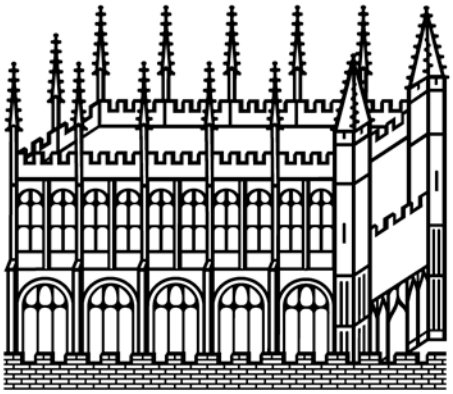


ONE SHILLING.

WARD & LOCK'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO, AND POPULAR HISTORY OF AYR, ARRAN, DUMFRIES AND THE LAND OF BURNS.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & Co.

VALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Are one of those rare Medicines, which, for their extraordinary properties, have gained an almost

UNIVERSAL REPUTATION.

During a period of more than Forty Years they have been used most extensively as a **Family Medicine,** thousands have found them a simple and safe remedy, and one needful to be kept always at hand.

These Pills are purely Vegetable, being entirely free from Mercury or any other Mineral, and those who may not hitherto have proved their efficacy will do well to give them a trial.

Recommended for Disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES—these Pills being **A Direct Purifier of the Blood.**

Numbers are constantly bearing testimony to their great value, as may be seen from the Testimonials published from time to time. By the timely use of such a remedy, many of the seriously afflicting disorders which result from proper means being neglected, might be avoided, and much suffering saved, for

"PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."

In Boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., by **G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London,** and sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps. Sold by all Chemists at home and abroad.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878

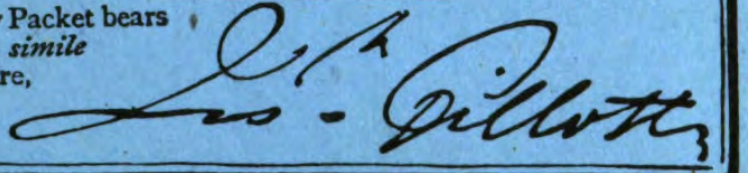
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

CELEBRATED

STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

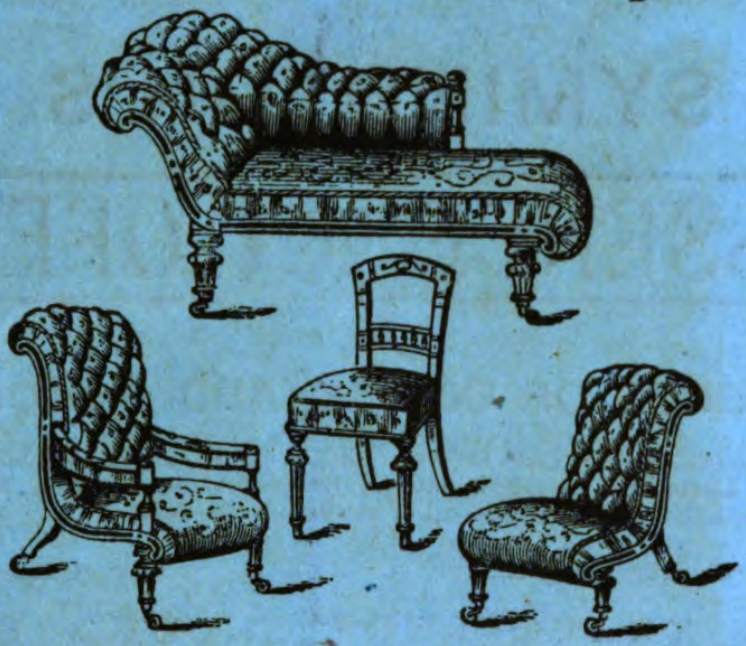
Every Packet bears the *fac simile* Signature,



THE BRISTOL STEAM CABINET WORKS.

LAVERTON & CO.'S
Celebrated Universal Challenge Suites,

IN SOLID MAHOGANY,



OAK, OR WALNUT WOOD.

Unsurpassed at 10 Guineas each.

Samples of Coverings for selection sent Free by Post.

Address: STEAM CABINET WORKS, Mary-le-Port St. & Bridge St., Bristol.

Oakey's Wellington Knife Polish.

Prepared expressly for Oakey's Patent India-Rubber Knife Boards, Buff Leather Boards, and all Patent Knife-Cleaning Machines. Sold in Packets, 3d. each; and Tins, with perforated tops, to prevent waste, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each.

Oakey's Polishing Paste,

For Cleaning Brass, Copper, Tin, Pewter, etc., etc. Pots 6d. and 1s. each.

Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmith's Soap,

For Cleaning and Polishing Silver, Electro-Plate, Plate Glass, Marble, etc. Tablets, 6d. each.

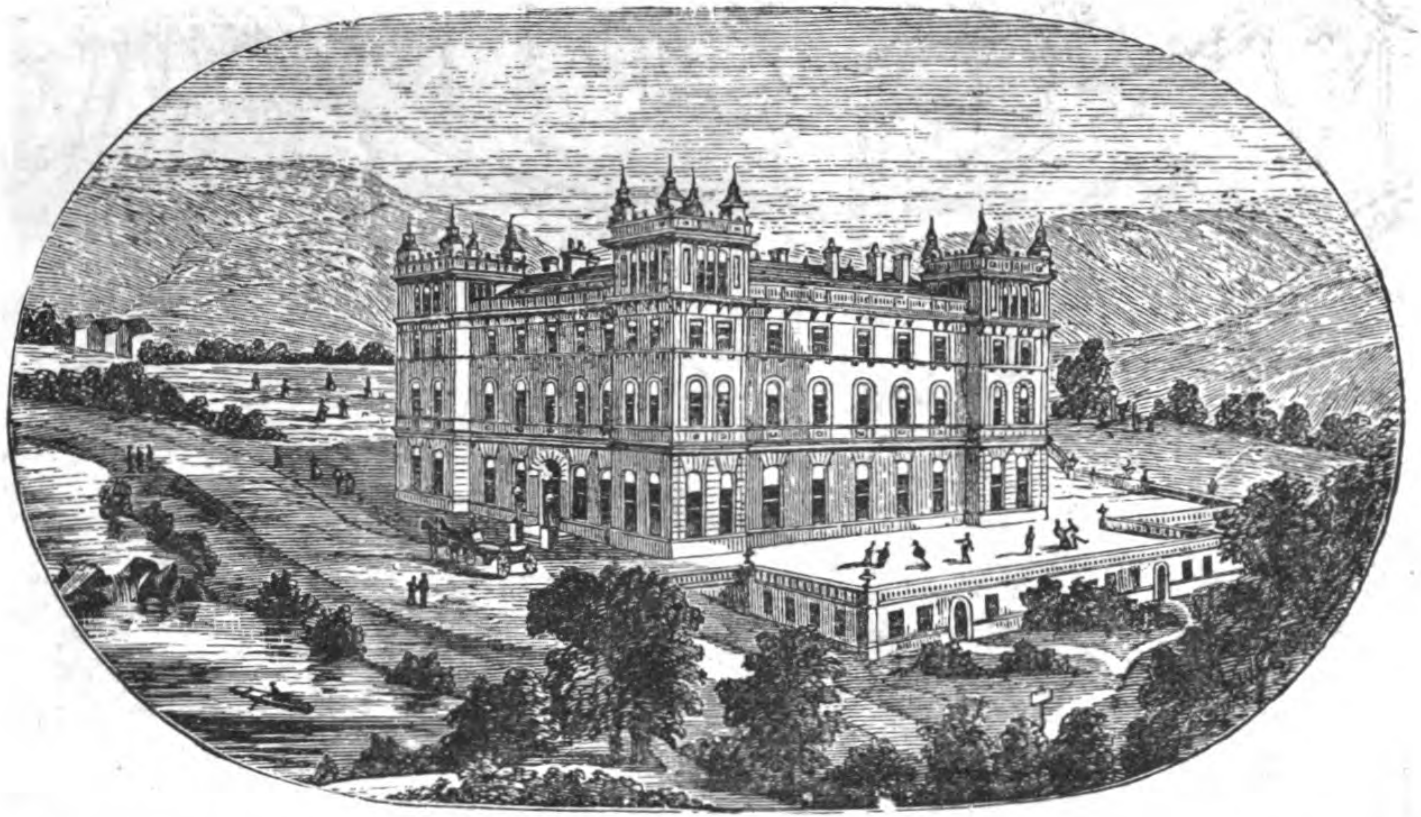
Oakey's Wellington Black Lead,

The best and cheapest article for Polishing Stoves, Grates, and all descriptions of Iron Work, without Waste, Dirt, or Dust. In 1d., 2d., and 4d. Blocks, and 1s. Boxes.

JOHN OAKEY & SONS,

Manufacturers of Cabinet Glass Paper, Emery and Glass Cloth; Emery, Black Lead, Pumice, Putty Powder, etc., etc.

WELLINGTON EMERY AND BLACK LEAD MILLS,
Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.

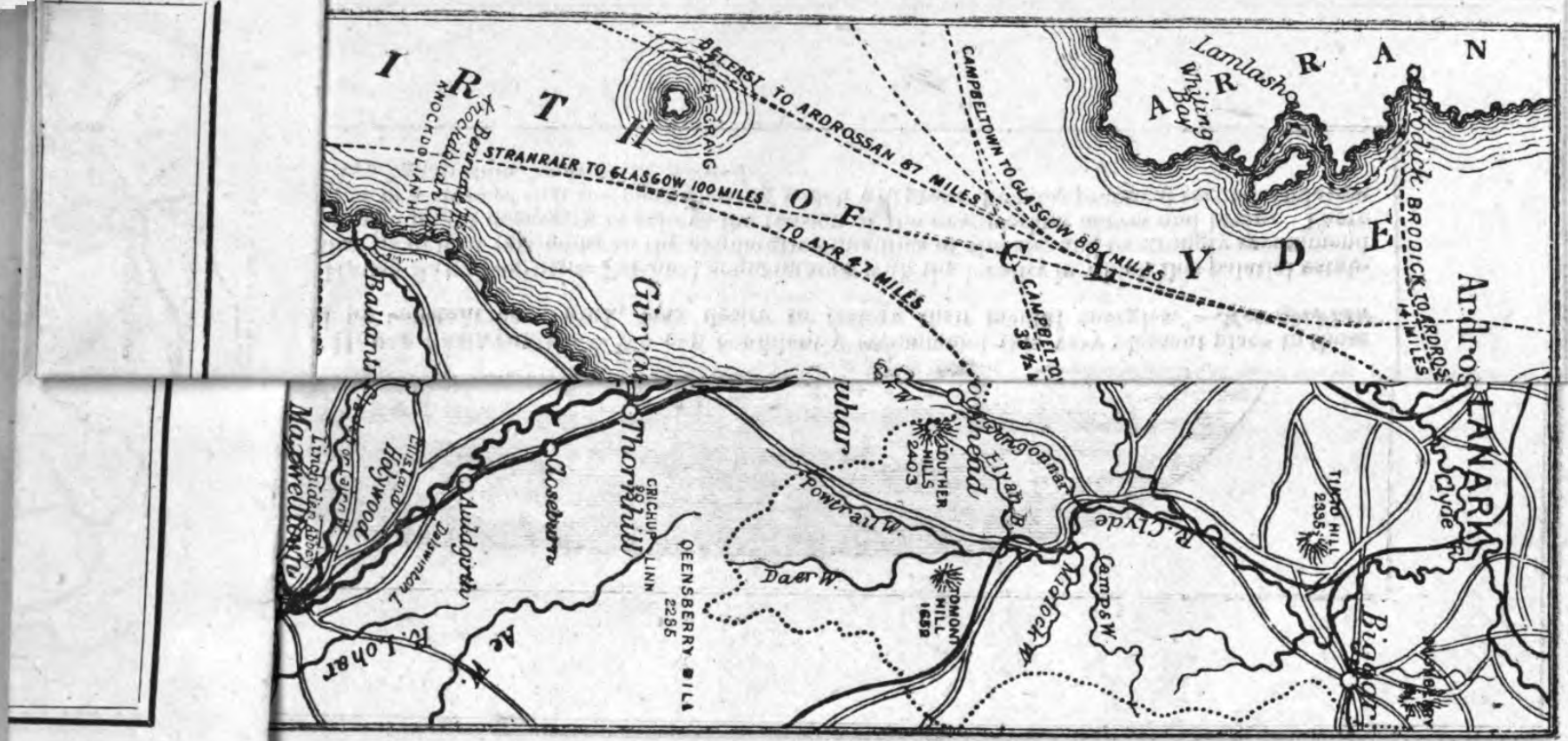


'KLEY WELLS HOUSE, HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT

For Patients and Visitors,

ILKLEY, via LEEDS.

Resident Physician and Proprietor, Dr. LEESON.



WARD & LOCK'S

(*LATE 'SHAW'S*)

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

TO, AND

POPULAR HISTORY

OF

THE LAND OF BURNS,

INCLUDING

AYR, ARRAN, AND DUMFRIES.

With Map and Illustrations.

London:

WARD, LOCK, AND CO.,

WARWICK HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

PART II.

MAPS AND COLOURED PLATES.

BURNS' MONUMENT AND ALLOWAY KIRK.

AYR, ARRAN, DUMFRIES,

AND THE

LAND OF BURNS.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

"Yet read the names which know not death,
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have worn a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair!"

AYRSHIRE, pleasant and picturesque as it is, with its winding streams, "green birks," meadows and valleys, rural villages, and comfortable farmhouses, cannot, on the account of scenery alone, vie with some other parts of the Scottish Lowlands; but all local attractions are overshadowed by a personality, that of Robert Burns —"Beloved Burns," as some of his countrymen delight to call him. Here he lived and laboured, loved and sang. In the town of Ayr he found "the honest men and bonnie lasses," whom he has immortalized in song; in the fields he saw the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," and the field-mouse, the "timorous beastie," which in the fulness of his poetical humanity he loved, as he loved all created things.

We can scarcely travel over a mile of ground in Ayrshire without being reminded of the marvellous genius and the unhappy life of the wonderful Scotch poet, of his exquisitely humorous appreciation of character, his passionate self-reproaches, his ardent love, his unmeasured scorn of hypocrisy, his intense sympathy with human emotions, and his picturesque power of imparting a new life to the national and supernatural legends which he learned in his childhood from old Betty Davidson, the merry, kind-hearted relative of his mother, who loved to gather the children round her and tell them about Wight Wallace and the witches who haunted the ruins of old Alloway Kirk.

More than a hundred and twenty years ago, an industrious thoughtful man of the peasant class, William Burness—the poet, for some reason, altered the name to Burns—rented a few acres of land near the Brig o' Doon, not far from Ayr, where he built with his own hands a cottage of clay, made cosey by many little simple adornments, and thither he brought his young wife, Agnes, a farmer's daughter. Seven children were born of this union, bright lads and bonnie lasses all; and the eldest, Robert, was destined to achieve fame, not only among his countrymen, but in all lands where the English tongue is spoken—and that phrase means now, in every quarter of the habitable globe.

On the 25th June, 1759, Robert was born. When six years old, he was sent to a little school at Alloway Mill, near the kirk, and afterwards had better tuition from John Murdoch, a young schoolmaster who settled in the neighbourhood. The boy was about seven years old when his father quitted the little clay cottage (now a place of pilgrimage) for another cottage at Mount Oliphant, about two miles away. Here young Robert began his training on farm work, but his education was not neglected. In the parish school of Dalrymple, and for a brief space in the town of Ayr, he acquired the rudiments of a fair education. John Murdoch remained his friend, if not actually his schoolmaster, and young Robert picked up enough French to enable him to read a few books which came in his way.

Hard toil in the fields weakened the growing lad, and he was compelled to seek a change. He felt it to be an opportunity to acquire further knowledge. At Lochlea, in Tarbolton, he learned the rudiments of geometry; at Kirkoswald, he acquired some knowledge of land surveying. Returning from work, he read every book that came in his way, treasured in his memory old ballads—very humorous, but very coarse, some

of them were—printed in cheap chap-books; and when fifteen years old wrote his first song, inspired by his first love, Nelly Kirkpatrick, daughter of a blacksmith who had lent him the "Life of Wallace."

In the seaport-town of Irvine, Burns tried to learn the trade of flax-dressing. At Mauchline (where is now a railway station) he met Jean Armour, afterwards his wife, the "jewel o' them a'," among the Mauchline belles, "a dancin', sweet, young, handsome queen, of guileless heart." Near Mauchline is Mossgiel, the farm where for two years he lived with his brother Gilbert, and where, at a little table in the garret bedroom, he committed to paper some of his finest poems. Not far away is the scene of his parting with Mary Campbell, "Highland Mary;" and at Ellisland, where he lived after his marriage with his old love, Jean, one night he lay stretched out on the grass, gazing intently at "yon lingering star with lessening ray," and returning into the house, wrote the most pathetic of all his poems, "To Mary in Heaven."

The satirical, humorous, riotous side of his character is presented to us in association with the alehouse in Ayr, Brig o' Doon and many other places. We do not care to dwell upon his occasional coarseness, his unhappy failings. Better, as we trace his footsteps in Ayrshire, to think how brave and earnest, how bright and beautiful were some of the characteristics of the man, whose genius is one of the precious possessions of the British race, and over whose failings we would reverently draw a veil.

The Land of Burns,

in the widest acceptation of the term, may be said to include the whole of Scotland; but it has a more confined meaning, and that is the sense in which we use it in the present volume. We wish to narrow it to a description of the scenes in the counties of Ayr and Dumfries, in which the poet lived and sang—from Ayr, his birthplace, to Dumfries, where he died and was buried. But Ayrshire has other attractions for the student of history, and old-world memories to delight the lover of freedom. Within its borders the War of Independence originated, and there Bruce and Wallace won some of their most decisive victories.

"Patriotism and poetry," says Wylie; "all that is chivalrous and elevated in war; all that is melodious and immortal in song; man in his most manly condition; woman in her most lovely aspect; animal life of any kind in its most hardy and vigorous shape; these are the associations experienced by every true Scot in his contemplation of this country, in comparison with the remainder of Scotland. And while his enthusiasm is fed by the memory of Burns, and the achievements of Bruce and Wallace, his utilitarian partialities are equally gratified in remem-

bering the mineral resources and agricultural importance of many of its districts. Indeed, Nature has been more bounteous in this respect than in the adornment of the surface of the country; although, taken as a whole, it cannot be said to be wanting in scenes of picturesque and romantic beauty.

"To those who descend from lofty associations to the contemplation of mere facts, it may be interesting to know that Ayrshire is one of the largest counties of Scotland south of the Forth; that it extends upwards of sixty miles in a crescent shape along the coast of the Western Sea; that it in some parts exceeds thirty miles in breadth; and that it was formerly divided by the rivers Doon and Irvine into three districts—Carrick, Kyle, and Cunninghame, of which the respective characteristics are immortalized in the following antiquated couplet:—

"'Kyle for a man; Carrick for a coo (cow);
Cunninghame for butter and cheese; and Galloway for woo.'"

To this general description we may add that Carrick is the most southern division of the county; Kyle comprises its central portion, including the county town; and Cunninghame, its northern portion; while Galloway, now divided into the counties of Kirkcudbright and Wygton, was formerly considered part of Ayrshire.

We are induced, on account of the historic interest of the county, to include a description of many spots unconnected with Burns; while the natural wonders of Arran, and the part its inhabitants played in the struggles for liberty, and the fact of Bruce lying concealed there while making his preparations for the deliverance of his country, will justify the dedication of a few pages to a brief notice of that island. The intimate connection of the Clyde and its scenery with Ayrshire is, we think, a sufficient reason for adding to our Guide a notice of the chief places of interest on its banks, which, for the convenience of reference, we have made an entirely independent portion of the volume. We hope that our wanderings up and down the district thus sketched out will be profitable and amusing.

Railway and Steamboat Routes to Ayr.

But before proceeding further, it may be as well to inform our friends how best they may reach the town of Ayr, the centre from which all our excursions will radiate; and this may be done very briefly. There are several railway routes to the place:—

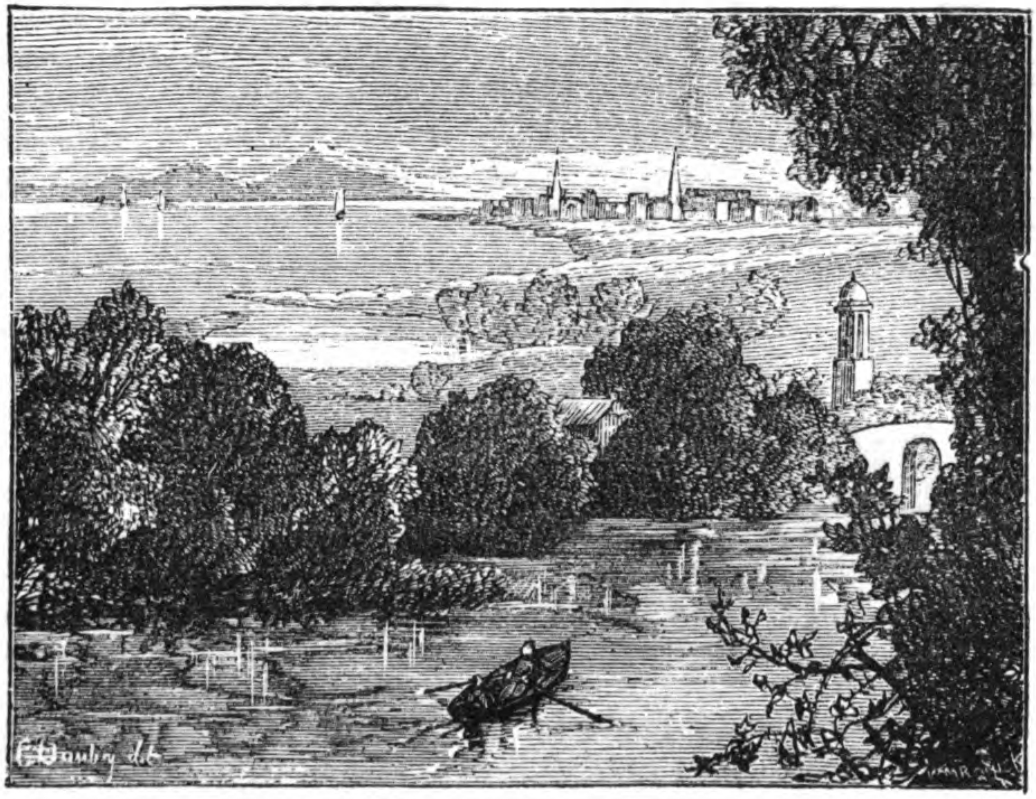
1. Tourists from England travel by the West Coast or Midland routes, as far as Carlisle, from which place the Glasgow and South-Western Railway traverses the entire district, and reaches Ayr by way of Kilmarnock. By the Midland route, no change of carriages at Carlisle will be necessary. Travellers from the south of Scotland get to Ayr *viâ* the junctions at Old Cumnock or Mauchline.
2. From Edinburgh and the east and north-east of Scotland the tourists travel by the Caledonian or North British lines to Glasgow, and thence by the Glasgow and South-Western; through

carriages are available by the North British line. They have too a further choice of the Caledonian Railway to Carstairs and Muirkirk, and forward by the Glasgow and South-Western. Carriages run through from the Princes Street Station, Edinburgh, by this route (*see* part ii. p. 32).

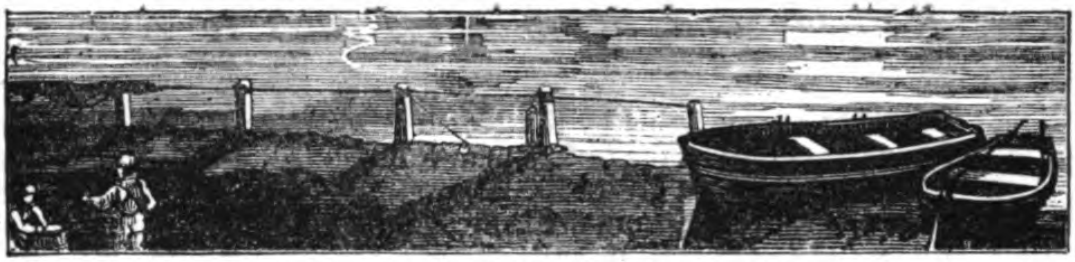
3. There are two routes from Glasgow, both belonging to the South-Western system. The most direct is that *viâ* Paisley, Dalry, and Kilwinning, and along the coast to Ayr; the other is by way of Kilmarnock.
4. Visitors from Ireland can utilize the steamer from Larne to Stranraer (the shortest sea passage between the sister isles), from which port a direct line runs to Ayr.

We shall in the main follow these routes from Ayr in our description of the districts through which we purpose conducting our readers, occasionally diverging from the railway where we find it convenient to do so.

Tourists who prefer travelling by sea can avail themselves of the well-appointed little steamer that plies daily from Glasgow to Ayr and back, calling on both voyages at many of the piers on the Clyde; while from Ardrossan, which may be termed the port of Ayrshire, steamers sail regularly to and from Arran, Ayr, Glasgow, Belfast, Newry, &c. The Ayr and Glasgow boat also calls at Troon.



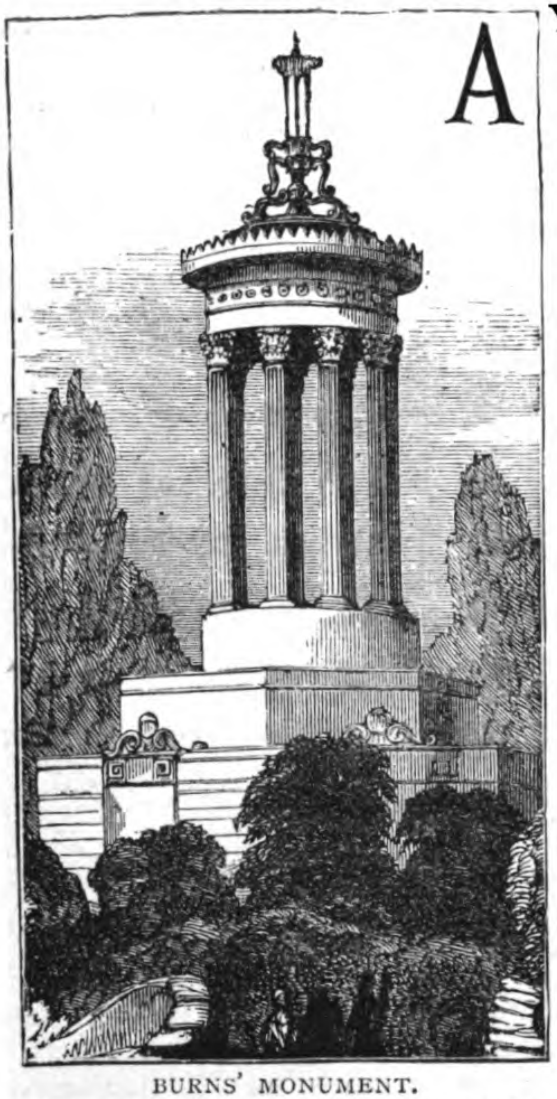
AYR FROM BROWN CARRICK HILL.



CHAPTER I.

AYR AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

"Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."



BURNS' MONUMENT.

AYR, the county town, is built on the south bank of the river of the same name, and on the shore of a beautiful bay near the southern extremity of the Firth of Clyde. The town is an old one, and has an interesting history attached to it. It was the scene of many of Wallace's exploits and of other noteworthy occurrences before his time. But every other attraction is dwarfed by its connection with the early days of Scotland's national poet, to visit whose birthplace, and at the same time enjoy the sea-bathing of the neighbourhood, thousands annually visit the town.

There can be little doubt that Ayr existed in some form or other in prehistoric times; and of the presence of the Roman legions there are incontrovertible proofs. It afterwards formed part of the kingdom of Strathclyde, and played a prominent part in the struggles of those days. Indeed, the name of the district, Kyle, in which it is situated, is traced to Coilus, a British king, who was slain and interred

in the neighbourhood, and whose grave, near Tarbolton, was opened in 1837. In 1197, William the Lion built here a castle, every trace of which has disappeared, and granted the inhabitants a charter, constituting the town a royal burgh. Alexander II. founded here and richly endowed a Dominican monastery, which has shared the fate of the castle; and Alexander III. frequently resided in the town, and built a wall round its exposed sides (the south and east), to protect the burgesses from the incursions of their wild Galloway neighbours.

In the war of independence Ayr played a prominent part. Four thousand English were in garrison in "gret barnyss, beggyt without the town;" and having invited Wallace's uncle and several other Scottish gentlemen to a conference, they treacherously made them prisoners and hung them. The hero resolved to avenge their death. Having ascertained from a "wyss woman" that the English had indulged in a heavy drinking bout of "Irland ayle, the mychteast couth be wroaht," and that in consequence they "swappit like swyn," he fastened the doors of the barns, and then setting them on fire, burnt the army in their sleep, stationing his soldiers round the barns to prevent any of the garrison escaping. The result, according to Blind Harry, was that "gat nane away, knaiffe, capitaine, nor knycht." At the same time the friars rose upon the garrison of the town, and dealt so hardly with them that the "friars' blessing of Ayr" passed into a proverb. Many other of Wallace's exploits are connected with the town; and it was in this neighbourhood that Bruce landed from his hiding-place in Arran. Here, too, he held, in 1315, the Parliament which settled the crown of Scotland on his brother Edward, in case he survived him; and it was at this port that Edward embarked for his invasion of Ireland, an expedition from which he did not return.

Oliver Cromwell, when he visited Scotland, built a fort at Ayr, and turned the Church of St. John into an armoury; but he made the townsmen a grant which enabled them to build another church, the present old *Parish Church*, on the site of the Dominican monastery. This fort—known as the *Citadel*—was of considerable strength. It was, soon after the withdrawal of Cromwell's army, granted to the Earl of Eglinton, who was instructed to "slight and demolish it," but some of its walls were standing a few years since. These have, however, almost disappeared, owing to the erection of a row of villas, in great request with summer visitors to the town.

One more reminiscence of the "good old times" in connection with Ayr is to be found in the fact that the last victim in Scotland for the reputed crime of witchcraft, Maggie Osborne, was burnt here, and till recently a small cross near the remains of St. John's Church marked the site of her grave.

So much for the more prominent historical events connected with the town. Its trade has always been considerable; and though Daniel Defoe, in his "Tour through Great Britain," published in the eighteenth century, speaks of it as "decaying every day," it is still in a flourishing state, the recent railway extensions contributing to foster and increase it. The townsmen, too, have done their utmost to assist in extending it. The harbour, always safe and commodious, has been of late years greatly improved. The bar which formerly obstructed its entrance has been removed, and the south pier has been strengthened; a substantial breakwater and quay wall erected on its north side; docks have been constructed, and, in short, everything done that the increased knowledge of modern times could suggest to enlarge the port. The town is not, however, entirely dependent on its trade. Its educational advantages attract many to the town, while its mild climate, and its connection with the early years of Burns, make it a favourite resort with persons of means. For their convenience, and that of the inhabitants, an esplanade was constructed along the sea front in 1880; it has proved a great boon, and is largely taken advantage of.

Ayr is governed by a provost, four bailies, and eighteen councillors; it is a royal burgh, as we have seen, possessing very considerable privileges, and the head of a district of Parliamentary burghs. In 1871, its population numbered 17,851. The town is forty-one miles from Glasgow (fares, 5*s.*, 4*s.*, and 3*s.*); seventy-seven from Edinburgh (fares, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 8*s.*, and 5*s.* 6*d.*); ninety-three from Carlisle (fares, 15*s.* 8*d.*, 11*s.* 8*d.*, and 7*s.* 9*d.*); and fifty-eight from Stranraer (fares, 9*s.* 8*d.*, 7*s.* 3*d.*, and 4*s.* 10*d.* These are the ordinary single fares; but there are lower return fares, and Ayr is also included in several circular and other tours at reduced charges.

Hotels and Inns

abound in the town; they are comfortable and reasonable in their charges. The following are among the chief of them:—

Athole Arms.	*Buck's Head.*	*Market Inn.*	*Star.*
Ayr and Galloway.	*Eglinton Arms.*	*Queen's.*	*Tam O'Shanter.*
Ayr Arms.	*King's Arms.*	*Sun.*	*Whip Inn.*

There are also a number of temperance hotels scattered about the place. The chief of these are *Ramsay's Lorne*, in

Sandgate Street, and *Fiddes' Lorne*, in High Street; and *Cowan's*, in Carrick Street. A commodious *Coffee House* was erected at the corner of Old Bridge Street, in 1880.

The *Tam O'Shanter* is one of the sights of the town. It is said to be the very house at which Tam and his friend Souter Johnny prolonged their market-night meetings. Over its door is a painting of Tam, "weel mounted on his gray mare Meg," and the Souter grasping his hand with maudlin affection; while a second sign-board specifies the associations of the house, and affirms that "a chair and caups"—the identical ones used by Burns's heroes—"are in the house." The room in which the orgies of the boon companions took place is about eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, with a clean sanded floor, the wood being knotted profusely, and hollowed between the knots by the shuffling of many feet, ancient and modern; the ceiling is of well-seasoned, time-stained timber, and is bent as though the years passing over it, with the mutations of seasons, had left a weight upon it; the huge beams are so low that our "box hat" must be doffed to enable us to pass beneath them; the walls are smoky, and hung with a few autograph letters of Burns, carefully framed; a big fire-place promises warmth on the coldest nights; and there is ample space for pipes, tobacco, &c., on a long table. Two arm-chairs, said to have been the seats of the cronies, are also in the room. Visitors have the satisfaction of using them, and of quaffing their liquor from the veritable cups which were employed by Tam and Johnny in their carousals.

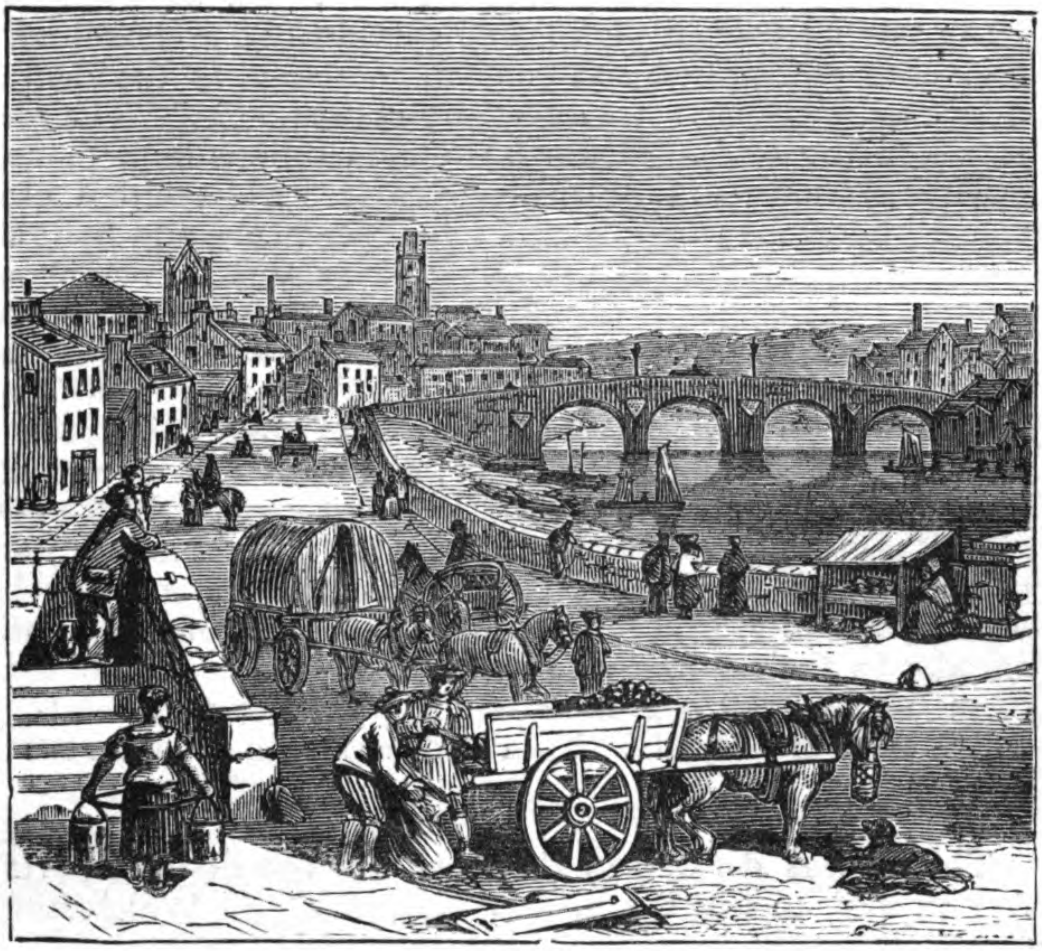
The Bridges and Public Buildings.

The town is divided by the river into two distinct parts—Ayr proper, to the south, and Newtown and Wallacetown, till recently separate burghs, but now included in the municipal and parliamentary boundary of Ayr, to the north; and the stream is spanned by the "twa brigs" of Burns's poem, and by a railway viaduct to which a foot-bridge is attached (*see* p. 20).

> "New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
> That he at Lo'non frae ane Adams gat,
> In's hand five taper stanes as smooth's a bead,
> Wi' virls and whirly-gigums at the head.
>
> "Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
> The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face.
> He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstled lang,
> Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco' bang."

The *Auld Brig* was built about the middle of the thirteenth century by two maiden ladies, Isabel Lowe and her sister,

who had seen with grief the many lives lost at the ford two hundred yards further up the river.* Their effigies were till recently to be seen—roughly hewn, it is true—on a stone in the structure, but they have now crumbled away. The Auld Brig has been made the subject of a curious law-suit. A watchmaker, of Ayr, who had amassed a fortune of £10,000, left it by will (subject to a partial life interest for



AYR AULD BRIG.

two sisters) for the re-building of the Old Bridge of Ayr, whenever such re-building should be required. He appointed the magistrates and town council of Ayr trustees under the will, and directed that the principal sum should lie out at compound interest till it was required. The will was contested by the brothers of the testator, who urged that the Old Bridge of Ayr had stood for several centuries, and, so far as could be judged, would stand for centuries to come. They therefore maintained that the will was null and void in

* This was the "Ducatt-stream" of Burns's poem, so called from its proximity to the dovecot of the Dominican convent.

respect of the remoteness of its purpose. The bridge conducts the passenger to the site of the Old Market Cross, the opening scene of "Tam O'Shanter"—

> "When chapman billies leave the street,
> And drouthy neebours, neebours meet," &c.

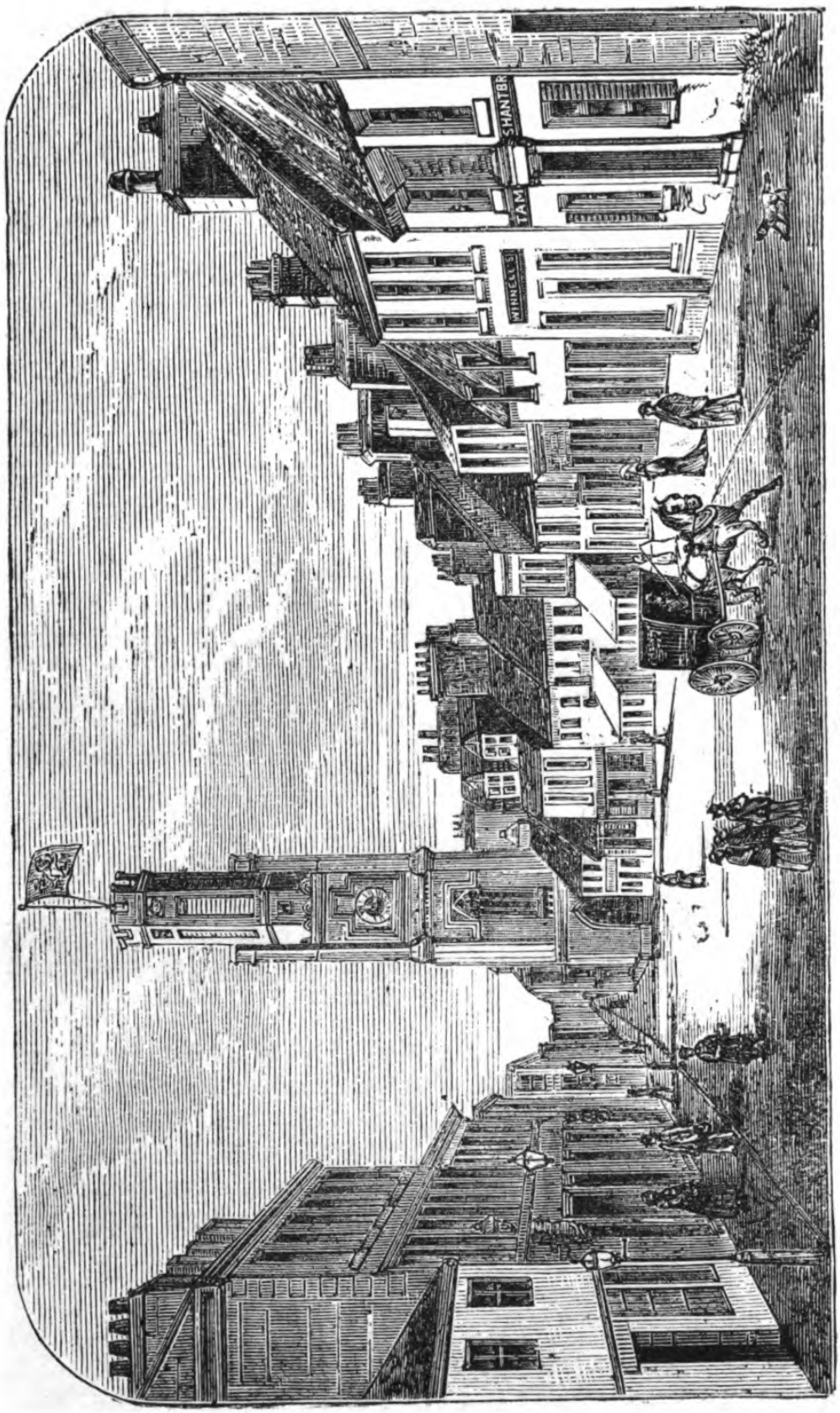
The approach to the *New Bridge* is some four hundred yards nearer the mouth of the river. That of Burns's time was erected by the corporation, in 1785-8, at an expense of

THE NEW BRIDGE.

about £5,000, to meet the growing requirements of an increasing population; and in 1840 it was widened and improved. But being injured by the floods of 1877, and pronounced on examination insecure, it was removed, and the present one erected on its site, at a cost of £15,000, thus fulfilling the prophecy contained in the retort of the Auld Brig to the sneers of its companion:—

> "Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
> This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
> And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair forgairn,
> I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!"

The New Bridge conducts the tourist into *Sandgate Street*, so called from the gate formerly built there to keep the sand



HIGH STREET, AYR.

out of the town. The most conspicuous object in this street, and indeed in the town, is a pile of buildings of the mixed Corinthian and Tuscan orders, locally known as the *Town Buildings*. It was erected in 1828, by Hamilton, of Edinburgh, and contains the council chamber, jail, &c. It is surmounted by a spire 226 feet in height, which was struck by lightning in 1835, when two stones near its summit were dislodged. The buildings were greatly enlarged in 1880.

Passing the *Free Church*, we soon reach *Wellington Square*, at the extremity of which, fronting the sea, are the *County Buildings*—a courthouse, assembly room, and county hall, the latter containing well-executed portraits of the Earl of Glasgow, Earl of Eglinton, and other local worthies. In the square are statues of General Niel of Swinridgemuir, of Indian mutiny celebrity; and Archibald Earl of Eglinton, who for his wise government of Ireland still lives in the hearts of Erin's sons, while his many private virtues gained him the title of the "good earl."

In Fort Street, not far from Wellington Square, is the *New Church* (a second kirk connected with the Establishment, rendered necessary by the increased population); and near it the *Academy*, an educational institution dating from 1798, and originating in a bequest by Mr. Ferguson of Doonholm, which has proved of great benefit to the town. Since the passing of the Education Act, it has been managed by the School Board, and its number of scholars has so increased as to necessitate the erection of a larger structure.

Regaining Sandgate Street at the north end, we find the *High Street* running at right angles in an easterly direction. The *Old* or *Burgh Church*, erected, as already stated, in 1654, in place of St. John's Church, is reached by the Kirkport on the left. It is a plain building, containing some stained glass windows and a powerful organ, presented by Mr. Gardner of Dalblair. Not the least interesting reminiscence connected with the church is the fact that the Rev. John Welsh, son-in-law of Knox, was for some time its minister. In the "kirkyard," for generations the burial-place of the inhabitants, but now closed, in consequence of the opening of the cemetery on the Cumnock Road, is a spring of water known as the *Friar's Well*, a reference to the convent formerly standing here.

Further on is a Gothic structure, known as *Wallace Tower*, in 1830 built on the site of a tower of great antiquity, of which no historical account exists, but which is supposed to have been connected with Wallace's family. The present tower

is 113 feet high. It contains the "drowsy dungeon clock," alluded to in the poem already quoted; while a lofty niche in the front presents a colossal statue of the hero, from the chisel of Thom, a self-taught Ayrshire artist, noted as the sculptor of the famous figures "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnnie." Not far off is another statue of Wallace, over the window of a bookseller's shop at the corner of New Market Street. One tradition says that this shop occupies the site of the old prison in which the hero was confined, and over the wall of which he was thrown by his friends, to save him from being captured by the English; while another—equally trustworthy, no doubt—avers that here was a house in which he sought refuge when hard pressed by his enemies.

The *Kyle Union* and the *Hospital*, near the railway station, the *Bowling Green*, *Low Green*, *Racecourse*, &c., are among the other features of interest in the town. The *Post Office* is in Newmarket Street.

The Churches

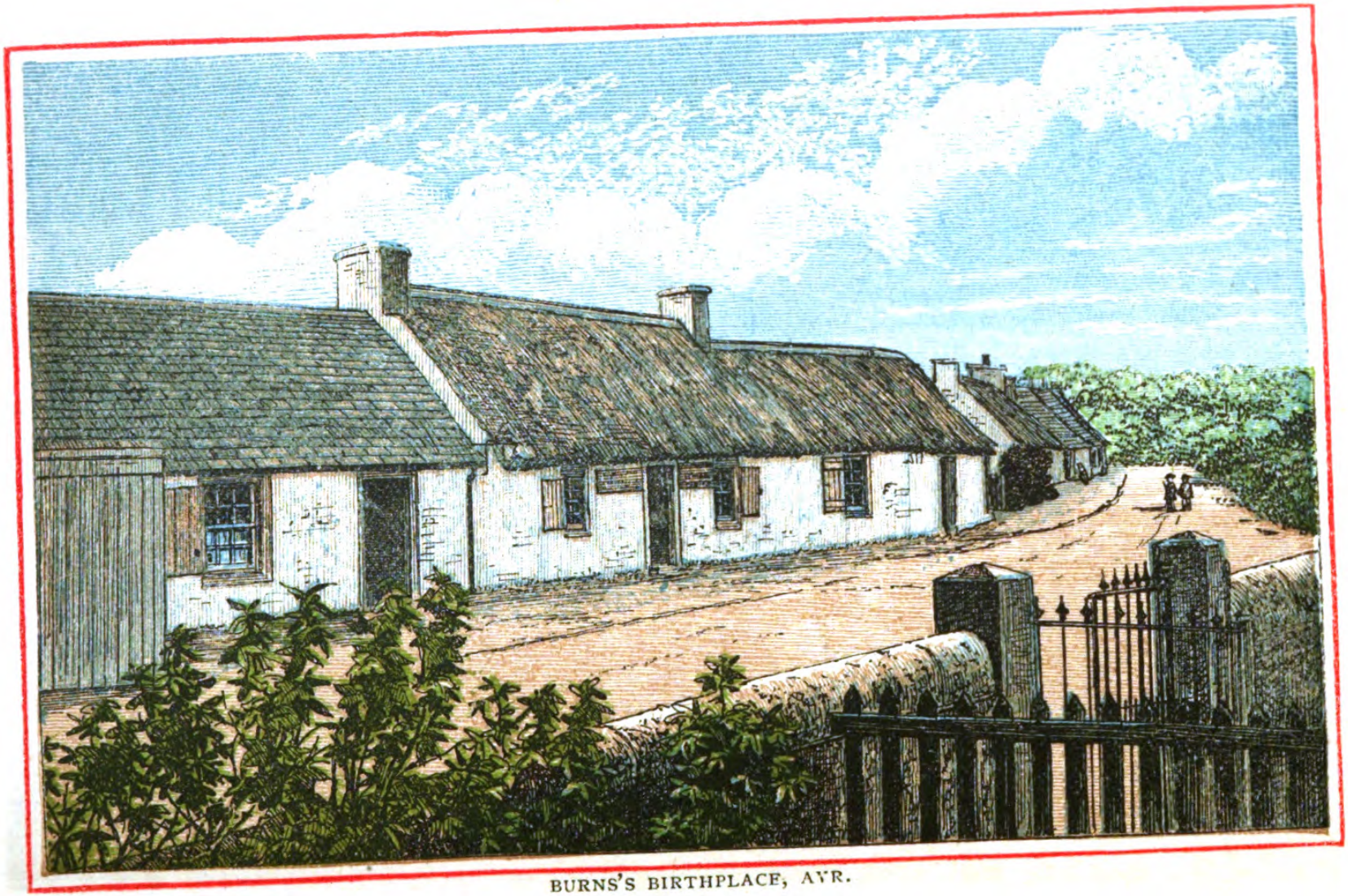
of Ayr are numerous. We append a list:—

Old Church, High Street.
New Church, Fort Street.
Newton Parish Church, Main Street.
Wallacetown Church, John Street.
Ayr Free Church, Sandgate Place.
Newton Free Church.
Wallacetown Free Church, John Street.
Martyrs' Free Church, Darlington Place.
United Presbyterian Churches in Cathcart St. and Darlington Place.
Trinity Episcopal Chapel, Fullarton Street.
Original Seceders, George Street.
Moravian, Mill Street.
Wesleyans, Charlotte Street.
Evangelical Union, Wallace Street.
Roman Catholic Chapel, John Street.

The foregoing are the chief features of the town, the principal attractions of which—the birthplace of Burns, his monument, and the scenes in which he spent his early days—lie about two miles distant. In order to visit them, we proceed along the High Street, which is in much the same state as it was in the time of the poet. At its end the road forks, that leading to the station bearing the name of Kyle Street, which reminds us of—

> "That place o' Scotland's isle,
> That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,"

where "twa dogs" "foregathered ance upon a time," and had a conference, in consequence of which they have attained a more enduring fame than their masters. Our way, however, is not along that street; we take the other, which leads us past the *Cattle Market* along the *Monument Road*, a little to the east of the Ayr and Maybole highway, as it existed in Burns' time. Though its route has since been



BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE, AYR.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that.

slightly altered, we pass many of the scenes mentioned in "Tam O'Shanter." Thus, just after the first milestone is left behind us, we descend to *Slaphouse Bridge*, and see about 150 yards down the burn, "the foord, Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;" and about twenty yards from the road, were till recently "the birks and muckle stane, Where in drunken Charlie brak's neck bane"—an incident founded on fact. Other spots may be easily identified.

About a quarter of a mile more is traversed, and then we reach—

The Birthplace of Burns,

on the west side of the road. It is a low-roofed cottage, one storey high, thatched and whitewashed, standing a little to the left of the magnificent residence of Roselle, on a small farm of seven acres, which was rented by William Burns, the poet's father. It is now let as a public-house by the Corporation of Shoemakers in Ayr, to whom William sold it on removing to Lochlee. A recess in the kitchen is pointed out as the spot wherein Robert was born. The little bedstead which occupied the nook was purchased at a public sale by a stable boy, who afterwards resold it for £20.

At the time Burns was born, a tempest was raging, and his father, riding in haste to fetch the doctor, met on the river-brink an old gypsy, whom he helped across the swollen stream; and she, in return for his help, pretended to reveal the future of the infant, making for once a lucky guess at the truth:—

"The gossip keekit* in his loof:†
Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof;
This waly‡ boy will be nae coof§—
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

A large hall for the refreshment of visitors has recently been erected behind the house.

"Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk"

is about half a mile from the cottage. It is grey, bleak, and roofless, its rafters being dispersed, in the form of relics, to the four quarters of the globe. We wonder how many knick-nacks they have been converted into! Tam and Cuttysark have immortalized the church since the night when on—

* Looked. † Palm. ‡ Goodly. § Fool.

"A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast."

The kirk has no ornamentation about it, except the moss on its four rectangular walls. The door is gone—perhaps it has served the same purpose as the rafters!—and an iron railing has taken its place. The bell turret at the gable end is, however, still entire, the bell hanging in it, and the chain dangling down. The interior is grass-grown, and a vigorous tree is doing its best with its wide-spreading branches to supply the place of the roof; some day it too will fall a victim to the rage for relics! The building is a very old one; it is

ALLOWAY OLD KIRK.

supposed to have been erected in the year 1516, and the bell bears the date 1657.

The churchyard around is crowded with graves; one is dated 1621 and another 1665, while several have coats of arms inscribed upon them. But the last resting-places of the poet's father, mother, and sister are most sought out: the former is near the entrance, and is marked by a stone with the following epitaph from his son's pen:—

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend.
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend,
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless breast that feared no human pride,
The friend of man—to vice alone a foe;
For 'e'en his failings leant to virtue's side.'"

On the opposite side of the road is the *New Kirk*, built in 1857; and having visited the adjoining grounds of *Doonholm*, in which we shall find "the well, Where Mungo's mother hanged hersel'," we soon reach—

The Burns Monument,

which crowns the summit of a slight but abrupt eminence overlooking the river Doon. The building is of stone; and, rising to a height of about sixty feet, presents a graceful combination of Roman and Grecian architecture. It was built in 1820, its first stone being laid with Masonic honours by Mr. ·—afterwards Sir Alexander—Boswell of Auchinlech, then M.P. for Ayrshire, to whom the country is indebted for the conception and execution of the scheme. It is hardly necessary to recount the steps he took to carry it out—how, at the first meeting held at Ayr, only himself and another person attended; how he got himself elected chairman and the other gentleman secretary; how the necessary resolutions were moved, seconded, and carried unanimously, and afterwards advertised in the Press; and how Auchinlech persevered in his efforts till the required amount, £3,300, was subscribed, and the monument erected from the designs of Hamilton, of Edinburgh. It consists of an imposing rustic base, supporting nine Corinthian columns, and a gilt tripod, indicative of the three districts into which Ayrshire is divided. The effect is simple and elegant, in spite of the somewhat ornate character of the monument. The pedestal contains a small apartment, in which are to be seen a marble bust of the poet by Park and a few relics—among them Bonnie Jean's wedding ring, two exquisite wine-glasses presented to Burns by Clarinda, and the Bible given by Burns to Highland Mary in the—

> "Hallow'd grove,
> Where by the winding Ayr we met,
> To live one day of parting love."

This interesting relic, having been taken to America by the person to whom it had descended, was purchased by a few gentlemen in Montreal for £25, and presented to the founders of the monument, which is surrounded by a garden, laid out with flowers and shrubs, which literally make "the banks and braes of bonnie Doon" "bloom sae fresh and fair.' Thom's original figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie, both of them wonderfully chiselled and presenting the very men that Burns drew, are exhibited in a little stone structure in a corner of the grounds.

The monument and grounds are open daily; admission, 2d.

The Auld Brig

spans the stream close by, and its arch, that has endured many a storm, has the light appearance of a wreath of mist. It was the keystone on this bridge which saved Tam from the pursuit of Cuttysark and the witches, while his mare Meg "left behind her good grey tail." It may interest the visitor to know that the original of the hero of Burns's poem was a certain Douglas Graham, of Shanter Farm, near Kirkoswald. On his tombstone in the graveyard of that village (*see* pp. 48-9), he is called by his fictitious name; and the epitaph concludes with Kate's opinion of her "lord and master," as perpetuated by the pen of Burns—

> "She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
> A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum," &c.

The *New Bridge of Doon* is approached from the old one by a winding road; and about a quarter of a mile further on we reach *Brown Carrick Hill*, from which is to be obtained the best general view of the neighbourhood.

The river Doon has its source in—

Loch Doon,

between the counties of Ayr and Kirkcudbright. This is a beautiful sheet of water, about seven miles long by two in width, and is the resort of picnic parties and still more of anglers, on account of the abundance of excellent trout in it. Its surface is dotted with islets, on one of which, near the lake's head, are some ruins of historic interest. They constitute all that remains of the castle, belonging to Bruce's brother, Edward, in which Setoun was apprehended by the English troops, who took him to Dumfries, where he was executed (*see* p. 38). After escaping from the loch, the river flows through *Glen Ness*, which abounds in romantic scenery; it is thrown open to the tourist by the kindness of the proprietor, who has sanctioned the construction of a footpath along the bank of the stream. The Doon next flows for a short distance through a flat and tame district till it reaches the village of *Patna;* but its lower reaches—the haunts of Burns in his younger years—are finely wooded.

A short line of railway runs from Ayr, past Hollybush, Patna, and Waterside, to Dalmellington, following the course of the Doon a good part of its way.

Dalmellington,

now the scene of extensive iron works, has an old-world

interest from the fact that Alpin was slain in its neighbourhood. Affording excellent head-quarters for the angler, it is distant four miles from Loch Doon, and seventeen from Ayr.

The Dalmellington line branches out of the railway to Girvan, about three miles from the county town; and a line to the Cumnock junction joins the former near the Hollybush station. The first station on the Girvan line is—

Dalrymple.

The village itself, about a mile from the station, is built on the Doon, at a distance of nearly five miles from the station. It is a quiet, old-world place, chiefly interesting from the fact that Burns attended school there, it being in the neighbourhood of *Mount Oliphant*, the farm to which his father removed after leaving the cottage where the poet was born. This event took place in 1766, at which time Robert was seven years of age; and there he resided for eleven years, during the last portion of which he drank in inspiration from earth and sea and sky. Indeed, his poems abound with references to the scenery with which he was surrounded. Thus he opens his "Hallowe'en" with an allusion to Cassillis Downans, a hill about four hundred feet high, with an ancient British fort on its summit, which the country people aver is a fairy ring:—

"Upon that nicht, when fairies licht
On Cassillis Downans dance," &c.

And, as he himself tells us, it was the effect of the charms of Nelly Kirkpatrick, the blacksmith's daughter, upon his sensitive heart, that called forth his poetic genius at the age of fifteen, and induced him, "in a bold enthusiasm of passion," to compose his earliest love-song, "Handsome Nell."

Newark Castle, where Queen Mary is said to have slept on the night after the battle of Langside, and which was modified to suit the requirements of modern life in 1840; *Greenan Castle*—or rather its ruins—which overhangs the beetling cliffs, and of which there is no authentic history extant, though tradition affirms that it is at least seven centuries old—and it looks it; *Auchendrane Castle*, recently rebuilt, a little to the west of the railway; *Dunnure*, with its little harbour hewn out of the living rock; and *Dunnure Castle*, said to have been conferred on the MacKinnons as a reward for their patriotic conduct at the battle of Largs; these and other "lions" should be visited. But as the Doon divides Kyle from Carrick, we will break off here, and reserve our reminiscences of the interesting portion of Ayrshire south of that river for a future chapter (*see* Chapter V.).

CHAPTER II.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

KILMARNOCK TO DUMFRIES.

"All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung;
And gather feelings, not of earth,
His fields and streams among."

HAVING thus lingered around the scenes of Burns' younger days, visited "the cottage of his birth," and the fields in which his schoolboy happy days were spent, let us now trace his footsteps through the surrounding country, and describe briefly the district of Scotland usually associated with his name.

In order to do this, we leave Ayr by the branch railway which connects it with the main line of the Glasgow and South-Western system—at one time known as the Ayrshire Railway—at Mauchline. As we leave the well-arranged railway station, our attention is directed to the substantial but tastefully constructed viaduct by which the line crosses the river Ayr, about three hundred yards to the north. This bridge is twenty-six feet wide within the parapet walls and consists of four arches of sixty feet span. Outside the parapet, and supported by iron brackets, is a footpath for the use of the public, about four feet in width and protected by an iron railing four feet high.

Almost as soon as we have cleared the bridge, and while we are gazing on the town we are leaving, and striving to recall its leading features, we find that we are turning in an

eastward direction; and having successively called at *Auchincuive*, *Annbank*, and *Tarbolton*, we reach the end of the first stage of our journey, and alight at—

Mauchline,

[FARES from Ayr: 2*s.*, 1*s.* 5*d.*, and 11*d.*; return, 3*s.* 4*d.*, 2*s.* 5*d.*, and 1*s.* 7*d.*]

a pleasant little town eleven miles and a quarter north-east of Ayr. Mauchline is so closely associated with the life of Burns that it is visited by his admirers in great numbers, and a large business is carried on in the manufacture and sale of *souvenirs*, composed of wood cut from the various places mentioned in his works. In his time the place could aspire to no greater dignity than that of a village—the centre of an extensive agricultural district; but since then the fame which it has obtained through his connection with it and the construction of the Ayrshire Railway have so contributed to foster its trade that it is now a considerable town, with a population in 1871 of 1,574.

The name was formerly spelt Machlein, Machlene, or Machlin, "a lake-field" or "meadow;" and the fact that all the fields round the town abound in springs and must at one time have formed a marsh shows the reason for the adoption of the title. The only bit of history in connection with the town are the facts that, in the year 1647, the Covenanters gained a victory over the royal troops on the muir, and that five martyrs suffered in the reign of James VII. (our James II.) A monument, erected in 1830, in place of the original tombstone, ascribes their death to—

"Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas, and Dundee,
Moved by the Devil and the Laird of Lee."

The general features of the town have been little altered since the time when Burns frequented it, though, as we have seen, it has greatly increased in size and in importance. Now, as then, many old houses cluster around the kirkyard dyke, and remind us that the kirktown was the nucleus of the ancient village, as it forms the centre of the modern town. In the poet's day the chief inns were close to the churchyard, so as to be easy of access to the frequenters of the "holy fair" periodically held within its area. The old barn-like structure which then "did duty" for a church has been replaced by a modern Gothic building of red freestone; but the churchyard retains its interest as containing the graves of two of his offspring and of many of the persons mentioned in his poems. Changes have taken place in the character of the houses around the church. "Johnnie Dow's" house, the "Whitefoord Arms," has been supplanted

by a store, some doggrel lines on the chimney of which announce Burns' connection with it; and the cottage where the father of Jean Armour lived has been replaced by a large red house. But the quaint, old-world domicile in which the pair resided after their informal marriage is still pointed out, and "Poosie Nansie's" public-house is, in its general arrangements, unaltered. This is interesting as the scene of his "Jolly Beggars." *Mauchline Castle*, a square tower of moderate dimensions, with parapet and crow-stepped gables (of which Grose gives a drawing), is close behind the churchyard. It was the residence of Burns' patron, Gavin Hamilton, and descended to his sons. The poet often "stopped" there; and a room in a part of the castle, formerly connected with the priory of Mauchline, is pointed out as having been that in which, on his return from church, he penned his well-known satire, "The Calf."

But the chief interest of the neighbourhood centres in the farm of—

Mossgiel,

where Burns lived for seven years. It is about a mile and a half west of Mauchline, on the road to Tarbolton. The steading is surrounded by trees, and though the general plan of the buildings is unchanged, their appearance has been altered by the addition of a second story. It was here that, at the hour when churchyards are said to yawn and when nearly every one else in that country district was in bed, the poet frequently sat at a deal table and committed to paper the verses he had composed during the day, while engaged in the manual labour of the farm. His favourite walk is still pointed out, and so is the field where he turned up the mouse's nest and ploughed down the daisy, occurrences which his muse has immortalized. In those fields, to quote the words of Wordsworth, "He walked in glory and in pride, Following his plough upon the mountain-side;" and here he imagined that Coila, the genius of Ayrshire, appeared to him—

> "'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
> And bound the holly round my head.
> The polished leaves and berries red
> Did rustling play;
> And like a passing thought she fled
> Like light away."

The "Cotter's Saturday Night" and others of his best poems were written at Mossgiel; and hither he returned after his triumphant visit to Edinburgh, when his mother could only

find vent for her overwrought feelings by the exclamation "Oh! Robert! Robert!"

Ballochmyle Woods

are visited by all the poet's admirers. Being only about two miles from Mossgiel, their beauty induced him to take frequent walks in their shady recesses; and this practice gave rise to two of his best known pieces. The craig on which he stood when he composed his dirge, "Man was made to mourn," is still pointed out; and Professor Wilson thus narrates the occurrence which gave rise to "The Bonny Lass o' Ballochmyle":—

"Mr. [Claud] Alexander had lately taken possession of the mansion, when, one summer evening, his sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, a young lady distinguished by every grace of person and mind, walking out among the braes after dinner, encountered a plain-looking man in rustic attire, who appeared to be musing, with his shoulder placed against one of the trees. The grounds being forbidden to unauthorised strangers, the evening far advanced, and the encounter very sudden, she was startled; but instantly recovered herself and passed on. She thought no more of the matter till some months after, when she received a letter from Burns, recalling the circumstance to her mind and enclosing the rich descriptive stanzas."

The grounds are no longer "forbidden to unauthorised strangers." On the contrary, they are freely thrown open to the public by their present proprietor, who has placed seats in the best positions for viewing the surrounding scenery. One formed by the trunk of a tree is called "the poet's arm chair;" and a grotto marks the spot where he met Miss Alexander. A tablet at its back contains a facsimile of two of the verses of the poem to which the occurrence gave rise, as they appear in his original manuscript.

Sorn Castle,

through the policies of which the Bank Burn, a small rivulet, winds its way to its confluence with the Ayr, is a short distance up the river. In 1685, it was the seat of one of the officials placed in different parts of the country to suppress conventicles; but the Rev. A. Peden, an ejected minister, who had undergone considerable sufferings on account of his allegiance to the Solemn League and Covenant, managed to find a hiding-place in its grounds. He constructed a cave on the banks of the rivulet referred to and lay concealed in it, while the soldiers in vain scoured the neighbourhood in search of him, sallying forth from his hiding-place to minister to his followers, as opportunity presented itself. The cave in which he lay *perdu* was in the flower garden of the castle. A pool of water shaded by a large willow tree protected the entrance, and Peden gained access to and emerged from

his hiding-place by swinging himself by its branches across the pool. It is satisfactory to know that he did not fall into the hands of his enemies, but died a natural death, and was buried in the parish churchyard. His remains were, however, afterwards dug up, by orders of the Government, and re-interred at the foot of the gallows at Old Cumnock. The castle, of unknown antiquity, is still inhabited; both it and the village of the same name are beautifully situated.

Between Sorn and Mauchline is the town of *Catrine*, famous for its cotton-mills, bleach-fields, and "big wheels," from which the owners draw no small advantage. Burns' friends, Professor Dugald Stewart and his first lady, lived here; the poet was their frequent guest, and first "foregathered wi' a lord" (Lord Doer) at their table.

Tarbolton,

four miles from Mauchline, is another spot closely connected with the memory of the poet. The railway makes it easy of access. It was the scene of his initiation into the mysteries of Freemasonry; there he founded his first debating club—the model of the more useful book club he afterwards instituted at Mauchline; and about two hundred yards to the north he laid the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbook," a poem which Burns wrote while he lived at Lochlea. That worthy had just cleared Hood's hill, and was "toddling down on Willie's mill," when he met the King of Terrors. An interesting reminiscence of the place is its connection with the parting of Burns and Highland Mary, dairymaid to Colonel Hugh Montgomery, of Coilsfield. Burns contracted a deep passion for her; and they met upon a Sunday in May "to live one day o' parting love." Laving their hands in the purling stream, they vowed eternal constancy over Mary's Bible, and then indulged in a last embrace. Mary went to Argyllshire on a visit to her relatives, preparatory to her marriage; and had reached Greenock on her return journey, where she fell sick and died. Her remains lie in the churchyard there, and a handsome monument has been erected over them (*see* part ii. p. 48).

Tarbolton is a thriving village, containing *Established, Free,* and *United Presbyterian Churches.* Numbers of mounds and trenches, considered by some antiquarians as evidences of the presence of the Romans in the parish, can be traced to the west of the place; and the sepulchre of that King Coil, who is popularly believed to have given the name of Kyle to the district of Ayrshire over which he ruled, is still pointed

out. We do not think there is much ground for the belief, cherished by some of the present inhabitants of his old-world realm, that he was the identical "merry old soul," who "called for his glass, and called for his pipe, and called for his fiddlers three;" though no doubt he did indulge in the old British substitutes for those luxuries.

Lochlea, three miles north of Tarbolton, was the residence of Burns' father after he left Mount Oliphant farm. Owing to the poverty of the soil, at a time when agricultural improvements were dreaded, William Burness found Mount Oliphant a losing concern. He therefore availed himself of a break in the lease, sold his cottage, and removed to Lochlea, where he died.

The farm of *Spittleside*, the birthplace of David Sellar, the crony of Burns, is about a mile from Tarbolton; and about the same distance to the north are the ruins of the *Abbey of Fail*, the predatory habits of the brethren of which are preserved in the lines:—

"The Friars of Fail made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted;
And they never wanted gear enough,
As long as their neighbours lasted."

Perhaps they were not singular in either of these usages!

While at Mossgiel, Burns first speculated in print and paper. Assisted by John Goldie of Kilmarnock, he published an edition of some of his poems, with a view of raising funds to pay his passage to Jamaica, for his fortunes had sunk to so low an ebb that he had determined to quit his native country. The sale of the book realised his expectations, and he was on the eve of starting—he had actually started his luggage for Greenock—when he penned his touching lines, concluding:—

"Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes whose wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these; my love with those!
The bursting tears my heart declare:
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr!"

We all know the result—that he was induced to reconsider his determination, and bend his steps to Edinburgh, whence he returned to his native county a famous—and a richer—man.

The business of seeing his poems through the press necessitated frequent journeys to—

Kilmarnock.

[FARES: From Ayr, 2*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, and 1*s.*; return, 3*s.* 4*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 1*s.* 8*d.* From Mauchline, 1*s.* 7*d.*, 1*s.* 2*d.*, and 9*d.*; return, 2*s.* 8*d.*, 2*s.*, and 1*s.* 3*d.*]

[HOTELS: *Commercial, Crown, George,* and *Royal.*]

The distance is not great—only ten miles; and as the railway runs along the same district as the road, which at one point it crosses, it is by no means difficult to trace his route. The *Cessnock*, a tributary of the Irvine, may be seen winding now on one side the line, and now on the other; and its name calls to our memory the lassie, who in the poet's time resided on its banks, and whose "twa sparklin' roguish e'en" live in his verse.

As we proceed, we pass furnaces and coal-pits, the tall chimneys of which belching out smoke—and sometimes flame—remind us that we are approaching a busy manufacturing centre; and such we find Kilmarnock to be. It is the largest and most important town in the county, its population in 1871 being 22,963. Though its situation is beautiful, occupying as it does a valley on the banks of a river which bears its name and which unites with the Irvine, Kilmarnock has few features to interest the general tourist. It was made a burgh of barony in 1591, and of royalty in 1672. But in spite of these marks of royal favour, it was not larger than a village two centuries ago. It was chiefly known for the manufacture of "blue bonnets," till Mary Gardner introduced the three-ply carpet manufacture. It then began to increase; and now it has factories of all kinds—woollen, iron, steel, cotton, &c., while the coal mines in the neighbourhood add greatly to its prosperity. Its chief buildings are the *Town House, Court House, Corn Exchange,* and twenty churches, the chief of which are the *High Church* and the *Laigh Church*, the latter rebuilt in 1729, the old spire, dating from 1410, being retained. At the *Cross*, in the centre of the town, is a statue of Sir James Shaw, the first Scotchman who became Lord Mayor of London; and in *Soules Street*, a monument to Lord Soules, an Englishman, killed on the spot in 1444, by an arrow discharged by one of the Kilmarnock family. The town is well supplied with educational institutions, among them being the *Academy* and *Athenæum;* and there is an *Observatory*, seventy-five feet high, and furnished with powerful telescopes, erected in 1818, at a cost of £1,000.

But of course it is its connection with the poet that gives Kilmarnock its interest over that of other manufacturing towns. The site of the printing office of "Wee Johnny," where the first edition of his poems was issued, is yet pointed

out, as is also the room in which the poet corrected his proof sheets; and the inn at which he put up is now known as the "Angel," and is still a favourite resort of the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The remains of his patron, Goldie, "Tam Samson," "Wee Johnnie," and others lie in the yard of the Laigh Church. It was on Tam's grave that he inscribed the lines :—

"Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots spare him!
If honest worth to heaven rise,
Ye'll mend, or ye win near him;"

The Laigh Kirk, adjoining the Cross, was the scene of his satire, "The Ordination."

An eminence in the centre of the *Kay Park*, of sufficient elevation to allow of its being a feature in the landscape, has recently been crowned by a monument to the poet, the result of a subscription set on foot in January, 1879. The memorial building and marble statue cost upwards of £3,000; it is of Scottish Baronial architecture, eighty feet high, its platforms commanding an extensive view. The ground-floor consists of the keeper's rooms, and above there is a museum, containing many valuable relics of the poet, including a copy of the first edition of his poems in good preservation; while the statue (considered one the best likenesses of the poet in existence) occupies an open niche in the storey above.

Kilmarnock is an important railway centre; and its station, which, by the way, occupies the old sheelin' hill (threshing-floor) of the village—now grown into so large a town—presents a busy scene. *The main line from Glasgow to Carlisle runs through it, and branches diverge to Dalry* (*north-west*), *Irvine* (*west*), *and Troon* (*south-west*), each of which connects the town with the coast line; *while a fourth branch leaves the main line at Hurlford*, a station about a mile to the south, *and runs to Galston and Newmilns.*

"Killie," as the poet abbreviated the name, may be considered the northern limit of the "Land of Burns;" but before turning our faces toward Dumfries, there are one or two places of interest in the neighbourhood we will very briefly notice.

Dean Castle—or rather its walls, for it was gutted by fire in 1735 and has never been rebuilt—is a prominent object on the banks of the Kilmarnock, about a mile east of the town; it was for three hundred years the residence of the Boyd family. The thickness of the walls testifies their former strength; they are about seventy feet high.

Crawfordland Castle, three miles to the north-east, is of still greater antiquity, having been built in the time of William

the Conqueror; and *Rowallan Castle*, about the same distance to the north-west, derives historical importance from the fact that the queen of Robert II.—and therefore an ancestress of our own beloved monarch—was born there. The castle may easily be reached from the station at *Kilmaurs*, an ancient burgh, consisting of one street of thatched houses, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Carmel. At one time it was famous for its cutlery.

Stewarton, to the north of Kilmaurs, the seat of a "bonnet" trade, derived its title from a castle of the Stewarts, which, with an old chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, has long since disappeared; and *Dunlop*, a village almost on the confines of the county, is celebrated for its skimmed-milk cheese, the art of making which was introduced, during the persecuting time of Charles II., by a dairymaid, named Barbara Gilmour, whose tomb is to be seen in the churchyard.

Riccarton, immediately to the south of Kilmarnock, and now a suburb of that town, is famous for its connection with Wallace, who passed his youthful days at *Yardside*, a manor in the parish. This house, the ruins of which have but recently disappeared, was the residence of his uncle Richard, whose name is perpetuated in that of the place; and it was while living here that Wallace "dressed the doddrums"—the English soldiers, who endeavoured to seize his fish—with the butt-end of his fishing-rod. "Blind Harry" has given us a circumstantial account of the feat. The "bickering bush," which marked the scene of the encounter, flourished till the commencement of the present century; but after suffering greatly at the hands of relic hunters, it eventually succumbed before the woodman's axe.

The branch line running from Kilmarnock to Troon was the first railway constructed in Scotland, having been built by Mr. Stephenson, at the expense of the Duke of Portland, in 1811. Not only does it connect Kilmarnock with the port of Troon—its chief merit in a commercial point of view—but (which, perhaps, to tourists is of greater moment) it provides a direct route from that town to Ayr, and affords them the opportunity of visiting the *Hill of Dundonald*, at the top of which they will find the ruins of a castle formerly belonging to the Stewarts, and the residence of several of the monarchs of that line. It was here that King Blearie (Robert II.) wooed and married the accomplished Elizabeth Moore of Rowallan. Two stories of the central tower are still standing; and a room in the second story, called the king's room, is erroneously pointed out as that in which Robert II. died. The

remains of an ancient chapel of the Virgin, once designated, from its splendour, the "Grace of Kyle," exist on the west of the hill; and the village of *Dundonald*, with its population (1871) of 277, is close to the castle. This village, by the way, is entitled to the privileges of a free burgh of barony; but its inhabitants have long since ceased to exercise them.

By means of the eastern branch line—which, as we have seen, runs from Hurlford, up the valley of the Irvine, to Newmilns—a very interesting district of country may be examined.

The first station on the line affords access to *Galston*, a small town, nestling in a woody hollow on the south bank of the Irvine, which has a pleasant appearance. *Bar Castle*, formerly the property of the Lockharts, has an association with the Reformer Knox, which causes it to be regarded with feelings akin to veneration by all lovers of religious liberty; and on the banks of a little stream in its neighbourhood, called the *Barnawn*, an ancient elm, easily distinguishable by its great size, is said to have repeatedly screened Wallace from the pursuit of his enemies. That hero defeated the English commander Fenwick, at the head of a force greatly outnumbering his own, at *Beg*, a spot closely adjacent to the town, after a very hardly contested battle; so that the connection of the town—and as we shall presently see of the surrounding country—with the cause of liberty, both civil and religious, is such as to make it worth visiting.

As the "world's wild steed" travels from Galston to Newmilns, the castellated towers of *Loudoun Castle*, rising among the greenery of "Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes," attract our attention; and our minds revert to the tradition that the Articles of Union between England and Scotland were signed beneath the spreading branches of one of the trees on which we are gazing. With before our eyes evidences of the benefit which has resulted from that union—in giving the war-worn peasantry leisure to turn their attention to the arts of peace and to cultivate and improve the land, we almost regret the want of foundation for the tradition. The castle itself is a princely mansion, standing on an eminence sufficiently high to command a superb landscape. It was while on a visit here that Allan Ramsay composed his well-known song, "The Lass of Patie's Mill," in honour of a rural beauty. But while we are musing in this way, we reach the end of the line, and find that *Newmilns*, though a burgh of barony, with a charter dating back to the reign of James IV., is by no means of large dimensions, in 1871, its inhabitants only numbering 3,028.

Loudoun Hill.

We are, however, on historic ground. The road leads us through *Darvel*, a village two miles further east, to the spot—

> "Where Loudoun Hill rears high its conic form,
> And bares its rocky bosom to the storm,"

marking the boundary between the counties of Ayr and Lanark. Not only may a wide-spreading landscape be examined from its summit, but old-world memories crowd upon us as we enjoy it. On this spot the Roman legions encamped; here Wallace overthrew the foes of his country; and here Bruce gained one of his most signal victories; while on the eastern slope at Drumclog (*see* part ii. p. 14) nearly four centuries afterwards, the Covenanters, making a desperate stand for "freedom to worship God" in the way most in accordance with the dictates of their consciences, inflicted a defeat on the royal troops. The latter success was but short-lived, the insurgents being soon afterwards defeated with great loss at Bothwell Bridge (*see* part ii. p. 16); but Bruce's victory, when six hundred patriots thoroughly routed an army of three thousand to whom they were opposed, was productive of more enduring results.

> "The Bruce's sword, the soldier's spear,
> Fell like the lightning in its full career;
> The patriot king with rapture-kindled eye,
> Triumphant, saw the reeling phalanx fly;
> And Victory's beacon-light began to burn,
> The glorious prelude to his Bannockburn."

Returning to Mauchline, we cross the Ayr by the *Ballochmyle Viaduct*, which Charles Knight justly describes as "a great triumph of engineering skill in the midst of much natural beauty." It consists of seven arches, and is nearly seven hundred feet in length, the centre arch, which springs from bank to bank of the river, having a span of a hundred and sixty-four feet, and being at the same distance above the water.

Auchinleck, a small place, which we next reach, was the birthplace of William Murdoch, to whom the world is indebted for the introduction of gas as a means of artificial light. Originally a weaver in the village, he found a friend and patron in James Watt, and is buried next him at Birmingham. The village contains nothing of note save its elegant church. *Auchinleck House* was the seat of the father of the biographer of Johnson, who visited the place and was cordially welcomed by Lord Auchinleck. The ruins of the ancient *Castle of Auchinleck* stand at the junction of the Dupool Burn and the Lugar.

The branch line to Muirkirk, which, uniting with the

branch of the Caledonian Railway, runs direct, viâ *Douglas and Lanark* (*see* part ii. pp. 32-6) *to Edinburgh, leaves the main line at Auchinleck with a fork to Old Cumnock, the next station south.* It is only nine miles long, with two intermediate stations—at *Lugar* and *Cronberry*—and traverses the monotonous moorland of—

Aird's Moss,

the scene of a sanguinary skirmish between the Covenanters and a vastly superior division of the royal army. The former were defeated and a great number, including Richard Cameron, killed. A monument at the western extremity of the moor marks the scene of the battle and perpetuates Cameron's memory. The farm of *Priesthill*, the residence of John Browne, who was shot by Claverhouse while engaged in prayer, is also in the neighbourhood. His grave is marked by a stone pillar.

Muirkirk is the site of extensive ironworks.

The railway crosses the Lugar by a picturesque viaduct, 150 feet in length, and 150 feet above the level of the river. The hurried glimpses allowed, as the train speeds on, of this fine structure, are as beautiful as they are brief. To the south are seen Blackcraig and the Afton Braes, "far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;" on the left rise Cairntable, Cairns Muir, and Wardlaw; while the beautiful estate of the Marquis of Bute stretches away to the west, with Auchinleck and the river Ayr and the ocean in the distance. The residence of the Marquis is called *Dumfries House.* In it are some fine Louis Quatorze tapestries, presented by the "Grand Monarque" himself to one of the Earls of Dumfries. The ruins of *Terringzean Castle*, the ancient seat of the Loudoun family, are in the demesne, which extends its fine plantations across the river Lugar.

Old Cumnock

(population, 2,901) is a police burgh, whose situation in a deep and sheltered hollow at the junction of the Glassnock and Lugar justifies the meaning of its name, "embosomed in hills." Its chief industry is weaving. In the *Cemetery*, formerly the place of execution, are the remains of Peden (*see* pp. 23-4). The bodies of three Covenanters, shot by the Highlanders in 1685, also lie here.

A branch line runs westward from Old Cumnock to Ayr, through an extremely beautiful country.

New Cumnock, the last of the Ayrshire stations, is at the head of Nithsdale. The village is a large one, with a popu-

lation in 1871 of 3,420, and is celebrated as having been the residence of Mrs. Stewart, a friend of Burns.

The line now turns in an eastward direction and enters Dumfriesshire midway between New Cumnock and the next station—

Kirkconnell.

We are now travelling through a beautiful mountainous district, some of the hills rising to a height of upwards of two thousand feet. *Glenharry*, though by no means the highest, is one of the most remarkable, and behind it stands the *Three-Shire Stone*, marking the spot where Dumfries, Lanark, and Ayrshire join their borders. The parish of Kirkconnell is noteworthy for the streams with which it abounds; indeed, we are now in the watershed of this part of the country. Not fewer than fifty rills rise within its boundary, and find their way into the Nith, or its tributaries, the Kelloe, the Spango, and the Crawick. The last named, formed by the junction of two mountain burns, is a specially beautiful water. There are also two mineral springs in the parish, situated about a mile and a half west of the village. Leaving Kirkconnell, our next halt is at the royal burgh of—

Sanquhar,

supposed to have been a stronghold in prehistoric times, its name being derived from two Gaelic words, meaning "old camp." The *Castle*, the remains of which are at the south-east end of the town, figured during the War of Independence, when it was occupied by the English, but recovered by stratagem. It afterward belonged to the Crichtons, the most noted of whom, "Admirable Crichton"—who by his linguistic attainments attained a world-wide celebrity in the sixteenth century and was eventually assassinated at Venice at the early age of twenty-two—is said to have been born at *Elliock House*, a mile from the castle. The town is intimately connected with the history of the Covenanters; it was here that Richard Cameron, with twenty-one associates, fixed to the market cross the document in which they renounced their allegiance to Charles, and which is known as the "Sanquhar Declaration." In the seventeenth century, the place was the scene of a struggle between two parties of Parliamentarians, who, meeting in the dark and each mistaking the other for Royalists, fought furiously and spilt much blood before they discovered their mistake.

Sanquhar was created a burgh of barony by James III. in 1484, and a burgh of royalty by James VI. in 1598; but its

old-world importance is "faded and gone," its population in 1871 being only 1,324. It now consists of little more than a single street; its handsome *Parish Church*, with a square tower, occupies a commanding position at the north-west end; and its *Town Hall*, in the centre of the High Street, is ornamented by a tower and clock, for which it was indebted to a former Duke of Queensberry, whose successor, the Duke of Buccleuch, owns the coal mines in the neighbourhood and the lead mines (in which gold has been found) at *Wanlochhead*, eight miles to the north-east. This village is supposed to be the highest inhabited land in Scotland, and is interesting from the fact of its being the birthplace of Allan Ramsay. Burns was a frequent visitor at Sanquhar, and called the town, "Black Joan from Crichton Peel, O' the gypsy kith and kin;" why, no one knows.

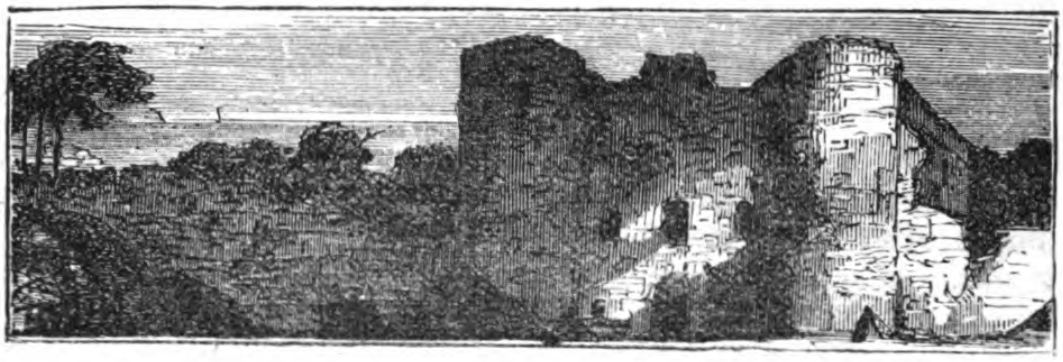
From Sanquhar, the line runs through a picturesque district of country, past *Carronbridge*, a romantic village on the Carron Water, and then we reach—

Thornhill,

a remarkably clean village, in the centre of which rises a pillared cross, surmounted by a winged Pegasus and the arms of Duke Charles of Queensberry, by whom it was erected in 1714. The village is of considerable antiquity, and has a pleasing appearance, rows of trees on the sides of its principal street imparting to it a sylvan aspect. Outside the village, on rising ground, is the magnificent pile of *Drumlanrig Castle*, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, built in 1679-89, and said to be from designs of Inigo Jones; but as that distinguished architect died two years before it was begun, this is improbable. However, it is a noble pile, quite worthy of his genius.

Excursions may be made from Thornhill to *Moinaive* (eight miles), embracing sights of *Tynron Doon*, a conical hill fort; *Maxwellton Braes* (the home of "Annie Laurie"); and *Craigenputtock*, the former residence of Thomas Carlyle.

And now, as we are between fourteen and fifteen miles of Dumfries, we will run past the intervening places without note, reserving anything we may have to say about them for our next chapter; and alight at the pretty railway station at Dumfries, which is built in the midst of well-kept nursery gardens, which favourably impress the stranger arriving at the good old town.



CHAPTER III.

DUMFRIES AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"We linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there."

FOR "loyal feats, and trophies won," says the popular distich, "Dumfries shall live till time be done;" and no one at all conversant with the chronicles of the town, and the prominent part it has played in the struggles for liberty with which the annals of Scotland abound, will for one moment entertain any doubt as to its justice, nor find fault with us for applying to the place the epithet, "the good old town," with which we closed our last chapter.

The name of Dumfries—of Gaelic origin, signifying "the castle among brushwood"—points to its antiquity; and though we have no record of its foundation, there is little room to doubt that it was a settlement of the Selgovæ long before anything was heard of the Roman legions in this northern island. We have no distinct mention of the place till the time of Malcolm III.; and his successor, William the Lion, who having built the castle at Ayr, to restrain the men of Galloway on the west, is said to have erected another at Dumfries, to hem them in on the east. But all this is uncertain. Nothing at all on which any reliance can be placed is recorded concerning the town till the erection of its Monastery and Bridge, a hundred years later.

The Bridge

may thus claim to be one of the oldest—if not the very

oldest—structures of the kind in Scotland. It was built at the end of the fourteenth century, about the same time as the Balliol College, Oxford, which dates from 1395, and was founded by the same lady. The bridge and monastery were both erected by Devorgilla, the daughter of Allan McDowall, lord of Galloway, and the mother of John Baliol. Some accounts say that the former originally consisted of thirteen arches; but it appears more probable that it never had more than nine, and of these six are still in existence. Though, as might be expected, frail and worn with the floods and winds of five centuries—and the still more unkindly hand of man during the struggles of which it has been the stage—it is still serviceable, though only as a foot-bridge, the authorities having wisely ordained that vehicular traffic shall be diverted from it.

The Monastery

was the scene of one of the most stirring incidents of Scottish history. It was before its high altar that Bruce wounded the Red Comyn, and Kirkpatrick followed to "mak' siccar" of his death. Edward I., of England, had on crossing the border seized on the castle (some accounts say that he erected it), and though driven out by Wallace, had again taken possession of it. Wallace had, however, been betrayed into his hands and put to a cruel death, so that the kingdom of Scotland was now at Edward's feet; and he summoned the barons and freeholders to do him suit and service in the fortress. Comyn and Bruce obeyed his behests, but quarrelled in the church; and Bruce having slain the *protégé* of the English king, attacked the castle, which was not prepared for defence, and took it, thus commencing the War of Independence, which culminated in the decisive victory at Bannockburn.

St. Michael's Church.

The church and monastery having been, as we have seen, defiled by the blood of Comyn, were deserted and suffered to fall into decay, another church, dedicated to St. Michael, the patron saint of the burgh, being erected in the southern part of the town. This existed till 1744, when the present fabric, of Roman architecture, with an elegant tower and spire, 130 feet high, was erected in its stead. It is interesting as being the church which Burns and his family attended, and in the churchyard of which he was buried (*see* pp. 41-2). The pew in which he sat, and on which he cut his initials during "weary sermonizing," was long

an object of interest to his admirers; but it was removed in 1868, when the church was reseated, much to the regret of many, who regarded it as an act of vandalism!

To return to our history. Robert III. granted the town a new charter, its older one having been lost; but royal favour was no security against the raids of the English, who frequently crossed the Border to which it was inconveniently close, and burnt the town. To obviate this we find the Douglasses erecting fortresses between the town and Carlisle, which the townsmen were bound to defend on pain of high treason. The Incorporated Trades, too, were enrolled for the same purpose.* Later on, in 1536, the Maxwells built a strong *Castle*, constructed from the ruins of the old Monastery and nearly on its site. This in its turn falling into ruin, we find that, in 1583, the townsmen erected a fortress, known as the *New Wark*, in the centre of the town; its remains were removed in 1846. The town suffered in all the civil commotions of the kingdom. During the troubles of the reigns of the two last Stewarts it had its martyrs, to whose memory a granite obelisk was erected in St. Michael's burying-ground in 1834; and when Charles Edward invaded Great Britain, he imposed a heavy fine on the townsmen for their loyalty to the House of Hanover—a fine that was subsequently repaid by a grant from Parliament.

Peaceful days, however, came at last; and the inhabitants turned their attention to commercial pursuits, to such effect that Dumfries is now the chief town in the south-west. It is noted for its cattle and sheep markets; its clog and basket manufactures; its trade in timber, leather, hides, and tweed; its ironworks; and last, but not least, its extensive nurseries, which so pleasantly impress the eyes—and noses—of all visitors. The chief of these surround the *Railway Station*,† situated, by the way, in a part of the town known as the *Lovers' Walk;* and this leads us to notice the position of the town and its railway facilities.

It is not necessary for us to say that the town is the capital of Dumfries-shire, and, as a glance at the map will show, situated

* It was to these Incorporated Trades that James I. and VI.—as he delighted to be called—presented the silver gun, the possession of which was competed for annually at the wapinshaw on "Kingholm Merse," the last competition taking place in 1831. The passing of the Municipal Corporations Act in the following year disestablished the Incorporated Trades, and brought the annual contests to a close; and the gun has since then been in the custody of the Town Clerk. Might not King James's wishes be carried out in our modern state of things, by its being constituted a challenge prize for the local volunteers?

† The flower-beds are placed close to the very rails, without any intervening hedge or fence.

at the south-west extremity of the county. Burns playfully termed it—

> "Maggie, by the banks of the Nith,
> A dame wi' pride eneuch."

The inhabitants delight to call it the "Queen of Nithsdale" and the "Queen of the South;" and any one who has visited it and noted its beautiful situation, will acknowledge that it is not without cause that they do so. Its general aspect, environed in every direction by wooded enclosures, mansions, lawns, and gardens, and situated on the banks of the Nith—which here cleaves a broad and expanded passage to the Solway—on a plain between lofty ranges of hills, is extremely pleasing. A little to the north, the land slopes up gently, and throws out a low range of hills, which run southwards to Caerlaverock. At a distance of a mile and a quarter from the town they rise into two perpendicular rocks, called the Maiden's Bower, and about two miles to the south-east into the remarkable wooded height of Clumpton; while on the west the towering summit of Criffel closes in the beautiful plain. The hills which thus form the background to the scene are clothed with verdure to their summits; while the broad river affords excellent water communication, which, before the construction of the railways, was of infinite service to the town. The opposite banks of the Nith are connected by the old bridge already referred to, a new bridge erected in 1795, at a cost of £4,588, and a suspension foot bridge, opened in 1875. In conjunction with Annan, Kirkcudbright, Sanquhar, and Lochmaben (it will be remembered that Burns called the five burghs "the five Carlins), Dumfries returns one member to Parliament. The population of the Parliamentary burgh was 18,826 in 1871; it is now estimated at nearly twenty thousand.

The town is 338 miles from London, eighty-nine from Edinburgh, eighty-two from Glasgow, and sixty from Ayr. *Besides being a first-class station on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway*, to whom the building belongs, *it is connected with the Caledonian system by a branch from the Lockerbie junction; and with Stranraer (and the sister isle) by the Kirkcudbright and Castle Douglas branch of the South-Western system, and the Portpatrick Railway.*

So much for the history and trade of the town. We will now briefly enumerate—

The Chief Public Edifices.

The *Mid Steeple*, formerly known as the *Tron Steeple*, is in the centre of High Street, or Hie Gate, as it is sometimes called. The steeple was for a long time thought to be the work of Inigo Jones, but it has latterly been ascertained that its architect was Tobias Backup, of Alloa; it was built in 1705, and possesses a

good peal of bells, one of which has an inscription in Latin, to the effect that "William de Carlyle, Lord of Torthorwald, caused me to be made in honour of St. Michael, the year of our Lord, 1433."

The *Theatre*, referred to by Burns, as having been opened in 1790, and notable as the scene of the earliest efforts of Edmund Kean; it was remodelled and enlarged in 1876.

The *Academy* was erected in 1802, and endowed by a fund, which originated in a bequest of fifteen thousand marks, left by Bailie John Paterson, in 1722.

The *Infirmary*, the oldest in the south of Scotland, occupies a new building, erected in the Italian style in 1869-70, at a cost of £12,000, £5,000 of which was contributed by Mrs. Laurie of Maxwelltown, on condition that one of the wards should be called the Laurie Ward, in memory of her deceased husband. The former building dated from 1777-8.

The *Crichton Royal Institution*, a well-managed lunatic asylum, was originally founded by Dr. James Crichton, of Friars Carse, who bequeathed £100,000 to its funds. It is a large edifice to the south of the town, commenced in 1839.

The *County Jail and Bridewell* stand in Buccleuch Street, where also are the *Court House and Town Hall.*

The *Observatory and Museum*, crown Corbelly Hill, on the Maxwelltown side of the river, occupying the site of an old windmill. The former was erected in 1838, from designs by Mr. Walter Newall, at a cost of a thousand guineas, by the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Astronomical Society. It is furnished with a powerful telescope and other instruments, and is four stories in height; in its topmost one is a camera obscura, which reflects faithful pictures of the beautiful scenery by which it is surrounded. The latter, of more recent date, contains several memorials of Burns. Around are gardens, half an acre in extent, tastefully laid out with flowers and shrubs. *Admission may be obtained on payment of sixpence, a fee which is reduced on Saturdays to threepence, for which sum excursionists have the privilege of entering it any weekday.*

These and the churches, the site of the old monastery and castle, now known as Friar's Vennel, and the *Commercial Hotel*, where Charles Edward made his head-quarters in December, 1745, are—except what after all constitutes its chief attraction, the spots connected with Burns—the principal buildings in Dumfries. But there are a few other ornaments of the town which ought not to be forgotten. Among them are the *Queensberry Monument*, in the centre of the square of that name—a fine Doric column, erected in 1780, in memory of Charles Duke of Queensberry; an ornamental *Fountain* in front of the Commercial Hotel, which commemorates the introduction of the water supply into the town, in 1851 (the water is obtained from Loch Rutton, a lake four miles distant); and the *Dock Park*, the public recreation ground of the inhabitants, which extends along the east bank of the Nith to the south of the town. The—

Churches

are numerous, the more conspicuous being—

St. Michael's Parish Church, of which we have already spoken (*see* pp. 35-6).

St. Mary's Church, of Gothic architecture, standing on the Crystal Mount, the place of execution in the olden time. It was here that, in 1306, Sir Christopher Seton, the brother-in-law of Bruce, was hanged by command of Edward I. His widow afterwards built a chapel on the spot, which was richly endowed by Bruce, and in which masses were said for the repose of his soul. Falling into ruins, its materials were used in 1715 to assist in fortifying the town against the threatened

attack of Viscount Kenmure. The present church was built in 1838, when the foundations of the original chapel were discovered, and the stones placed in the burial-ground which surrounds the church, a suitable inscription informing "all whom it may concern" of the fact.

The *Greyfriars Church*, erected in 1867, occupies the site of an edifice known as the New Church and built in 1727, being partially composed of the ruins of the castle. The present church is the most ornamental structure in Dumfries: it is of Gothic architecture, with a tower and spire a hundred and sixty-four feet high. It cost nearly £7,000.

There is another *Established Church* in Maxwelltown, and the Parliamentary burgh contains four *Free Churches*, one in George Street, one (*Martyrs'*) in Irvine Street, one (*South*) at the foot of High Street, and one in Maxwelltown; three *United Presbyterian Churches*, in Buccleuch Street, Lornburn Street, and Academy Street; an *Episcopal Church* (*St. John's*), opposite Dunbar Terrace, Lovers' Walk; a *Roman Catholic Church* (*St. Andrew's*), in Shakespeare Street; a *Catholic Apostolic Church*, in Queen's Place; two *Independent Churches*, one in Irvine Street and one in Nith Place; a *Baptist Church*, in Rae Street; a *Wesleyan Church* in Buccleuch Street; one belonging to the *Evangelical Union*, in George Street; besides mission rooms, &c.

Hotels

of various kinds are numerous in the town; among them are—

The *King's Arms* (at the the junction of English and High Streets), on one of the windows of which Burns wrote his celebrated defence of "poor excisemen;"

The *Queensberry*, of modern erection, a little further along English Street;

The *Commercial* (High Street), as we have already seen, of historic interest as the head-quarters of "bonnie Prince Charlie;"

The *Station* (the upper portion of the Railway Station);

And in or close to High Street, the *Blue Bell*, the *Old George*, the *New George*, the *Coffee House* (a famous "howf" at the time when Burns was one of the "familiar figures" of Dumfries), and the *Globe Tavern*. The last-named was "the place where body sawna," where the poet had his celebrated "pint o' wine." It was his favourite "house of call," at which, indeed, he spent too much of his time; and where he met the heroine of "the gowden locks of Anna." She was the niece of the proprietor of the tavern and officiated as barmaid. Frequenters of this house have the opportunity of sitting in "Burns' chair," drinking from his punch-bowl, and inspecting some verses in his handwriting on the window-panes.

A movement is now (1880) on foot to place a *Statue of Burns* in the High Street. It is to be of Sicilian marble, cut by Italian sculptors from a fine life-like model by Mr. D. O. Hill, and will, it is expected, be erected early in 1881.

By a natural sequence, this directs our thoughts to the one episode in the history of Dumfries, which more than anything else contributes to its popularity: we mean the fact that Burns passed the evening of his days and died there. But before doing so we may note that, in common with almost every other spot in broad Scotland, the neighbourhood is not without its connection with the writings of Scott. One of the largest houses in the burgh, a little to the north of the Commercial Hotel, occupies the site of the *Turnpike*, as it was called—an old-world habitation, at one time the residence of Sir Walter's Redgauntlet—Grierson of Lag. "Old Mortality" (Robert Paterson) was buried in the churchyard at Bankend, near Caerlaverock, a monument having been placed over his

grave by Messrs. A. and C. Black, Scott's publishers, with a view of carrying out his well-known wishes. Caerlaverock Castle is the Ellangowan of "Guy Mannering;" and Helen Walker (the Jeanie Deans of the "Heart of Midlothan") lies in Irongray churchyard, four miles north-west of Dumfries, her sepulchre being marked by a tombstone placed there by Sir Walter himself.

Burns in Dumfries.

We all know that in 1788 the poet took the farm of Ellisland, of which we shall speak presently; that his farming speculations there did not thrive any better than did those at Mossgiel and elsewhere (the poet seems to have been uniformly unsuccessful as an agriculturist); and that in December, 1791, he removed to Dumfries, where he acted as an officer of excise. He first occupied three rooms in a house in Bank Street, a thoroughfare running from the High Street, not far from the Commercial Hotel, to the White Sands, adjoining the Dock Park, on the shore of the Nith, and no doubt he might have been frequently seen wandering wrapped in meditation both along the sands and the park; and he afterwards removed to a house in a street then known as Mill Street, but since his death as Burns Street. Both these houses may be easily recognised. A bust of the poet and an inscription indicates that in which he died, of which Wordsworth, who visited it in August, 1803, (seven years after his death), has preserved a description :—

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of the house where he lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation. . . . . When our guide had left us, we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time by the seashore with her children. We spoke to the maidservant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son very lately in the same room."

Chambers has given us a graphic account of his life in Dumfries; and to that we would refer our readers, as our space will not permit us to make even an extract. A successful movement for the establishment of a subscription library was inaugurated in 1792 (the library has since been handed over to the care of the *Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution*, whose "local habitation" is in Nith Place). Burns, as was his wont, took a leading part in the undertaking and presented several volumes to

the library. These are now the most cherished treasures of the institution, and one of them—the thirteenth volume of the "Statistical Account of Scotland"—has pencilled in his handwriting, on a page containing a reference to the martyrdom of some adherents of the Covenant, these lines :—

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear ;
But sacred freedom, too, was theirs—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer."

THE BURNS MAUSOLEUM.

They bring to one's memory his well-known and severe rebuke to a scoffer at the Covenant.

Of course, his pen was not idle during the five years he lived in Dumfries ; and we find that Burns composed some of his best known lyrics—"Duncan Gray," "The Soldier's Return," "Gala Water," amongst them—and many songs there.

The Burns Mausoleum.

At length, his health gave way, and after a short visit to Brow, in the vain hope that the sea breezes would restore it,

Burns died on the 21st of July, 1796, at the early age of thirty-seven. He was buried in an obscure corner of St. Michael's Churchyard, a plain slab of stone marking the spot, but a subscription was afterwards set on foot for the erection of a fitting monument over his grave. Headed by a donation of £50 from George IV., the required sum (about £1,500) was raised in due time; and as the corner where his body was mouldering to dust was not found roomy enough for the monument, it was removed on September 19th, 1815, to the spot where it now lies. The mausoleum consists of a beautifully proportioned Grecian temple, enclosing a marble group by Tancredi, which represents the Genius of Scotland enrobing the poetic husbandman, who stands by his plough, in the mantle of inspiration. The text of this design is the passage in one of the poet's dedications, in which he says, "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophet bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." Every thoughful person gazing on the sculpture must join heartily in Wordsworth's regret that Burns was—

> "Too frail to keep the lofty vow
> That must have followed when his brow
> Was wreathed—the 'Vision' tells us how—
> With holly spray."

The country around Dumfries affords scope for many a pleasant excursion. That "adown winding Nith" will conduct us to one of Burns' favourite haunts—

Caerlaverock Castle,

now in ruins, but considered one of the best specimens of its kind in the kingdom. Its name—as to the exact meaning of which authorities differ—indicates the existence of a fortress on the spot in Celtic days; and it is averred that the present structure, erected in the sixth century, took the place of a much older edifice. It was for ages the chief seat of the Maxwells, and its connection with the struggles between the two kingdoms, from the days of Edward I. downwards, and with the internecine conflicts which have taken place in Scotland, invests it with a considerable amount of historical interest—an interest which is increased when it is remembered that Scott himself points it out as the original of the Ellangowan of "Guy Mannering." The ruins of—

Sweetheart Abbey,

a beautiful structure founded by the Lady Devorgilla who built the bridge and monastery at Dumfries, stand a little

westward of the mouth of the Nith, in a lovely and sheltered nook at the very base of Criffel—the last of the Scottish mountains. The church and part of the chapter house yet remain. Wynton, in his "Chronicle," says that the name was bestowed upon it on account of its foundress having had her husband's heart embalmed and kept by her in an ivory box. When the church was completed, she placed it in a niche in the wall near the high altar; but at her death it was laid on her breast in her coffin, and a Latin epitaph, of which the following is a free translation, placed over her tomb:—

> "In Devorgil, a sibyl sage doth lie, as
> Mary contemplative, as Martha pious.
> To her, Oh! deign, High King! rest to impart,
> Whom this stone covers, with her husband's heart."

The ruins of the abbey were, in 1852, repaired by means of a subscription among the gentry of the district, augmented by a grant from Government.

Not far eastward of the castle is *Brow*, a seaside place to which, as we have seen, Burns resorted shortly before his death, in the hope that his exhausted energies might be recuperated; and we gain the railway at—

Ruthwell,

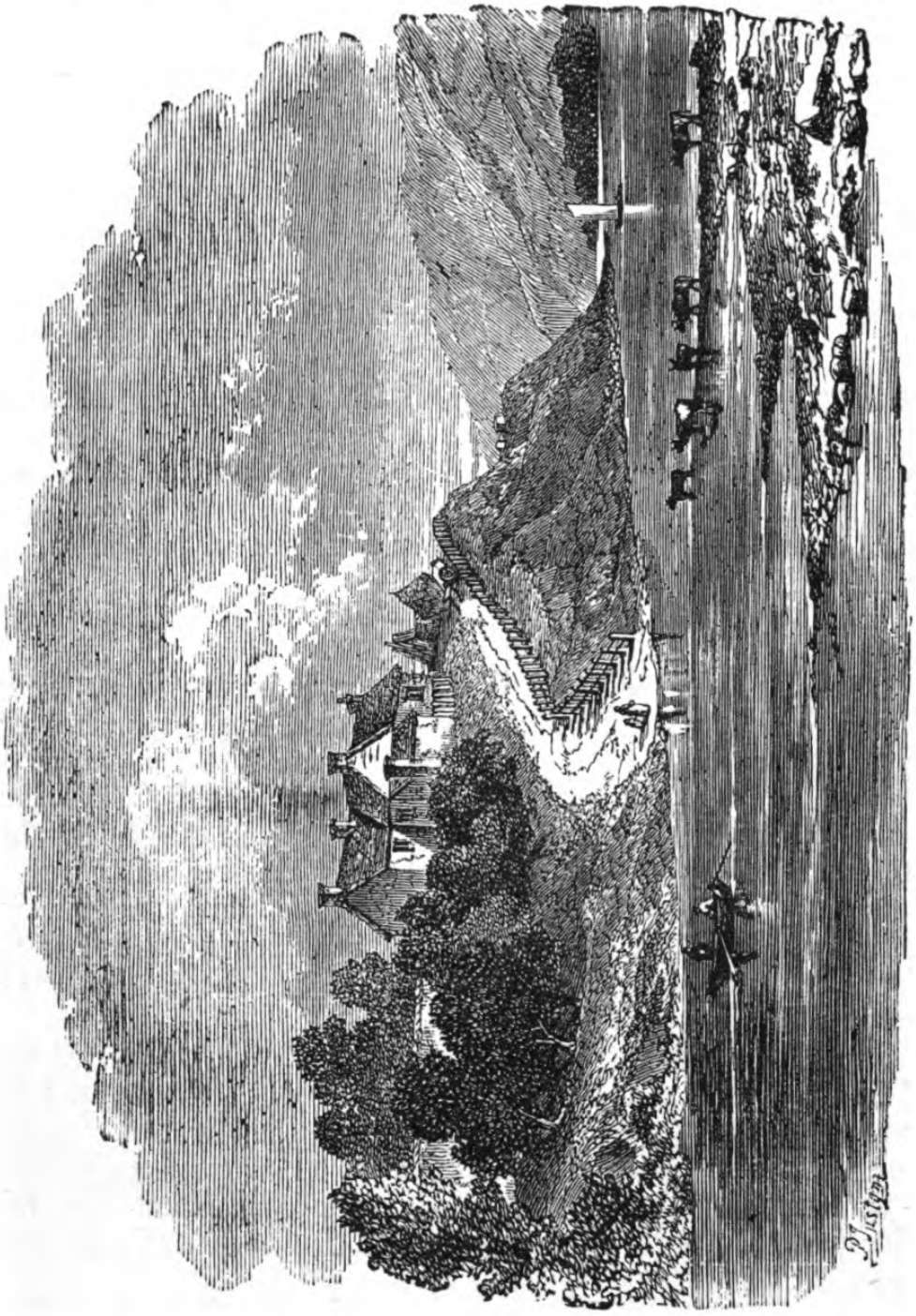
the kirk and manse of which village are interesting, from their association with Dr. Henry Duncan, the originator of savings banks. In the garden of the manse is a Runic pillar of great antiquity; it is seventeen and a half feet high, its four sides being covered with allegorical designs in Anglo-Saxon sculpture and Runic characters. It was destroyed in 1642, by order of the General Assembly; but the fragments were preserved. These Dr. Duncan collected and replaced with care, sending a model of the restored pillar to the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh.

Ruthwell is only eight miles from Dumfries, whence we would like to visit Lochmaben, "Marjorie of the mony lochs," and its castle, Sanquhar, Castle Douglas, &c.; but our space will not permit us to do so. We therefore continue our northward journey, crossing the Nith by a lofty viaduct not far from its junction with the *Cluden* or *Cairn Water*, on the bank of which is—

Lincluden Abbey,

another favourite haunt of Burns, as witness his lines on "An evening view of the ruins of Lincluden Abbey." The provost's house, the chancel, and part of the south wall of the church, of which the ruins consist, afford indications of

the former splendour of the pile. Originally a nunnery, Archibald of Douglas (whose arms, with those of his countess, ornament the wall over the vestry door) changed it into a college for a provost and twelve canons in the fourteenth



BURNS' HOUSE AT ELLISLAND.

century. Archibald married the daughter of Robert III., and her grave is to be seen in the chancel. Though mutilated (it is believed that the bones of the lady have been dispersed), the tomb exhibits evidences of considerable elegance; it was

in the form of an arch, beautifully sculptured with the heart of Douglas, guarded by three chalices crosswise, and a star near each in the centre.

Holywood,

the next station on the line, derived its name from the grove of sacred Druidical oaks that formerly grew by the parish church; they have long since disappeared, as have also all traces of an abbey which existed in the village in more recent days. Its last remains were used in rebuilding the parish church in 1778; and two of its fine-toned bells still hang in the church tower.

A short distance further on we again cross the Nith, which bends eastward near *Dalswinton*, the residence, in 1788, of Mr. Miller, who, with Mr. James Taylor and Mr. Symington, launched the first working model of a steamboat on Dalswinton Loch. It was constructed by placing a small engine in a double pleasure-boat—the engine on one side and the boiler on the other, and the paddle-wheel in the middle of the vessel betwixt them. Visitors to—

Ellisland,

the residence of Burns before his removal into Dumfries, should alight at *Aulgarth Bridge*. On the way, they will pass *Friar's Carse* and its *Hermitage*, on a pane of glass in a grotto of the grounds attached to which Burns wrote six lines of his poem commencing, "Thou, whom charms may hither lead." The poet frequently visited this spot; but since his death the grotto has been pulled down, the pane of glass containing the lines being sold for £5. Ellisland is about a mile further down the river. Some of the windows of the farmhouse still exhibit verses in his handwriting; and the spots where he composed the ode, "Mary in Heaven," and where "Tam O'Shanter" was conceived, are shown to the visitor. Both Ellisland and the old tower on the isle, where Burns and his wife lodged while the farmhouse was being got ready for their reception, may be seen from the railway. Near—

Closeburn,

the next station, is *Closeburn Castle*, the former seat of the Kirkpatricks, still in a good state of preservation. This family, descended from the Kirkpatrick, who completed the murder of Comyn after Bruce had smitten him in the church, is closely connected with that of the ex-Empress of the French.

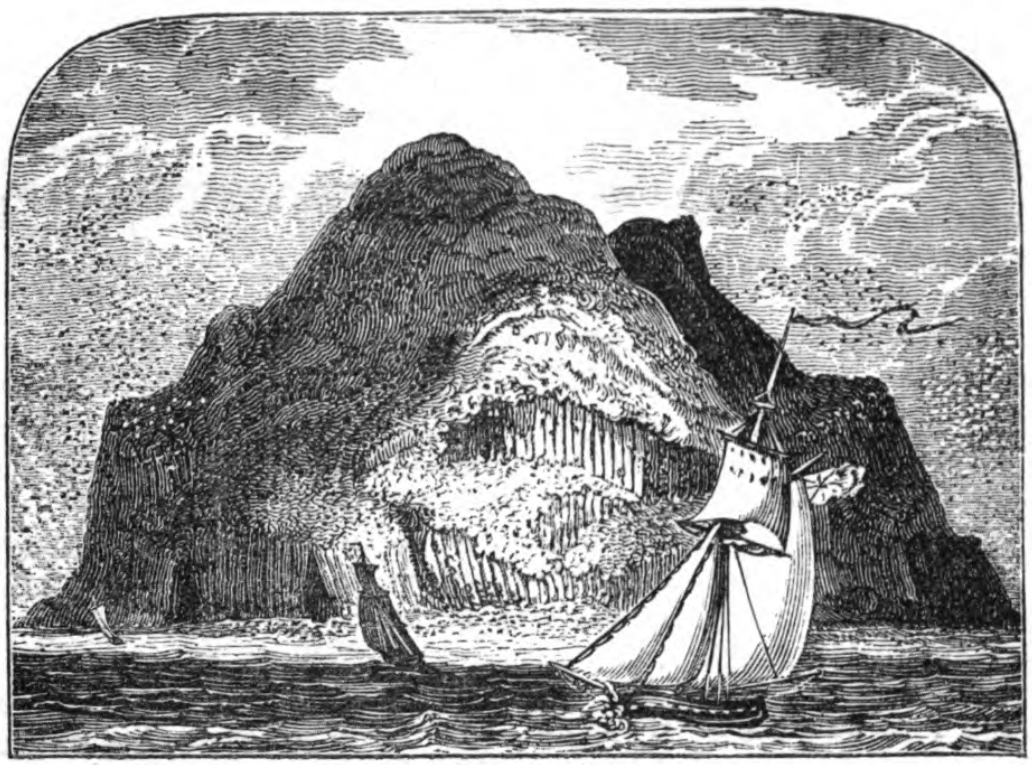
The remains of the castle show that they were as much inclined to "mak' siccar" of their possessions, as was their ancestor of Comyn's death; it was surrounded by a small lake, which has long since been drained, the railway passing over a portion of its bed.

Queensberry Hill (2,140 feet in height) here forms a conspicuous object in the landscape; and *Crichup Linn* (also known as the *Gray Mare's Tail*, on account of its beautiful white streamers), which bounds over the precipitous side of one of the spurs of that mountain, in a clear leap of between eighty and ninety feet, is about two miles distant from the station. The old "Statistical Account," alluding to it, says:—

"Nothing can be more striking than the appearance of this linn from the bottom. The darkness of the place, upon which the sun never shines; the rugged rocks, rising over one's head, and seeming to meet at the top, with here and there a blasted tree, seeming to burst from the crevices; the rumbling of the water falling from rock to rock and forming deep pools; together with some degree of danger to the spectator whilst he surveys the striking objects that present themselves to his view—all naturally tend to work upon the imagination."

At the entrance to the linn was a curious cell or cave, called *Elf's Kirk*, since destroyed in quarrying the freestone. It was the resort of the Covenanters in the days of their persecution, and is thought by some to have been the cave Scott had in view when writing "Old Mortality;" but it is more probable that the cave under Corra Linn, near Lanark (*see* part ii. pp. 27-8), was the one he meant.

Leaving Closeburn, *Borjorg Tower* may be seen on the opposite bank of the river; and at a distance of two and a half miles we reach *Thornhill* (*see* p. 33), and continue our journey to Ayr through the country described in our last chapter.



AILSA CRAG.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSIONS COASTWISE.

I. SOUTHWARDS.

"The towering headlands crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
Old Ocean is a mighty harmonist."

CARRICK, the southern division of Ayrshire, commences at the "bonnie Doon," of the "banks and braes" of which we have already discoursed (*see* pp. 16-19) in our first chapter. It gives the Prince of Wales the title of Duke of Carrick, and it has its associations of interest, to which we will devote a few pages.

Crossing the Doon at Dalrymple, we soon reach—

Maybole.

This town, nine miles from Ayr, is the capital of Carrick and a place of old-world importance. Its first parish church is said to have been erected in the twelfth century, and the ruins of a collegiate church dating from the fourteenth are still in existence. Its population in 1871 amounted to about four thousand souls; and it contains about half a dozen "kirks,"

and a quaint old *Town House.* Knox held a disputation in the town with Kennedy, the head of *Crossraguel Abbey*, which was founded in 1240, by one of the Earls of Cassilis, and the picturesque ruins of which, two miles south of the town, show that it was of a mixed character of architecture, the rough square tower, the moss-troopers' stronghold, frowning over the beautiful remains of some rich and airy specimens of the middle period of Gothic work. The house in which the disputation took place is now known as the *Red Lion*, and was in Burns' day kept by his uncle.

The Earls of Cassilis made Maybole their head-quarters, building at its east end their chief residence, known as *Maybole Castle.* Though erected in 1650, it is still in good repair and habitable. If we are to believe an old ballad, one of the earls confined his faithless countess, who had eloped with a former lover, "Johnny Faa," in a room in this castle; and a number of masks of gypsies (Johnny and his followers were disguised as gypsies at the time of the elopement), on the south wall of the castle, are pointed out as proofs of the authenticity of the story.

Cassilis Castle, a massive tower on the banks of the Doon, has the traditional scene of the elopement. The runaways had only got as far as a ford on the river—still known as the *Gypsies' Steps*—when they were overtaken and captured by the Earl. Johnny and his companions were hanged on a plane tree still flourishing at the door of the castle, in the presence of the "winsome leddy."

Culzean Castle,

on the sea coast to the west of Maybole, occupies the site of the Castle of the Coves, the gardens and orchards of which attained no little celebrity in the seventeenth century. The present edifice, the seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, was built in 1777, on the summit of a huge rock overhanging the sea, at a height of a hundred feet, and, with its gardens, occupies an area of four acres. The celebrated *Coves*, mentioned in Burns' "Hallowe'en," are a number of caves in the face of the rock, some of them communicating with each other. The largest is reported to run two hundred feet under the ground. The country people affirm that the Coves are a favourite resort of fairies; but possibly the "spirits" located there were of quite a different kind in the palmy days of smuggling.

Kirkoswald,

four miles south-west of Maybole, occupies a commanding and picturesque site. Its name is traced to a church founded

by Oswald, a Saxon king of Northumbria, canonised after his death, of which church the ruins may yet be seen. Kirkoswald is interesting to the tourist as having been the place where Burns studied geometry and land-surveying, and where he first took part in festivities of a different nature to the scenes of his earlier years. Its churchyard (*see* p. 18) contains the grave of Tam O'Shanter (Douglas Graham) and his "ain wife Kate."

Turnberry Castle

is another of the show-places in the neighbourhood. Scott, in his "Lord of the Isles," has made its history a "household word;" so that we need scarcely do more than remind our readers that after his capture of Brodick Castle, in Arran (*see* part ii. p. 68), Bruce arranged with his friends to light a signal fire in case there was any chance of a successful attack on this, his maternal property; that the fire was lighted, but not by his friends, the popular opinion being that it was of supernatural origin; that, landing on the coast, he found the castle occupied by a powerful English force under Percy; but that he yielded to the wishes of his followers and made a desperate and successful onslaught on the fortress. Its ruins stand on the summit of a rocky eminence, washed by the waves; but the vestiges of its drawbridge, several vaults, and other evidences of its former importance may be seen.

Girvan,

the principal seaport of Carrick, stands on a bay at the mouth of the river of the same name, about six miles south of Turnberry Head. A church was erected here about the thirteenth century, and the place was made a burgh of barony by Charles II. The town had in 1871 a population of 4,791. About ten miles distant, in the sea, rises—

Ailsa Crag,

from which the Marquis of Ailsa takes his title, and at which the Firth of Clyde terminates. The rock is about two miles in circumference, and eleven hundred feet high.

The walk or drive of about a dozen miles from Girvan to Ballantree lies through bold and picturesque scenery, and past the ruins of *Carleton Castle*, rendered famous by the popular ballad of "May Cullean." Arrived at Ballantree, we find ourselves almost at the southern extremity of the country. Near at hand is a small station—that of *Barrhill*—from whence the iron steed will quickly conduct us to Stranraer, if

we wish to visit the sister isle by the shortest sea route (*see* p. 5), or whisk us back to Ayr, if our destination lies in a contrary direction.

II. TO THE NORTH.

HAVING returned to Ayr once more, and rested at our hotel for the night, we will bid the place a reluctant farewell, and turn our faces northwards, in order to visit other scenes. Taking our seats in the comfortable carriages of the railway company, we cross the railway bridge (*see* p. 20), passing *Prestwick* and *Monkton*, which are said to have received their names from their connection with Paisley Abbey. *Monkton Church* is supposed to be more than eight hundred years old. It has a beautiful Saxon arch, and was the scene of the meeting of Wallace and his friends, when the hero, after having "said paternoster, ave, and creed," fell suddenly asleep and had his wonderful dream, of which Blind Harry gives us a "full, true, and particular account." As we leave Monkton station, we see on our right hand a monument to Mr. James Macrae, who was born "somewhere hereabout," and who, after the death of his father in the days of Charles II., entered the service of the East India Company as a cabin boy, and rose to be Governor of Madras, returning in the reign of William III., and erecting the statue to that monarch in the Trongate, Glasgow. The ivy-clad ruins of *Crosbie*, on the opposite side of the line, are said to have been the residence of that uncle of Wallace, Sir Reginald Crauford, who was dishonourably hanged with other gentlemen by the English, and to avenge whose death Wallace burnt the Barns of Ayr and the soldiers quartered in them (*see* p. 7). *Troon*, the port of Kilmarnock, with which town it is, as we have seen (pp. 28-9), connected by a short line of rail, is built on a promontory running out into the sea. The harbour and ship-building yards are the only features worthy of note, except it be its facilities for sea-bathing. *Lady Isle*, in the offing,

received its name from its former connection with Lady Kirk, near Adamton.

And now, crossing the Irvine, we enter the district of Cuninghame, and reach a town which claims the honour of being its capital, the old burgh of—

Irvine,

[HOTELS: *Eglington Arms, King's Arms*, &c.]

a well-built town, standing on rising ground on the north bank of the river. Among its features which command the attention of archæologists are the old castle and the two gates, the one in Eglinton Street, and the other in the oldest part of the town, and known as the *Seagate*. The *Castle* is thought to have been built in 1361; its walls of great strength still stand to a height of two stories, the carved arch at the doorway being, it is thought, the work of the architects of Kilwinning Abbey. The town is a royal burgh, under a charter of Robert II., reciting a previous one by Alexander II. It is a contributory to the Ayr district of Parliamentary burghs. The *Town House*, in the High Street, was, in 1860, built in place of an old and quaint structure, the site of which was presented by Robert II., but which was considered a serious street obstruction and therefore removed. As seen from the railway, the numerous steeples are quite a feature of the town, the well-stocked shops and handsome streets of which attest its prosperity. It possesses a small harbour, from which there is a good coasting trade; and it has an interesting history, one incident of which is connected with the exploits of Wallace. It was here, too, that Burns, when misfortune gathered round his parental roof at Lochlea, pursued the trade of a flax-dresser. "This," he says, "was an unlucky affair. As we were giving a welcome carousal to the New Year, the shop took fire and burned to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence." The site of this shop is uncertain, but Chambers thinks it to be that occupied by "a new house, marked '4,' in a narrow street called the Glasgow Vennel." Two other *literati* of note were connected with the town. Galt, the novelist, was born in a two-storied house in the main street; and James Montgomery, the poet, in a more humble tenement at the entrance of Braid's Close, now used as a weaver's shop, but then occupied by the minister of the Moravian church, now no longer in existence.

Irvine is a most important railway junction. Not only does the direct line to Paisley pass through the town, but it is connected with Kilmarnock by a short branch, which is continued westward to Ardrossan, and on to Fairlie.

The first station on the coast line is *Stevenston*, a pleasantly situated village, which derived its name from a certain Steven, or Stephen, who flourished in the twelfth century. *Saltcoats*, the next station, was at one time a large seaport, but is now chiefly known as a sea-bathing resort of the inhabitants of Glasgow and other towns. It is said to have derived its name from its manufacture of salt and magnesia. Its *Nine Yeards* perpetuate the memory of nine estates granted in 1545 by the Earl of Glencairn to nine fishermen, "on condition that they, every spring, in their two boats, carried the earl's furniture from the creek of Saltcoats to Finlayston, and brought it back again in the fall." The creek was transformed into a commodious harbour by Mr. Robert Cunninghame of Auchinharvie in the following century, and this harbour was for a long time a favourite resort of traders from Ireland and elsewhere, though latterly it has been deserted in favour of the more commodious and more convenient one at—

Ardrossan.

[FARES from Ayr: 3*s.* 1*d.*, 2*s.* 4*d.*, and 1*s.* 6½*d.*; return, 5*s.* 1*d.*, 3*s.* 10*d.*, and 2*s.* 7*d.*]

[HOTELS: *Eglington Arms, Railway*, &c.]

The town stands on a sort of promontory, and was from time immemorial the resort of fishermen, but of no great consequence till, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Hugh, Earl of Eglinton, built a harbour—now the property of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company—here. The harbour is sheltered by the *Horse Island* and other outlying rocks, and is *the port from whence steampackets for Arran and Millport sail, and from whence regular communication is kept up with Belfast and the Mersey. The steamboat from Glasgow to Ayr also calls here.*

Ardrossan is blessed with municipal government; is well built and clean, and amply provided with churches and all other necessary public buildings. In its harbour are docks and ship-building yards, and everything needed for its rapidly-increasing traffic. In 1871, its population amounted to 7,249.

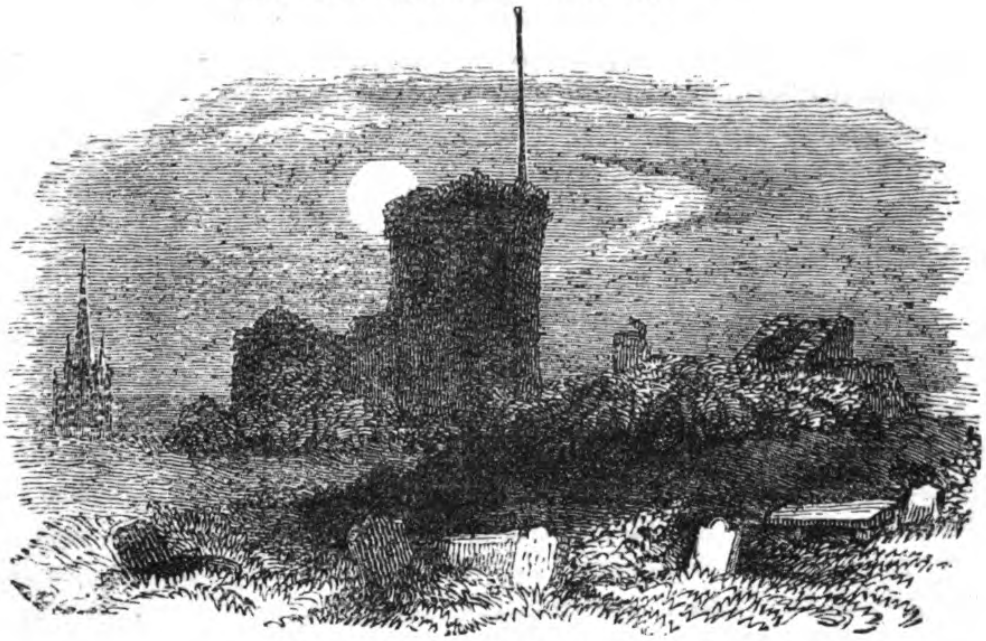
There is no lack of attractive scenery and features of antiquarian interest in the neighbourhood. Chief among the latter are the ruins of *Ardrossan Castle*, belonging to the Earl of Eglinton, to whom it gives the title of baron. Timothy Pont, who describes the castle as "very strongly and veille bealte," records an interesting episode in its history. He says:—

"In this castell there is a touer, named ye *Read Touer*, and in it a vaulte, called *Vallace Lardner*, for this castell being in ye possession of ye Englische,

Vallace used this stratageme. He sett a housse hard by ye castell a fyre, yat thosse quho keipt ye castell, not suspecting aney fraud, came out to ye ereskeu of ye housse quhome thay imagined by accident to have taken fyre. Bot Vallace vith a veill armed companey, gifs them a very hote velcome and kills theme euery mother's sone, and furthwith forces ye castell and wins it. In this deepe vaulte in ye bottom of ye Read Touer flings he ye carcatches of thesse Englische, vich to this day gave it ye name of Vallace Lardner."

The castle was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell, when he invaded Scotland; he demolished the old keep and built the fort at Ayr with part of the stones. There is an ebbing and flowing well in the castle, which—

"Its bankes to passe doeth tueiss assay,
And tueiss again reteir each day."



RUINS OF ARDROSSAN CASTLE.

From Ardrossan the line runs *viâ West Kilbride* to *Fairlie.*

The main line, on leaving Irvine, enters the grounds of *Eglinton Castle*, one of the most magnificent mansions in the kingdom. Apart from its architectural beauty and the tasteful manner in which the ancient and modern are blended in the internal fittings, the castle is remarkable for the celebrated Eglinton tournament, which came off in 1839. Among those who entered the lists was Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. The train next wheels into the old town of—

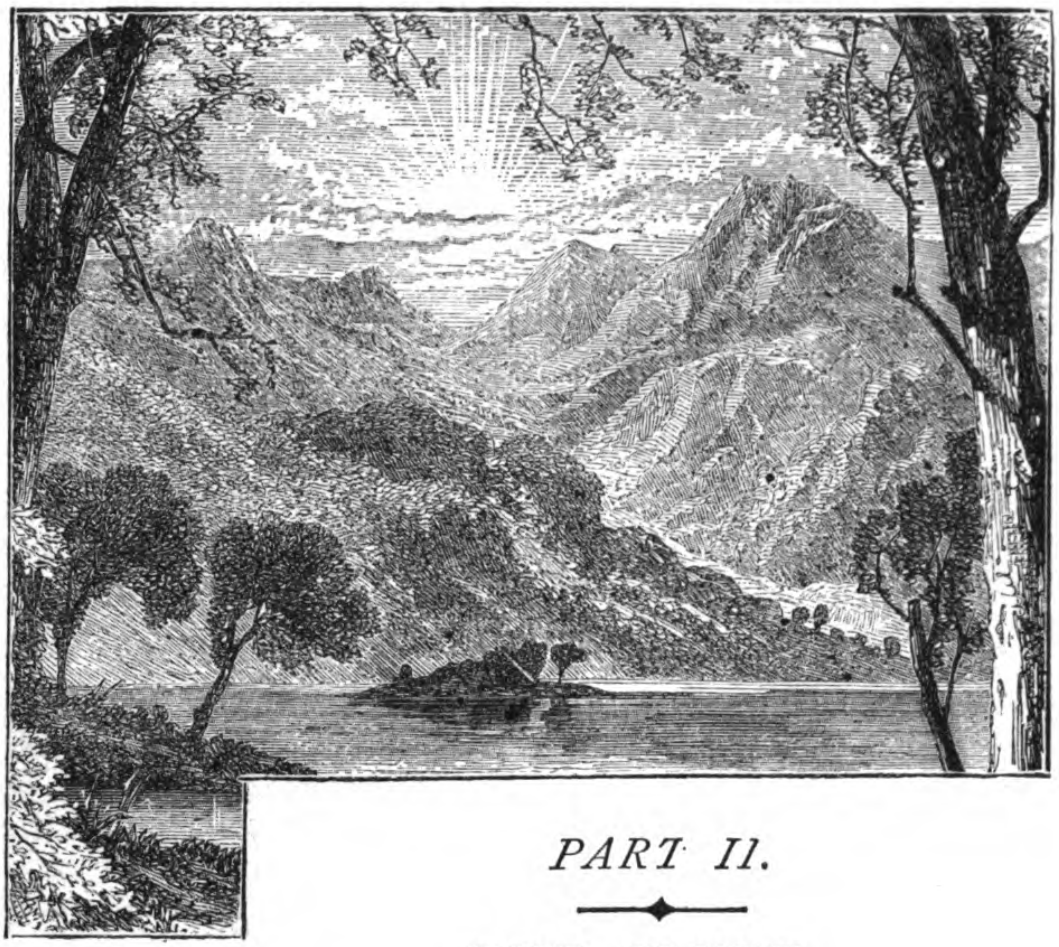
Kilwinning,

[HOTEL: *Eglinton Arms*,]

celebrated in the Freemasonry world as having one of the oldest lodges in the United Kingdom, its foundation being coeval with that of the abbey, 1107. The south transept of

this abbey—a remarkably handsome specimen of the First Pointed style—still remains. Kilwinning is also famous for its Archers' Company and their "popinjay" target—so well described in Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality." *At Kilwinning is a third junction line to Kilmarnock.*

In our onward course, we traverse the wooded valley of the Dusk, in which there is a remarkable limestone cave, with natural columns, resembling a fretted Gothic arch. Being regarded with superstitious awe by the people, it afforded a safe refuge to the hunted Covenanter in the reign of Charles II. *Dalry*, at which we next stop, is the seat of the extensive ironworks. Outside the station, *Kersland Castle* is passed on the right; it was formerly the abode of a famous Covenanter, whose house was always open to the unfortunate of his sect. Near it is *Caerwinning Hill*, on which the Scots encamped previous to the battle of Largs (*see* part ii. p. 60); the traces of their fortifications are still apparent. *Kilbirnie* station and Lock are now left behind, while we pass on the left the ancient *Castle of Glengarnock*, belonging to the Earl of Glasgow, and the ruins of *Hazlehead* and *Giffen Castle*. *Beith* next comes in view, and soon after *Lochwinnoch*, beautifully situated on the steep declivity of *Mistylaw* (1,246 feet above), at the opposite shore of the picturesque *Lake of Castle Sempill*. The lake contains three islets, on one of which stand the ruins of an ancient fortalice. The ascent of Mistylaw is worth making, twelve counties being visible from its summit. Running through a cutting, which conducts us into the valley of the Cart, we reach *Johnstone* (*see* part ii. p. 54), and proceed to Glasgow, *viâ* Paisley.



PART II.

THE CLYDE.

" For thou, O Clyde, hast always been
Beneficent as strong ;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that creep
Thy shelving rocks among."

WORDSWORTH.

THE Clyde—the third in size, but the most important of the rivers of Scotland—is said to have derived its name from the same root as the Clwyd of North Wales, a Celtic word, signifying at once "far-heard" (celebrated) and "powerful" (strong) —attributes to which it has certainly made good its title. It takes its rise in the Southern Upland district, among the Lowther Hills, which separate the counties of Lanark and Peebles, at no great distance from the head springs of two other well-known rivers, the Tweed and the Annan. Its highest source is about fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is some seven miles distant from Thornhill. Its course is at first in a north-westerly direction, and it receives the waters of many boisterous, rollicking little streams, dear to the angler and the lover of the picturesque, so that by the time it reaches the town of Biggar, it has become a considerable stream. But it is not till it approaches Lanark, after laving the foot of the celebrated

Tinto, or "hill of fire," that the propriety of its name is demonstrated. Near this town it frees itself from the embraces of its parent mountains by cutting a deep channel through their granite sides; and bounds over their rocky barriers in a series of falls, which are annually visited by thousands of tourists. Their noise in times of flood is heard a long way off, and calls to one's mind the lines—

> "The roar that was in Clyde water
> Wad feared five hunerd men."

It was when gazing on the second of these falls—Corra Linn—in 1814, that Wordsworth addressed the river in the lines at the head of this chapter; and few who have visited the spot will question their justice.

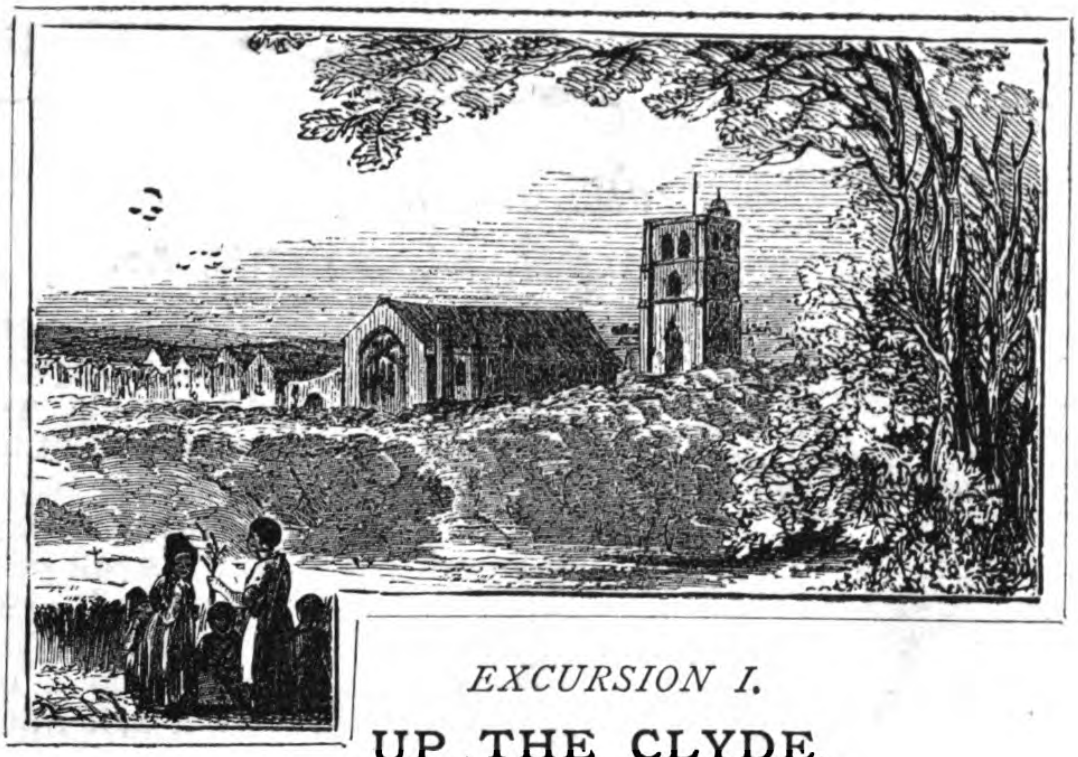
From this point the river flows quietly through the beautiful vales of Lanarkshire; and at Dumbarton expands in the famous firth, which, turning in a southerly direction at Greenock, becomes absorbed in the ocean after passing Ailsa Craig, where it attains a width of upwards of twenty miles. In the latter portion, numerous inlets, resembling Norwegian fjords, branch off to the north and the west, and—winding unrestrained among the mountains and islands of Argyllshire—present a continuous panorama of surpassing beauty. Among them nestle a number of watering-places, year by year resorted to by thousands of the toil-worn inhabitants of the manufacturing towns of the United Kingdom.

The Clyde is "far-heard" on account of its historical as well as of its picturesque celebrity. Its upper portion was the scene of many of the doughty deeds of the renowned Wallace. At Cadzow we meet with legends of a yet earlier date; here, too, is still preserved the celebrated breed of white oxen, the—

> "Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
> That roamed in woody Caledon;"

and here are the remains of the oak forest that once covered the land from sea to sea. At Hamilton Palace the beauteous but unfortunate Mary spent her last days in Scotland; Bothwell was the scene of a stormy episode in the struggle of the Covenanters for "freedom to worship God;" and the entire river teems with reminiscences of all the battles for liberty, from the days when the Romans erected their wall and chain of forts across the isthmus from the Clyde to the Forth, to keep at bay the unconquered northern tribes.

The river Clyde proper is ninety-eight miles long, the greater part of its course being entirely in the county of Lanark, which is thus commonly known as Clydesdale.



EXCURSION I.

UP THE CLYDE.

"O river, dim with distance,
Flow thus for ever by;
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie."

LOWELL.

WE give priority to this excursion for many reasons. It includes a visit to many spots of historic interest and features of beauty peculiarly its own; and in order to enjoy it the tourist has many railway facilities at his disposal. The main line of the Caledonian Railway runs through the district, and some of its branches intersect in all directions; and a branch of the North British leaves the main line of that railway at Shettleston, and reaches Hamilton, *viâ* Uddingston and Bothwell.

The two chief towns in the district are Hamilton, ten miles from Glasgow, and Lanark, the county town, twenty-three miles from that city, both well supplied with good hotels, and convenient centres for exploring the many interesting nooks and corners of Clydesdale. We have divided our excursion for the convenience of those whose leisure will admit of their spending sufficient time for visiting the entire district; but should time be an object, its chief features may be seen in one day, by leaving Glasgow by an early train, and, after a brief stay at Hamilton, going on to Lanark by the Caledonian Railway. This will leave two or three hours for a hurried visit to the Falls and a stroll through the town, and allow of a return to the western metropolis late at night.

CHAPTER I.

TO RUTHERGLEN, BLANTYRE, &c.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

IN order to make this excursion with the least possible expenditure of time and trouble, we leave Glasgow from the Central Station of the Caledonian Railway. Passing over the new railway bridge, we gain the south side of the Clyde, and call at the Bridge Street and Eglinton Street stations, reaching—at a distance of about two miles and a half from our starting point—the royal burgh of—

Rutherglen.

[FARES: 2*d.*, 3*d.*, and 1½*d.*, by rail; and 3*d.* by omnibus, starting near the junction of Argyle and Queen Streets, Glasgow.]

The town is said to have been founded by Reuther, or Reutherus, a Scottish monarch who flourished two hundred years before the Christian era, of whose prowess tradition speaks highly, and who gave his name to the town, where he established his court. It was made a royal burgh by David I.,* in the year 1126, fifty years before the incorporation of Glasgow as a burgh of barony. At this time the western metropolis consisted only of a few houses clustered around the cathedral, and Rutherglen was by far the more important and enterprising town of the two—it was indeed the only trading and commercial town in the west. Glasgow was then comprehended within its municipal limits, and it was not till 1226 (exactly a hundred years later) that Alexander II. acceded to the petition of the bishop and civil heads of the city, and freed them from paying toll to Rutherglen. Now the latter town is, by the irony of fate, practically a suburb of the former; and its seagoing trade is a thing of the past.

The authentic history of the Rutherglen may be taken as

* Charters granted by Robert the Bruce, James V., and James VI., conferring additional privileges, are also extant.

commencing with its erection into a royal burgh, the next item of importance being the conclusion here of the peace between Wallace and the English in 1297. This was signed in its parish church, which bears an unenviable celebrity as being the scene of the agreement between "the fause Monteith" and Edward I. of England, the former promising to betray the hero to his southern enemy. Its *Castle*, belonging to the Hamilton family, was an important stronghold, and figured prominently during the wars of the fourteenth century, when it sustained several sieges. It was, however, burnt by the Regent Murray after the battle of Langside, in revenge for the part its owners took in assisting the deposed Queen; and though afterwards partially restored, was subsequently razed to the ground, and its only remains at the present time consist of a number of carved stones built into the walls of a kitchen garden which occupies its site. Near to the ruins of *Cathcart Castle*, a few miles to the south of Rutherglen, is the battle-field of Langside, where Queen Mary made her last stand in May, 1568. During the battle her Majesty stood on a rising ground, about a mile from Rutherglen. In her flight from the fatal field, she took her way through the burgh, the gallant Lord Herries at her saddle-bow; but in the lane known as Dun's Dykes, a little to the north of the main street, a couple of rustics, who had been engaged mowing the grass in an adjoining field, seeing how the day had gone, rudely interrupted the Queen's progress and threatened to cut her in pieces with their scythes. Their intentions were, however, defeated by an immediate rescue, and she continued her flight towards England.

Rutherglen is remarkable as being the place where the first definite steps were taken to bring about the "rising" which ended in disaster and blood at Bothwell Bridge. A body of eighty Covenanters entered the town during the rejoicings which took place on the occasion of the restoration of Charles II., on 29th May, 1679, and burned at the Cross the Acts of Parliament against conventicles, leaving affixed to it a paper, afterwards called the Rutherglen Declaration.

The town now consists of a main street, of considerable breadth, with a narrower one running parallel to it, and of several branch streets; on the whole, it bears a great resemblance to Dalkeith. It contains some six or seven places of worship, including two Established Churches, two Free Churches, a United Presbyterian, and a Roman Catholic Church; and the lofty square tower of the *Town Hall*, a useful modern structure standing in the main street is a

prominent feature in the landscape. The ancient historical *Parish Church* was removed in 1794, and another structure erected on its site, the old steeple being left standing at a distance of thirty feet from the body of the church.

Rutherglen is a contributory of the Kilmarnock district of burghs. An evidence of the presence of the Romans in the neighbourhood is still visible at *Camphill*, an artificial eminence to he right of the railway, popularly, though erroneously, connected with the battle of Langside. A little more to the right is the house of—

Castlemilk,

named after the original residence of the family of Stuart, on Milk Water, and situated on the declivity of the Catkin Hills, a mile and a quarter from Rutherglen. The age of this building is undetermined. Its thick walls are battlemented. Queen Mary lodged at this castle the night before the battle of Langside ; and the ceiling of the room in which she slept is ornamented with the arms of the royal house of Stuart and their collateral reigning branches in Europe. An ancient thorn, venerable with age, upon the brow of an eminence above the house, near a spring issuing from a rock and moistening its roots, is pointed out as that under which Mary sat and witnessed the discomfiture of her troops.

While we have been thus gossiping our train has sped on its way, and passed—a mile and a half further on—

Cambuslang,

[FARES : 6*d.*, 4*d.*, and 3*d.*]

on the banks of a romantic little river flowing into the Clyde, here upwards of two hundred feet wide. The village (or rather cluster of villages, for there are several of the name) has a *Parish Church*, erected in 1841 ; a *Free Church*, with a fine steeple, designed by Cousin of Edinburgh ; and other places of worship. Prior to the Reformation the rectory was attached to the see of Glasgow.

The district contains a considerable weaving and mining population. In the neighbourhood is a large natural amphitheatre, where in 1742 the preaching of the parish minister (the Rev. Mr. M'Culloch), Whitefield, and others, resulted in a great revival of religion, still remembered in the locality as "the Cambuslang work."

On the right, *Dechmont Hill*, six hundred feet high, commands a prospect of singular beauty and extent ; on its summit are traces of ancient buildings, probably fortifications.

The turreted house of *Gilbertfield* on its north side, was at one period the residence of William Hamilton, the friend and poetical correspondent of Allan Ramsay.

As we proceed, the scenery rapidly improves. We soon cross *Rotten Calder Water*, an important tributary of the Clyde. The Rotten Calder rises near Kilbride, and in its two miles' course traverses a well-wooded and rocky glen, precipitating itself over several picturesque cascades; its banks are adorned by a number of handsome mansions, one of which, *Hallside*, was for some time the residence of Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, the "Christopher North" of "Blackwood."

Blantyre

[FARES: 10*d.* and 6*d.*]

is a favourite place of residence with the Glasgow merchants. It is pleasantly seated, at a distance of eight miles from the Central Station, on the left (or south-west) bank of the Clyde, opposite Bothwell, with which it is connected by a handsome suspension bridge, and is now interesting as the birthplace of Livingstone, the great African traveller and missionary. It has several important factories. The ruins of *Blantyre Priory*, about three-quarters of a mile above the village, crown a lofty and precipitous rock, overlooking the Clyde and confronting Bothwell Castle, with which, tradition affirms, it was formerly connected by a subterranean passage, which enabled the female inhabitants of the fortress to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the sacred character of the monastery in times of danger. The priory was founded by Alexander II. Friar Walter, prior of this house, was one of the Scottish commissioners appointed to negotiate the ransom of King David Bruce, taken prisoner in the battle of Durham in 1346. Upon the abolition of religious houses in Scotland in the sixteenth century, the priory fell into the hands of Walter Stuart, Lord Privy Seal, afterwards created Lord Blantyre, to whose descendants it still belongs.

Bothwell and its castle may be visited from this station, but we prefer making an excursion thither from Hamilton; and accordingly continue our journey to that town, passing *West Hamilton*, for a long time the terminus of the Hamilton branch, and alighting at the Central Station in Quarry Street.

Trains run almost hourly on both lines of railway from the Central and College Street stations.

CHAPTER II.

THE TOWN OF HAMILTON AND ITS PALACE.

[FARES by either line : 1*s.* and 7½*d.*]

HOTELS: *Black Bull, Clydesdale, Commercial, Douglas, Hamilton Arms, Royal,* &c.]

HAMILTON, the capital of the middle ward of Lanarkshire, is built on rising ground, about a mile west of the confluence of the Avon with the Clyde, and on the banks of Cadzow Burn, which runs almost through the town. It is a contributory of the Lanark district of parliamentary burghs; and contained in 1871 a population of 11,498, the inhabitants of the entire parish then numbering 16,083.

Hamilton was formerly known as Cadzow; and is indebted for its modern name to an ancestor of its present owner, who obtained a royal charter from James II. to re-christen it, in 1445.* It was the capital of Strathclyde, a kingdom which embraced the whole of Lanarkshire, after the withdrawal of the Romans. On regaining their freedom, the Britons lapsed into Paganism; and it was not till the close of the sixth century that Christianity was restored, through the preaching of St. Mungo, the patron saint of Glasgow, under the auspices of Rydderech, a monarch who, if we are to believe the monkish chroniclers, was a model of what a sovereign ought to be. One episode in his life, preserved in the Breviary of Aberdeen, would, however, tend to show that he was not altogether perfect. The monarch and his queen lived in a castle on the banks of Barncluith Burn, the remembrance of which is preserved by Castlemill House, now standing on its site. On one occasion, so runs the story, while out hunting, he met with a stranger knight, who made himself so agreeable that at the close of the day's sport the king invited him to share the hospitalities of his castle. The visit extended for a long time; the stranger ingratiating himself with the queen as much as with her husband. She showed him many marks of favour, among other things giving him her wedding ring. Hearing of

* The Hamiltons are said to have been of English origin, and to have derived their name from a manor in Berkshire, which formerly belonged to them.

this, Rederech was filled with jealous fury. He took the ring from his sleeping guest, and threw it into the river; and then sent for the queen, whom he threatened with instant death unless she gave it to him. Of course, it was not forthcoming, and the terrified queen sent to Glasgow to obtain the aid of St. Mungo. The good man took compassion upon her, and told one of the servants to fish, adding that he would find the missing ring in the mouth of the first salmon he caught. The saint's instructions were complied with, the ring was recovered, and the king spared the life of his consort. We are not told what was the fate of the knight; possibly he did not escape so easily.

But little is known of the remote history of Hamilton. The town was of importance in the middle ages, and continued royal property till the defeat of the English at Bannockburn,* when Bruce bestowed it upon an ancestor of the present duke.

Under the fostering care of the new possessors of the estates the town attained considerable privileges. In 1456, it was erected into a burgh of barony by James II., probably at the instance of the first Lord Hamilton, who married that monarch's eldest daughter. In 1548, it was made a royal burgh by Queen Mary; and when evil days overtook her, and she escaped from her prison on Loch Leven, only to encounter a crushing defeat at Langside, she held her court for a time at Hamilton Palace.

After the Reformation, the municipal and political privileges of the burgh passed into the hands of William, Duke of Hamilton, who in 1670 created it the chief burgh of the regality and dukedom; but it did not regain its privilege of representation in the House of Commons till the passing of the first Reform Act in 1832.

The town figured prominently in the contest between Charles I. and his Parliament; and its connection with the struggles of the Covenanters is well known, the battle of Bothwell Brig, prior to which their troops were quartered at Hamilton, being one of the chief points of interest in connection with the history of those days. Four of its inhabitants were among the "martyrs" of that time; and their memory is "kept green" by a somewhat grotesque monument, built into the east wall of the parish kirkyard. Composed of freestone, it is four feet two inches high and two feet eight broad; and bears the following inscription:—"At Hamilton lie the heads of John Parker, Gavin Hamilton,

* The charter of David I. to the High Church of Glasgow is dated from Cadzow Castle.

James Hamilton, and Christopher Strang, who suffered at Edinburgh, December 7th, 1666.

> "Stay, passenger, take notice what thou reads;
> At Edinburgh lie our bodies, here our heads.
> Our right hands stood at Lanark;* those we want,
> Because with them we sware the Covenant."

The monument, which is ornamented by rude sculptures of the heads of the martyrs, was renewed in 1828.

Hamilton has of late years attained a considerable degree of prosperity, owing to the discovery of coal, iron, and other minerals in the neighbourhood; and it has been celebrated for a long time for its lace and cambric manufactures. The lace manufacturers here, in 1844, made a large square veil, ornamented with the royal arms, &c., as a present to the Queen.

The places of worship in the town comprise:—The *Parish Church*, an elegant building of circular design, with four cross aisles, erected from designs by Adams the elder, and occupying a lofty site in Cadzow Street; *Auchingramont Church*, of Gothic architecture, built about 1860; *Cadzow Church*, dating from 1876; and a chapel connected with the Established Church at Quarter. There are also a Free Church, and several United Presbyterian Churches, besides "kirks" belonging to the Congregational, Episcopalian, Evangelical Union, and Roman Catholic bodies.

Hamilton *Grammar School* dates from 1588, and there are several other public and private schools in the town, the education given being of a high order, thanks to the fostering care of the School Board. The old Grammar School was the scene of the studies of several of Scotland's most eminent sons; the building is still in existence, though the school was removed to more commodious premises in 1847.

Among the other public buildings in the town are:—A handsome *Town Hall*, of modernised Scottish Baronial Architecture, erected at the corner of Duke and Quarry Streets, in 1863; *County Buildings*, of Grecian design, with a pillared *façade* and pediment, built in 1834; large *Barracks*, Hamilton being a military depôt; two *Hospitals*, a *Prison*, *Workhouse*, &c. But its chief attraction is—

Hamilton Palace,

standing, in the beautiful "policies" (*Anglicé*, park), to the east of the town,

> "Amid a fertile region, green with wood,
> And fresh with rivers."

* Their right hands were affixed on the "public ports" of Lanark, "being the place where they took the Covenant."

The grounds by which it is surrounded are fourteen hundred acres in extent, and are adorned with magnificent oaks, part of the ancient Caledonian forest, some of them having a circumference of twenty-five feet. "Hamilton Wood," says a writer, "has some of the finest and most picturesque old oaks in Britain; it is far richer than Windsor in forest scenery, and affords an inexhaustible fund of study to the painter."

The Palace, which originally consisted of a square tower twenty feet long by sixteen wide, was built in 1591. It was pulled down in 1717, the present magnificent structure being completed in 1826, by Alexander, the tenth duke (who died in 1852). It is of Corinthian architecture, the front (which faces the south) being adorned with a noble portico, consisting of two rows of six columns, each thirty feet six inches in height, nine feet six inches in circumference, and formed of a single stone. The family arms are in bas relief in the tympanum of the pediment. The building is two hundred and sixty-three feet in length, and sixty feet in height, and is surrounded by a very rich entablature and projecting cornice. The interior is splendid; and the picture gallery, one hundred and twenty feet in length, is adorned with the most valuable collection in Scotland. The carbine with which Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh shot the Regent Murray is preserved here. "It is a brass piece," says Sir Walter Scott, "of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted."

About a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the palace, and surrounded by stately beeches and luxuriant foliage, is—

The Mausoleum,

a circular structure, erected by Duke Alexander in imitation of the Mausoleum of Hadrian at Rome. It contains a decorated octagonal chapel, lighted by a dome, 120 feet from the ground. The entrance to the catacombs below its marble floor is guarded by two colossal lions; and over the portals are carved masks of Life, Death, and Immortality. The bodies of the Duke's ancestors were removed here in 1852.

Strangers are not admitted to the palace, but access to the gardens is obtained by a gateway in the upper part of the town, on payment of a small fee. They are situated on a bank, gently sloping from Cadzow Burn, and contain an extensive range of greenhouses, vineries, &c.

The Avon is crossed by a bridge about a mile from the town; the river threads its way through a deep and romantic dell, in many parts four hundred feet beneath the level of the o'er-topping banks, sometimes gentle and gurgling, and at other times diving unseen among its rocky barriers. The scenery is by many thought to bear a strong resemblance to that of Roslin, near Edinburgh, but the surrounding country is far more interesting. The ruins of—

Cadzow Castle

stand on the western bank of the river Avon, in the High Park or Cadzow Forest. *They may be visited by means of an order to be obtained from the agent of the Duke of Hamilton.* The castle was the ancient residence of the Hamiltons, and was dismantled by the Regent Murray soon after the defeat of Mary at Langside, in revenge for the part which its owner took in espousing the Queen's cause. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the forest by which they are surrounded, a breed of Scottish white cattle are still pastured. Their appearance was once beautiful; they were milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls, as described by ancient authors, had white manes; but those of latter days have lost that peculiarity, probably owing to the intermixture with the tame breed.

On the opposite side of the Avon stands—

Chatelherault

(Herald's Castle), a summer house of the duke, built in imitation of Chatelherault in France, of which the Hamilton family were proprietors, and from which they derived their title of Dukes of Chatelherault. It has four towers in front.

Quarter,

a village, about two miles distant from Hamilton, is noted for its iron and coal works; and to the tourist is interesting as containing within its boundaries a field where Gordon of Earlston was killed by a party of English dragoons, after the defeat of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. It is called *Allows Hill*—most probably a corruption of Earlston's Hill. Earlston was buried in Glassford churchyard, about two miles south of the place where he fell; and a monument has been erected by one of his descendants over his grave.

CHAPTER III.

EXCURSIONS FROM HAMILTON: STRATHAVON, BOTHWELL, &c.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

PERHAPS no town in Great Britain, of the same size as Hamilton, is better off for railway accommodation, no less than four stations having been erected in the parish. Two of these—the Central Station, in Quarry Street, and the West Hamilton Station, in Clydesdale Street—belong to the Caledonian Railway Company; and the other two—in Cadzow Street and at Peacock Cross—are on a branch line (the former being its terminus), connected with the North British system. Not only do these railways enable the residents at Hamilton to reach Glasgow with but little loss of time, but they also afford them the opportunity of enjoying a variety of excursions through the rich and varied scenery of Clydesdale.

The Caledonian Railway connects Hamilton with Lanark and with many other points of interest in the neighbourhood. Among these are Tillietudlem Castle, which we shall visit from Lanark (*see* pp. 30-2), Strathavon, and Stonehouse.

Strathavon,

[FARES: From Glasgow, 2*s.* and 1*s* 4*d.*; return, 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* From Hamilton, 1*s.* and 8½*d.*]

or Avondale, is prettily situated on the Pomilion, a small tributary of the Avon, into which it falls about a mile below the town. It was formerly called Evandale, and appears to have sprung up around the *Castle*, at one time an important fortress, which is said to have been built by Andrew Stewart, a grandson of Murdoch, Duke of Albany. It stands on rising ground almost surrounded by the Pomilion, the waters of which were formerly—so says tradition—carried quite round by means of a moat. The Duchess of Hamilton resided in

this stronghold and in the castle of Arran alternately, during the—to her—evil days of the Protectorate; and so pleased was her ladyship with the kindness shown her by her tenantry and vassals in the district during the time of her adversity, that she annually paid a visit to the castle till the time of her death, after which it was permitted to fall into decay. It is now a grey, hoary ruin, interesting as a memorial of bygone times and an ornament to the landscape.

The town, too, has about it all the outward and visible signs of antiquity; its streets are narrow and its houses crowded together—crouching, as it were, under the protection of the castle walls—on the banks of the streamlet, which almost bisects it. Since the opening of the railway it has shown signs of improvement, many broad streets, lined with modern houses and pleasant villas, having sprung up in its outskirts. It was created a burgh of barony in 1450, and its civic king, the baron bailie, is still nominated by the Duke of Hamilton. The town has a *Parish Church*, dating from 1772, several other places of worship, and the usual adjuncts of civilization; and in 1871 it had a population of 3,645. Strathavon is seven miles and three quarters by road, and nine and a half by rail, from Hamilton; and seven miles further west is—

Drumclog,

the scene of an encounter between a detachment of dragoons, under Claverhouse, and a party of Covenanters, on June 1st, 1679 (Sunday). The former were defeated with great loss, Cornet Grahame, a relative of Claverhouse, being among the slain; and they would have been entirely cut to pieces, but for the resolution of their antagonists not to fight on the Sabbath, except in self-defence. Scott gives a vivid description of the encounter in his "Old Mortality." A monument on the spot commemorates the occurrence.

Stonehouse,

[FARES: From Glasgow, 2*s.* 4*d.* and 1*s.* 3½*d.*; return, 4*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 4*d.* From Hamilton, 1*s.* 4*d.* and 8*d.*]

distant four miles and a half from Strathavon, and eight from Hamilton, is built on the south bank of the Avon, and is a favourite resort with anglers, on account of the excellent trout fishing to be had in the neighbourhood. The ruins of two old castles—*Coat* or *Cat Castle* and *Ringsdale Castle*—on the precipitous rocks overhanging the river, are among the attractions of the place, but nothing is known of their origin or history. A Roman tumulus was discovered near the former

in 1843; and further evidences of the presence of that people are afforded by their military road—locally known as the *Deil's Causey*—from Edinburgh to Ayr, which runs through the parish, and by the remains of a strong encampment, enclosing nearly four acres of land at the junction of the Avon and Cander Water, called by the peasantry the *Double Dikes.*

An important station on the line between Hamilton and Stonehouse is that at *Larkhall*, a cluster of villages on the outskirts of the former town.

BOTHWELL,

[FARES: From Glasgow, 10*d.* and 7*d.*; from Hamilton, 5*d.* and 2½*d.*]

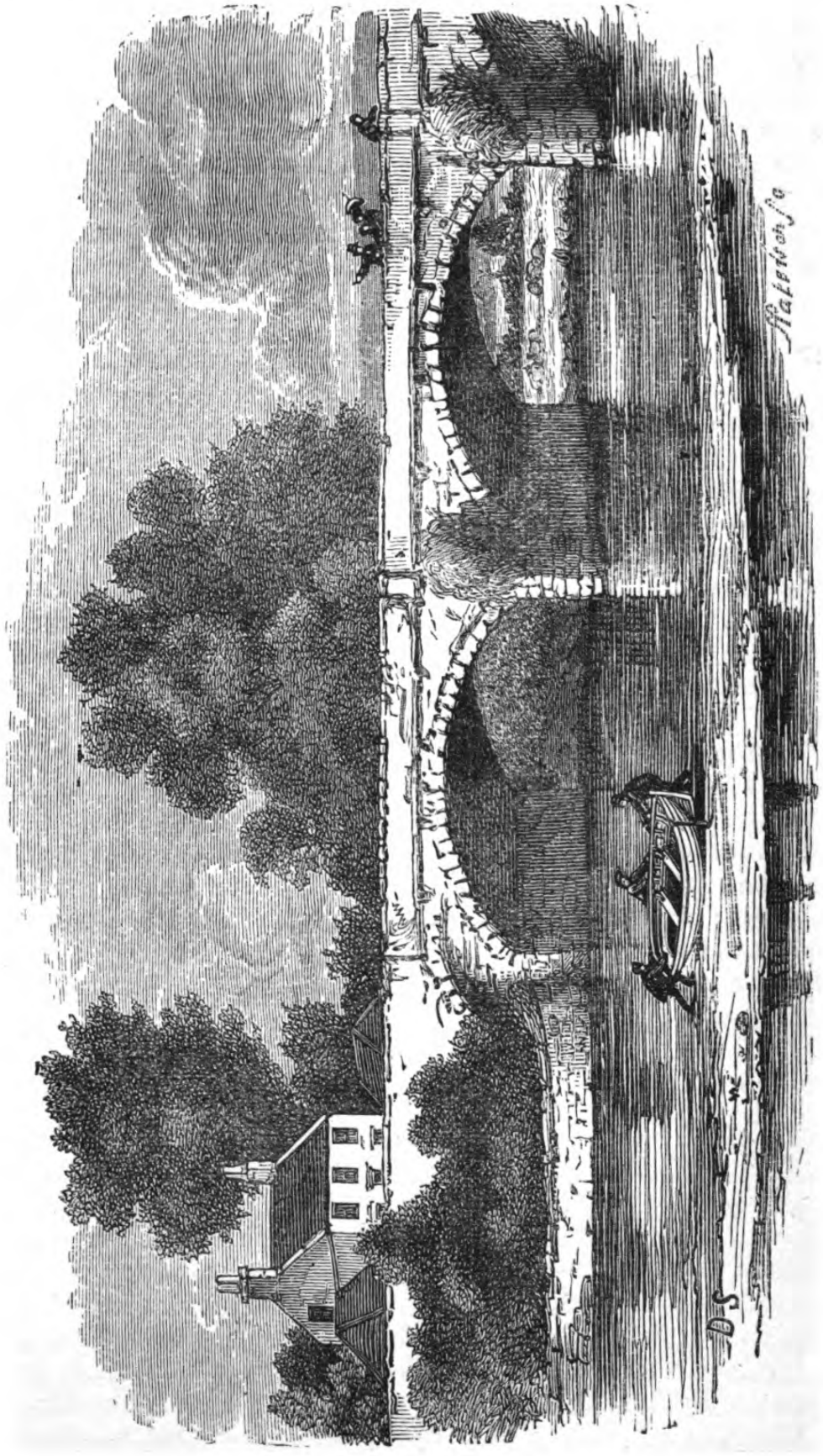
about three miles nearer Glasgow than Hamilton, may be reached either by the branch of the North British Railway, or by a walk or drive along a capital highway. Should the latter be chosen, the tourist will cross on his way—

Bothwell Bridge,

the scene of the celebrated battle fought between the Covenanters and the royal troops commanded by the Duke of Monmouth. After their victory at Drumclog, the Covenanters made a fruitless attack on Glasgow, and being repulsed they returned to Hamilton, closely followed by the royal troops, who, on the 21st of June, 1679, reached Bothwell Muir, within two miles of the Covenanters' camp, on the brow of the brae on the Hamilton bank of the river. The bridge has been greatly altered since then, though portions of the old structure still remain. At that time there was a portal in the middle, with gates; and these were barricaded and stoutly defended by the leaders of the popular cause. A fierce struggle took place, with what result is well known.

> "Along the brae, beyond the brig,
> Monny a brave man lies cauld and still;
> But long we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
> The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill."

Scott, in his "Old Mortality," has given a graphic account of the fight. The Duke of Monmouth gave strict orders to spare every man who sought quarter, to make prisoners, and save lives. But, notwithstanding this, considerable slaughter took place, to a great extent owing to the unrelenting hatred of Claverhouse, who thirsted to wipe out his defeat at Drumclog and avenge the death of his kinsman who was slain there. About twelve hundred prisoners were captured, and they were marched to Edinburgh and shut up in the Greyfriars Churchyard, like cattle in a penfold, several ministers and others being selected for execution. The remainder



BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

after long confinement, without any shelter, save two or three miserable sheds and such accommodation as they could find among the tombs, were dismissed upon giving bonds for uniformity in religion in future; the more consistent were sent as slaves to the Plantations, and not a few perished by the way. [We append an engraving of the bridge, for which and the woodcuts of Corra Linn (p. 26), Tillietudlem Castle (p. 31), and Douglas Castle (p. 34), we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., in whose interesting serial, "Our Own Country," they originally appeared.]

Bothwell Village

[HOTEL: *Clyde.*]

is about half a mile distant from the bridge, and eight and a quarter from Glasgow, and is a favourite summer resort of the inhabitants of that city.

The landscape around is highly luxuriant and beautiful, being studded with a number of neat villas, while the village itself is remarkably handsome. The old *Parish Church* was a Gothic structure, said to have been founded by the Earl of Douglas in 1398. It was used for public worship till 1833; when being found insecure, it was superseded by a new edifice, also of Gothic architecture, and adorned with a tower about a hundred feet high. It was in the old church that a daughter of Archibald the Grim was married to Robert Duke of Rothesay (elder brother to James I. of Scotland), who was afterwards starved to death by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, in a dungeon of Falkland Palace. The celebrated Dr. James Bailie, afterwards professor of theology in Glasgow University, was at one time minister of this parish; and his talented daughter, Joanna, the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott and herself a poetess and dramatist of no mean ability, was born in its manse. There are also *Free United* and *Presbyterian Churches* in the village.

James Hamilton, the murderer of the Regent Murray, was the owner of *Bothwellhaugh* in the parish; but the Regent, being incensed at his support of the young Queen Mary, bestowed his house and lands on a favourite. The latter, in order to obtain possession, turned the wife of Hamilton into the fields—it is said, naked—one cold winter's night. Before morning the lady became hopelessly mad; and Hamilton followed the Regent from place to place in order to avenge his wrongs. At length a slow march through the crowded streets of Linlithgow afforded him the oppor-

tunity he sought, and he shot Murray and fled to France. The name of the village is also of interest, as giving the title of "earl" to the Bothwell who was accused of murdering Mary's second husband, and who subsequently divorced his wife and prevailed on the Queen to marry him.

Bothwell Castle,

standing on an eminence, called Bothwell Bank, round the base of which wind the clear waters of the Clyde. The banks on both sides and the surrounding grounds are clad with natural wood, especially towards the river. The date of the erection of this stronghold has been a fruitful theme for discussion. Antiquaries of one school claim considerable antiquity for the castle. According to them, it was built early in the twelfth century, and was the castle in which—

> "Proud Murray, Clydesdale's ancient lord,
> A mimic sovereign, held the festal board;"

and where Wallace resided. But others contend that its architecture is not of Scottish type, and that the present building is most probably an Edwardian stronghold, erected on the site of a more ancient castle, after the subjugation of Scotland, in order to overawe the native population. Be this as it may, the stronghold is certainly a noble remnant of feudal days. It is entirely composed of polished stone of a red colour; what remains of it occupies a space of 234 feet in length and ninety-nine in breadth, with two lofty flanking towers on the east and a great tower on the west. The entrance to the castle is from the north, nearly in the centre of the wall; and vestiges of the fosse are yet visible. The lodgings are confined to the east and west divisions, many of them sufficiently distinguishable by their lofty roofs. The walls are upwards of fifteen feet in thickness in many parts, and sixty feet in height at the rampart next the river. A staircase, yet tolerably entire, in the highest tower, and at a fearful elevation from the bed of the river, affords the spectator a view of great extent and beauty towards the west. Among the dungeons is a circular one known as *Wallace's Beef-Barrel;* and early in the present century a well, penetrating through the rock to a spring of excellent water, was discovered in the corner of one of the towers. The chapel has a number of small windows and two large ones towards the south.

The interior area of the castle is converted into a bowling-green and flower-garden; and *Bothwell House* adjoins it.

Access to the castle and the beautiful grounds by which it is surrounded has, by the kindness of the Earl of Home, been granted to the public for every Tuesday and Friday.

CHAPTER IV.

LANARK AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BOTHWELL is connected with the main line of the Caledonian Railway, by a short branch which places the tourist within easy reach of all the towns "served" by that system, just as the line by which we travelled hither from Hamilton opens up the entire North British Railway. As we purpose making Lanark our next halting place, we leave Bothwell by an early train, and join the main line of the Caledonian Railway at *Fallside*, where we change carriages. The *South Calder Water*, of which we frequently obtain glimpses on our journey, is an important tributary of the Clyde, into which it falls near Bothwell Bridge. About a quarter of a mile eastward of its confluence is an old bridge, supposed to be of Roman construction; it consists of a high narrow arch of about twenty feet span, and without parapet. A mile further up the stream is one of the most celebrated millstone quarries in Scotland; and three miles higher up, *Cleland House* stands on a steep rock, in which is a large cave, like so many others in the neighbourhood, alleged by tradition to be one of Wallace's hiding-places. It would certainly have served the hero's purpose, for it is extremely difficult of access, and has been extended artificially so as to be capable of holding from forty to fifty men. We soon reach the important junction at—

Motherwell,

[HOTEL: *Brandon.*]

twelve miles from Glasgow, where a branch from Hamilton joins the main line. The town, said to have derived its name from a neighbouring "Spring of Our Lady," had in 1871 a population of 6,943, chiefly employed in the neighbouring iron and coal works.

As we pass the church of *Dalziel*, we get a glimpse of the site of the old Roman road, known as Watling Street, the present high road to Lanark being constructed for a considerable distance over it. Near the village of *Dalserf*, prettily seated in the orchard district of Clydesdale, of which

it is the capital, the road from Edinburgh to Ayr crosses the Clyde at *Garion Bridge.*

Mauldslie Castle—near an elevation, some sixty or seventy feet high, known as *Haugh Hill*, where are interred the remains of two of the Earls of Hyndford—next attracts our attention. In former times, the farmers residing within a radius of seven miles, were "thirled," or compelled to send their grain to be ground at the mills of Mauldslie—a wooden bridge, long since swept away, from the rocks at Milton on the opposite bank of the Clyde, opening up a communication to the south and west. King Robert Bruce must have been at one time their possessor, for he granted ten marks "out of our mills at Mauldslie," to keep a lamp continually burning before the tomb of Machute, a saint who died in the sixth century and was buried at Lesmahagow.

Carluke is a small burgh, sharing with Lanark in the choice of a parliamentary representative. Its chief attraction consists in the proximity of—

Lee House,

an interesting old seat which the tourist should by no means leave unvisited. It is a beautiful mansion, modernized by Sir Norman Lockhart's brother, in the castellated style of architecture. The family is of very ancient celebrity, Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee being mentioned by Dunbar among the "makaris," or poets, of the fifteenth century. Sir William Lockhart was ambassador to France under the Commonwealth and again at the Restoration. One of the family married a niece of Cromwell; and there is here a fine portrait of the Protector by Vandyke in good preservation, and one of Claverhouse, with various other good paintings. Near the house is the celebrated *Pease Tree*, supposed to have formed a part of the ancient Caledonian forest. It is twenty-one feet three inches in circumference at the root and twenty-three feet where the branches begin. It is completely hollowed out by age; and so large is the opening and ample the space within, that Cromwell and a party of his friends dined inside. It can contain easily five or six individuals of ordinary size, either sitting or standing.

At Lee House is preserved the *Lee Penny*, reputed to act as a charm for many of "the ills that flesh is heir to," and figuring prominently in Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman." It is kept in a gold box, which the Empress Maria Theresa presented to the Count Lockhart, her chamberlain. The

jewel consists of a stone of a transparent blood-red colour and triangular shape, set in a silver coin, supposed to be a shilling of Edward I. It originally formed part of the ransom of a Saracenic emir, taken captive in Palestine by Sir Simon Lockart of Lee, whose name was changed to Lockhart from his connection with the expedition which started for the purpose of carrying Bruce's heart to the Holy Land—a purpose never realized, for the heart was ultimately deposited in Melrose Abbey. It is said to be a charm against all diseases in cattle and a remedy for hydrophobia both in man and beast, and numerous cures are reputed to have been effected by it. When the plague was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the reign of Charles I., the inhabitants sent for the Lee Penny, and gave a bond for a large sum of money (£6,000) in trust for the loan of the stone. We are assured that on its arrival the plague was abated, and the inhabitants offered to pay the value of the bond if they might keep the penny; but the laird would not part with it. The application of the charm was by its immersion three or four times ("three dips and a sweil") in a pailful of water, which was thus medicated for the cure of disease. No words were to be used in dipping it; and no money was to be taken by the servants, under pain of the owner's displeasure. In the seventeenth century, Gavin Hamilton of Raplock preferred a complaint against Sir James Lockhart of Lee, "anent the superstitious using of ane stone set in silver, for the curing of diseased cattel." The matter was investigated by the Glasgow Ecclesiastical Synod, who agreed to allow Sir James to use the stone, and to exempt him from the penalty for witchcraft—burning. The deliverance of the Assembly on this occasion, is a most singular document. It is worthy of reproduction, and reads as follows :—

"The Assembly having inquerit the manner of using thereof, and particularlie understode be examinatioune of the said Laird of Lie and otherwise, that the custom is onlie to cast the stone in sume water, and give the deseaset cattel thereof to drink; and that the same is done wt-out using onie words, such as charmers use in their unlawful practisses;—and considering that in nature there are monie things sein to work strange effect, quof no human wit can gif a reason, it having pleasit God to give unto stones and herbes a special virtue for the healing of monie infirmities in man and beast—advises the brethren to surcease their process, as qarin, they perseive no ground of offence; and admonishes the said Laird of Lie, in using the said stone, to tak heid it be usit heir after wt the least scandal that possibly may be."

But while we have been talking about this wonderful charm, our train has arrived at *Carstairs Junction*, where we change carriages for—

Lanark.

[FARES from Glasgow: 5*s.* 4*d.*, 4*s.*, and 2*s.* 3½*d.*; return, 9*s.*, 6*s.* 9*d.*, and 4*s.*]
[HOTELS: *Clydesdale, Black Bull, Albert, Caledonian, Station, Victoria,* and others.]

This, the county town, is reached by a branch line. It is an ancient royal and parliamentary burgh, its first charter dating from the days of Alexander I. The town is supposed to have been the *Colonia* of Ptolemy; that it was a station of he Romans is evident from the traces of their fortifications on *Castle Hill* and at two other spots in the parish, and by their military road which traverses it. Castle Hill was afterwards the site of a royal fortress built by William the Lion, and a favourite residence of that monarch and his successors.

Lanark was an important town in the early ages of Scottish history. In 918, Kenneth II. held an assembly of the estates of the realm there; and Malcolm IV. dates a charter from it, using the words "*in burgo meo.*" In 1297, it was the scene of the early exploits of Wallace, whose spirit was roused by the cruel treatment his wife received at the hands of the English. His house stood at the head of the Castlegate, opposite the parish church, which has, in a niche over its doorway, a colossal figure of Wallace, cut in freestone by Mr. Robert Forrest. Lanark next figured in history as the scene of a gathering of Covenanters, who in 1682 published a declaration there, the municipality falling under the displeasure of the Privy Council, who heavily fined the inhabitants for not preventing the gathering or at all events arresting the ringleaders.

But the town is now shorn of its old-world importance. Indeed, in the beginning of the century its fortunes had fallen to so low an ebb that we are told there was only one butcher in the place, and he would not venture to kill a sheep till every part of its carcase had been ordered. It was his practice, when he contemplated a "deed of blood" of this kind, to get the minister, the provost, and the town council each to purchase a quarter; if the fourth was not also sold, the animal got a respite and was sent back to the pasture till better times came. On such occasions the bellman was sent round the place, the burden of his announcement being preserved in the popular rhyme :—

"Bell—ell—ell!
There's a fat sheep to kill!
A leg for the provost;
Anither for the priest;
The bailies and the deacons,
They'll tak' the neist;
An' gin the fourth leg we canna sell,
The sheep it maun leeve and gang back to th' hill.'

Our readers, however, need be under no apprehensions of "short commons" at the present time. Many substantial stone houses and shops have been erected of late years; and the number of hotels is a sufficient proof of the influx of summer visitors who take up their quarters in the place.

The town is beautifully seated about half a mile from the Clyde, on an upland plain some 656 feet above the level of the river. Its main street has a somewhat singular appearance, being of unusual width, with a row of lamps down its centre. At the foot is the *Parish Church*, to which we have already referred. It took the place of *St. Kentigern's*, an ancient structure, the remains of which may be seen about a quarter of a mile to the south-east of the town. It must have been a building of considerable elegance; the exact date of its erection is unknown, but there is authentic evidence of its existence—and then not a new structure—at the commencement of the twelfth century.

Besides the parish church, there is a second "kirk" attached to the Establishment, and places of worship belonging to the Free and United Presbyterian Church, the Episcopalian, Evangelical Union, and the Roman Catholic bodies. The town also boasts a *County Hall*, a *Town Hall*, a *Court Hall*, a *Council Chamber*, a *Prison*, and a public *Grammar School*, long ably conducted by Mr. Robert Thomson, the brother-in-law of the author of "The Seasons." To the school is attached a library, bequeathed by the late Dr. William Smellie. The latest addition to the public buildings is a *Good Templar Hall*, in which public meetings are held.

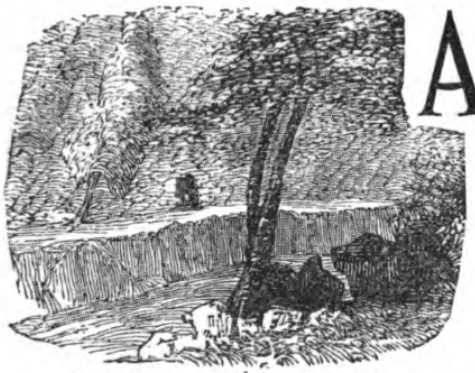
New Lanark,

about a mile from Lanark proper, is very romantically situated, being surrounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of lofty wooded ridges, traversed by charming walks, and commanding a series of beautiful and extensive scenes. The great command of water, which can be here obtained at all seasons, was the principal inducement for erecting the cotton mills in this place, the houses being built for the accommodation of the "hands" employed at them. Mr. Owen here tried his benevolent yet somewhat visionary schemes of tuition and co-operation, some of which are still partly in action, though many of them have been abandoned. The place is well worthy of a visit.

CHAPTER V.

EXCURSIONS FROM LANARK.

I. TO THE FALLS OF CLYDE, TILLIETUDLEM CASTLE, &c.



WALLACE'S CAVE.

AS we have already pointed out, the principal attraction of Lanark lies in the beautiful scenery and grand natural phenomena by which it is surrounded, and in the historic interest attached to the district of which it is the centre. Many tourists and "holiday folk" annually take up their quarters for a longer or shorter period in the rural town and visit the interesting spots in its neighbourhood over and over again; while others, bent on making the most of their summer vacation, "do" the Falls and Tillietudlem in one day, leaving either Glasgow or Edinburgh early in the morning and returning thither late at night. To meet the convenience of this latter class, and at the same time to assist the former in improving their acquaintance with the chief features of the district, the railway company have arranged a daily service of coaches, one of which leaves Lanark station soon after the arrival of the 10.40 train,* and, allowing ample time for a visit to the Falls of Clyde and Cartland Crags, reaches Crossford sufficiently early in the afternoon to give the day excursionists time to visit the "poor house of Tillietudlem," and get to the railway station named after it in time for the evening train. The trip, too, is reversed, a coach leaving Crossford in the morning and reaching Lanark at night; but as this does not allow so much time for sight-seeing, we prefer starting from Lanark.

The coach starts from the Station Hotel, and leaves Lanark by the West Port, and bowls along a pleasant road, shaded from the rays of the noontide sun by the abundant foliage of the neighbouring trees, and commanding splendid views of the Clyde, as it sweeps along its rocky course, and of the pretty little village of *Kirkfieldbank*, nestling on the wooded slope on the opposite bank of the stream. A drive of about twenty minutes'

* An earlier train, reaching Lanark at 8.39, enables "birds of passage" to stroll through the town and "fortify the inner man," before taking their seats on the coach.

duration is enjoyed; and then we cross the bridge and, halting in front of the Kirkfield Hotel, are informed that, if we are so disposed, we can spend about four hours in visiting Corra and Bonnington Linns (to which our tickets entitle us to free admission) and Cartland Crags; while, if we prefer doing so, we can push on at once and devote our time to an examination of Craignethan (Tillietudlem) Castle, returning to Lanark by a coach reaching that town at six o'clock.

We decide in favour of the former course, some of our party observing that as the evening coach will reach Kirkfield-bank at five o'clock, they will devote six hours to sight-seeing in the neighbourhood, and that to-morrow they will go through direct to Crossford and see Tillietudlem at greater leisure—in which decision we think they show their wisdom.

Even while "arguing this point," "the roar in Clyde water" strikes the ear; and on entering the grounds of Corehouse —the gate to which is close to our hotel—it becomes "louder and yet more loud" with each succeeding step. At the gate we shall find guides, who will show us the best points from which to view the cataracts, and so conduct us that we need be under no apprehension of harm; and it is well to secure their services, for though there is no danger, if ordinary precautions are observed, an unwary step may lead to unpleasant, if not fatal, results. Indeed, the name of the finest of the Falls is said to be a perpetual memorial of the untimely fate of Corra, the daughter of one of the old kings of Strathclyde, who was accidentally precipitated into the raging flood, her steed having taken fright at the noise of the waters.

The walk along the bank of the river is interesting and pleasant in the extreme. We first reach—

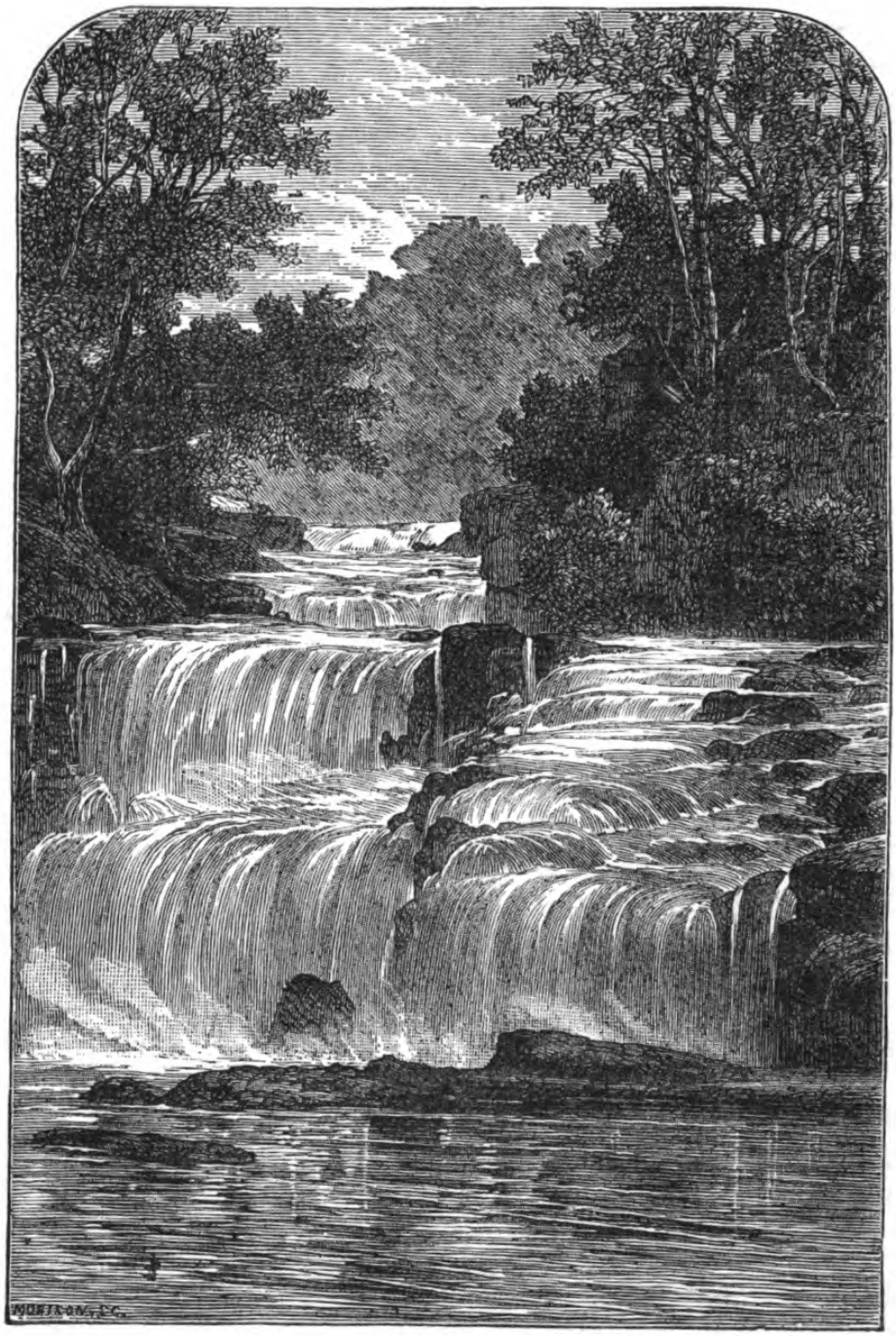
Dundaff Linn,

a cascade in a beautiful and romantic dell, which, although only a few feet in height, is well worth inspecting. A few steps more along the side of the deep chasm, in which the river roars and eddies over rocks and boulders, and we arrive at the foot of—

Corra Linn,

"Clyde's most majestic daughter," whose thunder fills the air. It can be best seen from a summer-house or pavilion, built on the opposite (the north) bank to that on which we stand, by Sir James Carmichael of Bonnington in 1708, upon a high rocky bank which overlooks the fall, and from which a fine bird's-eye view of the surrounding scenery may be obtained. The view is, though more distant, something like

that from Ossian's Hall at Dunkeld; and here, as well as at that enchanting place, are mirrors for reflecting the various aspects of the scenery and the waters. More adventurous sight-seers may reach the verge of the precipice overhanging



CORRA LINN.

the foaming abyss; or they may descend its stony face, by means of a flight of steps cut out of the living rock and fitted with a chain as a handrail, to the edge of the whirling pool

below. Though caution is necessary, no danger need be feared; and the pleasure of the scene amply compensates for the peril—if peril there be.

Corra Linn bounds over the rock in three leaps, but when the river is swollen, in one broad sheet; its depth has been variously estimated at from eighty-four to a hundred and twenty feet—probably the truth lies between the two extremes.

The ruins of the old *Castle of Corra*, formerly the seat of a branch of the Somervilles, nod on the edge of the beetling cliff above the fall; and a little below it, at a greater distance from the river, is *Corehouse*, a modern erection, at one time the residence of Lord Corehouse.

The guides will not fail to direct attention to *Wallace's Leap*, two pieces of rock projecting from the opposite banks at a narrow part of the river, from one to the other of which the hero is said to have sprung at times when, hard pressed by the English soldiers, he hid himself in a cavern in the front of the rocky wall above the linn, popularly known as *Wallace's Cave*. Dr. Bowring calls them "Burley's Leap," and "Balfour's Cave;" they are, without doubt, the spots referred to by Scott, in the concluding portion of "Old Mortality," as the hiding-place of Balfour of Burley.

WALLACE'S LEAP.

"And I have been in Balfour's Cave!
But why hath chisel wrought it,
Since he, the brutal but the brave,
In sore constraining sought it?

"And I have hung o'er Burley's Leap,*
And watched the streams all blending,

* Why the name Burley's Leap should have been given and accepted by Dr. Bowring is not easy to understand; for Scott tells us that it was Henry Morton, not Burley, who made the tremendous jump.

As down that chasm, dark and steep,
The torrents were descending.

"And I have worshipped Corra Linn—
Clyde's most majestic daughter,
And those eternal rainbows seen
That arch the foaming water."

The cliffs above Corra Linn are equidistant on each side of the river, which is here somewhat contracted; they form, as Pennant expresses it, a stupendous natural masonry, from the crevices of which daws and other wild birds are incessantly springing. The rocks are pleasing and diversified, every jutting corner of them being covered with the most luxuriant natural foliage. A walk of a mile through a vale of this agreeable description terminates at a jutting rock which overhangs the stream. The river here exhibits a broad, expanded, and placid appearance, beautifully environed with rocks and trees; and at a bend in the course of the stream is—

Bonnington Linn,

The water rushes into the cauldron below, in a clear leap of twenty-five to thirty feet; and the fall is split into two cataracts, by an islet in the centre of the stream. This islet, which affords the best view of the linn, is connected with the opposite bank of the stream by a light iron bridge. On that side (the northern bank) is a mansion—

Bonnington House,

which gives the name to the fall, and to the estate in which the house stands, and which was erected for the celebrated navigator, Ross, on the site of a mansion owned by the descendants of Wallace. Here are several interesting—if not unimpeachably authentic—relics of that hero: his portrait; his chair, a broad oaken seat, quite large and substantial enough to support the frame of a giant; and a small cup of the same material, called "Wallace's Quaigh," on a silver hoop, encircling which, we read—

"At Torwood I was cut from that known tree,
Where Wallace from warre's toyles took sanctarie;
For Mars' sonnes only I am now made fitt,
When with the sonnes of Bacchus they shall sitt."

We now return to the hotel, from whence a short walk in the opposite direction conducts us to—

Cartland Crags,

a vast chasm in the rocks, through which the river Mouse forces its way to the Clyde, through scenery sufficiently varied to please the most fastidious. The ravine can only be explored to advantage when the stream is low; and here, as elsewhere, it is advisable to take a guide, for the purpose of having the best and safest path pointed out. Stepping from stone to stone, and scrambling along the edge of the bank, by a footway on the bare shelving rocks, among briers and tangled shrubs, the naked lofty cliffs are seen towering to the height of four hundred feet, and forming gloomy and apparently impenetrable recesses, one of which is shown to the tourist as a second *Wallace's Cave*, which he is expected to enter and examine, while listening to—and, of course, implicitly believing—the wonderful history which his guide narrates to him. The rocks on each side, though covered with wood at their tops, are too steep and broken at the edge of the river to allow a path to be formed, or to remain when made, on account of the violence of the waters in heavy rains. Near the entrance to the chasm is an old Roman bridge, almost entire and prized as a genuine antiquarian relic; and further on the Stirling and Carlisle road is carried across it by a viaduct of three arches, 129 feet in height.

And now we once more return to our hotel, and spend a short time in taking some greatly needed rest and refreshment after our exertions. But we must not be long over it, for our coach starts soon after three o'clock and conducts us along the left bank of the Clyde, through a continuation of the lovely scenery we enjoyed during our morning's drive. In about ten minutes, we arrive at the gate leading to—

Stonebyres Linn,

to view which half an hour is allowed. The gate is about a hundred yards from the river's bank. Unlike the other two, this fall is seen to most advantage by walking a short distance below it, to a spot where, through a cutting in the foliage which clothes the bank, it is brought into line and presents a most imposing appearance. Stonebyres Linn, like Corra Linn, consists of three breaks, but when the river is swollen the water falls in one unbroken sheet from a height of seventy or eighty feet. Above, the stream is smooth and tranquil; but it contracts at the fall and forces its way with prodigious fury over the shelving rocks, whose dark colour, with the green foliage which fringes the banks from the

water's edge to the top, contrasts beautifully with the white foam of the cataract. Stonebyres Linn presents an impassable barrier to the progress of the salmon, whose fruitless efforts to surmount it in the spawning season are amusing—yet painful—to witness.

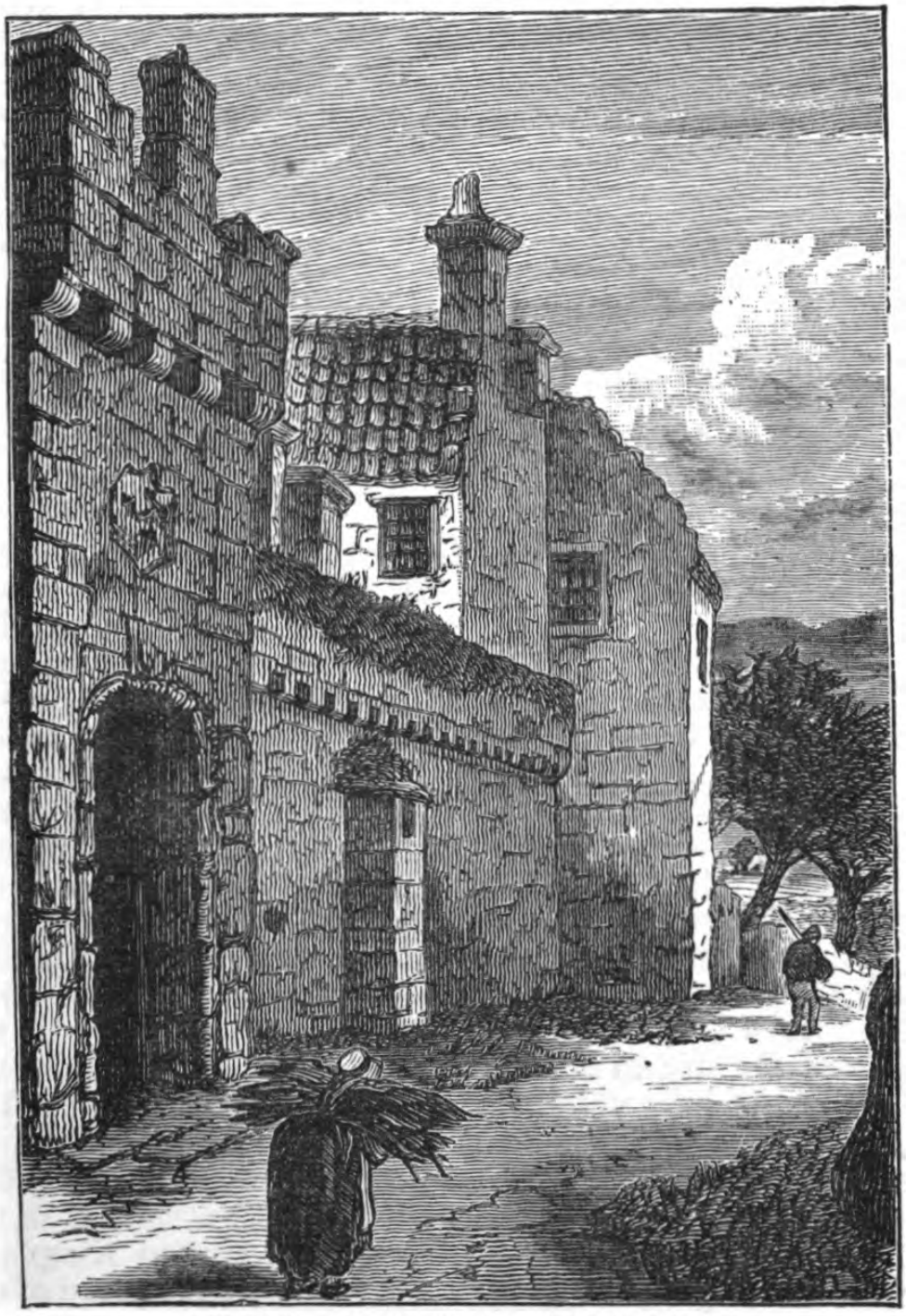
And now we start on the last stage of our journey—a half-hour's drive through the fine woods of the Stonebyres estate and the great orchard lands of the district. Both banks of the Clyde, for a number of miles, are clothed with fruit trees, gooseberry bushes, and beds of strawberries. In early summer this district is seen at its best, the orchards being then one mass of blossom. Passing through the village of *Crossford*, the coach draws up at *Nethanfoot*, and completes its journey. We are now once more afoot, our path running along the side of the river Nethan, through a deep ravine, beautifully wooded to the summit. In about ten or fifteen minutes, we reach—

Craignethan Castle,

which the popular mind, followed by railway authorities, will identify with the Tillietudlem of "Old Mortality." Scott distinctly says that his description of Tillietudlem is purely imaginary, but that some of the peculiarities of construction he mentions may be seen in Craignethan Castle, which afforded unbounded delight to Scott, on his visit in 1799, and has been equally admired by thousands of tourists since then. The castle—or as Scott more properly terms it, tower, for it is in reality a fortified manor house—was in the "olden time" the seat of the Evandale branch of the House of Hamilton; and it derives its chief interest from its connection with the romance to which we have referred, and in which it will be recollected Lord Evandale figures conspicuously. Queen Mary found a refuge there after her flight from Lochleven. The principal building, courtyard, and moat are surrounded by a high wall, perforated with loopholes pointing in all directions. In a corner of the courtyard is the kitchen, the fireplace of which is intact and the walls and roof are in better condition than the other parts of the castle. From the summit of its arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with towers, an extended view of the surrounding country can be obtained, comprising the valley of the Clyde, from the mountainous district above Lanark to the confines of Glasgow. Scott's description of the scene, though nearly a century old, is as accurate as though penned yesterday. He says :—

Craignethan Castle.

"The tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in



CRAIGNETHAN, OR TILLIETUDLEM, CASTLE.

times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character, but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular

shape, interspersed with hedge-row trees and copses, the enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden. Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied—considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the tower commanded two prospects—the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland."

Tillietudlem railway station is but a short walk from the castle; those wishing to return to Lanark, will of course make their way back to Nethanfoot.

II. TO DOUGLAS CASTLE, TINTO HILL, &c.

A branch of the Caledonian Railway runs in a south-westerly direction from Carstairs, past Lanark to Muirkirk, where it joins a spur of the Glasgow and South-Western line, thus providing a direct and expeditious route between Edinburgh and Ayr. It is an important addition to the railway system, not only on this account, but also because it affords to the tourist a ready means of enjoying the beauties of Douglasdale, a valley extending from the foot of Cairntable to the confluence of Douglas Water with the Clyde. This little stream runs through the centre of the vale, and receives in its course the waters of several smaller tributaries. They all were formerly well stocked with trout, though of late they have not afforded much sport to the angler. The valley is about twelve miles long, with a breadth varying from four to seven. On the banks of the stream it is fertile and well cultivated, and the slopes of the hills which bound it are well timbered. The hill known as *Cairntable** is 1,650 feet high, and a neighbouring one, *Auchinsaugh*, of lower elevation, afforded a hiding-place for many of the persecuted Covenanters in the days when the Stuarts reigned over the United Kingdom. A hollow near the town of Douglas was the birth-place of the gallant 26th Regiment, which was formed by a body of Cameronians who, in 1688, banded themselves together, under the Earl of Angus, in support of the Protestant government of William III.

* A stone on its summit marks the spot where the Covenant was renewed.

But Douglasdale was famous before that time. During the great war of independence, when the English overran so large a portion of Scotland, the "good Sir James of Douglas' joined heartily with Bruce in his efforts to preserve the integrity of the kingdom and to assert his own claim to the throne. The valley was the scene of many determined struggles, and abounds with remains of fortifications, none of which, however, possess the interest of Douglas Castle, near the small burgh of barony of—

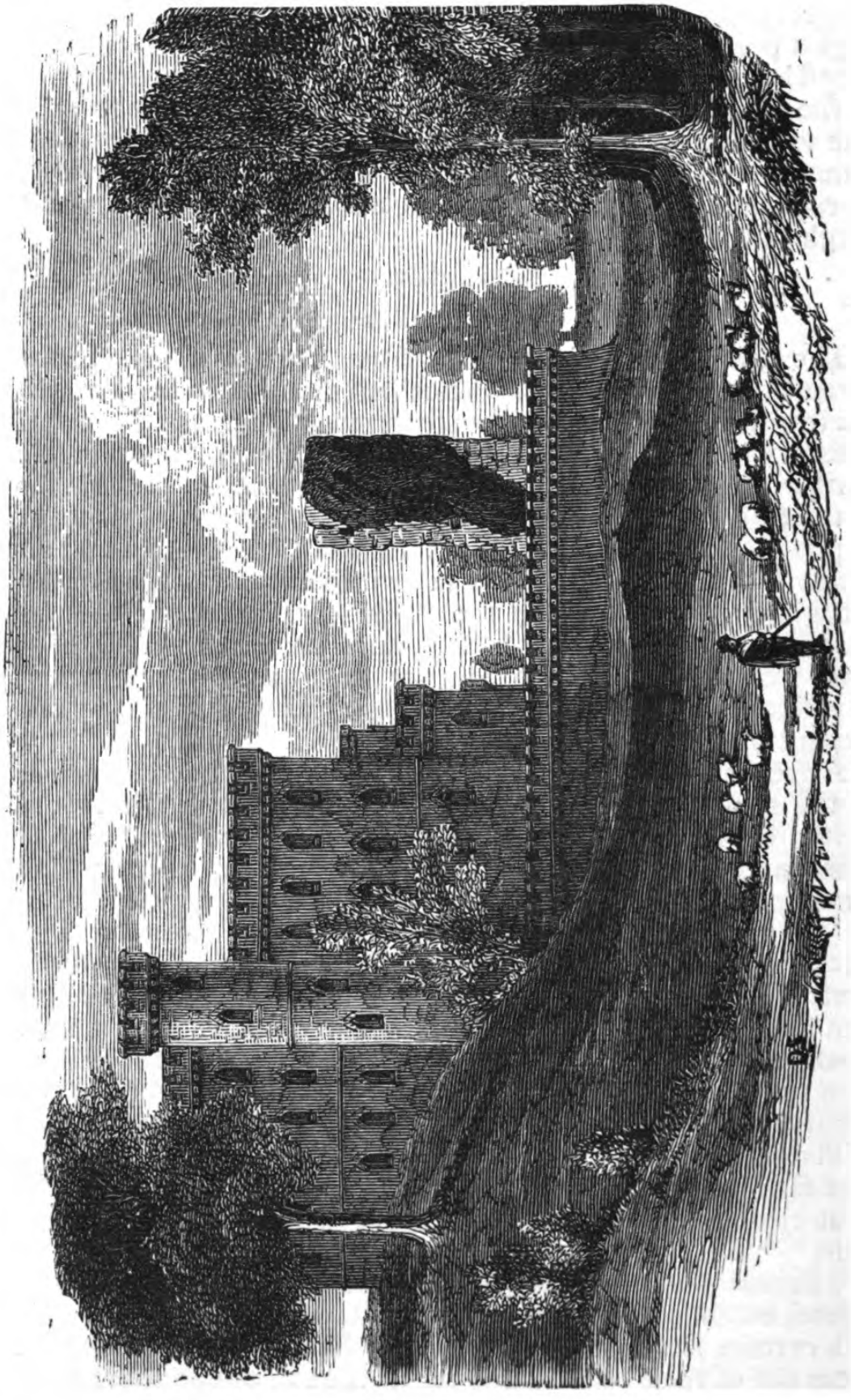
Douglas.

[FARES: From Glasgow, 6*s.* 4*d.*, 4*s.* 9*d.*, and 2*s.* 10*d.*]

The station is eleven miles from Carstairs, and about seven from Lanark, and an excellent hotel is to be found in the town, which possesses few features of interest. A row of houses in one of its lanes is known as the *Dungeons*, and their narrow windows and thick walls impart an air of probability to the tradition that the dwellings were formerly a place of imprisonment; and beneath the *Parish Church* is a vault in which lie the remains of the later members of the family of Douglas. We are told in the "Statistical Survey" that an ante-Reformation rector of the parish—Archibald Douglas—was "concerned in the murder of Rizzio," "for which Christian-like work," adds the writer, "he was raised by the Regent Murray to the office of a Lord of Session."

A great deal of discussion has taken place as to the origin of the name Douglas, some antiquarians tracing it to the Celtic words, *dhû glas* ("the dark blue stream"), and asserting that the river gave the title both to the town and the family; and others pointing out that such an appellation is by no means applicable to the stream, and affirming that Sholto Dou-glasse ("the dark man"), who received the estate from King Solvethius in the year 767, as a reward for important services in the field, called his lands by his own name. Historically, however, we really know nothing of the founder of a house which, says Pennant, "was the glory and yet the scourge of their country." The first authentic Douglas was William, who lived about the end of the twelfth century. The family eventually rose to such eminence, that the heads of it rivalled the king himself in the exercise of his prerogatives. "They went abroad," says Pennant, "with a train of two thousand armed men, created knights, had their councillors, established ranks, and constituted a parliament; and it is certain that they might almost have formed a house of peers out of their own family, for at the same time there were

Douglas Castle.



DOUGLAS CASTLE.

not fewer than six earls of the name of Douglas." The family were more than once laid low during the centuries of their power; and their chief seat,

Douglas Castle,

seems to have been as repeatedly prostrated. This was particularly the case during the struggle with Edward I., when it so often changed hands as to receive the name of "Castle Dangerous"—a title which Scott adopted for his last novel. It was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1760. Its ruins consist of—but stay! Like that of Tillietudlem, it has been described by a master, and we will let Scott tell us what he thought of it and of the spire and aisle—all that now remains—of the "old kirk o' Douglas," in its day one of the chief Gothic edifices of the district. He says:—

"The remains of the old Castle of Douglas are inconsiderable. They consist of but one ruined tower, standing at a short distance from the modern mansion, which itself is only a fragment of a design on which the Duke of Douglas meant to reconstruct the edifice after its last accidental destruction by fire. His Grace has kept in view the ancient prophecy that as often as Douglas Castle might be destroyed it should rise again in enlarged dimensions and improved splendour, and projected a pile of building, which, if it had been completed, would have much exceeded any nobleman's residence then existing in Scotland. Indeed, what has been finished, amounting to one-eighth part of the place, is sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of a large establishment, and contains some apartments, the dimensions of which are magnificent. The situation is commanding, and though the duke's successors have allowed the mansion to continue as he left it, great expense has been lavished on the environs, which now present a vast sweep of richly undulated woodland,* stretching to the borders of the Cairntable mountains, repeatedly mentioned as the favourite retreat of the great ancestor of the family in the days of his hardship and persecution. There remains at the head of the adjoining *bourg* the choir of the ancient Church of St. Bride, having beneath it the vault which was used, till lately, as the burial-place of this princely race, and only abandoned when their stone and leaden coffins had accumulated, in the course of five or six hundred years, in such a way that it could accommodate no more. Here a silver case, containing the dust of what was once the brave heart of Good Sir James, is still pointed out; and in the dilapidated choir above appears, though in a sorely ruinous state, the once magnificent tomb of the warrior himself. . . . This monument is supposed to have been wantonly mutilated and defaced by a detachment of Cromwell's troops, who, as was their custom, converted the kirk of St. Bride of Douglas into a stable for their horses. Enough, however, remains to identify the resting-place of the great Sir James. The effigy, of dark stone, is cross-legged, marking his character as one who died after performing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and in actual conflict with the infidels in Spain; and the introduction of the heart, adopted as an addition to the old arms of Douglas, in consequence of the knight's fulfilment of Bruce's dying injunctions, appears, when taken in connection with the position of the figure, to set the question at rest. The figure in its original state must have been not inferior in any respect to the bust of the same person in Westminster Abbey."

We must now bring our excursion to a close; but before doing so would briefly notice—

* Some of those trees are of ancient growth, and a row of ashes is pointed out as having been formerly used by the lords of the castle to hang their enemies.

Tinto,

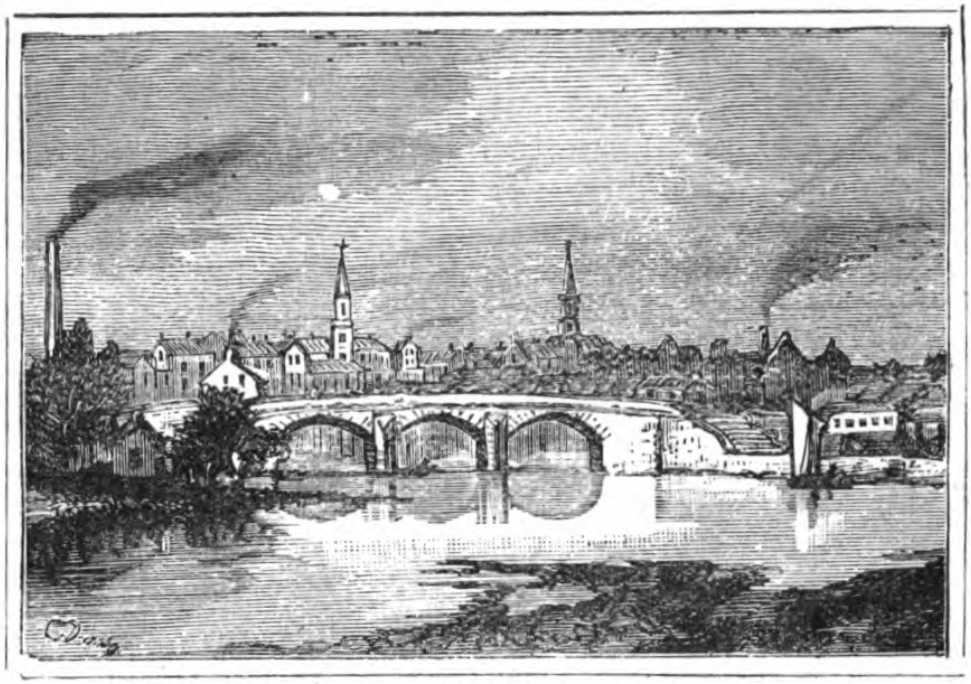
the "hill of fire," celebrated all over Lanarkshire for its conspicuous height. It is seven miles distant from Douglas; but may be more readily reached from the Symington railway station, on the main line to Edinburgh. The summit of Tinto is 2,312 feet above the level of the sea, but not more than seven hundred vertically from its base, which is about fifteen miles in circumference; and the surrounding country being comparatively flat, the mountain is seen for miles round. It was formerly a site for Beltane fires and warlike signals, and long before them of Druidical worship, as two circles—still in good preservation—attest; it is supposed to have obtained its name from this circumstance. Its elevation not only commands an extensive prospect, but exposes it to the unbroken action of the wind. Hence the popular rhyme—

" Gin a lass hae plenty siller,
Set her upo' Tinto tap—
The wind will blaw a man till her.'

On the "tap," too, is a "kist," or large mass of granite, with a hole in one side, said to have been caused by the grasp of Wallace's thumb on the evening before his victory at Boghall; just as *Quothquan*, another lofty hill in the neighbourhood, is crowned by a large rough stone, known as *Wallace's Chair*, and popularly believed to have been his seat at a council held on the same evening. The "kist" on the top of Tinto is the subject of another curious rhyme, which Mr. Robert Chambers thinks is intended as a mockery of human strength, for it is certainly impossible to lift the same and drink off the contents of the hollow :—

" On Tintock-tap there is a mist,
And in that mist there is a kist,
And in the kist there is a caup,
And in the caup there is a drap:
Tak' up the caup, drink off the drap,
And set the caup on Tintock-tap."

There are twelve trains daily from Carstairs to Glasgow; three from Carstairs to Ayr; and twelve from Carstairs to Edinburgh.



PAISLEY FROM THE CART.

EXCURSION II.

GLASGOW TO GREENOCK.

"River! O river! thou roamest free
From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea!
Free thyself, but with silver chain,
Linking each charm of land and main.
River! O river! upon thy tide
Full many a freighted bark doth ride."

C. F. HOFFMAN.

HAVING traced the upward course of the Clyde, and visited many romantic spots, while musing on the varied episodes of historic interest which have taken place in their neighbourhood, let us now turn our faces westward, and explore the grand scenery to be found in the mountainous districts, which Clutha's numerous lochs render accessible to the tourist. Thanks to the facilities afforded by the railway companies and steamboat proprietors, we can do this at very little expenditure of time or money; a number of interesting tours, each beginning and ending at Glasgow, being arranged every year for the special behoof of holiday makers. These tours are so planned that they may be completed in one day by residents in any of the chief towns of Scotland, while those who desire to enjoy the

excursions at leisure can break their journeys at any or all the good hotels which abound, so as to explore the interesting scenery more thoroughly. The "creature comforts," too, of both classes are well provided for. When taking his ticket at the railway station, the traveller may purchase—if not for a "mere song," at all events for a very moderate outlay—coupons which will be accepted at many of the hotels, and on the steamboats as well, in payment for such food and accommodation as he may require. The tickets for the tours, too, are available for periods ranging from seven days and upwards—some for return on "any lawful day;" so that the expense of even a lengthy stay amid the sublime scenery of the Southern Highlands can be regulated to suit the inclination and pockets of all classes.

All the tours over which it is our intention to conduct our readers may be commenced by a sail on the Clyde, between the Broomielaw and Greenock; or, to save time, by a railway journey along the northern or southern shore. We will therefore preface our description of them by a notice of the salient features of this part of the river; first of all enjoying an imaginary sail on its waters (but taking care so to time our trip as to start when the tide is nearly full, and thus avoid the unpleasant reminder that its channel is the receptacle for all the sewage of Glasgow), and afterwards returning by rail from Greenock to Glasgow.

We secure a comfortable seat on the saloon deck of one of the boats, which daily leave the Broomielaw in the early morning and thread their way carefully among the numerous craft crowding the harbour. Our first stoppage is at *Partick*, at the mouth of the Kelvin, where the "West-Enders" of Glasgow come on board. While lying at the wharf here, we gaze around us, in order to take in all the details of the busy scene, our attention being specially attracted by the numerous shipbuilding yards on the other side of the river at—

Govan,

one of the numerous suburban burghs, which surround Glasgow and share in her prosperity. The origin of the name has given rise to much discussion. Lesly, a Scotch topographer, derives it from the excellency of the ale brewed there, which was made without hops, and after being kept seven years (if indeed the generous liquor ever was allowed to be kept so long, which may be doubted), it resembled the famed Malvoisie wine in colour and taste; from which fact the good antiquary supposed the place where it was brewed

was named by the Saxon ale-lovers, *God-win*, or good wine, and that epithet was softened into Govan—a piece of etymology, which does credit to his ingenuity, if not to his knowledge. A more reasonable suggestion is that, as the Clyde, then a shallow river, ran through the parish, the Gaelic words, *gam-han* (pronounced *gav-an*), "a ditch," were the origin of the name. The parish church, built in 1826, from the designs of Mr. Smith, of Jordanhill, is a large Gothic structure, with lancet windows and battlements. The tower and spire are reproductions of those of the church at Stratford-on-Avon. Govan was considered to be one of the largest villages in Scotland, and is often referred to by old writers as "Meikle Govane."

Leaving the pier, we make better headway, passing many pleasant villas on both sides the stream. Among those on the left bank is *Jordanhill*, at one time the residence of Captain Thomas Crawford, who took Dumbarton Castle in 1571, after it had long held out for Queen Mary.

Half an hour's sail brings us to the ancient burgh of—

Renfrew.

[RAILWAY FARES: From St. Enoch's Station, 9*d.* and 6*d.*]
[HOTELS: *Prince of Wales* and *Railway.*]

This ancient royal burgh, the capital town of the county of the same name and one of the towns comprised in the Kilmarnock district of Parliamentary burghs, is interesting as giving the Prince of Wales one of his numerous titles, and from its connection with the Royal House of Stuart. The founder of this historic family was a certain Walter, who, flying from Shropshire to the Scottish Court for sufficiently weighty reasons, was invested with the office of Steward of the King's Household, an office which became hereditary in the family. From that cause they adopted the surname of Steward or Stewart, corrupted during Queen Mary's residence in Paris to Stuart, to suit the French orthography. The king bestowed on Walter the royal castle* of Renfrew, which continued the residence of the family till they ascended the throne. The Stewart of Bruce's time, also named Walter, behaved with so much gallantry at Bannockburn, that he received many marks of the king's favour, and in the following year married the monarch's only daughter; his son succeeded Bruce's son, David II., as David III.

* This castle stood on a slightly elevated piece of ground at the west side of the road leading from the town to the ferry, close to the land which now forms the domain of Elderslie House. A villa now occupies the site of the castle.

Renfrew Cross is about a quarter of a mile distant from the Clyde, but houses extend to the edge of the stream, where the authorities have constructed a jetty known as the *Burgh Pier.* The Glasgow and South-Western Railway have a branch line from Paisley, which ends at a wharf adjoining this pier; and here most of the river steamers stop, not only because it enables them to embark or land passengers from the stations on the line, but also on account of its being more convenient of access than the Burgh Pier, The town has many features of interest to the tourist, not the least of which is its ancient *Parish Church.* Among the other public buildings worthy of notice, are the *Town Hall* and *Jail*, the *Grammar School*, founded by Robert III., and the *Blythswood Testimonial*, an educational establishment.

The united streams of the Cart and Gryffe flow into the Clyde at *Inchinnan Bridge*, below Renfrew, a huge block of stone marking the spot where the Earl of Argyle was wounded and captured in 1685.

Erskine House, anciently the seat of the Earls of Mar and more recently of Lord Blantyre, occupies a commanding site a little lower down. Its beautiful grounds are ornamented by a handsome obelisk, erected by his neighbours in memory of the representative of the latter family, who was accidentally shot during the Belgian revolution of 1830.

The Clyde now expands considerably, the background to the north being formed by the—

Kilpatrick Hills,

in the little village of the same name, nestling at the foot of which, St. Patrick is said to have been born. He was—so runs the story—so sorely beset by Satan and his angels that he was compelled to fly to Ireland. The fiend, enraged at his escape, threw a small mountain at him, by way of a parting shot; but it missed its mark, and, falling into the Clyde became the rock of Dumbarton. We are now in—

Bowling Bay,

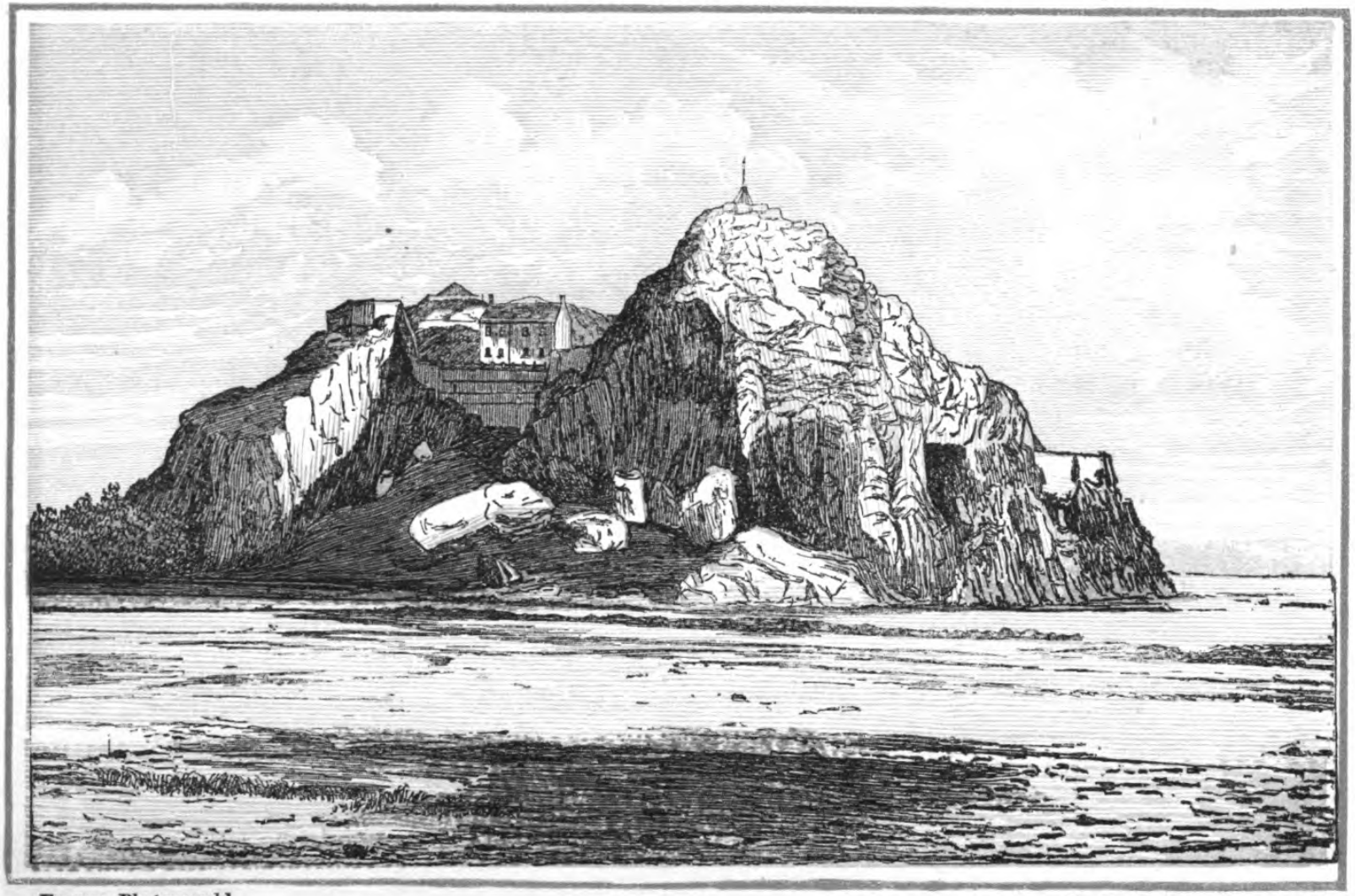
which, some topographical writers assure us, suggested to Smollett the name of Tom Bowling in his novel, "Roderick Random." This supposition is an amusing instance of the length to which "too clever people" will sometimes go. Johnson's Dictionary would inform them that "bowling," or "bowline," is "a rope fastened to the middle part of the outside of a sail." Smollett, who had seen much of service at sea, chose the name for an "old salt," just as, later, Charles Dibden did in his song, "Tom Bowling." At

m
m,
he
ay
rt
rs
ıd
nt
r,
ot
ıe
//
ıd

ıe
of
d

d
e
d
y
y

)



From a Photograph] *[by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*

DUMBARTON ROCK AND CASTLE.

This rock was hurled by demon hand,
And Wallace's this warlike brand;
Known are thy legends far and wide,
Dumbarton, castled crag of Clyde.

Bowling Inn is the entrance of the *Forth and Clyde Canal*, by which the east and west coasts of Scotland are connected; and a short way farther down, on the same side, will be observed *Dunglass Point*, with the ruins of—

Dunglass Castle,

a Roman station, which terminated the Roman wall in the west. The castle, even in Cromwell's time, was a place of considerable strength, well calculated, from its situation, to command the navigation of the river. The ruin is altogether a picturesque object, although its formidable defensive character is no longer apparent. On the rock, an obelisk, commemorative of the introduction of steam navigation, has been erected in honour of Henry Bell, who launched the first steamer, the "Comet," on the Clyde.

Rounding this point, we see the castle-crowned rock of—

Dumbarton.

[RAILWAY FARES: From Queen Street, 1*s.* 7*d.*, 1*s.* 2*d.*, and 1*s.*]

[HOTEL: *Elephant.*]

This rock rises bold and rugged from the surface of the Clyde, at the mouth of the river Leven, which is navigable as far as the quay, and crossed by a stone bridge with five arches. The rock is the chief feature of interest hereabouts, the town itself not being very attractive. It consists of one long crescent-shaped street, with others branching out of it; the population, of about twelve thousand, are engaged chiefly in shipbuilding. There are eight or nine places of worship in the town, the newest of which is a handsome *Free Church*, with a lofty spire. A new *Town Hall* was built in 1866.

The *Rock*, which is connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus, is 560 feet high and about a mile in circumference at its base. It is cleft about half-way up and has two summits, the highest of which is called *Wallace's Seat.* A castle stands on the rock, which appears to have been fortified from pre-historic times. It is supposed to be the *Balclutha* of Ossian, and the *Theodosia* of the Romans; and it was afterwards known as *Dun Breton* ("the fort of the Britons"), from which its present name is a corruption. Ossian sings, "The thistle shakes here its lovely head;" and curiously enough, the rock is one of the few places where the true Scotch thistle grows wild. Its craggy sides are finely broken, and the buildings upon it, though not in themselves beautiful, have a fine effect. The *Castle* has figured prominently in Scottish history. Prior to the invention of gunpowder, it was the key to the Highlands and all but impregnable. It was held by the

English during the struggle between Edward I. and Bruce; and it was here that Wallace was confined after his betrayal. Bruce captured it in 1309; and hither Mary, then five years old, was conveyed after the battle of Pinkie, being subsequently taken to France for safety. The castle long held out for her in her last struggle; and it was in endeavouring to reach it that the hapless Queen suffered her final defeat at Langside. Had she penetrated thus far, however, she would have found her hopes of safety disappointed; for it was captured by a hundred picked men, under Captain Crawford, a short time before the battle, in May, 1571. The capture was a daring one, and its story, as told by Sir Walter Scott, is interesting. He says :—

"He (Captain Crawford) took advantage of a misty and moonless night to bring to the foot of the castle-rock the scaling-ladders which he had provided, choosing for his terrible experiment the place where the rock was highest, and where, of course, less pains were taken to keep a regular guard. This choice was fortunate; for the first ladder broke with the weight of the men who attempted to mount, and the noise of the fall must have betrayed them, had there been any sentinel within hearing. Crawford, assisted by a soldier who had deserted from the castle, and was acting as his guide, renewed the attempt in person, and having scrambled up to a projecting ledge of rock where there was some footing, contrived to make fast the ladder by tying it to the roots of a tree, which grew about midway up the rock. Here they found a small flat surface, sufficient, however, to afford footing to the whole party, which was, of course, very few in number. In scaling the second precipice, another accident took place:—One of the party, subject to epileptic fits, was seized by one of these attacks, brought on perhaps by terror, while he was in the act of climbing up the ladder. His illness made it impossible for him either to ascend or descend. To have slain the man would have been a cruel expedient, besides that the fall of his body from the ladder might have alarmed the garrison. Crawford caused him, therefore, to be tied to the ladder; then all the rest descending, they turned the ladder, and thus mounted with ease over the belly of the epileptic person. When the party gained the summit, they slew the sentinel ere he had time to give the alarm, and easily surprised the slumbering garrison, who had trusted too much to the security of their castle to keep good watch. This exploit of Crawford may compare with anything of the kind which we read of in history."

The castle, which was visited by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1847, is one of the four fortresses in Scotland which, by the Articles of the Union, are to be kept garrisoned; it will accommodate about 150 men, and is well provided with the means of defence. In the armoury is exhibited a huge two-handed sword, said to have belonged to Wallace.

From this point the steamer keeps to the south side of the river. A short distance lower, we pass on the left *Finlayston House*, once the mansion of the Earls of Glencairn, which claims the honour of being the first place in which Knox dispensed the sacrament, an event which took place in 1556. The cups used on that occasion were long preserved as mementoes of the great Reformer.

On the opposite shore, a little below Dumbarton, is *Cardross*, which gives the title of lord to the Earl of Buchan. Upon a small wooded eminence, called *Castle Hill*, stood a residence or castle of Robert the Bruce, of which no vestige now remains. In this castle, it is said, that patriotic and chivalrous monarch breathed his last, on 7th June, 1329, at the age of fifty-five.

Next, on the left, may be observed *Newark Castle*, a ruinous square building, with round turrets and battlements, which stands up on a point of land projecting into the river, and commands a splendid view of the surrounding scenery. On the west side, over the main door, are the arms of the Maxwells, the former proprietors, with this inscription underneath—"The Blissinge of God be Heirin, Anno 1597." On one of the windows is the date 1599, and over others are the letters, "P. M.," which stand for Patrick Maxwell. Other parts of the building appear to be older than the period indicated by these dates. This castle ceased to be the habitation of its owners in the beginning of the eighteenth century, but some of the apartments are still tenanted.

On the side of a hill at the head of *Devil's Glen*, a little west of the castle, are two fine cascades, a precipice at its head bearing the name of *Wallace's Leap*, from a tradition that the national hero once sprang on horseback from one side to the other.

On the same side of the Clyde, at a short distance, is—

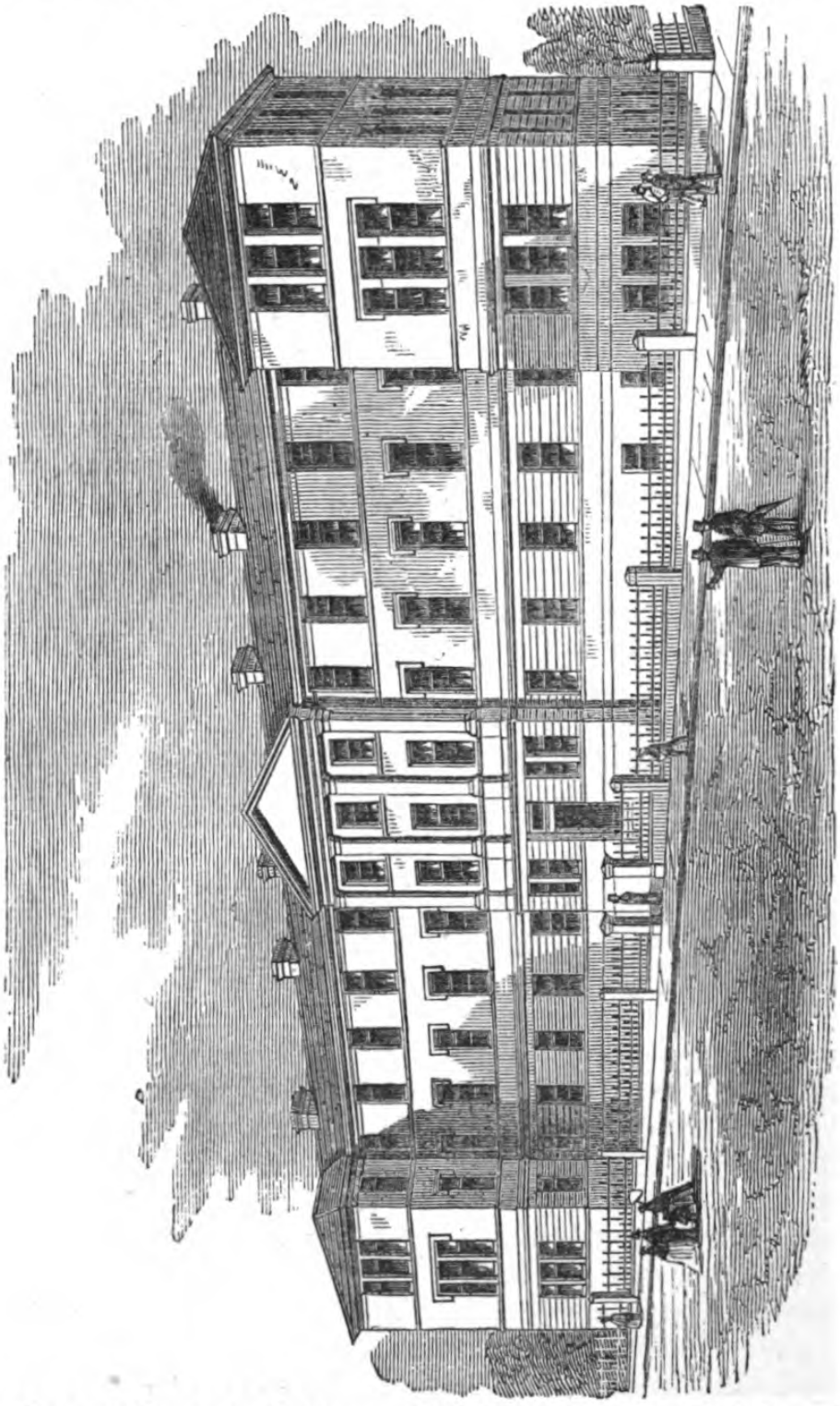
Port Glasgow,

[RAILWAY FARES: From the Central Station, 1*s.* 3*d.*, 1*s.*, and 9*d.*]

[HOTEL: *Star.*]

one of the most handsome and regularly built seaport towns in Scotland. It was, as we have seen, founded by the merchants of Glasgow in 1688, as a port of discharge and loading; cargoes were, for many years, conveyed by means of lighters to and from Glasgow. The removal of the shipping trade, caused by the deepening of the river to the Broomielaw, has much lessened its original importance; but with a population amounting in 1871, to 10,823, it is still a busy place. Its trade is self-evident to the passing tourist. In front of the town, and above and below it, the shore is covered with timber yards. There are also several shipbuilding yards, in one of which the pioneer steamer "Comet" was built; they generally present a very busy appearance. Its graving dock was one of the first constructed in Scotland. The chief buildings in the town are a *Public Library;* a *Town Hall*, with a lofty spire; and nine places of worship.

Port Glasgow is three miles distant from Greenock, which we reach after rounding the promontory of *Garvel*, admiring



SAILORS' HOSPITAL, GREENOCK.

the pleasantly seated town of Helensburgh, and the view of the many other watering-places which we observe nestling among the trees on the opposite side of the firth, as we near the quay and step ashore.

Greenock.

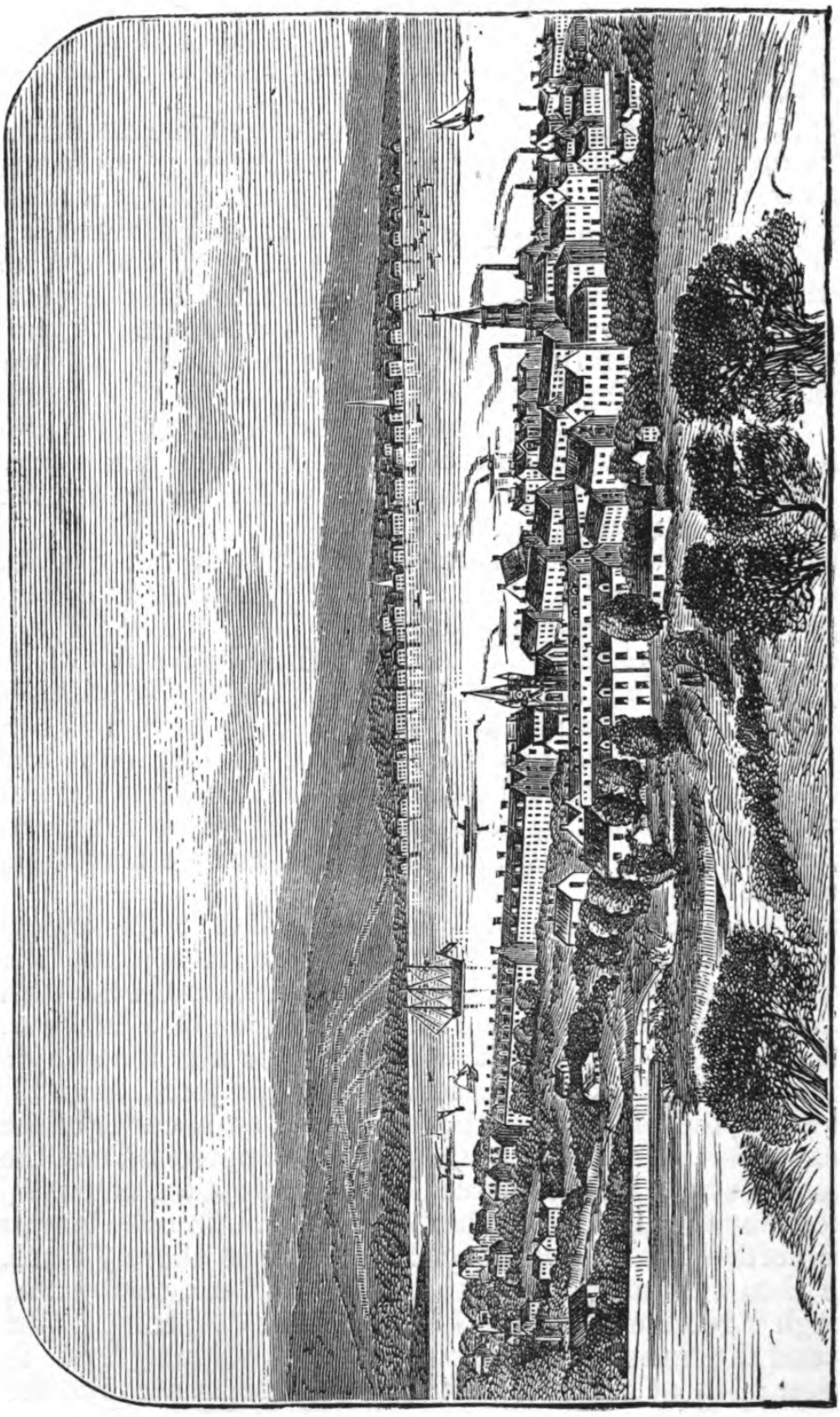
[FARES : from Glasgow, 1*s.* 3*d.*, 1*s.*, and 9*d.*]

[HOTELS: *Buck's Head, Caledonian, Prince of Wales, Railway, Royal, Tontine, Wheat Sheaf, White Hart,* &c. TEMPERANCE HOTELS: *Borland's, Prince's Pier,* &c.]

Greenock presents from the water a pleasant and attractive appearance, and during the summer traffic the quays facing the river, with a frontage of over 1,653 yards, exhibit a most lively scene. There are two piers—the *Custom House Pier*, and *Prince's Pier*—at which steamers call; in connection with them are well-constructed refreshment saloons and commodious waiting rooms, with everything calculated to promote the comfort of the traveller. The town itself has now a population of quite sixty thousand souls, with a most extensive trade, its shipbuilding equalling any on the Clyde, and its commerce in sugar and other commodities being very flourishing. Indeed, its sugar-refining works are among the largest in the United Kingdom.

But though thus prosperous, Greenock is of but modern growth. Two hundred years ago, it was but a small fishing village; indeed, so insignificant was it then, that it did not possess a parish church of its own, the few inhabitants of its lowly huts travelling to Inverkip—a distance of five miles—to worship. Now its principal street is nearly two miles in length, and the town possesses a large number of public buildings, among which (and their number indicates the importance of the place) are seven Established, eleven Free, and six United Presbyterian Churches, besides many other places of worship.

The rapid rise of Greenock is entirely due to the energy and perseverance of its inhabitants. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, they made an application to the Scottish Parliament for a loan towards the construction of a harbour, but their request was refused. The scheme was about to be consigned to the limbo of unaccomplished projects, when Sir John Shaw, the then lord of the manor and an ancestor of the present possessor of the estate, with a wise appreciation of the advantage which would accrue from its adoption, advanced the necessary funds; and the harbour—at that time the largest in the north—was opened in 1710, having cost about £6,000. Since then the prosperity of the place has been continuous, although it received a severe blow from the deepening of the river and the transfer of a great part of the shipping trade to Glasgow; but at the present time its harbours are crowded with vessels from every part of the world, and its position at



GREENOCK FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

the head of the Firth (properly so called) of Clyde, at the point where the difficulties (to vessels of large tonnage) of its navigation commence, promises a continuance of its commercial prosperity. The town possesses every appliance for the benefit of those "who go down to the sea in ships." Among these are a *Mariners' Asylum*, in the western part of the town, built in 1851 by the trustees of Sir G. Wood, who left £140,000 for that purpose; and the *Sailors' Hospital*, built in 1869, at a cost of nearly £17,000. The latter will accommodate about two hundred inmates, and is a most useful institution. Among the most recent improvements is *Lyle Road*, a beautiful carriage drive at the west end of the town, constructed during the "dark days" of 1879-80, at a cost of £15,000, as a means of relief to the starving operatives, thrown out of work by the depression of trade.

The docks extend nearly two miles along the shore, and comprise almost twelve hundred feet of quays, fitted with steam cranes and every convenience for berthing ships. The lines of the two railway companies run along them, so that the transhipment of goods is speedily and safely accomplished. The chief basins are the *New Victoria* and the *Albert* docks, which, with the smaller ones by which they are surrounded, contain nearly thirty acres of water. A commodious graving dock has recently been completed; and a new harbour, the *James Watt*, is now in course of construction. Its entrance will be wide enough for the admission of the largest vessels afloat, and it will have a water area of fifteen acres.

Greenock is built, partly on a plain stretching along the margin of the Clyde, and partly on the declivities of the hills south and west of the lower part of the town. From these, as will be seen from our engraving, a singularly beautiful view is obtained; it includes the firth in front of the town, with the passing shipping, and frequently a man-of-war anchored at the "tail of the bank," as the roadstead is called, with the Argyle and Dumbartonshire mountains as a background; while in the foreground are to be seen the spires of the churches and some of the taller chimneys of the central part of the town, and the many beautiful mansions with which its upper and more pleasantly seated portion is adorned. *Whin Hill* attains an altitude of eight hundred feet; and on its slopes are two public parks, presented to the inhabitants by Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, Bart. *Wellington Park* occupies an elevated site on the outskirts of the town; and the *Well Park* includes part of the pleasure grounds at one time belonging to James Watt, whose house is still standing and

regarded with veneration by the townsmen. While on the subject we may mention a white marble statue of Greenock's famous son adorns an elegant structure in Union Street. It has the following inscription from the pen of Lord Jeffrey:—

> "The inhabitants of Greenook have erected this statue of James Watt, not to extend a fame already identified with the miracles of steam, but to testify the pride and reverence with which he is remembered in the place of his nativity, and their deep sense of the great benefit which his genius has conferred on mankind."

The statue is a replica of that in George Square, Glasgow.

A new and well-designed *Cemetery* occupies an elevated brae near the Well Park. It already contains many elegant mementoes of departed worth, and its highest spot is reserved as the site of a gigantic memorial to James Watt, to be erected by the Watt Club. It is to take the shape of a tower, 225 feet above the base line, and 514 feet above high-water mark, in the upper division of which is to be placed a timeball and an apparatus for nautical and astronomical observations.

Another of Greenock's "lions" is the *Grave of Burns' Highland Mary*, in the burying ground attached to the High Church. A memorial from the studio of John Mossman was erected over it in 1842. It consists of a carved representation of the parting of the lovers, who are overshadowed by a figure of "Grief;" while beneath it is the word "Mary," and the lines—

> "Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
> Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

The graves of Watt's father and grandfather, and of John Wilson, the poet, are in the same ground.

Greenock contains many useful public edifices. The *Court House*, built in 1867, is a quaint and spacious structure in the Baronial style; its heavy central tower terminates in gables and a slender spire. The *Town Hall* dates from 1856, and the *Exchange Buildings* from 1814; while the *Public News Room*, to which strangers are freely admitted, is spacious and elegant, and was established in 1837. A *Museum*, in the rear of the Watt Memorial, and the usual parochial and municipal offices are among the other features of the town, the most recent addition to which are the *New Public Offices* now in course of erection; the building is estimated to cost £80,000.

The *Post Office* is gained by a narrow street opposite the *Caledonian Railway Station* in Cathcart Street. It is contiguous to the *Custom House*, the colonnaded façade of which is a conspicuous object from the water. A broad esplanade runs along the front, and immediately before it is a quay at which the steamers stop, and where the passengers by the

Caledonian Railway embark and land. A little further south is the *Prince's Pier*, opened in 1869. Here, too, the river steamers stop; and it has the advantage of being connected by a covered passage with the station of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. The Caledonian Company at one time contemplated the construction of a similar pier in connection with their system. Their scheme included the formation of a commodious harbour in Gourock Bay, with ample wharfing and all necessary conveniences; but it fell through, chiefly owing to the opposition of the Greenock Harbour trustees.

As we have seen, Greenock is "served" by two railways—branches of the Caledonian and Glasgow and South-Western systems. Both these lines run to—

Paisley.

[FARES: from Glasgow, 9*d.* and 6*d.*]

[HOTELS: *Abercorn, Bull, Commercial, County, George, Globe,* &c.]

The Caledonian route is along the south bank of the Clyde, of which it affords a continuous bird's-eye view; the other diverges more inland, presenting from the carriage windows a panorama of pleasing landscapes. At Paisley is an important junction. Both the Greenock lines unite a little to the west of the station, near which the Renfrew branch (*see* p. 40) diverges to the north, and the direct line to Kilmarnock, Ayr, &c., in the opposite direction.

Paisley is a large manufacturing town on the banks of the White Cart, having in 1871 a population of 48,257. It is of great antiquity, the Roman station, Vanduara, having occupied the site of the High Church. The town is unsurpassed in the number of its staple industries by any other in the kingdom. Its merchants were among the first to take advantage of the facilities for commerce afforded by the union with England in 1707, and ever since that date Paisley goods have occupied a prominent position in the markets of the world. Linen thread, coarse linens, checked linen handkerchiefs, lawns, and linen gauze successively occupied the attention of its manufacturers; and on the decline of these branches, the present extensive operations in shawls, silk, cotton, Thibet wool, Canton crapes, silk, Persian velvet, and cotton thread succeeded. The town is now noted not only for its shawls, the trade in which has somewhat fallen off of late, but also for carpets, corn flour, starch, thread, iron, chemical works, &c.

The manufacture of thread, with which the name of Paisley is indissolubly connected, is of long standing, and its origin

is recorded in a story which we transcribe *literatim*:—"A young lady of some historical notoriety was the original cause of Paisley becoming a manufacturing town. In 1697, a daughter of the Laird of Bargarren, aged eleven years, named Christian Shaw, preferred a charge of bewitching her (either from cruelty or revenge) against a servant girl, with whom she had quarrelled, and nineteen alleged confederates, who were all condemned, and five of the number burnt on Gallow Green, Paisley. The incitor to this detestable act of cruelty subsequently acquired great skill in spinning fine yarn. Her first production having been sold very advantageously at Bath by Lady Blantyre to the lace-makers, induced Miss Shaw to extend her transactions by availing herself of the co-operation of a relative in Holland. The demand for this thread soon became eager, and the most extensive manufactures that arose in Scotland at that period acknowledged 'the bewitched lady' as their originator; she afterwards became the wife of the minister of Vulmaurs."

Though a manufacturing town is not generally very attractive to the tourist, Paisley is not without its features of interest. It consists of an old and new town, on the opposite banks of the river, which is spanned by three bridges, one of them a structure of ancient date. It is a burgh of barony, governed by a provost, four bailies, a treasurer, and ten councillors, and possesses the right of sending a member to Parliament. Besides the Abbey Church, it possesses seven churches connected with the Establishment, seven belonging to the Free Church, and three to the United Presbyterians, besides eleven other places of worship. These churches are for the most part substantial and commodious edifices, many of them possessing architectural features of considerable beauty. The public buildings of Paisley are in keeping with its prosperous condition. The *Town Hall* is quite a palatial edifice, and reflects credit on the enterprise, liberality, and good taste of the authorities. The *County Buildings*, a quadrangular pile of buildings in the Castellated style, in the square closely adjacent to the railway station, contain the courthouse, jail, and other municipal and county offices; and the *Neilson Institution*, an edifice of Grecian design, surmounted by a large dome, is a free school, built and endowed by trustees under the will of John Neilson, Esq., a Paisley merchant, and opened in 1852. A *Free Library* was presented to the corporation by Sir Peter Coats; and the *Fountain Gardens*, so called from the magnificent central fountain by which they are adorned, by his brother, Mr. Thomas Coats, of

Ferguslie, in 1868. But the chief attractions of the town are the ruins of the famous—

Paisley Abbey,

very conspicuously seen from the railway station. They are large and beautiful, and cannot fail to engender regret that the venerable pile does not stand in the entirety of its original design. The abbey, which was founded by Walter, the first of the Stuarts, in 1163, was at first tenanted by a colony of Clunic monks, whom its founder brought with him from Shropshire. Its area was above a mile in circumference, the space unoccupied by the church and other buildings being laid out partly as a park and partly as gardens and orchards. The whole was encircled by a high wall, built in 1485, by George Shaw, its then abbot,* as appears from an inscription on a portion still standing, and forming part of a house at the corner of Lawn and Inch streets. The inscription runs thus :—

" Thei callit ye Abbot Georg of Schawe,
Abour yis Abbaye gart mak yis war
A thousande four hundreth zheyr
Auchty and fyve the date but veir.
. . . . †
That made yis noble foundacion."

The entire wall seems to have been ornamented with images at regular intervals.

The monastery was among the most beautiful in the kingdom at the time of the Reformation. The church consisted of a nave, choir, and transept, with a lofty tower and spire rising from the centre of the building. This was of great weight, and the foundations, not being sufficient to support it, gave way, the tower in its fall doing some injury to the church. It was, however, rebuilt, and the injured portions of the building restored by John Hamilton, the last of the abbots. The fabric suffered considerably from the effervescence of popular feeling at the Reformation ; and soon afterwards, its spire, having been struck by lightning during a violent thunderstorm, fell for a second time to the ground, making a complete wreck of the choir. The monastery was assigned to Lord Paisley at this period, and that nobleman fitted it up as his residence ; and its subsequent owners, the Earl of Abercorn and the Earls of Dundonald, occupied it as their seats till 1781, when the then Lord Dundonald dismantled it

* The monastery was created an abbacy by Pope Honorius, in 1220.

† This line has been obliterated. It is thought to have been, " Pray for his salvation."

and removed the gates. It was afterwards resorted to as a quarry by the inhabitants of the town, so that the greater part of the buildings have entirely disappeared, the ground on which it stood having been fenced and built upon. The only portions left are the nave and the transept of the church, and the adjoining lady chapel. The transept is an interesting ruin, but the nave is entire and is still used as the church of the Abbey parish. It has latterly been restored at considerable expense. The interior is of magnificent altitude, exhibiting three tiers of arches, partly pointed and partly semicircular, with cinque-foiled pointed arches formed within them. The great western door, pointed and deeply recessed with rich mouldings, is surmounted by three windows, with superb tracery. The lady chapel to the south of the church is, however, the most interesting portion of the ruins, in consequence of its echoes, which, owing to recent alterations, are not now as "pronounced" as they were at one time. It is locally known as the *Sounding Aisle*, and contains the reputed tomb of Marjory Bruce, daughter of Robert Bruce, and wife of the founder. The circumstance of her death, in consequence of a fall from her horse, while hunting near a neighbouring eminence, called the Knock, has given to an artificial hillock, near the spot where she fell, the popular name of "Queen Blearie's Mound." It is not very easy to explain why she is known in legend as Queen Blearie. Her son, David III., was popularly known as King Blearie, his eye having been injured at his birth. The death of the queen is commemorated in an old ballad, some lines from which may be appropriately quoted:—

"The daughter of the Royal Bruce, she little recked how true
Her words should prove, as merrily along the links she flew.
The sun shone high, the birds sang sweet from ev'ry bush and brake,
And jinglings soft from silver bells, the hooded kestrels shake.
'So ho, boy, ho! a quarry ho! Now, falc'ner ware thy lure;
My tercel's flown to strike it down—her stoop is ever sure.
See how she circles in the air! Now, hawk—now, quarry—soar!'
A wild plunge gave the sorrel mare—Dame Marjory spake no more;
The daughter of the Royal Bruce lay bleeding on the earth.

The queens of Robert II. and several other members of the Stuart family are also buried in the chapel.

The Abbey buildings may be visited extensively by strangers. The keys are kept in an adjoining house.

Paisley is celebrated as the birthplace of many distinguished men, including Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Tannahill and Motherwell, poets; Fillans and Henning, sculptors; James Wilson, the naturalist;

and Alexander Wilson, the celebrated American ornithologist, a bronze statue of whom was erected a few years ago in one of the leading thoroughfares.

The history of the town is closely connected with that of the abbey. The early charters gave the abbots the right of appointing the magistrates and office-bearers of the burgh, a right which was afterwards vested in the possessors of the manor; and it was not till 1738 that the Council purchased it from Lord Dundonald, a new church being then built, and the town erected into a separate parish.

The inhabitants are well supplied with water, partly obtained from a reservoir about two miles south of the town, situated immediately below "Gleniffer's dewy dell," amidst scenery immortalised by the poet Tannahill:—

"Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw."

WALLACE.

Hawkhead.

Among the places of interest in the neighbourhood are *Hawkhead*, about two miles to the south-east of the town, one of the seats of the Earl of Glasgow; and

Ellerslie,

or *Elderslie*, about the same distance westward. Ellerslie has a station on the South-Western Railway, and is interesting to the tourist from the fact that it was the birthplace of Wallace. The house is shown in which he is said to have been born; but the present building is evidently of more modern date than the age of the national hero, though there is little doubt that his house stood on its site. The tradition, which has always pointed it out as the spot, has recently been confirmed by the discovery in the foundation of the garden wall of a stone, which bore the inscription, "W. W. W. Christ only is my Redeemer." *Wallace's Yew*, in the garden, is of great age; while a little east

of the house was formerly a venerable tree, known as *Wallace's Oak.* It flourished till the year 1856; but a storm of unusual severity took place during that winter, and the "brave old oak" succumbed before it and was entirely uprooted. In its prime it was a magnificent tree. It was twenty-one feet in girth at its base, and more than thirteen at a height of five feet from the ground; its topmost branch was sixty-seven feet high, and its limbs covered an area of nineteen poles.

Johnstone,

where is the next station on the Ayrshire line of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, is situated near the termination of the Glasgow and Paisley Canal. Though now a flourishing manufacturing and commercial town, with several churches, hotels, gas and water-works, and many other adjuncts of civilisation, it was, so recently as the latter half of the eighteenth century, only a small clachan (*Anglicé*, village), with a population of but ten persons, inhabiting half a dozen houses—if they were worthy of the name—near a bridge over the *Black Cart.* From its position it was called the Bridge of Johnstone, which, by the way, is still its proper name. It owes its rise to the forethought of the then lord of the manor, Mr. George Houston, who, in 1781, built a large cotton mill and formed the plan of the town. The speculation proved profitable; other mills and factories sprang up around Mr. Houston's, and, favoured by excellent facilities for carriage both by land and water, the town grew to its present size. In 1871—ninety years from the erection of the first mill—its population numbered 7,538, and no doubt the next census will show a considerable increase of inhabitants. There are several extensive coal mines in the outskirts of the town. Mr. Houston's name is perpetuated by the square in the centre of the place, on one side of which is a handsome *Town Hall;* and his seat, *Houston Castle*, is located in a beautiful spot about a mile to the south. It is one of the chief ornaments of the county.

Paisley is only seven miles from Glasgow, to which city a joint line conducts the trains of both railway companies.

GOUROCK.

EXCURSION III.

WEMYSS BAY AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

"Majestic Clutha as princess moving,
From the pavilion of thy morning rest,
To where the Atlantic sits, with smile approving,
And folds his daughter to his ample breast.
Throned in the sunset monarch of the west—
On thee he pours the treasures of his reign,
And wreathes Columba's riches round thy crest.
The Indies love thy name, and the long train
Of myriad golden isles that gem the azure main."

AMONG the numerous additions to the local railways which have of late years sprung up in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, not the least useful is a small feeder of the Caledonian Railway, which leaves the Greenock branch of that system near the Port Glasgow station, and runs over a lofty elevation to Wemyss Bay, a sheltered cove about seven miles south of Greenock, where a steamboat pier has been recently constructed for the convenience of passengers by the steamers which call there. The trains which travel by this route leave the Bridge Street station, Glasgow, and reach their destination very quickly, as they make but few stoppages on the way. After passing Port Glasgow, they run up a steep incline to the *Upper Greenock* station, affording their passengers an opportunity of enjoying a bird's-eye view of Greenock, its piers, docks, shipbuilding yards, &c., and of the many sea-side places in its neighbourhood. After leaving the high-level station, the line gradually regains the shore, in its

descent passing through a belt of beautiful scenery, with a background on the one side of the restless ocean, and on the other of verdure-clad eminences. There are two intermediate stations—those of *Ravenscraig* and *Inverkip*—on the way. That the former is very happily named will be admitted by any one who observes its situation; the latter affords access to a pretty little hamlet on the shores of a lovely bay, of which we shall say a word or two presently.

A considerable saving of time in reaching the Rothesay and other adjacent seaside places has made this route a very favourite one; and on this account many of the steamboats starting from Greenock call at Wemyss Bay pier as well, thus affording those excursionists who have already embarked an opportunity of examining the features of the coast between the two places.

Leaving the Prince's Pier, then, we arrive in a few minutes at—

Gourock,

[HOTELS: *Albert, Commercial, Queen's, Royal, Victoria*, &c.]

one of the oldest sea-bathing resorts on the Clyde, having been in repute long before the steam-engine brought it into such close relationship with the western metropolis, and being yet a favourite resort of the inhabitants of that city. The three miles between it and Greenock are bridged over by a tramway (fares, 4*d.* each way), on which cars make the return journey every hour; so that it is quickly and inexpensively reached, while lodgings are to be had on very reasonable terms. The town consists mainly of a street, facing the sea and about a mile in extent; and within its limits the usual accessories of a pleasure resort and a sufficient number of places of worship and hotels are to be found. *Gourock House* occupies the site of an old castle of the Douglases; while the ruins of *Leven Castle*, once the residence of the Lords Sempill, and dating from the early part of the sixteenth century, are very picturesque and frequently the *locale* of picnic parties.

Gourock is said to have been the first place in Great Britain where red herrings were prepared. The bay is a favourite rendezvous for yachts, on account of its sheltered and excellent anchorage—a pier, running into the sea sufficiently far to be independent of the tide, affording facilities for landing. It is bounded on the east by *Battery Point*, on which a mimic fortification—*Fort Matilda*—has been erected; and separated from *Ashton*, a south-westerly continuation of

Gourock, by *Kempoch Point*. Here stands—not "a post"—but *Granny Kempoch*, a huge upright stone, on which, we are told, in days gone by, the priests were wont to take their stand to bless, "for a consideration," those about to do business in the great waters, as they started on their voyage ; and witches are reported to have resorted to the same spot on a less kindly mission. About two hundred years ago the uncanny associations of the spot inspired a number of damsels with a desire to pitch "Granny" into the sea. Their design was, however, frustrated, and one of their number was burnt to death for her share in the conspiracy !

The next object of interest is the *Cloch Lighthouse*, a white column eighty feet high, erected in 1791, at the Renfrewshire end of the ferry from Dunoon, at one time the chief means of communication between the two shores.

Inverkip, or Innerkip,

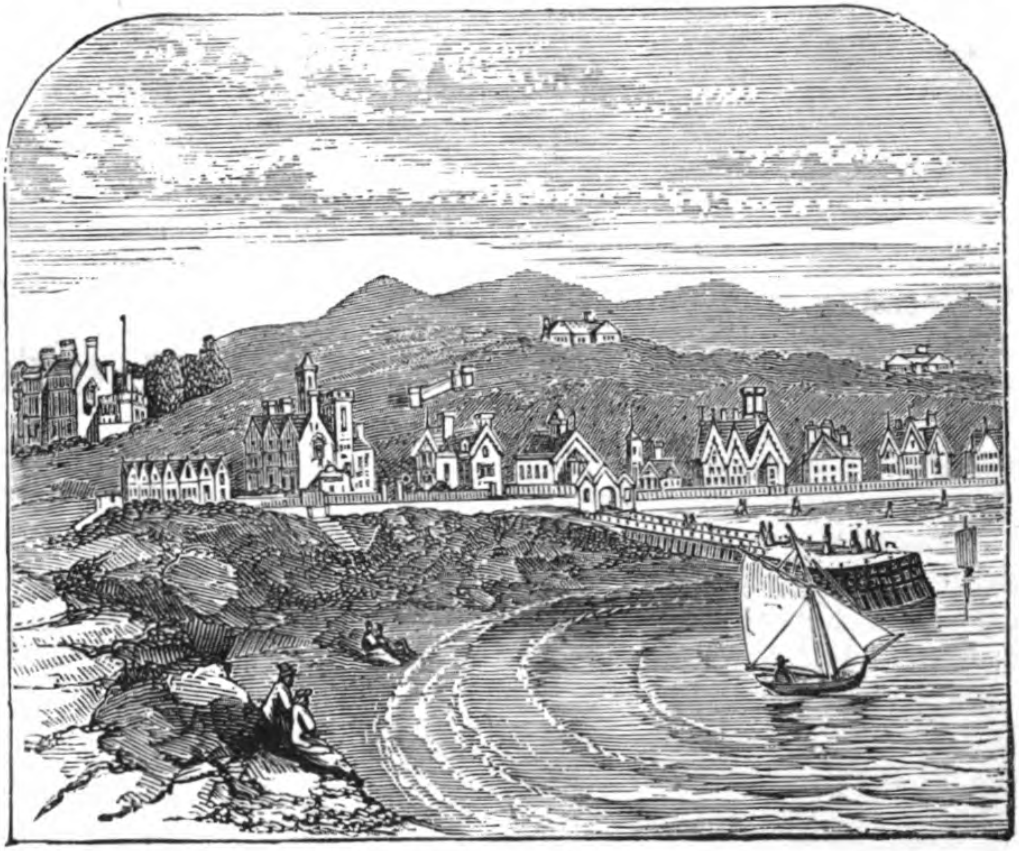
is pleasantly located at the mouth of the Kip; hence its modern name. Its ancient one was quite as suggestive ; it was known as *Auldkirk*, a title derived from the fact that for years after the Reformation its church was the only one for the extensive district stretching from beyond Greenock into Ayrshire. The village is not without its old-world interest. That the Romans once possessed it is evidenced by an ancient bridge, constructed by them over the Dunrod burn, a tributary of the Kip ; and it is associated with the war of independence, Balfour fixing it as the site or a successful attack made by the Scotch, under Sir James Douglas, on Sir Philip Mowbray and a detachment of English troops. The present lord of the manor is a descendant of a natural son of Robert III., whose family have managed to retain the extensive estates bestowed on him by his royal father during all the "chances and changes" of the long years which have elapsed since the gift. *Ardgowan House*, his seat, occupies a prominent position on the wooded shore; and the ruined tower, once the home of his fathers, raises its hoary summit among the trees near it. The village is nearly half a mile from the shore; it contains a church, a small hotel, and—its chief feature—the family mausoleum of the Shaw-Stewards. As already noticed, a station on the branch railway affords its inhabitants a ready means of communication with the outer world ; and steamboats lay to in the bay, to land and embark passengers, who leave and reach the shore by means of a small boat.

Passing the southerly horn of the bay, we reach—

Wemyss Bay,

[FARES: from Glasgow, 2*s.* 2*d.* and 1*s.* 8*d.*; return, 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 5*d.*]

which owes its existence to the railway and pier, whence sail steamers for Campbeltown, Ardrishaig, Inverary, and other places during the season; while all the year round there are two regular services of packets, the one running south to Largs and Millport, and the other west to Innellan, Toward, and Rothesay. The chief features in this rapidly increasing watering-place are the numerous pretty villas of the well-to-



WEMYSS BAY.

do classes which skirt the seashore, and which are snugly ensconced at the foot of a lofty ridge. This effectually screens them from the cutting east winds and renders the climate warm and salubrious, even in the depth of winter; while the luxuriant vegetation with which it is clothed in the summer adds considerably to the attractiveness of this pleasant resort. It is indeed an earthly paradise. Two prettily built *Churches*, the one belonging to the Establishment and the other to the United Presbyterian body, are pleasing features of the scene. The former, by the way, stands on the south bank of the Kelly burn, which separates the counties of Renfrew and Ayr, the name of which recalls to our recollection

the fantastic ode which so pleased Burns that he altered it for the better and rescued it from oblivion. North of the pier is *Castle Wemyss*, the residence of Mr. John Burns, the head of the Cunard Company; and south of the Kelly is a well-conducted *Hydropathic Establishment*, perched on a shoulder of the hill which forms the background to the picture, its elevated position affording its inhabitants a view of as attractive a seascape as it often falls to the lot of mortals to enjoy.

At *Skelmorlie* are remains of a wooden pier, at which steamers used to call. *Skelmorlie Castle*, partly ancient and partly modern, lies a quarter of a mile inland; and *Knock Castle*, on the shore, a little south of Skelmorlie, takes its name from a lofty hill near it. The road runs along the shore to—

Largs,

[HOTELS: *Brisbane Arms, White Hart, Temperance*, &c.]

our next port of call. Like all the other places hereabout, it is mainly dependent on the influx of summer visitors, bent on obtaining a necessary supply of ozone and enjoying the beauties of the seaside; and, like most of them, it stands in the centre of a semicircular bay, with extensive sands and other natural advantages, and has a good pier, accessible at all states of the tide. It has two strands, the *Gogo* and the *Noddle*, in whose waters excellent fishing may be obtained; and the lofty hills at its back afford the double advantage of shelter to the houses and healthy exercise to their inhabitants. These hills form—both in summer and winter—no small addition to the attractions of the place. "For a mile from the northern boundary," says Fullarton, in his "Gazetteer of Scotland," "the uplands form at their base what seems an impregnable bulwark, or perpendicular marine breastwork of rock, rising in some places fifty or sixty feet above the road, and seeming to overhang it. When covered with icicles and lit up by sunshine in winter, this large natural wall is a glorious object—a stupendous cabinet of the richest gems." At present, Largs is to some extent "out of the world," the roads leading to it being circuitous; but as the "iron steed" has burrowed his way to Fairlie (*see* p. 61), we suppose that he will soon make the hills around Largs also echo his snorts and shrieks.

The little town is well provided with sufficiently capacious churches, lecture halls, baths, circulating libraries, and all other accessories of modern life. But its chief "lion" is the mausoleum of the Montgomeries of Skelmorlie,

attached to the old *Parish Church*, of which it forms an aisle; it was built in 1636, and is adorned by fine carving and emblematic designs. Its font is enriched by eighteen Corinthian columns, and its roof by the signs of the zodiac, &c. Largs is a favourite yachting station, for which its position and numerous natural advantages well adapt it.

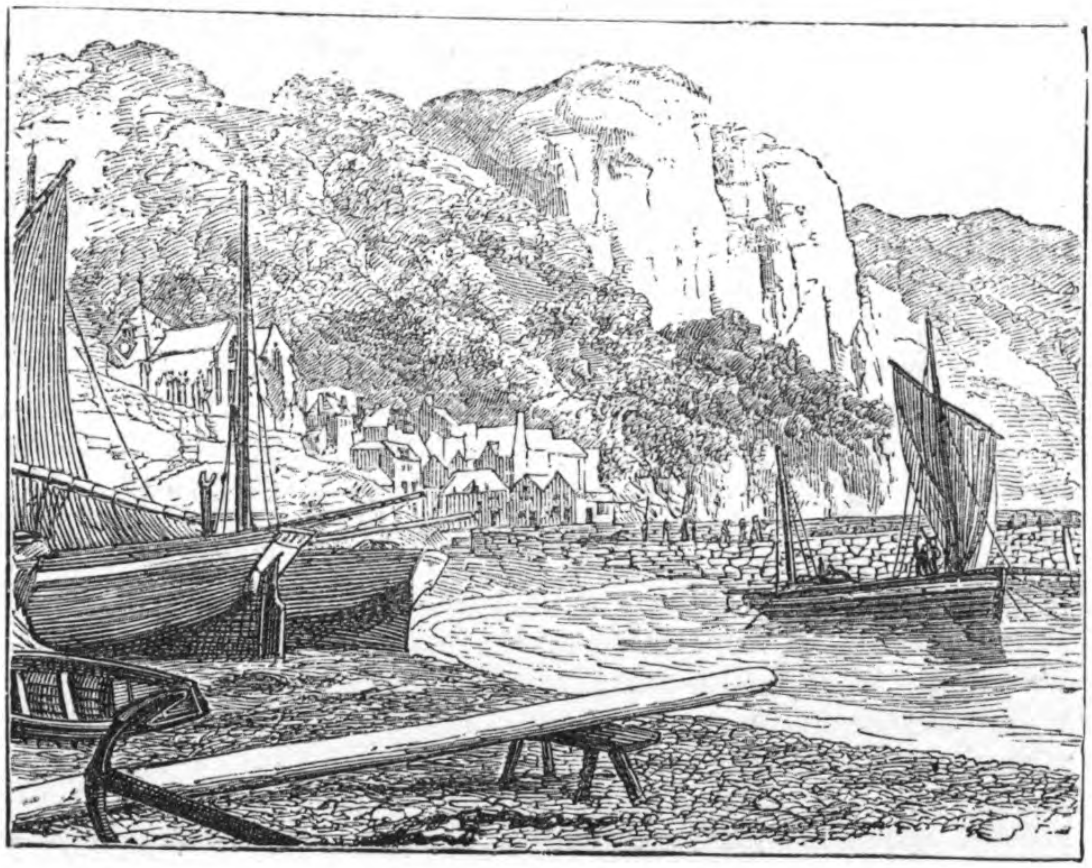
The grave of the Rev. William Smith, a former minister of the parish, who fell a victim to the plague—being exposed to contagion by his self-denying devotion to his duties among his stricken flock—in 1647, in a sequestered glen two miles north of the town, is watched with considerable anxiety by the inhabitants. The worthy divine was buried in this lonely spot at his own request; and it is affirmed, and verily believed, that he prophesied that the plague would not again visit the parish till the two holly bushes growing near his grave met over it. To prevent their doing so, they are pruned with great care—but one is surprised that the more effectual course of rooting them up has not suggested itself to the minds of the "canny" inhabitants of the town.

The ruins of many old castles may be inspected in the neighbourhood; most of them will repay the trouble of a walk, if, indeed, its pleasure is not in itself a sufficient recompence. *Kelburne Castle*, a seat of the Earl of Glasgow, two or three miles southward of the village, and *Brisbane House*, a little to its north, are also worth visiting. The former is built at the mouth of a romantic glen. It is watered by a stream which precipitates itself over a wild and lofty precipice at its head, and after winding along a rocky bed, and beautifying and fertilising the grounds of Kelburne House, makes another bound of fifty feet in its course to the sea.

But Largs is not only dependent on its attractions of to-day for its features of interest. It has its place in history. A large plain southward of the town was in 1263 the scene of a fierce struggle between the Scots and a party of "Norwegian warriors grim, Savage of heart and large of limb," who, under Haco, their king, attempted to make good their landing on the Scottish coast. Tradition represents their numbers to have been 24,000, as against 5,000 Scots, and affirms that the positions of the two armies are represented by clumps of trees on the hill-side; but modern investigation has shown these numbers to be altogether erroneous, and suggests the probability of the superiority in point of numbers, as well as of bravery, being on the side of the defenders. Be this as it may, the Norwegians were utterly routed and driven back to

their ships with great loss, the king having to beg permission to bury his dead, before sailing away from the shores. This boon was readily accorded, and to this day the cairns and tumuli on the plain mark the spot where invaders and defenders alike, "after life's fitful fever, sleep well."

Leaving Largs, we stop for a short time off *Fairlie*, a small town famous for the skill of its inhabitants in yacht building. The Glasgow and South-Western Company have constructed a branch from their line at Ardrossan to Fairlie, which has



just been opened; and as this is a most attractive spot, doubtless many travellers will visit it by rail. Having taken on board a few fresh passengers, and parted with some of our companions, we turn our faces westward, and soon afterwards land at—

Millport,

[HOTELS: *Cumbrae, Kelburne Arms, Millport, Somerville's Temperance,* &c.]

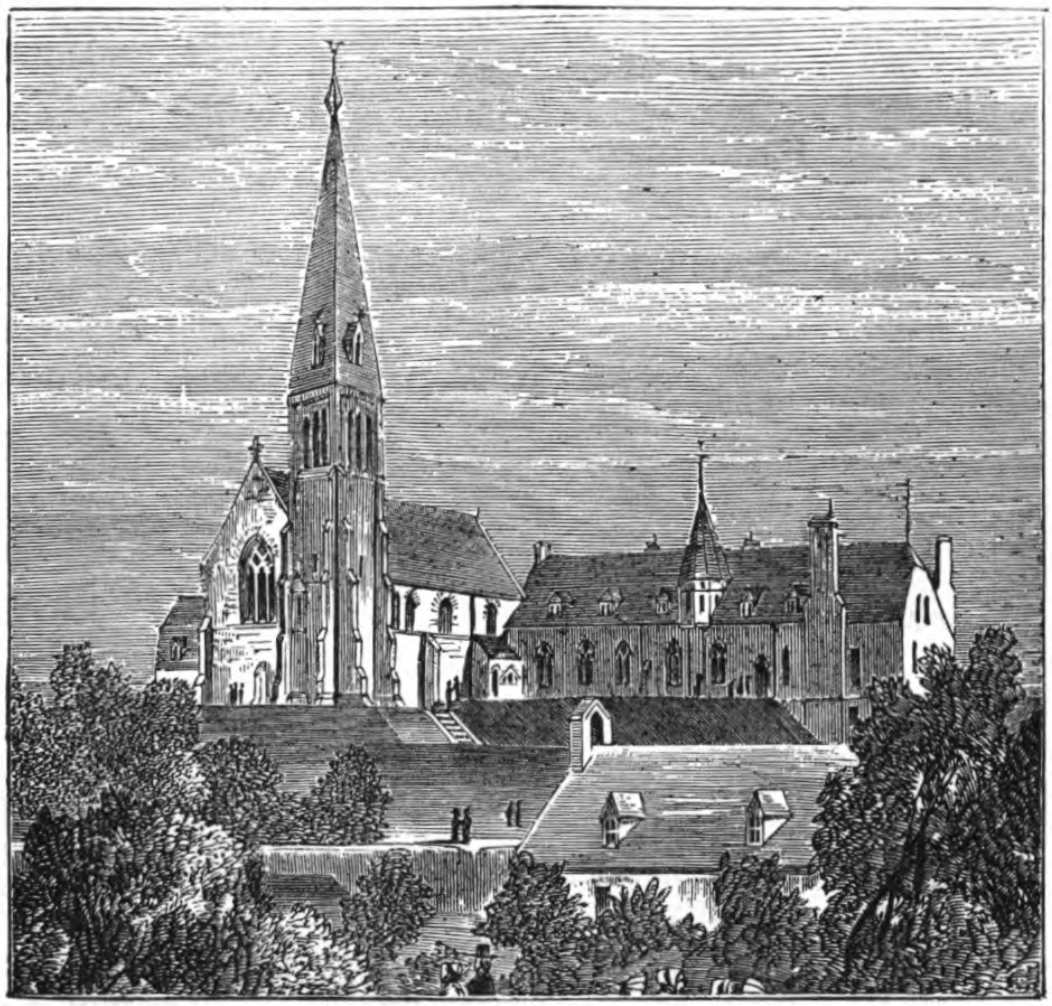
an attractive watering-place, built round a crescent-shaped bay on the southern extremity of the *Big* (or *Muckle*) *Cumbrae.* The group of islands known as the Cumbraes, or

Cumbrays—for authorities differ as to the proper orthography of the word—consists of the Muckle and Little Cumbraes and a number of rocks, dignified by the name of islets, which discharge a very useful function in protecting the pier and harbour of Millport from the encroachments of the wind and tide. *Big Cumbrae* is three miles in length from north to south, and some two miles in width; it lies about a mile and a half from the mainland, and forms part of the county of Bute. Its northern portion is low, but as the steamer nears it we see that its south-eastern face consists of verdure-clad bold cliffs, terminating in a rocky shore. One of these cliffs is known as the *Lion Rock*, from its resemblance in form to that of the king of beasts entering a cave. These cliffs hide the town from our view; but as the vessel rounds the south-east corner of the bay, the different features of the town are seen in succession, and present one of the prettiest home-views which the traveller will meet with in these parts. Standing on the pier, the chief features of the scene are easily recognised.

The *Parish Kirk* first attracts our notice. It was for many years the scene of the weekly ministrations of a gentleman still held in veneration for his kindly virtues, as well as remembered for his eccentricities. Thus, he is reported on one occasion to have prayed for "the Muckle Cumbrae, the Lesser Cumbrae, and the sma' adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland;" and many other anecdotes are related of him. One is worthy of preservation, showing, as it does, that he was possessed of no small amount of quiet humour. On one occasion—so runs the story, as we received it from the mouth of one of his parishioners, an elderly matron, who delighted to talk of him—on one occasion a noted Edinburgh professor, having heard a rumour of his pulpit peculiarities, came down by the last boat on Saturday night, in order to satisfy his curiosity as to the truth of what had reached him. But the sequel showed that "the half had not been told" him. Entering the church as unobtrusively as possible, he thought that his presence had not been observed by the good pastor —who knew all his flock by sight. But he discovered, somewhat to his chagrin, that he was mistaken. The devotional exercises concluded, the minister, instead of giving out his text, exclaimed, "I see Professor —— of Edinbro' i' the kirk, and I ken vera weel he can preach a guid deal better than I can; sae I'll just leave my gown in the pulpit for him." He was as good as his word; and the Professor, in spite of his remonstrances, was compelled to take his place and conclude the service. The worthy minister lived to a good old age,

and died regretted and beloved by all classes—an "odour of sanctity" of the best kind.

Occupying a prominent position near the head of the bay, is the *Garrison*, the residence of the Earl of Glasgow, the owner of about two-thirds of the island, the other portion belonging to the Marquis of Bute; and close to it the beautiful *Cathedral*, erected in 1849, from designs by Butterfield, and



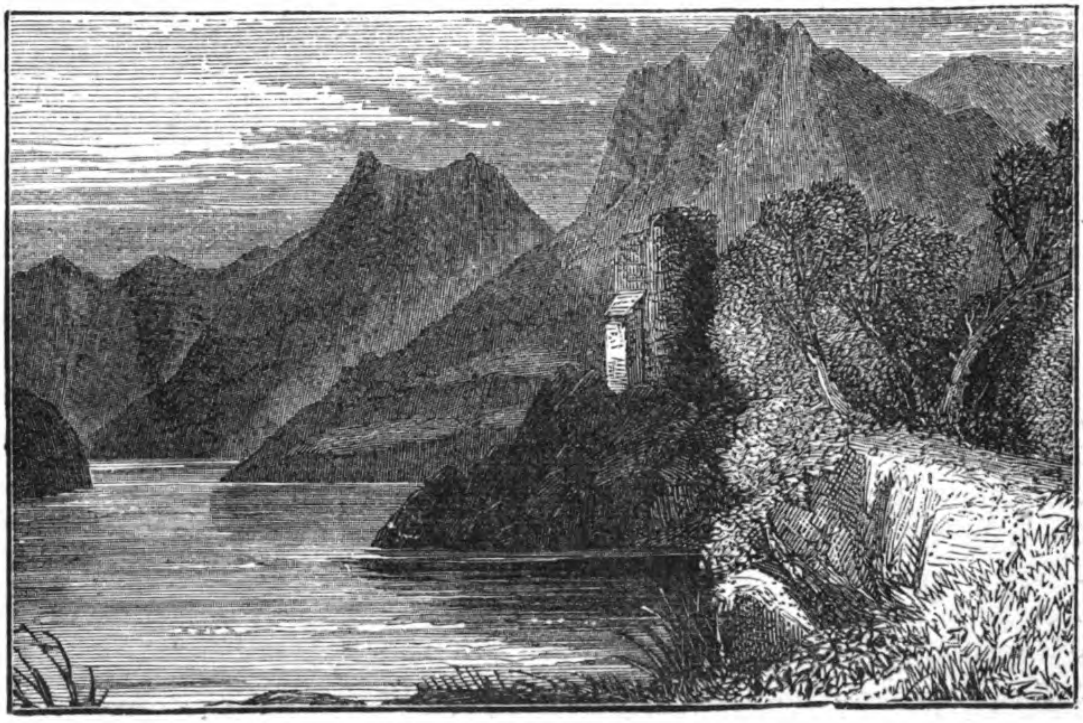
THE CATHEDRAL AND COLLEGE.

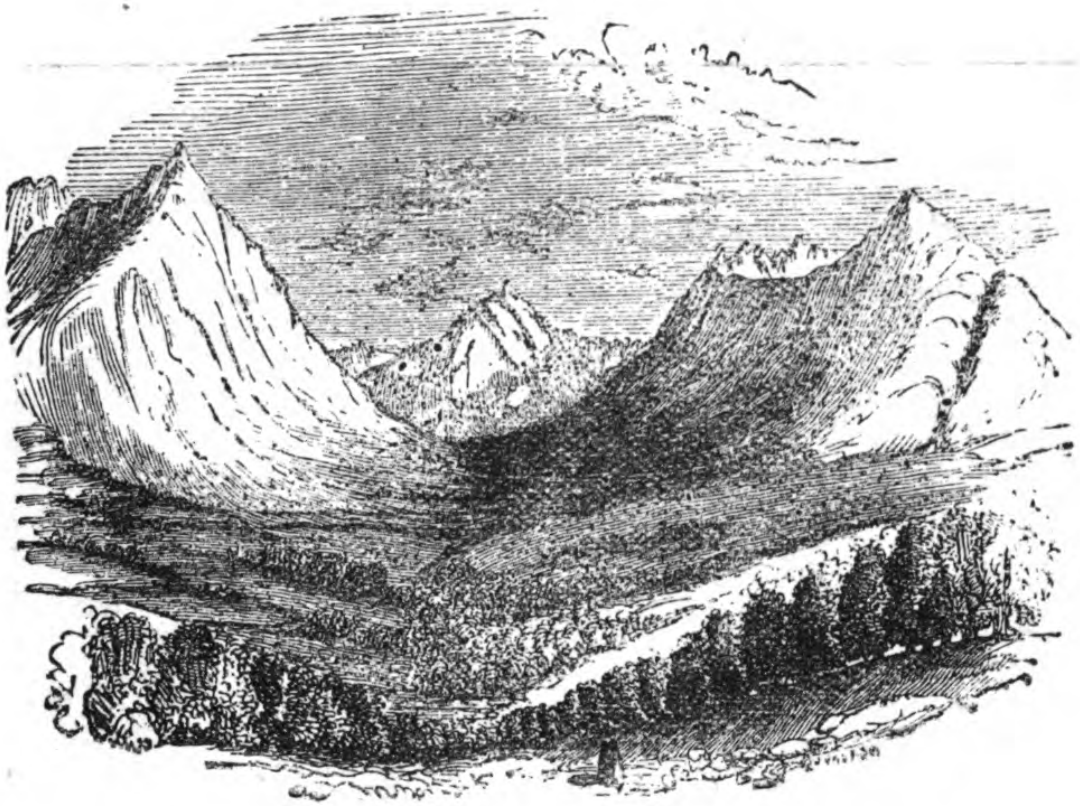
declared in 1876 to be the Cathedral of the Isles, in succession to the long disused and ruined cathedral at Iona. It is the chief architectural ornament of the town, its tower and spire being greatly adorned and beautifully proportioned. A college—at once a retreat for aged clergymen and a place where students are prepared for the service of the Episcopal Church—and chapter house adjoin the cathedral, and the entire range of buildings are built of the delicately coloured freestone of the island. The chief feature of the armorial

bearings of the collegiate body, of which we subjoin an engraving, is a representation of St. Columba in a boat, with a dove in his left hand and a star above, guiding him on his course. The cathedral and college are both dedicated to the Holy Spirit. There are four other places of worship in the town.

The *Lesser Cumbrae*, two miles and three-quarters to the south-west, is about three miles in circumference; rises to an elevation of 420 feet above the level of the sea; and contains a disused lighthouse, built in 1826; and the ruins of an old tower, said at one time to have afforded a refuge to the Eglintons (the owners of the island) in time of danger. The remains of the chapel and tomb of St. Vey are almost at the top of the hill.

The steam-packets between Millport and Wemyss Bay make the return voyage six times a day in summer and three in winter, and between Millport and Greenock twice a day during the summer; and steamboats sail frequently from the harbour to Ardrossan, Ayr, and the Isle of Arran.





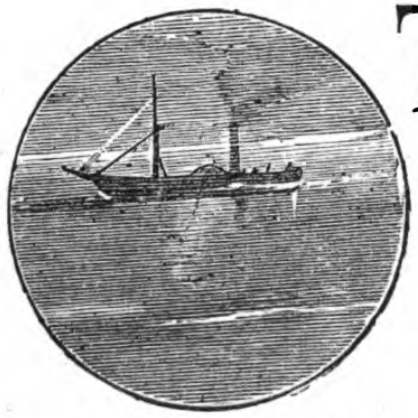
GLEN SANNOX.

EXCURSION IV.

THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

"Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue!"

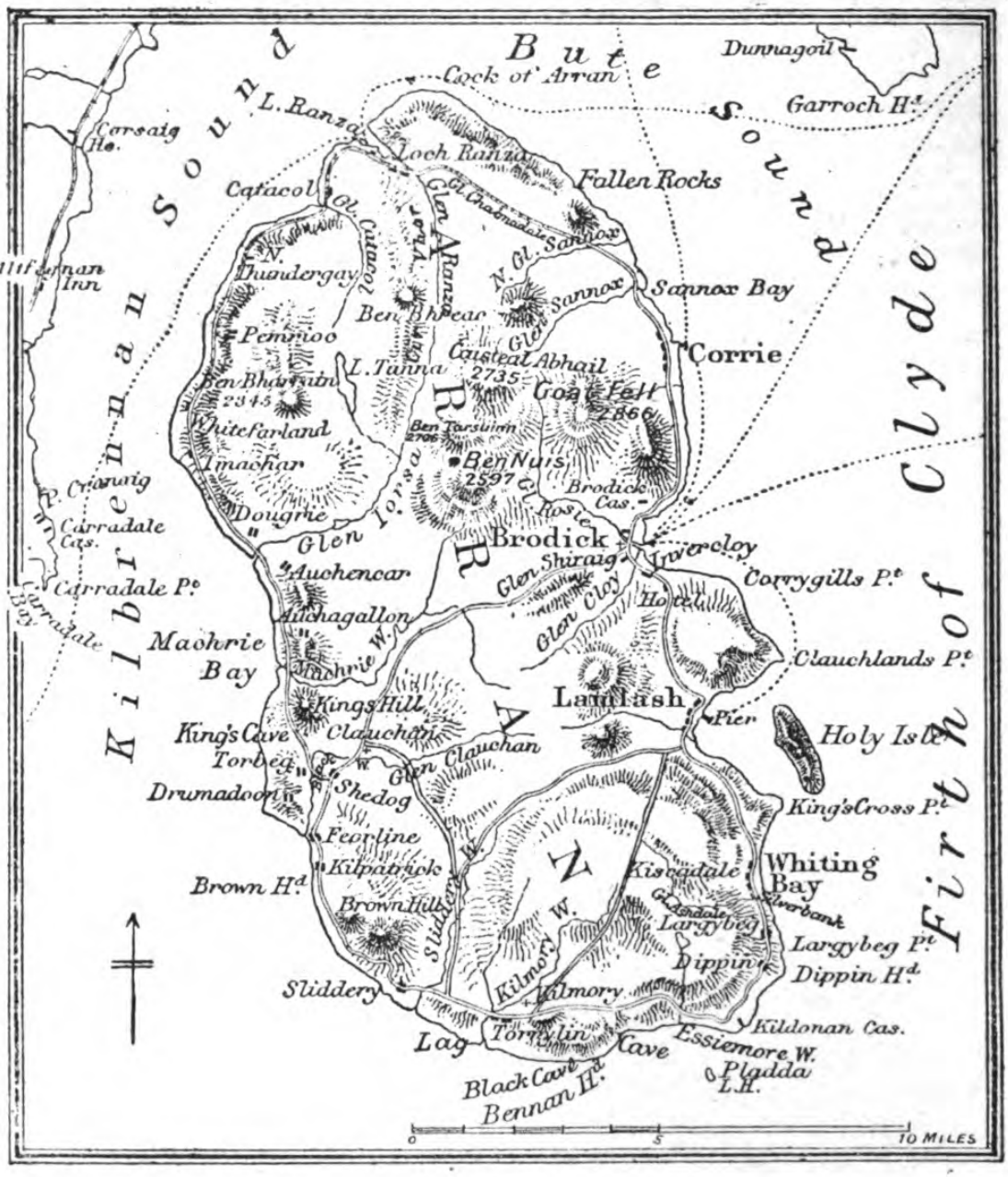
WORDSWORTH.



THE island of Arran lies at the mouth of the Clyde, thirteen miles west of the mainland of Scotland, four east of the peninsula of Cantire, and five miles to the south-west of the island of Bute, with which it is united for political purposes, forming by far the largest—but by no means the most populous or important—division of the county of that name. It is easy of access during the summer months, *when a steamer plies regularly every day to and from Ardrossan, and others sail to Millport, Wemyss Bay, Greenock, Campbelltown, and most of the watering places on the Clyde.*

The name, Arran, is generally supposed to have been derived from a Gaelic root, signifying, "the land of sharp peaks;" if so, its title conveys a very accurate idea of the

general appearance of the island. But others trace it to the word, *Arr Fhinn*, "the land of Fingal," and allege that it received its name from a battle said to have been fought at the north of the island by Fingal against a son of the King of



Norway, whose forces he exterminated; the alleged site of the battle is still pointed out. Arran is of an almost regular oval form. It is divided into two distinct portions, whereof the northern consists of lofty mountains, whose rugged sides are intersected by grandly picturesque glens; while the southern has a more rolling hilly surface, some of its highest peaks attaining an altitude of from five hundred to a thousand feet. The coasts are indented by many bays, of

considerable size, when the area of the island—some twenty miles by six—is taken into consideration; these form first-rate natural harbours, at some of which the steamers call to land and embark tourists, with whom Arran is a very popular resort during the summer months. And it may well be! Not only does it abound with scenery of the most romantic and beautiful description; but it affords a first-rate "hunting ground" for the geologist, the botanist, the entomologist, and the ichthyologist. Indeed, there are few, if any, spots in the British isles of an equally limited extent which present so rich a field for the student of any branch of natural history. The facilities for travel, too, are in every respect adequate to the demands made upon them. A voyage round the island will afford a very good opportunity of noting its general features; while a good road, which traverses the level ground by which its coasts are fringed and is connected with narrower ways up the grandly picturesque glens intersecting the interior, enables tourists to examine the details of those features. Arran is divided into two parishes: *Kilbride* (St. Bridget's), occupying the eastern side from the Cock of Arran to Dippin, and bounded on the west by an almost continuous range of mountains; and *Kilmorie* (St. Mary's), comprising the rest of the island. In 1871, the population of Arran was 5,234 souls. There are no rivers, properly so called, but every glen has its mountain stream; and there are five small lakes, the chief of which is *Loch Tanna* at the foot of *Ben Bharrain*, a mountain in the north-west portion of the island 2,345 feet high.

Arran abounds in monuments of prehistoric times—

> "The stone
> Where Druids erst heard victims groan;
> And . . . cairns upon the wild,
> O'er many a heathen hero piled."

These lead one to the conclusion that its charms were duly appreciated by the primeval inhabitants of Scotland. Tradition speaks of the exploits of fabulous or doubtful heroes; and the authentic history of the island commences at a very early period. It was for a long time the property of the Norwegian invaders, and subsequently passed into the hands of the Stewards of Scotland, becoming, when they ascended the throne, royal property, and continuing so till the marriage of Lord Boyd with the daughter of James III. The king then created him Earl of Arran and gave him the greater part of the island as his wife's dowry; but on his disgrace and divorce, James bestowed it on his daughter's second

husband, Sir James Hamilton, in whose family it has ever since continued. One portion of the annals of the island, on which historians dwell with fondness, is its connection with Bruce. Early in the struggle between the English and the Scots, Arran fell into the hands of the former, who in 1306 placed a garrison, under Sir John Outy, in the castle of Brodick. Sir James Douglas and others attempted to take it without success, till they were joined by Bruce, who had passed the winter in Rathlin Island, on the coast of Ireland, and who succeeded in capturing the fortress, in which he dwelt till he left the island and descended on the coast of Ayr for his last victorious struggle against the invader. But on this there is no need to dwell at length; is it not recorded in Scott's "Lord of the Isles," with which we are all familiar?

We propose visiting the island by means of the steamer leaving Ardrossan, which occupies an hour in the voyage to—

Brodick,

the most northern of the two ports at which it calls, and the chief place on the island. The town itself, named *Invercloy*, stands on the southern shore of a semicircular bay, and has a first-class hotel and an iron pier, which is not only useful to passengers landing from the steamboats, but affords a delightful promenade. The chief feature of interest in the neighbourhood is the *Castle*, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, partly old and partly of modern erection. It has a dignified appearance; occupies the site of an ancient fortalice belonging to the Lords of the Isles; and played, as we have seen, an important part in the struggles of Bruce against Edward I. It was from its battlements that he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberry rock, which induced him to land on the Carrick shore (*see* part i. p. 49) and recommence his efforts for the freedom of his country. During the time of the Commonwealth, the castle was one of the residences of the "good Duchess of Hamilton" (*see* part ii. pp. 13-4). *It is surrounded by extensive thickly wooded grounds, to which the public are allowed free access; but admission to the castle can only be obtained by an order from the factor.*

Lamlash,

where there are two hotels and a pier, is half an hour's sail from Brodick; from which it is distant about five miles. It is a straggling place, built along the shores of a splendid bay, the north and south extremities of which are three miles apart; but the *Holy Island*, entirely occupied by a mountain

which towers up a height of a thousand feet, fills up two-thirds of this distance, and with water on each side deep enough to admit the largest vessels afloat, constitutes the bay a first-rate natural harbour of refuge. This little island obtained its name from the traditional residence on its rocky heights of St. Molios, a disciple of the celebrated St. Columba of Iona. The cave in which he lived, and the shelf of rock which constituted his bed, his chair and bath, and the ruins of a chapel which he built, are pointed out by the guides, who narrate the many wonderful deeds which he wrought. He is said to have died at Loch Ranza, the most northern port of Arran, at the ripe age of a hundred and twenty years—a proof that a life of austerity is not in itself calculated to shorten our earthly span of existence; and to have been buried in the old cemetery at Clachan, in the neighbourhood of Brodick.

Brodick and Lamlash are both capital centres for excursions. Both are situated on the coast road which runs round the island; and from each a road runs through the interior—that from Brodick reaching the western coast at the mouth of Glen Clauchan, and the other near Lag, a village situate at the outlet of Sliddery Glen, which is traversed by the Sliddery or Torrylin Water.

From Brodick three glens strike into the heart of the mountains; they are known respectively as *Glen Cloy*, *Glen Sheraig*, and *Glen Rosa*. The two former run in a south-westerly direction; and the latter winds its way among the mountains and terminates on the western side of—

Goatfell,

(a corruption of *Goath-Bhein*, "the mountain of the wind,") the most lofty of Arran's sharp peaks, rising to a height of nearly three thousand feet. Its north and west sides are formed of almost mural precipices, altogether inaccessible. The ascent of the mountain is usually made from Brodick, from whence the road is less steep than that from the east, and though entailing a four or five hours' climb, is without positive danger to any one exercising ordinary vigilance. The grand panorama which (atmospheric influences being propitious) may be viewed from its crest will well repay the expenditure of labour and time. The view comprises the mountains around Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, with the islands of Islay and Mull on the north, and extends as far south and west as the shores of Ireland, the other peaks of Arran forming a sea of precipices at our feet.

Corrie,

about five miles to the north of Brodick, is a pleasant village on the sea shore, with a pier and a small hotel. It is the first place of call for the Glasgow steamer, and is usually made the rendezvous of parties bent on exploring Glen Sannox. The ascent of Goatfell may be made from hence; and one of the attractions of the neighbourhood is a cataract with a fall of two hundred and fifty feet.

Glen Sannox

is about a mile to the north, and is generally considered (at all events, from a tourist's standpoint) the principal glen

HEAD OF GLEN SANNOX.

in the island. A footpath runs for a considerable distance up the glen, but its recesses are inaccessible after reaching the ruins of the old mill shown in our engraving.

The Fallen Rocks

are about two miles and a half to the north of the glen. They lie on the shore, at the base of a ridge of mountains, from which they have evidently "fallen"—but at a date anterior to the dawn of history. A writer in the "Statistical Account" says:—

> They are seen for more than a mile of rapid declivity, in promiscuous disorder, piled upon each other, presenting the appearance of an army flying before a superior force, one fugitive with his enormous bulk, pressing down another, and both threatened with being overwhelmed by a still more gigantic form behind. This rocky stream continues its flow till it reaches the ocean."

From Sannox Bay, the road turns a little inland, avoiding the north-east corner of the island marked by the *Cock of Arran*, a high isolated mass of new red sandstone rock, which obtained its name from its fancied resemblance to that bird, and forms a noted landmark. Following the road, we next reach—

Loch Ranza,

a small watering place, about seven miles from Corrie, possessing the advantage of direct and regular steamer communication with Glasgow. It is built at the head of a fine bay, nearly a mile and a half deep, with a ruined castle, once

GLEN RANZA.

a hunting seat of the kings of Scotland, on a long projecting neck of land that forms an inner harbour near its lower end. Here the tourist will find a "timely inn," where he may comfortably spend an hour or more while his horses are baited; if engaged on a pedestrian tour, he will do well to rest here for the night. The scenery in the neighbourhood is delightful. At the back of the town is a little plain watered by a purling stream; and the whole is closed in by a background of mountains. Several romantic glens terminate here, and a ramble through the *Cir Vhor* mountains may be enjoyed by walking up *Glen Ranza*, which runs into their heart four miles to the south. It is there met by *Glen Iorsa*, which winds through them to the mouth of the Iorsa Water, more than a dozen miles distant.

The high road, on leaving Loch Ranza, runs round the north-west corner of Arran, through mountain scenery of a magnificent character, not entirely destitute of human dwellings. At a distance of three miles we reach the hamlet of *Catacol*, at the mouth of the glen of the same name, in which is located the battle-field of Fingal, already referred to (*see* pp. 65-6). On reaching the mouth of Glen Iorsa, we find ourselves on the shores of *Machrie Bay*, at the southern extremity of which the cliff, known as—

The King's Hill,

rises to a height of three hundred feet. It is honeycombed with caves, the largest of which, the *King's Cave*, together with the cliff itself, received its name from a tradition that it was here that Bruce lay hid after his return from Rattlin Island, and that it was the scene of the well-known spider episode. A more hazy tradition affirms that Fingal at one time made it his palace ; and that here was born to him a son twelve feet high—his nurse must have found him rather heavy! The cave is large enough to accommodate a family of giants, its dimensions being a hundred feet by fifty, and its height fifty-five ; but it must have been a rather uncomfortable place of residence, especially during the winter months—but in Fingal's days even kings were not over-nice on such a point.

Lag,

a small village, at the south-west corner of Arran, cosily located at the mouth of a glen watered by the *Torrylin* stream, rejoices in the reminiscence that on one occasion a certain Duke of Hamilton passed a night at its inn! He might have "gone a long way and fared worse," if in search of the picturesque. The cliffs in the neighbourhood, formed of basaltic columns, attain an altitude of five hundred feet, and they are pierced by numerous caves, the home of myriads of seabirds ; the most noted is the *Black Cave.*

Bennan Head, the most southern point in the island, forms the western horn of a rocky bay, within which the *Essiemore*, a mountain stream, having its source in a small loch among the mountains, about two miles to the north, pours its "small contribution" into the ocean ; in its course it forms a pretty cascade. Nearly opposite its mouth, and only a mile distant, is the rocky islet of *Pladda*, with its beacon lights to warn mariners against a too near approach to the coast ; while on the eastern headland of the bay stands *Kildonam Castle*, formerly a seat of the Macdonalds.

Dippin Head, Whiting Bay, Silverbank, &c.

Dippin Head, at the south-east of Arran, is three hundred feet in height. Between it and *King's Cross* (whose name commemorates the embarkation of Bruce there for the attack on Tarnberry Castle) is *Whiting Bay*. *Silverbank* village, in its centre, is a pleasant spot, resorted to by tourists for the sake of the two falls in the stream which flows through *Glen Ashdale*. The largest of these is a hundred feet high, and after rain, so great is its volume of water that one may walk between the cascade and the rock without being wet; the leap of the other is fifty feet. They fall through gorges of the basaltic rock, so plentiful in the southern division of the island, with very picturesque effect.

Passing King's Cross, we soon reach Lamlash, where we can embark on our homeward voyage.

WHITING BAY.

INDEX.

NERVOUS DISEASES
AND
THEIR SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT
DEMONSTRATED IN THE WORKS OF
MR. HARRY LOBB, SURGEON ELECTRICIAN,
31, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Third Edition, free by post, 13 Stamps.

CURATIVE ELECTRICITY, especially addressed to Sufferers from Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Loss of Nervous and Physical Powers.

Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

HYPOGASTRIA IN THE MALE, treating upon those Symptoms accompanying and resulting from a debilitated constitution, and suggesting a rational and successful treatment.

1. Incontinence of Urine in Childhood.
2. Hysteria in the Male.
3. Stammering.
4. Spinal Debility; Spinal Irritation.
5. Piles.
6. Varicocele.
7. Enlargement of the Prostate.
8. Nervous Exhaustion.
9. Tabes dorsalis; Progressive Locomotor Ataxy.
10. Hypochondriasis—*i.e.*, certain symptoms hitherto classified under this head, but which I have detached from it, and defined Hypogastriasis.

ALMOST without exception, Patients affected with Hypogastria complain most of their symptoms in the morning; as the day advances they improve; and after dinner is their best time. Instead of waking up refreshed, ready to turn out of bed immediately, the hypogastriac is languid, dull, heavy, disinclined to move, desirous again to sleep; the limbs are heavy, sometimes even stiff, the back feels weary, and altogether he feels worse than when he retired to rest, unrefreshed, and more tired apparently than when he went to bed.

Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co., or of Mr. LOBB, 31, Sackville Street, London.

HARRY LOBB'S
CONSTANT CURRENT VOLTAIC BATTERIES,
FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

This Battery is Continuous and Constant in its action, is always ready for use, requires no attention, cleaning, or addition of acid, salt, or water. Is warranted for twelve months, at the end of which period it can be recharged at a small expense. This Battery is confidently recommended as the most efficient Constant Medical Battery extant.

With Description and Directions for use by HARRY LOBB, M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., etc.

Prices, Complete—40 Cells, £10; 30 Cells, £8 8s.; 20 Cells, £6 10s.

31, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

ZOEDONE.

ZOEDONE. — OHNE PHOSPHOR, KEIN GEDANKE.—There has long been a desire to obtain a sparkling and agreeable beverage combining sustaining and invigorating qualities without intoxicating effects. This want is now, in every respect, supplied by

ZOEDONE, a non-alcoholic nutrient tonic beverage, which will be found invaluable in all cases of mental or physical strain, while its refreshing properties and pleasant flavour render it a delicious drink for daily use.

ZOEDONE contains the vitalising tissue forming phosphatic elements which give oysters their specific value.

ZOEDONE is recommended by the Faculty. Dr. Simpson says :—"ZOEDONE contains two of the most important elements of the human organism, viz., phosphorus and iron, in a state easily assimilable, supplying exactly what is required where any extraordinary waste of tissue has been induced—a condition too common in this competitive age."

ZOEDONE is handsomely put up, and fit for any table.

ZOEDONE is specially adapted for Balls, Fêtes, Children's Parties, Picnics.

Pamphlet of particulars, with list of agents, free.

Price including bottles and packages, free on rails at Wrexham, 6s. 6d. per doz., in half champagne bottles—in 6-dozen cases; 12s. per dozen in large champagne bottles—in 3-dozen cases.

A small extra charge in smaller cases—see pamphlet.

London Agents:—Messrs. Allen and Hanburys; Barclay and Son; W. Best and Sons; Corbyn, Stacey and Co.; Edwards and Son; Hearon, Squire and Francis; F. Newbury and Son; Savory and Moore; Ingram and Royle; Probyn and Co.

Agents in the principal towns of the United Kingdom.

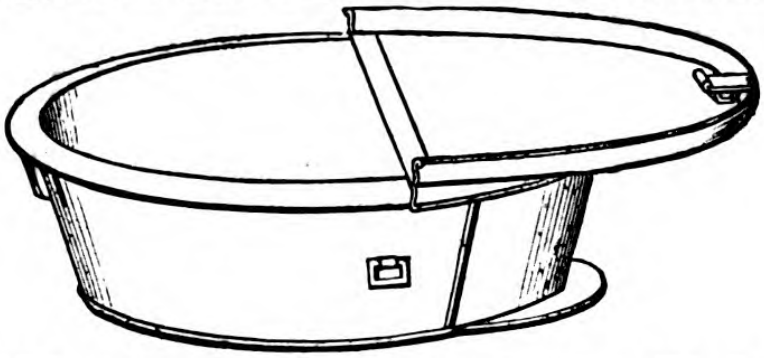
PATENTEE—DAVID JOHNSON, F.C.S.

MANUFACTURERS—R. EVANS & Co., Wrexham, North Wales.

THE REGISTERED TOURISTS' BATH

is specially designed to meet the requirements of tourists, travellers, and camping-out parties. At any moment it may be applied to the following purposes :—

TRAVELLING TRUNK,



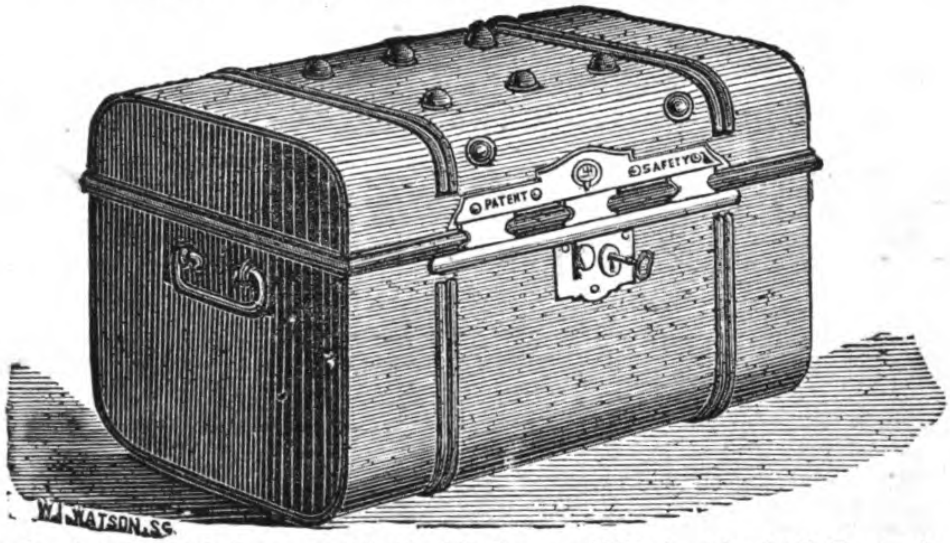
FOOT OR NURSERY BATH,

SPONGE OR HIP BATH.

Combining as it does so many advantages, it is held in the highest estimation by all who have tried it, as an article of real utility.

THE SOUTHPORT TRUNK,

WITH "PATENT SAFETY" FASTENER.



Grained Oak, with Brass or Malleable Bronzed "Patent Safety" Fastenings.

The "Patent Safety" Fastener binds the lid closely down the whole length of the trunk, a result quite unattainable by the bolt of an ordinary lock.

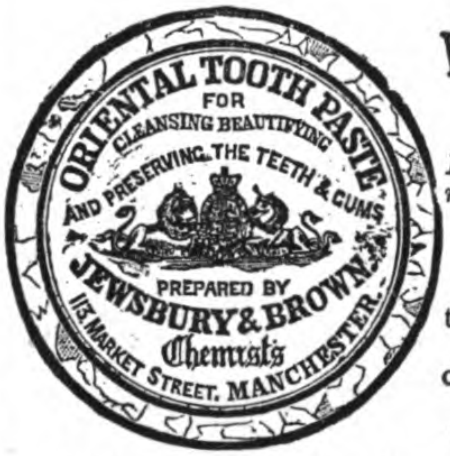
Leather Straps no longer necessary. These Travelling Trunks are particularly recommended on account of their *Strength, Security, Durability.*

Prices Free on application to any Furnishing Ironmonger in town or country. SOLE MANUFACTURERS (WHOLESALE ONLY),

HENRY LOVERIDGE & Co., Wolverhampton.

"And teeth like rows of pearls in ruby casket set."

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE



Ensures, by its use

WHITE and SOUND TEETH.

Established 50 years as the most agreeable and effectual preservative for the Teeth and Gums.

OBSERVE this Trade Mark on the label round each Pot.

Sold universally by Chemists and Perfumers.

1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Per Pot.

Pearly White and Sound TEETH,

firm and healthy Gums, with the rosy brightness of colour so essential to beauty, and fragrant breath, are all ensured by the use of this refined toilet luxury and most perfect dental restorative, which is composed exclusively of pure and costly ingredients known only to the proprietors, all being of medically approved efficacy.

The only genuine is signed

JEWSBURY and BROWN, Manchester.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

[*Twelfth International Medal awarded to the Firm.*]

"The fresh and splendid distinction of a Gold Medal now given in 1878."—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph.*

FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT

IN PACKETS AND TINS.

GUARANTEED PURE COCOA ONLY, THE SUPERFLUOUS OIL EXTRACTED.

"If properly prepared, there is no nicer or more wholesome preparation of Cocoa."—*Dr. Hassall.*

"I find it to consist of Pure Cocoa, from which a portion of its oily ingredients has been extracted. It is free from sugar and other admixture. The delicate flavour and nutritious qualities of this article account for the high estimation in which it is held by the public."

CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I.,
Medical Officer of Health and Analyst for Dublin.

"A Gold Medal has been awarded to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons for their Chocolate and Cocoas, the jury basing their award on the perfection of manufacture shown in the products, the skilful selection of the raw material, and the use of highly improved machinery."—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph.*

TRY also FRY'S CARACAS COCOA,

A DELICIOUS PREPARATION.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

ROYAL MAIL & SHORT SEA ROUTES.

FOLKESTONE & BOULOGNE,
DOVER & CALAIS, DOVER & OSTEND.

SIX CONTINENTAL SERVICES DAILY.

TERMINI IN LONDON:

CHARING CROSS (WEST END). } AND { **CANNON STREET** (CITY).

LONDON AND PARIS IN 9¼ HOURS.

BY SPECIAL EXPRESS, DAILY,
Tidal Trains, via Folkestone and Boulogne, saving 28 miles;
ALSO BY

MAIL TRAINS & PACKETS,
Via Calais and Dover,
IN 10½ HOURS.
SEA PASSAGES 90 MINUTES.

Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Munich, Naples, Turin, Venice, Rome, Brindisi, Marseilles, and most of the Chief Continental Cities and Towns, with equally quick travelling.

THROUGH TICKETS ISSUED AND BAGGAGE REGISTERED.

Through Rates for Ordinary Parcels and Merchandise,

By Passenger (*Grande Vitesse*) Trains, under the direct sanction and control of the South Eastern and Northern of France Railway Companies. The Rates include all Charges for Shipping, Landing, &c. (Customs Duties excepted), at the respective Ports, and delivery at either end (within the usual limits).

Parcels forwarded by this service from **London** in the afternoon are delivered the following day in **Paris,** where the Customs Examination takes place, thus avoiding any detention at the ports.

Parcels are also forwarded by this route to all the **Principal Towns** on the **Continent,** and from all the Principal Towns in the North of England and Scotland, and *vice versa.*

Special Through Tariffs for Bullion and Value Parcels to and from Paris, Belgium, Holland, &c., including all charges for Shipping, Customs formalities, &c., are also in operation.

Rates for Insurance of Value Parcels, such as Plate, Jewellery, Deeds, &c., &c., against Sea and all other Risks.

Books of these Tariffs complete on application.

The SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, by Special Appointment by the General Post Office, convey the MAILS FOR THE CONTINENT, INDIA, CHINA, and the COLONIES, *viâ* the MONT CENIS and BRINDISI. Through Tickets are issued to Passengers for the Principal Cities and Towns in—

BELGIUM | **AUSTRIA** | **RUSSIA**
PRUSSIA | **GERMANY** | **ITALY, &c.**

AGENCY, PARIS ..... Mr. C. Zwinger, 4, Boulevard des Italiens.
" BRUSSELS . Mr. E. Uytborck, 74, Montagne de la Cour.
" COLOGNE.. Mr. E. Uytborck, 1, Friederich Wilhelm Strasse.
" BOULOGNE Quai Bonaparte.
" CALAIS .... Mr. A. Darquer, Chemin de Fer du Nord.
" OSTEND .. Mr. E. Uytborck, 101, Rue St. Georges.

See TIME BOOKS, to be had on Application.

Season 1880. MYLES FENTON, *General Manager.*

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

TOURS IN SCOTLAND.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY have arranged a system of TOURS —about 70 in number—by Rail, Steamer, and Coach, comprehending almost every place of interest either for scenery or historical associations throughout Scotland, including—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Inverness, Greenock, Paisley, Dumfries, Peebles, Stirling, Perth, Crieff, Dunkeld, Oban, Inveraray, the Trosachs, Loch-Katrine, Loch-Lomond, Loch-Earn, Loch-Tay, Loch-Awe, Caledonian Canal, Glencoe, Iona, Staffa, Skye, Balmoral, Braemar, Arran, Bute, the Firth of Clyde, the Falls of Clyde, &c., &c.

☞ Tourists are recommended to procure a copy of the Caledonian Railway Company's "Tourist Guide," which can be had at any of the company's stations, and also at the chief stations on the London and North-Western Railway, and which contains descriptive notices of the districts embraced in the tours, maps, plans, bird's-eye view, &c.

Tickets for these Tours are issued at the Company's Booking Offices at all the Large Stations.

The Caledonian Company also issue Tourist Tickets to the Lake District of England, the Isle of Man, Connemara, the Lakes of Killarney, &c.

The Tourist Season generally extends from June to September inclusive.

The Caledonian Railway, in conjunction with the London and North-Western Railway, forms what is known as the

WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE

BETWEEN

SCOTLAND & ENGLAND,

by which Her Majesty the Queen travels on her way between Windsor and her Highland Home at Balmoral, and by which the mails are conveyed.

Direct trains run from and to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Paisley, Stirling, Oban, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other places in Scotland, to and from London (Euston), Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, and other places in England.

Sleeping and Day Saloon Carriages. Through Guards and Conductors.

The Caledonian Company's Trains from and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Carlisle, &c., connect at Greenock and Wemyss Bay with the "Iona," "Columba," "Lord of the Isles," "Gael," and other steamers to and from Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, the Kyles of Bute, Arran, Campbeltown, Ardrishaig, Inveraray, Loch-Goil, Loch-Long, &c., &c.

A full service of trains is also run from and to Glasgow, to and from Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Oban, Dundee, Aberdeen, and the North; and from and to Edinburgh, to and from these places.

For particulars of Trains, Fares, &c., see the Caledonian Railway Company's Time Tables.

GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE,
GLASGOW, 1880.

JAMES SMITHELLS,
General Manager.

LONDON: *Warwick House,*
Dorset Buildings, Salisbury Square.

A LIST OF
WARD, LOCK & CO'S
ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS
STANDARD WORKS,
AND
Popular Volumes for Children,
Suitable for Rewards and Presents.

BEETON'S GREAT BOOK OF POETRY: From Cædmon and King Alfred's Boethius to Browning and Tennyson; with a separate Selection of American Poems. Containing nearly Two Thousand of the Best Pieces in the English Language. With Sketches of the History of the Poetry of our Country, and Biographical Notices of the Poets. In One handsome Volume, royal 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21*s.*; or in half-calf, 25*s.*

Four Hundred English Poets are represented in this Volume. A separate collection of American Poems, with Biographies, is added to these. Thus, in one book, a view of the Growth and Changes of the English Language, as seen in its Highest Developments, is possible. Not less than a Thousand Volumes have been examined in order to form a selection worthy to receive respect and regard from all Lovers of the Divine Art of Poesy.

NOBLE THOUGHTS IN NOBLE LANGUAGE: A Collection of Wise and Virtuous Utterances, in Prose and Verse, from the Writings of the Known Great and the Great Unknown. With an Index of Authors. Compiled and Analytically Arranged by HENRY SOUTHGATE, Author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds," "Musings about Men," &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 10*s.* 6*d.*; elegant morocco, bevelled boards, 21*s.*; half-calf, 15*s.*

Contains Selections from the Works of 700 Authors, and will especially recommend itself to those who can appreciate and value the Best Thoughts of our Best Writers.

DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED GOLDSMITH. Comprising "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "The Haunch of Venison," "The Captivity: an Oratorio," "Retaliation," Miscellaneous Poems, "The Good-Natured Man," "She Stoops to Conquer," and a Sketch of the Life of Oliver Goldsmith by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With 100 Pictures, drawn by G. J. PINWELL, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Beautifully bound, cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

CHRISTMAS WITH THE POETS. A Collection of Songs, Carols, and Descriptive Verses relating to the Festival of Christmas, from the Anglo-Norman Period to the Present Time. Embellished with 53 Tinted Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER. With Initial Letters, Border Lines, and other Ornaments printed in Gold, and with Frontispiece in Colours. Elegantly bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21*s.*

SABBATH BELLS CHIMED BY THE POETS. With Coloured and other Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER and other Artists. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE LILY SERIES—*continued.*

12. **Gypsy Breynton.** By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."
The "Gypsy" books are charming reading.

13. **Aunt Jane's Hero.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
The object of "Aunt Jane's Hero" is to depict a Christian Home whose happiness flows from the living rock, Christ Jesus.

14. **The Wide, Wide World.** By Miss WETHERELL.
Dear to every girl who has read it.

15. **Queechy.** By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
A fascinating story, fresh and true to life.

16. **Looking Round.** By the Author of "I've Been Thinking."
His books are just the sort to put into the hands of youth.

17. **Fabrics:** A Story of To-Day.
Full of interest, and cannot fail to secure a wide popularity.

18. **Our Village:** Tales. By Miss MITFORD.
An engaging little volume, full of feeling, spirit, and variety.

19. **The Winter Fire.** By ROSE PORTER.
Cannot fail to make its way in domestic circles, especially where religion is held to be of the first moment.

20. **The Flower of the Family.** By Mrs. E. PRENTISS.
The "Flower of the Family" abounds with admirable moral lessons.

21. **Mercy Gliddon's Work.** By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."
Earnest in tone and interesting in style.

22. **Patience Strong's Outings.** By Mrs. WHITNEY.
A more wholesome or readable book it would be difficult to find.

23. **Something to Do.** By the Author of "Little Women," &c.
Miss Alcott's writings are as charming in style as they are pure in tone.

24. **Gertrude's Trial.** By MARY JEFFERIS.
This book has given comfort to many a sorrowing heart and counsel to many an erring soul.

25. **The Hidden Path.** By the Author of "Alone."
An extremely interesting story.

26. **Uncle Tom's Cabin.** By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. Illustrated.
No work of fiction has ever approached the popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

27. **Fireside and Camp Stories.** By the Author of "Little Women."
These are tales, some of a stirring and some of a domestic character, suited to all tastes.

28. **The Shady Side.** By a Pastor's Wife.
A true and interesting record of a young parson's life and troubles.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE FAMILY GIFT SERIES.

A cheap issue of Popular Books, suitable for Prizes and Rewards.

Cloth gilt, price **2s. 6d.** each.

1. **Nature's Gifts, and How we Use Them.** A Familiar Account of our Every-day Wants, Comforts, and Luxuries. With Illustrations.
2. **Wonders and Curiosities of Animal Life.** By GEORGE KEARLEY. With many Illustrations.
3. **Wonders and Beauties of the Year.** Popular Descriptions of the Wild Flowers, Birds and Insects of the Months. With Practical Hints to Collectors. By H. G. ADAMS. With many Illustrations.
4. **Margaret Catchpole (The History of), A Suffolk Girl.** By Rev. RICHARD COBBOLD. With Frontispiece.
5. **Modern Society;** or, The March of Intellect. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. With full-page Illustrations.
6. **Herbert Lovell;** or, Handsome He who Handsome Does. By Rev. F. W. B. BOUVERIE. With numerous Illustrations.
7. **Beatrice;** or, The Unknown Relatives. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR, Author of "Modern Accomplishments," &c.
8. **Amy and Hester;** or, The Long Holidays. By H. A. FORD. With many Illustrations.
9. **Looking Heavenward:** A Series of Tales and Sketches for the Young. By JANE C. SIMPSON. With many Illustrations.
10. **Pilgrims Heavenward:** Essays of Counsel and Encouragement for the Christian Life of the Present Day. With Frontispiece.
11. **Julamerk;** or, The Converted Jewess. By Mrs. WEBB, Author of "Naomi." With numerous Illustrations.
12. **Life's Contrasts;** or, The Four Homes. Adapted from the French of Madame de Gasparin, by Mrs. GOTHER MANN. With numerous Illustrations.
13. **Preachers and Preaching in Ancient and Modern Times.** By Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS. With Portraits.
14. **Character and Culture.** By the Hon. and Rt. Rev. the BISHOP OF DURHAM, Canon DALE, &c. With Selections from the Writings of eminent Divines.
15. **Popular Preachers:** Their Lives and their Works. By Rev. W. WILSON. With Illustrations.
16. **Edwin and Mary;** or, The Mother's Cabinet. A Book for the Young. With numerous Illustrations.
17. **Children's Hymns and Rhymes (The Book of).** By the Daughter of a Clergyman. With numerous Illustrations.
18. **The Scottish Chiefs.** By Miss JANE PORTER.
19. **What Can She Do?** By E. P. ROE, Author of "From Jest to Earnest," &c.

THE FAMILY GIFT SERIES—*continued.*

20. **Barriers Burned Away.** By E. P. ROE, Author of "From Jest to Earnest."

21. **Opening of a Chestnut Burr.** By E. P. ROE, Author of "From Jest to Earnest."

22. **Orange Blossoms.** A Book for all who have Worn, are Wearing, or are likely to Wear Them. By T. S. ARTHUR. With Frontispiece.

23. **Mary Bunyan, the Blind Daughter of John Bunyan.** By SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD. With Frontispiece.

24. **The Christian Year:** Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year.

25. **The Swiss Family Robinson.** The Adventures of a Swiss Pastor and his Family on an Uninhabited Island. With Coloured Frontispiece and over 200 Engravings.

26. **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.** With a Memoir of the Author by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D., and 100 Engravings.

27. **A Face Illumined.** By E. P. ROE, Author of "From Jest to Earnest."

28. **The Gentlemen Adventurers; or, Antony Waymouth.** By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With full-page Engravings.

29. **Evenings at Home.** By Dr. AIKEN and Mrs. BARBAULD. With full-page Engravings.

30. **Robinson Crusoe.** By DANIEL DEFOE. With Biographical Sketch of the Author, and many Engravings.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS CHRISTMAS STORIES. Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS. Part I., 1851–1854; Part II., 1855–1858. Demy 8vo, paper wrapper, price 1*s.* each; or the Two Series Complete in One Volume, cloth gilt, red edges, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

BEETON'S PUBLIC SPEAKER. A Collection of the Remarkable Speeches of the World's greatest Orators. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF FLOWERS. With Coloured Plates and many other Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, red edges, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 1*s.*; Pocket Edition, demy 32mo, cloth, gilt edges, 6*d.*

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS. With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 1*s.*; Pocket Edition, demy 32mo, cloth, gilt edges, 6*d.*

THE KINDERGARTEN SYSTEM. A Manual of the German "Healthy and Happy" Method for the Education of Young Children. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, boards, 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. With upwards of 200 Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., J. TENNIEL, J. D. WATSON, R. B. HOUGHTON, G. J. PINWELL, and T. DALZIEL, together with Initial Letters, Ornamental Borders, &c., engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. In One handsome Volume, cloth, richly gilt back, sides, and edges, price *21s.*

TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL. By JOHN LATOUCHE. Third and Cheaper Edition, with Photograph and Map. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price *6s.*

"Mr. Latouche's Travels are delightfully written. . . . His book is as fair as it is pleasant; as full of information as it is sparkling with humour."—*Spectator.*

THE STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE. A Complete Annotated Edition of the Works of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. In Six Vols., half-morocco, *45s.*

BEETON'S HOUSEHOLD AMUSEMENTS & ENJOYMENTS. Acting Charades, Burlesques, Conundrums, Enigmas, Rebuses, and Puzzles. With Coloured Frontispiece and many other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, *5s.*

THE HANDY BOOK OF GAMES. By Captain CRAWLEY. Billiards, Bagatelle, Whist, Loo, Cribbage, Chess, Drafts, Backgammon, Ecarté, Picquet, All Fours, &c., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, *5s.*

Mrs. BEETON'S Book of HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT. Comprising every kind of practical information on Domestic Economy and Modern Cookery. Containing 3000 RECIPES AND INSTRUCTIONS, 600 ENGRAVINGS, and numerous COLOURED PLATES. With accurate descriptions as to Quantities, Time, Costs, and Seasons of the various dishes, directions for Carving, Hints on the Management of Children, the Arrangement and Economy of the Kitchen, Duties of Servants, the Doctor, Legal Memoranda, and 250 Bills of Fare to suit the Seasons from January to December. Strongly bound, half-roan, price *7s. 6d.*; cloth gilt, gilt edges, *8s. 6d.*; half-calf, *10s. 6d.*

*** *As a Wedding Gift, Birthday Book, or Presentation Volume at any period of the year, or upon any anniversary whatever, Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" is entitled to the very first place. In half-calf binding, price half a guinea, the book will last a lifetime, and save money every day.*

BEETON'S BOOK OF NEEDLEWORK. Consisting of 670 Needlework Patterns, with full Descriptions and Instructions as to working them. Every stitch described and engraved with the utmost accuracy, and the quantity of material requisite for each pattern stated. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, with Coloured Frontispiece, price *7s. 6d.*

*** *Just as* THE BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT *takes due precedence of every other Cookery Book, so this extraordinary Collection of Needlework Designs has become the book,* par excellence, *for Ladies to consult, both for Instruction in Stitches and all kinds of work, and Patterns of elegant style and irreproachable good taste.*

LIVES OF FAMOUS POETS. By WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Containing Biographies of the following Poets:—BURNS, BUTLER, BYRON, CAMPBELL, CHAUCER, COLERIDGE, COWPER, DRYDEN, GOLDSMITH, GRAY, HEMANS, HOOD, KEATS, LONGFELLOW, MILTON, MOORE, POPE, SCOTT, SHAKESPEARE, SHELLEY, SPENSER, THOMSON, and WORDSWORTH. With brief Lists of Intermediate Poets, affording a sort of general glance at the sequence of dates in British Poetry. In One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price *10s. 6d.*

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS. Complete in Nineteen Vols., cloth, half-bound, *66s. 6d.*; or in Nine Double and One Single Vol., *62s.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S WORKS.

The only Complete Editions.

The Complete Prose Works of William Wordsworth. Edited by Rev. ALEXANDER B. GROSART. In 3 Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 21*s.*

*** *Dedicated, by express permission, to* HER MAJESTY, *and along with the Dedication a Hitherto Unpublished Poem by* WORDSWORTH, *addressed to the* QUEEN *on sending a gift copy of his poems to the Royal Library, Windsor.*

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Royal 8vo Edition, with Portrait. In One Vol., cloth gilt, price 9*s.*

The Centenary Edition, with Notes and Portrait. 6 Vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth, 30*s.*

The Pocket Edition. In 6 Pocket Vols., cloth, price 15*s.*

The Imperial 8vo Edition, with Portrait and Vignette Title. In One Vol, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Illustrated Edition, with Portrait, Etchings by EDWIN EDWARDS, Notes and Memoir by W. M. ROSSETTI. In One Vol., cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21*s.*

Select Pieces from Wordsworth's Poems. In One Vol., cloth gilt, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wordsworth's Excursion. In One Vol., cloth gilt, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE'S WORKS.

The only Authorized and Complete Editions.—REDUCED PRICES.

Coleridge's Poems. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge's Poems. Pocket Edition. Pott 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge's Dramatic Works. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge's Aids to Reflection. 11th Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge on the Constitution of Church and State. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge's Lay Sermons. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Coleridge's Friend. Fifth Edition. Two Vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

*** A complete Set of the above, price 21*s.*

POETICAL WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Entirely New Edition. The Text thoroughly revised, with Notes and Memoir by W. MICHAEL ROSSETTI. 3 Vols. crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 31*s.* 6*d.*

"This edition of the great poet's works must certainly rank as most trustworthy and complete in all respects. . . . We gladly predict for this edition a popularity which it so well deserves. We must also add that it possesses the merit of including many pieces of Shelley's not usually found in previous editions of his works, and some not hitherto printed."—THE STANDARD.

Shelley's Poems, Essays, and Letters from Abroad. Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With Portrait and Memoir. 8vo, cloth, price 12*s.*

Shelley's Poetical Works. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, 5*s.*

POETICAL WORKS OF WM. MACKWORTH PRAED.

With Portrait and Memoir by the Rev. DERWENT COLERIDGE, M.A. In Two Vols. cloth, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS.

With a Memoir by Lord HOUGHTON. In One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5*s.*

LIFE, LETTERS, and WRITINGS of CHARLES LAMB.

Edited by PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A. Containing the Memoir by TALFOURD, with Notes and Illustrations, embodying the most recent information on the subject. In Six Volumes, cloth, price 42*s.*

This edition contains a large number of Unpublished Letters, which have been placed at the disposal of the Editor, as well as many hitherto uncollected. It also comprises many writings of LAMB, *in the shape of Criticisms, Essays, and Poetical Pieces, not hitherto identified.*

Charles Lamb's Elia and Eliana. With Portraits. In One Vol. fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

"The power of English Literature is in its Poets."

MOXON'S POPULAR POETS.

Edited, with Critical Memoirs, by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

With Eight Illustrations Each.

The press and the public, alike in Great Britain and her Colonies, and in the United States, unite in their testimony to the immense superiority of Messrs. Moxon's Popular Poets over any other similar collections published by any other house. Their possession of the Copyright works of Coleridge, Hood, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and other great national poets, places this series above rivalry.

1. BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
2. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.
3. WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.
4. SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
5. SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.
6. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
7. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.
8. KEATS' POETICAL WORKS.
9. COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.
10. BURNS' POETICAL WORKS.
11. TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. The Four Series complete for the first time in One Vol., with Portrait.
12. MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.
13. CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS.
14. POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.
15. COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS.
16. HUMOROUS POEMS.
17. AMERICAN POEMS.
18. MRS. HEMANS' POETICAL WORKS.
19. THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.
20. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. [*In the Press.*
21. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS. Second Series.
22. WHITTIER'S POETICAL WORKS. [*Just added.*

With Critical Memoir and Eight Illustrations each, handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges,

PRICE 3s. 6d. PER VOLUME.

Also to be had in the following varieties of binding—Imitation vellum, gilt side, back and edges, 5*s.*; ditto, with leatherette covers, 6*s.*; ivory enamel, 6*s.* 6*d.*; morocco antique, 7*s.* 6*d.*; morocco extra (2nd quality), 8*s.*; morocco extra (1st quality) or tree calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

The same can also be had in handsome Boxes, forming elegant **CASKETS OF POETRY,** *most suitable for Wedding and other Presents, as follows*:—Caskets containing 4 Volumes, 25*s.*; 5 Vols., 30*s.*; 6 Vols., 35*s.* *These Caskets will be fitted with volumes selected from the following of Moxon's Popular Poets, to suit the taste of the purchaser*—BYRON, LONGFELLOW, WORDSWORTH, SCOTT, MOORE, HOOD (*1st and 2nd Series*), BURNS, MILTON, COWPER, *and* HEMANS.

MOXON'S LIBRARY POETS.

The complete and continuing success of "Moxon's Poets" in the popular Three and Sixpenny Series, has induced the publishers to issue a LIBRARY EDITION, *printed on good paper, bound half-Roxburghe, or cloth gilt, gilt edges, and containing Memoir by* ROSSETTI, *and Eight Illustrations, price* 5*s. each. The following can be had*—BYRON, LONGFELLOW, SCOTT, SHELLEY, HOOD, KEATS, BURNS, TUPPER, MILTON, CAMPBELL, COWPER, HUMOROUS, AMERICAN, HEMANS, THOMSON.

THOMAS HOOD'S WORKS.

THE COMPLETE EDITION.

The Complete Works of Thomas Hood. In 10 Vols. Containing all the Writings of the Author of the "Song of the Shirt" ("Hood's Own" First and Second Series included). With all the Original Cuts by CRUIKSHANK, LEECH, HOOD, &c. In 10 Vols., cloth, price 50*s.*; half-calf or half-morocco, price 70*s.*

COMPLETE EDITION OF HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS IN TWO VOLUMES.

1. **Hood's Serious Poems.** A New and Complete Edition, with a Preface by THOMAS HOOD the Younger, and full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5*s.*

2. **Hood's Comic Poems.** A New and Complete Edition, with a Preface by THOMAS HOOD the Younger, and full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5*s.*

*** *These two volumes contain the entire Poems of the late* THOMAS HOOD, *which are now collected and issued Complete for the first time.*

Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. First Series. Being former runnings of his Comic vein, with an effusion of new blood for general circulation. In One Vol. 8vo, Illustrated by 350 Woodcuts. Cloth gilt, 7*s.*; gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Hood's Own. Second Series. Being a further collection of his Wit and Humour. In One Vol., 8vo, Illustrated by about 540 Woodcuts. Cloth gilt, 7*s.*; gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. First and Second Series in One Vol., Complete, with all the original Illustrations by CRUIKSHANK, LEECH, &c., numbering about 890. In handsome binding, royal 8vo, cloth gilt, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hood's Whimsicalities. A Periodical Gathering; to which are added "York and Lancaster," "Lost and Found," "Epping Hunt," and "Eugene Aram." With all the original Illustrations by the Author, JOHN LEECH, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and W. HARVEY. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 5*s.*

Hood's Whims and Oddities, and Wit and Humour, in One Volume. With 87 Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 6*s.*

Hood's Poems of Wit and Humour. Sixteenth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hood's Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse. With 87 Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.* CHEAP EDITION, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*; picture boards, 2*s.*

Hood's Wit and Humour. Fcap. 8vo, fancy wrapper, 1*s.*

Hood's Whims. Illustrated by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, fancy wrapper, 1*s.*

Hoods Oddities. Illustrated by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, fancy wrapper, 1*s.*

THE LILY SERIES—*continued.*

61. **Our Helen.** By SOPHIE MAY.
As free from the sensational and impossible as could be desired, and at the same time full of interest.

62. **That Lass o' Lowrie's.** By F. H. BURNETT.
One of the sweetest tales ever written.

63. **The Years that are Told.** By the Author of "The Winter Fire."
As regards moral principle and refinement of tone this book is unexceptionable.

64. **Near to Nature's Heart.** By Rev. E. P. ROE.
The high and wholesome lesson of each of this author's works is not for a moment left in doubt or obscurity.

65. **Esther Douglas,** and other Stories. By MARY BASKIN.
A story by a new author, worthy of acceptance by all readers.

66. **A Knight of the Nineteenth Century.** By Rev. E. P. ROE.
Contains the elements of perfect work, clearness and brilliancy of style, beauty of expression, a good plot, and a most excellent moral.

67. **Released.** By the Author of "Esther Douglas."
A most interesting story, with a high moral tone.

68. **Quinnebasset Girls.** By ROSE PORTER.
A most delightful story for girlhood.

69. **Helen.** By MARIA EDGEWORTH.
The most popular of Miss Edgeworth's brilliant novels.

The *Christian World* says:—"Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. are doing good service by supplying in their 'Lily Series' such first-class works of fiction at so cheap a rate."

"We cordially recommend the whole series."—*Christian Age.*

"There is a pure, healthy tone pervading all the literature embraced in this series. The stories can safely be entrusted to the youngest."—*Leeds Mercury.*

1,706,000 Volumes of the LILY SERIES have been sold in Great Britain and the Colonies. No Series of Books has ever attained such a large sale, and public appreciation is the best test of success.

Every Book in the LILY SERIES ***can now be had*** COMPLETE ***at*** ONE SHILLING; or in improved binding, cloth gilt, price 1*s.* 6*d.* each, or gilt edges, 2*s.*

LILY SERIES DOUBLE VOLUMES.

Fancy boards, price 2*s.* each.

1. **Barriers Burned Away.** By E. P. ROE, Author of "From Jest to Earnest."

2. **The Opening of a Chestnut Burr.** By E. P. ROE, Author of "Barriers Burned Away."

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

TEXT BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN TEXT BOOK AND BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCER. A Book of Sacred Counsel and Reflections for Every Day in the Year. With Interleaved Pages for recording Birthdays and Registering Thoughts and Events of Every Day. In handsome binding, cloth gilt extra, red burnished edges, price 5*s*.

BIRTHDAY TREASURE SERIES.

Demy 32mo, cloth, sprinkled edges, each 1*s*.; cloth, gilt edges, with rims and clasps, 1*s*. 6*d*.; full calf, 2*s*. 6*d*.; ivory enamel, 2*s*. 6*d*.; morocco, gilt edges, 2*s*. 6*d*.; Russia, 2*s*. 6*d*.; full-calf, or morocco circuit, 4*s*.

1. **The Christian Daily Text Book and Birthday Record.**
2. **The Christian Daily Treasure Book of Sacred Verse and** Holy Counsel, with Birthday Souvenir.
3. **Golden Truths and Birthday Note Book.**
4. **Shakespeare Daily Gem Book and Journal for Birthdays.**
5. **The Child's Own Daily Text Book and Birthday Register.**
6. **The Loving Record**; or, Poetic Remembrancer of Anniversaries of Wedding Days, Birthdays, &c., for Every Day in the Year.
7. **The Christian Year Birthday Book.** Selections for Every Day from Keble's "Christian Year," with Birthday Register.

MINIATURE TEXT BOOKS.—Demy 32mo, cloth gilt, price 6*d*. each.

1. **The Miniature Text Book.**
2. **The Miniature Treasure Book.**
3. **The Miniature Book of Golden Truths.**
4. **The Miniature Shakespeare Gem Book.**
5. **The Miniature Child's Own Daily Text Book.**

THE GOOD GIFT LIBRARY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Elegantly bound, cloth gilt, price 6*d*. each; ornamental wrapper, 3*d*.

There are no books more suitable for children than these. Of a high moral tone, they impart a reverence and love for the Creator and His works, while their cheapness brings them within the reach of all.

1. **Little Susy's Little Servants.** 1st Series. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
2. **Little Susy's Little Servants.** 2nd Series. By the same.
3. **Little Susy's Birthdays.** 1st Series. By the same.
4. **Little Susy's Birthdays.** 2nd Series. By the same.
5. **Little Susy's Teachers.** 1st Series. By the same.
6. **Little Susy's Teachers.** 2nd Series. By the same.
7. **Original Poems.** 1st Series. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR.
8. **Original Poems.** 2nd Series. By the same.
9. **Original Poems.** 3rd Series. By the same.
10. **Watts's Divine and Moral Songs.**

☞ The above can also be had in SHILLING PACKETS; **Packet I. containing** Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, and Packet II. containing Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8.

THE LILY SERIES—*continued.*

29. **The Sunny Side.** By H. TRUSTA.
A worthy companion in all respects to the popular volume, "The Shady Side."

30. **What Katy Did.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
A pleasant and naturally written tale.

31. **Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.** By FANNY FERN.
Fanny Fern's inspiration comes from nature.

32. **Shadows and Sunbeams.** By FANNY FERN.
She dips her pen in her heart and writes out her own feelings and fancies.

33. **What Katy Did at School.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
A fascinating work for girls.

34. **Shiloh; or, Without and Within.** By Mrs. W. M. L. JAY.
The plot is interesting, whilst the lessons it inculcates should make it a welcome addition to every family library.

35. **The Percys.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward," &c.
A picture of a genial, happy Christian home, saintly without being sanctimonious.

36. **Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping.** By E. STUART PHELPS.
A domestic story, healthy in tone, and told in a lively and readable style.

37. **Gypsy's Cousin Joy.** By the same.
A sequel to "Gypsy Breynton."

38. **Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent.** By the same.
A sequel to "Gypsy's Cousin Joy."

39. **Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.**
Remarkable for their humane sympathies and moral tendencies."

40. **Miss Edgeworth's Popular Tales.**
Miss Edgeworth is the author of works never to be forgotten, of works which can never lose their standard value as English Classics.

41. **The Prince of the House of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
Relates with deep reverence the scenes in the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

42. **Anna Lee.** By T. S. ARTHUR.
An amusing and instructive story, conveying some valuable lessons.

43. **The Throne of David.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
The aim of the writer is to invest with popular interest one of the most interesting periods of Hebrew History.

44. **The Pillar of Fire.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
The author's aim has been to unfold the beauties, riches, eloquence, and grandeur of the Holy Scriptures.

THE LILY SERIES—*continued.*

45. **Prudence Palfrey.** By T. B. ALDRICH.
Instructive from beginning to end. The author sketches his characters admirably.

46. **A Peep at Number Five.** By H. TRUSTA.
The sentiments of this book are pure and the language good.

47. **Marjorie's Quest.** By JEANNIE T. GOULD.
A capital tale, full of interest.

48. **Our Village: Country Pictures.** By Miss MITFORD.
The descriptions of rural life and rural scenery in this work are very vivid and glowing.

49. **Woman Our Angel.** Sequel to "Looking Round."
In thousands of families A. S. Roe's books are read and re-read with profit and ever-increasing delight.

50. **How Marjory Helped.** By M. CARROLL.
A story well told, and written in a religious spirit.

51. **Mabel Vaughan.** By the Author of "The Lamplighter."
It is a charming story, to which the character of Rose gives the same interest and beauty which little Gertrude and the old Lamplighter give to the author's first production.

52. **Melbourne House.** By Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
Another of Miss Warner's bright and beautiful creations.

53. **Father Clement.** By GRACE KENNEDY.
Her writings are of a religious tendency, but are most entertaining stories.

54. **Dunallan.** By GRACE KENNEDY.
Her writings possess irresistible charms to multitudes of readers.

55. **From Jest to Earnest.** By Rev. E. P. ROE.
While Mr. Roe tells a story admirably well, and paints with the skill of a master, he carefully eschews sensationalism.

56. **Jessamine.** By MARION HARLAND.
A sweet and interesting story.

57. **Miss Gilbert's Career.** By J. G. HOLLAND.
Dr. Holland's writings are remarkable for their moral purpose and sympathetic touches of character.

58. **The Old Helmet.** By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
The story is admirably told, and its lessons are many and valuable.

59. **Forging their Own Chains.** By C. M. CORNWALL.
The characters are admirably drawn, acting and speaking naturally; the book conveys some valuable lessons.

60. **Daisy.** Sequel to "Melbourne House." By E. WETHERELL.
Leaves nothing to be desired save a re-perusal. Cheerful and of high purpose.

HANDSOME PRESENTATION VOLUMES.

Uniform with Ward, Lock & Co.'s Complete Edition of Andersen's Fairy Tales.
An Entirely New Edition of

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. Specially Translated and Compiled from the Best Original Editions, by HENRY FRITH. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, with Coloured Plates and 200 Engravings, price 7*s.* 6*d.*; gilt edges, 8*s.* 6*d.*

*** *The Publishers feel confident that this will be found to be one of the best editions of this delightful work yet offered to the public. No pains have been spared to make this issue of the "Swiss Family Robinson" one of the most charming of Present Books. The book is abundantly illustrated by New Coloured Plates (which have been prepared with great care) and upwards of Two Hundred Engravings in the Text.*

Uniform with the above, Complete Edition of

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. With Fourteen Coloured Pictures, 100 full-page and other Engravings, and Life of the Author. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, price 7*s.* 6*d.*; gilt edges, 8*s.* 6*d.*

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS. With Life, Glossary, &c., and full-page and other Engravings. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, price 6*s.*; bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; half-morocco, 10*s.* 6*d.* Cheap Edition on thin paper, cloth gilt, 5*s.* People's Edition, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE FIELDS AND THE WOODLANDS: Depicted by Painter and Poet. Consisting of Twenty-four Pictures, printed in Colours by LEIGHTON Brothers. With Verses of character and beauty appropriate to the Pictures. Printed on thick toned paper, and handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21*s.*

THE LAND OF THE BIBLE: Its Sacred Heroes and Wonderful Story. By JOHN TILLOTSON. Amply Illustrated with Maps and more than 300 Wood Engravings. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 7*s.* 6*d.*; half-calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

The design of this work is to provide a Consecutive History of Palestine, from the time of Abraham to that of the final Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus. It also furnishes, in immediate association with the events recorded, a Topographical Description of the Land.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, from this World to that which is to Come. With a Memoir of the Author by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With 100 page and other Illustrations by THOMAS DALZIEL, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Presentation Edition, on thick toned paper, 4to, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 10*s.* 6*d.*; crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*; cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.* Cheap Edition, cloth gilt, 1*s.* 6*d.*; wrapper, 1*s.*

This volume is full of chaste and beautiful Engravings, contains the entire text, is printed in clear type, and is elegantly bound.

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID; or, Three Years in the Holy City. Relating the Scenes in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth. By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. With Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, cloth gilt extra, gilt edges, price 5*s.*; cloth gilt, gilt edges, Coloured Plates, 3*s.* 6*d.* Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, Coloured Frontispiece, 2*s.* 6*d.*; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 1*s.* 6*d.*; ornamental wrapper, 1*s.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By JOHN KEBLE. Small fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, plain edges, 1*s.*; cloth gilt, red burnished edges, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth gilt, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2*s.*; morocco, gilt edges, 5*s.* Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, plain edges, 2*s.* 6*d.*; with 8 full-page Illustrations, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*; calf or morocco, 7*s.* 6*d.*; morocco extra, or tree-calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN FAMILY BIBLE. With Marginal Notes and References, Complete Bible Dictionary, Historical Treatise connecting Old and New Testaments, 35 full-page Coloured Plates and Maps, Chronological Tables, Family Register, &c. Handsomely bound, morocco full gilt, or plain, 63*s.*; Persian morocco, 52*s.* 6*d.*; French morocco, 42*s.*

The Notes to this New and Superb Bible will be found at once full, comprehensive, intelligible, and carefully selected, the References have been carefully revised by an eminent Clergyman, the Bible Dictionary has been thoroughly corrected and revised, and the Chronological Tables will be found accurate and reliable, having been also carefully revised. Added to these advantages the very cheap price at which this Bible is offered, must secure for it a sincere welcome in every British Home.

COBBIN'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE AND PEOPLE'S COMMENTARY. With Family Register, many Coloured Plates, and over 1,000 Engravings. Cloth, red edges, 21*s.*; half-bound, red edges, 31*s.* 6*d.*; 2nd morocco, hard grained, 35*s.*; ditto, illuminated, 38*s.* 6*d.*; morocco, gilt edges, 42*s*; Turkey morocco, 52*s.* 6*d.*

Trustworthy in explanations and attractive in form, "Cobbin's Family Bible" must be pronounced by far the cheapest ever published. The Commentary, by one of our most eminent Biblical Scholars, will be found complete; and the Engravings, the Coloured Plates, and the Family Register all unite to form a Bible as well fitted for the Cottage by its cheapness, as for the Mansion by its completeness.

THE TEACHER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE AND BIBLE DICTIONARY. With many Engravings and Maps, and the most approved Marginal References, and Historical and Descriptive Illustrations, &c. Cloth gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*; French morocco, 10*s.* 6*d.*; half-calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

A BEAUTIFUL EDITION OF THE HOLY BIBLE. With Illustrations selected from Raphael's Pictures in the Vatican, adapted by ROBERT DUDLEY, superbly printed in Tints, with Gold Borders, in the highest style of Art. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 10*s.* 6*d.*; or magnificently bound in relievo leather, from a Design by OWEN JONES, 21*s.*; with rims and clasps, 31*s.* 6*d.*

COBBIN'S PORTABLE COMMENTARY. With 15,000 Notes, Critical and Illustrative, 50,000 References, Historical Treatise connecting the Old and New Testaments, various Useful Tables, and Nine Coloured Maps. French morocco, paste grain, 6*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*; French morocco, blind gilt edges, 5*s.*; French morocco, circuit, 6*s.* 6*d.*; pigskin, bevelled boards, blind gilt edges, 6*s.* 6*d.*; Turkey morocco extra, blind gilt edges, 7*s.*; ditto, limp, blind gilt edges, 7*s.*; ditto, limp circuit, gilt edges, 10*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, antique, red and gold edges, 9*s.*

THE ANALYTICAL BIBLE. With 50,000 References, Analytical Notes, Historical Connection of Old and New Testaments, various Useful Tables, and Nine Coloured Maps. French morocco, 5*s.*; ditto, circuit, 6*s.* 6*d.*; pigskin, 6*s.* 6*d.*; Turkey morocco, 7*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, limp, 7*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, limp circuit, 10*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, antique bevelled, red and gold edges, 9*s.*; cloth, gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*; French morocco, paste grain, 6*s.* 6*d.*

THE COMPANION BIBLE. With Authentic Notes on Oriental and Scriptural History, Scenery, and Customs, Engravings and Maps. Cloth antique, red edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*; French morocco, 10*s.* 6*d.*; pigskin, 14*s.*; Turkey morocco, 15*s.*; ditto, antique, 18*s.*

*** *The* COMPANION BIBLE *meets the wants and means of a numerous class of readers, and, indeed, forms a complete Cyclopædia of Oriental intelligence. The reader will here find ample information respecting the Manners, Customs, and Geography of the Holy Land, and of those countries which were in some way associated with it in the historical pages of Scripture; and a good Index will facilitate every inquiry.*

PICTURE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND THEIR HABITS. With descriptive Text, intended to serve as a first Introduction to Natural History, by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With 12 large double-page Coloured Illustrations of Domestic Animals and Familiar Birds, drawn from Nature. Fcap. folio, cloth gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*; wrapper boards, 6*s.*

WILD ANIMALS AND THEIR HOMES. With descriptive Text, intended to serve as a first Introduction to Natural History, by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With 12 large double-page Coloured Illustrations of Wild Animals, drawn from Nature. Fcap. folio, cloth gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.*; wrapper boards, 6*s.*

AUNT FANNY'S PRETTY PICTURE BOOK. With full-page Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*; or mounted on linen, 5*s.*

AUNT FANNY'S NURSERY TALES AND RHYMES. With full-page Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*; or mounted on linen, 5*s.*

AUNT FANNY'S PICTURE PRESENT BOOK. With many Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth gilt, 5*s.*

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES. With 16 Coloured Plates by HARRISON WEIR, and 200 Engravings in the text. Folio, picture boards, 5*s.*

CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF SCRIPTURE PICTURES, OLD TESTAMENT. With over 100 Illustrations. Folio, wrapper boards, 3*s.*

CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF SCRIPTURE PICTURES, NEW TESTAMENT. With over 100 Illustrations. Folio, wrapper boards, 3*s.*

THE CHILD'S FAMOUS PICTURE BOOK. With over 400 Pictures. *The Cheapest Picture Book ever published.* Cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*; picture boards, 3*s.*

THE CHILD'S WONDER PICTURE BOOK. With Hundreds of Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d*; pioture boards, 3*s.*

THE ANIMAL PICTURE BOOK for Kind Little People. With large Coloured Pictures. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE BOOK OF ANIMALS. With Nine Coloured Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR, and many Engravings. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NURSERY RHYMES, Old and New. A Collection of the most favourite Nursery Rhymes, Jingles, and Stories. Numerous Illustrations. Picture boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NURSERY SONGS AND BALLADS. With Eight Coloured Plates and numerous plain Illustrations. Picture boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NURSERY TALES AND STORIES. Uniform with above. Eight Coloured Plates and numerous plain Illustrations. Picture boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE BOOK OF BRAVE OLD BALLADS. With 16 Coloured Illustrations, from designs by JOHN GILBERT. Picture boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MORAL NURSERY TALES FOR CHILDREN. By the Author of "The Golden Harp." With numerous Illustrations. Picture boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK of COUNTRY PLEASURES. With 16 Coloured Pictures and many Engravings. Picture boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE HOME TREASURE LIBRARY.

Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

It is the intention of the Publishers that a tone of pure morality and lofty aim shall characterise the whole of the volumes in this Library, while at the same time the type, paper, and binding shall be of the best description; this, added to the Illustrations, will render these books, both as to interior and exterior, everything that could be desired, and worthy of a place in the Library of every Home.

1. **Shiloh.** By Mrs. W. M. L. JAY. Coloured Illustrations.
2. **The Prince of the House of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. Coloured Illustrations.
3. **Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.** Coloured Illustrations.
4. **Miss Edgeworth's Popular Tales.** Coloured Illustrations.
5. **The Throne of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. Illustrated.
6. **The Pillar of Fire.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. Illustrated.
7. **Anna Lee.** By T. S. ARTHUR. Illustrated.
8. **The Wide, Wide World.** By E. WETHERELL. Coloured Illusts.
9. **Queechy.** By the same. Coloured Illustrations.
10. **Melbourne House.** By the same. Coloured Illustrations.
11. **Sceptres and Crowns,** and **The Flag of Truce.** By the same. Coloured Illustrations.
12. **The Fairchild Family.** Mrs. SHERWOOD. Coloured Illustrations.
13. **Stepping Heavenward,** and **Aunt Jane's Hero.** By Mrs. E. PRENTISS. Coloured Illustrations.
14. **Mabel Vaughan.** By Miss CUMMING. Coloured Illustrations.
15. **Dunallan.** By GRACE KENNEDY. Coloured Illustrations.
16. **Father Clement.** By the same. Coloured Illustrations.
17. **Holden with the Cords.** By Mrs. JAY. Coloured Illustrations.
18. **Uncle Tom's Cabin.** By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. With a Sketch of the Life of Rev. JOSIAH HENSON. Coloured and other Illustrations.
19. **Barriers Burned Away.** By E. P. ROE. Coloured Illustrations.
20. **Little Women and Good Wives.** By Miss ALCOTT. Coloured Illustrations.
21. **From Jest to Earnest.** By E. P. ROE. Coloured Illustrations.
22. **Near to Nature's Heart.** By E. P. ROE. Coloured Illustrations.
23. **Opening of a Chestnut Burr.** By E. P. ROE. Col. Illust.
24. **What Can She Do?** By E. P. ROE. Coloured Illustrations.
25. **The Old Helmet.** By E. WETHERELL. Coloured Illustrations.
26. **Daisy.** By the same. Coloured Illustrations.
27. **A Knight of the Nineteenth Century.** Coloured Illustrations.
28. **Woman our Angel.** By A. S. ROE. Coloured Illustrations.
29. **The Lamplighter.** By Miss CUMMING. Coloured Illustrations.
30. **A Face Illumined.** By E. P. ROE. Coloured Illustrations.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE GOOD WORTH LIBRARY.

In the GOOD WORTH LIBRARY *no works have been admitted in which the three requisites for good worth in a book,—namely, the promotion of knowledge, the furtherance of wisdom, and the charm of amusement—are not combined, and whose perusal will not satisfy the mind, as with good, wholesome and strengthening food.*

Fully Illustrated and handsomely bound, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

1. **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,** from this World to that which is to Come. With Memoir of the Author by H. W. DULCKEN, PH.D., and 100 Illustrations by THOMAS DALZIEL, Engraved by DALZIEL Brothers.
2. **The Swiss Family Robinson;** or, The Adventures of a Swiss Pastor and his Family on an Uninhabited Island. Translated by HENRY FRITH. With Coloured Plates and upwards of 200 Engravings.
3. **Andersen's Stories for the Young.** By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. With many full-page and other Engravings.
4. **Andersen's Popular Tales for Children.** By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. With many full-page and other Engravings.
5. **Anne and Jane Taylor's Poetry for Children.** Containing the Original Poems, Hymns for Infant Minds, and Rhymes for the Nursery. With many Engravings.
6. **The Story of Stories for the Little Ones;** or, Bible Narratives for the Young. By Mrs. LEATHLEY. With many Engravings.
7. **Fifty Celebrated Women:** Their Virtues and Failings, and the Lessons of their Lives. With many Engravings.
8. **Fifty Celebrated Men:** Their Lives and Trials, and the Deeds that made them Famous. With many Engravings.
9. **Robinson Crusoe.** By DANIEL DEFOE. With Memoir of the Author and many Engravings.
10. **The Wonders of the World,** in Earth, Sea, and Sky. By UNCLE JOHN. With 123 Engravings.
11. **Evenings at Home;** or, The Juvenile Budget Opened. By Mrs. BARBAULD and Dr. AIKEN. With many Engravings.
12. **The Gentlemen Adventurers;** or, Antony Waymouth. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With full-page Engravings.
13. **Sandford and Merton (The History of).** By THOMAS DAY. With 100 Engravings by DALZIEL Brothers.
14. **A Boy's Life Aboard Ship, as it is.** Told by Himself. With full-page Engravings.
15. **Life in a Whaler;** or, Perils and Adventures in the Tropical Seas. By SAILOR CHARLEY. With full-page Engravings.
16. **Great Inventors:** The Sources of their Usefulness, and the Results of their Efforts. With 109 Engravings.
17. **The Marvels of Nature;** or, Outlines of Creation. With 400 Engravings by DALZIEL Brothers.

THE GOOD WORTH LIBRARY—*continued.*

18. **The Boy's Book of Industrial Information.** With 365 Engravings by DALZIEL Brothers.
19. **Famous Boys,** and How they Became Famous Men. With many Engravings.
20. **Triumphs of Perseverance and Enterprise.** By THOMAS COOPER. With many Engravings.
21. **The Crusades and Crusaders.** The Story of the Struggle for the Holy Sepulchre. By J. G. EDGAR. With full-page Engravings.
22. **The Merchant's Clerk;** or, Mark Wilton. By Rev. C. B. TAYLER, M.A. With full-page and other Engravings.
23. **The Young Marooners;** or, The Adventures of Robert and Harold on the Florida Coast. With many Engravings.
24. **Holiday House.** By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. With full-page Engravings.
25. **The Boy's Book of Modern Travel and Adventure.** With many Engravings.
26. **Mary Bunyan,** the Blind Daughter of John Bunyan. By SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD. With full-page Engravings.
27. **The Scottish Chiefs.** By JANE PORTER. With full-page Engravings.
28. **Keble's Christian Year;** or, Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. With full-page Engravings.
30. **Life Thoughts.** Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of HENRY WARD BEECHER. With Red Border Lines.
31. **The Christian Life.** Bible Helps and Counsels for Every Day throughout the Year. With Red Border Lines.
32. **The Perfect Life.** By WILLIAM E. CHANNING.
33. **Sacred Heroes and Martyrs.** By J. T. HEADLEY. Revised and Edited by J. W. KIRTON, LL.D., Author of "Buy your own Cherries."

LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES. Collected and Edited by W. A. CLOUSTON. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LITTLE RAGAMUFFIN. By JAMES GREENWOOD, Author of "Journeys through London," &c. With full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

JOURNEYS THROUGH LONDON; or, Bye-Ways of the Modern Babylon. By JAMES GREENWOOD, Author of "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin." With Twelve double-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHARLES O'MALLEY, the Irish Dragoon. By CHARLES LEVER. An Entirely New Library Edition of this popular work. Embellished with many Original Wood Engravings and attractively bound, cloth gilt, price 6*s.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE LIBRARY.

A Series of Popular Books, specially designed for Gifts and Rewards, and for Family Reading and Reference.

Fully Illustrated and handsomely bound, cloth gilt, 3*s*. 6*d*. each.

1. **Margaret Catchpole (The History of).** By Rev. R. COBBOLD. With Coloured Plates and other Illustrations.
2. **Beatrice; or, The Unknown Relatives.** By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. With Coloured Plates.
3. **Amy and Hester; or, The Long Holidays.** By H. A. FORD. With Coloured Frontispiece and many Engravings.
4. **Wonders and Beauties of the Year.** Popular and Poetical Descriptions of the Wild Flowers, Birds, and Insects of the Months. By H. G. ADAMS. With Coloured Frontispiece and many Engravings.
5. **Wonders and Curiosities of Animal Life.** By GEORGE KEARLEY. With Coloured Frontispiece and many Engravings.
6. **Nature's Gifts, and How we Use them.** A Familiar Account of our Everyday Wants, Comforts, and Luxuries. By GEORGE DODD. With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations.
7. **Modern Society; or, The March of Intellect.** By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. With Coloured and other Illustrations.
8. **Herbert Lovell; or, Handsome He who Handsome Does.** By Rev. F. W. B. BOUVERIE. With Coloured and other Illustrations.
9. **The Sailor Hero; or, The Frigate and the Lugger.** By Captain ARMSTRONG. With full-page Illustrations.
10. **The Cruise of the "Daring."** A Tale of the Sea. By Capt. ARMSTRONG. With full-page Illustrations.
11. **Life's Contrasts; or, The Four Homes.** By Mrs. GOTHER MANN. With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations.
12. **Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church: Their Lives and their Works.** By Rev. W. WILSON. With Illustrations.
13. **Edwin and Mary; or, The Mother's Cabinet.** With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations.
14. **The Book of Children's Hymns and Rhymes.** With Coloured Frontispiece and many Engravings.
15. **Looking Heavenward: A Series of Tales and Sketches for the Young.** By JANE C. SIMPSON. With Coloured Frontispiece and many Engravings.
16. **Character and Culture.** By the Bishop of DURHAM, Canon DALE, &c. With Passages selected from the Works of Eminent Divines.
17. **Pilgrims Heavenward.** Essays of Counsel and Encouragement for the Christian Life. With Coloured Frontispiece.
18. **Preachers and Preaching, in Ancient and Modern Times.** By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS. With Portraits.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

WARWICK HOUSE TOY BOOKS.

Messrs. WARD, LOCK & CO. *have much pleasure in calling attention to this popular series of amusing and instructive Books for Nursery and Play-room use. It has been the constant endeavour of the publishers to combine, in this series, the instructive with the amusing element, wherever this could be effected without taking away, or even lessening, the charm of the books as vehicles for recreation. Great care has been taken to render them worthy to be—what it is confidently hoped they will become*—THE MOST POPULAR CHILDREN'S TOY BOOKS OF THE DAY.

In handsome wrapper, 1*s.* each ; or (those marked thus *) mounted on linen, 2*s.*

1. Domestic Animals. Coloured Plates and other Illustrations.
2. Home and Field Animals. Coloured Illustrations.
*3. Nursery Songs and Ballads. With Coloured Illustrations.
*7. Adventures with Animals. With 12 Coloured Pictures.
*8. The Picture Robinson Crusoe. 21 Coloured Pictures.
*9. The Children's Household Pets. Coloured Illustrations.
*10. The Children's Picture Alphabet. 20 Coloured Pictures.
*12. The Naughty Puppies. With Coloured Illustrations.
*13. The A B C of Animals and Birds. Coloured Illustrations.
*14. The A B C of Pretty Country Scenes. Coloured Illustrations.
*15. The Nursery Picture Gallery and Child's Own Picture Colour Book. With 6 Coloured Plates and Outlines for Copying same.
*16. Master Mousie's Supper Party. With 6 Coloured Plates.
*17. Amusing Mazes : A Set of Puzzle Pictures. Coloured Pictures.
*18. Little Red Riding Hood. With Coloured Pictures.
*19. Little Alfred's Visit to Wombwell's Menagerie. Coloured Pictures of the Menagerie and the various Animals.
*24. Puss in Boots. With Coloured Illustrations.
*25. The Discontented Boy. With Coloured Illustrations.
*26. Mamma's New Picture Alphabet. With Coloured Pictures.
*27. The A B C of Heroes. 6 large Coloured Pictures.
*28. The Holiday Alphabet. 6 large Coloured Pictures.
*29. The Alphabet of Animal Life. With large Coloured Pictures.
*30. The Fairy Well ; or, The Little Brother and Sister. With Coloured Illustrations.
*31. Miss Mousie's Wedding and Ball. Coloured Pictures.
32. The Nursery Artist. 1st Series. With 6 large Coloured Pictures with figures round the sides, ready for cutting out and pasting down.
33. The Nursery Artist. 2nd Series.
34. The Nursery Artist. 3rd Series.
35. The Nursery Artist. 4th Series.
*38. Favourite Animals and their Uses. Coloured Illustrations.
*39. The Three Friends of Man. Coloured Illustrations.
*40. Alphabet of Favourite Animals. Coloured Illustrations.
*41. A B C of Nursery Rhymes. 6 large Coloured Illustrations.
*42. Cock Robin. New Edition, with 6 splendid Coloured Pictures.
*43. The Pussy-Cat's Hunting Party. Coloured Illustrations.
*44. Pretty Pets and Happy Playmates. Coloured Pictures.
*45. Hoppety Frogs and Nibbledy Mice. Coloured Pictures.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

COLOURED PICTURE BOOKS.

AUNT FANNY'S SIXPENNY TOY BOOKS.

Beautifully printed in Colours, 4to, coloured wrapper, price 6*d.* each; or mounted on linen, 1*s.* each.

1. The Two Puppies.
2. The Cunning Fox.
3. The Boys and the Giant.
4. Dick Dolittle, the Idle Sparrow.
5. Alphabet of Animals.
6. Aunt Fanny's A B C.
7. Cock Robin.
8. Nursery Rhymes Alphabet.
9. Aunt Fanny's Nursery Rhymes.
10. Naughty Chickens.
11. Punch and Judy.
12. Old Mother Hubbard.
13. The Book of Animals.
14. Three Little Kittens.
16. *Little Miss Tottie's Travels.
17. *Little Miss Tottie's Chimney Corner Stories.
18. *Little Miss Tottie and her Friends.
19. Alphabet of Games.
20. Alphabet of Toys.
21. Poppy and Totty.
22. Little Tommy and his Pets.

GRACIE GOODCHILD'S PRETTY PICTURE BOOKS.

Beautifully printed in Colours, demy 8vo, coloured wrapper, price 3*d.* each.

1. Pretty Picture Alphabet.
2. Pretty Picture A B C.
3. Pretty Picture Primer.
4. Pretty Picture NurseryRhymes.

AUNT AFFABLE'S PRETTY PLAY BOOKS.

Royal 8vo, coloured wrappers, plain, price 2*d.* each; coloured, 3*d.* each.

1. The A B C Book.
2. A B C of Objects.
3. Death and Burial of Cock Robin.
4. Child's Picture Book of Animals.

THE CHILD'S PICTURE BIBLE STORIES.

Royal 8vo, coloured wrapper, plain, price 2*d.* each; coloured, 3*d.* each.

1. Life and Teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ.
2. From the Creation to the Deluge.
3. The History of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.
4. The Story of the Mighty Men of Israel.
5. The History of David.
6. The Apostles and our Saviour's Teaching.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S PENNY COLOURED TOY-BOOKS

An Entirely New Series, beautifully printed in Colours. In Packets, containing 12 Books, One Shilling each.

1. A Picture Alphabet.
2. Alphabet of Nursery Rhymes.
3. Nursery Rhymes.
4. Nursery Ditties.
5. The Dogs' Dinner Party.
6. Three Little Kittens.
7. Babes in the Wood.
8. Red Riding Hood.
9. Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper.
10. Cock Robin.
11. Old Mother Hubbard.
12. Punch and Judy.

☞ *The Publishers beg to call special attention to these handsome little books, feeling sure they must be admitted unequalled both as regards price and beauty.*

BEETON'S PENNY CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Price 1*d.* each; the Series of Six, post free for 8*d.*

1. Beeton's Pictorial A B C.
2. Beeton's Pictorial Speller.
3. Beeton's Pictorial Primer.
4. Beeton's Pictorial Reader.
5. Beeton's Pictorial History of England.
6. Beeton's Pictorial Bible History.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

J. OGDEN AND CO., PRINTERS, 172, ST. JOHN STREET, E.C.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S "GOOD AIM" BOOKS.

The feature of this series of Books is to encourage in childhood a spirit of love, gentleness, and cheerfulness, while affording amusement and interest.

Elegantly bound, cloth gilt, price 1*s.*; or bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

1. The Original Poems for Children. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. With Coloured Frontispiece.
2. The Basket of Flowers; or, Piety and Truth Triumphant. With Coloured Frontispiece.
3. Ellen's Idol. By the Author of "Tiny." With Frontispiece.
5. Sermons on the Wall. By JOHN TILLOTSON. Illustrated.
6. Goldy and Goldy's Friends. By MARY DENSEL. Illustrated.
7. The One Thing Needful; or, Ethel's Pearls. Illustrated.
8. I Don't Know How. By E. STUART PHELPS. Illustrated.
9. Sayings and Doings of Children. By the Rev. J. B. SMITH. Illustrated.
10. Tiny. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. With Coloured and other Illustrations.
11. Tiny's Sunday Nights. By E. STUART PHELPS. With Coloured and other Illustrations.
12. The Orphan Boy; or, From Peasant to Prince. Illustrated.
13. Tom, Tom, the Printer's Son: A Boy's Story, related by Himself. Illustrated.
14. Only a Dandelion. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With Coloured and other Illustrations.
15. Follow Me. By the same. Illustrated.
16. New Year's Bargain. By SUSAN COOLIDGE. Illustrated.
17. In the Beginning; or, From Eden to Canaan. Illustrated.
18. Conquerors and Captives; or, From David to Daniel. Ditto.
19. The Star of Promise; or, From Bethlehem to Calvary. Ditto.
20. The History of the Robins. By Mrs. TRIMMER. With Coloured Frontispiece.
21. Hymns for Infant Minds. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. Illustrated.
22. Rhymes for the Nursery. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. Illustrated.
23. Little Susy's Six Birthdays. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With many Engravings.
24. Little Susy's Little Servants. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With Coloured Frontispiece and many Engravings.
25. Little Susy's Six Teachers. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With Coloured Frontispiece and many Engravings.
26. On'y a Penny; or, One of the Least of These. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." With many Illustrations.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE LIBRARY—*continued.*

19. **Julamerk**; or, The Converted Jewess. By Mrs. WEBB. With Coloured and other Illustrations.

20. **Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.** First and Second Series Complete. With numerous Illustrations.

21. **Orange Blossoms**: A Book for All who have Worn, are Wearing, or are likely to Wear Them. Edited by T. S. ARTHUR. With numerous Illustrations.

22. **The Martyrs of Carthage**; or, The Christian Converts. A Tale of the Times of Old. With numerous Illustrations.

23. **Modern Accomplishments**; or, The March of Intellect. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. With Coloured Plates.

24. **Pyrotechny**; or, The Art of Making Fireworks with Safety and Cleanliness, and at Little Cost. With 124 Illustrations.

25. **Mont Blanc (A Boy's Ascent of).** By ALBERT SMITH. With Memoir of the Author by EDMUND YATES. With numerous Illustrations.

26. **Poe's Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humour.** By EDGAR ALLAN POE. With numerous Illustrations.

27. **Ballads and Poetical Tales.** Selected from PERCY, RITSON, EVANS, JAMIESON, SCOTT, &c.

28. **Beeton's Book of Birds**; Showing how to Rear and Manage them in Sickness and in Health. With Coloured Plates by HARRISON WEIR, and over 100 Engravings.

29. **Beeton's Book of Poultry and Domestic Animals**: How to Rear and Manage them in Sickness and in Health. With Coloured Plates by HARRISON WEIR, and over 100 Engravings.

30. **Getting On in the World**; or, Hints on Success in Life. First and Second Series Complete. By WILLIAM MATHEWS.

31. **Journeys through London**; or, Bye-ways of the Modern Babylon. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With 12 double-page Engravings.

32. **Fanny Fern's New Stories for Children.** By the Author of "Fern Leaves." Illustrated.

33. **Adventures of Captain Hatteras.** Containing "The English at the North Pole," and "The Ice Desert." By JULES VERNE. With Coloured Plates.

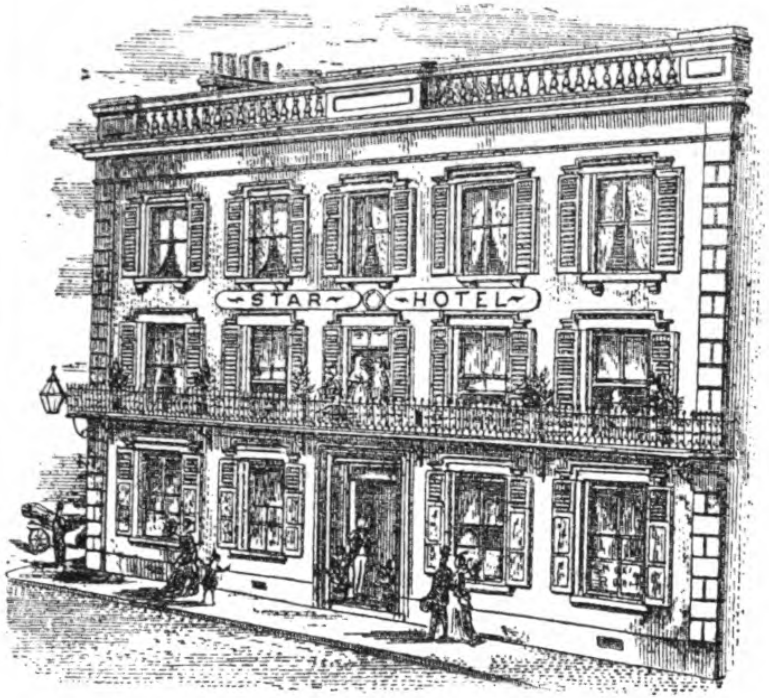
34. **Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.** First and Second Series Complete. By JULES VERNE. With Coloured Plates.

35. **The Wonderful Travels.** Containing "Journey into the Interior of the Earth," and "Five Weeks in a Balloon. By JULES VERNE. With Coloured Plates.

36. **The Moon Voyage.** Containing "From the Earth to the Moon," and "Round the Moon." By JULES VERNE. With Coloured Plates.

STAR HOTEL, JERSEY,

PLEASANTLY SITUATED NEAR THE PIER AND BATHING PLACES.



PROPRIETRESS ... MRS. ADDERSON.

Visitors receive all the comforts of home, with a most liberal and unlimited table, at a fixed charge of

5s. 6d. Per Day,

which includes bed; breakfast of meat, fish, and eggs, &c.; dinner—soup or fish, poultry, joints, pastry, and cheese; tea. Attendance included.

WINES AND SPIRITS; BOTTLE AND DRAUGHT ALES AND STOUT.

CIGARS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

Superior Coffee and Dining Saloon.

PIANOFORTES FOR THE USE OF VISITORS.

Conveyance waits the Arrival of all Steamers.

FOUR-IN-HAND CARS LEAVE THE HOTEL EVERY DAY AT 10.30 FOR EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE ISLAND.

LAURENCE'S

Temperance, Commercial, and Family

HOTEL,

20 & 21, CLAYTON SQUARE,

LIVERPOOL.

THIS Hotel contains upwards of 100 ROOMS, including COFFEE ROOM, PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS, BILLIARD and SMOKE ROOM. The BED ROOMS are well ventilated and comfortably furnished.

The Midland and London and North-Western Stations are within three minutes' walk, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Station and Landing Stage within a convenient distance.

CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

SHAFTESBURY TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

MOUNT PLEASANT (*Corner of Newington*),

LIVERPOOL.

Private Rooms for Families.

First-class well-arranged Stock Rooms, with Good Light.

THIS recently erected Hotel is fitted with all Modern Conveniences, and affords Excellent Accommodation for

FAMILIES AND COMMERCIAL GENTLEMEN.

Its situation is healthy and quiet, and at the same time central. It is about three minutes' walk from the Lime Street and Central Stations; and omnibuses to and from the Exchange Station and the Landing Stage pass the door every few minutes.

HYDROPATHY.

SMEDLEY'S
Hydropathic Establishment,
MATLOCK BRIDGE.

PHYSICIANS { W. B. HUNTER, M.D., &c.
THOS. MACCALL, M.D., &c.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is conducted with the same earnest solicitude and care for the interests of the sick which have characterised it for a period of nearly thirty years, and procured it a high and widespread reputation under the late Mr. Smedley. Many additions and improvements have been made, and its usefulness and comfort have been enhanced. Electric bells are in every room. Electric appliances of all kinds are in operation, and there is a handsome Smoking Room.

As a WINTER RESIDENCE this place is admirably adapted for Invalids, especially sufferers from Chest and Digestive disorders, Rheumatism and Gout. It affords warm and well-ventilated public rooms, bedrooms, and corridors, covered balconies, permitting open-air exercise in all weathers, a handsome and specially-ventilated Turkish Bath, and Bath-houses, thoroughly re-constructed with all modern improvements; also a large Billiard Room, with two tables. The numbers during the winter months average from one hundred to one hundred and fifty.

Prospectus on application to Manager.

MATLOCK HOUSE
HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT
AND
VISITORS'
Summer and Winter Residence,
MATLOCK BRIDGE, DERBYSHIRE.

Proprietor - - - EDMUND DOBSON.

Full Prospectus on application.

LORNE TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

135, HIGH STREET,

LADIES' ROOM.

AYR.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Newly Furnished and Renovated.

C. & S. FIDDES, LESSEES.

THE LILY SERIES.

1s. Each.

NICELY BOUND FOR PRESENTS, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

Forming Admirable Volumes for School Prizes and Presents to Young Ladies.

The design of this series is to include no books except such as are peculiarly adapted by their high tone, pure taste, and thorough principle to be read by those persons, young and old, who look upon books as upon their friends—only worthy to be received into the family circle for their good qualities and excellent characters. So many volumes now issue from the press low in tone and lax in morality, that it is especially incumbent on all who would avoid the taint of such hurtful matter to select carefully the books they would themselves read or introduce to their households. In view of this design, no author whose name is not a guarantee of the real worth and purity of his or her work, or whose book has not been subjected to a rigid examination, will be admitted into the "Lily Series."

---

1. *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.* Mrs. Whitney. "Such books as hers should be in every household."
2. *The Gayworthys.* Author of "Leslie Goldthwaite." "A work to be read, loaned, re-read, and re-loaned."
3. *Faith Gartney's Girlhood.* By the same. "Mrs. Whitney's writings have a sion, which is to make the world better than they find it."
4. *The Gates Ajar.* E. S. Phelps. "A book that has brought happiness to many a sorrowing spirit."
5. *Little Women.* Louisa M. Alcott. "A book which all girls would be better for reading."
6. *Good Wives.* Author of "Little Women." "No better books could be put into young girls' hands than 'Little Women' and 'Good Wives.'"
7. *Alone.* Marion Harland. "Its merits consist in its truthfulness to nature, and the fervent spirit which animated its narration."
8. *I've been thinking.* A. S. Roe. "Few writers excel this excellent author in pure simplicity of style, natural interest, and truthfulness of narrative."
9. *Ida May.* Mary Langdon. "The narrative of 'Ida May' is one of intensest interest."
10. *The Lamplighter.* Miss Cumming. "The story of an orphan girl's struggles and triumphs."
11. *Stepping Heavenward.* E. Prentiss. "Should be in every family. Abounds in passages of deep pathos and tenderness."
12. *Gypsy Breynton.* Author of "Gates Ajar." "The Gypsy books are charming reading."
13. *Aunt Jane's Hero.* Author of "Stepping Heavenward." "The object of 'Aunt Jane's Hero' is to depict a Christian home whose happiness flows from the living rock, Christ Jesus."

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, & Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE LILY SERIES—*continued.*

14. *The Wide, Wide World.* E. Wetherell. "Dear to every girl who has read it."
15. *Queechy.* Author of "Wide, Wide World." "A fascinating story, fresh, and true to life."
16. *Looking Round.* Author of "I've been thinking." "His books are just the sort to put into the hands of youth."
17. *Fabrics: A Story of To-Day.* "Full of interest, and cannot fail to secure a wide popularity."
18. *Our Village: Tales.* Miss Mitford. "An engaging little volume, full of feeling, spirit, and variety."
19. *The Winter Fire.* Rose Porter. "Cannot fail to make its way in domestic circles, especially where religion is held to be of the first moment."
20. *The Flower of the Family.* E. Prentiss. "The 'Flower of the Family' abounds with admirable moral lessons."
21. *Mercy Gliddon's Work.* Author of "The Gates Ajar." "Earnest in tone, and interesting in style."
22. *Patience Strong's Outings.* Mrs. Whitney. "A more wholesome or readable book it would be difficult to find."
23. *Something to do.* Author of "Little Women." "Miss Alcott's writings are as charming in style as they are pure in tone."
24. *Gertrude's Trial.* Mary Jefferis. "This book has given comfort to many a sorrowing heart, and counsel to many an erring soul."
25. *The Hidden Path.* Author of "Alone." "An extremely interesting story."
26. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* H. Beecher Stowe. "No work of fiction has ever approached the popularity of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'."
27. *Fireside & Camp Stories.* Author of "Little Women." "These are tales, some of stirring and some of a domestic character, suited to all tastes."
28. *The Shady Side.* By a Pastor's Wife. "A true and interesting record of a young pastor's life and troubles."
29. *The Sunny Side.* H. Trusta. "A worthy companion in all respects to the popular volume, 'The Shady Side'."
30. *What Katy Did.* Susan Coolidge. "A pleasantly and naturally written tale."
31. *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.* "Fanny Fern's inspiration comes from nature."
32. *Shadows & Sunbeams.* Fanny Fern. "She dips her pen in her heart and writes out her own feelings and fancies."
33. *What Katy Did at School.* Susan Coolidge. "A fascinating work for girls."

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, & Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE LILY SERIES—*continued.*

34. *Shiloh; or, Without and Within.* W. M. L. Jay. "The plot is interesting, whilst the lessons it inculcates should make it a welcome addition to every family library."

35. *The Percys.* Author of "Stepping Heavenward." "A picture of a genial, happy Christian home, saintly without being sanctimonious."

36. *Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping.* E. S. Phelps. "A domestic story, healthy in tone, and told in a lively and readable style."

37. *Gypsy's Cousin Joy.* By the Same. "A sequel to 'Gypsy Breynton.'"

38. *Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent.* Author of "Gypsy's Cousin Joy." "A sequel to 'Gypsy's Cousin Joy.'"

39. *Moral Tales.* Maria Edgeworth. "Remarkable for their humane sympathies and moral tendencies."

40. *Popular Tales.* Maria Edgeworth. "Miss Edgeworth is the author of works never to be forgotten; of works which can never lose their standard value as English Classics."

41. *The Prince of the House of David.* Rev. J. H. Ingraham. "Relates with deep reverence the scenes in the life of Jesus of Nazareth."

42. *Anna Lee.* T. S. Arthur. "An amusing and instructive story, conveying some valuable lessons."

43. *The Throne of David.* Rev. J. H. Ingraham. "The aim of the writer is to invest with popular interest one of the most interesting periods of Hebrew History."

44. *The Pillar of Fire.* Author of "The Throne of David." "The author's aim has been to unfold the beauties, riches, eloquence, and grandeur of the Holy Scriptures."

45. *Prudence Palfrey.* T. B. Aldrich. "Instructive from beginning to end. The author sketches his characters admirably."

46. *A Peep at Number Five.* Author of "The Sunny Side." "The sentiments of this book are pure and the language good."

47. *Majorie's Quest.* Jeannie T. Gould. "A capital tale, full of interest."

48. *Our Village; Country Pictures.* Miss Mitford. "The descriptions of rural life and rural scenery in this work are very vivid and glowing."

49. *Woman our Angel.* A. S. Roe. "In thousands of families A. S. Roe's books are read and re-read with profit and ever increasing delight."

50. *How Marjory Helped.* M. Carroll. "A story well told, and written in a religious spirit."

51. *Mabel Vaughan.* Author of "The Lamplighter." "It is a charming story, to which the character of Rose gives the same interest and beauty which little Gertrude and the old Lamplighter give to the author's first production."

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, & Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE LILY SERIES—*continued.*

52. *Melbourne House.* Author of "Wide, Wide World." "In this work Miss Warner has given us another of those bright and beautiful creations."
53. *Father Clement.* Grace Kennedy. "All of her productions are of a religious tendency, but at the same time they are most entertaining stories."
54. *Dunallan.* Grace Kennedy. "Her writings possess irresistible charms to multitudes of readers."
55. *From Jest to Earnest.* E. P. Roe. "While Mr. Roe tells a story admirably well, and paints with the skill of a master, he carefully eschews sensationalism."
56. *Jessamine.* Marion Harland. "A sweet and interesting story."
57. *Miss Gilbet's Career.* J. G. Holland. "Dr. Holland's writings are remarkable for their moral purpose and sympathetic touches of character."
58. *The Old Helmet.* Author of "Wide, Wide World." "The story is admirably told, and its lessons are many and valuable."
59. *Foging thei Own Chains.* C. M. Cornwall. "The characters are vigorously drawn, acting and speaking naturally: the book conveys some useful lessons."
60. *Daisy.* Sequel to "Melbourne House." "Leaves nothing to be desired save a re-perusal. Full of cheerfulness and high purpose."
61. *Our Helen.* Sophie May. "As free from the sensational and impossible as could be desired, and at the same time full of interest."
62. *That Lass o' Lowrie's.* F. H. Burnett. "One of the sweetest tales ever written."
63. *The Years that are Told.* Author of "Winter Fire." "As regards moral principle and refinement of tone this book is unexceptional."
64. *Near to Nature's Heart.* E. P. Roe. "The high and wholesome lesson of each of this author's works is not for a moment left in doubt or obscurity."
65. *Esther Douglas.* Mary Baskin. "A story by a new author, worthy of acceptance by all readers of the Lily Series."
66. *A Knight of the Nineteenth Century.* E. P. Roe. "This book contains the elements of perfect work, clearness and brilliancy of style, conciseness and beauty of expression, a good plot and a most excellent moral."

1,601,000 Volumes of the LILY SERIES have been sold in Great Britain and the Colonies. No series of Books has ever attained such a large sale, and public appreciation is the best test of success.

Every Book in the LILY SERIES *can now be had* COMPLETE *at* ONE SHILLING.

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, & Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

GLASGOW & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

Direct Route between Scotland & England,

Via the Midland (Settle and Carlisle) Railway.

Improved and Complete Service of EXPRESS and FAST Trains

BETWEEN

GLASGOW (St. Enoch),		**LONDON (St. Pancras),**
PAISLEY,		**LIVERPOOL,**
GREENOCK,		**MANCHESTER,**
KILMARNOCK,	AND	**DERBY,**
AYR,		**LEICESTER,**
DUMFRIES,		**BIRMINGHAM,**
WEST OF SCOTLAND,		**BRISTOL, &c., &c.**

The Carriages by this route are of the most improved description, and possess every convenience. The luxurious **Pullman Drawing Room** and **Sleeping Cars** are attached to the Morning and Evening Express Trains.

DIRECT CONNECTION WITH IRELAND.

Viâ GREENOCK (Prince's Pier Station). A daily service with Belfast. Royal Mail Steamers.

Viâ ARDROSSAN. A direct daily service.

Viâ GIRVAN, STRANRAER, and LARNE. Day service from GLASGOW and WEST OF SCOTLAND. Short sea passage of only 2½ hours.

THE ST. ENOCH STATION HOTEL, GLASGOW,

IS NOW OPEN.

A First Class Hotel for Families, Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and others. Contains over two hundred Visitors' Bedrooms, magnificent and comfortably furnished public rooms, such as Coffee Rooms, Restaurant, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms. Hotel Porters attend all the trains. Tariff strictly moderate, and the charge for apartments includes all attendance and the entire service of the Hotel. Communications for Rooms, &c., should be addressed Mr. E. W. THEIM, Manager, St. Enoch Station Hotel, Glasgow.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, *General Manager.*

IT WAS NEVER EXPECTED

COD LIVER OIL

could have been rendered so agreeable as to become even

A FAVOURITE WITH CHILDREN.

MACKENZIE'S

COMPOUND

COD LIVER OIL EMULSION,

Composed of Select Cod Liver Oil, Pepsine, and Hypophosphite of Lime,

CAN BE TAKEN WITH PLEASURE BY INVALIDS AND CHILDREN.

IT has received the HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION *of the Leading Members of the Medical Profession*, after an extensive trial in private practice, and in the hospitals, as a remedy for wasting diseases, consumption, bronchitis, affections of the chest, and general debility, also for invigorating the nervous system, and securing a healthy appearance. The objection to Cod Liver Oil is in this preparation quite overcome.

Sold in bottles at 2*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., and 6*s*. each, by the principal chemists. Originally introduced and prepared only by **MACKENZIE & Co.**, Chemists, 45, Forrest Road, EDINBURGH.

MACKENZIE'S

"AROMATIC" COD LIVER OIL

(REGISTERED.)

FREE FROM THE USUAL FISHY TASTE AND ODOUR.

THIS extra fine oil is prepared by a special process, and is highly recommended on account of its extreme purity and small dose, being easily taken and readily digested.

Its delicately aromatic taste and odour renders it a special favourite, while it retains its purity in any climate. Physicians who prescribe the "AROMATIC COD LIVER OIL" pronounce it the finest hitherto produced. Sold in bottles at 1*s*., 2*s*., and 3*s*. 6*d*. each. May be obtained of any chemist. Manufactured only by **MACKENZIE & Co.**, Chemists, EDINBURGH.

London Retail Agents—J. BELL & Co., 338, Oxford Street.

Bragg's Vegetable Charcoal

Sold by all Chemists.

In Bottles 2/- 4/- & 6/- each

THE marvellous purifying properties of pure Vegetable Charcoal upon the human system have only recently been recognised. It absorbs all acidity and impure gases in the stomach and bowels, and thus gives a healthy tone to the digestive organs.

KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING POWDER,

As supplied to **Her Majesty's Government.**

This Powder is QUITE HARMLESS TO ANIMALS, but unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FURS, and every other species of Insect in all stages of Metamorphosis.

A small quantity placed in the crevices of a bedstead will destroy Bugs. It is strongly recommended to PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS, etc., as being clean in its application.

It is indispensable to Travellers by Rail or Steamboat, and visitors to the Seaside, for protecting Bedding and Cabins from FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, MOTHS, and MOSQUITOES.

BLACK BEETLES.—Dusted about the haunts of these loathsome Insects, it so stupefies them that they may be easily swept up and destroyed.

Placed in Drawers, Chests, or Wardrobes, it protects Furs, Woollen Cloths, etc., from Moth.

Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each.

NO MORE POISONOUS VIOLET POWDER.

TO THE LADIES.

USE MATTHEWS'S PREPARED FULLER'S EARTH

IN THE NURSERY AND AT THE TOILET,

For Protecting the Skin and Preserving the Complexion from cold winds, redness, roughness, chapping, etc. Of all Chemists, 6d. and 1s.

ROUSE & CO., MAKERS, 12, Wigmore Street, LONDON.

By post 2d. extra.

SOLD AT ALL THE STORES.

DR. ROOKE'S
ANTI-LANCET.

All who wish to preserve health and thus prolong life, should read Dr. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET, or HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE, which can be had GRATIS from any Chemist, or POST FREE from Dr. ROOKE, Scarborough. Concerning this book, which contains 172 pages, the late eminent author, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, observed:—"*It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think.*"

CROSBY'S
BALSAMIC
COUGH ELIXIR.

OPIATES, NARCOTICS, and SQUILLS are too often invoked to give relief in COUGHS, COLDS, and all PULMONARY DISEASES. Instead of such fallacious remedies—which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady—modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy.

DR. ROOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.

Dr. ROOKE, Scarborough, author of the "Anti-Lancet," says:—

"I have repeatedly observed how very "rapidly and invariably it subdued "Cough, Pain, and Irritation of the "Chest in cases of Pulmonary Con- "sumption; and I can, with the greatest "confidence recommend it as a most valu- "able adjunct to an otherwise strength- "ening treatment for this disease."

This medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in

ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS,
CONSUMPTION,
COUGHS,
INFLUENZA,
QUINSY,
CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT SWEATS,
And all Affections of the THROAT and CHEST.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.

*** Invalids should read CROSBY'S Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-VESSELS," a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.