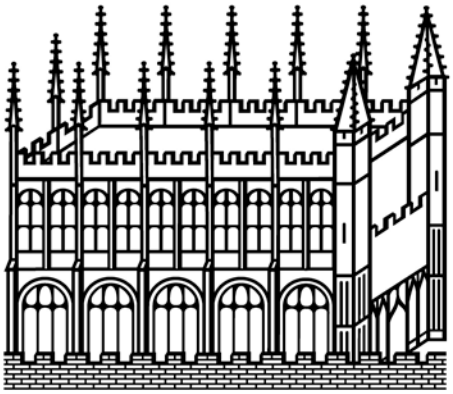

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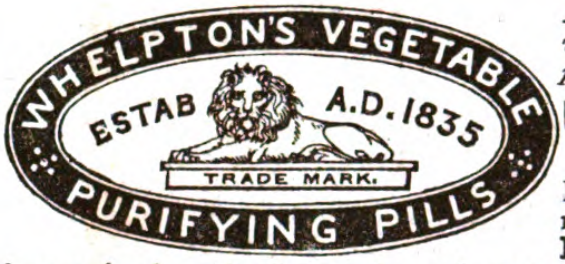

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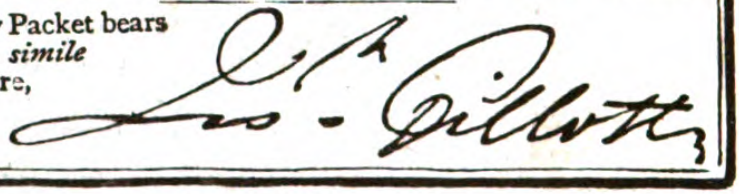

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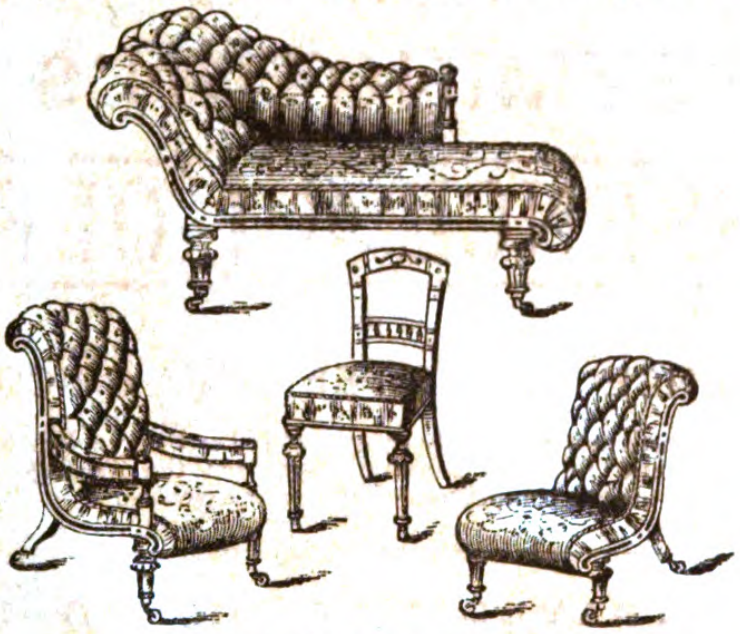

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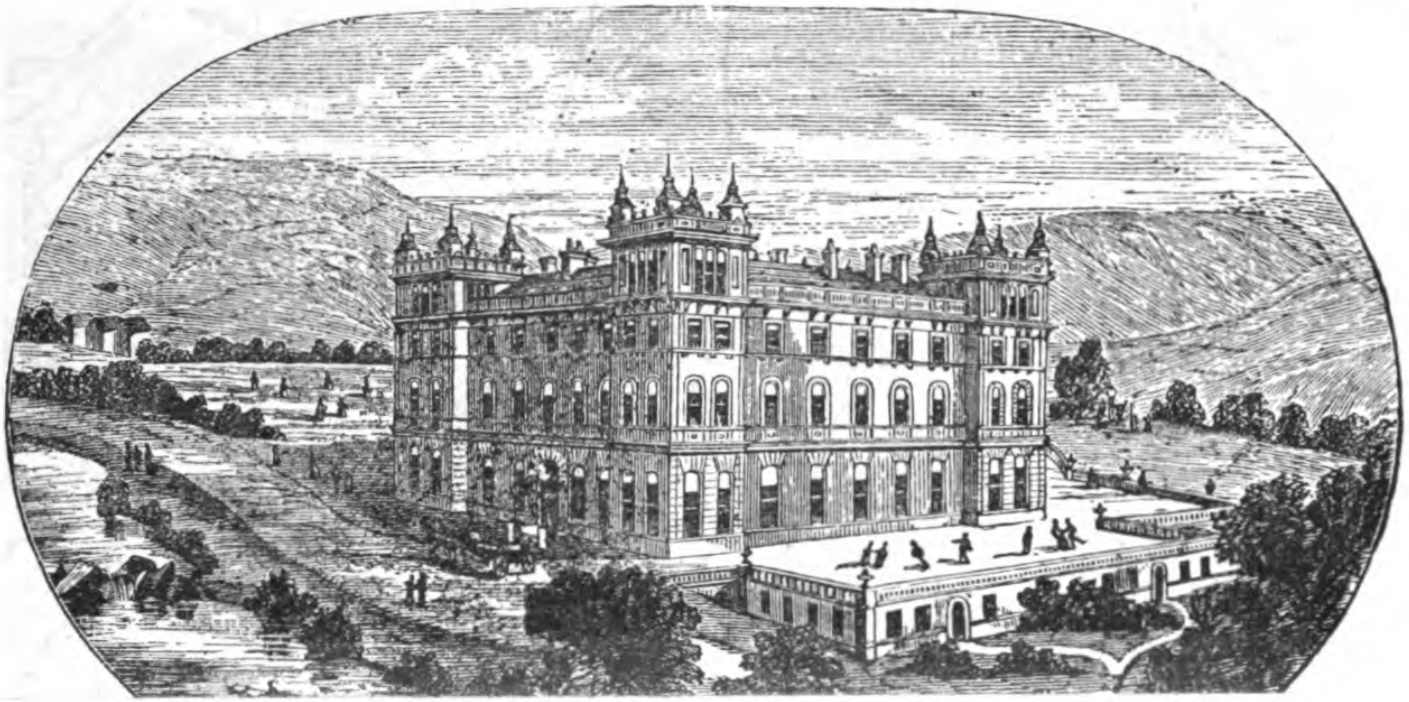

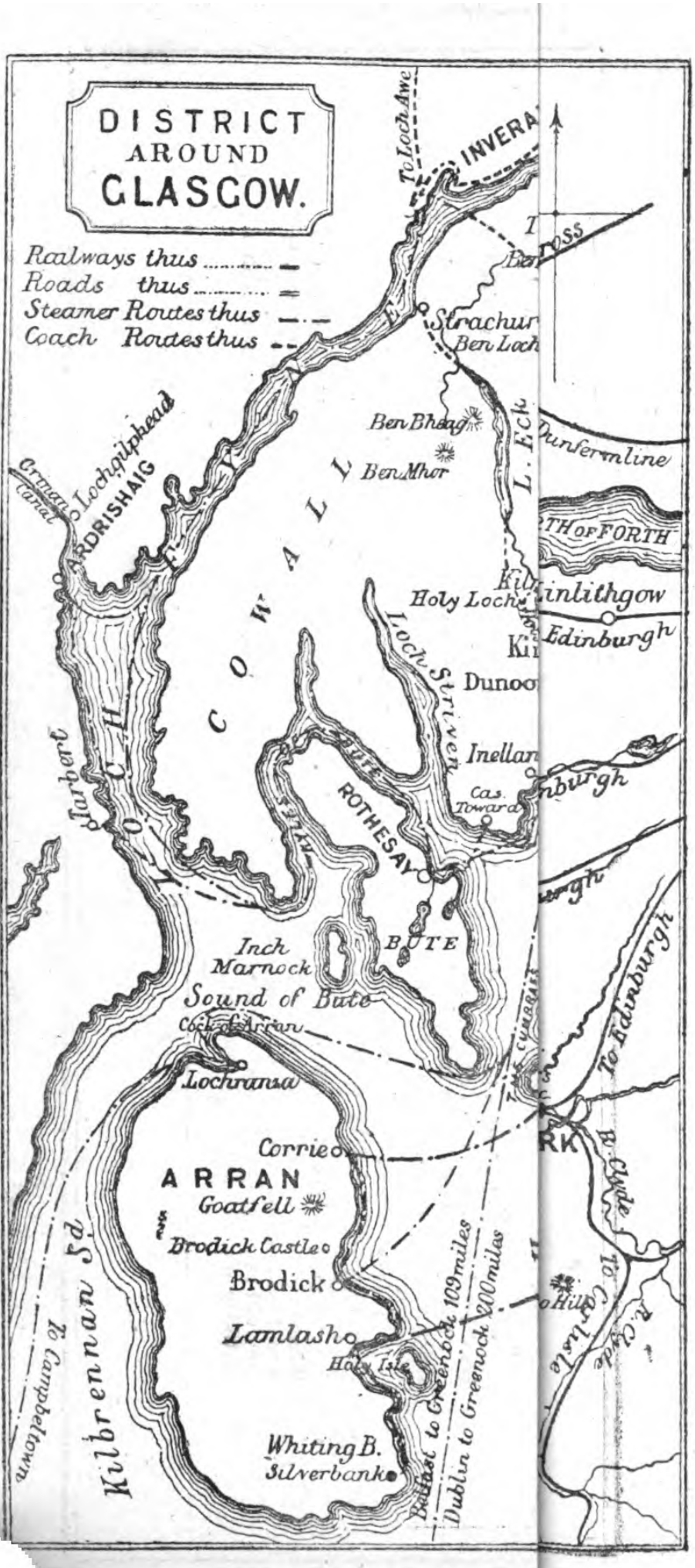
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CONTENTS.

PART I.

PAGE

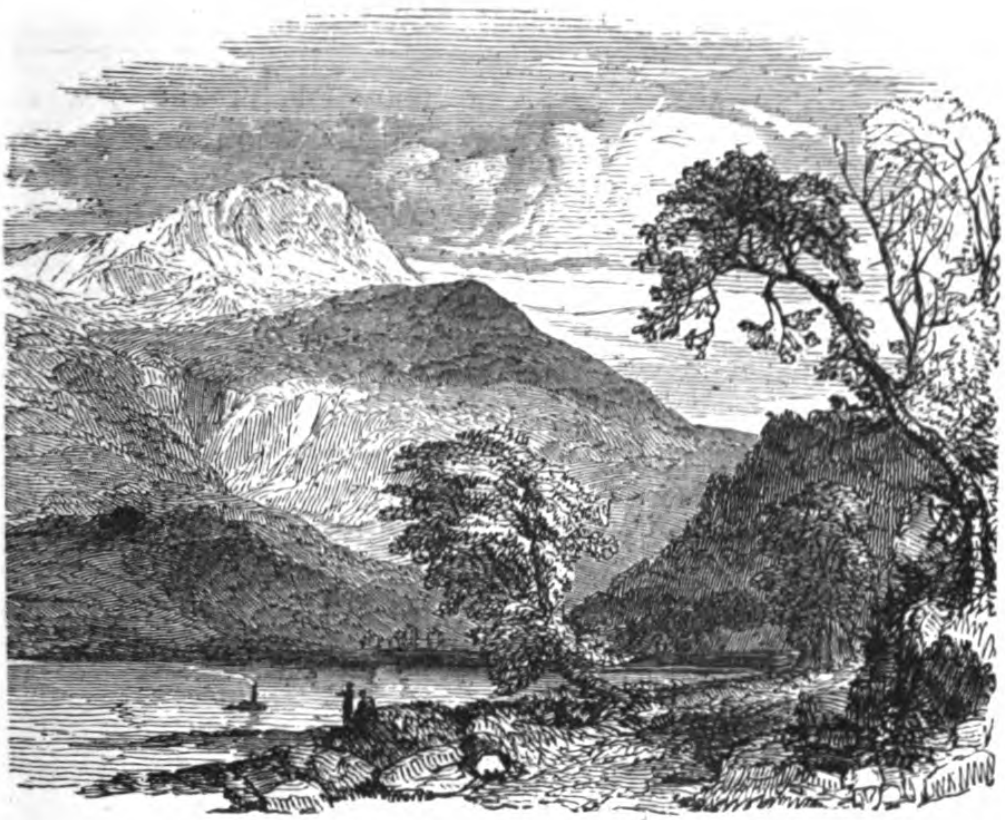
INTRODUCTION 1
LOCH KATRINE, THE TROSACHS, &C. 16
EXCURSIONS AROUND CALLANDER 25
CALLANDER TO STIRLING 32
STIRLING AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD 39
LOCH LEVEN, DUNFERMLINE, &C. 53
THE FORTH AND CLYDE RAILWAY 59

PART II.

THE CLYDE 1
EXCURSION I.—Up the Clyde 3
Chapter I.—To Rutherglen, Blantyre, &c. . . 4
,, II.—The Town of Hamilton and its Palace . . 8
,, III.—Excursions from Hamilton 13
,, IV.—Lanark and its Associations 19
,, V.—Excursions from Lanark :—
I.—To the Falls of Clyde, Tillietudlem Castle, &c. . 24
II.—To Douglas Castle, Tinto Hill, &c. . . 32
EXCURSION II.—Glasgow to Greenock 37
EXCURSION III.—Wemyss Bay and its Connections . . 55
INDEX 65

MAPS AND COLOURED PLATES.

Map of District around Glasgow . . . . . *Frontispiece*
Braeklinn Fall . . . . . *to face page* 26, *part* i.
Dumbarton Rock and Castle . . . ,, 41, ,, ii.



HEAD OF LOCH LOMOND.

LOCH LOMOND, LOCH KATRINE, &c.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.'

SCOTT.

IF that portion of "bonnie Scotland" which lies to the south-west of Glasgow, and skirts the broad estuary of the Clyde, is entitled to be known as "the land of Burns," with equal justice may we associate the name of Scott with the country of lakes and mountains which stretch northward from Glasgow to the chain of picturesque lakes extending from the head of Loch Lomond to royal Stirling on the east, and through which the Forth and Teith wind so picturesquely.

Before the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," Lochs

Katrine and Vennacher and the beautiful Trosachs were almost as unknown to the untravelled Southron as the wild interior of Africa; and very probably it was from the novel "Rob Roy' that many learned for the first time that the river Forth formed a defensible line between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland; that "Forth bridles the wild Highlandman;" that north of that renowned stream were kilted chiefs and gillies and pipers, and to the south of it, the "pawkie, cannie" Scotchmen, who were much more familiar and less to be dreaded personages. Francis Osbaldistone describes Bailie Nicol Jarvie as saying, "'That's the Forth,' with an air of reverence which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers."

In the pages of this Guide, we describe routes and objects of special interest, afford practical information to the tourist, and note the association of historical persons with the localities. The beauties of the scenery are duly noted, the accommodation offered to travellers is carefully indicated; but, after all, there is something more attractive still to many visitors. We are not all drily historical, not all archæologists, geologists, anglers, or landscape painters; but some among us were in our youth bewitched by the northern wizard, and believe almost as implicitly in the veritableness of Rob Roy, Ellen Douglas, and James Fitzjames, as in the historic figures of monarchs, warriors, and Scotch worthies generally.

The "land of the lochs" is in itself so beautiful that, once there, the tourist, even if only moderately gifted with an eye for the picturesque, is charmed; but it is doubtful if many would be induced to travel so far if the desire to do so had not been fostered by the association of the places with the great poems and fictions. We go to Glasgow for business purposes, perhaps, and then steal a day or two to peep at the Trosachs and Ellen's Island; if we do not care, being like Hamlet, "fat and scant of health," to attempt to climb the steep sides of Ben Ledi or Ben Lomond, we can at least enjoy the view of Loch Katrine,

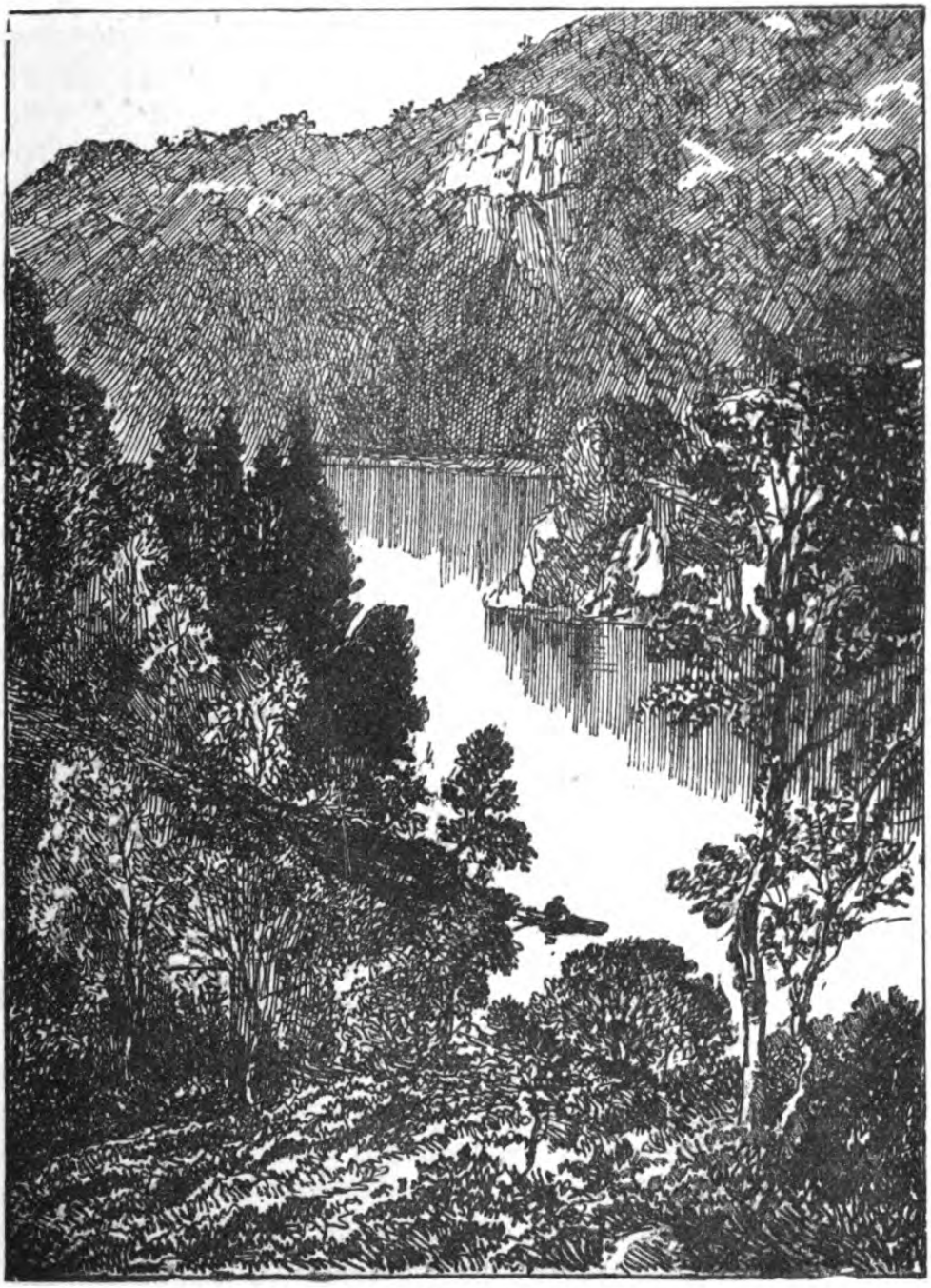
> "With promontory, creek, and bay,
> And islands, that empurpled bright,
> Floated around the livelier light;"

and understand, more clearly than before, Scott's picture—

> "High on the south huge Ben Venue
> Down to the lake in masses threw
> Crags, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world."

Loch Lomond, with its numerous isles dotting the broad

expanse of water, and the beautiful and richly cultivated district around its southern end, and the giant mountain masses picturesquely piled at the opposite extremity, is very picturesque—the great water highway to the Highlands.



LOCH KATRINE.

Between the eastern shore of the upper waters of the lake and Lochs Katrine and Ard, and around the sources of the Forth, is Rob Roy's country. Now we can reach it by steamboat, or get very near it by rail; and certainly never dream of sharing the apprehensions of Andrew Fairservice, that

to gang into Rob Roy's country is a mere tempting o' Providence."

Just where the old road from Glasgow strikes the Forth, is the "Clachan of Aberfoyle," where Nicol Jarvie singed the plaid of the tall Highlandman with the red-hot plough-coulter, used as a poker. Three or four miles away is the rock overhanging Loch Ard, from which the trembling Morris was hurled into the deep lake at the stern command of Helen MacGregor. The Forth, which flows so swiftly at our feet, is the river in which Rob Roy, slipping from his seat behind Ewan of Brigglands, dived and swam, and so escaped his pursuers. We ought to traverse the district novel in hand, and fix, if we can, upon the precise spot where Francis Osbaldistone for a moment pressed the flushed cheek of Diana Vernon, or where he started on hearing the deep voice of the MacGregor, saying, "A braw nicht, Maister Osbaldistone." A dozen miles or so farther north, at the eastern end of Loch Voil, in the little burying-ground at Balquhedder, lies the redoubtable Rob. When, now very many years ago, Wordsworth visited the spot, he described it as "one of those small penfold-like burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland." But the poet was inspired to write a poem, which ends in this manner:—

"Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Vool's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes.

"And far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of Rob Roy's name."

We are on more strictly poetical, though scarcely more romantic ground, when we reach the connected Lochs—Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar. There the Lady of the Lake reigns supreme. It is very prosaic, but very convenient, to alight at Callander station, and find ourselves on the banks of the Teith. Tall Ben Ledi, three thousand feet high, seems very near; and we are not far from the trace of St. Bride's Chapel, where "Angus, heir of Duncan's line," bearing the cross of fire, bade "Norman, heir of Armandave," leave his young bride at the church door. Near, too, is Coilantogle Ford, to which the fierce Roderick conducted Fitzjames in safety according to his promise, and then claimed the right of mortal combat.

There are the hills and "wild heaths of Uam-Var" over which Fitzjames pursued the deer, leaving his companions

behind ; there Loch Vennachar ; there the spot where the brave horse fell and died ; there the—

> " brake beneath the cliff,
> Where lies Red Murdoch stark and stiff ; "

and, beyond, the beautiful Trosachs, perhaps the choicest of all the choice spots of comparatively miniature scenery which Scotland can boast.

Loch Katrine we all know, even if it is, as Yarrow once was to Wordsworth, " unvisited." We know it, for Scott has made it familiar and beloved. Fancy has pictured to us a hundred times the boat which Ellen rowed so deftly ; the fleet of boats, from which rose the chorus, " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! " and the swift movement of " Duncraggan's widowed dame " to stab the bold swimmer who strove to seize the boat. We are familiar with all these scenes, and dull in blood must he indeed be who does not, when gazing on the broad expanse of Loch Vennachar or Loch Katrine, recall them vividly and imagine them to be real indeed.

Leaving the enchanted ground for the eastward, we see—

> " The windings of the Forth and Teith,
> And all the vales between that lie,
> Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky."

Even if we travel in staid nineteenth century fashion by the iron road, there is enough to appeal to the imagination. There is a station at Dumblane, and we may ask, was " Jessie, the flower of Dumblane," a real person, and was she very beautiful ? At Stirling, where the Forth is broadened by the reception of the waters of the Teith, we shall find enough to occupy us. Like the two rivers, history and fiction meet there, and the mingled waters flow grandly down the stream of time.

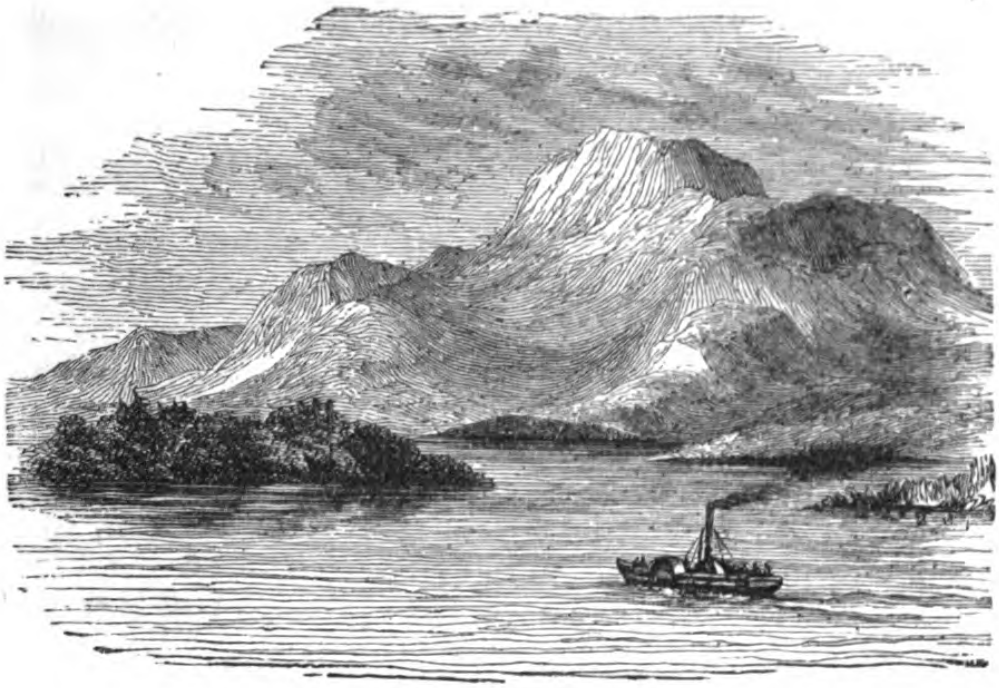
We are within three miles of the spot where " the Bruce of Bannockburn" defeated the English. There was no Bannockburn station on the Scottish Central Railway then ; but as we step from the platform, we feel that even the progress of modern science, even the great peacefulness and fusion of the once opposed races, which the lapse of ages has beneficently brought about, cannot quite obliterate the romance of history.

The facilities for visiting this romantic region are abundant. A glance at our map will show that the railway will convey us to points within easy reach of its chief centres of interest, and that good roads or steamer routes radiate from the stations in all directions. The coaches and steamers start at frequent intervals during the season ; and the railway companies issue tickets, available for longer or shorter periods, which at low

fares enable tourists to visit at their leisure—or, if pressed for time, in one day—most of the places of interest in the district. One of these circular tickets forms the basis of the excursions planned in the following pages. It enables the traveller to start from and return to Glasgow either in one day, or to prolong his journey for any period not exceeding a week, and only costs (coachmen's fees excepted)—and they of course are "what you please, sir"—20*s.* 4*d.* or 16*s.* 4*d.*, for first or second class respectively. In order to show how the trip may be completed in a day, we append an extract from the time-tables for 1880, premising that the arrangements are much the same every year :—

	Glasgow (Queen Street station)	leave	7 40	11 25
	Balloch pier	arrive	8 40	12 22
Boat.	Balloch pier	leave	8 45	12 25
Boat.	Luss	,,	9 25	1 0
Boat.	Rowardennan, for Ben Lomond	,,	9 40	1 20
Boat.	Tarbet, for Arrochar	,,	10 0	1 40
Boat.	Inversnaid	arrive	10 15	1 55
C'ch	Inversnaid	leave	10 25	2 0
C'ch	Stronachlacher	arrive	11 25	3 15
C'ch Boat	Stronachlacher	leave	12 30	3 40
C'ch Boat	Trosachs	arrive	1 15	4 25
C'ch	Trosachs	leave	2 20	5 30
C'ch	Callander	arrive	3 40	7 0
	Callander	leave	3 55	7 30
	Stirling	arrive	4 45	8 16
	Glasgow, Buchanan Street station	,,	5 55	9 25
	,, Queen Street station	,,	6 5	9 20

The Clyde is so closely connected with the district embraced in the above "circular tour" that it is impossible to deal with the one without noticing the other. For this reason, we have added to our Guide a description of the chief places of interest on the banks of the river and firth, which for convenience of reference we have arranged as an entirely independent part of the book. We can only express a hope that our friends will have as much pleasure in reading as we have had in penning the following pages ; and that from their visit to the scenes on which we have dwelt, they will derive the same amount of gratification which we experienced.

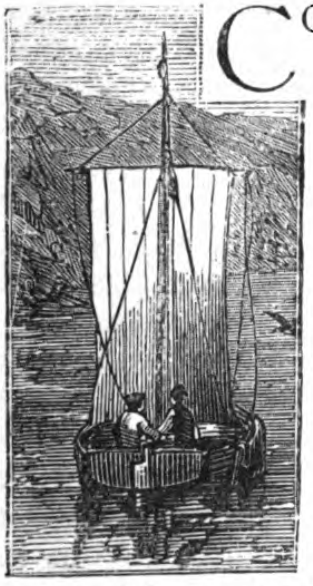


BEN LOMOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE SAIL UP LOCH LOMOND.

" On the mountain's tall summit the darkling clouds lower,
But bright are the waters that flow round the isles;
Stupendous the masses, strong symbols of power;
All beauteous the lake with its sunshine of smiles."



COMMENCING, at Glasgow, our excursion through the picturesque region of which we have spoken, we secure a comfortable corner in the railway carriage at the Queen Street railway station, taking care to chose our seat so that we may have a good view of the district of country through which we are about to travel. We shall, however, reserve our description of it for our steam-boat trip down the Clyde (*see* part ii. pp. 37-42), when we shall have an opportunity of discoursing on the features which present themselves on both banks of the river, and will now suppose that our friends have safely reached *Dumbarton*, at which place we turn our backs on the river, and travel up the beautiful *Vale of Leven*, so sweetly sung by Smollett in the ode commencing:—

" On Leven's banks, while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love," &c.

Numerous handsome villas appear on either hand, as we proceed; and we pass, two miles beyond Dumbarton, the village of—

Renton,

at the end of which, on the left, stands the *Monument to Smollett*, erected by his cousin, Smollett of Bonhill. *Dalquharn*, the birth-place of the historian, is on the opposite side of the river. Napier, the discoverer of the logarithms, resided on the banks of the *Endrick* at Gartness; and Buchanan, the historian, was born at a farm called the *Moss*, on the Blane. Both places are a few miles from Dalquharn, so that this happy valley is not without its claims on the literary world; its scenery lives in the pages of "Humphrey Clinker."

Just after calling at the *Alexandria* station, we notice *Tillichewen Castle*, in the Gothic style of architecture, on our left; it occupies a charming site among thriving plantations and is truly an enchanting residence. While looking at it, we pass *Jamestown*, where the Firth and Clyde Railway enters the Vale of Leven; and soon after, through the opening of the hills on the right-hand side, the peak of Ben Lomond comes in sight, and emerging from the wooded vale, we reach *Balloch Pier* at the foot of—

Loch Lomond,

which lies in long expanse before us. A comfortable hotel at Balloch affords facilities for a pleasant break in our journey, and a suspension bridge crosses the Leven here.

We step from the train on to a steam-packet, and notice on the east side of the ferry, a little north of Balloch, and best seen from the lake, the ruins of *Balloch Castle*, an ancient stronghold of the Earls of Lennox. Loch Lomond is about thirty-five miles in length from Balloch ferry to its northern extremity; it is eight miles across at its widest part, near its southern end, but becomes gradually narrower to the north, as it stretches into the vale of Glenfalloch. The northern part of the lake is considerably deeper than at the south, being about one hundred and twenty fathoms at the foot of Ben Lomond, and only about twenty fathoms where the waters of the Leven emerge from the lake. The water is deeper now than formerly, owing, it is thought, to the accumulation of sand and mud at the head of the Leven. The loch—the largest fresh-water lake in Scotland—has a surface of about twenty thousand acres, and is about twenty-two feet above the level of the sea. The

shores are beautifully diversified with bays—which recede a considerable way into the land—and bold promontories—which jut out and rise to a considerable height.

Few are ever disappointed with their visit to Loch Lomond. Round its shores are to be found every variety of landscape. At the upper portion of the lake, the "everlasting hills" rise boldly from the shore and exhibit scenery truly sublime. Ben Lomond on the east, and Ben Voirloch on the north, catch the eye at once by their impressive grandeur. At the lower part of the lake the mountains recede, and thus give "ample room and verge enough" to its waters: they are less bold and lofty, but what they lose in sublimity they gain in pastoral loveliness. Loch Lomond combines in itself an epitome of all the other Scottish lakes, and, from the rich variety of its scenery, ranks justly pre-eminent among them all. The poet Rogers describes it as—

> "Another flood,
> Old ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills
> That vast and awful depth of hills,)
> Where many an elf was playing round,
> Who treads unshod his classic ground,
> And speaks his native rocks among,
> As Fingal spoke and Ossian sung."

Numerous mountain streams flow from the lofty cincture of hills into Loch Lomond. The principal are the *Finlas*, the *Fruin*, the *Ruglas*, and the *Luss*, with the largest of all, the *Endrick*, which enters the south-eastern corner of the lake.

Thirty-two islands, large and small and of various forms, stud its surface; some are wooded and luxuriant, and others covered with brushwood and rocks; some just peep above the surface of the water, and others rise high and prominent above it. Ten of them are of considerable size. The most remarkable are Inchmurrin, Inch Lonaig, Inch Tavannach ("the isle of monks"), and Inch Cailliach ("the isle of nuns"). They belong, for the most part, to the Duke of Montrose, who uses *Inchmurrin*, the largest, as a deer-park. It is beautifully wooded, and at the west end are the ruins of an old castle, which was inhabited in former times by the family of Lennox. The Duchess made it her residence during her widowhood, after the execution of her husband, father, and two sons, at Stirling, in 1424 (*see* pp. 34 and 45). *Inch Cailliach* is celebrated as having been the burying-place of the MacGregors. "Upon the halidom of him that sleeps beneath the gray stone at Inch Cailliach!" was a favourite oath among the members of that warlike clan. Rob Roy used it when promising the Bailie payment of his

LOCH LOMOND.

money; and our readers will doubtless remember that, when Roderick Dhu sent forth the Fiery Cross,—

> "The shafts and limbs were rods of yew,
> Whose parents in Inch Cailliach wave
> Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave;
> And answering Lomond's breezes deep
> Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep."

Inch Lonaig is remarkable for the old yew trees—some said to have been planted by the Bruces—growing on it; and, as well as *Inch Tavannach*, has frequently been converted into a sort of improvised sanatorium, where confirmed drunkards have been sent with a view of curing them of their vicious habits. *Illan-a-Vhu* is noteworthy for its "hermit's" cave; and others in the neighbourhood of Inveruglas are interesting on account of their picturesque ruins of ancient castles mouldering to decay.

As the steamer leaves Balloch, the tourist will notice, on his right, the ruins of the Lennoxes' old stronghold, *Balloch Castle*, then *Butruich Castle;* while on the left—"bosomed high amid tufted trees"—are the handsome country seats, *Auchendennan*, *Cameron House*, *Aucheneglish*, and *Arden*. Just above Arden is the *Glen Fruin*, watered by the *Fruin*, which, opening a little before we reach the island of Inchmurrin, runs for a distance of six miles and a half amidst lofty mountains, to within a mile and a half of Gareloch-head. It contains the ruins of an ancient castle (or rather tower) of the Colquhouns, and is historically noteworthy for a sanguinary fight between that clan and the MacGregors in 1602. *Dunfion Hill*, on its north side, was, if tradition is to be trusted, at one time a residence of Fingal, traces of a fortress, said to have been constructed by that hero, being pointed out. A little to the north we pass *Rossdhu* ("the black promontory") on which is the tower of the ancient castle of the Luss family, and near it their mausoleum. The possessions of this family have descended to the Colquhouns of Colquhoun, by marriage. *Rossdhu House*, the seat of Sir J. Colquhoun,* stands on this promontory, almost surrounded by water; its oldest portion dates from 1770, additions having been made from time to time. The present proprietor allows visitors to drive through the grounds. A pretty *Free Church* is to be seen to the north, on the side of the road opposite the island of *Inch Tavannach*.

On the right shore of the lake, a little to the north of Inchmurrin, is the pier at—

* *Camstraddan*, the seat of the Colquhouns from the time of James I., stood near the slate-quarries in the neighbourhood of Luss.

Balmaha,

on the northern point of a small bay formed by the mouth of the Endrick. As we approach, we notice *Ross Priory* on the water's edge to the south; it was a favourite resort of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote "Rob Roy" while residing here.

Balmaha pier affords access to the famous pass at the foot of Ben Lomond, along which the Highland clans were wont, when on the "war path," to direct their march into the Lowlands. Rob Roy not unfrequently took this route, and in the words of Scott—

> "Kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
> Even at the Pass of Beal'maha."

The mountain we see in the distance is *Conic Hill*, attaining an altitude of 1,175 feet.

The steamer makes its way amongst a multitude of small islands to—

Luss,

an old-world Highland village on the western shore, where there is a capital hotel. The loch is narrowed by a projecting promontory, and this is probably the best point for seeing the crowd of islands mingled in beautiful confusion over the vast expanse below, particularly from the summit of *Strone Hill*, beyond the village. Thence also one of the best views of Ben Lomond is to be obtained. The village itself is a picturesque addition to the grand scenery by which it is surrounded. It is built at the mouth of a mountain gorge, down the sides of which a number of rills tumble in pleasing confusion and unite to swell a somewhat considerable stream, which, after a winding and tumultuous course of ten miles, pours its waters into the lake.

From Luss, the steamer heads for *Rowardennan Pier*, from whence the ascent of—

Ben Lomond

is usually made, though a more abrupt and consequently more difficult path from a point opposite Tarbet is sometimes chosen. Near the pier is an hotel, where tourists bound for the summit may obtain ponies and guides.* This distance to the top of the mountain is about four miles, and the journey usually occupies two hours of pretty constant toil, which many may feel to be rather "up-hill work;" but the summit once gained, ample recompence is obtained for all their exertion.

* The ascent should never be undertaken without a guide, as, even on the clearest day, the mountain may suddenly become enveloped in clouds or mist.

Tourists may, if they choose, avail themselves of the aid of ponies to the very summit of the mountain. The ascent is made by three stages, each succeeding stage more elevated than its predecessor, with intermediate swells and falls, some plain and smooth, others rough and craggy and covered with heath. The lower part is the least agreeable, from the rocky heathy nature of the ground, degenerating sometimes into peat-moss. At a little more than midway up, the lake appears to most advantage, its glassy surface studded with verdant islands, round which appears to breathe a perpetual spring. The view from the summit—3,192 feet above the sea level—can be better imagined than described. The fantastic mountain called the Cobbler or Ben Arthur (2,389), in Glencroe, at the head of Loch Long, is clearly visible; "The top," says the Queen, in her "Journal," "resembles a man sitting and mending his shoe!" If possessed of sufficient nerve, the tourist should see—what is well calculated to create a sensation of terror in those unaccustomed to look far down dizzy heights—a perpendicular descent of about two thousand feet, which seems to cleave the mountain to its roots, close by the cairn and flag-staff of the Trigonometrical Survey. The visitor, however, must account himself fortunate if he can behold this superb prospect, for the weather in these mountainous districts is extremely variable, and Ben Lomond, as a rule—

> "Through shrouding mists looks dimly down;
> For though perchance his piercing eye
> Doth read the secrets of the sky,
> His lengthy bosom scorns to show
> Those secrets to the world below."

Should the thunder-cloud burst whilst the traveller is on the summit, let him not be dismayed. Few accidents take place—indeed, we know of none—and his after-life will be enriched with the recollection of a scene the most sublime it is given to man to witness.

Exactly opposite Rowardennan Point is another promontory; and immediately south of it *Inveruglas Hotel*, with a convenient landing-place. The two shores are connected by a ferry, the lake having now become contracted to a width of less than a mile. *Glen Douglas*, down the centre of which flows the stream known as *Douglas Water*, runs from this spot to Loch Long, a distance of five miles—a romantic road bordered on each side by mountains upwards of two thousand feet in altitude.

We are now in country famous as the head-quarters of the MacGregors, and especially of the famous cateran, Rob

Roy; and we meet with frequent traces of his career. After loosing from Rowardennan Pier, a twenty minutes' sail conducts us to Tarbet, on the western shore of the lake, about a mile south of which place—but on the opposite shore—we pass—

Rob Roy's Rock, or Prison,

a mass of granite rising precipitously out of the water to a height of some thirty or forty feet. Hither, says local tradition, Rob used to bring his refractory vassals, when they found it inconvenient, or were unwilling, to pay him his tribute of black-mail or protection-money, and, fastening a rope round their bodies, give them a few plunges into the lake, which immersion seldom failed in producing the desired effect. On gliding along by the base of the mountain, one does not at first comprehend its gigantic proportions.

Tarbet,

possessing a comfortable and picturesquely seated hotel, is the spot where *passengers desirous of returning to Glasgow* viâ *Loch Long leave the steamer and walk or drive across the isthmus to Arrochar, at the head of that inlet.* The distance is about a mile and a half, and the road runs through a pleasant avenue of trees, and affords a good view of the Cobbler at his work. *At Arrochar, the Glasgow boat is waiting for the passengers from Loch Lomond. From Tarbet a coach runs round the head of Loch Long, and through Glencroe to Inveraray and Dalmally;* but as it leaves early in the morning, it would be necessary to pass the night at Tarbet.

The fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond from Tarbet upwards, and the greater part of the parish of Arrochar, were inhabited by "The wild MacFarlane's plaided clan." They were great depredators on the low country, and as their excursions were usually made by night, the moon was proverbially called "MacFarlane's lantern." From Loch Sloy, a small lake near the base of Ben Voirlich, which formed the gathering-place of the clan, they took their war-cry of "Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!" In Gaelic, *loch sluai* signifies the lake of the host or army. The lands have now passed entirely from the chiefs of this clan; and the house which they inhabited was for a considerable time an inn, for the accommodation of travellers proceeding from Tarbet, by Glencroe, to Inveraray. A new hotel has, however, been built a little farther up the loch, and the old inn is now, we believe, a private residence. The inn commands a fine view of the head of Loch Long, which Gilpin characterizes as exhibiting "a simple and very sublime piece of lake scenery."

Leaving Tarbet, the steamer crosses once more to the Stirlingshire side of the loch, and *lands the passengers bound for the Trosachs at Inversnaid*, near which the *Arklet*, a small stream flowing from the loch of that name, discharges its waters into Loch Lomond. At a short distance from the shore is a very pretty cascade, which can be seen distinctly (and to the best advantage) from the deck of the steamer.

But before proceeding on our tour, we take advantage of the steamer's further voyage to the head of the loch to explore its entire length. Above Inversnaid, the width is sensibly narrowed. Near the opposite shore are two small islets, known as *Wallace's* and *Inverglas*, and at a short distance to the north we pass—

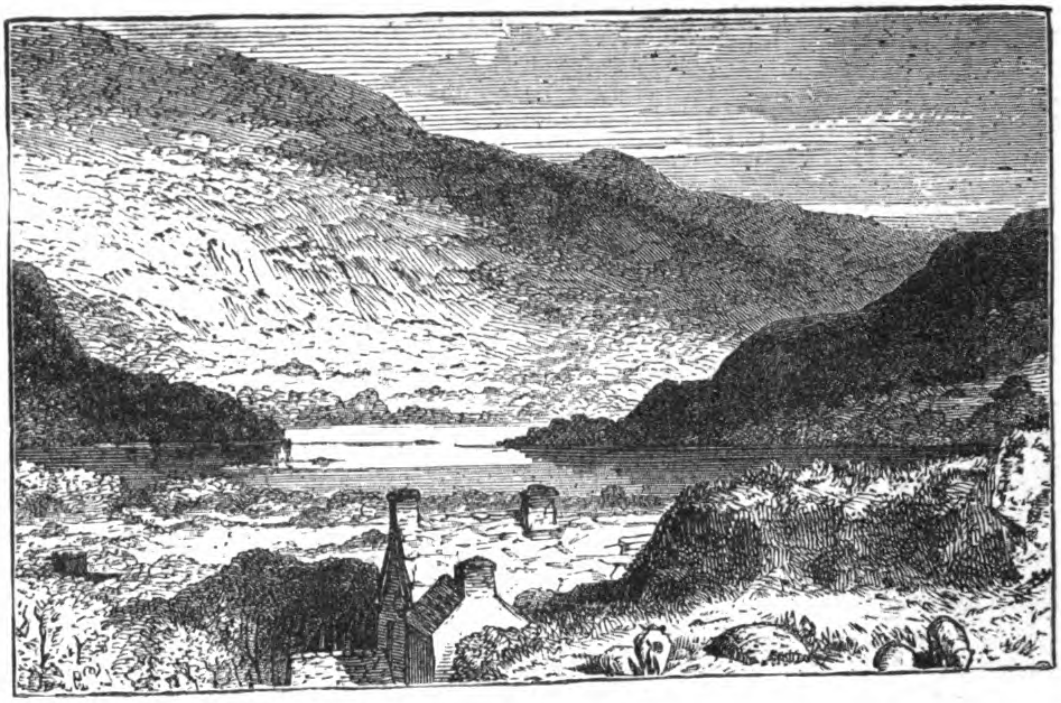
Rob Roy's Cave, or Craigroyston,

where MacGregor often found shelter from his pursuers. It has, too, the additional charm attached to it of having afforded a resting-place to King Robert the Bruce, after the battle of Dalry, in 1306. The cave itself seems formed of masses of rock detached by the elements, and piled together in Cyclopean architecture; while across the loch, *Ben Vane* (3,004) and *Ben Voirlich* (3,330) present their peaks.

Eilan Vhow, a pine-clad islet, three miles before reaching the head of the lake, contains the ruins of a stronghold of the MacFarlanes.

The voyage ends at *Ardlui* pier, not far south of which is a rock, with an excavation serving for a pulpit—hence its name, the *Pulpit Rock.* Around it is an open space, and here frequently during the summer months the parish minister of Arrochar conducts Divine worship in the open air.

Inverarnan is half a mile north of Ardlui, pleasantly located on the banks of a mountain stream running down from *Ben Lui* (3,651); and here and at Ardlui are good hotels, *from the latter of which coaches start for Crianlarich, a station on the Callander and Oban Railway. The trains run in direct connection with coaches between Tyndrum and Ballachulish*, viâ *Glencroe, Dalmally, Inveraray, and Tarbet; Killin and Aberfeldy*, viâ *Loch Tay; and Lochearnhead and Crieff*, viâ *St. Fillans.*



CHAPTER II.

LOCH KATRINE, THE TROSACHS, &c.

LOCH LOMOND TO CALLANDER.

" Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.
* * *
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
And patches bright of bracken grew,
And heather black that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry." SCOTT.

INVERSNAID PIER, where we land from the steamer at the close of our sail up the majestic Loch Lomond, is situated on the eastern bank of the lake, about five miles from its head. Conveniently adjacent to it is a comfortable hotel, at which the traveller may, if he choose, rest for a time and enjoy the magnificent mountain scenery by which he is surrounded. But if he desire to reach Glasgow at night, he will at once take his place on the coach which awaits the arrival of the steamer in order to convey passengers to Loch Katrine, five miles distant.

The road runs through *Glen Arklet*, along the northern bank of *Arklet Water*. Almost as soon as we have started,

our attention is directed to the cascade already alluded to (*see* p. 15); and two houses are pointed out on the way—one as having been a residence of Rob Roy, the other as the birth-place of Helen MacGregor. On the north of the road is all that remains of *Inversnaid Fort*, erected by Government, in 1713, to overawe the Highlanders. Here General Wolfe, the hero of the siege of Montreal, was at one time quartered, when serving in the Buffs. Midway on our journey, we pass *Loch Arklet* (the source of the stream to which we now bid farewell), completely obscured by the shadow of Ben Lomond; and enter the district of lakes and mountains so inimitably pourtrayed in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and as we take our first view of the romantic Loch Katrine, we see how minutely perfect are the pictures given us by Scott's magic pen. Just before reaching—

Stronachlachlar Pier,

with "the clustered groves" on our left stretching away to Glen Gyle, a former possession of the irrepressible MacGregor clan, we notice the commencement of the aqueduct which carries a water supply to Glasgow.

Arrived at the pier, we dismount, and find that the fore-thought of those to whom we owe the arrangements for this delightful excursion has provided a good hotel close at hand, where we may refresh ourselves with "just a thimbleful" before starting on our next stage; or if we prefer doing so, await the next coach, in the meantime indulging in "something more substantial." The next stage to which we refer is a voyage over—

Loch Katrine,

supposed to be an adaptation of *Loch Cateran*, "the lake of the freebooters," an allusion to the habits for centuries of the inhabitants of Rob Roy's country, in which the loch is situated. It is four hundred feet above the sea, about ten miles in length, and in some parts nearly five hundred feet in depth. A good road stretches along its northern shore to Glen Gyle, the western extremity of the lake, displaying at every step a novel succession of inlets, bays, and promontories. Near the western extremity the inlets are thickly wooded; on one of them stands the ruined *Castle of MacGregor*. The "steep promontory" of the poem is about a mile above the farm of *Breanchoil*, a square rock, upwards of two hundred feet in height, that overlooks the lake.

Entering a pretty little steamer, which will carry us over the bosom of the lake, we see, spread before and around us,

a vista which for perfection of beauty rivals, if it does not

LOCH KATRINE.

excel, any other scene in the whole of Scotland. In front the

lake expands in all its varied beauty, and on either side rise the forms of giant mountains—Breanchoil, Letter, Edraleachdach, Strongarvalty, Ardmacmuin, Coilchrae, and Portnanellen on the one hand; with Glasschoil, Calogart, and, more distantly, Benchocan, on the other. Ben Lomond may also be seen to the south.

As has been the case with every popular poem or tale descriptive of local objects and scenery, the characters and incidents of the "Lady of the Lake" have been adopted as realities by the Highland guides on the banks of Loch Katrine, who now point out to strangers the various scenes and localities mentioned in the poem, as if they formed part and portion of the ancient traditions of the district. Thus the white gravelled bay under Breanchoil, called *Silver Sand*, was the scene of the meeting between Ellen Douglas and Fitzjames, the disguised king, after the latter had lost his steed, when—

> "The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
> Pushed her light shallop from the shore."

While gazing entranced upon the grand mountains and the fair scenery through which we are gliding, we reach the eastern end of the lake, passing close to *Ellen's Isle* (of course, so named from the heroine of the poem), which lies but a short distance from the pier, at which we once more step on to *terra firma*. Those who wish to explore it more minutely, and to whom time is not an object, can procure a boat, and proceed to the romantic retreat which Scott has made the home of the "Lady." Rowing along the southern shore from the extremity of the pass, in which the Knight of Snowdoun first lost himself, the visitor, gazing upwards, for the first time realizes the full grandeur of *Benvenu* (2,386 feet high), from which numerous streamlets pour down between the rocky defiles. At the base of the mountain is *Coir-nan-Uriskin*, "a deep circular amphitheatre, of at least six hundred yards of extent in its upper diameter, gradually narrowing towards the base, hemmed in all round by steep and towering rocks, and rendered impenetrable to the rays of the sun by a close covert of luxuriant trees."

> "By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
> Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung:
> A softer name the Saxons gave,
> And called the grot, the Goblin Cave."*

* "The urisk," says Dr. Graham, from whom we borrow our description of the cave, "were a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the brownies, could be gained over by kind attention to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families of the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess; but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in

Behind the precipitous ground above this cave, at a height of eight hundred feet, is the magnificent glen, overhung with birch trees, called *Bealach-nam-Bo*, or, the "pass of the cattle," through which the animals carried away in a foray on the Lowlands were driven to the shelter of the Trosachs.

> "Above the Goblin Cave they go,
> Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-Bo."

The ascent of Benvenue is made from this pass along the course of a mountain torrent.

We land from the steamer on a pier, so constructed as to harmonize with its surroundings, and take our seats on another coach, by which we shall complete our journey to the railway station at Callander. The pier is at the western extremity of the pass of—

The Trosachs,

a sombre and narrow defile, in length about half a mile, between two ramparts of rocks, jagged and rent, and overhung with shrubs and old trees, whose gnarled arms and mossy trunks shoot out on every hand. A range of rocks on the right produces an echo, repeating monosyllables distinctly several times; and on the opposite side is a deep morass known as "the witches' bog."

The pass received its name—literally, "the rough or bristle territory"—from the manner in which its almost perpendicular sides "bristle" with trees of every description. Before the construction of the present road—

> "No pathway met the wanderer's view,
> Unless he climbed with footing nice
> A far projecting precipice:
> The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
> The hazel saplings lent their aid."

According to Sir Walter Scott's description, it is "a wildering scene of mountains, rocks, and woods, thrown together in disorderly groups," whose central space, as represented by Chambers, is a "tumultuous confusion of little rocky eminences, all of the most fantastic and extraordinary forms, everywhere shagged with trees and shrubs," presenting "an aspect of roughness and wildness, of tangled and inextricable boskiness, totally unexampled, it is supposed, in the world." It was here that the battle took place between the Saxon followers of Moray's "Silver Star" and the plaided clansmen of Roderick Dhu.

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this cave of Benvenu." "Tradition," says Sir Walter Scott, "has ascribed to the urisk a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled precisely that of the Grecian satyr."

This narrow pass is also called *Bealach-an-Duine* ("the pass of the man"), on account of a skirmish having taken place between a party of Cromwell's soldiers and the country people, when one of the soldiers was killed. The grave is still shown on the spot where he fell. The soldiers in revenge resolved to attack the wives and children of the peasantry, who were concealed in Ellen's Isle; and as it could only be approached by a boat, one of them volunteered to swim to it and bring one off. When he had reached the island and was laying hold of a rock to get on shore, a brave and high-minded woman, named Ellen Stuart, rushed upon him and cut off his head with a dirk, which, when the attacking party saw, they felt it prudent to desist from their enterprise.

As the tourist approaches the *Trosachs Hotel* and lovely Loch Achray, the spot is passed, presumably somewhere near to the entrance of the gorge, in which the "gallant grey" of FitzJames fell exhausted with the prolonged chase, leaving his master to wander on foot. The guides actually profess to identify the place, as if the romance had been matter of history! The hotel is a castellated building, commanding some fine prospects. The accommodation is excellent, and although the situation may at first be thought to be somewhat secluded, the visitor need not grudge a stay of several days. Delightful excursions may be made on foot to many notable spots in the neighbourhood—such, for instance, as Glenfinlas or Aberfoyle—and there is much to be seen, in connection with the neighbouring lochs and mountains, which will repay the lover of nature. The hotel stands to the north of—

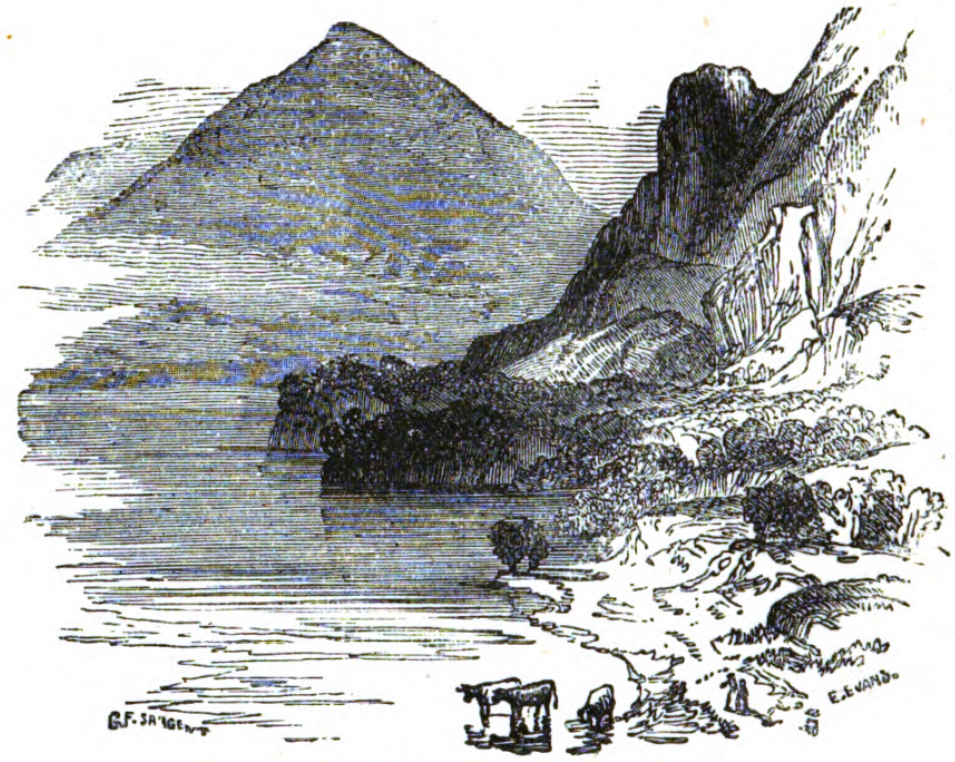
Loch Achray,

and on leaving it we pass the *Trosachs Church*, a neat Gothic edifice, the road lying along the northern shore of the lake, sometimes at an elevation of fifty feet, sometimes bordered so thickly by trees as to shut out all sight of the water. The copse clothes the shores from the water's brink to the summit of the steepest rock. The loch receives its name from the farm of Achray (in Gaelic signifying "the level field"), situated on its south-western shore. Loch Achray, therefore, means "the lake of the level field." Another interpretation of Achray is "the field of devotion." The epithet "lovely" has been, with peculiar propriety, applied to it by Scott.

The loch is two miles and a half in length, and having traversed its northern shore, we reach the *Brig of Turk*,

where FitzJames discovered that he had outpaced all his followers. To the left, as we approach the bridge, is the dear forest of *Glenfinlas*, "glen of green-sward," a lonely tract about ten miles in length, inclosed by lofty mountains, alive with streamlets, and sparsely wooded with copse, a fitting abode for the spirit of solitude. It was once a royal forest. In a deep and narrow ravine leading to Glenfinlas, a mile from the brig, the river Turk thunders down in a grand cascade over a rock, beautifully fringed with coppice wood :—

"That huge cliff whose ample verge
Tradition names the *Hero's Targe*."



LOCH ACHRAY.

It was under this cataract that Brian, the hermit monk, performed the "taghairm," or mysterious consultation with the oracle, in which the fate of Roderick Dhu was darkly foreshown. Sir Walter Scott relates that this wild place in former times afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the edge of the precipice above; and he procured water for himself by letting down a flagon tied to a string into the black pool beneath the fall.

We are, our readers will notice, following the course of the Fiery Cross ("Lady of the Lake," canto iii.). The tourist will remember that it was first put into Malise's hands in Ellen's Isle, on Loch Katrine, whence he proceeded to *Dun-*

craggan, which we now reach, a short way above Lanrick, where—

"Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,"

was mourning the death of his father, and just about to bury him. Yet, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, such was the imperiousness of the mandate, that—

"The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood,
Held forth the cross besmeared with blood!
'The muster-place is Lanrick mead,
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!'"

The Earl of Moray has erected a spacious inn at Duncraggan, for the additional accommodation of tourists; but that which belonged to the late Mrs. Ferguson, close by, though smaller, is not less hospitable.

The old rural cemetery, still in use, on the right, connects itself with the poem. The cross was next passed to young Norman, who was that morning married to Mary of Tombea; but, as returning from the Chapel of Saint Bride—

"Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword,
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
'The muster-place is Lanrick Mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!'"

The alarm is then supposed to pass through the various glens in the district of Balquhidder, including the tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgartney.

We are now close to the spot where, after the whistle of Roderick Dhu, before the wondering gaze of FitzJames—

"Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below;"

for the level ground lying between Lochs Achray and Vennachar is *Lanrick Mead*, the muster-place where the members of Clan Alpine were commanded to assemble.

Loch Vennachar,

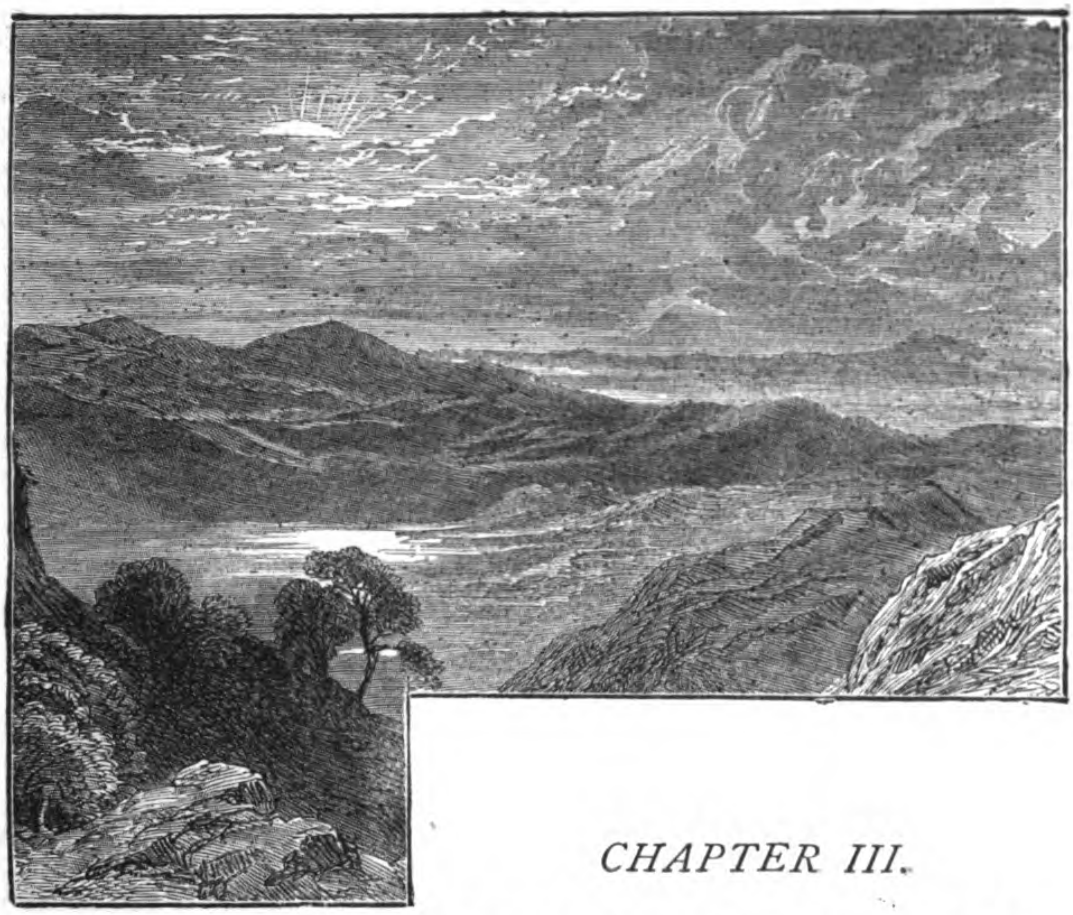
whose northern shore we next skirt, is five miles in length, and one and a half in breadth, with two small islands, one near the eastern extremity, and the other, called *Illan-a-Vroin*, or the "island of lamentation," farther west, and covered with wood. To the south, where now stand the ruins of an old mill, flows the Teith, and in that locality is *Coilan-*

togle Ford, to which Roderick pledged his word to lead the king in safety. It was here, our readers will recollect, that the conflict took place, which resulted in the death of Roderick. It is undeniable that the scenery in this place has suffered, in a poetic sense, on account of the erection by the Glasgow Water Company of artificial works in connection with the mills on the Teith, as they were forced to raise the banks of Loch Vennachar several feet, to form the necessary reservoir.

The route now lies past *Dunmore*, where there are remains of an old British fort, surrounded by three tiers of ditches and mounds, the latter strengthened and secured with stones, and provided with a reservoir for water. We next pass *Bochastle*, and—

> "The mouldering lines
> Where Rome, the empress of the world,
> Of yore, her eagle wings unfurled,"

noticing on our way a *Sampson's Putting Stone*, a huge boulder on the side of a spur of Ben Ledi. Crossing the river Leny at *Kilmahog Bridge*, the turn to the right leads to Callander, where those who wish to reach Glasgow at night will take their seats in the train waiting them at the station. Those, however, who, like ourselves, wish to explore the scenery of the neighbourhood, will do well to "put up" at one of the good hotels—or, if they prefer it, at the hydropathic establishment—to be found in the town, and more leisurely make their acquaintance with Callander and its neighbourhood, our description of which we reserve for another chapter.



CHAPTER III.

EXCURSIONS AROUND CALLANDER.

"Let us go, lassie, go to the braes of Balquhidder,
Where the blaeberries grow 'mang the bonnie Highland heather,
Where the deer and the roe lightly bounding togither,
Sport the lang simmer day on the braes of Balquhidder."

TANNAHILL.

BEFORE proceeding on our way to Stirling, we will make a short stay at—

Callander,

[HOTELS: *Crown, Dreadnought, The Mac-Gregor,* &c.; and a HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,]

in order to visit the places of interest in the neighbourhood. We shall find every convenience for doing so, as in addition to a supply of good hotels, there is a hydropathic establishment in the place. There are *Established* and *Free Churches* and a place of worship connected with the *Church of England*, in Callander; and banks and every other convenience. The village is romantically situated on the river Teith, in which and its tributaries and the numerous lochs in the neighbourhood, good fishing is to be had; and

the railway from Stirling to Oban brings it within easy reach of all the great centres of population on the one hand, and of the romantic scenery of the Central and Southern Highlands on the other. About a mile north of the village is a fine cascade, called—

Bracklinn Fall

(*brac-lynn*, "speckled or white foaming pool"), formed by the mountain stream, the *Keltie*, which, after having scooped out of the rock a channel for itself, rolls along in a succession of rapids, and finally flings its waters over disjointed masses of rock down an abyss of fifty feet, with a thundering, incessant roar.

> "Between two meeting hills it bursts away,
> Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
> There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
> It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through."

Bracklinn is a dangerous place and great care is requisite, as the edges are unprotected and slippery, and the fall fifty feet high. The chasm is crossed by a rude bridge of planks, protected by hand-rails and overlooking the tortuous wooded glen below. In 1845, two persons belonging to a marriage party, while crossing, fell over the bridge and perished. They were a young man and a young woman; and while the former was inconsiderately pulling the latter, the rails gave way, and they fell along with them and were drowned. The rising ground above the bridge affords a splendid view of the Vale of Menteith and Loch Vennachar.

A visit should also be paid to the *Roman Camp*, in the Vale of Bocastle, which we passed on our journey from the Trosachs; and another to—

Ben Ledi,

"the mountain of God," so called from the Druidical worship which lingered on its summit after it had disappeared from the rest of Scotland. It rises to a height of 2,875 feet above the sea level. The ascent, which is generally made from Callander by Portnanellen, two miles and a half on the Trosachs road, is not without danger from mists and the number of bogs surrounding its base. Near the top of the mountain is a small lake, called *Loch-an-Nan-Corp*, "the small lake of dead bodies," a name the origin of which tradition ascribes to the calamity which "once upon a time" overtook a funeral procession there. Two hundred persons, journeying from Glenfinlas to a churchyard on the north of the Pass of Leny, found this lake frozen over and covered with snow, and

BRACKLINN BRIDGE.

On Bracklinn bridge, so legends ten,
The lovers stayed, when passed the bride—
From Bracklinn bridge the lovers fell,
And in the "Speckled Water" died.

(From a Photograph by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.)

attempted to cross it; but the ice gave way, and they were all drowned.

Pleasant mountain excursions may be taken to Loch Menteith, six miles to the south (which we shall visit from Stirling), and to Comrie, a pleasant village midway between the Crieff and Lochearnhead stations, and fifteen miles to the north of Callander; and the railway company have arranged a circular tour, embracing both Lochearnhead and Crieff, which can be performed comfortably from Edinburgh or Glasgow, or any station on the route, in one day; but it may be undertaken more leisurely, as the tickets are available during the whole season, and allow of the journey being broken at any point.

The line, after leaving the station at Callander, runs westwards to the confluence of the Lubnaig and Vennachar, whose united streams are, from this point downwards, called the Teith. The picturesque island burial-place of the clan Buchanan, the seat of whose chief, *Leny House*, is situated a mile along the road from Callander, at the base of the Leny Hills, marks the "meeting of the waters." We next pass the village of *Kilmahog*, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Lubnaig, to *Bochastle Heath*, as the plain stretching away from the crags of Callander is called. The line crosses to the opposite bank of the river, bounded by the short range of the Bochastle Hills, and approaches the—

Pass of Leny,

at a turn on the road, one mile from Kilmahog. Formerly one of the most inaccessible entrances to the north-west Highlands, this pass, even yet, might be maintained by a handful of resolute men against a vastly superior force, being a long narrow defile, hemmed in by precipitous rocks, waving with foliage. Long, indeed, before reaching the pass, we can detect its whereabouts by the ear. It is heard, but not seen, as the whole volume of the Lubnaig presses onwards, amongst the huge fragments of rock which form the narrow passage. The railway is here twice carried across the stream.

The rapid is overhung by a vast precipice, whose absolute height is hidden by the trees which fringe the cliffs. The road itself here impends over the roaring cataract. On emerging from the pass, the ground before us, at the distance of another mile, is the farm of *Tombea*, or "birk-hill," where "Tombea's Mary" dwelt, who had just given her troth "to Norman, heir of Armandave," when Angus thrusts "the fiery cross" into his hands.

Armandave is in the neighbourhood. Farther on is a finely formed wooded knoll, round whose left flank flows the Lubnaig from near its source. Here, it is supposed, was the site of the small chapel of *Saint Bride*, "which," says Sir Walter Scott, "stood in a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley."

After rounding this knoll, we arrive, about a mile further on, within sight of *Loch Lubnaig*, or the "crooked lake," which is some five miles in length. The line winds round the southern shore of the lake. On both sides it is overhung by rugged mountains, and surrounded by groves of birch, pine, and hazel. One of the most favourable positions for obtaining a good view of the loch is from the farmhouse of *Ardchullary*, some five miles from Callander. Additional interest attaches to this house, owing to its having been the favourite summer quarters of Bruce of Kinnaird, the Abyssinian traveller, who retired to these solitudes for the purpose of arranging the materials for the publication of his travels. At a curve of the lake, we pass *Craig-na-Cohelig*, "the rock of the joint hunting," an enormous rock which rises perpendicularly from the water. As we approach the head of the loch, the line runs over the site of *Laggan Farm*, whence Rob Roy is said to have carried off Helen MacGregor to make her his wife. The train now sweeps through *Strathyre Glen*, down which flows a small stream, the *Balvaig*, which connects Loch Voil and Loch Lubnaig, and which will call to mind the lines—

> "Ben-Ledi saw the cross of fire,
> It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire."

The next stoppage is at the pretty little station of *Strathyre*, as yet a long straggling Highland village, but blessed with two good hotels. *Ben A'an*, to the north, is 1,871 feet high. As we leave the station, we obtain a glimpse on the west of *Loch Voil*, a sheet of water about four miles in length; the *Braes of Balquhidder* rise up on the south-west, and the foot of *Glenbuckie* is seen. All are distant from the railway, but they combine to form a pretty landscape. About a couple of miles from Strathyre, the side station of *Kingshouse* is gained. Although the train does not, as a rule, stop here, the tourist, by previous arrangement with the railway officials, may break the journey for a time at this stage, and visit the village of—

Balquhidder,

(pronounced *Ba'whither*), in the graveyard around the ivy-covered ruins of the old church of which is the grave of Rob Roy MacGregor. In the village, a house near the mill, which was inhabited by a grandson of the old chieftain, is still shown.

The grave of the MacGregor is distinguished by a rude tombstone, on which a sword is carved; while beside it are what are popularly supposed to be the resting-places of the outlaw's wife and one of his sons.

Immediately south-west of the churchyard is a level meadow, often covered in former times by the waters of Loch Voil, which, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the scene of a sanguinary encounter between the MacLaurins of Auchleskin, Balquhidder, and the Buchanans of Leny, parish of Callander. The occurrence is thus narrated :—

"At the fair of St. Kessaig, at Callander, an affront had been offered by one of the Buchanans to a half-witted member of the clan of MacLaurin, when the latter said, 'If you were to act to me in a similar manner at the fair of Buanacheanies, Balquhidder, you might find the compliment returned.' He seems to have thought no more of the circumstance, for it was not until the Buchanans appeared at Balquhidder fair, 'all plaided and plumed, in battle array,' that he told his clan of it. Although entirely unprepared for such a hostile visit, the MacLaurins made all haste to arm themselves. Those of them who had no swords seized old spears, pitchforks, &c., and fought a tough and bloody battle, in which all the Buchanans are said to have been killed, except one man, who crossed the river at the bend of its course, about a mile below the mouth of the lake. The name of the place is *Stroan-an-Lanich*, "the Leny man's point." The MacIntyres, seeing that the MacLaurins had been taken by surprise, offered to assist them, and though the latter did not accept of the proffered aid, for their kindness on this occasion, they were allowed to enter at one door of the church at the same time that the MacLaurins entered at the other—the latter being the strongest clan in Balquhidder, not previously permitting any to go in until they were themselves all in their places."

From the bridge which crosses the Balvaig, a capital view is had of the whole length of Loch Voil, and in the distance can be observed the spot where Sir Walter has laid the scene of the escape of Rob Roy—*Craigree*—one of the numerous mountains surrounding the loch, which is understood to have afforded a retreat to Bruce after his escapade with the MacDougalls at Dalree; and, a little beyond the head of the loch, the place where Rob Roy resided and breathed his last.

Two miles from Kingshouse, passing *Edinchip House* on the left, is—

Lochearnhead.

[HOTEL : *Lochearnhead.*]

The village is beautifully situated, and the interesting descriptions of the adjoining scenery in Scott's "Legend of Montrose," the vicinity of Rob Roy's grave, and Loch Earn itself, all render it, with tourists, a favourite centre for many most agreeable excursions.

Loch Earn, nine miles in length, averages one in breadth and is about six hundred feet in depth; it stands at the height of upwards of three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The lake, though not of great length and breadth,

yet being surrounded with mountains of great height, rugged and bold, possesses many scenes of much beauty and grandeur, and will furnish the portfolio of the artist with sketches of the most picturesque effect. About two miles down the lake is seen stretching along its eastern shore the magnificent cone of *Ben Voirlich*, 3,300 feet in height; on the west are the rugged heights of *Stuch-a-Croan;* and the red deer forest of *Glenartney* on the south. A road passes round both sides of the lake, that on the south leading to the falls of the *Ample*. The Marquis of Breadalbane has here a beautiful castellated building, called *Edinample*, snugly situated amid plantations. On the left of the bridge is the tomb of the Campbells of Monzie. On turning down, after passing the bridge, to the left, a view is obtained of the grand cascade of the *Ample*, brawling along its troubled way amid rock and wood. After being precipitated into a deep gulf in two divisions, which again unite and form the principal fall, its waters at length find repose in the bosom of the lake. Farther on is the neat mansion of *Ardvoirlich*, situated near the foot of Ben Voirlich. At the lower end of the lake is a beautiful little wooded island, the only island which it contains. It is called *Neish Island*, and in early times it is said to have been inhabited by a family of that name, from whom it derives its appellation. About half a mile below the lake is an ancient burial-place of the Stewarts of Ardvoirlich and their vassals. It is circular in shape, and, from some upright stones in the neighbourhood, appears to have been a Druidical temple. Between this burying-place and the lake there is a small conical rock, about three hundred feet high, called *Dunfillan*.

The coach takes the road to the north of the lake, at the foot of which is the small but prettily situated village of—

St. Fillan's,

where there is a good hotel, at which all the necessaries for fishing in the loch may be obtained. The saint was a great man in his day, and his memory was so much revered by Bruce that he had his right arm carried at the battle of Bannockburn. He has, too, "left his mark" in the neighbourhood. On the top of the conical hill to the east is a rock, which is called *St. Fillan's Chair*, from which the saint bestowed his blessings. On another part of the summit are two round holes, said to be the marks of St. Fillan's knees, the holy man having worn the rock by continual praying; and there is a well, consecrated to the saint, which

is still looked upon as having great healing powers. The first canto of the "Lady of the Lake" begins—

> 'Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
> On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring.'

After leaving St. Fillan's, the coach wends its way along the valley of the Earn, passing, as will be noticed, on the north, *Dunira House*, near to the entrance of which are two large stones, considered to be the remains of a Druidical circle; the royal forest of *Glenartney*, stretching up the glen on the south; and *Dunmore Hill*, with the Lord Melville obelisk on the top. Then the village of—

Comrie,

of earthquake notoriety, brings another brief halt. In 1871, it had a population of 1,166. A little beyond Comrie the route lies through an avenue about a couple of miles in length, the trees on both sides being stately and rich in foliage. About the middle of this enclosure, on the north, is *Lawers House;* and some distance further on, stands, on the site of an old castle, the Cleopatra Needle-like *Monument to Sir David Baird*, the hero of Seringapatam. To the north is *Ochtertyre*, which occupies the position of the church of Monievard, referred to in the "Legend of Montrose" introduction, and has within the policies a tastefully built mausoleum, the remains of an ancient castle at the side of a loch, and vestiges of Roman posts of observation.

The coach journey to Crieff occupies about half an hour; and the circle is completed by railway, the train running to Edinburgh and Glasgow, viâ *Dumblane and Stirling, described in our next chapters.*

CHAPTER IV.

CALLANDER TO STIRLING.

"O lang, lang may his leddy
Look ower the Castle Doune,
Ere the bonnie Earl of Moray
Comes sounding through the toun."

LEAVING reluctantly behind us the romantic scenery of the district through which we have lately travelled, we continue our journey towards Stirling, crossing the Kiltie a short distance below the Bracklinn Fall (*see* p. 26), and noticing on our right the verdure-covered mounds that mark the site of another Roman camp. The seven miles' ride between Callander and Doune is among Highland scenery. To the north are the broomy *Braes of Doune*, having the *Umvar* of Sir Walter's poem at the summit, and the mountains of *Ben Voirlich* and *Stuich-a-Chroan* forming the background; while on the south the Teith runs parallel with the line for the entire district, and beyond it is the country watered by the river Forth, and beautified by Loch Menteith and other lakes. Nor are there wanting evidences of the presence of the lord of this earthly paradise. Numerous mansions are to be seen cosily located in sheltered spots, or occupying coigns of 'vantage from which their inmates may enjoy the far scenery around them at their leisure. First among these, *Cambusmere* deserves notice, on account of its connection with Scott.

Sir Walter spent most of his youthful summers there, and there he wrote the greater portion of the "Lady of the Lake" and found much of the material for his scenic descriptions in "Rob Roy" and "Waverley." *Lanrick Castle*, *Doune Lodge*, a seat of the Earl of Moray, and *Kilbride Castle*, a former seat of the Earls of Menteith, also attract attention.

Doune

[HOTEL: *Woodside*]

is a pretty village, built near the junction of the Teith and the Ardock, at a point where the great roads between Edinburgh and Fort William, and Glasgow and Perth, intersect each other. It was formerly famous for the manufacture of Highland dirks and pistols; but a better occupation is now afforded to its inhabitants by the extensive cotton-works at *Deanston*. Its cattle fairs, held in the months of February, May, July, November, and December are among the most famous in the kingdom. The public buildings are not numerous. A handsome Gothic *Parish Church*, erected in 1826—its exterior made conspicuous by an elegant tower, and its interior beautified by a Gothic pulpit, the gift of Lord Moray; a *Free Church;* and one of the oldest *United Presbyterian* places of worship in the neighbourhood, constitute the chief, if not the whole of them: and the road running southward towards Stirling crosses the Teith by a bridge of five arches, built in 1535, by Robert Spittal, tailor to the court of James IV., and founder of a hospital at Stirling.

That the place was of more importance in the days that are happily past, when fighting was the chief occupation of our ancestors, than in these "piping times of peace," is evidenced by the ruin of—

Doune Castle,

situated on a neck of land at the junction of the two streams. It is approached by a fine avenue of trees, and was of a square form, protected by walls ten feet thick and forty high, and a tower rising to an elevation of eighty feet, the entrance to which still retains the iron door which set its foes at defiance. The guardhouse and the black hole are seen within on the right; and on the left the janitor's lodge and the thieves' hole. The supposed remains of the chapel are on the east of the quadrangle; and two Gothic and two Saxon windows appear in the wall on the south. The interior of the tower is accessible by outside steps. The great hall, sixty-three feet long by twenty-five wide, is roofless, but the large kitchen chimney, supported on a single arch,

is still entire. The baronial hall in the tower is a spacious room with vaulted roof; it communicates at the south-east corner with the black hole, and at the north-west with the great hall. A narrow staircase conducts us to *Queen Mary's Hall*, and to a suite of hexagonal dormitories, terminating at the top of the tower, whence an extensive and pleasing view is obtained. The castle was probably built by the ambitious Murdoch, Duke of Albany, who usurped the regal power during the imprisonment in England of James I., and who with his two sons, was executed at Stirling, in

DOUNE CASTLE.

1425. It subsequently became royal property, and was a favourite resort of the Scottish monarchs, particularly of Queen Mary. After her reign, it passed into the hands of her half-brother, the first Earl of Moray, regent to James VI., and it still belongs to his successor in the earldom, on whom it confers his second title, Baron Doune.

Its last appearance in history was in connection with the troubles of 1745, when it was garrisoned by the adherents of Prince Charles Edward, MacGregor of Glengyle, the Ghlun Dhu, or "black knee," of the Highlanders, and nephew to Rob Roy, keeping possession of it with only two hundred

men, during the march of the rest of the insurgents into England, in spite of the efforts of the royal garrison at Stirling to dislodge them. After the battle of Falkirk, Charles Edward sent his prisoners hither. Among them was the celebrated John Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas," then a young man, who had fought in the king's forces as a volunteer. He and his companions undertook the perilous enterprise of escaping from their prison. During the night they formed a rope of their bedclothes, and by it four of them reached the ground in safety. The fifth was a tall heavy man, and the rope broke with him, but he got off in safety. The last of the party, Thomas Barrow, a brave young Englishman, and a personal friend of Home's, made the attempt with the broken rope and let himself drop, his friends breaking his fall; but he dislocated his ankle, and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety; and the Highlanders next morning sought for their prisoners with great activity, but ineffectually. The window whence they escaped is still pointed out. *The keys of the castle are kept at an adjoining cottage, where visitors will find a guide who will conduct them through the ruins.*

Doune is but five miles from the junction of the branch with the main line at—

Dumblane,

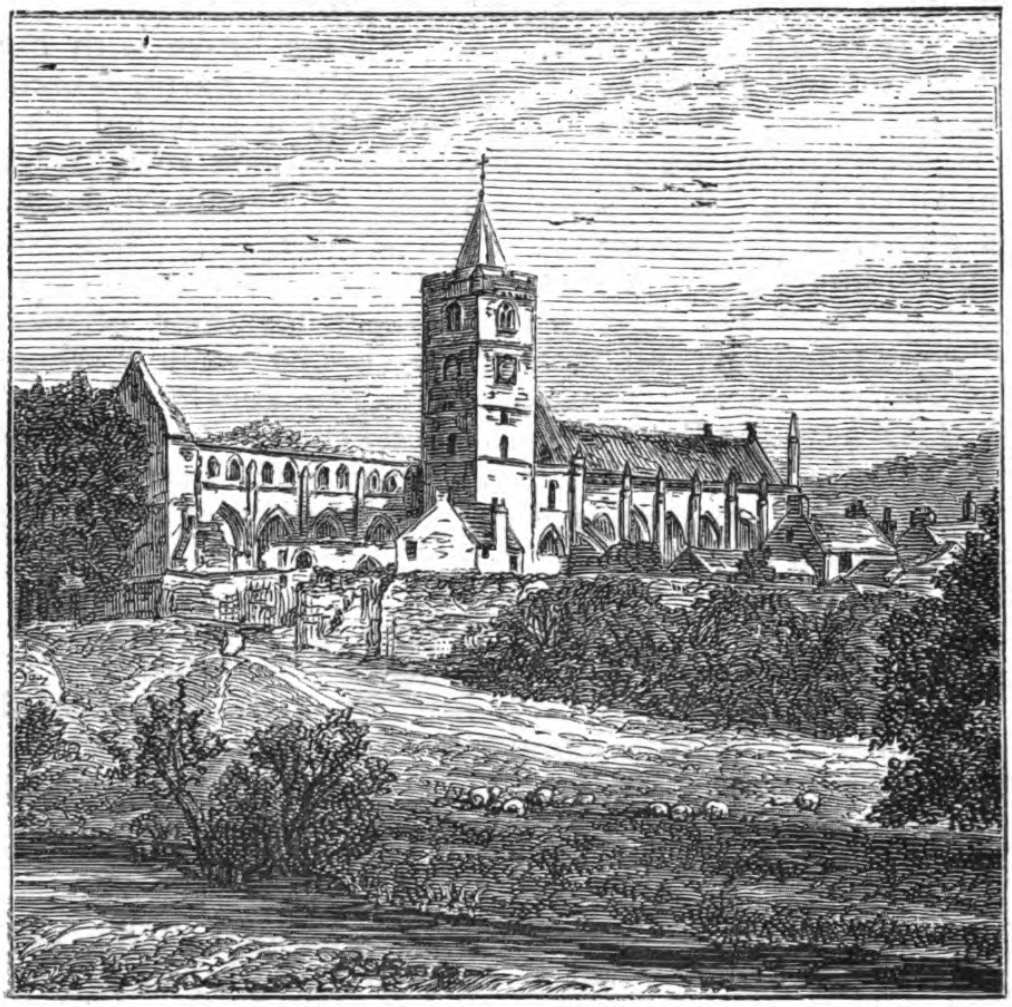
[HOTELS: *Stirling Arms; Kinross; Dumblane*, &c.]

situated about six miles from Stirling, on the banks of the Allan, long and justly celebrated for the beauty of its scenery and the salubrity of its climate. It is of great antiquity and is supposed to have been originally a residence of the Culdees, the earliest Christian clergy of Scotland. Dumblane is celebrated for two things, besides its historical associations, of which we shall have a word to say presently. They are a *Mineral Spring*, in connection with which a first-rate *Hydropathic Establishment* has been erected; and—

The Cathedral,

by far the principal attraction of the place. Founded, according to the best authorities, by David I., in 1142, and almost rebuilt a hundred years later, by Clemens, one of the bishops, it occupies an eminence on the eastern bank of the river, and overlooks the town. The choir and tower are in good order; the former is used as the parish church. The structure has been recently restored and repaired at a cost of £2,000, Sir

William Maxwell-Stirling of Keir, adding two stained glass windows. The nave appears to be older than the choir, and is probably part of the original structure of David. It is of Pointed architecture, the choir being Decorated. The western window, over the doorway, is a magnificent specimen of the Lanceolated style; and, with the exquisite little window in the gable, will compare in beauty of proportion and design with anything of the kind in Melrose. The interior contains



DUMBLANE CATHEDRAL.

some fine monuments, and a double row of huge columns, supporting arches on which rise others. The building is 216 feet in length by 76 in breadth, and the tower, probably built at three successive periods, is 128 feet high. The most interesting objects in the church are three slabs of blue marble, said to be the memorials of three daughters of the first Lord Drummond, who were poisoned by the intrigues of the English party in Scotland, in order to prevent the marriage (which according to some accounts had actually taken place) of one

of them to James IV., whom it was desired to wed with the daughter of Henry VII. The celebrated Archbishop Leighton was at one time bishop of Dumblane, and bequeathed his valuable library to the town. His executors built the house in which the books are kept. It was constructed from the ruins of the *Bishop's Palace*, now only distinguishable by some vaults and part of its western wall; it stood immediately south of the church.

Dumblane, which in 1871 had a population of 2,528, is not without its historical reminiscences. *Balhaldie House*, now a ruin, was the scene of a levée held by Prince Charles Edward in 1745; *Strathallan Castle*, which formerly stood near the site of the new jail, was the seat of Lord Strathallan, one of his warmest adherents; and still earlier, when the Highlanders, under the Earl of Mar, attempted to seat the father of "bonny Prince Charlie" on the throne in 1715, a battle was fought at—

Sheriffmuir,

the Duke of Argyll commanding the royal troops. *The battle-field may be reached most readily from the Kinbuck station;* it is about two miles to the north-east of Dumblane, on the road to Ardoch, and is sometimes called the Muir of Dumblane. The insurgents numbered ten thousand, and they were opposed by only four thousand of the king's troops. The opposite wings of each army were defeated, the battle and its result being satirically described in a song written by the Rev. Murdoch MacLennan, minister of Crathie, Deeside:—

"There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was, which I saw, man.
And we ran and they ran, and they ran and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa, man."

The generalship of Argyll, however, secured the advantage for the king.

Previously to the battle, the Highlanders sharpened their weapons on a large block of whinstone, since known as the *Gathering Stone of the Clans.* It was fast disappearing, owing to the partiality of tourists for relics, when, in 1840, it was enclosed in an iron grating, as an inscription informs us, "by John Stirling, Esq., of Kippendavie, principal heritor in the parish of Dumblane."

Kippenross (Mr. Stirling's seat) is between Dumblane and

Bridge of Allan, *its grounds being open to the public on Wednesday and Saturday.* In them there stood until 1868, when it was blown down, a plane-tree famous for its age, calculated at that time to be no less than 447 years.

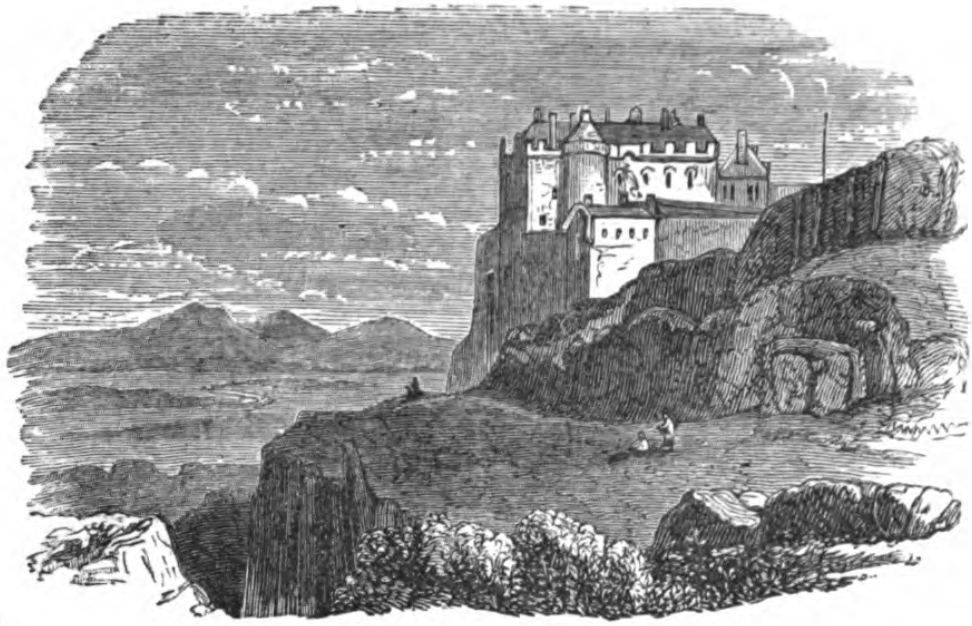
The Bridge of Allan.

[HOTELS: *Lady of the Lake; Royal; Queen's; Westerton Arms;* and *Carmichael's Temperance.* There is also a HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

This fashionable spa, delightfully situated in a wooded valley, sheltered on the north by the Ochil Hills, derives its name from the river Allan, which is here crossed by a bridge. It is annually frequented by numbers of invalids, by whom its genial warmth is greatly appreciated. But its principal attraction is its thermal spring, the waters of which have an exceedingly bitter taste. They are aperient and anti-scrofulous, and, next to Pitcaithly, are considered to be the strongest in Great Britain. They were discovered during some mining operations in the beginning of the present or close of the last century, and collected in a wooden trough, for the use of the miners and country people, the only stranger who was known to have used them medicinally at this period, being Dr. Porteous, of Glasgow. Sir Robert Abercomby, at the request of his neighbours, had the waters analysed by Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, in 1821; and on receiving his report, caused the water to be conveyed to stone troughs, from which it is raised by a forcing-pump, and erected a commodious spa-house. Improvements were afterwards introduced under the auspices of the late Major Henderson of Westerton. A reading-room, biliard-room, bowling-green, and museum were added, and these have done much to enhance the attractions of the place. The hotels are excellent houses, and the numerous private lodgings afford extremely good accommodation. Thirty thousand visitors are said to annually frequent it.

Airthrey Castle, the seat of Lord Abercomby, occupies a commanding position on the height overlooking the place; *its grounds are thrown open to visitors every Thursday;* and about a mile to the left is *Lecroft,* with its church and manse, beautifully situated among woods, and richly cultivated fields, in Perthshire.

The spa takes its name from the Allan Water, on which it was built, and which is popularly connected with a once fashionable pathetic song by Monk Lewis; it is only about two miles from Stirling, of which town we reserve our description for another chapter.



STIRLING CASTLE.

CHAPTER V.

STIRLING AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

" Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled ;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound !
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand." SCOTT.

STIRLING, at the station at which town we arrived at the close of our last chapter, is one of the oldest towns of Scotland — so old, indeed, is it, that there is no record of its foundation. Malcolm II. and Kenneth III. constituted the town a royal burgh and conferred many immunities on the burgesses ; but the charters appear to have been lost during the troubles of those early days, and they were renewed by Alexander II. in the year 1119. Stirling then became one of the four chief burghs in Scotland ; and with Edinburgh, Roxburgh, and Berwick, enjoyed a jurisdiction and superiority over other towns. They formed the *Curia Quatuor Burgorum*, which gave rise to the convention of royal burghs, which now meets annually in the Scottish capital.

The town is delightfully situated on the southern banks of the Forth, and, like the old town of Edinburgh, occupies the ridge of a rock, on the top of which stands the castle. Broad Street, leading towards the castle, is spacious but old fashioned and quite out of date. King Street is now its chief business thoroughfare. Within the last thirty or forty years much of the more ancient part of the town has been improved and many of the houses rebuilt. To the north several new streets have been made; while the southern suburbs possess much loveliness and repose.

Of the origin of the name there appears to be little doubt. It is said to be a corruption of the original British name, *Strivlin*, "the place of strife;" and we find that in old manuscripts it is variously spelt, *Stryvelyne*, *Strighlang* (the latter literally meaning "strife of the archers"), *Estrevelin*, &c. *Snowdoun* was the ancient name of the castle—a name which Chalmers traces to the *Snaudun* ("the fortified hill on the river") of the Scoto-Irish people. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," alludes to this—

> "For Stirling's tower
> Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims."

and Sir David Lindsay calls the place, "fair Snawdoun."

Stirling is twenty-seven miles from Glasgow, thirty-six from Edinburgh, and thirty-three from Perth. It enjoys considerable railway facilities, being on the direct north line from Carlisle, and connected with all the large towns in Scotland; a tramway too runs from the town to the Bridge of Allan. These advantages have contributed to foster its inland trade; and it enjoys a good share of foreign commerce as well—chiefly with the Baltic. Vessels of sixty and seventy tons can get up to the quay; but, from the tortuous course of the river between Stirling and Alloa, the navigation is slow and inconvenient. The distance between these towns by land is seven miles, but it is lengthened out to nearly twenty by the windings of the river. So closely do the curves sometimes approach, that, while sailing along, when another ship appears in the next curve, one feels almost able to pitch a biscuit from one deck to the other. The sail from Leith or Granton is in summer a very pleasant trip; it occupies about four hours and affords the tourist an opportunity of more closely admiring these windings of the Forth. The principal manufactures in Stirling are cotton, wool, carpets, ropes, leather, soap, &c. There is some mining in the neighbourhood; and a considerable quantity of agricultural produce finds its way to the market, the land adjoining the town being

so rich that it has passed into a proverb that "A crook of the Forth is worth an earldom of the north."

The Castle

is, of course, the chief feature of interest to visitors. The date of its foundation is lost in the mists of antiquity. No doubt its natural defensive advantages (it was for ages known as the "key of the Highlands") attracted the attention of the Britons. The district of which it formed part belonged to the tribe, called by the Latin historians, Damnii, traces of whom are to be seen in the neighbourhood of the town, especially at Larbert, where are two artificial conical mounts, each about sixty feet in height, known as Dunipace (*dunes pacis*—the hills of peace), supposed to have been thrown up to commemorate a peace concluded between the Caledonians and the Romans. That the latter built a fortress on the spot there can be little doubt. Stirling was included in the province of *Vespasiana*, and was an important spot on the military road leading from the wall which extended from the Forth to the Clyde. Indeed, the presence of the Second Legion on the brow of the hill near the Ballengeich Road, is evidenced by the discovery in the seventeenth century of a stone with the inscription, "*In excv. agit. Leg. II.*"—*In excubios agitantes Legionis Secundæ.*" It afterwards formed part of the kingdom of Strathclyde.

The fortress, seated at an elevation of two hundred and twenty feet above the plain, is of a very considerable antiquity. It is thought to have been originally erected by the Roman General Agricola. At first it consisted of only a single tower; but it was considerably enlarged by one of the early Scottish monarchs, and added to by his predecessors, up to the time of Queen Anne. Buchanan repeatedly mentions it as existing in the ninth century, in the latter part of which, two Northumbrian princes, Ella and Osbricht, having defeated Donald V. and taken him prisoner, followed up their victory by the capture of Stirling Castle; they held it for twenty years, at the close of which period it was returned to the Scots by treaty. Alexander I. and William the Lion both expired within its walls. The latter had the misfortune to be captured by Henry II. of England, and was only released on giving him possession of Stirling Castle and other principal fortresses in Scotland. They were, however, returned in the following reign.

The castle figured prominently during the struggle between Edward I. and the Scots, being repeatedly taken and retaken by each party. Wallace fought the battle of Stirling, in

which he inflicted a great loss on the invaders, in 1297, with the object of recovering the castle, then in the hands of the English. Its effect was to compel them to retire from the kingdom; but in the following year Edward again entered Scotland at the head of eighty thousand men. The Scottish army being defeated near Falkirk, Wallace retreated beyond the Forth, in his flight burning Stirling and its castle. The fortress was occupied and repaired by the conqueror; but the tide again turned in the following year, and it once more fell into the hands of the Scots, who placed there a garrison under Sir William Oliphant. In 1300, the castle underwent a three months' siege from the English, who eventually obtained possession of it, and held it for three years, when they once more were compelled to evacuate it; but Edward again took it in 1304, sending the gallant Oliphant as a prisoner to the Tower of London. The English held the citadel for ten years, when Edward Bruce laid siege to it, and Mowbray, who commanded the garrison for Edward II. (the "hammer of the Scots" having died in the interval), promised to capitulate on the 24th of June, should he not be previously released. Edward II. endeavoured to raise the siege, and was met—and, as we all know, totally defeated—by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, on the 23rd. The castle was in consequence surrendered to the Scots on the following day. Since that date, although it has been in the forefront of most of the internecine broils of the kingdom, the castle has never again been possessed by an alien foe.

The Stuarts made this castle their principal residence. James I. lived there constantly after his return from captivity in England; and his son, James II., was born there. It was he who slew the Douglas, an act to which reference is made in the lines from the "Lady of the Lake" at the head of this chapter. William, Earl of Douglas, had openly defied all law and order, and had joined a league with the Earls of Ross and Crawford to support each other in all quarrels, not even excepting their sovereign from the consequences of their lawless compact. Under the protection of a safe conduct, James persuaded Douglas to visit him in Stirling Castle and attempted to reason him out of his contumacy, but in vain.

"'No, by the Cross it may not be,
I've pledged my knightly word;'
And like a thunder-cloud he scowled,
And half unsheathed his sword.
The monarch drew that jewelled glaive
Which gore so oft had spilt,
And in the haughty Douglas' heart
He sheathed it to the hilt,

exclaiming, "If thou wilt not break the bond, this shall!" The unhappy man was despatched by the attendant nobles, and his body flung into the garden, where, in 1797, the skeleton of a man in armour, supposed to be that of the Earl, was discovered during some excavations.* James III. built the *Parliament Hall;* it is 120 feet long, had an oak roof of exquisite workmanship, and is now used as part of the barracks. The *Chapel Royal* was another of his additions; it was rebuilt in a style of florid magnificence, by James VI., in 1594, for the baptism of Prince Henry, his eldest son, a youth of the brightest promise, who unfortunately died in early life. This chapel is now the armoury. John Knox's pulpit and communion table, James VI.'s lance, and an axe from Bannockburn are shown as curiosities. James IV., whose penance for the involuntary part he played in the death of his father and whose disastrous defeat on Flodden Field are matters of history, was born in the fortress; as was also his son, James V., who was crowned on December 21st, 1513, at the early age of five months and ten days. It was he who built the *Palace*, which he adorned with a good deal of grotesque statuary; his own statue is shown on the north-west corner, and that of his queen on the north-east. Mary Queen of Scots was crowned in the castle on the 9th September, 1543; and her son, James VI., spent the years of his minority under the tuition of that prince of pedagogues, one of the best Latin scholars that have appeared in modern Europe—George Buchanan. James VI. was crowned by John Knox in the Greyfriars Church on the 29th July, 1567, when about thirteen months old. His eldest son, Prince Henry, was born here in 1594, and baptized in the Chapel Royal with much pomp and circumstance, as we have seen. James afterwards committed him to the care of the Earl of Mar, and ordered him to be kept in safety in the castle, a step which greatly offended the queen, who continually plotted his removal, in spite of James assuring her that it was "part and parcel of the law of Scotland for the heir to the throne to be reared in the Castle of Stirling, under the care of an Earl of Mar."

After the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, Stirling Castle lost much of its former importance. Still, as commanding the passage to the north of Scotland, it at times played a prominent part in history. General Monk captured

* The *Douglas Room*, in which this tragedy took place, was much damaged by fire in 1855, but it has been carefully restored, and is open to visitors. Souvenirs formed of the oak ceiling, which has been removed, are sold to tourists.

it in 1651, after the battle of Dunbar; and it was besieged by the Highland army during the troubles which followed the deposition of James VII. (our James II.) from the throne of the United Kingdom. Under the articles of the Union, the castle is always kept garrisoned.

Grand views may be obtained from the *Victoria Look-Out* (the name given to the spot whence the Queen and Prince Consort admired the surroundings of Stirling in 1842), and from *Queen Mary's Look-Out*, a turret, marked by the melancholy initials, "M. R., 1561," a short distance from it.

The following are features of Stirling which the tourist should not omit to visit:—

The *Back Walk* (also known as *Edmonstone's*, "in honour of Wm. Edmonstone, Esq. of Cambuswallace, contriver of this walk, 1724; renewed, 1855,"—(we quote from an inscription on one of the seats)—is a delightful promenade, stretching round the Castle Rock, from which numerous fine views may be obtained, all the principal objects, such as the *Visitation Stone*, in the back of a stone seat taken from the churchyard, and referring to the plague of 1664, being within view. Where the walk approaches the castle, the stranger should ascend the flight of steps which leads to—

The *Castle Hill*, which commands an extensive and varied view, including, in clear weather, Edinburgh Castle.

Further along the Walk, we come to the *King's Knot*, or *Round Table*, a mound of earth in the Royal Gardens, constructed by James I. The sports of the *Knights of the Round Table*, of which many of the kings of Scotland were exceedingly fond, were performed here. The walks, terraces, and general plan of the gardens are still seen on looking down from the castle; and around them are the vestiges of a canal, in which the royal family and court were wont to amuse themselves in gilded barges.

The *King's Park*, behind the King's Knot, was once stocked with deer. It is now the public park of the town, and is nearly two miles in circumference. The Duke of Argyll encamped in the park prior to the battle of Sheriffmuir.

The *Valley* is a hollow on the western side of the Castle Hill, formerly appropriated to joustings and tournaments, and other chivalrous pastimes. Among these feats may be mentioned that of an Italian's who came to Scotland about 1507, and who pretended to alchymy, and gave James IV. hopes of possessing the philosopher's stone. The king collated him to the Abbey of Tongland, in Galloway; and he made wings with which he engaged to fly to France from the walls of the castle. But he fell and broke his thigh bone, and afterwards accounted for his misfortune in the following manner:—"My wings were composed of various feathers. Among them were the feathers of dunghill fowls, and they, by a certain sort of sympathy, were attracted towards the dunghill; whereas, had my wings been composed of the eagle alone, the same sympathy would have attracted them into the regions of air." "A fit apology," says Lord Hailes, "during the reign of *sympathies* and *antipathies*." Dunbar, the celebrated Scottish poet, in his poem of "The Fenyet Frier of Tunland," has commemorated the exploit of the aëronaut in a keen and sarcastic satire.

The *Ladies' Hill*, a conical rocky mount on the south and overlooking the Valley, was covered with seats, for the accommodation of the ladies during the amusements. When, according to Scott, old Douglas hurled the fragment of rock "a rood beyond the farthest mark,"

> "The Vale with loud applauses rang,
> The Ladies' rock sent back the clang."

The *New Cemetery* between the Valley and Greyfriars Church, contains many beautiful monuments to martyrs and other eminent persons. Conspicuous among

them is that to the Virgin Martyrs, as they are called—two young girls (one only eighteen years old) who were drowned in Wigton Bay in 1685, for their adhesion to the cause of the Covenant. The monument is a beautiful piece of sculpture, representing an angel watching the martyrs, who are seated calmly awaiting the rising of the tide, with a lamb at their feet—an emblem of purity. On the pedestal is inscribed—

MARGARET,
Virgin Martyr of the Ocean Wave, with her like-minded Sister,
AGNES.
Love many waters cannot quench ; God saves
His chaste impearlèd one in covenant true.
O Scotia's daughters ! earnest scan the page,
And prize this flower of grace, blood-bought for you.
Psalm ix. 19.

Another prominent feature of the cemetery is the *Star Pyramid*, a curiously shaped monument, erected by the late William Drummond, Esq., and intended to typify the stability of Bible truth. Mr. Drummond, whose grave is near the pyramid, erected all the statues to the martyrs in the ground.

Greyfriars Church, usually known as the *High Church*. It is a fine old Gothic structure built by James IV. in 1494, the chancel being afterwards added by the celebrated Cardinal Beaton. As we have already seen, it was the scene of the coronation of Mary Queen of Scots and of her son, James VI., both infants at the time, and of the baptism of James' son, afterwards the first Prince of Wales of the House of Stuart ; and it was within its walls that Mary of Lorraine was appointed Queen Regent during her daughter's minority. Originally a monastery was attached to the church ; and though the former was destroyed during the troubles of that period, the church itself, unlike many others, seems to have passed through them almost uninjured. In 1656, it was divided into two churches —the East and the West. Both portions have been recently repaired and enriched with "storied windows" and tablets, in memory of local worthies. The church is two hundred feet long, by fifty wide, and fifty high. The tower (twenty-two feet square, and ninety feet high) and roof are marked by the shot from the castle, during Monk's assault of it in 1651 ; and also by the Highlanders in 1746, who had taken possession of it and were fired on from the castle. The columns in the interior are in excellent preservation, and the removal of the galleries, which since the Reformation disfigured the original building, and the rebuilding of the transept a few years ago, have done much to restore the venerable building to its original state. The old *Churchyard*, at the end of the church, contains many interesting monuments ; the oldest bears the date 1691. *Visitors will obtain admission under the guidance of an attendant, who shows the building.*

The Back Walk runs below the northern end of the castle, passing the narrow road known as the *Pass of Ballengeich*. James V. assumed the title of the Gudeman (tenant or farmer) of Ballengeich, when he used to go about the country disguised like a private person, in the manner of oriental princes, to hear the truth spoken concerning his person and government, as well as for the sake of amusement ; in his royal character, he would not have heard the one or enjoyed the other. He was very popular, and went by the endearing title of "the King of the Commons." He was the author of "The Gaberlunzie Man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," either of which would have established the reputation of any poet.

At the end of the Walk are the *Gowling Hills*, the place of execution, sometimes called the *Heading Hill*. It was here that on the 24th and 25th May, 1425, Murdoch, Duke of Albany (who had been regent during the captivity in England of the youthful prince James I. of Scotland), Duncan, the aged Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander, were beheaded within sight of their own castle at Doune (*see* p. 34).

On the northern extremity of these hills near the bridge, is the *Hurley-Haky*, or *Haket*. The courtiers amused themselves by sliding down its deep descent, upon some stools, fashioned for the purpose. "Haky" is the specific name for a cow in Scotland. Children used to amuse themselves in this manner, but, in place of a stool, took a cow's or horse's skull ; and the chief amusement arose from some unfortunate, in the rapidity of his descent, being bumped out of his seat, and hurled to the bottom, literally rolling over and over till he reached the foot. The boys of Edinburgh, says Sir Walter Scott, used to play at the hurley-hacket on the

Calton Hill; and Sir David Lindsay in his *Complaynt*, addressing James V. concerning the games with which he was amused in his youth, says,

> "Sum gart him revell at the rakket,
> Sum hurlit him to the hurley-hakket."

The whole poem is an excellent account of the manners of those days.

The *Esplanade* is an elevated open space in front of the entrance to the castle, at the end of which are the head-quarters of the Highland Borderers, as the Stirlingshire Militia regiment is named. As we pass along it towards the town, we notice on our left—

Argyll's Lodging, a grand work of a fine period of Scottish art and architecture: it was built by Sir William Alexander, of Menstrie, secretary to Charles I., who created him Earl of Stirling. "He was," says Walpole, "a very celebrated poet, and greatly superior to the style of his age." The building afterwards fell into the possession of the Argyll family; and was finally purchased by the government and converted into a military hospital.

On the opposite side of the road is the tower or building wherein that stern pedagogue, George Buchanan, swayed the birch; and not far off—

Mar's Wark, in ruins, built by the Regent Mar. It consists of a grotesque and incongruous arrangement of Gothic corbels and quaint devices in stone, filched from the neighbouring magnificent ruin of Cambuskenneth Abbey.

The *Old Town House*, in Broad Street, is ornamented with a spire. This building, now the office of the Parochial Board, is ornamented by a unicorn, all that now remains of the old *Town Cross*, which formerly stood in front of it, but was removed in 1792. The *New Prison*, erected in 1846, is behind the Town House. Not far distant is a *Bowling Green, admission to which is granted for a fee of one penny per hour.* There is a subscription green in another part of the town.

Queen Mary's Palace is said to be so named on account of a popular tradition that Mary once occupied it. But this seems doubtful, and many believe that it is the remains of an oratory in honour of the Virgin Mary.

Stirling High School, in Spittal Street, was erected in 1854. The scheme originated with Colonel Tennant, who contributed £1,000 to the fund for its establishment, the Town Council adding another £1,000, and a public subscription raising the fund to about £5,000.

The *Burgh Municipal Buildings* stand at the junction of Baker and Spittal Streets; the entrance is surmounted by a statue of Wallace, presented by the late William Drummond, Esq. Here are kept the silver keys of the gates, presented to the Queen in 1842; the Stirling Jug, the ancient standard measure of Scotland; the ancient seal of the burgh, and other antiquities.

The *Stirling Tract Depot*, at the corner of King Street and Murray Place, is a very handsome erection, which cost nearly £6,000. Its front is decorated with carved representations of many of the Reformers.

The *Smith Institute*, erected in 1873-4, and "endowed by funds bequeathed by Thomas Stuart Smith of Glassinghall, Perthshire," is in the Italian style, and occupies an open site near the King's Knott. It comprises a reading room, picture gallery, museum, &c., and in the vestibule is shown the oak carved head removed from the ceiling of James V.'s palace in the castle in 1777. *The inhabitants of Stirling are admitted free; of strangers, a small fee is demanded.*

The *Royal Infirmary*, in Spittal Street; the *Boys' Industrial School;* the *Girls' Industrial School*, in Spittal Street; the *Corn Exchange;* the *MacFarlane Free Library and Museum;* and the *County Buildings* (including the *New Court House*) are among other public edifices which will repay a visit.

Stirling has three *Hospitals*. The oldest (*Spittal's*) was built by Robert Spittal, tailor to James IV., about the year 1530. It was founded and endowed for the relief of decayed tradesmen, Mr. Spittal bequeathing certain lands in trust to the Town Council for its maintenance. The revenue now amounts to upwards of £900 a year, part of which is devoted to the support of a school, established in the old *Trades' Hall* adjoining.

Cowan's Hospital, near the *High Church*, was founded in 1639, by John Cowan, a merchant of the town, for the support of twelve decayed guild brethren. The funds, originally £2,222, were laid out on lands which, so far back as 1816, yielded a rental of £4,363; and they afford relief to a great number of persons,

including widows and daughters of members of the guildry. The house, though not large, is a handsome fabric, but is not occupied by those who derive their support from it.

The third hospital is *Allan's*, originating from the bounty of John Allan, writer in Stirling, who, at his death, about 1725, founded it, for the maintenance and education of the children of decayed tradesmen. The funds (30,000 merks, or about £1,760 sterling) are also invested in land; the annual free revenue is now about £800.

Churches.

There are in all sixteen places of worship in the town, some of the buildings being very tasteful in design and adorned with towers and spires. Services are conducted on Sundays at eleven in the morning and two in the afternoon, except in those marked * where there is no afternoon meeting, but a service is held in the evening at half-past six :—

Four *Established Churches*, the **East* and *West* (forming together the *High Church*, *see* p. 45), *North* and **Marykirk*; four *Free Churches*, the *North*, *South*, *West*, and *Craigs*; three *United Presbyterian*, the *Erskine*, *Viewfield*, and *Allan Park*; an **Episcopalian* (*Trinity*), *Baptist*, *Wesleyan*, *Congregational*, and *Roman Catholic* (*St. Mary's*).

Hotels.

There is an abundant supply of hotels, large and small, the chief of them being—

Corn Exchange,
Carmichael's Temperance, Murray Place.
Dowdy's Temperance, King Street.
Golden Lion, King Street.
Queen's, Murray Place.
Royal, Barnton Place.
Star, Baker Street.
Station, Murray Place.

The *Post Office* is in Murray Place.

Stirling is governed by a provost (who enjoys rather exceptional privileges), four bailies, and sixteen councillors; and, in conjunction with Culross, Dunfermlime, Inverkeithing, and Queensferry, returns a member to the House of Commons. Its environs possess considerable historical interest.

The Bridges.

The Old Bridge is without doubt one of the oldest in Scotland, satisfactory reasons being in existence for the belief that it was erected, in the ninth century, by the Northumbrian princes Ella and Osbricht, who, as we have seen (p. 41), took possession of the castle in the ninth century, and retained it for a number of years. Over this bridge for centuries ran the only carriage road into the Highlands, and it has been the silent witness of many interesting events. It is, like all other old-world bridges, high in the centre and of heavy build. Its entrances were originally defended by iron gates, each of which was flanked by two small towers; the

gates have been taken away, but the towers remain. A cross, which has long since disappeared, at one time graced the centre of the bridge, and an inscription on it informed "all comers" that—

> "I am a free marche, as passengers may ken,
> To Scottis, to Britonis, and to Inglismen."

Among the various uses to which it has been put is that of being the place for the infliction of capital punishment. Several noted executions have taken place on it, one of which was that of Archbishop Hamilton, who was hanged there in 1571, for his supposed concern in the murder of the Regent Murray. The bridge consists of four arches, the south one being broken down in 1745, by the governor of the castle, in order to prevent the Highlanders under Prince Charles Edward from penetrating to the south of the Forth —an expectation which was, however, disappointed, the Prince fording the river at another spot. This precaution, our readers will recollect, proved rather disadvantageous to the royal cause in the following year, when it hindered the Duke of Cumberland in his pursuit of the insurgents, it being necessary to construct a temporary pier, resting on logs of wood, to allow of the passage of his army.

The *New Bridge* is a little to the south of the old one; and the *Railway Viaduct* closely adjoins it. The former was built in 1831, from designs by Robert Stephenson, and is an elegant structure.

Kildean Bridge, of which but few, if any, traces are now to be found, and which formerly spanned the Forth about a mile from the Old Bridge, was memorable as witnessing the Battle of Stirling, fought between "Wight Wallace" and the English in 1297. Historians tell how Wallace concealed the principal part of his forces on the sloping ground around Abbey Craig; how he informed two priests sent out from the English camp to induce him to surrender, that he was come to fight, and challenged the invaders to "come on;" how, deceived by the seeming smallness of his army, the English generals ordered their forces to cross the bridge, though it was so narrow as hardly to allow two horsemen to march abreast; how Wallace, after waiting quietly till half their forces had gained the northern side of the river, despatched a party of spearmen, who succeeded in preventing the others from joining them, while the Scottish army, coming from its hiding-place, charged those already on the field, before they had time to form in battle array; and how, attacked in front and in rear and unsupported by the rest of the army, the

English troops on the north of the river were almost annihilated, while the others, having tried in vain to go to their rescue, were seized with a panic and fled, being slaughtered wholesale by the pursuing foe. In their flight, the bridge was destroyed—according to some authorities, by a stratagem of Wallace's, but, according to others, by the English, in order to prevent the Scots from pursuing them—its fall causing many of the defeated soldiers to be drowned in the river. Very appropriately—

The Wallace Monument,

erected to the hero in 1861, crowns the height of Abbey Craig. It is a lofty tower, of Baronial architecture, 220 feet high, and rising from a mass of beautiful foliage. It is approached by winding paths and surrounded by parterres, &c. *Being the property of the corporation of Stirling, free access to it is allowed.* Its summit, ascended by a staircase, is nearly six hundred feet above the level of the sea, and on that account commands an extensive landscape. Near its base are the ruins of an ancient British fort.

Cambuskenneth Abbey

is another object worthy of a visit. It is reached by proceeding across the bridge of Stirling to near Craigmill, a short distance west of which a road turns south to the ruins. The only remaining portion of the original building left entire is the tower, but the walls have been carefully laid bare to show the plan of the building. The site of the high altar, the chapter-house, and the church are thus exposed to view. During the excavations of the ruins the coffin and skeleton of James III., slain at Sauchieburn (*see* p. 51), were found, and are now deposited in a new tomb erected by order of her Majesty, bearing on its sides, in raised letters, the inscription :—

This restoration of the tomb of her ancestors was erected by command of her Majesty Queen Victoria, A.D. 1865.

In this place, near the high altar of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, were deposited the remains of James III. king of the Scots, who died on the 11th June, 1488, and of his queen, the Princess Margaret of Denmark.

The abbey was founded in 1147, by David I., and is said to have been one of the richest in Scotland. It was named after Kenneth II. who fought a battle with the Picts on its site. It was the meeting-place of the Early Scottish Parliament; and for four or five centuries its abbots greatly influenced the destinies of the kingdom.

The site of the battle of Bannockburn, a little to the south of Stirling, is another of the "lions" of the neighbourhood.

Access may be obtained to it by railway, a station being close to the village, but the drive along the road is preferred by many. In this way tourists have an opportunity of visiting on their road—

Newhouse, where the Regent Lennox was shot by the adherents of Mary during the civil war of 1571 ; and—

St. Ninian's,

locally called *St. Ringan's*, a suburb of Stirling, now almost part of the town. The disjunction of the church from the steeple has rather an odd appearance, and is thus accounted for: Charles Edward, after the battle of Falkirk, retreated into the Highlands, and before doing so he found it necessary to destroy his gunpowder, which was stored in the old church. By some bungling, the Highlanders, to whom the duty was committed, unfortunately blew up the church, the steeple remaining uninjured. The present church was built shortly afterwards, but it was thought advisable not to attach it to any portion of the old fabric.

Bannockburn

is a thriving little place, and has been long celebrated for its manufactory of carpets and tartans. Tartan is believed to have been first made use of in Scotland by Margaret, queen of Malcolm Canmore, and has been a national badge of distinction ever since.

The spot on which the great battle of independence was fought, on June 23, 1314, lies between the banks of the Bannock, immediately beyond the railway station, and in front of St. Ninian's. The *Gillies Hill*, on which the serving men crowded during the engagement—their appearance, as of a new army arriving to help their fellow-countrymen, dispiriting the English—is seen on the left. This hill guarded the rear of Bruce's position. Its centre was on the summit of the rising ground, termed *Brock's Brae;* there stands the *Bore Stone*, a huge granite block, sunk in the earth, and perforated with a hole four inches in depth and the same in circumference, in which stood the standard of Scotland on that eventful day. It is still the receptacle of a tall flag-staff, placed there with much pomp and circumstance on the 25th June, 1870. The little river Bannock has rugged precipitous banks ; these in part defended the Scotch position. The left of Bruce's line was protected by the deep bog of Milltown. The front of the line was also dug full of holes, which Barbour says might be likened to a honeycomb, filled with sharp stakes driven into

the bottom and carefully covered with turf, whilst sharp three-pronged iron spikes, or calthrops, were thickly strewn over the surface, to disable the horses of the cavalry, and to weaken the charge. The air of Burns' song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," is said to have been Bruce's march on the occasion.

Sauchieburn.

The battle of Sauchieburn was fought on the 11th of June, 1488, between James III. and part of his nobility, who had with them the Prince of Scotland, a youth of fifteen. The two armies met on a tract of ground, now called Little Canglar, on the east side of the streamlet of Sauchieburn, about two miles south of Stirling and one from the field of Bannockburn. The king, it will be recollected, took to flight, with the view of riding across the Carse of Stirling to Alloa, where Admiral Wood's fleet lay at anchor, the distance being only five miles from the field of battle. As he was on the point of crossing the Bannock at the village of Milltown, he was thrown from his horse, and carried in a fainting state into the house of the miller, where, incautiously revealing to the rustics who he was, he was stabbed by a villain disguised as a priest. The house where this tragedy was enacted (still shown to the traveller, and repaired by the late proprietor, Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton) bears the name of Beaton's Mill, which it is said to have received from the miller who at that time possessed it.

The railway from Bannockburn to the south passes through *Torwood*, the supposed *Sylvia Caledonia* of Pliny, which commenced here, and extended through the greater part of the Highlands of Scotland. The Torwood was oft the refuge of the immortal Wallace. Here once stood *Wallace's Oak*, in the hollow trunk of which he often found shelter. This "monarch of the wood," even in its last days, measured in one part forty-two feet in circumference, and in another thirty-six. That it was hollow so far back as the twelfth century proves it to have been an ancient tree even then. It was situated on a gentle, yet swampy elevation, to which causeways were formed in various directions, the better to enable the numerous pilgrims to approach the shrine of Wallace and of freedom. So late as 1789, the old trunk was twenty-four feet in height, and showed some signs of life; but a few years after it was blown down. A young oak, now of considerable size, is growing on the site of the ancient tree. The late Earl of Buchan presented Washington with a

snuff-box made of a piece of its stem, which the great American requested in his will should be restored to the noble donor. A "quaich," or cup, cut from the oak, is preserved at Bonnington House (*see* part ii. p. 28).

Adjoining the Torwood, a square field, marked out by a ditch, indicates the spot where Donald Cargill, the famous Covenanter, excommunicated "the man Charles Stuart" (Charles II.), and others, in 1680.

The two conical hills of *Dunipace** (already alluded to at p. 41) next present themselves to our view; and the train draws up at *Larbert* station, six miles south of Bannockburn, and the best point for reaching the cattle trysts (fairs) on Stenhouse Muir. In the churchyard is buried the celebrated traveller, James Bruce.

Falkirk,

three miles and a half to the south-east of Larbert, and readily accessible by railway, was the scene of two great battles —the one between Edward I. and William Wallace, in which the latter was defeated; the other, in 1745, between the Highlanders, under Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and the royal forces, under General Hawley, in which fortune favoured the insurgents.

Two lines run from Larbert to Glasgow—the one to the Buchanan Street, the other to the Queen Street station; and the railway through Falkirk affords access to Edinburgh.

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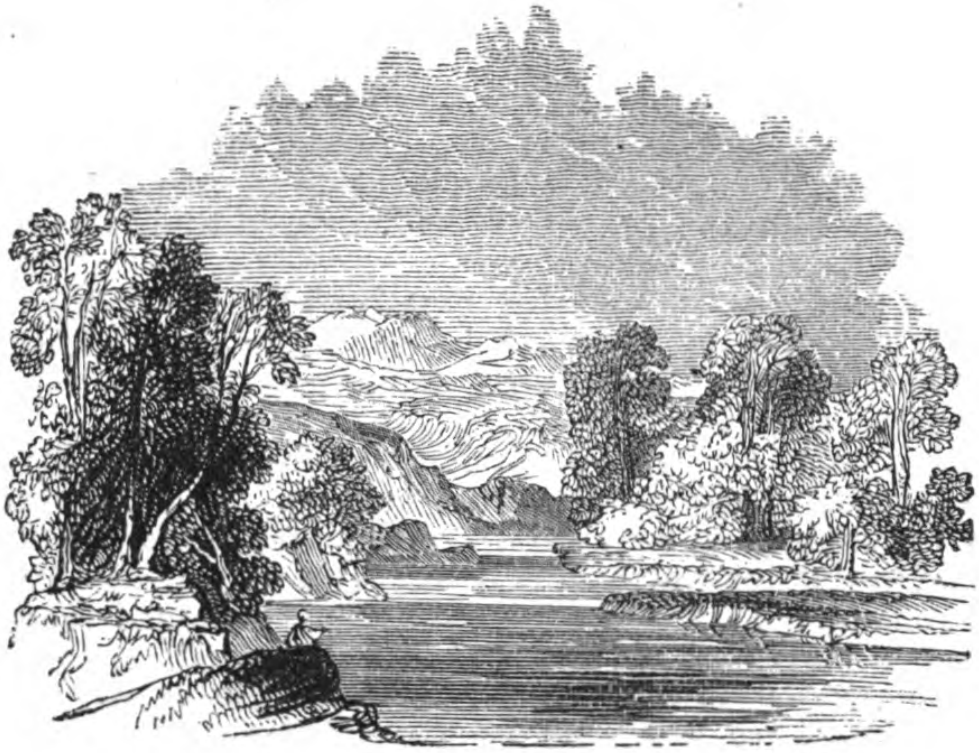
* According to a writer in the "Statistical Account," an uncle of Wallace, with whom the hero spent a good part of his younger days, was priest of this parish, and took great pains to inspire his nephew with that love of liberty which so distinguished him, often repeating in his hearing two Latin lines, which may be thus translated—

"I tell you the truth, of all things liberty's the best
O never be, my son, with slavery opprest."



CHAPTER VI.

LOCH LEVEN, DUNFERMLINE, &c.

"The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang." BURNS.

A VERY agreeable excursion from Stirling is that to Kinross and Loch Leven, famous for its connection with Mary Queen of Scots, and returning through Dunfermline and Alloa, both of which recall to our mind historical reminiscences of much older date. *It would be easy to make the entire excursion by rail; but in order to enjoy the scenery of the outward journey more at our leisure, we will make part of it by road, utilising the rail from the point where it runs parallel with the highway.*

Crossing Stirling Bridge, we first reach *Blairlogie*, a village three miles on our road, before the rise of the Bridge of Allan, a popular resort with invalids, and still much frequented by summer visitors. It is beautifully situated at the base of the Ochils, and has a castle dating from 1513. *Warrock Glen*,

a ravine in the neighbourhood, is frequently the scene of picnics, on which occasion the famous strawberries and cream of the village are in much request. Beyond it rises the mountain of *Demyat*, whose cloud-capped summit is 1,345 feet above the level of the sea.

Menstrie, two miles further east, is the seat of an active woollen-weaving industry. A house in the village was the seat of the Earl of Stirling, dramatist, poet, and statesman, who died in 1640.

Alva, noted for its yarn spinning and manufacture of cloth and tweed, is seven miles from Stirling. In its outskirts is a beautiful glen, with waterfalls tumbling down the sides of the mountains which hem it in. The lord of the manor has constructed a footpath up the glen, so arranged that the choicest "bits" of scenery are well developed. *A branch railway runs from Alva, by Menstrie, to Cambus and Alloa.*

At *Tillicoultry*, which we reach at a distance of nine miles from our starting-point, the pedestrian may utilise the railway, this being the point from whence the road and rail run parallel to each other. Tillicoultry is a considerable manufacturing village, with a population in 1871 of 3,745. *Harviestown House*, where the present Archbishop of Canterbury was born, was for generations the seat of the Tait family (it has lately passed out of their hands), whose burial-place may be seen at a bend of the Devon Water. The castellated mansion belonged in 1787 to Mr. Sheriff Tait, who entertained Burns for a time. Here the latter composed his poems of "How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon," and "Sweetest maid on Devon's banks."

The line and road now run between the Devon and the Ochill Hills, affording glimpses of many delightful landscapes. About three miles further on we reach—

Dollar (see the explanation of this rather strange name a few lines farther on), principally remarkable for its academy, erected by the late Mr. MacNab, a native of the parish, at a cost of £10,000; its endowments amount to £90,000. There is a good hotel in the place; and a mile to the north are the majestic ruins of—

Castle Campbell,

"situated," says Scott, "on an eminence occupying a narrow glen of the Ochil chain of hills. In former days it was called, from the character of its situation, perhaps, the Castle of Gloom; and the names of the parish and of the stream by which its banks are washed had also an ominous sound. The Castle of Gloom was situated on the brook of Grief, or Gryfe, and in the parish of Douleur, or Dollar. In the sixteenth century, the Earl of Argyll, the owner of this noble fortress, obtained an Act of Parliament for changing its name to Castle Campbell."

John Knox resided here under the protection of Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll, the first nobleman in Scotland to embrace the Protestant religion; and here the Reformer frequently administered the sacrament. The castle was dismantled and burnt by the Duke of Montrose, on his way to the battle of Kilsyth; the donjon keep, from the top of which the whole district southwards may be seen, alone remaining entire. Four miles east stands the—

Rumbling Brig,

so called from the noise made by the stream beneath. The original Rumbling Brig (built in 1713 to replace a very shaky wooden one) may be seen below the present fine structure. As it consisted but of a single narrow arch, eighty-six feet above the channel of the river and without parapets, it could hardly have been safer than its predecessor. The bridge now used is a hundred and twenty feet above the stream, and commands one of the most superb prospects in the Highlands. The Devon, which flows beneath, makes its descent from the Ochil heights almost entirely by two falls—the *Devil's Mill* and the *Cauldron Linn*, two of the finest cascades in Scotland.

Passing two small stations, we reach—

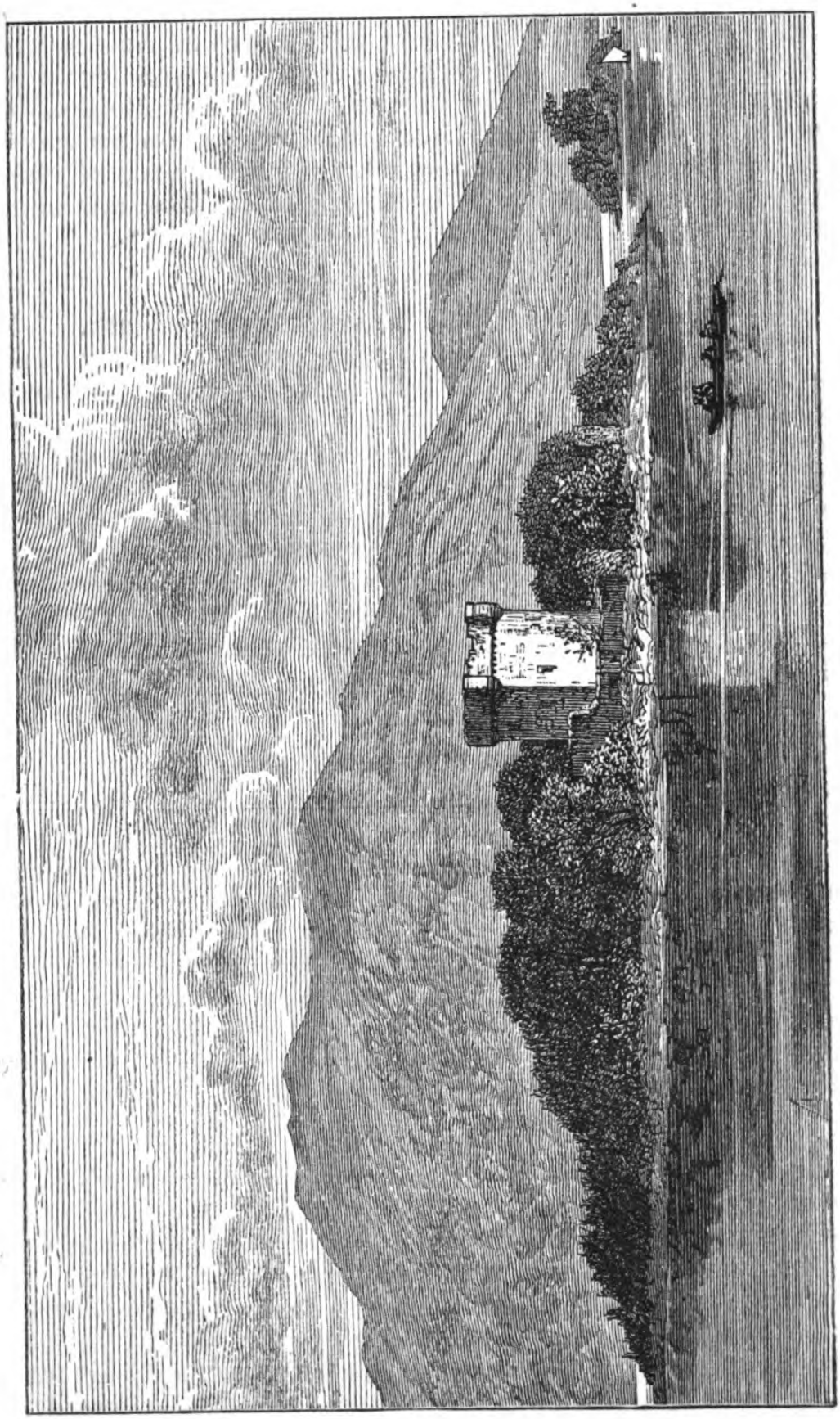
Kinross,

[HOTELS: *Bridgend*, *Salutation*, *Thistle*, &c.]

the county town of the shire to which it gives the name, which had a population in 1871 of 1,926. It is well lighted, and its streets are ornamented by several good buildings among which are four *Churches* (*Established*, *Free*, and two *United Presbyterian*), a new *County Hall*, and several schools. A considerable trade is done in cotton, tweed, and tartan weaving. *Kinross House* occupies the site of a castle once belonging to the Earls of Morton; and there are other features of interest in the town. But its principal attraction is its situation at the western end of—

Loch Leven,

in the *Castle* in which Queen Mary was imprisoned after her surrender to the confederated lords at Carberry Hill. The castle—now in a ruinous condition—is of almost fabulous age, its erection being ascribed to an early British king. It is mentioned in history as early as the thirteenth century, when Alexander III. resided occasionally in it. It was afterwards used as a state prison; and in the sixteenth century, at the time when Mary was imprisoned there, belonged to Sir William Douglas, a half-brother, on the mother's side, of



LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

the Regent Murray. Scott, in "The Abbot," has given us a poetic version of her escape, an incident possessing all the characters of a romance, the history of which he tersely narrates in his "Tales of a Grandfather."

"The baron," he says, "discharged with severe fidelity the task of Mary's jailor; but his youngest brother, George Douglas, became more sensible to the Queen's distress and perhaps to her beauty than to the interests of the Regent or of his own family. A plot laid by him for the Queen's deliverance was discovered, and he was expelled from the island in consequence. But he kept up a correspondence with a kinsman of his own, called Little Douglas, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, who had remained in the castle. On Sunday, 2nd May, 1568, this little William Douglas contrived to steal the keys of the castle, while the family were at supper. He let Mary and her attendant out of the tower when all had gone to rest—locked the gates of the castle to prevent pursuit—placed the Queen and her waiting-woman in a little skiff, and rowed them to the shore, throwing the keys of the castle into the lake in the course of their passage. Just when they were about to set out on this adventurous voyage, the youthful pilot had made a signal, by a light in a particular window visible at the upper end of the lake, to intimate that all was safe. Lord Seaton and a party of the Hamiltons were waiting at the landing-place. The Queen instantly mounted, and hurried off to Niddry, in West Lothian, from which place she went next day to Hamilton."

This lake must not be confounded with one of a similar name, near the Pass of Glencoe. It used to be written Eleven, and the title is supposed to have been given to it in consequence of the number eleven occurring so frequently in the old descriptions. It is eleven miles in circumference; it is fed by eleven streams; eleven kinds of fish are caught in its waters; eleven chiefs' lands surrounded it; and on the eleven estates grew eleven kinds of trees. It is dotted with several small islands, the chief of which are that on which the castle stands and *St. Serf's Inch*, the largest on the lake, containing the ruins of a priory of great age. It appears to have been founded by the last king of the Picts, who died in 843, and to have been a Culdee hermitage, the brethren being superseded in 1100 by the newly founded Canons Regular of St. Andrew's. *Roy's Folly*, *Alice's Bower*, and *Reed Bower* are three other islands.

The railway runs direct from Kinross to Ladybank Junction, where it joins the north line of the North British Railway; while from Kinross Junction, a branch running southward and joining the line from Stirling to Thornton Junction, enables the tourist to reach Edinburgh, viâ *Burntisland and Granton, or to return to Stirling*, viâ *Dunfermline and Alloa. From Dunfermline a branch runs to Queensferry, and crossing the Forth by steamer, affords access to Edinburgh or Glasgow*, viâ *Ratho.*

Dunfermline,

the seat of diaper and damask linen manufactures, is seated on a long swelling ridge, about three miles distant from

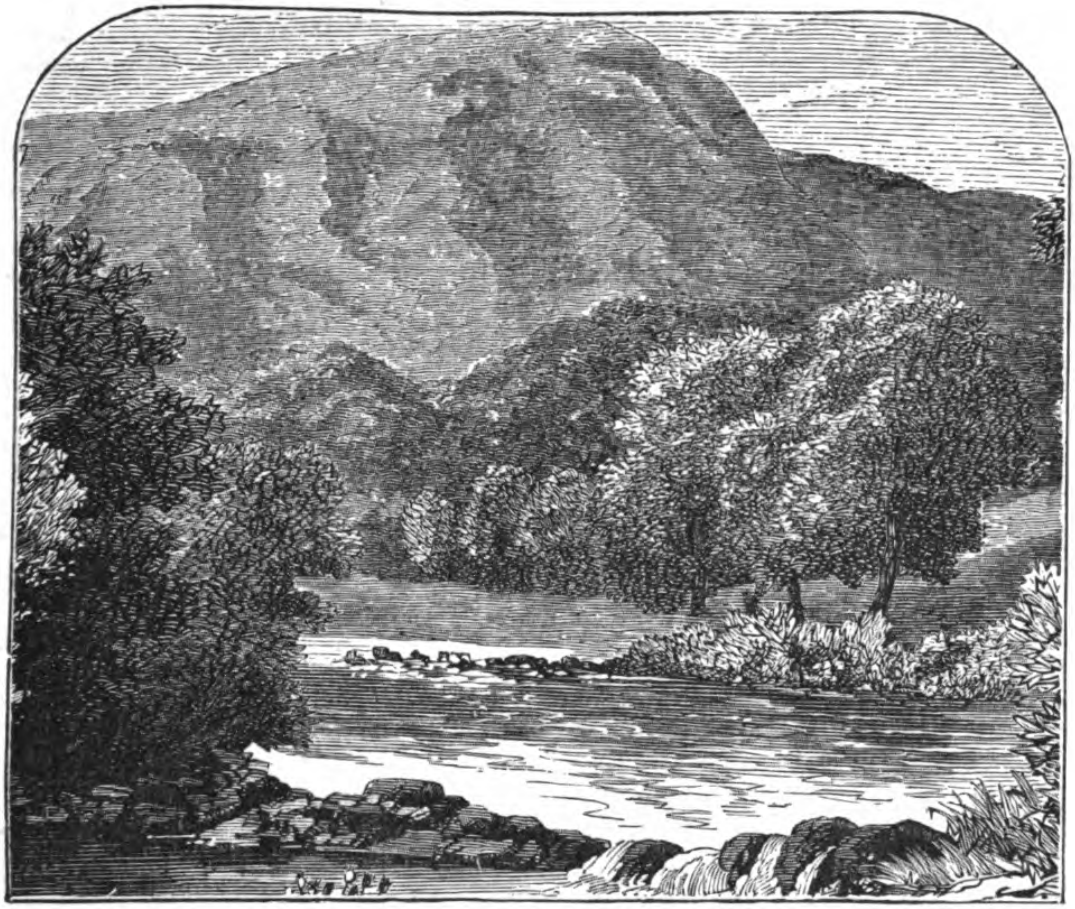
the Forth and three hundred feet above its level. The general appearance of the town is picturesque, but its streets are somewhat irregular. The principal one is an exception to the rule, being well built and nearly a mile long. The chief feature of interest in the town consists of the ruins of the *Abbey*, founded by Malcolm Canmore and his Queen Margaret between 1070 and 1093, and long the burial-place of the sovereigns of Scotland. The principal *Established Church* of the town was built on the site of the choir of the Abbey in 1821, when the skeleton of Robert Bruce was discovered and re-interred beneath the pulpit. The church has a square tower, a hundred feet high, round which is the inscription, "King Robert the Bruce."

Dunfermline is a royal burgh and a contributory to the Stirling district of parliamentary burghs. It was in 1303 the scene of the submission of the Scottish nobility to Edward I. of England; in 1581, James I. subscribed the first Covenant in the town; his son Charles and daughter Elizabeth, the ancestress of our Queen, were born in the palace, the ruins of which may be seen in Pittencrieff Glen; and Charles II. signed the famous Dunfermline Declaration here. It is chiefly celebrated in modern times as being the birthplace of the Secession and Relief Churches, now forming one body—the United Presbyterian Church.

Alloa,

six and a half miles east of Stirling, is the port of that city. Its *Parish Church*, dating from 1819, is ornamented with a Gothic spire two hundred feet high; and the town contains the usual number of churches and other public buildings. *Alloa Tower*, a little to the west, was anciently a seat of the Earls of Mar, where the heirs to the throne were brought up as wards of their lordships.

The country between Dunfermline and Alloa abounds with interesting reminiscences. Thus, near *Culross* (two miles south-west of Eastgrange station), is the site of *Dunamarle Castle*, where Lady Macduff and her children were murdered at the instance of Macbeth; and at *Clackmannan*, two miles east of Alloa, is a tower seventy-nine feet high, said to have been built by Robert Bruce. It was for a long time a royal residence.



CHAPTER VII.

THE FORTH AND CLYDE RAILWAY.

STIRLING TO GLASGOW.

Adiew fair Snawdoun, with thy towris hie,
Thy chapel royall, park, and table round,
May, June, and July, wald I dwell in thee,
War I ane man, to heir the birdie sound,
Quhilk doth again thy royall roche redound."

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

HAVING noticed the chief features of interest in the excursion indicated in our Introduction, we will now devote a few pages to a very brief description of another most enjoyable excursion, traversing the country between Stirling and Ben Lomond, to the left of the main route, *viâ* Callander and the Trosachs. Proceeding by the Forth and Clyde Railway from Stirling, the first station is *Gargunnock*, distant five and three-quarter miles, in the neighbourhood of which is *Boquhan Glen*, famous for its scenery, which

much resembles that of the Trosachs. The next station, about three and a half miles farther, is *Kippen*, around which exist traces of ancient Caledonian forts and Roman camps. At twelve and a half miles from Stirling is the *Port of Menteith* station, at which tourists leave the railway for the—

Port and Lake of Menteith.

At the former, four miles from the station, is a good hotel, where boats may be had. The loch is almost elliptical in shape, and nearly eight miles in circumference; it more resembles an English than a Scotch lake in its general appearance and surroundings. Pike and perch are found in great abundance in it; while stately chestnuts, planes, and oaks fringe its northern shores, where are seen the *Parish Church*, *Manse*, &c., and the burial-place of the Grahams of Gartmore. There are two islands in the lake, with ruins of ancient buildings still discernible upon them. On *Inchmahome*—"the isle of rest"—the larger or more easterly island, the ruins of the *Priory of Inchmahome*, founded in 1238 by the Earl of Menteith, constitute the chief feature of the scenery. They are highly picturesque in appearance, being smothered in the profuse foliage of fruit and forest trees. The walls and one elegant Gothic arch remain. The choir contains a tomb, with two recumbent figures. On this island is the cemetery of the ancient Earls of Menteith and Strathearn, an elder branch of the Royal House of Stuart. Queen Mary was carried hither after the battle of Pinkie, to prevent her falling into the hands of the English, and resided here in the interval from September, 1547, to July, 1548, when she was sent to France. While she resided here, the Queen-Mother selected four young ladies of rank—known in history as the "Four Maries"—to be her companions. They were—Mary Beaton (niece to the Cardinal), Mary Fleming, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seaton; and they afterwards accompanied her to France. The remains of a boxwood bower said to have been planted by the youthful Queen are still to be seen. On the smaller island, called *Talla*, a stone-cast west of Inchmahome, stood the residence of the Grahams, Earls of Menteith; its ruins almost cover the surface of the island. The gardens and orchards were upon the larger island on its western side, where are some enormous chestnut trees. The pleasure grounds lie around the romantic hill of *Colden*, which commands a fine view from its summit, on the northern shore of the lake. A narrow peninsula, popularly pronounced "the work of fairies," projects into the lake from its southern shore. From a range of hills of easy access in the immediate

neighbourhood, there is a view of Highland scenery almost unrivalled in beauty—the Trosachs, Loch Katrine, and nearly a dozen other lakes, besides hill and dale in great variety. On the grounds of *Duchray Castle*, formerly the seat of one of the Graham family, a few miles southwards on the left, in a very sequestered and attractive spot, is a cascade called *Blarvaich*. It is formed by the *Duchray* water, which falls here, from a height of thirty feet, into a pool of most extraordinary blackness. We next reach—

Aberfoyle,

twenty-one miles from Stirling, and seven miles from the *Bucklyvie* station of the Forth and Clyde Railway.

This district has been rendered famous as the supposed scene of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's adventures with Rob Roy, as narrated in Sir Walter Scott's novel of that name. The valley of Aberfoyle is about two miles in length and one in breadth; and is bounded by the Grampian Mountains, whose bald summits rise above the level of the valley, and form precipices of prodigious depth. It is a lovely little tract of country, still inhabited by many of the Gregalach—that is, the MacGregors—a swarthy, tall, able-bodied race of men. Proceeding up the vale, a fine view of Ben Lomond is obtained; the Forth, which winds through the plain and skirts the road to the west, is here called the *Avondhu*, or "black river," from its being shaded by the surrounding mountains and fringed with wood. At the *Clachan* or *Pass of Aberfoyle*, the precipice of Craigmore, on the right, rises a thousand feet, and here the Avondhu and Duchray join their waters. This pass anciently formed one of the barriers between the Highlands and the Lowlands, and was the scene of many fierce encounters in former times. There is a good inn here, on a tree in front of which is suspended what is declared to be the identical poker with which Bailie Nicol Jarvie singed the plaid of the tall Highlander. "My conscience!" Cromwell's soldiers met with a repulse at this pass, after burning Duchray Castle. Beyond this, the lower—

Loch Ard

comes in sight, profusely clad in foliage, and with Ben Lomond as a background; it is connected with the upper lake by a narrow neck. A mile along the rent and shattered base of the rocky Craigmore brings us to the end of the upper and larger lake, four miles in length by one in breadth. A footpath conducts to a rising ground in the plantation, affording a view of a fine landscape.

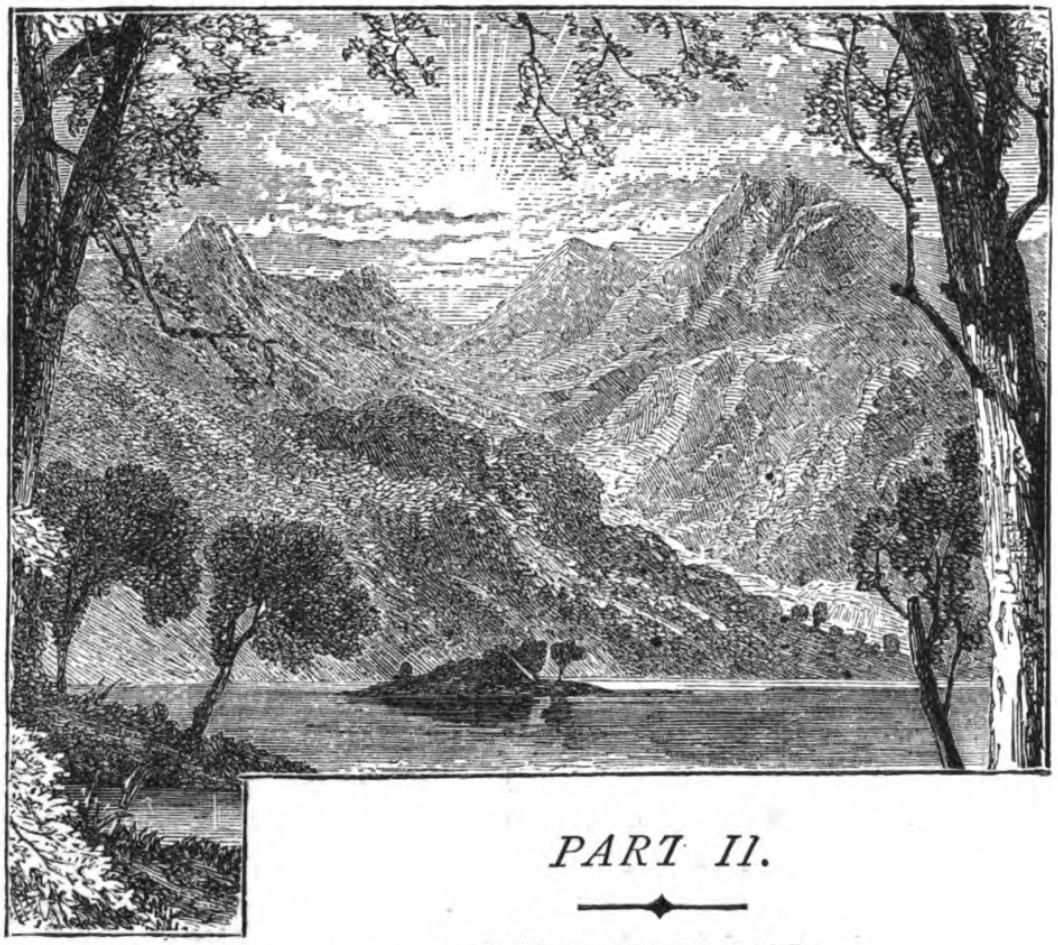
On *Dundochil*, one of the rocky islets of the upper lake, a pavilion has been erected for anglers, and boats with men are at all times ready. This isle is situated at the east end of the lake, and contains the ruins of a castle built by Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland; hence it is sometimes called "Duke Murdoch's Isle," and tradition states that it was here he was taken prisoner previously to his execution at Stirling. At the eastern extremity of the lake, near a ledge, or rather wall, of rock, about thirty feet in height, there is a fine echo which reverberates twice very distinctly whatever words are spoken. Behind the farmhouse, about four or five miles from Aberfoyle, in the glen west of Loch Ard Lodge, at the end of the lake, but on its northern side, is the waterfall of *Ledeard*, mentioned both in Waverley and Rob Roy.

The glen itself is beautifully ornamented with oak copse, birch, and mountain ash; and the approach to it is one of the finest combinations of the grand and beautiful in the Highlands. If the tourist be a lover of angling and in any way well provided with material for pursuing that recreation, he will here meet with one of the best spots in the world for the exercise of his craft, for Loch Ard is celebrated for its trout. Beyond Loch Ard, two miles westward, is—

Loch Chon,

a picturesque lake, about three miles in length and one in breadth, bounded on the south by a mountain, fifteen hundred feet high, whence a stream falls during rainy weather, from a height of a thousand feet, in a magnificent manner. On a small island, large flocks of herons annually build their nests, giving token that the lake is well stocked with fish. The road proceeds along the shore of the loch a distance of three miles, while on the opposite shore is the aqueduct of the famous Glasgow waterworks.

Farther on is *Loch Arklet*, on the right, from which may be seen the head of Loch Katrine, the distant horizon being bounded by some of the loftiest mountains in Scotland. Far in the west, Ben Lomond raises its huge form amid the clouds; while more remotely are Ben Arthur, or the Cobbler, Ben Voirlich, and various others. At the head of the loch, the road from Stronachlacher to Inversnaid is reached; and by keeping to the left of the junction, the former place is arrived at after about four miles' walk. Here the steamers on Loch Lomond can be joined for Balloch, whence the journey can be continued by rail to Glasgow.



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.

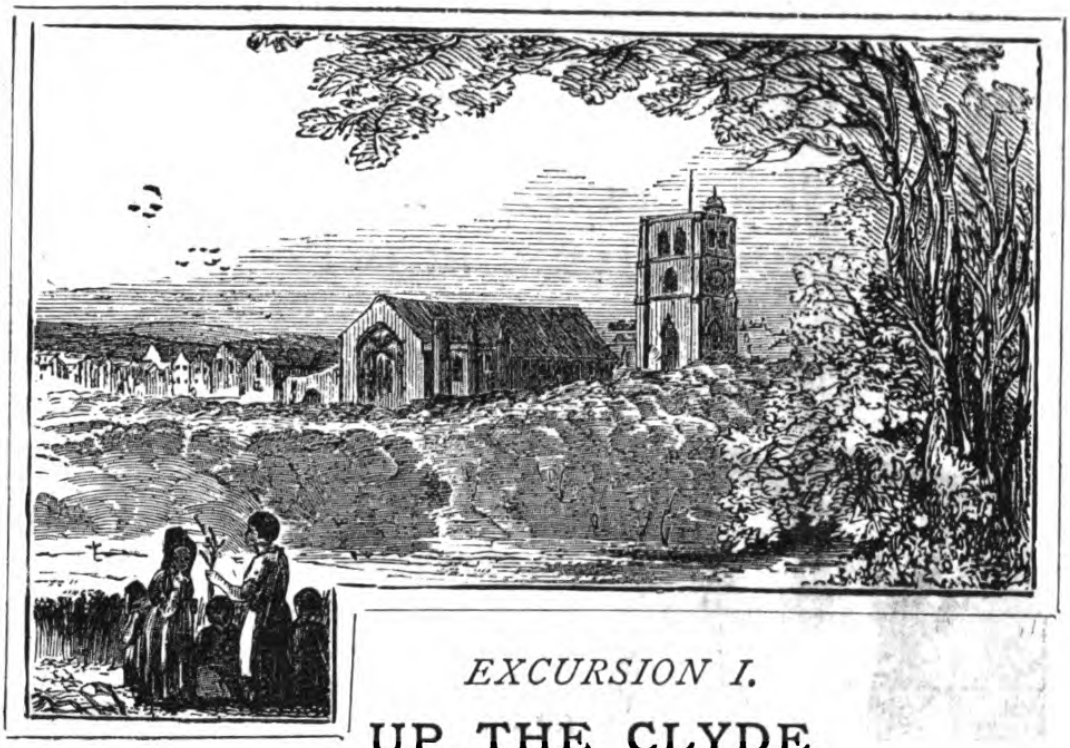
From this point the river flows quietly through the beautiful vales of Lanarkshire; and at Dumbarton expands in the famous firth, which, turning in a southerly direction at Greenock, becomes absorbed in the ocean after passing Ailsa Craig, where it attains a width of upwards of twenty miles. In the latter 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.*]

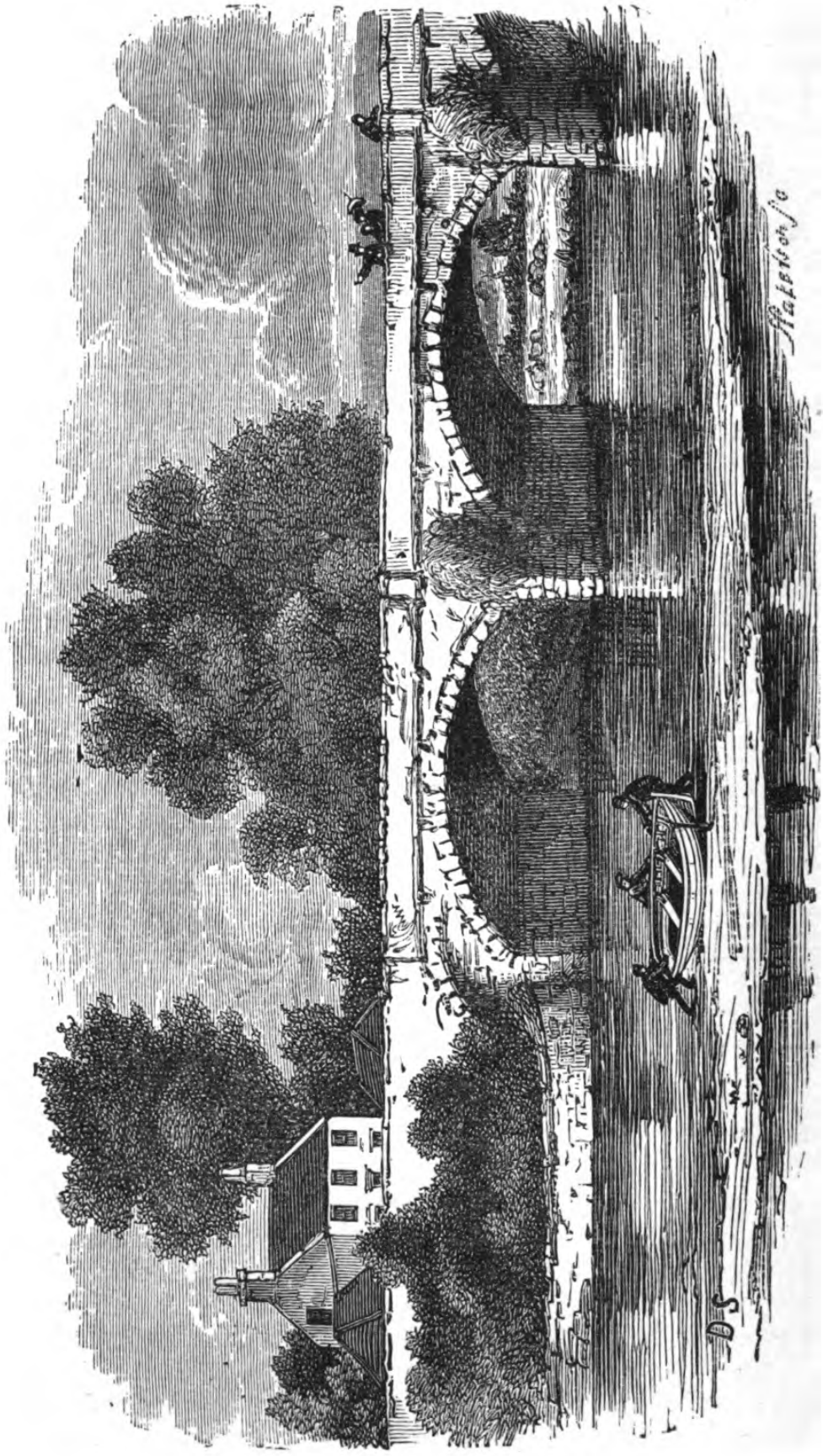
about three miles nearer Glasgow than Hamilton, may be reached either by the branch of the North British Railway, or by a walk or drive along a capital highway. Should the latter be chosen, the tourist will cross on his way—

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 :—

"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.

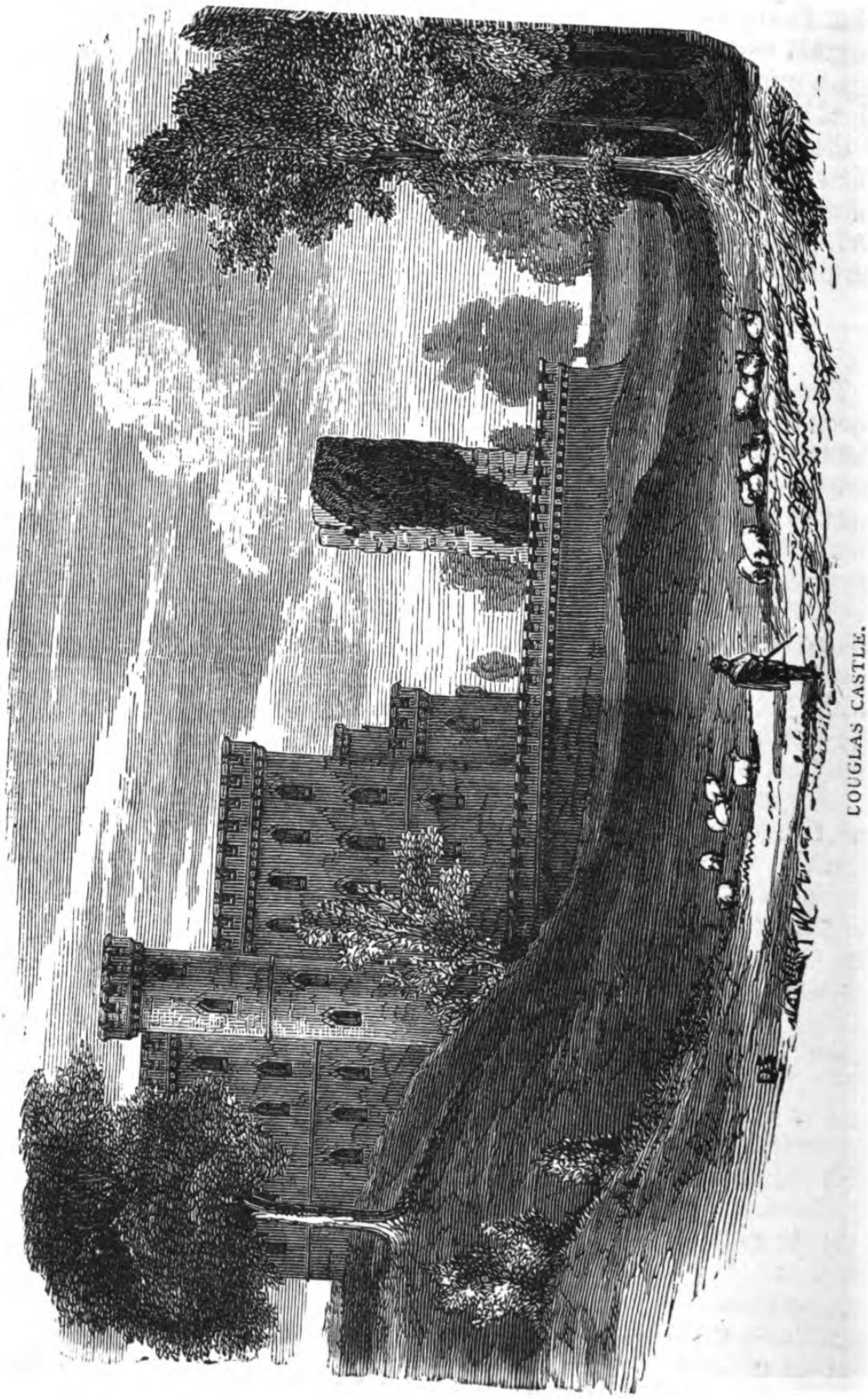
But Douglasdale was famous before that time. During the great war of independence, when the English overran so large a portion of Scotland, the "good Sir James of Douglas' joined heartily with Bruce in his efforts to preserve the integrity of the kingdom and to assert his own claim to the throne. The 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 abou 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.

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,

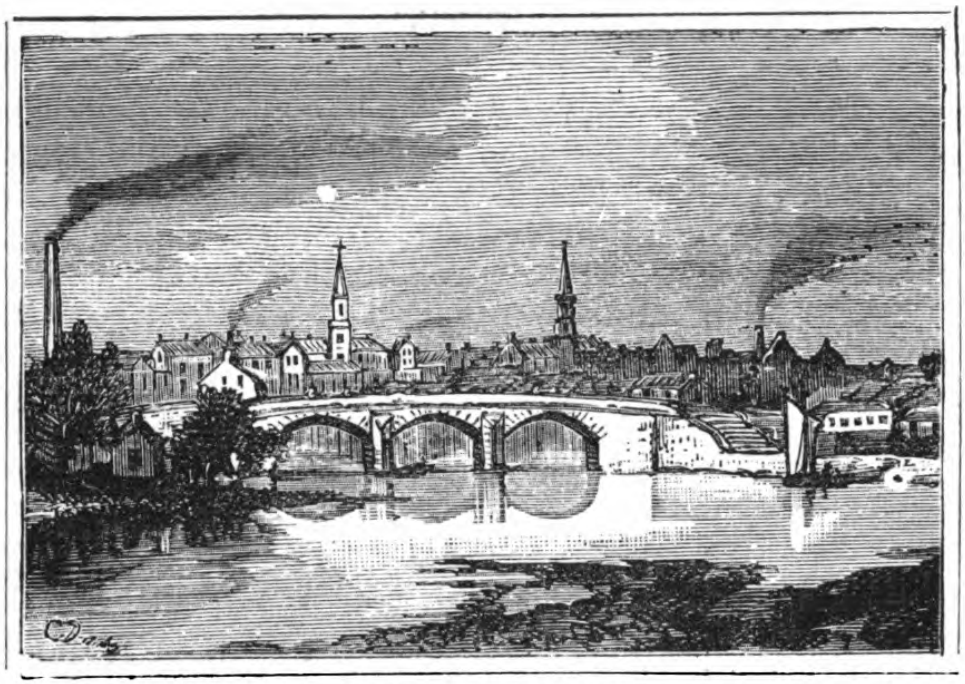
the "hill of fire," celebrated all over Lanarkshire for its conspicuous height. It is seven miles distant from Douglas; but may be more readily reached from the Symington railway station, on the main line to Edinburgh. The summit of Tinto is 2,312 feet above the level of the sea, but not more than seven 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.

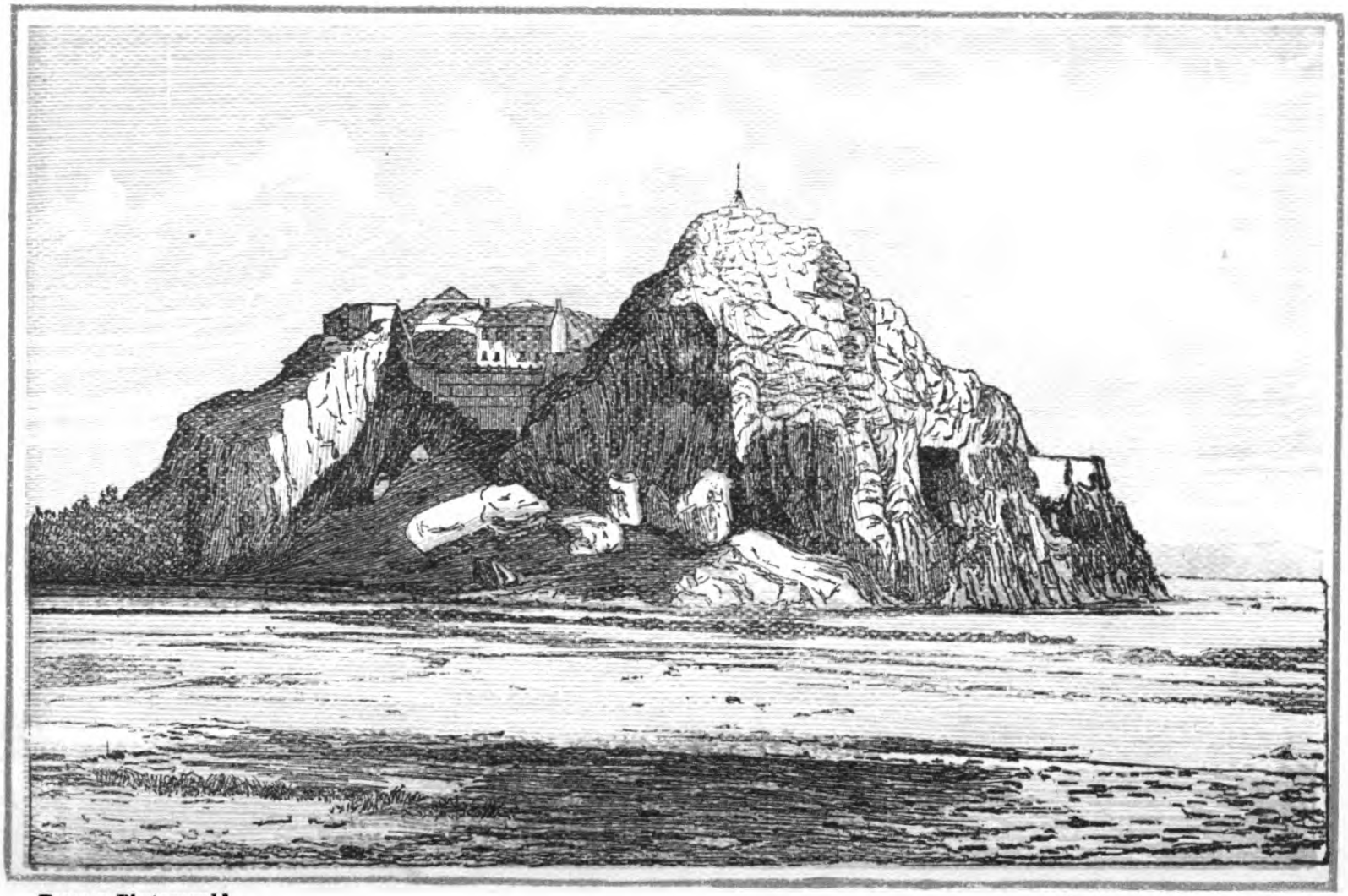
The Clyde now expands considerably, the background to the north being formed by the—

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



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—

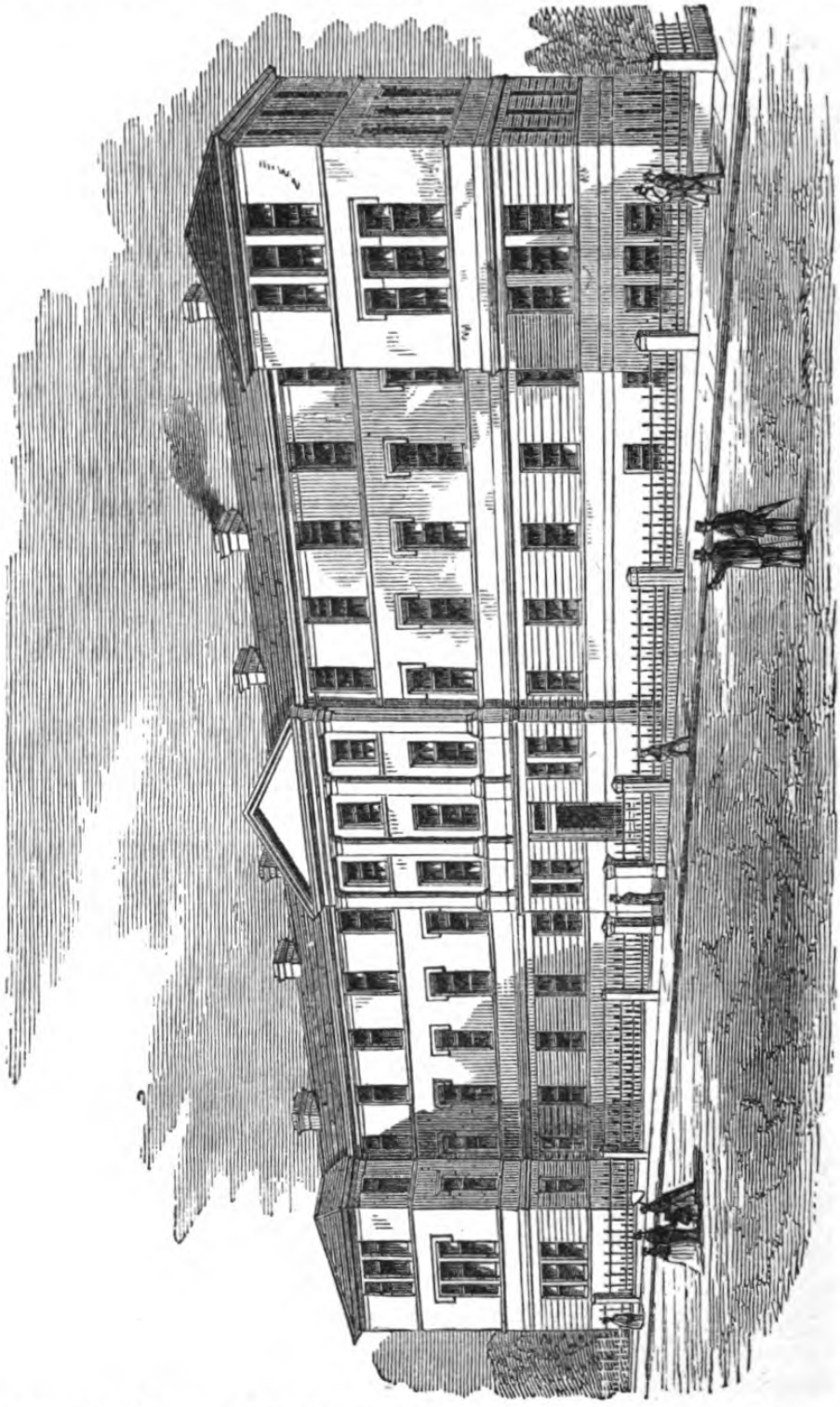
Port Glasgow,

[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.

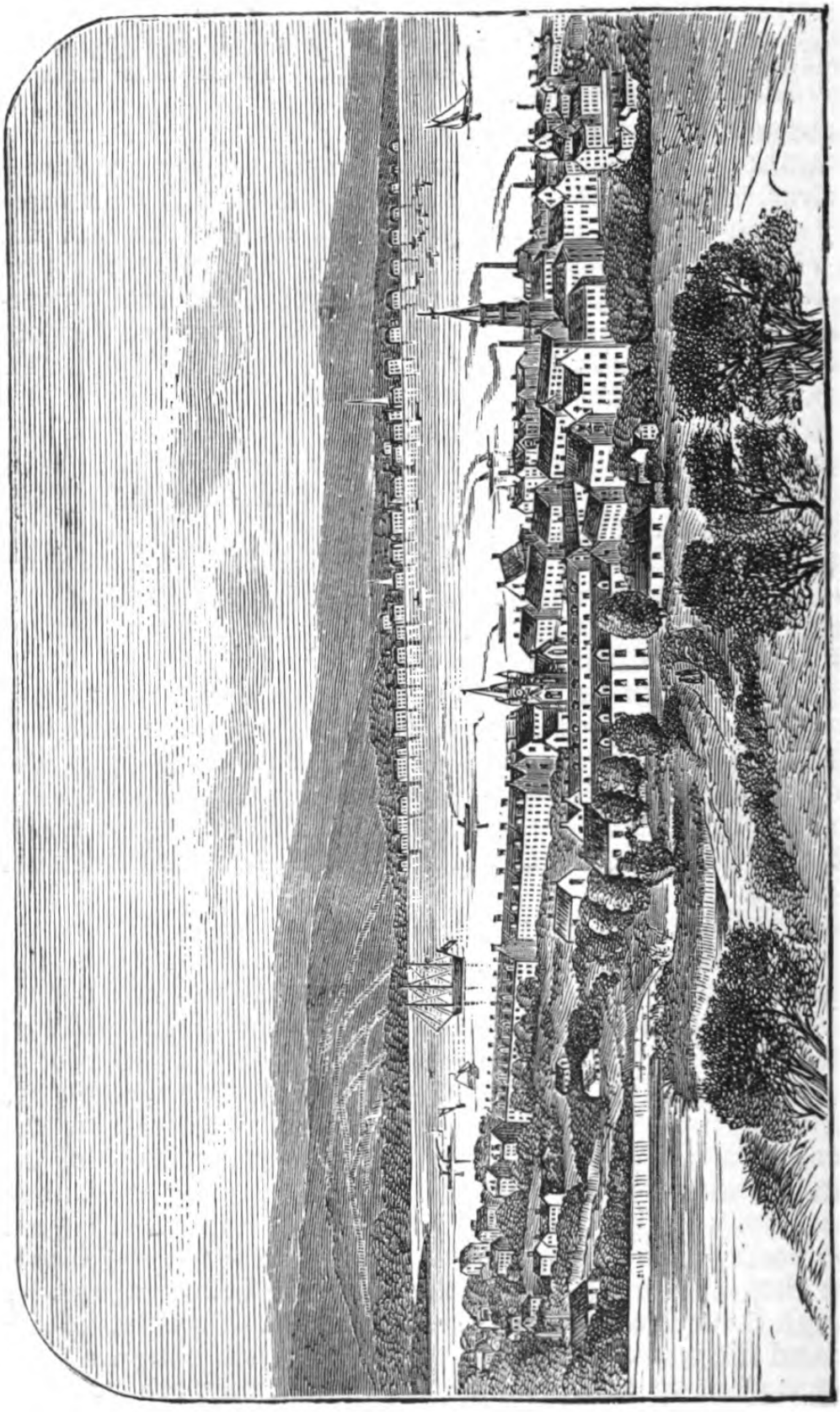
[FARES : from Glasgow, 1*s.* 3*d.*, 1*s.*, and 9*d.*]

[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 seaside 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,

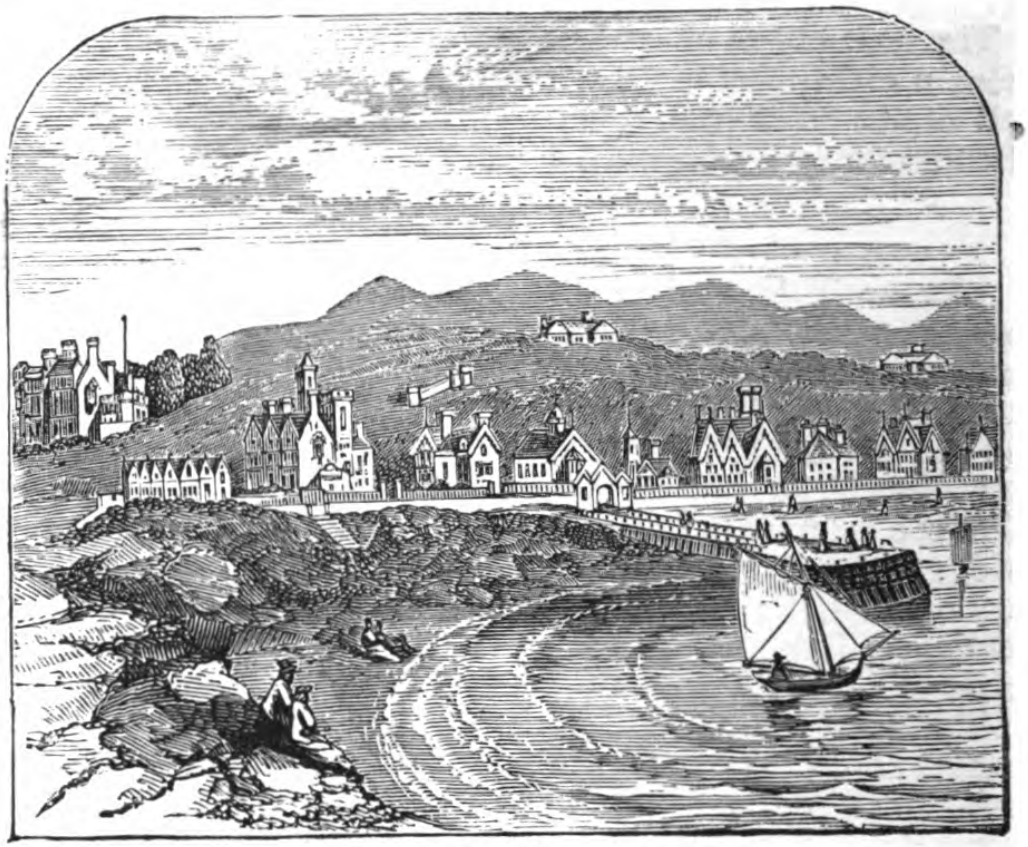
is pleasantly located at the mouth of the Kip; hence its modern name. Its ancient one was quite as suggestive ; it was known as *Auldkirk*, a title derived from the fact that for years after the Reformation its church was the only one for the extensive district stretching from beyond Greenock into Ayrshire. 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.

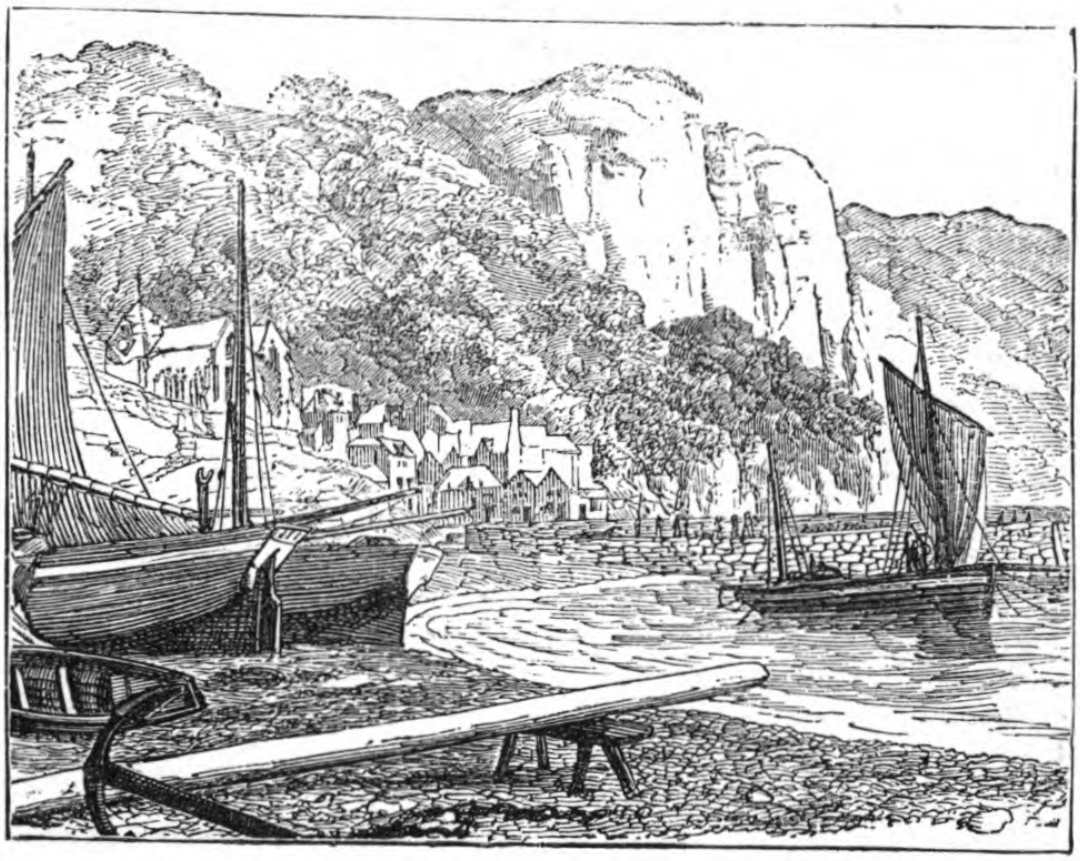
The grave of the Rev. William Smith, a former minister of the parish, who fell a victim to the plague—being exposed to contagion by his self-denying devotion to his duties among his stricken flock—in 1647, in a sequestered glen two miles north of the town, is watched with considerable anxiety by the 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.]

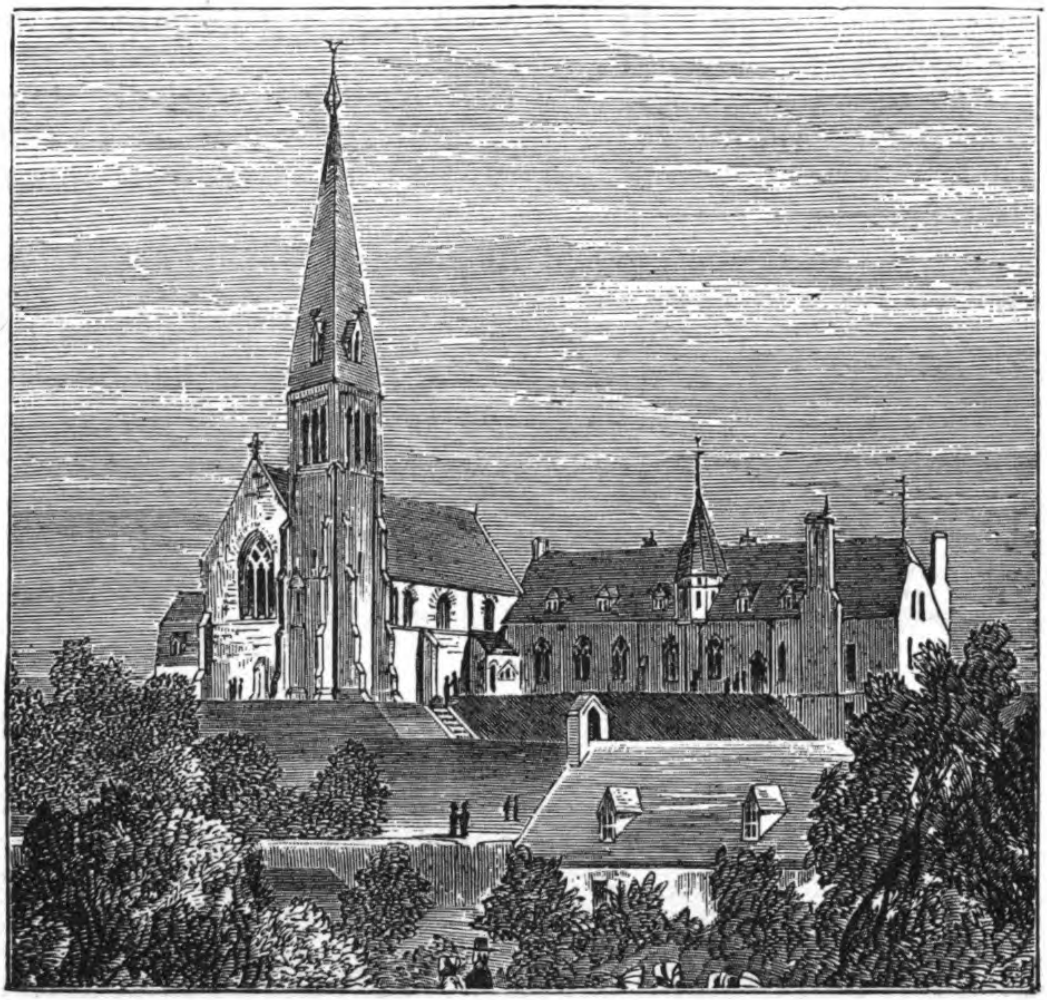
an attractive watering-place, built round a crescent-shaped bay on the southern extremity of the *Big* (or *Muckle*) *Cumbrae.* The group of islands known as the Cumbraes, or

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



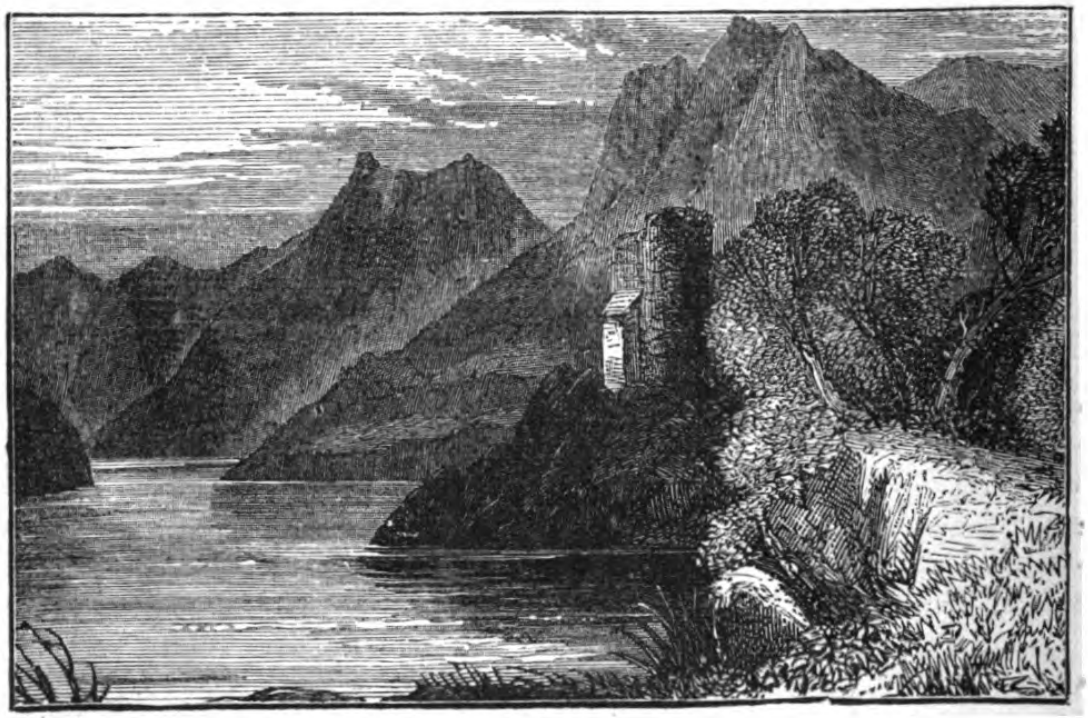
THE CATHEDRAL AND COLLEGE.

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.



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INDEX.

ABERFOYLE, i. 61
Alexandria, i. 8
Alloa, i. 58
Alva, i. 54
Ardchullary, i. 28
Arlin, i. 15

BALLOCK, i. 11
Ballock Castle, i. 11
Ballock Pier, i. 8
Balmaha, i. 12
Bannockburn, i. 50-1
Battle of Stirling, i. 48-9
Balquhidder, i. 28
Bealach-an-Duine, i. 21
Bealach-nam-Bo, i. 20
Ben Ledi, i. 26-7
Ben Lomond, i. 12-3
Benvenue, i. 19
Black Cart, ii. 54
Blairlogie, i. 53
Blantyre, ii. 7
Boquhan Glen, i. 59
Bonnington Linn, ii. 28
Bonnington House, ii. 28
Bothwell, ii. 15-8
Bothwell Bridge, ii. 15-7
Bothwell Castle, ii. 18
Bowling Bay, ii. 40-1
Bracklinn Fall, i. 26
Breanchoil, i. 17
Bridge of Allan, i. 38
Brig of Turk, i. 21

CADZOW CASTLE, ii. 12
Callander, i. 25-6
Cambuskenneth Abbey, i. 49
Cambuslang, ii. 6
Cardross, ii. 43
Carluke, ii. 20
Cartland Crags, ii. 29
Castle Campbell, i. 55
Castlemilk, ii. 6
Cathcart Castle, ii. 5
Chatelheault, ii. 12
Clackmannan, i. 58
Cloch Lighthouse, ii. 57
Coilantogle Ford, i. 23-4
Coir-nan-Uriskin, i. 19
Comrie, i. 31
Conic Hill, i. 12
Corra Linn, ii. 25-8
Craignethan Castle, ii. 30 2
Craigroyston, i. 15
Cumbraes, The, ii. 61-4

DECHMONT HILL, ii. 6
Dollar, i. 55
Douglas, ii. 33-5
Douglas Castle, ii. 34-5
Doune, i. 33
Doune Castle, i. 33-5
Drumclog, ii. 14
Dumbarton, ii. 41-2
Dumblane, i. 35-7
Dumblane Cathedral, i. 35-7
Dunfermline, i. 57-8
Dunamarle Castle, i. 58
Duncraggan, i. 22-3
Dundochil, i. 62
Dunfion Hill, i. 11
Dunmore, i. 24
Dundaff Linn, ii. 25
Dunglas Castle, ii. 41

EILAN VHOW, i. 15
Ellerslie (or Elderslie), ii. 53-4
Ellen's Isle, i. 19-21

FAIRLIE, ii. 61
Falkirk, i. 52
Falls of the Clyde, ii. 24-30
Fallside, ii. 19
Finlayston House, ii. 42

GATHERING STONE OF THE CLANS i. 37
Glen Arklet, i. 15
Glen Douglas, i. 13
Glenfinlas, i. 22
Glen Fruin, i. 11
Goblin Cave, i. 19
Gourock, ii. 56
Govan, ii. 38-9
Grave of Highland Mary, ii. 48
Granny Kepoch, ii. 57
Greenock, ii. 44-9

HAMILTON, ii. 8-10
Hamilton Palace, ii. 10-1
Harviestoun House, i. 54
Hawkhead, ii. 53

ILLAN-A-VHU, i. 11
Inch Cailiach, i. 9-11
Inch Lonaig, i. 11
Inchmahome, i. 58
Inchmurrin, i. 9
Inch Travanah, i. 11
Introduction, i. 1-5
Inverarnan, i. 15
Inverkip, or Innerkip, ii. 57
Inversnaid, i. 15-6
Inversnaid Fort, i. 17
Inveruglas Hotel, i. 13

JOHNSTONE, ii. 54

KEPOCH POINT, ii. 57
Kirkfieldbank, ii. 24-5
Kilpatrick Hills, ii. 40
Kinross, i. 55
Kippen, i. 60

LANARK, ii. 22-3
Lanrick Mead, i. 23
Larbert, i. 52.
Largs, ii. 59-61
Lee House, ii. 20-1
Lee Penny, ii. 20-1
Loch Achray, i. 21-2
Loch Ard, i. 61-2
Loch Arklet, i. 17, 62
Loch Earn, i. 29-30
Lockearnhead, i. 29
Loch Katrine, i. 17-20
Loch Leven, i. 55-7
Loch Leven Castle, i. 55-7
Loch Lomond, i. 8-15
Loch Lubnaig, i. 28
Loch Vennachar, i. 23
Luss, i. 12

MAULDSLIE CASTLE, ii. 20
Menstrie, i. 54
Menteith, Port and Lake of, i. 60
Millport, ii. 61-4
Monument to Smollet, i. 8
Motherwell, ii. 19

NEWARK CASTLE, ii. 43
New Lanark, ii. 23

PAISLEY, ii. 49-53
Paisley Abbey, ii. 51-2
Pass of Leny, i. 27
Port Glasgow, ii. 43
Priory of Inchmahome, i. 60

QUARTER, ii. 12.

RAILWAY FACILITIES, i. 5-6
Renfrew, ii. 39-40
Renton, i. 8
Rob Roy's Rock or Prison, i. 14
Rob Roy's Cave, i. 15
Rob Roy's Grave, i. 28-9
Rossdhu, i. 11
Rotten Calder Water, ii. 7
Rowardennan Pier, i. 12
Rumbling Brig, i. 55
Rutherglen, ii. 4-6

ST. FILLAN'S, i. 30-1
St. Ninian's, i. 50
Sauchieburn, i. 51
Sheriffmuir, i. 37
Skelmorlie, ii. 59
South Calder Water, ii. 19
Stirling, i. 39-49
  Argyll's Lodging, 46
  Back Walk, 44
  Battle of, 48-9
  Bridges, 47-9
  Castle, 41-4
  Castle Hill, 44
  Cemetery, 44-5
  Churches, 47
  Esplanade, 46
  Greyfriars Church, 45
  Heading Hill, 45
  Hospitals, 46-7
  Hotels, 47
  Hurley-Haky, 45
  King's Knot, 44
  King's Park, 44
  Ladies' Hill, 44
  Mar's Work, 46
  Old Bridge, 47-8
  Pass of Ballengeich, 45
  Valley, 44
  Wallace's Monument, 49
Stonebyres Linn, ii. 29-30
Stonehouse, ii. 14-5
Strathavon, ii. 13-4
Stronachlachlar Pier, i. 17

TALLA, i. 60
Tarbet, i. 14
Tillicoultry, i. 54
Tillietudlem (Craignethan) Castle, ii. 30-2
Tinto Hill, ii. 36
Tombea, i. 27
Torwood, i. 51-2
Trosachs, The, i. 20-1

VALE OF LEVEN, i. 7-8

WALLACE'S MONUMENT, i. 49
Wallace's Cave, ii. 27, 29
Wallace's Leap, ii. 27, 43
Warrock Glen, i. 53-4
Watt's Statue at Greenock, ii. 48
Wemyss Bay, ii. 58-9

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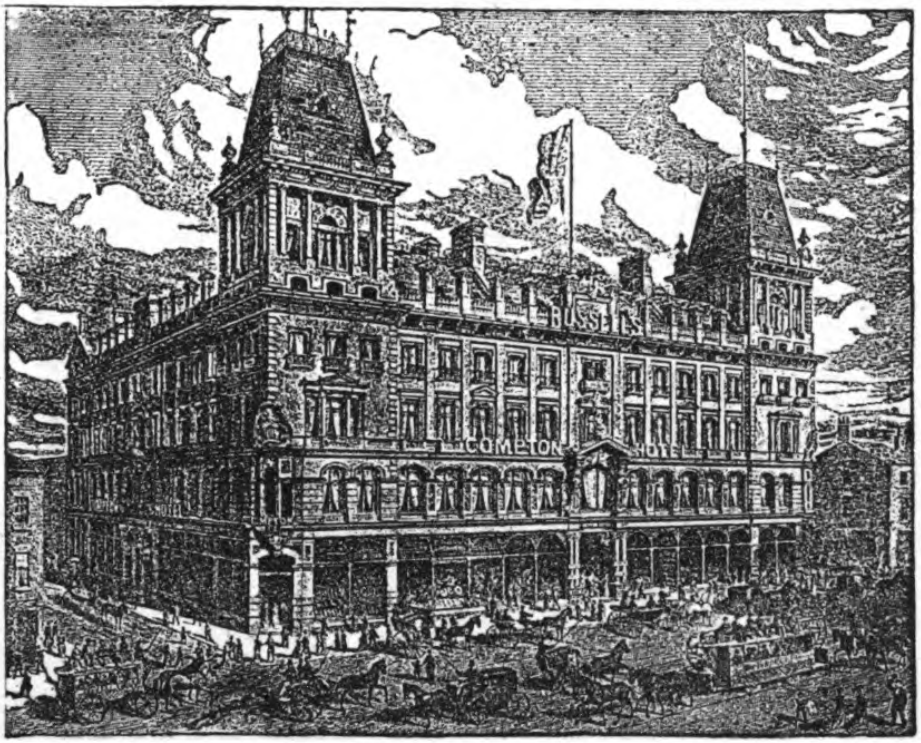

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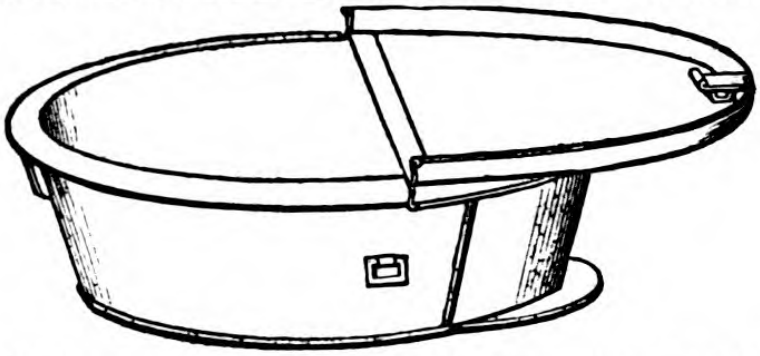

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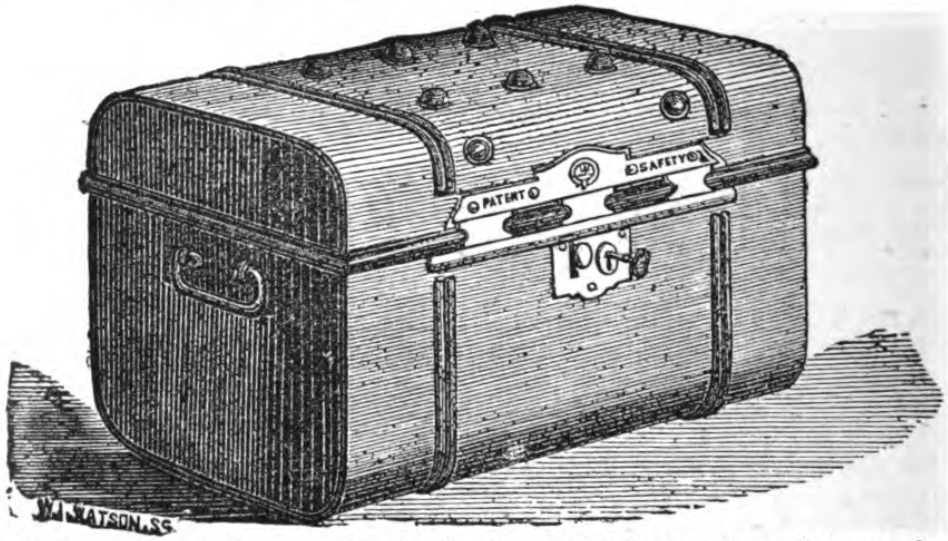

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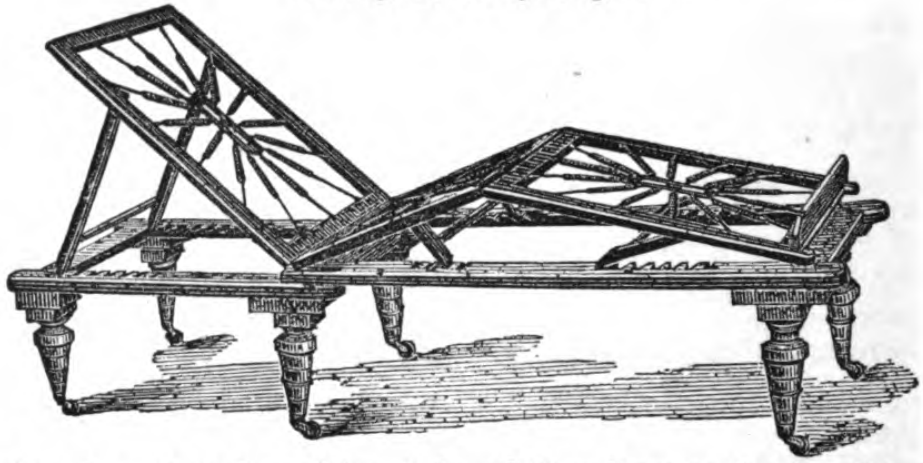

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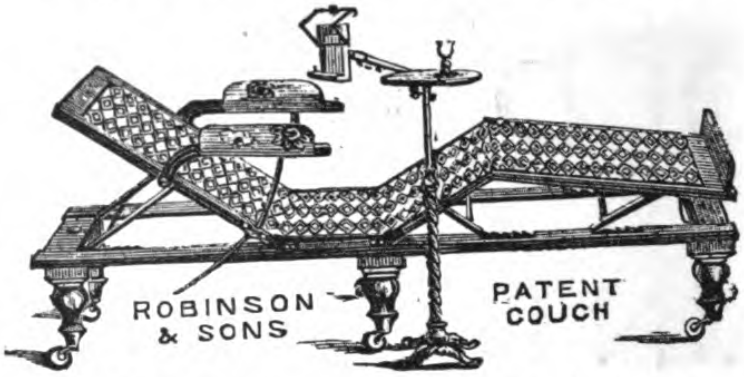

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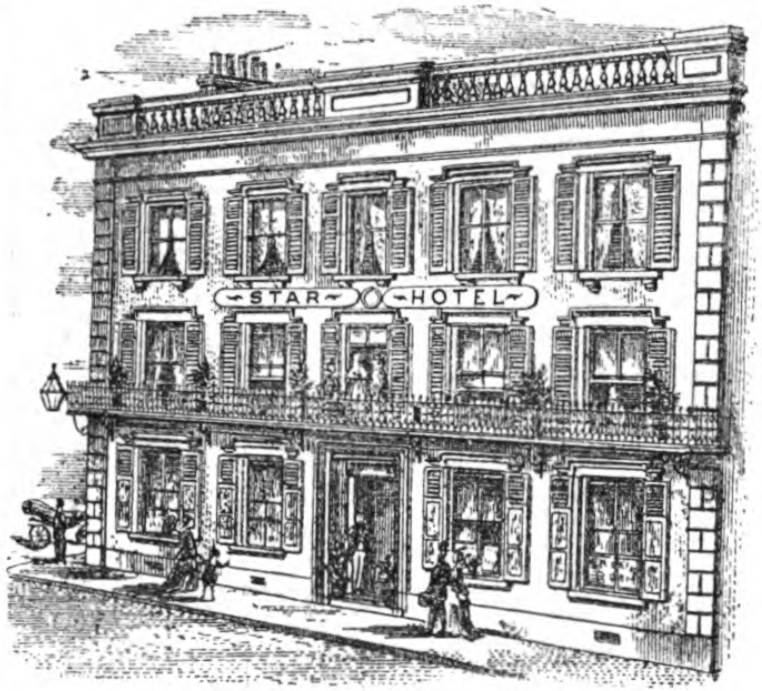

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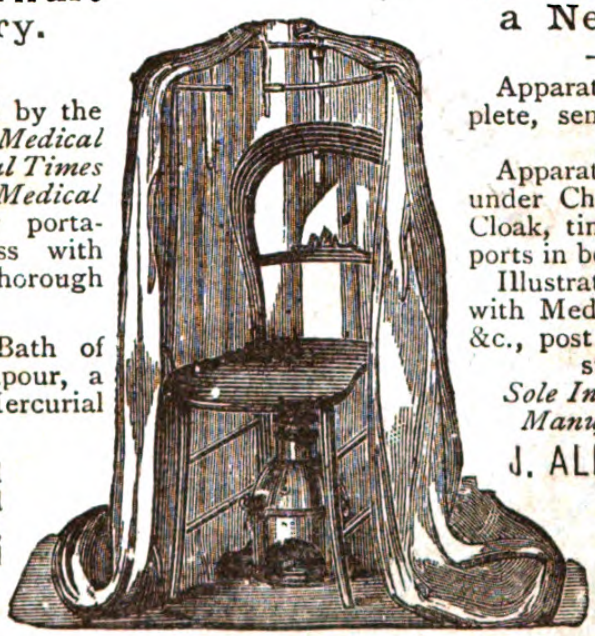

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