

Hogg, it is true, by pure genius, gained his place among the choicest circles of Edinburgh Society, and was feasted by the nobility, literati and public men of the Northern metropolis, but his place was not that of the literary lion. He loved the scenes of his native Valley of Ettrick. His poem "The Skylark" stands well beside the "Skylark" poems of Wordsworth and Shelley. Listen:

"Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes  
Low in the heather blooms  
Sweet may thy welcome and bed of love be,  
Emblem of happiness;  
Blest in thy dwelling place,  
O' to abide in the desert with thee."

Up the Ettrick stream stands the Kirk and Hamlet of Ettrick. A cottage near the Church is the birthplace of James Hogg. This was the Church of Thomas Boston—the head of the "Marrow Men" and he has been called "the most representative man of the whole body of Scottish divines."

#### UP THE YARROW.

As we run from Carterhaugh up the north side of the Yarrow in our auto-car we are on the sacred soil of poetry. It is said that there is no place in Scotland so rich in tender associations and natural beauty as the Vale of Yarrow. Its fame is increased by its being the land of the nameless singers of the Yarrow ballads. Crossing as we did the bridge and following for a short distance the north side of the river we were startled at seeing at the little farm of Fowlshiels on the right, a board announcing as having been born here, the name of one whom we had forgotten as a son of Yarrow, viz:—Mungo Park. Though not a poet, Park was a man of kindred spirit. His works contain an African song of pity concerning himself:

"The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn." But his great imaginative effort carried him back to Africa, saying as he did to Sir Walter Scott "Omens follow those who look to them": He disregarded the omen and perished in the attempt to ascend the Niger.

Passing Fowlshiels, in a few minutes we come in view of the very famous Newark Castle. It stands on the opposite side of the Yarrow, and draws attention by its great square tower, now unroofed, and surrounded by its turreted outer wall. Near by the Castle and on the side of the river from which we see it is the field of defeat of the great Marquis of Montrose by General Leslie in 1645 which sealed the fate of the cause of Charles I in Scotland. The conflict was known as the Battle of Philiphaugh: A covenanting ballad commemorates the event:

On Philiphaugh a fray began,  
At Hairhead wood it ended.  
The Scots out ower the Graemes they ran  
Sae merrily they berded.

Now let us a' for Leslie pray  
And his brave company,  
For they hae vanquished great Montrose  
Our cruel enemy."

Philiphaugh is now held by a descendant of the "Outlaw Murray" who was the subject of another Scottish ballad.

The well-known story of Newark Castle as the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" we may pass by only remembering its hospitality.

"But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor."