Reid for his interest, in right of his wife Elizabeth, pursued William Armstrong for £300 and a great deal of interest. William raged and swore and threatened but neither seemed to defend the cause, nor yet to pay the money; they presently obtained decrees against him. In the meantime some others of William's creditors, seeing him harassed, began to pursue for their money; and to add to his distress, William had signed, along with two others, a Bill to the Bank of Dumfries for a sum of money to Buy a number of Beasts which one of them had taken up to England and the Bill had been sometime due and the Bank had done diligence upon it directly and was ready in a few days to poid and no accounts heard of the acting partner who had all the money. In this said distress William, like an honest man, sent circular letters to all his creditors, lamenting his hard fate and professing great sorrow that his lawful creditors should be deprived of his subject by the Bank where he was only a cautioner and never got one shilling of the money and he advised them of a day of [selling] his whole stock and desired them all to come and Buy to pay themselves as far as his stock would go, for if they missed that day all would be carried off next day by the Bank by a poiding. The creditors mostly attended and everything – horses, nolt and sheep – sold for double their value for the people thought they had better have something than nothing and as Andrew Reid, Mungo Dobie and some others were pursuing the processes of adjudication against the lands, they had small hopes from it. But, after all, it turnd out that the Bank debt was paid by the partner returned from England that very day that William's Sale took

place and it afterwards appeared that he knew that was to be the case when he advertised his sale.

The Creditors saw they were cheated and some of them soon after threw him into Lochmaben Jail, where he lay sometime. How he got out I know not but the debt was not paid. Andrew Reid obtained a decree of Adjudication in the year 1783 and a decreet of Mails and Dutys in 1784. All this time William boasted, 'Damn them, they think to make me sell my land, but I defy them, I will stick by my possession. I will claver about the Knoll nooks;^[142] no Law shall make me quit it', and he never dreamed of selling till sometime after Whitsunday, 1785, when a party came and hypothecated everything about the House, so that he had access to nothing and as it was at Andrew Reid's instance and Andrew and the Ladys were then residing upon the Farm at Nether Crossdykes, they took care to see everything rigidly observed so that William had no benefit from anything and as he had no credit otherwise he was in downright want. In this situation he sent for me and proposed to sell me the Lands but he proposed secret articles which I did not like and asked a very great price for it. However, after he had shown me a state of his debts, whereby it appeared that there would be sufficient to pay everybody and something considerable for himself, I thought there was no danger in concluding a bargain and as it was most conveniently situated for me, I offered a good price for it and he struck me.

We then met at Langholm, to get the minute of Sale extended and after it was ready for signing, William called me out. Says he, 'What residence am I to have upon this Farm?' I answered 'None,' for I knew him so well I wished to get rid of him. He answered 'Oh but,' says he, 'I design to reserve the House and Byre, two cows and a horse, summer and winter, during my life.' I told him then he might keep all. He said he would and so we parted in wrath. As he was under an absolute necessity of selling it, his friends and himself brought men from Galloway and other places to try to get a full price for it, but none of them would ever come near the price which I had offered, which by the by, for what reason I could not well see, he calld far less than it really was. But he presently explained his views, for after he had tried the sale without effect, and some offerers had bid a price not much above half of that I had offered, and Andrew Reid and three other creditors had completed their adjudications against the Land, he made out a list of his debts very different from what he had shown to me and presented to his creditors, stating the amounts of the heritable debts, and also the personal, and as several of the

personal creditors were likewise doing diligence, he saw that the subject would be consumed in Litigation and his honest creditors would many of them get nothing. He therefor strongly insisted that the creditors should suspend all diligence and sign a supersedere to accept of 13/4 per pound at Lammas, 1786. From the state of the debts and upon considering the value of the subject, all the creditors were convinced it was as much as he could pay for he never truly told them of the price I had offered and the most of them signed the supersedere.

He then at last met me at Howdale and again brought forward the Bargain and proposed concluding it in the same terms I had offered, provided I would grant him a house and cow upon any of my Farms for one year, to which I agreed after some hesitation. As I plainly saw he could not come near the price from no other hand, I had some thoughts of resiling. After the bargain was concluded he showd me the supersedere, 'Now,' says he, 'if we put all the sum in the Minute of Sale which I am to receive from you, never another creditor will sign the supersedere for they will see they can get more. But if you will agree to keep £100 out of the Minute of Sale, and give me your Bill for it, the Creditors will all sign the supersedere and I will be discharged and if the creditors themselves agree to that, you have no business to hinder them.' I did not like this at all but, after a deal of wrangling, I agreed to it upon this condition, that if the Money in the Minute did not compleat the 13/4d per pound offered to the Creditors at Lammas, 1786, I should be at Liberty to bring the £100 in the Bill into the Fund under division and as I knew by this time his statement was still short of his debts, I thought I would be guilty of no fraud; and in the end the whole price, when brought forward, did not pay the 13/4, so the creditors were not wronged. But when the Minute of Sale was extended, one George Graham of Graham's Hall, a writer, who was agent for several of the creditors, would not allow the money to come into William's hand, but I must oblige myself to pay it to the creditors and William should consent and oblige himself to hold their discharges as proper vouchers of the payment. I did not at all relish that mode of payment as I thought it would embroil me with the creditors and I would not agree to it for some time. But at last, upon William and George Graham's insisting, I yielded and subscribed [to] it with some reluctance. It was very weak in me and I repented much but it was a foible in my character; I had not proper resolution to withstand entreaty and solicitation when it was persevered in.

He got many of the creditors to sign his supersedere but if at Lammas,

1786, he did not pay them 13/4 per pound the supersedere was void and they had liberty to pursue again. That scheme of William's in persuading his creditors to purchase his stock at double value under the idea that, if they did not do that, the Bank would carry all off next day, altho he knew the money would be paid that day and now again rating his funds to make his creditors sign the supersedere, looks like some depth but little honesty and strange as the character may seem, whenever there was anything like knavery in the scheme some evil spirit inspired him with powers to which, upon honest and fair occasions, he was an utter stranger. In his common business he was weak and foolish, but I have seen some people very fluent in lying and lame in matter of fact. I had several meetings with him and Andrew Reid about settling Andrew's Claims for which, in the name of his wife and sister, he had adjudged; two more abusive, furious men, I never saw.

At last we all met – George Graham, the writer, and his clerk, Andrew, William, the three sisters and I – at Nethercrossdykes to finish all contests. I really once thought we should have had murder amongst us. William took up a paper and said he had a right to keep it; Andrew jumped to the door, seized an axe and turned the edge to William, and drew it high with both hands, determined he should never to go out alive if he did not give up that paper. George and I remonstrated, but in vain. Andrew was resolute – he would dash out his brains if he were to be hanged next day. I believe William's right and Andrew's to keep the paper in dispute were nearly equal but Andrew assumed such a terrible attitude that we were obliged to prevail upon William to give it up and so the matter terminated without bloodshed. Sometime previous to Lammas, 1786, when the remainder of the price after extinguishing the heritable debts was to be paid to the creditors, I went over to settle with William in Crossdykes for the £100 for which I had granted Bill but as some of the creditors had not yet signed the supersedere, had arrested in my hand to the extent of £37 and as the whole was part of the price which I had by Minute of Sale engaged to pay to the creditors and William held my acceptance for £100, I found myself in a very awkward situation. I told him I would not pay the £37 arrested but would pay the other £63 upon getting up my Bill, provided he engaged to pay to the creditors and even there I thought I was in risk and if he did not pay it I would inform the creditors of the whole transaction. He seemed quite agreeable until he had got the money and I had got up the Bill, no sooner was the money in his pocket than he exclaimed, 'Now, I will put this where none of them will ever find it out.' I told him I

would inform against him, he stormed, 'What the Devil! Am I to have no part of the price of Crossdykes at all, to give all to my creditors and have myself a beggar? Nonsense!' He was told he would be brought to his oath but that he seemed not to value and discovered the basest principles I had ever seen.

The wife besought him, almost with tears, to prove honest and said she would rather beg her bread with the children at her foot than defraud the creditors. Still he remained inflexible. Then I told him the creditors would not be satisfied nor discharge obtained if that money was Recpd [*i.e.* recouped?] up and that the creditors would arrest the reversion of £180 in my hand, left to answer his Brother John's annuity which William would succeed to at John's demise, if discharge was retained. This had such an effect upon him that he took to bed but still would part with no money but at last gave his hand to pay it at the meeting of his creditors. The night before the meeting of the creditors, I went to Kirtletown to take the old Sherriff's opinion about it. He advised me to use some sort of Law and consign the money, as he assured me I could not pay it in safety. I wishd much to have it settled and resolved rather to run some risk than let the matter ly over. The creditors met at Ecclefechan and by 10 o'clock a number had come and their writers and I was prepared with Money Accounts and vouchers, but William appeared not and as soon as it was past 12 o'clock of the day, when the money, viz. 13/4d per pound, was to [be] paid or the supersedere void. As William appeared not, I had a pocketful of arrestments in a [short] time. About half past one o'clock William came, the creditors convened and I laid my accounts before them and their men of business. They were all so vouched that none of them were objected to, but they were grieved to see so small a sum of the price in the Minutes remaining for division. After the extinction of the heritable debts, I then told them I owed William some more and that he had some money himself which would come under division and then produced £49, being the £37 retained out of the Bill and £11 for sheep I had got and he produced £62 retaining £1, which together helped the funds [reach] £110. One of the writers tried it with the amount of the debts brought forward and found it would be 12/8d per pound, but he was wrong, it came to 12/- only and upon the question being put if the creditors would accept of that and discharge, or take their chance, they almost unanimously agreed to accept. Then the list of debts was produced and the lawyers set about making out a scheme of division but as 12/- was a broken number and many of the debts were broken sums, they made no progress at all and at last gave it entirely up

and said it was impossible to do it that day and another day must be appointed for the creditors to meet and they would have the scheme of division ready.

As many of the creditors came from a considerable distance they complained and were dissatisfied. There happened to be sitting next to me an old wright called Simon Johnstone in Lowriesclose. I saw he laughed at the lameness of the writers and saw he had pretty distinct ideas about calculations, tho no scholar. I thought he and I would do it much sooner than the writers, [so] I said I thought he and I would endeavour to prevent the creditors being put to further trouble. We then set to work just among the creditors, we agreed upon our plan; I sometimes figured a little, Simon had neither pen, ink nor paper but in an hour or so we finished the scheme of division to the satisfaction of the creditors and the surprise of the writers. I do not think anything I ever did was more spoke of altho it was in reality no great matter, but the creditors told in every quarter that I did in an hour what three writers could not do in a day. However, we got the dividends paid and discharge signed by most of the creditors that day, but some that were not present, upon producing their grounds, their claim far exceeded what William had rated them at in the scheme of division and for peace I paid them all 12/- per pound. Charges and stamps, paper, I got nothing for; in fine I lost about £20 and was glad to get out of such a troublesome business at so cheap a rate. William's sisters have since given me much trouble; William I found to be the crossest, selfish, unprincipled man I ever met with. I have now got rid of him, of the sisters I never can be quit; in short Crossdykes has been the most vexatious and least profitable bargain I ever made in my life.

In December, 1785, I went to Edinburgh to try to settle the long contested affairs of Crieve with Mr Cornelius Elliot. I had then as my man of business Archibald Tod, son of Mr Thomas Tod, W.S. Edinburgh; Mr Edward Armstrong in Kirtletown was advocate. Mr Elliot had endeavoured to prevail with them to persuade me to settle the business finally and I afterwards learned that they had both dined with him that very day I came into town and had arranged their plan. I spoke with Mr Armstrong next morning; he advised strongly to make an end of it, assuring me that there was no danger. I then met Mr Tod; he told me the same story and persuaded me to have done with Mr Elliot. Mr Elliot, Mr Tod and I met in a Coffee House and after he had produced all his papers I still thought there was some danger but as it was but small debts that remained in doubt, I had Mr Elliot between me and danger even as to Them, upon Mr Armstrong's advice and Archibald Tod's solicitation, I determined to

conclude this tedious and troublesome business. I accordingly paid the money, got up my Father's Bond and mine for the remainder of the price and got up most of the papers affecting the lands (some trifles only excepted) with Mr Elliot's assignation to these deeds and a complete and Final discharge. Thus was the business ended after it had been litigated 17 years, at least a Bone of Contention from 1768 to 1785. After all was over, money paid and discharge signed, Mr Elliot expressed himself in strong terms of his obligations to Mr Tod in persuading me to settle with him and seemed to wish to show that Mr Tod had acted as his friend, not like an impartial man of business. I saw Mr Tod was vexed at his compliments and I believe his aim was to injure Mr Tod, for Mr Elliot's father and himself had all the business in our country for many years. He saw with displeasure the Tods getting into business where his father had been employed and wishd to bring them into suspicion and, indeed, what he said had such an affect upon me that I never employed Mr Tod more. But as to the small debts that were left unsettled I have never heard of them more and fancy they are prescribed.

In the year 1785 our prices were much the same as in 1784, only wool was higher this year having come up to 8/6 per stone, which we then thought a very high price. Farmers were safe enough but made little money.

Upon the 17th May this year, 1786, I was hiring servants at Hawick, as we then kept a number of Milkers. I was very much in the throng, there is plenty of room upon either side of Slitrigg and since the new Bridge was built, there has been proclamations by the magistrates ordering the hiring to be upon the open street before the door of the Tower. But whether the servant girls are in league with pick pockets or wishd to have themselves squeezed in a crowd, to this day they will stand in no place but upon the Bridge, and if the market is throng you can scarce thrust your way through them and if a horse, and especially a cart, is passing the pressure is intolerable.^[143] That day, however, in the throng I lost a fine old pocket book, given as a present to my father, markd below the flap 'John Beattie, Millholm 1764' in printed silver characters, with an ingenious spring lock which few could open. It contained a promissory note upon Mansfield and Ramsay, Bankers in Edinburgh, for £100, eighteen shillings, 20 shillings and one five pound note of the British Linen Company, several small bills and accounts. I presently missed it and the justices apprehended and examined a deal of suspicious persons and we got information that fixed our suspicions upon one Charles Abercrombie, a noted Pickpocket, but he eluded our search, altho he had been in the crowd. Some of

these we apprehended were committed to Jedburgh Jail. We directly sent an express to Edinburgh to stop payment of the Bill at Mansfield and Ramsay's. The boy set off upon an old Greased horse of Stevenson's, at the Tower, and rode to Edinburgh (48 miles) in 4 hours. I afterwards drew the money for the Bill but I had to lodge a Bond and Cautioner to keep them indemnified in case it should be presented, but I never heard more of it. The Bills and £23 of notes were lost, altho one of the vagrants apprehended positively declared that Charles Abercrombie picked out of my pocket.

It was, I believe, a mistake [as] there was at that time a noted female pickpocket called Annie Greg. She was a native of the border of Cumberland, descended from a hardy and handy race of thieves. I have been often told, for I never saw her that I know of, that she was a very handsome, good looking woman and dressed like a gentlewoman. This woman frequented all the Fairs, Markets and Publick Meetings and having much the appearance of a Gentlewoman where she was not known, she was never suspected and she was an extensive trader, for she travelled all the way between York and Edinburgh. She was often apprehended but by bribing and, sometimes it was said, indulging constables and Jailors, she still for a time escaped. After I lost the pocket book she came and stayed two days and nights at Muckledale with a fine well-dressed child when I was not at home, under the character of a distressed gentlewoman and a sick child, and Margaret was very kind to them, being much taken with the mother and child. One Robert Scott, constable General, came some days after and by his description we found it had been Anne Greg. The last time she was in Liddesdale she had a son alongst with her, grown almost to a man, who she kept as an apprentice to the trade. They then went into England and in the later end of the year 1801 the lad returned into Liddesdale without his mother and when people asked what was become of his mother he replied without the smallest emotion, 'She is hanged at York.' As he spoke with so much indifference people thought it a jest but it turnd out to be a fact; this woman, I am certainly informed, confessed that she stole my pocket book, took out the notes and buried the book in the sands of Teviot.

Sometime about Martinmas this year, viz. 1786, a man whom I had seen sometimes came to me at Langholm and asked me what our Crieve sheep were buisted with. I told him 'J.B.'. He then made some further enquiry. I asked what he meant by all this. 'Nothing,' says he, 'but I have bought a parcel of sheep with these marks from one James Grieve in Waukmill, who told me

he bought them from John Bryden in Ballenden and, as I had some notion they were stolen, I would not pay for them until he brought me a letter from John Bryden and I understand he is here this day and has brought the letter and insists upon my paying the money.' It must be observed that the reason of our sheep being marked J.B. was it was my Father's Buist^[144] and I had never altered it. After some conversation I was convinced they were my sheep. I therefore applied for a warrant from Matthew Little, then Baron Bailiff of Langholm, to apprehend James Grieve. He was very bold with the man to whom he had sold the sheep before I came in and produced a letter as from John Bryden, Ballenden, but when I came in with two constables his courage sank. He was carried before Bailiff Little who, as soon as he saw him, exclaimed, 'You scoundrel, this will now be a hanging match for you, you will not get off again.' The meaning of that was he had been formerly apprehended for stealing wedders off Lymiecleuch but, as the people got their sheep again, they had allowed him to escape unpunished. But the most surprising thing I ever knew was this: he was bred a weaver, knew nothing about sheep, a dull, stupid looking fellow, verging upon idiotism and yet it appeared he could drive the wildest sheep in the South of Scotland without either dog or cat, a task which very few shepherds would have undertaken or indeed could have done, for altho he was only twice caught, I have reason to think he had driven often and to great distance at sometimes.

When the Bailiff began to examine him he seemed quite confounded and confessed he stole the sheep from Crieve and sold them to Thomas Johnstone, Dykestoun, the man who informed me and was then present. He further acknowledged that the Letter pretended to be from John Bryden was a Forgery, wrote by one James Knox in Kirtonhill of Westerkirk. As Knox denyd and we have no other proof, we allowed him to pass but Grieve was committed to Langholm Jail in order to be sent to Dumfries to be tried at the next circuit. As soon as he was put in jail I desired them to let him want nothing necessary and one day I went into the hole and gave him some money, as it was said he was to go to Dumfries next day, but [at] night, after I left him, his wife got liberty from the jailor to go in to see him and he dressed in her clothes and made his escape. The Magistrates blamed me for planning his escape. I really had no hand in it but, indeed, I was not very sorry for it. After he got out he lurked amongst his friends and boasted much of my friendship. However, at last he left our neighbourhood for a while but he was not long till he came back near us and was apprehended.

After Anne came from Langholm school she came to Bush and staid with my Mother and she went to Ewes school along with our dear little Jean. The

school was then kept by one Mr Barrie, an excellent English teacher. Anne made good proficiency both in reading, writing and figures; Jean had not such a memory but full as much judgement and by far a more mild, amiable temper. For instance, once, the first Candlemas after she went to school, when the children gave what they called their Bleize money to the Master,^[145] Jean asked me what I would give her to give. I said, in jest, '2d.' She said, 'Dear Father, the poorest that is there will give 6d.' As I understood that the other scholars had been telling her she would be Queen, I cruelly intended to try her temper and so spoke still of 2d and the next morning, after she was upon horseback, I gave her the 2d which the dear child received without a murmur and was going away. I then called the man that was upon the horse before her back and gave her so much that she was Queen all the time that she stayed at the school.

As I saw Anne had both ability and taste for learning, I sent her this year to Edinburgh and she made such good use of her time that I think I have seen few women better informed, considering the opportunities she had. She knows far more than my nephew John Bower, who had been at least 10 years at school and two seasons attending the medical classes and colleges in Edinburgh. About the time Anne went away from Bush we got a little, decent girl, a Miss Gardner, daughter to Mr Gardner, Schoolmaster in Westerkirk Parish, Edinburgh to instruct Jean. She was a quiet, inoffensive thing as ever I saw and was like to do very well, but soon Peggy became jealous of her and me and then there was nothing but rage. Both Peggy and Mrs Borthwick, now come to Sorbie, abused the poor creature terribly and exhorted her to confess. When they could not force her to do that, which would have been false, Peggy began to lay violent hands upon her and the Girl began to be afraid of her life and left the house after having suffered a great deal.

There was about this time a man calld William Smith in Setthorns in Kirtle Water, a dealer or jobber. This man had dealt long and had often bought beasts from my father; when my father died there was an account against William for between £5 and £6. When I craved William he swore it was a guinea less. As I knew he had often dealt with my father I allowed it to pass so, but even what he called it he never would pay. At a Winter Fair of Hawick I saw him fast [*i.e.* nearby] in the afternoon with 4 Beasts and I thought it would be a means of settling accounts if I could buy them, but when I offered to buy them he asked a guinea a piece more than he had asked another just before. I therefore employed a man to buy them who offered ready money. He soon

bought them but when William understood they were for me he would fain not have delivered them and protested the balance due to my father was almost nothing. I paid him a part and left the rest till I saw the account. After seeing it I saw I had paid him rather too much, but he craved a deal more. I would not pay it and we had a hearty scold. But he was the strangest being I ever met with. If he had seen me ever so often by myself he said not one word about it, but when he saw me upon Langholm street upon a Market day, he was shure to attack me in the throng and then he cried so loud, had so much abusive language that I did not know how to behave. I sometimes shook him but I still thought myself disgraced and left him. He then gathered all the people about him at the Cross and harangued them to show what an honest man he was and how great a rogue I was. I was so pestered with him that I agreed to refer it and he at last agreed and the men certainly did justice but William was much dissatisfied. I was happy to be quit of him but still he cheated me at last, for some years after he bought a bargain of me and often promised payment but never paid it to his dying day and after his death his friends alledged it was prescribed and never paid me one shilling. It may give some surprise that I allowed William Smith's debts to prescribe without taking legal steps to recover it but that is no more than I have done in many instances for 7 or 8 years before and after this period, viz. 1786. I had an annual sale of lambs at Crieve folds. We warned all our correspondents and great numbers attended. I provided a barrel of Whiskey and sugar and dinner for about 30 or sometimes 40 people. We had a large fire at the Fold and several neighbours that were not byers gave us their company. I frequently sold and delivered about 2000 lambs at these meetings and as I gave many of them a year's credit and they just paid the lambs when they came to get their new stock next year, and I did not over-rate them on price, for they never asked the price but just subscribed a paper obliging themselves to pay the price I fixed after I had seen Langholm fair, and as they still found that very moderate, I could always have sold far more than I had and several of my neighbours would have wished to bring their lambs to it, but that I would not agree to allow. I think I was never more happy or saw people more merry than at some of these Fair Champetres^[146] and as long as the season was good and the hogs sold, they paid me tolerably well. But at last a bad year came and destroyd many of the hogs and I got very bad payment and as I lost a deal of money and saw I was just running the risk of stocking their ground with view of advantage, I in great measure dropped the sale yet still I have all along

come off the best of my customers who come at the same time and are served with lambs.

In the same way I have, in my time, delivered many thousands of pounds worth of gear to good men when they never asked me the price till they came to pay them and very few that ever dealt with me in that way ever complained and I would recommend to every man rather to sacrifice considerably to character than hurt it. I never sold so dear as many of my neighbours but sold with less trouble than most men, but there is another thing I will not recommend: I was very negligent in collecting debts. In all the dealing I ever had in my life I never pursued a man but two, for a debt; they were both in England. In Scotland I never pursued one man, hitherto, and all these people in Annandale that got lambs for years and did not pay me, at last got so far into my character that they could have told one another, 'Never mind him, he will crave but he will pursue no man', and altho most of them are still carrying on their business I have never got payment and I daresay never will, so that I have lost a deal of money by my negligence. But I have lost very little since I discontinued these sales, for it taught me a lesson to trust none but good men and sell for a moderate price to keep such men about you and I have found it the most prudent plan.

About this time Margaret Borthwick's jealousy took a new and very extraordinary direction. We had then a ploughman called James Veitch, a very sober, quiet, religious man. It somehow entered into her head that the country had framed a Report that she and James were too familiar and to save her character she insisted James should be turned away from his service. As I knew it to be nonsense, I would not consent. She then applied to her friends at Sorbie, but after they had enquired into the matter and heard her reasons, they saw it was a mere illusion of her own brain, except the old man who would scarce ever acknowledge at any time that she was possessed with vain fancies. However, I kept James still, but for some years I was constantly importuned and plagued to turn away servants, both male and female. The men upon her account and the women upon mine and we lived very unhappy.

This year, 1786, was a tolerable good year for us Shepherds. Our Good lambs sold for about 5/6; our mid about 4/-; our palies at 3/-; our draught Ewes gave about 9/6; all sheep and score and sheep and hundred fat sheep about 12/6; wool was about 8/6d; but I see Nolt has been low for I sold 7 three year old Bullocks for £4. 3/-, two more for £5 each, 3 cows and 3 Queys for £5 each, the same beasts lately would have given £14 each.

This year, upon the 16th of May, I accompanied my dear little Jean to

Hawick when she went to a Boarding School in Edinburgh. Before she went away she requested some money from me for an Aunt of mine in poverty. She rode on a Galloway to Hawick and staid all night with a cousin of my wife's at Langlands. Next day her Uncle, William Borthwick, and her took a chaise into Edinburgh, where she was consigned to the care of a Mrs Graham, widow of a Dr Graham who came originally from about Glasgow. She had been abroad and seen much and as she was a woman of strong sense and very knowing and, I believe, truly religious, she was looked upon as a very proper person to take the charge of Young Ladys. But she would by no means have suited the French taste, for both her person, her manner and conversation were strong and masculine. She had a family, one son and three daughters. As soon as Jean went amongst the young Ladys she found they were all very high Ladys with connections of high Rank and great fortune, in which they seemed to vie with each other. They then asked her what her friends were [and] instead of boasting like them, my dear child renounced all pretention to Birth or Fortune and gave a very humble account of herself and her friends. Mrs Graham had one room less and worse lighted than the other rooms and none of the Ladys would sleep in it [but] she told Mrs Graham she would sleep in it, for it might well serve her for it was a better room than she sleepd in at home. From these and other views of her, Mrs Graham conceived such an opinion of her that she took her to her own Bed and Jean was her constant Bedfellow, when in Health, all the time she stayed there. After Jean went into Edinburgh I found the expense considerable and was often obliged to remit money, but as long as she continued in health I did this with cheerfulness. But in the beginning of Autumn we heard with concern that she was not well; it alarmed Margaret and me very much. It was a pain in her stomach and Bowels with a suppression of a necessary evacuation but, in about a week, we heard she was relieved and to our great satisfaction out of all danger.

This year, but never before, I got quit of most of the Debts we had contracted when we bought Crieve, for altho I had bought Crossdykes before, I had not free money to pay it so that to relieve that land I had a struggle of nineteen years continuance. Mr Elliot was paid out in 1785 but some of the money borrowed when we purchased Crieve never was paid till that year. There was nothing occurred this year worthy of notice. I went just on in the ordinary routine of my business all this summer and autumn, but markets were considerably advanced in favour of people in our line. This year we got about 6/6 for our good wedder lambs; 5/8 for Mid Ewes; 5/6 for mid

wedder and for our palies 4/-; for our draught ewes 11/- and for fat sheep 14/- per piece; and for wool 9/9 per stone. Black Cattle were still low but as all we derived from the Ewes was sold at such prices as we had formerly been acquainted with, I made some money that year and was just as well pleased as I would have been now if I were to gain Thousands.

About the later end of the year we were again informed that our dear child was poorly in Edinburgh. She had been rather complaining and Mrs Graham had given her a doze of Jalep,^[147] which had operated severely and brought upon her a Flux, which altho it was often stopped and often appeared to have left her entirely. Yet in spite of all that could be done by the most eminent Physicians, after many intervals it still returned upon her till her Dying day and it was sometime before Margaret and I went into Edinburgh to see her, for we were often relieved by letters from Mrs Graham acquainting us the Flux was stopped and she was getting better. But still she relapsed and about the later end of January, 1788, I got a letter from Dr Langlands, who had been called, acquainting me that he doubted it was a Disease that would not be easily removed and desired me to call more Medical aid. Upon the 7th of February I had wrote to the Doctor and given the letter in at Muckledale Haugh to go by post to Edinburgh, who then went up in the night and that day Margaret, Jess Borthwick and Anne, who stayed with my mother, and I went thro the water to Dine at Mosspeeble with Robert Atchison, where we met with several more neighbours. After Dinner they had a Fiddler and began Dancing, for which I had no relish from the news I had heard about my Dear Child. A Gipsie looking fellow came in the interim to Muckledale and, being told that I was at Mosspeeble, he came and presented me with a pass. I gave him something and he went away. About 12 o'clock at night I thought of something I should have added to the Doctor's letter and, as I was weary of their revelling, I proposed coming away in order to take out the letter and add to it what I intended [but] Margaret and all the company continued there still. Robert Atchison insisted upon my taking a horse thro water and I mounted behind a boy, but after coming out of the warm room I found myself very cold and insisted upon the Boy turning again with the Horse, as I told him I would rather walk and had stilts to go thro the water. In the meantime a cur dog which followed me, challenged something roughly at about a hundred yards distant, but it was almost pit dark, we could see nothing. I groped some seconds before I found the stilts and just as I was entering the water, the Dog challenged again nearby me. After I came thro a

man called from the other side in a hoarse, sailor-like voice, with a deal of the Newcastle Burr, but a neat English accent: 'Throw back them stilts.' I asked who wanted them, he answered, 'Never you mind, throw them back.' I said I would not. He answered, seemingly in a rage, 'Won't you?' However, I did not like his company and run for the Haugh as fast as I could. I called upon the old woman to whom I had given the letter and got it out.

We had a man calld James Nichol, a very stout man, lived with his wife in another house, I called upon him two or three times, but he was sound sleeping and I could not waken him and as Robberys are an uncommon thing in the country, I began to think it was nonsense to be afraid and came from the Haugh up for Muckledale without even having the precaution to take a stilt in my hand. It was exceeding dark and when I came to the Gate, he had posted himself there below the shadow of the Trees, so that I was close by him before I was aware. When he pronounced in a threatening tone, 'Surrender your money!' I started back and he again cried, 'Surrender it directly, for there is both a loaded pistol and Dirk at your Breast.' 'You seem,' says he, 'to have some design, but I will take care of you.' I then began to speak to him and told him I had little money and asked him to let me feel the Dirk, which he did. It seemed a piece of a sword broke at the point and he had it in his left hand and I think he had a pistol in his right hand, but that he would not trust me with. I then gave him my purse, in it there was about 12/ or 14/ and a thin farthing. He asked if there was any gold there, I said he would find half a Guinea, altho it was only a farthing. He then asked if I had not a Pocket Book. I said, 'No' although I really had one with four 20 shilling notes in it. He said he must know before we parted. We had some more conversation and all the time we were close together and, as far as I could judge in the dark, he seemed to be a less smaller man than I was and rather lame of a leg and I thought he had on a dark coloured Surtout Coat [*i.e.* surcoat]. The panic occasioned by the surprise being abated, I refused to be searched and told him if he attempted to use me ill I was within call of the house. He said he had friends he then called to. However, after some more words he said he would take my word this time and went off. I then calld to the House and soon had men out upon Horse Back but we never saw more of him, but we soon after found a pistol lying in the corner of our park. Next day there were several vagrants taken up and examined about it at Langholm and amongst the rest a Quack or Pill Doctor whom nobody knew anything about. That man had exactly the accent, the Burr and language of the Robber and it appeared that

he had not been at home that night. The Justice asked if I thought that was the man. I answered he spoke very like him, but if I was not deceived by the darkness I thought the Quack a far taller and Bigger man, so the man was discharged and the robber was never found out.

As we heard alarming accounts of our dear child's distress, Margaret and I went off for Edinburgh upon the 18th February in a chaise for Edinburgh. We drove all night and got into Mr William Borthwick's house in Hay Street, before next day. Next morning we went to Mrs Graham's and there we saw our Dear Girl reduced to a perfect skeleton. If it had not been her eyes and well known voice I could not have known her, she was so emaciated, her flesh was entirely wasted from her bones, her skin had lost all moisture and was hard and rough in many places and her stomach hard and inflated. I saw they had never given us a fair account of her situation and from that moment I despaired of her recovery and upon that account was most unhappy. Her Mother, on the contrary, was not in the least dejected and never seemd to doubt her recovery. We had three eminent Doctors to attend her, Drs Cullen, Langlands and Hay. They sometimes seemed to have hopes of her, sometimes they had none, for there was such variation in her disorder that for some days they would have had hopes and immediately she would relapse and be worse than ever. Several times the Doctors told us to be prepared for whatever might happen, for the child was very bad and her strength quite gone and they could do no more. Still Margaret kept up her spirits and spoke with confidence of her recovery. Mrs Graham's, where she stayed, was a large elegant house. It was called Dalrymple from a Gambler who built it in the shape of the Ace of Clubs. They had twelve or fourteen pianofortes in the house, of other Music and Dancing, Singing, still a noise. The Doctors thought the air not good and wished to have her out to the Suburbs or rather in the country for the country air, but how to get her there was the difficulty, as we thought the last time she was out in the chaise she was much hurt by it. However, we took a house of one Miss Purdie, rather out of the town and got her carried there in a chair. During all the time she was in Mrs Graham's I was very unhappy. I never had much hope of her recovery and as we always went to sleep at Mrs Borthwick's I never left her at night without being afraid that she would not survive the night but when we took her out to Miss Purdie's and she stood [*i.e.* tolerated] the chair much better than we expected and after she got there she rather seemed to have afford some faint hopes of recovery and as I had been from home since the 18th February amd it was now the beginning of

April, it was agreed that I should go home to Muckledale and Margaret and the child should stay at Miss Purdie's and Margaret was to write me a regular account of our daughter's state of health and, if she continued to convalesce, I need not come again till I came to take them home, so I came home upon the 4th April 1788.

I mentioned in the year 1786 that James Grieve in Waulkmill had been imprisoned for stealing sheep off me and that he had escaped from prison in his wife's clothes and lurked about the country sometime and then absconded, but he could not stay away but came back to Scotland [in the] later end of the year, 1787, and staid about Dalkeith. The Duke of Buccleugh was then there and had heard of him. Mr Keir, one of his Factors, went into Dalkeith and it was said the Duke desired him to get James Grieve apprehended. Be that as it may, Mr Keir, before he came home, traced him to Peebles, got him apprehended there and sent him prisoner to Dumfries, in order to take his Trial at the Spring circuit this year. His Trial came upon the 18th April. I and several of our Annandale shepherds were summoned as witnesses. The day before the Trial I waited upon the Advocate Depute in Company with some Gentlemen to see if he would be persuaded to restrict or consent to an arbitrary punishment, but he would never hear of it, but said, 'He is an old offender, nothing but a rope will cure him.' I was shocked to think of the simpleton being hanged and as I knew the proof to be quite convincing, I spoke with him the morning before the trial and desired him to plead guilty and throw himself upon the mercy of the court. This he said he intended to do but a young man named Clerk, appointed his Advocate, after he had pleaded guilty, persuaded him to retract and plead not guilty and then the trial went on.

There was at the same circuit a prisoner called Robert Affleck to stand his Trial for horse stealing. The principal witnesses to be called in Affleck's trial were smugglers from the shire of Ayr. There was several of our Annandale shepherds there and two constables from Langholm, who had apprehended him and witnessed his confession, one John Cowan and Simon Fletcher. All the witnesses were confined in a room in the Courthouse top before the Trial began. The smugglers called for a Scott's pint of coniac [*i.e.* cognac] Brandy and began hard drinking. I remonstrated with them sharply for drinking upon such a serious occasion. They laughed me to scorn and said good Brandy would make no man drunk, for it was no sooner over the throat than it evaporated at the pores. I would not believe them and easily prevented our shepherd

from drinking. The two constables I could not restrain and, indeed, although the smugglers drank a great deal I did not see them much worse of it, but the two Langholm constables were both imprisoned for drunkenness when they came to be examined. There was one thing I could not help observing in this trial, how difficult it is for men, even of the first abilities, to conceive a right in matters they have never before considered. When I was examined they asked me why I burnt my sheep with different Burns, T.2, 3, 4, 5, 6. I told them T was the check [*i.e.* notch mark] and I did it to know the different ages of the sheep, to enable me to draw them accurately. All that I could say I could not make either Judge or Lawyers understand me and they could not comprehend how I could know my sheep by the Head. In short, I believed my disposition went for nothing with the Judges but several of the Jury were stock farmers and the proof was clear to them and Grieve was condemned to be hanged. I was sorry for it and with the assistance of some gentlemen applied first to Sir James Johnstone, then our Member of Parliament, and then to Sir William Maxwell, who had been Chancellor of the Jury upon his Trial. They both applied to get him off for transportation but all proved ineffectual and the poor fellow was hanged.

After I came from Dumfries I received a letter from my wife with flattering accounts of my child's health and she desired me to come into Edinburgh and fetch them home, but as it was designed that a daughter of Mrs Graham's should come along with them, Margaret desired me that I would put the house in some repair before they came home. I sent for a wright and plasterer and did a good deal to the house, which I shall lament to my dying day. Upon the 12th May I set off for Edinburgh, but as it was growing dark as I went out at Leithen waterhead,^[148] I lost my road in Heriot Muir and wandered I know not where for a long time. I at last espied a light at a great distance [and] made forward, at last, to it. I found it a large Lime Work, there I found a road which led me to Middleton and there I staid all night. I got into Edinburgh early upon the 13th and found my dear girl in better spirits but still as thin and weak as when I left her. After paying Doctors and all the charges, Margaret, Miss Graham and my dear child set off in a chaise and I upon Horseback and came to Middleton that night. As she had been accustomed for some time before to be out in the chaise she stood the journey well and seemed rather more lively. Next night we came to Selkirk and by the middle of the next day to Hawick. As Margaret had many friends in the neighbourhood of Hawick it was resolved that they should stay there for some days and that I

should go home and prepare everything for their reception, for I found Miss Graham so high a Lady that I plainly saw that we could not entertain her and I understood Margaret wished to entertain highly and when I spoke of expense she said I was a poor, mean spirited wretch, but even upon the road we could get nothing in the Publick Houses that pleased Miss Graham. Even when we got her the finest biscuits we could procure she found fault with them and said there was no ratafia in them.^[149] However, I came home and provided everything in the best manner I could but altho the weather was warm I found the plaster in the best room, though seemingly dry, emitted a strong smell of new lime. I went back to Hawick upon the 20th May; I found my daughter, I thought, rather worse. Their principal residence had been at Langlands. The large house was then building and they lodged in a little low-roofed close house and the weather was warm and it so hot that in her weak state she was often like to faint. I got them home. Miss Graham found much fault with our house but my child seemed refreshed with her journey and was cheerful. It was agreed Miss Graham should sleep in the best room; my child insisted upon sleeping with her. As I knew it had a strong smell of lime I was much against it, [but] my daughter and Miss Graham insisted upon it. Margaret rather joined them and I yielded with great reluctance, which I would never have done if I had not been afraid that as Margaret and I even then slept seldom together [*words missing?*] and I proposed that Margaret and Jean were to sleep below stairs and Miss Graham and I above. As I knew Margaret to be remarkably jealous of everybody, I doubted she would think I had some base motive for wishing Miss Graham to sleep so near by me by herself; and to my yielding in that matter, to my dying day I will ascribe the loss of my darling and inestimable child.

When I went in to the room next morning and enquired how she had rested I thought I observed some change in her manner of speaking and tone of voice. I mentioned it to her and she said she knew not what was the reason but she thought her tongue was not right. I was alarmed but I was obliged to go from home. When I returned at night I learned she had been up but was sick and dull and could not sit and had gone to bed long before night. Next day she was worse and came downstairs and slept with her Mother but continued to grow worse every day. All the time she was in Edinburgh she was hot and feverish and her pulse from 100 to 120 in a minute but after the first fatal night at Muckledale it sank to about 60 and she became exceedingly dull and drowsy. She then began to vomit and nothing would

stay upon her stomach. We sent for all the Doctors in the country and they gave us no hopes and did not even pretend to do much for her. We then sent for Dr Langlands from Edinburgh. When he came he did not seem to despair but anything he did had little effect. In less than a week after she came home she turned rather insensible and spoke incoherently and we could not know whether she knew anybody or not, but even when she was in this condition she would sometimes fix her fine eyes attentively upon me and burst into tears, which touched me to the heart. One day the vomiting seemed to abate but the dreadful flux returned and then I lost all hopes. Next day I was by her when she was drinking something and I observed she was like to be choked with wind. That night about 8 or 9 o'clock she fell into strong convulsions, it wrung my very soul to see my darling in such agony, like the pangs of death. I could not look upon her, I could not leave her, her Mother became stupefied with terror. She grew calm in the morning and for 3 or 4 days so well that the Doctor seemed to entertain some hopes of her recovery, but upon the last day of May, as I think, the Flux returned and then the convulsions continued with some intervals till Tuesday the 2nd June about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when she departed.

All the time of her sickness I was in anxiety and distress ineffable. After I saw her in strong convulsions my only hope and wish was a quiet passage for her to the Grave [but] even that was denied. After her death I was insensible for some time of any pleasure or even satisfaction in anything; my wish was to lie interred by her, often even in company I could not refrain from tears when I thought of her. My Grief was certainly sinful for I was not thankful for anything I enjoyed and took for my Motto that line of Young, 'Fate, drop the curtain, I can lose no more.'^[150] Altho I tried to reason myself into resignation, it was all in vain. However, it happened luckily that it was at a time when I had business to attend to and intercourse with the world. Business, company and exercise did more for me than any reasoning but still I was very unhappy. Margaret was very violent and accused me of almost every evil that mankind was capable of and, amongst the rest, the Death of our child, that which I am certain nothing more unjust could have been invented; and now that she was gone the Bowers looked upon my whole property as their own and became so insolvent that there was no bearing of them.

It is impossible for me to draw a real picture of my amiable daughter as I ever viewed her thro the medium of paternal affection and can only say I never saw any other that in my eyes appeared anything like her equal. In person she

was tall, elegant and handsome, but not very slender or delicate for she was big boned and strong nerved; her hair was dark brown; her eyes large and commanding, so dark that they were nearly black; her whole features were regular and agreeable; her look and manner composed and sober; her speech rather slow and very distinct and sensible; her memory rather above the common run but her judgement vastly superior. When she was very young she often made such sensible observations and accurate distinctions that we imagined that somebody had put in her head and when we asked her who told her that, she replied, 'Myself, I just thought of it.' She was mild, charitable and humane, would have cried if she had even seen anybody beat a dog unmercifully and much concerned about all the poor friends and neighbours. When she was in Mrs Graham's all the young Ladys had some distinguishing name from something particular about them and she went by the name of the Grey Hound from her shape. In short, I may say with the Poet that she was a Girl, take her for all and all, I shall not live to see her like again.

The year 1788 was such a year for selling our products as we stock farmers had never before seen. We got 6/6 for our best wedder lambs; 5/6 for our Mid ewe Lambs; 5/6 for our mid wedder lambs; 4/-, some of them more, for palies; 14/- per piece for old Tups; 14/- for fat Ewes; 12/6 for draught ewes; about £7 per piece for good Nolt; 5/6 for cheese; and 10/- per stone for wool; and for everything a quick and ready sale – I never made as much money in another year. But alas, who I was working for, this reflection embittered all, I had no comfort in all my labours; and Bower's drunkenness and mad behaviour and excessive vanity made us all every day more and more dissatisfied with him. My daughter's death had put him quite light. He neglected all business and took to drinking excessively and often demanded the Excise and when the General Supervisor came about and found fault with his books he haughtily replyd [if] he did not value the excess he could do without it. However, they did not entirely turn him off but ordered him to remove to another charge at Stewarton in the Shire of Ayr. He would not hear of it but insisted upon staying at home and assisting me to manage the business which he now considered as his own and I have often told that amongst his companions he boasted of his Estate, as he called it, and his sheep and when he spoke of me he said I had nothing, all belonged to his son, and he would let me know he had the best right to manage his son's fortune. As I looked upon him as a downright mad man, I would have nothing to do with him, as I knew all the help I would get off him would be good help in

spending, and he was obliged to go to Stewarton with great reluctances, but there he staid not long.

After my dear child's demise Margaret appeared to be entirely indifferent as to either my person, character or interest and I found myself very single in the world. At the Winter Fair of Hawick this year I was hiring women servants. As we did not get women readily from the disturbance that several of them had met with about the house, I was obliged often to hire strangers if they appeared likely. I here met in the market a likely modest looking young woman and asked if she was to hire. She said she was but as soon as I had told her where she was to go she turned round and would never ask wage. In about half an hour or little more she came to me again and would go with me at all events, pretended to be well acquainted with my wife and the family at Sorbie. She did not stand about wage and so I hired her. I then asked her name to enter it in my book; she told me Christian Lilico from Selkirk. After I came home I was surprised to find that neither my wife nor the family at Sorbie knew anything about her and in a little I heard a very bad character of the family; and when I knew their character and reflected upon the sudden change of her behaviour at Hawick, I am apt to believe that her mother had been in the Market and her Mother advised her to hire with me, for as the Borthwicks came from near Selkirk, owing to Margaret's differences and mine, they had made my character infamous about Selkirk and as this old woman kept little better than a Baudy House and had had a great deal to do in concealing bastards and taking the management of mothers and, above all, she liked to have in hand a married man or minister, then she made them pay for concealment completely. One Minister she entirely ruined so that he was obliged to Demit and go to England.

I am persuaded now, although I knew it not then, that she marked me for her prey and sent her young, blooming daughter for the bait. But these things I was too long in being informed of, for altho I heard but a bad character of her family as disorderly people, I did not know till long after that the old woman was such an artful and experienced swindler. However, she came home at Martinmas and behaved so that she was a great favourite of my wife's, indeed her outward appearance and behaviour was much in her favour. It happened unfortunately that Mrs Borthwick, in Sorbie, was very sickly and Margaret left the house and went down to Sorbie to wait upon her Mother – I was left in the house by myself. Christina [*sic*] Lilico pretended to quarrel with her fellow servant and would sleep no longer with her but came into the

principal house and sleepd in the room next to mine, then she and I sleepd alone in the house with locked doors. In our occasional recontres I found she was not averse to any familiarity but I found myself in danger and resolved to go down to Sorbie and sleep at night and return in the morning. This I did for some time but one evening, a little before the time I used to go to Sorbie, three Gentlemen came to the house; they staid till after supper and drank till we were all hearty but none of us drunk.

As Christian had the command of the spirits that night and I afterwards found out that she was fond of them, I imagined she was more intoxicated than any of us. It was about one o'clock in the morning before we all parted and as I thought it improper for me then to go to Sorbie, I went to bed. Christy was in bed before. I did not go near her or ever spoke to her, but a good while after I had gone to bed and I think fallen asleep, I found her in the bed. I desired her to go away but she would not and pretended to take something like a hysteric fit and lay seemingly dead beside me. I certainly lost command of myself and behaved ill, but for all her fondness she seemed so coy and made such resistance that I thought nothing material had happened between us. But quit of her I could not get, even after daylight when people were up about the house and when she would not rise I got up myself and was putting on my clothes, she got up and laid hold of me and endeavoured to draw me to bed. I dragged her out at the door and shut it and she struggled long in her shirt at the back of the door to be in again.

Before she went away I thought her mad but I since am convinced it was part of her plan to have us caught in bed together, to put it out of my power to deny what she intended to lay to my charge and I fancy she had not locked the door that night. But to my surprise, in less than a fortnight, she began to say she was not well and she was sure she was with child. I said it was not possible but she persisted in asserting it and in a little time began to hint to her neighbour servants. In a little Mrs Borthwick grew better, my wife came home and I had no more connection with her, indeed she seemed not at all to desire it as she thought she had got enough to accomplish their plan. I would have wished her to leave the house but could not persuade her. I had no notion she was with child, but as I had a high spirited wife and an aged mother who I would have been sorry to distress and as I saw she was determined to make it be believed she was with child and by me, I thought the imputation of such a thing would breed great disturbance. I therefore resolved to send her out of the way to some place of concealment where I could be informed

of everything about her and then I would know whether she ever had a child and when it was brought forth.

Accordingly, when I had brought her to agree to it, I provided a place for her in Northumberland. The man came and met me and we agreed upon everything and she was trysted to meet him at the March Fair of Selkirk and go off with him and got money to carry her off till she was satisfied. And she went off for Selkirk but returned the next day after the Market and jeerd and laughed [at] me to scorn for believing she would go away but she had given the money to her Mother at Selkirk. The man according to appointment met her at Selkirk but her Mother told him her daughter's clothes were not ready, he must go home again and she and her daughter would meet him upon a certain day at a place she mentioned. The man came at the time to the place but they appeared not [and so] he came into the country and told me how they used him. I had never heard of it before; Christy had told me no such thing but on the contrary she swore she would not go. She staid, in spite of all I could say or do, in our own house till near Whitsunday and pretended to be growing bulky and showed me her stays she had cut, but as I saw her Belly was not always prominent and was still apprehensive of premeditated deceit, I alledged she was imposing upon me, but she silenced me with oaths, implications and noise so that I was afraid she would bring the whole family about us and was glad to hold my peace. Upon a Saturday I observed in at a slit in her petticoat that she had one of her pockets turned in before her belly. I challenged her with it; she stormed and swore deeper than ever she will be desired to do in a Court of Justice that she should put all these matter out of doubt, for she would go and inform the Minister and Session of it tomorrow. Accordingly, next day she dressed and went to the Kirk, which she seldom did, but came back without giving any information.

All this time I was in a most miserable situation, insulted by a most imperious scold and expecting a discovery and the reproaches of a high spirited, enraged wife every moment. And all this art and fury was carried on by a modest looking young woman, under 20 years of age, but she had been bred under her Mother who, as I too late learned, was an old experienced hand and had given her a most liberal education. She certainly walked by her Mother's directions and I am far from thinking she had ever any regard for one, but just wanted a pretence to extort money from me.

Some things I must here observe, that even after she began to turn bulky, when she was near me, if I ever attempted to lay my hand upon her Belly,

which I wished often to do, she avoided me with as much agility as if my hand had been a drawn sword to stab her. I have lately learned from a servant who sleepd with her, for she went to her again as soon as Mrs Beattie came home, that she was regular in her menses all the time she told me she was with child and constantly, when she turned bulky, wore a thick cloth wrapped about her waist and told it with exultation to her companions that people who she met upon the road said she was with child and [she] scrupled not among all our servants to give gross hints that it belonged to me. I would have given anything in the world to be quit of her and at last she told me that if I would give her money she would go to an Uncle of hers near Glasgow, called John Webster. I did not like that proposal as I doubted I would not know whether she ever had a child or not, but as it was long before the time she said she was to Ly in and I could get quit of her in no other way, I thought I might find her out and place spies upon her and I agreed and satisfied her of money and she set off a little before Whitsunday, 1789.

Whither she ever went to her Uncle or not, I know not, but upon the 6th June I received a letter with the Edinburgh post mark upon it, telling that she had lost all the money I gave her and from that I might judge of her circumstances and desired me to speak to her mother. As I looked upon it as a piece of villainy I was in no hurry to attend her Mother, but her Mother came into our country, met with some ragamuffin at Moss-paul, fell to drinking with him there. He carried her down to Skippers, below Langholm, where she got beastly drunk and proclaimed everything. A man came up late in the evening and told me what had happened and said he left her sleeping in the stable covered with horse graith^[151] and desired I would go down in the morning and speak to her. I went down, she told me her daughter was come home and insisted that I would come to Selkirk and concert about her going away again, but above all she wanted money for, as she had lost all I gave her, she could not go away without more.

I did not like to go to Selkirk for as I now saw them such villainous people, I did not know what scheme they might have but, as the Mother insisted that if I did not go to Selkirk, her daughter could come to Muckledale, I was obliged to go. When I came to Selkirk she was in bed, but got up and clapped down by the bed side and leaning forward sat in that posture all the time I was in the house, so that I could discern nothing of her situation. Her Mother sat down upon her knees and besought her, for Jesus Christ's sake, to go to the place I had provided for her, altho I am positive she never intended

it. The daughter would not go but was very willing to go back to her Uncle if I would give her money [so] I again gave them both money and she was to set off directly but never went. About the later end of July the man she was to go to in Northumberland came to our house. As I knew she was not gone I desired him to go to Selkirk and try to prevail upon her to go with him. He went and they agreed upon everything and he was to meet them and carry her off upon a day they agreed upon. The man came into our country and told me; I was pleased to think that now I would know everything.

Next day the Mother came to Langholm July Fair and everything was settled and they got some more money. The man went all the way to Selkirk at the Day appointed but the mother met him in the street and told him her daughter was gone to Edinburgh and would not allow him to go into the house. With most offensive language she commanded him to be gone; he was obliged to go away and wrote me what had happened. This was always what I was afraid of, that she would go I knew not where and then I would never know whether she had a child or not. Sometime after her mother came into our country and told me they were settled with one Mrs Scott at the back of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh; that her daughter had been very bad and was attended by Dr Webster, her Uncle's brother, and Mrs Elliot, a noted midwife, but as they had been in such distress their money was gone. I gave her a supply and sent a man well acquainted in Edinburgh to make every possible enquiry and spare no expense to make a discovery, the result of which was that no Mrs Scott or Mrs Elliot was found to be there and Dr Webster was in England. Her mother came back about the beginning of October and told me her daughter was delivered of a daughter at Mrs Gillespie's in Nicholson Street, that Mrs Scott, a midwife in the Cowgate, attended her but being very bad she was delivered by a Dr Brown who lived opposite a Goldsmith's shop at the Head of Leith Wynd and that the child was put to nurse with a wright's wife, just within the West Port, the entry to whose house was below a stone stair. But what was remarkable, she either would not or could not tell me the Nurse's name. Enquiry was again made by a Midwife of extensive practice and character in Edinburgh but no such people were to be found and the whole turned out a mere fabrication of Lies. Her mother came back and I reproached her for her abominable falsehoods. She did not deny it but said if I would give her so much money she bound herself by a most awful oath to give me full information as soon as she had seen her daughter.

I gave her the money and expected the information but instead of that I got a letter insisting upon security for the child's board and if I did not come

to her house and satisfy her and her daughter she would land her daughter and the child at my own door. I forgot to mention that when her mother informed me of the delivery I said the child was born before the time, that it was impossible it could be mine; she said her daughter had been so ill that she had been delivered before the due time. As for the security for the child's board, I told her that either myself or some friend should wait upon them in Edinburgh and as soon as I was convinced of the true state of the matter, full security should be given. But I soon got a letter telling me that I need give myself no trouble about that as she had got a friend, Mr Pringle, that had made everything easy and would see that I should do her justice. I then got a letter from the daughter insisting upon my coming to Selkirk to settle with them, with awful threatenings if I did not. I at last took a friend with me and went to Selkirk. I stayd myself without the Toll Bar and sent my friend into the town to desire the old woman to come out and speak to me; the young woman I would not see. The old woman came out and spoke with me but would give me no satisfaction as to the Birth or Delivery and I remain perfectly ignorant to this day as to the facts, but in my own mind convinced that the whole was a series of villainy and fraud. The old woman would not say one word about the child but proposed to speak to her daughter and try to make an agreement.

A friend of mine conversed with them upon the subject and they proposed to discharge me for £60 in hand, over and above what they had formerly got, and it was at last agreed that he was to pay them 12 pounds yearly for the four succeeding years and upon these Terms I got, upon the 4th December 1789, as complete a discharge as could be wrote upon stamped paper. I then thought myself relieved but the very next day after I had got the discharge I got a most outrageous, abusive, threatening letter from the daughter, telling me that if I did not satisfy her mother to the full for trouble, she would apply to Mr Pringle and pursue me directly. I disregarded her threats but the Mother came to Langholm and insisted to see me or she would come to our house. A man came up and told me and I met her at a little distance from our house, our meeting was very violent. I reproached her with her lies and deceit and declared my firm opinion that the whole was fraud and falsehood. This she denyd but instead of giving up Edinburgh as the place of delivery as formerly, she said it was in the Horse Wynd in Leith and instead of Mr Pringle being her friend she spoke of Mr Currie, the advocate; so she was uniformly inconsistent. She wishd to have money. I would give her none,

so we parted in great wrath and ever since she has plagued me with the most abusive and scurrilous language whenever she met me, made no secret of anything wherever she came and still told her story as suited her purpose without regard of truth.

I was often afraid she would raise mols^[152] about me in public markets. Christina wrote to me to come and see her; I did not go. She then came to some houses in Muckledale and would not go away till she saw me. As they had made everything public I saw nothing would restrain them but Law. I took two witnesses to hear her Declaration and immediately applied to a Justice of Peace for a warrant to bring her before him for Examination. I then went to her with the witnesses and asked her what she had to say to me and desired her, if she ever had a child, to declare before these witnesses where and when it was born. She would say nothing before witnesses but wanted to speak with me in private; to that I would not agree. We then parted in anger and I threatened I would make her confess the truth before it was long. Seeing me resolute she set off directly and was gone before the constable came with the warrant. I then wrote to Mr Lang in Selkirk. He informed them of the warrant and threatened them with imprisonment if they misbehaved, so that for some time they did not come into our country. But sometime after when I was at Hawick Fair, one came and told me I must come and speak to one in Robert Telfer's house. I went without hesitation. After I came in I went along a passage and up a stair, when I came to the stair head I saw a crowd of people and espied among them Christian Lilico. As soon as I saw her I began to turn to go down stairs but she sprung forward and got hold of my coat and we struggled all the way down the stair. In the passage I shook her off me and got out and, mixing with the crowd, escaped.

After that it was a long time before I saw her again, for the most remarkable thing in the whole affair was this: after all their lies they had managed so that Christy should really have a child which I should pass for mine and I should provide for it, for she disappeared about Whitsunday in the year 1790 and returned with a young child at her breast before Martinmas. This she said was the child she should have borne to me a full year before. When people said it was a young child, 'O, it was born before the time and had never waxed.' When they said she had no milk before she went away, 'O, she thought the wife would not use it well and she had kept her breast privately as she thought it would need it.' There was still another difficulty which would have been insurmountable to other people, the child they devised to me, both to myself

and other people, they always called a daughter; this happened to be a son, but in order to carry on their designs they concealed its sex as much as possible and called it a girl and dressed it accordingly, altho all the neighbours knew it was a boy. But it took the smallpox and died and then, as it was not to provide for, they never denyd its sex.

Since that I have not been often troubled, but one day as I was leading my horse down chapel path to Langholm, I met two women, they were close upon me before I observed it to be Christy and her mother. Christy directly seized me and boasted me to pay her the 20 pound I promised her, altho I had never seen her since signing the contract, which was duly honoured, but these two violent interviews at Muckledale Haugh and Hawick, she neither said where nor when I had promised it, but 20 pounds she would have or she would not let me pass. I shook her from me. She then seized my horse's bridle. When I came to take hold of the horse she caught me again. The old woman came forward to help her and I was in a sad dilemma, struggling with two women upon the High Road, in such a place where masons, quarriers and people about the Mill were in sight. I was obliged to give them a guinea before I could get quit and sore repented for it was highway robbery. Thus have I given a long account of this distressing affair; there are many things omitted, but what I have mentioned are the most remarkable occurrences. I have been enabled to relate the sad affair with greater accuracy than many other of my transactions, for in most of them I write from memory assisted by notes in my Books but when I began to despair of ever coming to any agreement with them, without bringing them before a court of Justice, I wrote out a complete narrative of the whole from the beginning and laid it before a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh and this narrative has been before me all the time I was inserting it in this Book. Upon the whole, as they told so many lies about it and always avoided all enquiry I am fully convinced the whole was a preconcerted plan of villainy and that she never had a child at the time she said it should have happened, either in Edinburgh or Leith. It is not to my honour yet I have fully inserted it as I think it may prove a Beacon to warn all into whose hands this may fall to beware of artful, unprincipled women. I believe I have already said that I never had any connection with women, but they still used me the worst in their power, that ever the most inveterate malice, assisted by the most consummate cunning could devise, of the truth of this, there will appear another striking proof in the account of the after part of my Life, if I am permitted to write it.

About this time there was a man lived in Hartsgarth, in Liddesdale, calld William Sharp. His father had been a sort of dealing man in wool and other articles, no scholar but a very active, shrewd man and very Fortunate; his name was John. By success in trade he purchased the Lands of Weens, in Rulewater, and the Lands of Dovemount, near Hawick. He left his two daughters and this son William. To the daughters he left 300 each, to the son the landed property, free and clear. When Mr Oliver of Dinlabyre was made Sherriff of Roxburghshire,^[153] as Weens was a pleasant situation and near Jedburgh, he excambed with William Sharp and gave him the lands of Hartsgarth and Langhaugh in Liddesdale for Weens. William then came into Liddesdale, built a good house upon Hartsgarth and took up his residence there. William was a great big, coarse, red haired man and a great blackguard, rough, coarse and illiterate, seemed to delight in nothing so much as drinking and speaking obscene language and the greatest ragamuffins that could be met with were his favourite companions. He got a daughter of Robert Elliot's, in Milburnholm, with child and afterwards married her and has by her a large family.

He soon sold Dovemount. He then got engaged with some of his bad gang (as was alledged) in coining base money. At least it made a great noise for some time, but by some means they got it quashed. He then joined in partnership with one James Robson, a great vagabond, and consequently a great favourite of his and they set up an extensive manufacture of tobacco. Robson cheated him most villainously and undoubtedly hastened his ruin, but by his own bad conduct he had laid the foundation of his fall, for there were several mortgages upon the Lands before he joined with Robson. His Lands of Hartsgarth and Langhaugh kept about 1100 sheep, corn for a family and some Black Cattle. As he kept a deal of wedder stock he sometimes bought lambs from me and as he was always in want of money, he sometimes desired me to allow it to ly at interest, which I did, so that he got considerably into my debt and as I had got some money [I] once asked if he would sell his lands; that he would not do. But in about a twelvemonth after, by the fraud of Robson, and the loss of tobacco, he entirely exhausted his credit. He had laid so much upon the Lands nobody would advance more and a caption and four hornings were out against him and he was under absolute necessity to sell his estate. Him and other two gentlemen came to Muckledale and told me that upon the 25th of March he designed to sell his estate at Hawick and as he knew there would be several competitors, as I had once spoke of buying, he would

be glad to see me there to give in my offer.

I accordingly went to Hawick and found that there were several offerers for it, viz. Mr Jardine in Arkleton, Mr Pott Pinnence and others. Dr Wilson had offered him before £3000 but that day, after I came in to Hawick, he offered £3500. Sharp met me and we went into his writer's chamber, Mr James Inglis. He asked me £3800 for it; I offered him 3600 and was going out. James Inglis stopped me and insisted we should try to make a bargain. After some conversation about taking his stock at a valuation and mentioning the men we chose as arbiters, Mr Sharp asked me 3700; I directly struck him. We then set about getting a minute of sale extended, but here we met with insurmountable difficulties; to relieve the Hornings and Caption, a £1000 must be paid directly. The land was nearly exhausted by Heritable Securities, the stock was all I had to depend upon [and] that I was not to receive till Whitsunday. Long before that time he might be Bankrupt, the bargain might be reduced and the creditors might attack the stocks and I could only come in as a personal creditor. We adjourned to a Public House and there all his friends gathered about us. The dread of confinement and the want of £1000 made Sharp keen for the bargain, but then I insisted upon some security for his fulfilling his part of the contract, but none could be found. We spent the afternoon and most of the ensuing night in vain wranglings without coming to any conclusion; towards morning I turned perfectly sick and went to bed. Next day we all met again and I understood they endeavoured to persuade Dr Wilson to become security for Mr Sharp that he should fulfil his engagements to me. That surprised me not a little for Dr Wilson was the next offerer to me and if he wished to have the bargain he had nothing to do but refuse being security and then he saw I would not abide by it and it would fall into his hand; and if he thought it safe for me it would equally be so to him; if he thought it was not safe, how would he undertake to guarantee it.

The main objection Dr Wilson made was, he wished, before engaging, to be satisfied whether Mr Sharp's funds were equal to his debt or not. Mr Sharp could give no account himself, but Walter Inglis was there, who had been like Clerk to the Tobacco Manufacturer. Him they desired to sit down among us and he made out a state purely from memory. Without any vouchers and after valuing the Land, Stock, crop, furniture, snuff, tobacco and machinery and subtracting the debts, Mr Sharp appeared to be worth money. Dr Wilson then agreed to become security without hesitation, this surprised me still more that the Doctor should implicitly trust to so dark and incorrect a state,

but it was no concern of mine. A minute was formally extended in which the doctor was included as cautioner for Mr Sharp and likewise a submission referring the price of the Stock of Hartsgarth to Mr James Scott, Skelfhill and William Elliot in Winningtowards, to be paid at Marts; the Lands to be 3700, £1000 to be paid in eight days' time, interest for it to be allowed till Whitsunday, the Land to become payable then. Both the minute of sale and the submission the Doctor signed, along with Mr Sharp, and I came home upon the Third day.

At Whitsunday Mr James Scott and William Elliot valued the stock of sheep upon Hartsgarth, they could not agree, [so] they chose William Elliot in Dinly, oversman. They might as well have referred it to Sharp himself. I thought myself very ill-used as the stock of Unthank was valued at the same time and although accounted by many to be better sheep, they were not near so high a price. I drew the Dinmonts and sold them at Staigshaw; by the draw Dinmonts that I sold I lost near one shilling per piece of the price they decerned me to pay for them; undrawn and I had all the shots in my hand. I think I lost above £80 by that arbitration and when I complained they told me they thought they had done very right, for I could well afford to pay a high price than Sharp could afford to want it. I answered upon the same principles [that] they might justify highway robbery. I gave for Hartsgarth to Mr Sharp 3700, the stock and cows and furniture, carts and other things cost above £800 and afterwards bought the superiority from the Duke of Buccleugh, which in the purchase and a strange and whimsical Law Suit, which I shall afterwards notice, cost full 400 so that, in all, Hartsgarth had cost me about £5000, but it is a good country residence, keeps sound firm stock, with good cows and corn and good house and offices, so that upon the whole it has turned out a very good bargain.

I mentioned before that after my Dear Child's death, Bower was so elated that he both neglected and despised the excise and took to drinking hard. He went to Stewarton with very ill will and would have wished to stay at home as he pretended to assist me in my business, but I knew the meaning was he wanted to have part of the management of the subject which he considered as his own and I knew I would get no account of whatever came into his hand. As Hartsgarth was a good residence for a family and Bower had left my sister and the boy in Langholm almost destitute, I removed my sister and the boy to Hartsgarth at Whitsunday, 1789. She was like housekeeper, had servants, cows and horses and I bore the expense of the family. I thought it a feasible

good scheme, yet afterwards I had great reason to repent of it for Bower, who went to Stewarton about Whitsunday, I imagine had done nothing there but drink. About Lammas he either was or pretended to be mad and they sent him home, all the money he could borrow upon the road from acquaintances of mine was spent before he reached Hartsgarth.

As soon as he came there I saw my misfortune. Here he was, a mighty man, Land, Stock and everything he calld his own. He took to excessive drinking, got blackguards about him and boasted among them what a mighty man he was. I was a beggar; all belonged to him and his son and he would let me know I had no right to manage his son's fortune. His companions flattered him and he treated them freely with liquor and run in debt as fast and as far as ever his credit would extend and when my sister remonstrated with him upon his behaviour, he began to beat and bruise her most inhumanly, so that she began to be afraid of her life and several times was obliged to leave the house, but of his behaviour you will hear much afterwards if I overtake it.

I have said very little about my bargains hitherto and shall now mention one which occurred this year. Upon the 12th of September, as I was going over to Liddesdale, I met Mr Thomas Armstrong in Spring House and Samuel Cowan, both dealers from Yorkshire. As Mr Armstrong had often bought off me and I knew him to be a good man, I asked if they would buy my Ewes; he said they would and if I would be at home upon Monday next either him or Mr Cowan would call upon me and buy them if they could; upon this we shook hands. Mr Cowan called Monday and I sold him Muckledale, Bush and Burngrains Ewes, fifteen score at 10/9 sheep and score and hundred to be taken away immediately and one half of the money to be paid about Martinmas, the other half at April fair. I met him afterwards at Carlisle and sold him the Crieve Ewes at the same price, the same conditions and terms of payment, the whole sum came to £286. After I had made the last bargain I met some people at Carlisle who told me to take care of Sam Cowan, for his credit was much doubted. When the first day of payment came I wrote Mr Armstrong but got neither answer nor money. I then wrote Armstrong and Cowan both, still it was the same. I then wrote again and threatened to pursue them. In January I received from Cowan his own promissory note, payable at the Honourable Thomas Harley and Co., Bankers, London, 70 days after date. This I considered as a trap for if I had taken Cowan's own acceptance for the Money, I doubted Armstrong would get out. I therefore returned it and would accept of nothing but their conjunct Bill. I had a deal of trouble about

it and never got it settled till Staigshaw Fair, 1790; I there got them both together and after a deal of words I abated them something and got clear. But if Mr Armstrong could have got cleverly out I had lost all, for Samuel broke directly and paid next to nothing and I would advise every man to take care who they deal with and rather take a lower price than run any risque.

The markets in the year 1789 were considerably lower than in the year 1788. We got about 5/6 for good wedder lambs; about 4/6 for Mid Ewes; 4/- and 4/3 for mid wedder; 3/- for palies; 12/- for fat sheep; 10/9 for draught ewes; 11/- for wool; £6.6/ for good Bullocks; 1/- per piece for squard skins. In whole my product was just £100 less value than in the year 1788, although Hartsgarth was added.

About this time died our minister of Ewes, Mr Richard Scott,¹⁵⁴¹ a most singular character. He was a slow, composed man and seemd to have perfect command of temper, even the most extraordinary strokes of humour or of fancie could not produce a burst of laughter from him. He laughed with great deliberation and composure, never have above three ha-s and at a great distance from one another, to what would have set the rest of the table in a roar. He was a great epicure, fond of sweet meats and an uncommon appetite. Although he had no sort of vivacity he seemed a man of tolerable judgement where his own interests was not concerned, but of it he was most tenacious and where it was concerned he was as blind as a mole and as obstinate as a mule and if he could but gain his ends not at all scrupulous about the means. It appeared by his decreet of Locality that he had a right to so much victual stipend, but his predecessor, Mr Malcolm, had always taken a conversion according to the fiars of the county but then Mr Malcolm had got a farm. Mr Scott had applied for something of that kind but not meeting with success, he insisted upon having the victual and as the Duke's men of business and the tenants thought he determined to give them as much trouble about it as he could, on purpose, to make them take him off by giving him a farm or some other advantage, he got two stampd firlots from Linlithgow, one for meal, the other for barley; but when we came to deliver it he would allow no man to touch it, no hands, no teazeings but either him or his servants should turn it out of the sack into his firlot and it should fairly bear its own weight into his firlot. There was nothing but wrangling, talking, protests and strife and this continued to his dying day with some variations, for whenever he agreed in one point he always found out something else to prove ground for a contest. He meddled in all family affairs amongst his parishioners and would not be

hindered, alledging that it as his duty, as Minister, to see that his Parishioners behaved properly to one another and then he was so vain in his own abilities that whoever would not be directed by him were sure to feel his resentment if ever it was in his power to show it.

In spite of all I could do, for I knew him well, he interfered with the differences betwixt Margaret and me and did no good, as he and I quarrelled before, for after my father's death when I thought he had interfered more about my father's settlement than became him. Just after my father's interment he asked me to take a walk at Bush and told me I was well left and if I would walk in his direction, he would teach me how to maintain a respectable character in the county. I could not help laughing, when he added, 'What Sir, will you not submit to instruction for your own good?'

I afterwards spoke of paying him for the Mort cloth at my father's funeral. He told me the amount, I did not refuse to pay it, but as I had paid Aunt Nansie's funeral cloth at Langholm just before, I only observed that they took considerably more than they took at Langholm. He directly dropped the subject and we said no more about it at that time, but he directly called a session and told them that I had refused to pay and a most disgraceful rumour went through the country that, altho I inherited a considerable succession by my father, I had refused to pay the Mort cloth at his interment. As soon as I heard it I went and paid it directly, in anger. I think I was never more vexed at anything. I saw it was levelled in spite for refusing his direction and when I asserted that I never refused he explained it away and alledged he had calld the session as he thought it not right for them to take more than other people. But I have often observed that several of the Clergy have a wonderful facility in consecrating their vices, as I paid more victual stipend than any in the Parish. Mr Ogilvie, the Duke's Chamberlain, corresponded with me in all our disputes and I walked by his instruction. Mr Ogilvie wished him to bring the matters in contest before some proper court but that he would never do, but somehow, in the course of their correspondence, he got some letters of Mr Ogilvie's and by collating different sentences and strained explanations, he alledged Mr Ogilvie had made him the sole judge of the cause. The tenants had nothing to do but to please him, and if they did not he would pound their stack yards. Mr Ogilvie denied he ever wrote or thought of any such thing and desired him to prove his assertions; that he declined but still insisted it was so.

After much and great altercation, for a series of years, an acquaintance of his became Minister of Linlithgow. Mr Scott applied to him. The Schoolmaster

[in Linlithgow] was a notary public. He was ordered to attend the market for some time and when he met with a very heavy sack of meal, to weigh a firloot of it, get the weight ascertained and take a protest. This he did and sent it to Mr Scott, with a sample of the meal. This he showed to us and we must get him meal of that weight or he would not take it. We offerd him the ordinary grist of meal, either at Langholm, Canonbie or Hawick but when we showd the millers his sample they would not furnish us, said they never grinded any such, but he spurned at the idea of offering him such meal as the country afforded and told us there was no meal made in the Counties of Galloway, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Selkirkshire or Lauderdale fit to pay victual stipend; it must all come from Linlithgow. When we asked him if he expected that we should bring it from Linlithgow, [he said] 'It was all to me where you bring it from provided you produce it to me'; then we could not tell what to do. Mr Ogilvie wished him to bring his cause before a proper Judge. That he laughed at and said no judge had anything to say in it, he was the sole judge himself and altho it seemd odd to us that the same person should be both party and judge, that point he maintained with unparalleled obstinacy and perseverance, but indeed he seemed to think he could persuade us to anything and as I was the ostensible man for Mr Ogilvie, he employed his eloquence mostly upon me.

Many times I was so pestered with his loquacity that I would earnestly request him to let me alone, as I had fixed my resolutions from which I never would depart, and entreated he would neither give himself nor me further trouble. He always answered, 'Nay, nay, I'll convince you' and then went on with increased rapidity. Then I declined answering and allowd him to harangue as long as we were together; for the subject was never exhausted and I really believed he never laboured with as much zeal and perseverance for the conversion of any poor sinner, as he did for mine. Still I remained incorrigible altho he seemd often to think he had converted me, for whenever I turnd silent at next meeting he would say, 'When are you going to fulfil what I require?' When I answered 'Never', he would reply, seemingly with resentment and surprise, 'You agreed the last time I spoke to you, Sir', 'I did no such thing', 'You said nothing against it.' I saw there would be no end of wrangling 'Nay, nay, but I'll convince you', then he at it again in this strain. He persevered for several years. The victual was always presented and for the most part refused and protest taken. Sometimes some sort of compromise took place and the victual was received and by these agreements the tenants still suffered for one year. When I furnished meal and barley, the price of

the meal in the market that I delivered to Mr Scott exhausted all that Mr Ogilvie allowed me for meal and barley, both by the terms of the County, but a Groat, which was all I got for my barley, but I think towards the close of his ministry there was no victual received for several years. The last time I ever offered him victual he said, 'Now what are you going to do, Sir?', 'You will see', 'If I refuse it, will you take a protest?', 'I will', 'Will you submit the whole to Mr Ogilvie?', 'I will, if you agree to it', 'Then let us exchange Missives.' Pen and ink was brought, I sat down and wrote as compleat missive as I could, referring the dispute to Mr Ogilvie, and obliging myself to abide by his decision. As soon as Mr Scott had got it in his hand, he read it and saw it was right, he folded it, eased up his big belly and put it in his breeches pocket, but he would give me none, altho I knew mine was not binding as long as he was free yet and could not help looking upon him with an eye of indignation and contempt and came off despising him in my heart.

But he had still another view of which I had no idea. He directly wrote to Mr Ogilvie that I had been been with him and that I was so much struck with his arguments, that I wished to agree to his demands, but wishd to have Mr Ogilvie's concurrence and had obliged myself to abide by Mr Ogilvie's decision so that a single line from him would put an end to all controversy in future and he hoped Mr Ogilvie would write directly and then the business would be finally settled. This letter Mr Ogilvie enclosed and sent to me and although I thought I had known Mr Scott well, I was astonished at his duplicity. Shortly after he went up in a course of visitation of his parish to Eweslees, for he was frequently visiting his parishioners, and often came to our house, even when the contest between him and me was at its hottest. But as he had an uncommon stomach he ate at Eweslees such a quantity of boiled mutton and parsnips that he was attacked by some strange disorder, but what it was I could never learn, which carried him off about the 13th February 1790 and his son James, Merchant, New York, America, erected a monument over him with the most pompous epitaph, very different, in my opinion, from his real character. The first time I saw Mr Ogilvie after his demise, he seemed highly pleased we had got rid of him and said we might safely conclude, let us get who we would for the minister, he defied us to meet with one more troublesome.

I forgot to mention that in the spring, 1789, our neighbour Mrs Elliot in Unthank died and the farm was let at Whitsunday. As it was a good farm there were many candidates for it but Charles Atchison, a younger brother

of Robert's in Mosspebble, who had been in the Duke's Fencibles, being a relation of Mr Ogilvie, got it by his interest, although in the opinion of many [he was] a great Blackguard. He had got a daughter of Gideon Scott's, in Priesthaugh, with child and run off with her. Some of his friends got him appointed Under Steward to the Earl of Hyndford.^[155] His father in law, after some time, was reconciled to them and left them some money. As soon as he got houses built at Unthank he came there with his wife and family and they remain there still.

Mrs Atchison is alive and the eldest son, Ned, is a strange character. When he was a boy he was reported to be more accurate at knowing sheep by the head than any Shepherd in Ewes. When he went to school he had no taste for learning at all, gave himself no concern about it, but when he grew up he associated himself with Jobbers and Dealers and frequented markets both in Scotland and England to acquire skill in Black Cattle, but especially fat sheep and Nolt. The shambles he attended where ever he came, handled the cattle, and endeavoured to learn the prices, observed attentively their manner of slaughtering and took great pains to qualify himself for a Butcher, a strange taste, and at this day prides himself more in Killing Cattle than upon anything else and you cannot oblige him more than by sending for him to kill either sheep, Nolt or even Goats.

All the time during the later end of the year 1789 Bower ragd and drank and swore and abused my sister in a brutal manner at Hartsgarth. Upon the 5th of March 1790 Mr Maxwell of Broomholm, Mr Keir, Mr Armstrong, writer in Langholm, and I went over to Liddesdale to infest Colonel Elliot in the Lands of Haggie Haugh,^[156] which he had lately purchased from Mr Oliver of Dinlabyre. As there was no family at Haggiehaugh at that time, we proposed dining at Hartsgarth and I sent them Notice at Hartsgarth of our intention. When we came there we understood Bower was lying in bed drunk. My sister entertained us as well as she could but after dinner, happening to go downstairs, Bower had awaked and asked who were with her and strait jumped out of bed and laid hold of her and beat her unmercifully. We were all alarmed at her shrieks but upon our coming down he left off and we came away in sorrow and indignation. I do not think that it was possible for any man to use a woman worse than he used her for some years. He had terrified her so with beating her and swearing he would murder her and burn all the houses and everything in them that she durst not oppose him in anything and [he] still often thrashed her by way of amusement. He would sometimes take out his

Gear and piss upon her; she durst not stir but must sit still till he made her all wet with urine. Another time he swore he would singe her like a sheep head and, throwing her down, took hold of a fiery peat and scorched all her thighs in her struggling to prevent his singeing her secret parts. At another time he brought in an ugly handful of Human excrement and threw her down and exerted himself to cram it down her throat and, in spite of her resistance, he forced part of it into her mouth. If she ran into a room and lockd the door to avoid his fury, he just went and brought Large stones and dashed them against the door, until he either broke the door or the Lock. He often trailed her by the hair until he tore most of it out. Anything of furniture, the loss of which would vex her, he would pull up and throw into the fire. When there were any men about the house they sometimes held him and twice he got a severe drubbing for his behaviour, but for that she did not thank them, but complained they struck him too severely. As for me, he many times prayd that God might damn his soul to the lowest pit of Hell, if he did not send my soul to Hell the first time he saw me and then he would load his Pistols and sharpen his sword and swore blood and murder and would often cry out with rapture amongst his companions, 'O what a man I would be if I could get that old scoundrel's head under Ground', meaning me. 'I would not go about like him, worthless, insignificant scoundrel. I would have my own chariot, my own Livery man, a Hunt man and a Pack of Hounds. I would visit London twice a year, I would keep a couple of running horses and be upon the Turf directly.'

In this style he went on all that year, often drunk and always mad. I was vexed to the heart to hear often and sometimes to see his behaviour to my sister and to think of the vengeance he denounced against me and altho I knew him to be an unprincipled blackguard as ever lived, yet I dreaded less open violence than secret plots, for if he had shot me, it would probably have brought him to the Gallows, which I thought he would hardly risque, but as he had lived sometime with a surgeon and knew some little about Drugs, I rather dreaded a Dose, and this year about Lammas, some days after I had been at Hartsgarth and ate and drank in the house, I was seized with something like Cholera Morbus, an excessive vomiting and purging which brought me to the Gates of Death. Whether he had any hand in that I know not, but I would hope he had not, as I felt no symptom of it the first night after I came home, but I doubt his brutal usage of my sister had this bad effect that when her grief was most poignant she certainly had had resource

to the Bottle to blunt her feelings for sometime after we found that she had contracted a fondness for Spirituous Liquors, a vice to which she had not the smallest tendency in the early part of her life.

This year, 1790, was lower still for sheep and lambs than the preceding year but higher for wool. Good lambs sold for about 5/-, some below it; mid ewes at 4/-; mid wedder 3/6; smaller lambs 2/- and palies 18d or 20d; Draught Ewes 9/6, some only 9/-; fat sheep about 11/-; and bullocks £6.10/ per piece; cheese 6/-; but wool sold for 13/- and some 14/- and even 15/- per stone, which amazed us all, as neither we nor our fathers had ever heard of such a price.

Chapter 6

The Business of Life: Politics, Economics and ‘Criminal Conversation’

In the later end to the year 1790 I concluded a bargain with the Duke of Buccleugh's men of business for the purchase of the superiority of the Lands of Hartsgarth and Langhaugh and the business was finished and infestment taken in the beginning of the year 1791. At Michaelmas, 1791, my agent, having before given in my claim for Enrolment as a freeholder of the County of Roxburgh, the merits of my claim came to be discussed at their General Meeting. There were then two parties in the County of nearly equal strength, the Upper District headed by the Duke of Buccleugh and the Gentlemen of Eminence in that quarter, and the lower district led by the Duke of Roxburgh^[157] and Sir Gilbert Elliot, now Lord Minto.^[158] They had a most serious contest at the last Election which came before the House of Commons. The candidates were Major Rutherford of Edgerton, the Duke of Buccleugh's man, and Sir George Douglas,^[159] the Duke of Roxburgh's man, and it was determined in Sir George's favour by one single vote at last and even that vote obtained by art which would not have been thought justifiable in common transactions but it seems every art is allowed in Elections. When my claim for enrolment came to be canvassed in the meeting, Thomas Tod of Drygrange, W.S., a man who had often done business for me but who was then agent for the opposite interest, after considering the papers gravely stated this strange objection, that: 'it did not appear evident to the commissioners that there was any such place in Liddesdale as Hartsgarth and Langhaugh, for although they are described in the Writs as lying in the Lordship of Liddesdale and parish of Castleton, yet how are we certain that so is the case? May not the Duke of Buccleugh, to increase his political influence, have granted a

Disposition to the Superiority of Lands that exist nowhere?' Mr Oliver of Dinlabyre, the Sherriff of the County, rose and said he knew these lands as well as he did any place, they had formerly been his own property and he knew, and he was convinced a majority of freeholders knew, that they were situate on the Lordship of Liddesdale and Parish of Castleton, as ascribed in the Deeds; [but] this was no proof to Mr Tod at all. Mr Ogilvie, the Duke of Buccleugh's Factor, said he knew the Lands to be a part of the Lordship of Liddesdale, as he was convinced many other Freeholders did, but if any doubt remained let them look to the Cess Books of the County and they would there see where they were situate, the extent of the valuation and everything. All signified to nothing to Mr Tod who insisted upon putting the vote whether or not there was sufficient evidence to satisfy the freeholders that Hartsgarth and Langhaugh were a part of the Lordship of Liddesdale and as the Roxburgh interest happened to be the most numerous I was voted out of Liddesdale and my claim for enrolment rejected, which gave me a strange idea of the behaviour of voters, as I am convinced many of them voted contrary to conviction.

Then the Sherriff and Mr Ogilvie desired me to bring it upon the court of session for they said if I referred to the next General Meeting, at Michaelmas, 1792, I would get the same injustice, if the meeting happend to be composed of a majority of the opposite interests. I therefore brought it before the Court of Session; Mr John Scott, my agent, employed as advocate, Mr Adam Rolland, a man of talents and experience. After perusing the papers and considering the case, he said there was, he thought, paper sufficient laid before the commissioners to have satisfied any reasonable man. 'Yet I see you have papers in progress that will silence the wilfully incredulous, only as the Court of Session is in this case a Court of Review, they cannot take in any other evidence than what was laid before the Commissioners. For the question now is not whether you can ascertain your right to be enrolld but whether or not the commissioners did right in rejecting your claim for enrolment, according to the evidence laid before them and altho I think the evidence laid before them sufficient to warrant your enrolment, yet as I see you have other papers which render it unquestionable, our plan must be to give in at first a petition insisting simply upon our right from the evidence already produced, without hinting that we have any stronger evidence to bring forward. This will create in our opponents an opinion that we have no other evidence and under that belief they will probably call for it; in that event the Lords will order it to be

brought forward and we will be sure of our cause, but unless they call for it we cannot expect that the Lords will receive it.' In pursuance of this design a simple petition was given in. Thomas Tod answered it with great vigour but fell into the snare laid for him by Mr Rolland and with confidence and exultation demanded the production of papers. The papers were accordingly produced, but by some means they staved off a sentence during that Session. The next Session the Lords decerned me to be enrolled, but notwithstanding the clearness of the case I had all my own expenses or pay and it cost me £32. 5/- to prove that Hartsgarth and Langhaugh were in Liddesdale, a fact that never was disputed before, nor surely ever can be in time to come. But the Gentlemen needed not to have given themselves so much trouble if they had known, for there has been two elections since and I have never appeared at either of them.

I mentioned before that my natural daughter, Anne, by Isobel Byers, staid with my Mother at Bush, who took good care of her and, as she had got a tolerable education and had a taste for reading, writing and improvement, she became in time, if not an accomplished woman, in the Country phrase, a very clever woman. Her memory was as retentive as mine had ever been, her judgement as strong, her quickness and vivacity far superior. As it was expected I would give her some fortune, several farmers, Merchants etc. paid their addresses to her. She managed them all in such a manner that if she did not break off with them, not one ever broke off with her, altho she was far from a beauty but handsome and well shaped, of a vigorous, animated, slender figure. In the year 1790 young Richard Bell, Laird of Dunnabie, took a fancie to visit her. He was the only surviving son of John Bell of Dunnabie, a man well known both in Scotland and England in his day. They were descended from the Bells of Scotts Bridge, an ancient and respectable family. John Bell was all his life a great Drover and was often partner with Carrick and Keplin, the greatest Drovers in the North of England. John had had great losses and altho he left to his successors a tolerable estate, viz. the Lands of Dunnabie and Wyliehole, yet he left a sort of encumbrances upon it and Richard was made Manager when very young. He, by trying dealing and getting among jobbers and endorsing some Bills, which he was compelled to pay, had involved himself in great difficulties. When he visited Anne his old Mother was alive and he had two sisters, Sybella, married to James Spalding, writer in Dumfries, and Johan to John Thomson, Laird of Crowdieknowe, and Anne the third sister unmarried.

He was a shrewd sort of man, Richard. Almost no man could over-reach him in a Bargain when he was sober, but he was wild and outrageous in his conduct, would drink with any man or fight with any man and often involved himself in sad scrapes in his drinking frolics. He had formerly got a girl that was quite his equal with child, but he did not marry her. I was not fond of him visiting Anne but she kept him at such a distance and managed him so that he became one of the most assiduous, constant suitors imaginable and all the encouragement he could ever draw from her, even at last, was by referring him to me, for her consent depended upon my pleasure. A friend of Mr Bell's spoke with me, and then he spoke; I spoke to Anne. I know not if it was right but I thought I perceived she had more regard for Mr Bell than he seemd aware of and I therefore determined not to oppose their union, a contract was extended, I gave her £1000, she was only jointured in 50 yearly and they were [married] at Muckledale 15th September 1791.

This year, in October, a decent looking young man came to Muckledale, a benighted Traveller, and asked lodging. We took him in and as he was a decent looking man we gave him a bed in one of our houses where there was a good many of our servants [and] their clothes. However, he thought fit to decamp in the night and carried off a whole new suit belonging to one of our manservants. There happened to be in our house, the same night, an old soldier and his wife. The old soldier seemd vexed about it as he might be blamed, but said he might perhaps meet with the scoundrel. Accordingly, about a month after, he met with him thrashing in a barn in Lancashire and directly apprehended him by his own authority, sought no warrant and brought him back prisoner to Langholm and presented him before a Justice Court. I have forgot what was the sentence pronounced against the Thief, but the clothes were recoverd and they gave the old soldier a Guinea for his activity.

My Brother-in-Law, William Borthwick, had by this time seven children: five sons, viz. Thomas, Alex, Walter, William and John, and two daughters, Janet and Jean. Thomas was tender and scrupulous and his Mother and him went several times to Moffat in the summer and Jess, the oldest of the whole family, went always with them. Jess, or Janet, was about 17 years of age, a very handsome, big girl, but red haired like her mother, an excellent singer and dancer. Here she got acquainted with one John Little in Chapel, near Moffat, the only son of James Little and [name missing] Graham who had long kept the principal Inn and the post chaises at Moffat. Mr Little, in his first

wife's time, had made a great deal of money, but she died and left only this son, John.

James, he afterwards married a woman of the name of Grey from East Lothian. She had no children so that John Little was their sole Heir, but Miss Grey was, I think, the gayest, most extravagant, senseless woman I ever knew. Altho a mighty woman in conversation, she seemed to take more pleasure in tormenting her husband than in anything else and enjoyed his chagrin exceedingly when he was obliged to pay debts which she had contracted without his knowledge and preached always that doctrine to young wives that a woman was a poor spirited, insignificant creature that did not do as she pleased if her husband should go mad. She, as I think to vex her husband, brought up John in her own system, so that before he came to man's estate, he had contracted a habit of drinking and dissipation. She presently left the Inn and got a Farm and good houses built at Chapel, about a mile from Moffat, then she took a house in the town; then she had her own Town house and Country house. John was a tall, stout man, about 6 feet 2 inches high, but of no use for any purpose whatsoever. They tried first to make him a writer in Edinburgh; he would mind nothing but drinking and whoring. They then got him a commission in the Army, still he was worse; spent everything he could either beg or borrow or get from his pay or his father and they were obliged to fetch him home after he had cost his father above £1000. I think I scarce ever knew a more worthless character. If he had been sent from home upon any business he would apply to any of his father's acquaintances that he knew in his route, would come to them with a fabrication of Lies (for his word was never to be regarded) and if they advanced him any money upon is father's account, he would just go to the first house where spirits were sold and, let it be ever so mean, he just stayd there and drank and sometimes sleepd as long as he had one shilling, without ever minding his Business and then returned to his Father with a volume of Lies.

This young vagabond got intimate with Janet Borthwick without her mother knowing anything of the matter, altho I believe Mrs Little, his Mother-in-Law, managed the whole affair and as he was known to be such a worthless character and she was apprehensive, Janet's friends would not approve of the Match. She contrived it in such a manner that they were regularly proclaimed and married by the minister of Moffat before her Mother, with whom she lodged and sleepd, had the smallest suspicion that any such thing was intended and a worthless husband he proved. He did not live long for before

marriage in his days of Lewdness, he had been poxed and never rightly cured and it hung still about him and before he died he evadled [*word not identified: exuded?*] such a stink that there was no sitting near him and he died leaving her a widow with two sons and a daughter. One of the sons was born after his death and she still remains with his father and mother-in-law, but altho she was a strong, healthy woman before marriage she had been injured with her connection with her deceased husband for she is become delicate and tender.

Mr Scott, our troublesome minister, died the 13th February 1790 and was succeeded by a Mr Clunie from somewhere in the north, but that very year Clunie got a call to the Kirk of Borthwick, in the Lothians, and left Ewes and one Mr Laurie, minister of Eskdalemuir,^[160] whose wife was related to Mr Ogilvie, by the interest of the Ogilvies got from the Duke of Buccleugh the presentation to the Kirk of Ewes. Laurie was a mad, forward, overbearing fool, most unpopular either as a man or a preacher. His father was Minister of Hawick and as he paid part of the stipend to a man for officiating in a chapel of ease^[161] in Teviothead, for the conveniency of the people in the upper ends of the parishes of Hawick and Cavers, he got his son, John, to officiate there. Here John remained a good while, generally disliked, but they could not get quit of him and he could get no other place. At last his father, being a specious, artful man, came with his son, John, to Westerhall and as it was then in contemplation to remove Mr Scotland, the Minister of Westerkirk, to Linlithgow, they got Sir James' promise that he would apply to the Duke for the presentation to the Kirk of Westerkirk for John Laurie, and as Sir James paid most of the stipend and resided in the parish, the Duke always gave him the choice of a Minister. Sir James accordingly applied and got the Duke's promise for it, but it was no sooner known in the parish than all was in ferment; the people crowded about Sir James and remonstrated with him sharply, alledging neither he nor any of his ancestors had ever done a thing so injurious to the interests of morality and religion.

Sir James was a man universally loved by the poor people and the whole parish. He was vexed at taking a step so offensive to the parish and actually applied again to the Duke to withdraw his consent to Mr Laurie and at the request of the parish applied for a young probationer, at that time School Master of the parish, named William Little, all of which the Duke complied with. Mr Little^[162] came to be minister and the people were relieved of Mr Laurie but I believe Sir James Johnstone, to console Mr Laurie for his disappointment, got a promise from the Duke that Mr Laurie should be

preferred the first vacancy and Eskdalemuir coming to be vacant, he was settled as Minister there.^[163] There he was most unpopular, very few heard him, many of the people became seceders and they had often Cameronian preachers among them.

As I was the man in Ewes that Mr Ogilvie principally corresponded with, as soon as it was known that he had got the presentation, Mr Ogilvie wrote me a letter desiring me to use all my influence to persuade the people not to oppose Mr Laurie. If I had exerted all my influence it would have been to no purpose for the people, almost to a man, were most violent in their expressions of contempt and resistance and as they had before seen the parish of Westerkirk make a successful opposition to the settlement there, they resolved upon a petition to the Duke to recall the presentation. Thus I was desired to write and as I saw that the introduction of Mr Laurie into our parish would breed much confusion, I had no chance of promoting either the interests of religion or morality. I gave in the draught of a petition to a writer, but it was never known I had done so. This petition went round the Parish. When it came to me I signed it and there were only two or three that were relations of the Lauries that refused to sign it. This was sent to the Duke and it was a rouser. We stated several strong reasons to show that Mr Laurie was a most improper person for the office and insisted upon an enquiry that we might have an opportunity of establishing them by proof.

As soon as Mr Keir heard that I had joined he was very angry with me and said I had done the most foolish thing, for he thought I had known my neighbours better than to commit myself with them for, says he, 'Mr Ogilvie will threaten the tenants with the loss of their possessions and they will turn tail and throw the whole blame on you.' Accordingly, when the petition came to Mr Ogilvie from the Duke, it seemed to incense him almost to madness; he swore the man that dared to write such a petition would have no scruple to Rob upon the highway if he was not afraid of the Laws. He was incensed, the Duke was represented as enraged, and all the supporters of the opposition were threatened with the loss of their farms. This made Mr Laurie a very different man, now the same people that execrated him before were eager to have him as Minister and signed his Call and endeavoured to testify their regard by every means in their power.

In the whole parish there was but four that did not recant and the whole blame was thrown upon me, and as the Duke of Buccleugh's farms were to let that year, Mr Ogilvie, by getting me turned out of the Estate, wished to give an

instance of power and to gratify his resentment at the same time and several accidents [*or incidents?*] happened even when the Duke was at the Langholm Lodge that irritated the Duke against Mr Laurie's opposers, for when the Ministers came to read the Edict prior to Mr Laurie's Settlement, the doors were made fast and the lock holes filled with small stones so that they could not get into the Kirk and as I was the obnoxious man, it was never questioned but I had been at the bottom of that business and as Mr Ogilvie had seen some of my writings in the long contest we had with Mr Elliot about Crieve he never once doubted my being the writer of the petition against Mr Laurie and upon the news of the doors' shutting [*or shutting?*] coming to the Lodge, Mr Ogilvie inveigled most brutally against me to the Duke, represented me as an atheist that had no regard to Religion, but opposed Mr Laurie merely from spite and malice. Luckily Sir William Maxwell of Springkell was there, who knew me well, and I believe gave me no such character. However, the settlement took place and most of the parish were invited to Dinner and seemd very glad of having Mr Laurie for their minister, expressing unfeigned sorrow for having been so far misled by me, as to oppose his settlement, altho many of these very people were more violent in opposition than I had ever been. But I was not a witness to the settlement, invited to dinner, nor had any concern with them and as it was some years before Mr Ogilvie ever spoke one word to me he could help and he did his utmost to turn me out of the Duke's Estate, but I could not help afterwards regarding my neighbours as a faithless and perverse generation.

Shortly after the Duke of Buccleugh made an arrangement and new set [*i.e.* conditions of tenure] of his Lands and it was lucky for me that Mr Ogilvie's interest did by no means preponderate. Mr Keir's plans and valuation was universally adopted. For one regulation they decreed that no farm where a family could raise corn should be held as a led Farm, but a Farmer must live upon it. Mr Ogilvie had many friends that had extensive possessions and many of them were lost and they suffered severely. When my farm came to set, Mr Keir, who was my friend, said it could scarce be calld a Led Farm, as my Mother occupied the Houses and I laboured it myself from Muckledale. Mr Ogilvie insisted upon dispossessing me and after some words it was determined I should lose it and they gave it to Mr George Henderson, a friend of Sir William Maxwell's. Then the Duke said they must find a farm for me. Mr Ogilvie said I had no occasion; I had no family and had an Estate of my own and a good farm to live upon. The Duke insisted he would have

a farm for me. Mr Ogilvie then said, 'Give him Thickside.' Mr Keir said it lay at a great distance but proposed to give me Lodgegill and Byrecleuch water, which was agreed upon and I entered to the possession of them at Whitsunday, 1792.

In Summer, 1791, John Little in Blough, a noted farmer amongst us, sold about 200 Ewes to one Mr Hawley at Crofthead near Netherby. The Ewes came from Lewingshope, a large farm Mr Little had in Yarrow; it was part of the Philiphaugh Estate and belonged now to Mr John Johnstone of Westerhall, who had bought that estate. Little upheld those Ewes sound to Mr Hawley and I believe well he might do so as there is few sounder grounds in Scotland, but altho Crofthead was reckond a sound ground, yet before they had been there a month they were discovered to be completely rotten and Hawley lost them entirely. Then Hawley would not pay them. After a deal of wrangling they agreed to refer it to one Mr Foster in Bush of Esk and me.

After examining many witnesses it seemd to be fully established that the ground they came off was perfectly sound and the ground they came to quite sound and the sheep completely rotten and this we could not account for in no other way than by presuming they had above thirty miles to drive, they had catchd the infection by the way, as they had staid two nights upon the road and had been on different pastures. And one witness swore that he knew a lot of wedders bought and delivered in three lots, the ground they were to pasture on was equally sound, two lots were put upon pasture directly, one lot, having further to go were put into a Nolt fold and taken out next morning and several of that lot proved unsound, but not of the other two, so that it would appear they had contracted the Rot in one night by eating Nolt Tath.^[164] We did not know how to settle it but compromised it by making them both sharers in the loss, but Little was so incensed at our decision that he came up to Langholm, took to excessive drinking and continued to drink on for several days and nights until he threw himself into fits, and altho he recoverd at that time and lived near two years after, yet he was never free of that terrible malady and they finished him at last when he was a young man.

This John Little was a son of Ninian (or as he calld himself Ringan) Little in Blough, a strange character. He was, in his young days, a sober, religious man and long an Elder in the Kirk of Langholm, a shrewd, longheaded fellow and so quiet that he spoke very little and by very artful management he got the farms of Blough, Ker, Perterburn and Stanishwater, all farms of the Duke of Buccleugh's, into his hands, but when he became a man of business

he renounced his sober plan, took to excessive drinking, swearing and not scrupulous about over-reaching, especially when he either was or pretended to be drunk. It was often alledged he could act the drunk man so naturally that nobody could perceive he was not drunk when he was quite sober and at all times he had such command of words and such a ready invention that he overpowered every body and very often made other people for his drinking. To relate even the principal of his selfish pranks would be tedious, suffice to say that those who knew him well could not guard against him. In his old age he married a girl by the name of Beattie and left by her this son, John Little, and another son and daughter. John was very young when his father died and during his minority William Nicol in Cawfield by some means wrested from him the Farm of Perterburn. When John came nearly to manhood he appeared to resemble his father very much for he staid very much in a Public House, kept by old Robert Aitchison at Langholm; he was one of the Aitchisons of Eweslees. Robert had a daughter of his wife, Jenny Little, staid with him and to the surprise of everybody John Little married that girl when he was about 19 years of age. After his marriage, as soon as he got the management, he discovered a strong resemblance of the Father but in business, I think if possible, he was keener. He soon got the farm of Winterhopehead in Annandale belonging to the Laird of Dormont^[165] and soon after the extensive farm of Lewingshope in Ettrick belonging to Mr Johnstone, and after that Broadmeadows^[166] belonging to Mr Scott of Wool, and altho these farms were nearly thirty miles distant from his residence, of that he counted nothing; he thought nothing of riding night or day, drunk or sober, wet or dry, summer or winter, in short I never saw any man capable of so much toil and, considering his experience, his notions were pretty just, he managed and sold everything well. By what means it happened I know not, but when the different arrangement took place in the Duke's farms he got, instead of Blough, the farm Linchope in Teviothead, one of the largest and best farms upon the Duke's Estate but Little was ever after to be troubled with these sad fits, quite uncertain and seemd to be governed by unaccountable whymysies. Although every body considered Linchope as the best and cheapest farm in all the Neighbourhood, he never could be satisfied with it. He ran about it night and day for about a month and then, before he entered to the possession, he entirely lost conceit of it and exchanged it with William Aitchison in Burnfoot. The Duke allowed the exchange and William Aitchison went to Linchope at Whitsunday 1792 and John Little came

to Burnfoot. Linhope, as most people expected, turned out an excellent farm and Aitchison has made a deal of money by it but Little, in less than a twelvemonth after he entered to Burnfoot, was suddenly attacked by his former disorder and died suddenly, seemingly in great agony. After his death, as the children were minors, I was one of the men appointed by the commissary to inspect the papers and value the stocks but we were surprised to find that notwithstanding his seeming activity, he had not much improved his fortune and he was far from being in such circumstances as we supposed. He left a widow and three sons and a daughter, but they had set out in a different style. The oldest son, Ninian, is now a man, but neither he nor any of the family take any notice of farming; it seems below them. Ninian, altho he seems to design no business, spends his winters in Edinburgh, and when he is in the country he amuses himself with visiting, riding fine horses and building fine houses, such farm houses as were never built in this country. The whole family seem regardless of expense and take to no business, altho they have lost the farm of Lewingshope, Broadmeadows and Winterhopehead.

I entered into Byrecleugh Water and Lodgegill [in] 1792.^[167] Mr Pott in Collenrigging had Lodgegill, the Scotts of Blackhall had Byrecleughwater. I bought Mr Pott's stock at 16/- for all that had lambs and 11/6 for all that was gueld; I bought all the stock myself. As Mr Henderson had agreed to give me the same price for mine, I gave for Mr Pott's and mine was the far greatest number, yet as some of my friends had told Mr Henderson, he might trust me even against my own interest, I beat Mr Pott so low that both my stock and Mr Pott's were the lowest of any bought that year.

There had been several years before this a nomination of Justices in our country. Mr Maxwell, Mr Keir, Captain Scott in Forge and even I had been nominated. They all accepted but me; I would have nothing to do with it. Mr Henderson had likewise been nominated when he lived in Annandale. When I refused, Mr Maxwell, to draw me in, alledged it was the expense I was afraid of. I told him he should not have it in his power to say so, for I would attend all their meetings and bear an equal share of the expense but I would do no business and says he, 'Upon these term we expect your company'; so I attended the meetings constantly.

This year, 1792, Mr Maxwell's son, Captain George, for the farm of Irving below Langholm, he wanted stock for it. Jeremy Headly had lost the farm of Sundhope in Liddesdale and wanted a purchaser for his stock. It was agreed between them that Mr Maxwell should have Headly's stock referred

to men. Mr Maxwell chose me and Headly chose John Elliot in Highfield as arbiters and we chose Mr Elliot of Whitehaugh [as] oversman. It happened, unfortunately, that Headly's stock was to be delivered to Mr Maxwell upon the same day that mine was to be delivered to Mr Henderson and as I could not attend both I got John Murray to deliver mine and went myself to Sundhope with Mr Maxwell, his son George and others. When we returned to Muckledale at night we found there Mr Henderson, Mr Murray, Andrew Clerk and some others. After we had made a late dinner and drank some, Mr Maxwell's servant calld at the door and brought a letter, acquainting him that the stock of Relief, a farm of Sir William Pultney's, which it seems Mr Maxwell had hypothecated for Sir William Pultney's behoof, as he was his factor, was carried off by a pointing at the instance of one Dr Bell in Liverpool, that the stock would be over the border soon and Dr Bell was to go for Liverpool upon Sunday, and unless he had him apprehended and obliged to find Bail to answer as Law would in Scotland, it would give him much trouble. 'Now,' says Mr Maxwell, 'what shall I do? Neither Sir William nor Mr Keir are at home, I know not if Captain Scott is at home and if this man gets off into England, how shall I answer to Sir William Pultney?' He therefore insisted that either Mr Henderson or I should sign the Warrant and would stand bound to relieve us of all danger. Mr Henderson would not sign unless I signd, then they all attacked me and after long opposition I was reluctantly obliged to sign the warrant along with Mr Henderson, in the faith of Mr Maxwell's engaging to stand between me and all danger. But when I reminded him of his promise he laughed at it and said he was drunk and I was thence-forward obliged to qualify and act as Justice of the Peace, an office I never liked and for which I was but poorly qualified.

As we had lost Bush and Burngrains, my Mother was obliged to leave it at Whitsunday, 1792, and I took a house for her in Langholm, next to the George Inn. This year, in summer, a woman calld Janet Taylor, who had come to my mother when young, being an orphan, and who had been with my Mother for 50 years, died and desired to be interred near to where my mother was to ly in Westerkirk Churchyard. And as we had lost Bush where I used to lay up my clip of wool, I was obliged this year, entirely at my own expense, to build the Large Barn and other offices at Muckledale.

About this time, Margaret, by reading the Revelations and afterwards the Arabian Nights entertainments,^[168] became possessed of most extraordinary notions. I hinted before about the notion of a warning she had received in the

night from the departed spirit of our late Minister, Mr Scott, who appeared to her, telling her that the Angel Gabriel was coming directly to carry her to Heaven and desired her to prepare for her translation. She threw many things out of the room where she sleepd, for we then did not sleep together, and stood in her shirt and stood waiting his coming. I heard the breaking of a pitcher and looking glass and rose and found her standing shivering in that situation. I covered her with my plaid and at last prevailed upon her to ly down but she had almost starved herself to death as she would not eat victuals, alledging they were polluted. But she took another strange notion that provd of worse consequence: she imagined, in the eastern style, that people changed and she took it into her head that I was not the man she married and left my bed and refused all connection with me. This strange notion, notwithstanding all could be urged to convince her that I was her husband, either by myself or others, continued without variation or interval betwixt 8 and 9 years and during all that time all intercourse with her bed was denyd me. I had no more a husband's priviledge during all that time from her than I had from the Queen of England; I was in one sense as much a widow as if she had been dead and buried. As to copulation, I once rose from my own bed and went to hers in the night. She was asleep and I got very near before she awaked, but let people talk of rapes as they please, I cannot believe it, for as soon as she found who I was or indeed rightly wakened, she tore my thighs with her nails and then began to bite so viciously that I was obliged to get off in a hurry and after that she always kept her door bolted so that I would never attempt it again. Altho this of her denying that I was her husband so long is strange, it is well known to friends, neighbours and servants that lived in the family. This notion of my not being her husband began about the beginning of the year 1791, a total separation took place between us in that year and continued without one single exception to the later end of 1798 or the beginning of 1799 and during all that time I was totally debarred from all access to conjunction with her person, would not so much as allow me a kiss and if I attempted one would swell with indignation and resentment and abuse me as a thief and murderer who had destroyed her dear husband and seized upon his property, often bidding me go out of the house for I had no business there.

This year, my Brother in Law, William Borthwick, to my great sorrow, died at Edinburgh about the beginning of August. He was near six foot high, a strong limbed, broad shouldered man, with a long neck and most masculine,

commanding countenance and voice, with two eyes remarkable large and bold looking and answerable to his appearance. He was afraid of no man and was too frequently engaged in bruising matches and never one man in our country that tried him ever could withstand him. About two years before he died, he differed at Langholm with a little ill natured thing who I believe I have mentioned, William Armstrong in Wrae. Will was nothing in his hands but as it was in the night Will run out and in about half an hour he returned with his brothers in law, James Little in Terronah and James Young in Langholm, and half a dozen more blackguards, broke open the door and somehow, by a blow upon the temples, knocked William Borthwick down so that he lay long lifeless and I do not think he ever was so well afterwards. He lived about two years after but was delicate and the Doctors said it was water in the chest. Dr Maxwell who attended him advised him to go into Edinburgh, where his wife then was for a consultation. They went off in a chaise, the Doctor and him, he stood the journey pretty well, but after he got there, the same night, he died in the arm of his wife without either a shiver or a groan. Uncle Walter and I went to the Funeral and saw him interred in Greyfriars' Churchyard, to my great sorrow, for I regarded him most of any man I ever knew. I think I never saw a man whose appearance was a more plain index of his character than William. His appearance was bold, strong and masculine, his capacity was strong and masculine good sense, but he was so open, brave and unaccommodating that he seemed to dissemble or even to conceal his sentiments from any man and altho thro uncommon freedom often gave great offence and frequently involved him in quarrels, yet he persevered in his plan to the last.

He left five sons and two daughters married as I mentioned before. The oldest boy Thomas was schropholous and tender. The next son, Alexander, was a brave, stout, healthy boy, but as he was a boy it was impossible for him to do any business and as they had the farms of Sorbie and Langshawburn it was desired by the friends that I would take the management of the Farms as the old man, my father in law, could or would do nothing and the children must be taken care of. Altho I had much business of my own, I undertook their business and managed it entirely for between 3 and 4 years. I sold all, received all and paid all. During that time I kept Alexander mostly with me when upon business, till such time as I thought he had got a tolerable notion of his business. I then resigned my charge to his mother and him, telling them I would assist with my advice whenever it was asked, but Alexander soon did

for himself and conducts his business tolerably well. Although times were not very good when I was manager, I saved them some money and they were all so well pleased they gave me Mr William Borthwick's spurs and his Fiddle, that was my four year's wage and it did not near reimburse my expenses but I was well satisfied as I neither wished nor expected anything.

About this time the French Revolutionists were carrying all before them and as it was a new thing the Revolutionary spirit seemed to have infected the Lower Classes of the community in every quarter; 'liberty, equality and the rights of man' was in the mouth of the Lower orders and altho they could not give you a sensible definition of what they meant by these terms, yet want of knowledge was abundantly compensated by furious zeal, for they were wrought up to such enthusiastic phrenzy that it was dangerous to oppose them by argument and if you did they would soon overpower you with poison, laughter, derision and noise. Langholm was so deeply tainted with this mania that upon some accounts arriving of the success of the French arms, a great number of republicans assembled at the Cross and lighted a great bonfire and drank a great many republican toasts with repeated Huzzas, such as 'liberty and equality', 'the sons of freedom' (meaning the French), 'George 3rd and last' (for there was to be no more Kings), 'the rights of man' and many more. They likewise despatched a number of boys and blackguards to compel people to illuminate their houses and whoever would not, they were ordered to break their windows. Numbers that were of the same principles had illuminated their windows of their own accord, others illuminated for fear of having them broke, but a good many refused altogether to illuminate and many windows were broke, but it happened that several whose windows were broke were the most resolute men in the town and they presently collected in a body and went in quest of the Rioters, who had by that time retired to the house of one James Geddes, a Butcher in Langholm, a man who had been much indebted to my father and me, and there the rioters were parting the lands among them and Mrs Geddes would have the Crieve, my property, to breed young sheep upon and she hoped to see the day when the Duke of Buccleugh would be rubbing, watering, taking care of his own horse like James Geddes. O it would be a good world then, but immediately the people whose windows had been broke rushed into the house, threatening blows and vengeance. The Republicans were intimidated and deprecated their resentment, assuring them they would answer for any damage they had done but would fight none.

As I was obliged then to act as Justice of the Peace, I was sent for down to

Langholm, upon the 13th November 1792. We had Francis Short, Procurator Fiscal from Dumfries, along with us. There was only Mr Keir and I the first day, Mr Maxwell joined us upon the second and a most tumultuous and tedious examination it turnd out. Some of them gloried in what they had done and often there was a great noise without doors among the Republicans, wishing to intimidate us from discerning anything hard against their brethren and at one time we were told that one hundred were coming to compel us to dismiss them. However, we persevered until we had just finished our precognition. The principal of the rioters were one John Stewart, a weaver, Martin, a Taylor, one John Howeson, a mason, and one or two more; these were all bound over with proper security to stand trial before the Sherriff at Dumfries upon the 15th January 1793. Mr Maxwell and I attended at the trial and after a long examination of Witness, in which some witnesses brought by the Republicans differed widely from the Declarations they had remitted before us upon their precognition, they were all sentenced to be confined in the Tollbooth of Dumfries, some of them for 6 months, some of them for only four, in proportion to their part they seemd to have acted in the Riot. This rather abated the spirit of Republicans a little.

1792

All this time Bower raged like a madman at Hartsgarth; he drank and swore and beat my sister unmercifully and often drawing a knife and swearing as deep as he could that he would cut her throat. She was often obliged to run to save her life and at length she was so much afraid of her life that she durst not live with him but came and lived with my Mother at Langholm. But altho he was certainly mad he was cunning beyond example; he imagined that if my sister did not stay with him I would not allow him to stay at Hartsgarth and he used strange devices to bring her back. He went over to Mr Lauder's Sacrament at Bewcastle,^[169] pretended to be struck with the most terrible remorse for his past conduct, professed the deepest sorrow [and then] went and sat down at the Lord's Table, altho I have been often told he was in drink the whole time, came home and often prayd with his family, still mostly drunk. He then wrote my sister a most religious letter, assuring her he had got a proper sight of his ways, he was now become a new man, he had been over at Mr Lauder and had there seald covenant with God, was living in newness of life, kept regular worship in his family and conjured her to come over and join him that they might spend the remainder of their days together religiously, as became Christians.

My sister knew him so well that this religious device utterly failed. He then fell upon another. The Boy was at Castleton School, he sent for him home and made him drink whiskey till he was like to die. He then called in the neighbours to see the boy when he was sick and vomiting very ill and then dispatched one that had seen him over to Langholm to tell my sister [that] if she would not come for his sake, nor for God's sake, at least to come over and see her son before he went out of the world, for he was just dying. Still, as my sister was terrified to come near him and knew his deceit, she suspected some trick in it and did not go herself but sent over a woman to enquire into the truth. She desired the woman not to go in but to ask at some of the neighbours how the boy was. When the woman came there she saw the boy playing without, but by some means he understood that the woman was come from his wife [and] he directly spoke to the woman saying, 'The Boy is tolerably well just now but he is very uncertain. You must stay till tomorrow morning till we see how he is then.' The woman consented; this was on the Saturday. As soon as he had got the woman's consent to stay he ran through the water to Leehaugh and told Mr Manderson that his son was just dying and his wife wishd much to be over but could not get a horse at Langholm and, if ever he would oblige him, he must send off a man and horse early on Sabbath morning to Langholm and if Mrs Bower was in the Kirk he must call her out and bring her off directly. Mrs Bower was calld out of the Kirk and the man telling her the boy was just dying and the woman not returning, she imagined there must be something in it and went over. When the whole turnd out a mere humbug and the new man was still the old man and if possible worse for sometimes after, when him and her had been from home, he attacked her in a wood coming home with his drawn knife and she thought she escaped by accident. She never more durst go near him, but lived with my Mother at Langholm.

He then came over sometimes to Langholm, got drunk and made such uproars that he frightened both my sister and 'the old damned, rotten whore' as he called my venerable mother. Exceedingly, my sister was at last obliged to swear that she dreaded bodily harm of him and warrant was granted for apprehending him, until he should either find security to keep the peace or be committed to prison and, as nobody would become security for a mad man, he was apprehended and committed to Jedburgh Jail, the 30th January 1793. Although he had made great boasting what he would do to any man that should attempt to apprehend him, he submitted tamely to a very weakly man,

but when he came to Jedburgh he was a mighty Gentleman, a man of great fortune, for all I had was his and he would not go to prison like a blackguard, he would go like a Gentleman. So he sent for a barber, got himself shaved, powdered and dressed, gave him half a crown, put on silk stockings and ruffles and swaggered into Jail with great dignity, where, for a while, I shall leave him.

Upon the 27th March 1793 I was at Langholm and being engaged with some gentlemen at the George Inn we had drunk port wine pretty freely; I was more flustered than usual but could walk well enough. I came up to the Buck Inn to take my horse. When I came into the House, there James Telfer in Pottholm was sitting with two of his sons, his brother William in Cleughfoots and a son of his. When I came in Telfer called me his good neighbour and insisted upon my sitting down and taking a glass with him. I sat down and drank two or three glasses before I rightly observed what the liquor was, being flustered with wine before. At last I cried out it was very strong punch, they laughingly told me it was plain Gin. It seemed Telfer, for the Gravel, could drink nothing else. The Gin and the Wine mixing in my stomach, I soon became quite drunk. It seems his brother William in Cleughfoots, when he failed in his business by droving, had made a bargain with James about the stock of Cleughfoots in the year 1788. He was to take the stock at the sight of men and was to pay so much yearly for the sheep's grass and then James was to draw the product of the sheep, after paying the maile agreed upon to William. He had had it then above 4 years but James and William did not agree and they had met there that night to endeavour to make some settlement but seemed not to be good friends. James Telfer, seeing me drunk, proposed that I should come into his place and join to his bargain; I should have the same advantage he had and should pay the same price for the sheep that he did. William wished me much to do it and I, without the least consideration, consented.

James directly sent for a writer and had a Minute wrote which he and I signed before witnesses, but it seemed a drunken bargain by its very appearance, for I was to have all the advantages he had and was to pay the same price for the sheep that he did. But then I neither knew what the advantages were, neither did I know the price of the sheep, so that no sober man would have made so blind a bargain and in less than a quarter of an hour after I had signed the Minute I was carried upstairs to Bed, drunker than I think I ever was in my life and when I met Telfer after and would fain have been quit, he would not hear of it but told me he had consulted it and found he could make it

good and he would oblige me to abide by the bargain and boasted amongst his companions that he would take £120 off me by that bargain. And indeed, as he took the stock at market value in the year 1788 when everything was very high, the stock would have been £120 and more above the price it would have given in the year 1792, for in the year 1792 good lambs gave about 6/-; mid ewes 4/-; Mid wedder 3/6; palies 2/6, some 2/-; and draught Ewes about 8/6; wool indeed was very high, about 15/-. I was heartily vexed at the bargain and resolved to try him, for I found out that William had come under some engagements to him, which William could neither implement to him nor to me but it happened fortunately that one Adam Nixon for the farm of Wester Ker could not agree with the men in possession about their stock and wished to buy the stock of Cleughfoots. I told Telfer, 'Now, against Whitsunday you will offer me the stock under protest, I will refuse, we then go to Law. It may be long before it is determined to whom it belongs and in the meantime neither of us notice it; you say it is mine, I say it is yours, your brother William will do with it as he pleases, what account he will render to us. You had better sell it to Nixon and then, if you think you can do it, you may pursue me for the difference.' He highly approved of the plan, sent for Nixon, and he agreed to take it at the sight of men; the arbiters were named and the same man sent for to write the submission that had wrote the drunken minute. He said he never wrote a submission for he was a raw lame hand, he desired my assistance and upon Telfer asking me, I consented and framed the submission in such a manner as quite annulled our former bargain. When Telfer told some of his friends what he had done, they told him they doubted I had extricated myself. He stormd and swore and would not believe it, but went and laid it before an advocate. When he found all was over he railed and stormed at me for cheating him. All the answer I made was, 'You cheated me when drunk, I cheated you when sober.'

What greatly added to my vexation about this bargain, it happened at a time when my Mother was very ill and I was sorry I should have been drunk when my mother was in such distress. My mother had long been delicate, took very little food and would not sometimes have had the passage by stool for a week together, but about the beginning of March this year her appetite wholly failed and when she was constrained to taste anything, it made her uneasy. She soon turnd exceedingly feeble and began to think she was dying and prepared all accordingly as well as she could, both for the concerns of time and eternity. She made her settlement and left Jean almost everything,

but expressly excluded Mr Bower; of this I took no notice as I thought Jean had more need than I had. About the 20th March she became very weak and began rather to vary and sometimes to rave and did not know almost anybody but by some means she always knew me when I came to see her, nearly to the last, and among the last times she spoke to me, she got out her hand and took hold of mine and with great affection said, 'O my man, my Blessing rest upon thee beyond all others.' This I shall remember, I hope, with sensible emotion to my dying day and this I would not have exchanged for ten times the legacy she left my sister. About the later end of March her voice altered much and she became very weak but during all her illness, even when she was unsettled, her conversation was pious and religious in an eminent degree and never raved (which amazed us) when she spoke upon religion and for some reason often wishd to die upon the Sabbath, which accordingly happened, and I think it was the 3rd or 2nd of April when she departed without much agitation.

She was a woman about middle size, had as fine a foot and handsome leg as I think I ever saw, yet altogether she was not handsome as she was broad shouldered and short neckd, her features were large and rather masculine, yet she had a composed, sober, grave look. Her hair was black and she had two large very expressive eyes, dark grey, inclining to black. Her speech and manner was slow, sober and grave, her voice clear and strong. She never read anything but Divinity and upon that she poured very often; she had been admitted a communicant when very young and continued in communion all her life and as far as man could judge was certainly a sincere Christian, as she seemd to make her duty the rule of her conduct and what she thought her duty she would do without dread of men, for she had a perfect command of temper and was so cool and intrepid that nothing could intimidate her, and although my father was of an impetuous, hasty temper, she managed him just as she pleased, for if he was angry it made no impression upon her. She heard him with calmness and firmness, allowd him to cool, then tried him again and seldom faild bringing him to what she intended and all the servants were far more afraid of offending her than him, for they could not discompose her and her reproofs were always grave and weighty. Her memory seemd not to be strong for anything but Divinity and of that she retained a very great deal. She never attempted anything like wit or vivacity, but her judgement was clear, solid and strong exceedingly. Altho for the most part she was grave and spoke but little, yet when occasion required I never saw any woman that had more command of words or more keen discernment and nothing could provoke her

to any intemperance of impression. In all my father's undertakings he always consulted her and had so high an opinion of her capacity that he would do nothing without her concurrence, as he had found she was seldom mistaken. In short, she went soberly through this world in the constant endeavour to discharge her Duty, discovering upon all occasions a great regard for both the temporal and eternal concerns of her family. She was born in January, 1709, and died 3^d April 1793, so she was in the 80th year of her age. She was certainly a happy woman, both in life and death, for altho she had applied herself to the study of divinity all her life and could have rendered an account of the faith that was in her most distinctly, I know she no more doubted of the Truth of the principals of the Christian Religion than she did of her own existence and bore all afflictions with Christian resignation.

I was one night in Langholm this year rather later than ordinary as I was intending to go up to Eskdale and waited till my companions went along with me. John Murray in Bailehill, Gideon Curl in Billholm, Captain Scott and John Elliot in Flatt were in company. I tired of drinking, noise and nonsense and became drowsy. When I was rather slumbering John Elliot in Flatt bit my nose and rather brutally. I struck as desperately as I could and there was a great bustle. It was something strange in that man: he was the biggest and strongest looking man in the whole country and yet in any quarrel he never had recourse to his hands but still to his teeth. William Borthwick and him quarrelled once at Bailehill; he was still the bigger man than William, but far from being such an animated nervous man, William knocked him down; instead of rising and facing him again, he rose upon his knees and clapped him by the Brand [*i.e.* fleshy part] of his leg with his teeth and bit him in a savage manner. William would certainly have drubbd him severely if he had not been prevented by people in the house, Mr Murray's wife told me. She dressed it next day and the incisions of the teeth were deep on every side and near the size of a crown piece, between the incisions was as black as a pot bottom. He likewise bit Robert Atchison, Captain Scott and some others. It was long before my nose healed up but at last it did heal but turned sore again long after of which I will speak in its place.

All this time Sharp, the late proprietor at Hartsgarth, was still the old man, drank and raged on most furiously. With Mr Keir's assistance I got him the farm of Dykeraw, a little good cheap farm of the Duke of Buccleugh's. It was a good little cheap farm and he might have brought up his family decently, but he certainly was as unlucky a man as ever I knew, for good he

could do none, but no man could prevent him from doing ill. In the later end of the year 1793, he took it into his head to try the droving. He got some blackguards about him and went to some fair in the north and his confederates, representing him as Laird of Hartsgarth, a man of fortune, he got credit from a Highland man for beasts to the amount of £181. As soon as he had got them he and his companions roard and drank about Edinburgh and Leith, often not in the best famd houses. He then took them to Newcastle and made two or three journeys there before they were disposed of. The end was, when the beasts came to pay, he had only £50 to pay £181, so there was £131 lost by the journey. The highland man got a horning and then a caption against him, but finding that his situation was desperate, the highland man agreed to take £80, then his wife's Uncle, Thomas Elliot in Twistlehope, who still acted as a parent outwardly, strongly solicited Sharp's friends to collect the money for him. Whithaugh subscribed for £20, I for £20, Dr Wilson £20, his wife's Uncle Thomas Scott, Girnwood, for £10, his brother-in-law, John Elliot, for £20 but her parental uncle in Twistlehope, for all his great concern about her and for all his soliciting other people would not subscribe for a shilling altho very able. James Ingles, a writer, seeing so many good names upon the paper, paid the money and got the debt discharged but he lost £10 by it for John Elliot, Mrs Sharp's brother, never paid his, but brought forward some old claim against Sharp and would pay nothing; on the contrary he afterwards attached the most of Sharp's wool to exhaust his claim. Luckily, another brother of his wife's, who had made a fortune abroad came home and agreed to pay the rent for them, so that Sharp sits Laird. Mrs Sharp is since dead and altho still a Laird, he is and ever will be in absolute poverty.

About this time I got acquainted with a very singular character, one Robert Scott, who considered himself as the Representative of the Scotts, Knights of Thirlstane. He was a man of some ability, but vain beyond all men I ever saw on the face of the earth. If you had paid him the most fulsome compliments you could devise, he was so far from thinking it flattery that it was still quite short of the opinion that he had of himself and then he was so puffed with family pride that he knew no man superior. The Duke of Buccleugh, Lord Napier and all the Scotts were but inferior branches of his family so that instead of being abashd in their company, he did not consider them as his equals. Shame was to him unknown and all this in a man really in very low circumstances. It happened that this year he was attending a Drove upon Staigshaw hill; they scattered and two of them were taken up by the servants

of Mr Winship, the Duke of Northumberland's Bailliff in the fair.^[170] Robert applied for his sheep and brought men to prove his property. Winship and he quarrelled and Winship kept the sheep. He told me the story as we came home. I thought he was wrongd. He said he had heard that I could write a petition and he asked me if I would write one for him to the Duke of Northumberland; I said I would. The petition was sent and had so good an effect that the matter was brought to trial in one of his Grace's courts and Mr Winship was so sadly baffled that he not only had the sheep to pay but lost his place as Bailliff. Then they had seen Robert's vanity and flattered him so that nothing would serve him but an application to the Duke for Winship's place. At his desire I wrote it, but it was never noticed.

As Langholm is near the border and near Annandale, where no poor rates are established, altho we kept all our own poor in the District of Eskdale and Liddesdale, we were about this time overrun with swarms of vagabonds and beggars. As I now acted as Justice, one day at a meeting, when the Justices were wishing to have some man appointed as General Constable to watch over the Police of the Country and apprehend all vagrants, I happened to mention Rob the Laird, as we called him, for he would have taken the title of Sir Robert with satisfaction. The Gentlemen all agreed that no such man could be found for the office, for he would neither be troubled with shame, delicacy nor compassion; accordingly Robert was appointed. He then calld himself General Scott, got a couple of pistols and a sword and was diligent, vigilant and rigid in the discharge of his duty, so that in a little time [he] exterminated the vagrants from our country. The Gentlemen in Roxburghshire, hearing of his exploits, got him likewise appointed General Constable in that county. Selkirkshire soon followed the example, likewise did the Shire of Tweeddale, so that the Laird became a man of great business and had a great income, for he not only drew a deal of the money of these Counties for apprehending vagabonds and strollers, but all the Gentlemen in these counties subscribed a paper engaging to pay him so much yearly and all the Farmers of any consequence subscribed 5/ each and found their account in it by being relieved of vagrants. He got acquainted with all the Gentlemen, and the Duke of Buccleugh was so taken and diverted with his strange manner and character that he flattered him not only by words but by deeds, for he gave him a farm in Teviotdale that he might be central for all these counties and built him a good house and offices, entirely at his own expense. In this situation Robert continued several years and continues still, but he has now greatly relaxed from his former vigilance.

In this year, 1793, in the spring, my mother-in-law, Mrs Borthwick began to decline and died in the August. The old man was nine years older. In the winter following he took some complaint, but he was not very sick. I went down one day to see him. He had most of his clothes on and was sitting up in his bed talking to his family. Jeany Borthwick of Hopsrig was by and it was about dinner time, he said to us, 'Now, go down and take your dinners and Jeany will help me on with my clothes.' We went down and left him and Jean, but just as we were sitting down we heard Jean give a shriek. We run upstairs and found him just expiring; he was scarce alive one minute after we came up. Mrs Borthwick was in her 76th year, he in his 85th year. Borthwick Walls was their Burial place, but they had both expressed a desire to ly in Ewes Churchyard and they are interred there accordingly. At this time Margaret was in such a situation that her father and mother's death seemd to give her very little disturbance. This year, 1793, wedders gave 15/-; Hogs about 10/-; skins 1/-; good wedder lambs 5/-; mid ewes about 4/-; mid wedder 3/3; palies 2/9; fat sheep about 10/-; draught ewes 7/6, some only 5/8; wool about 10/6; and a good Nolt £6.

1794

The winter between 1793 and 1794 was uncommonly fine, mild and warm from Martinmas 1793 to the 24th of January 1794. Upon that day, which I think was Friday, it blew a perfect hurricane of wind and a prodigious fall of sleet. The sheep were all driven into sykes and burns and as they were greatly swelled by the great fall of sleet, they were in danger of drowning. In the evening it rather moderated, but about 4 o'clock in the morning of Saturday the 25th the wind turned to the N.N.E. and in a very little time it blew the most shocking hurricane with the most tremendous fall of snow and the most intense frost ever remembered by the oldest person living. No man durst venture out in the night and when we went out next morning we saw such a scene as the oldest shepherd never beheld. Very few of the sheep were to be seen, many of them had been spreading before the blast rose, had been surprised where the N.N.E. wind hit and then, strange as it may seem, the hogs were found lying blown down by the wind, frozen to death with their feet up, cold and stiff, though not covered with snow, for the strong wind left no snow where it hit. Others of them were driven into the burns and frozen as hard as icicles among the Lopper,^[171] all dead and so firmly frozen by the unequalld frost that there was no getting them out without picks and axes.

But far the greatest number was not to be seen at all for the strong winds left no snow where it hit but any place that was sheltered from the wind and to such places the sheep run for shelter from the storm, these were all laid sleek, so much so that in some sykes in Muckledale, where pretty tall trees grew, not a vestige of their tops was to be seen. We gathered all the men we could muster and keep six spades continually casting snow as fast as they could, as we had hands to shift them and we got out a great number, some dead and some alive. This we continued for 5 or 6 days and were much assisted by one of the shepherd's dogs which constantly scaped upon the top of the snow when there was any live sheep below. But altho we got a great many, still we missed many, for the storm had driven them into many places where we never expected them to be and never sought there for them.^[172] Upon the Wednesday following I left them casting at Muckledale and went over to see how they were doing at Tarras. There things were still worse, for the effects of the storm were the same and they had no hands to relieve them, and the people themselves seemd not to exert themselves about them. Many were dead and a great many that they had got out, being stressed with the snow, could not rise and having none, as they alledged, to carry them home, the crows had torn out their eyes and there numbers of them [were] lying sprawling, blind and bloody, a pitiful sight. I came there on foot as there was no riding, and soon after I came a very dark rime and a prodigious fall of snow came on, so that I could not get home again, so I stayd all night, where I never stayd before or since and altho it was a great storm we felt no cold, for the place where we lay was full of dying sheep, as throng as they could ly and their breath made it rather offensively warm. Next morning we found that a great deal of snow had fallen. The sheep could not be moved off the place where they were standing, they could not get a mouthful. The shepherds were in despair and protested that they would go no more near them, for they could do nothing but see them die and they would rather not see it. I saw nothing could be done, gave them up for lost [and] set for home in great heaviness. I never despaired of my situation but at this time, as I gave the sheep up for lost. In coming home I began to think what I would do in the following soliloquy: the sheep are gone, will the skins pay your debts? I thought they would but then you must quit your farms as you have nothing to stock them, but they are in Tack, they will not take them off your hand; what can they get off me, or how can they desire me to keep the farms when I have no stock to put on them? But you have some lands, they will seize upon them; let them and

welcome. I lay my account with that for after the year 1672^[173] better Farms than any of mine were let, some for a pair of Gloves and some for a pair of Hose, and if the sheep all die, stock Farms like mine will not pay the Public Burdens, so they are welcome to the land and as I have lost a good subject just by a severe stroke in the course of providence, without either misconduct or carelessness, or extravagance, I hope to stand acquitted in the sight of God and man for what has befallen me. This gave me some consolation, but then what will become of Margaret and you? After some consideration I began to think as I had got a tolerable education I might be preferred to teach a country school and I came home impressed with the idea that would be my future employment.

I came home and was in great heaviness all that day and night. The next day, Friday, it became dark and threatening like. The next day after, viz. Saturday, it became fresh and upon the Sunday the greatest rain and, by the melting snow, the greatest flood that had been known for many years. All the sheep that were then under the snow were drowned in the Lopper and carried down the burns and waters and many people gathered drownd sheep all the way down the rivers. I was very happy when the storm broke for altho I had an unparalleled loss I was glad that there was many left, so that the grounds would not be laid waste. I was remarkably unfortunate that year for altho some of my neighbours had considerable loss, some of them had little and any man that had two or three farms was better off in one place and worse in another. But for me, I was remarkably distinguished for loss wherever I had sheep to lose. In Muckledale my loss was great and in Tarras far worse, but in Hartsgarth I lost considerably above one third of my whole stock and in Annandale, when I went over there after the storm broke, they were leading dead sheep home in two carts. There I had a heavy loss, for I think the shepherds had certainly been negligent, as great numbers of them were found where they might have been saved, if the shepherds had ever looked these places properly, but when they were not found till the thaw came, they were every one drownd dead. What I still thought strange, I had three sheep at Dinly; he had no loss almost at all in his own stock but my three were gone. I had two among Coume's Ewes; there was not above two or three of the stock lost, my two were lost. I had one at Middlemoss; it was lost. I had two rams wintering among Mr Borthwick's Tups at Sorbie; one of mine was lost, not one of the stock. After taking the most exact account at clipping time that I possibly could, I found that I had lost, since Martinmas Preceding, either

1189 or 1191. I could not be certain which, so that my loss was either 9 or 11 short of 1200 and after clipping a great many had been so hurt in the snow they died in summer and autumn, so that I think my loss from Martinmas 1793 to Martinmas 1794 was near 1400; and it was not the real value of the stock, but what aggravated greatly the misfortune, my stock was so deranged that it could not be productive for several years to come. To have had my stocks compleat I would rather that any highway man had me upon the road and taken £1000 or even £1200 off me in bank notes, but it gave me no disturbance; on the contrary, I was happy and thankful it was not worse.

I mentioned long before this that Mary Maxwell, the only sister of Mr Maxwell of Broomholm, married John Little, Merchant in Langholm, but that she turnd out a devil and they separated. They never came together again for she was mad, took some of the strangest freaks that could be imagined and acted upon them as if they had been realities. He, on the other hand, was a man of considerable abilities, a most retentive memory and had an uncommon facility in writing and among figures, but he was wild, drunken and dissipated and had neither economy nor application for any business, and his temper was violent, resolute and regardless so that him and Mrs Little were ill met. When he married he was a sort of wholesale merchant, brought goods by sea and disposed of them to dealers in the country, but as the Isle of Man was then a free port, he settled a correspondence there and took to smuggling altogether and as they could bring it from the Isle of Man, have it landed and concealed in the woods about Langholm in one night, Langholm became the mart for smuggled goods.^[174] They supplied the whole country from Edinburgh to Newcastle and Darlington, even to York. Several of them made fortunes then which has been of great advantage to them and theirs to this day, but as he was a regardless, dissipated, careless man, it happened quite otherwise with him, for he broke and an estate he had in the neighbourhood of Langholm was sold; only his friends contrived to buy up two parks and a House and garden as a residence for him. Here he lived sometime in obscurity, drinking all he could get. He had by Mary Maxwell, two sons and a daughter. The oldest son, John, went to India and came to be a Colonel in the East India Company's service and remitted, as was said, as much money to his father as to relieve his house and parks and £500 more for him to apply as he should think proper. The second son was bred a surgeon and settled at Ecclefechan and was well employed.

The daughter was a milliner in Edinburgh and turned out very active and married one McKinlay, an eminent merchant, but was something like her father and mother, very violent in her temper.

When the turnpike road was finished we wanted a man to act as overseer and to set the reparations of the road and collect the money, not only of it but of the conversion of the Statute Labour Money in the district and order the repairs and new roads in the country; and as he was out of all employment, Mr Maxwell recommended him as a proper person. Mr Keir and I consulted together, for there was none but Mr Maxwell and Mr Keir and I took any notice of the roads.^[175] We thought, as he would have a great deal of the public money in hand, he should find security for the Trust. Mr Maxwell said his own security was sufficient as he had that property at Langholm and £500 in money, and he was admitted to the office for the first 3 or 4 years. His accounts were regularly examined and found right but they were so numerous that they always took 3 or 4 days. At last the examination was neglected, I daresay, for at least 7 years and we saw that he was more dissipated and drank harder than usual. We therefore determined to inspect his accounts. I was in Annandale when the day was fixed and the examination begun. As I came home I met him in New Langholm and he told me that Mr Maxwell and Mr Keir had sat upon his accounts several days at Millholm and that I must be at Millholm next morning as they expected to get far thro them that night. Next day was a very bad day and I could not go. How many days they had sat upon the business I know not, but it seems they had got so far thro the accounts that bad day that they saw there would be a great deficiency, almost £500 and Mr Keir spoke to him sharply. He came home riding upon his Grey Galloway to his own house in the garden at Langholm, and told them he would go to the water and give the horse a drink, but he never returned alive, but was lost in the water, whether by accident or design Lord only knows. This was about the beginning of March and it was long before his corpse was found. It was at last found near Longtown but when we came to enquire upon his circumstances, the Land at Langholm turnd out to be his son's and the son was infest in it. The £500 the Doctor and Mrs McKinlay claimed, alledging it was theirs and he was only to have the interest, so there was nothing for us. The Colonel afterwards paid £100 and between them £300 and £400 of the road money was lost.

About this time the good wife was as much derangd and as troublesome as ever I saw her. We had a girl called Tibby Robson, [who] took something like a

Fever; she would not allow her to stay in the house. I thought it was as much as her life was worth to remove her in that condition but when I went away she ordered a bed to be laid in a cart and put her into it, sent her down to Langholm, ordered a chaise and sent her home to Liddesdale. Upon the 23rd of June our servants all threatened to leave the house, alledging she gave them insufficient diet. When I remonstrated with her what a disgrace it would be, she replied in great wrath it would never have been so if I had allowed them to be here that should be here, but I had nothing to say in that house, for I was not her husband. I said I was; she replied in rage, 'You are a liar, a thief and a robber.' She has often said that I was a devil and worse than a devil and as she then prayd aloud, I have heard her pray to God to deliver her from devils and devil's sons and evil spirits that came in borrowd shapes to torment her and when she saw me out of health or spirits she appeared in high spirits and threw her whole weight upon me, adding to my distress by every method in her power.

This year, after violent altercations, I got William Armstrong removed from Crossdykes. He removed some of the doors and other things and took them away. I disdained to take notice of it but out of pure spite he fabricated a great claim against me which he perfectly knew had no foundation. I desired him to try it with which he had threatend me, as I knew I could affront him, but he knew better and took a different method. He raild and brawd against me in all places, what a villain I was to wrong such an honest man as him but I think him as unprincipled a man as I ever knew.

During all this time, from the 30th January 1803 to the later end of Autumn 1804, Bower remaind in prison at Jedburgh. During all that time he raged and swore against me and had impressed all his acquaintances with the notion that I was one of the greatest villains and most worthless men that ever breathd and conform[ed] to the character he had given me to them. I received many letters from his companions, filld with the bitterest invectives and most licentious scurrility. Such letters I never received neither before nor afterwards, but in Harvest 1794 one William Hood, a Brewer as he designed himself but he was a downright blackguard, became caution for him and got some to recommend him, so that he was accepted of and Bower got out. He had run into debt about Jedburgh just as far as anybody would trust him. Hood, his cautioner, being afraid he would not behave well if he came to live with his wife, had bound him to continue at Jedburgh, but how to get the debts about Jedburgh paid was some difficulty. But my sister then

lived in Langholm and Bower told them she had a well furnished house so they got their diligence all ready and Bower came into our country in great pomp and spirits, attended by Hood, his cautioner, Turnbull, a writer to act as clerk, and an auctioneer in order to pound his wife's furniture and sell it by auction at the Cross; and notwithstanding this strange errand, he called upon many of his old acquaintances and invited them down to Langholm to dine with him. Turnbull called upon me as they came down Ewes and after some conversation I thought he began to see Bower had misrepresented matters. However, I sent directly to Langholm to acquaint my sister of their coming and intentions, so she kept the door lockd and they could not get entrance. I went down to Langholm in the afternoon and spoke with them. We had a great deal of wrangling but could come to no agreement, for although they saw by my father's settlement that they had a right to get £200 of the money when John was 13 years of age and John had then arrived at that age, yet as several of the creditors about Langholm had done diligence and used arrestments in my hand, they found they would not come upon it and they went back to Jedburgh and threatened to pursue and break my Father's settlement and I do not know what, and employed one Alex McKenzie, a writer in Ramsay Gardens, Edinburgh, as their agent. He wrote to me and I sent notarial excerpts from my Father's settlement. All this time they insisted that I should pay all the debts and allow Bower £20 yearly. I still answered that I would never engage to pay the debts until I knew perfectly what they amounted to and when some asked if Mr Bower knew nothing of their extent, Turnbull, although his man of business, replied, 'Him? He neither kens nor cares.' However, as several of the creditors were doing diligence and I refused to pay till I knew the extent of the debts, it was thought proper to advertise in the Edinburgh Gazette for all the Creditors to give in their claims betwixt and a certain day to Mr William Armstrong, Writer in Langholm, and to assign them to him in Trust and, to save expenses, let him obtain a decreet against Bowers for the whole. But several of the creditors who had done diligence and arrested in my hand would not come under this plan but the other Creditors assigned their claims to Armstrong and he obtained decreet.

I then saw that the debts were about £400 and the proposal they made was that if I would pay all the debts and allow Bower £20 yearly during life, he would agree to a contract of separation and never trouble his wife, his son or me more and as he had £12 yearly from the Excise, they thought he might shift with £38 yearly. I did not know what to do, I saw plainly before I paid

£400 and allowed Bower £20 yearly, the interest of all their money remaining in hand would not leave £5 yearly for the maintenance of my sister and son and the boy's education; this I saw must come out of my own pocket. But as I thought my sister's life was in danger, having no faith in his cautioner and wished to be relieved of Bower, upon the 20th December 1794 they came, viz. Bower, his writer and cautioner, to Langholm and there we made some agreement. I became liable for the debts, which I paid, and took an assignation to the diligence but this agreement was badly observed on their part, as will afterwards appear, and neither for this nor for anything I ever did for them, had I any thanks from any of the family, for all the family seemed to have got Bower's idea into their head, that after my daughter's death all was their own; and, instead of being satisfied with what I did, they seemed to think themselves wronged by my retaining a large proportion of what they considered to belong to them, in my hand.

In the year 1794 skins were plenty by the loss in the storm; they sold for 11d per piece. Wool sold for 11/- and notwithstanding so great a loss and that we were all persuaded that to make up their stocks, the Highland Farmers of Scotland could have kept all they bred without sending one to England, yet the scarcity had no effect in advancing the prices in the markets. People either durst not or could not stock their grounds, so lambs, good wedder, sold for about 5/2; Mid Ewe 4/6; mid-wedder 4/-; palies 2/6; wedders 14/-; fat sheep 11/-; draught ewes 8/6; good nolt £6; some bad ewes 3/-; so that into our great loss by the storm, considering what small numbers we had to dispose of at the above prices, this was a most unfortunate year.

I mentioned sometime before this that I had much trouble with William Armstrong's two sisters, who lived in Crossdykes and who I could not get rid of. The oldest of the sisters, Jenny, was an idiot, the other sister, Jean, had some little sense, but was rather cross and troublesome, but this year Bet (Elizabeth that was married to Andrew Reid, Kilmarnock) quarrelled with her husband and came to live with her sisters at Crossdykes. Although most women that I had the misfortune to be engaged with still exerted themselves to do me all the mischief in their power, yet I think Bet Armstrong had most of the Devil in her of any woman I ever saw. Soon after she came to Crossdykes she came over to Muckledale and produced an account for about £16 sign'd by Jane Armstrong and insisted with great heat upon immediate payment or she would pursue me directly. When William Armstrong left Crossdykes the sisters came to his house, as it was a far larger and better house than it they

lived in and most of this charge of Bett's was for what she alledged should be done to the house. As I had never heard Jean mention any such thing and saw the account signed 'Jane Armstrong' and she always subscribed her name Jean, I began to apprehend a forgery and would not pay and she went off in wrath, threatening vengeance and it turnd out that she had persuaded some man in Langholm to fabricate the account and Jean knew nothing of it and if I had paid the money Jean would never have received one shilling; but altho she was disappointed there and I disregarded her threats, yet she soon made me feel her resentment for she went out one day and brought in a great deal of dry combustibles and threw them upon the fire and presently the chimney was in a blaze. It was a stone chimney and when the flame began to come out at the top of it, some man about the house proposed to go up and thrust a large wet sod in it to stop it up. But that she would not allow, but they must go to some neighbouring town and fetch a Gun to fire up thro it. But in the meantime the fire communicated to the thatch, then they began to remove their furniture, which they affected, but most of the small timber of that and a house adjoining was burnd and when [they] were sorry for the loss, I was told Bet exclaimd exultingly, 'What use are they for, old reeky shops? He has money enough, let him build new ones.' We had a deal of stone dykes about Newlandhills. When Bet came to any of them she just pulld down the stones, whether it was a road or not and left it open. When she met me she assailed me with the most virulent abuse and wrote the most scurrilous letters in Jean's name, which Jean knew nothing of, but still she endeavoured to screen herself from forgery, as they were all subscribed 'Jane Armstrong' instead of Jean Armstrong. But after she had been there about a year, Jean and her quarrelled and she went away again and I thought myself happily delivered.

As I had now had Hartsgarth 6 years and never could get it managed to my mind and all the shepherds that ever we had there seemd never to regard me nor my interest and altho I thought I gave them good encouragement, yet I could never obtain neither good will nor even peace or decent service. I therefore this year determined to move it to one of my Annandale shepherds, namd Andrew Smith, who I had kept in Annandale 20 years and of whose skill, honesty and attachment I had perfect confidence and he enterd to herd it at Whitsunday, 1795. When he entered to herd it I told him what wages I gave people there before and what I would give him but he would make no bargain but would come in my will as he well knew I would not hurt him and so he entered to the Herding and until about Harvest he did very well

and I retained the same opinion I had ever had, that he was a sober, careful, quiet, industrious man and determined to give him suitable wages. But when we began to talk of wages, to my surprise, Andrew told me that a soum, that is 10 sheep in Hartsgarth, was not so good by a third as a soum in any place in the neighbourhood and I must give him one third more wages than other people had or else he was wronged. It was great nonsense for Hartsgarth was a better soum than many in the neighbourhood, but the shepherd that was removed when he came there was his next neighbour and had got very intimate with him and I still think had put it into Andrew's head with a view to differ Andrew and me. I was astonished at the proposals and would not agree to it and altho I had known Andrew 20 years I found I had not the smallest idea of his real character, for this about the wages produced a quarrel which raged with unremitting fury to Whitsunday, 1796, when we parted. I found him proud, vain and conceited of his own abilities beyond compare; no man had honesty, no man had truth, no man had sense equal to him. Whenever I came in his sight, either at Hartsgarth, in a market or anywhere else, if I was even at a distance and wishd to avoid him, he would come running upon me with open mouth like an enraged cur dog, and follow and insult me with the most virulent abuse. In short I would not have had such another half year as I had with him if any man had given me £50. When he went away I offered him several things of value, as corn land and other advantages and at settling gave him about £10 gratis, thinking to conciliate him. All was in vain; he remaind haughty and implacable and some advantages I offered him, even when he was going away, he disdained to accept and left me in great pride to his own great loss. This I write to show how long people may be acquainted without discerning their real character.

All this time the Goodwife was still in the same unsettled condition as much estranged from one, as freakish and as distant as ever. I gave her a five [pound] note to buy herself something in Edinburgh but she lost it and I had to send another; it was found sometime after in a garden at Brieryshaw. In the year 1795 the great loss among the sheep stocks began to appear in the markets. In the year 1794 they either durst not or would not buy them, but in 1795 they were in much request and in the markets they were both scarce and dear. Wedders, being first sold before the dearth was known, were only 15/-; good wedder lambs were from 6/8 to 7/-; Mid Ewe 6/-; Mid wedder 5/6; palies 4/-; draught Ewes 12/-; fat sheep 14/-; wool 16/-; cheese 7/2; good bullocks £7.15/-. But as we had met with such a terrible loss in 1794

we were only endeavouring to make up our stocks and had little to dispose of and made but little money for all the high prices.

1796

This year, upon the 4th March, there came to our house at Muckledale a very sober, decent looking man, who calld himself Johnny Murray of Loch Fergus. He was walking on foot and showd me several papers, wrote upon stamps, whereby it appeared that he was going to Berwick to embark for London to gain possession of a large legacy left him by a friend in the West Indies. He stayd all night. I found him a sensible, well bred man. When he was going away he told me he was afraid he would run short of money and wishd me to lend him a note. I told him it was strange to ask for money upon such a slender acquaintance. However, I lent him 8/- which he was to pay at his return. He went to Mr Henderson in Bush and told him the same story and, as Mr Henderson had some knowledge of him, he got rather more from him. About a quarter of a year after, he came back with some story that he had been disappointed in getting to London, but as he could not well send change by the post, if I would give him 12/- more, to make the 8/- a note, he would send a note by post as soon as he got home. This I refused. He tried Mr Henderson the same way with as little success. We afterwards found out that he was a notorious sharper and practised swindling with great success, both in Scotland and Ireland, that he went under different names and when he came to any place where he was not known, he was a wholesale dealer in every article of merchandise and would produce samples of grain and other things for great quantities to be delivered in a day or two, but he told always a specious and plausible story about being disappointed of money and if he got anything in hand, he was never heard of more and none of his bargains were ever delivered. Mr Henderson had known him before he took up that trade but I never heard what became of him at last.

Upon the 17th of May this year I met Messrs Bower and Hood at Hawick to settle with them for Bower's annuity. After I had settled for Bower's annuity to Whitsunday following, they told me as Mr Hood was setting forward as a Brewer he was much in need of money and if I would advance them £20 more they, viz. Bower and Hood, would grant Bill for it and then it should be allowd as Bower's Board at Whitsunday ensuing. I was so foolish as to advance the money and took their Bill, but no sooner than they got home, than Bower and Hood differed; Hood turnd him out, Bower went to some other man.

Hood soon after broke and the money was lost. I have still their Bill but will never see money.

Upon the 22nd September, Bower met me at Hawick and desired some private conversation. He then, with tears in abundance and heart rending groans, he moaned his past conduct, how happy he might have been, how miserable he had made himself, how sober he had been lately and calld God to witness how sober he intended to live from that time forward and what a feeling sense he had for his past life. One would have thought his heart was so surcharged with grief it was like to burst and the tears run in torrents down his cheeks. I was much moved with the excessive sorrows of the contrite penitent and gave him twenty guineas upon his solemn promise that he would manage it with frugal care and that I should never more hear of his being drunk. He was so affected that I really thought him sincere, but no sooner had he seen me go off for home, than he ran into the Tower Inn, cried out to Mr Armstrong, the Landlord, 'Now, God damn you, bring me a whole gallon of whiskey here.' Mr Armstrong said, 'Bower, I know by what arts you got that money and you shall spend none of it here.' I think Mr Armstrong had been in a closet adjoining to the room where Bowers and I talked. Bower damned Armstrong for a sulky dog and run out and got one of Armstrong's chaise drivers and a sort of blackguards about him, went in to some other house and set to serious drinking; then he was a great man, he paid all, they drank and flattered. Sometime in the morning they brought him into the Tower Inn dead drunk, his notes in his coat pocket, one of them torn in two, the one half of it he droppd and two guineas gone. He staid at Hawick a good while, drinking constantly every day, and kept Mr Armstrong's chaise driver constantly drunk so that Mr Armstrong was obliged to turn him off. Bower at last went to Jedburgh, but his 20 guineas did not serve him 20 days.

About Martinmas, Bower came to Langholm in the old mounting without a copper in his pocket. Somebody came up and told me what a situation he was in. As I owed him £10 of his annuity at Martinmas, for the £21 paid at Hawick went for nothing, that was a compliment as he thought as I wishd not to use him ill. I desired them to send up a receipt, which they did, and I sent down £10. He drank stoutly that night and went into Hawick next day. He there met with an Irishman who presently found his depth and pretended that he was coming to Hawick to establish a great woollen manufacture under the patronage of Sir William Pulteney and wanted an active man to superintend the work and keep his books. Bower was the very man: his father

was a manufacturer, he himself was acquainted with weaving and for keeping his books, he could not find such another. The Irishman was not backward in offering him a large salary. Bower thought he had made a great acquisition and treated the Irishman splendidly while the money lasted. As soon as it was done the Irishman decampd and was never heard of more but nothing but the prospect of such advantage would have made Mr Bower acknowledge that his father was a weaver, although it was really so, for when he was among gentlemen where he was not known, he was a Gentleman's son of an ancient family and large estates in the north of Scotland, but his father was concerned in the rebellion of 1745 and the estate was forfeited and he was reduced to the Excise, and as he had tears, sighs and groans at his command he would bewail the loss of their opulent estate in so affecting a manner as to draw compassion from all around him and pray in hope that Government would restore their estate as they had done Lochiel's and Lovat's.^[176] Although he knew well all the time it was a mere farce of his own invention, he would certainly have made a good play actor.

All this time John Bower continued at Schools, first at Langholm then Ewes, when he stayd with my mother, then at Castleton and again at Langholm where he staid with his mother, who now lives in Langholm ever since my mother's demise, but he made no sort of progress in his education; he was a little dressing, conceited thing, fond of show but had a sort of taste for literature. Old Mr Bower used often to say he was a chip of the old block and, indeed, he seemd to resemble him much in taste, for if John could be dressed to his mind and get a good horse to ride upon that was all requisite for a gentleman. He seemd to have an idea of mental requirements. This year an intimate acquaintance of his enterd as an apprentice to Dr Maxwell and John would enter along with him as a surgeon. I neither would advise it nor oppose it, but desired him to consult his father and mother. He did so, they were both satisfied and he entered to Dr Maxwell. I became liable for his apprentice's fee and board and had to provide and keep him a horse at Langholm and as he attended still so long in the day the schools, I had school wages to pay and his mother to support, so that the boy and her cost me, one way and another, full £100 a year, and after paying Bower's debts and paying him £20 yearly there was little above £5 in the £100 [of] their own money. For all this there was no thanks and what vexed me more it turnd out to be to no purpose whatever, for after John had served 3 years apprenticeship and attended the medical classes in Edinburgh 2 years, and spent a deal of money,

he tired of the business, would be a farmer and as he was such a miserable, bad scholar, I did not oppose his giving up the surgeon, as I thought he would never understand his business, for after he had been about ten years at schools and college, when I sent him money he would give acknowledgements for it so terribly ill-spelld as would have disgraced most boys who had been one year at the school. I think he entered to Dr Maxwell in the later end of 1795 or beginning of 1796 and gave up the business sometime in 1801, but if he did no good as a surgeon he did still worse as a farmer, of which I shall speak in its proper place, if I am permitted to write it.

This summer I became acquainted with a character which will cut a distinguished figure in the sequel and this acquaintance gave rise to a series of the most important and distressing transactions that ever occurred in the history of my whole life, but to introduce it properly I must go a good way back, that it may be known who this extraordinary character really was. Old William Borthwick of Glendinning, my wife's Grandfather, was married to a sister of Scott of Merrilaw. Scott of Merrilaw had a son that was minister of Kirkpatrick near Moffat;^[177] Mr Scott, the minister, had a sister married to Johnstone, Laird of Over Courance and farmer of Garwald. He left one son, Robert Johnstone, who married a daughter of Coplands, Laird of Muiregap. Robert Johnstone was a thoughtless man and set about improving his estate in so expensive a style that he ruined himself before his family had got up. I believe they were a respectable family, for the Earl of Hopetoun took great notice of him in his distress and gave him a piece of ground for a small rent and sometime after got his oldest son into the Excise. Robert Johnstone had a considerable family. His eldest daughter, Helen, was a very likely girl, but was accounted tender and had been brought up by old Mrs Scott of Kirkpatrick, her father's aunt. After old Mr Scott, the minister, died his son Gabriel succeeded him as minister, a very clever young man but reckoned to have a strong attachment to the ladies. Old Mrs Scott began to read some familiarity betwixt Helen Johnstone and her son and as Mrs Borthwick, William Borthwick's widow, was both a friend and intimate acquaintance, they sent her into Edinburgh to her. There she staid above a year and altho she was still tender seemingly, but keeping surgeons constantly attending her, yet Mrs Borthwick wrote that she was the perfect picture of health and good nature. When Mrs Borthwick came into our country she brought her along with her and she was with her sometimes at our house and anybody would have agreed with Mrs Borthwick, for a more mild, blooming, fine

complexion I have seldom seen. She went away again with Mrs Borthwick after some stay, perhaps 4 months, in our neighbourhood. As my wife had several times been in Helen's company, both at Muckledale and Sorbie, she had ingratiated herself so much with her that Peggy, my wife, wishd to have her to come and stay with her as a companion, but she went with Mrs Borthwick to Edinburgh. But Mrs Borthwick wrote to me that Helen seemd to have a strong desire to come and stay at Muckledale, for what reason she could not understand. I have often thought since, as she knew perfectly how I was secluded from my wife and what situation I stood in. She had had the disastrous connection which afterwards ensued in her head before it entered into mine, for this is the character alluded to and whenever I mention great distress, you may be certain that there is a woman the principal agent.

Sometime after she went into Edinburgh, Mrs Borthwick and her parted upon some account and she went to stay with a Mr Martin, a Minister in East Lothian, who had been married to one of her friends, the Scotts of Kirkpatrick, but as his wife was dead he was then a widower and had several children. The oldest girl, Grizzy Martin, was a great beauty and was afterwards married to Copland of Minnigap, a cousin of Helen Johnstone (she is now a widow for Copland, some years after, was struck dead by lightning). There she staid till after Whitsunday, 1796, for altho I had seen her in Harvest, 1795, our acquaintance did not properly begin till Summer, 1796. What correspondence had passed between her and my wife I know not but in summer, 1796, she came out of the Fly and took up her residence at Muckledale. At that time the front wall of the house at Muckledale was rebuilding and my wife sleepd in a room built in a new house and I lay in the old house, notwithstanding the front wall was down. I found Helen very free and very condescending. She asked me for money without scruple, even when we had no connection, and was so far from being offended with any familiarity I used, that the more I used she seemd the better pleased. I did not run headlong into this connection but I often thought I have been so long secluded from my wife that if she had absented from me as long, the Law would have allowd a Divorce, but as she stays in the house the Law presumes occasional rencontres [*i.e.* encounters], but in this I can swear the law is mistaken and how can I be false to a woman's bed, with whose bed I have no more connection than with the Queen of England. I began to consider myself virtually a widower and, then again, I would think after all the success I had had, what a pity it was that I had no children to succeed me and here

your wife has cast you off; here is a beautiful young woman of family cast in your way by such sophistry and the girl's company. I persuaded myself that considering my situation without a wife, it could be at worse fornication but could not be adultery, yet I often doubted the soundness of these reasonings. But altho my mistress was very kind yet she staid upwards of 3 months in the house and no actual criminal connection ever took place betwixt us. She then got notice that her mother was sick and went to her father's to wait upon her mother. She staid there until her mother died and sometime after her Mother's death I received a letter from her assuring me of her intention of returning accompanied with some hints that I thought rather immodest, as I had then got time to deliberate when not in her company.

I returnd rather an unfavourable answer and did not insist upon her returning. She, however, returned in the later end of Harvest. About a month after she returned a criminal correspondence took place betwixt us, but it was of short duration, for as soon as she thought I was fairly fixed, she began to appear in her native colours; instead of the mild, passive woman, I found her violent and outrageous exceedingly and extravagant beyond example. Any money she got from me she laid out with the first Pedlar that came to the house and run, without scruple, into debt to any person that would trust her and ordered fine things from Langholm, and left them for me to pay. I found her word never to be trusted and both from expressions and some parts of her behaviour I began to think she was a woman of more experience than I expected and had far more subtilty [*i.e.* subtlety] and design. If she should alledge that I seduced her into that connection I can disprove it fully, by letters under her own hand. As I thought she was not with child, I broke off the connection and then there was nothing but rage and sometimes abusive language, sometimes tears and weeping, then she would go away. I did not oppose it. The day was sometimes fixed but sometimes she pretended to be not well and one way and another she put off her departure thro the whole winter to the beginning of March.

The day she was to go away there was two horses to go with her, one for her and one for a servant. She rose soon in the morning and came into the room where I slept to take her leave of me; she sat down upon the bedside before me and began to talk. In an evil hour I lost command of myself and pulld her into the bed, she nothing loth and there she got what I thought she wanted. I gave her some money and she went away. Some time after I receivd a letter from her desiring me to come and see her. I would not go.

She then went to a market at Dumfries expecting to meet me but I was not there. But in a little more than two months she wrote me that she was with child. I then saw the depth of my misfortune and did not know what to do but I wrote her that I would provide a proper place of concealment for her, where she would be taken proper care of until she was delivered, that the child should be put to nurse, and that she should then return into the country as if nothing had happened and, as the principal object was concealment, if she behaved well and took care to be secret I would settle something yearly upon her for life, but as I saw she was a most improper person to have the command of money, the money should be lodged with the man to whose care she was committed, who should have orders to allow her all things proper but nothing extravagant. If she was not pleased with these terms she might do as she pleased. She was perfectly satisfied and I got a friend to take her to an acquaintance in Lancashire, but no sooner was she there than she spoke in a very different style – she was a Lady of family and fortune and she would either have what money she pleased or should go down to Scotland and take up her abode at Muckledale; and upon the man's refusing her money she packd up her clothes and would scarcely stop till the man wrote to me. I did not know what to do. I wrote the man to humour her if possible, even at some cost, she then showd away in gay dress and chaise here at a most extravagant rate. But that was not all. I must either come up and stay some time with her in Lancashire or she would come down directly. She wrote me letters upon the subject, seemingly dictated by the spirit of madness. I saw there was nothing but mischief to be expected, but I would not go, but how it happened I know not how, but the man and his wife and her, came all down to Scotland long before she was delivered. He said she would not stay; she said otherwise. She took first up her residence at Gretna Hall^[178] and after she had been there a good while she went to Ruthwell,^[179] a Public House betwixt Annan and Dumfries, and there she was delivered of a son upon the 26th November 1797.

She then, without any hesitation, sent messages frequently to me. I was still ashamed that matters should become public and endeavoured all I could at concealment, but all in vain. When the child was born she got him baptized and calld him Thomas, for me. I wrote her that the child should be put to nurse, she should take the coach and go off, I would send her 20 guineas to go off with and would settle £20 yearly upon her for life. She seemd well pleased: they made a most expensive birth and christening and the child was

put to nurse and I sent her the £21 I promised and expected to be relieved of her for that and the £20 yearly but as soon as she got up, instead of going away, she went directly to the magistrates of Annan and lodged a formal complaint that they had robbed her of her child and cravd legal diligence to recover it. She got a warrant and went at the Head of a strong party to take it back. The man who had the charge of it swore he would tear the child from limb to limb before he gave it up. Her party swore as resolutely upon the other side. It was a horrid fray but, after she had engaged to pay the man much more than he had any right to demand, she bribed him to give up the child and she got him and put him to nurse with one Mrs Ratcliffe, of the Glen, and boarded herself in the same house, then all concealment was at an end. I was sadly vexed but she never seemd to think shame of it, nor ever attempted to conceal it. Her journey to England and back in about 5 months cost above £100 with christening, birth, nurses' fees, gowns Helen bought to one and another, Law charges and other things. The boy cost above £50 more before he was a month old for Helen's £21 did not serve her a fortnight. Here we will leave her for a little and go on with other occurrences.

The year 1796 was the best year for us stock farmers we had ever seen, skins gave about 20d; wedders 18/-; good wedder lambs 8/6 and some 8/9; mid ewes 8/-; mid wedder 6/3; palies 4/; fat sheep 18/- some 20/-; draught ewes 16/-; cheese 8/-; wool 21/-; Nolt £9. Any sober man not engaged with a Helen Johnstone got plenty of money that year.

1797

My father had a brother named Walter who had several children, as I mentioned before. His second son Adam, who married one Margaret Carruthers, a very likely woman, was a clever fellow as most, but wild and irregular; he had no children by Margaret. They had sometimes been in decent circumstances but were never a happy couple, they were sometimes parted from one another, I cannot say where the blame lay. Adam was certainly regardless in his conduct. She was weak, senseless at best and often entirely deranged and violent and troublesome almost constantly. Before my father died he gave them a house, for a year, at Newlandhill with a cow and stirk but Adam did not seem to be by any means grateful. My father spoke sometime of removing him but never did it. After my father's death he told me he gave it him for life – I knew it was false. Altho he gave me much trouble, for after my father's death he meddled with everything, and as he thought me a young man, he seemd to think that

I should walk by his directions. I despised the thought as I knew he had no skill, but he argued and urged and gave me much trouble and if I would do nothing at his command he took as little notice of mine. His wife became downright mad towards the later end of his time, but this year he fell badly and died upon the 14th September. His wife went to her friends and I allowed her something yearly, she is still alive in 1805.

Mr Scott of Harden had a large farm in Eskdalemuir called Over Cassock. As it lay quite detached from the bulk of his estate, he wished to sell it and in the year 1768, the same year we bought the lands of Crieve from Cornelius Elliot,^[180] he sold it to Dr Mounsay, first physician to the Emperor of Russia,^[181] for £5,300, so that the same year it gave £40 more than all the lands of Crieve and people seemd divided in their opinions which was the best bargain, but I then thought and still think the Crieve far better. Old Dr Mounsey died, the sons went into the army and became expensive gentlemen. All the sons died. One of the daughters married a Heron, a younger brother of the family of Curraughtree [*i.e.* Kirroughtree]; another married Joseph Fortisque, a Gentleman in Hampshire; and the third remaind unmarried. Mounsey had a great deal of more land in Annandale, but as the brothers had left them embarrassed they resolvd to sell the whole estate, pay their debts and divide the residue of the money among them; and the whole was advertised to be sold this year, in lots, at Dumfries, in the month of September. The upset price of Cassock was £6000, but as old Mounsey's widow was still alive and had a jointure upon Cassock for £200 yearly, it was stated in the articles of Roup that £4000 was to ly in the purchaser's hands, at 5 per cent, to answer that annuity and as the rent of Cassock was only then £230 and there was 7 years of the lease to run after the ensuing Whitsunday, it was plain that, during the lease, the purchaser, before he paid public burdens, would have little interest for the £2000 he would have to pay out, yet I still thought it a great bargain.

When it was first advertised Mr Keir, the Duke of Buccleugh's man of business in our country, often said publicly that as it lay so completely in with the Duke's Estate, the Duke should buy it, and then he would have a complete range of the Head of Esk. As I had got about half the money to buy it, I wished to try it, but did not wish to interfere with his Grace, but happening afterwards to converse with Mr Keir upon the subject, he told me the Duke would not buy it. It then struck me that Mr Keir might do me a piece of excellent service if he would go and look at it and attend the sale

and buy it for me, for we saw nobody to meddle with it, but some of the Duke's opulent farmers and after what he said, they would think it was for his Grace and none of them would dare to oppose him. He entered readily into the scheme, went and viewed it and went and saw the papers and attended the Sale. It was set up at £6000, I had given him authority to give £600 more. There were several of the Duke's farmers there, some of them were known to design it, but when they saw Mr Keir no man opened his mouth, no man was found to offer the upset price.

After all the lots had been set up some of them were sold and some not. Mr Keir and the exposers talked. They said they were surprised nobody offered the upset price for Cassock. Mr Keir replied 'I will give the upset price for Cassock if you will now sell it by private bargain, it is no loss to you and it will save the purchaser £150 as auction duty.' To this they directly agreed and, before he left the town, Minutes were drawn in my name as purchaser, a cautioner provided and everything settled and, considering the time when the purchase was made, I look upon it as the best bargain I ever made in my life. I know many rigid men will alledge there was more craft in this scheme than became any man of character. I acknowledge I had some scruples about it myself, but they did not weigh so far with me as to make me abandon the plan. I know not, but I might have condemd it in another, but I do not know that there are many men would have acted otherwise if placed in my situation. As I wishd, if possible, to get quit of the annuity to Mrs Mounsey, now Mrs Cook, for she had married one of her servants, I made them a proposal: that if they would give me ample security to indemnify me of that annuity, I would pay them £4000 at Whitsunday and the remaining £2000 at Lammas, as I saw I could not properly secure the money at 5 per cent and could borrow it at 4½, some for 4. They gave me a Bond of Indemnification that satisfied me and I paid the whole price and got quit of the jointure. Hitherto everything went well, but Cassock was advertised as free of stipend, being relieved expressly by a Deed, under the hand of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, from whom the Harden family had derivd it, in which deed, after narrating the purchase of the teinds it adds, 'And further, the said Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, and his foresaids, bind and oblige themselves to relieve the said Sir William and his foresaid, of all teinds and ministers' stipends, payable furth of these lands, to the Minister serving the Cure of the Parish of Westerkirk for the year 1649 and sick like, in all time coming.'

The minister of Eskdalemuir, which had been a later erection, was then

pursuing for an augmentation; as the Mounsey design'd selling it and had never been paid stipend, they never noticed the process of locality. My men of business in Dumfries assured me I had no business with it as the Duke of Buccleugh was obliged to indemnify me, it behoved him to attend to it and so nobody appeared for Cassock at all and the first notice I had of the decree, after all was closed and the decree become final, was a demand from the minister for a considerable stipend. I was then roused from my lethargy into which I had been lulled by the Dumfries Writers and went into Edinburgh, took the best advice I could get, went and saw the whole process and learned that the Duke of Buccleugh, as titular of the tiends, had given a scheme of locality,^[182] laying most of the augmentation upon the small heritors and but a small burden upon Cassock. But the heritors, seeing nobody appear for Cassock, objected to the first scheme and gave in another, relieving themselves in part and throwing far more upon Cassock and as nobody opposed it, it became final. What to do I knew not, men of law told me that if I entered Law with the Duke for reimbursement, the event was much to be dreaded and if I attempted to reduce the Decree of Locality, the event would be uncertain and at any rate it would be so tedious and expensive a process that I had far better let it alone. I was therefore, with great reluctance, constrained to bow to the servitude, enraged at the Dumfries writers for misleading me; I think I never managed anything worse in my life. Another thing I must observe as to this purchase, I was obliged to run far more into debt than I expected as I had above 1500 in the country which I could not command when the payments were made. I had calculated upon it and was disappointed yet still I thought it a good purchase as I understood the value of stock farms, I knew it was worth far more money.

In the year 1797 skins sold for 1/4; udder locks 8/-; wedders 21/-; good wedder lambs 5/9; mid ewe lambs 5/-; mid wedder 3/6, some 3/10; smaller ewes 3/- and some 4/-; palies 2/6; fat sheep from 16/- to 18/-; draught ewes 13/- to 14/-; cheese 8/-; and wool 13/-.

From the later end December, 1797, to the first September, 1798, Mrs Johnstone and child staid with Mr Ratcliffe and his wife at the Glen.^[183] The wife nursd the boy and altho I found it, as I thought, very expensive, yet it turn'd out to be the most moderate place ever she was in. I was so vexed at her behaviour in publickly applying to the magistrates of Annan, making everything so public and spending so much money, that I would neither go near her, receive a letter from her, nor have any connection whatever with

her. She sent often messages and letters and some of her messages came frequently to Muckledale. Still I would have no concern further than paying her £20 yearly and paying for the child's nursing. Everything was now become quite publick. My wife was informd of every particular but it gave her no sort of disturbance, as she did not acknowledge me as her husband, she thought she had no concern with it. She has indeed often said, as I was not her husband there is no bar between me and any woman. As I had frequent occasion to go to Dumfries about settling matters about Cassock and I had never seen the boy, in February, 1798, as I was not a quarter of a mile off the road, I calld at the Glen and saw her and the child. I found him a stout, healthy, fine, well limbed boy, big and strong; she was again become the mildest, quietest creature imaginable and the people in the house gave her a great character for a sober inoffensive woman. I staid in the house only about half an hour and our meeting and parting was by no means friendly.

As by the agreement for Cassock I had £4000 and a year's interest to pay at Whitsunday, 1798. I expected it would be to pay at the Term, the 26th of May, but they insisted upon it upon the 15th May and I was obliged to provide money and go to Dumfries and pay it that day. The Writer who assisted Mr Keir in the purchase and offered himself as Cautioner for the price and appeard very friendly and drew all the papers was calld William Laidlaw. I knew him before he came from Tweedside, a farmer's son. I had no notion that he was a great man, but I afterwards found that he considered himself as a very great man and valued his services very highly. As I returned from Dumfries I calld at the Glen and saw Miss Johnstone and the boy, she was then become plump and healthy and the boy still very healthy. She had insisted much upon my calling at this time, for she said she had nothing to show whereby I was obliged to allow her £20 yearly for life and if I would enter into a regular contract wrote upon stamped paper, by a man of business, to allow her £20 yearly for life, she would engage never to trouble me more and deliver up the boy when he was 6 years of age to my care and retire satisfied with her £20 yearly for life. As I thought myself happy in getting quit at so cheap a rate, I agreed to these terms without hesitation and when I calld at the Glen, after some conversation, I mounted my horse and rode to Ecclefechan and sent for George Graham, a Writer. She came soon after upon a horse of Ratcliffe's and there we got the contract extended in proper form and she got one copy and I got

another and I came home well satisfied with what I had done, as I thought my trouble with her at an end. But alas, I little even yet knew who I had to deal with for Legal Contracts are, with her, mere cobwebs.

Sometime in Summer, 1798, a subscription in aid of Government was set on foot in Scotland. I set the example in our small parish of Ewes by subscribing 20 guineas and altho there was only 13 farm houses in the Parish, no villages, no residing heritors, we subscribed £69.4.6., more than many Parishes of 5 times the population.

I paid the first payment for Cassock to Mr Gilchrist, Writer to the Signet, upon the 15th of May, the last payment I made to the Commissary Goldie upon the 2nd August. At both these payments I asked Laidlaw to go with me and altho he had not above 100 yards to walk each time and neither said nor did anything when there, yet when he and I came to settle he, after a most exorbitant charge for other business, had charged me a guinea each time for witnessing the payment. I asked him if he either did or said anything, he said no, but was he to dance attendance upon me for nothing? I answered that he had made me ride at least 150 miles in waste, to dance attendance upon him, of that he thought nothing, but he must be paid a guinea for every 100 yards. As to my riding 150 miles in waste, he knew it was true. He once trusted me to meet him at Ecclefechan, as it was bad weather I hired a chaise and went there but he did not come. He then trusted me to Dumfries, when I went there he was not at home, I then went back to Dumfries and found him at home and he and I appointed 10 o'clock next day to settle, but when I went to his house, there was a chaise and he and his wife and young daughter going off [for] as the Smallpox was broke out in Dumfries they were carrying away the child. I desired him to let Mrs Laidlaw go with the child and he might stay and settle with me and afterwards he might follow upon horseback. All I could say signified nothing, I must follow him to Moffat, where I was obliged to go. After that he wrote me again to meet him at Moffat, I rode from Muckledale to Moffat and when I came there, I understood that he was gone to Glasgow with a party of friends, I was just obliged to turn my horse and come home again. Combining his usage of me with his charge for every 100 yards travel, I thought myself ill used and spoke of it in company. It somehow came to his ears and he sent me a sharp letter for arraigning his character as a man of business, I gave him no satisfaction. I often thought these Limbs of the Law consider country people as asses they may ride at pleasure and after all, notwithstanding his high charge, he did me more hurt than good, as it was

chiefly owing to his unsound advice that I neglected looking after the stipend of Cassock until it was past redemption.

About Lammas this year, 1798, as I returned from Dumfries when making the last payment of Cassock I call'd at the Glen and saw Miss Johnstone and the child. The boy was well and she seem'd healthy and happy and the people she staid with seem'd pleased with her and the boy; but, to my disgrace, I then renew'd our crimcon (*i.e.* criminal conversation), which I had never before done since she left Muckledale. Shortly after this I got notice that she had quarrell'd with Ratcliffe and his wife and that she pack'd up her clothes, got the boy upon her back and gone to some house in the neighbourhood where she could not stay and I must provide a place for her. As I did not like to appear in it myself, I got a friend to provide a place for her at Lyneside, Cumberland, with one Thomas Armstrong. My friend (Mr Lamb in Kirkandrews) went in a chaise and brought her and the child to Lyneside about the beginning of September, but as I had provided the place, the people look'd upon me for payment and I soon found that she imagin'd I was to give her the £33 entirely to herself, her own money she call'd it, for this she was to render no account but I must pay all expenses besides. Upon the 18th September I went for Carlisle Fair and call'd and saw her at Lyneside and went to Carlisle. She insist'd upon my calling as I returned, which I did. I was not above half an hour in the house, for I came home to Muckledale that night, but in that time I fell into the same transgression I had before done at Ratcliffe's.

I did not see her again till the 24th November, altho often invited, but I was still so sorry for what I had done that I resolv'd to go as little into her company as I could help, but I got notice that day to come down to Langholm and speak with a Gentleman. When I went down I found it was her father and brother of hers who had been in the Army. They did not quarrel with me about what had happen'd, only the old man insist'd upon seeing her before he left the country and I was oblig'd to accompany him to Lyneside. She then told me she was with child, but that I understood that what money I had advanced to pay board and other expenses had been apply'd to different purposes; she had got a fine gilt watch and other articles of dress for herself and the child, but not one shilling of board or expenses paid. Even her father seem'd ashamd of her behaviour and would fain have persuad'd her to go home with him, but she would not go, so he and I came away, but as he was scarce of money he prevail'd upon me to lend him £6. 6/- which I never got again. I saw her expenses at Thomas Armstrong's would be more than double of what she had been at Ratcliffe's and I determin'd

to remove her.

She then took a room in Longtown and kept a maid and maintained herself but that turned out still far worse, for whatever money I sent her for support, not a shilling was applied for the purpose for which it was intended; whether she kept it or gave it away I know not, but every shilling was still left for me to pay. Before she left Lyneside the boy was getting his eye teeth and was seized with some sort of convulsion so that they thought him dead and he lay so long that even the Doctor, when he came, thought him gone; yet still he came out of it and never had a fit since that I ever heard of. But in every place where ever she was she still retained a surgeon to attend her and the child and was often using medicine to both and what with medicine and attendance, for she must be regularly attended, their Bills were considerable. In short, one way and another, I saw that if I continued on in that style and allowed her to have the management of the money, the £33 that I was to allow her and the child would not be above the fourth of their expenditure. I therefore, in the later end of 1798 or beginning of 1799, committed her to the care of an acquaintance of mine, one Dr Armstrong of Kirkoswald, Cumberland. He was to have the sole management of her child and the money and to settle with me, but before she left Longtown she had insisted upon having furnished lodgings of her own and she said the furniture would not cost above £60 and what was that, a trifle. I knew her too well to agree to it, yet she actually ordered a joiner to make the furniture and I had some difficulty in making him desist. It may seem strange how she could spend so much money, but then, it is to be considered whenever she fancied either herself or the child indisposed, she directly ordered a chaise to take an airing and then to surgeons, chaise drivers and all about her, she was a liberal as any Duchess in the Realm and obtained the character of the most generous, best hearted woman that ever breathed and any that would come about her and speak some flattering words, she thought nothing of throwing them a good gown or any article of dress and buying new ones for herself.

In 1798 skins sold for 1/3; wedders 18/-; wedder lambs 6/9; Mid Ewes 5/6; mid wedders 4/- to 4/6; palies from 3/6 to 4/-; fat sheep 14/-; wool 15/-; draught ewes from 10/6 to 11/-; Bullocks £10; and cheese 8/6.

1799

After Miss Johnstone went to Kirkoswald, altho Dr Armstrong behaved like a man of honour, yet he could not restrain her extravagant expenses, there was nothing but scolding, storm or rage and she wrote the most insulting

letters to me still insisting that I would come and see her but I would by no means go. She staid there until she was delivered of a daughter upon the 11th of June, 1799. It was baptised by the name of Jean and is at this day a stout, well lookd girl. Sometime after she wrote me she would not stay there much longer, the Doctor came into our country and told me he would not have any credit with her and wishd to be quit of the charge. I did not know what to do, but I made her a proposal that if she would go to her father I would allow her £60 a year, paid half yearly by equal portions for herself and the two children. She jumped at the offer, seemd highly pleased and said it was too much and in a subsequent letter she said it might maintain all her father's family. I knew it was the language of inexperience, for people that never had the command of money will think a sum to be more than they will spend, altho they will spend three times as much, but I knew, with due care, it might do sufficiently well. She staid at Kirkoswald till about the Harvest, 1799, she then came to near Longtown and staid there some short time and then went to her father's. I paid all her debts, gave her money to bear her expenses to Martinmas, 1799, and advanced her £30 for her first half year's annuity from Martinmas, 1799, to Whitsunday, 1800, and she went to her father's well pleased and I was pleased thinking I would get some rest.

About the later end of 1798 or beginning 1799 my wife began to settle, become more easy and familiar with me and at last admitted me into her bed. I then broke off all connection with Miss Johnstone and I here solemnly declare, that from the period I mentioned, I never had any more crimcon with her to this day, viz. the year 1805, when I now write, and I am resolved never will and I hope I shall have no difficulty in abiding by these resolutions as I never have since nor ever will see her but in company. I had many pressing invitations to come and see her at Kirkoswald but I never went. I had many more to come to Thornhill after she went there, accompanied by threats [of] what she would do if I did not go; still I never went and when she understood that I was reconcild to my wife, she stormd with rage and indignation. My wife has since been possessed of most unaccountable whimsys, but that of my not being her husband has never yet returned.

From the year 1792 I acted, for several years, as Justice of Peace, but I never likd it as I did not understand Law and forms and never thought myself properly qualified for the office, and as soon as a new nomination took place, I resigned and would have no more to do with it but before I resigned Mr Keir and I happened to have before us a man in Canonbie, one John Bell,

who wrought at the Limekilns, for a riot and quarrel. As it was the third time he had come before us for such offences, we were more severe with him, both to fine and imprisonment we sentenced him. He appeal'd to the Quarter Session at Dumfries, the matter rested there above a year and was never call'd. The justice then in office, Mr Maxwell, and Mr Keir, imagining he never intended to call it but only wish'd to evade the sentence, granted warrant of commitment and John was imprisoned. I was not then a Justice. As soon as John got out he applied to our old Sherriff, Mr David Armstrong,^[184] whose character I have already attempted; he was ever fond of mischief and advis'd him to bring it before the Court of Session. At the same time Mr Armstrong wrote to me telling me of the great danger we were in, advising me to give John Bell 30 or 40 guineas for acquittance but whatever he demanded, to make the best bargain I could, but not to let him go to Law. As I thought we had done nothing wrong in John Bell's case I disregarded Armstrong's letter. John Bell then got Mr Armstrong for his adviser, Mr Richard Graham, Annan, for his agent in the country, Mr Bain White, W.S., as his agent in Edinburgh.

We were all summon'd and we employ'd Mr John Scott as our agent and the plea began with spirit before the Lords of Session. When it came before the Lord Ordinary we easily obtained a decree in our favours. They reclaim'd and brought it before the Lord Ordinary again, still he adhered. They then brought it before the Inner House, we soon got an interlocutor in our favour. They then gave in a reclaiming petition and advanced something new but when it came to be tried they failed in the proof. Then they reclaim'd again and this way, we getting interlocutors in our favour and them reclaiming, and always advancing something new, the process depended before the Lords of Session for between two or three years, for however they failed in the proof, the Lords still received their reclaiming petitions if they contain'd anything new and although at the first and for some time after the Lords were almost unanimously in our favour yet although they still failed in establishing the facts condescended upon in their petitions, the Lord Justice Clerk took it into his head to patronize John Bell's interest and brought over some of the Lords to his opinion so that the majority in our favours became narrower. One question that naturally occurred to be put to John Bell's agent was 'Since your appeal to the Quarter Session at Dumfries, why did you allow it to ly dormant there a year and near a half without ever being called?' They at first said that no Quarter Session had ever been held during that time, but the contrary was established by the Sederunt Books of that Court, but long after

this they assigned a very different reason. The last reclaiming petition they gave in they alleged that soon after the appeal was lodged, Mr Maxwell and Mr Keir, being in Dumfries, asked for a sight of the process to see the reasons of the Appeal, that they promised to return it that night to Mr Clerk to the Quarter Session, but instead of that they carried it off and never returned it, thereby putting it out of John Bell's power to bring it before the Quarter Sessions and had put it in execution against him their former sentence after having unjustly deprived him of availing himself of having the cause heard before the Quarter Sessions. As they had often failed before in establishing the assertions advanced in their reclaiming petitions, the Lords would not receive this petition, till their agent Mr Bain White pledged himself to prove it, as he said he had information from Mr Clerk's own mouth, Clerk to the Quarter Sessions at Dumfries. When we heard of this we were astonished, as nothing more false could have been devised, but we had not the smallest idea they could prove it. However, the Justices were so incensed at the indulgence the Lords had given to John Bell, by always receiving his petitions after they had repeatedly turned out to be groundless, that the whole Justices in our District resigned their commissions and acted no more. John Bell then became a great man, he sat enthroned upon the Limestone Quarry and waving his hammer instead of sceptre, boasted to his companions that he had now relieved his country of all the Justices in Dumfriesshire within 20 miles round of the place where he sat. As that was actually the case he was heard with attention and considered by the rabble as the assertor of the Liberties of his countrymen.

The Clerks to the Quarter Sessions at Dumfries were both of the name of Samuel Clerk, father and son. The Clerk to the Justices in Langholm was William Armstrong, a distant relation of the Armstrongs of Kirtletown; he had been bred to his business under them and had still a strong attachment to them and he seemed not only to have learned his business from them, but to have imbibed their principles, as the story of Mr Maxwell and Mr Keir's having abstracted the process was a mere fiction. We had no idea that they would prove it and when it was first spoke of, Armstrong said to the Justices 'I shall soon settle all that, for in my correspondence with Mr Clerk upon that business, I have letters to show under Mr Clerk's own hand, which will prove that the process was in his hand long after the time it was alleged to have been abstracted by Messrs Maxwell and Keir.' But after the Justices had resigned and he thought he had nothing to expect from them, he began to be silent upon that point. However, the two Mr Clerks and him, viz. William

Armstrong, were summoned to Edinburgh to give their dispositions as to the Gentlemen's abstracting the process; the two clerks went but Mr Armstrong did not go, alledging bad health. Old Samuel Clerk deponed that as he was an old man and his memory not so good as it had been and as he had now left the business mostly to his son, he could swear positively to none of the questions that were put to him. But young Clerk, to our amazement, swore positively to the Gentlemen borrowing the process at the time condescended upon in the petition and that, to the best of his knowledge, they never returned it, nor did he ever remember seeing it afterwards in their office. The affair began then to assume a different aspect and Armstrong's oath was insisted upon by both parties. A commission was then granted to take his oath at Dumfries, but he still pleaded bad health and did not go. At last a commission was granted to a Mr Jeffrey, Writer to the Signet, to take his oath in his own room at Langholm and Mr Richard Graham, in Annan, John Bell's country agent, was ordered to attend the examination for John Bell and Messrs Maxwell and Keir for their own interest.

The day before this examination was to take place, Mr Edward Armstrong Younger, Sherriff of Kirtletown, came over to Langholm upon a visit to William Armstrong. They spent the afternoon together and Mr Edward staid with him till after supper. Upon the day of his examination he staid and breakfasted with Armstrong. As Edward Armstrong was a keen partisan of John Bell's, we can only conjecture what had passed betwixt him and William Armstrong by what followed, for no sooner was Mr Edward gone than William took to his bed, pretended to be very bad and sent in great haste for the doctor. Dr Maxwell, Mr Maxwell's son, attended; when he came into the room Armstrong pretended not to know him, said it was Dr Maxwell he wanted and he would not be imposed upon by an ill looking blackguard like him with a tinker hussy along with him, who by the by was no other than Armstrong's own housekeeper. He seemed raving mad and boasted [*i.e.* bullied] them both out of the room. The Doctor then went to his own house and there he found Jeffrey, the Commissioner, Mr Graham, Annan, his father and Mr Keir just going to examine William Armstrong; he then easily comprehended the cause of Armstrong's madness. When they came to examine him he spoke in so boisterous, mad and incoherent a manner that they could make nothing of him and were obliged to give him up, although his insanity was never heard of either before or after that day and none of Samuel Clerk's letters that would have confronted his oath were ever heard of more.

Our plea then began to have a dangerous appearance: Messrs Maxwell and Keir, fraudulently abstracting the process with the intention, as was alledged, that they might deprive John Bell of bringing it before the Quarter Sessions and then put their own oppressive sentence in execution; and of the three witnesses who could have cleared up that affair, one of them had lost both memory and judgement, another had lost memory and the only witness who had both memory and judgement was decidedly against us. Things had an unfavourable aspect and we could certainly have been severely mulcted if their evil intentions had been seconded by corresponding ability, but by some unaccountable inadvertency they happened, in the course of their pleadings, to quote a passage which suited their purpose from one of the papers which it was alledged Messrs Maxwell and Keir had abstracted, which had never appeared in the process before. Our lawyer took advantage of the oversight and insisted that these papers must be in their custody, else how was it possible that they could quote extracts from them that had never been adverted to in the process before and insisted upon the production of these papers. After much litigation it turned out at length when everything was fairly developed that Messrs. Maxwell and Keir had faithfully returned the process to Samuel Clerk but that he had sometime after given them into the hand of Richard Graham of Annan, John Bell's country agent, and that they were still in his hand and had been in his hand all the time he was so strenuously insisting before the Lords that Messrs. Maxwell and Keir had fraudulently carried them off. Mr Keir then insisted upon indicting young Samuel Clerk for perjury, but when his resentment subsided he dropped it. But the most surprising occurrence on the whole process was, altho their villainous intentions were now manifest, we gained our plea only by the Lord President's casting vote. The plea cost £63, but upon producing the process to the commissioners of the county at their General Meeting, they ordered their collector to pay it, so that in the end it cost us no money but much vexation and trouble, but how John Bell's expenses in this process were paid we never could find out. It was not carried on in form a pauper's is, and as John Bell had nothing to depend upon but his daily labour and being a drunken, quarrelling, dissipated man was ever indigent in his station and a man of no character, it was impossible for him to bear any part of the expense, yet his men of business said they were punctually paid. We knew the Armstrongs of Kirtletown were the principal abettors in the process but they were never plenty of money and as they could not or would not pay their own debts, we could hardly imagine they would

throw out their money in supporting John Bell's plea and of any other person doing it we could hardly form a proper conjecture.

The winter between 1798 and 1799 was rather more severe than ordinary and at udder locking, 1799, the sheep stocks were in very low condition and after udder locking the weather became frosty with frequent blasts of snow and altho there were some intervals, the weather continued mostly in that disposition, not only thro lambing time but even after Whitsunday, till the middle of June. There was no growth upon the ground, the ewes had no milk and in most high land stocks the lambs died of perfect hunger, when they were two or even three weeks old. We had a considerable loss in old sheep and not near half an average crop of lambs. As it was generally believed that Scotland could keep all it had bred that year, without sending one sheep or lamb to England, we imagined they would be excessively dear but farmers had met with such a loss that they seemd afraid to buy stock, so that the markets this year did not answer our expectation, but as the loss had been pretty general, both in England and Scotland, it certainly was the ground work of the high prices that were given for some succeeding years. In 1799 skins sold 2/-; udderlocks 10/-; wool 21/- per stone; Wedders 17/6; good wedder lambs 8/3 to 8/6; mid wedder lambs 5-/-; Mid Ewes, of which there were few, 5/9 small; palies 2/6; fat tups 11/6; draught Ewes 12/-; Bullocks I had none, fat Kyloes sold from £5 to £6; and fat Ewes 15/- per piece.

As the spring in 1799 had been very frosty and barren and continued to the middle of June, there was little growth in the ground and the crops looked very ill and as the weather never turnd very kindly and warm and the harvest provd wet and unfavourable, the crops were both bad and badly got and when they were thrashed out and brought to the mills they produced very little meal and the price of victual became excessively high; oatmeal which generally was before from 2/6 to 3/- per stone, rose as high as 7/- per stone. In summer, 1800, in many places, the poor were literally in a starving condition; most liberal subscriptions were made for their relief and many large and beneficent donations were given in every quarter and Parliament made most laudable exertions on their behalf by granting large Bounties for importation of Grain; and from the King on the throne, down to all that were in stations above want, the strictest economy was observed to retrench the consumption of bread in their families, that there might be more to spare for the poor; and altho everything was done for the poor that Government and people in their power could do for their relief, yet the poor were so

far from being thankful to their benefactors that they boldly execrated the King, Parliament and all their superiors as the authors of all their misery. They would not allow there had been any deficiency in the crop, even tho they saw it, but as we were then at war with France and Jacobinical principles had spread much among them, it was the common cry among them that the dearth was all a device of Government, for as they wanted soldiers, they bought up and exported the grain to compel poor people either to List for soldiers or they would starve them to death. Some of them expressed hopes that the French would soon come and put an end to their misery, in short, their discontent seemd to verge to insurrection against that very Government which was straining every nerve for their relief. To argue with them was in vain, every voice was drown'd by popular clamour. From what I saw at this time I will ever be of opinion that a Government influenced by popular clamour is no Government at all, for allow them to indicate and they will soon bring themselves and any nation to utter ruin.

I mentioned before that Miss Johnstone went to her father in the end of Harvest, 1799; he had then a decent farm at Thornhill, up in the Nith above Dumfries. I had paid all her debts about Longtown and given her £30 to pay her annuity to Whitsunday, 1800. I had many pressing invitations to come to Thornhill during the winter but I never went, but when her Annuity was to pay at Whitsunday, 1800, for I paid it in advance, she insisted positively that I should come and pay it myself, for she would receive it from no other person and if I paid it to any other she would never acknowledge the receipt of it nor even would allow it at settling. I could not tell how to behave. I did not incline to go and yet as she had warn'd me that she would not acknowledge the receipt if paid to any other person. I doubted she would give me trouble. After deliberating I resolved not to go but wrote to her father to meet me at Lockerbie and come quietly and there I would pay the money, but not to acquaint her lest she should come along with him. I had before given the money to a cousin of hers, John Wightman, and wrote her that the money was ready for her in his hand, but she would never hear of receiving from him, I must and should come and pay it myself, so I saw she was determined to make me visit her twice every year, whether I would or not, but as she staid with her father and was accountable to him for her own and the children's board, I thought his receipt would be a sufficient acquittance. Her father met me at Lockerbie and I paid him the money and got his receipt with an obligation to pay it to her and get her receipt for it, but from what passed in

conversation betwixt him and me I begun to dread mischief, for he said that she would not refrain from buying from shopkeepers or travelling chapmen everything she fancied, whether she had money or not or whether she needed it or not, it was all one and he doubted there would be a shilling left for her and the children's board.

Sometime after I received a most abusive letter for paying the money to her father and shortly after that she took a chaise and drove with the two children to a house near Lyneside, by Longtown, and then came up to Walter Young's, Innkeeper in Langholm, and sent for me. I did not go and she was obliged to return to Lyneside, but she directly wrote me in a most imperious style that if I did not directly come and see her and the children, she would come directly to Muckledale, for see me she would before she returned to her father, if it should cost her life. I did not know what to do. Her coming to Langholm was taken notice of, her coming to Muckledale would make a noise. I therefore went to Lyneside to endeavour to persuade her to return to her father. I there saw her and the children, the boy seemd healthy and well and the girl, who I had never seen before, was a plump, healthy, good looking child. Her conversation and mine was by no means amicable. She would not allow the money I had paid to her father, I would not pay it again and after about an hour's altercation we parted in anger. However, sometime after I had seen her at Lyneside she returned to her father at Thornhill and I heard little more about her till near Martinmas, 1800, when the other half year's annuity became due. She was a well favoured woman but [a] far from handsome person and one would have thought she had not the capacity to acquire much favour, yet still she had the address to engage people, somehow, to befriend and patronize her and wherever she came she had art enough to impose herself upon other people as a person of a very different character from what she really was, as she had at the first imposed upon me when she was at Thornhill.

She got acquainted with one Mr Stewart, Factor to Mr Monteith of Closeburn, a gay, grand looking, high dressed gentleman and upon paper, considering his style, his fine writing and his strong reasoning he was certainly the first rate correspondent ever I exchanged letters with. What could influence this gentleman I cannot say. I believe he was a great admirer of the ladies, but certain it was that for upwards of a year and a half he could have interested himself no more in her favour if he had been her own brother. Before Martinmas I wrote her that the £30 should be paid to whoever

she wished to receive it, shortly after I received a letter from Mr Stewart informing me that upon the receipt of my letter she sent for him and after he had read my letter, she burst into tears, exclaiming with agony 'O, what will become of me? For besides that £30, £120 more will not pay the debts I have contracted in Thornhill.' He then informed me that there was due £100 to one Muir, a Merchant in Thornhill, and above £30 to another Merchant named Reid, besides other debts, and that the merchants were threatening to incarcerate her. He then drew a moving picture of the distress of my fair friend, as he called her, under the terrors of a jail and of the distress it gave little Thomas to hear his mother was to be confined in jail, far beyond what could be expected for his years and concluded with a strong appeal to my humanity, what a laudable action it would be, to heal the wounded spirits of my fair friend and young son, for she was so distressed she was falling into fainting fits and the boy cried till he was exhausted and put to bed. If I did not relieve her, excessive grief would bring her, and perhaps the boy, to their graves and, as I had it in my power, he hoped I would send the needful to prevent such consequences and I might send the money to him and he would engage to deliver me Miss Johnstone's acknowledgement. As I saw she had spent near £250 that year most senselessly and had no hopes of amending her ways if supported and saw that if I yielded now I might yield till she ruined me. I therefore determined to stand firm and not shrink from my purpose whatever schemes they might devise. I therefor wrote Mr Stewart that as she had always spent all the money I had allowed her, which was amply sufficient to have supported any prudent woman and had run so into debt that I had had large sums to pay for her in every place she was ever in and had spent so much money that year, I saw plainly that she would still run rapidly in debt, as far as ever her credit would extend and if I relieved her now it would only serve to strengthen her credit and enable her to run faster in debt and if I yielded at this time she would rely upon my yielding again and spend my whole subject in time, if I was still to relieve her, so I was determined to stop in time and concluded with a most peremptory refusal ever to pay more money for her or the children than the £60 yearly I had engaged for.

Sometime after, I received a long and elaborate letter from Mr Stewart, by which I saw they had entirely changed their battery, for as the appeal to my humanity had failed, they now thought to frighten me into compliance. Mr Stewart said, that knowing the distress it would give her, he did not wish to go with my letter but sent it to her; 3 or 4 days after, she sent for Mr

Stewart and when he came in she told him 'Now I have made up my mind and all is settled. Since Mr Beattie refuses to relieve me and my creditors are about to imprison me, I am determined never to go to jail. There is a paper giving him a large manuscript containing the history of my life, which I desire you will deliver to my brother, in order to publish after my demise, that the world may know how I have been used. And here' pointing to a bottle, 'is a draught of Laudanum which I intend to drink directly, to carry me out of this cruel world and with my dying breath I will leave my death upon Mr Beattie.' And Mr Stewart wrote me that he had the greatest difficulty imaginable to dissuade her from putting that dreadful design into execution before he wrote to me and received my answer and I might rest assured that if I returned an unfavourable answer, I would soon hear of her having committed suicide, in which case I might rely upon it that he would see her decently interred and take care of the children till I sent for them. But as to the manuscript, he had solemnly engaged to deliver it for publication, and he concluded with a most eloquent and impressive address to me, since I had it in my power to prevent such exposure and shame to myself and such dreadful consequences to her. I was convinced that the History of her Life, if ever it was published, would be a fabrication of lies, for in all her narratives, either in word or writing, she framed her stories just to answer her design, without any regard to truth and as I saw the intention of the Publication would be to blacken my character and excuse herself, and being considered the words of a dying woman, might obtain some credit, yet as I considered the whole stratagem as a Bug Bear, I stood firm and returned as positive a refusal as ever. Sometime after I received a letter from Mr Stewart in which, to my surprise, he said that to prevent that said catastrophe I would relieve her this once, he would engage that I should never be called upon to pay her debts again. This I thought strange for a middle aged man who had a wife and a family. As I did not know much about Mr Stewart I wrote to some friends in Dumfries to know if he was a responsible man and being assured I might with safety trust him, after receiving their answer I wrote to Mr Stewart that I would relieve her this once upon his becoming bound she should never trouble me no more, but as some time had elapsed, I think his regard had abated, for he returned with an evasive answer and nothing was done, but by herself the poison was often threatened.

At Whitsunday, 1800, John Bower came from College and staid at Muckledale. He was quite tired of studying physic and would be a farmer. As he had no taste for literature [and] was no scholar, I did not oppose to his giving

up physic, altho I had no hopes of him ever turning a farmer, as he had neither industry, steadiness nor perseverance. However, I thought I would try him and as we had a furnished house at Hartsgarth I allowd his mother, who now lived in Langholm, to go to Hartsgarth in September and John and her took up their abode there. As there was shepherds in the Farm they had nothing till Whitsunday, 1801, but two cows and a horse; I was therefore to allow them £100 a year and they were to maintain themselves, only John was to keep a book and show me what way the money was expended. But John could keep no books, he never attempted to, but made such frequent demands upon me for money that I saw their income would do nothing for them. John wanted a horse at Candlemas, 1801 – I gave him about £20 to buy one. He went to Hawick, bought articles of dress and other things but no horse and soon came to me again and told me that the money was done and he wanted more to buy a horse. I answered, I wondered how the money came to be so soon done and no horse bought, he startled with rage and exclaimed ‘What! Would you have me tell you a lie? I say it is all done and I want more to buy a horse.’ I plainly saw by his behaviour that there was to be no thanks for anything I did, for he demanded money from me, not as a matter of favour, but of right and old Bower often said I was a beggar and had nothing, all belonged to his son, so I found John and his mother of the same opinion. John was a man remarkably little in stature, but straight enough, dressy, airy and vain, and like his father spoke much of acting like a Gentleman, but that meant only in appearance. To his mother and me or to any person where he thought things would not come to blows he was proud, insolent and passionate, but amongst young men he could endure abusive language with much calmness. The shepherds I had in the farm continued till Whitsunday, 1801, and John and his mother lived in the principal house.

Sometime before John Bower came to stay at Muckledale, in 1800 and long after, a nephew of my wife’s, Walter Borthwick, resided in family with us at Muckledale, but in order to explain the reason of his living with me, I must go a good way back, as I see I have omitted mentioning it in its proper place. In the year 1792 David Maxwell, son of Mr Maxwell, Broomholm, got a part of John Scott’s farm of Hopsrigg, viz. the low part of Westwater, as the most part of John Scott’s farm lay in the head of Wauchopedale and a small part of it lay in Eskdale, contiguous to the farm of Boykin, which had long been possessed by Walter Borthwick in Enzieholm, my wife’s uncle. As Walter Borthwick was a very old man and had no lawful children and

John Scott was an old, dissipated, drunken man and had no lawful children, the Duke and his managers had then determined that on the death of either Walter Borthwick or John Scott, David Maxwell should get all the farm that lay in Wauchopedale, and either John Scott or Walter Borthwick, which ever survived, should get Hopsrigg or Boykin. John Scott died in 1795 and it was intimated to Walter Borthwick that he was to quit Enzieholm and come to Hopsrigg at Whitsunday, 1796, and to David Maxwell that he was to enter to John's farm in Wauchope at the same term.

Walter Borthwick was very well pleased, but as stock appeared to be dear in the year 1796, Mr Maxwell thought it would be more conducive to his interests to allow James Scott, a Lieutenant in the army and John Scott's nephew, to possess all John Scott's Farms till Walter Borthwick's death, who was far above eighty, and then he hoped to stock the farms cheaper and James Scott should then get Boykin and turn out the Borthwicks altogether. By his influence with the Duke's men of business, he secretly managed this affair so that the Duke sent an order to Mr Ogilvie to adopt that plan. Of all this the Borthwicks knew nothing, but one night, at a Justice Court in Langholm, when we had drunk freely, Mr Maxwell dropped something which awaked my suspicion. Upon his going out I followed him and going into another room, as he was flustered, he told me the whole affair. I said I thought the Borthwicks ill used, for the farm that they proposed to give to James Scott, 3 parts of it out of 4, had for 70 years been possessed by the Borthwicks, and as they had long possessed the largest part of it, I thought Walter Borthwick's representatives had the best right to succeed; to this Mr Maxwell made no reply. I immediately told old Walter Borthwick and he directly waited upon Mr Keir and asked him the reason why they had altered the Duke's original plan. Mr Keir said that Mr Maxwell much wished it and said Keir, 'I know your legal heir is Colonel Borthwick in the Artillery and I thought he had no need of Farms.' Uncle Walter told him that he designed his namesake, Walter Borthwick, the man who lives now with me, as his representative in the farming, being the son of his deceased nephew, William Borthwick in Sorbie. Mr Keir said, 'If you will execute a settlement to that effect, I will do all in my power to reverse the last plan and fulfil the Duke's intimation to you.'

The settlement was executed and after a most violent struggle old Walter entered to the possession of Hopsrigg and Boykin at Whitsunday, 1796. James Scott was then in the army but if he chose to come home, the Farm of Enzieholm was reserved for him and he had half of the Farm of

Fingland in Eskdalemuir, and an Uncle of his named William Beattie had long possessed the farm of Watcarrick belonging then to old Mr Macquarroch's daughter; and the other half of the farm in partnership with James Scott. William Beattie was a sober, careful man and some years before he died he purchased the lands of Watcarrick and as he had only one daughter, Mary Beattie, she was heiress of Watcarrick and had one half of the farm and stock of Fingland, she was a fortune amongst us farmers. In the year 1797 James Scott came home and settled at Enzieholm, carried off and married his cousin Mary Beattie and upon William Beattie's demise became Laird of Watcarrick and had Enzieholm and Fingland in Farm. But he had contracted a habit of drinking and by continued excess he entirely ruined his constitution and died in the beginning of the year 1805, leaving a widow and several children. After old Walter Borthwick came to Hopsrigg, he took young Walter Borthwick into his family thinking, as he was an old man, Walter would be of some use in looking after his business and keeping his books. How young Walter had behaved I know not, but in a little time the old man conceived an invincible aversion to him, durst trust him with nothing, could not even endure the sight of him. The Deed whereby young Walter was left Heir to the stock and Farms was lodged in the hands of Mr Gedion Carl, but the old man pretended he wanted to read it and got it from Mr Carl, but would not return it and nobody has ever seen it since, altho I hope it is yet in his repositories. However, in a little time there was no shelter for Walter Borthwick with his uncle, old Walter; he turned him off and he came to his brother and mother at Sorbie, but in the year 1798 Mrs Borthwick, his mother, fell into a most terrible blunder which well nigh ruined herself and the whole family by marrying without either contract or advice, very privately, a young lame lad calld Walter Lum, packman of Hawick, who presently after the marriage became bankrupt and surrendered to his creditors. His debts were above £1200, his subject nothing and as all the subjects in Edinburgh were in Mrs Borthwick's right, Lum's creditors entered to the Mails and Duties directly and in order to operate payment more speedily, commenced a plea before the Lords against Alexander, her oldest son, as representing his father, thinking to attack the Stocks by virtue of the contract of marriage, entered into between old Thomas Borthwick and Mr Hay, when William Borthwick married Eliza Hay. Then all was in confusion. Mrs Borthwick was so ashamed of her behaviour that she went off to England, wandered sometime as an exile, none of her friends knowing what was become of her. Alexander had the plea to

defend and all the younger children to support and educate, there was then no place for Walter and as he was in expectation of soon succeeding his uncle, he seemd not inclined to turn to any other business. I saw Alexander could not support him, I therefore took him into our house and he remains with us still for old Walter is still alive, in December 1805, being 95 years of age, but never would have more to do with young Walter and indeed if he had known him half so well as I do, I would not have thought it strange.

Young Walter Borthwick was quite a different man from John Bower. He was about six feet two inches high, big boned, strong limbed and masculine. He was certainly the stoutest and most athletic and agile young man in our whole country, not of a bad temper, but rather overbearing when he got drunk, but nobody durst meddle with him and when he had a mind to put his hand to any sort of work, he could do it as quickly and seemingly with the greatest of ease of any man I ever saw. He was a tolerable scholar, wrote and figured readily, and was by no means deficient in capacity. I thought he might have been of use to me as I had a deal of business and was advanced in life, but still there was an error in his work which ruined all, for without having contracted it by habit, he had certainly naturally the strongest inclination for liquor of any young man I ever saw and it did him no harm, for let him be carried drunk to bed, when he wakd he was not in the least sick and was keener of it than ever and if he could get drink he was indifferent who was his company.

When at first I tried him with business, if I had sent him on horseback to transact any business, if he had heard on his journey of any company drinking, if they had even been a good way out of his road, he would have gone and joined them and continued with them as long as drink was stirring, without ever minding the business he was sent about. And when he was in these drunken frolicks, when he mounted his horse he thrashed them like stock fish and gave some of our horses such backsets^[185] that I never after durst [*word missing: trust?*] him with a horse. As I had him to provide with meat, clothes and pocket money, if I gave him any money in a market he would sometimes be carried to bed drunk long before night and often spent the whole before he came home and several times would loiter about the Publick Houses when he had done with his money in expectation of some coming in and drinking and treating him. At first I remonstrated with him and wishd him to amend and tried him in business again, but I have often thought he did not wish to be troubled with my business for if I asked him to do anything he never refused

but then he behaved always in such a manner as to deter one from troubling him again. It is now long since I employd him in my business, but as I saw no proper residence for him I never hinted at his going away. He stays with us still but is entirely is own Master, goes when and where he pleases and as he meets with more liquor in his travels round the country than us, he is more abroad than with us. We never know when we have him, when we want him, nor where he is gone nor when he will return and when he is in these wanderings, he is still at home, for when he stays till his shirt or stockings turn dirty, he borrows clean ones from the house and leaves his own, which we have to look after. I really believe that he has got upon a plan of life that is very agreeable to him, for when it was proposed to get him a commission in the Duke's regiment of Militia, altho he is a volunteer, he did not relish the proposal at all.

In the year 1800 wedders gave 22/-; Good wedder lambs 6/-; Mid Ewes 4/9; Mid Wedder 4/-; Palies 3/-; Wool 22/- per stone; fat sheep 15/-; draught ewes 11/-; cheese 9/-; udderlocks 10/-.

1801

During the later end of the year 1800 and beginning of 1801, I had several letters from Mr Stewart insisting upon my paying Miss Johnstone's debts and in all the time she stayd at Thornhill he took a singular interest in her concerns and gave her still a character I think she by no means deserved, for he laid all the blame of spending so much money upon her father and his family but the family gave a very different account. The old man said she spent all and left not a shilling to pay her Board or the expenses or board of the children and whenever she got her annuity, when he insisted for payment, she still told him all was foremailed, and would neither part with one shilling to him, nor yet to her creditors, but kept all and laid it out foolishly in articles of dress and finery; and as she brought company to the house and was profuse, he complained she was ruining him and accordingly, before she left him, he sold his stock and tack and took a house at Thornhill and shortly after got some place in Dublin and went over to Ireland, and there he died in Spring, 1801. I got a letter from her telling me she had something of great consequence to communicate to me and if I would give her a meeting, she would open to me a plan by which I would see clearly that I had it in my power never to be more troubled by her, but as she must see me, if I did not appoint a time and place of meeting, she would come to Muckledale with the children, for see me she

would and if I did not appoint a place of meeting she would look upon it that I wishd her to come to Muckledale and I might expect her accordingly. I did not know what to do, as I thought her coming to Muckledale would make a noise and be productive of mischief between my wife and me. I therefore agreed to meet her at Kirkmichael, but for all her scarcity of money she would not agree to come there till she understood there was a carriage road to it.

I took William Graham, in Kepplefoot, along with me and went to Kirkmichael; she arrived soon after in a chaise belonging to some connection of Mr Stewart's. She was splendidly arrayd and the children dressed in the most expensive style that could be found out: the boy always wore scarlet Kersymere [*i.e.* Cassimere] at 12/6 per yard, very narrow, just the dearest cloth could be got; and the girl, and even the maid, dressd like ladys. I was but in a plain dress and the people in the house never noticed me but when the gay lady and children came all was bustle and both the Landlady and the maid were soon dressed to receive her. I was after introduced and upon her telling the boy that I was his father, he seemd affronted and looking angrily at me he said 'Auld silly poor looking body, who are you?' She then told me a long harangue that she was just going to be married to Mr William Gordon, Writer in Dumfries, but she did not wish to burden him with debts, but if I would pay the debts, Mr Gordon would provide for her afterwards and they would keep the children very cheap. I told her I would see her married before I engaged for anything. She said that could not do, for unless I engaged to pay the debts, the marriage would not take place. This was certainly one of the weakest of her schemes and I set it at nought, but I began to be seriously alarmed about the children for I knew she had neither money nor credit about Thornhill and I began to dread that as she would not part with the children, I would be reduced to the sad alternative of either supporting her extravagance or allowing the children to starve. I gave her some little money and we parted bad friends.

During the year 1801 I had several letters from Mr Stewart and I saw him once at Lockerbie, once at Dumfries and twice at Langholm; whether he came to Langholm at her desire I know not, but I never saw him there either before or since and he did everything in his power to induce me to pay her debts, but in vain. During the year 1801 I pointedly paid the amount of her annuity to Mr Stewart who was authorized to receive it, but would pay no more. She fell upon another scheme about Whitsunday, 1801, or I think it

might be about Lammas: she wrote in her usual imperious style that since I refused to pay her debts and she had neither money nor credit at Thornhill, her and the children were in danger of starving, but she was resolved that should not happen as long as I had a house to keep them and if I did not directly pay her debts she would come with the children and take up their abode at Muckledale and if Mrs Beattie or I attempted to turn them out, she might be dragged out a corpse, but she would never go out alive, for she saw no reason why she and the children should want, so long as I had a house and plenty in it. As I knew her assurance and resolution, for she was void of shame, I doubted there would be mischief. However, I returned no answer and she came with the children the length of Longtown on her way to Muckledale. But for what reason I know not, just before the Autumn Circuit and Races, she returned to Dumfries and took up her lodgings in the George in a very grand style. There was a great concourse of Gentlemen in the house, but none of them in higher style than her. Here she got acquainted with Bushby Maitland, Sherriff of Wigton,^[186] eldest son of the celebrated John Bushby with whom she corresponded for some time. She staid with Mrs Gibbs at the George Inn, occupying two sleeping rooms and an eating room, with the children and servant, in grand style and at a great expense, until Mrs Gibbs begun to be importunate for her money. She then told Mrs Gibbs that she had plenty of money of her own in Edinburgh and if Mrs Gibbs would advance her money to pay her fly here and expenses to Edinburgh, she would go and lift some of her own money in Edinburgh and would return directly and pay Mrs Gibbs. Mrs Gibbs believed her and gave her money and she set off for Edinburgh; what she meant by this strange behaviour I can only conjecture, for she well knew she had no money in Edinburgh and she never came near Mrs Gibbs for above a quarter of a year and left with her the maid, the children and [with] her cloaths in pawn.

Sometime after she went away I received a letter from her informing me that she was just dying and was under the care of Doctor Gregory in Edinburgh to whose care she had been recommended by Mr Bushby Maitland, an acquaintance of her father's. As she alledged that Doctor Gregory had paid great attention to her and desired her not to want money, but as she did not wish to trouble him, she desired I would send some money to Doctor Gregory, enclosed in a cover mentioning it was for her, but to write nothing more and it would come safe to her hand. This letter I never noticed but sometime after I received another telling me that she was got so much better

that she could go about, but she had been obliged, for want of money, to travel a great way on foot which had almost killed her and as it was the winter session, she had been overtaken by a storm in some very wild place and had lost her way and wandered till it was growing dark and then sat down expecting nothing but to die on the spot, where she was accidentally found by a shepherd, who carried her to his hut, with her limbs all swelled and benumbed with cold and there she was lying in a miserable hut, in a most miserable situation. This letter had neither date nor place, but as far as I could decipher the postmark, it was Oban, which is in Argyleshire, and what she could be doing there, God only knows. I never regarded this letter no more than I had done the other. Sometime after she left Mrs Gibbs and was not like to return I received a letter from Mrs Gibbs desiring I would pay the expense and redeem the children as she did not find it convenient to keep them any longer in her house. I demurred upon it for a good while, but soon after I received the last letter from the miserable hut, I began to take measure for paying Mrs Gibbs and boarding the children in some private family. I employed, for this purpose, Mr James Graham, Writer in Dumfries. I paid Mrs Gibbs between £15 and £16 for the children's expenses and the maid, but for Miss Johnstone's own expenses, Mrs Gibbs kept the cloaths. Mr James Graham boarded the children with a tenant of his own named Hugh Spence who had, as Graham said, a very decent wife, well used with children, and as they had no children of their own, I thought the children would be happy. The board for the two was Twenty Guineas yearly, but they insisted it should be paid in advance half yearly so I paid Mr Spence ten guineas and he took home the children with a strict charge to give them up to no person without my consent.

As I had redeemed the children and had them in custody I began to be easy but in the month February, 1802, Miss Johnstone stepped out of the Glasgow coach at Longtown in high health and spirits, elegantly dressed in superfine Blue Riding Habit, so that her poverty and distress in Edinburgh and in the shepherd's hut seemed to have [been] a mere fiction. As soon as she found out where the children were, she ordered a carriage, drove to the place and brought them that night to Dumfries. Spence parted with them cheerfully and accompanied them to Dumfries and came and told Mr James Graham, who gave himself no trouble about it, and next day she brought them to Longtown. I remonstrated with James Graham for giving them up so easily and at any rate I said, that as I had paid Mr Hugh Spence one half year's board and he had not kept them above a month, it was not to be expected that I should pay half a year's board for one month's maintenance and therefore the money, in proportion, should

be returned. Graham answered that Hugh Spence was very willing to fulfil his bargain if I would send back the children, but if I did not do that, he would return none of the money as it was not his fault that he had not kept them the half year. This was nonsense, as he knew by giving them up, I had it not in my power to return them and more than all that he made a considerable charge for his own trouble which, after much wranglings and threats of Law, I was obliged to pay, so that I was wronged in all hands in this disastrous affair.

At Whitsunday, 1801, our shepherds, I mean Housekeepers, left Hartsgarth and I agreed with John Bower and his mother that they should have the cows and whole crop and I, of my own accord, promised to pay them £100 a year in money for their support and as they had no crop that year, I would buy, over and above all, their summer's victual and pay their seed corn. They were highly pleased and John was in high spirits, would make the arable land worth £5 per acre and my sister talked of furnishing sufficient victual for themselves and sparing a deal to assist us at Muckledale, but it turned out a terrible losing bargain for me. John visited up and down the country and minded nothing, my sister had taken to drinking and could not attend and I have been told that when the servants were sent to buy victual, she gave them orders quietly to bring less victual and lay out the remainder of the money in Whiskey and when victuals were sent out of the house to workers in the summer, let what would go out, not a fragment ever came back, all was carried away to houses in the neighbourhood to dishonest creatures who encouraged the servants to do so, and as nobody noticed it, so as to detect it, they were plundered without mercy. They put me to a vast expense buying victual and seed corn and their own £100 I had promised and paid, did nothing at their expenses, but they begun to contract debts without my knowledge and as there was at that time a Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry raising in Roxburghshire, John Bower, both by himself and by his friends, insisted so much and so long upon joining them that I at last consented. After he joined them he never noticed farming in the least, but spoke of it as a mean employment below a Gentleman of spirit.

I mentioned before that my natural daughter, Anne as we called her, altho her real name was Isabell, was married to Richard Bell of Dunnabie in the year 1792. I mentiond Dunnabie as having a good subject but great[ly] embarrassd; after he married Anne I found that matters were far worse than I expected. I, besides her fortune of £1000, a little time after advanced him upon his Bond £500 more to make him more easy. It did nothing for him. He then insisted

upon £1500 more and he would give me heritable security, but by that time I knew that even that would not relieve him, nor anything like it, and as I thought his affairs desperate I would assist no more at that time. However, he found out by means of his Writer, William Johnstone, one Mr Forrest who advanced the money and took heritable security. All this did nothing – he was still in great straits, people doing Diligence, him suspending and pleading constantly in Law, both at Dumfries and Edinburgh. He was several times taken for debts, but Anne proved as active a wife as was in Annandale. She set seriously to work rearing calves and young cattle and breeding and feeding swine and looking well to everything about the house, so that she began to be taken notice of as a manager and it rather strengthened his credit and greatly confirmed her husband's attachment to her, for once when he was taken for a debt at Lockerbie by John Grieve of Crofthead and was upon the point of being carried off to Lochmaben Jail, she so wrought upon Mr Grieve that he was at last satisfied with her solemn assurance that the debt should be paid by a certain day and brought her husband home with her, and as she had a number of swine, she fed and sold as many as extinguished the debt to Mr Grieve at the appointed day and she several times had the address to prevail upon some person to become security for him so that he never went to jail.

Dunnabie was a strong, bold, rough man, far from being deficient in capacity and when settled at home he was a good manager of arable land and black cattle; sheep stock he did not understand at all, that he left mostly to his wife and although he was very boisterous and often quarrelling and fighting with other people, he proved a kind and affectionate husband to Anne. And although when he got drunk he was so proud, abusive and overbearing to other people that he was really insufferable, yet even when he was in liquor she could manage him with great ease and altho he was in very embarrassed circumstances, yet things seemd in a train to turn better and would certainly have done so if Dunnabie had kept out of the Law. But this was his disease, he knew a good deal about Law and was all his life and to his dying day engaged in Lawsuits both at Dumfries and Edinburgh which greatly reduced his subject. Soon after their marriage they had a daughter who they calld Helen, after my mother, sometime after a son named John after Mr Bell's father; but shortly after John was born, Dunnabie being at Dumfries races, in coming off the course he was galloping to the town and, as he rode always without dread, his leg got entangled in a chaise wheel, which broke and shattered his leg in a dreadful manner. As soon as Anne heard the sad news, altho she was

not recovered after John's birth, she ordered a chaise, took the child along with her and went into Dumfries to attend her husband, but it had near cost her her life, for she had caught cold and was attacked by a disorder which weakened her considerably and altho she got better, she never had more children. As for Dunnabie they got him home and he got so much better that he went about the house with a crutch for above a year, but a noted bonesetter from Penrith, Benjamin Taylor, coming to see him, persuaded him that the loss of his limb was owing to want of skill in his doctors and if he would submit to his operations he would set him on his legs. He did so and in sometime he came to be so well that he could walk pretty well and not at all lame. He then begun to ride about his business as usual, but horseback was ever dangerous to him, for about a year after, coming in company from Annan, as he was galloping on the Turnpike Road, his horse fell and he pitched upon his head and fractured his skull or injurd it so he was taken up almost lifeless and brought home in a chaise and lay above a quarter of a year totally deranged and insane, yet still he recovered so as to be able to go about his business for several years, until the 10th October 1801, when he had been at Lockerbie and coming home in the evening, he was said not to have been drunk and several people who had seen him, said he was riding very soberly, so how it happened no man can tell, but in a little easy path upon the road, a little below the Wright's Houses at Grange Burnfoot, there he was found lying upon his breast and appeared never to have made the least motion or stir, nor ever stirred more. There was no bruises nor outward marks of violence upon him and it was thought, as he was a heavy man and rather corpulent, he had fallen upon his breast, which had burst some blood vessel within him and occasioned instant death. Such was the fatal and finishing blow which put a period to his existence.

Dunnabie was a man of about 5 feet 9 or perhaps 10 inches high, but uncommonly broad set, strong boned and able bodied. He was of a fair complexion with curled light hair; he had a voice remarkably hollow and rough, spoke very slow and in company but little when sober, but when anything vexed or roused him, he then expressed himself with such keenness and asperity, as often brought him into quarrels, to which he was by no means averse. He was a shrewd man, wrote and composed with great quickness and precision, but as to Literature he had never studied anything but Law and this, to his great loss, he was too well acquainted with by study and constant practice. After his death, as he left no settlement, his Uncle Thomas Bell in Corsebankhead was tutor at Law to the children, but he was an old doating man that could do no business

and besides, Dunnabie and he had been at Law for several years and such bad friends that it was long since they had been on speaking terms. All the friends wishd me to take the charge of the widow and children and old Thomas Bell often said he would never consent to any other taking charge of them but me. As I saw them such litigious people, I would not undertake it but the friends applied to the court of session and I was appointed Factor Loco Tutoris,^[187] and have done all their business ever since and it has been very heavy upon me, far more so than my own business, as I found matters in great confusion, no less than 5 Law pleas depending and into all other debts near 600 of Law charges due to different lawyers. However, as soon as I could I got quit of all the Law Suits but one, some by payment and some by arbitration. I was well pleased that I could do anything for Anne and the children, but my Factory was a losing employment, I both wrought and paid, for as several people demanded payment of their debts and threatened diligence, I was obliged to pay and soon found myself greatly in advance for the heirs. For the interest of the money I got for nothing, for trouble and expenses I got nothing, if there were no better factorys than mine, few Factors would turn rich.

As the children were very young and Anne left to herself, she did not incline to continue in the possession of the farm, as she would have so many servants to keep, and buying and selling cattle and none but herself, so we agreed to advertise Dunnabie to be let. This I rather advised as I thought land then let so high that little could be made by keeping it. We had several offers but at last set it to a Gentleman, a Mr John Forster, who had made a fortune in the West Indies and was lately come home and wanted a genteel residence. He was at that time a gay man and keepd his own gig. We let it for £190 yearly rent and he entered to it at Candlemas, 1802. He wishd much to have everything in order and, as he seemd to be full of money, he did great justice to the farm but as his money was not applied with skill and he was often making rash bargains, for sometime he seemd to make little of it but in time he grew wiser and more cautious and did tolerably well. Mrs Bell and the two children came to a house in Langholm at Whitsunday, 1802.

In the year 1801 wedders sold for 23/-; good wedder lambs 11/-; mid ewes 9/6; mid wedders 8/6; palie wedder 6/-; palie ewes 6/6; draught ewes 21/-, some only 20/-; fat sheep 26/-; bullocks £12.12/-; Fat Kyloes £8.10/-; Wool 22/- per stone and cheese 8/-; udderlocks 10/-; and skins 2/3d.

Chapter 7

The Settling of Accounts 1802-1807

After Miss Johnstone and the children came to Longtown I wrote to Mr Lamb, Kirkandrews, Dr McAdam and Mr Wright, the minister, averring in the strongest terms that I would not be answerable for one shilling debt she might contract and desiring them to warn all concerned. She had then got John Little, Writer in Annan, for her man of business, of all her deep laid plots to compel me to pay her debts, this of her coming to Longtown was the most serious. When Mr Bower heard of her having these children to me, he thought it might deprive his son of succeeding to a part of my property, swore blood and vengeance against them and, when he was in liquor, swore to destroy them with the most tremendous oaths. As I looked upon him as a regardless blackguard, I had desired her to take care of him and she wrote me several times that he had been seen lurking in the neighbourhood, in every place wherever she and they had been. Bower, after his separation from my sister, to be out of the way of his Scotts creditors, had taken up his residence at Longtown where he remains to this day. Instead of seeming afraid of him she came and took up her residence within 2 or 3 doors of Bower's lodging and in a few days I received a letter from Mr Little, her agent, telling me that the little girl was dying of a severe sickness and vomiting up blood, that she had told them a man had given her some sweetmeats and that the doctor was clearly of the opinion the child was poisoned and then Little added, 'She dares not return in to Scotland, as her creditors will confine her, here she must remain, unless you agree to pay her debts. If she remains here the children will both fall a sacrifice to your refusing payment, so you may judge for yourself whether you will pay her debts or sacrifice the children to save your money.'

This was the most horrid dilemma I ever was I during my life. It plainly

was their scheme to affright me into payment, yet still I was afraid of Bower, but after conversing with some people from Longtown, I found the little girl was not in the situation they had represented and after I had got all the information I could, I began to consider it only as bugbear and stood firm in my refusal to pay the debts. Upon the 24th of March, Miss Johnstone, Mr Little, her agent, and the two children came to Langholm and sent for me. I spoke with Little but not with her; all that they seemd to want was that, as the Missive whereby I had promised her and the children £60 yearly was only plain paper and had been damaged by being wet, she wished a regular deed but as it could not be conveniently done with secrecy at Langholm, they insisted that I would meet them at Grateney [*i.e.* Gretna] and get it properly done. As I never intended to fail in fulfilling that Missive, I made no objections and agreed to meet them there, but I did not incline to go alone, but took Mrs Bell and Mr Forster along with me, but when I came there there was not a word said about renewing the contract but they endeavoured to bully me into the payment of debts by threatening Law. I held them at defence but I wishd to know what the amount of the debts was; they calld it about £180, but some time after Little wrote me they amounted, after a full investigation, to £240; after much altercation we parted and did nothing. About Whitsunday, a brother of hers who had been a sergeant in the Army came home, a likely young man but as compleat a Bravo as ever I saw, talkd of running people thro the body and breaking necks as if it had been a common action. He went and took up his residence with her at Longtown and then she was completely provided with a flash man.^[188]

This summer she fell sick at Longtown but before she fell sick, as the children were in want, I had advanced much of her Annuity and in the time of her illness I had messengers up every week assuring me she was dieing and soliciting money. I supported her liberally during her illness, it cost me far above a pound a day and did nothing at all for her, for when her affairs came to be inspected it appeared that I had paid 115 [pounds and] some shillings betwixt the 10th of April and the 29th December and in ten months that she staid in Longtown she had spent that money and had contracted in the same time debts to the amount of £205, so that she had spent £320 in ten months, above one pound each day, and most of the time her and the children either in real or seeming want and her sickness did not continue six weeks. It may give people that are not acquainted with her surprise, how she could spend so much money in so short a time and be often in the same time in want, but

it is no mystery to me at all, neither will it be to anybody that had ever seen any of her Merchant's accounts, for when she had credit with any Merchant she bought articles of dress, put them on once or perhaps twice, lost conceit of them, gave them away to the first that spoke her fair, bought new ones and so on, that she run rapidly into debt as far as her credit would extend. Then when she got money she had far more pleasure in generously giving it away than in paying debts, so she was exceeding liberal both in cloathes and money to all around her and to her Doctors, chaise drivers and everybody [thought] she was generous beyond example and purchased the character of the best hearted, Generous woman that ever breathed, which swelled her vanity almost to bursting, but as to the payment of her debts she gave herself no trouble at all, in short she paid none, as her merchant's accounts both at Thornhill and at Longtown would testify and she was so high a lady she spent more in chaise hire every half year than ever my wife did during her whole life.

Sometime after she was recovered from her sickness at Longtown, Mr Bushby Maitland came and saw her and they had a long tet and tete [*i.e.* tete-a-tete] with lockd doors, both the maid and the children being excluded. Whether he was the author of the following swindle I cannot say, but I heard it soon after. I mentioned that she said my Missive, whereby I promisd £60 yearly, was spoiled by being wet, the words in the Missive were '60 (a year paid) half yearly by equal portions.' How they had managed it I know not, but I soon after heard that they had somehow errazed, torn off or washed out the words (a year paid) so that then it reads £60 half yearly, by equal portions. This, to strengthen her credit, she shows to her creditors at Longtown and told them that Mr Bushby assured her it would compel me to pay her £120 a year before any court in the Kingdom and altho £60 a year was the real annuity and had been acted upon all along and receipts granted conform to it, yet she now got another agent, William Gordon, writer in Dumfries, and he insisted it was £120 a year and if I refused payment, either for the bygone years or those to come, he threatened me with Law and I setting at defiance.

All this summer, whenever she wanted anything, her brother often came up to me and by his boisterous, overbearing, bullying behaviour, made me rather afraid to meet him alone, and I was warned by some people who knew him to beware of him, during her illness. My friend Mrs Borthwick went down to see her and was astonished at her profligacy. She went down again after Lammas, when she was got well, and speaking of my behaviour to her,

Mrs Borthwick said she ought to be careful not to squander money and to be thankful to me as there was not one in a hundred would have supported her so liberally as I had done in her distress. She seemd to think so too and seemd satisfied and thankful but, to my surprise, some short time after, I received a letter acquainting me that as I neither allowd her a proper annuity, nor yet supported her properly during her sickness, my behaviour had compelled her to apply to Mr Gordon to come and, either by argument or falling that by Law, to compel me to make a suitable provision for her and in order to try to come to some agreement she desired I would meet her and Mr Gordon at Grateney upon a day she fixed, but by all means to come alone and be sure to bring nobody with me. As I saw the design was just to get me there alone and then she, Gordon and her brother would attempt to bully me into their measures, I refused it altogether and would not go.

Towards the later end of the year 1802, she had so far exhausted her credit about Longtown that I begun to hear she was in real want and I felt greatly for the children. I saw that I must either support her extravagance or allow the children to starve, but then as my main object was to get the children out of her hands, and if I supported her I knew she would not give them up, and as I thought the only chance of obtaining them was by making her feel the effects of her folly, both to her and them, I did not know what to do. She pestered me with letters and messages, sending her servant either to Langholm or Muckledale without hesitation and what was odd, when she would not prevail upon me she thought no shame to apply to my wife, to intercede for her with me.

She often came to Langholm but I would not see her; one of these times she sent for a minister, another time for a Justice of Peace to seek to prevail upon then to espouse her cause, but they would have nothing to say to her, but upon the 29th December her brother came up and told me that his sister, Mr Gordon and the children were at Langholm and if I did not go down and settle her affairs at Langholm they would all come up to Muckledale and stay there till I made a settlement, for unless I did that, her and the children might be thrown out dead corpses, but no force should ever turn them out of the house of Muckledale alive. However, I would not go and her brother went down and told them and about 7 o'clock that evening Mr Gordon, the maid and the children came up in a chaise. Gordon came out and rapped at the door and asked if I was at home; they said I was. They came in and told my wife he wanted to speak with me. We went into another room and had a

long and acrimonious dialogue, he insisting that the annuity was £120 a year and threatening law and vengeance, I setting at defiance. God only knows how she managed them but I have often wondered, as she had no command of money, how she still prevailed upon writers to expound her cause with zeal and warmth. While he and I was debating, the good wife, I mean my wife, came in and said she heard children coughing in the carriage. Gordon said the two children and the maid were in it, but I was happy to find Miss Johnstone and her brother were not there. As it was cold we brought in the maid and the children. My wife, who had never before seen them, looked at them but took little notice of them. The servants came all about them and seemed to admire them both as exceedingly fine children, especially the little girl. After much altercation Gordon and I parted, but as she said she had not one shilling [of] money nor credit for one shilling about Longtown. I advanced ten pounds upon his receipt and him and the children went off, but did not return to Longtown but stopped at the George Inn, Langholm, and took up her residence there with the children.

Of all the years ever seen before the year 1802 was by much the best for stock farmers. The prices were high beyond example, beyond the most sanguine expectations, I got so much money for everything that I was amazed and thought I was surely ruining the people I sold to, although nobody sold cheaper. My wedders gave 30/-, every sheep, some sold for more, as high as 35/-; wedder lambs for 13/-, some 14/-, some 15/-; Mid Ewes 12/- and some 13/-; Mid wedder 10/6, 10/9 and 11/-; smaller ewes 10/-; smaller wedder 9/-; palie ewes 8/6, worst could walk 6/-; tups, to kill, 27/-; Bullocks £13; Kyloes, fat, £10; cheese 9/-; skins 3/- and as it had been a good season we had a great deal to sell, so that one way or another my selling account, which from the same farms was oftener below than above £2000 a year in former years, this year amounted to £4,140. 5. 8d, the far largest product I ever saw or probably will ever see again.

In the later end of the year 1802 a strange sort of eruption broke out upon my nose; several people thought it alarming and desired me to consult some doctor about it. I showed it to Dr James Moffat at Langholm and after he had carefully inspected it he said he thought there was not much danger in it and I had better let it alone as he thought, in time, a new skin would grow below it and the scurls would scale off; but Mr Maxwell of Broomholm and I, having some business in Annandale, we were together two nights and he seemed to think it very dangerous and advised me, without loss of time,

to consult Doctor Monroe^[189] in Edinburgh. Accordingly Dr Moffat, David Maxwell and I set off for Edinburgh in a post chaise upon the 3rd June 1803 to consult Dr Monroe. When I waited upon Dr Monroe with Dr Moffat along with me, he inspected it attentively through a magnifying glass and after he had examined it he put on a very grave countenance and seemd to think it a very serious affair and desired me to call two days later and he would have his advice after mature deliberation. I calld accordingly and he gave me these directions: he gave me many directions about diet, etc. and I was to take medicine inwardly and some very powerful medicines were to be applied to my nose, but he gave no hopes that these medicines would affect a cure, but said he thought they might do good. I paid him 4 guineas for his advice but he seemd not satisfied. I saw he took it for a cancer for I took inwardly hemlock pills and my nose was to be touchd morning and evening with a most severe caustic, which I afterwards learnd was mercury and aqua fortis, mixed with honey. I followed his instructions about eight days but the pain became so intolerable and it raised such a burning in my nose that I gave it up. If I had followed Monroe's advice to the end, I think it would have burned the nose off my face; as it was it burned off all the skin, eruptions and all. But I then thought Moffat was right for there was a new skin below the scurf, but it raised a heat and sometimes a pain in my nose that did not settle for 2 years and in that time it often broke out in fiery eruptions, but I did nothing but wash it in cold water and I am thankful it is now much better and I heartily repent ever having consulted Dr Monroe.

In the winter and spring, 1803, Miss Johnstone and the children and maid staid mostly at the George Inn, Langholm, and, as I was at Langholm almost every Wednesday, they were very troublesome to me. The maid constantly harried me with messages and letters and when the maid had seen me go into any house she would come and open the door and introduce the children, shut the door and leave them, be in the company who would. As for Madam herself, she came never out but wrote many ridiculous letters both to me and my wife and her fixd resolutions was, that if I did not pay her debts, if her creditors apprehended her, she would go to no jail but Langholm, and there she would ly in view of me and all my acquaintances till she died, to my shame and disgrace. If her creditors did not apprehend her, she and the two children would come and take up their abode at Muckledale and no power upon earth should turn them out alive, until I paid her debts and if we did not admit them at Muckledale her and the two children would ly

down at the back of the door and ly till they died, for away she would not go alive until I paid the debts and according, upon the 3rd April 1803, her and the two children and Mr Foote, Writer in Annan, got into a post chaise and came up for Muckledale to put her threats into execution. As the ground was rather steep coming in at the gate, the horses luckily arrested and they were obliged to alight from their carriage and come upon foot, which gave us time to prepare for the reception, for I believe it would have been serious if they had taken our house by surprise. I went and met them coming up to the house and attempted to turn them back by words only, they never regarded me, but gave bad language and went for the house. I told them the house was mine and they should not be admitted; still they made for the house. I then run in before them and lockd and bolted all the doors. They went round and tryd to get in, but finding they could not, they went into an outhouse near to the door and there they staid. I would allow none of our servants to go out lest they should run in when the door was opened, so we were literally blockaded in our own house. After some time I ventured out to see what they were doing. I met the servant who drove the chaise and was not pleased with Mr Wilson for furnishing the chaise, as he knew her intentions. He said his master did refuse but Mr Foote, as her lawyer, said that as he let out post chaises, he both would and could compel him to furnish one. Mr Foote came out of the house and joined me. We took a walk and had a long and violent altercation. As it was about the time of the Circuit, Foote asked me if I was to be there, I told him I was, then said he 'She is intending to go to Dumfries but she has no money and if you will advance her 5 pound to bear her expenses and promise to speak with her and me, either at Annan or Dumfries, I will persuade her to return to Langholm.' As I wished by all means to raise the siege, I agreed to his proposals and advanced the money and, a good while after, they got all into the chaise and returned to Langholm.

I set off for the circuit upon the 5th of April in a post chaise with Mr Keir and Colonel Murray and, according to my promise to Mr Foote, I went the first night to Annan and expected a most serious contest there with her and Mr Foote, but when I saw Mr Foote he told me she was gone forward to Dumfries to consult with Mr Maitland Bushby who she had been informed was to be there and that her and Mr Bushby would attempt to bring me to a settlement in Dumfries. I went forward to Dumfries under the idea that I would have an acrimonious contest with Mr Bushby and her but, to my surprise, during my stay in Dumfries I heard not one word upon the subject.

I returned from Dumfries upon the eighth and after I came home I received a letter from Gordon, her Writer in Dumfries, acquainting me that after she came to Dumfries she had been snapd and imprisond for a considerable debt by one of her Creditors, Reid at Thornhill, a Merchant. The children were boarded but she kept them mostly in prison with her, seemingly inclined to inure them betimes to such a situation as her instruction and example seemd calculated to insure them of meeting with.

There was, in the neighbourhood of Lockerbie, an estate calld Haldykes, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Herries.^[190] It had been for some time the residence of the family and the father of the present possessor was a man of fortune and taste. He had in his younger years been a Merchant in Barcelona, in Spain, and acquired a fortune in Trade. He came home and settled at Haldykes and spared neither pains nor cost in improving and beautifying the place, by building, planting and enclosing, so that he had it a genteel residence. He married a sister of Sir James Kirkpatrick of Closeburn^[191] and lived in style for above 20 years but finding that his improvements did not answer his expectations, he tired of country life, left it and went to London with his family and embarkd again in trade. His son was bred a banker and is in that business still. In process of time the old man died and the son succeeded to the estate. It consisted of 5 farms, all lying contiguous; of these the Mains of Haldykes with Mansion House and Plantings was the principal and lay in the middle of it. In the year 1796 he set a lease for 19 years of the Mains of Haldykes to one Robert Thomson, this was an impolitic step for the very next year he advertised it all for sale. As it was a place fit to accommodate any gentleman, several gentlemen wishd to buy it and live upon it, but when they understood the tennant had a 19 years lease, they saw they could not get possession without the tennant's consent and when they applied to the tennant he askd a great ransom for his house, as he had a brother, a Writer in Dumfries, that had a view of purchasing it himself, so that this lease stopped the Sale of the Mains, but they sold all the other Farms but the Mains and the Farm at Catchhall that lay connected with it. In March, 1803, an acquaintance of mine wishd me to buy the Mains and Catchhall. I went and lookd at it but had not much skill of such land, it being mostly arable, but I thought as it lay within little more than a mile of Lockerbie, and the village seemd to be thriving, I thought it would advance in value. I knew what they asked for it; I knew they were resolved to take no less. After I had considered it fully, I went upon the 13th April to Mr Stewart, Hillside, who was the exposor and gave

him the upset price, being £4300, without ever making a word. I was to pay at least half the money at Whitsunday, the remainder at Lammas. I paid £2700 at Whitsunday and £1530 at Lammas and got all the Rights. There is a great deal of thriving wood upon it and good houses, a pleasant place, but hitherto it has paid me poorly, worst of any place I ever had.

Upon the 20th June I redeemed the Land Tax of Crieve and Over Cassock, it cost me near 200 and I know myself little better of it, for if I do not pay the Land Tax, with county assessments and one thing and another, I pay far more than ever I did before purchasing it. All this summer, from the beginning of April to the later end of September, Miss Johnstone continued in Jail and the children often with her, but she made very light of it, for there was one Hunt, a villain who had committed some crimes about London and had absconded and was, long after, recognised and apprehended at Gretna Green, was in Jail with her the whole time, and they seemd happy with each other and I got many insolent, abusive letters from both Mr Hunt and her, and Hunt threatened to compel me by Law to do more for her than she herself demanded. And as she and Mr Hunt livd in some sort of style, several people visited them in prison; amongst the rest, a young man named Benjamin Clarke became a frequent visitor. At first she made very light of her confinement and fancied she would soon be liberated by the act of Grace, but upon her application she found that as I allowed her sixty pounds yearly, for herself and the children, and after the children grew up and were committed to my care, I was obliged to allow her 20 yearly during her life, she found that she could not get out as an insolvent debtor, without renouncing that annuity for behoof of her creditors. That she determined never to do and then saw there was no chance of her getting out but by making an agreement with me. Gordon was then her agent and wrote me that if I would pay all her debts and allow her fifty pounds yearly for life, she would give up the children to my care and give me no further trouble. Altho I was by no means inclin'd to agree to such a proposal, yet it seemd as if Gordon had made it of his own head without consulting her or Hunt, for in some days after I received a most violent letter from Hunt, abusing Gordon for making me such a proposal, when she had it in her power by Law to make me do much more. He saw I had found out Gordon's price, but he would take care of us, with a great deal of false and scurrilous nonsense and soon after I learnt that Gordon and they had quarrelled and he was to be no more her agent. I never condescended to take the smallest notice of Mr Hunt's letters, of which I got several, but as I never answered either him or her, they at last

gave it up and I heard no more about it till the Lammas Market of Lockerbie.

At Lammas Market, Lockerbie, one Mr Wallace, Writer in Dumfries, now become Miss Johnstone's agent, spoke to me at great length upon Miss Johnstone's business. He seemed a sober, decent man, spoke sensibly and seemed anxious to come to some agreement. He said if I would pay £400 towards paying her debts and allow her an annuity of £40 for life, she would give up the children and never more trouble either them or me. I said I would not agree to it as I had often found that she regarded no agreements and if I was to pay the £400, as soon as she got out of Jail she would come and carry off the children and rejoiced in having cheated me out of £400, and whatever agreement was made, what security had I that she would abide by it? He said nobody, he believed, would be security for her, but the contract should be conceived in such a manner that if she did not implement her part of the contract she should be obliged to give up the children and forfeit every right she could claim by it. After a good deal of correspondence by letters, it was at last agreed that I was to pay £400 towards extinction of her debts at Martinmas, 1806, but I refused to pay it sooner, as I thought if she did carry off the children after Martinmas, 1806, they would be arrived at such an age that I could then recover them by Law and I was to allow her £30 yearly during her life and upon the other hand she was obliged to surrender up to me the children and never to give me more trouble about them, directly or indirectly, and to abide by the contract in all respects, to rest satisfied with her annuity and never to make any further demands upon me or pretend any further claim. With her I was to have no concern whatever. Mr Wallace was to receive and discharge both the £400 and the annuity, to these things we were both bound. If I failed in the payments they could pursue, if she failed upon her part, she was bound to give up the children and forfeit her claim, both to her annuity and the £400 as the contract bears more fully. But when they sent out the contract upon stamp for me to sign, for what reason I could not divine, altho it had never been mentioned before, they had inserted a clause empowering the Sherriff Substitute of Dumfriesshire to void the contract at any time. I thought it a piece of villainy and would not sign it till these words were deleted and they were deleted accordingly and I signed it upon the 29th September 1803; but altho the contract was signed upon the 29th September, she did not get out of Jail directly, for the debt for which she was imprisoned by Reid was above £60 and another man, named Williamson, had arrested her for above Eight pounds, so the debt for which she was incarcerated amounted

to £71, besides Jail dues, and all these must be paid before she could get out, and when they applied to me for money, I refused to pay, as I had, for a reason already mentioned, resolved not to pay any money before Martinmas, 1806, as expressed in the contract. After a great deal of wrangling I was at last prevailed upon, after repeated assurance from Mr Wallace that he would keep her to the contract and that the money should be allowed in part of the £400 to be paid at Martinmas, 1806. I say I was prevailed upon to pay the money upon the 5th December following and she got out of jail and gave up the children to my care. I sent the little girl to Mrs Bell of Dunnabie, then living in Langholm, the boy I brought home for some time, but I began to fear my wife would weary of him and I sent him to Lockerbie and boarded him with Mr Dalgleish, a noted schoolmaster, where he soon went to school.

Sometime in the later end of summer or beginning of harvest this year, I had been at Crieve; it was very late before I left Crieve but as I had something to do next day I came for home in the evening. It was nearly dark when I came to Hopsrigg and completely dark before I got into the water of Esk. It was a fine still night, no moon, but some star light. It was rather a dark night but not very dark, all was quiet and still, till after I came to some trees on the lakeside before Carlesgill [when] I heard a foot behind me upon the road. I looked back and saw a tall man with a great stick running as fast as he could, nearly within strike of me. I pushed the mare forward fast and for sometime till after I was going along the bridge over Kirkton Burn, he pursued very fast but as I went off above his foot, when I came in among the Craig planting, where [there] is a stone dyke upon every side, I soon could not hear the sound of his feet but I heard him whistle once or twice when I was among the planting and was coming up the Brae for the Craig. I began to think there was no danger and walked the mare up the Brae, but in a very little I heard him coming running up as fast as he could. I then pushed forward again, left the main road, and came down by the Craig and never saw more of him. What to think of this pursuit I could never tell. As Miss Johnstone and I were then at variance and I had heard that her brother was about Eskdale, I sometimes rather doubted it might be him, but then I thought he would rather have stopped me upon the bridge or among the planting where I could not fly to either side, than in the place where he first appeared, where I had an open side to fly off. I sometime again thought it might be some young man wished to fight me for diversion, so I cannot say more about it

There was at this time a great dealer in England, near Durham, named

William Currey, who had for several years dealt largely with me. As he had several estates he was a man of great credit, this man had sometimes owed me near £500 and I always thought it perfectly secure. This man, this year, as usual bought a large bargain of ewes from me. I think he had bankruptcy in view when he received them and as he had been benefited by Bargains he got from me, and had got about £90 by one bargain, I sold him immediately before, I think he did not wish me to lose very much and paid me far more money than usual at delivery, so that he never owed me so little at that season of the year before. About December we heard he had stopd payment but as he had several estates we thought we could come upon them, but found them fully prepared. One estate was vested in his son, another in his wife, another in his wife's mother, and so on, that there remained nothing for the Scotts Creditors, but either to engage in Law or to take the composition which he offered, which was ten shillings in the pound and after paying that I believe he had a great many outstanding debts besides the estates. Most people and I, amongst the rest, agreed to take the composition and be quit of litigation. My debt was £180, I lost £94, and all the Scott's Creditors in proportion, so that I believe we left the man richer than ever he was in his life. But what makes the matter more extraordinary he broke only in Scotland, no such thing was ever heard of in his own country; there he paid like a gentleman. He several times afterwards wishd to deal with me but as I had conceivd a bad opinion of his principles I have hitherto deceived it. The year 1803 was still a very good year for stock farmers, altho not like 1802. Wedders gave about 30/-; good lambs 10/6 and 10/-; Mid Ewe 9/6, some of them 10/-; mid wedder 7/- and 6/6; Small Ewe 8/-; Palies 6/- and 5/6; Bullocks about £13; Fat Sheep 21 and 22 shillings; Draught Ewes 18/-; cheese 12/-; wool 20/6 or a guinea.

I mentioned before that when I purchased Halldykes one Robert Thomson had a 19 years Tack of it from Candlemass, 1796. He had a property of his own near Annan and his brother, a writer in Dumfries, had some money. They had thought of selling the property at Annan and buying Halldykes and they were the only offerers when I bought it, but as they saw nobody middling with it, they kept low. When I came in and bought it so suddenly that they never hear of it till all was over, I believe they were much chagrind and Thomson has ever since given me all the vexation in his power. In a few weeks after I bought it I was informed they had been destroying the wood maliciously. I got Mr Stewart, Mr Herries' Factor, to inspect it and he said in rage that there was more mischief done to the wood since I got it than in all the 22 years he was

factor and he gave order to pursue Thomson before the Sherriff. As I knew I would be connected with Thomson for some time, I did not wish to live in variance and, thinking to conciliate him, dropd the prosecution but it had a contrary effect, for I believe he took me for a simpleton that would submit to any ill usage he pleased.

That Whitsunday after I bought it he brought a Wright and built him a house among the wood, who had been denyd a house by the Heritor where he had formerly resided, upon account of destroying the wood. As I had not much skill of wood and was told it was far too thick, I wishd it to be thinned by some person of skill and Mrs Bell of Dunnabie recommended to me a friend of her husband's, William Bell in Hasknow, a wright reputed a very honest man and a great religionist. I can scarce believe he acted justly by me. I told him never to intend making money to me, that was not the object, but just to take out the worst of the wood, so that the good might grow better. This weeding took place in 1804, but they cut far more than I expected or desired and altho they brought me a Sale Bill for £190, I got such bad payment that I was little better of it. William Bell and Mr Thomson seemd to work each other's hands. Mr Thomson was for erecting a thrashing machine and as long timber was absolutely necessary for it, without ever consulting me, William furnished him with some of the largest and finest trees upon the Estate, which never should have been cut if I had known and at a very easy price. Again, William Bell wished to have all the oakwood at a fair price, I told him he should have it [but] they cut far more than I intended and when we came to settle, William produced the account and said he took Mr Thomson to see it fairly measured. How they had measured it I cannot say but I beg leave to observe one thing, that very year I cut some old oak at Hartsgarth, I got £8.14/- for the wood and £6.5/- for the bark; in William's Bargain I did not get £4 for the wood but got £15.10.6d for the Bark from the Tanners of Lockerbie. In short, selling wood was the worst business I ever engaged in, for all above 40/-were included in bills and as the people wishd to have credit, they mostly bought so as to bring it to bills. When the time of payment came I could get most nothing. I gave the Bills to a Lawyer; he raised Hornings and presently made the expenses more than the Principal. The poor people could not pay principals and expenses, I had no recourse but pouding; that I disdained with such poor people and ordered the Writer to stop so that I lost a good deal and even the small sum of £4 William Bell was to pay me for oak wood, I have never got to this day. Mr Thomson has given me as much

trouble as he could ever since about payments of rents, reparations of houses and other things as I will mention in the sequel.

In the beginning of this year John Bower came to Muckledale from Hartsgarth, as he then resided there, and as he was in the Yeomanry Cavalry of Roxburghshire, he wishd much to have a good stout young horse of mine. He was a good horse, four years old coming five; I had before been offered 20 guineas for him. I allowd him to take away the horse as he seemed to alledge his mare, which he had bought some time before from one Anderson in Whitsundaylade, was too little for the cavalry. The next account I heard, John had sold the horse to a dealer for Eighteen Guineas and as he had before sold some wood at Hartsgarth, without my knowledge or consent, I discharged him from making more bargains without my concurrence. That mare that John Bower bought from Anderson was a small black mare, but very like a galloper and run a great foot. He took a wager with a mare of one William Armstrong's to run in Sorbietrees, to run upon a fixed day at Sorbieholm near Flat. Armstrong's was a very high bred mare, being bought at Lord Londsdale's Sale, but John's mare beat her with ease. Afterwards, the Duke of Roxburgh gave a cup of fifty pounds value to be run for at Kelso by horses belonging to the Yeomanry Cavalry of Roxburghshire. As they were all obliged to carry twelve stone and to run 4 mile heats, as John's mare was but a little small boned mare, he had no thought of running her and never kept her in training, even one day; but when they were all met upon the race ground, John's officer insisted upon her starting and altho she was far below the size and strength of any of the other horses and carried twelve stones, yet it was clear she had most foot and when she was upon even ground or downhill, she could lead with ease, but as they had so far to run, and to the winning post a way uphill, she lost, with but great honour.

By this time John was quite bent upon a military life and thought the smallest attention either to farming, or indeed any other business, quite below him and insisted much upon a commission in the Regulars or at least the Militia. In the year 1803 and 1804 we were threatened by Bonaparte with an invasion. In obedience to Mr Pitt's plan, many volunteers offered their services for the Defence of the Country, nay, such was the spirit of the nation that far more offered their service than were accepted of. As I thought it a right plan I encouraged it greatly, when we had but five men about the house, four of them were volunteers. Alex Borthwick in Sorbie, my wife's nephew, got the command of the company in our District; he went

into Edinburgh and got himself drilled till he understood his duty, I fancy pretty well. He then came home and set to work diligently to discipline his men. As our house was nearly central for the volunteers meeting, they were often drilled in Autumn, 1803, in the holm below our house. After the days turned short and cold, as we had a very large loft where we used to keep the wool, which that year was sold and gone, as it was large enough to drill all the volunteers in our parish, they stately drilled there three times a week by candlelight from Martinmas, 1803, till Whitsunday, 1804. I furnished candle and gave the common men, every night, a bottle of whisky and bread and cheese. The officers and farmer's sons that were privates got supper and some drink with us every night. All was stir and bustle in the house, my wife was quite delighted with it and I do not think I ever spent a winter more cheerfully in my life, but the war made the taxes excessively high, for what with Income Tax, Military contributions, equipping volunteers, allowances to Militia men's wives, army of reserve, etc. etc. I paid more taxes than real rents, but I never complained, neither did I hear anybody complain, for when we thought all was at stake, we thought ourselves happy, if by paying one half we could secure the other half.

About this time the lands of Arkleton, in the Parish of Ewes, were like to fall to the Crown for want of an heir. It was under strict entail and notwithstanding that there were many persons mentioned in the entail, yet as it was restricted to Heirs Male, no person could be found of the Male line who could connect their propinquity to any that were mentioned in the Entail, but at last a brother of the last Laird's, who had been for some time in the East Indies and who was supposed to be dead, made his appearance and entered upon the Estate. Since I remember it was only rented at £100 he let it to the old tenant again for £540. As he thought he now had an Estate fit to support him, he renounced the idea of going out to India again, but being a foolish, dissipated young man, he soon found his income would not do and intends going to India again if he can get an appointment. This present tenant, Mr James Jardine, is a man far superior to the Laird in fortune; he had been a remarkable, careful, industrious man for he has made a great fortune for a farmer and never had any possession, but what were set at back rent. He began his farming at Wauchope, in the water of Rule. He came to Arkleton near forty years ago and then married one of the Scotts of Gernwood, a very careful woman, and altho he took Arkleton at first at a rent, the old tenant would not give for it and has continued in the possession

ever since, by still giving more than any good man durst offer, yet by mere dint of industry and economy he has acquired a fortune of at least £30,000. He bought the lands of Thorlawshope the same year I bought Hartsgarth. He has had it, and Blakehope and Arkelton, stocked of a long time and a great deal of money. He had 3 sons and 3 daughters. The eldest son James died young; the second son Walter resides at Thorlawshope; John stays at home with his father; the oldest daughter, Jean, married Charles Maxwell, a son of Mr Maxwell of Broomhall; the second, Helen, married Percy Hedley, Farmer in CraneCleugh, Northumberland; the third, Janet, married Robert Scott in Todshawaugh, oldest son to Mr William Scott in Singlie in Etterick. If the Laird of Arkelton should go to India as he intends, it is a question if ever he returns and, as he is unmarried, the Land will probably be left without an Heir.

This year I built a great many stone dykes at Crieve, and one house. I contracted with a man named Matthew Short, but I thought he imposed sadly upon me, but I disdained a Lawsuit with such a man and paid him, as I thought, far too much. Upon the 29th August this year I let again to John and Archibald Glendinning, the old tennants, the farm of Over Cassock for 9 years, their entry at Whitsunday, 1805, for £430 yearly rent. I neither advertised it nor allowed any man to offer for it, but as I understood, as I thought, the value of such lands, I just set such a rent upon it as I thought the tennant could pay and live upon, but what has happened since convinces me that either I know nothing of the value of such lands or the people that take farms now know nothing of their value, for many farms have been let since that are at least one third dearer.

All this time John Bower insisted upon going to the army, but when he found me averse to second his intentions, he applied to Colonel Elliot of Borthwick Brae and Mr Oliver, Sherriff of Roxburghshire. Mr Elliot did not do much but Mr Oliver espoused his cause heartily and applied both to his brother in law, Colonel Rutherford, and the Duke of Buccleugh to get John Bower an appointment. I then saw he would go at any rate and as I wishd him rather to try the Militia than the Regulars, I wrote to the Duke of Buccleugh and he appointed him an Ensign in his Regiment, and he entered to the Regiment at Dalkeith this year upon the 30th August. I agreed, besides his pay, to allow him £55 yearly and his mother £50, a house and cow, almost entirely out of my own pocket, which I would not grudge, if it answered my intention. The Duke has been very kind to John, made him soon a Lieutenant and then a

Captain, so he has had long good pay, but still his good pay and my allowance of £55 yearly has enough to do, for he is now a complete Gentleman, minds nothing but keeping company, visiting and drinking when in the country and as the Military gives him some trouble, he begins to weary of it and would not care to be out of it again but evens himself with no other business, but seems to wish to be entirely idle that he may have no business to disturb him. His mother is still in debt and distress and I doubt spends too much of her money on whiskey.

I mentioned before that when Helen Johnstone was confined in Dumfries Jail, a young man named Benjamin Clark came often to see her. This young man was the only son of one Clarke, Farmer of Garrioch and Blackmark, a man of character, respectable connections and considerable fortune. His father had died when he was young and left him to the care of a mother who, it would seem, had been a careful and industrious woman, but who had been so foolish as to marry a young fop in her widowhood; but I believe they behaved tolerably well to Benjamin, who I think was her only child, for she had no children by the second husband. After Helen Johnstone got out of jail, being a showy, insinuating woman, to my surprise I heard of several young men making their addresses to her, amongst the rest Benjamin Clarke was an active and assiduous suitor. His mother, hearing something about it, wished to see her to know something about her; she therefore sent for her to Garrioch where she staid with his mother a good while, I believe some months. One would have thought that a woman of her taste stood little chance to ingratiate herself with an industrious, frugal, careful woman, but Helen had so much command of herself that she could appear in any light that was calculated to promote the design that she had in view. The poor old woman was as far mistaken as I was and altho she was a good while in the house she had never seen her, for she appeared to her to be such a mild, quiet, sober, careful, condescending creature, that the Mother thought she would prove a treasure to her son and was impatient till the marriage was concluded. I heard reports of the courtship but could not believe the man would marry her, until a Writer wrote that he would be present at the Ceremony and that she was married to Benjamin Clarke, a genteel young man of respectable character and connections, with a fortune of at least £2000. I was happy to hear the good news but shortly after they were married, concealment being no longer necessary, she appeared in her real character, she stirred up mischief among them and in a little time she and Benjamin left his mother's

house and Garrioch and went to reside by themselves at a led farm they had called Blackmark. I cannot be certain whether Helen Johnstone's marriage happened in the later end of 1804 or beginning of 1805, as it is not entered in my books, but it happened about that time.

The year 1804 was not near so good a year for us stock farmers as some of the preceding years had been. The demand was far duller and the prices much lower. Good wedder lamb which the year before would have given 10/6 could scarcely be sold this year for 6/- and everything but wool was low in proportion. Wedders gave about 22/- or 23/-; good lambs not quite 6/-; mid ewe 5/-, some only 3/6; mid wedders from 4- to 3/- and Palies 2/6; skins 3/-; wool 22/- per stone; fat tups 14/-; draught ewes 11/-, some 12/-; fat ewes from 14/- to 16/-; good bullocks about £10 per piece and hard work to get them sold at these prices, as in all the markets the gear brought forward exceeded the demand.

1805

After John Bower went to the Duke's regiment of Militia, I found that he had staid at home as long as he could or until his credit was exhausted, for people came running upon me for payment of many debts which I knew nothing of and which I never suspected. They had certainly been such farmers as I ever knew, for although they had houses, cows, milk and whole crop and £100 yearly in money, it seemed a mere drop in the bucket, it could not appear what was become of it for everything seemed to be to pay: servants' wages, victuals, tradesmen accounts, shop accounts and a vast [amount] of borrowed money due by Bills. I was more insolently craved for these debts than ever I was for any of my own, the people exclaiming 'What do you mean to refuse to pay debts contracted by your own house? Mr Bower told us you were to pay and we will compel you.' After I had paid above £160 I saw so many debts appearing that I saw there would be no end of it and refused payment altogether and a deal of the debts are still unpaid in 1807. I was vexed at this for it was both heartless and very thankless work, for my sister and John seemd inwardly to be possessed of Bower's notions that everything I had belonged to them and instead of being thankful for what I do for them, they seem vexed that I should retain so much in my own hand and I have often been told that my sister would complain and say 'There is none but two of us, him and I, and what nonsense it is for my brother to keep so much in his own hand and keep me so pinched.' And again she would cry out 'Lord, spare

my John, for there is none can heir anything my brother has but our John or the King.'

For some years, about this time, there was a very extraordinary character came always round our country every year and levied a small contribution. She was dressed like a gentlewoman and called herself Mrs Cameron, a Minister's widow. She was a very strong, masculine looking woman, nay some alledged it was a man dressed in woman's clothes. She pretended to be deranged and if anybody did not entertain her genteelly and give her money when she went away, she threatened vengeance to break their windows and even to burn their houses and, in some instances, had in some measure executed her threatenings, but when she was apprehended and brought before Justice for it she feigned herself so completely deranged that they inflicted little punishment upon her. This made her more audacious and inspired people with more dread of her so that for several years she levied contributions in all the south of Scotland and seemed perfectly acquainted with all the houses of any consequence and everybody in them. But at last her behaviour became so outrageous that people were obliged to use her very roughly. One man in Selkirkshire, whose house she had threatened to burn, took her into a barn and run a cord about every wrist and stretched her up to a baulk above, as high as she could reach, with her feet upon the floor and made her stand extended all the night and vent her madness. And she came after into Annandale and behaving there with her usual audacity, Mr Stewart, Justice of Peace, sent her to Dumfries Jail, where she was long kept in close confinement; by these wholesome severities, we got relieved of Mrs Cameron.

Sometime before, when revolutionary principals were alarming among us, a far more dangerous woman made the tour of our country and staid a night or two at our place and then at another. She was a polite, well bred, genteel woman, called herself Mrs Foley, an Officer's widow, pretended to be a Scots woman but had lived about 20 years in France. She seemed to be an enthusiast for the Catholic Religion and Republican Government of France and the chief tendency of her conversation seemed to be to instil into her audience a high veneration for the Catholic Religion and French Government and a contempt for our own constitution, both in Church and State. If this woman did no mischief, it was not from want of will. I considered her a French Emissary.

Upon the 22nd of February this year Mrs Bell of Dunnabie and I went to settle matters betwixt Dunnabie's Heirs and their uncle, Mr Spalding, for

Law business he had carried for Dunnabie all his life, from his father's death. It was a large, voluminous charge, so that into all their charges Spalding charged £30 for drawing it out. We had before submitted the Justice of his claims, to two writers in Dumfries, but they confined all Spalding's demands and brought us in for £20 more as their expenses in attending to the submission and for their clerk. The whole account came to about £430; Dunnabie had before paid £100, we paid the remainder and got his discharge so we got quit of Mr Spalding. It came heavy upon Dunnabie's children, but it set Spalding so up that he purchased a good house with the money. This year Matthew Graham, William's brother in Kipplefoot, who had herded one of the hirsels in Crieve for 30 years, tired and would herd no more, and as William could do nothing without him, I gave William a house, cow and horse for that year, but hired in his place a man named Thomas Armstrong. William took a farm from Bonshaw and paid £300 entry money for it and went to it at Whitsunday, 1806. Thomas Armstrong did not understand his business and did little good, either to me or himself, and staid with me but two years.

After John Bower went to the Duke's regiment of Militia, my sister, she got the whole crop and as the servants went all away at Martinmas except a man to thrash the corn and one woman, and as they kept only one horse and had no seed to furnish, as I had set the arable land, I thought the crop would supply so small a family for a long time with meal, but there was some fatality attended whatever came into their hands; it seemed still to vanish and nobody could tell what was become of it. My sister thought an old settled man of some experience and skill would do better for her than a young man and she got a man named Adam Davison, a good worker but a drunken dissipated dog; how they managed the crop I cannot tell but it turned out almost nothing. As my sister had no need of a man after Whitsunday, Adam applied for a house to me for himself and daughter and he would oblige himself to take care of the hedges, dykes and all about the farm. I was persuaded by Blacklock of Leehaugh to let him have the house, but it was to build and I was to come over and set out the timber. I had at that time a bull at Hartsгарth; in a day or two after I had been at Hartsгарth, Adam came over to Muckledale and told me that the bull was turned so vicious that they durst keep him no longer, that my sister insisted upon his being sent to Whitsunday staigshaw [so], if I would allow him, he would take him and sell him as he had sold many. Like a fool, I agreed to it and gave him 20/- to bear expenses. He went for home, met with some acquaintances, sat down and drank the 20/- all at once but took

neither Bull nor Quey to market. But the story of the bull being vicious was a mere fiction; we afterwards brought him home and he was quiet Jact [*word not identified*].

Adam then got a wright to cut timber for his house and told him I had given him orders to cut the best timber he could lay his hands on and he cut twice as much as it wanted and all such as I would have allowed no man to cut. However, he seemed to prefer Birch and cut almost all the firm young birches he could find, peeld them all carefully, got the bark dried and took it to Hawick and sold it for between 20 and 30 shillings to the White Heather dressers. He had before got his own half year's wage and his daughter's. He drank about Hawick and Jedburgh till the wages, the money for the bark and everything was spent, and then he and his daughter went to near Newcastle. The fine peeld, young timber lay in a heap but never answered any purpose, as the house was never built. I got both the skaith and scorn in this business, everybody laughing at me for trusting to Adam Davison, but they said it was lucky he did not take away the bull for, if he had, I would never have seen one shilling for him and in harvest I sold the bull for £12. I was sadly vexed about the cutting the wood and threatened to pursue him, but as he staid out of the country till my resentment was abated, when he did return, as he was a man of whom nothing could be got, I never molested him.

In the beginning of this year or end of 1804 our good old friend John Maxwell of Broomholm, when speaking to some people in his own house, was in a moment struck with a palsy. His speech failed all at once and although he recovered so far as to be able to articulate intelligibly and seemd to have the perfect use of all his faculties and did a good deal of business, yet he never went more abroad and his speech required so much exertion that he could not converse about five minutes at a time. I went sometimes to see him and as I had some business with him, I found both his memory and judgement perfectly correct, but our interviews were of very short continuance. This year I sent to one Mr Fairly, Bills to the amount of £1210, to invest for me in stocks at London but, as the stocks were then high, he bought exchequer Bills with it and did not invest it in the stocks till some time after.

I mentioned sometime before that at Dunnabie's death, in 1801, he had 5 Law Suits pending, and that one way and another I got them all stifled but one. This was a plea against Michael Robeson, Vintner in Annan, for an old debt due to Dunnabie's father, the late John Bell. Our lawyer insisted strongly upon the prosecution of this plea, as he had no doubt of soon bringing it

to a period and putting about £200 in our pocket. However, it continued to be keenly litigated and before the Court of Session till the later end of 1805 when we got an interim decree for £150. This money was accordingly paid but when I got in the lawyers' accounts for expenses I found almost nothing would come to the Heirs. Robinson's people wished to come to some agreement but our lawyer told me I could make no agreement, for if I took one shilling less than the Lords should award I would be liable to the Heirs. As I had never seen the process, I wished to see it and found it a difficult, intricate subject and as the Lords had not awarded us expenses and many of Michael Robinson's claims for compensations seemed not unreasonable, I saw the process might be carried on for a long time and we might ruin the poor man and the Heirs no better, as the lawyers would run away with the whole. And as the Heirs were under great obligations to me, which I could insist upon if they ever stirred that process, I determined therefore, notwithstanding all the lawyer could say, to make an agreement and take the responsibility upon myself. I therefore proposed to Michael Robinson that if he would give me security for £100 more, I would squash the process. To this he agreed and so the matter was settled to the advantage of both parties, for Robinson's would soon with Law and what might be awarded against him have paid more and the Heirs would never have got as much free money into pocket, after deducting expenses. The lawyers were the only sufferers, at which our man of business seemed highly displeased.

This year we sold our wool from 27/- to 30/-. It was such a price as we had never heard of before and as the wool staplers seemed to make a great difference between the coarse and the fine sort of our wool, and as it was found that the close coated, fine skinned cheviot rams clipped more wool and of greater value than our own coarse skinned kind, the wool being so great an article in our product, the rage for introducing fine skinned sheep became universal amongst stock farmers, many that had kept the black faced, short kind from time immemorial. Seeing the vast odds in the price of wool they changed them for long sheep, so that the short sheep were almost entirely extirpated in our own country. Those who had long sheep spared no expense in buying fine wool rams – some were said to give 20 guineas for a single ram, some 10 guineas. For one season's riding the east country farmers made a deal of money by breeding and selling lambs, but although they certainly improved the wool, I think they degenerated the stocks, for altho the cheviot rams were full as large as our own when we got them, they were too fine for

the pasture and their breed degenerated, so that they became smaller than our own old kind and we found we could not keep the same number upon the same ground and the lambs were so bare that they were easily struck to death in the lambing time, so that we had far fewer lambs.

Upon the 16th October this year there was a strong competition at Hawick at electing a clerk for the Commissioners of Highways for the District of Hawick. One would have thought it a matter of no great consequence but, as the General Election was considered approaching, it seemed to be the first trial of the strength of the 2 parties who intended to contest the following election. The two contending interests were the Duke of Buccleugh and Lord Minto; Mr Ogilvie appeared as representing His Grace, and Lord Minto for himself. I had given before my promise to support the Duke's interest. Mr Ogilvie proposed James Miller, Lord Minto [proposed] John Oliver, both writers in Hawick. Mr Ogilvie was supported by Mr Elliot of Borthwick Brae and other Gentlemen; Lord Minto by Sir William Elliot of Stobbs, Sir John Riddle and others. I there saw that country gentlemen are no match in these matters for senators; Lord Minto discovered powers of eloquence that astonished one and confounded all our party. We had seemingly a clear majority of votes but many of them were given by Factors in their employers' name. Lord Minto would admit none of the Factors to vote who did not produce their commission; some of them had never thought of such a thing and could not produce them, then it was put to the vote. If their votes were to be sustained and as they, that is, the Factors who could not show their commissions were parties, and not allowed to vote, it passed in the negative. Then there was one produced a commission from a Lady. Lord Minto harangued the meeting and carried it that a woman could no more vote there than she could for a member of Parliament. In short, one way and another, he carried his point and Oliver got the appointment.

As an act calld the Small Debt Bill, extending the powers of justice to discern as to all debts below £5 had lately passed and as there were no acting justices at that time in our country, nor ever had been since they had all resigned upon John Bell's process, the inhabitants of Langholm with the Baron Baillie at their head, waited upon the Duke at Langholm Castle petitioning that he would appoint some to act as Justices, especially in the Small Debt Bill. At the Duke's request Mr Keir could not refuse and then they must have another and they could find none but me. I never liked the office, as I thought myself not fit for it, and John Bell's plea had quite disgusted me but, upon

being assured that the Duke required it and upon Mr Keir's solicitation, I at last consented to try the office again, but I do as little as possible and yet far more than I could wish.

As I have often mentioned Mr Keir, I think it not improper here to give some sketch of his history.^[192] The Keirs were a family from Perthshire, they had been for some time connected with the Earl of Kinnoul's family at Duplin. Mr Keir's father was the Factor to the Earl but a brother of the Earls' becoming Bishop of York, purchased an estate in Yorkshire and with the Earl's consent, got Mr Keir's father to superintend and improve it. Whether he married in Yorkshire or not, I know not, but the children were, I believe, all born in Yorkshire. I never saw any daughters but one, but I have seen four sons; they were a tall, handsome, genteel looking family as I have ever seen and the men were all men of ability, rather remarkable. The oldest brother was long Factor to the Earl of Kinnoul and upon some of these sequestered estates in the Highlands; the second, Factor to the Earl of Hopetoun, at Hopetoun House; William, the third, came into our country under the Duke of Buccleugh; the fourth, the situation I do not know, but they were all men of such ability that they still inherited the confidence of their employers in an eminent degree. Shortly after William came into this country he married a young lady from about Edinburgh of the name of Alexander, who bore him a large family but died young and he has lived irreproachably as a widower ever since. Several of the children are dead but he has still [*word missing*] sons and three daughters, all unmarried. Altho Mr Keir is not really a Factor, that is Mr Ogilvie's appointment, yet for about thirty years the Duke has had such an opinion of his capacity that he implicitly follows his advice in managing his estates in Selkirkshire, Roxburghshire and Dumfriesshire. Mr Keir fixes all the rents, directs the improvements, plans all the enclosures, buildings, plantings, woods, coal works, etc., leaving nothing for Mr Ogilvie to do but to collect the rents and what is strange [*is that*] he is regarded by his Grace and beloved by the tenants. I think he certainly is a man of great genius as any man I ever saw, yet still he seems to overrate it, as he seems to pique himself upon achieving things that all the rest if mankind regard as impossible. He has an immense genius for mechanic powers. At the Duke's coalworks in Canonbie he invented such machinery for drawing out the coals and pumping the water as astonished all the beholders, but few or none of them could comprehend them. The pump especially was formed upon a plan altogether new, invented by himself and judges seemed all to agree that it would throw

out water with double velocity to any pump of the same size that had ever been invented before. The Duke wished him to apply for a patent for it, but I do not know that he ever did it. He inspected all the machinery employed in different woollen manufacturers and seemd perfectly certain that he could make valuable improvements in them. He then got his son into partnership in a woollen manufacture and I believe was secretly preparing his machinery but his partner's son turned out one of the most dissipated blackguards that ever existed and ruined all, so that the plan was dropped. But he afterwards engaged in a far more difficult and, in my opinion, an impracticable undertaking. I do not believe that any of Adam's sons ever did or ever will accomplish what he attempted.

I cannot say I rightly understood him, that indeed was a difficult task, but for the benefit of mankind he wrote a book, the main object of which seemed to be clearly to demonstrate that the account given of the Creation by Moses of the Fall and of the principal articles of the Christian Dispensation were not only comfortable to sound reason, but strongly corroborated by it, or in other words, that any man of sound judgement who considers revelation maturely and impartially must be convinced of its truth, from the support it received from right reason. In this he laboured and studied for many years, he showd it to several of the Clergy who greatly approved of it, the attempt was certainly laudable but beyond the power of man, he read much of it to me at different times. I told him I did not understand it, which was the truth. He showed it to his friend Mr Maxwell, who did not approve of it, and advised him to drop it. Still he continued at the work [and] after it was finished he sent a copy to the Duke's family at Dalkeith; they were like me, they had not understood it. But it met with a bad reception, they imagined that the man was deranged and wrote to some friends in the country to know if he was in his senses. He sent another copy to the Earl of Kinnoul's family; it met with the same reception. Yet still I believe he has not given it up, as he is indisputably a man of rare talents and I believe a very honest man. He is rather passionate and sometimes rather overbearing in his temper but he and I have lived in intimacy and friendship from the time he came to the country to this day.

I mentioned before that Helen Johnstone and her husband had left his mother and husband at Garrioch and gone to reside in Blackmark by themselves. Sometime after, one of his acquaintances had said to him that he wondered how he could marry a whore. He told that to his wife and [she]

insisted upon prosecuting him before the Commissary, which the husband was obliged to do and she, with her usual effrontery, thought nothing of her character being publickly canvassed in open court. Her husband seemd to have a good deal of regard for her. He bought her a mule to ride upon and saddle, bridle and riding habit and then she jaunted about like a lady, but took no notice of the affairs of her house and still was aiming at such gay extravagant things that her husband saw if he did not stop her career she would quickly ruin him. He therefore began to remonstrate with her, to this she answered with her usual scurrility, passion and arrogance; a complete rupture ensued and she run off and left him and took a room in Dumfries. Sometime after, her husband, accompanied by a writer, went to the room to speak to her and endeavour to persuade her to come back and live with him, but the mild, quiet, inoffensive creature, in rage and fury, snatched up the poker and told them in great wrath it was her room and if they did not get off directly, she would knock them down. She has been pursuing him for a separate maintenance ever since, but as the husband state still forgess [*word not identified*] himself willing to live with her if she will return to him and she will never hear of returning, she has hitherto made nothing of her process of aliment.

This year, 1805, was a good year for stock farmers: udderlocks gave 13/6; wedders 25/-; good wedder lambs 10/-; mid wedder 6/8; mid ewe 9/- and 9/6, small kind 6/-; palies 4/6; fat tups 17/-, some more; draught ewes 16/-; fat ewes 20/-; wool 27/-, some as high as 33/-; Bullocks £12.12/-; cheese 12/-; tolerable long tups for riding 42/-, and as the demand was not bad it was upon the whole a good year.

1806

This year upon the 20th February I was at the Candlemas Market, Lockerbie, trying to collect money. I had some accounts to settle with William Bell in Wyliehole there. He said he had neither money nor accounts along with him and I must go to his house at night. To this I agreed and if I had gone home there directly, I might have escaped injury, but he desired me to stop a little and he would go along with me. The weather was cold and wet and sleety, he got among the dealers and it was eight o' clock when we set out from Lockerbie. The night was very bad with wind and sleet; before I got to Wyliehole I was quite wet about the neck and breast. After they came they would have me to change my shirt but I did not do it, as I was not subject to

colds. Some Galloway Dealers came home with Mr Bell; they sat and talked and drank some, till about 12 o'clock. As I drank no spirits, I drank none, and being never dried, I felt cold. As Mr Bell and they were going off about some bargain early in the morning, he and I had our business to settle after they were gone to bed [so] it was after one o'clock before I went to bed. They had been so kind as to set a fire in the room some time in the evening, but it was almost out then, as it was only peats. I felt the room cold and after I went to bed I was cold to shivering and never turned warm the whole night; if I slept any, it was very little. The next day I found my head confused and I was quite out of order. I came for home; it was a very cold day and the cold seemed to affect me prodigiously. Some company happened to be in the house when I came to Muckledale and before I got to bed I was much exhausted. For sometime after I found myself still out of order but kept stirring about business as usual.

About the beginning of March I went over to Hartsgarth. Coming home I found myself hot and feverish with a burning pain when I made water, of which I had so little command that when it came upon me I had scarce time to loose my breeches. These symptoms seemed to increase, yet as I never had a fever, I took too little notice of it and kept on foot to the 7th of March. Upon that day I had some letters to write and Bills to send to Mr Fairly at London, it occupied me the whole day, for I could neither write legibly nor sensibly. I wrote badly, could not spell, wrote out of line, misplaced and left out words and inserted words contrary to my meaning. My wife noticed it and was surprized at it. At last I got them and thought they would do and went down to the Post road and delivered them to the Post with my own hand in the evening, but after I came home and sat down at the fire, I was seized with a shivering which I thought shook me to the very heart. In a little I became very feverish, very powerless and was helped to bed. As my good old friend, Mr Maxwell of Broomholm, was to [be] interred the next day and I wished much to attend the funeral, I made them lay out my black clothes but, alas, next day I could not rise without much help if the house had been on fire. The fever raged for about ten days. Dr Moffat in Langholm attended me but as some of the symptoms seemed alarming, we sent to Dumfries for Dr Gilchrist. He saw me two or three times but I think the Doctors did me little good, but as little harm. All the time I scarce ever slept in the night; I raved often and was tormented with imaginary evils, my own business never came into my head but I had sad work fighting among the French and Russians in Germany.

I was miserable in the night and would not ly in the day. I made them help me up every day and sat, altho often very sick, mostly all day. I sometimes attempted to write; sometimes I could write none. I did not like confinement and sometimes went out, but for above ten days I was much disturbed in the night. When the fever begun to abate a terrible swelling fell into my feet and legs, especially the left leg; in it there was a severe pain. This confined and distressed me long and altho in cases of urgent necessity I was obliged to go out sooner, yet the swelling was not entirely out of the left foot till after Whitsunday. Altho I recovered some measure of health, I think I never recovered fully my former strength, as I could never endure either as much fatigue or cold as I could have done before.

The Earl of Dalkeith^[193] was then in our country and intended to attend the County Meeting at Dumfries upon the 30th April. The County was then divided into two parties: the Favourers of the old and the new ministry. The new Ministers were Lord Grenville,^[194] Howick,^[195] Lord Henry Petty,^[196] Mr Windham,^[197] Mr Sheridan,^[198] etc. They had not been long in office nor had done anything to recommend them nor, in my opinion, ever after did anything to merit the confidence of their countrymen, yet as a General Election was approaching, they were endeavouring to form a party in our country and to get Sir John Johnstone, in Westerhall, elected Member instead of Captain William Johnstone Hope, who was a friend to the former Ministry. The Earl of Dalkeith undertook that the first tryal of their strength would be in electing a Presses at the General Meeting, and that it was intended to vote him out of the chair, he therefore desired all the Commissioners in our District to attend. I hired a chaise and took Mr Martin, Minister of Langholm, and Alex Borthwick in Sorbie along with me, as I could not ride. When we met at the Meeting there was no dispute about Presses – the Earl of Dalkeith was voted to the Chair unanimously – but Mr Miller of Dalswington^[199] made a grand eulogium upon the abilities and virtues of the new Ministry and moved to present an address of thanks to His Majesty for this additional proof of his regard for his people, by placing such distinguished characters at the Helm of his affairs. This occasioned a debate but when it was put to the vote he was outvoted by a majority of 50 members. In returning from Dumfries we stopped at Annan all night and Alexander Borthwick and I went to the Academy and saw John Bell and little Thomas Beattie. We heard Thomas say his lessons and were both astonished at his proficiency in Latin. He is certainly as good a scholar as I ever saw of his age, being then not quite 8½ years of age.

I mentioned that our good old friend Mr Maxwell of Broomholm was

to be interred about the time I was lying in the Fever. I mentioned that he was struck with a Palsy sometime before; he continued much in the same way to the beginning of March, 1806, when, on a sudden, he had another shock which deprived him of almost all motion and he continued to doze for some days and then departed calmly without any struggle. He was a man, take him for all and all, I shall not live to see his like again, at least not in our country. He was Factor to Sir William Pulteney and I remember he showed me several letters from Sir William Pulteney, after his first shock, giving him directions what regimen to pursue and what medicine to use, but Sir William died before him of a Fit of the Gravel and left his daughter and Sir James Pulteney one of the largest fortunes in Britain.

Mr Maxwell's oldest son, Captain George Maxwell, succeeded to the Estate of Broomholm, he is a very sensible man and is esteemed very charitable to the poor, but of strange, stiff, unaccommodating temper, keeps no sort of company and seems to regard no man. He had been rather irregular in his youth and had a child by a Miss Bell, a woman of family and character. He afterwards engaged in a serious connection with a Miss Kerr from about Kelso, a woman of respectable family and connections and a noted beauty and as she alledged, under the most solemn assurances and protestations of marriage, he got her with child. She then came in, in a chaise, to Langholm and insisted upon his fulfilling his engagements, he had certainly refused, for she drove back to Kelso in agony and despair and in two or three months account arrived of her death. She lived till she brought forth a daughter and it is said and universally believed that she dispatched herself by poison. Since her death George has never lookd after a wife but seems to wish to live secluded from the world, nay, it is said that he has intimated to his brother, David, in Westwater, that he never will marry and that David and his family will succeed to the Estate.

David Maxwell, farmer in Westwater, is Mr Maxwell's next oldest surviving son; he was likewise bred to the Army. He was first in the Militia and afterwards went to the East Indies in the Company's service but before he went away he had contracted an intimate connection with one Anne Park, only a shepherd's daughter, but an exceeding pretty woman and had privately married her, but durst not acknowledge it to his father, but went away greatly against his will. After he was gone old Mr Maxwell found out about the marriage, took the girl home and behaved like a father to her all the time David was in India. Some time after he went away she brought forth

a son who was named David. She seemed inconsolable all the time he was in India and he stayd there with ill will, did no good and in about 7 or 8 years came home pretending bad health. He lived with his wife but as they had no proper residence, Mr Maxwell applied to the Duke and got them first a part in Westwater and, upon John Scott's demise, they got the whole of Westwater and Loganhead, so that he has now one of the largest and best farms upon the Buccleugh Estate, but David has turnd out a sort of trifling character, seems to have relish for nothing but playing on the Fiddle. He has by his wife a numerous family but he is seldom at home and seems to pay little regard either to them or his business.

This summer I lodged a good deal of more money in the Publick Funds. I was at the same time much harassed by Ministers for augmentation of stipends; five processes of locality were going on against me and Dunnabie's Heirs at the same time, so that I was involved in Law. I was likewise plagued with the tennant of Haldykes about the roof of the large house at Haldykes, which I was obliged, by his tack, to keep in repair and if there were any slates off or rain came in, then he would pay no rents until compelled by Law and when I made it tight it was always going wrong again, so that one way and another I was certainly disturbed.

By the contract with Miss Johnstone, now Mrs Clarke, I was bound to pay £400 to Mr Wallace, Writer in Dumfries, at Martinmas, 1806, for behoof of Mrs Clarke's creditors. This I paid to Mr Wallace at Lockerbie and £20 for his own trouble, altho I never employed him, he was her man of business, not mine. He insisted much upon my allowing little Jean to go and see her and he engaged she should be returned within a week, but she came and took her away and for all I could write to Mr Wallace and her I got no answer and she kept her above a month, but what was far worse, it seems for some reason, Mrs Clarke was become Roman Catholic and took the child to a Roman Catholic Chapel constantly with her. There she saw all their Saint's images and pictures, heard all their service, saw the image of our Saviour upon the Cross; it made great impression upon the child and as she could read some she taught her lessons from a Roman Catholic Catechism, published in Douay [*i.e.* Douai] in Flanders. I see now that the £400 is paid she will never regard the contract more.

Upon the 2nd and 3rd May this year there was a terrible blast in lambing time. It killd very many lambs – I had, in all, 600 fewer lambs to sell than I had the years preceding. In the year 1806 the price for every article that we

stock farmers had to dispose of was much the same as in 1805 excepting wool, which was considerably higher, about 3 shillings per stone upon an average, a price never before heard of in the memory of man. Good wedder lambs gave about 9/6 and 10/-; Mid Ewe 8/6 and 9/-; Mid Wedder 6/6, some only 5/-; palies 4/6; Draught Ewes 16/-; Fat Tups 17/- and 18/-; Fat Ewes 19/- and 20/-; udderlocks 14/-; skins 4/6 and 5/- and wool 30/-, some as high as 36/- and 38/-; Bullocks £12; cheese 12/-, but in spite of all the advance in the wool yet as we had so few lambs to dispose of and had a greater loss of old sheep than we did in 1805, our product was not near so large and upon the whole it was not near so good a year for us as 1805. I forgot to mention that upon the 20th November 1806 the Election of a Member of Parliament for the County of Roxburgh came on at Jedburgh. There were two candidates: Mr Elliot of Minto, son of Lord Minto; and Colonel Rutherford of Edgerstone. As I had a vote for Hartsgarth I was previously applied to by both the Candidates, but as Lord Minto and his party had given me much trouble and expense in obtaining that vote, as I mentioned before, I wrote Mr Elliot a pretty sharp letter reminding him of all the ill treatment I had received from his Father and wrote Mr Rutherford that I would appear and vote for him in Lye. Accordingly, I went to Hawick the night before and staid all night with Mr Archibald Dickson, who also had a vote; we took a chaise and went to Jedburgh next day. There was there a great assemblage of Freeholders, many of them men of large property and several of them Knights, but there was no opposition, for Mr Elliot gave up the contest seeing it hopeless and everything went on very smoothly. After the election was over we all adjourned to Dine at the Tavern. The Colonel had ordered, the day before, 39 Dozen of old Claret from his own cellars for our entertainment. I was not much acquainted with Claret but rather liked it. We all drank very freely – I found myself much elevated, but not in the least sick. They proposed to the Sherriff Substitute, Mr Shortred, to sing a song; he did so but I thought little of it, altho he received the thanks of the Meeting. I started up and proposed to sing for Dumfriesshire and sung a very strange song, which I would no means have done if I had been sober, but as I believe few of the Gentlemen had ever heard of it, met with loud applause. The Gentlemen then began to take notice of me and desired me to give a Toast several times, even when it was not my turn, and as I had some very strange toasts which I had learned from the Armstrongs of Kirtletown and the Bushbys, as they were new to the Gentlemen, they were very well received. A Gentleman at the

head of the table then entered into conversation with me; as I did not know him I desired to know who I had the honour to converse with. Some told me it was Mr Douglas of Cavers.^[200] Upon hearing this I treated him with great respect as the Lineal Representative of the renowned James, Earl of Douglas, who was killed at Otterburn,^[201] which I really believe to be a fact as I was better acquainted with no portion of History than that of the family of Douglas, wrote by Hume of God's Croft.^[202] We entered into that history, he left the head of the table and came to me and stood and he and I conversed standing a long time. He seemed anxious to hear some account of his Family, but he seemed to know very little himself and seemed much delighted with the account I gave him. He gave me a kind invitation to Cavers and insisted with Mr Dixon, who was with me, that whenever he met with me at Hawick, he must bring me to dine at Cavers. Sir Alexander Don^[203] likewise seemed much pleased with my conversation but I never went near any of them, for when I became sober I repented much my behaviour, both as to Singing, Toasts and obtruding myself so much upon the notice of so respectable a Meeting and engrossing so much of the conversation where I was an entire stranger. Upon the whole, I think I never was in a Meeting where there was so many Gentlemen of respectable characters and opulent fortunes, but I think at some meeting in Dumfriesshire I have met with Gentlemen of higher convivial powers and full as much information.

1807

Upon the 9th January 1807 a servant from Hopsrigg came and told us old uncle Walter was very sick and desired me to go over and see him. I accordingly went over. He seemed to be much pained and after I went there, altho he was in his 96th year, having a remarkable strong voice, he made the whole house ring with his groans and spoke to his daughter in his usual harsh style but he, by degrees, became lower and lower and about 8 o'clock in the evening Dr Moffat thought he could not live till 12, but he fell into a sort of slumbering and continued dozing till about 9 o'clock next day, being the 10th, and then died. We then sent over to Ewes for the Friends and Margaret and Walter came over. I came home but Margaret staid till after the interment, which was upon the 16th, when he was interred in Ewes Church Yard. The Friends went back to open the Repositories, having obtained a Warrant from Commissary Goldie. The deed leaving Walter the stocks and Tack was found and a deed and bond leaving his two natural daughters, Helen and Jean, £1000 each; and

as there was betwixt 12,000 and 13,000 pounds of money, there remained about £10,000 included in no settlement and fell to be divided amongst his nearest of kin. He had six nephews and six nieces who all came to claim equally, viz. General William Borthwick in the Artillery at Greenwich [and] Mrs Henryson at Bath, his sister (both children of his oldest brother William Borthwick, last of Cassock); Thomas, John and David Scott, sons of Janet Borthwick, his sister, by Walter Scott of the Merryllaw family, her cousin; and Margaret Borthwick, my wife, daughter of his brother, Thomas Borthwick; David Scott, who was a banker in Ayr. Thomas Scott and my wife were present at the opening of The Repositories, also Mr William Keir, Mr Gedion Curl, Mr Henderson, the Writer in Langholm, the two Mrs Borthwicks, Walter and myself. After inspecting everything and considering the Friends, they unanimously agreed that I should be decerned Executor and conduct the business for behoof of all concerned, which I at last accepted of with great reluctance and which I would never have done if I had seen any other person concerned fit to be employed, but two of the heirs were women, two of the men (John and Thomas Scott) were blind, General Borthwick palsyd and David Scott at a distance and besides, they seemd not to wish to entrust him with so much money, for David had only an appointment in the Bank of Ayr, but was not considered as a man of capital. But if I had known all the trouble I was to meet with from some of the Heirs, the Publick Offices and some of the Creditors I would never have engaged in the business.

The first thing to be done was to get my wife and I decerned Executors before the Commissary Court at Dumfries.^[204] This, after going thro the usual forms, was got done but then before Testament Dative and Confirmation could be obtained and before I intromitted with the Subject, I was obliged to lodge a Bond in the Commissary Court for the faithful discharge of the Trust, obliging myself with sufficient cautioners to account for and divide that subject equally and justly among the heirs, conform to an inventory which I was obliged to give in open oath. I gave in the inventory as justly as I could in proper form and sent in a Bond signed by myself and Mr Keir and Mr Curl as Cautioners. The Commissary said it was a large sum and insisted upon additional security and we got Laidlaw, the Writer in Dumfries, to join us. They then insisted upon my confirming for the whole codicil contained in the inventory and told me that independent of the dues of the Commissary Court, the confirmation stamp alone would cost £135. When John Scott, in the Excise, Edinburgh, heard of the charge being one of the Heirs, he

wrote me a long remonstrance alledging I was needlessly embezzling their friends and wrote several long letters himself and got a Writer to the Signet to write me a whole sheet to prove that total confirmations were nonsense and to confirm for £5 was sufficient for £5000 but as the Commissary and Mr Syme, the Collector of Stamp Duties at Dumfries, insisted upon a total confirmation and I saw I could not otherwise obtain the confirmation, after a deal of Literary altercation I was obliged to disregard John Scott's admonitions altogether and confirm for the whole sum.

About this time Lieutenant Colonel William Borthwick, only son of General Borthwick who was the only surviving son of William Borthwick in Cassock, oldest brother of Uncle Walter, came from Woolwich, in Kent, down to Scotland to look after the Legacy. I rather think he was disappointed, for as his father was the only son of Uncle Walter's oldest brother, I have some reason to believe he considered him as Heir to the whole subject. However, after being rightly informed how matters stood by the Law of Scotland, he behaved like a gentleman. I then wishd to get the confirmation extended, to pay the Legacy Duty, to collect the debts and divide the subject among the heirs with all convenient dispatch, but I met with many unforeseen circumstances. When I applied for the Confirmation, Mr Syme,^[205] Collector of Stamp Duties, told me that he settled accounts with the Stamp Office, Edinburgh at the end of every month and he had no stamps, neither could he get any till the beginning of next month, so I waited till then. He then told me they had no stamps of that size in Edinburgh and I must wait another month until they came from London. In the meantime I had applied to Mr James Johnstone of Alva, upon whom Uncle Walter had a Bill for £4000 with interest. Mr Johnstone would not even promise payment, but wishd the heirs to accept of his security and allow the money to remain in his hand [but] to this plan none of the heirs seemd inclined to agree. After I had obtained the confirmation, properly stamped, we had sad wrangling with the collector of the stamp duties in paying the Legacy Duty, as we thought ourselves entitled to more deductions for debts, funeral expenses and specific Legacys, than he seemd inclined to allow. However, at last we got everything settled and I paid him within [a] few shillings of £260 Legacy Duty. He then told us, 'I will give you an acknowledgment for it but no receipt of discharge in the present stage of the business.' 'Here,' said he, 'are six different discharges for six different heirs, you must pay them all and get them all to sign the inside here' delivering me six printed forms of a receipt 'and upon the back must be

a compleat discharge wrote by a man of business. As soon as you have got all these receipts and discharges properly extended and signed you must present them at my office. I will then send to London to get them legally stamped, and after they return from London to me, duly stamped, you must call for them at this Office and then, but not sooner, I will grant you a legal discharge for the Legacy Duty. You must then present the six discharges from the Heirs and my discharge for the Legacy Duty before the Commissary Court and then, but not before, you will get up your Bond of Cautionry lodged there.' I saw it would be troublesome business but I was obliged to comply, what with Legacy Duty, Confirmation Dues of Commissary Court, Clerks' and Agents' Fees, I paid £475 out of the Fund before the Heirs drew one shilling. Before all these matters were settled the summer was far advanced and as Mr Johnstone would never undertake to pay before Martinmas, if even then, I could not get forward in the business as I intended but one thing occurred which rather facilitated my progress. The two Miss Borthwicks had, each of them, by Uncle Walter's Will £1000. Mr Brown, the Minister in Eskdalemuir, had in his younger days been in Mr Johnstone's Family as Preceptor to the present Mr James Johnstone. Mr Brown married a friend of the Borthwicks, the two Miss Borthwicks went to visit him and he persuaded them to allow Mr Johnstone to retain their money, assuring them that it could not be in better hands. They desired me to write for that purpose to Mr Johnstone. He gladly accepted the proposal and engaged to have the rest of the money ready at Martinmas, so that I thought I would be ready to settle in Edinburgh, where most of the money was, ready to collect with all the Heirs at Martinmas; but a severe storm, of which I shall speak afterwards, prevented my getting to Edinburgh till the 10th of December. As soon as I got into Edinburgh I went directly to John Scott in the Excise Office, one of the heirs, and desired him to write to his brother David in the Bank in Ayr. David accordingly came in but we met with unforeseen difficulties which stoppd me longer in Edinburgh. Several of the Bills upon the Bank of Scotland and British Linen Company were drawn payable at the branches of their offices in Dumfries and Hawick. These they would not pay in Edinburgh; they must be paid at the offices where they were drawn. Again, altho the Bills were endorsed by Margaret and me and I produced our decrete Dative and Testament Dative, empowering us to uplift and discharge these Bills, yet still as we were not the creditor mentioned in the securities, the debtors insisted upon a separate discharge. It took up some time and trouble to get all these matters adjusted, but at last all

was distinctly settled to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned and I paid the six heirs £1742 each, and as I neither charged trouble nor expense but just what cash I had paid at the Publick Offices, they were all highly pleased and offered me a present, which I spurned, being very happy to think I had got so cheaply and honourably quit of such a troublesome office. But what vexed me most of all in this business, I found to my surprise, that after I had fairly discharged the Trust and after I had paid all the debts, legacies and expenses, and had exhausted the whole funds contained in the Inventory and produced discharges from all having interest to the Commissary Court, yet still they would not give up my Bond and cautioners. 'No' say they 'Claims may appear seven years after this against Mr Borthwick and your Bond must ly and you must be answerable for all demands and can only claim repetition from the heirs to whom you have divided the subject.' I thought it hard usage.

I have, to preserve it entire, continued this narrative thro the whole year; I shall now return and mention other things in the order in which they occurred. In the beginning of the year Margaret Carruthers, my cousin Adam Beattie's widow, died and I paid her annuity and funeral expenses. Upon the 31st of March I was at Crieve and looking in the park at a brown filly I had there, a very good one, she came and smelled at the mare I rode upon, when in a moment she wheeled round and struck most violently with both her hinder feet; both feet when at full length hit my left foot and leg. The one scuffed my leg but did not serious injury; the other foot spent its whole force upon the wrist of my foot and bruised it terribly. I never got such a strike in my life. I came home in agony. I got off the boot with severe pain – my foot was crushed, for it was not only much bruised where the stroke hit upon the outside of the foot, but the inside was much hurt by the stirrup iron when my foot was driven with such force against the mare's side I was riding upon; it swelled and inflamed exceedingly and the pain was severe. I sent for Dr Moffat. He said some of the small bones were broke. He leechd it very much; still the swelling and inflammation continued and the skin and flesh became so tender that I could bear nothing to touch it but a cloth shoe. It grew better very slowly, I was very lame for half a year and altho in about a year after I got the stroke, I could wear a boot and go about my business, yet it is still tender, never like the other foot and I question if ever it will be sound as long as I live.

This year, about Whitsunday or before, John Bell, the proprietor of Priestbuts died. As he had no children and had burdened the land with a

great jointure to his widow, his brother who succeeded to it wishd to sell it and advertised it to be sold at Lockerbie upon the 12th of June. As it lay very convenient for Persbyhall [*i.e.* Pearsby Hall], George Richardson wishd much to buy it and for some time took great pains and fell upon most strange devices to render it sure, but he is a most singular character; he is a sly, designing, deep drawn man, keen and anxious for his own interests beyond common, but this anxiety defeats the whole for whenever he is keen about anything it puzzles and bewilders his understanding, then it affects his health and spirits, next he takes to his bed, then he is dying, then he will have no further concern with worldly affairs and the very object which occasioned all his anxiety he will by no means engage with or concern himself about it. As he had always been rather friendly to me and I heard he had taken to his bed and renounced all thoughts of the purchase, and as I knew he never would be satisfied while he breathed if he missed it, I went over the night before the sale to see if he would allow me to purchase it for him, altho my foot was so sore that I rode and walked with some pain but all I could say to him signified nothing; he was dying, he would have no concern with it, but after I was gone to Lockerbie his wife and a friend wrung from him some sort of consent from him and they sent a message after me desiring me to purchase it for him (if it was not too dear). This was in fact no commission for as he mentioned no price he had nothing to do but to say it was too dear and then it fell in my hand and as it was not connected with my land I did not want it. However, I ventured to buy it and took my chance of his taking it. When I came to his house I found him seemingly very poorly and very indifferent about it. He took very little notice of anything I said till after I had mentioned the price, he then began to smile and brighten, shook hands with me and returned me sincere thanks and before we parted he gave me an obligation obliging himself to satisfy the exposor and to get up the Minute of Sale Mr Stewart of Hillside and I had signed and relieve me of all trouble about it and I gave him an obligation renouncing all right to the purchase, resigning it in his favour. He purchased the stock and entered directly upon possession. Some time after he got a letter from an elder brother in India telling him he was coming home to take possession of his Estate. As he had not heard from his brother for 27 years before, it was a very severe and unexpected blow; he then took to bed again, sent for me and would have nothing to do with Priestbuts. I desired him to wait a little and consider of it; he did so and in a little time heard of his brother's death, then he would keep it. Afterwards a

Gentleman came over and produced his brother's will. What it contained I cannot say but he took to his bed again, seemed regardless of everything, but said little about Priestbuts and to this day it stands in a strange situation – he is in possession of the Estate, but the exposers have no hold of him, as he has never paid the price or granted the seller any obligation. My Minute of Sale still lies for the price, but he is in possession of the land and how it will end I cannot tell. This year I was very plagued with Building which I found very troublesome and expensive. I built a chaise house and lofts for holding victuals, washing house and Potato House at Muckledale, stable and dwelling house at Kepplefoot and, as they were all roofed with foreign fir and slated, the expense was considerable and as I was still plagued with Thomson about the repairs of Halldykes house, I stripd it all, but the front, and laid 13 tons of the best London Iron slates upon it and took off all the old leads and leaded all with new and made the roof perfectly compleat at a great expense, but when I had done all, still I could get no rent from Mr Thomson, he put me off from day to day and at Martinmas, 1807, he had not paid one shilling rent from Whitsunday, 1806. I delayd pursuing him until January, 1808, I then gave him a summons before the Lords, no appearance was made for him but it was the later end of March before I received payment and then it was paid, but his Writer took a protest reserving action against me for all damages, accompanied with a fulminating denunciation of the Law.

This was a most unfortunate year for me in stock farming. In lambing time there was some severe weather and as my stocks were very low, I had 27 scores of fewer lambs to sell than in 1806 and as 1806 was 660 fewer than 1805, I had 1200 fewer lambs to sell in 1807 than 1805. But that was not the worst. I had so many old sheep and especially hogs dead that I had very few to sell and even these at reduced prices, so that I drew little above half the money for old sheep I had done the year before. Bad as it was and as they had done so badly, I altered the plan of management both at Muckledale and Tarras, but misfortune came upon the back of misfortune, for upon the 19th November I was over in Annandale and upon the 20th it came on so severe and unexpected a storm as had never been known in the memory of man at that time of the year. I got home upon the 21st with great difficulty and danger; that storm killed me above 300 sheep and rendered many useless and shattered the whole stock. It was worst in Liddesdale and Tyne, where many met with such losses as they will not easily recover, so considering the smallness of my product, the expenses of the houses I mentioned above and

a stone dyke in Tarras, and as Nelson and Hirst made me miss the sale of my wool and sold it for 7/6 per stone less than I did the year before, considering the smallness of my income and my great extra expenses, that was the worst year I ever had. I find the greatest difficulty in stating the value of farm produce in the year 1807, of any year I ever knew. Lambs sold nominally for from 8/- to 8/6, but as everything fell greatly in the later end of the year, we had to make large abatements; Draught Ewes that were sold at Home for 13/- and 14/- per piece could not be sold in Yorkshire for above 7/- or 8/-, this we knew and must either make large abatements or ruin the dealers. I got 21/6 for the wool, which the year before was 30/-; Black Cattle could scarcely be sold at any price and, considering the small numbers we had to dispose of owing to our great losses, and the difficulty of getting money for what was sold, as many of the people you sold your lambs to had lost their Hogs and had nothing either to buy lambs or pay rents, in short there was a total stagnation of business and it was the crossest, most disagreeable year I ever experienced. People that wanted money off me came upon me with open mouth; those I wanted money from could pay nothing. I was obliged to use legal measures to compel some to pay, a thing I seldom had done; others I spared lest I should ruin them and borrowed money in place of it. In fine it was the most troublesome, confused, embarrassing year I ever saw and several of my neighbours, I am afraid, will never retrieve it.

Chapter 8

Misfortune upon Misfortune 1808-23

1808

I thought everything relating to Uncle Walter's Executory had been settled when I got the money and had paid the Heirs and got their discharges, but alas I knew not what a gulph was before me into which I was fallen before I was apprized of my danger, as I had made a calculation what every Heir would draw. I took General Borthwick's at Greenwich, Mrs Henryson's at Bath and my own, which I intended to send to London, 3 Bills from Bonars and Ramsay upon Coats and Co. in London;^[206] General Borthwick and Mrs Henryson's for £1724.10/- each, Mine for £1700. These Bills were dated the 22nd December 1807, payable 40 days after date. Upon the 23rd December, I paid John and David Scott their shares in Edinburgh and they signed their discharge, but General Borthwick's and Mrs Henryson's were to send to Bath and Greenwich to be signed, they then returned them, signed, to John Moffat in Garwald, their friend. It was some time before John Moffat met with me, I then endorsed the Bills to the General and Mrs Henryson's and they drew their money in London. I then gave all the discharges to George Henderson, Writer in Langholm, who was to send them to Mr Syme, the Collector of Stamp Duties at Dumfries, and Mr Syme was to send them again to London to get them stamped. All these goings backward and forward consumed a good deal of time and as we knew not that there was any danger in delay, we were in no violent hurry.

Mr Syme, instead of forwarding them to London, sent them to the Stamp Office, Edinburgh. Upon the 19th March 1808 Mr Bremner, solicitor of Stamp Duties in Edinburgh, wrote a card to Mr William Johnstone, my agent in Edinburgh, telling him that Mr Syme had sent in six discharges for Mr

Borthwick's heirs, but they could not now be accepted without 10 p.c. upon the Duty, as they should have been in their office within 21 days from the date of signing, which was elapsed, but he wishd to see and converse with Mr Johnstone upon the subject. All that Mr Bremner demanded at first would only have amounted to about £26, this to prevent further trouble I would willingly have paid, but after he had spoke with Johnstone he addressed me in a different tone. He sent me out a schedule; I must begin again and do everything over again with them; all I had done must go for nothing and if I did not do it instantly and to their satisfaction he would issue an Exchequer writ against me and threatened me with triple duties, pains and penalties. I had incurred to so large an amount that I thought they would ruin me and altho I never imagined that Johnstone, who I had so long employed, and who had got so much of my money, would stir up Mr Bremner to me every mischief in his power, yet I plainly saw that he seconded Mr Bremner in all his designs and threatened severe penalties; I then saw I was in great danger and was sadly perplexed about it.

But this year misfortune crowded upon misfortune; the last year was the most unlucky I thought I had ever seen, but this was far worse. About the beginning of April going down to Langholm, I was informed that Mr George Fairly, my agent in London, was dying and that his sister and brother-in-law were gone to London to attend him. As he had the management of all my money transactions, I sent to him the Bill of £1700 upon Coutts and Co. and he had drawn and divided for me of £104.16/- about the same time and owed me a balance in former account; he owed me between £1800 and £1900, and as stocks were then very high, he and I had agreed to purchase, in the meantime, Exchequer Bills with it, until we saw how the stocks should turn out. When I heard of his dangerous illness, I wrote to an acquaintance of mine to enquire into his situation and attend to my interest. He enquired at Mr Fairly's lodgings and found out that he had been an insurance Broker to a large amount, a thing I knew nothing of, and that in consequence of pressing demands coming upon him, which he could not answer, he had left his lodgings without leaving his address and nobody could tell what was become of him and he could not find that he had purchased any Exchequer Bills, so that I had nothing for my money but letters from a man who had absconded for debt and I presently heard that he was dead, that his books had been delivered to a Trustee, but as his affairs were in disorder, his nearest of kin would not administer, consequently the Trustees could not act and some of

my friends who had experience in these matters assured me I might renounce all thoughts of ever recovering any part of that debt. This was another severe blow, and this and the vengeance denounced by the Stamp Office united rendering me very uneasy, but yet still other misfortune of a different nature came upon me in succession.

I had a vast number of sheep killd by the storm in November, 1807, but I had far more died in the spring, 1808. The season was bad, the sheep were reduced in the winter before and died very fast; those that lived were so reduced that they could bring no lambs. Several of my stocks could not furnish lambs to keep up the stocks and I had them to furnish; one stock I had to provide a great many lambs for and still the number of stock was so far reduced that I had not one single sheep to sell and as they continued dying and decaying, even in summer, I saw my stocks had got a Fault and that it would be several years before they could be expected to be productive, as they would continue dying as long as any of the tainted sheep remained. I have never before had so serious loss in my stocks, for altho I had more sheep killed by storm in 1794, yet still I suffered not near so much, for the spring that year was excellent, the sheep that were left were good and brought lambs uncommonly well, whereas very few of them could bring lambs this year and many of the old sheep, altho alive, were of very little value. Again, there was no money to be got for what was to sell. The few wedder lambs that I had to dispose of, the men that had long got them and used always to pay me a great part of them ready money, came and told me they wishd to have them but they had had such severe loss in their stocks and the man that had bought their wool was broke, so that they could scarce carry on their business and they had nothing to pay for lambs, but they would consider it as a favour if I would give them the lambs and give them a year's credit. As I did not wish to desert my honest old friends in their distress, I agreed to their proposal, altho I was much straitened for money myself, for many people that had bought off me formerly had met with such misfortunes that they could pay nothing and some of them I doubt never will pay, for it was not only the severe winter that made money so scarce but bankruptcys were very frequent amongst dealers in sheep, wool and cattle. The wool staplers had brought it into practice that above one half of the value of the clip of wool was never paid for until they came in the next season to try to buy the new clip. They then gave Bills payable three months after date upon London, and bought the new clip if they could agree. My wool staplers owed me between £500 and £600. When they

came into the country they as usual gave me Bills with which I was satisfied for clip 1807 and bought clip 1808; but shortly after I understood that several of their Bills were returned and that their credit was doubted and presently one of theirs to me came back protested. I was then obliged to refuse to deliver clip 1808; they threatened to compel me but I regarded them not. However, they paid the Bills and came into the country and after much altercation I agreed to deliver it upon certain conditions, but it is not all delivered yet and unless they implement these conditions it never shall be delivered. As my product this year was very small and no money stirring, and rents, servants' wages and especially Taxes were very high, for altho my income this year was very little, no notice was taken of that at the Collector's office. I had to pay the usual rate and my buildings were still going on.

I was much harassed for money. I was obliged to stop payment again and again and tell the people I had none. If it was to people I thought could want it sometimes I borrowed none for them; if it was tradesmen, labourers or any that I thought could not want, I borrowed both from banks and individuals, again and again. During all this time I was struggling with these misfortunes, the Stamp Office in Edinburgh were denouncing the most fulminating threatenings against me, not only for triple duties which they alledged I had incurred by not paying the Legacy Duty within six months after I had intromitted with the subject (for the payment to Mr Syme must go for nothing, it was illegally done and Syme was threatened with deprivation of office), but no heavy penalties. The money I had paid Mr Syme was upon an unstamped receipt, there was a penalty. I had paid the Heirs before their discharges were stamped, there was a grievous penalty. I had wrote something myself which should have been done by a Licenced Practitioner in the Law, there was a heavy penalty. The appraisement of the stocks were not made by licenced appraisers nor extended upon the proper appraisement stamps, there I had incurred penalty. And as the last brought us in for £515 Legacy Duty, that tripled would have been £1545 and they alledged they could neither abate the triple duties nor mitigate the penalty, and I had not one shilling in my hand to answer all these heavy expenses, having before paid it all to the Heirs. And when I claimed repetition from the Heirs they alledged that I had incurred all these losses by my own mismanagement and they were not answerable for my errors, in short, with great loss of stocks, loss of Mr Fairly's and other money, this said misfortune with the stamp office, I thought I would be ruined and was more distressed than I ever was before since I could do business.

To understand the grounds of dispute with the Stamp Office in Edinburgh more fully it will be necessary to explain the Deeds by which Uncle Walter left £2000 to his two natural daughters, and the stocks and Tack of Hopsrigg to his Grand Nephew Walter Borthwick. After premising this general rule, that when a Deed is granted on behalf of any person long before the death of the Granter and delivered to any third party for their behoof, if it is not revocable, it is their property from the time it was granted and the Granter is fully denuded of the property long before his demise. Consequently, it is considered as a Deed of Gift in his lifetime and not a Legacy and consequently not liable in Legacy Duty. The Deed in favour of the Miss Borthwicks was a Bond of provision, granted many years before Walter's death. The usual style in revokable Deeds is reserving the Granter a power to revoke and annul that Deed, in whole or in part, at any time in his life, as he shall see cause. In this Deed the words are reserving to myself full power to make what alterations and additions I shall see proper to make to this settlement, at any time, and in the close of the Deed. It dispenses with the non delivery and declares that sum to be a debt due to his daughters against his subject, in preference to his Heirs.

The Deed conveying the stocks to Walter proceeds upon a narrative that by an arrangement proposed to the Duke of Buccleugh and agreed to by him, young Walter Borthwick was to be rented for the Farm of Hopsrigg in His Grace's Books along with his Grand Uncle, old Walter, and after his decease was to be his successor and representative in that Farm. And young Walter had been jointly in the Rental with old Walter for more than ten years before his death and was entitled to his share of the profits arising from that Farm which, as the times were remarkably good, would have compensated all he got at his uncle's demise and farther, Uncle Walter, having no lawful heirs of his own body and his nearest Heir being a Colonel in the Artillery, the Duke had intended to give that farm to another person if he had not proposed to have young Walter rented as his successor, to which His Grace, after a good deal of discussion, agreed. Now the question was simply whether or not the Miss Borthwicks and young Walter were lyable in Legacy Duty. For my share I never attempted to judge as to that question, but as I had been ordered by the Stamp Office in Edinburgh to settle the confirmation and Legacy Dutys with the Commissary Court at Dumfries and Mr Syme, the Collector of Stamp Duties there, I sent in inventories and every paper that they demanded for their information and they were all recorded in the

Commissary Court Books. But it would seem that the Commissary and Mr Syme had not considered the Miss Borthwicks' money or Walter's stocks as lyble in Legacy Duty, for when the Legacy Duty was to pay, I sent George Henderson, Writer, into Dumfries with Draughts upon Bankers in Dumfries and orders to pay whatever Legacy Duty they demanded, but for the Miss Borthwicks and Walter the Collector demanded none, and Mr Syme seemed perfectly satisfied and gave an acknowledgement for the Legacy Duty and sent by Mr Henderson six discharges for the six different heirs to sign.

Upon this transaction I have two observations to make. In the first place, as I had settled everything in Dumfries in perfect conformity to the orders I had received from the General Stamp Office, Edinburgh, which orders I still offered to produce, how they could arraign me for triple duties, pains and penaltys for attempting to defraud the Revenue when all I had done was in obedience to their own orders, I could not conceive. Again the Heirs alledged I had brought all these misfortunes upon myself by unfair representations to Mr Syme and the Commissary Court, but that was impossible, for every paper relating to the business was submitted to their inspection. As an irresistible proof of this the Deeds which I now hold are only extracts from the Commissary Court, the originals are in that office still and when after mature deliberation they exempted the Miss Borthwicks and Walter from Legacy Duty, was it to be expected that I was acting for the Heirs, was to quarrel with their statement and insist upon their subjecting them in Legacy Duty? The idea is absurd, more especially as I could not judge, for the question was so difficult that men of Law whom I consulted in Edinburgh were greatly divided in their opinions about it. Some seemd clear they were not lyable and insisted upon my standing trial before the Court of Exchequer, others hesitated and wishd me to submit, for they said if it was litigated I would find the Court of Exchequer more expensive, more dilatory and more arbitrary than the Court of Session and if it was contested I might expect the utmost vigour of Law and if I should lose, with triple duties, pains, penaltys and expenses, it might amount to between £1500 and £2000. I therefore thought it safest to submit, but I thought myself very ill used at all hands.

Although the General Stamp Office on Edinburgh threatened and harassed me all the summer and assured me I had to settle with them only and not with Syme, yet after I came to be so humbled that I promised to observe all their orders, still even after that they threatened but did no more; they would neither tell me what I had to pay, nor when it should be paid, at this I was

much surprized. Syme, upon the other hand, insisted that I should settle with him and sent me out a printed notice that if I did not settle with him within 10 days he would issue an Exchequer Writ against me to compel obedience and pursue me for every default. This notice I intimated to the Sherriff Office, Edinburgh, who assured me Syme had no such authority but altho I could not comprehend the reason at that time, neither of their behaviour nor Syme's, it became plain afterwards. It seems every collector, when he receives Legacy Duty, has both a per centage upon what he receives and the interest of the money for some time [but] the General Stamp Office knew that the Stamp Act would undergo several alterations about that time: amongst others it was decreed that after the 10th October 1808 every Legacy Duty should be paid into the General Stamp Office, Edinburgh. This was the reason of their avoiding a settlement with me till after the 10th October in order that the emoluments of the money might all be their own and Syme insisted upon it being settled sooner that he might not be deprived of these emoluments. However, by good chance, the alterations made in the Stamp Act about this time were of very beneficial consequences to me. Before, they told me they could neither remit pains, penalties or triple duties, but by a chance in the new Act they are expressly required to remit all pains, penalties and triple duties, where the error appeared to proceed from ignorance or inattention and not with wilful design to defraud the Revenue. This gave me hopes of finishing this disastrous business. About the beginning of October they sent me out a statement of what I had to pay, to make Syme's behaviour appear flagrant, more as they had time at ill will, they treated us with unexampled severity, they would not allow some of the expenses necessarily disbursed: they charged interest upon the whole capital from Mr Borthwick's death to the time when the Legacy Duty was paid; they charged the Miss Borthwicks with interest from the Martinmas before Mr Borthwick's death and made them pay 10 per cent for the whole; they charged Walter Borthwick interest from Mr Borthwick's death to the 17th October 1808. When I went in and paid all their demands in Edinburgh, in short, instead of paying £259.9.6d, as settled with Mr Syme, they brought us in for £515.2.4 Legacy Duty and even at last this troublesome and vexatious business was settled in such an awkward manner, as nothing but dread of a prosecution before the Exchequer, which they still threatened, could have compelled me to acquiesce in.

Mr Bremner insisted that I should make oath to his statement. I told him I could not as it was more than even the heirs drew. I then produced the

real statement, signed by the Heirs, and told him I would swear to that; that he would not agree to. I then told him I would make out that his statement was more than ever the Heirs received; that he would not hear of. After some altercation the oath was dispensed with altogether, but what was still harder, altho they knew that I had paid all the money and they had unstamped discharges from the Heirs in their own hands, yet still they would compel me to sign a printed form that I had retained all the money in my own hands, this they said was indispensably required, for as the printed Discharges were out of date, nothing but the Executor's Declaration that he was the retainer would be received by the General Stamp Office in London and the Heirs and I must settle that business among ourselves. This Declaration that I had retained the money must be sent up to London to be stampd and then it would be returned to me with a valid discharge for the Legacy Duty and then, but not before, I would be relieved of the Stamp Office [and so] with much persuasion and reluctance I was constrained to yield to all this. It then became necessary that I should have a proper and valid discharge from all the Heirs, which I obtained, but neither the Declaration that I had retained the money, nor the proper discharge for the Legacy Duty, nor the six unstamped discharges from the Heirs, have ever been returned to me from the Stamp Office to this day and the Bond which was at first lodged in the Commissary Court at Dumfries, whereby I as principal, with Mr Keir, Mr Curl and Mr Laidlaw at Dumfries as cautioners, became bound that I should faithfully discharge the trust as Executor, and account to Mr Borthwick and his Heirs for the whole subject; as it seems not to be given up, they tell me debts may appear against Mr Borthwick 7 years after and my Bond must ly and whatever debts may appear, they will compel me to pay them and let me claim repetition from the Heirs to whom I paid the money, so that after all the trouble, vexations, pains and losses I have met with, the business is far from being settled. It has been the most disastrous business I ever was concerned in and I would warn all to whom I wishd well never to engage in the office of an Executor.

This year, 1808, was the most distressing, calamitous year by very far I ever knew; it was throughout a continued succession of one misfortune upon the back of another. The prices for stock and lambs and wool were much the same as last year, but then our stocks were so shattered by distress and diminished in numbers by death that I had almost nothing to sell. To have kept my stocks as compleat as they had sometimes been I would have sold very little, but they had got such taints by distress and weakness that we durst

not keep them upon our stormy grounds. We sold some let us get for them ever so little; others we killd that was worth nothing but the skins. In short, my product this year was considerably above Two Thousand pound less than it has been formerly.

It is now some time since I said anything about my wife and I shall here only observe that during all this time the strange notion that I was not her husband has never recurred, but she was possessed of some others, equally absurd and even impossible. One thing which continued invariable upon every indisposition, for real sickness she seldom had, whatever was the matter the whole world could not convince her that it proceeded from a natural cause, or that it was the hand of God; no, it was caused by some evil spirit proceeding from some person she hated. It either fell upon me or some of the girls about her in the house. If she had a heartburn she would cry in rage 'Oh, how that woman is plaguing my stomach'; if it was a rheumatism, 'Oh, how that woman is torturing my bones', for these were the only diseases and sometimes she was violent against me; this was often a source of vexation. Another thing that often distressed her, she sometimes imagined she turnd Thomas Beattie, as she said that she was transformed into me; she was very fat, heavy and corpulent and much addicted to sweating, I was thin and spare and did seldom sweat. When she was me she could not sweat and then she was very much distressed and uneasy. These whimseys extended even to strangers and she formed very injurious notions at times of very respectable characters. For instance, there was a man named William Begbie who was murdered near the British Linen Office in Edinburgh and a parcel containing £4000 of these notes taken off him, and altho it happened in so publick a place, the murderer was never found out.^[207] About a year after this happened, some strangers whom she had several times seen before, whose characters removed them far from any such suspicion, dined in our house. She took a staring at them but behaved civilly, but altho William Begbie was never mentioned, yet after they were gone she said to me 'O, Thomas, what hearts these people must have, I cannot think they are innocent of the murder of William Begbie.' She had other strange notions about some people in time being turned into Dogs, others into rose bushes, but as these were harmless they bred no disturbance. I acknowledge that my behaviour in my married state has been highly culpable, which I shall ever be sorry for, but put any man in my place, if he can conduct himself with propriety and decency throughout a long life with such a helpmate, I think he would find it a task of more than ordinary difficulty.

Some time in January this year I got a General Discharge from Mr Borthwick's Legatees, in full, of all demands; I likewise got 6 unstampd discharges and some other papers, but the Bond lodged in the Commissary Court is never given up and they tell me it must ly, I know not how long. It may be seen in these memories that I bought the land of Crossdykes from William Armstrong in the year 1786, it was a feu right and paid £22.5.1d feu duty in full, of all the Earl of Hopetoun could demand and upon the other hand the Earl and his Heirs were bound to relieve me and my heirs of all cesses, taxations and Publick Burdens, whatever transient and local affecting the same, in quartering of soldiers only excepted, and of all Teinds and Ministers' Stipends, due and payable forth thereof, and when I paid the Feu duty I got always a discharge for the feu and Teind Dutys of Crossdykes, consequently stipend was never demanded of me. In the year 1802 the Minister of Hutton,^[208] in which parish it lies, brought a process of augmentation and locality.^[209] In the process Lord Hopetoun's man of business gave in a scheme of locality,^[210] which was approven of; in this scheme he allocated so much upon Crossdykes but added a note saying of this that the Earl of Hopetoun is obliged to relieve Thomas Beattie; but in the year 1807 the Minister pursued for another and larger augmentation and as superiors had by that time seen what strange and unnatural constructions the Lord of Sessions or Teinds Court had put upon the import of Feu contracts, they began to consider them, however distinctly expressed, as affording no protection at all to the vassal against the exactions of the superior. They therefore gave in a scheme of locality burdening Crossdykes with above 3 times as much in the locality [as] in 1802, but omitted the note of relief. This unjust demand we resisted, but after a deal of litigation our contract was entirely set aside and we were found lyable in Stipend. Then the Minister had given the Rental at nearly double the real value. We applied for a valuation which we obtained, but after it had cost above £50 in Law expenses, the whole ended most disgracefully. By the contract of Feu the Earl was to relieve me of all Teinds and the Ministers' stipends; the Teind Court decernd me to relieve him of all Teinds and Ministers' stipends, not only so, but even the Feu Duty he pockets himself. I have the stipend to pay for that and there is more of the augmentation laid upon me than many in the Parish whose lands are five times the value. I never was more surprized nor vexed at any thing and wrote my man of business that I never would litigate another question, as I saw there was an end of all contracts between man and man, nay, if a man

owed me a debt by Bill, I durst not pursue lest he should bring it before the Court of Session and they should decern me to pay the debt to my debtor. But I think my predecessors had acted in the most ridiculous manner with regard to stipends that ever men did, for in Crossdykes I never paid stipend and was considered at any rate as having right to the Teinds, you have seen how that ended. The Teinds of Over Cassock were purchased in the year 1649 and by an obligation of that date, the Earl of Buccleugh was bound to relieve Cassock of all Teinds and Ministers' Stipends due and payable forth thereof and it never paid stipend until after I got it.

The Crieve again had been above 40 years under sequestration until at last it came to a Judicial Sale and was bought by William Elliot, writer in Edinburgh in the year 1762. Mr Elliot purchased the Teinds from the Viscount of Stormont superior, he then sold the whole lands and Teinds to me, so that in Crossdykes and Cassock I considered myself relieved of stipend. In Crieve I thought my right to the Teinds was compleat, and as the rental was proven by the oaths of all the Tennants and Mr Elliot purchased the Teinds at the value sworn to and fixed by the Lords of Session, I considered that equal to a valuation, but it seems as if my predecessors had wishd to throw out their money in the purchase of their Teinds and renounce the benefit arising from the purchase. For atho they had all laid out their money in the purchase of their Teinds, never one of them had thought of a valuation, and by that omission the purchase of the Teinds was not worth one farthing. In some respects it was worse than nothing as it prevented their successor applying for a valuation. When the Teinds of Crossdykes were purchased the feu duty was the whole of the rent; when the Teinds of Cassock were purchased the rent would not be above £40 or £50; as neither of them paid stipend they never thought of a valuation, and when the Teinds of Crieve were purchased the whole free Teind was only £5. 19/-. If they had been valued then the whole Teinds of Crieve, Cassock and Crossdykes would not have amounted to more than £30 annually of all these lands, now they will amount to £260 and the stipend is allocated accordingly.

I have been engaged in building for the two last years at Muckledale, Halldykes and Crieve and this year at Crossdykes. I have been engaged in Law pleas ever since Dunnabie died in 1801, what with his business and my own about stipends and one thing and another, I cannot be rid of Law pleas and buildings and they are troublesome, vexatious and expensive in the extreme. About the beginning of this year Mrs Bell of Dunnabie removed with her

family to Stanwix, near Carlisle, but as her son and daughter were not come to be well advanced, she would not be satisfied without so large an additional income that I dreaded the free income of the Estate would not afford it. I therefore wished to give up my Factory, but I find could not easily get quit of it without their concurrence, which they refused to give and as I saw I could not get rid of it without a process, of which I was so tired, that I detested the thoughts of it. I therefore continued in the office, but I have given up the idea of paying debts and expect no credit from my office and instead of reward or even thanks for my care and trouble, I fear all my reward will be a process at Law by the Heir against me or my successor for my intromissions.

However, in the beginning of the year, I got out of the late George Fairly's effects £1000 in part payment of the £1805 he owed me at the time of his death. In the beginning of the year, Mrs Clark, I mean my troublesome companion Helen Johnstone, the mother of the two children, died at Dumfries. Thomas continued still at Annan under Mr Dalglish's care, healthy and a good scholar, but altho he is a stout made boy his constitution seems not strong, as he seems still rather short winded. The Girl is a fine, well favoured, good looking girl, but she is rather tender and threatened with something in one of her arms, rather scrophulous, it breaks out in the spring but never comes to any height, runs very little and soon heals, but by way of prevention she drank Moffat Water at Moffat all last summer and by the doctor's advice we sent her to Annan in winter, where she is to stay all next summer for the benefit of sea bathing.

During all this time I continued to act as Justice of Peace at Langholm and for the last twelve months was obliged to take the lead in that office. When Mr Keir continued in the office we did very well but as Mr Keir was often from home, employd in the Duke's business, I could not then keep a Court and we were anxious to bring in a third Justice to act in his absence. After much entreaty we prevailed upon Mr George Maxwell of Broomholm to come forward, who agreed to sit with us the next Court day, which he accordingly did but, alas, before that day Mr Keir was visited by something like a paralytic shock, which rendered him unequal to business. He has renounced the Duke's business and his son, young William, succeeds him and altho he is rather better there is little prospect of his ever doing much more business. By this misfortune George Maxwell and I had all the business to do and it proved more than ordinarily burdensome, as there were two child murders occurred in Langholm and the neighbourhood at that time. I found

my colleague a very sensible man, but as he had no experience he would do nothing, and at last, after he had been about a year in the office, whether from real or affected modesty I cannot say, he renounced it entirely, alledging he found himself unequal to the office. I thought then I was fairly quit but before next Court Day, George Scott Elliot of Lariston wrote me a most polite letter, desiring that I would take him under my protection, as he termed it, and he would gladly sit along with me. To this I agreed but Lariston came only one day and then went to London and I have not seen him since, but as the two Sherriffs of Roxburghshire, Messrs Oliver, elder and younger of Dinlabyre, are now sworn Justices for the County of Dumfries and attend the Courts at Langholm, as I begin to decline both in body and mind and my own business and Mrs Bell's is more than I can rightly attend to, I design to relinquish that expensive, troublesome and unprofitable office, for altho it is Honourable and certainly useful, all the return you get for your exertions, however upright, is the ill will and reflections of one of the parties, who will be loud in their complaints even where there is no real grounds. That I would not much regard if I found myself of use, but when I sit with the two sheriffs they are men of superior knowledge and experience, they vote together and my voice signifies nothing. I think my constitution is shattered for I seldom sleep from home without catching such a cold as to confine me at home for some time; I have not been in perfect health from January to April, 1810.

This year, 1809, the markets for our produce were high, but then as our stocks had been so reduced our product was small, so that notwithstanding the high prices, it was but an indifferent year for high land stock farmers, tho far better than last year. Wool sold this year for 30/-; draught ewes from 17/- to 20/-; fat sheep about 22/-; good wedder lambs from 11/- to 12/-; mid ewes 9/- to 10/-; mid wedder 7/- to 8/-; palies from 5/- to 6; Bullocks £13.

1810

As about this time I acted as Justice of Peace and Commissioner of Supply in the later end of the year 1809, I signed, along with other Trustees, a draught for £30 to one John Hotson, a mason, for repairs of a Bridge at Westerkirk, upon Wellwood Maxwell, collector of supply, at 3 months. This he endorsed at the British Linen Bank Office in Hawick. It was returned protested and I got a letter from their Agent that if it was not paid in three days he would send for a horning and as I was the nearest drawer he would pitch upon me. I was obliged to pay it and did not get reimbursement for near 2 years. This I

mention to warn my successors that it is dangerous to act as Trustee, for about this time a Turnpike Road between Montrose and Dundee, having fallen into disrepair, the carriers brought an action against the Trustees before the Court of Session and altho the Trustees brought evidence that they had not only applied all the money ensuing from the Tolls to the expense of repairing the roads, but had borrowed to expend upon the roads so much money that the interest of the money exhausted the whole Tolls. Yet still, as it was a Turnpike Road, the Lords found the Trustees lyable to keep the roads in repair to the Publick, whether they had funds or not and if they had not funds, decerned them to do it out of their own pockets.

I formerly mentioned that I caught a chill in the beginning of this year. It was a dry cough but it continued so long and was so violent that the stress at last occasioned a rupture and I have been obliged to wear a bandage ever since.

This year I changed all my shepherds and servants in Crieve. Tom Scott behaved so insolently that I could not keep him; his brother John was so selfish and so cunning that there was neither making a bargain with him or making him abide by it when made. I hired, in their place, James Douglas, who had long been with me before, John Jackson from Arkleton and James Amos.

My nephew John Bower was still a captain in the Duke's Regiment of Edinburgh Militia. Upon the 28th of April this year, he and three other officers had been about 2 miles from Dunbar dining with Mr Gray of Peatcox, an acquaintance of mine. The other three were on foot, John was riding upon the Mare he got from me, the same that hurt my foot before, the prettiest mare I ever bred, but uncommonly fiery and headstrong. He stoppd to get the girths tightened at coming away, the officers on foot went forward; as soon as he mounted the mare run off and when she came past the officers she was running at full speed and John holding with all his might. At a turn in the road, after she passed the officers, they observed John's foot loose the stirrup. They followed and upon coming to the turn, saw nothing of him or the mare. A little farther on they observed a new breach in the hedge and upon entering it they heard a groan and found John lying flat upon his breast in a fallow field, without motion. They attempted to lift him up. At first he moaned but did not speak, at last he cried 'For the love of the Lord let me alone that I may die in peace, for my back is broken.' However, they got a cart and feather bed laid in it, lifted him on as gently as they could, and conveyed him to Dunbar

Barracks and there he lay, with a physician and surgeon attending him and two servants, upon his back for above half a year. As soon as I understood his situation rightly, I wrote to his mother who went into Dunbar to wait upon him.

About the later end of the July, Alexander Borthwick and I went to Dunbar to see him. I found him, as I thought, in a hopeless condition and the doctors seemd to entertain no hopes of his recovery, but he had no doubt of it himself, was in high spirits, spoke of his recovery as certain and talked of what he would do and what horses he would ride upon his getting out again; and still things were carried on at a great expense. During his illness his father, old Bower, came several times into the country, sometimes to Muckledale, but still drunk, swearing and praying alternately. When we got him sober, then he had not a copper, as he said, in his pocket and he importuned me in so melancholy a tone that I still gave him something, which he spent in the first whiskey house ever he came to. John languished at Dunbar till the 10th November following and then died. Alexander Borthwick and I again went in. My sister insisted upon the corpse being brought to Westerkirk; we therefore brought them out in a hearse and his corpse was interred upon the 19th November. Old Bower attended the funeral but behaved abominably. I had given him money to go to Dunbar, if he inclined, but he took to drinking and never thought of it. The funeral was upon Monday, he went from our house on Tuesday morning, took up in a bad, dirty, obscure whiskey house and drank there as long as he had a shilling and left it upon the Sabbath when people were in Church. John Bower had certainly been the most thoughtless being ever existed, what he had done with his money I cannot conjecture, but altho by his pay, contingencies and what he got from me, he had nearly £250 yearly, yet there is no possibility of discovering what has become of that money, for he seems to have borrowed from every acquaintance and paid nothing: Mess Bill, boots, shoes, clothes, saddlery, tradesmen's Accounts, in short everything is left unpaid. Then he is indebted to officers, lieutenants, sergeants, tailors and people of every description. In short, if I pay all his debts and expenses with what I have already paid it will cost me eleven hundred pounds, if not more, it turns out above 1300, at least it would be above 1200. As I had some money in the stocks at London and stocks being high and trade manufacturers and everything (in my eye) together with all the convulsed state of Europe, and some chance of an American War^[211] appearing discouraging, I sold out in May this year and lodged the money in

the office of the Dumfries branch of the Bank of Scotland. I had some money there before and upon the 15th August I put in some more, so that at that date, viz. 15th August 1810, their debt to me was £9,500. I have never yet repented of selling out, as stocks have never been so high since.

I mentioned before that when Mr Elliot purchased the Teinds of Crieve, he neglected the valuation, but as a process of valuation of the Teinds of Crieve had nearly finished in the year 1727, it had ever been considered as finished and no additional stipend had ever been laid upon Crieve from that time, but this year my very honest lawyer Johnstone, altho he had got a great deal of my money, having access to all my papers, found out that I had not a compleat valuation and wrote underhand to Johnstone of Burn, who is both an Heritor and Elder in the Parish of Tundergarth, that I had no valuation and that a great proportion of the augmentation would fall upon me. He informed the Minister, then the mischief begun. The Minister, who was pursuing for an augmentation, set a very high value on Crieve and craved stipend in proportion. There was then no other help but to apply for valuation; accordingly a commission was granted to Mr Laidlaw, Writer in Dumfries, as Commissioner. Mr Paxton, the minister,^[212] attended for his interest and the witnesses were Mr Carruthers of Nutholm, one Mr Wright and Mr Graham of Blackford. They valued it at 260 and the minister signed the report, seemed satisfied and declared he had no more proof to bring. I then thought the business over, but when the minister went home and reported what was done, Mr James Paxton of Grange, a friend, first cousin of his and chief director, was very angry with him and insisted that he should insist in his own name and the Earl of Mansfield's upon another valuation, alledging that he had signed the first report unadvisedly without due consideration and to indemnify the minister of all expenses attending this new valuation and he proposed that an obligation should be drawn up and sent to all the Heritors in the parish, whereby they obliged themselves proportionately with their interests to pay the whole expense of the process. This paper, Mr Paxton, alias Johnstone, signed. It was sent round the parish and as their argument was prevailing, let us throw all the stipend we can upon Beattie, the more he pays the less will fall upon us. It was signed by most of the heritors in the parish and when our report was presented to the Teind Court, Connel, Procurator for the Church and Minister contended that the minister had been entrapped when he signed the report, that the witnesses were men of no skill, that the lands were worth £1000 a year and craved another proof, which

was accordingly granted and a commission granted to Mr Martine, Writer in Lockerbie. The Heritors then sat themselves upon the alert to ensure a very high valuation; wherever a man could be heard of that had taken a dear farm, he was applied to; several friends and dependants of the Heritors were called as witnesses. Mrs Johnstone of Grains brought forward her son-in-law, a young lad of 22 years of age, but then as the process was carried on in the name of Lord Mansfield and the minister, these witnesses could not be rejected as they were no friends of theirs, but they were real and near friends to the Heritors who were the actual party and without them he, the minister, nether durst nor would do anything, as he acknowledged in a letter to me which I laid before the Court, whereby it was evident that he was the mere tool of the heritors. To this new valuation they summoned 7 witnesses from different quarters, I summoned 3: Mr Curl, Billholm; Mr Murray, Bailiehill; and Mr Proudfoot, Hutton. I scarcely think a man was ever worse used than I was in this valuation, to which several causes cooperated.

There was at this time one Andrew Johnstone, Laird of Scroggs, in the parish of Tundergarth, who had advertised his lands for sale; it was exposed to publick sale at Lockerbie at £12000. I was at the sale but neither I nor any other man ever offered for it. Sometime after being at Lockerbie, Mr Martine, Writer in Lockerbie, who was authorised to sell, asked me to buy it. I said they asked £12000, which was far too much. He asked what I would give. I knew little about it but I had heard some that knew it say it was worth £8000. I offered him £8000 and to my surprize he struck me, but said he could not finally close the bargain till he wrote to Mr Johnstone at London. The first letter Mr Johnstone wrote he insisted upon better terms. I had discovered, in the meantime, that I had been deceived as to the marches and declared I would have nothing to do with it. Mr Johnstone then wrote that he would accept my offer and Mr Martine insisted violently that I should take it and when I refused, he and I differed and as he was named commissioner in this valuation he was decidedly against me. Before we got the diligence for summoning witnesses, we had but one day to summon them in. I had spoken to Mr Henderson, Writer in Langholm, to be my agent and assist me in taking the proof; he would not go. I then wrote to Wright, in Lockerbie, who undertook it but then when the day came Martine appointed him Clerk, then he could not say one word, so I had no assistance whatever, singly alone.

On the other side they had Johnstone, the Solicitor from Edinburgh; Bell, the Writer from Ecclefechan; the minister and Mr Johnstone; Burn as

Heritor; a most unequal contest and the commissioner against me. The proof in this new valuation was taken upon the 10th January 1811. Tom Johnstone from Edinburgh put so many questions and browbeat and confounded the witnesses so that several of their own witnesses and him quarrelled and some of their dispositions were very confused, for he bothered them out of their senses, but when my witnesses came to be examined he so completely confounded them that their evidence went for nothing except Mr Curl's, who retained his senses in spite of him; but for the other two, Mr Murray and Mr Proudfoot, he stupefied them so that their evidence was like the ravings of a man in his sleep, full of inconsistency and contradictions. They both, when they heard their dispositions read, run off and would not sign them. Proudfoot was prevailed upon at last to sign his but Murray never would do it, if they confounded the witnesses completely who were each of them at most an hour before them, only think what a situation I must be in who battled with the whole of them, commissioners and all, from a little after 12 at noon upon the 10th till four o'clock in the morning of the 11th, in the most strenuous exertion and anxiety the whole time. I do not remember that I ever had such a day since I was born; when I went to bed, it being a very wet night, the valutors could not go away and they roared and sung in the next room the whole night. I sleepd not one minute. Next day at breakfast I scarce knew where I was. I got only to Persbyhall [*i.e.* Pearsby Hall] that night, even there I sleepd but little.

After I got home I found myself so stupid and confused that I thought my senses would never return, in short my intellects had got such a shock that I think it doubtful whether I ever will be as well again. It was the most disastrous business I ever knew. When Mr Curl and Mr Murray came home they both took to bed and were both dangerously ill, especially Mr Curl, for whom the most serious apprehensions were entertained. They were both now some better but far from being as well as before that infernal meeting and it was not for a trifle that I was so anxious for if they had carried their views completely they would have made the lands of Crieve forever liable in £52 yearly of more stipend by the last valuation, than it would have been by the first valuation. Whether they will accomplish their views is still in discussion before the Teind Court.

This year was a tolerable year for stock farmers, prices were high but as the winter and spring had not been good, sheep were low in condition, a considerable loss and few lambs so that there was less to sell, wool was sold

at such a price as was never heard of; mine was sold for 33/4 per stone, but one half of it will never be paid for soon after it was bought, Bonaparte's Burning Decrees, the numerous bankruptcies, the stagnation of trade and our dispute with the Americans knocked up the trade so completely that the wool staplers have not received a deal of it and whatever is received they declare they cannot pay. Good lambs 11/6; mid lambs 7/6; palies 6/-; fat sheep 25/-; draught ewes 20/- and 21/-; wedders 30/-; bullocks £13.

1811

The process in the Teind Court about the valuation of Crieve was still carried on and I began to think that my agent certainly betrayed me, for altho he encouraged me with hopes of reducing their last valuation as being iniquitous from the heritors bringing such near connections as witnesses that would not be allowed by law, yet altho the heritors had brought 7 witnesses, many of them connections and dependants, to the surprise of everybody they presented a petition alledging that the Lands were still too low valued and demanding a commission for a third valuation; and what I believe was never heard of in Scotland before, the Lords granted the Commission without hesitation against this interlocutor. My agent gave in a representation, a copy of which he sent to me; by it I plainly saw I was betrayed for anything in my favours was set forth in so feeble and, indeed, artful a manner as to deprive it of all weight. I therefore resolv'd to change him and wrote a long representation of the case to one Mr Thomson, W.S., desiring him to take my business out of Mr Johnstone's hands. He wrote me an answer that he thought I had better not be in a hurry to do that but from some things in my representation he thought there certainly must be a valuation of Crieve and he would search the record for it and upon the very first day of the search, in a few hours, he found that the decree of valuation of the Teinds of Crieve pronounced upon the 17th July 1728, whereby the whole Teind is declared to be £19.14.8. This decree he ordered to be extracted and it will blow all their valuations in the air. Johnstone certainly knew there was a decree of valuation for he pretended to have made long and laborious searches in the records of the Teind Court and charged me accordingly, and at last said he was convinced that there was no such thing to be found. But he had two motives for concealing it. In the first place, as he was born and brought up amongst the small heritors of Tundergarth, altho he had got a deal of my money, he rather wish'd to favour them collectively, than me as an individual.

Again by conducting the process, he would put money into his pockets and if he continued to be my agent, he would never be discovered. I am convinced I never would have known there was a decrete if I had not changed my agent. The discovery, I think, will at least be £60 yearly saved to me; it is almost unnecessary to add that I took my business out of William Johnstone's hands. At this Johnstone was incensed, made a great charge and wrote most violent letters, but when he was opposed by my agent, Mr Thomson, he fell from some of his demands and I got clear of him.

I mentioned before that I had nearly purchased the lands of Scrogg in Tundergarth Parish; when I would not take it they advertised it again to be sold at Lockerbie. I went down to Langholm to go to attend the Sale but there I found a letter informing me that Mr Scott of Raeburn wishd to sell Yet-Byre and as I had been in terms with him for that purchase before, he would treat with me before he advertised it.^[213] I then renounced Scrogg and determined, if possible, to acquire Yet-Byre as I had long had it in my eye and thought it was the only chance I would ever have of acquiring a Genteel Residence for my successors in my native country and as it was central for Crieve and Cassock, the largest share of my property, I accordingly agreed to meet Raeburn and his man of business, Mr Charles Erskine, at Hawick. Upon the 10th of May 1811, when we met there, after many words I bought Yet-Byre at the shameful price of £11,000, although 13 years before I could have bought it for £6000. I was to pay interest from Whitsunday and stock and interest was to be paid at or before the 20th June next. I paid the money at the time and in price, interests and writings it cost just £11,046.16/- and, for all the high price, I never yet repented it. This transaction was kept a secret that neither my wife nor any other person ever had the least idea of it till all was over, but I had very much money to pay this year. I had the Yet Byre price to pay as above, I had John Bower's debts to pay which amounted to £1300; I wanted £424 of my wool in 1810 and wants it still in 1812 and, as markets are dull, I sold no wool in 1811, so that I had a great deal to pay and got far less in than usual, yet I did not contract debts.

About this time, or a little before, accounts arrived that Robert Elliot, Laird of Arkleton, was killed at the Isle of France^[214] and the question again occurred: who was the heir? There were several claimants but none of them could prove propinquity. Robert Elliot left only one sister, married to one Scott, and they had a son and a daughter; she was generally considered the heir, if no heir male could establish their claim. Her man of business came

into this country and understanding that I knew most of anybody about the family of Arkleton he insisted that I should go into Edinburgh and give my evidence in the service. I accordingly went to Edinburgh upon the 23rd June 1811 and gave my evidence. The first proved in the service that the Laird, Robert Elliot, was dead; then as to the succession, they examined one man who told them what he knew; then they called me. Mr Wolfe Murray, Sherriff of Peebles, Judge Admiral, was present. I told him if he pleased to allow me, I would dictate my own deposition; to this he readily assented. I gave it full and at a considerable length, but it satisfied the court so fully that they never examined another witness and the late Laird's sister, Mrs Scott, was served Heiress with the unanimous consent of the whole Jury. One thing I cannot help mentioning, after the service we were all invited to partake of a service dinner at one of the grandest hotels in Edinburgh. As I paid nothing I cannot say with safety that my information was correct but I was told by one who had access to know that, exclusive of liquor, we were charged a guinea and one half for eating alone; I thought the most ridiculous charge I had ever heard of.

Sometime in the spring of 1811, James Brydon in Moodlaw, who had taken one half of Glendinning, belonging to Sir John Johnstone at Whitsunday, 1810, got the whole of that extensive farm and turned the Glendinnings out of their half. William Glendinning, the youngest of that mad family, who lived in Glendinning, wanted a place. He had heard that Foster of Dunnabie, tennant to the Heirs of Dunnabie, for whom I was Factor, wished to dispose of his lease, of which there was only 4 years to run. He applied to Foster and without ever apprising me made a firm and conclusive bargain, but Mrs Bell, unknown to me, had given her consent. I had no opinion of Foster but still I liked William Glendinning worse as a tennant, for excepting Archibald, my tennant in Over Cassock, the whole of the Glendinnings were the maddest, damsome, crazy boys our country ever bred. I would have nothing to do with William unless Archibald joined him to which he at last consented so I got quit of Mr Foster as a tennant, but still he owed me some of the rent due for Dunnabie and began to dread I would lose it. Mr Foster was a married man but he left his wife long ago and run off to Jamaica. After he returned from Jamaica, having acquired something, he never would go near his wife, altho a very good looking woman. She lived in England and he came and lived at Dunnabie. The last year that he was at Dunnabie his familiarity with a handsome servant girl became so notorious that her father would not allow her to stay with him, but as she was his hired servant he got a warrant to

detain her till the term. The girl then went home but quickly disappeared and was not to be found. Her parents apprehended Foster and would compel him to tell where she was; he denyd all knowledge of her and by some means was dismissed. He had got from William Glendinning in payment of his stock and tack, the Bills that William had got for his stock of Glendinning, but as these Bills were not due till Martinmas, he took to dealing in sheep and black cattle. For these he paid with these bills, and then endeavoured to get ready money for them and as he offered often to settle with me at a certain day but never came near me and as he was getting his subject into his pocket as fast as he could, had taken up his residence in England and had bought two fine Arabians to run in a curricle.^[215] I saw he was in meditation fuge.^[216] I got a warrant and had him apprehended and got payment, he soon after went off and the girl along with him. It is reported they went to America.

In the spring, 1811, the Duke of Buccleugh now became likewise Duke of Queensberry by the death of the old Duke. [He] granted new leases to his tenants for 9 years but altho by the Duke of Queensberry's death he had got a large accession of fortune, his behaviour at this set was very different from what he had ever done before. His Lands, without great discrimination, were all raised from 70 to 100 per cent. The sheep farms where there was no corn stand some chance of paying the rents, but where there are few sheep and a considerable quantity of corn lands, I see not the smallest chance, for the sheep are charged the same as the pasture lands, and for every acre of arable lands in their plans, whether cultivated or not, they are charged 16 shillings per acre good and bad, over and above, and obliged to improve it at their own expense. Before they pay the price of labour they will not pocket one shilling. Some refused to take their farms; some in the Parish of Ewes they would not allow to keep them as they had not fulfilled the improvements they were obliged to do by the former lease, but they gave them another year to provide themselves. But in Ewes, Ninian Little lost Burnfoot and Stenishwater, which was given to one Dunlop of Whitmoorhall; James Scott lost Bryryshaw and Kirktown, which was given to Alexander Borthwick in Sorbie; John Henderson lost Bush and Burngrains, was given to the Mr Scotts of Wauchope; part of Wrae and all Flask and Terronah were given to one of the Knoxs of Firth; and, what was most surprising, the outfield land of Wrae and Arking and the Wraehill of Sorbie were annexed to Thomas Keir's farm of Potholm. All these alterations took place at Whitsunday, 1812. But the Duke died in the later end of the year, 1811, as did likewise Sir John Johnstone,

the Governor's son, who had succeeded to the Estate of Westerhall upon the death of his uncle, Sir William Pulteney. He died a young man and it was lucky for his family he did so, for he seemd to be galloping to destruction as fast as he could. Old Sir James had been dead some time; to him succeeded his brother Sir William Pulteney, who was succeeded by his daughter, Lady Bath. Upon her demise Sir John Johnstone succeeded and was succeeded by his son, George Frederick Johnstone, an infant. All these successions took place at no great a distance. Sir John married a daughter of Gordon of Clunie. In his conduct he seemd perfectly furious, regarded no expense in gambling, horse racing, pomp and equipage, but stretched the rents of his lands beyond the value so that, in the short time he had the Estate, several of them were given up and he was obliged to let them at a far lower rent.

George Richardson in Persbyhall, my nearest neighbour in Crieve, had long been the most intimate acquaintance I had in Annandale. I purchased from him the lands of Priestbuts, assisted him with money and did some things to oblige him; he in turn did everything he could for me. He married a girl called Brown from Langholm who, tho in the station of a servant, was an agreeable, good-looking sensible woman; with her he lived happy but they had no children. Their house was my home when in Annandale. Joseph, his father, had two sons, James the oldest, a surgeon, went to the East Indies and never returned; George is mentioned already. The three daughters were: 1st, Jean, unmarried; 2nd, Eliza, married Simon Dickson in Barngleish and left a son and daughter; Susan married Johnstone, in Hallbank, and has a large family of sons and daughters. Sometime before George died accounts arrived that James, his elder brother, was dead in India. George then considered himself as undoubted proprietor of Persbyhall and Priestbuts, but upon the 7th October 1811 his wife sent over a servant early in the morning with the sad tidings that the evening before George Richardson was killed by his bull. I went directly over there and met with some of the friends. More violent, selfish people I never saw, nor a more helpless destitute widow; she had no marriage settlement. George died intestate and as he had never been infeft in the Lands, she had no claim upon the rents and as he had got Priestbuts lately his debts amounted to more than the whole moveable subject, so that she had no claim for one shilling, at the mercy of people who aggravated her distress by insolence and contempt. It seemd then plain that the estate would go to the two surviving sisters and the heirs of the deceased sister, as Heirs Portioners, but at the funeral the Johnstones of Hallbank produced a Probate

of James' Will in India whereby, after devising several legacy's, he left the Estate of Persbyhall and the whole residue of his fortune to two sons of the youngest sister, Susan, married to Johnstone of Hallbank, and they insisted with much violence to make that Will effectual. I believe they have since found out that it will not stand good but they and the other heirs quarrel about everything and for the widow it is all one to any of them whether she starve or beg.

I mentioned before that in the beginning of the year 1810 I caught a dry, violent cold which continued so long and was so violent that at last brought on a rupture and I was obliged to wear a bandage; it was upon my left side. When I went to Lammas, Lockerbie, in 1811, I was riding upon a good little bay mare that I had long rode; she had no fault but what we call gate scare.^[217] Something frightened her, she gave a great jump and gave me a terrible shake and I found some pain upon my right side between my thigh and my body. However, I regarded [it] not at the time, but before I got home it was troublesome. For some days after I came home, when I walked about home, I found little pain but if I mounted a horse, before I had rode two miles, the pain became so violent that I could not ride. I was obliged to give up riding and sent for the doctor. He could not say what it was, but at last it turned out to be a rupture upon the right side and a far more troublesome one, accompanied with far more pain than the left side and I wear now a double bandage to answer both sides. I am still obliged to ride along but I ride very slow for I can now bear no violent exercise whatever.

This year upon the 8th of November I sent the two children, Thomas and Jean, to St Andrews. Thomas was accompanied by a boy from Langholm, Archibald Macrae, who had been there two seasons before. He was to assist Thomas and be like his Tutor. Jean went to Mrs Bertram's Boarding School. Thomas was to attend Latin, Greek and Mathematics. Mrs Bell from Stanwix went along with them and saw them fairly settled. I sent a deal of money with them. Thomas seemed possessed of as much natural sagacity as most of his age. Jean is a genteel, good looking girl, but I think she has had the worst education ever one had. When she was about Muckledale, we entrusted her to the care of an old female servant who had been long with us, but about whom we had really known nothing. This woman went with her to Moffat and took charge of her there, but from what I learned afterwards, this woman's plan had been to debauch her by all means in her power; for which purpose she prostituted herself to the men about the house, even in the child's presence.

Her design seemd to be to get her debauched by a friend of her own and then he would marry her and perhaps get a deal of money with her, and when we sent her to Annan, Mr Dalgelish committed her to the care of Captain Sinclair's Lady, who I afterwards learned was a woman of infamous character. In short I am afraid her imagination is debauched and I have great fear about her.

As I had long had Muckledale at a low rent I, this year, voluntary agreed to pay Mr Elliot's son just as much as I pay of rent to himself, after deducting Publick Burdens. As John Bower was gone and I had purchased Yet Byre, it became necessary to frame a New Deed of Entail. It engaged Mr Thomson's consideration and my own for a long time, the scroll was after sent backward and forward betwixt Muckledale and Edinburgh. At last we agreed upon it and got it extended and executed; it pleased me in the meantime but it is impossible to form a Deed that will meet every occurrence.

William Elliot, formerly Writer in Hawick, now in Canonbie, was the witness examined along with me at Edinburgh about the succession of Arkleton. He seemd to know little about it but what he had heard from me. I had my information from an old man, a first cousin of my Grandmother's and he had his information mostly from his Mother who was of the same name and lived till she was near a hundred years old; a spirited woman [who] took a pride and pleasure in tracing the genealogies and in reciting the traditions concerning her ancestors, she retained her spirits and her faculties to the last. William Elliot is one of the Elliots of Whithaugh, he is out of all employment and destitute of means. I imagine he has taken it into his head to make money by publishing genealogical tables of all the familys of the name of Elliot in the south of Scotland. He has been at great pains, drawn all the Coats of Arms of the different families and sent it to me to correct it, but I really think he has wrote at random, without any information at all. I corrected many things which I knew to be wrong, pointed out many things which I thought was wrong; in short I doubt the authenticity of his Tables very much.

The year 1811 was much the same for stock farmers as to cattle as 1810, the prices were rather lower but stock was better and we had more to sell: good wedder lambs gave about 10/-; mid lambs 6/6; mid ewes 7/- and 7/6, small 5/6, very bad 3/6; fat sheep 23/- and 24/-, some 25/-; draught ewes from 18/- to 10/-; Bullocks £13.13. But for wool I sold none. I could have sold it once but I thought the price too low and was afterwards offered for it several times, but still less and less and it was 424 of clip 1810 still this 20th

April 1812, and I am like to lose a deal of my lambs sold this year, for the country is going to confusion and bankruptcy happening in every quarter.

1812

When Raeburn and I made a bargain for Yet Byre, as Raeburn stated that his Lands in that Parish were valued at 1700 merks in the Cess Books of the County, it was positively agreed that Muidlaw should pay 2/3 of that valuation and Yet Byre one third and that they should pay Land Tax and every Publick Burden levied by the valued rent in that proportion; this was particularly narrated both in the Minute of Sale and Disposition and at a General Meeting of Commissioners at Dumfries on the 30th April 1812. I presented a petition signed by Raeburn and myself praying for the distinction of valuations but, to my surprize, the Commissioners laughed at me in scorn and treated my application with the utmost contempt. They told me that they had nothing to do with Raeburn's contract and mine, they would appoint a committee of their own number who should meet and take a proof of the value of the different farms and report, and by their report the valuation should be rated in the Cess Books, without any regard to Raeburn's contract and mine. I answered, 'Gentlemen, do you take upon you to dissolve mutual contract between man and man, extended upon stamped paper and sanctioned by all the forms of Law?' They laughed me to scorn and appointed their committee but still there was more mischief attended it. Raeburn, when he sold to me, stated in the writings that his lands in Cumills were only 1700 merks valuation but in the Cess Books it was found to be 1760; I doubted I would not get it altered. The committee met at Borlan, Mr Curl and other witnesses were examined and excerpts from a Tack of the two different farms for 63 years were produced, whereby it appeared that Muidlaw had always been considered as 2 parts and Yet Byre one third and Raeburn joining in a petition to have the valuation settled as he had sold it. After some trouble and some journeys to Dumfries the business was settled. I had nearly such another bout with the Minister about the Division of the Teinds, but that is likewise settled.

This year an order came from the Court of Exchequer to arrange the county into districts and to appoint commissioners of appeal for the affairs of Taxes. To prevent all persons from having the trouble of going to Dumfries, as our country was most remote, I wishd it to be appointed a District. Mr Maxwell of Broomholm and I attended the meeting. Mr Maxwell had been at great pains and drawn up a seccessable [*word not identified*] paper, pointing out

the property of Eskdale being a district, but when it came to be debated in the meeting he would not speak, [despite] all the signs I could make. I got up and spoke once or twice, but they made little answer but put it to the vote, and as they were ten times our number, it was settled at once that Eskdale was not to be a District. As I continued to act as Justice of Peace and [as] we had no Jail at Langholm, I petitioned his Grace and a Jail was built this year. After the orders in council were rescinded, we expected sale for our wool, as we thought there would be peace with America, but it did not ensue. I sold 2 years clip to Mr Hirst at 21/-; it came to 160 packs. We packed 8 days for he was afraid of wanting sheets and filld them very tight.^[218] I was to get more if there was peace with America, but that is still far from being the case; they seem determined upon war.

In the spring of this year the Duke of Buccleugh set a new lease of 9 years of his lands in Selkirkshire. They were all greatly raised in rent, but then considering everything not so highly advanced as the Lands in our country. At least it was a far easier set than our district, for there was none of the old tenants that did not get an offer of them again and none refused them, so that they all continued in their possessions; whereas in our country, several they would not allow to keep them, and some would not keep them at their rent. As we were this year at war with America and by Bonaparte's power and influence, our trade [was] interdicted with all the Continent of Europe; our trade and manufactures were completely at a stand; the labouring people in the manufactures could get no employment besides, the great rents of the land and heavy taxes to carry on the war had reduced the lower orders to abject poverty. Money was so scarce that although I had a good deal due to me, I could command none and after could not pay demands that came against me, none I could collect, even by Law.

Added to this, the summer was wet and cold, the grain, especially in the high lands, never filld and as wet weather continued till near Martinmas it was very badly got, a great deal of it useless, scarce fit to feed swine. Bread of all sorts was uncommonly dear, the poor were without employment and without food and thereby rendered desperate, which occasioned robberies, murders, riots and mobs, nay, insurrections in different places, which often were obliged to be keepd down by Military force. Bankruptcys multiplied to an alarming degree, Bankers and long established Banks stopping, emissarys of Bonaparte and Jews and scoundrels giving 25/-, 26/- and 27/- in Bank Notes for every guinea, thereby depreciating paper credit and sending the

spice out of the Kingdom. The victual being so high last year, the old victual was entirely exhausted before the new came off the ground and this year, the crop turning out so badly and having no prospect of importation from abroad, the victual was very high, even at Martinmas, and as there was little employment for the labouring classes either in agriculture or manufacture, the poor were in absolute starvation. How they were to live until another crop comes off the ground, God only knows, but I never in my life saw so horrible and dreary a prospect.

In the later end of this year the war betwixt Bonaparte and the Russians became sanguinary beyond example. After fighting his way to Moscow by dreadful and hard fought battles, he wishd to negotiate a peace, as he used to do with his more feeble opponents, and by that peace, at a convenient opportunity afterwards, he would have overthrown the independence of Russia as he had done to other neighbouring states before, for by peace and hellish cunning he has destroyd many. But the brave and hardy Russians would listen to no terms, but gathered round him in arms, and inflamed with patriotism and detestation of the enemy, menaced him with utter destruction. He then began his retreat in an unfavourable season and inhospitable climate, surrounded with armed foes and enraged peasants, so destructive a retreat was never heard of in the annals of mankind; the sword, hunger and cold seemed to unite in compleating the destruction of man and horse and I am convinced his invasion of Russia cost him the lives of 300,000 men, 100,000 horses and 1200 pieces of artillery, all his baggage and ammunition. When he saw matters hopeless he slunk away in disguise, left the remains of his army to shift for themselves, travelled under a borrowed name and arrived at Paris, where according to the French papers, he seems to be adored after all the mischief he brought upon them, but they are not to be regarded as they dare not say otherwise.

My wife's nephew, Walter Borthwick, after the demise of old Uncle Borthwick, succeeded to the stock and tack of Hopsrigg and Boykin. He had lived with me about 9 years before and I had ever [or never?] had hopes of him, as he had still such an inordinate love for liquor and was so outrageous when he was intoxicated. Some years after he was settled at Hopsrigg his friends brought him acquainted with a girl of the name of Wilson, only daughter of James Wilson, Writer in Edinburgh. Her mother, whose name was Kirkpatrick, a most artful, designing woman, came to Hopsrigg with her daughter to Walter and staid there a good while. The mother represented

her daughter as a woman of fortune, for altho they had 2 sons, one was rather crazy, the other was abroad and Jean was to have all. After staying at Hopsrigg till she observed some intimacy betwixt Walter and her daughter, she pretended to be alarmed and hurried her daughter off to Liverpool, with the declared intention of marrying her to a friend of her own, Mr Kirkpatrick, a Merchant. However, the daughter left the mother at Liverpool and came back to Hopsrigg to Walter. The Mother then wrote her a severe letter, discharging her to keep company with Walter as she would have at least £5000, besides more, in expectation and insisting upon her leaving Hopsrigg directly, which she did, but (carelessly, no doubt) left this letter behind her for the perusal of Walter and his friends. Walter no doubt thought himself highly flattered by the preference shown to him by a woman of such fortune and contrived by means of his mother, then in Edinburgh, to correspond with her by letters. It was at last agreed, as she insisted upon it, that they should be married, but in regard to the pretended inequality of their fortunes, the Wilsons would make no settlement. They were accordingly married and I believe Walter got in all about £200, which they borrowed upon a small piece of land they had, for in reality there was nothing like a fortune among them, and her father and mother came and lived with her and Walter at Hopsrigg and gave up housekeeping themselves. Walter still often got drunk and being then very boisterous, his Lady, to keep him quiet, took to the practice of infusing laudanum into his liquor to put him to sleep and certain it is that a stout servant man who drank one of these potions prepared for Walter, fell into such a sleep as greatly alarmed the whole family; and how it happened, God only knows, but after they had been married about a year and a half, but had no children, after one of these drunken frolicks, Walter died suddenly in the month of October this year. His widow seems by no means disconsolate, but she and her father and mother, who are still there, discover great anxiety to draw from Walter's subject as much as possible and they drew the half of all, as there was no settlement.

There lived at this time in Enzieholm, Mrs Scott, widow of Captain James Scott of the Hopsrigg Scotts. This woman was the only child of William Beattie in Fingland, who was also Laird of Wat Carrick [*i.e.* Watcarrick], so she was an Heiress; James Scott and her were first cousins. James was an airy, showey man, had been in the army but [was] a dissipated, drunken dog. William Beattie was a very sober man and had brought up his daughter, Mary, who was a genteel, fine looking woman, soberly and religiously and did not

approve at all of Mr Scott as a son-in-law, but the Captain carried her off and married her without his consent. He afterwards took notice of them but, it is said, left his fortune entirely at her own disposal. After their marriage their house was remarkable for riot and drinking almost continuously; her father, in the meantime, died and the Captain, after he had been so long married that they had 3 sons and a daughter, I think, not sure, died likewise worn down by continuous drinking. As she was a very mild, sweet looking woman, she was much respected in the country and all the riot in the house was still imputed to the Captain but after he died it appeared that she enjoyd riot, roaring and drinking still more than he did. Her house afforded a welcome reception to all the young rakes and drunkards from all quarters. There they would assemble and continue night and day, sometimes above a fortnight at a time, then others came. She seemd to have no pleasure but in the company of drunk men [and] said sober men were worth nothing. Even her own children, she initiated them in drinking almost from their infancy, to the ruin of both health and morals; one of the sons is dead and the oldest is a drunken, silly, puny thing about 15 years old. After she had continued this practice for some years, the wives in the neighbourhood became incensed against her for detaining their husbands so long drunken in her house and some of them alledged that when they sent for them, she concealed them and denyd they were there. Other people begun to alledge that at late hours she joined her company in drinking and was as frolicsome as any of them and, when in that state, was guilty of indecent familiaritys. However, there was a long Guid senseless, drunken fellow, John Bell of Carruthers, who had nothing to recommend him but length, playing on the fiddle and strong drinking. As he found her house much to his mind, he took up his abode there and this year she married him and it was current in the country that they were both bedded compleatly drunk upon the Marriage night.

Upon the 2nd November this year the election for a Member of Parliament for the County of Roxburghshire came on at Jedburgh. The Candidates were Mr Elliot, son of Lord Minto, and Mr Don, son of Sir Alexander Don of Newton Don. At Mr Elliot of Borthwickbrae's request, and because I knew Mr Elliot was in the Grey and Grenville Party, which I greatly disapproved of, I went to Jedburgh to vote for Mr Don. I never saw such wrangling in my life. We begun about 11 a.m. and it was 11 o'clock at night before it was finishd. Mr Elliot brought Merchants and Bankers from London, Devonshire and all quarters, who swore that they were infest and in possession of every

foot of land he had in Roxburghshire, even Minto House and Gardens, and produced their rights. He made 15 votes that day, who were all enrolled and voted and by their assistance he carried his Election by a majority of six or seven. I dined about 12 at night with Mr Don's party; he had fortune and all his cooks from Edinburgh to provide the dinner. I never saw such profusion and extravagance; there were many things presented that nobody seemd to know anything about as they all went off untouched, one third of what was presented was never touched, for if you had not touched it directly, in a minute or two as if Sancho's Doctor^[219] had been there, the numerous waiters whippd it up and set down some other thing. The Liquor was in the same style; a variety of wines were exhibited but very little drunk, so that when I came away no man seemd to be in the least elevated or even cheerful.

In the later end of this year Walter Beattie gave up his farm of Yet Byre. I knew it was too dear, I knew I could not make the rent of it and as he complained that as long as that Tack existed, he had nothing to call his own. I at last freed him of it and cancelled the Tack and as he had no place to go, I allowd him to continue in the houses and set him the farm yards upon the other side of the Esk. Mr Scott, Minister of Ewes, had a man, long with him, named John Elliot, a great big stout man, worldish, saving and penurious, fonder of money than was consistent with strict honesty; mad, crazy and self conceited, especially in matters of religion. He joined no society of Christians, attended no publick worship, but staid at home and read his Bible and raged against people for going to Church. He had saved money and somehow got into a practice of investing it in the funds, and as the per cent Consols were then little more than £50,^[220] when he got a 100 share in the Consols for it (£50), he said money doubled always when it went to London and no man could convince him of the contrary, but this was long after Mr Scott the Minister's death. As money always doubled when it went to London, John borrowed all he could in Scotland and sent it up there and put it in the stocks and as he was a saving man and known to be worth money, he borrowed a good deal, but when people begun to demand payment and John found he could not sell his stock out at par, John would pay none but absconded and concealed himself, working as a farm servant in the neighbourhood of London under a different name. But in time he was discovered and apprehended and was obliged to sell part of the stocks for his litigation; this vexed him so that he turnd crazy. He afterwards came down to Scotland secretly but some of his creditors discovered him, apprehended him, and threw him into Annan Jail,

where he turned downright mad, but in time they brought a house he had in Langholm to sale, the debt was paid and he was set at liberty. He had still money in the funds and was often going to London and at last bought a small property called Yadiell, near Brampton.

In the year 1810 he came to Muckledale. My wife was fond of gardens and she employd John; I never hired him. He was his own master, went when and where he pleased. In the summer he went often to London, as he alledged the Bank of England still owed him a great deal, as they had never paid him the sum their notices bore. He continued to make our house his home till the beginning of the year 1813. In winter he wrought none, in the spring he wrought the gardens, in the summer he was often wandering. I paid him what I thought was right and he was always satisfied with the Goodwife and me; but he differed much with our servants for he would instruct them in the duties of religion, and when they would not observe his discipline, he raged, stormed and sometimes struck. In a storm in the beginning of the year 1813 he went away, seemingly in no anger, said he was going to Eskdalemuir, which he did, but instead of returning he went down Etrick and about eight days after he went away we heard that he was found stark naked, frozen to death, about two miles below Yarrow Kirk, with nothing but the Bible beside him, which by the marks upon the boards, he seemd to have carried in his teeth. He had been in several houses the evening before but would stay in none of them and about 1 or 2 o'clock, when the cold was excessive, he had begun to strip and thrown off his cloaths by degrees and he had travelled about 4 miles from the place where he began to strip, before he reached the place where he was found.

In the year 1812 the prices of stock of all sorts was nearly the same as in 1811, but the sales were dull and slow and in the later end of the year the jobbers took a great deal of the Ewes up to England. At first they had some sale but in a little time such an inundation of Highland Ewes and Wedders came in that they glutted all the markets and sheep could not be sold at any price; a great many came from Yorkshire back into Scotland [and] could be sold at no price. The Highlands, when they begun stocking with sheep, raised both the price of stocks and rents in our country, as they greatly diminished the quantity sent to England, which caused quick demand and good sale, but now, when the Highland stocks were full, they pour in such shoals that I do not think England can consume them, for our country is nothing to be compared to the Highlands, several single farms in that country will keep

twenty thousand sheep.^[221] Black Cattle sold much as last year, victual was high from Martinmas till Whitsunday, 1813, but little variation. A great deal of oats in our country sold for 20/- per bushel, corn farmers in low districts never had so productive a year for making money.

About the beginning of May this year, 1812, Thomas and Archibald McRae returned from St Andrews to Muckledale for the summer. As McRae was like his tutor he staid mostly at Muckledale all summer, but never minded his education at all, at least very little, but they went about fishing, hunting, seeking for Hedgehogs and for the most part entirely idle. I took Thomas sometimes along with me when I was riding about my farms, but I found he had no great heart to it; he would rather stay at home and walk about with McRae and when I did take him out I found him so tender that I was no better of him, for whenever he was fatigued or got wet, he turnd sick and sometimes he was obliged to go to bed in the shepherds' houses. At other times I had great difficulty in getting him home again, as he would turn sick and fall to vomiting upon the horse's back. He discovers some sagacity but he never will be a scholar, for altho he can learn very fast at the time he is engaged in it, in a quarter of a year, he has no remembrance of it whatever. Jean still continues with Mrs Bertram at St Andrews, in perfect health; they give her a very good character; I wish she may deserve it. In the beginning of November, McRae and Thomas went back to St Andrews, but he does not lodge with McRae, he is boarded at a high rate with a Mrs Peterkin, who takes young Gentlemen boarders.

1813

This year, in May, Thomas and Archibald McRae came to Muckledale from St Andrews and McRae went to teach children in Annandale. Thomas I took with me on most of my journeys to the Farms and Markets. He seems to come on pretty well in getting some notion of stock farming, but I have not the opinion that he will ever be very expert at anything. He has grown big and appears strong but he is so tender and uncertain in his health that he can bear no toil or fatigue, besides, he tires very soon of anything, even his diversions of shooting or fishing or even education that I doubt he will never attend to anything with perseverance and diligence. Jean is still at St Andrews with Mrs Bertram. They give her a very good character. They say she is healthy, stout, big and beautiful. She still stays with Mrs Bertram this winter and Thomas is gone back to St Andrews but he stays this winter with a Miss Frazer, as Mrs

Peterkin last year had affronted all her boarders.

This year the war in Germany between the French and their Allies and the Russians, Prussians, Austrians and Swedes was terrible and bloody. After several hard fought battles, Bonaparte was defeated at Leipzig. After his defeat most of his Allies deserted him and joined the [opposing] Allies so that he was to fly out of Germany, pursued by the Allies into France, with immense loss. In the meantime the War in the North of Spain and the south of France was carried on with great spirit by Lord Wellington. The French were several times defeated and driven out of Spain and Lord Wellington entered the South of France with force. Then Holland revolted and re-established their ancient government, under the Prince of Orange. Switzerland also admitted the Allies and established their ancient Government, granting a free passage to the Allies thro their country into France, so that in the end of this year France is menaced with 4 Hostile Armies from the south, north, east and west.

This year I got the teinds of Over Cassock valued. I had had much plague before about their valuation and as the lands were let, I expected that this would be very easy, but I found more difficulty than I expected. Mr Brown, the Minister, alledged that as the lease was near expiring, altho the lands were not actually in the proprietor's possession, they ought virtually to be so considered and witnesses called upon to depon what they would let at for a nineteen years lease, and when we met at Bentpath upon the 6th of August I found him passionate and tenacious in the questions he put to the witnesses. He valued the lands at above 200 more, yearly, than I ever asked the tennant for the new lease. He shifted his ground as suited his purpose, wrote into the Committee appointed to take care of the interest of the Church and I expected serious opposition. But his men of business had been better advised, for when it came before the Teind Court, no opposition was made and decrete passd of course.

This year, in the beginning of October, I met as usual with Mr Lomax, who would not be refused: I must dine with him as usual. After sitting in a warm room and drinking till 9 at night, I came riding home; it was a cold frosty night, a strong north wind directly in my face. Mr Lomax had made me promise to dine at his house in Canonbie upon the Monday following and I went down with Mr Cuthill, the Duke's Secretary, and Mr Chandler, the young Earl's Governor, and staid till 9 o'clock and then came home. I here caught such a cold as confined me in the house 3 months, so that I could not

look after my business in a terrible storm.

I mentioned earlier that Mrs Scott, Enzieholm, had married John Bell in 1812. After their marriage they led such a life as was never heard of in our country, it was one continued scene of drinking and sleeping, in bed and out of bed, all the hours of night or day. Sometimes strangers that likd whisky joined the drunken board and Mrs Scott's son, being early initiated into the art, joined most cordially, but could not stand so long [and] was often first to drop. That mode of life seemd to agree with John Bell, instead of a skeleton he begun to turn fat and jolly and lay and swelld in bulk, but presently he was seized with an inflammation in his throat and died suddenly, a young man. After his death some of the most dissipated, bankrupt, drunken rakes in the whole country frequented the house and Mrs Bell and her son still continue to live in the same gallant style.

I mentioned before that old Walter, Crossdykes, by a Deed had devised that £180 of the price of the Lands of Crossdykes should remain upon the Lands of Crossdykes to answer an Annuity of £9 yearly to be paid for John Armstrong, his natural, idiot son's maintenance during John's life. John died in 1812; William Armstrong was dead long before. William had then living only one son, John, who by some means had become Spirit Dealer in Edinburgh, and two daughters. John Armstrong had married a sister of one Thomas Darling, a Writer in Edinburgh; William Armstrong's Jean was dead, and there remained only Mrs Reid and Janet, upon the idiot John's death. The Spirit Dealer got himself decernd Executor to his father and Curator to his Aunt Janet and found caution for his intromissions. John is very like his father: passionate, scurrilous and violent, rigid and keen for his own interests, not so scrupulous about the means if he can obtain his ends. He immediately demanded John's money from me, but he would not give me such a discharge as my man of business in Edinburgh required. But before giving my man of business time to correspond with me, he came into the country directly, produced the discharge, said he had shown it to my man of business, and insisted upon payment. As I thought the discharge might do, I paid the money, but my writer was not at all satisfied and blamed me for my rashness. He next demanded £100 left to his Aunt Janet by old Walter, that at least £90 I would readily pay, but as I had paid part in the year 1787 to Andrew Reid a Bill of £22.11/- due to him by Janet and Jean Armstrong, which I paid him with the interest, which I likewise paid for their two Bills of £100 each, amounted to 30, out of this they paid Andrew Reid his £22.11/- and kept the remainder,

but then this £30 took £10 off the capital of both Bills, reducing them to £90 each. For this I got a compleat discharge upon a proper stamp subscribed before witnesses, by Janet and Jean Armstrong's proceeding upon the narrative that by this payment of £10 out of both capitals, it reduced the Bills to 90 each; this 90 I would willingly pay. John knows very well that is the true state of the matter and does not deny that the £10 was paid and the interest of the 90 after, till he became Janet's Curator. 'But,' says he, 'Janet's discharge is worth nothing and I will compel you to pay that £10 again and the interest of it ever since' and instead of £90 with the £10 accumulated interest upon it, he charges me with £120 and upon my refusing to pay it he gave me a summons before the Lords and the question is to be tried next session. I expect all the trouble that is in his power to give, for he is a litigious unprincipled man. When his Aunt Jean died and he was declared Tutor to Janet, although cows, stirks and household furniture belonged equally to Janet and Jean, he seized upon all, alledging Jean had nothing, all belonged to Janet and consequently to him, he received all, but would not pay one shilling, neither the present servants' wages, funeral expenses, nor even Janet's coffin.

I mentioned that in 1812 I allowed Walter Beattie to renounce his lease to Yet Byre. I bought his stock of Yet Byre at a dear rate and entered to the possession of it at Whitsunday, 1813. I gave 32/3 for all those that had lambs and 23/- for Gueld Sheep and altho I got but 720 sheep, the value amounted to £1053.16.6, which I paid at Martinmas, 1813, but as Walter had no place to go I allowed him to continue in the houses with grass in the parks for 2 cows and horses and set him the farm of Yards for one year at £90 rent.

There is, in Eskdalemuir, a small farm calld Johnstone. During the last American War when stock farms and their product was of very little value, a stupid man of the name of Russell, bought it for about 920, he died lately and left three co-heiresses who wishd to sell it. As I had considerable property in that Parish, I had some thoughts of buying it and wrote to a man of business to enquire about it, but they asked 4200; I thought it worth 3200 but I enquired no more about it. They afterwards advertised it and tryd it by auction at Dumfries, but as the upset was 4200 nobody offerd for it. They afterwards tryd it at Langholm. I went down and in going down to the Sale Room I desired Archibald Scott to offer 3200 and I would take it off his hands. They set it up at just 3200 as nobody offerd. I desired Archibald to say nothing. I was upon the point of taking it at the upset price when Walter Beattie offered 3100; it instantly struck me that if he got it I would be honourably relieved of

him and insisted upon his striking the bargain, which he directly did. I cannot say but upon reflection that I repented passing it.

The summer of 1813 was fine, warm and dry and the crops uncommonly abundant and well got; grain of all descriptions good and cheap, all ranks lived in plenty. We had, this year, an amazing quantity of fruit but got it and many potatoes ruined by the frost in the terrible storm in the beginning of the year 1814, but not withstanding our internal prosperity, as we were at war with America^[222] and greatly restricted in our trade to this continent, trade, manufactures and even cattle markets were low and dull and discouraging, little demand and no money, everything seemed to stagnate. As we stock framers cannot keep our produce we must dispose of them whatever be the price but this year it was difficult to get quit of them, even at the current prices. To good men we were obliged to trust almost anybody and for the greater part of my sales I was obliged to give a 12 months credit and as rents and taxes were high I cannot believe that upon an average the stock farmers in this country paid rent and taxes. The prices were nominally not much below last year excepting wool which was considerably lower, but then we were obliged to give many lambs and sheep into the bargain, give large returns and long credit and trust on certain people before we could obtain anything like a decent price and some were obliged to sell for very little.

1814

This year commenced with a terrible storm of frost and snow [but] as I could not go about my business for that bad cold I had got with Mr Lomax I cannot rightly say whether the storm was heavier than others I had seen. I rather think it was not, but the shepherds fled off the grounds with some stocks that never fled off before since I had them. Crieve fled to Stubholm Hill and Muckleholm Hill and some of my friends told me they would have been better at home and as soon as I could go to see them I made them remove to another wean [*word not identified*], as I saw they were starving. Howdale and Crossdykes I led to Lymhall and Laudholm twice for when it came a softening they brought them home, then it cleared and the storm became worse than ever and they had to take them back again. Lodgegill fled down to Hagg and some other places in Canonbie and Muckledale fled to Sir John Maxwell's Estate; Crieve never fled before nor Crossdykes. I think none of them were much better of their weans but Muckledale turnd out by far the worst, but the weans cost a deal of money.

In the spring of this year the war in France between Bonaparte and the Allies was carried on with great fury and sanguinary almost beyond example and for some time the event seemd very doubtful but seemd, after several severe re-encounters rather to favour the success of French Arms. Blucher the Prussian General and Swartzenburgh [*i.e.* Schwarzenberg], the Austrian General, accompanied by a numerous army of brave Russians and Cossacks, attempted to march to Paris, at some distance from one another but no great distance; but Bonaparte, by rapid marches, got in between them and attacked Blucher, nay surrounded him, and Blucher escaped with great difficulty and loss by cutting his way thro the body of French who had got into his rear. He next attacked Schwartzenberg and obliged him likewise to retire and began to publish fulminating bulletins; but from that time his good sense seems to have deserted him, for instead of standing between the Allies and his Capital, he marchd past them with the main army with the intention, as was supposed, of carrying the war into Germany, upon which the Allies marched directly upon Paris. The result is known to all Europe.

John Armstrong's plea and mine, about Janet's money, was called in court in summer and I got a compleat decrete at first hearing. He represented again at great length without hesitation; I got another interlocutor again, and then craved expenses. About this the Lord Ordinary demurred, for although he thought I was entitled to expenses, he hesitated whether Armstrong was personally liable as Factor and he thought it hard to saddle Janet's small fortune with expenses and so the plea stands. Mrs Bell of Dunnabie, her son John and daughter Helen, still live at Stanwix; John had sometime before engaged with his master, Mr Thomson, in a manufacturing concern but after the agreement was quite settled and they had entered upon business, they had a terrible quarrel and parted with mutual consent and as John is now nearly of age it is resolved that he is to come and occupy his own farm at Dunnabie at Whitsunday, 1815. But this year, a little after Whitsunday, we heard that Mrs Bell had the jaundice; soon after a letter came up informing me that it was stones in the gall and that she was in danger. I went down to Stanwix in the later end of June and staid some days. I found her very sensible but thought her dying, but as neither the medical gentleman nor myself thought it would be sudden and I could not well be from home, I came home in the coach. The next day I got a letter telling me that she breathed her last a few minutes after I had left her. I then went to Carlisle again and staid till the funeral was over. By her own orders she was interred in Stanwix Churchyard, altho she did not

seem very strong, her powers both of body and mind far more resembled a man than a woman. She was daring, intrepid and resolute to the last degree and her spirit seemd to furnish her with strength far beyond expectation. She showd upon several occasions that she was neither afraid to grip or strike at a man and what strongly marks her character, once a vicious stallion had broke loose and was pursuing a man against whom he had an antipathy; the man was running and screaming for perfect terror. Several people saw, not one durst interpose, but she ran forward and wrenched a thick sticking [*i.e.* stick] out of a dyke and run forward and met the furious stallion and hit him so violent a blow upon the forehead as dazzled him and she calmed him completely and she saved the man. She had a retentive memory and sound judgement but that resolution for which she was remarkable was very disagreeable, for if you happened to disagree with her in anything, if you wishd for peace, you must submit for she never would.

John Bell had been much with me lately as Thomas is this winter in Edinburgh. Helen Bell had been mostly at Stanwix but what is the matter I do not know; Helen came up to our country a while but seemd to be in bad health and the most disconsolate, dejected, peevish creature I ever saw, one would have thought by her behaviour that she came from Stanwix just with the intention to scold and quarrel with everybody she met with. Her temper is peevish and irritable to the last degree. Altho I thought I had ever been a friend to the family, I met with reflections and reproaches very severe, which I neither expected nor deserved. However, she staid a short while among us and went back to Stanwix. I think she is dying, for if she had no other disease she will die of spleen.

Sometime in winter Colonel E. Lockhart of Borthwickbrae wrote me signifying his intention of selling Muckledale. As I had paid lately for John Bower's debts, the stocks of Yet Byre and Yards,^[223] and John Armstrong's money above £3000 extra, I had little money, but as he said he would give me time to pay it and it was a place I wishd much to have I determined, if possible, to become the purchaser. After some correspondence we at last met at Borthwickbrae upon the 13st [*either 13th or 31st*] March; he asked £21,000. After a deal of words I asked him if he would take £16,000. He treated it with contempt and we parted. He went to London and tried all the gentlemen from the country who had made fortunes – none would come near his price, neither in England or Scotland. He then asked £18,000. I then wrote him that I would stand £16,000 but no more. He then offered it

for £17,000. I then wrote him that I durst not stand £16,000, as times had turned out different from what was expected when I made that offer, for it must be observed that when I offered £16,000 we had an expectation that when peace was concluded at Paris we had full expectations that it would bring such markets amongst us as was at the short peace of America, which were the highest I ever saw and in the faith of that I had bought the stock of Yards and 2 herds' soums at a most extravagant price and times turned out the very reverse of what was expected, the dullest and worst markets I ever saw. I suffered severely and many mercantile people from the same erroneous speculation were entirely ruined. Mr Elliot's bargain and mine lay dormant for some time; he then wished me to lend him four or five thousand pounds and he would give me heritable security upon Muckledale; that I declined. He at last offered it to me for £16,000 and one shilling less he would not take, for he was negotiating alone upon heritable security and if that took place he would not sell it at all. I saw it was either to be done now or never and upon the 1st November the bargain for £16000 was concluded and upon the 3rd I paid £5000 of the price and upon the 24th November £2000 more.

This year, in later end of July or beginning of August, my intimate friend, Mr Keir, died; he had had, some years before, a shock of the Palsy and was incapable of any business. He left two sons, both married: Thomas, the eldest, to Miss Elliot of Whithaugh, an only daughter and heiress, they lived at Potholm; William, lived at Millholm and succeeded his father in the management of the Duke's Estate in Eskdale and Liddesdale but not in the whole estate as his father had been. He married a Miss Andrews who I know nothing of, a very plain woman and no fortune. They had two sisters, unmarried. The old gentleman was a man of most extraordinary talents and a good honest heart, but still he relied too much upon his abilities and attempted such things as were beyond the reach of any man alive. He first attempted to prove from natural causes that the world could not have been created in any other way than as it is described by Moses. He then pretended to correct errors that had crept into Philosophy, but the most fatal of all was his Treatise upon Government. When he acted as Justice of Peace we had a great plea with one John Bell, a mason or lime burner; Mr Keir was inflamed with implacable resentment against the Lords of Session for their behaviour in that process. How to be revenged he could not tell, but I still thought this gave rise to his Treatise on Government, where in open sedition he exhorted the Landholders to assert their own rights, take the Government into their

own hands and turn out the Lords of Session, Lawyers and all together; this entirely ruined him. It was published contrary to the advice and without the knowledge of all his friends in this country, who had heard a great part of it read over and greatly condemned it.^[224] He sent one copy of it to the Buccleugh Family, another to the Earl of Kinnoul and altho his arguments were plausible and conducted with ingenuity, yet the daring attempt to overturn entirely the established Government and substitute in its place the Government introduced into England in the reign of Alfred the Great, made them all conclude the man was mad. The Duke wrote to the Minister of the Parish where he lived to know what state of mind Mr Keir was in, to know if he was fit to manage any business as he concluded him to be insane and it was lucky for Mr Keir that most people were of the Duke's opinion. The Treatise was almost generally condemned and very little read. If it had been much noticed it would have been fatal for it was the most seditious treatise I ever read. He endeavoured by narrating, unjust as he thought, decisions in the Court of Session and by unjust decisions in the House of Peers by the influence of the Lord Chancellor and by contrasting them with the just and wise administration of justice in the days of King Alfred when the Landowners had the administrations of justice in their own hands, to render the people disconnected with the Laws and Government under which they lived and concludes thus: 'Having shown the grievous oppression which all ranks suffer from the Judges in the Courts of Law, it now remains with the Landholders to determine whether they will or will not continue to wear this disgraceful yoke of slaving. If they determined to become free it is evident no person on earth can prevent them; if they shut their ears to the voice of truth and continue in bondage, I call heaven and earth and their own conscience to witness against them, that what I have told them is true.' The bad success of his daring attempt, the forfeiture of all confidence and all respect from the Buccleugh family and many others of his friends certainly injured his health for he declined from that time to his dying day and, after all, it appeared that the Treatise upon Government was only a prelude to a far more learned and extensive work for in the end of it he advertised a Prospectus of a work as nearly ready for the press, to consist of two parts: 1st an enquiry into that system which the Creator established at the beginning for the Government of the natural world; 2nd an enquiry into the system he established at the same time for the Government of the moral world. Both these parts [were] to be divided into several chapters or sections. In one of the sections, upon the

Government of the Moral World, he was to show how mankind had diverted from that divine system and all the misery and oppression under which they groaned, in consequence of these diversions, and then to point out by what simple and easy methods all their miseries might be completely abolished. But the Treatise, or the introduction, was so ill received that the grand work itself never made its appearance; in short Mr Keir was a man who might say with Douglas in his tragedy, dead or alive, 'Let me be renowned.'^[225]

The beginning of this year I set Archibald Glendinning a lease for 9 years of his farm of Over Cassock at 530, although I could have had 610 for it; but I repented nothing of that bargain. But when I was a little flustered I let a 19 years lease of Halldykes and Catehall to William Bell in Wylieholm for £270 but then I was to allow 200 for building and repairing houses and fences besides furnishing wood and slate for the house; this is a bad bargain but there is no help for it now. I was not drunk but I had been up very late the night before and had not got rest and was dull and rather stupid, and it was imputed from me, just by persevering till I was quite exhausted.

From the beginning of November this year, all through winter, I was never well, being often troubled with pains in the pit of my stomach, it never rose to any excessive height but was almost constantly molesting. It was, I think, rheumatism as it was still most violent when I felt cold, whether riding or walking, and even when it was severe, when I was out and cold, after I came and sat down by the fire and felt warm it, for the most part, went away. In the later end of December or beginning of January, 1815, died another old acquaintance, Robert Laidlaw in Gorrenberry. He had been a careful, laborious, saving old man and had amassed a great deal of money but never regarded womankind till lately, and then took it into his head to be married, I think about Whitsunday, to Nicholas Elliot's daughter of James Elliot in Twislehope, but how it happened I know not; he was never much seen after, but by the wife and servants, some say he lost all sense and recollection whatever. When the wife came to fear he would not live a year and a day she got 2 Notarys and got him to agree to a Deed wherein he left her the half of his whole subject; that his friends intend to reduce and it will certainly be easily done if he was at the time in such a state as the country represented, scarcely sensible of his own existence.

In December this year I heard that my sister was not well as she threw all up, nothing would stay upon her stomach. As I was not well I could not go to see her, the weather being intemperate, but I several times sent to

see how she was. At last I went over. I found her weak, but not sick, and perfectly sensible in her conversation, but I then learned that she had made one of the strangest, foolishhest wills that I think ever was heard of. Although I had redeemd the household furniture and had an assignation to it signed by Bower and her both, when Bower came from Jedburgh with two writers and an auctioneer to roup it at the Cross of Langholm, for debt contracted by Bower in Jedburgh, and altho I had paid all their debts at that time and kept the whole family ever after, and for John's apprenticeship and education and the amazing debt he left at his death, which I paid, first and last above £1400, altho all the time he was in the army I allowed him £55 yearly above his pay. During his life I allowed his mother £50 and after his death I allowed her £70 and all along the houses, garden, cow and horse, potatoes set and peats led and pay Mr Bower £21 yearly. And altho the Bowers, first and last, have cost me more than £3000 yet by a scroll of a will she left everything to other people, the chief legates no relations.

She likewise left annuities to several people, which I was to pay, and £100 to the poor of Westerkirk, and not one shilling to pay all, but a deal of debt which she left for me to pay, but when the people to whom she had left her furniture wishd to have it I presented my assignation and Bills to a great amount and they stopd short. But the most surprising intention of all was this, when her son lay so long at Dunbar she contracted an acquaintance with a Lady Arabella McLeod, wife of the Colonel of the Royals, then lying at Dunbar and a great intimacy with a Captain Cameron of the same Regiment. To Lady Arabella she gave everything John Bower had at Dunbar and borrowed money from my acquaintances, which I never could know what she made of, left me nothing but to pay her and John's debts, but to Captain Cameron her attachment had been far greater, strange as it may appear. I have been assured again and again that she had put it into Captain Cameron's head that I was a man of considerable property and as I had no lawful heirs could not prevent her from succeeding to everything at my demise (I know that was constantly her own opinion) and for the regard she had for him she would leave him heir to my whole subjects. Certain it is that he came all the way on foot from Dunbar to Hartsgarth to see her, lookd at the lands, conversed with people in the neighbourhood about what other lands I had, staid about 8 days and when he went away I was told a box of her best linens was sent off to him, and I was told that he told a man who travelled with him to Hawick that he was to succeed to everything at Mrs Bower's death. In short, I see it isn't possible to

oblige a relation for even to the very last when she was at Muckledale before she grew badly, as I was not then well, she plumed herself to succeeding to everything and spoke of it to a young lady who slept with her and after all the money expended upon her and John, I never heard her good word in my life. Her constant cant was this: 'There is but two of us, what need has he to keep too much to himself and keep me pinched?' and when someone replied 'Mrs Bower, I think he allows you genteelly' she would answer 'He allows me nothing, what I get is but my own' for no man alive could put it out of her head that she had a right to my whole fortune. Since her death, demands for payment of her debts are coming up on me from all quarters, but I have as yet demurred as to the payment.

This year, 1814, was a very discouraging year for stock farmers, sheep and lambs were near 2/- per piece lower than last year but the wool was considerably dearer but it is difficult to say what the real value of lambs was, for there was no demand and no money, you might go to a market with lambs and perhaps never get an offer, but bring them back. If you did get an offer, as we could not keep them, we were obliged to take it, however small the price or however low the credit of your merchant. Many were sold just to get quit of them that never will be paid. As I had got Yet Byre and Yards I had very many to sell and got them off my hands but when I tried to collect the price I did not get the interest on the money. Black Cattle was likewise much cheaper, in short, I cannot say what the real value of either sheep or nolt was in 1814, it was so uncertain.

1815

January 17th my sister died at Hartsgarth and is interred in Westerkirk Churchyard. This year, in March, Bonaparte returned from Elba and by the assistance of his own Marshals who had been continued in the command of the Army by the weak and credulous King of France, after they had sworn allegiance to him, he marched directly to Paris and took possession of the throne of France without opposition, as these traitors, the Marshalls, had seduced the whole army. But a stop was put to his career by the glorious, tho sanguinary, Battle of Waterloo and Louis again seated on the throne and Bonaparte confined a close prisoner in the Island of St Helena.

All the summer and harvest, 1815, I was much distressed with a pain in my stomach and could not do much. Tom was at home and did as he could but could not do very much harvesting – little skill and experience. In August I

went to Gilsland Wells but found no benefit; I came home weaker than when I went away with a great thirst and little appetite and the pain in my stomach unabated. I was told I had drunk far too much of it. Some persuaded me to try the Hartfell Spa^[226] but to drink only a bottle of it in three days. I did so and found some benefit of it. I am certainly better but far from being in confirmed health; I go seldom from home and ride very little.

In May 23rd this year I paid Mr Lockhart 500 more in part payment of Muckledale and upon the 24th of August £1000 more, and in December 550 more, yet still, altho by our contract he cannot compel me to it, he still complains of want of money and solicits more. Never since I did business was I as much afraid of not being able to fulfil my engagements, for the country never was in such a situation in the memory of man. I had for above 40 years sold a great deal of lambs and sheep and nolt to the farmers and dealers in Annandale; as last year the demand was so bad, I was obliged to trust merchants as gave me an offer. I had often trusted such men before and got payment, but this year the case turned out very different. About 3 years or 4 years ago when the sale for both stock and crop was brisk, the most part of Annandale lands were let in lease for 13 years and at very high rents, some of them at more than 4 times the old rent, and now the corn, young cattle and bacon they used to sell will not raise half the money it did when they took their leases. They had commonly a year's credit of my lambs but when they sold their hogs about Whitsunday, rents must be paid or they would be turnd out, and my hogs went to pay rents and there was nothing for me. Take my whole life together I never pursued as many people as I have done this year; I gave to writers 10 different claims with orders to pursue but to very little purpose. Altho I have several times executed a poiding and many other debtors I have spared for fear of ruining them altogether, but the people are ruined at any rate, for oatmeal may be bought at 24 shillings the Teviotdale Boal, and neither horses, nolt or bacon will give half the price it gave three years ago. But that is not all, the Bankers universally will lend no money, no discount Bills; all the principal dealers in Nolt and Sheep were formerly supplied with money from the Banks, they carried the cattle into England and disposed of them and kept their credit with the Banks and made tolerable payments. This year they bought in our country at prices nominally high, but when they took them into England, from the great influx of Highland sheep, they could not sell them almost at any price, and what they did sell they could get no money for, and the Banks being shut up, they are mostly ruined,

some of them paying trifling composition and some of them nothing at all. The loss will fall upon us in the end. I had only 3 tenants and at the date I write, viz. 2nd February 1816, none of them have paid me the rents due at Whitsunday, 1815, and William Bell, tenant in Haldykes and Catchall, had only paid me £5 since Martinmas, 1813, and I declined pursuing him as I am afraid of ruining him altogether and getting the farm thrown in my hands, as a worse time never was seen for letting an arable farm. But still farther in the present distress of the country, many men will be obliged to stop that will have a clear capital of above £10,000 for there is no money can be borrowed, neither upon personal nor heritable security. I do not think if I were to go to Jail I could borrow the interest of what my capital was lately worth.

My Grandson, John Bell, with stocking his farm has got into debt about £500. He has, I think, a clear capital of about £10,000, his Creditors will not want, he can not borrow, either on personal or heritable security. He advertised one of his farms for sale, no man appeared to buy it. I know not what he will do and from my engagement with Mr Elliot Lockhart, I dare not assist him. In short from the dark and gloomy aspect of the country I am more concerned and afraid of not fulfilling engagements to Colonel E. Lockhart than I ever was about any other business during a long life. The only thing which sold well this year was wool, which sold very high. As I could not rightly attend to my business and went to Getseand [*word not identified*], I did not sell mine till the 18th August; I then sold it to one George Walton who bought for Lazenby and Prest and Co., Merchants in Bristol. By a subscribed contract, 18th August, it was to be packed as soon as sheets could possibly be got and as they were to come from Leeds I expected it would be packed forthwith; one half of the money was to be paid in cash notes at packing, but it was to be considered as a Bill upon London at 3 months and I was to allow 2 months' discount, the other half to be paid at packing by a bill upon Hoare Barnet and Co., Bankers in London, endorsed by them at 6 months, but if I wished to have the money within three months they were to pay me in notes, I allowing the same discount as upon the former Bill. The price, 31/6, it would have amounted to above £1700. I could have sold it as high but none offered such prompt payment. As it was sometime before I heard of sheets, I wrote Mr Walton insisting upon the sheets being sent but received a very unsatisfactory answer saying that sheets might be sent but as the Bankers had refused discounting Bills since he made the bargain, the difficulty was in procuring money to answer so large a demand, but his employers meant to

take the wool for anything he knew and were preparing for it. After many wrangling letters he at last sent some sheets and came and filled them up on the 16th December but brought only sheets for little more than the half of the wool and did not bring much above half the money to pay what was packed and gravely proposed to send sheets for the remainder, but for what would then be due, I must take a Bill dated in May next at 2 months. This I would not do as it would be trusting men I knew nothing of with above £1000 till Lammas, 1816. I afterwards wrote Mr Walton a sharp letter desiring him to forward it to his employers, which he did and, upon the 17th January 1816, I received from them the most abusive, scurrilous, ridiculous letter I ever received or ever saw representing me as a knave, calling me in express terms a swindler and renouncing the bargain entirely, 'for,' they concluded, 'we very much dislike and always decline, if possible, having any dealings with such characters as Mr B.'s letter plainly declares him to be.' So, above 50 packs of wool, some of it packed and most of it unpacked lay in my hand. I believe the wool is greatly fallen for several other wool merchants have played the same trick as mine; I have only hold of the man who bought it and to pursue him would be in vain.

Besides all these calamities, Merchants of capital and long established houses are failing in every quarter of the Kingdom by their speculations to America and the Continent for there is no money to be got from either of these countries and Bankers are failing for millions in different corners, so that even when us farmers get payment on bank notes, in a week's time they may be informed that the Bank was stopd. Of this I have had some share so, in short, I think the prospect dreadful beyond all example, for when the farmers of low grounds, to whom they sell great part of their stock, both for rearing of lambs and feeding of Ewes, make no payments and the dealers in black cattle and sheep are entirely ruined, how is it possible that the stock farmers can keep their credit as they sell almost all their product to these men and get no returns, especially as the bankers will give no credit and many of them cannot pay their own notes when they fall into stock farmers' hands? Upon the 10th of April 1816 my prospect is, if possible, more dreadful: I have been led to assist John Bell and he is to give me an heritable bond over Wyliehole for £600. This I seriously repent for over all Europe and America there is a total stagnation of all trade or payments, no demand, no money, no sale for anything.^[227] People that sold their wool to old established dealers can get no payment, people that bought our draught ewes can get no payment from

those who bought them, they cannot pay us but say we may have them again if we will take them. For lambs there is nothing to be got, there is no sale whatever for cattle of any description. Instead of getting money to pay taxes and rents I cannot get money to pay daily expenses, none I can borrow for there is none to lend. The pressure of the times has obliged some who assisted me at first in money matters to call for their own again and what to do I know not, but everything combined to make this year disastrous.

The winter storms began in November and continued with very short intervals to the later end of April and the frosty nights and barren weather till June, 1816. The sheep were greatly reduced and many of them destroyed in the winter and spring storms and about the middle of April there came such a frost and heavy fall of snow that the people about Leadhills were curling upon the ice on the 15th and 16th April and for several days. Highland sheep could not come out of their stalls for the snow and a great many died and as the frosty barren weather continued all lambing time them that lived could bring no lambs. I believe it was pretty general over great Britain, only the further north still the worse. I think Scotland could keep all it has bred this year for many of the highland farmers have far more trade in skins than lambs and even in England I see the numbers they bring to market are insignificant compared with former years. I have had more old sheep dead in a year but take lambs and old sheep together my loss has been very heavy, but not more than some of my neighbours; but the apparent scarcity of sheep raised the price before Whitsunday, 1816, and those who can weather this storm and live to see that time will be repaid by the advance of price in 2 or 3 years or at most 4. I concluded the last page with saying that from the great loss of stock there would be great demands and good prices in a few years, the markets rising before Whitsunday, 1816, induced me to think so, but in a little time the want of money overwhelmed the want of stock. Although there were never so few to sell, there never was as few to buy; [on] some of my farms I did not sell the twentieth part of the lambs I often sold, yet even for these there was no demand. In short, so great was the stagnation of business that for all farm produce, whether wool, sheep, lambs, black cattle, horses or grain, properly speaking there was but one at making a bargain, for if you refused one offer many people never got another, but as their stocks were reduced in number they could easily keep them, if they could want the money. The farmers in this country have got a great downset, I do not think upon an average if they keep up their stocks, they can pay family expenses and smear their sheep, they will

have more than the whole rents to pay blank from their own capital; them that cannot do that must fail.^[228]

For my own part I never made such a retrograde movement, if I were to pass hence this year and my whole subject to be sold, land and stock, I would not die worth one half of the money I was worth 6 years ago from the [*word missing: fall?*] in the price of land and stock, [and] deterioration of the stock. But this dreadful year is no means confined to us alone, it pervades all ranks, the Mercantile and Manufacturing interests are grievously reduced, the proprietors of land can neither let their farms nor collect their rents. The summer was so wet and cold and often frosty, even in June and July, that the crops never ripened, potatoes, many of them frosted, victual advancing greatly in price from the scarcity of money, no sort of employment for the labouring classes, nothing but want and misery, disturbance and mobs in many places. How it will end, Lord knows, for the people will certainly resort to the most desperate expedients before they starve, for all the great losses we sustained and the small quantity we had to sell this sad year, from the want of money, wool fell in price from 13/- to 14/- per stone below last year's price; Draught Ewes 7/6; lambs 3/- below last. This year has been far worse than a blank. I think the whole nation is posting to destruction. This year it was impossible to reduce my debts, all my hopes are blasted this year and my stocks are so shattered they cannot be productive for some years. My fulfilling my engagement with Colonel Lockhart is out of the question, it will never pay in my day. Colonel Lockhart may adjudge the land when he pleases, for Thomas is so careless, idle and lazy that I do not expect he will pay any debt and as the goodwife would not allow Jean to stay about the house, I was obliged to board her with Donaldson, Minister of Canonbie,^[229] and to pay 80 yearly for her board besides her cloathes, which adds to my expenditure, and she went there at Martinmas. I believe she will be well settled for Mrs Donaldson is an accomplished woman and was long governess to the family of Sir John Maxwell of Springkell. But I see not how I can fulfil all my engagements from my stocks. I see little prospect of relief and from my tenants I expect less as they have suffered as much in proportion as myself have done and victual for the family, servants' wages, rents, taxes, etc. must be paid and at present I see no visible appearance where the money is to come from, for altho I have considerable demands upon men that are still solvent, both for rents and stocks sold, yet they can pay nothing [as] circulation seems entirely stopd. My tennants are running in arrears and what to do with them

I know not. I know they suffered so much last year that if I should sequestrate their stocks, I know it would ruin them and their families entirely. The men that owe me for stock send one letter of excuse after another but no money. On the other hand, I owe for rents, taxes, and servants' wages, shop accounts, tradesmen, labourers and victual and interest of money; none of these people will or can want and I have nothing to pay with. I have been threatened with diligence again and again and altho I hope my capital will far exceed my debt, I know not how soon I may be apprehended and how to relieve myself I cannot see, as there is no money can be borrowed either on personal or heritable security.

As I had almost no stock to sell in 1816 from my heavy losses, bad sale and bad payments, I fell short of my payments to Colonel Lockhart at Martinmas, 1816, the sum of £1238.9.7d. For that sum he took my Bill payable at Whitsunday, in 1817, with interest. As I saw no prospect of paying it I wrote to him telling him I could not pay it unless I could borrow it, either upon personal or heritable security, and that I doubted that would be difficult. He returned me a most satisfactory answer absolutely forbidding my borrowing for he knew his money was safe and he would never distress me and desired me to keep my mind at ease upon that account. I saw him twice in the winter and he gave me the same flattering assurance; he kept his word literally but virtually he broke it most completely, for upon the 20th May, only 2 days after the days of grace had expired, I received a letter from my agent in Edinburgh acquainting me that Tod and Romanes, Colonel Lockhart's agents, had demanded payment of the money and he had wrote them that he knew I could not pay it till Lammas and in return had received the following answer: 'Dear Sir, upon the faith of Mr Beattie's Bill being pointedly retired, we have advanced Col. Lockhart the money and have pledged ourselves to the Bank of Scotland for £500 more upon his account within this month so payment would be very acceptable.' I was astonished at such treatment as by his assurance before I had not made the smallest preparation for payment. I did not know what to do and applied to my agent, John Chalmers, to see if he could borrow it in Edinburgh and he applied to his old master Mr Thomson, W.S., who applied to an uncle he had, Mr Young, who lent me £1500 upon my personal Bond so I got from under Colonel Lockhart, for with that money and what of my own I got up, I reduced my debt to him for the balance of the price of Muckledale above £25,000 at Lammas, 1817.

The winter between Martinmas 1816 and 1817 was mild and the spring

favourable and as the lambing time was good and our stocks in good order, they brought lambs well. We had upon average one fourth more, I think, than double of what we had last year, yet still far fewer than we had often in former years, for our stocks were so shattered the year before that we had far fewer breeders but altho the stocks had done well for the numbers, about Whitsunday we had strong apprehensions we would not be able to turn them into money, even at any price, for we argued in this manner: 'we have five times as many to sell this year as we had last year and as we could scarce get quit of them at any price, what shall we do with such a number as we have this year?' And at first the sales were dull, slow and low prices, but it soon appeared that for all the good season and fine lambing time, no such numbers appeared in the markets as had been seen in former years and the sales grew quicker and more ready money, as long as there was any lambs to sell but the prices were very low, far lower than even last year, but we were happy that we had got quit of them, even at reduced prices.

This year the weather was good in lambing time but soon after it turned rather cold and about Whitsunday there was a serious apprehension in many places about the crops, as in many places, especially in mossy or clay soils they had not even branched in June, being destroyed by the grub worm. After that the weather turned warm and fine, and the crops in the end of July that were not grubbed [*i.e.* affected by grubs] promised an early and good crop, but the weather changed to bleak and cold and even the best crops were backward and unproductive and for the grubbed it rusted up black and strong and very thin, but it was only in the short blade in October and yielded next to nothing, so that victual is both scarce and dear and as there is no sort of employment, labourers get low wages, almost no employment and are truly in a lamentable position. As stock funds rose so high this year that stockholders saw they could make far more of their money, either by lending it out to good men or employing in trade or manufactures than they did by the funds, many people sold out so that money became more plenty in the country and far easier borrowed, by which means I got £1500 to borrow easier than I expected; from the same cause the banks became more liberal for always when you want money most they will assist you least, so that dealers had more ready money in the markets but thro the whole summer and autumn the sales of sheep and cattle fluctuated exceedingly. Dealers that bought them in Scotland sometimes gained considerably, the next month they lost as much, they were never steady. Within a fortnight sheep that had been sold at one market could

not be sold within 2/ or 2/6 per head at the next and black [*word missing: cattle?*] in proportion. In some markets there were few to sell and buyers could not be served; in others many to sell and few buyers. I cannot exactly state the prices, they were so variable, but I think the gross of the good wedder lambs sold from 5/- to 7/-; mid 4/- to 5/6, some only 3/-; wool was from 20/- to 24/; draught ewes 8/6 to 16/-, some accidentally at a good market dearer; Bullocks that some years have been worth £15, this year sold for £9.9/- or £10.

Grain continued steadily very high and in consequence labourers had little employment and low wages and poor rates rose to a frightened degree and seemd to threaten utter ruin and altho landlords and tennants were grievously assessed still a great many, especially young healthy men, were in almost a starving condition, for as they were able to work, they were not deemd fit objects for public charity, but although they were very willing to work they could find nobody to employ them, even as servants or labourers, but were forced on a desperate situation to go begging from place to place, asking after work but finding none, so that altho the country was never so high assessed for poor rates, they were more burdened than ever with travelling merchants. The winter betwixt the years 1817 and 1818 was tolerably good but the spring was rough, boisterous and variable till about the later end of February or rather middle. It then became uninterrupted frost and snow, but it was not very distressing until the first week in March when it blew from the north west, a most dreadful hurricane of wind that destroyed much shipping, blowd down houses and trees and completely stormd with thick snow the whole stock farms everywhere. Grounds were stormd that had not been stormd for 40 years before; many foddered their sheep that had never been foddered before. It continued about a fortnight and reduced the sheep so that many of them appeared rotten upon grounds where rot was never seen before and as we had heard dreadful accounts of rot before among the feeding and mug sheep, I think the loss will be very great.

Upon the 8th March Hugh Scott in Eweslees died of a nondescript order in few minutes of sickness, the oldest son and representative of David Scott in Blackhall, son to Hugh Scott, first in Westwater, afterwards in Blackhall, whom I mentioned in the beginning of this narrative. He left one son, David, to represent him. I had a grievous loss of stock in the winter and spring from 1817 to 1818 but what surprized me and what I could not account for, I had more rotten sheep in Muckledale that year than I ever had in all the 53 years

I had farmed it before if put them altogether. I never had as much loss of old sheep in Muckledale in one year in all the time I have had it.

1818

When Jean was at Canonbie, she was addressed by one Colonel Mein, who professed an ardent and disinterested regard for her; at last it came to that length that he came up to Langholm to speak to me about it, but the sum and substance of the interview was shortly this: that if he could not get a wife that would bring him in so much fortune, as with his pay, which was not one half, would bring him in £1000 yearly, he could not afford to marry anybody and this payment must commence from the day of his marriage. I treated the proposal with the contempt it deserved and upon Jean's hearing of his proposals and learning that he had made the same profession of regard to others before and broke them off because they would not agree to his terms she would stay no longer in Canonbie, where he resided, but came up to Langholm and resided with Mr Archibald Scott, Writer there, and, after all, the fortune which he demanded was not a great deal more than I have left Jean at my demise, but he was an old battered man and his pay died with him. I doubted she would be indifferently left if she had a family, as there was about 6 acres of the Farm, Yet Byre, cut off by a cut of the Black Esk annexed to the farm of Tanlawhill belonging to the Duke, for which I never received one shilling. I had been soliciting for Excambion long, but never could obtain it till this year, and then with difficulty. His Grace is very imperious in business; you must either agree to all his demands or nothing can be done.

In April, 1818, Walter Johnstone, Thomas's only surviving uncle, came here to Muckledale and produced a certificate of his irregular marriage, signed by the procurator fiscal and a Justice of Peace at Dumfries, with a Miss Brown of Netherwood upon the 30th March at Dumfries and certificate of their being rebuked by the Minister of Middlebie next day and absolved from scandal; but it seems Brown, her nephew, (5 days after the marriage when Walter and his wife came into Dumfries) by some messages got her into a chaise, drove to Netherwood, and had kept her there ever since, denies the marriage, says she was carried off in a state of intoxication. It was understood that she had claim to a considerable fortune as Joint Co-Heiress with her sister, to a brother who died in America and left a great fortune, with part of which they bought the Estate of Netherwood. This John Brown, her nephew, was a natural son of another brother dead long ago and was bound apprentice

to a Hatter in Dumfries, but after his uncle died, he made friends with his aunts and persuaded them to trust him to buy Netherwood and took the writs in his own name, and now when Walter insisted for count and reckoning, he had no other recourse but to persuade her to deny the marriage, which he has accomplished, and now it is both before the Lords and in the Commissary Court. As Walter had no money to carry on the plea, I was persuaded by my agent John Chalmers and by Thomas to risk £100 to set the plea fairly on foot, until we saw what was like to be the issue. But then I had Walter to support in the interview, so I think the end of it will be [to] lose £150 or £160 and Walter will return to work, for he has mismanaged sadly. I know not whether he or his wife is the greatest fool.

About 15 years ago one Fleeming from near Wigton, Cumberland, came here to catch the moles upon the Buccleugh Estate, and all the small heritors who had lands interspersed were desired to join with the Duke, which most of them did, I among the rest. He was to have something more than common for the first 4 years and after that he was to have a fixed pay per 100 acres, paying 4/6 per week for his men's board while employed; as I did not enter so soon the Duke's lease was out long before mine. Mr Keir, who was then in a declining state, set him a new lease in exactly the same terms per 100 acres, only he was to pay 6/6 for his men's board. I never yet heard of such a bargain. I think Fleeming will clear two thousand a year by it from his employers, for every 45 men he employed in the former lease, he does not employ above two now; 2 men work Eskdale, Ewesdale, Canonbie, Liddesdale, Sir James Graham's Estate and down to the seaside. My last payment to him was £38. He does not pay above one twentieth for board and where a man won him 1/- before, he now saves £1.1/-. As my lease was out I renounced him, at which he was enraged.

This year Margaret, my wife, took one of the most extraordinary notions ever heard of, viz. that her dear child who died 30 years ago was in life, but was kept from her by Collector Maxwell in Dumfries and what was still more strange, she insisted I told her so; when I denyd, I was a lying, perjured villain. She attacked all the family in the same stile, differed with us all, and upon the 16th June she set off for Edinburgh with the intention of setting on foot a legal process for recovery of her child, but outwardly for sea bathing, but I am sorry to say she never exposed herself so much as she did at this time. She consulted with friends who thought her mad and differed with men of business because they would not observe her orders. She bathed very little

but came and staid in Edinburgh and sent people in quest of her daughter, and what I thought quite strange, she told quite a different story in Edinburgh from what she told in the country. Mr Chalmers, Alexander Borthwick and Thomas, who I sent in to try and persuade her to come home, all applied in vain. She told Tom that it would have been more becoming if I had come into Edinburgh and assisted in the search for our dear daughter. After she had cost me a deal of money I went into Edinburgh and prevailed upon her to come home and brought her out upon the 10th September and this frolic cost £76.13.6d.

All the year 1818 and 1819 Walter Johnstone's plea with Mary Brown went on, both before Court of Session and the Commissary Court. The Lord Ordinary in the Court of Session presently deemed it a marriage, but the Commissary Court has prolonged it to this day I write, 5th January 1826, and still no prospect of its termination. I doubt the end will be that it will cost me above £300, without the smallest advantage to Walter. That family has been ordained as an instrument to punish me for my sins, for I have had much vexation and sorrow by them.

This year, 1819, Thomas took it into his head that he would stay no longer with me [but] I was then running 84 years of age, had a deal of business, could not attend to it properly and could not well do without him and refused to agree to that separation, but he raild on morn, even and mid day. If I was silent or said I would not be harassed, he answered, 'to be sure, that is fine reasoning I must speak'; if I went out he followed and raild still. I at last offered to take him a farm; he would farm none; I must give him an Estate. I got upon horseback and went away, he mounted his horse, followed, came presently up and renewd most violent altercation. In short, I had no rest by day and went to bed so disturbed that I could not sleep. My health began to decline and altho he never complained of Mrs Beattie and had not any serious complaints against me, yet I plainly saw that he would either compel me to agree to his proposals or he would torture me out of my life and he brought it to that pass that I was glad to be quit of him upon any terms and surrendered up to him the whole lands of Yet Byre and Yards and stock thereon, which cost me above £12,500 and he went and boarded with Mr Curl in Billholm, and it will do nothing for him, for he has no relish for anything but dress, show, pomp and equipage and altho I think he could not sell off Yet Byre less than £500 and to set him fairly afloat and prevent his running into debt at his outset I agreed to give him £230 the first year, over and above the product of

Yet Byre. He is always in want of money and ever will be if he had my whole fortune, what he does with it God knows, for I do not.

This year, 1818, altho we had a great loss of old sheep and but few lambs to sell, was not a bad year for stock farmers, for altho we had little to sell, the prices were very high. Good wedder lambs sold from 15/- to 12/-; Mid Ewe from 10/- to 9/-; Mid Wedders 8/- to 9/-, small from 5/- to 7/-. I sold my wool for 34 shillings per stone and got £16 per piece for Bullocks; Draught Ewes from 22/6 to 28/-; fat sheep from 25/- to 30/-. It may be observed that Bullocks and wool were never higher than this year, but in the spring the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought a Bill into Parliament, which was passed, laying 6d per pound upon foreign wool imported, but then this tax was not to take place till the following October. This put the large Manufacturers and Wool Staplers all upon the alert. They despatched persons to buy wool where ever it was to be found, even to Russia and Iceland, and had a monstrous quantity bought and imported before October, free of duty, a great deal of it cheaper and coarser than any of ours.

Then the scarcity of money and numerous bankruptcys, both of banks and large commercial houses, both in the Continent of Europe and America, occasioned a deplorable stagnation in trade, so that when they came into our country in 1819 they had in reality no want of wool and altho they attended the markets where wool used to be sold and settled with their old customers for 1818, they bought very little and what they did buy was a full third and some more than a third below last year's price. But some of the staplers were still more cunning. By being long acquainted they knew the men that were labouring circumstances,^[230] they knew they could not want the money to pay their rents, the time of rent paying drew near and they had the price at their own down settled, but those that could want, kept theirs and a great deal remains unsold.

As the dreadful wars that convulsed the world during the time of Bonaparte sat upon the Throne of France are known to all Europe, I shall say nothing about them, farther than that during his power most of the Ports of Europe and America were shut against our commerce. After peace was restored, our merchants and manufacturers exported largely both to the continent and America, but it turnd out a disastrous speculation, for the long wars and Bonaparte's contribution had impoverished these nations so dreadfully that altho they wanted our goods, they had nothing to pay with and bankruptcys became frequent, both at home and abroad. All confidence was lost, trade

almost annihilated, multitudes employd in trade and manufacture turned out of employment, soldiers and sailors discharged, so that a great number of the lowest classes had no visible means of substance and were rendered desperate and as this was daily augmenting from 1816, when by the failure of the crops in that year and 1817, many agriculturals had discharged many labourers.

The number of able bodied men in misery and distress was truly alarming. Some designing demagogues saw millions ripe for insurrection and both in speeches and pamphlets inflames their passion to their utmost extent. One of their leading heroes was one Henry Hunt,^[231] an indifferent character but discontented because he could not obtain a seat in Parliament. This wretch harangued mobs to the number of from 60,000 to 100,000 both at London and Manchester and had his Deputys travelling all the North of England and South of Scotland procuring subscriptions and administrating the Oaths to the Union, so that what by persuasion and intimidation his numbers were truly formidable, and as the sole end was the overthrow of our Constitution, both in Church and State, muskets and pistols were bought, Pikes made, nightly trained to arms under old soldiers and serious preparations for the overthrow of the State. The proceedings at Manchester and the unaccountable behaviour of some of the principal noblemen, both in England and Scotland, who seemed to countenance the Radicals, as they were calld, and the Acts passed in Parliament are well known, but I only mention these disturbances for the part I had in them myself.

How it happened I know not, but I had three visits from the distressed people at Langholm, at first there came only 15, next visit 50, the third nearly the same number. They surrounded me and drew a most deplorable picture of their starving condition. They were willing to work but could get no employment and they could not sit in their houses and die of hunger and see their families starving beside them, they must steal. Some of them said they would not steal, they would take openly. I said then [that] any Magistrate could bring the Military upon them. They answered 'The Military cannot terrify us, we had better be shot than die of hunger and see our families die by the same cause' and I saw that they had no other resource but joining the Radicals to resist the Military. I was heartily sorry for their distressed state and thought the country in great danger. I did something for them and fortunately victual was very cheap, but I think we were upon the verge of a civil war. London, Manchester and Glasgow were the central points of the Union and as they held, by emissary, constant correspondence, the day was

fixed for a General Rising; but Government had certainly had spies among them, for still the day before their Rising, a number of military and artillery poured into these places and the Rising was adjourned and now, from Acts passed and the apprehension and imprisonment of some of their bodies, the ferment is rather abated in 1819.^[232] Prices were not so high as in 1818 for the produce of stock farmers; but as the winter had been good we had more sheep and lambs to sell, so we made near as much of them as in 1818, but in wool the deficiency was very great. Good Wedder Lambs sold from 10/6 to 12/6; Mid Ewe and Wedder sold best about 8/6; Palies kept till September 7/6; Draught Ewes from 19/- to 24/-, sheep and score, some rather higher; Fat Sheep 21/- to 23/-; Bullocks about £13 and £14; wool what was sold from 17/- to 24/-. This year I took a new lease of Lodgegill from the Duke for 9 years from Whitsunday 1820 – Rent 370. About Martinmas, 1819, as I found myself from rupture and a hurt in my hip, very unfit to ride, and as Thomas had left me and I was running 85, I found myself, as Thomas had deserted me, unable to manage so much business and as my shepherds seemd quite unconcerned about my interest but more attentive to their own, and as my stocks were every year less and less productive than when I was able to superintend them, I thought all would go to wreck and therefore determined to set my lands of Crieve, Howdale, Crossdykes and Hartsgarth and sell the stocks. I did not advertise them but signified my intention of letting them and soon had plenty of offerers, who soon agreed to give all I asked, and in the spring 1820 I set Crieve and the other lands contiguous to Richard Common, in Burnmouth, Liddesdale, with Walter Armstrong, Esquire of Burnmouth, as Cautioner for £900 of rent yearly and Hartsgarth for four hundred and ten to Robert Elliot, Esquire of Redheugh. They received the stocks by valuation at the 27th May 1820, and the stock of Crieve etc. came to £3296.15/ or more than 1233.10/ half as much as I gave for whole lands about 50 years before; and the stock of Hartsgarth to Twelve Hundred and eighty eight, in all £5584.15/. Many stocks were valued the same year, as by the new set several old tenants lost their farms. How it came to pass I do cannot say, but mine were the lowest valuation of the whole and will be the last, and in all probability worst paid.

When the goodwife was in Edinburgh in search of her daughter in 1818, she staid mostly with Mr John Scott. He was entirely blind and [*i.e.* as was] several of that family. How it happened I know not, but when she came home her sight was greatly impaired and before Whitsunday, 1820, she was totally

bereft of sight. It is strange altho a true story, to the best of my belief that altho I have now lived with her near 47 years, she in her heart has not considered me as her husband for one half of that time, it is more than the half of the time that I have not been admitted to her bed, and now she will not allow me to sleep in the same room. As she is totally blind and a fire always in her room, when her niece, Jean Borthwick, was from home she allowed her only to sleep in another bed in the same room. At Jean Borthwick's desire and mine, she allowed a decent widow to sleep with Jean Borthwick, but sometime after she took it into her head that that woman would cut her throat in the night and discharged her from the house, and now, altho she is quite blind and has a large fire in the room, she locks herself in and will allow nobody to enter the room but herself, and we are all afraid of some serious accident.

All this time Walter Johnstone's plea was going before the Commissary Court in Edinburgh and I had all the expenses to pay and Walter to support in the meantime, and as he has given up working and turned Gentleman, his expenses are more intolerable. I doubt I will lose a great deal of money and Walter be no better. But the contest had now assumed a different aspect [as] after her nephew had hindered her to marry Walter, she drew up with another man in his family and the nephew turned her out of his house and she went to Dumfries and cohabited with that man ever since; but then the nephew would give her nothing and she is in want, but she got a Writer to take her by the hand, who gave the nephew a Summons of count and reckoning, but as Walter, in his process of Declaration, had used prior arrestments, they saw they could not compel the nephew to account without Walter's consent. They therefore offered Walter a specific sum as soon as it could be recovered and Walter has exhorted his consent to the Count and Reckoning and the process of declaration; if he gets anything it is better than marriage with such [word(s) missing] as Mrs Borthwick, now Lundie, was a keen matchmaker for her children and had a principal hand in making both the marriages of her eldest daughter, Janet, with John Little as he was supposed to succeed to a fortune, and her son Alexander with her friend Miss Chalmers and her son Walter with Miss Wilson. Altho in this she was defeated by superior cunning, she had taken it into her head to bring into her family all that my father and I had laboured for above 95 years.

There was a plot laid to get her daughter, Jean, married to Thomas. Jean staid constantly at Muckledale and ingratiated herself by every means in her power to win him to her purpose and they were never happy asunder

but as she was far older than him he never proposed marriage to her. At last she hinted something like it to him; he did not answer her as expected, then a sort of difference ensued; all was bustle among them, writing and consulting and then to put him to the test, Jean left the house. As Thomas left it afterwards, she returned to Muckedale but tires of staying with us and is but here occasionally. After Jean, my daughter, came to stay at Langholm, Mrs Lundie, her daughter Mrs Little and her son John and daughter Eliza staid with her at Hopsrigg. Eliza is got married to John Murray of Hanghills, a man of some considerable property; John, by far the youngest of Mrs Little's children, a posthumous child, is to provide for. As Jean was then not 17 years old and John considerably younger, I had no idea of danger; as they were friends Jean went several times to Hopsrigg, was kindly received and John and her went out and in like brother and sister but he had had his mother and grandmother's instructions, he made professions of love and that was seconded by the old ladys. I believe they obtained her consent provided I was satisfied [but] if she had been as poor as him such a thing had never occurred, they would sooner have sent him on board a man of war. Then they applied to some friends to try to obtain my consent but as she was of small capacity and an intractable temper, no one would intermeddle in the affair. Then they could not tell what to do. They could not well keep him at home but they contrived to get him into a regiment in the East Indies that was to come to England in three years, then I would probably be gone and then they might marry at pleasure. To this I believe she agreed, only she said if either of them discontinued their correspondence it was to be considered as fully giving up. All this time these artful women had the poor young girl under their management, whilst she had not one friend in the world to advise with, for their instructions, which she strictly observed, was to keep it secret; neither Thomas nor I ever heard of it till after he was gone to India. When I was in Annandale I got some hints about it and Thomas heard something, but he was so far from believing it that he never spoke to Jean about it but as I know the old ladys' acts I interrogated Jean about it. She seemd vexed at my having heard of it but at last she confessed; everything I have before narrated came to light. Thomas, who knew John Little well, is vexed beyond measure for John is a great big boisterous fellow, of slender intellects, passionate and quarrelsome, without means, prospects or experience. In short, if she had studied her whole life she could scarcely have fixt upon a man more likely to bring her to ruin and misery, and how it will end, God only knows.

I received a good deal of money this year for part of the price of the stocks of Crieve and Hartsgarth but I have not been able to pay much debt, as Thomas would build a house at Yet Byre, and although he had the product of Yet Byre for 2 years and £230 more from me in that time, he had nothing earthly to pay the building. I have paid already £54 and far more is still wanting. I see if I pay what he demands, both land and stock of Yet Byre will be spent in two years for as he had boarded with Mr Curl this year and half [and] as Mr Curl married a fine English lady from the King's Palace at Windsor Castle and the house has been hitherto liberally supplied with rich wines and all sorts from the King's stores, in which they indulge. Thomas has been serving an apprenticeship to learn how he may quickly dissipate his fortune.

In the year 1820 everything farmers had to sell, either in stock or crop, was very low and little demand for anything; low wages and little employment; great agitation about the Queen and gloomy foreboding of civil dissensions. 1821, in August, the Queen died and great disturbance took place at Cumberland Gate between the mob and military.^[233] At Cumberland Gate, on the 14th, when the corpse was conveyed from her Palace to be transported to Brunswick. The King went shortly after to Hanover but in his absence the meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, London and the Common Council were very seditious and alarming.

This had been the most unfortunate year I ever had, ever since I did business. I think I never lost nor exhausted so much money during my whole life, for building houses, plantations, drains, bankings, Thomas' house and furniture, and money lost by bad debts. I have already paid and lost £2785 and a great deal more to pay, of this Thomas had already got £1194 besides 3 years product of the stock of Yet Byre for no rent and he tells me about £500 more is still wanted, and seems to consider it as a perfect trifle; in short, altho my stocks of Crieve, etc. and Hartsgarth amounted to £4584.15/, very little of it can be applied to extinguish debts. William Bell in Halldikes owed me 2 years rent at Whitsunday or rather Martinmas, 1820; as he had a family and was a dealer he, I thought, perhaps might recover a little. As he was apprehensive that I would sequester him, he came to me in December 1820 and entreated me to spare him till after Whitsunday 1821 when he would make a large payment at Appleby Fair 1821. To this proposal I yielded foolishly; he wintered upon the farm 30 or 40 large bullocks and about 200 good hogs. About Whitsunday 1821 he went to William Barton and bought a drove of highland cattle and got some people to caution him at the bank;

he bought in the country about 900 hogs. He took these and all the cattle he had wintered, both black cattle and hogs, away likewise and sold them in the English markets, but paid me not one farthing. I wrote him but got no answer. When I came to sequestrate I found nothing but the cows, some stirks and a small crop, which could not answer my demands by £500. As another year's rent from Candlemas was then running and as I saw no better could be, I engaged to take £337 in full of all demands, he finding caution for it and obliging himself to flit and remove at Whitsunday. He easily found caution for with the addition of the 50 or 40 large beasts and the hogs he had taken from Halldykes. He paid his debt at the bank, relieved his cautioners, broke with no man but me and is just going on in as flourishing a state, drawing money from the banks, paying ready for droves, and dealing as fast as ever. But he has done the worst he could by me for besides my great loss he has thrown the farm in my hands, at a time when by the unexampled lowness of farm produce it will give little more than half rent.

I mentioned before that Walter Johnstone had adhibited his consent to the Process of Count and Reckoning before the Court of Session to Mary Brown against her nephew. Her agents had agreed to pay Walter £1000 and £300 for expenses; out of the first and readiest that could be recovered from the nephew, John Chalmers insisted for ready money. They said that was impossible as all her funds were in the nephew's hands, but her agent would sign along with her an obligation for that sum if he would allow Decrete to pass against Walter in the Commissary Court and added, 'You are aware that will effectually secure payment.' But the whole, from the beginning, had been a preconcerted piece of villainy among the Browns, for after they had amused us with vain pretences for more than a year, it turnd out that they had consulted 2 noted Counsels; they had got a decided opinion that if they could prevail upon Walter to accept any obligation and allow decrete to pass in the Commissary Court, they had nothing to do but challenge that obligation as a Pactum Illicitum^[234] and the court would reduce it directly. As I had expended upon Walter and the plea about £400 I would advance no more. John Chalmers and Mack, Commissary Solicitor, took it in hand and examined witnesses, made out their case as they wrote, but after a deal of wrangling with her friends they seemed to give it up and I doubt neither Walter nor I will ever get one shilling.

The year 1821 has been the most disastrous year I ever saw in my life. I signed an obligation to sign a lease of Tarras for 9 years in 1819 and as I

wishd to have Thomas rentalled along with me, to succeed at my demise, I spoke to the Chamberlain and he readily agreed to it in the [year] 1819 and Thomas had then no objections; but when the lease for 9 years at £370 was presented in 1821 Thomas would not sign it for the value of lands fell almost 2 thirds of what they were in 1810. For that year the top wedder lambs gave 4/6, mid 3/- and some sold all good and mid, but no palies, in slump at 4/-. Of my two farms of Muckledale and Tarras I did not make as much as one of them cost me; product had not been so slow for near forty years, when the rents were not one third of what they are now, but even that loss is trifling compared to what my extra expenses and losses have been. For Thomas seems anxious to keep me down, plans many plantations, buildings, banking roads, etc., revising of deeds again and again by writing deeds over again and expenses for furniture, loss of houses. In short, the day I write this, the 3rd January 1822, my extra expenses since about Whitsunday 1820, for the above mentioned things and losses, amounts to £3205 and Thomas insists upon £400 more for himself and £100 more for Jane and this large sum is exclusive of all rents, taxes, tradesmen, accounts, servants' wages, interest of money, shop accounts and all publick and parochial burdens whatever. These are all to be paid besides, and the above large sum and the £500 more will all be exhausted by losses and the articles above enumerated.

As it is some time since I noticed the situation of the principal families of this country, I have thought proper to mention it at this time. The family of Westerhall, after the death of Sir William Pulteney, who succeeded the last Sir James, and the death of Sir John Johnstone, Lady Johnstone was left a widow with her son Frederick and two daughters, but Sir John, by his madness, had greatly burdened the Estate. Lady Johnstone lately married a gentleman named Major Weyland, said to be a man of fortune; they reside at Westerhall but I believe the Johnstones are by no means opulent. Although Mr Malcolm in Burnfoot died insolvent his sons, by the patronage of the Westerhall family and other friends, are now the first rate and most useful men in our country; 3 of them are knighted. Sir John is in the East Indies, a General. Sir Pulteney is an Admiral [and] resides mostly at Irvine, below Langholm; and both Sir John and Sir Pulteney get many young men into situations in the East Indies and the Navy. Sir James is in the Army and Charles, the youngest, is Captain of a Man of War. Gilbert is a respectable clergyman in England and has some of our young scholars into situations. George Maxwell, who succeeded his father in the estate of Broomholm, is a singular man, he scarce ever leaves

home, sees no company, very saving, charitable in some, harsh in others. Captain Scott in Forge was reduced before he died, but General Elliot left his son, George Scott Elliot of Lauriston, [*word missing*] and money to the amount of £500,000. He is a speerious^[235] d[*amne?*]d [*word missing*]. I believe is diminishing his fortune. He married a daughter of [*word(s) missing*] good house [and] has become a man of fortune amongst us. There are three B[*rothers?*] of Canonbie of the name of Mun said to be men of fortune lately acquired.

As to the farmers, I think the greatest alterations are in Ewes Parish. Patersons, lately become great farmers in Eskdalemuir, have got Flask, Terronah, part of Wrae and Nether Stennishwater. Hardie, a son of Hardie the Gamekeeper, has got Sorbie, Kirkton and Brieryshaw. Walter Jardine, the only surviving son of old James Jardine, is in Arkelton; he is Laird of Thorlieshope [*i.e.* Thorlawshope] and very large farms both in England and Scotland; a very keen, attentive, designing man. John Bell in Dunnabie has Mosspeeble. The Scotts of Letham, Carretridge, and Alexander Pott, Burnfoot and Upper Stennishwater. Alexander Borthwick has Hopsrigg, Langshawburn and Aberlosque and does pretty well. John Moffat has still Garwald, a rich old batchelor. David Maxwell is still in Westwater, but still in embarrassed circumstances.

I forgot to mention that before the King went to Hanover he paid a visit to Ireland. When he was in Dublin the nobility, gentry and all ranks rent the air with the loudest exclamations of joy, love and the most fervent profession of loyalty and attachment to his person and government; but [it] seems to have been a mere hypocritical farce, for no sooner had he left them than disturbances of a serious and alarming nature broke out, with great and barbarous ferocity, and from things that I have transferred it is evident that the King has little faith in Irish professions of loyalty and attachment.

[FINIS]

NOTES

1. On the Johnstones of Westerhall see Rothchild, E. *The Inner Life of Empires. An Eighteenth-Century History*, Princeton, 2011. Waulkmill Cottages are still on the map just south east of Westerkirk Mains.
2. Muckledale is Meikledale on some modern maps. Beattie's spelling will be retained here. The *Scottish National Dictionary* [SND] provides a veritable treatise of great interest on the word 'muckle' (SND, eds. W Grant and D A Murison, 10 vols, Edinburgh, 1931–76, s v muckle). Langholm is known as the Muckle Toon.
3. The Elliots, along with the Armstrongs, were known as 'the thieves of Liddesdale'. See the interesting series by Jock Elliot, 'Reminiscences of Liddesdale in Pre-Railway Days' in the *Border Magazine*, 12 (1907), 112-4, 132-4, 152-4; and *No Road This Way After Dark. George Harkness's Reminiscences of Liddesdale*, ed. M J H Robson, Newcastleton, 1989.
4. Orchardton (Kirkcudbrightshire) is noted for its round tower. It was held for a time by a branch of the Maxwell family.
5. There are two Thirlestane Castles. This one, in Ettrick (Selkirkshire), became the seat of the Napiers of Merchiston. Davington is to the north of Eskdalemuir, close to the observatory.
6. Beattie is using 'friend' here in its Scots sense, *i.e.* a kinsman or blood relative.
7. Pettinain parish (Lanarkshire).
8. Modern Craighaugh neighbours Eskdalemuir School.
9. Crookshank, W. *The History of the State and Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution with an Introduction Containing the Most Remarkable Occurrences Relating to that Church, from the Reformation to the Restoration*, 2 vols, Edinburgh, 1812. John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, the supreme persecutor of Covenanters in 1685 at the height of the the 'Killing Time', was responsible for Andrew Hislop's execution, as related in Wodrow, R. *The History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the*

Restoration to the Revolution [1721-2], 4 vols, Edinburgh, 1830, IV, 249-50. See also Cowan, E J. The Covenanting tradition in Scottish history. In Cowan, E J and Finlay, R J, eds. *Scottish History. The Power of the Past*, Edinburgh, 2002, 121-46.

10. Rothschild, 2011, index, Johnstone, Barbara (Murray) (the mother) and Johnstone, James (father).
11. The fencibles were essentially an alternative to militias raised for defence against invasion of the homeland. Due to the Jacobite rebellions the British government was unwilling to allow Scotland a militia for fear of arming potential rebels, a debate which consumed much of the eighteenth century. See Robertson, J. *The Scottish Enlightenment and the Scottish Militia Issue*, Edinburgh, 1985.
12. Sir James Johnstone (1726-94) MP for Dumfries was the target of two poems by Robert Burns. He was an abolitionist who freed his own slaves in the West Indies claiming that he 'could raise sugar using the plough as successfully as with the use of slaves'. He also described the National Lottery as a tax on folly (*The History of Parliament. The House of Commons 1790-1820*, ed. R Thorne, London, 1986, online edition: <http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1790-1820/member/johnstone-sir-james-1726-94> [accessed 27 January 2015]).
13. Sir William Johnstone (1729-1805) MP hastily adopted the name of Pulteney after his wife unexpectedly inherited the vast fortune of the earl of Bath. He patronised Westerkirk's most famous son, the great engineer, Thomas Telford. Pulteney was a noted improver on both his English and Scottish estates but he also had interests in India, America, the West Indies and the Scottish Highlands. See Rowe, M J and Hyde, W H. 'Pulteney [formerly Johnstone], Sir William (1729-1805)'. In *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* [ODNB], Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/56208> [accessed 27 January 2015].
14. Fabel, R F A. *Bombast & Broadides. The Lives of George Johnstone*, Tuscaloosa, 1987.
15. The naval battle of Porto Praya (Cape Verde Islands) took place on 16 April 1781 between a squadron of British ships led by Commodore George Johnstone and a squadron of French ships led by Admiral Pierre André de Suffren.
16. John Johnstone (1734-95) MP made a huge fortune as an employee of the East India Company. He was based at Dacca when his brother Patrick died in the episode known as 'The Black Hole of Calcutta' in 1756. It has been argued

- that the British exaggerated the number of the dead for propaganda purposes. John saw military service in India but, having earned the enmity of Robert Clive he was accused of corruption and he returned home to purchase estates in Stirlingshire, Dumfriesshire and Selkirkshire. See Prior, D L. 'Johnstone, John (1734-1795)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/63515?docPos=3> [accessed 27 January 2015].
17. Gideon also served in the East India Company. See Prior, D L. 'Johnstone, John (1734-1795)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/63515?docPos=3> [accessed 27 January 2015].
 18. Broomholm House is situated beside a Roman fort, on the left bank of the Esk, south of Langholm. See Hyslop, J and R. *Langholm As It Was. A History of Langholm and Eskdale from the Earliest Times*, Sunderland, 1912, 78-81.
 19. Woll House, probably named for the Woo Burn, is in the Selkirkshire portion of the parish of Ashkirk.
 20. Robert Malcolm (1687-1761) became in 1717 minister of Ewes in which parish he is said to have founded four almshouses for poor families. His son, George, who helped him farm Burnfoot of Ewes, later taking it over, married Margaret Pasley or Paisley of Craig which, conveniently for courtship, is directly across the Esk from Burnfoot. Her brothers were General Sir Charles Pasley and Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley who fought alongside Governor George Johnstone of the Westerhall family at the battle of La Praya. George Malcolm and his wife Margaret produced seventeen children including the famous 'Four Knights of Eskdale': Colonel Sir James Malcolm; Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm; Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm; and General Sir John Malcolm, plenipotentiary to Persia and governor of Bombay, whose conspicuous monument, erected 1835, stands tall on Whita Hill, Langholm. On all of these remarkable achievers see *ODNB*. See also Malcolm, J. *Malcolm - Soldier, Diplomat, Ideologue of British India. The Life of Sir John Malcolm (1769-1833)*, Edinburgh, 2014.
 21. James Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd, is credited with entitling this weather event 'Thirteen Drifty Days'. He thought it happened in 1620 but the preferred date is 1674 rather than Beattie's 1672. See Sutherland, A. 'The Thirteen Drifty Days', *Glasgow Herald*, 20 March 1937. Beattie graphically describes a similar event, 'The Gonial Blast', which took place in 1794. See below.
 22. Many young men in the south of Scotland became packmen or chapmen in England. See Cowan, E J and Paterson, M. *Folk in Print. Scotland's Chapbook Heritage 1750-1850*, Edinburgh, 2007, 11-64.
 23. On David Armstrong see Note 119.

24. The Cross, focal point of the community, was moved c.1840. For discussion and illustration see, Hyslop and Hyslop, 1912, 418-20.
25. The oft-mentioned Sorbie is on the A7 north of Langholm where the minor road heads off to the south west, following Staplegordon Burn for a time before it reaches Burnfoot.
26. James, duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II and Lucy Walters, married 12-year-old Anne Countess of Buccleuch in 1663. He was executed in 1685 for leading the rebellion against his uncle, James VII of Scotland and II of England. The Buccleuchs owned most of Ewes. Beattie's spelling 'Buccleugh' has been retained throughout. On the Buccleuchs see Hyslop, 1912, 238-55.
27. Sir George Mackenzie, Viscount Tarbat, a devoted royalist, was created earl of Cromarty in 1703 (*Scots Peerage*, ed. J Balfour Paul, 9 vols, Edinburgh, 1904-14, III, 74-5).
28. Corrie, J. *The Droving Days in the South-Western District of Scotland*, Dumfries, 1915.
29. The high, bleak moorland of Tarras Moss separates Eskdale and Liddesdale.
30. 'Which quired with my drum into a pipe', *Coriolanus*, Act 3 Scene 2.
31. Guinea Men were merchants trading with Guinea, West Africa, many of them involved in the slave trade.
32. *i.e.* a toll-gate on a road.
33. Larriston in Liddesdale is some 7 miles north of Newcastleton. Elliot origins remain obscure. On the Elliots of Minto see Evans, J. *The Victorian Elliots in Peace and War. Lord and Lady Minto, their Family and Household Between 1816 and 1901*, Stroud, 2012.
34. Lieutenant-General George Augustus Elliot had a distinguished military career. He was knighted for holding out from 1779 to 1783 during the 'Great Siege of Gibraltar', surrounded by French and Spanish troops during the American Revolutionary War. See Chartrand, R. *Gibraltar, 1779-1783: The Great Siege*, Botley, 2012.
35. Christianbury Crag, at one time the reputed hangout of outlaws, is a spectacular tor just two miles south of the Border.
36. This was perhaps originally written as 'fottie', a Border term for an itinerant female wool-gatherer. See *SND*, s v fottie.
37. For 'Kick-ma-leerie', aka Christopher Irvine, see *Eskdale and Liddesdale Advertiser*, 2 January 1889; 16 January 1889.

38. *i.e.* of the parliaments of Scotland and England in 1707.
39. Alexander Meikle or Mickle minister of Langholm 1717-57 and father of William Julius Mickle poet and translator of the *Lusiad*. See Scott, H. *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticae: the succession of ministers in the Church of Scotland from the Reformation* [*Fasti*], rev. edn, 7 vols, Edinburgh, 1915-28, II, 237.
40. There are several references in the text to these daybooks written by John Beattie. They record various business transactions and the value of the stock.
41. For a useful brief discussion of sheep management see Littlejohn, J. *Westrigg. The Sociology of a Cheviot Parish*, London, 1963, Appendix 1 'Organisation of the Sheep Farm'.
42. William Julius Mickle (1735-88) is best known for his poem 'Cumnor Hall' and his translation of *Lusiad* by Louis de Canoes from the Portuguese. He has been credited, not very convincingly, with the song 'There's Nae Luck About the Hoose' (Royle, T. *The Macmillan Companion to Scottish Literature*, London, 1984, 212-13).
43. Blind Hary the Minstrel's *Wallace* was composed in the 1470s but Beattie senior probably, like Burns, read William Hamilton of Gilbertfield's version of 1722, wherein, to quote from his title, 'the Old obsolete Words are rendered more Intelligible; and adapted to the understanding of such who have not the leisure to study the Meaning, and Import of such Phrases without the help of a Glossary'. See Cowan, E J, ed. *The Wallace Book*, Edinburgh, 2007, 14.
44. Tobias Smollett (1721-71), the author of such brilliant novels as *The Adventures of Roderick Random* and *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, regarded his *Complete History of England*, which occupied some eight years of his life, as his greatest work.
45. Thomas Boston (1676-1732) minister of Ettrick was a very popular writer of theological works promoting evangelical Calvinism. He once wrote that 'ministers by carelessness become the murderers of the souls of their people'. He became famous for his part in the 'Marrow Controversy' and the central concern between faith and repentance. His *Human Nature in its Fourfold State* went through over 100 editions in the eighteenth century, the biggest bestseller of its era. His son, also Thomas (1676-1732), minister of Jedburgh, became a founder of the Relief Church, which argued for the principle of the people versus patronage. These apparently now redundant theological discussions of the Bostons were actually profound enquiries into human nature and the relationship of Humankind with God. See Ryken, P G. 'Boston, Thomas (1676-1732)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com>

- oxforddnb.com/view/article/2943?docPos=1; Roxburgh, K B E. 'Boston, Thomas (1713-1767)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/2944?docPos=2> [accessed 27 January 2015].
46. Archibald Pitcairne (1652-1713) was a pioneer physician and medical enquirer mostly based in Edinburgh who followed the theories of Harvey, Gregory and Newton. See Guerrini, A. 'Pitcairne, Archibald (1652-1713)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/22320> [accessed 27 January 2015].
 47. Spanish word for a bloodletter, Sangrado was a character, a learned doctor and a second Hippocrates, in *The Adventures of Gil Blas* by Alain Rene Le Sage, which, incidentally, inspired Smollett's *Roderick Random*.
 48. *i.e.* Faculty of Medicine.
 49. A seton was a thread drawn through a fold in the skin in order to maintain an opening, or issue, for a discharge; 'pea', possibly 'peak', seems to also refer to an issue.
 50. Moffat was highly renowned for its spa. See Mackaile, M. *Fons Moffatensis: seu Descriptio, Topographic-Spagyrica, Fontium Mineralium Moffatensium in Annandia Scotiae*, Edinburgh, 1677. See also Turnbull, R. *History of Moffat: With frequent notices of Moffatdale and Annandale*, Edinburgh, 1871, 78; and Henderson, L. Charmers, spells and holy wells: The repackaging of belief, *Review of Scottish Culture*, 19 (2007), 10-26.
 51. The gap in the typescript has been filled at some time by a word handwritten in capitals which can be read either as 'vironir' or 'virdnir'. Either way, the meaning is unclear.
 52. *i.e.* the Scots Brigade, a corps that served in the army of the Dutch Republic.
 53. *An essay upon tune. Being an attempt to free the scale of music, and the tune of instruments, from imperfection*, Edinburgh, 1781, is no longer attributed to Maxwell of Broomholm, contrary to oft-cited local tradition, but rather to Francis Kelly Maxwell (1729-82) according to the National Library of Scotland catalogue. F K Maxwell was chaplain to the Magdalen Asylum, London.
 54. George Vanden Bempde, third marquis of Annandale (1720-92), succeeded in 1730. The death of his brother, John, in 1742 is said to have led to his mental breakdown. In 1747 he was declared incapable of managing his affairs and he died unmarried. See Fraser, W. *The Annandale Family Book of the Johnstones Earls and Marquises of Annandale*, 2 vols, Edinburgh, 1894, I, 326.

55. Castleton, Roxburghshire, in Liddesdale just north of the village of Newcastleton. Castleton was abandoned in 1793 when the third duke of Buccleuch founded Newcastleton, also known as Copshaw Holm. See Whyte, J.V. Newcastleton, Liddesdale, *The Border Magazine*, March 1907, 54-7.
56. Robert Hunter (1728-79) was professor of Greek at Edinburgh for 32 years. James Boswell was in Hunter's Greek class in 1755, possibly at the same time as Beattie. Others were Boswell's great friend John Johnston future lawyer and Boswell's correspondent William Temple. Mathew Stewart (1717-85) was a distinguished mathematician who worked with two of the greatest of his day, Professors Robert Simson of Glasgow and Colin Maclaurin of Edinburgh whom Stewart succeeded. Stewart was the father of Dugald, influential literary figure and common sense philosopher, also a professor at Edinburgh.
57. Archibald Cockburn (1736-1820), sheriff of Midlothian, was the father of law lord and litterateur Henry Cockburn (1779-1854).
58. In his letters to William Johnson Temple, James Boswell alluded a number of times to the strong Scottish accent of Professor Hunter, a fellow Ayrshireman. See, for example, *The Correspondence of James Boswell and William Johnson Temple, 1756-1795*, ed. T Crawford, 2 vols, Edinburgh, 1997, I, 161.
59. A buyer of wool at the market who then grades and assesses it before selling to the manufacturer (*Oxford English Dictionary [OED]*, s v stapler).
60. Holyrood Abbey had offered the right of sanctuary to debtors since the sixteenth century. At the time of Beattie's visit, debtors lived in a group of tenement buildings adjacent to the palace. Known locally as 'abbey lairds', they were only allowed to leave the sanctuary (which extended beyond the current grounds of Holyroodhouse to include Holyrood Park) on Sundays. See Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland, *Canmore* website: <http://canmore.rcahms.gov.uk/en/site/157278/details/edinburgh+holyrood+park+holyrood+palace+st+anne+s+yards/> [accessed 27 January 2015].
61. On this family see Barton, E. The Borthwicks of Hoperig, *Border Magazine*, 44 (1939), 138-9.
62. William Brown (1764-1835). His second wife, Fanny, was an aunt of Thomas Carlyle. Brown produced a manuscript entitled 'The Memorabilia of the Parish of Eskdalemuir 1793-1809'. See *Fasti*, II, 233.
63. Antiburghers was the name given to members of the Secession Church who in 1747 separated from the other party in that Church on the question of taking the Burgess Oath (which required the citizens of Edinburgh, Glasgow and

- Perth to endorse the religion professed by the realm). See *Dictionary of Scottish Church History and Theology*, ed. N M Cameron, Edinburgh, 1993, s v General Associate Synod.
64. The war with France, known in Britain as the Seven Years' War (1756-63), had just broken out. In America it is known as the French and Indian War.
 65. Edward Young (1683-1765) was an English poet who appears to have greatly appealed to young Beattie. His *The Complaint or Night-Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality* has been described as 'arguably the [18th] century's greatest long poem' (May, J E. 'Young, Edward (1683-1765)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/30260?docPos=3> [accessed 27 January 2015]).
 66. Stagshaw or Staigshaw Bank Fair was held near Corbridge, Northumberland, on Whit Saturday and 4 July.
 67. The allusion here is to Avalon – Fairyland. In the ballad of *Thomas the Rhymer* folk thought their stay in Fairyland was of only three days duration but it turned out to have been seven years (Henderson, L and Cowan, E J. *Scottish Fairy Belief. A History*, Edinburgh, 2001, 144).
 68. Edward Young's poem, *The Complaint: Or Night Thoughts: On Life, Death and Immortality*. See Note 65.
 69. James Hope-Johnstone (1741-1816), 3rd earl of Hopetoun, succeeded his father in 1781. The latter had been appointed *curator bonis* (trustee in lunacy) for his uncle the 5th earl of Annandale and Hartfell in 1747 and when he died the third earl inherited his title though he never successfully claimed it. However, James Hope added the Annandale surname, Johnstone, to his own name when he inherited the estates of that family. The third earl was one of 18 children resulting from his father's three marriages. See Eddy, M D. 'Johnstone, James Hope- (1741-1816)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/13723?docPos=12> [accessed 27 January 2015].
 70. Crieve, which was to become so important to Beattie, was almost at the toe of the long stocking that is the valley of the Water of Milk, Tundergarth parish. It now seems to have disappeared though traces of it may be found in the extensive modern forestry plantation.
 71. Dalton parish.
 72. David Hume of Godscroft. *The History of the House of Douglas*, ed. D Reid, 2 vols, Edinburgh, 1996. Hume (1558-1629) published his *History* in 1644.
 73. For discussion of the *Ballad of Kinmont Willie* see McAlpine, K. Proud

- Armstrongs and Border rogues: History on *Kinmont Willie*, *Jock o the Side* and *Archie o Cawfield*. In Cowan, E J, ed. *The Ballad in Scottish History*, Edinburgh, 2000, 73-94.
74. On the Armstrongs see Armstrong, R B. *The History of Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchopedale and the Debateable Land*, Edinburgh, 1883; Armstrong, WA. *The Armstrong Borderland. A Re-assessment of Certain Aspects of Border History*, Galashiels, 1960; Reid, R C. The kinsmen of Kinmont Willie, *Transactions of the Dumfries and Galloway Natural History and Archaeology Society [TDGNHAS]*, 3rd series, (1905-06) 18, 62-70. The highly improbable tale of Will Armstrong and Traquair is repeated in many books about the Borders.
 75. This should perhaps be read 'Preston'. If so, she was Lady Anne, daughter of the earl of Carlisle and wife of Sir Richard Graham, Viscount Preston, a Jacobite tried for treason in 1691 and subsequently pardoned.
 76. *i.e.* the giving of financial pledges.
 77. Henry Scott (1746-1812), third duke of Buccleuch and fifth duke of Queensberry. He was succeeded by his son Charles William Henry (1772-1819), fourth of Buccleuch and sixth of Queensberry, to whom Sir Walter Scott dedicated *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* while James Hogg, the 'Ettrick Shepherd', also enjoyed his patronage. See *Scots Peerage*, II, 242-3.
 78. 'And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness', Isaiah 35.8.
 79. Warb Law is to the south of Langholm. Its lower slopes were still wooded when the district was surveyed in the 1820s for John Thomson's *Atlas of Scotland*.
 80. These year numbers are somewhat muddled. Often they do not correspond with the content discussed. Some years, moreover, are not separately marked (e.g. 1793 and 1795).
 81. 'Were men to live coeval with the sun,/The patriarch-pupil would be learning still' (Young, E. *The Complaint: Or Night Thoughts: On Life, Death and Immortality. Night the Sixth*, London, 3rd edn, 1742, lines 519-20). John Maxwell of Broomholm played a significant role in Beattie's story. He corresponded with Thomas Pennant the naturalist, antiquarian and tourist, and he took a keen interest in local customs and antiquities back to Roman times (Hyslop and Hyslop, 1912, 829-30).
 82. Allan Ramsay (1684-1758), born in Leadhills (Lanarkshire), was a prolific poet and an energetic collector and editor of early Scottish poetry. His much-loved *The Gentle Shepherd* is his only known play.

83. The reference here is to Butler, S. *Hudibras. The First and Second Parts Written in the time of the Late Wars*, London, 1674. Butler was a royalist who rejoiced in satirizing the Presbyterians:

that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
...
[who] Call fire and sword and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended (Part 1, lines 1-15).

84. John Home (1722-1808) was minister of Athelstaneford (East Lothian), a position which conflicted with his interest in theatre. He was the best known Scottish playwright of his day. He would doubtless be passing through Langholm on one of his visits to London. At Moffat in 1759, Home and Alexander Carlyle met with James Macpherson to view his translations of what purported to be Gaelic poems by the ancient bard, Ossian. They showed the poems to Hugh Blair in Edinburgh and thus these three Lowlanders helped create the greatest Gaelic icon of the eighteenth century. See Sher, R B. *Church and University in the Scottish Enlightenment. The Moderate Literati of Edinburgh*, Edinburgh, 1985, 242-61.
85. Shakespeare's phrase is actually 'common-hackney'd in the eyes of men' (*King Henry the Fourth Part 1*, Act 2, Scene 2), but by the eighteenth century it was often misquoted as 'hackney'd in the ways of men'. See, for example, Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language*, 1755, s v hackney.

86. ...him there they found
- Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of EVE;
Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his Spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness (*Paradise Lost*, Book 4, 798-812).

Milton's epic poem was highly popular in Scotland. Burns, for example, makes many explicit and implicit references to it.

87. *i.e.* a decree arbitral, in Scots Law an award by one or more arbiters.
88. Gilsland is a village on Hadrian's Wall partly in Cumbria and partly in Northumberland. The wells mentioned by Beattie survive in the Gilsland Spa Hotel.
89. Both places are close to the head of Water of Milk and the farm of Crieve.
90. *Hamlet*, Act 5, Scene 2.
91. Wool-lee or Woollee is an estate in Rulewater, Teviotdale. See Tancred, G. *Rulewater and its People. An Account of the Valley of the Rule and its Inhabitants*, Edinburgh, 1907, 13.
92. This was indeed the year of Henry third duke's first visit to Scotland. It was also the year of his marriage and the year in which he was made a Knight of the Thistle. See Murdoch, A. 'Scott, Henry (1746-1812)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/24875?docPos=4> [accessed 27 January 2015].
93. George Malcolm of Burnfoot.
94. The 'Five Kirks of Eskdale' were Canonbie, Langholm, Westerkirk, Ewes and Eskdalemuir.
95. Ogilvie, chief factor to the duke of Buccleuch, was to have many complex dealings with Thomas Beattie. See below.
96. luggage: *i.e.* on a coach.
97. Tythe or tithes, teind in Scotland, was a tenth part of produce paid to the medieval church for maintenance of religion. Such payments were often deeply resented as assessors might claim 'the best teind' of a field crop for church use. The situation was complicated by the custom of appropriation whereby the teinds of particular parish churches might be appropriated elsewhere, for example, to help found an abbey or university. At the Reformation all teinds were appropriated by the Crown and then granted to landowners who were meant to pay them to the Church of Scotland to subsidise ministers' stipends.

As agriculture improved and rents rose the calculation of the value of teinds was source of much disagreement and consternation as Beattie was to discover. See below.

98. Leonard Hartley, a major landowner in North Yorkshire, lived in East Hall, Middleton Tyas.
99. 'Nolt tath' was a coarse, rank type of grass that flourished in fields well dunged by grazing cattle. It was considered harmful to sheep.
100. The Atkinsons of Temple Sowerby in Cumbria were wealthy farmers who also derived their riches from sugar plantations and hence slavery.
101. Chollerford Bridge crosses the River North Tyne close to Hadrian's Wall.
102. Mosspaul was a coaching inn on the border of Dumfriesshire and Roxburghshire.
103. The London fishmarket had become a byword for coarse and abusive language.
104. *i.e.* gravel had become inserted between the horse's hoof and shoe causing lameness (*OED* s v gravelling).
105. John Campbell (1680-1743), 2nd duke of Argyll, 1st duke of Greenwich, field marshal, sometime commander in chief of the British Army, known in Gaelic as 'Red John of the Battles'. Buried with full honours in Westminster Abbey. See Dickson, P. *Red John of the Battles. John Second Duke of Argyll and First Duke of Greenwich 1680-1743*, London, 1973.
106. To vapour could mean, among other things, to talk without substance, to boast or brag or to act in a fantastic or ostentatious manner (*OED* s v vapour).
107. James Veitch (1712-93), Lord Elliock of Boigend and Elliock, Dumfriesshire, was an advocate, MP and law lord who was patronised by Charles, 3rd duke of Queensberry. See Scott, R. 'Veitch, James (1712-1793)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/28172?docPos=6> [accessed 27 January 2015].
108. The word 'enfine' has not been identified, but the use of 'trake' suggests that the cattle were diseased.
109. Beattie is using 'every' here in its Scots sense, meaning 'both'. See *SND* s v every.
110. James Lorimer D.D. previously minister of Mouswald, Dumfriesshire, died 1775. See *Fasti*, II, 197.
111. William Cullen (1710-90), a well-known professor of medicine in Enlightenment Edinburgh and associate of such figures as Joseph Black the chemist and Henry Home, Lord Kames. See Bynum, W F. 'Cullen, William

- (1710-1790)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/6874?docPos=1> [accessed 27 January 2015].
112. This word has not been identified. It might have been 'dinmont' in the original manuscript, although there is no record in the *SND* of this word being used as a verb.
 113. The year in which the Seven Years' War ended.
 114. *i.e.* a shop supplying food and drink to soldiers.
 115. John Dickie, minister of Langholm 1748-90. To judge from his brief entry in the *Fasti* he was an unremarkable figure.
 116. Eliz and Bett are both short for Elizabeth.
 117. For Beattie's assessment of this man, Richard Scott, see below.
 118. Dr John Rogerson (1741-1823) was physician to Catherine II of Russia from 1766 to 1816 when, having survived several court intrigues and the death of Catherine, he retired to his estate of Dumcrieff, Moffat. See Unkovskaya, M. 'Rogerson, John (1741-1823)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/40508?docPos=1> [accessed 27 January 2015].
 119. Kirtleton (sometimes Kirkletown) is some four miles north west of Waterbeck. On Armstrong see Finlay, J. Corruption, regionalism and legal practice in eighteenth-century Scotland: The rise and fall of David Armstrong, *TDGNHAS*, 3rd series, 86 (forthcoming).
 120. Skelfhill is 2 miles south of Hawick.
 121. Satur Mill, Ecclefechan.
 122. William Kirkpatrick of Ellisland was the younger brother of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. Through his marriage to a daughter of Lord Justice Clerk Erskine he was the grandfather of the antiquary Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam. Ellisland was later farmed by Robert Burns. See Kirkpatrick, C. *Records of the Closeburn Kirkpatricks*, Glasgow, 2004, 143.
 123. The Douglas, Heron and Company Bank, also known as the Ayr Bank, was founded in 1769 with capital worth some £200 million in today's money. Pathetic management and the extension of too much credit led to its collapse in 1772 with devastating effects upon the fortunes of many investors in the south-western counties of Scotland. Large investors like Buccleuch and Queensberry took a massive hit but many smaller shareholders and landowners were also seriously damaged.

124. Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch (1746-96), friend of Burns.
125. Grierson of Lag (1655-1733) was the notorious persecutor of covenanting mythology, who secretly supported the Jacobite Rising of 1715. He was powerfully connected through his marriage to Lady Henrietta Douglas, daughter of the 2nd earl of Queensberry and sister of the 1st duke. He was the last of Lag. Thereafter the family resided at Rockhall where Bushby was employed though precisely when is unclear. See Henderson, T F; rev. McDonald, S W. 'Grierson, Sir Robert (1655-1733)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/11577?docPos=10> [accessed 27 January 2015].
126. John Stewart (1736-1806), 7th earl of Galloway.
127. James Murray of Broughton (1727-99), noted improver, developer of Gatehouse of Fleet and the builder of Cally Palace.
128. Catherine (d. 1836) married Sir James Graham of Netherby in 1782.
129. See Note 123.
130. James Erskine, Lord Alva (1722-96), Court of Session judge and patron of Scottish artist David Allan.
131. Butler, S. *An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel*, lines 115-8: 'That all affronts do still give place to your impenetrable face that makes your way through all affairs, as pigs through hedges creep with theirs'.
132. The bridge over the Esk at Langholm was built in 1775. Young Thomas Telford worked on it. See Hyslop and Hyslop, 1912, 431-3.
133. Some of the Fraser lands were restored in 1774 to the son of the notorious Simon Fraser Lord Lovat (1667-1747) a man of considerable charm but no principles who was beheaded for his part in the '45. See Fraser, S. *The Last Highlander. Scotland's Most Notorious Clan Chief, Rebel & Double Agent*, London, 2012. The Camerons' Lochaber estates were restored to Donald Cameron, grandson of the Gentle Lochiel, in 1784. See Cowan, E J. The looting of Lochaber. In Fleming, R, ed. *The Lochaber Emigrants to Glenqarry*, Toronto, 1994, 17-25.
134. A Bill of Suspension is an application to the High Court of Judiciary seeking a review.
135. In Scots law, a warrant for the arrest of a debtor on account of non-payment of a debt (*SND s v caption*).
136. In Scots, a nipperkin was a small measure of liquor (*SND s v nipperkin*).

137. The American Revolutionary War, also known as the American War of Independence (1775-83).
138. This form of marriage was regarded as legal in Scotland so much so that, as Robert Armstrong was to discover, such a union was difficult to rescind. These unions tend to be associated with Gretna Green but they were performed elsewhere as well. See University of Glasgow, *Scottish Way of Birth and Death* website: <http://www.gla.ac.uk/schools/socialpolitical/research/economicsocialhistory/historymedicine/scottishwayofbirthanddeath/marriage/> [accessed 27 January 2015].
139. See Bonnyman, B D. *The Third Duke of Buccleuch and Adam Smith: Estate Management and Improvement in Enlightenment Scotland*, Edinburgh, 2014.
140. The commissioners of supply were originally appointed to collect cess or land tax. Through time they became responsible for matters embodied in 'police', such as the maintenance of roads and bridges and later, street lighting. Most of their responsibilities were taken over by county councils when they were constituted in 1890.
141. This is probably the marquis of Annandale. Crossdykes farm is in Tundergarth parish, close to the site of Crieve.
142. *i.e.* 'I will clamber about the secluded places of the hills'.
143. The Slitrig Water joins the Teviot in Hawick. The 'Tower' in 1785 referred to the Tower Hotel, one of the oldest buildings in Hawick and a surviving part of the castle of the Drumlanrig Douglases who became the dukes of Buccleuch. See Groome, F H. *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland: A Survey of Scottish Topography, Statistical, Biographical, and Historical*, 6 vols, Edinburgh, 1882-85, III, 250.
144. Buist is a sheep-mark usually, as here, the owner's initials. 'If in my yard again I find them, /I'll pind them; /Or catch them in a net or girn /Till I find out the boost on them.' (Jamieson, J. *Supplement to the Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, 2 vols, Edinburgh, 1825, I, s v buist).
145. Bleize or bleeze [blaze] money was presented by the pupils to the dominie or schoolteacher at Candlemas (1 February) originally to be used for the purchase of candles to light the class-room. It eventually became part of the teacher's stipend and the day was often given over to high jinks and frolics, the pupils electing a 'King' and 'Queen' of Candlemas from their own number to rule for the following six weeks during which they enjoyed certain powers such as the remittance of punishment (McNeill, F M. *The Silver Bough, volume 2: A Calendar of Scottish National Festivals, Candlemas to Harvest Home*, Glasgow, 1959, 32-4).

146. *i.e.* country fairs.
147. *i.e.* jalap, a purgative drug.
148. The Leithen Water rises in the north-west of the parish of Innerleithen, now on the A7, the main road between the Central Borders and Edinburgh.
149. Ratafia is a type of fruity liqueur, but when the name is applied to biscuits it usually means that they are flavoured with almond essence.
150. 'Fate! Drop the curtain: I can lose no more./ Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! Twins/ From ancient Night, who nurse the tender Thought/ To reason...' (Young, E. *The Complaint: Or Night Thoughts: On Life, Death and Immortality. Night the First*, 3rd edn, London, 1742, lines 27-30).
151. Graith is usually gear but here the sense might be urine or dung.
152. This word has not been identified. It might have originally been 'moles' or is perhaps shorthand for 'monumental lies'. Alternatively, it might be a shortened version or misreading for 'mollets', which in the local dialect meant, among other things, 'eccentric fancies'. See Watson, G. *The Roxburghshire Word-Book*, Cambridge, 1923, s v mollets.
153. William Oliver of Dinlabyre (1738-1830) sheriff of Roxburgh, and Selkirk according to some accounts (Jeffrey, A. *The History and Antiquities of Roxburghshire and Adjacent Districts from the Most Remote to the Present Time*, 4 vols, London, 1855-9, II, 74). Dinlabyre, occupied in the seventeenth century and probably earlier by the Elliots, is a hamlet just north east of Castleton in Liddesdale and about 2 miles due east of Hartsgarth, which neighbours Longhaugh to the north. On Weens, Sharp and Oliver see Tancred, 1907, 110, 347.
154. Richard Scott (1729-90), minister of Ewes, is noted as the author of 'Letters on the Culture of Potatoes' *Weekly Magazine* and apparently for nothing else! See *Fasti*, II, 234. However, this section of Beattie's reminiscences shows that he was a man of some mettle and offers some interesting insights into the complex wrangles that could develop between farmers and clergy.
155. Thomas Carmichael (c.1750-1811), 5th earl of Hyndford.
156. On Haggiehaugh see Maclaren, M. *Meat & Music. Stories from the Valley of the Liddel*, Jedburgh, 1988, 104-6, 114-5. John Byers in *Liddesdale: Historical and Descriptive*, Galashiels, 1952, states that Bonnie Prince Charlie stayed at Haggiehaugh in 1745, rather than Larriston. Maclaren argues that 'there is no evidence as to where [Haggiehaugh] was. Not a stone. Nothing' and further that 'in the voluminous family histories written by the Elliots, Haggiehaugh

is not once mentioned'. That may be so but neither had read Thomas Beattie who, as this passage shows, clearly knew where the place was!

157. John Ker (1740-1804), 3rd duke of Roxburgh, lord lieutenant of Roxburghshire (1794-1804). See Hillyard, B. 'Ker, John (1740-1804)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/15452?docPos=5> [accessed 27 January 2015].
158. Gilbert Elliot-Murray-Kynynmound (1752-1814), first earl of Minto, first and last British viceroy of Corsica (1794-5), and governor-general of Bengal (1807-13) in which office he associated with Sir John Malcolm of Langholm (Note 20). See Duffy, M. 'Kynynmound, Gilbert Elliot Murray (1751-1814)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/8661?docPos=4> [accessed 27 January 2015]. See also Countess of Minto. *Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first earl of Minto, from 1751 to 1806*, 3 vols, London, 1874.
159. Sir George Douglas (1754-1821), second baronet of Friarshaw, was a captain in the 21st foot. He was MP for Roxburghshire 1784-1821.
160. John Lawrie or Laurie (1744-1817) married Anna Grieve. It was probably through the Buccleuch connection that five of their six sons obtained military commissions. See *Fasti*, II, 232 and 235.
161. Chapels of ease were built for people living at some distance from the parish church.
162. William Little ordained 1779, died 1820. See *Fasti*, II, 240.
163. Laurie became minister of Eskdalemuir in 1785.
164. See Note 99.
165. Dormont neighbours the village of Dalton five miles south-west of Lockerbie.
166. Broadmeadows is in Yarrow (Selkirkshire).
167. Neither of these places are shown on the current Ordnance Survey map. Byrecleuch was abandoned before 1862. For a site record, see Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland, *Canmore* website: <http://canmore.rcahms.gov.uk/en/site/67927/details/lodgegill/> [accessed 27 January 2015].
168. *Arabian Nights Entertainments* first appeared in English in 1706, better known later as *One Thousand and One Nights* or *Tales of the Arabian Nights*. Robert Heron of New Galloway published his *Arabian Tales, or continuations of Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, translated from the French, 4 vols, Edinburgh, 1792.

169. Bewcastle, famous for its Anglo-Saxon cross, is in Cumbria, England.
170. At this time the title was held by Henry Percy (1742-1817), 2nd duke of Northumberland, who succeeded in 1786.
171. A variant of lapper, which in this context means melting snow or ice (*SND* s v lapper).
172. This disastrous episode was known as the ‘Gonial Blast’, named for ‘gonial’ or ‘braxey’ which described mutton fit for human consumption although not killed with the knife. Such meat was smoked and dried. James Hogg is quoted as saying that between Crawfordmuir and the Border seventeen shepherds perished and upwards of thirty were taken home insensible. The total sheep losses were incalculable, Eskdale and its tributary glens being particularly hard hit. See ‘The Gonial Blast’, *The Border Magazine*, April 1896, 49.
173. A reference to the ‘Thirteen Drifty Days’ of the 1670s which had become the benchmark against which all other storms were measured. Beattie is suggesting, with pardonable exaggeration, that things are so bad after the storm that some landlords will accept feudal rents, in the form of gloves and socks, not seen since medieval times.
174. Thomson, J.A. *The Smuggling Coast. The Customs Port of Dumfries, Forty Miles of the Solway Firth*, Dumfries, 1989; Wilkins, F. *A Nest of Smugglers. Dumfries and Galloway 1688 to 1850*, Kidderminster, 2012.
175. The first turnpike road in Dumfriesshire, authorised in 1764, was that from Longtown via Langholm and Ewes to Hawick and its surveyor, John Greenlaw, has been described as the county’s first road surveyor. See Robertson, J. *The Public Roads and Bridges of Dumfriesshire 1659-1820*, Wigtown, 1993, 45, 54, 58-9; and for detail on the organisation and management of turnpikes, 59-69.
176. See Note 133.
177. Gabriel Scott, died 1799. He was minister of Kirkpatrick Juxta so called because it was the church of several dedicated to St Patrick which was distinguished as next to (juxta) Moffat. *Fasti* wrongly states that the ‘Juxta’ refers to Glasgow. His successor was Dr William Singer a noted authority on agriculture, author of *A General View of the Agriculture of Dumfriesshire* (1812) and a regular contributor to *Farmers’ Magazine*.
178. McCulloch, J.H. *Romantic Gretna Hall*, Dumfries, 1975.
179. Ruthwell parish is today much more famous for its magnificent Anglo-Saxon Cross and for the ministry of Reverend Henry Duncan, inventor of Savings Banks (the village has a fascinating Savings Bank museum), than it is for any pub.

180. 'William Elliot (writer) died suddenly in the month of January 1768 . . . He had sold the estate of Crieve to Mr Thomas Beattie, for a client, that afternoon.' (Tancred, G. *The Annals of a Border Club (the Jedforest) and Biographical Notices of the Families Connected Therewith*, 2nd edn, Jedburgh, 1903, 209).
181. James Mounsey (1709-73) was born at Skipmyre, Lochmaben, thus sharing a birthplace with William Paterson (1658-1719) founder of the Bank of England and the inspiration behind the Darien Scheme in the late seventeenth century. After qualifying in medicine Mounsey became an army doctor in Russia and eventually physician to the Empress Elizabeth and her successor Tsar Peter III. When the latter was assassinated, his widow, Empress Catherine, expelled Mounsey, who returned home to purchase Killielung Farm near Dumfries and to build himself an allegedly assassin-proof mansion house at Rammerscales, Lochmaben. He is credited with introducing rhubarb to Scotland. See Appleby, J H. 'Mounsey, James (1709-1773)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/56637> [accessed 27 January 2015].
182. On scheme of locality see Note 210.
183. An estate 3 miles west of Dumfries.
184. See Note 119.
185. In Scots, a backset is anything that causes a relapse, for example in health.
186. Bushby Maitland (1767-1822) was sheriff of Wigtown 1794-1818, resigning when he became Whig MP for Camelford. He favoured burgh reform. See *History of Parliament: the House of Commons 1790-1820*, ed. R Thorne, 1986; online edition: [http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1790-1820/member/bushby-maitland-john-\(hay\)-1765-1822](http://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/1790-1820/member/bushby-maitland-john-(hay)-1765-1822) [accessed 27 January 2015].
187. The *factor loco tutoris* in Scots law was a person appointed to an under-aged heir who lacked any other tutors such as parents or relatives.
188. *i.e.* a show-off, a dandy, a swell, 'a companion of thieves' (*OED* s v flash-man).
189. This is most likely Dr Alexander Monro *secundus* (1733-1817) of the medical dynasty which greatly enhanced the study of medicine at Edinburgh University.
190. Robert Herries of Haldykes (1709-91), merchant of Rotterdam. He is mentioned in his nephew's *ODNB* entry: Booker, J. 'Herries, Robert (c.1731-1815)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/48258> [accessed 27 January 2015].

191. Sir James Kirkpatrick (c.1740-1804), 4th baronet of Closeburn, opened the limeworks at Closeburn and Keir. He sold the Closeburn estate retaining Capenoch, Penpont. See Way, G and Squire, R. *Collins Scottish Clan & Family Encyclopedia*, Glasgow, 1994, 411-12.
192. On Keir see Bonnyman, 2014.
193. The earl of Dalkeith was Charles William Henry Scott who succeeded as Buccleuch in 1812. See *Scots Peerage*, II, 244-45.
194. William Wyndham Grenville, 1st baron Grenville, was Whig prime minister 1806-7, leading 'The Ministry of All the Talents'. His major achievement was the abolition of the slave trade in 1807. See Jupp, P J. 'Grenville, William Wyndham (1759-1834)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/11501?docPos=18> [accessed 27 January 2015].
195. Charles Grey (1764-1845), of Falloden and Howick in Northumberland, was foreign secretary in 1807. See Smith, E A. 'Grey, Charles (1764-1845)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/11526?docPos=3> [accessed 27 January 2015].
196. Lord Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice (1780-1863), son of the marquis of Lansdowne, was chancellor of the exchequer 1806-7. He served as rector of Glasgow University 1829-31. See Wright, C J. 'Fitzmaurice, Henry Petty- (1780-1863)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/22071?docPos=1> [accessed 27 January 2015].
197. William Windham (1750-1810) was a career politician who often disagreed with Grenville. He was appointed secretary of state for war and colonies 1806-7. See Wilkinson, D. 'Windham, William (1750-1810)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/29725?docPos=2> [accessed 27 January 2015].
198. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), 'perhaps the first genius of the age', favourite of the prince of Wales (later George IV) and admirer of Charles James Fox. Sheridan favoured abolition. The author of the play *School For Scandal*, he was a brilliant original. Byron wrote that 'he beat them all, in all he ever attempted. But alas, poor human nature!' See Jeffares, A N. 'Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (1751-1816)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/25367?docPos=1> [accessed 27 January 2015].
199. Patrick Miller of Dalswinton the patron of Robert Burns to whom he leased Ellisland farm.
200. George Douglas of Cavers, Roxburghshire, died 1815. The Cavers family were heritable sheriffs of Teviotdale, an office that ended in 1774.

201. The battle of Otterburn was fought in August 1388.
202. See Note 72.
203. Sir Alexander Don fifth baronet of Newton Don, Kelso, died 1815.
204. The commissary courts were a legacy of the medieval church and were finally abolished in 1876. They had various powers among which was the confirmation of testaments. See The National Archives of Scotland website: <http://www.nas.gov.uk/guides/commissaryCourt.asp> [accessed 27 January 2015].
205. John Syme (1755-1831) was the intimate of Burns whom he accompanied on his tour of Galloway in 1794. He helped organise the bard's funeral, raised money for his widow and family and urged James Currie to publish the collected poems. Of him Burns wrote, 'Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit, / Is proof to all other temptation' (Lindsay, M. *The Burns Encyclopedia*, London, 1959, 250).
206. *i.e.* Coutts & Co.
207. A broadside in NLS tells how James Moffat (or Mackcoull) was sentenced to death for the murder in 1820, 14 years after it was committed. Before he could be executed he died in his cell. There is still uncertainty about his guilt. The sum involved was 'nearly £5000'. See The National Library of Scotland, *The Word on the Street* website: <http://digital.nls.uk/broadsides/broadside.cfm/id/15290/transcript/1> [accessed 27 January 2015].
208. Jacob Wright, presented to Hutton by James earl of Hopetoun 1799, died 1845. See *Fasti*, II, 207.
209. This is a fraught subject. *SND* defines locality as 'the authoritative apportioning of liability for payment of local stipend or augmentation of stipend among the heritors or other possessors of the teinds of lands within the parish'. The stipend usually concerned payment of the local minister or schoolmaster. The issue involved the present-day value of teinds and endless disputes between landowners and especially ministers concerning same. See also *SND* on teinds and the section on 'Tythe or Teind' in Singer, W [minister of Kirkpatrick-Juxta]. *General View of the Agriculture, State of property, and Improvements, in the County of Dumfries Drawn up under the Direction of the Board of Agriculture and at the request of the Landowners of the County*, Edinburgh, 1812, 110-13.
210. A scheme of locality is concerned with the definition of a particular place. It may also take note of local characteristics, feelings and prejudices (*SND*, s v locality).
211. A reference to the War of 1812 between the United States of America and the United Kingdom.

212. Richard Paxton was presented to Tundergarth by David Viscount Stormont in 1791, and died in 1832. See *Fasti*, II, 223.
213. Yetbyre, Castle O'er, is in the parish of Eskdalemuir on the west side of the White Esk just above its confluence with the Black Esk.
214. The British launched two attacks against the French-held Isle of France (Mauritius) in 1810.
215. A light two-horse carriage.
216. *i.e. meditatione fugae* (thinking of running away). As here, this term was usually applied to debtors who were thought to be contemplating flight from the country.
217. Literally road fright or alarm. This usage is not listed in the Scottish dictionaries.
218. Sheets were large square canvas bags for holding wool. They weighed 240 lbs or 108 kg when packed.
219. This refers to an episode in *Don Quixote*. At a banquet, Sancho Panza is presented with an array of sumptuous food but does not get to enjoy any of it for as soon as a dish is set before him, his doctor orders it to be removed for the good of his health.
220. Consols were government securities.
221. An interesting comment on the impact that sheep raising in the Highlands had upon the traditional sheep country of the Borders.
222. The 1812 War with America lasted for two years.
223. Yards, Eskdalemuir, is on the east side of the White Esk opposite Yetbyre.
224. I have been unable to trace this publication.
225. A reference to John Home's play.
226. In Moffat.
227. All of this was due to the postwar recession following the end of the Napoleonic Wars.
228. See Wood, J D. Complicity of climate in the 1816 depression in Dumfriesshire, *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, 81 (1965), 5-17; Cowan, E J. Agricultural Improvement and the formation of early agricultural societies in Dumfries and Galloway, *TDGNHAS*, 3rd series, 53 (1978), 157-67.
229. James Donaldson (1780-1854) presented to Canonbie by Charles William, duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, 1814. On 14 February 1815, Donaldson

married Ann Hathorn, daughter of James Wilson, supervisor of excise. See *Fasti*, II, 229-30.

230. *i.e.* they knew of the circumstances of the men who were labouring.
231. Henry Hunt (1773-1835) was a radical English politician known as 'Orator Hunt' who did indeed address crowds of thousands on the need for economic, social and political reform. See Belchem, J. 'Hunt, Henry (1773-1835)'. In *ODNB*, Oxford, 2004; online edition: <http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/14193> [accessed 27 January 2015].
232. Agitation actually peaked in the so-called Radical War of 1820 when workers with republican sympathies contemplated violent protest in the Glasgow region. Disgracefully, three were executed for their part in the affair. See Berresford Ellis, P and MacaGhobhainn, S. *The Scottish Insurrection of 1820*, Edinburgh, 2001.
233. Throughout 1820 the public had been greatly agitated about the tragically bitter divorce of Queen Caroline which led to a backlash against her husband George IV and, according to some opinion then and now, threatened the very existence of the British monarchy. Cumberland Gate stood on the north-east corner of Hyde Park. As the funeral cortege of Queen Caroline passed by some of the spectators rioted and two were shot by the Horse Guards. The site is now occupied by Marble Arch. See Robbins, J. *Rebel Queen. The Trial of Queen Caroline*, London, 2006.
234. *pactum illicitum*, unlawful contract.
235. This is perhaps from the Scots 'speir', the primary meaning of which is 'to ask', but is perhaps being used here to mean prying or inquisitive.

Further Reading

James Beattie's 1959 edition of the memoir of Thomas Beattie is available for consultation at the Dumfries and Galloway Archives, Dumfries (De39[92 Bea]). As well as the memoir itself, it contains an introduction and notes by James Beattie, and a selection of other useful material including copies of the inscriptions on the Beattie family tombs in Westerkirk kirkyard and an extract from the valuation of Muckledale made in 1765.

In 2014, Paula Simcocks published an edition of the memoir: *Thomas Beattie's Memoirs 1736-1827* (available on Kindle). The introduction and appendices provide interesting details about the copy made in 1880 by Alexander Hay Borthwick, Beattie's descendants and his Borthwick relatives.

The entries for Ewes and surrounding parishes in the *Statistical Account for Scotland* give a contemporary view of local society in the 1790s, as do local newspapers from across the period covered by the memoir, most notably the *Dumfries Weekly Journal*.

Johnston, B. *General View of the Agriculture of the County of Dumfries*, London, 1794, and Singer, W. *General View of the Agriculture, State of Property, and Improvements, in the County of Dumfries*, Edinburgh, 1812, provide useful surveys of the state of agriculture in Dumfriesshire during Beattie's lifetime, and the progress of and attitudes to improvement. On the culture of shepherding see Hogg, J. *The Shepherd's Calendar*, Edinburgh, 1829.

There is also a wealth of secondary works available that provide the historical, social and economic context for Beattie's memoirs. They include:

Local History of Dumfriesshire

Armstrong, R B. *The History of Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchopedale and the Debateable Land*, Edinburgh, 1883.

Armstrong, W A. *The Armstrong Borderland: A Re-assessment of Certain Aspects*

of *Border History*, Galashiels, 1960.

Beattie, D J. *Lang Syne in Eskdale*, Carlisle, 1950.

Betts, C. *Eskdalemuir. The Book*, Eskdalemuir, 1998.

The Border Magazine, 1896-.

Byers, J. *Liddesdale: Historical and Descriptive*, Galashiels, 1952.

Hyslop, J & R. *Langholm As it Was: A History of Langholm and Eskdale from the Earliest Times*, Sunderland, 1912.

Hyslop, J. *Echoes from the Border Hills, being the Reminiscences of the late John Hyslop J.P. Langholm*, Sunderland, 1912 [some duplication with *Langholm As it Was*].

Morrison, B I and McCartney, R B. *The Ewes Valley: An Historical Miscellany*, Langholm, 2000.

Robson, M J H. *Ride with the Moonlight: The Mosstroopers of the Border*, Newcastleton, 1987.

Robson, M J H, ed. *No Road This Way After Dark. George Harkness's Reminiscences of Liddesdale*, Newcastleton, 1989.

Rothschild, E. *The Inner Life of Empires. An Eighteenth-Century History*, Princeton, 2011 [concerns the Johnstones of Westerhall].

Vevers, B. *Roamin Reivers. A Collection of History, Legend and Folklore from the Scottish Borders in and around Eskdale and Liddesdale*, n.p., c.1982.

Young, W S. *A Spot Supremely Blest. The History, Lore and Legends of Langholm*, Langholm, 2004.

Local History of the Borders

Carre, W C. *Border Memories; or, Sketches of Prominent Men and Women of the Border*, Edinburgh, 1876.

Oliver, J R. *Upper Teviotdale and the Scotts of Buccleuch. A Local and Family History*, Hawick, 1887.

Robson, W S. *The Story of Hawick: An Introduction to the History of the Town*, Hawick, 1937.

Tancred, G. *The Annals of a Border Club (The Jedforest) and biographical notices of the families connected therewith*, 2nd edn, Edinburgh, 1903.

Wilson, R. *A Sketch of the History of Hawick including Some Account of the Manners and Character of the Inhabitants*, Hawick, 1825.

Agriculture and Economy

Dent, J and McDonald, R. *Farm and Factory: Revolution in the Borders*, Melrose, 2001.

Gray, J N. *At Home in the Hills: Sense of Place in the Scottish Borders*, Oxford, 2000.

Littlejohn, J. *Westrigg. The Sociology of a Cheviot Parish*, London, 1963.

Robson, M J H. *A Break with the Past. Changed Days on two Border Sheep Farms (Langburnshiels and Riccarton)*, Selkirk, 1990.

Winchester, A J L. *The Harvest of the Hills. Rural Life in Northern England and the Scottish Borders, 1400-1700*, Edinburgh, 2000.

Fierce pride in locality and love of nature and environment are most often expressed in poetry:

Anderson, D. *Musings by the Burns and Braes of Liddesdale*, Carlisle, 1868.

Byers, J. *Hamely Border Musings*, Paisley, 1913.

M.I.F. *Lines from Liddesdale*, Carlisle, 1943.

Leyden, J. *Scenes of Infancy Descriptive of Teviotdale*, Kelso, 1875.

Hawick Archaeological Society. *Centenary Celebration of the Birth of Henry Scott Liddell Poet of Teviotdale*, Hawick, 1898.

Maclaren, M. *Meat & Music. Stories from the Valley of the Liddel*, Jedburgh, 1988.

Park, W. *The Vale of Esk and Other Poems*, Edinburgh, 1833.

Riddell, H R. *Poems, Songs and Miscellaneous Pieces*, Edinburgh, 1847.

Robson, M J H. *The Ballads of Liddesdale*, Newcastleton, 1986.

Welsh, M. *Maggie Elliot. A Romance of the Ewes and Other Poems*, Langholm, n.d.

The glossary was compiled mainly using the *Scottish National Dictionary*, eds. W Grant and D A Murison, 10 vols, Edinburgh, 1931-76, which can be explored online at: <http://www.dsl.ac.uk/>.

