

a whang of soda-scone in his pocket, left few of its farms unvisited and few of its fastnesses unexplored in his unaltered boyhood of twenty-five years ago.

If anything be found by the visitor of the twentieth century to have changed, let him take for granted that it was as stated in the sixties and seventies of the previous era. But of this I am not greatly afraid. Galloway will long keep its own flavour, wild and keen as that of heather honey. It is a far cry to Loch Enoch and the Spear of the Merrick. The depths of the Murder Hole will not give up their secret yet a while—whether that secret be the bones of wayfaring men or only of stray black-faced sheep. Nevertheless the western wind will bring even to those who travel in railway haste, wafts of peat-reek and muir-burn from the Clints of Drummore and the Dungeon of Buchan.

Of Mr. Pennell's drawings I need say little. In their several places and relations they will speak for themselves. I have long desired that Galloway should be interpreted by Mr. Pennell's pencil and brush. And I resolved that till my friend could undertake the work, I should not publish this book. Now, however, events have conspired to produce this desirable consummation, and the result is before men's eyes in this volume. It may be interesting to say that I did nothing to guide Mr. Pennell in his choice of subject. I supplied him with a route-plan merely. But it was in all cases his own artist's eye which chose the subject and his own incommunicable touch which interpreted it. As Mr. Pennell had never been in Galloway before, and came to it after a world-wide experience of the beautiful in all lands, I believe that the result will be found singularly fresh and unconventional.

S. R. CROCKETT.

AUCHENCAIRN, GALLOWAY,
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