

"WE'LL WANDER SCOTLAND THOROUGH."

Pocket

2!



Through SCOTLAND

BY THE
**CALEDONIAN
RAILWAY**

WEST COAST
"ROYAL MAIL" ROUTE

R. MILLAR,
General Manager.



THE UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.



... WRITTEN BY GEORGE EYRE-TODD ...

From Glasgow to
Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness,
Peebles, Moffat, Dumfries, Carlisle,
Stranraer, The Clyde,
The Trossachs, The Scottish Lochs,
===== OBAN, =====
.. and ..
THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

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SCOTLAND.

Mountain and mist, lone glen and murmuring stream,

The shaggy forest, and the grey hillside—

These are thy features, Scotland—these the pride
Of those that love thee, and thy minstrels' theme.

For partial nature that denied to thee

The sun of England and the soil of France

Hath clothed thee in the garment of romance,

That dearer for that dearth thy face might be.

Proud mother, whose least son with reverence turns

To greet thee,—land of Wallace, Knox, and Burns—

Thy rugged hills are sacred from the feet

Of heroes ; and thy bards (a countless throng)

With tuneful tribute make the charm complete—

Each moor a memory, and each stream a song.

—*Robert Reid.*

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TO MERRIE CARLISLE. . .

To AYR, via Douglasdale, To DUMFRIES, and
To BIGGAR and PEEBLES, To ANNAN.



ROUTE.—From Glasgow (Central Station); from Edinburgh (Princes Street Station).

ONE of Dr. Johnson's polite remarks regarding Scotland and the Scots defined the best road known to a Scotsman as the road to England.

Even in the good Doctor's day there were not wanting Scotsmen to reply that it was a good thing for England that it was so. Whatever the merits of that contention, there can be little doubt that at the present hour one of the most interesting roads out of Edinburgh or Glasgow, to a Scotsman or to anyone else, is the road towards "Merrie Carlisle." While no part of Scotland is without memories many and vivid, the particular region through which this road passes has a history of unique and peculiar kind. It was, indeed, in early times a dominion by itself. The British or Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde, whose capital was Dumbarton, stretched from the shores of Loch Lomond to the Cumberland Lakes. Glasgow, then a hamlet on the Molendinar, was the early bishop's seat of the region, and when



CENTRAL STATION HOTEL, GLASGOW.

St. Kentigern, or Mungo, the early bishop, was expelled by Morken, the pagan king, it was by this route that he fled southward to seek refuge in Wales.

Were the good St. Mungo to return to his ancient seat to-day he would find considerable subject for reflection in the changes that have come about since his time. The Molendinar in which he used to bathe is now a sewer; the Dovehill on which he sat to dry himself is covered by the tenements of Gallowgate; his cell of wattle and daub has grown into a Gothic cathedral; and the pleasant forest in which he used to hear the wild white bull roar and the wolf howl is a great city of church and market, mansion and factory, far as the eye can see.

Not less astonishing would appear the change in the country through which he fled. Up the once lonely strath of Clyde the train sweeps now, with its plume of steam, through towns humming with busy life, and past flaming furnaces, smoking chimney stalks, and mountains of refuse that tell how the bowels of the earth are being torn for their treasures.

Main Line
from
Glasgow.

Just out of the city, Rutherglen keeps memory of its ancient rivalry with Glasgow. A burgh with older charter and older privileges, it was fated, in the end of the twelfth century, first to have its influence curtailed, and then to see its birthright, the rule and revenue of rich Strathclyde, pass to its younger rival. The bishops of Glasgow preserved with jealous care the charter of Alexander II. in 1226, forbidding the bailies of Rutherglen from taking toll further westward than the cross of Shettleston. Rutherglen, nevertheless, remained a place of importance. Its castle, a stronghold now vanished, was taken by the English, and besieged by Bruce, and, after the battle of Langside, was burned, as a possession of the Hamilton family, by the Regent Moray. In its kirk a peace was signed between England and Scotland in 1297, and the compact was made with Sir John Menteith to betray Wallace:—

A messynger Schir Aymer has gart pass
On to Schir Jhon, and sone a tryst has set.
At Ruglan kirk thir twa togydder met.

The memories of the town in later days are democratic. At "Din's Dykes," south of the main street, Queen Mary, fleeing from Langside, came near to being cut down by two labourers who sallied out of a field of hay with their scythes for the purpose. And, flouting certain loyal rejoicings in

1679, a body of eighty men, among whom were Hackston of Rathillet and Balfour or "Burley," red-handed from the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, after psalm-singing and prayer, burned at the cross the acts of parliament against conventicles, this being the first appearance of the Covenanters' rising which came to a head at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge. In later days successively a weaving and mining town, Rutherglen at the present hour is chiefly famous for the great chemical works owned by Baron Overtoun.

Cambuslang, a few miles farther out, was in early times a possession of the great Earls of Douglas, and its church was one of the prebends of the Glasgow bishopric. Now a favourite residence of Glasgow citizens, it was formerly a weaving village, where much of the celebrated "Glasgow muslin" was made. Its greatest memory, however, is of a religious awakening. For five months in 1742 it was the scene of a revival, known as the "Cambuslang work," to which thousands flocked from all parts of the country. At the sacrament services of 15th August, the final day, not fewer than thirty thousand persons were present. The place has also certain poetic memories. Gilbertfield mansion in the neighbourhood was long the residence of Allan Ramsay's friend, the translator of Blind Harry's "Wallace," who remains known as Hamilton of Gilbertfield. Of that translation Burns wrote, "It has poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."

Beyond Cambuslang the iron district begins. Forge after forge fills the air with fire and smoke, in every strath the steel companies carry on their alchemy, and the entire valley seems an iron mine. Amid all this, however, appear many scenes of other interest. On the right, as the railway crosses the Clyde, a glimpse is caught of the ruined towers of Bothwell Castle, famous as a stronghold of the great house of Douglas in every period of Scottish history; and after passing the villa-town of Uddingston, the traveller sees, over the bosky strath, also on the right, the towns of Hamilton and Bothwell. Between them, out of sight, lies Bothwell Bridge, the scene of the Covenanters' overthrow in 1679. A little farther on, the deep wooded glen of the South Calder is crossed by a bridge that was considered a triumph

of engineering art in its day. Doubtless as much was thought sixteen hundred years earlier of the Roman bridge which still stands half a mile down the glen to the right. A single arch of twenty feet span, high, narrow, and without parapets, it carried the Watling Street, one of the four great Roman roads in Britain, across the stream. West of it a quarter of a mile lies Bothwellhaugh, the property of that James Hamilton who shot the Regent Moray at Linlithgow in 1569. Three miles up the glen, on the other hand, in the rock under Cleland House, a great cave, capable of holding fifty men, was, according to tradition, one of the secret fastnesses of the patriot Wallace. Similar cavern fortresses are to be seen at Hawthornden and at Ancrum.

At Motherwell the irrepressible anecdotist invariably remembers a historic pun. "Motherwell," shouts the platform porter. "Father well too?" inquired the sympathetic traveller from the carriage window. "A bittock west," responded the porter grimly, "ye'll find Bothwell."

Here, amid the smoke and busy mineral traffic of Motherwell and Wishaw and Law Junction, where the trains from the north join on, it is curious to reflect that the railway line, now perhaps the most important part of the Caledonian system, was originally built in 1830 as a light single-line tramway to be wrought by horse-power. Side by side with all this busy traffic of to-day, however, out of sight in the deep glen of the Clyde, which runs parallel on the right, lies a perfect garden of rural beauty and romantic memories, the twelve-mile stretch of the river above Hamilton comprising the chief orchard country of Scotland (see page 40). Looking across that glen, up the Avon water, the Ayrshire landscape can be seen, with Loudoun Hill, at whose foot Bruce won his first victory against the English, and the Covenanters won against Claverhouse the battle of Drumclog. On the left of the line again, St. Mary's at Carluke was possibly the "Forest Kirk," in which Wallace was appointed Governor of Scotland; the whole district, from Cadzow to the springs of Tweed and Ettrick, having been comprised in the ancient Caledonian Forest.

Presently, after passing Braidwood, the spires of Lanark appear on the right, with the valley of the Douglas beyond, leading far into the fastnesses of Cairntable.

That was the Douglas country, and it was of it that the Earl of Angus, husband of Queen Margaret, and Regent of Scotland, spoke when he laughed at the threats of Henry VIII. "Little knows my royal brother-in-law," he said, "the fastnesses of Cairntable. I could keep myself there against all his English host."

On the left of the line, again, lies the ancient country of the Somervilles, lords of Carnwath. Many a tale is told of their entertainment of the kings of Scotland at the Castle of Cowdailly or Cowtheilly (*Coup d'ail*) in Carnwath Moss, and at least one ghost story of the neighbourhood keeps tragic episodes of their family history alive.

The grounds and small loch on the right before reaching Carstairs Junction belong to Carstairs House, seat of Sir James King, Bart., and through them was laid the first electric railway in Scotland. Carstairs Junction itself, where the lines join for the south, is a very different place from Carstairs village, a mile away; the latter, with its quiet village green and kirk and nestling manse, keeps memories of the time when as Castelerras, or Castelstarris, it was a possession and contained a residence of the bishops of Glasgow, built by Wishart, the friend of Bruce.

At Carstairs Junction the line from Edinburgh comes in, From Edinburgh. having left the Edinburgh and Glasgow section at Mid-Calder, and made its way round the base of the Pentlands, by Harburn, Cobbinshaw Loch, and Auchengray. From Ayr. At Kirknewton, on that route, in the dingle of the Gogar, lie the little estate and old house of Ormiston Hill where the great Dr. Cullen lived and carried on his experiments on soils and manures. At Carstairs, too, the line from Ayrshire, by Muirkirk and Lanark, comes in through the Douglas country. The latter line traverses a district teeming with tragic and heroic memories, which seems worthy of more attention than it has yet received.



ENTRANCE HALL, CITY CHAMBERS,
GLASGOW.

To Lanark,
Douglas,
and Ayr.

Four miles west of Carstairs, Lanark forms the best centre from which to visit the falls and the orchard valley of the Clyde (see page 40). Running southward the line itself crosses the river above all the falls, and makes its way up the historic valley of the Douglas water. A quiet, green valley it is to-day, its cornfields shut in by the mountain walls; and it is difficult to imagine it the home of the fierce and haughty race who were sometimes greater than the kings of Scotland. Here, however, was the Douglas cradleland, and the Earl of Home, its present owner, holds it by virtue of his descent, on the female side, from the Douglas blood. On the death of the first and last Duke of Douglas, in 1761, this and all the other ancient Douglas possessions became the subject of the great law plea, known as the Douglas Cause. The Duke was childless, and his only sister, Lady Jane, having quarrelled with him, made a runaway marriage. On the Duke's death the succession to the estates was contested by the Duke of Hamilton, nearest heir-male, on the plea that Archibald Stewart, the avowed son of Lady Jane, and so heir-female, was a supposititious child. It was pointed out that Lady Jane at the time of the alleged birth, which was stated to have taken place in France, was over fifty years of age; the only direct evidence for the birth was the oral testimony of a nurse, who made an unsatisfactory appearance in the witness-box; and it was actually discovered that at the date averred an infant, the son of a glass-worker, had been procured by English people in Paris. Popular feeling ran high over the case, and the rejoicings almost reached a national character when the news reached Edinburgh that the House of Lords had decided in favour of Archibald Stewart. The points of evidence upon which the case was chiefly decided were the unvarying affection shown towards her child by Lady Jane even in the direst straits, and the fact that her husband, who had succeeded to the baronetcy of Grandtully, and died before the Duke of Douglas, had fully acknowledged and provided for Archibald Stewart as his son.

The present Douglas Castle was built by the Duke of Douglas, and forms only one wing of his magnificent design. Of the older stronghold, the Castle Dangerous of Scott's romance, almost nothing remains. Hume of Godscroft,

the family historian, records how a fair English damsel, during Bruce's wars, offered her hand to the knight who should hold Douglas Castle against the Scots for a year and a day. The gage was all but won by a gallant Englishman, Sir John de Webeton, when Bruce gained the battle of Loudon Hill, and Douglas suddenly appeared, drew the garrison into an ambush, and slew poor Webeton with his lady's letter in his pocket. Only a few months earlier another slaughter had taken place here. It was just after Bruce and Douglas landed at Turnberry. Thence it was but a night's march through the hills, and all the world knows how the English garrison of Douglas Castle, at prayers on Palm Sunday, were taken by surprise. The slaughter of the last of them among the wine and meal in the castle cellars gave the event the name of "The Douglas Larder," and Douglas himself, setting fire to the place, took to the hills, preferring "rather to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak."



THE CATHEDRAL, GLASGOW.

The history of the Douglas race forms half the history of Scotland. Through Dornagilla, sister of the Red Comyn, and niece of John Balliol, who became mother of the first earl, the Douglasses inherited the claims of these great houses to the throne, and that claim was their undoing. But there was a time when the earl could ride from Douglasdale with twenty thousand spears at his back. Here it was that William, the eighth earl, ordered the destruction of Sir John Herries and Lord Colville, the king's friends, and delivered up at the royal mandate the person of his prisoner, Maclellan, the tutor of Bomby, "wanting the head." And from Douglas Castle it was that he rode, all unwitting, to his death at the hand of James II. in the supper-room at Stirling. Times were changed when, two

hundred years later, the Marquis of Douglas being a fugitive since Philiphaugh, Cromwell's soldiers stabled their horses in the kirk of St. Bride. That kirk, at the park gate, in the little town of Douglas itself, remains a shrine of memories. The clock in the little Moorish tower was a gift of Queen Mary, whose husband's mother, it will be remembered, was the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Angus and Queen Margaret, widow of James IV. Through this link the present royal family have Douglas blood in their veins. Under the high altar of the little kirk the Douglasses were buried. Tombs of the most famous of them are still to be seen. And within a stone combing on the choir floor are kept two silver cases, said to contain the hearts of the Good Lord James, the friend of Bruce, and of Archibald "Bell-the-Cat," of the days of James III.

In one of the narrow streets close to the kirkyard a less heroic memory remains. There the house still stands, small-windowed and low-doored, in the basement of which, after the Covenanters' defeat at Airds Moss in 1680, Hackston of Rathillet, one of the assassins of Archbishop Sharpe, was secured, while in the low-roofed room overhead the dragoons kept guard throughout the night over the severed head and hands of Richard Cameron. Nine years later, such is the whirligig of time, the Cameronian regiment was enrolled by Lord Angus, eldest son of the Marquis of Douglas, in a field near the town, for the defence of the Protestant government of William of Orange. Later still, in 1712, the Covenanters met on Auchinsnaugh Hill in the neighbourhood, and formally renewed the Solemn League and Covenant of seventy years before.

Not the least interesting relic of bygone days in Douglas is the curfew, which has been rung from the little steeple of St. Bride's since Norman times. A similar custom continues at Leadhills, among the Lowthers, not far away.

Running westward up the narrowing strath, and through the pass under Cairntable, the line descends between two artificial lochs, from which flow the head waters of the river Ayr. On the right rise the wild solitudes of Priesthill, famous, like the whole district, in Covenanting times. In that solitude is to be seen the grave of John Brown, the carrier, and close by are the vestiges of the house in which

he entertained Peden the prophet, and others; while the spot is also pointed out where, after embracing his wife and children and uttering a last prayer, he was shot as a rebel and outlaw by the dragoons.

Muirkirk, now the centre of an iron and coal district, was towards the end of the eighteenth century the residence of Isobel Pagan, authoress of the exquisite pastoral songs, "Ca' the yowes to the knowes" and "The crook and plaid." Her hovel, near the town, was in the hunting season a favourite howf of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who enjoyed her smuggled whisky while they made merry over her shafts of humour and wit, and took pleasure in hearing her sing. Burns, though he lived only a few miles away, at Mauchline, appears to have been unaware of her existence, and actually rewrote one of her songs.

West of Muirkirk, Airds Moss, or Ayrsmoss, on the right, was the scene of the battle in 1680 already referred to. Sixty-three of the staunch Covenanters who by the Sanquhar Declaration had renounced allegiance to the king, were attacked in order of battle here by a body of 112 dragoons under Bruce of Earlshall. After praying thrice aloud, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe," Richard Cameron, their leader, was among the first to fall. A monument marks the spot. The others, under Hackston of Rathillet, made a stubborn resistance, and killed or mortally wounded no fewer than twenty-eight dragoons before they were overpowered. It is the earlier monument on the spot which is referred to in Hyslop's well-known "Cameronian's Dream":—

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the moorland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

Between Lugar and Cumnock the line follows the course of the picturesque and romantic Lugar water, famous in song. Here, at Logan House, dwelt the celebrated Ayrshire wit, Henry, the "Laird of Logan," and in the burying-ground of Old Cumnock rests the dust of Alexander Peden, covenantanther and reputed prophet. He was buried first in the Auchinleck aisle, exhumed after forty days by the dragoons in order to be hanged, and only re-interred at the entreaty of the Countess of Dumfries. Near Old Cumnock, also,

was born William Murdoch, the inventor of lighting by coal-gas.

Dumfries House, west of Cumnock, is a residence of the Marquis of Bute, who, by female descent through the families of Macdowall and Dalrymple, represents the ancient family of Crichton of Sanquhar, and holds the title of Earl of Dumfries. The Bannock water, crossed a little farther on, falls into the Lugar, but presently the line, turning northward, runs down the banks of the Coyle. The river gave Burns a name for his muse, but curiously enough the name of the river commemorates Coilus, king of the Britons, who was slain on its banks in a great battle with Fergus I., king of the Scots. His tumulus rises near the offices of Coilsfield House, where Highland Mary, the beloved of Burns, was a dairymaid. Pro-



BURNS STATUE, AYR.

bably it would have somewhat staggered the poet to discover that his ideal Coila was in reality none other than that "old King Cole" of the popular rhyme, who was such a merry old soul, and was so given to calling for his pipe and his bowl and his fiddlers three. Perhaps, however, Burns, when he chose the name, was thinking not so much of the river as of the fair object of his affections who dwelt on its banks.

Robert Burns

AUTOGRAPH OF ROBERT BURNS.

Ayr itself remains chiefly famous at the present day for its association with the poet, and all summer long the road southward out of the town is thronged with visitors to the

cottage, two miles away, where Burns was born. Close by the cottage are to be seen "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," where Tam o' Shanter had his amazing vision of the witches' dance; and, amid the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, the high, narrow old bridge over which Tam escaped at the cost of his grey mare's tail. The tail, as all the world knows, was really lost at the door of an inn in Ayr, being filched piecemeal from the patient Meg for the manufacture of fishing-lines, while Meg's master sat quenching his thirst within. The inn still exists, and preserves, among other relics, the veritable quaich of the occasion.



BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

Amid such associations with the poet the older and more heroic memories of Ayr are apt to be forgotten. Its picturesque old bridge dates from the reign of Alexander III. The ancient court-house in High Street, now replaced by a dwelling-house with the statue of Sir William Wallace in front, was the scene of the treacherous hanging of the Scottish nobles recounted by Blind Harry, when, one after another, as they were admitted, they were drawn up to the rafters. Wallace Tower, at the head of the Mill Vennel, rebuilt in 1830, also with a statue of the patriot in front, was the place in which he was imprisoned, and from which he was thrown for dead. In the old parish church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the Parliament of King Robert the Bruce, on 26th April, 1315, settled the succession on

the king's brother Edward, Earl of Carrick. And from Ayr harbour presently that brother set forth upon his valiant but ill-advised expedition for the conquest of Ireland. In 1652 Cromwell converted that church into an armoury and guard-room, and built about it a citadel, now known as the Fort, twelve acres in extent, for similar purposes to the citadels erected by him at Perth, Leith, and Inverness. The ruins of this citadel still stand by the harbour side. Part of the old church also still stands within, and is now occupied as a dwelling-house. By way of amends Cromwell, it is said, gave between six and seven hundred pounds towards the building of the present parish church, off High Street, on the site of an ancient Franciscan priory.

Main Line. On the snipe-haunted flats beyond Carstairs the line for the third time crosses the Clyde, and thenceforth keeps it company to its upland springs. The countryside here retains the names of the early Norman settlers, to whom it was granted for feudal obligations by the Scottish monarchs. Dolphinton, Thankerton, Symington, Robertson, and Lamington represent, according to extant charters, the "towns," or settlements, of Dalfin, Tancred, Simon, Robert, and Lambin respectively. Here, too, are crowded traditions of the uncanny doings of the famous "wizard" of the thirteenth century, Michael Scot. At Covington, it is said, he was engaged in building a bridge across the Clyde. A vast number of fiends were employed in carrying stones for the work, when news arrived of the wizard's death. At this, each fiend dropped his burden, and the boulders may still be seen lying in a line half a furlong broad across the country for some miles. Again, the narrow pass called Sandyhill Neck, near Dolphinton, on the road between Edinburgh and Biggar, and a pass over the shoulder of Tinto, on the old road from Wiston to Lanark, are reputed the work of his familiars. And he is even said to have attempted to turn the Clyde into the channel of the Tweed at the spot where the rivers are separated only by what was once the low marshy level of Boghall.

On the summit of the curious bald-topped Quothquar Law, to the left of the line at Thankerton, a large rough stone is pointed out as the seat of Sir William Wallace when

planning the doubtful battle of Biggar ; and right opposite, on the summit of Tinto, rises a great cairn which has been the subject of some famous folk-rhymes. Best known, perhaps, are the final verses of the old satirical ballad, "Tibbie Fowler":—

She's got pendles in her lugs,
 Cockle shells wad set her better ;
 High-heeled shoon and siller tags,
 And a' the lads are wooin' at her—
 Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,
 Courtin' at her, canna get her—
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 Gi'e her but the name o' siller,
 Set her upo' Tinto tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.

The cairn is believed to have been carried to the summit piecemeal in the course of centuries, by way of penance, from a famous chapel in a little glen on the north-east skirt of the mountain. The name Tinto itself, however, means Hill of Fire, and is believed to allude to pagan rites, or which the summit formed the mountain altar in pre-historic times.

Symington, at the mountain foot, whence the climb up To Biggar Tinto is made, is the junction of the line to Biggar and Peebles. A little beyond the station a view is had, on the left, of the valley through which that line runs.

Crossing the Clyde at Coulter, it touches Biggar, the native district of the Gladstones, and of Thomas Ord, rival of the famous Ducrow, as well as the traditional scene of a victory by Wallace. Close by stands the ruin of the castle of Boghall, the ancient seat of the Flemings, Earls of Wigton, besieged by General Leslie in 1651. James V. was a frequent visitor within its walls. Thence the route lies down the side of Biggar water. This stream actually in time of flood carries part of the waters of the Clyde into the Tweed. Gathering many pleasant tributaries from the hills, it flows past Hartree on the right and Broughton on the left, where not one stone remains upon another of the residence of Murray of Broughton, secretary to Prince Charles Edward during the rebellion of 1745. Murray,

there is reason to believe, was a paid spy of the government, and afterwards, to save his life, turned king's evidence and betrayed his friends.

Joining the Tweed a little below Drummelzier, where Merlin, the last of the pagan bards, was stoned and slain, Biggar water loses itself in the very heart of the anglers' paradise. Thence the line runs on, down the Tweed, by Stobo, an early possession of the Glasgow bishopric, over the Lyne water and the ancient Thief Road, which come down on the left. Then a view is got on the right up the vale

of the Manor, at whose foot, in a cottage built by his own hands, dwelt David Ritchie, the "Black Dwarf." It was the country of ancient fire and foray, as many a ruined peel-tower among the hills remains to witness.



NEIDPATH CASTLE, PEEBLES.

The romance of the neighbourhood, however, centres in Neidpath Castle, a mile above Peebles. On a brow overlooking the Tweed, the strength keeps memories of

its early lords, the Frasers, last of whom was Sir Simon Fraser, the hero of Roslin-moor; of their successors, the Hays of Yester, under whom it held out for Charles II. against Cromwell, when all Scotland south of the Forth had succumbed; of the other noble families who at a later day have been its owners; and of the poets, from Dr. Penecuik to Wordsworth, who have sung its charms. Towards the end of the seventeenth century it is said to have been the scene of composition of Lord Yester's exquisite "Tweedside," earliest of modern Scottish songs.

This upland district about the springs of Tweed keeps memories also of an earlier time. The origin of the name Tinto has already been mentioned. Standing stones and other remains near Biggar and on the Manor tell the same tale of pagan rites. And Peebles itself, as all the world knows, has always been associated with the observance of Beltane, Baal-tein, or Baal-fire day, the second of May.

At Beltane, when ilk body bouns
To Peebles to the play.

So sang King James V., and at a later date the town converted the festival into a Beltane Fair. Peebles was the favourite residence of the late Professor Veitch, who has enshrined most of the memories of the district in his "Border History and Poetry," and who died at his house, The Loaning, there, a few years ago.

From Symington, however, the main line holds on up the Main Line. narrowing Clyde valley. Presently on the left, beyond the river, appears the ruin of Lamington Tower. Tradition relates how in the Wars of Succession the place was stormed by the English under Hazelrig, who slew its master, Hugh de Bradfute, and his son. His daughter, Marion, was rescued by Sir William Wallace, and became his wife, only at a later day to be seized by Hazelrig in Lanark and to fall a victim to his cruelty. The present owner of Lamington claims to represent the patriot pair. Lamington House may be seen among the trees at the foot of the little glen two miles farther on; and in Lamington Kirk Burns wrote his famous squib, "As cald a kirk," &c.

The line rises rapidly now in the narrow valley between Hartfell on the left and the Lowther Hills on the right. At Abington, Lord Colebrooke entertained King Edward in the autumn of 1906. Sixty-seven years earlier, about the time of the Eglinton Tournament, a wet, hungry, and weary sportsman arrived one evening at the inn, and asked for a room. The only room was occupied by some young railway surveyors. The stranger sent up his card, and by way of reply was told to go to a warmer climate. Without remark, he supped by the kitchen fire, and early next morning left on foot. Ten years later the young surveyors learned that the wayfarer they had treated so rudely had become the Emperor Napoleon III.

Three miles above Abington, Crawford Castle, the ruined ancient seat of the Earls of that ilk, is passed among trees on the river bank to the left, just after the railway has again crossed the Clyde. It was here that James V. is said to have dined the foreign ambassadors at a hunting-party, and while apologising for the poverty of the fare, which consisted solely of the results of the chase, to have promised

that the dessert, which would consist of the fruit of the district, should make amends. Each man, on uncovering his "dessert," found it to consist of a saucerful of gold "bonnet-pieces." Leadhills, among the mountains at hand, had lately been exploited as a gold mine by the king, and it was in this manner that he intimated his success.

Old Castlemains farmhouse, now the steading behind Crawford Castle, was the home of the Welshes, Mrs. Carlyle's ancestors. Here her grandfather brought home his bride, "the lovely Miss Baillie," whom Mrs. Carlyle believed a descendant of Sir William Wallace, as she believed her father a descendant of John Knox.

Elvanfoot, here, forms the junction of the light railway to Leadhills. The region which it opens up is one of the most old-world and interesting in the country, and promises to become, with its altitude and rare mountain atmosphere, one of the most bracing health resorts in Scotland. (See page 50.)

Presently, the Clyde, which has been followed so long, dwindles to a rivulet, and a little farther the line, having climbed the steep pass to Beattock Summit, 1028 feet, begins to descend by the Evan water into Annandale. For long it was thought impossible to carry a railway over this pass, and it was only by strenuous efforts of the late Mr. Hope Johnstone and others that the Act for it was secured. Now, however, the great engines of the improved "Dunalastair" type draw their loads over it with the ease of the giants they are. The open mountain-road, which runs parallel with the railway through the pass, was formerly the main route between the kingdoms, and it is curious by way of contrast to recall the scenes on it of sixty years ago, when the Royal Mail coach, with its smoking horses and red-coated driver, went galloping away towards the south. The sheep wander and grouse run over it to-day, and seldom, if at all, may one catch sight on it even of the lonely cyclist or pedestrian making his way among the hills.

Below Auchan Castle on the right, the Evan on the left brawls for a couple of miles through a pretty bit of highland scenery to Beattock, ten miles down the valley.

Formerly a stage on the great south road, famous for its "excellent large posting inn," Beattock is now best known

as the junction for the pleasant watering-place of Moffat, two miles away. Lying on the Annan water, in a hollow of the hills, Moffat remains the centre of many highly interesting and storied scenes, and forms a convenient starting point for visiting the sources of Ettrick, the Loch of the Lowes, St. Mary's Loch, and the "Dowie Dens of Yarrow."* Coaches run during the season between Moffat and these places.

A little beyond Beattock Station the traveller on the main line has a view to the left up the narrow valley of Moffat water—the road to St. Mary's Loch and Yarrow. There, almost within sight, lies Craigieburn, the residence of Burns's "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," with Bodsbeck beyond, the haunt of Hogg's famous "Brownie." Moffat itself was celebrated in bygone days for generous dealing, as the old rhyme has it,

Moffat measure, fu' and rinnin'
ower;

and was the scene of the carousal immortalised in "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

Leaving Queensberry Hill behind on the right, the line crosses the Annan, and runs down the left bank, by the pleasant village and picturesque "water" of Wamphray. In

ancient times the whole country here formed part of the Caledonian Forest, and under all the mosses a stratum of timber, chiefly oak, is found. For many centuries Annandale, which once owned the Bruces for its lords, has been the possession of the Johnstone clan.

Within the bounds of Annandale the gentle Johnstones ride;

They have been there a thousand years, and a thousand years they'll bide.

Incidents of their constant feuds with the Douglasses of Clydesdale and the Maxwells of Nithsdale, in the 15th and



Wilson, Photo.,

Aberdeen

HIGH STREET, MOFFAT.

* See "By-ways of the Scottish Border," Lewis, Selkirk, 1890.

16th centuries, form the chief memories of the district. Raehills, the present seat of the head of the Johnstone clan, on the farther side of the valley, is a modern mansion. Lochwood, however, their ancient castle, to the west of Wamphray, was, from the thickness of its walls and its situation among marshes, a place of formidable strength. James VI. said of it, "The man who built Lochwood, though outwardly honest, must have been a knave in his heart." Nevertheless, about 1593, it was fired by Robert, a natural brother of Lord Maxwell, in order, as he exclaimed, to "give Dame Johnstone light to set her hood by." For this deed, in the December following, the Johnstones had their revenge in the battle of Dryfe Sands, at the junction of the Dryfe and the Annan, Lord Maxwell and seven hundred of his clan being slain in the encounter and the flight which followed.

Below Dinwoodie the line passes, on the right, among fine woods, Jardine Hall, seat of the representative of another clan-name of consequence in Annandale, with, beyond it, Spedlins Tower, the ancient residence of the same family, and the scene of certain ghost stories current in the neighbourhood. A laird of Spedlins, tradition runs, disapproving of his daughter's lover, seized him on his way from the tower and thrust him into the dungeon. The laird was called away to Edinburgh on legal business shortly afterwards. It was only on coming upon the key of the dungeon, some days later, in his pocket, that he remembered his prisoner. He at once took horse and set off home; but before he reached the tower his prisoner was dead. The moans and cries of the hapless lover are said to haunt Spedlins yet.

After passing Nethercleugh, the Dryfe is crossed. Close by the line here, on the right, stood the old parish kirk, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and mensal to the bishops of Glasgow. Twice that kirk was swept away by the Dryfe in spate, in fulfilment, like so many other events in the south of Scotland, of a prediction of Thomas the Rhymer:

Let spades and shoals do what they may,
Dryfe will have Drysdale kirk away.

The church stands now on a site secure from prophets and spates, in Lockerbie. Along with the kirk the river was in

the habit, in days gone by, of carrying off parts of the graveyard, and the story is told of how a widower who had married again with somewhat indecent haste on a day of flood, was met while returning from the bridal ceremony by the coffin of his former spouse, sliding and bowing towards him on the water. Immense damage has often been done by the floods on the lower banks of the stream, and the waste area thus created half a mile below the railway, at the junction of the Dryfe and the Annan, is known as Dryfe Sands. A mound and two ancient thorn trees there mark the scene of the great clan battle. The slaughter, however, was carried as far as Lockerbie, many of the Maxwells being cut down in the streets of that town. Hence the phrase, anciently used in Annandale to describe a severe wound—"a Lockerbie lick."

Lockerbie itself, the centre of the district, was of old a clannish place. The fact is illustrated by the story of a belated traveller who, after knocking in vain at door after door along the street, was moved to exclaim, "Is there no Christian in this town to open a door!" when he was startled by a woman's voice from a window overhead, "Na, there's nae Christians in Lockerbie, we're a' Johnstones and Jardines." For long the town has been famous for its sheep sales. As many as seventy thousand lambs used to be disposed of at the annual fair, and probably many more now pass through the weekly auction markets in a season. From Lockerbie a favourite pedestrian route lies up the Milk water, by the Bentpath Inn, to the Esk and Langholm, where, opposite Wauchope Kirk, lies Arkinholm, scene of the final overthrow of the last great Earl of Douglas. Lockerbie is also the railway junction for Dumfries.

Running westward across the Annan the traveller finds To himself traversing at once the native country of the Bruce. Dumfries. Four miles from Lockerbie, Lochmaben still keeps vestiges of the ancient stronghold of that family, who were made lords of Annandale by David I. about 1124. Here died Robert de Bruce, the first of the family to claim the throne, and here his grandson, afterwards the great King Robert, first paused to gather his friends for the mighty effort which earned him the crown. Covering about sixteen acres of land, the castle was of old the strongest fortress on the

Border, and, before the invention of gunpowder, was all but impregnable. Successively the possession of the families of Bruce, De Bohun, Moray, March, Douglas, Lauder, Maxwell, and Murray, it survived constant siege and assault in the feudal centuries, saw the entertainment of James IV. in 1504 and Queen Mary in 1565, and only suffered destruction within the last two hundred years at the hands of the people of the district, who stripped off the entire ashlar surface of the walls for the building of their houses.

Much of the land in the neighbourhood is still held in small portions by a curious tenure instituted by the Bruces, and the village altogether remains an interesting place. Surrounded by no fewer than eight sheets of water, it is curiously described by Burns as

Marjory o' the mony lochs,
A carline auld and teuch.

All the lochs contain an ample variety of fish, but strangely enough only the Castle-loch contains bream, greenback, and the rare fish called vendace. The last-named is only found elsewhere in one or two British lakes.

Lochmaben was the base, in the reiving centuries, of many raids into England, and not the least famous of these, though entirely bloodless, is that chronicled in the ballad of "The Lochmaben Harper." This worthy visited Carlisle, and, though blind, contrived that his grey mare should entice over the Border during the night the Governor's "wanton brown." Then, in the morning, he made so much din over the alleged theft of his mare, that the Governor, fearing march-trouble, was fain to pay him its value thrice over.

"Alas! alas!" quo' the cunning auld harper,

"And ever alas that I cam' here!

In Scotland I lost a braw cowl foal;

In England they've stown my gude grey mare!"

Then aye he harped and aye he carped,

Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear,

He was paid for the foal he had never lost

And three times ower for his gude grey mare.

Another ballad details the exploits of John o' Cock, a moss-rider, the foundations of whose tower are still pointed out at a place known as Cockie's Field, and narrates his surprise and slaughter at last at the hands of the King's foresters,

seven of whom he first laid dead at his feet. The whole district indeed is rich in associations. A fine moat-hill and beacon tower keep memory of the ancient march justice; and traces of camp and castle bespeak the work of Roman and British hands. Even the parish kirk has its tale of ancient strife, for after the battle of Dryfe Sands the Maxwells took refuge within it, and the Johnstones compelled them to surrender by setting fire to the building. Such associations, however, are no more than what might be expected of a district bearing the character given it by Boece. In ancient times, according to the translation by Bellenden, "the wyves of Annandail usit to slay thair husbandis when thay wer found cowartis or discomfist by thair ennemys, to give occasioun to otheris to be more bauld and hardy when danger occurrit."

Beyond Lochmaben, Skipmyre, to the left, on the slope of the Tinwald Hill, was the birthplace of William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England, and projector of the disastrous Darien scheme. And, on the right, Amisfield Tower, the ancient seat of the family of Charteris, early Chancellors of Scotland, keeps memory of a dramatic visit of James V. incognito, in the 16th century, when Sir John Charteris, head of the family at that time, for certain shortcomings in his office of Warden of the West Marches, suffered a sudden reduction of means and consequence. According to Chambers's "Picture of Scotland," a curious doorway in this old tower is worth travelling twenty miles to see.

At Locharbriggs, the line crosses the head of Lochar Moss—

First a wood, then a sea,
Now a moss, and e'er will be.

Beneath the moss, certain strata of sea-sand and forest trees, and fragments of ancient canoes, which have been found, seem to corroborate the popular rhyme, and declare this an ancient estuary. Robert Bruce, it is said, could not pass the moss on his way from Torthorwald Castle to meet Comyn at Dumfries, but had to skirt it by the side of Tinwald Hill. Much of the moss is now cultivated, and near its north end, on Tinwald Downs, was the long-famous scene of Dumfries races; but twice within the last 120 years it has caught fire, and carried devastation far and wide.

Some three miles farther, and Dumfries, "Queen of the South," is reached. Here the traveller finds himself in a perfect garden of literary and historic memories, in the due exploration of which several days might be well spent. With Caerlaverock Castle, one of the most picturesque and historic strongholds of ancient Scotland, down one side of the Nith, and on the other side Sweetheart Abbey, where Devorgilla, the mother of John Balliol, and founder of Balliol College, Oxford, lies with her husband's heart on her breast, and above the town the lovely valley of the Nith, with its romantic memories, Dumfries might well be looked on as a poet's paradise. The chief interest of the place to the visitor of the present day is probably its connection



SWEETHEART ABBEY, DUMFRIES.

with Burns. The house still stands in Burns Street, formerly known as Millhole Brae, in which the poet dwelt during his last years. In the room above the parlour he died. And in the burying ground of St. Michael's Church, close by, the tomb is to be seen to which his remains were transferred in 1815. Burns, however, is not the only

poet associated with Dumfries. John Mayne, his predecessor, and in two memorable instances his model, wrote his spirited and amusing poem, "The Siller Gun," on the septennial competition for the town's trophy, a silver pistol barrel, presented by James VI. on his visit in 1617. And to students of history the poetic memories of the place are rivalled by the historic. Here the judges of Galloway sat in the time of William the Lion. Here the mother of King John Balliol, about the year 1280, built the bridge which still spans the Nith. The same lady, Devorgilla, founded the monastery of Grey Friars, in whose chapel, a few years later, the Bruce stabbed Comyn, and so began the strife which ended the Balliol succession for ever. The actual spot where Comyn was stabbed is pointed out, in a wine-merchant's cellar, opposite the Greyfriars

Church. On Dumfries gallows-hill, since known as Kirsty's Mount, Edward I. put horridly to death Sir Christopher Seton, Bruce's brother-in-law. And in the wars which followed, for three hundred years, the castle, now vanished, and the town, were taken and retaken a dozen times. The burghers, indeed, under the Lords Maxwell, were among the stoutest opponents of the English. In Covenanting days Dumfries had many relations with the persecuted sect, and so late as 20th November, 1706, a band of two hundred Cameronians, indignant that the articles of the proposed Union with England took no notice of the Solemn League and Covenant, burnt these articles at the cross, and published a fiery declaration against the Union. Nine years later, when Lord Kenmure threatened the town from the slopes of the Tinwald Hill, the burghers proved staunch to the government, and rallying under their old battle-cry of "A Loreburn," made the Jacobite leader think better of his threat. Still loyal in 1745, when the later Jacobite army was in retreat from England, the townsmen of Dumfries sallied forth and seized part of the baggage at Lockerbie. For this affront, Prince Charles on his return quartered his Highlanders in Dumfries, mulcted the authorities in a heavy sum, and left the town poorer by some five thousand pounds. Such memories form ample food for musing as the visitor paces the sunny streets of Dumfries, or wanders by such paths as that up the Cluden water, among the green-swarded ruins of Lincluden College, Burns's favourite walk, or farther out to the kirkyard of Irongray, where lies Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans.

Westward from Dumfries the line runs on through the ancient Pictland of Galloway, by Castle-Douglas, Newton-Stewart, and Wigtown, to the steamer for Ireland at Stranraer.

South of Lockerbie the tower of Castlemilk, a little Main Line. way on the right, now the seat of Sir R. Jardine, Bart., marks the site of an ancient stronghold of the Bruces, which still, after many warlike vicissitudes and changes of ownership, gives name to a branch of their descendants, the Stewarts of Castlemilk, in the parish of Carmunnock, Lanarkshire. St. Mungo's parish, in which the castle stands, was a prehistoric appanage of the see of Glasgow, confirmed by Robert de Bruce in 1174. Then, as the line crosses the

water of Milk, Birrenswark appears in front on the left. From its summit two well-preserved Roman encampments, attributed to Agricola, overlook the whole country southward, and Roman military roads start forth in all directions. The name also serves to remind the traveller that he is entering the "Redgauntlet" country, the mysterious Mr. Herries of that romance taking his title from this hill.

As the line runs under Birrenswark a fine view opens out, on the right, of the valley of the Annan. There, among the woods beyond the river, stands the castle of Hoddam, built by Lord Herries in the 15th century, and the residence for nearly two hundred years of the family of Sharpe, to which



CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE.

the antiquary, C. K. Sharpe, belonged. Repentance Tower, visible on the top of the hill above the castle, was probably one of the chief beacon stations from which the flame signal was spread in the old raiding days. Its name, carved over the door, is said to have been given it by a Lord Herries. Overtaken by a storm when crossing the Solway after a raid, he is said to have killed his prisoners and thrown them overboard. Afterwards, stricken with remorse, he built the tower, which, no doubt, shrewdly enough, by its light helped him and his descendants to escape the fate of the prisoners it commemorated. Sir Richard Steele, it is said, riding near, met a lad reading a Bible, and asked what he learned. "The way to heaven," answered the lad. "And can you show it

to me?" inquired Sir Richard. "Yes, go by that tower," said the lad. Jocelyn of Furness tells how, after the great battle of Arthuret in 573, the victorious British chief, Rhydderch Hael, brought St. Mungo back from Wales, and amid great rejoicings established him at Hoddam, which for eight years thereafter remained his residence before his return to Glasgow.

Immediately south of Birrenswark, at Ecclefechan Station, the line strikes the birthplace and burial-place of that ardent lover of realities, Thomas Carlyle. From the situation of that birthplace, in the heart of a storied and romantic country some light may be thrown on the make-up of the character of the great hero-worshipper. Carlyle himself is now counted by many among the heroes, and hundreds of visitors make their way every year to the simple graveyard where he rests, and where his plain headstone bears the characteristic motto, "Humilitate."

The Mein water, which flows from the hills on the left to join the Annan, is a typical Galloway stream. Bickering innocently one hour in the sunshine, the next, should the skies darken, gathering its waters from countless becks among the moors, it may rage an impassable torrent.

The Kirtle, farther on, crossed at Kirtlebridge, flows not to the Annan but to the Solway. In common with the whole countryside, the Kirtle Glen has its tale of raids and burnings in times gone by. The most famous spot on the Kirtle water, however, lies higher up. In the graveyard of Kirkconnel, near Springkell, may be seen a stone carved with sword and cross to signify a fighter against the Infidel, and inscribed "*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming.*" Below sleeps the hero of the incident narrated in the ballad of "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel." The heroine, according to tradition, was Helen Irving, daughter of the laird of Kirkconnel, and the incident occurred towards the end of the reign of James V. The spot is marked by an aged thorn where the pair were walking on the waterside, when a jealous rival, Bell of Blacket House, it is said, appeared on the opposite bank and levelled his carbine at Fleming. Helen had no more than time to throw herself before her lover, when the piece went off, and she, receiving the ball in her bosom, dropped and died in his arms. After a summary ven-

geance on the murderer, Fleming, it is said, went to the wars in Spain. Returning later, he visited the grave of his mistress, and there, according to tradition, overcome by his grief, he stretched himself on the spot and forthwith expired. The ballad which enshrines the story is one of the finest.

“ I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries.
 O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnel Lea !

“ Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,
 When in my arms burd Helen dropped,
 And died to succour me !

“ O think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my love dropped down and spak’ nae mair.
 There did she swoon wi’ meikle care
 On fair Kirkconnel Lea.

“ As I went down the waterside,
 None but my foe to be my guide—
 None but my foe to be my guide
 On fair Kirkconnel Lea.

“ I lighted down my sword to draw,
 I hackit him in pieces sma’—
 I hackit him in pieces sma’,
 For her sake that died for me.

“ O Helen fair, beyond compare !
 I’ll make a garland of thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I dee.

“ O that I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, ‘ Haste and come to me ! ’ ”

To Annan. From Kirtlebridge a branch of the Caledonian Railway runs to Annan, five miles away, and crossing the treacherous Solway by a long viaduct, communicates with Brayton and the northern coast towns of Cumberland.

The clean little town of Annan is worth visiting, if for no more than the quiet which characterises it to-day. Yet it has seen strife enough, bodily and spiritual, in its time. In its parish church the famous Edward Irving was deposed, though that act has long since been repented by the town.

The statue of this great preacher and most lovable man stands now in the main street; and on the house close by, where he was born, appears a tablet inscribed with his name, the date of his birth and death, and the words, "He left neither an enemy nor a wrong behind him." No town was more harried by the English in ancient days. Its castle stood in what is now the old churchyard on the river bank, west of the town. Burnt by the "auld enemy" in 1298, and repaired and resided in by Bruce, it was the place to which Edward Balliol, after his coronation in 1332, summoned the Scottish nobles to do him homage. By way of answer, Archibald, Earl of Douglas, came by night at the head of a thousand spearmen, slew Balliol's guards, and forced him to flee half-naked on a saddleless horse to Carlisle. Sacked and burned twice in the time of Queen Mary, the town was so impoverished that in 1609 the government gave it the castle for a church. It suffered severely again, however, in the wars of Charles I., and it even came in for a taste of the last rebellion, Prince Charles and his army spending a winter night here on their return from the raid to Derby.

No scene could be more beautiful than that from the brow beyond the town, of the Solway on a calm morning, shining away to the south. But the treacherous quicksands of that shore, and the tide, which comes in sometimes several feet abreast, faster than a horse can gallop, have many a tragedy recounted of them. Some description of these terrors of the Solway shore is given in "Redgauntlet," but in the "Ballad Minstrelsy," in a note to the ballad of "Annan Water," Scott quotes an actual incident communicated by Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns. "I once," wrote Dr. Currie, "in my early days, heard (for it was night and I could not see) a traveller drowning, not in the Annan itself, but in the Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three feet abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness

of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind.”

Main Line. From the main line below Kirtlebridge a glimpse of the Solway is had, a few miles on the right, gleaming away to the south. Hardly less beauty and interest belong to the wooded banks of the Kirtle water, as the line descends its glen for a few miles. Among the trees on these banks appear one or two modern mansions. These replace the ruined castles of Bonshaw, Woodhouse, and Redhall, in the last-named of which thirty of the Flemings held out against King Edward and a whole English army for three days, finally giving it and themselves to the flames rather than yield to their assailants. Woodhouse, part of which is still standing, is said to have been the first house in Scotland entered by Robert Bruce when fleeing from the court of Edward I.

Throughout the centuries, however, this part of the Border has been fated to hear the clang of the hoofs of pursuers and pursued. If St. Mungo in the dawn of history fled through it southward to escape the wrath of the pagan Morken, and if Robert Bruce and many another after him, in the feudal centuries, fled northward from the vengeance of the English kings, not less, since the Union, have the roads borne the galloping steeds of fugitives on another errand. On the right, five miles below Kirkpatrick Fleming, lies the little village of Gretna. There are several hamlets in the parish bearing the name of Gretna (*Gretan-how*, “the great hollow”); but it is that known as Gretna-green, or Springfield, which was long famous for runaway marriages. Situated just at the north end of the bridge over the little river Sark, which is the boundary between England and Scotland, it was a most convenient spot for taking advantage of the Scottish marriage law; and at one time the fees for celebrating marriages brought the voluntary recorders of them as much as £1000 a year. After the death, in 1896, of Willie Lang, last representative of the family which for

four generations acted as "blacksmith of Gretna," the old registers were kept at the King's Head, the inn in the parlour of which Lord Erskine was married to his house-keeper, Sarah Buck. But they are scattered now. In them many a name of eminence was to be found, from that of a Lord Chancellor downwards. As late as 1840 the seventh Marquess of Queensberry was married here. A few years later a coachman followed his master's example, and lamed a horse in the enterprise, and the Marquess was about to dismiss him, when the Marchioness intervened. "Oh, Archie," she said, "you would not have minded how many horses you lamed when you ran away with me!" Needless to say, the man was forgiven. Marriages by simple

*Valentine.*

LOCH TROOL, NEAR NEWTON-STEWART.

Photo., Dundee.

declaration before witnesses are still valid at Gretna-green, as they are anywhere else in Scotland, and they are still celebrated occasionally; but with the increased facilities afforded by recent laws in both countries, the old trade in irregular marriages here has all but died out.

Owing to its situation on the march, Gretna was the scene of constant feuds and forays in the old days; and from the Union, down to the beginning of the present century, it was as constantly the scene of wild smuggling enterprises. Just across the Solway from Gretna-green, a monument on a spot known as Burgh-marsh marks the place where the

fierce and crafty Edward I. of England died in his last attempt to invade and conquer Scotland.

The little river Sark, crossed just before reaching Gretna Junction, is the boundary of the two countries, and thenceforth, to Carlisle, the trains run on English ground.

Solway Moss, to the left at Gretna Junction, was the spot where, towards the close of 1542, a Scottish army of ten thousand men, refusing to serve under the king's general, Oliver Sinclair, were fallen upon in the midst of the confusion by three hundred English spearmen under Dacre and Musgrave, and put utterly to rout, the disaster breaking the heart of James V. Two centuries later, in 1772, the Moss itself burst, leaving its bed and spreading a deluge of black mud over a vast expanse of valuable land.

The country here, from the Sark to the Esk, and eastward to Canobie, now the property of Sir Richard Graham, Bart., was anciently known as the Debatable Land. Inhabited by Armstrongs and Grahams, it was claimed alike by Scotland and England, while its occupants, as a rule, fought openly for their own hand. The ballad of "Young Lochinvar," sung by Lady Heron in "Marmion," narrates an incident characteristic of the district.

There was mounting 'mong Grahams of the Netherby clan,
Fenwicks, Fosters, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Canobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

The present Duchess of Montrose, it may be mentioned, is a "bride of Netherby," being a daughter of the late Sir Frederick Graham.

The Esk in winter was in old raiding days a formidable river to ford. It was in flood when the retreating Jacobite army reached its bank in the last days of 1745; but it is recorded that, linking arm in arm, the Highlanders crossed it by regiments at a time, and lost not a man. After they had crossed the pipes struck up, and they danced reels on the bank till they were dry. The incident is celebrated, with a difference, in Lady Nairne's fine song, "A Hundred Pipers":—

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the braw lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
And danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound,

Dumfounded, the English saw, they saw,
 Dumfounded, they heard the blaw, the blaw,
 Dumfounded, they a' ran awa', awa'
 Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

The road is carried now over a curious lattice-work bridge a short way to the left of the railway.

Another memorable crossing was that of the Eden, close to Carlisle, by "the bauld Buccleuch" in 1596. The incident, related in the ballad of "Kinmont Willie," was one of the last achievements on the Borders. After a warden-meeting, and on a day of truce, William Armstrong of Kinmont had been set upon by two hundred English, and carried prisoner to Carlisle. No redress being forthcoming from Lord Scroope, the English warden, Buccleuch swore he would rescue his man with his own hand. Accordingly, with two hundred riders, carrying ladders and prison-breaking instruments, he marched on the night of 13th April from Morton Tower in the Debatable Land. Amid a pitchy darkness and torrents of rain they reached Carlisle Citadel unperceived, and undiscovered heard the challenge of the sentinels walking on the wall overhead. Their ladders proved too short, but they broke in through a postern, and aware, by means of a woman sent the day before, of the exact location of the prisoner, they carried him off without shedding a drop of blood.

Then Red Rowan has hent him up,
 The starkest man in Teviotdale—
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope !
 My gude Lord Scroope, farewell !" he cried.
 "I'll pay you for my lodging mail
 When first we meet on the Borderside."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
 We bore him down the ladder lang ;
 At every stride Red Rowan made
 I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang.

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I have ridden horse baith wild and wud ;
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
 I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode."

“And mony a time,” quo’ Kinmont Willie,
 “I’ve pricked a horse out ower the furs,
 But since the day I backed a steed,
 I never wore sic cumbrous spurs !”

We scarce had won the Staneshaw bank,
 When a’ the Carlisle bells were rung,
 And a thousand men on horse and foot
 Cam’ wi’ the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
 Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
 And he has plunged in wi’ a’ his band,
 And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
 And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
 “If ye like na my visit in merry England,
 In fair Scotland come visit me !”

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
 He stood as still as rock of stane ;
 He scarcely dared to trow his eyes,
 When through the water they had gane.

“He is either himsel’ a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mother a witch maun be ;
 I wadna hae ridden that wan water
 For a’ the gowd in Christentie !”

For this exploit Buccleuch was weakly given up by James VI. to Queen Elizabeth. On his arrival at court the Queen asked him how he dared do such a thing. “Dare ! madam,” he answered, “what would a man not dare to do ?” Elizabeth, it is said, frowned, smiled, and set the bold Border chieftain free.

Carlisle itself, clean and bright, is as “merrie” as most other garrison towns. And the little cathedral, with its Norman nave, shortened by General Leslie in 1645 for material to repair the fortifications, its ancient carved stalls and beautiful eastern window, its quiet grounds, and gabled brick deanery, once the prior’s lodging, gives the Scottish visitor his first breath of the quiet atmosphere about the seat of an English bishopric.

Amid all the warlike and tragic episodes connected with Scottish history, of which Carlisle was the scene, two stand out as specially memorable. Before Bishop Halton, at the

high altar of the cathedral, in 1297, Robert the Bruce swore fealty to Edward I. on the sword of St. Thomas. And at the same place ten years later, when, according to Hollinshed, "with candles light and causing the bells to be rung," the Papal legate had "accursed in terrible wise Robert Bruce, usurper of the crown of Scotland," King Edward offered to God the litter in which, sick to death, he had journeyed north, and mounting his horse at the cathedral door, rode off on his last attempt against the Scottish kingdom. By way of contrast to these associations it is pleasant to remember that in the nave of Carlisle Cathedral, then used as a parish church, Sir Walter Scott was married to Miss Carpenter in 1797. The house from which they were married still stands, near the cathedral—the corner house between Castle Street and the Greenmarket.

In 1745, it is said, the cathedral bells rang a peal of welcome to Prince Charles Edward as he marched southward through the city. "For this disloyalty to the reigning sovereign the ringing of the bells was interdicted, and they have never been rung since."


Carlisle Castle, with its strong dungeon tower and battlements frowning towards the north, is still a place to see. In the keep are shown the airless dungeon—another Black Hole like that of Calcutta—in which the luckless Jacobite prisoners were immured and suffocated, and the gibbet in the wall outside on which they were hanged. Another tower, in which Queen Mary was confined, has mostly disappeared; but above the inner gateway of the stronghold is still to be seen the narrow room in which died David I. of Scotland, whose kingdom at that time included Northumberland and Cumberland.

From Carlisle the trains run southward over the London and North-western metals to Manchester, Liverpool, and London itself.

TO THE FALLS OF CLYDE AND TILLIETUDLEM.



ROUTE.—Train from Glasgow (Central Station); Edinburgh (Princes Street Station); Coach from Lanark Station to Upper Falls, returning to Lanark for lunch. Coach from Clydesdale Hotel to Cartland Craggs, Stonebyres Fall, and Craignethan Castle; Train from Tillietudlem Station.

NE of the most favourite excursions for a day, or even for a Saturday afternoon, from Edinburgh or Glasgow, is that to Lanark, the Falls of Clyde, and Craignethan Castle, popularly known as Tillietudlem. Probably from the fact that it combines an exploration of one of the most beautiful pieces of river gorge scenery in Scotland with a visit to several spots of striking historic and romantic interest, the tour possesses a perennial charm.

The first part of the route is the same as that "To Merrie Carlisle" (see page 7), but some of the trains take the junction to Lanark short of Carstairs.

Out of Lanark the coach route runs due south, leaving the road to the race-course on the left. The ruined church in the churchyard between the two roads was the ancient parish kirk of Lanark, built in the twelfth century, and dedicated to St. Mungo. Its great bell, transferred to the newer parish church in the town, had on it three dates, the earliest being 1110. From the associations of this old fane, which no doubt was the worshipping-place of Wallace and his bride, Marion Bradfute, if they were not indeed married within its walls, it is a contrast to descend to the interests of New Lanark in the deep dell of the Clyde at hand. Braxfield, on the right as the road descends, gave a title in the end of the eighteenth century to Robert Macqueen, Lord Justice-Clerk, the original of Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston." New Lanark itself was feued from the Braxfield estate. For the sake of the water-power, Richard Arkwright and David Dale set up cotton mills here in 1784. The English spinners had disputed Arkwright's patent, and

taunted him with his old trade of barber. When he returned from helping Dale to set up the spinning mills at New Lanark, he told them he had put a razor in the hands of a Scotsman who would shave the lot of them. Dale and Arkwright were succeeded in the management by Dale's son-in-law, Robert Owen, who proceeded to make experiments towards a new social system which was to regenerate the world. His schemes attracted wide attention, and drew to the village some of the crowned heads of Europe. Human nature, however, proved too strong for him, the mills passed into other hands in 1827, and his name remains now only a kindly memory. A similar experiment, attended with similar result, was that of New Orbiston, in Bothwell Parish, in 1825.

Dundaff Linn, within sight at New Lanark, is a small but romantic fall, and Wallace's Chair, a rock in its neighbourhood, is said to have been a resort of the hero.

The path to the greater falls lies along a beautifully-wooded precipice with awe-inspiring glimpses here and there of the romantic gorge below. At Cora Linn, the grandest of the falls, the river pours its waters over a broken precipice 85 feet high, and the view from the best point, near a pavilion built in 1708, of the torrent pouring into the abyss, overhung by its wood-crowned wall of rock, is not to be soon forgotten. No essential, indeed, of romance is wanting here, for, by way of human interest, on the edge of the cliff above rise the ruins of old Cora Castle, and a path descending to the riverside leads to Wallace's Cave, which the hero is said to have reached by springing across the torrent, and where he is said to have found a safe retreat. The legend of Cora Linn is told as an episode in James Grant's romance, "The Yellow Frigate." There the Princess Cora is averred to have been a daughter of Malcolm II. To prevent her love-match with his own forester, MacIan Rua, the king was carrying her off to a nunnery. On the way they were hunting in Clydesdale, and had come to the cliff edge above the fall, when a blast was heard from a forester's horn, and the horse of the princess reared and sprang over the precipice. Her body could not be found, for her lover, hidden in the cave below, saved her from death. Eight years later, having saved the

life of Malcolm himself at the battle of Mortlach, that lover was restored to favour, made a thane, and became founder of the noble house of Erskine.

At Bonnington Linn, half a mile higher up, the river sweeps round a rocky cape, and hurls itself over a sheer precipice of thirty feet, plunging from the sunny pastoral uplands of Lanarkshire to rush in twilight along the base of the beetling precipices at the bottom of its tremendous chasm.

On the way back it is interesting to remember that Bonnington House, in whose grounds the falls are situated, was built by Sir John Lockhart Ross, the naval explorer,

who acquired the property through his wife, Lady Ross Baillie. Some interesting relics of Wallace are preserved in the house.



BONNINGTON LINN, FALLS OF CLYDE.

Lanark itself, which there is ample time to see, is said to have been a Roman station. The first Scottish parliament

mentioned in history was held in it by Kenneth II. in the year 978. And its castle, perpetuated in the name of Castle-hill, at the foot of Castle-gate, is said to have been built by David I., and was a place of residence of William the Lion and succeeding kings. But the town is chiefly famous in the old chronicles as the scene of the first exploits of Sir William Wallace. Here it is said he was living quietly with his wife, Marion Bradfute, in a house at the head of Castle-gate, opposite the church, when he became embroiled in a street scuffle with the overbearing English soldiers. Flying for refuge to the fastnesses of the Cartland Crag below the town, he was distracted by the news

that the English sheriff, Hesliop, or Hesilrig, had seized his wife and put her to death. Forthwith, gathering friends, he returned to Lanark by night and slew Hesilrig and 240 of his men.

The route by which Wallace fled from the town was no doubt the same as the road westward followed by the coach of to-day. In about a mile it crosses the Mouse water by the lofty Cartland Bridge, 120 feet high, built by the celebrated Telford. From its parapet, looking up stream to the right, a romantic bit of scenery tempts the traveller to linger. The deep ravine is densely wooded, and the stream all but hidden from sight below. On the left hangs the rocky precipice known as the Cartland Crag, and it was in a narrow recess on the north side, almost under the bridge, that Wallace is said to have hidden. On the edge of the crags, 200 feet above the bed of the stream, is perched a ruined stronghold known variously as Castledykes and the Castle of Quaw.

About a mile higher up the Mouse, it is interesting to remember, stands Jerviswood, the home of George Baillie, who, after suffering much amid the troubles of the reign of James VII., returned at the Revolution and married the heroic Lady Grizel, daughter of the Earl of Marchmont, and authoress of the famous song, "Were na my heart licht I wad dee."

Further down the Mouse the route recrosses the stream a little way below an old narrow bridge said to be the work of Roman hands. Then it crosses the Clyde at Kirkfieldbank, and runs down the left side of the river, through the heart of the beautiful orchard valley.

Stonebyres Fall lacks somehow the picturesqueness and romantic charm of the higher linns, but its greater volume of water, pouring in three leaps down a precipice of fifty feet, has an impressiveness of its own. It forms, at anyrate, a feature of the district worth spending pains to see.

The neighbourhood was known to Sir Walter Scott, like most parts of Scotland worth knowing, and he has used two at least of its features and memories in his romances. The Lee Penny, preserved by the Lockharts of Lee at Lee House since the days of Robert the Bruce, supplies part of the motive for the story of "The Talisman." It is a silver

coin supposed to be a shilling of Edward I., in which is set a small triangular stone, of unknown kind, and was long famous for the cures it wrought. And Craignethan Castle, on the steep bank of the Nethan above Crossford, furnished the



"TILLIETUDLEM" CASTLE.

novelist with the original of 'Tillietudlem Castle in "Old Mortality." Little history is attached to the stronghold itself. Even the tradition that Queen Mary spent within its walls part of the eleven days between her escape from Loch Leven and her defeat at Langside is open to question. A great vaulted chamber in the castle, it is true, is pointed out as

Queen Mary's room, but the honour of having entertained Mary at that trying time is disputed by other strongholds of the Hamiltons, in Cadzow forest and in Hamilton itself. The place, however, remains a magnificent example of the kind of stronghold which made might right in feudal times. All but impregnable by reason of its position, its massive walls, deep fosse, drawbridge, and portcullis, it is said to have excited the suspicions of King James V. against the early Hamilton who built it, and on that account to have cost the builder his head. He was that Sir James Hamilton who slew the captive Regent, Earl of Lennox, in cold blood, and wantonly slashed the faces of the other prisoners at the battle of Kirkliston, and who afterwards tried to shoot James V. himself at Linlithgow, and was lamented as a martyr by John Knox. By very reason of the lack of history imagination is left free to picture within these walls such scenes as Sir Walter has supplied. So strongly, indeed, has fancy taken the place of fact here that the station at hand, from which the sightseer returns to town, is named, not Craignethan, but Tillietudlem.

The way back to town, down the Clyde valley, runs through the country of the Hamiltons. Cadzow lies on the left, where their ruined stronghold hangs over the brawling

Avon, and the last of the wild white cattle roam under the boughs of the last oaks of the ancient Caledonian forest. And Hamilton itself, with its famous porticoed palace, after a history of chequered centuries remains the ducal seat. (See page 46.)

THROUGH THE COVENANTERS' COUNTRY.


To HAMILTON and LESMAHAGOW.

To STRATHAVEN and DARVEL.

To BUSBY and EAST KILBRIDE.



ROUTE.—Rail in each case from Glasgow Central Station.

 F the four lines which run through the chief scenes To . . . of the great Covenanting struggle, the interests of Muirkirk and Ayr. one, that from Carstairs to Lanark, Douglas, Muirkirk, and Ayr, have already been detailed (see page 11). Of the other three, the first part is identical with that of the route to Carlisle (page 7).

At Rutherglen, as already noted, the Covenanters sounded To . . their defiance. Hither, red-handed from the slaying of Hamilton and Lesmahagow. Archbishop Sharpe, came Hackston of Rathillet, Balfour or "Burley," and their friends, quenched the bonfires kindled in honour of King Charles's Restoration, and affixed to the Cross their declaration against the Government. This may be considered the second act of the great drama of that summer. The last occurred at Bothwell Bridge, farther on. On the way, Cambuslang was the scene of the great religious "Wark" of half a century later. The ruins of Blantyre Priory, on the left, look across the Clyde to the ruins of Bothwell Castle—the spiritual and temporal of a feudal age that has passed away. And at Blantyre works, founded by the Glasgow worthy, David Dale, in 1785, may still be seen the humble tenement in which David Livingstone, the African explorer, was born.

Bothwell Bridge lies a mile beyond, in the woody hollow of the Clyde. It was modernised in 1826, but remains in

part the viaduct about which the undisciplined levies of the Covenanters were routed by Monmouth on June 22, 1679. The spot was already historic, for on 29th November, 1650, Cromwell himself and his Ironsides fell back from the bridge, which Colonel Gibby Ker and his Covenanters had made impregnable. And Bothwellhaugh, from the bridge upward, on the opposite bank, was the estate of that James Hamilton who shot the Regent Moray at Linlithgow in 1570.

It is all Hamilton country here, and in the nearer haugh, to the left, lies Hamilton Palace itself. The house dates partly from 1591, but was mostly built in 1822 by Alexander, the tenth Duke. He also built the famous mausoleum in the park, at a cost of £130,000, and he lies within it in the black marble sarcophagus of an Egyptian king. That mausoleum took the place of the mediæval aisle in the old churchyard of Hamilton at hand, where the heads of the house used to be buried. The Dukes of Hamilton of the present time are in reality the representatives of the great ancient race of Douglas. Anne, Duchess of Hamilton in her own right in the days of Charles II., married the second son of the Marquis of Douglas, and on the extinction of the elder branch of that family in 1761, the seventh Duke of Hamilton became Marquis of Douglas and chief of the name.

In Hamilton churchyard a quaint stone marks the burial-place of the heads of four Covenanters executed at Edinburgh in 1665. And the Queenzie Neuk is said to have been the spot where Queen Mary first drew rein on her flight from Langside. Very different had been her feelings when she passed through the town a few hours earlier on her way to the battle. Beyond Hamilton the line leaps the gorge of the Avon, a little below Cadzow Castle. There Mary had spent the eleven days between her escape from Lochleven and her downfall at Langside. It was the ancient seat of the Hamiltons, whose ancestor got it from Robert the Bruce. Before that time it was a royal stronghold, and the ancient oaks in Cadzow Forest are said to have been planted by David, Prince of Cumbria, who became David I. of Scotland. Beneath their mighty branches still roam the wild white cattle of the primeval "Woode of Caledon."

Opposite Cadzow the chateau of Chatelherault, built in

1732, commemorates the dukedom of that name conferred on the head of the Hamiltons in Queen Mary's time by Henry II. of France. And among other houses in the neighbourhood perhaps the most interesting is Barncluith, with its famous rock-cut terrace gardens in the dell of the Avon, laid out in 1583.

A parallel line now runs southward through the old weaving villages of Stonehouse and Blackwood to Lesmahagow and Coalburn. On this route the most interesting traditions gather about Lesmahagow. This "garden of St. Mahagow" was endowed by David I. with the privilege of sanctuary, like Holyrood; but during the usurpation of Edward Balliol, the Earl of Cornwall repaid the hospitality of abbot and monks by burning the monastery over their heads. When he boasted of the deed afterwards to his brother, Edward III., at Perth, that outraged monarch struck him dead. Lesmahagow saw the arrest, in 1685, of Colonel Rumbold, of the Ryehouse Plot, and, in 1745, of Prince Charles Edward's aide-de-camp, Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart. But the chief traditions of the town are of the Covenanters, several of whose monuments are to be seen in the churchyard.

The older route holds by Dalserf along the edge of the Clyde defile, fragrant with its apple orchards in spring, to Tillietudlem, with its romantic ruin of Craignethan and its access to the Falls of Clyde (page 44). Craignethan was built by Sir James Hamilton, the ruthless Bastard of Arran, already referred to (p. 44), whom James V. executed for his crimes, and whom Knox cites as a martyr. Thence, crossing the Nethan by a high and famous bridge, the line ascends that stream to Brocketsbrae, the older station for Lesmahagow.

Beyond Brocketsbrae and Lesmahagow the line runs on to Coalburn, and connects with the Lanark and Douglas branch (page 12).

From Hamilton the line for Strathaven and Darvel strikes To . . . westward, through the scene of flight and pursuit after the battle of Bothwell Bridge. At Quarter, here, Gordon of Earlston, coming up too late with the Covenanting forces of Galloway, met his fleeing brethren, and was presently slain. His grave lies in Glassford churchyard. Strathaven itself, long

Strathaven
and
Darvel.

famous for its gingerbread, and of rising repute to-day as a pleasant residential place, has older parts, whose narrow streets were once a resort of the persecuted "hill folk," and saw the dragoons of Claverhouse fleeing from Drumclog. In the house of Slateland, here, Claverhouse breakfasted before the battle, and in the graveyard at hand, among other Covenanters, lies William Dingwall, slain in the conflict, who is said to have been one of the slayers of Archbishop Sharpe. There also stands the monument to Perley Wilson, who, during the Radical Rising of 1820, set out from Strathaven to head a revolution at Glasgow. After his execution there his daughter took his body by night from the pauper burying-ground, and brought it home. Strathaven Castle, a ruin now, on the Pomilion burn, was built by Andrew Stewart, a grandson of Murdoch, Duke of



STRATHAVEN.

Albany, and was last the residence of the "Good" Duchess Anne of Hamilton, who sheltered the fleeing Covenanters after Bothwell Bridge, and died in 1716.

Beyond Strathaven the line follows the route by which Claverhouse rode to Drumclog. Following the slaughter of Archbishop Sharpe, the defiance at Rutherglen had roused him in garrison at Glasgow, and, hoping to seize the assassins, he rode hot-foot here. The story of the battle is best told in the pages of "Old Mortality." There one sees again the armed conventicle, at the foot of Loudoun Hill, surprised by Claverhouse, the charge of the dragoons stopped

by boggy ground and wide ditch, the sudden fire of the insurgents, which emptied a score of saddles, and the flank attack, led by Balfour or Burley, which finally routed the Government troops. Curiously enough, in the same neighbourhood, and by somewhat similar tactics, at an earlier day, Robert the Bruce won his victory of Loudoun Hill.

A couple of miles beyond Drumclog the railway crosses the watershed into Ayrshire, and runs down the Irvine Water to Darvel. Prosperous to-day with lace manufacture, this district once belonged to the Knights Templars, and was independent even of the Crown.

From Hamilton it is possible to return to Glasgow by To Busby
and
East
Kilbride. East Kilbride and Busby. The line runs along the southern foot of the Cathkin Hills, through a rural and romantic region. Calderwood estate, on the way, with its fine mansion and famous glen, lately acquired by the Scottish Co-operative Society, was an ancient seat of the Maxwells. Before their time the parish of East Kilbride belonged to the great house of Comyn, and after the downfall of that house formed part of the dowry of the Princess Marjory, daughter of Bruce. Mains Castle, a mile from the town, was the residence of the Comyns and of the later Lindsays, the last of whom "excelled in oppression and vice of every kind, and seldom went from home unless attended by twelve vassals well mounted on white steeds." At Mount Cameron, in the parish, lies a later and more famous personage, no other than Bonnie Jeanie Cameron, Prince Charles Edward's partizan in the '45. And more famous still, at Long Calderwood were born the brothers William and John Hunter, physicians and scientists, and founders of the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow University.

Busby, farther on, is the station for the old-world hill village of Carmunnock, and Clarkston for the upland Eaglesham, near which Pollok wrote his Miltonic "Course of Time," and John Howie his "Scots Worthies," annals of the Covenanting days. Giffnock has underground sandstone quarries almost rivalling the Roman catacombs, and affords access to the upland Mearns, in whose manse "Christopher North" spent his joyous boyhood. At Pollokshaws, Eastwood Manse was the place where, about 1720, Wodrow wrote the "History" from which Macaulay

culled his most dramatic stories of the "killing times." Pollok House, at hand, was, a few years earlier, the home of the "bewitched baronet," whose malady, as accounted for by a vengeful maid-servant, entailed the conviction, strangulation, and burning of seven respectable persons. And the Pollok dowerhouse of Haggs Castle sheltered more than one "outed" minister and forbidden conventicle; for which delinquencies its owner, Sir John Maxwell, was, in 1667, fined £8000 by the Privy Council, and, refusing to pay, lay sixteen months in prison.

From Pollokshaws it is a run of only a few minutes to Glasgow Central Station.

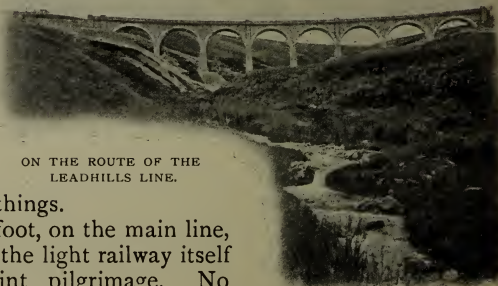
TO LEADHILLS AND WANLOCKHEAD.



ROUTE.—Train from Glasgow (Central Station); Edinburgh (Princes Street Station); Light Railway from Elvanfoot.

LEADHILLS claims to be the highest village in Scotland. Till a few years ago, when the light railway climbed into its fastness, the spot was one of the most inaccessible in the country. And if its altitude and its golden mountain air destine it now to become a favourite health resort, not less do its old-world aspect and its actual memories promise to reward the pilgrims who care for these things.

From Elvanfoot, on the main line, the journey by the light railway itself makes a quaint pilgrimage. No



ON THE ROUTE OF THE
LEADHILLS LINE.

platforms or stations lie along the line, and passengers may stop the train and board it at any point, getting a ticket from the guard. There are no gates at the level crossings, but by an ingenious mechanism, as the train approaches, a bell is set ringing at the roadside to warn wayfarers. Here and there, too, the train slows a little, and the "toot toot" of the whistle is heard, as the engineer warns off some flock of too-daring sheep crossing the track. A solitary farm, miles from the world, here and there, is all that speaks of human life in these bare upland valleys, with perhaps a dry-stone sheep-fold—the ewebucht of a primitive time—nestling far in "the lirk o' the hills."

Leadhills, when the pilgrim comes upon it, appears as a quaint, primitive village straggling up the sides of its narrow, rugged valley. It has twelve hundred inhabitants, however, and a proper pride in its past. It was the birthplace of the poet Allan Ramsay, whose father was manager of the mines, and, though the actual house in which he saw the light has disappeared, a copy of the first edition of his "Gentle Shepherd" is treasured in the village library. Another son of the district was William Symington, whose claim rivals that of Henry Bell as inventor of steam navigation. An obelisk stands to his memory in front of the little hillside cemetery, with the inventor's bust on one face and a bas-relief of his boat, the "Charlotte Dundas," on the other.



MONUMENT TO WILLIAM SYMINGTON.

A feature of the place peculiarly Scottish and significant is the village library. Founded in 1741 by a reading society of the miners themselves, that library keeps up the lettered tradition which might be expected of a poet's native spot.

At Leadhills, as at Douglas under Cairntable, the curfew is still rung every night. Here, however, the bell is hung

in a curious wooden belfry at the bottom of the valley. But perhaps the most interesting object in the place to-day is the great old manse and kirk. Both are in one building, and date from Reformation times, with turnpike stairs, narrow, crooked passages, and wainscoted walls. Rearing its irregular mass in the heart of the village, and in the plan of the letter F, the building appears to have been, in days gone by, the mansion of the old lairds of Leadhills—the Foulises.

But the peculiar interest of Leadhills belongs to its mines. In the days of James V. as much as £100,000 worth of gold is said to have been taken out of these mines in one year. The precious metal is still got in small quantities by washing the sand of the streams. When Lord Linlithgow was married enough was found to make a bracelet for his bride; and the present Princess of Wales, at her marriage, was presented with a keeper ring of Leadhills gold. But lead and silver are the metals now exclusively mined in the region, and the mouths of the mines are to be seen under the hill ridge above the village.

Out of these mines may be said to have been built up the Earldom of Hopetoun. James, sixth son of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, in the days of Charles I. married Anne, heiress of Robert Foulis of Leadhills. Setting himself to study mineralogy, he soon developed the resources of his wife's estate, and with the princely revenue of the mines set up a splendid family seat at Hopetoun, on the Forth. By the same means his son purchased Niddry and Abercorn, and as a natural result that son's son, in 1703, attained the dignity of Earl of Hopetoun. His descendant is now Marquis of Linlithgow.

Neither at Leadhills nor at the neighbouring village or Wanlockhead, on the Duke of Buccleuch's property, two miles away, are the mines so valuable now as they once were. But the memories and natural charm of the district itself, this "broken upland of bare hills and gushing streams," make it one of the interesting corners of Scotland. Among the many rambles in the region is the famous descent of the Enterkin Pass, admirably described in "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," and scene of the dramatic Covenanting incident described in Defoe's "*Memoirs of the Scottish Kirk*."

TO THE . . . SHORES OF CLYDE.

ROUTE.—Train from Central Station, Glasgow, and Princes Street Station, Edinburgh, to Greenock, Gourock, or Wemyss Bay; thence Steamer to the various watering-places.

THE watering-places scattered on the shores of the Firth of Clyde, its islands, and its great sea lochs, are as countless as they are varied in character, and it remains one of the annual puzzles of paterfamilias, in Edinburgh and Glasgow alike, when the season for settling summer quarters arrives, to decide on the spot which will best suit his own convenience and the particular tastes of his family. Of late years the question has been much simplified, for from almost any of these watering-places it is possible, owing to the swift train and steamer service, to travel daily to and from the city. Probably nowhere in the world is summer travelling so convenient, so luxurious, and so moderate in cost. Certainly nowhere does there exist such a magnificent fleet of palace steamers as that which plies to and fro upon these waters. Leaving Glasgow after five or six o'clock, the business man finds himself within an hour in the midst of his family at Gourock or at Wemyss Bay; or, if he have elected to rusticate farther off, another twenty minutes or half-hour on board one of the waiting steamers sets him down at Kirn, Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, Largs, or almost any other of the coast resorts. The advantage of such possibilities of escape from the close city atmosphere cannot be overrated. To these possibilities is



"MOSQUITO FLEET" AT R.C.Y.C. REGATTA.

owed much of the good health which has made the Glasgow bills of mortality the envy of less favoured places.

The Glasgow business man, buried in his evening paper, pays little heed to the country through which he is carried night after night to the bosom of his family. The stranger, however, looks at more than one spot with attention. The Clyde itself, crossed just as the train leaves the Central Station, is a noble sight to the eye not blinded by long familiarity. On the right, the Broomielaw and the harbour, with its miles of quays and shipping, present a striking contrast to the scene in our grandfathers' days, when the river could be waded by school-boys, and the banks were indeed yellow with yellow broom. And on the left, bridge beyond bridge of granite and iron speak also of the changes since the beginning of the nineteenth century, when only one high narrow bridge, dating, it was believed, from 1345, spanned the river at the Stockwell. Another landmark, Bridge Street Station, now dismantled, was the busy terminus of the Caledonian Railway before the line crossed the Clyde. Pollokshields too, a mile beyond, was, thirty years ago, a village among the fields. It rises now a city of villas spreading far into Renfrewshire, round the ancient Pollok Castle of Haggis. Farther on, looking back on the right, one of the finest views of modern Glasgow is to be had, with, high over the smoking roofs and lines of terraces, its College windows flashing back the sun. Govan, which fills the nearer part of the view between the railway and the Clyde, contains, side by side with the greatest shipbuilding yards in the world, a quiet burying-ground possessing monuments of prehistoric times, with a magnificent carved sarcophagus, one of the finest remains of Celtic art, conjectured to be the tomb of Constantine.

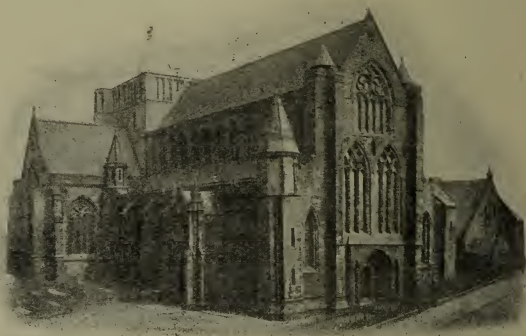
This lower valley of the Clyde, indeed, has always been a region of importance, and memorials of bygone times lie thick within it. About a mile to the left at Cardonald Station, among woods on the bank of the White Cart, stands a wing of Crookston Castle, anciently a possession of the Earls of Lennox. There, according to tradition, Queen Mary and Lord Darnley spent some of the first happy days after their marriage. Sir Walter Scott makes Mary perform

the impossible feat of witnessing the battle of Langside from the spot. Renfrew again, on the right, was the earliest possession of the Stewarts of Scotland. From that early possession, granted by David I. in the twelfth century, the Prince of Wales derives his title of Baron of Renfrew.

The chief relic of Stewart influence in the neighbourhood is Paisley Abbey, of which a glimpse is caught on the left as the train crosses the Cart at the entrance to Paisley itself. The crest of the hill on which Paisley stands had formed the Roman station of Vanduara, and no doubt a village still occupied the site when, in 1163, the Stewart, following the fashion of his royal master, founded a priory on the river-side below. Within that priory's walls for many generations the Stewarts were buried, and there accordingly lies the dust of Marjorie, the daughter of Robert the Bruce, through whom the crown came to their house, with the dust of the two wives of Robert II. and the remains of Robert III. himself. It was in Paisley Abbey, or in the Abbey House, at a later day, that Claverhouse married Lady Jean Cochrane, daughter of Lord Dundonald. He was sitting down to the wedding-feast when news came of a conventicle at Shotts, and he had forthwith to mount and ride. After the Reformation the whole abbey property was erected into a temporal lordship in favour of Lord Claud Hamilton, a younger son of the Duke of Chatelherault; and his descendants, the Dukes of Abercorn, remain the superiors at the present day. From the name of its patron saint Paisley is known to its natives as St. Mirrens, and from the mistake of a politician, who had slept during the short journey from the city, it is twitted by Glasgow wags as "the suburb." It remains, nevertheless, a most interesting place, with many quaint and storied corners to reward the explorer. Robert Tannahill, Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"), and Alexander Wilson, the poet and ornithologist, were among its distinguished sons. Paisley, indeed, has always been a place of genius, and has been perfectly conscious of the fact. It is said that the late Lord Houghton once came to address a meeting in the town. His train was late, and he was met at the station by a deputation. "Come awa', my lord," was their greeting, "we're a' waitin' on ye; there's ninety

o' us yonder, an' we're a' poets." After a prosperous record of two centuries in the successive manufacture of linen cloths and muslins, "ounce" or "nuns'" thread, linen and silk gauze, cotton muslins, silk ribbons, and the famous Paisley shawls, the town is now the centre of the cotton thread manufacture of the world. Its chief places of resort, including the Clark Town Hall on the river bank, seen on the left from the train, and the Coats Museum and Gardens, have been the gifts of the great thread-makers whose fortunes have been gathered here.

There is a tradition that the vast thread industry, to which Paisley owes its modern prosperity, was introduced about the year 1730 by a daughter of Shaw of Bargarran, who, as a young girl, in 1697, by feigning to be bewitched,



PAISLEY ABBEY.

had brought twenty persons into peril of their lives, and no fewer than five to the actual scaffold. Her case was one of the last of the great trials for witchcraft in Scotland.

Most heroic, however, of all the memories of the neighbourhood remains the fact that at Elderslie, two miles to the west of Paisley, the patriot Wallace was born.

Our own are more utilitarian days, and another interest belongs to a spot some miles farther along the line. It was the scene of a great municipal experiment. Near Houston,

some thirty years ago, the authorities of Glasgow leased a wide moor by the railway side. On that moor were spread the street sweepings and refuse of the city, and the pauper labour of Glasgow was employed in its tillage, with the result that the once worthless moor now lies a rich estate, smiling with abundant and valuable harvests.

When the widening Clyde comes into sight beyond Bishopton tunnel the contrast between ancient and modern associations is even more strikingly marked. There the grey, castled rock of Dumbarton rises eloquent of a historic past—of days when it was the capital of British kings, when Bruce built galleys under its walls, and when the Stewart monarchs made it their arsenal in the west. And past it every hour sail the latest triumphs of twentieth century genius—ships without sails that carry freights, each worth a king's ransom of earlier times, to the shores of a newer world.

Even the names of private residences here recall heroic memories. Finlayston, on the nearer shore, was the ancient seat of the Cunninghams, Earls of Glencairn, and was one of the many places which enjoyed a dispensation of the sacrament at the hands of John Knox. Newark Castle, farther on, whose towers stand forsaken amid the smoke of Port-Glasgow, was a residence of the Maxwells of Calderwood, and still has their arms above its door. Both of these spots originally belonged to the Dennistouns, but passed to their later owners in the fourteenth century by marriage with the co-heiresses of Sir Robert Dennistoun, last of his house.

Till the nineteenth century the Clyde was a shallow stream as far down as the opening of the estuary at Dumbarton, and previous to the deepening of the river the sea-going merchandise of Glasgow was carried thus far by land. For the purpose of providing a harbour, the Glasgow authorities in 1668 purchased twenty-two acres of ground in Newark Bay. This land was built upon and feued out, harbours were made, and a charter was obtained from the crown, erecting the place into a free port and burgh of barony. The town rapidly expanded, became in 1710 the chief custom-house port of the Clyde, and for a hundred and sixty years was the shipping place of Glasgow's foreign trade. Hence its name, Port-Glasgow.

At the time of formation of this port, Greenock, its now greater neighbour farther down, was little more than a considerable fishing village. When part of the Darien expedition sailed from the Clyde in 1697, it was fitted out at Cartsdyke, then a separate place, which had a quay, while Greenock still had none. The prosperity of Greenock was brought about by the energy of its baronial proprietor of that time, Sir John Shaw, who, among other public-spirited enterprises, at his own risk built the harbour, the greatest undertaking of the kind then in Scotland. At the beginning of the nineteenth century its trade had become the greatest of any Scottish port. The importance of the town, however, naturally declined on the deepening of the Clyde, when much of its trade was transferred to Glasgow; and of late years it suffered from the depression of its chief industry, sugar-refining, on account of the continental bounty system.



CALEDONIAN STEAM PACKET CO.'S STEAMER "DUCHESS OF HAMILTON."

Among other claims to renown, Greenock was the birth-place of James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, and the residence of John Galt, the novelist, who died within it in 1839. It also holds the grave of Burns's Highland Mary. John Wilson, author of the fine descriptive poem "Clyde," was appointed schoolmaster in Greenock in 1769, on condition that he should thenceforth abjure "the profane art of poem-making"; and Jean Adams, who disputes with Julius Mickle the authorship of "There's nae luck about the hoose," was a schoolmistress in Cartsdyke.

From the upper town, which the railway for Wemyss Bay passes through, one of the most magnificent panoramas in

the world is to be seen, with the town below, the firth with its shipping, and, beyond, the rugged grandeur of the Highland mountains.

Gourock, two and a half miles farther down, which now forms a steamer terminus of the railway, is probably the oldest sea-bathing resort on the firth, and its bay remains the favourite wintering-place of the west coast yachting fleet. As the swift steamers sweep forth to the firth with their loads of pleasure-seekers to-day, it is difficult to recall the time when Gourock Castle, in the hollow behind, was a stronghold of the great Earls of Douglas; or to imagine the scene when, in May, 1495, James IV. set sail from "Goraik" in the good ship "Verdour," Nicholas of Bour,



master, with "three hundred men, harnes and artilzery, boden for weir," to subdue the island lords; or even to recall the days when superstitious mariners, before weighing anchor, were wont to walk with incantations round the uncanny Kempoch Stane, on the cliff edge above the modern pier.

From Gourock a magnificent fleet of steamers sails for most of the watering-places on the firth and its lochs. One route lies by Kilcreggan, Cove, and Blairmore to Kilmun on the Holy Loch, the ancient place of burial of the house of Argyle. Another, by Ardentinny and Carrick Castle, makes up Loch Long for the head of "dark Loch Goil." While a third, by Hunter's Quay, Kirn, and Dunoon,

where a green mound by the pier represents an ancient castle of the Stewarts, goes to the most popular of the Clyde watering-places, Rothesay, in Bute. And still a fourth, by the steamer "Columba," making through the unrivalled Kyles, or narrows, of Bute, by Colintrave and Tighna-braich, carries the summer visitor to the Highland fishing towns of Tarbert and Ardrishaig, on Loch Fyne. There is also the delightful sail by the steamer "Lord of the Isles," through the Kyles, and up Loch Fyne, to the Campbell capital of Inveraray—a sail which may be varied, either way, by the charming detour *via* Dunoon, Loch Eck, and Strachur. And there is, still further, the magnificent daylight sail, during the season, to Portrush.



DUNOON.

To .
Wemyss
Bay.

From Port-Glasgow, however, a branch line runs farther down the firth. By Upper Greenock it takes through the hills, past Inverkip, the seat of Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart, Bart., representative of the founder of Greenock's prosperity, and direct descendant of a son of King Robert III. In 1455 the region was harried by Donald Balloch and his islesmen on behalf of the fallen Earl of Douglas. Two centuries later, in 1662, the Inverkip witches were tried for conspiring to throw the Kempoch Stane at Gourrock into the firth, and a young woman, Mary Lamont, was convicted and burnt to death.

On the pleasant shore of Wemyss Bay, at the Kelly

Burn, Renfrewshire and Ayrshire meet. The neighbourhood is the scene of a well-known ballad :—

There lived a carle on Kelly Burn braes,
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme ;
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

The carle as a last resource made over his wife to the devil, but a week later the recipient was back with the gift. The lady was making the nether regions too hot even for his Satanic majesty.



THE KYLES OF BUTE.

Besides a comfortable hydropathic, Wemyss Bay, and Skelmorlie, which adjoins it, contain several handsome mansions. Among these are Castle Wemyss and Kelly House, the latter at one time the residence of Young, the projector of the great Scottish paraffin industry. Skelmorlie Castle dates partly from 1502, and Knock Castle from some years earlier.

But Wemyss Bay is chiefly known at the present day as the starting-place of the Caledonian steamers for Innellan and Rothesay, and for Largs and Millport.

Nor could there be a pleasanter sail for its length than the short one southward along the Ayrshire coast. Under Skelmorlie lies the "measured mile" of water, on which, nearly every day, some new Clyde-built ship is to be seen trying its speed. Then the sunny, wood-hung shores, rich

here and there with embowered mansions, trend away for six miles to the old coast town so famous in Scottish history. Lord Kelvin's turreted redstone mansion, at the back of the north end of Largs, naturally interests the man of science; and the curiously pillared and painted Montgomery Aisle, in the heart of the town, keeps memory of the vigils of its devout founder, Sir Robert Montgomery, in the seventeenth century. But the antiquary looks rather to the ancient battlefield on which Alexander III., in 1263, drove back Haco and his Norwegian army to the wreck of their



CROSS, CASTLE, AND DUNIKUOICH, INVERARAY.

ships. The scene of the battle lies south of Largs about a mile, under the woods of Haylee. Fairlie Castle, farther south, is associated with the battle in the ballad of "Hardiknute," and it is one of the proofs of the modernity of Lady Wardlaw's poem that the castle only dates from 1521. The stronghold was included, during the nineteenth century, in the estate of the Earl of Glasgow, whose seat, Kelburne Castle, appears inland between Largs and Fairlie itself.

Fairlie is famous at the present day as the place where many of the yachts are built which have carried the fame of the firth over the world.

The Cumbrae island opposite, on which Millport stands, also belonged to the Earls of Glasgow till some twenty years ago, when it was acquired by the Marquis of Bute. The Hawkstane on its summit forms a relic of the days when the island was the chief training-place of the King's falcons.

During the Glasgow Fair holidays in July, Largs and Millport literally swarm with city folk who are seeking



ROTHESAY AND CRAIGMORE.

health and fresh air "doun the watter." As popular resorts at that season they are only excelled by Rothesay itself.

Rothesay Castle, a favourite residence of Robert III. and the early Stewarts, is said by tradition to have been the scene of a tragedy in early times, and to be haunted yet by the ghost of the victim. Built by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, in 1098, it was captured sixty years later by the Stewarts of Renfrew. In 1228, however, the Norsemen came back, attacked the castle with eighty ships, gained entrance by sapping, and stormed the place. The Stewart was slain on

the wall, and the Norse king bestowed the stronghold on Ruari, a descendant of the great Somerled, Lord of the Isles. Tradition proceeds to relate how Ruari demanded the love of the Stewart's daughter, and was indignantly refused.

“ The stars will dreip out their beds o’ blue
 Ere you in love I wed ;
 I liefer wad fly to the grave, and lie
 I’ the mouldy embrace o’ the dead ! ”

An eye was seen wi’ revenge to gleam,
 Like a shot star in a storm,
 And a heart was felt to writhe as bit
 By the never-dying worm.

A struggle was heard on the chapel stair,
 And a smothered shriek of pain ;
 A deadly groan, and a fall on the stone—
 And all was silent again.

May morning woke on the ladye’s bower,
 But nae Isabel was there ;
 May morning broke on Rothesay’s Tower,
 And bluid was on the stair.

And rain may fa’, and time may ca’
 Its lazy wheels about,
 But the steps are red, and the stains o’ bluid
 Will never be washen out.

King Robert II. erected Bute and the Cumbraes into a sherifffdom for one of his sons, and made him Constable of Rothesay Castle. From that son the Marquess of Bute is directly descended.

These old-world memories, however, are to-day eclipsed by the attractions of the bandstand and bay promenade and gaily dressed crowd of the modern town. Rothesay remains unrivalled as a centre for pleasant drives and sails; and, winter as well as summer, its hotels and two hydropathics suffer from no lack of guests.

From Wemyss Bay, also, the “ Davaar ” and Turbine lines of steamers run, by Kilbrannan Sound and the western shores of Arran, down the Cantyre coast to Campbeltown and Machrihanish, most magnificent of golfing resorts. And there is, finest and most comprehensive of all, the delightful “ Round of the Lochs ” sail, from Wemyss Bay,

by Rothesay, Largs, and Millport, through the Kyles of Bute, and to the heads of Loch Ridden, Loch Striven, Loch Goil, and Loch Long.



COAST TRAIN ARRIVING AT GLASGOW (CENTRAL).

TO THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

To the ISLE OF MAN.

To BELFAST.



ROUTE.—Train from Edinburgh (Princes Street Station); from Glasgow (Central Station); Steamer from Ardrossan.

ONE of the chief commendations of Glasgow, when the city's advantages are being summed up, is that it is "such an excellent place to get away from." Certainly no other town in Britain can rival it in this respect. Every year, owing to improved means of travel, the citizens of Glasgow go farther afield for their summer quarters, and of late they have found their way in ever-increasing numbers to this "matchless island that guards the entrance to the Clyde." For botanists, geologists, and archæologists alike, to say nothing of anglers, pedestrians, cyclists, mountain-climbers, and the mere seekers of quiet and rest, Arran remains an unrivalled happy hunting-ground. For a place so near a great city the island remains astonishingly unsophisticated, Gaelic being still the native speech. What, therefore, between the air, mellow with sun-

shine, ozone, and heather-bloom, and the simple, old-world ways of the island folk, there is food and health at once to be found by the jaded spirit. It is little marvel, therefore, that towards the week-ends throughout the summer the trains are heavy that leave the city for Ardrossan and Arran.

Several interesting spots are passed on the way. At Mount Florida the line traverses the battlefield of Langside, where in 1568 the fortunes of Queen Mary were finally overthrown. Various literary memories are touched at Whitecraigs, farther on. On the uplands to the left there the farm of Moorhouse was the birthplace of Robert Pollok, author of "The Course of Time," and at the manse of Mearns much of the boyhood of "Christopher North" was spent. Among more heroic memories of the region, Pollok House is the seat of the direct descendant of Captain Thomas Crawford, the famous stormer of Dumbarton Castle. Polnoon Castle, at Eaglesham, was built by Hotspur as a ransom after his capture by Sir Hugh Montgomerie on the field of Otterbourne, and Mearns Castle itself was a possession successively of the Maxwells, Lords of Nithsdale, and the Maxwells of Nether Pollok, before it came into the hands of its present owners, the Shaw-Stewarts of Ardgowan and Blackhall.

Thence there is a run through a pleasant country south-westward to Lugton. Here the line from the famous bleaching region of Barrhead and Neilston comes in, by Loch Libo and the old barony of the Mures of Caldwell. At Lugton, too, the line for Beith branches westward, and the line for Stewarton and Kilmarnock makes to the south, through the ancient Ayrshire district of Cunningham, while at Giffen, farther on, another branch strikes off to Kilbirnie, famous for its connection with the notorious Crawford peerage case.

Kilwinning was during the middle ages the seat of a wealthy abbey, some vestiges of whose buildings may still be seen about the parish church. It was also the cradle of Freemasonry in Scotland, the mother-lodge of Kilwinning having been founded, according to tradition, by one of the continental fraternities of masons which was employed to build the abbey in the twelfth century. Till 1736 Kilwinning served as the head court or grand lodge of Scottish Freemasons; but in that year William St. Clair of Roslin,

hereditary Grand Master, being without an heir, and in reduced circumstances, resigned his office, and a new high court, or grand lodge, was constituted of representatives of the Scottish lodges. Kilwinning was famous till the middle of the nineteenth century for its practice of archery; and its annual "shooting at the popinjay," or bird mark, a target suspended on the town's steeple, furnished Scott with the opening scene in his novel of "Old Mortality." The winning marksman became "captain of the popinjay," and bound to do the honours of the festival.

At the present day the ancient Abbot of Kilwinning is represented by the Earl of Eglinton, the lands of the abbey having been erected into a temporal lordship in favour of Earl Hugh after the Reformation. Eglinton Castle, the family seat, near Kilwinning, was the scene, in Aug., 1839, of a gorgeous tournament, after the manner of the Middle Ages, in which knights in plate-armour tilted in the lists before the eyes of half the elite of Scotland.



SALTCOATS.

Beyond Kilwinning the line runs over a waste of sand-dunes which, with a little outlay, might become a valuable timber forest; and presently, passing the ironworks of Stevenston, the traveller comes in sight of the blue waters of the sea on the left, with Saltcoats and its broad sands on one side and the mountains of Arran beyond.

Probably there could be no more striking change of scene than that from the crowded streets of Glasgow to the deck of the steamer approaching Arran. Above the dark waters in front rise the mountain peaks, serrated and wild, against the western sky; and as the vessel sweeps nearer, and the details of the shore begin to be made out, the

traveller finds himself entering an Arcadian world. Happy is he who, with knapsack and walking-staff, can spend a week or a month wandering by these shores and among these hills, listening all day to the song of the streams, breathing the honey-scented air from the mountain sides, and at night finding quiet comfort in the cosy inns. At the end of his holiday he will come back with bronzed cheek, lungs of leather, and a soul freshened by the touch of primitive things.

From Brodick itself (the Brathwick of earlier days) might be planned the excursions of a week. There is Glen Cloy for the angler, with the Douglas Camp at its head, where



BRODICK BAY AND GOATFELL, ARRAN.

the Good Lord James awaited the Bruce in his heroic time. There is Glen Sherag and the String Road to Shiskin. A mail trap goes that way, but as most of the road has to be done on foot the passenger is like the gentleman conveyed in a sedan chair from which the bottom had been removed: but for the honour of the thing, he said, he would as soon have walked. The castle, too, is well worth visiting, when a permit can be obtained. Part of it dates from Bruce's time, and it has memories even of earlier Norse invaders. There is Glen Rosa, too, with its peerless river flowing clear over beds of granite sand. Goatfell, with the climb to it through the castle woods, by the deer parks, and over the

higher moors, is another attainment for the athlete. And the road southward, up the Birk Glen, over the open moors where the sheep bleat and the grouse call and the lizard basks in the sun, and down among flower-hung gardens to Lamlash, is a poet's saunter of an afternoon.

But the man with more time or more determination, after doing all these things, will take his staff in hand and go farther. Round the north side of Brodick bay lies the road under the castle woods by the shore to Corrie, perhaps the finest in the island. Beyond lies Glen Sannox, one of the wildest glens in Scotland, and beyond it again Loch Ranza, with its ruined royal castle of Bruce's time. Then down the west side of the island, by Kilbrannan Sound, there are the King's Caves under Drumadoon and the Druid circles on Tormore to explore. And with the sheer cliff scenery of the south end, with Pladda Lighthouse, and with Holy Island, its cave and holy well and memories of the Culdee anchorite, St. Maol Jos, the adventurer is likely to find store of interest enough. One memory only may be noted. According to tradition, the point at Kingscross was the spot on which King Robert the Bruce watched for the signal fire on the Ayrshire coast, and from which he set out for the winning of Scotland.

From Ardrossan there is also a service of steamers to the To the
Isle of Man and its summer resorts and watering-places. Isle of Man.
And during the season there is the swift "daylight service"



NEW TURBINE STEAMER "VIPER."

by the "Viper" to Belfast, allowing tourists to enjoy the To Belfast.
ocean sail to Ireland and back on the same day. There is also a night mail service maintained all the year round between Ardrossan and Belfast.

Of late years there has been an increasing resort visitors from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other Scottish towns to the North of Ireland watering-place of Portrush. To meet this traffic a new twin-screw steamer has been put upon the route from Ardrossan to Portrush, which accomplishes



NEW TWIN-SCREW STEAMER "HAZEL."

the return voyage in eleven hours and allows passengers several hours to enjoy the fine sands and sea views at this famous Irish resort.

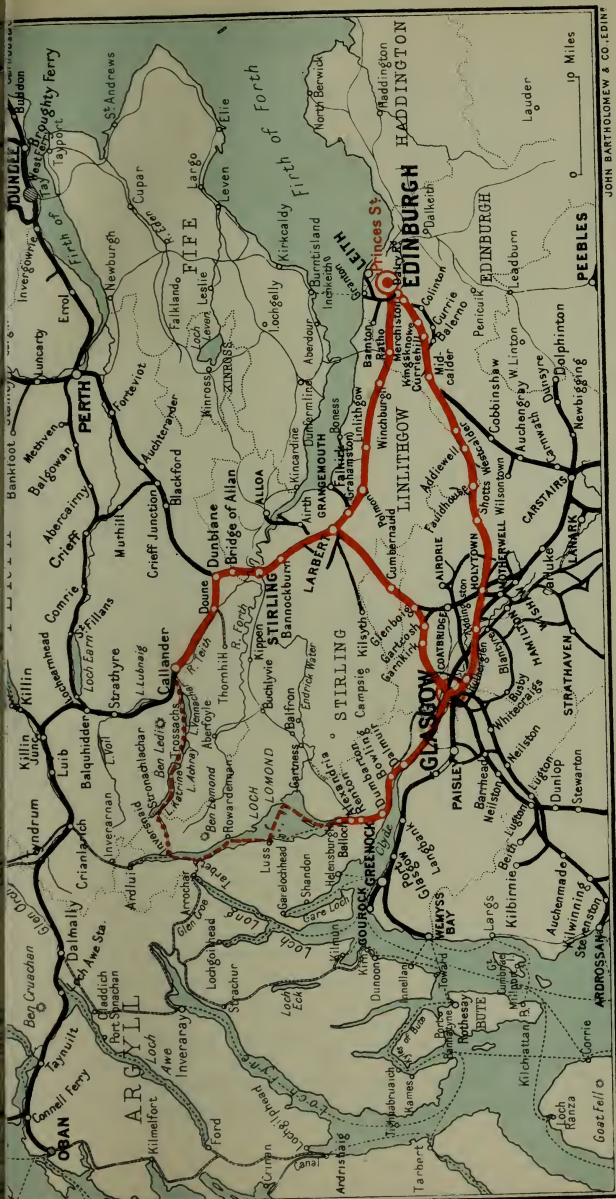
THROUGH THE . . . ROB ROY COUNTRY.

Via DUMBARTON, BALLOCH, LOCH LOMOND,
THE TROSSACHS, CALLANDER, STIRLING.



ROUTE.—Rail from Glasgow, Low Level Central Station, and Edinburgh, Princes Street, to Balloch Pier, steamer to Inversnaid, coach to Stronachlachar, steamer to the Trossachs, coach to Callander, rail to Edinburgh or Glasgow.

CURIOSLY enough most of the great enterprises which minister to the comfort and convenience of Glasgow are underground and unseen. The supply of sweet Loch Katrine water flows everywhere throughout the city underground. Underground also are the great systems of city drainage and electric power and lighting. And more wonderful than these, though almost as little seen, are the systems of railway and subway which everywhere underlie and tap the city's traffic. Of these low-level systems the most recently finished is the Glasgow Central line and the Lanarkshire and Dumbartonshire Railway, by which Caledonian passengers are carried



JOHN BARTHOLOMEW & CO. EDIN.

ROUTE.—Rail from GLASGOW (Central Low Level Station), or from EDINBURGH (Princes Street Station), to Balloch; Steamer to Inverness; Coach to Stronachlachar; Steamer to the Trossachs; Coach to Callander; Rail to Glasgow (Buchanan Street Station) and Edinburgh (Princes Street Station) respectively.

FARES FOR THE ROUND :—
From Glasgow, 1st Class, 18/11; 3rd Class, 15/10. From Edinburgh, 1st Class, 26/2; 3rd Class, 19/6.

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out to the beautiful valley of the Clyde, to Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, and the Rob Roy country.

By this route, a few minutes after leaving the Low Level Central Station, in the heart of Glasgow, and passing Anderston Cross and Stobcross Stations, the traveller emerges by the side of the river from which Lord Kelvin takes his title. On the same bank of the Kelvin, and close by, stood one of the country seats of the archbishops of Glasgow. In their time it was a rural retreat, and so lately as a hundred years ago the citizens of Glasgow used to bring their families to the village of Partick, in the neighbourhood, for summer change of air. Of the suitability of the spot as a summer resort at the present day the traveller may judge. The mill on the Kelvin, just opposite the station, is still known as the Bishop's Mill. It was granted, by way of payment for supplies, to the Glasgow Incorporation of Bakers by the Regent Moray after the battle of Langside.

But almost immediately the train is running in the open country, down the Clyde valley. Whiteinch, three hundred years ago, was still, as its name implies, an island, and, with the country around, for several miles, the property of the Glasgow bishops. Scotstoun was the residence of the Oswalds, a Glasgow family, one of whose members, Lord Provost Oswald, still stands, hat in hand, in bronze, in George Square. Across the river the county town of Renfrew, with its tall spire, still keeps its memories of the Stewards, afterwards Stuarts, of Scotland. There they settled in the time of David I.; the site of their residence is still pointed out between the town and the river. There a tumulus commemorates the defeat and death of their enemy, Somerled of the Isles, in 1164. And close by, the Lady Marjorie, daughter of Robert the Bruce, and wife of Walter the Steward, through whom the Stewarts inherited the crown, was thrown from her horse and killed. A little farther down, opposite Yoker, the ill-fated Earl of Argyll was captured in 1685 by some harvesters when attempting to escape across the river in disguise. The occasion was tragic. With a considerable army, levied to support the Covenanting cause, he had crossed the Leven at Balloch the night before, and had come in sight of the

royal troops at the village of Kilmaronock. Ill-advisedly he determined to avoid battle, and, appointing Kilpatrick on the Clyde as the rendezvous, set off across the hills. Amid the bogs and darkness, however, most of his men deserted, and at Kilpatrick in the morning he found his cause hopeless. Even when seized he might have escaped unknown, but his exclamation, "Unhappy Argyll!" sealed his fate. A stone in the Blythswood grounds marks the spot of his arrest.

Clydebank, now a populous town, may be said to have come into existence within the last twenty years, and owes its first impetus to the planting there of the immense sewing-machine works of Messrs. Singer, and the shipbuilding yards of Messrs. J. & G. Thomson, now the property of Messrs. John Brown of Sheffield. The growth of great industries along the river bank since then has all but united the place with Glasgow, and the tendency has become more obvious since the Clyde Trust began its newest and greatest dock here, and Glasgow Corporation carried its great drain to the Sewage Works at Dalmuir beyond.

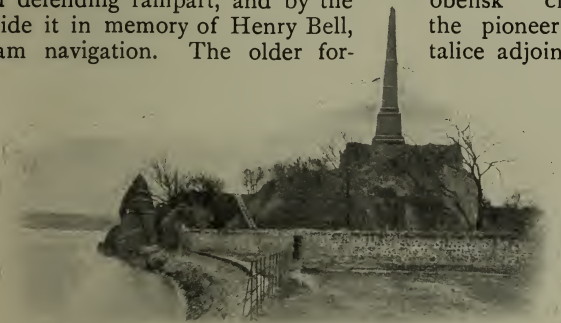
The river, near which the railway runs, would, as can easily be seen, be little more than a shallow stream but for constant dredging, and the effects of this upon the foreshores were the subject of considerable litigation between the Clyde Trustees and the late Lord Blantyre, owner of the land, in which the latter secured heavy compensation. Erskine House, the residence of the Barons of Blantyre, a title now extinct, is to be seen on the left bank of the river, opposite Old Kilpatrick. The estate there formed the earliest patrimony of the Erskines, Earls of Mar. Peggy, the charming heroine of Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," is said to have been born in a house on that bank.

Historic interests predominate, however, in this lower valley of the Clyde. Kilpatrick itself is said to have been the birthplace of the patron saint of Ireland, Scotland in this respect making a fair return for the gift of St. Columba. More ancient still are the Roman memories of the district—the great Roman wall, between the Forth and Clyde, touching the river at Bowling, and ending at Dunglass Castle, a little lower down. That wall, an earthen rampart twenty feet high and twenty-four feet thick, on a stone

foundation, was thirty-six miles long, and intended by its builder, the Emperor Antoninus, A.D. 140, to exclude from the Roman province the barbarian Picts of the North.

At Bowling the railway crosses the Forth and Clyde Canal, an institution important in its day and useful still. No longer, however, do the packet-boats, with their galloping, red-jacketed riders, ply on it east and west. Just here an interesting thing may be noticed. Within a hundred yards, or less, all the modern means of communication—river, railway, canal, road, and telegraph—are to be seen running alongside each other. A little farther on, in the harbour at the canal mouth, all winter, lies up a great part of the fleet of palace-steamers that lend life to the firth in summer, with their beating paddles and trails of smoke and foam.

Beyond Bowling, at the end of the Roman wall, Dunglass Castle attracts the eye by its quaint old turrets and defending rampart, and by the obelisk close beside it in memory of Henry Bell, the pioneer of steam navigation. The older for- talice adjoining



DUNGLASS CASTLE.

was at one time a possession of the Colquhouns of Luís (the country between Bowling and Dumbarton was the ancient barony of Colquhoun), and, standing as it does close to the water at one of the most beautiful reaches of the river, it must long have been a charming residence. Now, however, the memory of Henry Bell overshadows it in more ways than one, for it is blackened constantly by the smoke of steamers passing at hand.

But the chief point of interest in the neighbourhood remains the castled rock of Dumbarton. Rising on the point of land where the Leven joins the Clyde, the great mass of basalt, a mile round and 250 feet high, stands, another Gibraltar, the sentinel defence of the river. From the dawn of northern annals the rock has been a place of defence, and historic. It was a fortress in Roman times, under the name of Theodosia. Under the name of Alcluith, or Alclud, the rock of Clyde, it was from the sixth to the ninth century the fortress capital of the Cymric or British kingdom of Strathclyde, which stretched from Loch Lomond to the Derwent. And its more modern name of Dunbriton, or Dumbarton, the dun or fort of the Britons, was given it by the neighbouring Gaels, or Scots, who had spread from Ireland over the West Highlands. From century to century it remained one of the keys of the kingdom, all but impregnable, with the tide, as it then did, flowing round it, and only to be taken by treachery or stratagem. Its first capture was probably by the Norse pirates in 780, when, according to the Annals of Ulster, it



DUMBARTON ROCK AND CASTLE.

was burned. Wallace is said to have been carried there after his taking at Glasgow by "the fause Menteith." On the execution of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and his two sons by James I., it was stormed and burned by the remaining son, who slew within it "the Red Stewart," Earl of Donald, and uncle to the king. From its gates

Queen Mary sailed to her marriage with the Dauphin of France, and after her imprisonment by Elizabeth it was the second last fortress in the kingdom to hold out in her interest. It was captured at last, however, in romantic fashion, by Crawford of Jordanhill and Cunningham of Drumwhassel. By advice of a former soldier of the castle, who had accepted a bribe to betray it, they made the attempt

at a little-defended part of the rock. It was midnight, and the summit was involved in mist, but had the garrison been alert the attack must have been discovered, for the first ladder slipped and fell with the men on it. Halfway up, too, one of the men on the ladder was seized with a fit. But Crawford tied the man to the ladder, turned it round, and made the others climb over him. Reaching the top of the wall at last, they stabbed the sentinel as he gave the alarm, and forthwith rushed the place. Lord Fleming, the governor, only escaped by sliding down a cleft of the rock and throwing himself into a fishing boat. But Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was taken clad in mail, and promptly tried, hanged, and quartered. Dumbarton Castle at the present day is a sleepy place, with a garrison of two or three soldiers; but it may see service again for all that.

High on the right, in a hollow of the hills above Dumbarton, may be seen Overtoun Castle, the seat of Baron Overtoun, one of Glasgow's "merchant princes."

Here the line leaves the Clyde and runs up the short vale of Leven. Smoky with the tall chimneys of a dozen Turkey-red dye works, the valley has changed much since Smollett sang its praises. The poet-novelist's monument may be seen to the right, above the roofs of Renton, but alas! the Leven water that he sang is no longer the

Pure stream in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave,
That warbles sweetly o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread.

Above Balloch, however, the charm still remains.

At Balloch pier the traveller steps from the train to one of the beautiful little loch steamers, and presently is sailing swiftly and smoothly over the bosom of what Scott, with an English affectation unusual with him, termed the "Queen of Scottish *Lakes*." There is only one "lake" in Scotland, the Lake of Menteith.

On the river bank, opposite the pier, stood old Balloch Castle, one of the fortresses of the Earls of Lennox, and it was hence, after the execution, already referred to, of her father the Earl of Lennox, her husband Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and two of her sons, by James I., that the Duchess Isobel sailed over to Inch Murren, the nearest

island, to take up her residence in the little fortalice, known as the Lady's Bower, whose ruins may still be seen. The neighbourhood is the scene of John Galt's romance of that time, "The Spaewife."

Both shores of the loch are studded now with modern residences. On the right appears the modern Balloch Castle; then Boturich Castle, scene of an episode of raid and rescue detailed in a poem of Sir David Lyndsay; next, Ross Priory, the residence, in the early years of last century, of Sir Walter Scott's friend, Hector Macdonald; and far off, at the mouth of the Endrick, may be seen Buchanan Castle, the residence of the Duke of Montrose. On the left, Cameron House remains the abode of the Smolletts, descended from a sister of the novelist. Then castle after castle of the merchants of Glasgow, in stately park-lands along the shore, intimate the change from the old days of fire and foray.



STEAMER "PRINCE GEORGE" ON LOCH LOMOND.

Best known, perhaps, of the memories of these old days is that of the battle of Glen Fruin. Already, in Bannachra Castle, in the glen, a laird of Colquhoun had met his death by treachery. In lighting him up the stair at night his servant so used his torch as to make him a mark, and he was shot through a window by one of the Macgregors who beset the stronghold. But the more famous incident occurred later. The spot is still pointed out in that wild glen, the first to open away on the left, where the Colquhouns were cut to pieces by the Macgregors from the

other side of the loch. Afterwards sixty Colquhoun widows carried their husbands' bloody shirts to Edinburgh, and secured the proscription of the hostile clan. The Pass of Balmaha, just across the loch, was the gate of the Macgregor country, and stoutly the wild clan kept it, in spite of Colquhoun and Montrose. Their spirit is well put in the famous boat-song from "The Lady of the Lake":—

Proudly our pibrochs have thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Rosdhu they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpin with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven glen shake when they hear again,
" Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho ieroe !"

Sir Walter Scott got most of his facts about the neighbourhood while staying with his friend Macdonald at Ross Priory, and it is said that one day they paid a visit to Rosdhu, the seat of Colquhoun of Luss. The future author of "Waverley" was then plain Mr. Scott, and Colquhoun, it seems, paid him scant attention, leaving it to a servant to show the interests of the place. It is possibly to this fact that we owe the particular vigour of the Macgregor boat-song.

Rosdhu has survived the Macgregor and other raids, and still stands among its ancient trees on the shore a mile below Luss. No more lovely spot perhaps exists in Scotland, and the sail past it, past the old castle of Galbraith on the inch, or island, of that name, close by, and through the island narrows, to Luss, is a sail through fairyland. It was behind one of these islands that the boat of the late chief of Colquhoun, returning with deer from Inch Lonaig, foundered with laird and gillies some twenty years ago. On Inch Lonaig itself are still to be seen the yews from which the island takes its name, said to have been planted by Robert the Bruce to furnish bows for the Scottish archers.

From Luss the steamer sweeps over to Rowardennan, where the climbers go ashore for Ben Lomond. Glen Douglas, opposite, through which a road runs to Loch Long, has been identified from the description by Nennius, as the scene of two of King Arthur's great battles.

The mountains here close in on the narrowest and deepest part of the loch, and with Ben Lomond on the right, Ben

Voirlich in front, and Ben Vane, Ben Ime, and Ben Arthur coming into sight on the left, the passage up the black waters becomes awesome enough.

From Ben Lomond to Inversnaid the eastern shore of the loch is known as Craig Royston, and formed the patrimony of "the bold Rob Roy." Its appearance affords a fair idea of the kind of life likely to be followed by its laird. Just under the ben a cavern among the fallen rocks is known as Rob Roy's Prison. Here Macgregor used to interview such captives as the factor of Montrose. When they could not see their way to meet his views, a dip in the waters of the loch sometimes hastened a change of mind. The forcible manner in which Scott employed natural images in his poetry was never better illustrated than in the lines of the Macgregor's lament referring to this neighbourhood:—

Through the depths of Loch Lomond the steed shall career,
O'er the heights of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.



FALLS OF INVERRNAID.

At Tarbet, Haco's lieutenant in old times dragged his boats across from Loch Long to harry Loch Lomond's shores. In the earlier part of last century the neighbourhood was a favourite resort of Lord Jeffrey, who stayed at Stuckgown House, among the woods on the hillside. And to-day the coaches wait with their red-coated drivers to carry tourists by Arrochar and Glen Croe to Inveraray, the seat of MacCailean More.

The western shore of the loch above Tarbet is the old Macfarlane country, and at Inveruglas a stream descends from the

tarn which gave the clan its slogan, "Loch Sloy." The ruins of the Macfarlane stronghold rise on an island in the bay farther on. It was probably on the loch shore here that on one memorable occasion Bruce recited the romance of Fierabras to his men while they were one by one being rowed across to safety.

At Inveruglas may still sometimes be seen the primitive proceeding of calling the ferry by "putting up a smoke." The ferry itself passes the Wallace Isle, where the hero is said to have hidden from his enemies, and plies to Inver-



SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

snaid, where coaches wait to carry tourists over the hill to Loch Katrine.

The steamers sail six miles farther, to Ardlui; but the best part of Loch Lomond has been seen. Rob Roy's Cave, a mile beyond Inversnaid, is said to have been a refuge not only of the eighteenth-century freebooter, but of Bruce himself, after the battle of Dalree; and the ruin on the Isle of Vou, farther up still, from the abundance of daffodils which flourish about it, was probably a priory. The Pulpit Rock, too, with its recess from which the minister of

Arrochar used to address his open-air congregation, is probably the heaviest pulpit in the world.

Little, however, is lost by going ashore at Inversnaid. Here, in a more primitive time, Wordsworth saw his Highland girl, and was enchanted by the lonely lassie and her surroundings—

The cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall.

Time has removed the cabin, but the torrent still sings to the lake and bay.

Above Inversnaid a farmhouse, known as the Garrison, occupies the site of a fort built in 1713 to overawe the clansmen. It stood on Rob Roy's property, and so was an insult not to be brooked. Accordingly it was twice surprised and dismantled, by Rob himself, and by his

nephew Ghlune Dhu. At one time the officer in command was Captain Wolfe, afterwards the conqueror of Quebec. Farther up, on the right, where the Arklet water leaves Loch Arklet, stands the house from which Rob Roy, in the forceful fashion of old clan days, carried off his bride.

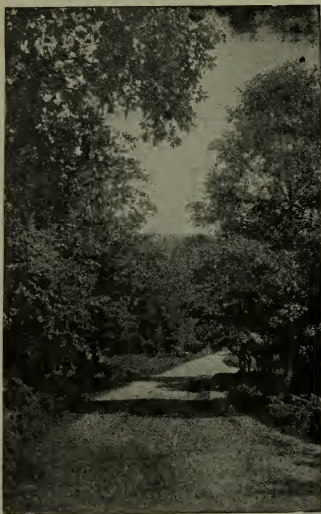


ELLEN'S ISLE.

But the coach runs past Loch Arklet and past the head of the road by Loch Chon and Loch Ard to Aberfoyle, and in another half-mile descends to Loch Katrine at Stronachlachar hotel.

At first sight Loch Katrine is disappointing. Its finest scenery lies at the eastern end. Nevertheless, the dark waters running away northward, on the left, lead to the famous Glen Gyle, the ancient seat of the chiefs of Macgregor. Here they are still buried, and here Wordsworth wrote his fine lines on "Rob Roy's Grave." Unfortunately the poet was sitting on the wrong tombstone, for Rob Roy lies in the kirkyard of Balquhider, some miles farther north.

As the steamer sails eastward along Loch Katrine a glimpse is got, on the right, of the tunnel through which the pure waters are led away, after the manner of the ancient aqueducts of Rome, to sweeten and cleanse the great city on the Clyde. But presently one finds himself sailing into the heart of the hills, with Ben A'an on the left, Ben Venue on the right, and the round dome of Ben Ledi ahead. High on Ben Venue lies hidden the Coir nan Urisken, or Goblin's Cave, and above it Beal-nam-bo, the latter being the pass by which the Highland dealers (!) used to drive in their cattle, and the former the place where they concealed them afterwards. As the steamer passes to the left of Ellen's Isle, the episode of the poem which has made the spot famous returns to mind :—



"WHERE TWINES THE PATH."

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay.

It is impossible to help recalling, also, the historic incident wrought by Scott into a later scene of his poem. It is said that an English soldier, thinking to seize one of the clansmen's shallops, swam over from the Silver Strand. Only women remained on the island, and his task seemed easy. He had indeed laid his hand on his prize, when the branches parted, a knife in a woman's hand flashed in the air, and the would-be ravisher sank in the water dead. The Silver

Strand is submerged now by the twelve-foot raising of the loch, but the wooded shore is still beautiful, and at the loch end the little pier clinging against the mountain side, with the scene about it, could not be surpassed for rustic charm. Scott exactly describes the spot—

A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

The Trossachs themselves are no more than a mile in length, the road threading its way through the narrow deeply-wooded pass in the mountain barrier, while birch and hazel, oak and pine keep the spot sequestered as on the day when "James Fitzjames" saw his gallant grey drop and die in its solitude. The old name of the Trossachs Hotel, "Ardcheanocrochan," has been mercifully dropped, out of consideration for Sassenach jaws. From the doorway of that hotel the coaches sweep eastward by the shores of "lovely Loch Achray" and over the famous Brig o' Turk. The coach route, it will be seen, takes the gallop of the rider in the chase episode of "The Lady of the Lake" the reverse way.

And ere the Brig o' Turk was won
The foremost horseman rode alone.

The primitive little clachan at Brig o' Turk is a favourite



LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE.

summer haunt of the "Glasgow school" of artists. By this route it was that Roderick Dhu conducted his guest from the Macgregor country, and more than one

spot may be recognised as affording opportunity for the chieftain's sudden display of force. Close by lies Dun-craggan, the scene of the Highland mourning so well described in the episode of the Fiery Cross; and a little farther on, to the right, between the road and Loch Vennachar, lies Lanrick mead, the gathering-place appointed by Roderick Dhu:—



BRIG O' TURK.

“The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal, Norman, speed!”

Then, on the left, above the four-mile stretch of Loch Vennachar, Ben Ledi, the Hill of God of the ancient pagan



LANRICK MEAD AND LOCH VENNACHAR.

faith, rises into the blue. On its summit on Beltane (Baal-fire) Eve, every summer, the sacred fire was received from heaven, and from that fire the extinguished hearths of the country were rekindled for another year.

Coilantogle, where the Teith flows, through sluices now, out of the lower end of the loch, will be remembered by

everyone as the scene of the duel between Fitzjames and Black Roderick :—

For this is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword !

A mile farther east lies “Bochastle heath,” where, in the earlier part of the poem, the chase began to tail. Then the road crosses the Leny at Kilmahog, where a glimpse is got, on the left, of the beautiful Pass of Leny. Leaving the pass behind, it descends the left bank of the Leny, and presently reaches Callander, the modern capital of Menteith. (See page 109.)

TO EDINBURGH.



ROUTE.—Train from Glasgow (Central Station High Level) to Edinburgh (Princes Street Station).

THE changes wrought by the whirling wheel of time were never better exemplified than in the comparison between Edinburgh and Glasgow. Though the latter was a bishop's seat and place of consequence centuries before Edinburgh was thought of, Edinburgh is now the city to which Scotsmen and strangers alike look for the antique interest of Scotland, while Glasgow, forgetting its romantic past, lives chiefly by the fame of its energetic life of to-day.

Since the Caledonian route was opened there has been a great acceleration of the train service between east and west, and the journey is now accomplished with ease and comfort in sixty-five or seventy minutes. The first part of the journey, as far as Holytown, is the same as that of the route to Carlisle (see page 7). Then the line sweeps upward, out of the Clyde valley, by Hartwood, to the somewhat bleak and treeless district of Shotts. It is, however, almost a rule, in Scotland at least, that where Nature denies richness to the surface of the earth, she makes compensation by an abundance of mineral wealth below. The rule holds good in this region, for beneath the surface

lie the great seams of shale which have made the district the seat of the Scottish oil industry. At Addiewell and Oakbank, near Mid-Calder, are to be seen two of the great works in which the shale is distilled and refined into the various forms of paraffin. The good folk of the countryside, who used to put a bit of "cannel-coal" on the top of their fires to work by in the winter evenings sixty years ago, would be surprised were they to return and see the pure wax candles now produced for lighting purposes from the dingy mineral.

The region, however, has other interests. In the old fort at West Calder many Roman coins were discovered. At



PRINCES STREET STATION AND HOTEL.

Mid-Calder, on the Almond, the ruined Lennox Tower was a residence of Queen Mary and Darnley; Baberton was a hunting-seat of James VI., and a residence of Charles X. of France after the Revolution of 1830; and at Calder House John Knox administered the Sacrament for the first time after the Reformation. Mid-Calder was also the birthplace of Archbishop Spottiswood, the historian, and the scene of delivery of some of the late Mr. Gladstone's famous Midlothian speeches. From this point the country assumes the richer and better wooded appear-

ance characteristic of the neighbourhood of the capital—probably owed to the ancient nearness to the court and courtly tastes. On the right the pastoral Pentlands rise in sight, storied probably with more song and romantic and literary memories than any other hills of their extent out of Scotland. “Logan Braes” are there, and “bonnie Bonally”; Tytler’s residence of Woodhouselee, its stones eloquent of the tragedy of Bothwellhaugh; and Rullion Green, where the Covenanters turned at bay in 1666; with many another classic spot beside. Nearer Edinburgh appear the Braid Hills, with Craiglockhart Hydropathic at their foot. And presently, passing through Merchiston,



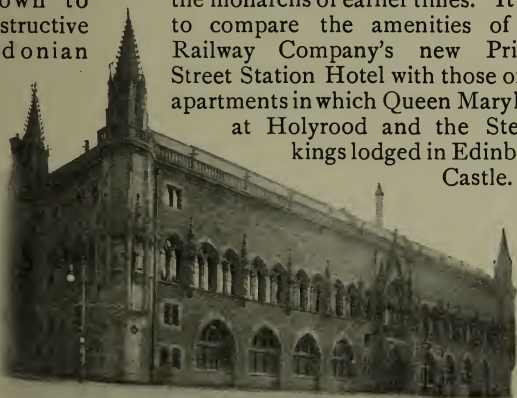
PRINCES STREET, SCOTT MONUMENT, AND CASTLE, EDINBURGH.

whose very name recalls that of Napier, the mathematician next in fame to Euclid himself, the journey ends on the pavement of Princes Street.

A citizen of the United States, it is said, once asked one of the Edinburgh guides how long he would take to show the town. “I can show it you, sir,” answered the guide, “in half an hour, and I can keep you going with its interests for a week.” The half-hour view can be done by anyone who takes the top of a car along Princes Street, and a cab thereafter by the Calton Hill to Holyrood, and up Canongate, High Street, and Lawnmarket, to the vantage-

ground of the castle ramparts. Every step of the way is crammed with interest.

The new Princes Street Station of the Caledonian Railway, from which the traveller emerges, may itself be taken as significant of our time. Above it rises the latest of the great hotels for which Edinburgh has always been famous. Here all the comforts and luxuries which capital can provide, and which care, experience, and ingenuity can produce, stand at the use of the sojourner, and the ordinary tourist enjoys a perfection of lodging, attendance, and cuisine unknown to the monarchs of earlier times. It may be instructive to compare the amenities of the Caledonian Railway Company's new Princes Street Station Hotel with those of the apartments in which Queen Mary lived at Holyrood and the Stewart kings lodged in Edinburgh Castle.



NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Another modern building in the west end, worth taking pains to see, is St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral. Built to designs of Sir Gilbert Scott, with funds left by Miss Walker of Coates, it rivals the cathedrals of the Middle Ages in splendour.

But, to begin with Princes Street, St. John's Church, on the right, was the charge of the celebrated Dean Ramsay. Just beyond it, the famous Princes Street Gardens occupy the site of the ancient Nor' Loch, and with the castle rock and its crown of grey battlements rising against the sky beyond, remain the most picturesque city solitudes in Britain.

In these gardens Edinburgh has commemorated her greatest names, and the beautiful monument to Sir Walter Scott, and the statues of David Livingstone and Sir James Y. Simpson, Allan Ramsay and Christopher North, neighbour each other among their greenery. Castle Street, running down into Princes Street just opposite the castle, contains at number 39 the city home of Scott himself; and Ramsay's house can be seen across the valley, embedded in the new university residence of Professor Geddes, just under the castle wall.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the magistrates of Edinburgh offered a premium of £20 to the first builder of a house on this north side of the valley. To-day the new town spreads from Princes Street to the shore of the Firth of Forth. The Mound, which crosses the valley of the old Nor' Loch, was made of hundreds of thousands of cartloads of soil from the foundations of the new town. Upon it to-day stand the classic Royal Institution and National Gallery, built in keeping with the title of "The Modern Athens." In George Street, again, to the left, the Assembly Rooms are the place where, at a famous banquet in 1827, Sir Walter Scott confessed the authorship of the Waverley Novels; and St. Andrew's Church was the scene of the epoch-making Disruption of the Kirk of Scotland in 1843. At 21 St. Andrew's Square Lord Brougham was born, and at the east corner lived Andrew Crosbie, the original of Councillor Pleydell in "Guy Mannering." Many interesting relics, such as the pulpit of John Knox, the stool of Jenny Geddes, and the fatal "Maiden," or guillotine, of the Regent Morton, are to be viewed in the National Portrait Gallery in St. Andrew Street, farther on, while York Place, at hand, has Sir Henry Raeburn's house, No. 32, and Alexander Naismith's, No. 47.

The National Register House, at the far end of Princes Street, contains the historic documents of Scotland. Its curatorships have, during the last century, been at once the chief national endowment for historical study and research, and the laureateship of Scottish antiquarian learning. The New Register House at hand occupies the site of the tavern made famous by the "Noctes Ambroseanæ" of Christopher North. And the upper gable window of a tenement

behind, looking down from the corner of St. James Square (number 30), marks the room occupied by Robert Burns on one of his memorable visits to Edinburgh, and by Sir Henry Irving when he first trod the stage in the Scottish capital. There Burns wrote the amazing budget of his letters to Clarinda while he was laid up for some weeks with a sprained foot. The tenement has now been acquired for the purposes of the Register House, and the window built up.

Farther east rises the Calton Hill, crowned with its abortive National Monument, in the style of Athens and in memory of Waterloo; its squat observatory, its lighthouse-like memorial of Nelson, and its monuments to Dugald Stewart and other notables. Calton graveyard keeps the dust of Constable, Scott's publisher, and Hume the historian. Down the steep north side of the hill it was that Bothwell recklessly launched his horse, and so first attracted the bright eyes of Queen Mary; and on the south side rise the battlements of Edinburgh Prison, the classic porticoes of the High School, and the Grecian monument to Burns.

From the Calton it is but a step to Holyrood, under the shadow of Arthur's Seat. The abbey was founded by David I., and Professor Lethaby, who inspected the chapel in 1906 with a view to its restoration in terms of the legacy left for the purpose by Lord Leven and Melville, declared that, "after the splendid south doorway of Lincoln Cathedral, the west door of Holyrood Chapel must be the noblest 13th century doorway in Great Britain." Here in the ruined chapel one may picture many a pageant of the past—the marriage of Mary and Darnley, the coronation of Charles I. In the vault below lie the bones of James II., James V., and other princes of the Stewart House. And in the royal palace at hand one may see the spot where Rizzio was stabbed at Mary's knees, and where Bonnie Prince Charlie led the revels during his brief hour of success. Opposite rises the quaint building where Mary bathed in white wine before going to meet her lover, and over whose roof the assassins of Rizzio escaped. Holyrood has been the asylum in different centuries of such distinguished refugees as the Duke of Lancaster, father of Henry IV.; the Duke of York, afterwards James II. and VII.; and Charles X. of France.

In the King's Park, behind, Scott got much of the material for his "Heart of Midlothian." Mushat's Cairn, indeed, has disappeared, but there are David Deans's cottage, the bonnet-lairdship of Dumbiedykes, and St. Anthony's Chapel and Well, scene of the sad old ballad which probably first suggested his theme to the novelist.

Then there is the long ascent of the Canongate, crowded with memories—the quaint White Horse Inn, pictured as a Jacobite howf in "Waverley"; Queensberry House, with its memories of Lady Hyde and the poet Gay; the balcony of Moray House, from which Lord Lorne looked on the fallen Montrose; and the churchyard where Burns set a tombstone over Fergusson's grave, and the dust of Duncan Ban M'Intyre sleeps. Just above its head, too, at the foot of High Street, stands the quaint old gabled and dormered mansion in which John Knox lived. A few yards to the left, at the Tron Church, a glimpse may be had, over the parapet of the South Bridge, of the Cowgate abyss, the fashionable quarter of James III.'s time. At hand, in Guthrie Street, may be seen the site of the house in which Sir Walter Scott was born. And a little farther out, at the south-east corner of the University, the cars run over the spot on which stood the Kirk o' Field in which Darnley was blown up. Still farther in the same direction, in Crichton Street, lived Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest"; in Marshall Street, Campbell wrote his "Pleasures of Hope"; at 25 George Square lived the father of Sir Walter Scott during the novelist's boyhood; and in General's Entry dwelt Mrs. Maclehose, the "Clarinda" of Robert Burns.

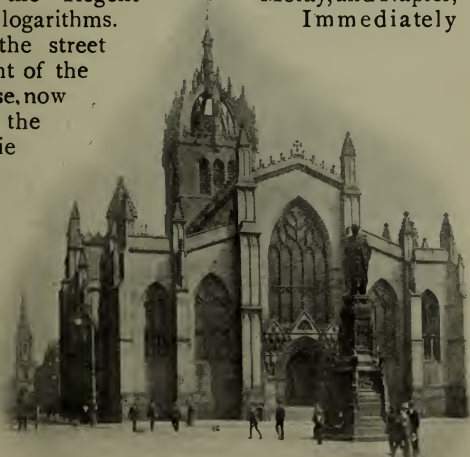
In the time of Ramsay, and almost till the time of Scott, the closes of Canongate, High Street, and Lawnmarket, with their ten-storey tenements and corkscrew stairs, were the abode of all the rank and learning of Scotland. No better idea could be got of the life lived there a hundred and fifty years ago by duchess and law lord, marquis and chieftain of the north, than by a perusal of Chambers's delightful "Traditions of Edinburgh." Guided by its pages, one may picture, moving about the narrow closes and courts, such more notorious figures as Major Weir, Deacon Brodie, and Bonnie Jeanie Cameron. In

Union Cellar, 177 High Street, one may recall the signing of the Articles of Union, Burns may be seen lodging in Baxter's Close, Hume writing his History in James's Court, and in Bank Close the Lord President shot by Chiesly of Dalry.

Edinburgh owes much more than that book, however, to the brothers Chambers, and one of the last, though not the least, of their benefactions to the city was the restoration by William Chambers of the cathedral of St. Giles. Within these walls one may now suitably recall the scenes when the poet-bishop, Gavin Douglas, preached, when Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head, and so began the movement which cost the head of Charles I., and where, twelve years after his execution, the gorgeous funeral service was held over the gathered remains of the Marquis of Montrose. Among others buried within the fane are the Regent Moray, and Napier, the inventor of logarithms. Immediately

behind, under the street causeway in front of the Parliament House, now the home of the Supreme Court, lie the ashes of the reformer, John Knox. The earliest Edinburgh Parliaments sat in the Castle; afterwards they sat in the Tolbooth, the "Heart of Midlothian," whose site is now marked

by a heart in the causeway; and they moved to the present Parliament House in 1639. Under these floors is kept the famous Advocates' Library, with its 300,000 volumes and



ST. GILES CATHEDRAL.

its thousands of priceless manuscripts. Another memento of Knox's time, a bullet fired by Kirkaldy of Grange when he held the Castle for Queen Mary against all Scotland, is to be seen in the gable of a house abutting on the Castle yard.

Southward along George IV. Bridge, past the County Hall, the Sheriff Courts, and the Carnegie Free Library, one may visit the ancient Greyfriars Kirk, in whose burying-ground the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, the Covenanters

were imprisoned, and Allan Ramsay and George Buchanan lie buried. And thence the descent is easy to the Grassmarket, where heretics were burned and, in Tanner's Close, Burke and Hare did their ghastly work. A more heroic relic of the region is a part of the old city wall which forms part of the wall of Heriot's Hospital at hand. The



"MONS MEG," EDINBURGH CASTLE.

only remaining tower of defence is to be seen on it.

It is a steep climb to the castle, but the view repays the toil. All Edinburgh lies in sight, with the Lothians, the Firth of Forth, and the Fifeshire coast away to the Isle of May. In the castle itself the oldest relic is the oratory built by Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, in the eleventh century. The most interesting, perhaps, is the chamber in which Queen Mary gave birth to James VI. But the regalia of Scotland, including the crown of Robert the Bruce, rediscovered by Sir Walter Scott, may also be seen here; the old State Prison above the gate was the scene of the last sleep of the Argylls, Marquis and Earl, father and son, in turn; and the stronghold has memories, tragic and heroic, of all the Stewart kings, from the days of James II., under whom Edinburgh became the Scottish capital. The view and the memories together suffice to furnish reflections for more than the city guide's half-hour, and the visitors are few who are not tempted to spend day after day in exploring the town and its neighbourhood. From the Castle to Holyrood, and from the Braid Hills to the shores of Forth, the

region is crammed with associations, each of them the kernel of some strange and unforgotten drama of the past.

Of the countless excursions out of Edinburgh, one may be taken as typical. It is that to Cramond Brig, which is opened up by the short line from Princes Street Station. Every spot by the way has some living interest or unforgotten memory which slight encouragement will induce an Edinburgh man to recount. But the most dramatic incident is that connected with Cramond Brig itself. The story is well known, but assumes a more vital aspect within actual touch of the spot where the episode occurred.

James V. was returning, incognito and alone, from one of the expeditions of gallantry or romantic justice for which he remains famous, when he was murderously set upon at Cramond Brig by a troop of gipsy vagabonds. Notwithstanding his skilful use of his weapon he was on the point of being overcome by numbers, when a labourer who had been thrashing corn in a barn at hand sallied out with his flail, and used the instrument to such purpose that the gipsies fled. He then invited James to his cottage, brought a basin of water and a towel, that he might wash his face and hands clear of blood and dust, and set before him a portion of the supper of sheep's head of which the family were about to partake. Further, lest the attack should be renewed, he accompanied the traveller part of the way to Edinburgh.

On the road James took occasion to inquire the name and occupation of his deliverer, and discovered him to be one Jock Howieson, a bondsman on the King's farm of Braehead close by. "And have you no wish to do better for yourself?" inquired the stranger. To which Howieson replied that at the utmost stretch of his desires he had sometimes wished that he might have been the possessor of the farm on which he wrought. But here he turned the talk from home by asking his companion who he himself might be. James replied that he was a poor gentleman, the Guidman of Ballangeich, holding a small post at court. And as Howieson seemed interested, he said if he would come to a certain postern on the following Sunday, and inquire for Ballangeich, he should be happy to show him something of the palace. Such an opportunity was not to be missed, so on the Sunday Jock in his best attire knocked at the

appointed door. He inquired for Ballangeich, and his new-made friend presently appeared, and, keeping his promise, showed Jock through all the splendours of the place.

Presently he asked him if he would not like to see the King and his court. Howieson, nothing loth, said he would, provided it would bring no displeasure on Ballangeich himself; and he inquired cautiously how he should know King James among all the grand folk. "That's easily done," replied James; "the King alone will wear his bonnet. All the others will be uncovered." Then he opened a door and led the way into the crowded hall of audience, Jock keeping close behind. Howieson stared with all his eyes, but presently pulled the sleeve of his guide. "I—I dinna see the King," he said. "I told you," answered James, "he would be the only man wearing his bonnet." "Weel," returned Howieson, "that maun be either you or me, for naebody except us has a bonnet on."

Thereat, it is said, James and the court enjoyed a hearty laugh. And in order that Howieson himself might have no less cause to be merry, the King presented him on the spot with the farm of Braehead, which belongs to Howieson's descendant at the present day.

It may also be remembered that Cramond Brig was the spot where, shortly after the murder of Darnley, Queen Mary was waylaid by Bothwell with a thousand men, and carried off to a compromising stay of ten days with her captor at Dunbar.

EDINBURGH TO STIRLING.



ROUTE.—By "Grampian Corridor" or "Granite City" Dining Car Trains, from Edinburgh (Princes Street Station), *via* Linlithgow, Polmont, and Larbert.



OUT of Edinburgh the direct route to rejoin the main line for the North lies through a highly interesting country. A few miles from the capital, Corstorphine village, the ancient seat of the Foresters, was, about 1750, a fashionable spa, famous for its balls, its mineral waters, and the delicacy known as "Corstorphine cream." The Almond river, crossed beyond Ratho, has

on its banks the Catstane, believed to mark the burying-place of Vetta, grandfather of Hengist and Horsa, slain in battle there. Two and a-half miles higher up the river, near the Glasgow road, some other stones are believed to mark the spot where the usurper Constantine was slain in battle A.D. 995, by the brother of Malcolm, King of Scots. In a field south-west of Kirkliston village Edward I. encamped in 1298 on his way to the battle of Falkirk. And in Kirkliston Church lies the dust of Dame Margaret, the first Lady Stair, the original of Lucy Ashton in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

Half-a-mile to the right of the line, beyond Ratho, appears Niddrie Castle, an ancient seat of the Earls of Winton. Under its roof Queen Mary sheltered for a few hours on the night of her escape from Loch Leven. Winchburgh, beyond, is memorable as the place where Edward II. first drew reign on his flight from Bannockburn.

Of the interests of Linlithgow, a few miles farther on, a volume might be written. The Windsor of Scotland, as Lord Rosebery has called it, is said to have been founded first either by King Achaius or the Romans. It was the Llyn-llyth-cw, or "Lake in the wide hollow," of Arthurian times, and close by, according to Skene's reading of the early historian Nennius, King Arthur won his crowning victory of Badon Hill. Here Edward I., the "Hammer of Scotland," built "a pele, mekill and stark," which was captured in the year before Bannockburn by the stratagem of the farmer Bunnock. In St. Michael's Kirk here James IV. saw his strange vision of St. James on the eve of setting forth for Flodden; and from a turret of the palace behind, his queen, the English Margaret, is said to have watched for his return from that fatal field. In Linlithgow Palace, according to the veracious Knox, James V. had his terrific dream of a visit from the dead Thomas Scot, Lord Justice-Clerk, and a company of devils. Here Queen Mary was born, and here the Regent Moray was shot by Bothwellhaugh and died. Within these walls James IV. entertained his fair young mistress, Margaret Drummond, with endless pageants and costly revelry, and there during a whole winter day in 1539 James V. and his queen listened to the performance of Sir David Lindsay's "Satyre

of the Thrie Estaitis." The Palace was burned by the carelessness of the English soldiery on the night after General Hawley's defeat at Falkirk by the Jacobite army in 1746.

Beyond Polmont the line goes through the lower part of Falkirk. Grahamston, as the quarter is called, takes its name from Sir John the Graham, the friend of Wallace, who fell on the spot in the great defeat of the Scots by Edward I. in 1298. His grave is honoured yet in Falkirk churchyard. Above lies the scene of an earlier and even greater defeat. At Camelon, according to Skene, the actual King Arthur of history fought his last battle and fell.

Beyond Grahamston the line crosses the Forth and Clyde Canal, and with a view of the famous Carron Furnaces on the right, joins the main line for Stirling and the North, south of Larbert. (See page 99.)

TO STIRLING TOWN.

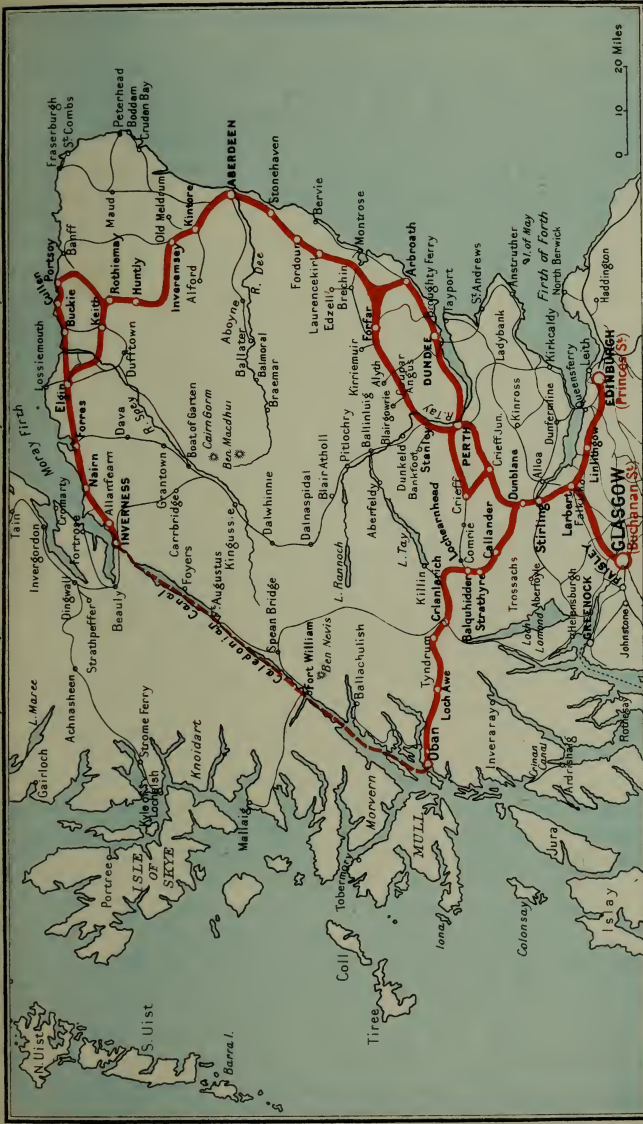


ROUTE.—From Glasgow (Buchanan Street Station), by "Grampian Corridor" or "Granite City" Dining Car Trains.

STRIVELING, the "Town of Strife," as its name is translated, must ever remain, for lovers of the heroic, the romantic, and the picturesque, the place in Scotland most rich in interest next to Edinburgh. Less exploited than the capital, it and its surroundings have material to furnish patriot and sight-seer with reward for the pilgrimages of many days. One of the ancient strongholds of the northern kingdom in which, by the Treaty of Union, a garrison must always be maintained, it keeps to the present hour, about its grey old castle and its crooked upper streets, the veritable atmosphere of Stuart times, and all the quaint character of a mediæval town.

Even the way to Stirling, out of Glasgow, is not without interest. No sooner is the train well out of Buchanan Street Station, the old terminus of the Caledonian Railway in Glasgow, than it passes between literal mountains of refuse from the great chemical works of St. Rollox. These mountains, greater than any natural height to be seen in

Tour No. 16.—Callander, Oban, Caledonian Canal, Inverness, and Aberdeen.



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ROUTE.—Rail from Glasgow (Buchanan Street), or EDINBURGH (Princes Street), to Oban, *via* Callander; Steamer Oban to Inverness, *via* Caledonian Canal; Rail Inverness to Aberdeen; Rail Aberdeen to Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively, *via* Perth and Dunblane, or the route may be reversed.

FARES FOR THE ROUND:—

From GLASGOW, 1st Class and Cabin, 51/8; 3rd Class and Steerage, 27/7. From EDINBURGH, 1st Class and Cabin, 55/7; 3rd Class and Steerage, 29/10.

some English counties, are said to contain sulphur sufficient to make the fortune of any man who can invent a cheap enough process for extracting it. Along this hollow way the earliest of Scottish locomotive railways, the St. Rollox and Garnkirk line, was opened in 1831. Two miles farther out, on the right, appears Mossbank, the great Boys' Industrial School of Glasgow. It stands on the bank of Hogganfield Loch, out of sight, from which flows Glasgow's classic stream, the Molendinar. Just here the station of Robroyston serves as a reminder that hardly a mile away lies the spot where Sir William Wallace was betrayed by "the fause Menteith." Robroyston estate has recently been purchased by the City of Glasgow with the object of utilising the city's refuse in the reclamation of its mosses, as was done at Bishopton. At Gartcosh the line crosses the oldest iron railway bridge in the world, dating from 1830, and a short way to the right lies the Bishop Loch, famous for its crannog or lake-dwelling, and the palace of the Glasgow bishops which once stood on its shores. The country, however, is of the cold, mineral character—bleak above, rich below—and its chief ornaments are fire-clay and steel and iron works till beyond Glenboig the line from the south joins on.

A solitary gleam of poetry runs through the landscape when the Luggie Burn, on its way from the mining uplands of Longriggend, crosses the line. "The Luggie" was the one immortal song of the sad-fated David Gray.

Cumbernauld, an ancient seat of the Lords Fleming, was, while still a part of the Caledonian Forest, the last haunt of the wild Caledonian cattle. Hector Boece, writing in the sixteenth century, says of them that "now, be continewal hunting and lust of insolent men, they ar destroyit in all party of Scotland, and nane of thaim left bot allanerlie in Cumarnald." The wild white cattle now at Cadzow, though of the same stock, were brought from Chillingham in Northumberland. Cumbernauld Glen, down which the line runs, though pretty in its way, forms a poor substitute for the ancient "woode of Caledon." At its foot, on the right, a fine waterfall comes down the black face of the rock, and on the left Castlecary, of which only the tower or keep remains, figured as one of the principal Roman stations in the forest, on the wall of Antoninus, and is mentioned as

Caer Ceri by the early British historian Nennius. It is inhabited yet, and from one of its windows, two centuries ago, Lizzie Baillie, sister of the famous antiquary, leapt into the plaid of her Highland lover, Donald Graham. A ballad on the subject used to be highly popular :

She wadna hae a Lowland laird,
Nor be an English lady :
But she wad gang wi' Donald Graham,
And row her in his plaidie.

The elegant viaduct of the old Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway which crosses the line here, was for long the pride of the neighbourhood. It was built when engineers were



STIRLING CASTLE.

not sure that locomotives on smooth rails could ascend and descend gradients. A curious illustration, however, is afforded on the spot of the closeness with which the engineers of all ages have agreed in their routes, for the railway line runs between the Forth and Clyde Canal on the left and the Roman wall on the right. From the carriage window in this neighbourhood a fine view is afforded, to the north and west, of Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi standing against the sky.

The country begins to be better wooded here, and as the line dips under the canal and trends away to the north, it

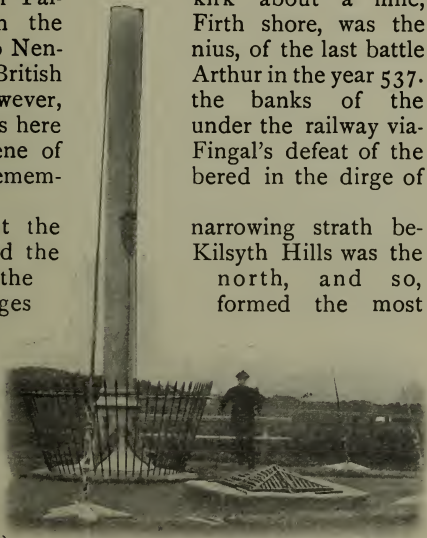
enters what may be called the battle-ground of Scotland. To the right, over a fair strath, and beyond the smoke of Carron Ironworks, appears the town of Falkirk. On its near side Sir William Wallace fought his great losing battle against the forces of Edward I., the spot still bearing the name of Grahamston in memory of the hero, Sir John the Graham, who fell. And on the moor beyond the town, nearly five hundred years later, the little Jacobite army of Charles Edward swept Hawley's dragoons and the Glasgow regiment before its charge, like smoke before the wind. While, westward of Falkirk about a mile, Camelon, then on the Firth shore, was the scene, according to Nennius, of the last battle of Arthur in the year 537. and defeat of the British. the banks of the Older than all, however, under the railway via Carron, which foams here Fingal's defeat of the duct, were the scene of the bered in the dirge of Roman Caracalla, remembered in the Ossian.

The fact is that the narrowing strath between the Forth and the Kilsyth Hills was the only gateway to the north, and so, naturally, in all ages formed the most feasible ground for disputing an enemy's advance.

Its advantages were also recognised for meetings of more peaceful sort, and till recently Stenhouse-muir, near Larbert, was the

scene of the great annual cattle market of Scotland, known as Falkirk Tryst.

Larbert itself, which comes picturesquely into sight on the left as the train crosses the Carron, is the burial-place of James Bruce, the famous African explorer, whose residence, Kinnaird House, stands in the neighbourhood. From this point, looking away to the right, the purple



THE "BORESTONE," BANNOCKBURN.

Ochils and the fertile valley of the Forth make a panorama of magnificence.

The strath, however, narrows rapidly now, and its interest grows more vivid. For nearly five centuries there has probably lived no Scotsman whose heart did not beat more boldly at the name of Bannockburn. And here lies Bannockburn itself, a village seen among the low hills on the left. On the slope of one of these hills, where the Borestone, which held his flag, still rests, stood Bruce himself directing the battle; and over the brow of the hill behind, at the climax of the struggle, came the motley array of gillies and trencher-lads with blankets waving and tent-poles in air, whose appearance turned the English wavering into a head-



HOLLOW WAY AND WELL AT BEATON'S MILL, WHERE JAMES III. WAS
THROWN FROM HIS HORSE AND SLAIN.

long flight. Only a little way off among these hills, at Sauchieburn, James III., of Bruce's blood, saw his levies overborne by the rebel ranks, in which stood his son, and galloped away to his death by the assassin's dagger at Beaton's Mill in the hollow behind. St. Ninians, too, seen on the same side a little farther on, has its own warlike memories. It was the head-quarters of the Jacobite army in 1746 after their victory at Falkirk, and on 1st February, learning of the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, they blew up their powder magazine, which was the village church, and leaving only the tower standing, retreated to the north.

But the centre of all the interest of the neighbourhood is Stirling itself. Exactly how far back the memories of the town go it is difficult to say; but the stately earthen terracing under the western side of the castle rock, known now as the King's Knot, is mentioned by Barbour, in describing the flight of Edward II. after Bannockburn, as the Round Table, and referred to frequently by chroniclers and poets of succeeding centuries as the scene of a royal pastime called the Knights of the Round Table. Quite probably it dates from the days of King Arthur himself. That hero, we know from the early chronicler, won his greatest victories in the neighbourhood, and finally, as we have seen, fell at Camelot, no distance away. Five centuries before Arthur's time Stirling was a Roman station, and four centuries afterwards a Northumbrian fortress. From the days of Agricola, indeed, till the date of the last Jacobite rebellion it was a stronghold constantly struggled for.

On the way to the castle, at the head of Broad Street, Mar's Work, built in 1570 of stones from the ruined Cambuskenneth Abbey, keeps memory of the great Sir Robert Erskine, hereditary governor of the castle, restored by Queen Mary to his ancestral earldom of Mar, who reigned here splendidly as regent in 1572. And farther on, on the right, Argyll's Lodging, with its turreted courtyard, built in the time of Charles I. by Sir William Alexander, the Poet-Earl of Stirling, remains an interesting specimen of an old Scottish baronial residence. In one of its apartments, in February, 1681, the Earl of Argyll entertained James, Duke of York, afterwards James VII., who presently took off his head. Thirty-four years later, in the same apartment, the earl's son, first Duke of Argyll, held the council of war which enabled him to overthrow the hopes of James VII.'s son at the battle of Sheriffmuir. Then there is the noble old church of Stirling, built by James V. Within its walls the Regent Arran in 1543 renounced the Protestant faith. Within it, too, James VI. was crowned at the age of thirteen months, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. Its tower was fortified against the castle by General Monk in 1651, and by the Jacobites in 1746, and it still bears marks of the castle bullets.

But the castle itself is the key to all the memories of

this historic region. Chapel and palace and parliament house, which it contains, were the work of the successive Stewart kings. Here, in 1124, Alexander I. died; and here died, in 1419, the poor wanderer believed to have been Richard II. of England, escaped from Pontefract, whose tale remains one of the strange unsolved mysteries of history. In Stirling Castle James II. was born and Queen Mary was crowned. In one high chamber, reached by an outside stair, James VI. was tutored, and had his ears boxed, by the scholar, George Buchanan. In another small chamber in the oldest part James II. stabbed the rebel Earl of Douglas in the throat. And by the postern door and the wild back path of Ballangeich to which it leads, James V. used to sally forth incognito as the "Guidman of Ballangeich" on the adventurous errands which got him such names as the Red Tod, or fox, and King of the Commons.

From the ramparts, too, one looks down on the scenes of the greatest events in Scottish history, scenes which, strung together, make a heroic panorama of the past. Cambuskenneth, the nearest link of the Forth, takes its name from the fact that there Kenneth II., King of Scots, finally overthrew the Pictish dynasty, of which he was himself the heir. From Abbey Craig above, Wallace and his men rushed down to overwhelm the English army when half of it had crossed the old Stirling Bridge. Southward, at Bannockburn, Bruce broke the arrogance of the English kings. In the abbey of Cambuskenneth the Scottish Parliament, after Bannockburn, settled the succession to Bruce's crown upon the Stewarts. At Sauchie James III. fought his barons and lost, and he lies at Cambuskenneth. Over Stirling Bridge, still standing, came James V., sixteen years of age, galloping for his life from the Douglas tyranny, to assume the sovereign power within these walls. From the parapet of the same bridge, in 1571, Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, taken in Dumbarton



WALLACE MONUMENT ON
ABBEY CRAIG.

Castle, was hanged. Over the Forth, at the ford where the old bridge had stood, marched the great Montrose, in 1645, to his brilliant victory for Charles I. at Kilsyth. On Sheriffmuir, above Dunblane, in 1715, the first Jacobite rising under the Earl of Mar went to pieces before the gallantry of Argyll. And close under the rampart itself, on the nearest of the Gowlan Hills, the earthworks are yet to be seen where Charles Edward made the tactical mistake of delaying to try and capture the castle.

For a last detail it is worth contrasting the mementoes on the two sides of the fortress. Under the sunny southern side, by the King's Gardens, lies the hollow "Valley," where the royal games and joustings used to be held, with, close by, the rocky Ladies' Hill, from which royal and noble dames surveyed the tournament; and away beyond stretches the King's Park, three miles in circumference, inviolate till the nineteenth century, where the court took its pastimes—hunting, hawking, and sailing in gay barges on the canal, whose traces yet remain. But out on the rugged mount beyond the northern wall, the farthest and lowest of the Gowlan Hills, stands the grim Heading Stone. Scott has apostrophised the spot:—

And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
Thou oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand.

There, at one time, under the order of the returned James I., fell the heads of the usurping Duke Murdach of Albany, of his wife's father, Duncan, the aged Earl of Lennox, and of the Duke's two sons, Walter and Alexander Stewart. And there, a few years later, the authors and perpetrators of the murder of James I.—the Earl of Athole, Sir Robert Graham, and their associates—were led out and, after excruciating tortures, suffered the horrible doom of traitors.

TO OBAN AND THE WEST HIGHLANDS.



ROUTE.—Rail *via* Stirling as already described, steamers from Oban to the Western Lochs and Islands, and *via* Caledonian Canal to Inverness.

NORTHWARD out of Stirling the old tower of Cambuskenneth—the abbey of Stirling—on the right, keeps silent memory of its founder, the “sair sanct for the croun,” and its historic part gone by. In the cottage gardens about it the richness of the dark alluvial soil bears witness at once



Valentine,

STIRLING OLD BRIDGE.

Photo., Dundee.

to the astuteness of the black monks of St. Augustine who settled there, and to the truth of the Stewart king's saying, “A link o’ the Forth is worth an earldom o’ the north.” Then the line bridges the river close by the immemorial crossing-

place. The high old bridge on the left, indeed, was for centuries the only dry passage between north and south, and its importance is testified by its ancient name, the Key of the Highlands. When General Blakeney blew up its south arch, in 1745, he believed that he had cut off the retreat of the Jacobite army, and the pursuing Duke of Cumberland was considerably delayed in the following spring by the necessity of making it good with beams. The still more ancient bridge, 65 yards farther west, was said to have been built in the days of Donald V., and bore the legend—

“I am free march, as passengers may ken,
To Scots, to Britons, and to Inglis men.”

There Wallace won his great battle. The bridge has all but vanished, only, during the drought of 1905, the piers were exposed to view. The battle, however, is commemorated by the huge tower to the right on the Abbey Craig, down whose slopes the hero rushed with his little array to the overthrow of the English host. “Wallace’s sword,” a brand some five feet long, preserved for centuries at Dumbarton, is kept in the tower.

Airthrey Castle and its beautiful wooded estate, beyond at the foot of the Ochils, was sold in the end of the eighteenth century by the pious Robert Haldane, who spent the proceeds, £70,000, in twelve years, in the spread of religious truth. The estate was bought by Lord Abercromby, and under his ownership the Airthrey mineral springs became popular, and gave rise to the famous neighbouring watering-place, Bridge of Allan. No doubt the merit of the springs is largely aided by the beauty and fine climate of the spot, sheltered as it is from the east winds by the Ochil Hills. Among surroundings of interest lies the beautiful estate of Keir—the old “Caer” or fort—ancestral home of the Stirlings. A Stirling of Keir in James V.’s time, according to Sir David Lindsay, fought under the walls of Holyrood with Squyer Meldrum for possession of a lady, Mistress Haldane of Gleneagles, and left his opponent sadly cut to pieces. An earlier Stirling of Keir was among those suspected of the murder of James III. at Beaton’s Mill. And at Lecropt Kirk, to the left of Bridge of Allan Station, rise the moot hill and

gallows hill on which the laird no doubt "justified" sinners of lower degree. Lecropt old kirkyard remains to-day a most sequestered and enchanted spot. A delightful saunter, too, lies up the banks of Allan water, famous in song. The ordinary railway traveller, even, misses nothing of this, for the line keeps by the waterside, in the bottom of the wooded dell, as far as Dunblane.

Here, from the carriage window, looking across the tumbling river to the right, the little city makes a pretty picture, its modern hydropathic contrasting with its ancient cathedral, now restored, and the hills rising behind to the battle-ground of Sheriffmuir, where, in 1715, the Jacobites fought Argyll.

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

The old satire is based on the fact that while the right wings of both armies were victorious, the left wings of both were beaten, both sides in consequence claiming the victory. An ancient gathering-stone on the moor is pointed out as the place where the Highlanders sharpened their swords and dirks before the battle. Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, who made such a dramatic figure on the field of Bannockburn, was promoted to be bishop of Dunblane by his grateful king. And at the latter end of a long list, the saintly Bishop Leighton, of Covenanting times, is commemorated by his library of ancient divinity still standing near the fane. But the interest centres round three slabs of blue marble in the floor of the chancel. The later Stewart kings had all a tendency to become too literally the fathers of their people, and James IV. was no exception to the rule. It was even whispered that among other liaisons he had been privately married to Margaret, the daughter of Lord Drummond. The wild lavish life he led with her, moreover, at Linlithgow, taxed the Scottish exchequer to its utmost, and when, for political reasons, a

match with another Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., became imperative, the beautiful daughter of Drummond stood seriously in the way. All that is known of the sequel is that one day after a meal at Drummond Castle, the Lady Margaret and her two sisters, Euphemia and Sybilla, were seized suddenly with sickness, and in a few hours breathed their last. On the same day their bodies were hurried to Dunblane, and they lie now, with their love-story for ever sealed, under these blue marble flags.



DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL.

By Janet, daughter of John, Lord Kennedy, James was already the father of a son, whom he created Earl of Moray. Of this rich and ancient earldom one of the chief strongholds was Doune Castle, seen presently on the left as the line runs into Doune village. Doubtless here stood the ancient dun, or strength, of the thanes of Menteith. The existing castle was mostly built by Robert, Earl of Fife and Menteith and Duke of Albany, the shrewd and unscrupulous brother of King Robert III., and it was a favourite residence of his son Murdach, who died on the Heading Hill. Duke Robert had become Earl of Menteith by marriage with the direct lineal heiress of Walter, younger brother of the fourth High Steward of Scotland, and this Walter had acquired the title by marriage, before the year 1285, with the heiress of Maurice, last of a still earlier race of earls. Curiously enough, though the estates were confiscated at Murdach's execution they returned to his house at a later day. One of Duke Murdach's sons, it will be remembered, escaped the vengeance of James I. His

direct descendant in the reign of James VI. married the heiress of the notorious Regent Moray, and, as the "Bonnie Earl of Moray," regained possession of Doune Castle. His fate was tragic, for through the jealousy of James VI., it is said, he was murdered by the Earl of Huntly at Duni-brissel, near Aberdour. As the ballad has it—

O lang will his lady
Look o'er the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
Come sounding through the toun.

His descendants, however, are earls of Moray and owners



DOUNE CASTLE AND GALLOWS TREE.

of Doune to the present day. The castle is a place of immense strength, and, so late as 1745, was used as a prison by the Jacobites, among others confined in it by them being John Home, afterwards author of the tragedy of "Douglas." He and his companions, however, escaped by tying their

blankets together and sliding from a high tower window to the ground. While the Prince was here on that occasion the Misses Edmonstone of Duntreath begged to be allowed to kiss his hand. Their cousin, Robina Edmonstone, said she would rather "pree his Royal Highness's mou'," and was promptly kissed from ear to ear.

Cambusmore, on the left beyond Doune, was the frequent residence of Sir Walter Scott, and here he gathered the knowledge of neighbouring scenery of which he has made such picturesque use in "The Lady of the Lake." High in front rises the brow of Uamh Var, where the chase began; and on the Keltie water, in the bosom of the hill, pours the Bracklinn Fall, by whose side Black Roderick's prophet had his vision of fate. Away to the left, under Ben Ledi, the pagans' Hill of God, the chase was carried, by the shores of Loch Vennachar, to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine. At the near end of Loch Vennachar the sluices

of Glasgow waterworks mark Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the duel. And, indeed, every spot of the neighbourhood has been enriched by the poem with the golden glamour of romance.

The coaching route westward by Loch Vennachar, the Trossachs, and Loch Lomond (see page 118), carries the sightseer through the very heart of the country described by Scott.

It is remarkable that the pleasant village of Callander itself, the capital of the district, has no mention in "The Lady of the Lake," though it has, near the manse, remains of a castle repaired by the Earl of Linlithgow in 1596, and its chief hotel, the Dreadnought, was the last property in Scotland owned by the emigrated chiefs of MacNab. Immediately



VIEW FROM OLD BRIDGE, CALLANDER.

beyond, however, in the Pass of Leny, we are on the direct route of the Fiery Cross. Up that wild and beautiful pass, it will be remembered, dashed Duncraggan's heir with the symbol. At the head of the pass, on the right, just where the river leaves Loch Lubnaig, a little square enclosure of graves marks the site of St. Bride's Chapel, whence the wedding rout was issuing when the cross was thrust into the bridegroom's hand.

Beyond, up the lochside, the line winds under the steep side of Ben Ledi. Only two houses stand on the lonely and beautiful loch shores. On the far side, at the foot of a narrow pass leading over to Glen Ample, remains Ardchullarie Farm, where Bruce of Kinnaird, the Abyssinian

traveller, wrote his book. And on the near side, to the left of the line, Laggan Farm was the spot on which Helen Macgregor, the wife of Rob Roy, was born.

Still it is the route of the old war signal—

Ben Ledi saw the Cross of Fire;
It glanced like lightning up Strathyre.

The village here, now something of a resort in summer, retains some few primitive customs. The feuars have, attached to their crofts, certain rights of pasture on the hills, and morning and evening, as the village herd passes to and from the uplands, the kine turn out of their byres along the street at his call.

Through woods along the mountain side on the left a delightful road leads to Balquhiddel; but the shortest way is that striking to the left from Kinghouse Inn and Station two miles farther on, and a good glimpse is got there of the quiet valley, with its sheilings, leading to the foot of Loch

Voil. There, in the little kirkyard of the village, at the foot of the much-sung Braes of Balquhiddel, lie the ashes of Rob Roy and his wife Helen. Rob's deathbed scene, at Inverlochlarig, at the far end of Loch Voil, was characteristic. He seemed to be near his last breath, when it was whispered that an



Valentine,

Photo., Dundee.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE, BALQUHIDDER.

old enemy had come to see him. In a moment his eye kindled, he had himself set up in bed, and his pistols, claymore, and dirk laid beside him, that "no enemy should see Macgregor unarmed." Then, having conducted the interview as became his blood, and having dismissed his visitor, he lay back, ordered the pipes to play "Ha til mi tulidh" ("We return no more"), and as the music swelled out and filled the glen, his spirit passed out with it.

The ruined kirk of Balquhiddel itself was the scene of the dreadful ceremony of a winter Sunday in 1588, known as Clan Alpin's Vow, when the Macgregor clansmen one after another approached the altar, and each, laying his

hand on the severed head of the king's forester, Drummond-Ernock, swore himself a partner in the dark deed that had placed it there.

Balquhiddar Station, farther on, is the junction for Lochearnhead and the new line, which runs along Lochearnside to St. Fillans, Comrie, and Crieff, a charming and storied tour. (See page 133.)

Thence the main line, passing behind Sir Malcolm Macgregor's residence of Edinchip and the village of Lochearnhead, and getting the finest view of the loch, trends away to the left, up the wild and desolate Glen Ogle. In the bottom of the pass here, rising and falling by the burnside, remains one of General Wade's roads, made for the pacifying of the Highlands after the first Jacobite rebellion. Higher on the hillside appears a later, improved road; and highest of the three, the modern turnpike climbs evenly along the mountain. The railway itself, high on the western side, threads its way along precipices where the hanging boulders above and below seem waiting but a touch to hurl them in a tremendous avalanche to the bottom of the glen. Sometimes within a few moments the changes of weather here are surprising. On a sudden out of the sunshine the train may plunge into a mist which hides the whole landscape below and above; and as suddenly again the mist breaks, the sun shines through, and behind the trailing skirts of the rain-veils disappearing down the pass, the runnels of pure water are seen leaping and sparkling on the mountain sides.

But at the little loch, Lairig Eala, a favourite curling-place in winter, the summit is reached, and in front forthwith appears the dark



Wilson, Photo.,

GLEN DOCHART.

Aberdeen.

Glen Dochart and the wild Breadalbane country, with Killin, Loch Tay, and Ben Lawers away on the right. A little

farther, and at Killin Junction a four-mile branch line runs down to Killin and Loch Tay. Thence a delightful tour may be made by steamer, coach, and train to Kenmore, Aberfeldy, and the Highland Railway at Dunkeld. (See page 137.) The Dochart is a famous salmon-fishing river, and the hostleries at Luib and elsewhere along the valley are known to most anglers. Lochs Iubhair and Dochart indeed, which are passed on the right as the line runs under Ben More, form, with the streams which flow into them, the chief spawning-ground of the Tay itself. There used to be a pearl fishery, too, in the Dochart. But the district possesses historic as well as sporting interest. The ruined castle on the little woody islet in Loch Dochart is said to have furnished Bruce with a retreat after one of his encounters with John of Lorne; and at a later day it was stormed by the Macgregors. Waiting till the loch was covered with ice, the sons of Alpin advanced, pushing fascines before them, and so, defended from the arrows of the garrison, reached the walls.

At Crianlarich the road comes up Glen Falloch, on the left, from the head of Loch Lomond, eight miles away. So does the West Highland Railway, which crosses the line here on a high viaduct on its way to Bridge of Orchy, Rannoch, Fort William, and Mallaig. One of the most interesting Scottish peerage cases, depending on a Scots marriage, was that by which Campbell of Glenfalloch succeeded to the earldom of Breadalbane.

Perhaps, however, the most historic spot in the strath lies three miles farther on. Here, close to the right of the line, about two hundred yards above the bridge by which the highway crosses the river, among a number of low hills or moraines, Bruce in 1306 fought the battle of Dalree. Here he slew the three brothers, followers of Macdougall of Lorne, who pursued him together, but left in the grasp of one of them the brooch still preserved at Dunolly.

In the same neighbourhood St. Fillan's Pool, in the Dochart, was long famous for its cures of lunacy. From the spot a fine view is got of Ben Lui, up the valley to the left. Lead has been mined there, and a late Earl of Breadalbane spent, it is said, £50,000 in attempting to develop the industry. He got but small return, and the visitor cannot help thinking that had the earl spent the

money in planting these hillsides with trees the valley might have been a gold mine by this time.

A mile or so beyond Dalree the village of Tyndrum is seen on the right, a typical clachan of the glens, straggling up the sides of the road to Inveroran and Ballachulish. A mile farther and the watershed is reached, Argyllshire entered, and the line, running along the shore of the Lochan Bhe, begins to descend the desolate Glen Lochy.

When fertile Glen Orchy, swept with sunshine and mist, comes into sight on the right, with Glen Strae farther on, as the train runs down to Dalmally, there is no difficulty in understanding the feelings of the clansmen of old who knew themselves to be dispossessed. Both of these fair glens once belonged to the Clan Gregor, but they were held only by the *coir à glaive*, or right of the sword, and on every pretence their owners were harried and driven, till the chief himself, Gregor Roy of Glen Strae, was executed at Kenmore, and the last of the race in the district were hunted with dogs along the mountain side. In the circumstances, Scott has done no more than put into words the mute, terrible feelings of the clansmen, descendants as they held themselves of Gregor son of Alpin, King of Scots.

The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo.

Then haloo ! haloo ! haloo ! Gregalach.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Kilchurn and her towers,
Glen Strae and Glen Lyon no longer are ours !

We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach !

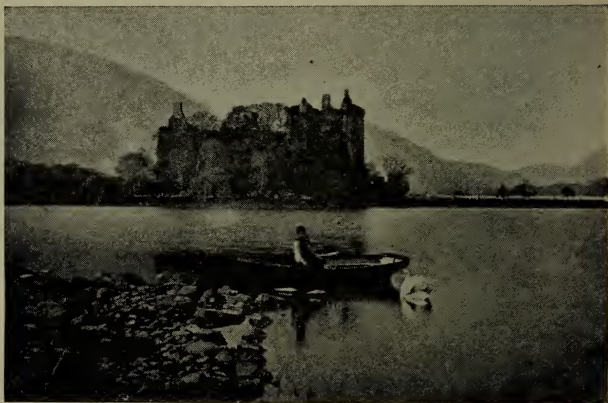
Landless ! landless ! landless !

Of Glen Lyon it is unnecessary to speak here, but of Kilchurn it must be said that the peninsula and not the castle belonged in early times to Clan Alpin. The famous stronghold, and now picturesque ruin, was built in the time of James I. of Scotland by Sir Colin Campbell, first laird of Glenurchy, ancestor of the house of Breadalbane, and uncle to the first Earl of Argyll. Rather, according to tradition, it was built by his wife during his seven years' absence at wars abroad. Despairing of his return she was about to marry one of her many pressing suitors, when a beggar at the wedding feast refused to drink to her happiness unless the

lady herself filled his cup. This she did. He drained it, and returned it with a ring at the bottom. She took the ring with a cry ; it was her husband's signet, and the beggar was Sir Colin himself, returned from the wars.

Kilchurn was garrisoned last in 1745, and might have been habitable yet but for a foolish factor who stripped off the roof for the sake of the wood it contained.

From Dalmally a fine pedestrian route runs down the south side of Loch Awe to Inveraray, Arrochar, and Tarbet, on Loch Lomond ; and from Loch Awe Station steamers ply to Ford, whence coaches run to Ardrishaig, on



Valentine, Photo.,

KILCHURN CASTLE AND LOCH AWE.

Dundee.

Loch Fyne. (See page 142.) But railway and Oban road together sweep westward round the steep base of Ben Cruachan and down the gloomy and awe-inspiring Pass of Brander. From the carriage window here at places it would be possible to drop a pebble over the narrow road below into the black waters of the loch.

Where the loch ends and the river Awe rushes forth, the name changes to the Pass of Awe. In this pass both Wallace and Bruce fought desperate battles ; the former to relieve Duncan of Lorn and Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, shut up in the castle on the Ladder Rock by Edward I.'s Irish nominee, Macfadyen, and the latter to punish his

enemy John of Lorne. A boulder is pointed out in the torrent on which Macfadyen stood, in a shower of arrows, and stripped off his armour before plunging in and swimming across. Bruce won his battle near the Bridge of Awe, and, though Macdougall escaped, his castle of Dunstaffnage fell into the king's hands.

A furlong below the bridge the railway itself crosses the river, and presently Inverawe House appears on the right. There, about 1756, Major Duncan Campbell saw the fateful Ticonderoga Vision. He had given his word "by Cruachan" not to betray a fugitive who had sought shelter under his roof. Twice the spectre of a dead man appeared



Valentine,

LOCH ETIVE FROM TAYNUILT.

Photo., Dundee.

to the laird, showed a ghastly wound, and demanded blood for blood. As Campbell would not go back upon his word, the apparition declared he must himself pay the debt "at Ticonderoga." Two years later the prediction was fulfilled. Inverawe and his only son fell at the attack on Fort Ticonderoga in America. Among the relics in the house is the treasure-chest of the "Florescia," flagship of the Spanish Armada, blown up in Tobermory Bay; with some fine old Celtic armour, and pictures by Da Vinci, Correggio, and Rubens, &c.

A little farther and the mountains of Etive come magnificently into view, and presently, looking back, a lovely vista of Loch Etive is got, running far into the hills. The

"Braes abune Bonawe" have been celebrated in song, but, curiously enough, Taynuilt was till the nineteenth century chiefly famous as an iron-smelting place. The woods of the neighbourhood, cut every twenty-one years, furnished the fuel, and produced a superior metal, similar to Swedish iron. The workmen at Bonawe furnace raised, in 1805, the first monument to Nelson—a slab standing on a knoll in front of the parish church. Ruskin's ancestors were clansmen here.

Beyond Taynuilt a mile of wooded country has the name of Australia, doubtless from its "bush"-like appearance. Then the line runs close along Loch Etive side. Here are several ecclesiastical memories. Ardchattan House, visible



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OBAN BAY.

Photo. Dundee.

on the opposite shore, occupies the site of a priory burned during the wars of Montrose, within whose walls Wallace summoned a council and Bruce held the last Scottish Parliament at which Gaelic was spoken. Abbot's Isle, in the bay beyond Achnacloich, has its history in its name. And Kilmaronaig, farther on, was a cell of the Christian missionary, who gives the name to Kilmaronock on Loch Lomond side. Achnacloich Pier, at hand, forms the starting-point for the well-known and delightful tour up Loch Etive, down Glencoe, and from Ballachulish to Oban. And Connel Ferry is the junction of the branch line which runs up the coast,

through the country of Ossian and the Appin Stewarts, to Ballachulish and Glencoe. (See page 128.) But the chief interest of the neighbourhood lies in the famous Falls of Lora, familiar to all readers of Ossian. In the narrow channel at Connel Ferry lies a ledge of rock, over which, every twelve hours, pour the whole tidal waters of Loch Etive, ten feet high, with an effect worthy of the poet's many references. The opposite district of Ledaig, indeed, teems with Ossianic memories, Selma itself, Fingal's capital, sometimes considered the Beregonium of Ptolemy, standing there on the shore of Loch Nell.

Hardly less ancient, but infinitely more vital, are the associations of Dunstaffnage, whose ruins can just be seen on the farthest promontory of the shore as the line turns inland. It was the dun or stronghold of the early Scottish kings who came from Ireland, and who gave the country the name of Earrha Gaidheal, or Argyll, the land of the Gael; and there they kept the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, now at Westminster, on which they were crowned. Kenneth MacAlpin removed the stone to Scone, probably because of Norwegian inroads. Somerled, the Norwegian Lord of the Isles, at anyrate, handed on Dunstaffnage to his younger son Dugal, and it was from Dugal's descendant, Macdougall of Lorne, that Bruce took possession in 1308. Macdougall of Dunollie at the present day represents that ancient son of Somerled, but through an heir-female Lorne and Dunstaffnage passed to the Campbells of Argyll. As a Campbell stronghold the castle was partly burned by the Marquis of Athole, after Argyll's rebellion in 1685, but it was restored and garrisoned by Government in 1715 and 1745, and on the last occasion it was the prison, for a time, of the famous Flora Macdonald.

Presently, however, the line begins to descend Glen Cruiten, the curious "Valley of the Knolls," and, in two or three miles, stands still on Oban quay. From this modern capital of the West Highlands, Mr. Macbrayne's steamers sail for all the lochs and islands of the west, as well as to Fort William, and through the great Caledonian Canal to Inverness. Details of the many delightful tours out of Oban are contained in the Caledonian Company's illustrated handbook, "Oban and the Land of the Gael."

THROUGH . . . THE TROSSACHS.

By CALLANDER, LOCH VENNACHAR,
LOCH ACHRAY, LOCH KATRINE, and LOCH LOMOND.



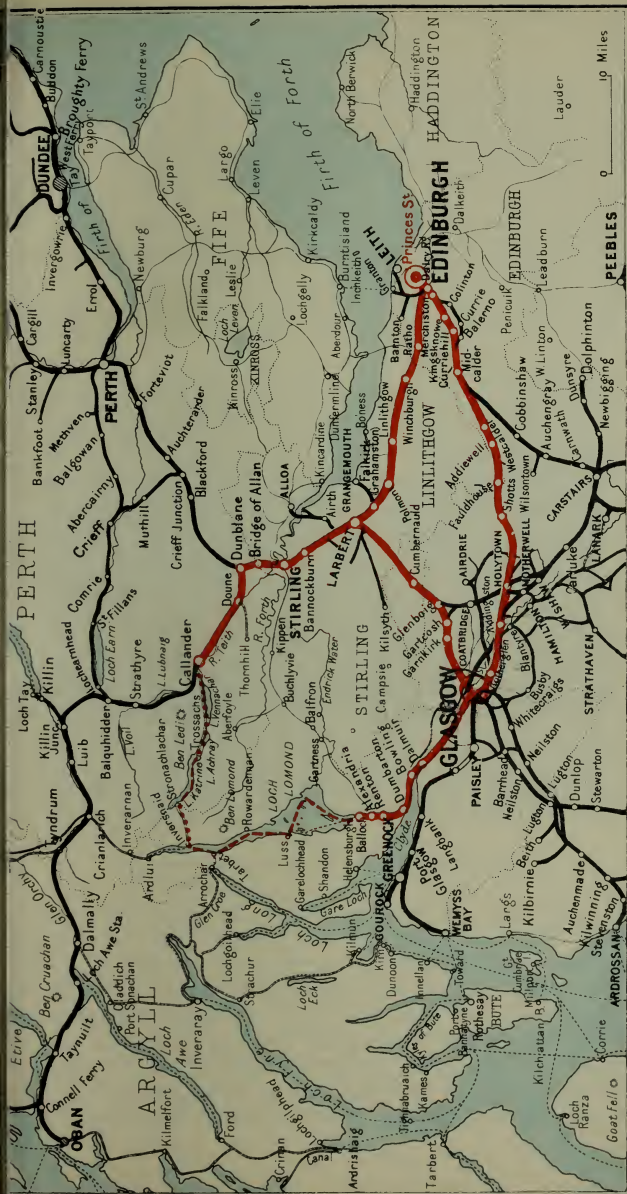
ROUTE.—Rail from Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow, or Princes Street Station, Edinburgh, *via* Stirling; Coach from Callander; Steamer on Loch Katrine; Coach from Stronachlachar; Steamer from Inversnaid to Balloch Pier; thence Rail to Glasgow (Central Low Level) and Edinburgh (Princes Street).

The Tour may be reversed, Passengers travelling *via* Dumbarton Balloch, Loch Lomond, The Trossachs, Callander, and Stirling.

NOTE.—*The route via Callander is the only one by which Tourists can follow the chase as described in "The Lady of the Lake," and no Coaches other than those which run from and to Callander Station pass through "The Trossachs."*

FOR natural loveliness of scenery, variety of storied interest, and unfailing summer charm, there is nothing in Scotland to surpass the famous Trossachs tour. The journey from Glasgow (Buchanan Street) or Edinburgh (Princes Street) to Callander is full of interest. The route from Edinburgh passes historic Linlithgow, where Queen Mary was born, and the Regent Moray was shot, and traverses the battlefield of Falkirk, where Wallace suffered his great defeat, and Sir John the Graham was slain. The line from Glasgow, on the other hand, passes near Castlecary on the Roman wall, the oldest inhabited house in Scotland, and the place where, two centuries ago, Lizzie Baillie, sister of the famous antiquary, leapt into the plaid of her Highland lover. Both lines join just outside Larbert, and pass through the old battle-ground of Scotland, sprinkled with such names as Sauchieburn, Bannockburn, and Stirling Bridge. Then Stirling itself must ever remain, for lovers of the historic, the romantic, and the picturesque, the place in Scotland most rich in interest next to Edinburgh. A fine view is to be got from the carriage window, of the historic castle and its tragic Heading Hill below.

Beyond Stirling the line passes, to the right, the royal Abbey of Cambuskenneth and the Wallace Monument on



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ROUTE.—Rail from GLASGOW (Buchanan Street Station), or from EDINBURGH (Princes Street Station), *via* Stirling to Callander; Coach to the Trossachs; Steamer to Stronachlachar; Coach to Inversnaid; Steamer to Balloch Pier; Rail to Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively. Frequent Trains leave GLASGOW (Buchanan Street Station), and EDINBURGH (Princes Street Station).

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TO THE GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH RAILWAY

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the Abbey Craig, from which the hero led his men to their great victory at Stirling Bridge, and it ascends the lovely Allan Water by Bridge of Allan, Dunblane Cathedral, and the grim mediæval stronghold of Doune Castle, to Callander.

From Callander the coaches set forth northward, towards the hills, but at the mouth of the beautiful Pass of Leny they cross the stream of that name and take the route westward, under the sunny side of Ben Ledi, followed by Fitzjames at the beginning of "The Lady of the Lake."



TROSSACHS COACHES LEAVING CALLANDER STATION.

Each scene takes some memory from its mention in the poem. To the left, beyond the railway, lies Bochastle, where the huntsmen flagged; farther on, where the Teith leaves Loch Vennachar (through sluices now), was Coilantogle Ford, immortalised by the combat with Roderick Dhu; at the distant end of the shining waterway Lanrick Mead formed the Macgregors' muster-place; and Duncraggan, above, was the scene of the Highland funeral from which the weeping heir was summoned to rush eastward with the

Fiery Cross. To the right, here, lies the quaint Highland clachan of Brig o' Turk, where Fitzjames found himself a solitary huntsman. Glen Finglas, which runs into the hills behind, was the scene of the legend embodied in an earlier poem by Scott. The tradition is of two hunters surprised in their sheiling at night by a pair of beautiful young women habited in green. One of the hunters wandered out with his charmer, but the other, suspicious of the circumstances, kept playing on his harp a hymn to the Virgin. Day came, the temptress vanished, and, on searching the woods, the young man found the bones of his friend, who had been devoured by the other fiend.



OLD BRIDGE, CALIANDER.

The road winds round the bosky shores of "the lovely Loch Achray" to the Trossachs Hotel, which someone has called the most significant monument to Sir Walter Scott. Beyond lies the wooded winding pass of the Trossachs themselves, between Ben A'an on the right and Ben Venue on the left. Then the narrow waters of Loch Katrine open in front, and one sees what Fitzjames saw—the "narrow inlet still and deep," and the last secret fastness of the fierce Clan Gregor.

A rustic pier clings now to the steep mountainside, but above, on Ben Venue, may be seen the Goblin's Cave,

which of old held many a stolen herd, and, higher still, the Beal-nam-bo, or cattle pass, by which these herds were driven in. Then, at the mouth of the narrows, in the loch itself, Ellen's Isle, glorified by the poet's romance, was in reality the secret hold of the caterans, after whom Loch Katrine takes its name.

It is easy to picture the scene when Fitzjames approached the shore :—

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way
A little skiff shot to the bay.

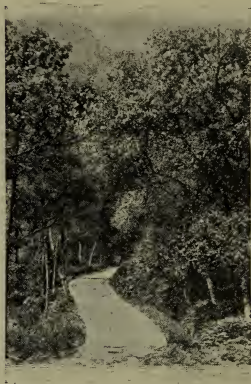


LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE.

One cannot but recall, also, the historic incident wrought by Scott into a later scene of his poem. During Cromwell's invasion an English soldier, thinking to seize one of the clansmen's shallops, swam over from the Silver Strand. Only women remained on the island, and his task seemed easy. He had, indeed, laid his hand on his prize when the branches parted, a knife in a woman's hand flashed in the air, and the would-be ravisher sank in the water dead. At a later date still, in 1752, on this shore was arrested Dr.

Archibald Cameron, brother of Lochiel. He had come to Scotland on a last hope of raising the country for Prince Charles, while, in London, the Hon. Alexander Murray was to seize St. James's Palace and the person of George II. But Cameron was seized here, carried to London, and executed at Tyburn.

The Silver Strand was partly submerged by the raising of the water level a few years ago, but is coming again to the surface.



"WHERE TWINES THE PATH."

As the steamer sweeps along the loch fancy may weave romance about sequestered dwellings on the shore—Brenachoil, Edraleachdach, Strongalvaltrie, and other places whose names are a tale in themselves. (While mentioning these spots it may be as well to state that the proper spelling of Ben Venue is Beinn-mheadhonaidh.) Then, beyond the outflow of Glasgow's water supply, on the left, there is a glimpse on the right into the far recesses of Glengyle, where the Macgregors still are buried. There Wordsworth

was inspired to write his fine lines on "Rob Roy's Grave." Only, unfortunately, the poet was sitting on the wrong tombstone. The cateran lies in the kirkyard of Balquhiddy, some miles farther north.

The voyage ends at Stronachlachar. From the pier it is a charming five-mile coach drive over the moor to Rob Roy's own stronghold of Inversnaid. On the way, at the foot of Loch Arklet, stands the house from which the cateran carried off his wife. And, farther on, at the Garrison, his daughter Oina was shot at the storming of the place by the clansmen. Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, once commanded the fort. Inversnaid, below, was Rob Roy's patrimony. Scott has pictured the chieftain at Inversnaid bidding farewell to Bailie Nicol Jarvie; and Wordsworth,

who got dry clothing from the maid of the inn, has sung the charms, not only of the lonely lassie herself, but of "the cabin small, the lake, the bay, the waterfall." It was after the wetting here that Coleridge, that "archangel, slightly damaged," left the Wordsworths and went home "in a kind of huff."

But the pilgrim follows the route of a pleasanter party, that of the worthy Bailie, down Loch Lomond. The shores on the way are strewn with interests. From Inversnaid a ferry plies across to Inveruglas, passing on the way Wallace's Isle, where the patriot is said to have hidden from his enemies. It was probably on that shore that on one



TROSSACHS PIER AND STEAMER.

memorable occasion Bruce recited romances to his men while they were one by one being rowed across to safety. That was the country of "the wild Macfarlane's plaided clan," and their slogan was the name of the lovely lakelet in the glen above—"Loch Sloy."

Below Inversnaid may be noted the images cited in the threat of Clan Gregor—

Through the depths of Loch Lomond the steed shall career,
O'er the peaks of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.

In these rocks of Craig Royston, under Ben Lomond, may

be seen Rob Roy's prison cave, where he "persuaded" his captives by an occasional souse in the loch. Tarbet, opposite, the "boat-pass," takes its name from the feat of Haco's lieutenant, who drew his boats through the hills from Loch Long to harry the crowded inland shores. Stuckgown House, here, among the trees, was a favourite resort of Lord Jeffrey in the earlier part of last century. Rowardennan, at the foot of Ben Lomond, was the place once so unjustly maligned by the inn album scribbler—

"Your salmon are so fat and red,
Your fowls so lean and blue,
Shows which by Providence were fed
And which were fed by you."



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

Needless to say, the libel is quite baseless, and no more charming spot could be found for an angling or climbing holiday. Glen Douglas, to which a ferry crosses, may have seen King Arthur's first great battle; and on Inch Lonaig, farther down the loch, grow the yews yet that were planted by Bruce for the bowmen of later combats. Then, from the little Colquhoun village of Luss, the steamer crosses among the islands to Balmaha. The pass here was the

gate of the Macgregor country, and saw many a creagh of driven cattle from the Lennox go northward in days gone by. The forayers had their burial-place on the island opposite, and the memorials there still justify Rob Roy's oath, "By the halidome of him that sleeps under the grey stane on Inch Cailleach." The name, "Isle of Old Women," is from the nunnery founded there by Kentigerna, mother of St. Fillan. The name of Clairinch, the lower island south of it, formed the battle slogan of the Clan Buchanan, whose territory lay at hand about the Endrick's mouth. That territory was acquired in 1682 by the grandson of the Great



THE ISLANDS, LOCH LOMOND.

Montrose, and Buchanan Castle there is the chief seat of the Duke of Montrose at the present day. Ross Priory, seat of Sir Alexander Leith-Buchanan, farther along the shore, was a favourite visiting-place of Sir Walter Scott, who gathered there much of the material for his "Rob Roy." Inch Murren, the Duke's deer island opposite, has still the ruin of the Lady's Bower, to which Isabella, Duchess of Albany, retired to end her days after the execution of her father, husband, and two sons by James I. on the Heading Hill at Stirling. Beyond it, on the western shore of the loch, a later tragedy is commemorated in the name

of Glen Fruin, the Glen of Sorrow. There, in the year 1600, the Colquhouns were decimated by the Macgregors—an exploit which, on the parade of sixty bloody shirts by Colquhoun widows before King James, cost the Macgregors land and name. The Macgregors' short-lived triumph was well put by Scott in the famous boat-song in "The Lady of the Lake":—

Proudly our pibrochs have thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Rossdhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpin with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven glen shake when they hear again
"Roderich Vich Alpin dhu, ho ieroe !"

A few years earlier, in that same glen, a Colquhoun chief was slain by the treachery of his servant. In lighting him upstairs in his castle of Bannachra, the man made him the mark for the arrow of a besieger outside.



DUMBARTON ROCK AND CASTLE.

A pleasanter memory lingers about Boturich Castle, on the opposite shore. There, as described in a famous poem by Sir David Lindsay, the doughty Squyer Meldrum routed the Macfarlane raiders, who were attacking the stronghold of his lady-

love, Mistress Haldane of Gleneagles. Balloch Castle, farther on, replaces the ancient stronghold of the Earls of Lennox, in which both Wallace and Bruce were entertained, and of which only the ruin mounds can now be traced on the river bank below.

From Balloch the railway runs down the Vale of Leven, famous now for its turkey-red dyeworks. A curious tragedy had its end here. The famous Beggar-Earl of Menteith, who had voted at Holyrood and spent a lifetime in asserting his claim to a barren title, died at last behind a hedge in

Bonhill parish, and lies in Bonhill kirkyard, visible from the railway, on the opposite bank of the Leven. Renton, further down, was the birthplace of Smollett the novelist, and his monument may be seen on the left above the roofs of the village. At the foot of the valley Dumbarton Rock, with its pregnant memories—of King Arthur, Wallace Wight, the Bruce (who died at hand), and Queen Mary—stands sentinel through the ages. Thence the line runs up the bank of the Clyde—by Dunglass Castle, where the Roman Wall ended, and Bowling, where the Forth and Clyde Canal begins. The region was the old barony of Colquhoun, and the pile dwellings of a still earlier time



THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD AT BOWLING—
ROAD, CANAL, RAILWAY, AND RIVER.

have been found among the mud on its shore. Opposite lies the barony of Erskine, ancient patrimony of the Earls of Mar, and late seat of the Barons of Blantyre. Then, through Kilpatrick, birthplace of the Irish saint; Dalmuir and Clydebank, with their mighty shipyards and sewing-machine factories; Whiteinch, with its fossil grove of sandstone trees; and Partick, gift of David I. to the Glasgow bishopric, the train runs into the Low Level Central Station of Glasgow. Passengers for Edinburgh (Princes Street) proceed thence from the Central High Level Station.

TO BALLACHULISH AND GLENCOE. . . .

THROUGH THE OSSIAN COUNTRY, by LOCH ETIVE, LOCH
CRERAN, PORT APPIN, and LOCH LINNHE.



ROUTE.—Rail from Glasgow (Buchanan Street) *via* Stirling and Oban line, as already described, to Connel Ferry, and thence to Ballachulish.

RORTHWARD from Connel Ferry the new line of railway to Ballachulish runs through a region in which centre the memories of Fingal and Ossian, the half legendary heroes—king and bard—of early Gaelic tradition in Scotland. It is true that tales of these heroes, many of them fantastic and grotesque, are to be found in nearly all parts of Scotland and Ireland. Their memories, therefore, are apt to be discredited altogether in this matter-of-fact age. The manner, too, in which some of the Ossianic poems were first given to the English-speaking world by James Macpherson did further damage to the public credence. Yet nothing remains more certain in the mind of the Highlander than that Fingal fought and Ossian sang. Hundreds



DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

of place-names and relics of ancient Gaelic poetry seem to prove the facts; and here on the wild shores of Loch Linnhe and Loch Leven the interest centres and the spots are pointed out on which the chief fights were fought and the most famous songs were sung.

There are other memories, of course, than those

of Fingal and Ossian upon these shores. Away on the left beyond the mouth of the loch, as the line itself crosses the narrows, the ruined towers of Dunstaffnage come into view. The story of that ancient stronghold, if all of it were known, would rival that of Stirling or even Edinburgh Castle itself. The date of its building is forgotten, but the place was the capital in turn of the early Pictish and Scottish kings and of the Norse island lords who for some centuries supplanted the royal authority in the west. It was besieged by Bruce, and surrendered to him, and in later times, as an appanage of the Campbells, shared the vicissitudes of that powerful house. (See page 117.)

But like the wild forms which the Gaelic poet himself describes as gazing forth from the stormy mists of an earlier past, the Ossianic memories dominate the district. The iron road now crosses the narrows close by the Falls of Lora,



Wilson,

LOCH CERAN.

Aberdeen.

whose praise the poet never ceased to sing, where Loch Etive empties and fills over the ledge of rocks at every tide. Two miles farther north, by the shores of Loch Nell, rises the ruin-mound which once was the splendid Selma, the palace-stronghold of Fingal. In common with a spot on Loch Ryan side, this has been identified as the earlier Pictish Beregonium, described by Ptolemy. And at a later date it was Dun MacUisneachan, the "Fort of the sons of Uisneach," about whom and the lovely heroine Deirdre are woven the most beautiful folk-lore tales of the West Highlands.

From this shore south-westward stretches a magnificent seascape down the Firth of Lorne, with the mountains of Mull in the distance. Then, crossing the peninsula of Benderloch, and, passing the black keep of Barcaldine, whose lord is mentioned as one of the stormy chiefs amid

the uproar at Ardtornish in Scott's "Lord of the Isles," the line crosses the lovely Loch Creran at Creagan Ferry. Invernahyle here was the seat, at the time of the last Jacobite Rebellion, of Alexander Stewart, whose story forms the basis of Sir Walter Scott's romance of "Waverley." In the introduction to the novel an account is given of his rescue of Colonel Whitefoord at Prestonpans, and of the

*Valentine,*

CASTLE STALKER. *

Dundee.

manner in which the latter was afterwards able to repay the favour. The low islets in the loch are a favourite nesting-place of the white sea-swallows, and by their rocky ledges may often be seen basking the black head of a seal. Outside,

in Loch Linnhe, lies Lismore, the "Great Garden," fertile yet as in the past when it was the seat of a famous deanery. It was then that in 1547 Dean Macgregor made the earliest extant collection of Ossianic poetry, the famed "Dean of Lismore's Book." Farther on, beyond Port Appin, on its islet at the mouth of the bay, the square ruined tower of Castle Stalker remains to recall the glories of a fallen house. It was built by Duncan Stewart of Appin as a hunting lodge in which to entertain James IV. At that time the whole region of Appin—"green Appin"—from Loch Creran to Ballachulish belonged to the famous Stewarts of Appin, the undaunted foes of Clan Campbell, whose memory is sung by the Ettrick Shepherd.

I sing of a land that was famous of yore—

The land of green Appin, the ward of the flood ;

Where every grey cairn that broods over the shore

Marks a grave of the royal, the valiant, or good ;

The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed—

The land of fair Selma and reign of Fingal,

And late of a race that with tears must be named,

The noble Clan Stewart, the bravest of all,

Ochon an Rei ! and the Stewarts of Appin !
 The gallant, devoted old Stewarts of Appin !
 Their glory is o'er,
 For the clan is no more,
 And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

The Stewarts, originally of Innermeath or Invermay, were descended from the fourth High Steward of Scotland. They acquired the ancient lordship of Lorne by marriage with the co-heiresses of the earlier MacDougal chiefs. One of them, the Black Knight of Lorne, married the widowed queen of James I. But in the end they were overcome and superseded by the "greedy Campbells," and of late years



Valentine, Photo.,

GLENCOE.

Dundee.

the story of the methods pursued by the latter to put down their ancient enemies has been revived in popular memory by R. L. Stevenson's romance, "Kidnapped." The scene of the Appin murder, which forms the pivot of that romance, lies close to the hill foot beyond Glen Duror, and the luckless James of the Glens was hanged for the crime on the little mount close by Ballachulish Hotel.

But presently the line, running up the shore of Loch Linnhe, with the dark Kingairloch mountains across the water, enters the slate-built village of Ballachulish. The

place is famous to-day for its export of millions of roofing slates. It lies also amid some of the most magnificent scenery of the Highlands. But its memories are more striking and terrible. Eastward some three miles, at the foot of Glencoe, lies the scene of the dastardly massacre of Macdonalds which for ever will cast a dark stain on the memory of King William III. The Coe itself is Ossian's much-sung Cona, and the pilgrim who joins the coach drive



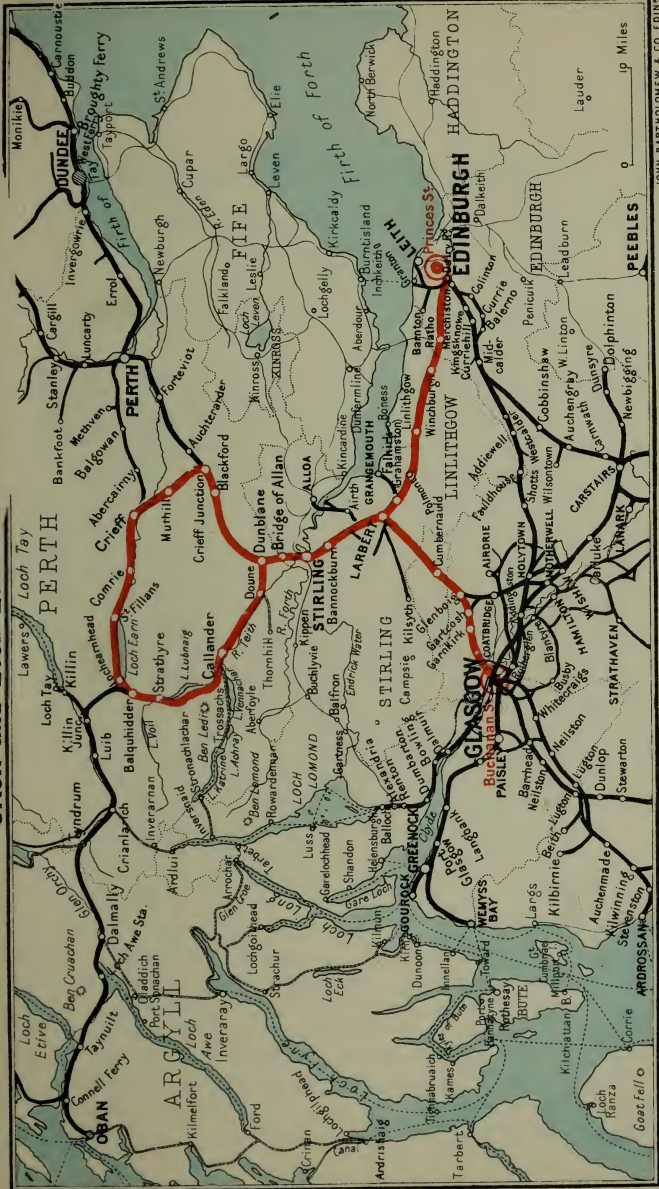
CROSS OF GLENCOE.

to the head of the glen—the most desolate and magnificent in Scotland—and back, will have pointed out to him, not only the ruined homesteads of the massacre below, but, high in the cliff face above, the cave which is said to have been a refuge of the bard when composing his “songs of the times of old.” Among those who have climbed to it was the late Lady Menzies of Rannoch Lodge, an enthusiast for all things Highland, and reputed in her time the best

farmer in Scotland. Glencoe was acquired some years ago by the great Canadian statesman, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Another coach tour continues from the head of Glencoe down Glen Etive, and from the head of Loch Etive, where the islands keep traces of the hunting lodges of Deirdre's lovers, by steamer to Achnacloich, on the Oban line. (See page 116.)

Crieff and Loch Leven



JOHN BARTHOLOMEW & CO. EDIN.

ROUTE.—Rail from GLASGOW (Buchanan Street), or EDINBURGH (Princes Street), to Lochearnhead and Balquhidder, *via* Stirling, Crieff, Comrie, and St Fillans; thence to Glasgow or Edinburgh respectively, *via* Callander; or the route may be reversed. Tickets available for break of journey at any of the above-mentioned places.

FARES FOR THE ROUND:—

From GLASGOW, 1st Class, 12/8; 3rd Class, 6/8 From EDINBURGH, 1st Class, 17/2; 3rd Class, 8/4.

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DOWN STRATHEARN.

By LOCHEARNHEAD, LOCH EARN, ST. FILLANS, and
COMRIE, to CRIEFF.



ROUTE.—Rail from Balquhiddier Station on Oban line; *via* St. Fillans, Comrie and Crieff, to Perth, Dundee, or Stirling.

BY the extension of the Caledonian line from Comrie along Lochearnside, one of the most beautiful and interesting regions of Scotland has been brought into simple connection with the outer world. Both Lochearnhead and St. Fillans in particular remain spots of sequestered charm such as, in the words of Shirley Brooks, are “happily not too often to be observed on this planet. Happily, because we are all perfectly well aware that this world is a Vale of Tears, in which it is our duty to mortify ourselves and make everybody else as uncomfortable as possible. If there were many places like these, persons would be in fearful danger of forgetting that they ought to be miserable.”

The line from Balquhiddier Station passes Edinchip, residence of the Chief of Macgregor, on the left, and, at the pleasant village a mile below, takes along the north shore of the loch. On the south shore are seen in succession the ruin of St. Blane’s Chapel, and, at the foot of Glen Ample, Edinample Castle and Falls, the property of the Marquis of Breadalbane. High behind these Ben Vorlich sets his brow against the heavens, 3224 feet in the air. The glen which cleaves the mountain side farther on, has at its foot Ardvorlich, the Darlinvaroch of Scott’s “Legend of Montrose,” and scene of the dreadful incident narrated in the introduction to that romance. It is still owned by the family of Stewart, and still preserves the famous Ardvorlich “Clach Dearg,” or charm stone, of rock crystal, said to have been brought from the east by a crusader, and formerly in great request for curing diseases of cattle.

Of somewhat different size is the celebrated Glentarken Stone. Three miles up Glentarken, on the north

side of Loch Earn, this pear-shaped boulder, 25,000 cubic feet of stone, rests on its narrow end, with shelter under its overhanging sides for sixty or a hundred men. Many a time has it sheltered foraying parties of the neighbouring clansmen—MacNabs and MacNeishes. The last stronghold of these MacNeishes was the only island in Loch Earn, a small, wooded islet, believed to be artificial, near the eastern end of the loch. In a great battle in Glen Boltachan, at hand, the clan had been nearly annihilated by their enemies the MacNabs of Loch Tay side; but its remaining members, keeping possession of all boats on Loch Earn, considered themselves secure on Neish Island. One Christmas eve, however, they “relieved” MacNab’s messenger returning from Crieff with feasting fare, and that night MacNab’s twelve sons, headed by Smooth John, carried a boat from Loch Tay to Loch Earn, surprised the island, and put all but one of the MacNeishes to the sword.

St. Fillans, where the Earn pours out of the loch, remains one of the most lovely rustic spots in the Highlands. City travellers, passing through, may justly envy the dwellers in such a sequestered Arcadia. All summer long the loch ripples its music on the hamlet shore, and creamy roses and wealth of rich red tropæolum cover the cottages in autumn. Nor is the place merely of modern resort. St. Fillan’s spring was held of old in high miraculous repute by the clansmen.

Thence the journey, as the railway winds down the warm-wooded valley of the Earn, is a delight to be remembered. On the green hill of Dunfillan, on the right, the saint is said to have left the marks of his praying knees on the stones. Then beyond Glen Boltachan, on the left, the modern mansion of Dunira serves, in fit surroundings, as a reminder of Hogg’s heroine—

Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen,
But it wasna to meet wi’ Dunira’s men,
Nor the rosy monk o’ the isle to see;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

Farther on, at the foot of Glen Lednock, Dunmore Hill, with its monument to the first Lord Melville, overhangs a “Devil’s Caldron” waterfall in the ravine below.

His Satanic Majesty is well provided with cooking conveniences in Scotland. Possibly it is owing to his culinary proceedings here that Comrie is subject to the occasional tremor of an earthquake. Certain standing stones in the neighbourhood, curiously enough, were till the nineteenth century the scene, on Beltane eve, of a strange remnant of fire worship. The young people met there, kindled a fire, and baked a cake. The cake was broken in pieces, and one piece blackened in the fire. Then all the pieces were placed in a bonnet, and whoever of the company drew the



A BEAUTY SPOT BETWEEN ST. FILLANS AND COMRIE.

blackened piece was called "devoted," and had to leap three times through the flames—"passing through the fire to Baal."

Luckily there is water enough about the neighbourhood to quench any reasonable singeing, for at Comrie the streams meet from Glen Artney, Glen Lednock, and Loch Earn. This well-watered spot, with its great Roman camp, is believed by some to be the scene of the ancient battle of Mons Grampus, fought by Agricola against the grandfather of Fingal.

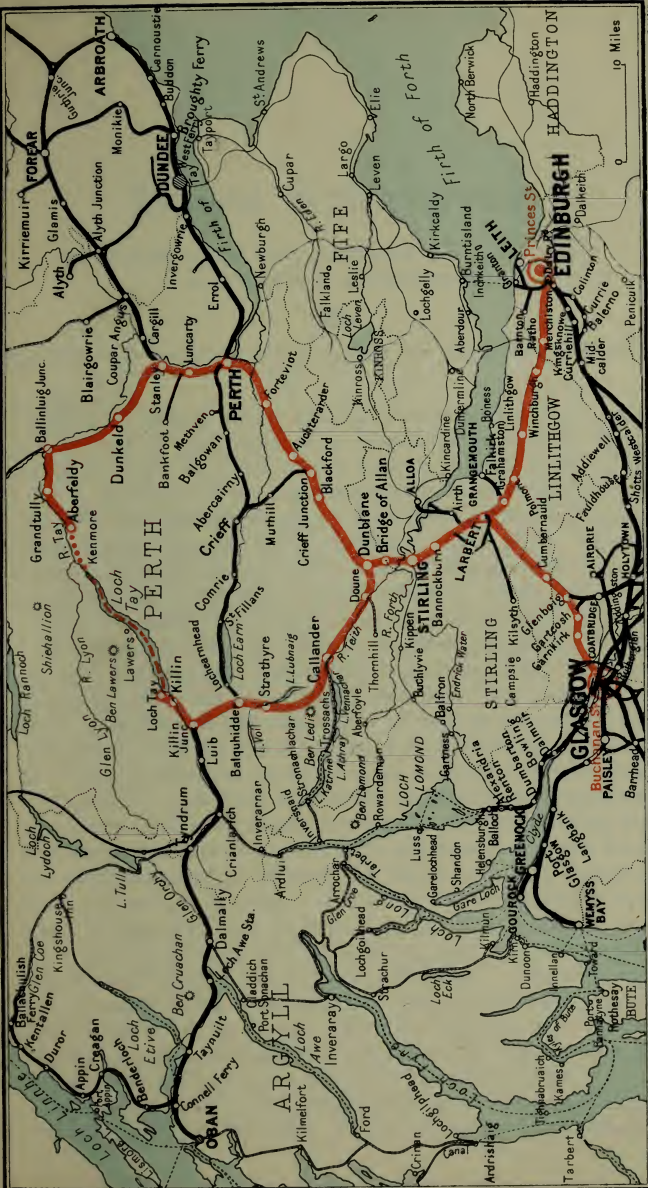
From Comrie the railway runs down the side of the Earn, under Tomachastle, with its monument, shattered by a thunderbolt, to Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam. The hero, his mother declared, was "ill to leeve wi', but waur to want," and when she learned that he was in an Indian prison, chained to a fellow-captive, she is said to have exclaimed merely, "Lord help the lad that's chained to oor Davie!" It is not generally known that the career of Baird ran neck and neck for a time with that of Wellesley. But for the dilatoriness of the army agent who was sent to buy his colonelcy, Sir David would have been senior to Lord Cavan and Sir John Moore, and would have been commander-in-chief of the armies in Egypt and the Peninsula. On such slight hinges the whole page of history turns.

Baird's monument occupies the site of an ancient castle of the earls of Strathearn. That castle was still a strength when in 1511 the Drummonds burned eight score of the Murrays, men, women, and children, in the little kirk of Monivaird behind. Murrays of a more modern day now sleep their last on the spot, for the mausoleum of Murray of Ochtertyre occupies the site of the kirk. At Ochtertyre itself, it will be remembered, Burns was entertained, and wrote his lines on Euphemia Murray—

Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturret glen.

Crieff, however, close by, remains a centre of many interests, and from its excellent Hydropathic excursions are organised to such spots as Drummond Castle, Loch Turret, Falls of Keltie and Monzie, the Sma' Glen, and Logie Almond, the "Drumtochty" of Ian Maclaren's romance. (See page 147.)

Tour No. 5.—Callander, Killin, Loch Tay, Aberfeldy, and Perth.



JOHN BARTHOLOMEW & CO. EDINBURGH

ROUTE.—Rail Glasgow (Buchanan Street), or Edinburgh (Princes Street), to Loch Tay; Steamer Killin Pier to Kenmore; Coach Kenmore to Aberfeldy; Rail to Glasgow or Edinburgh respectively, *via* Perth and Stirling. The route may be reversed.

FARES FOR THE ROUND:—

From Glasgow, 1st Class, 27/3; 3rd Class, 15/9. From Edinburgh, 1st Class, 28/3; 3rd Class, 17/3.

DOWN STRATH TAY.

By KILLIN, LOCH TAY, KENMORE, and ABERFELDY
to PITLOCHRY or DUNKELD.



ROUTE.—Rail from Killin Junction on Oban line; steamer from Killin Pier
coach from Kenmore; rail from Aberfeldy.

JUST above Killin the Dochart exercises the undisputed birthright of a Highland river, and pours over a fine fall into a famous salmon pool. The railway crosses the river farther down, between Inch Bhuidh, the river island where the chiefs of MacNab were buried, and Kinnell, their residence while alive. From Kinnell it was that the twelve sons of MacNab set out to demolish the MacNeishes in Loch Earn. They had been incited to their errand by their father's laconic remark, "The nicht is the nicht if the lads were the lads." When Smooth John on their return silently set MacNeish's head on the table before his father, all he said was, "The nicht is the nicht, and the lads *are* the lads." So late as the end of the eighteenth century a sheriff's officer from Edinburgh appeared at Kinnell to secure payment of an account the laird had "forgotten." MacNab, with much profession of hospitality, would not hear of business that night. In the morning the first thing that met the eyes of the officer as he looked from his window was what seemed the figure of a man hanging from the branch of a tree. He asked the first gillie he met what it was, and was informed to his horror that it was "just a bit messenger body fra Edinburgh tat had ta presumption to bring a bit o' paper to ta laird." The hint was not lost, and when breakfast-time came the sheriff's officer was nowhere to be found. Kinnell belongs now to the Marquis of Breadalbane, and possesses the largest vine in Britain, half as large again as that at Hampton Court.

Most of the countryside, indeed, belongs to this great Campbell nobleman. When Black Duncan of the Cowl, the founder

of the house, built Finlarig Castle, whose ruin stands on the other side of the Dochart, near Killin Pier, someone asked him why he placed it so near the edge of his property. His answer was that he meant to "birse yont," and he and his descendants have "birsed yont" to such purpose that their property now fairly cuts the Highlands in two. At Finlarig are still to be seen the doom-tree and heading-stone with which Black Duncan was wont to emphasise his arguments.

Many a tradition, however, may be recalled as the steamer sails along Loch Tay. At Ardeonaig there are not only to be seen the fine Pigeon Rock Falls, with their sheer drop of eighty feet, and the old Mains Castle near the shore, but, on the ridge above, a mouldering trench which keeps



Valentine, Photo.

FINLARIG CASTLE, KILLIN.

Dundee.

memory of the terrible battle of the Cairndearg, fought to the gory end there by certain clansmen of Perthshire and Argyll. Milton farmhouse, again, at the foot of Ben Lawers, was the residence about the year 1600 of the mysterious

Lady of Lawers, whose prophecies, mostly unpleasant ones, have had an uncomfortable knack of coming true. For uncanny and other reasons it was in her time an undesirable neighbourhood for unauthorised strangers to find themselves astray in. The men were too muscular; some of them stand six feet seven inches at the present day. One of these modern giants was serving in a militia regiment whose members had orders not to extend their walks beyond a certain milestone. Big John, however, was thirsty, and he went half a mile farther, to the inn. In order not to disobey orders, however, he took the milestone, weighing about two hundredweight, along with him, and brought it back again, and to the present day it is known as Malloch's Milestone.

A giant of another kind, Ben Lawers itself, which dominates the district, towers above the north shore, the third highest mountain in Scotland. At its eastern foot, a couple of miles inland from Fernan Pier, at the hamlet of Fortingall in Glen Lyon, is to be seen the oldest tree in Europe. According to competent authority the Fortingall yew is between two thousand five hundred and three thousand years old. It stood, therefore, amid its dark foliage in Glen Lyon when Solomon was building his temple at Jerusalem and the Greeks were besieging Troy. The Falls of Acharn, again, fifty feet in height, lie inland half a mile from the south shore of the loch.



Valentine, Photo.,

TAYMOUTH CASTLE.

Dundee.

Loch Tay, like Loch Earn, has a solitary islet at its eastern end. Stormed and taken from the Campbells by Montrose in 1645, its ancient priory contains the dust of Sybilla, consort of Alexander I., and daughter of Henry I. of England. Close at hand the Tay, pouring out from the loch, begins a course which every year carries to the sea more water than any other river in Scotland. Kenmore village here, whence the coaches start, stands just at the gate of Taymouth Castle, Lord Breadalbane's chief seat, anciently known as Balloch. By way of contrast to the gay tourist comings and goings of to-day, it is curious to remember that the village green was the spot where the

laird "justyfeit" certain notable limmers, including the famous Duncan Laideus, and the Laird of Macgregor himself, Gregor Roy of Glen Strae. The heading-axe used on these righteous occasions hangs now in the hall of Taymouth. Over the mantelpiece of the inn parlour at Kenmore Burns wrote the finest of his English heroics—"Admiring Nature in her wildest grace."

The original castle here was appointed to be built on the spot where the Laird of Glen Urchy should first hear the blackbird sing on his way down the glen. The modern mansion is a stately place, chiefly famous for the magnificent three days' pageant held on occasion of the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in September, 1842. What with booming of cannon, playing of pipes, and gatherings of the clans by day, and the firing of rockets and star-showers, and lighting of the woodlands with thousands of lamps by night, the Highlands had never known such an occasion. On one of the evenings a well-known Scottish singer was engaged. His list of songs was submitted to the Queen for approval, and on looking it over she asked that William Glen's song, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," should be added to the programme, thus removing the embargo that had hitherto lain upon Jacobite lyrics at court. The best view of Taymouth is got from the high road down the valley. Thence the towers of the castle, in their noble park, the Tay winding beyond, and Schiehallion, the Fairy Mountain, standing into the heavens above, make a scene to be remembered. A pathetic incident happened here, when Queen Victoria in later years travelled incognita to the view-point known as the Fort, and looked down wistfully on the scene of her early happiness.

Farther down the strath, on the left, the village of Dull was a noted seat of learning in early times, and still has the remains of its peculiar college, or abthanery, which conferred on the place a right of sanctuary similar to that of Holyrood. Then the ancient Menzies seat of Weem Castle, under the uncanny Hill of Weem, keeps memory of a ballad-sung ogre who, in the guise of a red-hooded monk, once carried off a daughter of the house. As Weem, or "uamh," means a Pict's house, as well as a cave; the ogre may have been merely a love-sick refugee of that vanquished race.

In the ancient ivied kirk there the burial-place of six generations of mothers of the house of Weem is marked by a quaint mural monument, among the most elaborate in Scotland.

General Wade was the builder in 1733 of the fine bridge at Aberfeldy, and a characteristic monument in the haugh at its far end commemorates the enrolling of the Black Watch, the famous 42nd Highlanders, on the spot. But with the usual injustice of renown, Aberfeldy is best known as the location of Burns's "Birks of Aberfeldy." The scene of the song is the narrow glen close by, above the pretty Falls of Moness, but, strange to say, there used to be no birches there, the fact being that the poet merely adapted the refrain with the tune of the older song, "The Birks of Abergeldie."

Below Aberfeldy the line passes on the right the seventeenth century castle of Grandtully, the Tullyveolan of Scott's "Waverley." It is interesting to remember that Archibald Stewart, the hero and gainer of the great Douglas Cause, was a son of the baronet of Grandtully; his mother, the baronet's second wife, being the sister of the first and last duke of Douglas. (See page 12.)

But presently, below Logierait, with its vestiges of Robert III.'s castle, and of the jail where Rob Roy was confined, the Tay meets the united waters of the Tummel and the Garry, and the Highland Railway carries the traveller either north by Killiecrankie and Blair Athole, or south by the classic Dunkeld and Perth,



BLACK WATCH MONUMENT,
ABERFELDY.

DOWN LOCH AWE.

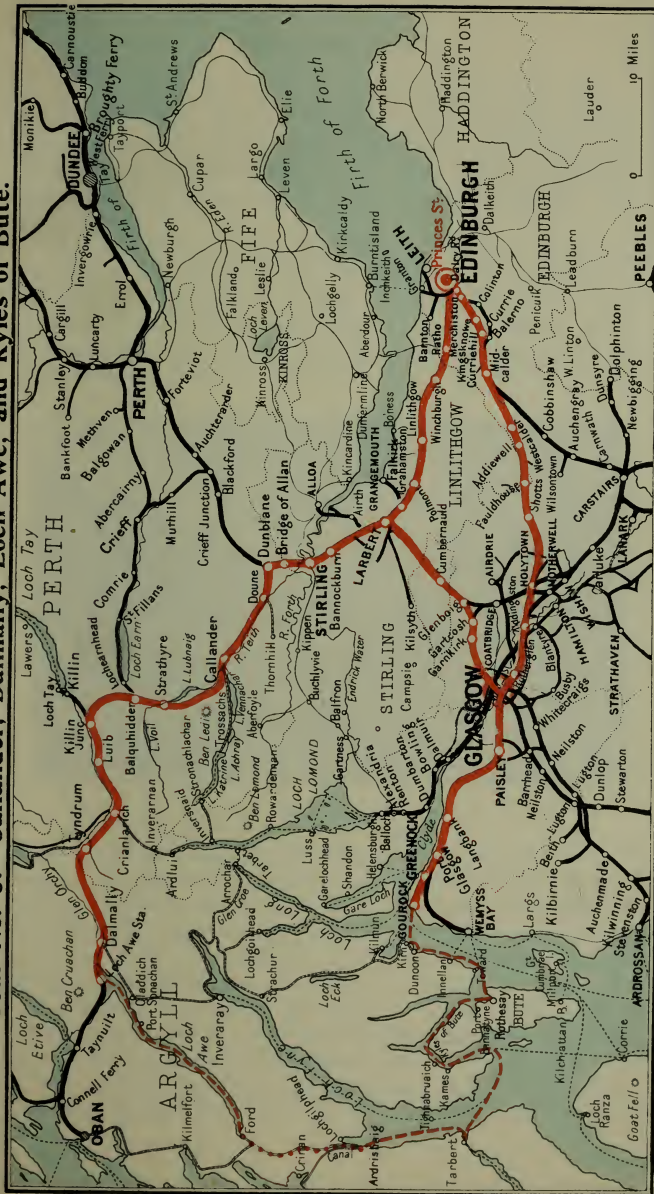


ROUTE.—Steamer from Loch Awe Station on the Oban Line; Coach from Ford to Ardrishaig.

LOCH AWE is unconventional in the fact that it has its finest scenery at its lower end; but geologists apologise for the aberration by declaring that the present outlet by the Pass of Brander is quite a recent arrangement, only a few hundred thousand years old, and that the original outlet was by the south end of the loch. Highland tradition, however, has a story to tell of the origin of Loch Awe itself. The bed of the loch was once, it is said, a fertile valley; but there was on the mountain side a fairy spring, which had always to be kept covered. At last a girl, having drawn water, fell asleep by the well, and forgot to put on the cover. All through the night the spring overflowed, and in the morning, when the girl awoke, Loch Awe lay at her feet.

Leaving Nature, however, to settle her own account with the proprieties, and with Highland tradition, the tourist is likely to find the sail on Loch Awe a most interesting one. The sight of Kilchurn Castle alone would be enough to remind the traveller that he is in the Campbell country. But if proof were needed that the Campbells are clansmen to the present day, it is to be found at Loch Awe Station. The Campbells of Blythswood, in Renfrewshire, were the chief builders of the beautiful little new church here. Further than this, on Inis Choanin, the island below, they have built a mansion that might have housed Cailean Mor himself in a bygone century. But the shores of the loch were not always nor altogether Campbell ground. The tree-grown ruin on Inisfraoch was a MacNaughton stronghold. There, in earlier times, according to Celtic tradition, a dragon guarded the apples of immortal youth. The island takes its name from Fraoch, lover of the fair Gealchean. The girl's mother, Mai, also loved the hero, and, desiring to renew her youth, bade him fetch her the fruit of

Tour No. 9.—Callander, Dalmally, Loch Awe, and Kyles of Bute.



Route.—Rail Glasgow (Buchanan Street), or EDINBURGH (Princes Street), to Loch Awe, *via* Stirling and Callander; Steamer to Ford; Coach to Ardishaig; Steamer to Gourrock; Train to Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively. The route may be reversed.

FARKS FOR THE ROUND:—

From GLASGOW, 1st Class and Cabin, 20/; 3rd Class and Steerage, 15/. From EDINBURGH, 1st Class and Cabin, 27/6; 3rd Class and Steerage, 19/.

the isle. He undertook the quest, and slew the dragon, but was himself slain in the enterprise. Another island was owned of old by the nuns of Inishail. And there have been MacAlisters of Inistrynish, and MacGregors, MacNabs, Fletchers, and MacArthurs in the neighbourhood. (See also page 113.)

Half an hour in the gloomy Pass of Brander, under the steep sides of Cruachan Ben, as the steamer runs down to the Falls of Cruachan, is enough to make the least impressionable understand the meaning of the loch's name, and it is something of a relief when the prow is turned, and the long southern reach of the loch is entered. Below Cladich



PASS OF BRANDER, LOCH AWE.

pier, where the road strikes off for Inveraray, the narrows begin, and from the Priest's Isle southward the scenery might be that of an English lake. Kilchrenan here, above Taychreggan on the right, was the burial-place of Cailean Mor, earliest and greatest of the old Argylls, who was knighted by Alexander II. in 1280, and to whom the late duke raised a massive monument. Seven miles farther south the Blairgour Falls are just out of sight, on the left. Then, after another two miles, what may be called the cradle of the Argylls comes into view; Ardchnonnel Castle, the ivy-covered ruin on Inis Connel, being the original

stronghold of the Campbells who became lords of Argyll. From its situation they took their slogan of "Lochow," and the despairing cry of a Campbell woman flying from her Macdougall husband, heard here from an incredible distance among the hills, is said to have given rise to the saying, "It's a far cry to Lochow." The Campbell fortunes rose upon the ruin of the old Macdonald Lords of the Isles, and some of the methods used were strange enough. The second Earl of Argyll, for instance, married his daughter to the Macdonald chief, Angus Og, then carried her off, and when her son was born kept him prisoner here for years. Donald Dhu, as he was called, only escaped in 1501 by help of the men of Glencoe.

About 1550 the Chief of Clan Cameron, having betrayed a neighbour's daughter, was trapped and shut up here. To rescue him, a party of his clan attacked and took the place. When the onset began, Cameron was playing cards with his keeper, and in his joy prematurely explained the uproar. Thereat the castellan, blowing out the light, dirked his prisoner below the table. The latter knew nothing of his

wound till, in the boat, the night being cold, he seized an oar to warm himself. Then the wound opened, and presently proved mortal. Needless to say, the Camerons returned, and massacred the castellan and every man within the walls.



Valentine, Photo.,

Dundee.

VIEW ON CRINAN CANAL.

Inis Erith, again, below Port-in-Sherrich, has some tombstones and the ruins of a church. Then, some seven miles farther, on the left, near the foot, or head, of the loch, Fincharn Castle keeps memory of its ancient owners, the Macdonalds.

From Ford it is a charming two hours' drive, by Ford inn and Loch Ederline, through the Pass of Craigenterrive.

Carnasary Castle, roofless now, on the right, was built in the sixteenth century by John Carswell, Bishop of the Isles and Abbot of Iona. Carswell is remembered yet in Gaelic proverbs and satires for his rapacity and niggardliness, and he appears to have fulfilled the chief object of his appointment—the dilapidation of the bishopric to the family of his master, Argyll. Carnasary was burned as a consequence of the Earl of Argyll's ill-advised invasion in 1685.

The picturesque inn in Kilmartin village makes the half-way house, and in the churchyard at hand are several ancient crosses worth looking at. Kilmartin Castle, north of the village, was the ancient residence of the rector of the parish, and Duntroon Castle, on the coast, two miles away, was a Campbell stronghold; but these and most of the neighbourhood belong now to the Malcolm estate of Poltalloch. The poet Campbell spent some of his early years in the district, and it is to the parish of Kilmartin that his lines in "Gertrude of Wyoming" refer—

But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albyn! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corvrechtan roar.

At the inn of Cairnbaan, however, the road joins the Crinan Canal, which unites the two parts of the steamer route from Glasgow to the West Highlands, and thenceforth road and canal run together for some four miles, past the seaside resort of Lochgilphead, and down the shore of Loch Gilp to Ardrishaig.

From Ardrishaig one of Mr. Macbrayne's famous palace-steamers, the "Columba" or "Iona," carries the tourist down Loch Fyne, through the Kyles of Bute, and over the Firth of Clyde to the Caledonian Railway at Gourrock.

TO PERTH, THE . . . CENTRAL HIGHLANDS, AND INVERNESS. . . .

TO CRIEFF and ST. FILLANS.



ROUTE.—Caledonian Railway, *via* Stirling, to Perth; Highland Railway in connection from Perth, *via* Dunkeld, Pitlochry, Grantown, and Forres, or Carr Bridge, to Inverness.

AT Dunblane, parting from the Oban line, the route to Perth trends away to the north-east, up Strathallan, and round the back of the Ochils. Not much is to be noted at first as the way ascends this open pastoral country. High on the left the Grampian outposts, Ben Vorlich and Stuc-a-Chroin, stand up against the sky. In all times, however, this has been the great main road to the North of Scotland, and some three miles north of Greenloaning lie the wonderfully perfect remains of the great central Roman camp of Ardoch. There are in all four camps, covering some 130 acres, but the most southerly was the main stronghold. There, still almost entire, remain the ditch and rampart barriers, row behind row, the raised platform of the general's quarters, and other details, square and exact as they were left by Roman pickaxe and shovel nineteen centuries ago. Only at one corner General Wade, who was evidently no antiquarian, has driven his own great northern military road through moat and mound. Hither it was that the Earl of Mar retreated after his indecisive battle at Sheriffmuir; and, to the present day, for a different reason, it is a great resort of students of antiquity from far and near.

It is a cold region in winter, and for this reason probably, no less than for its central situation, Carsebreck Pond, at Braco, is the scene of the great annual Caledonian bonspiel, or curling match.

Beyond Blackford, the wild, romantic Pass of Glen Eagles, on the right, runs into the heart of the Ochils to join Glen Devon. Glen Eagles was the ancient patrimony of the house of Haldane, and the romantic story of the Lady of

Glen Eagles of James V.'s time, her love affairs, and the battles that were fought for her, forms the subject of Sir David Lyndsay's well-known poem, "Squyer Meldrum."

From Crieff Junction a branch line runs to Crieff, St. Fillans, and Lochearnhead on the Oban line. The tour is described the reverse way on page 133. By the branch line, however, some historic spots are passed. Tullibardine Castle, now a ruin, was the ancient seat of the Murrays, now Dukes of Athole. They take from it their title of Marquis, and for long continued to be buried in the chapel close by. The

To Crieff,
Comrie,
and
St. Fillans.



Valentine.

DRUMMOND CASTLE, CRIEFF.

Photo., Dundee.

Drummond country lies next. Between the Drummonds and the Murrays the fierce feuds existed which culminated in the terrible burning of eight score Murrays in the kirk of Monivaird, west of Crieff. More than once the former race gave a queen to Scotland. Annabella Drummond, queen of Robert III., was mother of the poet-king James I.; and the imperious beauty, Margaret Logie, second wife of David II., was her aunt. It is little marvel, therefore, that in later days the Drummonds were ardent Jacobites. For their adherence to the Stewart cause they lost title and estate. The title of Earl of Perth was restored by Act of Parliament in 1853; but the estates had passed to other hands, and the Earl, who also held the title of Duc de

Melfort in France, remained a poor man. In 1902, however, the Scottish title descended to Viscount Strathallan of Strathallan Castle, on the right here, who represents the male line of the Drummonds. Drummond Castle, again, on the left, with its great deer-park, its loch, and its famous gardens, is in possession of the heir-female, the Earl of Ancaster. Here occurred the tragic end of James IV.'s young mistress, the Lady Margaret Drummond, and her two sisters, already related in the description of Dunblane. The story is told in the old ballad of "Tayis Bank." Here James IV. himself brought his protégé, Perkin Warbeck; here Queen Mary came for the hunting with Darnley; and here Prince Charles Edward slept on his last journey north. On the outbreak of the last Rebellion, the head of the house, who had been made Duke of Perth at the Jacobite court, was staying at Drummond Castle, when an officer arrived to arrest him. The officer was hospitably received and entertained at dinner. Afterwards, when the gentlemen rose to join the ladies, the Duke politely held open the door to let his guest pass first. Instead of following, however, he closed the door, escaped by another passage, and forthwith rode off to join the Prince. Some ancient sun-circles are to be seen in the neighbourhood.

Many romantic interests lie in the region westward from Crieff, by Comrie, St. Fillans, and Loch Earn. (See the chapter, "Down Strathearn.")

Northward from Crieff perhaps the finest excursion is up the Sma' Glen to Amulree, and thence down Strathbraan to Dunkeld. Logie Almond, to the right as the road enters the Sma' Glen, is the original of Ian Maclaren's "Drumtochty." The story-teller was minister there for a time, and the models of many of his scenes and characters are familiar in the neighbourhood.

Eastward from Crieff, too, a loop line runs direct to Perth. On that line, at Innerpeffray, overhanging a lovely bend of the Earn, remains the most interesting rural library in Scotland, more than rivalling the similar institutions at Dunblane, Leadhills, and Logie in Fife. Founded by David Drummond, third Lord Madderty, whose wife was youngest sister of the Great Montrose, it keeps, among other treasures, the inscribed Bibles of Montrose and of his

sister, a "Great Bible" of 1540, and many "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore." Close to it stands the venerable Chapel of St. Mary, burial-place of the Drummonds, and Innerpeffray Castle, built by the first Lord Madderty in the sixteenth century. Nearer Perth is passed the ruin of Inchaffray Abbey, famous for the abbot who figured at Bannockburn, and Methven, where the field is marked in which Bruce began his triumphant career with defeat. While south of Almondbank Station the Great Montrose began his short, brilliant, and tragic career with the victory of Tibbermuir.

But by the main line, beyond Crieff Junction, where the Main Line. railway crosses Kincardine Glen, a short distance to the right stands old Kincardine Castle, the early seat of the Grahams, Earls of Montrose, which was burnt by Argyll in the wars of Charles I., and never rebuilt. By way of retaliation, Montrose crossed the Ochils and burned Argyll's residence of Castle Campbell, at Dollar. The town of Auchterarder, on the rising country to the left, has vestiges of a hunting seat of Malcolm Canmore, but is chiefly famous as the scene of the first protest against the General Assembly's Veto Act, which led eventually to the Disruption of the Kirk. Beyond the Earn again, still on the left, at Dunning Station, Gask House keeps many a memory. It was the early home of Lady Nairne, the sweetest songstress of Scotland. There, as related in her song "The Auld House," her Jacobite father entertained Prince Charles on his way to Culloden, and her mother clipped a lock "frae his lang yellow hair." There the Oliphants have lived for centuries, and there, or, at anyrate, in the older Castle of Gask, a mile away, Wallace had his tremendous adventure with the headless phantom of Fawdoun. As the hero retreated from the spot, the last thing he saw, looking back, was Gask Hall in a blaze, with the gigantic figure of Fawdoun brandishing a flaming rafter on the roof. Forteviot, to the right of the line farther on, is to-day one of the smallest agricultural villages in Scotland. But it was once the capital of the Pictish kings. By the Haly Hill, near the kirk, at the west end of the village, on a site now swept away by the May Water, stood the royal castle. Here Kenneth II., conqueror of the Picts, died, and Malcolm Canmore often resided. The chronicler

Wyntoun, indeed, describes how Malcolm Canmore was the son of the miller's daughter of Forteviot and the "gracious Duncan," who lost his way to the palace here on a dark night, and was entertained at the mill. It was below Forteviot, on the Miller's Acre, by the riverside to the left of the line, that Edward Balliol's little army camped one night in August, 1332. At Dupplin, a short mile away, across the Earn, where the castle of Lord Kinnoul now stands, the Scottish army under Mar was drinking and making merry, when Balliol crossed the river in the darkness, and taught the scornful Scots the folly of undervaluing an enemy. Above Forteviot, again, in the May Water glen, stands Invermay House, the woods about it immortal in Mallet's popular ballad, "The Birks of Invermay." By marriage with the heiress of the Macdougals, in the 14th century, the Stewarts of Invermay, then called Invermeath, became Lords of Lorne. It was one of them, the Black Knight of Lorne, who married the widowed queen of James I., and from that marriage are descended the Stewarts of Appin and the Dukes of Athole.

But presently, crossing the Earn at Forgandenny, and running through a tunnel where the scenery is not so celebrated, the train stands still in the Fair City of Perth.

The environs of St. Johnstoun, as it used to be called, are said to resemble those of the Eternal City, and the Roman soldiers on first viewing the spot from the Wicks of Baiglie—one of the fairest scenes in Scotland—are said to have exclaimed, *Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!* Sir Walter Scott has criticised the compliment:—

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side:
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

Perth was long the capital of Scotland, and was the scene of many dramatic episodes of history. Here Agricola is said to have worshipped Mars in an ancient British temple. Here Wallace and Bruce both acted some of their most daring adventures, the latter on one occasion fording the moat neck-deep and scaling the wall in front of his men. Here, on the North Inch, before Robert III., occurred the great fight between the Clan Quhele and the Clan Kay. Here in the

Blackfriars Monastery, James I. was murdered. And here in Gowrie House, on the site of the present County Buildings, by the river, James VI. perhaps came near to a similar fate at the hands of the Ruthvens. Perth, however, is notable for having preserved almost none of its historic spots. The Gilten Arbour from which Robert III. watched the doughty deeds of the Gow Chrom, the Spey Tower from which Cardinal Beaton watched the burning of heretics, the vast Citadel built by Cromwell—all have disappeared. Only the great old kirk of St. John remains, within whose walls Knox preached the sermon which finally set a light to the dry straw of the Reformation. The



PERTH, FROM EDINBURGH ROAD.

incident is well known. When Knox had ended and retired, a priest began to celebrate mass. "This is intolerable!" exclaimed a youth. The priest boxed his ears; whereupon someone threw a stone and broke an image. This was the signal for the mob to rise and begin destruction. It was before the high altar in this kirk of St. John that at an earlier date Edward III. struck his brother, the wanton Earl of Cornwall, dead at his feet.

The town is famous also to novel readers as the scene of Scott's thrilling romance, the "Fair Maid of Perth," and lately an old house in Curfew Row, formerly a marine store, but in earlier days the hall of the Incorporation of Glovers,

has been furbished up as the plausible abode of the heroine of the tale. It is an interesting old house, close by the scene of James I.'s assassination, and Hal o' the Wynd *may* have wooed the daughter of its owner. No more can be said. Among modern buildings, Perth Penitentiary, on the South Inch, was constructed for French prisoners of war in 1812.

At Perth the connection is made with the Highland Railway, but the trains for the magnificent central Highlands travel over the Caledonian rails as far as Stanley. On the way, just out of Perth, the line crosses the Town Lade, an aqueduct believed by some to be Roman, and mentioned in charters of Alexander II. in 1244 as the king's mill lade.



Valentine,

QUEEN'S VIEW, LOCH TUMMEL.

Photo., Dundee.

It brings water to the town from Low's Work, on the Almond. Scone Palace, on the right farther on, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield, contains memorials of visits by Queen Mary, James VI., and Queen Victoria, and is believed to occupy the site of the ancient royal palace ruined by the Perth mob at the Reformation. A hundred yards east of it stood the church of the abbey, founded by Alexander I. in 1114, in which was preserved the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, brought from Dunstaffnage by Kenneth II. in 834, after the defeat of the Picts at Camusb Kenneth. There, till Edward I. removed the stone to Westminster, all the Scottish kings were crowned. The

Stone of Destiny rests now under the seat of the Coronation Chair at Westminster, and on it the kings of Great Britain are crowned at the present day. Last to be crowned at Scone was Charles II., on New Year's Day, 1651. In the grounds is preserved the market cross of the ancient city of Scone. Ruthven Castle, again, on the left, was the scene of the mysterious Raid of Ruthven in 1582. In a fit of terror a daughter of its owner, the first Earl of Gowrie, leapt from the leads of one tower to the battlements of another, a space of nine feet four inches, over a chasm of sixty feet, since known as the Maiden's Leap. At a later day the castle passed to the house of Athole, and, under its modern name of Hunting Tower, gives the title to a popular

*Wilson, Photo.,*

INVERNESS.

Aberdeen.

song. At Luncarty Kenneth III., about the year 990, hastening from Stirling, drove an invading army of Danes, who had been besieging Perth, headlong into the Tay. The heroes of the fight, according to Boece, were a neighbouring farmer and his sons, who rushed in with their plough yokes, and thus founded the noble house of Errol. The Thistle Dyke, a trap rock crossing the river at hand, is said to take its name from an incident of the battle. The Danes were crossing the river by the dyke, to surprise the Scots, when one of them, happening to tread with his bare foot on a thistle, gave a shout of pain, which betrayed the enterprise. Hence the thistle in the arms of Scotland.

Strathord is the junction of the new light railway to Bankfoot, which has opened up a region of singular beauty and interest. The parish of Auchtergaven, of which Bankfoot is the chief village, has been described as a region of "lochans, woods, and bosky burnsides," and affords a charmingly rustic holiday retreat. The parish is interesting to geologists by reason of the views it exhibits of the famous "crack in the crust." Belston and Tilliebelton (the Rising-ground of the Fire of Baal), and many menhirs, and a Druid circle identify the neighbourhood with the ancient fire or sun worship of Scotland. And at a cot house now vanished, near the farm of Little Tullybelton, was born Robert Nicoll the poet, who has been termed Scotland's second Burns.


Stanley, on the main line for the north, takes its name from a daughter of the Earl of Derby who was married to the first Marquis of Athole. Her fourth son married the only daughter of the first Lord Nairne, and succeeded to the peerage and estate here in right of his wife, and the old mansion of Stanley, north of the village, was built by his descendant, son of the famous poetess, Lady Nairne. The place has also another poetic association, for the cotton-mill and village were founded in 1784 by that Mr. Graham of Fintry, who was a good friend to Robert Burns. The Linn of Campsie, a short distance off, is the largest waterfall on the Tay. Here the traveller is just half-way between the classic Dunsinane, a low outpost of the Sidlaws on the right, and Birnam, the Grampian spur, on the left, whence Macduff marched to defeat Macbeth. Thence the Highland Railway runs north, by Dunkeld, with its cathedral, by the favourite summer resort of Pitlochry, the Falls of Tummel, and the Pass of Killiecrankie, where Dundee fell in the moment of victory, to Blair Athole. Away, after that, through the desolate Grampian passes, it makes its way into Badenoch, and down the Spey, by Kingussie to Aviemore. Thence alternatively by Carr Bridge and Tomatin, or by Grantown, Forres, and Nairn, it carries the traveller to the capital of the north, Inverness.

From Inverness it is no far cry, by the Dingwall and Skye Railway, to the wild West Highlands, or by a magnificent day's sail down the Caledonian Canal and Loch Linnhe, to Oban.

To . . . DUNDEE, CARNOUSTIE, AND ARBROATH. . . .



ROUTE.—*Via* Stirling and Perth, from Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow; or Princes Street Station, Edinburgh. Railway omnibus from West to East Stations, Dundee.

N the day after the battle of Luncarty it is said the Scottish Parliament met and offered the lusty peasant who had turned the tide of battle his choice of a hound's course or a falcon's flight. Hay chose the latter, and a falcon was forthwith let off from a hill overlooking Perth. It flew to a mile south of Errol, and lighted on a boulder still known as the Hawk-stane. All the country it had covered was accordingly given to Hay, who thus obtained the means of founding a great house.

The railway at the present day follows the falcon's flight. Crossing the river, with a view, on the left, towards the North Inch, once an island as its name implies, and the County Buildings, on the site of old Gowrie House, and skirting the wooded precipices of Kinnoul Hill, Perth's favourite walk, it enters at once the Carse of Gowrie, between the Sidlaws and the sedgy Tay. When the subservient Town Council of Perth presented Gowrie House to the Duke of Cumberland after Culloden, he inquired drily whether "that piece of land called the Carse of Gowrie" went along with it. That "piece of land" is one of the richest parts of Scotland, and lying warmly to the south, carries at the present hour a wealth of orchard and cornfield. Like the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the later capital, it was the residence of many of the old nobility. Kinfauns Castle, familiar to readers of the "Fair Maid of Perth," was the seat of Thomas de Longueville, the friend of Wallace. From it also the late Earl of Moray took his former designation, Mr. Stuart Gray of Kinfauns. The district was a frequent haunt of Wallace. Elcho, Lord Wemyss' residence beyond the Tay, he often visited; at Kilspindie,

on the left, in his boyhood he and his mother dwelt with an uncle; and he went to school in Dundee. The story of Errol, too, has been already told. But in fact every name in the carse is historic.

At no very distant period the Tay flowed north of the carse, by the foot of the Sidlaws, and only within the last hundred years were the last of its marshes drained, hence most of the low rising grounds are still called "inches"—Inchyre, Inchtute, Megginch—the Gaelic for islands. It is well that the southern shifting of the river has ceased, if an old prophecy is to be believed regarding some black boulders in the firth off Invergowrie:—

When the Yowes of Gowrie come to land
The Day of Judgment is at hand.

Just here the long line of the new Tay Bridge spanning the firth recalls the terrible tragedy of the old. On the night of Sunday, December 28, 1879, a terrific gale swept over Scotland, and as the evening train left Newport for Dundee it rose to its worst. Suddenly, in the gathering darkness, as the train reached the high girders at the centre of the bridge, a cataract of fire was seen, and seventy-four souls, with train and bridge together, were plunged into the black waters of the firth. Months afterwards the door of one of the first-class carriages was picked up by a fisherman off the coast of Norway.

The third town in Scotland for population, Dundee has a history to match any. All of it need not be set down here, but from the year 834, when a Scots army, defeated by the Picts, had the humiliation of seeing their king, Alpin, beheaded before their eyes on Dundee Law, the town was a place of *sturm und drang*. King Edgar, son of Malcolm Canmore, died in Dundee. The original great tower in the heart of the city was built by David, Earl of Huntingdon and Prince of Scotland, the hero of Scott's "Talisman," in fulfilment of a vow, when, on his return from a Crusade, he landed at Dundee. The castle, on the site of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in High Street, then was a place of strength, and during the Wars of Succession was taken again and again by the English, the town on each occasion suffering the extremities of fire and sword. The Howff, or ancient city burying-ground, was a gift to

the burgh by Queen Mary. It had been the orchard of the Franciscan Monastery, founded by the famous Devorgilla, mother of King John Balliol. Dudhope Castle, still standing in the higher part of the town, was the seat of the Scrimgeours, in Wallace's time Constables of Dundee and Standard-bearers of Scotland.

James V., James VI., and Queen Mary have been entertained within these walls, and Charles II. came galloping to the gate on his short-lived enterprise known as the Start. Here, too, the famous



Valentine, Photo.,

DUDHOPE CASTLE, DUNDEE.

Dundee.

Claverhouse was lying in 1689 when he heard that General Mackay was marching to surprise him, and forthwith he started off, and began the campaign that ended at Killiecrankie. Other noble houses also quartered in the town. Whitehall Street occupies the site of an ancient royal residence in which Charles II. lodged before he marched to the battle of Worcester. In the mansion of the Earls of Crawford, close by in Nethergate, the great Earl of Angus, Archibald Bell-the-Cat, in James III.'s time, married Maud, the daughter of the house. The old Custom House, now demolished, between Butcher Row and Fish Street, in the Greenmarket, figures in James Grant's romance, "The Yellow Frigate," as the scene of James IV.'s wooing of Lady Margaret Drummond. About the same period there died penniless in a common lodging-house in Dundee an old man who had once been the great John, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, and had made the famous bond with the Earl of Douglas against James II. At No. 4 Nethergate stood the house of the brothers Wedderburn, representatives of the ancient Scrimgeours, and authors of the famous "Gude and Godlie Ballates" of Reformation times, whose descendant recently sought to

vindicate his right to the title and privileges of the King's Standard-bearer for Scotland. In the Luckenbooths in Overgate, during Cromwell's invasion, was born Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, who became the bride of the unfortunate Monmouth, and appears as the central figure in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." From that union the noble house of Buccleuch of the present day is descended.

As a stronghold of the Covenant, Dundee was burned by Montrose in 1645, and in 1650 it repayed him with singular kindness when, an unfriended prisoner, he was being carried to his doom at Edinburgh. Monk sacked it with great barbarity in 1651, and when the garrison, who had made a gallant defence in the great tower, at last surrendered, he had them butchered in cold blood in the churchyard. There is a tradition that the slaughter was only stopped when a baby was seen drinking from its dead mother's breast in the Thorter Row. When the old Wedderburn mansion was taken down, a few years ago, many bullets fired by Monk's soldiers into the house were found embedded in the panelling of an upper room.

Among the present sights of the city the chief are the fine University College in Nethergate, the Albert Institute, with its interesting picture gallery and museum, in Albert Square; and the Wishart Gate, in Cowgate, from which George Wishart, the martyr, preached in time of plague. A mile east of the city, too, may be seen the fine ruin of Fintry Castle and the site of the vanished Claverhouse, patrimony of John Graham, Viscount Dundee, who fell at Killiecrankie.

At the present hour Dundee is famous as the great jute-weaving centre, and the most pushing town in Scotland; but its ancient chief industry was bonnet-making. The Bonnethill and the Bonnetmaker Corporation are still in evidence. The salutation of the French troops besieging Broughty Castle at hand in Queen Mary's time was *Bon Donde*. Hence the old song, "Bonnie Dundee," which dates from before 1598, and which Burns contributed, with an added verse of his own, to the *Scots Musical Museum*. Scott, in his more modern version, makes "bonnie Dundee" an allusion to the personal beauty of Claverhouse.

Among the famous sons of the town are Hector Boece, the historian ; Robert Patullo, captain of the Scots Guards of Charles VII. of France ; Sir George Mackenzie, the Bluidy Mackenzie of popular tradition, author of the "Institutes of Scots Law" ; the ill-starred Robert Fergusson, exemplar of Burns ; Admiral Duncan, the victor of Camperdown ; and James Bowman Lindsay, projector of wireless telegraphy.

Out of Dundee the line runs eastward through the pleasant watering-place of Broughty Ferry, with its old black castle on the point, dating from 1498, and its ferry across the firth to Tayport, which stands on the estate of Scotsraig, the patrimony, in the thirteenth century, of the wizard,



THE SANDS, CARNOUSTIE.

Michael Scot. Claypots Castle in Broughty Ferry, with cot-houses on its round towers, is one of the most curious pieces of architecture in the country. Built by the Strachans in 1569, it passed through the Scrimgeours to the Grahams of Claverhouse. The famous Viscount Dundee frequently dwelt within these walls. Here, according to popular Covenanting tradition, he made the compact with the Devil by which he became proof against any mere leaden bullets in battle. There are fearful traditions of Witches' Sabbaths within the castle walls, in which the chief actors were "Bloody Clavers" and Satan himself. The old mansion of Grange, behind, also, was famous for the escape of Erskine of Dun in Reformation times, and the nearly successful escape of Montrose, through a strata-gem of the laird's wife, a century later. Then with the

lighthouse visible some miles away on Buddon Ness, the line makes its way over Barry Links, the great artillery practising ground of Scotland, to the famous seaside village of Carnoustie, second perhaps only to St. Andrew's as a golfing resort. By



Valentine, Photo.,

GOLF LINKS, CARNOUSTIE.

Dundee.

way of contrast to the scene to-day, it is curious to remember that Barry and Carnoustie links were the scene of a great defeat of the Danes in early times by Malcolm II. The fine Carnoustie Cross, inland near Monikie,

is said to mark the grave of the Danish leader. Inland there, too, the lordly Panmure House, seat of the Earl of Dalhousie, keeps a pathetic memorial, the gate shut since James, Earl of Panmure, rode away to join Mar's Rebellion in 1715. He bade them keep the gate closed till his return, and he never came back.

From Carnoustie it is no more than a seven-mile run up the coast, with the picturesque kirk of Panbride, burial-place of the famous Earl of Dalhousie, inland, and the Bell Rock lighthouse, on the scene of Southey's poem, "The Inchcape Bell," a speck in the offing, to the ancient town of Arbroath. The ruins of the great red-stone abbey there hold the bones of its founder, William the Lion, and enshrine many other memories of days gone by. From its Regality Chamber, Bruce and his Parliament, in 1320, sent to Rome the famous document which has been called the Scottish Declaration of Independence; and outside its gates, in 1445, took place the terrific struggle over the justiciarship, in which Clan Ogilvie was almost entirely destroyed, while their opponents, the Lindsays, lost their chief, the Earl of Crawford. The trouble had been caused by the monks first electing Alexander Lindsay to the post, and then, because of the number of the followers he

quartered on them, electing Ogilvie of Inverquharity to supersede him. Lindsay's fault was a common one at that time. On one occasion an Earl of Douglas compelled the Abbot of Arbroath to entertain him and a thousand of his followers for a considerable period. So Sir Richard Maitland could write—

Lords let their kitchens cool,
And draw them to the Abbey.

A later enemy was the French privateer Fall, who in 1781 summoned the town to pay £30,000, and in default actually began to bombard the place, till the burgesses mounted a wooden pump on a pair of cart wheels, and dragging it to the river mouth made a show of preparing to fire, whereupon Fall hoisted sail and made off.

To-day Arbroath, with its fine golf links, wide commons, and bracing air, is a great resort as a watering-place. Among its relics of interest are the Abbot's House with its groined pend, and Almerie Close in Arrot Street, where James Philip lived, who wrote "The Grameid" epic in praise of Claverhouse. It is chiefly famous, however, as the Fairport of Scott's "Antiquary." Here one may visit the actual "Kaim of Kinprunes," of that romance, crowned by the Water Tower, while the quaint mansion of Hospitalfield, now with its art treasures open to the public, was the undisputed "Monkbarns" of the tale, and the actual ancient Hospice of the Abbey. Then from Arbroath one may ramble northwards to Ethie Castle, Scott's "Knockwinnock," still haunted by the ghost of its former owner, the great Cardinal Beaton; and to the old-world fishing village of Auchmithie, by the wonderful cliffs, where the most thrilling episodes of the romance are placed, and where Sir Walter commits the curious blunder of making the sun set in the east, over the German Ocean. Near Arbroath, too, St. Vigean's Kirk, on a site sacred from early Celtic times, has the sculptured Drosten stone containing what is believed to be the only legible inscription now existing in the Pictish language.

From Arbroath a branch runs to the main Caledonian line for the north at Guthrie.

TO THE GRANITE CITY, THE DEE VALLEY, AND INVERNESS.

TO ALYTH, AIRLIE, &c.

TO KIRRIEMUIR, GLEN PROSEN, CLOVA, &c.

TO FETTERCAIRN and CLATTERIN' BRIG, &c.



ROUTE.—*Via* Stirling and Perth, from Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow; and Princes Street Station, Edinburgh.

LITTLE attention has hitherto been paid to this main route to the north by seekers of the storied and the picturesque; but as a matter of fact the line up Strathmore at the back of the Sidlaws, with its short branches running to the foot of the Grampian passes on the left, and its coach tours in connection, affords material for the exploration of weeks. The journey through it which he may be believed to have performed might easily suffice to give Shakespeare all the knowledge of Scotland needed for his purposes. Strathmore, indeed, with Birnam at its western end, Glamis in the east, and Dunsinnan to the south, may be looked on as the Shakespeare country of Scotland.

There is fair reason to believe that the great dramatist personally travelled this way from Perth to Aberdeen. His company, we know, begged from Queen Elizabeth by James VI., performed in these two towns, and only a personal acquaintance seems to account for the fact, among others, that Shakespeare adopts the local story current at Dunsinnan as to Macbeth's end, in place of the facts of history as recorded by the early chroniclers. In reality, after his defeat here Macbeth fled northward, across the Mounth, to Lumphannan, on Deeside, and was at last slain there. His cairn on the Perk Hill at Lumphannan was opened a hundred years ago, and his dust discovered in a stone coffin. The distant view of Dunsinnan from the railway does not furnish details, but the ruins of Macbeth's Castle still exist on the crown of the hill.

Collace village, at the foot of the hill, it is interesting to

remember, was also the scene of a later tragedy. During the Royalist rising of the Marquis of Montrose, the incident occurred there of the stabbing of Lord Kilpont by Stewart of Ardvorlich, which furnished Scott with the groundwork for his "Legend of Montrose."

Out of Strathmore, to begin with, as we have seen, branches the Highland line up the great central pass of the Grampians, to Dunkeld, Blair Athole, and the valley of the Spey. Eastward, beyond the modern mansion of Ballathy on the right, the line for Aberdeen crosses the Tay and ascends the course of the Isla. Then at Coupar-Angus a second branch goes off to Blairgowrie, the centre of a storied and beautiful country, whence one coach runs along the foot of the Grampians to Dunkeld, and another by the royal route, Bridge of Cally and Glenshee, through the mountains to Braemar. (See page 179.)

Coupar-Angus itself, growing more and more into favour as a summer resort, has the remains of a Roman camp formed by Agricola, in the centre of which stand the ruins of an abbey founded for a community of Cistercian monks by Malcolm IV. in 1164. And the bosky, picturesque village of Kettins, a mile away, has the somewhat rare possession in Scotland, a lych-gate, and one of the great mysterious carved stones so numerous in Forfarshire.

Beyond Ardler Station another branch line makes to the right through the Sidlaws, by the Glack of Newtyle, to Dundee. Here at Newtyle it was that a memorable incident occurred in the literary annals of Scotland. In 1568 a dreadful plague raged in Edinburgh, and to escape it George Bannatyne retired to Bannatyne House, visible above the village. By way of beguiling his enforced seclusion he gathered together and wrote down a large number of the finest Scots poems extant in his time. Many of these poems, including some of the priceless pieces of William Dunbar and others, owe their preservation solely to the famous Bannatyne manuscript.

When Bannatyne retired hither there was no village below the mansion. Newtyle owed its origin to the coming of the railway through the Glack. In 1832 a fifteen-acre field was set apart for a village by Lord Wharncliffe, and regularly laid out and feued, with the result which is to be

seen. The tower on Kinpirnie Hill behind is likewise modern, and owed its origin, not to the exigencies of war, but to the arts of peace. Part of a private observatory built during the eighteenth century, it has long served as a landmark for ships at sea.

Farther up the Glack, Auchterhouse, with its prehistoric cave-dwellings, cairns, forts, and cromlechs, keeps the ancient stronghold of the Ramsays in which royalty has been entertained, and is the scene of the famous ballad, "Sir James the Rose."

Farther along the main line, again, at Alyth Junction lies what is said to be one of the oldest of Scottish villages. The monuments of Meigle churchyard, at anyrate, are among the oldest carved stones in the country, and by reason of their number, size, and elaborate character, declare the place to have been of the highest consequence in prehistoric times. Local tradition, too, declares a tumulus in the churchyard to be Queen Wander's, or Guinevere's, grave. And Meigle bridge is locally believed to have been the work of Roman hands. By the side of such associations mere memorials of the time of Macbeth seem glaringly modern. But a tumulus known as Belliduff, in the park of Belmont, close by, is said to have been the scene of a combat between Macduff and Macbeth, while a huge standing-stone near it is said to commemorate one of Macbeth's generals. Belmont Castle is the residence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, His Majesty's Prime Minister; but its tower dates from the days when, as Kirkhill, the place was a favourite seat of the Bishops of Dunkeld.

Here, again, the branch line to Alyth opens up a centre from which the upper waters of the Isla may be explored, with Airlie Castle, the famous Reekie Linn, and, far up in the Grampians, near their source, Forter Castle, the "Bonnie House o' Airlie," destroyed by Argyll in 1640, on the raid described in the well-known ballad.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting spot in Strathmore is Glamis Castle, seat of the Earl of Strathmore. Though close on the right beyond Glamis Station, its turrets can barely be seen from the train. The moat has been filled up, and part of the ancient stronghold has been pulled down to make room for the modern part of the house; but

the great central tower, eight storeys high, still remains, and the whole immense pile, massive, grim, and historic, in the hollow of its vast park-lands, forms one of the most impressive, as it is certainly one of the oldest inhabited buildings in Scotland. To modern readers Glamis is chiefly interesting as one of the thanedoms attributed by Shakespeare to Macbeth, and for its possession of a chamber, the secret of which, according to popular belief, is known only by the Earl of Strathmore and two other persons. But whatever the truth of these traditions, the castle was the actual scene of the murder of Malcolm II., and the chamber is still shown in which he died. On the removal, within recent years, of the modern plaster, many interesting chambers, stairways, and forgotten passages in the thickness of the walls, besides a great inner well, have been discovered, and probably to-day no better example of an ancient feudal stronghold is to be found. Among its many tragic memories of feudal times is that of Janet, Lady Glamis, widow of the sixth lord, and daughter of

the Earl of Angus hated by James V., who was accused of using witchcraft against the life of that king, and was burned on Edinburgh Castle Hill. The evidence against her was afterwards found a fabrication. It is worth remem-



Valentine, Photo.,

GLAMIS CASTLE.

Dundee.

bering that the Lion Cup of Glamis is said to have been the original of the "blessed bear of Bradwardine" in "Waverley." The village of Glamis itself, in its bosky glen at the park gates a mile away, is sufficiently sequestered and delightful, and its quiet churchyard, with skull and crossbones at the gate, has many ancient carved tombstones. Most interesting of all, however, is an upright stone bearing a Celtic cross and other figures, in front of the manse.

Another stands in a neighbouring field, and a third, a carved obelisk, known as St. Orland's Stone, remains on a hillside at Corsans, a mile away. The last-named may be seen to the right of the railway line. All three are believed to mark scenes in the conspiracy and pursuit of the murderers of King Malcolm. According to tradition, the ground was covered at the time with frost and snow, and the fleeing assassins, taking their way unaware across the Loch of Forfar, suddenly fell through the ice, and were drowned.

Tour to
Kirriemuir,
Glen
Prosen, and
Clova.

It may be taken as a sign of the essential character of Mr. J. M. Barrie's genius, that though he was reared within an evening's walk of Glamis and its traditions and mysteries, the fact appears to have had no effect whatever



BIRTHPLACE OF J. M. BARRIE.

on the bent of his work. Kirriemuir, the "Thrums" of his delightful idylls, lies some four miles to the left of the line beyond Glamis, and is reached by a branch line from Forfar. Not much is to be seen in the little linen-manufacturing town itself. There is a quaintness, however, about the ramifying little red sandstone streets, which agrees with one's notion of

the place as described by its chronicler, and the cottage window is pointed out from which Jess is supposed to have watched for the return of her errant son. Kirriemuir, besides, forms the starting-point for a pleasant coaching tour, ascending the upper waters of the South Esk, by Glen Prosen, Clova, and the Den of Airlie, into the heart of the Grampians. On the way the noble ruin of Inverquhar and the magnificence of Cortachy Castle form monuments of the two main stems of the gallant Ogilvies; and Clova was the spot to which the young Charles II. fled from his Presbyterian controllers on the eve of his coronation, in the last days of 1650. But as the army of Highland supporters which had been promised him did not appear, he was presently persuaded to return quietly to Scone.

Between the actual junction of the line to Kirriemuir, and Main Line. Forfar itself, whence the trains start, the once famous Loch of Forfar lies on the right. It was lowered some sixteen feet by drainage about a hundred years ago, when weapons and instruments were found believed to have belonged to the murderers of Malcolm II. An island, too, now a peninsula, was discovered to be artificial, founded upon oaken piles. Tradition declared the island to have been a retiring-place of Malcolm Canmore's queen, and vestiges of a building traceable on it probably belonged to her oratory.

The loch in days gone by formed a useful barrier, for a jealous feud has always existed between the "weavers of Kirriemuir" and the "sutors of Forfar." Drummond of Hawthornden, a king's man and a poet, was equally unacceptable to the two towns; but, for no other reason than that Forfar had shut its doors against him when he travelled this way, Kirriemuir took him in and made much of him. Forfar once had a castle, and here Malcolm Canmore held his first Parliament after the overthrow of Macbeth. The castle, however, besieged by Wallace, was destroyed by Bruce, and has its site marked now only by the sculptured and battlemented tower of the market cross. Perhaps the chief antiquity remaining is the "witch's bridle," preserved in the town steeple—an iron collar with a gag to press down the tongue, which has added to the tortures of many a poor wretch burning at the stake for witchcraft in the misguided seventeenth century. Dr. Jamieson, author of the *Scottish Dictionary*, and supposed prototype of Barrie's "Little Minister," was a Secession minister in Forfar.

Besides the branch to Kirriemuir, a line runs from Forfar southward through the high country, direct to Dundee, and another branch makes by Tannadice, Careston, and Finhaven northward down the South Esk to Brechin. Of these places, Tannadice is another Auburn, "loveliest village of the plain;" at Careston the great Marquis of Montrose was once nearly surprised, his men, after three days' marching and fighting, having fallen so dead asleep that they could hardly be wakened; and it was at the ruined stronghold of Finhaven that one of the Stewart kings fulfilled the letter if not the spirit of his vow to make the highest stone the

lowest, by ascending the battlements and casting down a loose pebble which he found there.

Restenet Priory, whose tower rises from a fir plantation on the right of the main line, a mile beyond Forfar, originally stood on a peninsula in Restenet Loch. It was built there by the monks of Jedburgh, in the thirteenth century, as a place of safe keeping for their charters and valuables, and its name, the Latin *res tenet*, is believed to indicate its purpose. John, infant son of Robert the Bruce, was buried within its walls. An earlier church on the spot was built by Nechtan, King of the Picts, who was baptised here with his court by St. Boniface, in the year 710. The present tower is believed to be part of Nechtan's church. The loch was drained many years ago for the sake of its shell marl, and the priory lies a ruin, but the legal name of Forfar to the present day remains Forfar-Restenet.

Farther on, Lochs Fithie on the right, Rescobie on the left, and Balgavies on the right again, remain, with Forfar Loch, the last pools of the inland sea which must once have filled this How, or hollow, of Forfar. It was here, in the vanished castle of Rescobie, that in 1097, Donald Bane, legitimate son of "the gracious Duncan," who by law of tanistry had succeeded to the crown on the death of the illegitimate Malcolm Canmore, was dethroned, blinded, and mutilated, by Malcolm's son, King Edgar.

More fortunate than that older stronghold of the countryside, Guthrie Castle, visible on the left, is still inhabited by the descendants of its builder, Sir Alexander Guthrie, slain at Flodden. It was repaired and added to some fifty years ago.

From Guthrie Junction a branch makes southward for Arbroath; but the main line holds on northward, and after a view on the left of the towers of Kinnaird Castle, the splendid modern seat of the Earl of Southesk, crosses the South Esk at Bridge of Dun. The present Kinnaird Castle was built by the poet-earl who died in 1905. Fifty years earlier he had restored to him the title which had been forfeited during the Jacobite Rebellion by that "brave, generous Southesk" immortalised in the song, "The Piper o' Dundee." It was in the earlier stronghold of the family that the great Marquis of Montrose, at the age of 17, wooed

and won his wife, Magdalene, tenth daughter of the first Earl. Among many Old Masters the house contains Jamesone's portrait of Montrose at that time, and among the treasures of its library are the Shakespeare folios of 1632 and 1685, and the Sarum missal of 1497; while the walled park of 1300 acres has a herd of 500 deer and another of Highland cattle. The neighbourhood is famous also for that John Erskine of Dun, the close friend of John Knox, who, after slaying the priest, William Froster, in the old steeple of Montrose, lived to be four times Moderator of the General Assembly, and a shining light of the Reformation.

The branch which leaves here for Brechin and Edzell, with the coach route beyond up the wooded glen of the North Esk, opens up a most picturesque and interesting region till now but little explored. (See page 181.)

From the main line again a view is soon got of Montrose, with its towers and spires, lying on its level neck of land by the German Ocean. The town, reached by a three-mile branch from

Dubton, is a favourite watering-place and health resort, and with its four miles of magnificent sandy beach, its capital golf links, and its unsurpassed facilities for rowing, cycling, cricket, and other sports, it seems likely



Valentine, Photo.,

MONTROSE.

Dundee.

to increase every year in popularity. It has, besides, many storied interests. A frequent residence of William the Lion, its castle was the scene in 1296 of John Balliol's base surrender of the crown of Scotland to Edward I. The scene is described by Wyntoun—

This John the Baliol on purpose,
He tuk and browcht hym til Munros,
And in the castel of that town
That than wes famous in renown,

This John the Baliol dyspoyled he
 Of all hys robys of ryaltie,
 The pelure tuk off hys tabart ;
 Tume tabart he wes callyt estyrtwart.

The ground on which the castle stood was ominous enough even for such a humiliation. In the nineteenth century, during operations for the erection of the suspension bridge, Forthill, as it was called, was cut through, when a stratum of human bones, fourteen feet thick, was discovered within it. Thirty-four years after the downfall of Balliol, Sir James Douglas, according to Froissart, sailed from Montrose with a greater heart, that of Robert the Bruce, for burial in the Holy Land. Here, in the year 1600, the General



ON THE SANDS, MONTROSE.

Assembly met, with James VI. present in person. Here, in 1715, after his cause had been lost at Sheriffmuir, James's great-grandson, "James VIII.," landed from France; and here, on the evening of 4th February following, he and his luckless lieutenant, the Earl of Mar, abandoning their followers and their cause, embarked again for the continent. The house in which the Pretender lodged, and from whose back door he escaped, was, strangely enough, that in which the greatest of the Royalist generals, the Marquis of Montrose, had been born. A dwelling of humbler memories, still preserved, is that in which dwelt the ancestors of John Stuart Mill.

Perhaps the chief sight of the town at the present day is the swift rush of the tide under its bridges, to fill and empty the great inland "Basin" which is the estuary of the South Esk. With such a tide of the strong North Sea pouring past its quays day and night, Montrose could hardly be other than a healthy place.

North of Dubton, beyond the County Asylum, the line bends up the bank of the North Esk, and crosses it into Kincardineshire. Laurencekirk, now a considerable place, was a dying village when, in 1762, it was purchased by the eccentric Lord Gardenstone. Feuing and building, and founding an inn and a bleachwork, he attracted prosperity to the spot, and became its new founder. His lordship's ambition did not escape satire, and even in the visitors' book of his own inn was to be read a squib, accusing him of the desire to rival Romulus.

From sma' beginnings Rome of auld
 Became a great imperial city :
 'Twas peopled also, we are tauld,
 By spendthrifts, vagabonds, banditti.
 Quo' Thomas then, "The day may come
 When Laurencekirk shall rival Rome."

At the present day the town is the starting-place for a pleasant coaching tour of some dozen miles. Fettercairn, the chief point on the route, woke up one morning in the autumn of 1861 to become aware that it had entertained overnight, without recognising them, the Royal Lady of Britain herself and Prince Albert. To make up for the missed opportunity Fettercairn erected a triumphal arch, still standing, and a fountain. As some consolation and distinction it is noted that Fettercairn was the last place visited incognito by

Tour to
 Fettercairn
 and
 Clatterin'
 Brig.



Valentine, Photo.

CLATTERIN' BRIG.

Durdee.

the royal pair. An octagonal pillar in the village, bearing the arms of the old superior, the Earl of Middleton, is believed to have been the cross of the extinct town of Kincardine. Fenella's Castle, too, in the neighbourhood, is the scene of the strange story of the murder of Kenneth III. by a medieval infernal machine, the invention of the Lady Fenella. The machine was a brass statue which threw out arrows when a golden apple was taken from its hand, a much more refined and poetic arrangement than that of the modern "penny in the slot." Fettercairn stands on the great Cairn o' Mounth road to Deeside, by which in days gone by many a fugitive, including the Bruce himself, has fled before his enemies. The further route lies up that road, by Kenneth III.'s royal castle of Kincardine, and the romantic Clatterin' Brig, thence through Drumtochty Glen (*not* Ian Maclaren's), with its castle and woods, and by the hill village of Auchenblae, to the classic Fordoun, and the convenient railway again. In Fordoun the martyr, Wishart, was born, and Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," was for a time schoolmaster. In earlier days it was the cure of John of Fordoun, author of the "Scotichronicon"; and earlier still, it is said to have been the burial-place of Palladius, the Roman missionary saint of the fifth century.

From Fordoun there is a coach excursion the reverse way every Saturday during the season, in connection with the train leaving Aberdeen at 1.10 p.m. The trip may be extended, by arrangement, to Gannochy Bridge, the romantic single span on the North Esk, and the storied Edzell, whence there are means of departure north and south by rail.

Main Line. North of Fordoun Station, on the left, after touching the Bervie Water, Monboddie House possesses a curious interest. It was the birthplace of the famous Lord Monboddie. Within its walls he entertained Johnson and Boswell, and the latter repaid the hospitality by calling it "a wretched place." Glenbervie House, again, seen on the left after crossing the Bervie Water, was a seat of the Douglasses in ancient times. Then, beyond Drumlithie, the line descends the pleasant wooded glen of the Carron Water, by Fetteresso Castle and ancient graveyard on the left, to Stonehaven.

If Stonehaven itself, in its narrow valley, a mile from the

station, contains not much to interest, the fact is atoned for by the existence, another mile southward down the coast, of the famous ancient castle of Dunnottar. The place was the stronghold of the powerful Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland, and, seated on its great rock in the sea, was for centuries all but impregnable. It was captured and fortified by Edward III., but immediately retaken by the Scottish regent, Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell. Again, in 1645, it was besieged by Montrose, the sixteen Covenantee ministers within urging the Earl Marischal to come to no terms with Belial, and assuring him that the smoke of his steadings and villages burning on the mainland would be



RUINS OF DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

“a sweet-smelling incense in the nostrils of the Lord.” Six years later it was besieged by General Lambert’s English troops, and as it came near surrender by starvation, the ancient Regalia of Scotland, contained within, stood in danger of being lost. In the dilemma Mrs. Granger, wife of the minister of Kinneff, obtained permission to visit the governor’s wife, and brought the crown away among some wearing apparel in her lap, while her maid brought away the sceptre and sword of state in a bundle of flax on her back. General Morgan, the blockading officer, himself, it is said, helped the lady to mount her horse, and saw her ride away without suspicion. In earlier days Dunnottar

kirk stood on the crag, and during the Wars of Succession was the scene of an incident related by Henry the Minstrel. Some English soldiers had fled to the spot for sanctuary.

Wallace in fire gart set all hastily,
Burnt up the kirk and all that was therein.
Attour the rock the lave ran with great din.
Some hung on crags, right dolefully to dee,
Some lap, some fell, some fluttered in the sea.
No Southron in life was left in that hold,
And them within they burnt to powder cold.



STONEHAVEN.

The last of the memories of Dunnottar, however, was yet more cruel. In 1685 a hundred and sixty-seven Covenanters, men, women, and children, were imprisoned within the castle walls. Confined all in one dungeon in the height of summer, some of them died, others, attempting to escape along the perilous face of the rock, were killed, and some, recaptured, died of the tortures inflicted as punishment. Some of these tortures must have been almost as great as crucifixion. In the Whig's Vault, as the dungeon is called, the holes are still to be seen in the walls into which the outspread hands of the prisoners were secured by wedges, and in this agonising position women as well as men were kept standing for days together. Thirty years later, as if

by way of retribution for the horrors which had been perpetrated within his castle walls, James, the last Earl Marischal, having taken part in the Rebellion of 1715, was attainted, and Dunnottar, passing from his hands, fell gradually to ruin. It was at work over the grave of the dead Covenanters in the neighbouring churchyard, a hundred years later still, that "Old Mortality" was met by Scott.

Urie House, to the left at Stonehaven, has associations of another kind. It was the seat of the famous Robert Barclay of Urie. Thence northwards the railway runs along the cliffs, with the waves of the German Ocean dashing and churning in the gullies a hundred feet below the footboards.

A bold fisher race has its home in the villages clustered like barnacles at the foot of these cliffs, best known of which villages is Findon, or "Finnan." And when, after a sight of the lighthouse on Girdleness, the train crosses the Dee, and stands still in the Granite City, the visitor cannot do better than order for his supper a smoking plateful of the succulent "Finnan haddies." "A Finnan haddock," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "has a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire."

Aberdeen itself is a place of many interests. Its clean grey granite streets alone, glittering in the sunshine, or after rain, are a famous sight, no less than the great granite quarries of Rubislaw out of which they were hewn, to the north-west of the city. Then there is the famous fishmarket, where, in the early morning, a glimpse of fisher life and character is to be got. And by way of mere pleasance there is the beautiful Duthie Park, by the riverside above the town. There are antiquities, too, to be proud of. The palace of Alexander II. and the castle of Alexander III., it is true, have their sites occupied respectively by the Art Galleries and the Barracks; the curious old house of Jamesone, "the Scottish Vandyck," has disappeared on School Hill; and the house in which Byron stayed as a child, at 64 Broad Street, has lately been demolished for the extension of the University. But Marischal College, on the site of the old Franciscan monastery, still records above its door the disdain of its founders, the Earls Marischal:—

They haif said.

Quhat say they?
Lat thame say.

King's College, a mile to the north, with the antique carved oak work of its chapel, and its beautiful old quadrangle and tower, preserves the tomb of its founder, Bishop Elphinstone, and the fame of its first principal, Hector Boece, the historian. St. Machar's Cathedral, close by—all that was



BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.

left of it by the Reformers and Cromwell, the nave and the quaint towers—holds the tombstone of the father of Scottish poetry and chronicler of the Bruce, Archdeacon John Barbour. And just beyond, spanning the Don with a single arch, the famous Brig o' Balgownie keeps its curse unfulfilled. Byron as a child used to cross it with trembling, for he remembered the prediction:—

Brig o' Balgownie, wight's your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son and a mare's ae foal,
Doun sall ye fa'.

The "Auld Toun o' Aberdeen," in which King's College and the Cathedral are placed, is really the Gaelic *Altein e Aberdeen*—the "Stone of Fire at the mouth of the Black River"—and the actual old altar of the fire-worshippers still exists—the Hilton Stone—on the hillside a mile to the west of the Cathedral. Here, as at Iona and elsewhere, the early Christian missionaries set up their cells near the great centres of the older faith. Fifty years ago a Druid circle stood on each side of the Hilton Stone.

Aberdeen preserves in its City Chambers the iron armour in which Sir Robert Davidson, the provost,

fought and fell at the head of the citizens on the field of



Valentine, Photo.,

Dundee.

TOWN CROSS, ABERDEEN.

Harlaw. And Drum's Aisle and the fine ancient tower of the Kirk of St. Nicholas, where the gallant provost lies buried, remain to be seen. At the cross, the finest in Scotland, renewed by a country mason in 1686, Queen Mary was forced by her brother Moray to witness the execution, after the battle of Corrichie, of Huntly's second son, Sir John Gordon, whom she had once tenderly loved. And at the same spot, eighty years later, for a breach of military law in the train of the Earl Marischal, a young man, George Lesly, amid the lamentation of the crowd, was about to have his hand struck off—he had laid his arm on the block, and the searing irons were ready—when the man he had injured



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BALMORAL CASTLE.

Photo., Aberdeen.

stepped forward with a free pardon, to the great joy of the people. The town, moreover, was taken and burned twice at least in the middle centuries, and it was taken twice again in the wars of Montrose, the scene of battle in each later instance being the old Bridge of Dee, a mile up the river.

But Aberdeen, besides, is the starting-point for the traveller who wishes to explore the magnificent Dee valley. From the gates of the city to the lonely Wells of Dee far in the heart of the Cairngorm Mountains, that valley is crammed with interests which would of themselves fill a book. Battlefields and ancient castles, scenes historic and pre-historic, strew the strath. The dwelling-place of Byron

and the death-place of Macbeth are to be seen there, and with a wealth of legend and story, not surpassed even by the romantic vales of Yarrow and Tweed in the south, it may be fairly called the ballad country of the North of Scotland.



Valentine, Photo., Aberdeen.
CRATHIE CHURCH.

Chief of its interests to-day of course is the royal castle of Balmoral, where Queen Victoria spent so much of her time, and where the private life of the Court and its august head proved to her people the title of the royal lady to be called indeed Her Most Gracious Majesty. The scenery itself of the great Dee valley is unsurpassed in its kind, and the wanderer who has made his way through the magnificent birch forests of the lower strath to the barren grandeur of the upper glens may emerge to the outer world again by one or other of the

finest mountain passes in Scotland, most notably, perhaps, over the coaching route from Braemar to Blairgowrie by the famous Spital of Glenshee.

From Aberdeen, too, a favourite route lies over the Great North of Scotland Railway to Peterhead and Fraserburgh, as well as by Huntly, Keith, and the historic Elgin, Forres, and Nairn, to the beautiful Highland city of Inverness. Apart from the historic interests of this route—associations like those of Macbeth with the Blasted Heath near Forres, and Cawdor Castle inland from Nairn; the memories of Elgin and its Cathedral, half burned by the notorious Wolf of



Valentine, Photo.,

Dundee.

CAWDOR CASTLE, NAIRN.

Badenoch; the strange legends of the Culbin shifting sands; and the heroic associations of Drum Mossie Moor at Culloden, where the Jacobite cause made its last stand, and lost—the coast towns of the Moray Firth are every year becoming better known and frequented as among the finest health and holiday resorts in Scotland. With their dry soil and golden sea air they are destined to be known better yet.

Then from Inverness there is the choice of three routes southward—back by Aberdeen, down central Scotland by the Highland Railway, or south to Oban by the Caledonian Canal, the last a sail full of storied interest, and even more magnificent than that on the renowned Rhine.

TO BRAEMAR.

By BLAIRGOWRIE and the SPITAL OF GLENSHEE.



ROUTE.—Rail from Coupar-Angus on the route to Aberdeen; Coach from Blairgowrie.

THIS “royal route” to the Dee valley remains perhaps the most famous and typical coaching tour in the Highlands. From Coupar-Angus it runs almost entirely due north, and if not strewn with so many spots of historic interest as some other journeys, it traverses a district of varied glen and mountain scenery that is not likely to be soon forgotten.

A mile out of Coupar-Angus the railway crosses the Isla, and it passes, on the left, successive lochs of the historic names of Stormont and Fingask, before striking the river Ericht at Blairgowrie. Here anglers and antiquarians alike foregather with gusto, while “mere pleasure-seekers” may revel for weeks in the scenery, and make the place the centre for such charming excursions as those to the famous Beech Hedge of Meikleour, and up the Lunan and its lochs to Dunkeld. Clunie Castle, in one of those lochs, it may just be mentioned, is the reputed birthplace of that prodigy, the Admirable Crichton.

The rivers Isla and Ericht both have again and again done immense damage when in spate, and so late as 1847 the Ericht

carried away two arches of Blairgowrie bridge. Above the town the coach route ascends the stream, crossing and re-crossing amid highly romantic gorge scenery. Particularly striking here is the situation, high on the opposite precipice, of the mansion of Craighall. The house was the scene of at least one memorable visit of Sir Walter Scott, and has been supposed, like Grandtully and Traquair, to be the original of the habitation of the Baron of Bradwardine, in "Waverley." The terrace road farther on forms a feature of itself till it reaches the picturesque arch of the Bridge of Cally, below which the Ardlie and the Blackwater join, to become the Ericht. Then the route runs by the Blackwater, up Glenshee, past the Persie inn, with Mount Blair on the right hand.

Beyond Mount Blair a road takes to the right, by Forter Castle, supposed by some to be the "bonnie House o' Airlie" of the song, to Glen Isla, whence it is possible to return by the Reekie Linn and Alyth to Blairgowrie.

But the "royal route" holds on, with a halt for luncheon, at the Spital (otherwise Hospital or Hostel) of

Glenshee, up Glen Beg, to the highest point on the road under Cairnwell. This spot, 2200 feet above sea-level, is the highest carriage pass in Britain, only excepting perhaps that on the road between Braemar and Loch Builg. Here, if anywhere on a tourist route, the city man may learn something of the loneliness and awe of the eternal hills.

From the summit it is a descent of nine or ten miles by the Clunie Water to Braemar. Here, at the most fashionable summer resort in Scotland, the heart of the old



Wilson, Photo.,

Aberdeen.

LINN OF DEE.

Mar country, the head of the ballad valley of the north, with the castle of Balmoral at hand, almost on the site of Kindrochit, the more ancient Highland residence of Malcolm Canmore, with famous woods and waterfalls, and hundreds of miles of the great deer forests about him, the wanderer may find material for the explorations of a month. Down the Dee valley afterwards he may make his way leisurely, amid a multitude of storied scenes, to Aberdeen and the south.

INTO THE GRAMPIANS.

By BRECHIN, EDZELL, TARFSIDE, and INVERMARK.



ROUTE.—Branch rail from Bridge of Dun on the line to Aberdeen; Coach from Edzell.

IT is only of late that the valley of the North Esk has been “discovered” by summer sightseers, the discovery having been aided by the opening of the railway to Edzell. Brechin, it is true, has always been a haunt of the antiquary. Has it not the famous Round Tower, of Culdee origin it is believed, and nine hundred years old? About Brechin cathedral the last of the Scottish Culdees lingered till the 13th century. Only another tower of the kind exists in Scotland, at Abernethy on the Tay. And had not the town the honour of being fought for and burned by various heroic personages, including the Marquis of Montrose in 1645, and the Danes in 1012? In 1303 Sir Thomas Maule held the castle for twenty days in the teeth of Edward I., till a stone from a catapult ended his temerity and his life. This hero’s reward came just three hundred and thirteen years later, when his descendant was created Lord Maule of Brechin and Earl of Panmure. The present castle, on the ancient site, a perpendicular rock overhanging the river, belongs to the Earl of Dalhousie.

But Brechin stands on the South Esk. It is at Edzell that the picturesque scenery of the North Esk begins.

Between the two places, to the left of the railway, on low outposts of the Grampians, stand certain puzzles of the antiquary, known respectively as the White and Brown Caterthuns. Both have apparently been oval hill forts, that known as the White Caterthun being 436 feet in length by 200 feet in width, formed of loose stones, with a deep ditch outside, and, at the east end inside, a square strength, also with a ditch. The Brown Caterthun is similar, but of earth. Pennant thought them perhaps the hill forts occupied by the Calédonians before the great battle of Mons Grampus.

Edzell Castle, which now belongs to the Earl of Dalhousie, was the ancient seat of a younger branch of the Lindsays, Earls of Crawford. Its keep and a round tower are all that remain, but the grass-grown garden, with holed walls and symbolic figures, dated 1604, remains a suggestive place. Here may be imagined the romantic wooing immortalised in the famous ballad, "Will ye gang to the Hielan's, Leezie Lindsay?" Here Queen Mary held a court and spent a night on her way home from the Battle of Corrichie in 1562. The hospitalities of the house were then famous, and from the herds of oxen and droves of sheep slaughtered weekly for the support of retainers and guests, it was known as the "Kitchen of Angus."



EDZELL CASTLE.

In the Lindsay aisle of the old parish kirk the ancient lords of Edzell are buried, and it was there that the incident occurred when a greedy sexton, desecrating the vault to secure the jewels of a dead countess, cut her finger to remove a ring, and to his horror saw the blood flow and the lady sit up.

Edzell village itself is a sunny spot, rebuilt within the last sixty years, and coming into high repute as a health resort. From it the paths for three miles up the Burn, as the wooded river glen is called, are singularly romantic and sequestered.

The high road crosses the Burn at Gannochy bridge, a span of fifty-two feet, with the glories of the river gorge up and down in full sight. Thence up country the scene varies once and again, from that of a Highland glen with hill, heather, birch, and stream, to that of a cultivated strath smiling with prosperous husbandry.

Beyond the house of Fernybank the old road crosses the hill by a masonic tower of 1826, called St. Andrews. But the new road sweeps through the wild country by the river, and so on to the arcadian hamlet of Tarfside. Above it a great cairn stands in memory of the Maule family, now represented by the Earl of Dalhousie. Four miles farther on, Lochlee, in the very heart of the mountain solitudes, seems a spot as remote as could well be imagined. Yet from Lochlee, in the early part of last century, the schoolmaster, Alexander Ross, managed to make himself heard throughout Scotland as the immediate and legitimate successor of Allan Ramsay. His "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess" remains the classic of the Buchan dialect, and his songs, "Wooded and Married and a'," and others, are to be found yet in every Scottish song collection. Above Lochlee, in the wild defiles of Glenmark, the cave is pointed out in which, after Culloden, another poet, the Laird of Balnamoon, author of "Low down in the brume," lurked for a time. And close by, at his castle of Invermark, a Lindsay of Edzell in the sixteenth century lay long in hiding from the search made after him in connection with the murder of Lord Spynie. Thus has one of the most remote arcadian corners of Scotland been quickened with the charm of poesy and darkened with the trail of crime.

SEASON 1907.

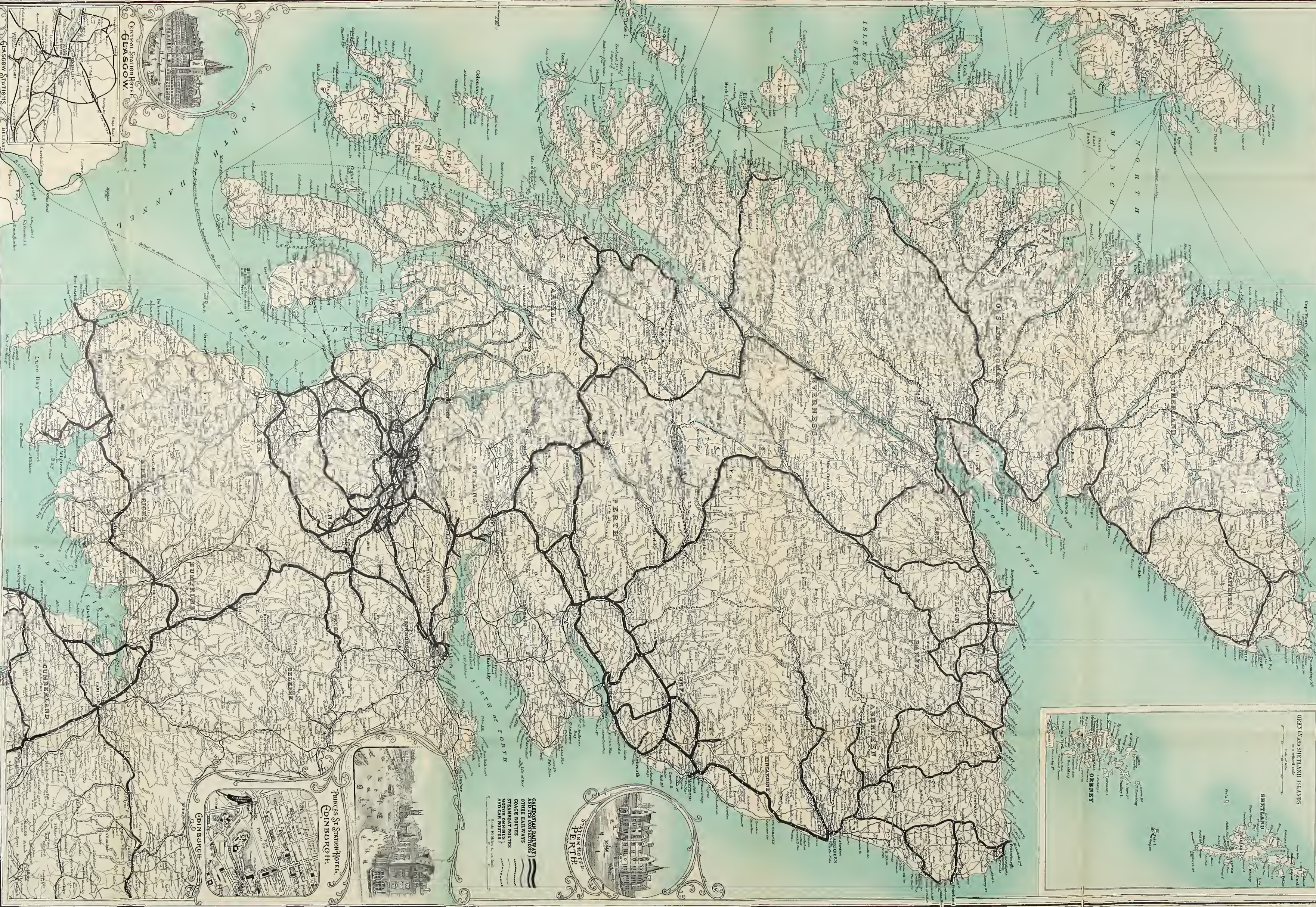


THE END



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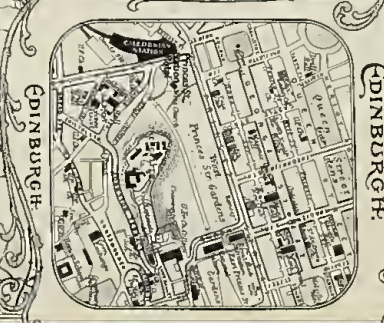
CALEDONIAN & LONDON & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY MAP OF SCOTLAND



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CALEDONIAN RAILWAY
AND ITS CONNECTIONS
OTHER RAILWAYS
COACH ROUTES
STANDARD ROUTES
AND CAR ROUTES

CENTRAL STATION HOTEL
GLASGOW

PRINCESS ST. STATION HOTEL
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