

FOREWORD

CONCERNING WHAT I PROPOSE TO MYSELF AND WHAT NOT

It is my desire, not so much to write a new book about Galloway, as to focus and concentrate what I have already written for the use of Galloway-lovers and Galloway-travellers. I am not making a guide-book, but rather a garrulous literary companion to the guide-books which already exist, and to those which may be written in the future. Secondly, I write not of All Galloway, but only of the part best known to me—that which has, in some degree, come to be called “The Raiders’ Country”—about which traditions new and old have materialised themselves with something of the concreteness and exactitude of history. In short, I have no purpose before me, save that of saying what I wish to say in my own way, acknowledging no law save my own fancy, and desiring only to give a true, if incomplete, picture of the Ancient Free Province of Galloway, specially of that more mountainous and easterly portion of it known as the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

For a hitherto unfrequented province Galloway is well equipped with books dealing with its history and topography. And these, too, are not stately and costly tomes like the great English County histories, but compact and easily obtainable volumes which may accompany the traveller on his journeyings, or remind him in his easy-chair after his return of the wild land of bog-myrtle and peat where he has been sojourning.

Of the former sort—those which every traveller ought to carry about with him—there are, first of all, Mr. Malcolm Harper’s admirable “Rambles in Galloway,” a book full of