Some Sylvan Scenes near Glasgow

18 Afternoon Rambles

90 ILLUSTRATIONS

T. C. F. BROTCHIE

Date due

Some Sylvan Scenes near Glasgow

CARMUNNOCK KIRK.

SOME SYLVAN SCENES NEAR GLASGOW

BY

T. C. F. BROTCHIE

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF GOVAN," "THE BATTLEFIELDS OF SCOTLAND,"
"GLASGOW RIVERS AND STREAMS," "RAMBLES IN ARRAN," ETC.

WITH 90 ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR

THIRD EDITION

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CONTENTS

NOTE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

Under the title "Some Sylvan Scenes near Glasgow" the series of Saturday afternoon rambles contained in this volume appeared last summer in the columns of the Glasgow *Evening Times*. There was a widely-expressed desire, voiced by many correspondents, to have the articles issued in permanent form. To the proprietors of the *Evening Times* I am indebted for permission to reprint them here; also by their kindness I am enabled to make use of the illustrations which accompany the text. Those who have yielded to the charm of the old-world country districts around Glasgow will understand what a sway they hold over one. Perhaps it is because they are still old-fashioned, so out of the world and yet within reach of it. They are charged with memories fascinating to the Scotsman, and to all who love to wander through shady lanes or by forgotten paths to some hoary old keep, or sculptured stone, or quaint coaching inn. The rambles are recorded by one who derives perennial pleasure from the rambles of others—William Hammond, Hugh Macdonald, "Nestor," J. A. Kilpatrick, and a host of writers whose able pens have contributed the Glasgow literature of walking tours. It is a book of ana. History, tradition, and legend lend their quota. My indebtedness to authors is acknowledged as occasion arises. From Mr. Michael Graham, editor of the *Evening Times*, I had much help and guidance while writing the articles; the valuable Index was prepared by Mr. A. C. White, librarian, *Glasgow Herald* Library; to Mr. F. T. Barrett and his staff of the Mitchell Library I am under a deep debt of gratitude for facilities afforded me to consult innumerable works, and also to Mr. Henry Wearing, of Rowallan Gardens, for throwing open to me his excellent and extensive library.

T. C. F. B.

Glasgow, 1910.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I ENDEAVOURED in this little book to do something towards re-awakening interest in the pleasant art of rambling. The kind reception accorded it showed, I think, that the public were not out of humour with the idea. In issuing a second edition I act on the friendly advice of the booksellers, and also in the belief that there are still many Glasgow wayfarers who will feel inclined to welcome such a pocket companion.

T. C. F. B.

GLASGOW, 1912.

NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THIS wayfaring volume goes out again on another quest. Its primary appeal is to those of God's own folk who like unto the mediæval makar "longen to go forth on pilgrimages" to the green fields and woods, and the grey mountains and moorlands, which lend an abiding interest and beauty to Glasgow town. My bookselling friends have assured me that a fresh edition was necessary, and I accept that assurance.

T. C. F. B.

GLASGOW, 1921.

Some Sylvan Scenes

Near Glasgow

I.

Neilston

NEILSTON BY THE PAD TO MALLETSHEUGH INN—NEIL'S STONE—OLD MASONS' ARMS INN—CLIMBING "THE PAD"—TOP OF NEILSTON PAD AND ARRAN PEAKS—A SPLENDID PANORAMA—AN ANCIENT FARM TOWN—OLD SNIPES FARM—A LEGEND.

THE old-fashioned and still quaint little village of Neilston lies in a straight line about nine miles from the city. Those who still cultivate the art of walking may fix on this upland town as the starting point for a delightful Saturday afternoon's ramble. Leaving the city by a train about two o'clock we are put down at Neilston Station after a run of half-an-hour or thereabouts. A stiff climb from the railway and we find ourselves in the High Street. The air is keen and bracing, and carries with it the nip of the moors, for Neilston stands high. A beautiful landscape unfolds itself to view as we pause to take breath. We have around us a charming variety of hill and dale, and wood and water, with all their varying local life and colour. The little town is clean and interesting. It has a fine old parish church with a neat spire. Built in 1762, it scarce looks its 150 years, so thoroughly did the craftsmen of long ago do their work. An idea of the height at which Neilston stands is afforded by the fact that the steps of the old kirk are said to be on a level with the top of Tennant's Stalk. In pre-Reformation times the village possessed a couple of chapels, but in a period of

fanaticism these were razed to the ground, and they exist only as a memory. But the story of the parish kirk stretches far back on the road of time. The patronage of the church of Neilston was given to the monks of Paisley by Robert de Croc "for the guid of his saul," in the reign of King William, about 1160. Roger, prior of Paisley, tells us that "Robertus Croc shall provide for the same chaplain, stipends, and all other things necessary for the purpose of divine service." This old Scottish baron it was who gave his name to the ancient castle of Crookston—Crocs-toun, and Crawford

NEIL'S STONE.

says he found Robert de Croc a witness to the charter of foundation of Paisley Abbey in King Malcolm IV.'s time.

Passing up the High Street we note a plenitude of comfortable-looking hostelries. Tradition hints that the Neilstonians may have found their warmest welcome in an inn, for as far back as 1695 the village boasted of eight taverns, which is not a bad proportion when we

consider the total population was then only 470. The worthies of these days must have been fond of a crack—

"Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang,"

to make the winter nights pass merrily. The old Masons' Arms, dating from 1817, as the legend on its facade tells us, forms, with the adjoining "theekit" sixteenth and seventeenth century houses, a picturesque and, as our picture evidences, an eminently sketchable "bit."

We are now on "the great road from Beith and the west country in Ayrshire," and making for the Craig of Neilston, better known as Neilston Pad. Along this fine highway we pass, on our left, the lands of Kirktown, in which, according to the painstaking Crawford, "stands the stone called Neil's Stone," from which the name of the parish is derived. The prevailing but uncertain tradition has it that in ancient times—about 1012—a battle was fought on the uplands near the Craig, when one of the leaders, called Neil, was slain. He is said to have been buried at Kirktown, "where a stone was set to perpetuate his memory, which stone was called Neil's Stone, and is still standing." In the Old Statistical Account the Rev. John Monteath tells us there were four moor stones, about five feet high, and placed four feet distant from each other, "which many people suppose to have been the monument of Neil." Further east lie Glanderston lands, rich with memories of the Stewarts, Earls of Lennox, who held them about 1500, and later of the ancient Renfrewshire family, the Mures of Caldwell, from whom they were acquired in 1780 by Spiers of Elderslie.

Climbing the Pad.

And so to the Pad. Keeping to the highway till the crest of the hill is reached, and where the quarry bears to the left, we take to the fields. It is with a feeling of great delight and satisfaction that we leap the stone dyke and step freely forward on to the heather, inhaling the fragrant wind from the wild moorlands of the Mearns. Skirting the quarry our path for nearly a mile keeps on a commanding terrace, from which we have a charming prospect of the richly-wooded valley of the

Levern right to where the smoke of Glasgow casts a shading of grey over the pleasing picture. We go down a little green gully towards a little burn,

"Wild wimpling 'mang the flow'rs,"

and crossing it we are on the base of the Pad. Before tackling the precipitous hill which towers cliff-like above, we light our pipes and stretch ourselves on the soft green, to enjoy for a moment the "eternal solitude of nature." Scarce a sound breaks the stillness; the bleat of a lamb, the eerie cry of the whaup, or the hum of a bee from the heather being all that tell of the vicinity of

TOP OF NEILSTON PAD AND ARRAN PEAKS.

animal life. The reign of nature was undisturbed. We can imagine no finer treat to the city man than thus "to dream a long summer's day away." Rested, we resume our walk. A stiff—a very stiff—climb of something over 400 feet takes us on to the wild, wind-swept top of the Pad.*

* The Pad is 820 feet above sea level.

A Splendid Panorama.

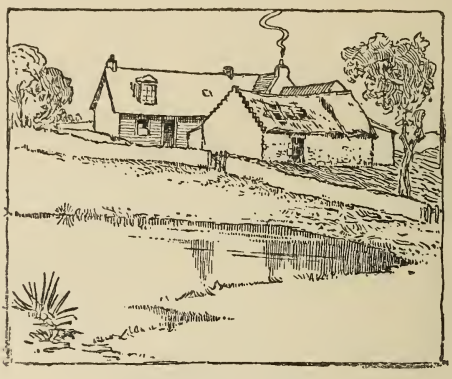
A more wild or beautiful scene cannot be imagined. A perfect panorama of hill and dale, woodland and moor, mountain, loch, and sea radiates on all sides from our vantage spot. There are few places in fair Scotland which command such a wide-stretching view.

On a recent Saturday, clear and crisp, we saw it at its best. To the south and west the eye roams over the beautiful and fertile plain of Ayrshire washed by the Firth of Clyde. Ailsa Craig stands out boldly amid the waters. Carrick hills and the mountains of Galloway show a pearly blue towards the south-east. Arran and Goat Fell, with the ships in the channel, are distinctly limned against the skyline, while the eye loses itself amid the boundless expanse of waters which join the Atlantic Ocean in the south. To the north and east the scene is grand and romantic. Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben Doran, and the whole mass of "Argyll's Bowling Green," are seen due north. The rich alluvial country of Renfrew and Lanark, and the city of Glasgow, with her numerous stately spires, are unrolled like some gigantic piece of painted canvas before us; and the prospect towards the east is terminated by the mountains of Fifeshire on the Forth. Our sketch shows the Arran Hills and the Clyde, with the wind-swept surface of the Pad in the foreground. We have been great wanderers in our day, but we have seldom looked upon a more extensive panorama than that from Neilston Pad.

An Ancient Farm Town.

Our little bit of pencilling finished, we negotiate the descent, and make our way to the quaint and picturesquely-situated farm of Snipes, which lies beneath the shadow of the Pad and to the north-east. It stands on the edge of a little loch. For either pencil or camera it is ideal. Our sketch displays its "possibilities." But this old place has many interests other than artistic. It is the oldest building in Neilston Parish. The grass-grown road which passes by it is a very ancient thoroughfare. Many, many years ago it was the coaching highway to Kilmarnock. The grey and

mouldering crow-stepped barn of Snipes was a tavern in the days of the stage. Over the doorway, and clear cut on the lintel, is the date 1745. Inside the byre can still be seen a fine stone ingle-neuk, with carved jambs. The intelligent and handsome housekeeper, who so kindly showed us these things, told us of certain mundane and iconoclastic joiners who, some years ago, when reroofing the byre, discovered several fine old earthenware "greybeards" and pewter flagons. These relics they placed on an adjoining dyke and "papped" at them with stones until they were all smashed and broken! One would gladly "pap" at these ruthless jossers could we but get them on a dyke! But the



OLD SNIPES FARM.

romantic associations of the Snipes go much further back than the Coaching Days. Our guide took us through the byre and pointed—to our archæological amazement—to another lintel, which bore, in fairly legible lettering the date "1075," flanked by the letters "R. P." and "I. P." We confess to a little scepticism here. We suspect that a portion of one of the figures has been worn away by the weather, and that the date should really read "1675."

A Legend.

On mentioning our suspicion to the lady in the next

farmhouse—West Walton—we were agreeably entertained by hearing a legend connected with the old place of Snipes. She is a scion of a very old Renfrewshire family that has held land in the Mearns for over 500 years—the Herveys. The legend had been told to her by her grandfather, who had received it from his father. Thriddle-Head was the ancient name of the place, Snipes having only come into use some 150 years ago. "In the days of Wallace and Bruce," said our old entertaining raconteur, "the old building with the date you are sceptical about was a hostel." The "Wallace wight" many a time and oft travelled that road on his way from Elderslie to visit his relatives at Dunlop. The tradition, as handed down to our informant, tells us that our great Scottish Patriot on several occasions spent the night beneath the roof of that old building. And the same tradition says that Robert the Bruce visited it on one of his journeys, and doubtless quaffed the honest Scotch ale brewed by mine host of the Thriddle-Head of those days. We doff our caps to the old grey building. There it stands 'neath the shade of the Pad, hoary with years and redolent of legend and tradition dear to a Scotsman's heart. Were it for no other reason than to gaze upon the old and historic building, it were surely worth our pilgrimage. Sceptical though we might be, the tradition we listened to served to throw the halo of romance around the spot. We spent a good deal of time at West Walton, *i.e.*, the "Walled Town," or farmplace of other days, and the sun was sinking to rest as we cut across the gorse land,

> . . . "where blue heather bell
> Blooms bonny on muirland and sweet rising fell."

Homeward Bound.

There is no path, but the telegraph posts in the distance tell we are coming to the branch road which will take us to the highway from Glasgow to Stewarton. It is a very pleasant tramp this over the soft, springy turf, with the familiar yet ever-changing landscape to the north in full view, and never looking more lovely than

in an evening light. We soon come to a fairly good cart road, and at a steady pace pass "the Three Thoombs"—the triumvirate of farm towns—looking bien and cosy in its little sheltering plantation. The honest engineering of this old road is suggestive of the switchback. Down a lane here, along a bosky slope, now crossing a little gully, then rounding a bold knoll, but always keeping its best available level, and refusing to be put out of countenance by any obstacle. A couple of miles of this and we dip down into a valley, cross the Brock Burn—an ancient haunt of the badger, as the name indicates—and, climbing again, strike at right angles the great Stewarton Road. Going towards Glasgow, we turn off at the first road to the right, and in a few minutes are quaffing a well-deserved and most acceptable liquid refreshment in the comfortable old hostelry, familiar to so many as the Malletsheugh Inn. Our watches tell us that we have been six hours "on the road." A matter of half-an-hour takes us through the pretty village of Newton-Mearns and thence to Giffnock. There we get a car, and are hurried into town at a pace which would please the most energetic of travellers.

II.

An Afternoon in the Houston District

HOUSTON-CROSSLEE TO BAROCHAN CROSS AND KILLFILLAN KIRK—HUGH'S TOWN—HOUSTON-CROSSLEE BRIDGE—HOUSTON CROSS—THE CROSSLEA, BAROCHAN—BAROCHAN CROSS—KIRKTON—ST. FILLAN'S CHURCH.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most interesting and romantic spots in regard to the picturesque that we have yet met with in our Saturday afternoon walks is the district surrounding the ancient villages of Houston and Crosslee. A more peaceful retreat than that which may be enjoyed on the banks of the Gryfe amid the swelling uplands of Renfrewshire would be difficult to find. The various tints and colours of the fields, conspicuous among which are the great profusion of the bonnie yellow broom, the virgin greens of the wooded dells, and the soft grey purples of the wild hyacinth, combine at this early summer season to enhance the beauty of the landscape. It lies but a few miles from the city. A short train journey to Houston-Crosslee Station, and we find ourselves in the heart of a fresh agricultural countryside. There is no suggestion of "town." When we take to the King's highway and glance around, we might be hundreds of miles from the crowded centre of population and civilisation we have left but a brief half-hour before. A walk of about a couple of miles through a delightful country and we dip down to the valley of the Gryfe. Houston-Crosslee village stands on the banks of the stream. It is a lovely spot. The river—here little more than a burn—wimples downwards till it enters the extensive and beautifully-kept policies of Craigends. The Lea of the Cross—*i.e.*, Crosslee—lay like a vast carpet of velvety green as we rested on its soft sward. An ideal place, truly, to plant a cross. The mediæval monks were gifted with the æsthetic taste. One could fancy the pilgrim of the Middle Ages on his way to the shrine of St. Mirren revelling in

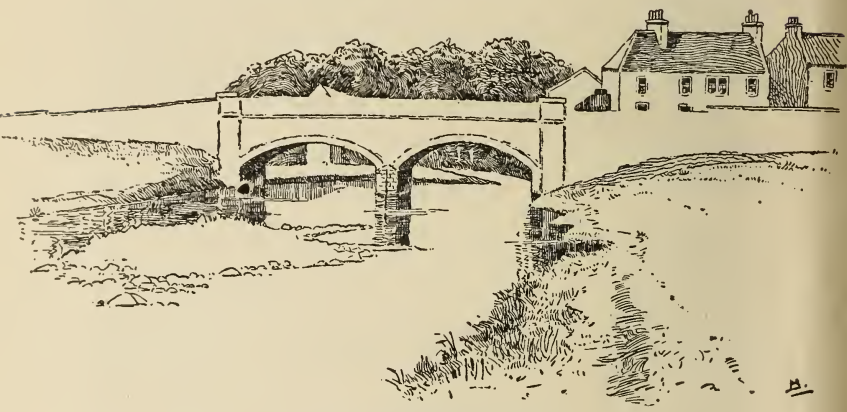
the solitude by the Cross on the Lea. And of that old wanderer might we say—

> "Beside Macfarlane's cross he staid,
> And told his beads within the shade."

It must have been, indeed is still, a spot admirably adapted for quiet contemplation. The unpretentious little stream which meanders through the lea is within easy reach of all our city dwellers, and at all seasons the sylvan beauties through which it flows would be difficult to excel.

"Hugh's Town."

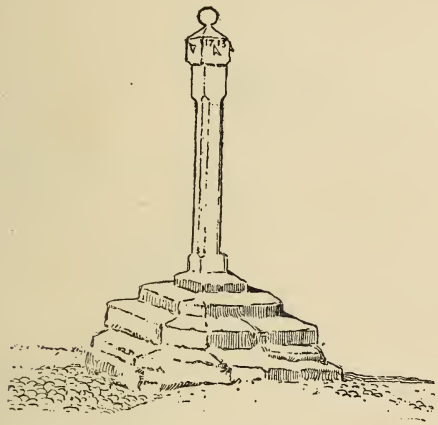
After employing our pencil on the annexed sketch of the auld brig o' Crosslee, we take to the highway



HOUSTON-CROSSLEE BRIDGE.

again and pass on to Houston village. Note as we enter it, on our left, a small tumulus known as the South Mound. To the north of the village lies a similar hillock named the North Mound. These are supposed to mark the camps of two ancient armies—probably prehistoric—who fought about here. The number of sepulchral cairns in the district, in many of which have been found flag-stone graves containing human bones, lend some weight to the theory. Modest though the wee town

looks, it possesses a history which many a more pretentious place might well envy. We have to travel back to the twelfth century to find the first mention of the district. In the cartulary of Paisley Abbey there is a charter, of about 1180, telling us that Reginald, son of Sir Hugh de Padvinan, obtained a grant of the lands of Kilpeter from Walden, son of Baldwin of Biggar, Sheriff of Lanark, which was a ratification of a former grant given to Hugh. And it was this Hugh who founded a town, on the barony of Kilpeter, which in time became known as Hugh's Town. The transition to Houston is



HOUSTON CROSS.

comparatively simple, and it is from Hugh that the family of Houston originally sprung. But the memory of the ancient name which enshrines that of the tutelary saint—Kilpeter, the Church of St. Peter—is still preserved in Peter's Burn, which flows through the village, and St. Peter's Well, a little distance to the north-west of the church. The old fair day in July is called Peter's Day. While the houses in this quiet, old-fashioned Renfrewshire village are of comparatively recent date—

from about 1780 downward—in the heart of the town is to be seen a survival of mediæval days in the Cross of Houston. As our sketch shows, it is an octagonal pillar (9 ft. in height), surmounted by a sun-dial and globe, fixed in a pedestal of four steps. The dial dates from 1713, but the shaft is hoary with age. It was set up by the "Knights of Hugh's Town," who were there about the reign of Malcolm IV. Thus this old grey pillar has stood the storms and stress of seven centuries. Well may we regard it with reverence, for even as the span of human life goes, it was old when the battle of Bannockburn was fought! If one were not disposed to walk farther, a pleasant hour could be spent exploring

THE CROSSLEA, BAROCHAN.

this pretty little village. A visit to the Parish Church—built in 1775—would repay the time spent. It contains several very fine sepulchral monuments, particularly the effigy in suit of mail of Sir Patrick Houston, who died in 1450, and his wife, Annes Campbell, who died in 1456. There is a much defaced inscription in Saxon characters, which reads:—

> "Here lyes Patrick of Houston lord of that ilk, and Annes Campbell his spouse, who dyed anno 1456."

This, and other monuments, were originally in the ancient chapel of Houston, now long demolished. Rest and refreshment of a most acceptable character can be had in the village, which boasts of three excellent taverns.

Barochan Cross.

Taking the road again and climbing the brae outside the village, one soon reaches Barochan. This is a most charming bit of road, going through a finely-wooded, undulating landscape. Peeping over their surrounding wealth of foliage we see to our right the noble proportions of Houston House, and, farther west, Barochan House.

BAROCHAN CROSS.

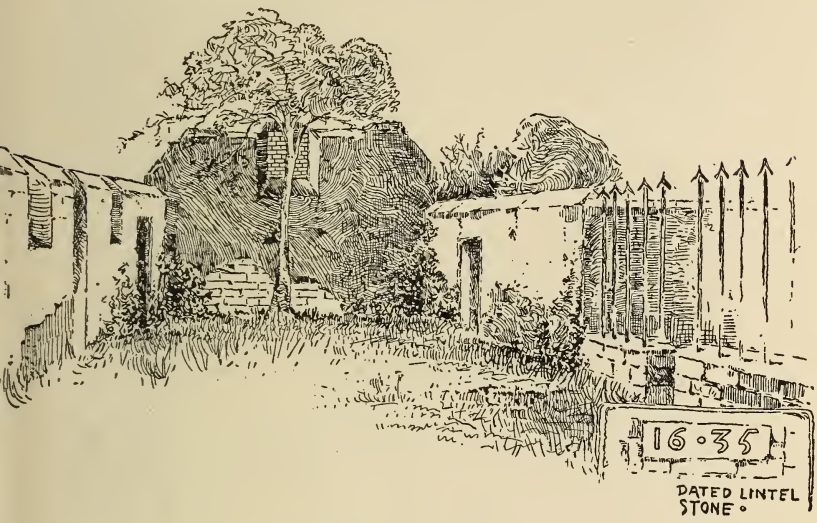
We have a splendid prospect of hill and dale, mountain and moor from our pathway. To the north stands Ben Lomond, clear and sharp; our western horizon is bounded by the Gleniffer Braes; to the east the smoke of Glasgow throws a bluish-grey curtain over the scene;

and on the south is the hill country of the shire. Pursuing our way along this road for about two miles we leave it where it crosses a little stream, and take the footpath leading to the beautifully proportioned cross standing on the top of the hill to our right. Our sketch reveals its fine proportion and exquisite form. This is Barochan Cross. It is the most perfect monumental stone in Renfrewshire. It is neatly hewn, set on a pedestal of undressed stone, and stands eleven feet in height, including the pedestal. There is no inscription, but we are justified in fixing a tenth century date for Barochan Cross on account of the similarity of its "key pattern" carving to that on a very similar cross at Crediton, in Devon, mentioned as a boundary mark in a grant of land by King Edgar in 974. That somewhat easy antiquary Semple, in his continuation of "Crawfurd's Renfrewshire," sets it down as "a Danish stone," the carving being of "lions and other wild beasts." Defaced though it be by the long centuries during which it has been exposed to wintry storm, sunshine, and rain, it is still possible to trace knights in armour and footmen (apparently) in the stone, but no "lions or other beasts." History is silent regarding the object for which this cross was erected. Tradition says it is a memorial of a great defeat sustained thereabouts by the Danes. If tradition be right, then it is manifestly a battle cross; but, at the same time, it may have been a religious cross, and set there to mark the limit of sanctuary. The Old Statistical Account tells us that the cross was removed about 1790 "to a neighbouring hill"—its present situation. We are not informed as to its former site. However, the name of a field near the cross roads at the foot of the hill tells us what we want—Corslie, *i.e.*, the lea on which stood the cross.

The "Kirkton."

We tramp it now along the path which strikes off the highway to our left. It is a very pleasant walk this warm afternoon, with the ever changing landscape on all sides. We soon come upon the higher reaches again. The road, a fairly good cart road, passes over a steeply terraced grassy slope and heathery ridge

crowned by a small plantation 320 feet above sea level. Pause for a moment at the top and look around on the rich and varied landscape with the shifting light and shadow over all. The view is lovely and extensive, and the atmosphere of moorland air very salubrious. We descend gradually along a ridge overlooking a deep valley with a winding road leading to Kilmacolm. In the angle where we debouch on the latter highway nestles the old-world Kirkton of St. Fillans in its little sheltering plantation. Along a green by-way we reach "the sacred spot," where stands the ancient kirk of Killallan



ST. FILLAN'S CHURCH.

Parish. By a decreet of the Lords Commissioners it was absorbed and became part of Houston Parish in 1760. But the old kirk, small and roofless, and surrounded by the memorials of generations long passed away, still stands. Killallan seems to be a corruption of Killfillan, the tutelar saint of the parish. There is a large stone a little distant from the kirk, with a hollow in the centre, called Fillan's Seat; while

close by a spring, well known as Fillan's Well, issues from under a rock. Time was, long, long ago, when country women brought their weak and rickety children and bathed them in the waters of the holy well. On the bushes which shade its crystal fluid they were wont to leave some pieces of cloth as a present or offering to the Saint, in the same way as the old citizens of Glasgow hung their offerings on the tree which shadowed the ancient wall of St. Tenews', the site of which is now occupied by St. Enoch's Square. The St. Fillans custom was stopped by "one Mr. Hutcheson," according to the Old Account, about the end of the seventeenth century. And to the memory of this hater of superstitious practices we saw built into the walls of the kirk a weather-worn stone on which we traced the legend that it is to the memory of the

> "Rev. James Hutcheson who was ordained minister of the Gospell in this congregatioune, November 13, 1649, and dyed minister here February 25, 1706."

These emblems and records of frail mortality are few. The majority are sadly defaced, but the quaint lettering and spelling on one of these, a recumbent stone, we thought worthy of transcription. It tells us that—

> "Thys is the buriel place of Tamas Reid and his spous, Ann Flimen, Apryl 4, 1641, and James Rid younger."

The emblems on the majority of the stones indicate that the silent sleeper followed, when on earth, the agricultural calling. A spade and what we took to be a hoe were the chief symbols graved upon the slabs. The fragments of two rather elaborately-carved stones, not in situ, are built into the wall of the kirk. Both are badly battered, but the carving is in bold relief, and shows the familiar emblem of the skull. One is distinguished by scroll-work intertwining a festoon of fruit. The kirk is the familiar small and unadorned Reformation Scottish ecclesiastical edifice. We fancy it could not have held more of a congregation than 50 persons, the interior is so diminutive. Over the principal entrance is carved the date 1635, doubtless the year of its erection. But the foundation is much earlier,

the "Paroch Church of Killallan," according to Crawfurd, being an "ancient dependency of the monastery of Paisley from the yr 1225." The farm house adjoining the church is a fine example of an early seventeenth century Scotch house, with crow-stepped gables, narrow slits of windows, and outside round tower with spiral stair.

At this point we have the choice of two roads for home. We can continue over the hill to the right and a couple of miles will take us to Kilmacolm, where the train for the city may be got; or, turning east, we may follow the road for some three miles and thus reach Houston village again, but by a different route from our former. We choose the latter. And a picturesque lane it proves, winding through rocky dells and leafy shade, and always mounting upwards. Delicious verdure and variegated "flourish" delights the senses, and as the soft evening light bathes the landscape, we feel, as we pass through a little ravine, that here it is

"Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow."

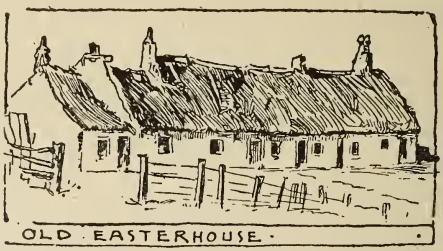
Passing a cosy-looking poultry farm, with an extensive partridge-rearing equipment, on our right, then the farmplace of Barfillan, we are shortly once more passing through Houston. We passed over this ground some few hours ago, but it is surprising how many new and different interests and aspects are encountered by reversing the route. Each way of going has its peculiar pleasures. Catching the train at Houston-Crosslee we are whirled into the city in "no time," after a six hours' healthy, interesting, and appetite-stimulating walk.

III.

Old Monkland and Bishop's Loch

EASTERHOUSE TO PROVAN HALL AND THE BISHOP'S LOCH—OLD EASTERHOUSE—OLD MONKLAND CANAL—A PICTURESQUE NOTE—A PLEASANT VALLEY—TYPICAL OLD WINDOW—ARCHED FIREPLACE—SHOT-HOLE OUTER WALL—PROVAN HALL—ARCHWAY AT PROVAN HALL—THE BISHOP'S LOCH—THE PALACE.

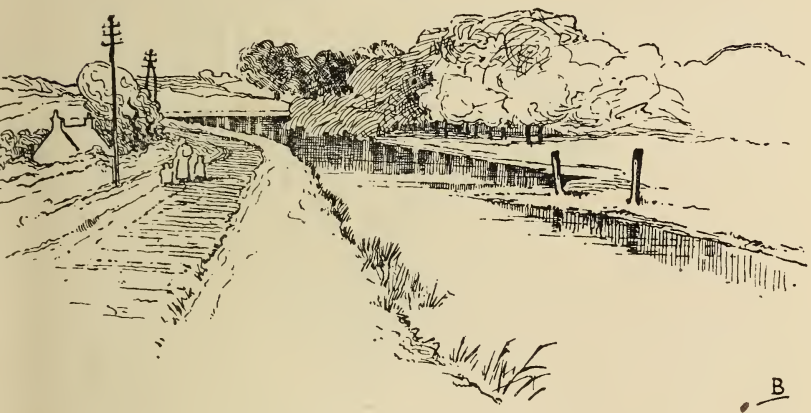
IT would be difficult for the lover of nature, the archæologist, or the artist to find a more instructive walk than that which may be enjoyed within the boundaries of Old Monkland, in close proximity to the city of Glasgow. The unpretentious little district now to be described is within easy reach of all city dwellers, yet it glories in the possession of sylvan beauties, difficult to excel, or even to equal. A brief twenty minutes per the underground from Queen Street Station and we are



OLD EASTERHOUSE.

at the starting point, Easterhouse. Standing at an altitude of 220 feet, the villagers enjoy an abundant supply of fresh bracing air, combined with the privilege of a magnificent panoramic view of the hills and broad acres of Lanarkshire. Essentially modern in its principal features, it, however, still has in its midst the original "theekit" clachan, picturesque in detail, but condemned by modern sanitarians, and shortly to be razed to the ground. In spite of that fact, a hardy race was reared beneath its thatch. A native to whom we spoke informed us that her forbears for four generations back had been born, lived, and died in the old

cottages, the two last to pass away having, notwithstanding obsolete household sanitary equipment, reached the ripe ages of 80 and 82 respectively! As our sketch displays, the young artist will find material in "the theekit raw" for a pleasing note. The solitary inn is lucky in having an intelligent and communicative host who, if time serves, will regale his visitor with yarns anent the countryside, of the "Laird" O'Neil, of local celebrity, long passed to his fathers, and of the visits to the district of that genial artist and antiquarian, the late W. A. Donnelly.

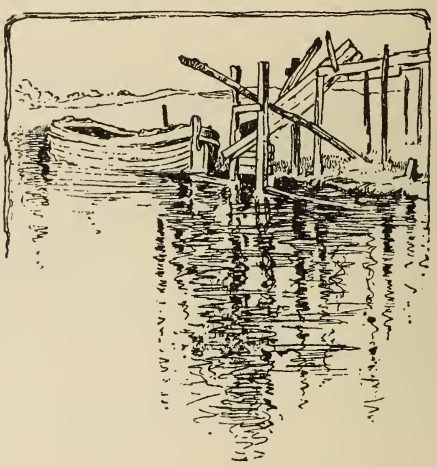


A BIT OF THE OLD MONKLAND CANAL.

Old Monkland Canal.

Leaving Easterhouse, we join the Old Monkland Canal. Its name enshrines many memories of long-forgotten times. The origin is obvious. The Monk Lands mainly consisted of the Clydeside territory which Malcolm IV. bestowed on the Monks of Newbattle in the twelfth century. The adjective "old" was merely conferred for distinction's sake when, in 1640, Monkland

was divided into two parishes, the western being called "Old," and the eastern "New" Monkland. The canal dates from 1770. In that year an Act was obtained for making a navigable canal from the Monkland collieries to the city of Glasgow and the river Clyde. The design of the undertakers was to open an easy communication in the interior of the country, and by reducing the price of coal to be of advantage to the city's manufactures. Bad trade—a bugbear then as now—caused an interruption of the scheme until 1782, when the stock was



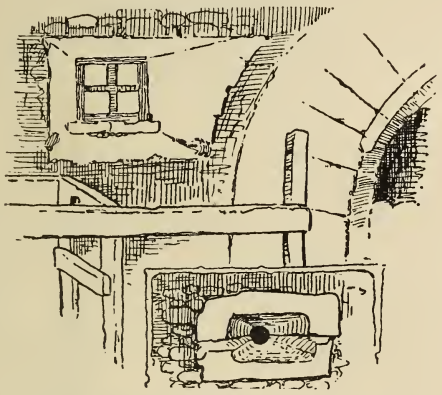
A PICTURESQUE NOTE.

sold by public auction and bought by Messrs. Stirling, who finished the plan, extending its navigation to the river Calder, thirteen miles east of Glasgow, and also forming a junction with the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1790. In that year over 100,000 tons of coal were transported to Glasgow. But the pristine glories of the Old Monkland Canal have passed away. The iron-road has sounded its death-knell. Within the memory of

middle-aged folk it was a busy thoroughfare, sixty boats a day voyaging on its waters being quite common thirty years ago. To-day we may rest on its sylvan banks for hours, revelling in a solitude unbroken save by the cry of the whaup or the trilling notes of the soaring lark.

A Pleasant Valley.

As we settled to the annexed sketch of a delightful stretch of wood and water, we allowed all thoughts of railways and steamboats and kindred commercial enterprises gently to fade away into a temporary oblivion. We enjoyed the summer day. All around



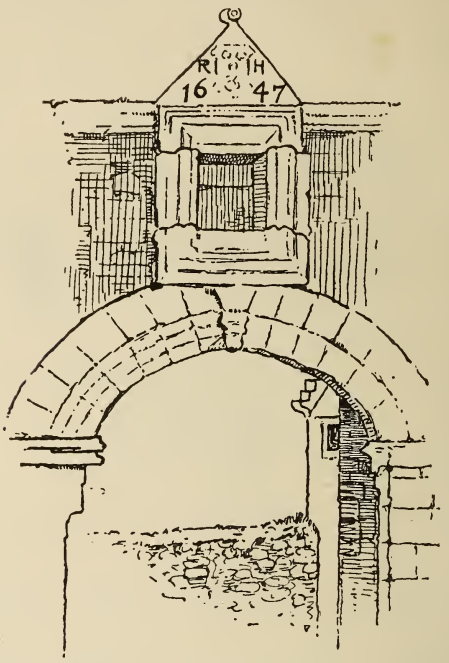
TYPICAL OLD WINDOW. ARCHED FIREPLACE.
SHOT-HOLE OUTER WALL.

us the pleasant valley sloped gently, richly wooded, and in many places with fields ripening to an abundant harvest, and rising beyond to copses and uplands. To our right the beautiful house of Blairtummock stands in the midst of fresh sward, and half hidden by a wealth of virgin green foliage. It is difficult to realise that a great city lies but a few miles away. The gentle June breeze bears on its wings the scent of the hawthorn which flourishes on the banks of the canal at this season in an abundance seldom met with. As we proceed along

the old tow-path we pass a huge thorn resplendent in its snowy garb. We fancy that here, screened by the shadow, many

> "A youthful loving modest pair
> In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
> Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

We recommend this spot to the young artist or photographer anxious for something worthy of his skill. There is a plethora of subject.



THE ARCHWAY AT PROVAN HALL.

Provan Hall.

Little more than a mile westward from Easterhouse, we leave the canal at the first bridge we come to, and before bidding it farewell employ our pencil on the

picturesque note afforded by a long-disused coal-shoot, with an old barge moored alongside. We now strike due north by the highway, en route for Provan Hall. The colliery on our left, and just adjoining the canal is Queenslie. Although its fires have been damped and its cages silent for many years, a passing miner tells me there is talk of its being re-opened and an attempt made to find coal again, but farther down into the bowels of the earth. A tramp of a mile brings us to a road which bears to the left. Another mile over the latter and we reach the historic manor house of Provan, with its terraced garden, shaded by fine old beeches and sycamores. The story of Provan is full of interest. We pause for a rest and a smoke, and lying on the soft green bank, beneath the shadow of the ancient house, recall some of its legends. The grey and mouldering walls are redolent of

"Gousty schaddois of eild and grisly deed."

It has a liberal share of picturesque beauty, this ancient Scotch, crow-stepped gabled home. Over the fine carved archway shown in our sketch, a stone bears the letters "R. H." and date 1647. These are the initials of Sir Robert Hamilton, into whose possession Provan Hall passed when he married Elizabeth Baillie, the "air" of Provan. These Hamiltons were a lusty race. Sir Robert, we are told, lived like the gallant cavaliers of his time. He kept open house, and the wayfarers of these days bound for St. Mungo found a ready welcome in his bountiful halls.

A Glasgow Purchase.

Time passed, and the patrimony of the Hamiltons melted away, until they had to part with the lands of Provan. For some occult reason these were purchased by the city of Glasgow in 1667. Exactly a hundred years later (1767) the city fathers sold Provan Hall, to clear the debt, it is said, incurred in building St. Andrew's Church. Of the estate, however, the city still retains the Miln of Provan and 14 acres there, and an acre at the outlet of Hogganfield Loch. After its sale by

Glasgow, the mansion-house of Provan passed through many hands; was bought in 1788 by Dr. John Buchanan, one of whose granddaughters married Reston Mather of Budhill; and the present hospitable and genial proprietor, Mr. William Mather, is a descendant of old Reston Mather.

The ancient mansion-house is unquestionably an early sixteenth century building. It stands high—300 feet above sea-level—on a natural platform that slopes down to the meadows of Provan, through which winds the Monkland Canal. It commands a wide prospect of the valley of the Clyde, with the hill of Dechmont in the distance. Close under the walls of the old-world and charming terraced garden, with its trailing ivy and sweet flowers, we see the flat meadow and the remains of an ancient loch, still the haunt of the wild duck. Enshrined in the pages of the minute books of Glasgow is a memory of the loch of Provan, in the entry of May 2, 1668, when Peter Gemmill, late Bailie, is ordered "to provide ane cobble for the use of the loch" at Provan Hall. But the story of Provan stretches much further back on the pathway of time. It was of the lands which "the jury of old and wise men in Cumbria took oath had belonged of auld to the kirk of Glasgow." That would be about 1120. Our gallant King James the IV., who fell on Flodden Field, was "Dominus de Provan." The Prebendaries of Balernock were wont to be styled Lord Provan, and their manse in Glasgow was near the Stable Green. Known as Provand's Lordship it is the oldest and only specimen left us in Glasgow of a fifteenth century house—thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who formed the Provand's Lordship Club.

The Bishop's Loch.

Leaving the old building, after spending a pleasant hour inspecting and sketching its ancient interior in its ingle neuk, curiously arched apartments, turret staircase, and stone-flagged upper floor, we speed on our way to the Bishop's Loch, some two miles distant. We pass Cardowan, Gartsheugh, and Gartloch with its handsome asylum, and underneath the shadow of the latter stretches

the broad, blue sheet of water which takes its name from the vanished castle or palace of the Bishop of Glasgow at one period adorning the landscape by the loch side. It is the home of the pike and the perch, and the haunt of the seagull and coot. These find a safe shelter along its sedgy shore, amid thickets of reeds and flags, and widespread shallows covered by the white-flowering trefoil. Its banks at this season are ablaze with the yellow marigold, presenting infinite possibilities to the worker in water-colour or oil. The Bishop's Loch is one of a chain of small, shallow lakes which stud the bottom of the valleys in the Monklands. It is a very

THE BISHOP'S LOCH.

ancient loch, and doubtless at some remote period formed a section of the great lake of which the small lochs of to-day are a reminder. Prehistoric man built his crannog on its swampy shores. The bittern has boomed amid its reeds, and the stately swan skimmed over its surface when a mighty forest waved on the ridges now crowned by the ten thousand human habitations of the city of Glasgow.

The Palace.

As we traverse the pathway by its eastern shore, we pass at the north end a mound in a field. Buried beneath the soil lie the foundations of the ancient palace of Glasgow's Bishops. Its very memory is well nigh forgotten, and the ploughman turning up the soil pauses in wonder at the curious and vast number of stones he meets with at that part of his journey. Of the Bishop's orchard but one solitary apple tree remains, a melancholy and silent commentary on the mutability of the affairs of mankind. Still skirting the loch we pass several disciples of Izaak Walton, and the genial and buirdly John Murdoch who watches the game thereabouts informs us that fishing is free on the loch, and much taken advantage of. A little farther on we pause for a crack with a member of the Coatbridge Entomological Society in search of water-beetles. He shows us several specimens in small bottles—one beetle quite new to him. He expresses to us the hope that it is a newly discovered variety. We trust his hope was realised, and if so we suggest as a suitable cognomen for the new specimen, "Scarabæus (rara) Tunica pontus," in common phrase, "The Coatbrig Beetle." Having viewed the site of the crannog, at this season covered with water, and having also examined a potsherd which John Murdoch got from W. A. Donnelly during the latter's excavation of the crannog's site, we turn our footsteps homewards. The rays of the setting sun have transformed the surface of the loch into a sheet of burnished gold, as we say good-bye to its beauties. A brisk tramp of a couple of miles and we find ourselves on the platform at Easterhouse, five hours from the time we left it to begin our walk.

IV.

From Cadder to Craigmaddie Moor

CADDER CADDER BRIDGE — ANTONINE'S WALL — BALMORE AND BARDOWIE—IN CADDER WOODS—BARDOWIE LOCH AND CASTLE—BALDERNOCK KIRK—THE AULD WIVES' LIFTS.

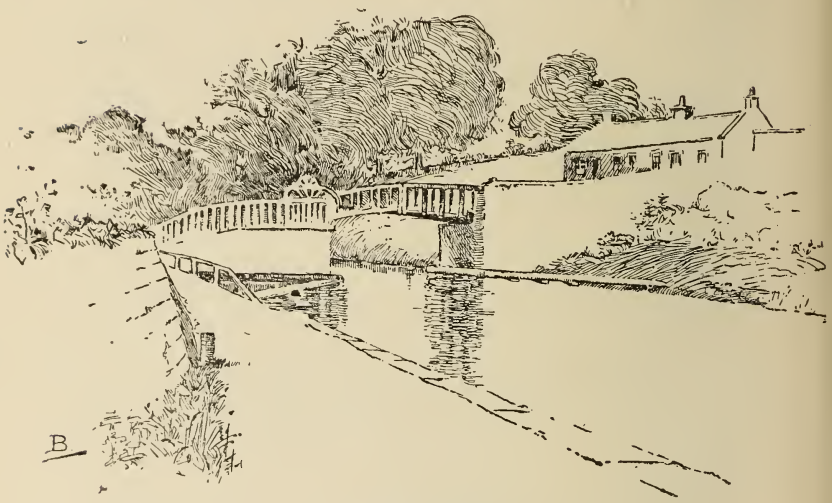
THE route which we propose to describe rejoices in a plethora of interesting features. Taking the car to Bishopbriggs, we then get clear of housetops and step forward briskly for Cadder on this fine fresh June afternoon. It is a pleasant two miles' stretch before we reach the historic district through which the Forth and Clyde Canal meanders. Clothed in its virginal garb, the country is looking its sweetest and best this leafy month. Spacious green distances under bright silvery skies extend on either side of the highway, right to where the emerald colour merges into the shimmering purply-greys of the distant Campsie Fells. Cattle are grazing lazily in the fields, and the full-throated song of the lark strikes a singularly harmonious note as it soars up and up, until lost to sight in the blue ether. It is good to be alive on such a day. You feel that,

> Cool thro' the nerves your pleasing comfort glides,
> The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
> And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
> And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Cadder.

Leaving the turnpike, we go down a side track to Cadder's bonny woods. A few minutes and we cross the Canal, per Cadder swing bridge. It is a picturesque little spot, and suitable, as our sketch evidences, for either brush or camera. The pretty "May Queen," laden with a merry picnic party, steams past, and the woods resound to a spirited and not unharmonious musical declamation of "the battle raging loud and long." Our pencilling finished, we take the leafy lane to our left, which leads past the handsome parish kirk

standing in its bower of greenery. We pause for a moment and recall somewhat of the story of Cadder. It is a very old one, and interesting. Times long past the lands of Cadder and the kirk belonged to the Bishops of Glasgow. The memory of this ecclesiastical tenure is preserved in the place-names of the parish, such as the Bishop's Bridge and the Bishop's Moss. After the Reformation the temporalities of the sub-deanery of Glasgow, which included Cadder, together with the patronage of the churches, came into possession of the families of Hamilton and Kilmarnock, and were by



CADDER BRIDGE.

them transferred to the College of Glasgow for a considerable sum of money, about the year 1656. With an independence worthy of all praise Cadder availed itself of the Act of Parliament, 1690, by paying 600 merks Scots as directed by the Act to the College, obtained a renunciation of the right of patronage by that learned body, and the parishioners became the electors of the minister. One dark memory there is that clings, like

some evil thing, to the parish, for was it not within its boundary that on the 11th September, 1303, Sir William Wallace was betrayed by the "fause Menteath"?

Antonine's Wall.

But Cadder has other and more ancient memories. Continuing our walk past an old theekit cottage, gay with summer flowers, we dip down hill. Half-way down, and to our right, we can trace clearly for about five hundred yards the Roman Wall. It is exceptionally well marked at this spot. We climb a fence, and examine and sketch the mouldering remains of Antonine's military way. There seems little doubt that his legions had a camp at Cadder, and so late as 1790 one of the watch-towers was still quite visible about a couple of hundred yards from the kirk. We had better warn enthusiastic antiquarians like ourselves that an examination of the wall here entails encroachment upon private property. We were unaware of the fact until enlightened by a bearded gentleman with a large poultice on one of his hands, who, holding a gate open, beckoned to us, and as we passed through observed, with unnecessary gruffness, "You are showing a bad example." It is a question whether we were or not; but we received the rebuke in silence, charitably attributing the "nippiness" of the remark to the pain of the poultice! Following the lane leading to the stepping-stone over the Kelvin, we pause to note the annexed "bit":—

> "Where ower a linn the burnie plays
> As through the glen it wimples."

The Woods.

The Cadder Woods, we may remark, are prolific of charming bits for the young artist or photographer. The configuration of the landscape hereabouts suggests that we are traversing the bottom of what, in prehistoric times, must have been a vast inland lake. The Kelvin is enclosed by artificial banks, which prevent it overflowing in the rainy seasons and converting the country into its former watery condition. Up till about 1770

such an occurrence was frequent. The inundations of the river were wont often to destroy hundreds of acres of crops, until, to prevent these disasters, the proprietors in the district built the embankment in the year mentioned. Crossing the river we bend forward for Balmore on the right of way which has but recently been enclosed with that hateful modern invention barbed wire. Our knowledge of the law tells us that it is here flagrantly broken. There should not be on any public highway a line of barbed wire fencing without a protecting rail or line of plain wire in front of it. Indeed, in only one case during this walk did we see the rule quoted adhered to. We silently anathematise the amiable

A BIT IN CADDER WOODS.

individual responsible for thus bedecking our right of way and pass on.

Balmore and Bardowie.

As we foot it through Balmore en route for Bardowie Loch, we note a clean and comfortable-looking Scottish village, each house with its little kailyard attached. Balmore has the distinction, doubtful perhaps, of not possessing a single public-house. On the highway here we forgathered with a party of Glasgow ramblers of the Southern Health Culture Society, who have been "doing" the country, thus combining the physical and intellectual according to the excellent principle which

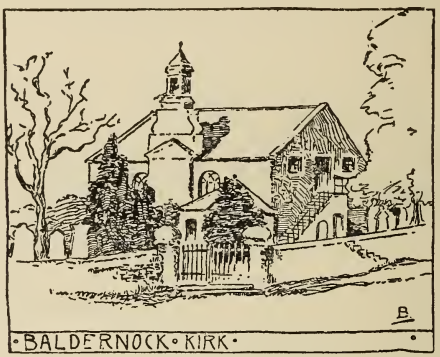
its rules and regulations outline. To the seeker after health and, incidentally, the lover of nature, we cordially recommend the S.H.C.S. as a likely channel for satisfying these aspirations and inclinations. Leaving the dusty highway again, we dip down to the valley where lies the loch of Bardowie. The loch is wondrously beautiful at this season. It is a fine open sheet of water, about 80 acres in extent, with woodlands, fields, and green sward on its western side, and reed beds, marsh and tangled vegetation on the other. At all times it is a charming scene—in the early spring when the bare trees are starting into life; in the summer when its clear waters mirror the old grey castle of Bardowie and its

BARDOWIE LOCH AND CASTLE.

wealth of foliage in their depth; in autumn when the changing leaves give a new and golden glory to a scene which was lovely before; and in the icy grip of winter when its broad acres form a playground for hundreds of merry skaters.

As we endeavour to record its beauties with our pencil, we find much to admire. A couple of stately swans move slowly over the lake. Immediately before us a

brood of tiny water hens follow their mother across a small reedy bay. We hear the cooing of the wild pigeon. The western sun illumines the ripple, and each miniature wavelet is transformed into a patch of colour. The smooth sheet of water reflects the trees and reeds in a sweep of green and grey, broken in upon now and then by the water-lilies' leaves. It is an ideal haunt for the artist, the photographer, the botanist, or the entomologist! Our sketch conveys a suggestion of its possibilities for these gentlemen. And so to the quaint old Kirk of Baldernock. We pass palatial Boghall with



its "atmosphere" of mediæval Scotch architecture, and thence we have a stiff climb of some 300 feet up a pleasant country road, which twists and turns, and dips, and rises again on the eastern shoulder of the Kilpatrick hills. Away to our right we see a plain but substantial looking kirk. An intelligent native, in answer to our query, informs us "it was the Free Kirk"; it is a church no longer, and the sacred fane has been converted into that essentially modern establishment, a motor garage!

Baldernock.

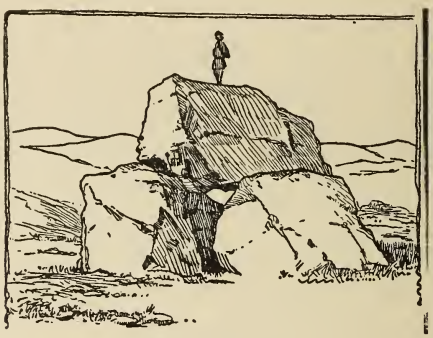
Baldernock Parish Church repays a visit. It is a quaintly-designed structure of comparatively modern date, having been built some 120 years ago. The design retains

many of the features associated with the Scottish post-Reformation ecclesiastical edifices, such as the outside stair to the gallery, and the outside bell rope. In the kirkyard are many fine old stones. Baldernock is an ancient foundation, and the present building is the successor to an honourable line. We learn from old charters that in the reign of Alexander II. the lands of Carton-benach were conveyed to Maurice Galbraith. In the year 1238 we find the same barony granted, under the name of Bathernock, to Arthur, son of Maurice Galbraith. Malduin, Earl of Lennox, was grantee. Arthur had power to seize and condemn malefactors, on the peculiar condition that "the convicts should be hanged on the Earl's gallows." We may still see, adjoining Craigmaddie Moor, the shattered and sadly-worn remains of the ancient castle of the Galbraiths. The Muir—which, by the way, is "private property"—lies about a mile to the north of the kirk. It stands fairly high—some 650 feet—and commands an extensive prospect. We look down through the sun-filled air upon a glorious expanse of waving woods, green meadows, and ripening fields, with every now and again the grey spires of St. Mungo peeping through the dreamy haze which seems to envelop the city. At our feet, and spread out like some gigantic map, lies the vast basin of the Clyde from Dumbarton to Neilston Pad and Dechmont. It is a magnificent panorama. Behind us lies the dreary moorland of Craigmaddie. Tradition marks it as the site of a battle with the Danes, and in cairns which have been opened a certain amount of weight was lent to tradition by the discovery of fragments of coarse urns and several pieces of human bones.

The "Auld Wives' Lifts."

But on the moor stands a rude memorial of an age long anterior to the coming of the Danes—the "Auld Wives' Lifts." This remarkable group of naturally poised and enormous blocks of sandstone occupies the centre of a large rudely circular hollow near the middle of the rocky moor. The top stone measures 22 ft. by 11 ft., the north stone 20 ft. by 8 ft., and the south block 14 ft. by 10 ft. They form an impressive group,

and we need scarcely wonder at the strange legends that cling around this huge agglomeration of megaliths. While the "Auld Wives' Lifts" belong in megalithic folk-lore to the witches and carlines who transport through the air, by Satanic agency, masses of stone, and here and there drop them, thus forming cairns or groups of standing stones, they have associations also with another phase of superstition. It is still necessary for all visiting this enchanted place for the first time to creep through the narrow passage between the stones, if they wish to avert the calamity of dying childless. We essayed the task, and found it comparatively easy owing to our moderate bulk. On the nearly level surface of the highest



AULD WIVES' LIFTS.

stone is a curious feature. This is an incised ring with a diameter of 36 inches, and bearing every appearance of having been carved at some very remote period. The stones have been claimed as a Druidical altar, and the incised ring mentioned described as "the ancient sanctifying emblem." The old spelling of the moor's name was Craig-madden. Madden has been translated as moidhean—entreaty, supplication, *i.e.*, the rock of prayer. (Robertson in Trans. Glas. Arch. Society.) Though we may nowadays smile at the notion of such masses of stone having any connection with Druidical rites, it is interesting to recall the theories and traditions which have gathered around them. Regarding similar stones,

a labourer afforded an explanation which has the benefit of being strikingly original. On being asked how he imagined such boulders came to be where they were, he cogitated a little, then gravely remarked that he "fancied when the Almighty flang the warld oot He maun hae putten thae stanes upon her to keep her steady." Some well-defined cup markings are to be seen on a rock to the west of the "Lifts," while of considerable interest is an old raised sea beach with its fine white sand and shells at the edge of the moor, and over 600 feet above sea level! While we were thus conning to ourselves the strange history and legends of Craigmaddie the sun had sunk to rest beneath the western horizon. With its going out there came the nip of the moorland air, which reminded us that it was nigh time to be a-jogging. A sharp walk of some three miles takes us to "Mulguy," where we catch the city train, after our seven hours' healthy and interesting tramp.

V.

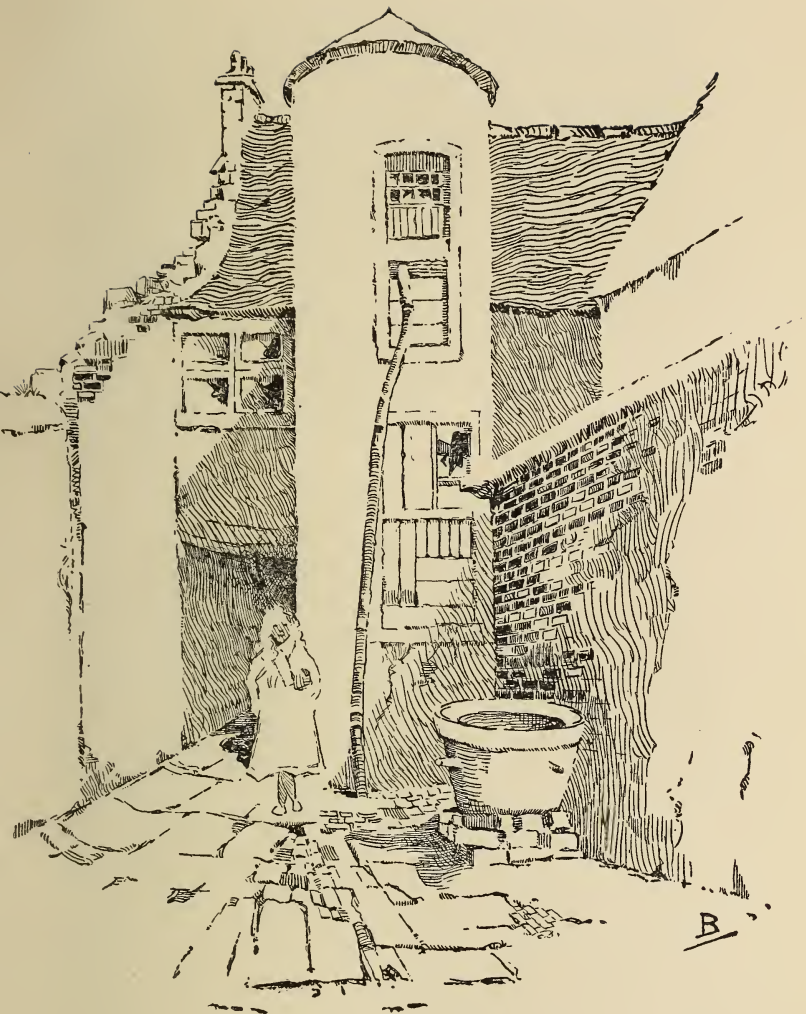
Renfrew, Inchinnan, to Erskine Ferry

RENFREW—A PICTURESQUE SLUM—PALM-MY-ARM—ANCIENT TOMB—INCHINNAN—AN OLD WORLD SPOT—THE OLD COACH ROAD—ERSKINE FERRY.

WE began our latest walk five miles west of the Cross of Glasgow, at the royal and ancient burgh of Renfrew. The approach by the car takes us through a flat stretch of country, the bottom of that ancient inland sea which, ages ago, covered the valley of the Clyde, sweeping eastwards to Cambuslang and washing the base of the Cathkins and Gleniffer Braes on the south. Shells and other marine organisms, including remains of whales, discovered near Renfrew, tell us that the vast flat tract of land through which the cars run to-day was deposited under marine conditions. As the car spins along we catch a glimpse of the fine old mansion of Elderslie on our right, just before entering the burgh. This elegant structure was built about 1780 by Mr. Alexander Spiers, an ancestor of the present owner. At one period the ground upon which Elderslie House stands was an island in the river Clyde, and is so marked as "The King's Inch" in Blaeu's "Picture of Renfrewshire," published in 1654. And an island it remained until the opening decade of the eighteenth century, when the Clyde changed its course.

Renfrew.

In those far-off times Renfrew consisted of a single street, whose houses stood on the margin of the river. The car to-day runs along the line of that old thoroughfare, past which the Clyde, then a broad and clear but sluggish stream, meandered on its way to the sea. The river is now close upon a mile from this spot, but its old course can still be traced at the back of the houses as you enter the town. About 1790 a large canal was made on the old bed of the river, up which vessels came to the burgh at spring tides and unloaded. That old canal



A PICTURESQUE "SLUM."

is still in use as the fitting-out basin for the magnificent dredgers which have made Renfrew justly famed as a shipbuilding centre. Renfrew is so called probably from the old Gaelic word Rein-froach, which signifies "the heath division." It is not at all improbable that in former times the country round the burgh was entitled to that appellation. Indeed, a writer in 1300 tells us that the greater part of the ground south of the town was quite covered with heath. That apart, the history of the place is of such a character as to make it one of the most interesting spots in Scotland. We dip far back in the pages of time. Whether the town existed in Roman times is a disputed point. The writer of the Old Statistical Account thinks it is the Vanduara mentioned by Ptolemy. Be that as it may, it is certainly of great antiquity, is mentioned in the twelfth century in the Chartulary of Paisley when Walter, the son of Alan, the High Steward of Scotland, gave the monks of Paisley "the Inch near his town of Renfrew," and can boast of having been erected into a Royalty by King Robert III.

Yesterday and To-Day.

In its pristine period Renfrew bulked large on the page of Scottish history. According to the Macdonald MS., the mighty Somerled in 1164 equipped a fleet of 160 vessels, sailed up the Clyde, and "landed near Renfrew." There he was slain. His death is variously related. The Chronicle of Man has it that he encountered King Malcolm's troops and was vanquished at Renfrew and slain, together with his son. Crawford, in his Peerage, maintains that he was slain at Renfrew with his son, named Gilliculane. Other Scottish historians say that both he and his son were taken prisoners and then executed. We will not dispute the tradition, which, like O'Trigger's quarrel, is a very pretty tradition as it stands. We know that the Lord High Steward of Scotland had a castle at Renfrew, the "chief manor of this fair barony." All traces of this edifice are lost, but its site is still known as Castle Hill. We also know it was granted a charter by King James VI. and by Queen Anne, and to this day British Royalty takes a title from the

ancient burgh, the Prince of Wales having the right to use the cognomen Baron Renfrew. But its old glory has departed. As we pass along the ancient street we find no suggestions of regal splendour. The most outstanding features are old tumble-down houses, roofless, and in the last stages of decay. And this has been the case for years—a fact not redounding to the credit of its civic authorities. Attracted by the picturesque appearance of one of these buildings of sixteenth century architecture, with a fine old circular tower stair, we make our way to the "back land." The Parish Kirk adjoins. We have ample verification of the old saw, "The nearer the kirk the further from grace." As we sketch this picturesque "bit," our ears are saluted by the most revolting imprecations from some women in heated altercation. We have a great love for all things old and picturesque, but, really, we should not grieve to see this rookery razed to the ground.

Palm-my-Arm.

The beautiful Parish Church should not be missed. It is a modern structure about half a century old, and occupies the site of the kirk erected in 1726. It is graced by a very fine memorial window gifted by Mr. William Robertson, the well-known shipowner, "in commemoration of Mr. Peter M'Laren, LL.D., 47 years rector of Renfrew Grammar School;" while there is a brass to the memory of "James Smith, of Jordanhill, F.R.S., for sixty years elder of the church." But its chief glory rests under an arch in the chancel. Our sketch conveys an idea of its beauty. The figure in armour is that of Sir John Ross of Hawkhead, and alongside, but not visible in the sketch, reposes his lady, Dame Marjory Mure. On the circle of the arch is the following inscription:—"Hic jacet johes; ros miles quodem; dominus de hawkhede et marjora uxor sua; orate pro meis: qui obiit"—*i.e.*, "Here lies Sir John Ross, formerly Master of Hawkhead, and Marjory, his wife. Pray for them." It is a fifteenth century monument, and in excellent preservation.

By the old inhabitants of Renfrew it is spoken of as "Palm-my-Arm." The story is worth repeating. It relates to an ancestor of the Earl of Glasgow, and runs

thus:—The Scottish and English Kings had interchanged a challenge, whereby Scotland stood engaged to produce a man to fight a noted champion of the English Court. The Scottish monarch offered "The Inch" at Renfrew as the reward of him who should be successful. Sir John

ANCIENT TOMB IN RENFREW PARISH KIRK.

Ross offered himself for the contest, the issue of which was life or death. On the Knock Hill, on the highest point between Renfrew and Paisley, there remained up to the opening years of last century a circular mound of earth surrounded by a moat. This was the site of the combat. The stature and prowess of the Englishman

were great. That of Ross, a private gentleman, small; but he was confident in his agility and muscular skill. He was equipped for the fray in a dress of skin, well lubricated with oil and slippery. The Englishman in vain attempting to lay hold of Ross, at length held out his own hands with the invitation for which the Scottish champion panted—"Palm my arm." Ross, seizing the Englishman by the wrists, at one jerk wrenched his shoulders out of their sockets and easily despatched him. Ross ever after went by the name of Palm-my-Arm, and his monument is so known to this day.

Inchinnan.

A walk of a little over a mile takes us to Inchinnan. It is a delightful road fringed with trees, many of great beauty and dignity, forming a natural avenue by interlacing in a most picturesque manner their luxuriant branches like a canopy. Blythswood House and its magnificent policies lie to our right all the way to the meeting of the waters at Inchinnan. A strange relic of other days is to be seen within the umbrageous shades of Blythswood policies—the Chariot of St. Conval and the Argyll Stone. The stone to the right is a large block of bluish-grey granite, and is known as the "Currus Convalli," or Chariot of St. Conval. It is said the saint floated over from Ireland on that stone in the sixth century, and also that it is the stone upon which he first stepped when he landed here from Ireland. The other block is sandstone, and is undoubtedly the base or pediment of a Celtic cross, but the shaft has long since disappeared. Erected probably in honour of the holy man, it was long known at "St. Conallie's Stone," and the Bell race of Paisley, instituted in 1620, was appointed "to be startit at the grey stane callit St. Convall's stane." Finally this stone became known as the "Argyll Stone," for it was while resting there that the unfortunate Duke of Argyll was captured in 1685. Down to the eve of the Reformation the shrine of St. Conval at Inchinnan was the scene of great pilgrimages, and many wonderful cures were achieved by the mystical stones near the old ford over

the Cart. In the Buik of the Croniclis of Scotland we read:—

> "Ane halie man of Scotland of great fame
> That samin time, hecht Conwallus by name;
> Discipill als he wes of Saint Mungow,
> In Inchannane schort gait bewest Glesgo.
> His bodie lys quhair I mysel hes bene
> In pilgrimage and his reliques hes sene."

An Old World Spot.

It is difficult at Inchinnan to realise that we are near to Glasgow. There is an old-world atmosphere over the scene. Along one's way meanders the lovely Cart, the white waters of the larger branch glistening in the June sunshine as they leap along their bed. The dark and moss-coloured stream of the Gryffe unites with the placid white water where the soft green copses of Inchinnan and its islets open to the Clyde. Amid such a scene of soft enchantment purity might itself dwell, and it is just such a place as an anchorite would choose wherein to spend a long life. We pause for a moment to look over the bridge at the "grave of the scows," and the Ferrycroft, beloved of the artist. Here is the last resting-place of the lighters used on the canal, and a picturesque note they make. To our left, and near the middle of the Gryffe, we see the foundations of the old bridge "of ten arches," built in 1759, and which collapsed after a heavy flood in the spring of 1809. We turn from the main road and visit the kirkyard which surrounds the handsome modern church of Inchinnan. There is a remarkable collection of sculptured stones, Celtic and Templars, in this secluded God's acre.

> "Thus fragments of the olden time
> Float down the stream of years."

Truly in this case it is but "fragments." For some 300 years the Knight Templars and the Knights of St. John occupied the "Temple Lands and Tenements" at Inchinnan. They have long passed away, and some half-dozen stones are all that remain to tell us of these men. When the ancient church of Inchinnan was pulled down in 1828 the area was found to be paved with skulls, grim

and silent records of the Templars' occupation. We also note in this old kirkyard some mortsafes. These go back to the eerie times of the resurrectionists, and were used in the days of Burke and Hare.

The Old Coach-Road.

We take the main road again, and push forward for Erskine Ferry. Our way is "ever charming, ever new." The landscape hereabout is a thing of joy indeed. An exhilarating wind blows strong, yet sweet and soft, down from the Renfrewshire uplands, from the firs and the heather. It is a peaceful agricultural scene. Little farm-houses nestle beneath clumps of trees, fresh green fields, with cattle lazily browsing in their midst, stretch for miles away to the distant hills, and the Gryffe zig-zags, a strip of silver, through the meadows. It is a charming elysium of leaf and stream that we see from this old coach-road—the main one in its day—from Glasgow to Gourock, and the ferries of Erskine and Langbank. The farm-town immediately to our right is Portnauld and Barrack Shaw. Portnauld once boasted a distillery, while Barrack Shaw is so named because of its having been at one period a regular halting-place for the militia. At the first junction of the roads, we take that to the right. Farther over is Tucheen, a beautifully wooded height. Tradition says a great battle was fought there, but its memory is all but lost. A damp, marshy hollow below Tucheen is known as "Blood's Mire Goat" (Blood's Mire Gait?), because, according to some, much blood was shed there during the battle. We pass the charming places of Green-head and Broomlands, and farther on is Gateside. In its day and generation this was one of the best stopping-places by the way. There the good cheer and flowing bowl of the ancient regime could be had in perfection. But silence now reigns where mirth and music formerly prevailed, and Gateside's tavern is now used as plough-men's houses by the tenant of Park Mains. The former courtyard and stabling accommodation may yet be traced out. Thence on to Rashilee Wood, through which the path for Erskine Ferry meanders. It is a lonely path, winding downward until we enter the Erskine policies.

Erskine Ferry.

It would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful wooded and secluded highway than this which leads to the Ferry. In some places quite romantic and wild; in others we get glimpses of hills and fields and water through the trees which border the path. That harbinger of spring, the cuckoo, is frequently heard in the district for the first time within these wooded dells. We rest for a moment to watch the gambols of a couple of squirrels up and down the trees, and flying along branches a hundred feet from the ground in a manner wonderful to behold. As we follow the movements of the pretty, bushy-tailed creatures, we cast our minds back for the nonce, and recall the picturesquely savage legend which

ERSKINE FERRY, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

gave the district a name. The story tells us that in the reign of Malcolm II., a Scotsman of high distinction having killed with his own hands Enrique, one of the Danish generals, at the battle of Murthill, cut off his head according to the best mediæval style, and holding the bleeding trophy aloft for the edification of His Majesty, exclaimed, "Eris-skyne," *i.e.*, "Behold the head and dagger." The King, quick to realise the significance of the occasion, promptly imposed upon the champion the surname of Erskine, and assigned for his armorial bearing a hand

holding a dagger. The lands were held by this name till about 1630, and in 1700 were purchased by the noble family of Blantyre, in whose possession they remain. The ferry at Erskine is well known, and a favourite haunt of the Glaswegian. With its fine old inn, and wealth of trees, by the banks of the broadly-flowing Clyde, it is an ideal picnic resort. For the artist and photographer it offers a plethora of interest. To the rambler it offers a welcome refreshment in its tavern, and a much-needed rest after the long walk on this hot summer's afternoon. We indulge in both, and seated on the green sward, lazily watch the steamers glide on their passage to the sea. It is a place to dream a long summer's day away. Lying before us is the majestic river, overhung by the magnificent Kilpatrick hills stretching their bulky forms upward into the blue ether. A huge liner, laden with sad-faced emigrants for the Golden West, passes before us, stately in its bulk and strength. The tide is up, and quite a procession of all sorts and conditions of craft pass on their various errands of profit and pleasure. And the old Clyde flows on, still and silent, as it did when Roman galleys sheltered at Old Kilpatrick, on the opposite banks, twenty centuries ago:—

> "Majestic Clutha, as a princess moving,
> From the pavilion of thy morning rest,
> To where the Atlantic sits, with smile approving,
> And folds his daughter to his ample breast."

VI.

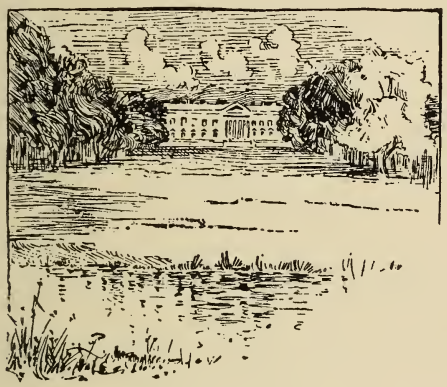
Uddingston, Bothwell, and the Clyde and Calder

BOTHWELL CASTLE — BOTHWELL — HAMILTON PALACE — THE QUIRE OF ST. BRIDE — EPITAPHIANA — RELICS IN THE SACRISTY — WHERE CLYDE AND CALDER MEET — ROMAN BRIDGE, CALDER WATER.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

A RUN of a little more than an hour by tramway car brings us from Jamaica Street to Uddingston. This large village, or small town, as it may be safer to call it, has been fortunate enough of late years to attract a well-deserved degree of attention as a suitable residential quarter for prosperous Glasgow business men. Broad and handsome thoroughfares of modern houses and shops, with a plethora of fine villas embowered in a wealth of foliage, give Uddingston a distinct claim to be entitled a most desirable residential suburb of the city. Originally the retainers' quarters of the ancient Barony of Bothwell, the historic old place is losing all claim to individuality. To lovers of the old and picturesque Scotland of our forefathers, it is a painful fact that Uddingston has modernised rapidly and bids fair to soon achieve greatness as a prince of suburbs. Indeed, a foretaste of its future greatness already exists in its hotel, with table d'hote and a "complete system of fire hydrants and fittings." But looking around us this hot June afternoon we can forgive and forget these untoward matters in our delight with the glorious ever-changing landscape stretching for miles to the distant horizon, shimmering in a summer haze. Uddingston is fortunate in being placed in the midst of a superb undulating country of grassy downs, orchards, and nestling homesteads, where the rabbits cross one's path and the partridge calls on the stubble. It is the gateway to the beautiful valley

of the Clyde. Its lands have historic records carrying us back to the times of the brass-clad legions of Rome. Tradition has it that we owe the planting of these orchards to the dark-hued stern Roman. In the sweeping, sheltered uplands of the Clyde valley, he traced a resemblance to the sun-kissed champaign of his beloved Italy. We owe a great deal to these old warriors. They left behind them an engineering inheritance which to this day has never been surpassed. Modern, up-to-date Uddingston still retains a faint memory of the invader in the field beyond its borders known as "Street," for the great Watling Street passes immediately to the north-west of the town, and it is still possible to trace it over the golf course.



HAMILTON PALACE.

Bothwell.

The walk from Uddingston to historic Bothwell gradually takes us into one of the most pleasant parts of rural Lanarkshire. No one should condemn this extensive home country as uninteresting because, forsooth, of its coal mines. We grant they are not beautiful. But they are useful, and at least provide for the pedestrian the value of contrast. Our road winds about a good deal before we reach the entrance gates to the Bothwell Castle policies. To Glaswegians their beauty is tolerably

familiar, as are also the massive ruins of the ancient keep. The Castle of Bothwell has played a conspicuous part on the stage of Scottish history. Dating from the twelfth century, it was anciently possessed by the Murrays, to whom it was given by Robert the Bruce. Lord Bothwell married Bruce's sister, and with his granddaughter the castle passed from the Murrays into the keeping of Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas. It now belongs to the Earl of Home, who sits in the House of Lords as Baron Douglas. Standing on the steep banks of the Clyde, the Castle has picturesqueness, which has attracted the brush of many an artist. Indeed, there are few finer sketching "bits" in the valley of the Clyde:—

> "We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

One slight pencil "thumb-nail" will suggest to the artistic eye the latent possibilities of the spot. The Clyde hereabouts is a captivating picture of natural beauty and ancient architecture. And so to Bothwell town.

The Quire of St. Bride.

A quaint and pleasant town is old Bothwell. It has a quiet charm all its own. Peaceful though it be, in times past and gone its streets have resounded with the shouts of armed men, mad with the lust of battle-blood. Not a few waves of the tide of Scottish history have swept over Bothwell town. It is redolent of many memories dear to the hearts of Scotsmen, and its beautiful granite pillar to the memory of our Covenanting forefathers who fought and bled and died for liberty as their forefathers had fought and bled and died is an expression of the depth and strength of these feelings. But its church is the glory of Bothwell. It dominates the town, and it is the dominant object with all who visit it for the purpose of archæological research, or even on pleasure bent. At its entrance gates stands an exquisite monument commemorating one of Scotland's sweetest songsters, Joanna Baillie, a native of the town. Like the town itself, the church of St. Bride is of uncertain date, and it is not

even beyond doubt that an older church stood on the same site as the ancient pre-Reformation chapel, now the kirk of St. Bride. It is sacred to the patron saint of the great Douglas family. Her tutelary power is attested in the quaint verse:—

> "Who sains the house the night?
> They that sain ilka night—
> Saint Bryde and her brat,
> Saint Michael and his spear,
> Keep this house from the wear."

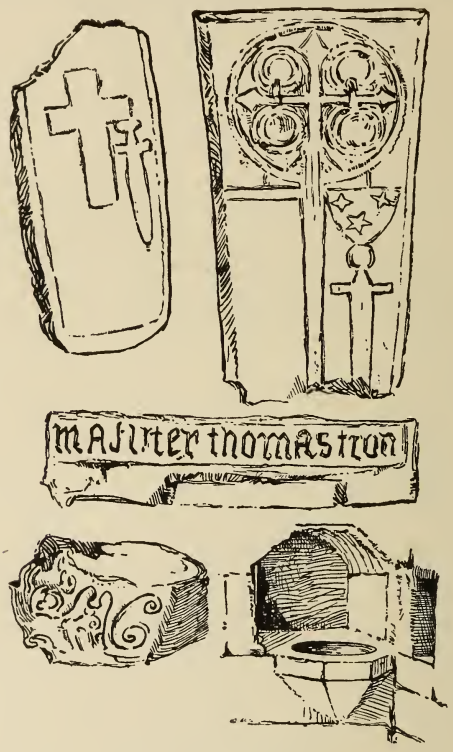
By the courtesy of the intelligent keeper of the kirk and kirkyard we are privileged to examine the interior. Essentially it is the same chapel as was erected by Archibald the Grim in 1398. Decaying and disused for long years, it was cleared out and restored about 1888, through the efforts of the late revered minister of the church, Dr. Pagan. It is a rare example of an ancient Scottish pre-Reformation church. The whole edifice is of stone, and the restoration has been careful to preserve intact the beautiful characteristics of the Gothic architecture. The roof is arched and lofty, and the lighting is provided by some very fine windows. There are noble monuments decorating its interior to the memory of the Dukes of Hamilton and the Earl of Forfar, "dyed December the 23, Anno 1712," and his son.

In its present restored form the Kirk of St. Bride is a chancel. Attached is the ancient sacristy, with a finely-groined roof, and an excellent example of a piscina. The sketch shows how well it has been preserved. The vessels or cruets of wine and water were placed in the piscina for use at Mass, and adjoining this "bole" is the stone basin in which the priest would wash his hands. Another feature of a pre-Reformation church are the sedilia, or seats, for the clergy at the altar of the chancel. Within the darkened sacristy, with its picturesque old doorway, are kept the fine Celtic stones shown in the sketch. The smallest stone is supposed to have been the capital of a Roman pillar. Another memorial of the past, also in the sacristy, is a stone (sketched) bearing the superscription, in Saxon characters, of "Magister Thomas Tron." This relic was taken from the base of the old spire, and is conjectured to be the name of the master-builder who, in

1398, reared the beautiful edifice of St. Bride's, with its massive roof of flags of stone in the form of pan-tiles.

Epitaphiana.

But if the interior of the structure is interesting, from an artistic and archæological point of view, how much more interesting are the records of frail mortality so



RELICS IN THE SACRISTY.

thickly gathered around the old chapel! Notebook in hand, we meander over the ancient burial-ground. The oldest date observable appears on a small weather-beaten stone, but the lettering, W. M. (?) and figures, 1422, are

quite distinct. Sixteenth and seventeenth century stones are to be seen, still telling to all who care to read, the brief life-history of generations of dead and forgotten Bothwell men and women. We note a group of stones which, with a quaint conceit, record their story in rude rhyme. There is quite a gathering of the clan Cullen at this spot, and the oldest stone tells us,

"Here I stand in this rank,
For John Cullen in Craigbank.
1728."

With an equal poetic fire and an equal originality, the next tomb in this ghastly "rank" of dead and gone Cullens bears the legend:—

"1732.
Here I stand and sett up be
William Cullen in Kirklee."

The divine afflatus exhausts itself in the third monument, which informs us that

"1728.
Here I do stand in earth, clay, or fiel,
For John Cullen in Kennyhill."

In times gone Bothwell, as we have just seen, must have proved a fruitful rearing-ground for poetic genius. We are forced to this conclusion as we stand and note down still another tribute in poetical numbers, recording the life and works of a—doubtless—well-known man of the forge, in his day. We read that this stone has been

"Erected by Margaret Scott in memory of her husband,
Robert Stobo, late smith and farrier, Gouk Thraple.
My sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows pipe have lost its wind,
My forge's extinct, my fire's decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is laid,
My coals is spent my iron is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done."

Dear old Margaret, thy knowledge of Lindley Murray is but a negligible quantity. What then? Are there no compensations? What but an abiding affection and the kindliest of motives could have induced thee to put on record for all time the praises of thy departed farrier and erstwhile grimy mate! Peace to thy ashes and to his, the redoubtable Vulcan of Goukthraple.

We are tolerably well acquainted with our native

tongue, and are prepared to back Goukthraple against any other Scottish place name. It is inimitable, unique.

Where Clyde and Calder Meet.

But we have lingered rather too long among the tombs. We have still a long road before us, so we foot it rapidly through Bothwell town to the famous Brig, where on a stormy June morning in 1679 the men of the Covenant were rudely handled by the forces of the King and Government. We leave the King's highway where stands the grey granite obelisk, "in commemoration of the

WHERE CLYDE AND CALDER MEET.

Battle of Bothwell Brig." Turning sharply to the left we soon reach the green banks of the Clyde. The Brig makes a fine picture from this vantage spot, and we recommend it as a suitable and comparatively "easy" subject for our budding Glasgow Dick Tintos. Turning our footsteps up the stream we have beyond us a smiling sun-kissed stretch of meadow with cattle in the fore-

ground; above, a wooded knoll; and in the farther distance to our left the green hill on which Bothwell's spire stands, nobly. There are fine paintable "bits" about here, and the photographic artist will find a plethora of subjects should he deign to venture in our footsteps. We are a little disappointed to find the Clyde not exactly so clear as we had hoped, due probably to the recent spates. It is a noble river still here, and where on our right the cyclopean avenue of ancient trees shows a noble perspective to the magnificent palace of the Dukes of Hamilton, we pause to sketch a scene worthy a mighty canvas. The Palace was founded in 1591, added to in 1771, and brought to its present stateliness by Alexander the tenth Duke in 1822. A couple of miles from Bothwell Brig, and we reach the sylvan spot where Clyde and Calder meet.

Where the little stream steals into the Clyde is a rarely beautiful woodland scene. At this time of the year it is clothed in loveliness of colour, and the woods resound with the warbling notes of the mavis, the linnet, the lark, and the starling. Its pastoral character is accentuated by the sleepy cows standing on the margin of the river. The soft music of the water as it wimples over the gravelly bed completes the quiet charm of this spot, where

> "There's beauty in ilk bank and brae,
> And balm upon the breeze."

Our sketching finished, we bid farewell to Father Clyde, and turn up the richly-wooded dell through which flows the Calder Water. The rich undergrowth is beautiful with the bloom of flowers, among which the soft lilac florets, topping their slender stalks, lend a delightful dash of colour to the pale greens which flourish here in luxurious abundance. About a mile from where the Calder debouches on the Clyde, we reach the ancient Roman Bridge. The sun is sinking to rest as we make our sketch of the beautiful span, whose airy grace our bridge builders might equal, but, we imagine, would find it impossible to beat. An intelligent schoolboy from one of the adjacent villages is able to inform us that the bridge was built by the soldiers of Antonine, in the third century A.D. We are surprised to find such store of

archæological lore in a youngster, and our surprise was intensified when he added that "it was in the line of Watling Street, which ancient highway extends from London town, through the English counties, to Scotland, and right on to the shores of the Moray Firth." Our young friend was an excellent certificate of the sound character of Bothwell scholastic instruction. From the Roman Bridge we turn back and make once more for our starting point. A sharp walk of some three miles

ROMAN BRIDGE, CALDER WATER.

takes us through the mining "rows" of Bothwellhaugh village, with its crowds of healthy-looking youngsters tumbling over each other on the pathway, and thence by green fields and dusty hedgerows back to the car terminus. We are glad to get a seat in a city-bound car, after a tiring but eminently interesting six hours "on the tramp."

VII.

Stanelie, Elderslie, and the Auld Ford

WALLACE TREE INN STANLEY GREEN SHAW—OLD CASTLE OF STANLEY—THE DANISH STONE—ELDERSLIE—THE BIRTHPLACE OF WALLACE—AN OLD SCOTTISH FIREPLACE—A RENFREWSHIRE LANE.

WALLACE TREE INN.

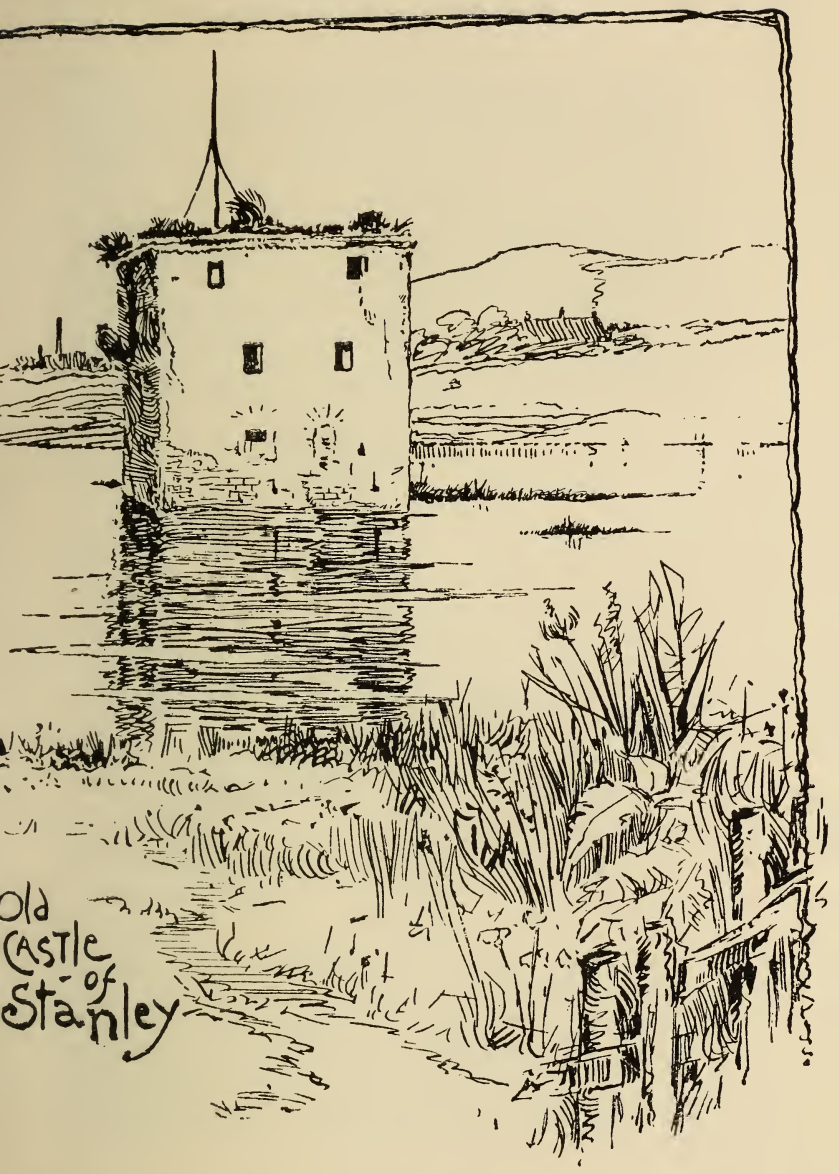
THE ancient capital of Renfrewshire was the starting point for the highways and by-ways of our last walk. When old Saint Mirren and his band of wayfarers came-a-wandering to Clydesdale, they made a wise choice in fixing their holy habitation on the banks of the Cart, under the shadow of the Braes o' Gleniffer. Monkish chroniclers tell us that the brethren loved to settle in "gladis cool and green, whaur wood, and water, and ye hillis gledden ye sicht." It is long since the glades, "cool and green," vanished from within the boundaries of Paisley. But St. Mirren's "wood and water and hillis" still "gledden the sicht," and to these we hie. By the Causeyheid Road, a brief half-hour of cyclopean switchback tramping, and we are on the shoulder of Gleniffer and by the side of the Paisley Water Works. We are free of the town, and inhaling the bracing nip of the uplands. The County Council of Renfrewshire have an excellent certificate of character in their highways. Fine walking truly is to be had on the firm surface of the road which takes us past the reservoir on our right and the old farm steading of Crossbar on our left. Unique indeed is the Paisley Reservoir. It is a crystalline sheet of water, set in the midst of pastoral and comparatively green hills,

Stanley Green Shaw.

It is an important little lake, brightly mirroring on its bosom the hoary ruins of Stanley Keep. Few, if any, such mundane affairs as "waterworks" can boast of having in their keeping a Scottish castle whose history takes us back to well nigh the days of the Bruce and Wallace wight. True it is that one of the Edinburgh waterworks and compensation ponds waters cover the site of the ruined chapel of St. Catherine of the Hopes. But the grey ruins of Stanley stand boldly erect in the midst of the Paisley Loch, as if indeed the builders had fixed on this spot for reasons of safety in the warlike times of yore. Time was, however, when the Castle of Stanley stood upon a stretch of fine green sward. That was the manner of it in the days of the Denelstons of that ilk who builded the keep, and to whom King Robert III. granted a charter of the lands thereabouts in 1372. From the Denelstons it passed in 1477 to the Maxwells of Newark, and from them to the Earl of Glasgow. Changed though the setting be since those early days, it is still charming. Within this beautiful valley of the hills poesy has made a favourite haunt. The muse of the immortal Tannahill, and many a reed of minor note, have consecrated every green knoll and every quiet nook in this sylvan landscape. Tannahill struck the true note in his deft sketch of the ruin as seen through the wintry blast. This "dull, plodding weaver" (as he styled himself) gives us in four rare lines the spirit of the past, and embalms the old grey Keep in unforgetful music. Over Stanley he throws the witchery of his genius:—

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

And 'spite the smoky curtain which lends a touch of mystery to matter-of-fact Paisley, the landscape we view from Stanley is worthy the genius of Tannahill's lines. The eye roams over a wide undulating stretch of country, beyond the Clyde river to where the dark blue outlines of our Scottish Alps bound the distance. We see the


Old
Castle
of
Stanley

"snaw-white cluds" resting on the top of "lofty Ben-lomond." The bonnie woods of Craigielea, the braes o' Gleniffer, the Newton woods, and Stanley's green shaw are about us, all landmarks in the literature of Scotland.

The Danish Stone.

We view these things from the public roadway, for the canny Corporation of Paisley keeps its waterworks sacred. And unless one dares the penalty of "£10" for "trespassing" to the highway must we keep. But it is worth while braving the righteous civic wrath for the sake of examining the strange relic of times long anterior to the adjoining keep which stands, neglected and forlorn,

THE DANISH STONE.

by the banks of the trim, well-kept waterworks. We refer to what Semple has dubbed the Danish Stone. Our sketch will convey an idea of its character. Semple tells us that in his time (1780) "the cross piece on the top was broken off." "Carved on it," he says, "are two lions and two boars." In the fifties of last century Hugh Macdonald saw the ancient shaft "lying ingloriously

prostrate on the ground." Fortunately it has been restored to its socket, but, so far as we could make out, has been inserted "upside down." In all probability the stone is a religious cross, one of the sacred monuments which in early Christian times were erected along the routes leading to popular shrines—such, for instance, as St. Mirren. If we accept Semple's statement regarding its carving, we have on this stone the four mythical beasts of the Apocalypse, which are found on so many of the sculptured stones of Scotland, and which form such prominent decorative features in Italian early Christian art. Semple does not explain the traditionary appellation of the Danish Stone, and everything, we think, points to its being an ancient religious cross. It stands in the midst of long, rank grass. We could admire the trim modern waterworks better were some of the care bestowed on these transferred to keeping the surroundings of "The Danish Stone" in a manner worthy of such a precious relic. Our sketching and musings finished, we leave the time-worn and silent witness of the past. And so to Elderslie.

Elderslie.

From Stanelie, a pleasant tramp of some two miles along a highway, which looks down upon an extensive and rich country, takes us to the still old-world village of Elderslie. En route we pass Glenpatrick Distillery, Mackie's Mill, and Fulbar, an ancient domain whose "four measures of land" were granted by King Robert III. in 1370 to Thomas Hall, and for over 400 years scions of that family held the lands of Fulbar. And at Elderslie we are on one of the most classical and far-famed spots in broad Scotland—the birthplace of Wallace! The atmosphere of the little grey village is pregnant to a Scotsman with inspiring thoughts of that mediæval age, when our great champion of liberty, "semly, stark, and bauld," held his sway. The thought lends a generous colour to the straggling commonplaces of the village street, and helps to subdue the aggressive fulsomeness of the noisy electric cars, whose coming has served to destroy the old-world feeling of the district. Yet withal it is still a pleasant spot wherein to linger and weave visions

around the memory of the greatest figure in our gallery of heroes. And a goodly company have done so since the days of old Blind Harry, Wintoun, Langtoft, Fordun kept the memory green through the middle ages until the lyre of Burns poured an inspiration on the name of Wallace, enshrining it trebly in the sacristy of Scottish affection, and ensuring it the homage of undying fame:—

> "At Wallace name what Scottish blood
> But boils up in a springtide flood!
> Oft have our fearless fathers strode
> By Wallace side,
> Still pressing onward red-wat-shod,
> Or glorious died."

And the village is redolent of the name. There is the fine old Wallace Head Inn, on the sign of which some imaginative Dick Tinto has delineated the massive features of the hero; there are cottages galore bearing the historic cognomen; and nearly opposite the quaint crow-stepped gabled edifice at the end of the village, credited by unvarying tradition as the birthplace, or at least the site of the house, in which Wallace first saw light, there is the Wallace Tree Inn. And within its cool shelter we forgathered with

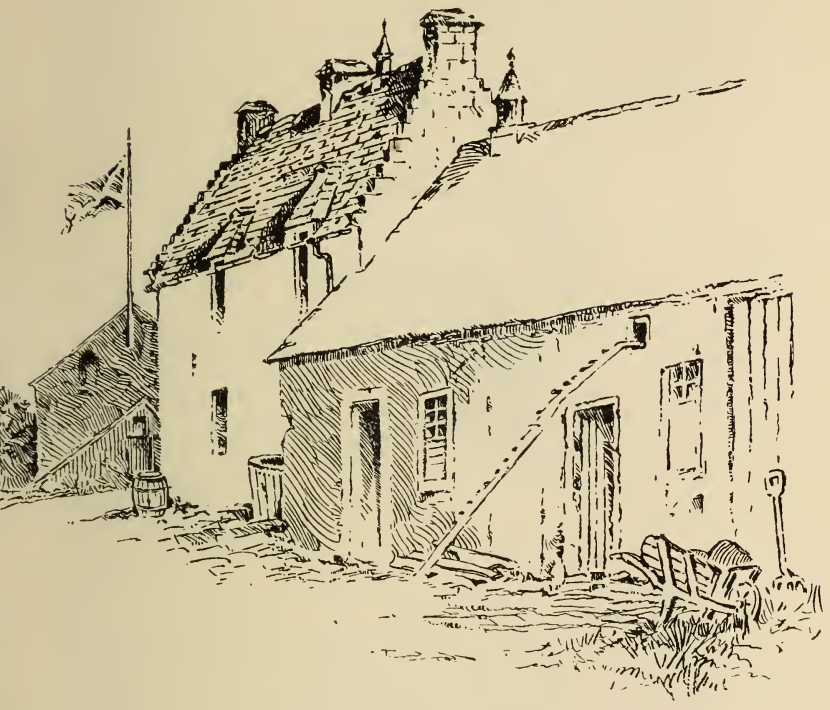
The Oldest Inhabitant.

A fine old Scotsman is Elderslie's oldest inhabitant. He is a tough specimen of the race. Long past the three score and ten allotted years, it is scarce a fortnight since he tramped across Scotland to Penicuik and back again to his native place, and he feels "a hantle sicht better" after this feat than before. Under the warming influence of the generous browst he tells us of how when a laddie he played many a time and oft beneath the shade of Wallace's Oak. "It was a michty tree, and there's nane like it hereabouts noo. At the grund it was twenty-twa feet in circomference, and the branches went oot forty feet frae the trunk."

Truly a sylvan giant. "I hae well mind o' the day it was blawn doon. Man, I'll ne'er forget that nicht in February, auchteen-fifty-sax (1856). The win' rummilt roon our lum until I thocht the hoose was comin' doon, an' it skraighed alang the road there like Auld Nick

himsel' was fleein' about." And listening to the old man's tale we thought of that other immortal eve and how well the description would suit both, for on both "a towzie tyke, black, grim, and large," was out:—

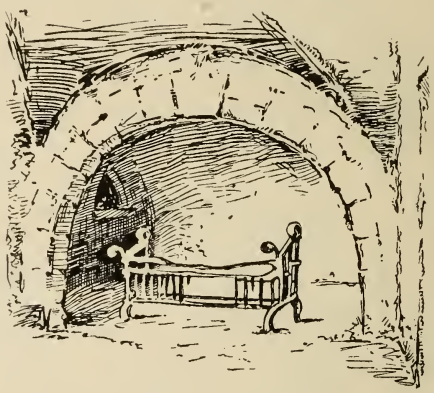
> "That night, a child might understand
> The deil had business on his hand."



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WALLACE.

Tradition has it that Wallace and 300 of his men hid themselves upon that tree, amongst its branches, from

the English. It stood on the little green patch adjoining the inn until the dreadful storm of February, 1856, a storm which old people still recall with feelings something akin to horror. When the historic oak fell several slips were taken from it. One of these, planted in the fifties, is to be seen in the grounds of an adjoining cottage. Looking at the slim stem we realise the fact that if it takes half a century for an oak to attain to these modest proportions, we can well believe that in the days of Wallace the Elderslie oak was just about in its prime of life. Leaving our old raconteur, we pay our devoir at Wallace Farm, and by the courtesy and kindness of the occupier are permitted to inspect the interior. While the



AN OLD SCOTTISH FIREPLACE.

upper part of the building, as our sketch shows, is obviously of sixteenth century work, the basement is undoubtedly vastly older. The walls are massive in their strength. There is an immense arched fireplace, with a curious interior archway, reputed locally to have been the entrance to a secret passage leading from Elderslie to Paisley Abbey. It is worth putting on record that the Elderslie secret passage is unique in having no legend of a piper or a swarthy hell-hound connected with its dark recesses. However, there is a touch of romance in the

discovery of a curious oaken chest when digging for foundations for the engine to the adjoining mill. But the chest, like other treasure chests we wot of, was empty.

Pilgrim Scotsmen come from all over the globe to worship at this shrine of Wallace memories. We are told of one from Australia who took away with him as many leaves from the old yew tree, and chips of stone from the old house, as he could carry. "If you only knew how these relics will be cherished over there you would not wonder at my collection," was his remark when someone chaffed him about lifting "auld stanes." It is good to know that there are men to whom it is a proud boast that they have visited Wallace's birthplace, and wandered among the scenes where he, centuries gone, lived and moved; and it is good withal, that these men are our kinsmen.

A Renfrewshire Lane.

And leaving Elderslie and its haunting memories of him who, in the words of Harry the Minstrel, was

> "Rycht sembly strang and lusty for to se
> Hys lymmys gret, with stalwart paiss and sound
> Hys browys hard, his armes gret and round."

We cross the highway and foot it up the lane which strikes due north, just opposite the Wallace Farm. It is a fine old-fashioned lane, crooked and bosky. The warm lights and purple July shadows flicker athwart the hedge-rows, behind which we catch glimpses of cool, green sward. Right on till we come to a cottage—Burnbrae—nestling at the side of a wood where bronze beeches line the road. Larch, oak, and beech, tall and slender of limb, combine to form canopies of green, and looking down these sunny vistas we see a riot of blossom, showers of the frail pink and white petals of the wild rose springing from a green velvet matting; splashes of sunshine showing these corridors of nature, brilliant in their summer garb; and deep, cool shadows, where a tiny streamlet wimples through the leafy glades. And so to the old ford over the Black Cart. Stepping stones, worn and green, take you across if the water be low; if the water be up, then there is a foot-bridge near by. But the ford is a perfectly beautiful

scene at this rich season. We are off the beaten track hereabouts, and to those who find pleasure in lonely streams and deep shadowed pools this sylvan wilderness will afford keen delight. And along the river fertile green stretches, with farm-houses dotted here and there, lend a delightfully peaceful feeling to the landscape. Adjacent to the ford is an old and charmingly picturesque mill embosomed among trees and mirrored in the still waters of a lade. As we saw it under a glowing sunshine, the heat of which had driven the cattle from the meadow into the pools of the river, whilst over everything reigned the lassitude of nature, it was a picture which would have delighted Constable to paint, and which our rising generation of knights of the brush would also, we feel certain, delight in transferring to canvas. We recommend those in search of a really good "subject" to have a wander some of these days round to the old ford and the little mill we have described. We do so with confidence that they will homologate our judgment. At this point the wayfarer has the choice of two routes—one by the highway to Johnstone, or the other, and the one we chose, following the course of the stream till we reached that town. But the highway, though a little longer, is decidedly the more convenient. We take the city-bound car at busy, bustling Johnstone, and find ourselves at the starting-point, the cross of Paisley, after five hours of one of the most delightful tramps we have ever experienced.

VIII.

Kilbarchan and the Renfrewshire Uplands

OLD WORLD KILBARCHAN—HABBIE SIMSON—THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL—ON THE UPLANDS—THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE—CLOCH-A-DRUID—THE HOWWOOD—THE BLACK CART.

WE have the authority of one of the oldest residenters in Kilbarchan when we remark that this quaint townlet has changed but little during the past eighty years. As boy and man our informant has dwelt within its confines, and in the one house, for the long stretch of 79 years. "There's no muckle change in the village itsel', but the fowks I kend when I was a bit laddie are a' gane." We may well believe our old weaver. It is given to few mortals to live thus beyond the span, and to be able after all these years to boast of a mental and physical vigour suggestive of the summer-time of life, rather than the sere and yellow leaf of autumn. And a walk through the by-ways of our village affords us ocular proof at least of the truth contained in our friend's statement. There is no gainsaying the old-world atmosphere which, despite the tramway car invasion of recent years, still clings lovingly to its streets and lanes. One may still hear the click of the weaver's shuttle as we pass the little thatched cottages, which, as our sketch shows, lend a fine picturesqueness to the street known as "Shuttle." And looking in at one of the little square windows we see that rare sight nowadays, the weaver at his loom. The lintel stone over this door tells us it was placed there in 1760; adjoining is another which bears the date 1727, accompanied by the initials J. B., wrought in florid letters; while a still more pretentious record is that which informs us that this house was

BUILDED ANNO 1723
BY ANDREW BRYDEN,
JOHN BRYDEN—JENAT BRYDEN.

But the weavers of Kilbarchan are passing away. The tide of steam competition has proved too strong for the individual, and not many years will see the last of the looms, for there are now no learners of "the mystery of weaving"—as the ancient charter has it—the trade being entirely in the hands of an old generation. Kilbarchan has played its part on the stage of Scottish

OLD WORLD KILBARCHAN.

history, modestly we confess, yet withal valiantly. In the stirring times of the '45 the village sent out 50 able-bodied militia, and it is perhaps characteristic of the "canny" spirit of the weaver, that this band of Kilbarchanites fought for King and Constitution against the army of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Habbie Simson.

But Kilbarchan has stronger claims to an honourable recognition. The name of Habbie Simson, the Piper of

Kilbarchan, is a landmark in the vernacular literature of Scotland. Written about 1640 by Robert Sempill, great-grandson of the famous Lord Sempill of Beltrees, the dancer of Knox's "History," who married Marie Livingstone, one of the Queen's Maries, the poem is remarkable in several respects. It affords a curious glimpse of old Scottish village amusements and customs, while the stanza used preserves to us one of the few examples of the older vernacular. As a matter of fact Habbie became the model for humorous elegy, and its stanza was the vehicle for much of the best verse of Ramsay, Ferguson, and Burns. In this respect Habbie

THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL.

Simson o' Kilbarchan was an epoch-making production. And in the quaint Dutch-looking steeple at the top of the street in which we leave the car, we see a statue, in wood, of the redoubtable Habbie. The sculptor or carver has given us a genial old Scottish countenance surmounting the quaintly garbed figure. Crawfurd (1782) tells us that "in the year 1755 was built a steeple with a long spire, having a large bell, which bell was rung at six o'clock morning and evening, and 10 at night," and in said steeple "is a large niche intended for the colossus or statue of Habbie Simson, piper in Kilbarchan." Locally, we doubt not that the "colossus" of Habbie is of vastly

more import than that great monster of mythological romance which at one period is said to have bestrode the harbour of Rhodes. And deservedly so.

"At clark plays when he wont to come,
His pipes played trimly to the drum;
Like bikes of bees he gart it hum,
And tun'd his reed;
Now all our pipers may sing dumb,
Sen Habbie's dead."

On the Uplands.

Pause for a moment as you reach the head of the Shuttle Brae. Looking back we see the small village nestling on the hillside, amidst a wealth of trees. Truly it is a quaint old place. It lies off the beaten track of things commercial. Therein to us lies its peculiar charm. But it is a fleeting charm. The coming of the cars has brought the atmosphere of the town dangerously near. With these blatant, loud-voiced monsters "utility" has gone a-riding, and utility demands change. That magnificent beech by the highway must be lopped of its wide-spreading branches because, forsooth, it interferes with "the wires;" that ivy-clad cottage with its curious gables and thatched roof must come down. Modern sanitation declares it unhealthy, although under its roof-tree have been reared many generations of sturdy Scottish children. Compared with our smoky towns, the lot of the dweller here is paradise. But to the Uplands, upon which so far "utility" has not cast her reforming eye. Leaving the village by Shuttle Street (sketch), we take the first road to our left. About a mile's tramp, and the second turn on our left again, brings us to an ancient right-of-way over the Uplands, and known locally as the Pad o' Dampton. It is good that the people should enjoy their rights on these old hill paths, and use and wont have given the dwellers hereabout an unalienable property in the Pad. The walking is delightful—fine springy turf, elastic and cool to the tread. We are over 300 feet above sea-level, and the prospect which opens out is one of the finest in the whole of broad Renfrewshire. Mile after mile of hill and moorland; deep, bosky ravines through which clear, cool burns wimple on their way to join the Cart;

swelling sweeps of sun-kissed uplands; little farmhouses nestling on the slopes of the green hills, and peeping out from a wealth of rich summer foliage, combine in one harmonious whole in forming this typically Scottish landscape. We meet here also the bracing moorland breeze, laden, at this season, with the scent of the buttercup and daisy, the wild rose and the hawthorn, and the thousand and one flowers which bedeck the hills and dales of the countryside. Following the turf-coloured path a gentle rise of some 200 feet brings us to the ridge of the Pad of Dampton. We do not exaggerate when we say that the prospect from this point is truly magnificent. The whole vale of Strathgryffe is spread out around us. To the north Ben Lomond shows clear and massive. The western horizon is bounded by Goatfell and the peaks of Arran. South'ard lies Misty Law, the highest of our West of Scotland mountains, and over the line of the Ayrshire hills Ailsa Craig shows, mellowed by distance into the semblance of a delicate turquoise gem. Blue and gleaming, the lochs of Kilbirnie and Lochwinnoch lie in the valley before us, and clearly silhouetted against the south-eastern horizon is the Steeple of Beith. And an hour's run by car from the city will take us to this spot, where it is good to be alive, and where we have leisure to breathe and move.

The Forgotten Grave.

Our right-of-way joins the old highway to Lochwinnoch, near to Burntshields Farm. And it is worth deviating from the main road to pay a visit to this place. In the field to our right lies the forgotten grave of "a good man and sound divine," as the plain memorial obelisk erected in an adjoining field has it. At this spot was built, in 1745, a Burgher church. Within its walls, and interred "at his own request under the communion table," was the Rev. Alexander Brown, who died 25th January, 1819. Not a stone remains above ground to mark where this old meeting-house stood until it was pulled down in 1856. A grey-haired old man who had worshipped within its pale pointed out to us the exact site, and said he, "It's jist there that the banes of the guid

Maister Broon lie." It may have been the play of fancy, but the spot which the trembling hands of the old man indicated seemed to us greener and ranker than the surrounding sward. And around his forgotten and unmarked grave there clings a story, a curious story of human selfishness, which the old dwellers thereabouts will tell to him who cares to ask!

THE CLOCH-A-DRUID.

Cloch-a-Druid.

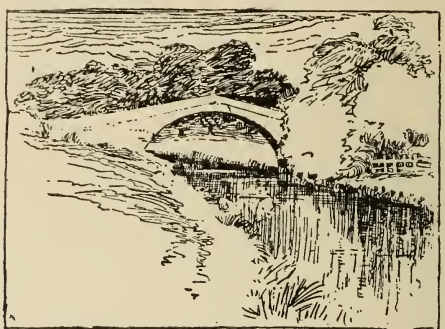
The old Burgher manse still stands, a substantially-built plain house, and now occupied by some of the farm people. A walk of a little over a mile by a pleasant country road takes us to a strange memorial of other days —the Cloch-a-Druid (known locally as Clochodrich) or Stone of the Druid. This huge mass of whinstone is not an outcrop, but has been hewn from an elevated rock a little to the east and on which stands a farm-house called, also, Clochodrich. So late as 1790 it rested on a very narrow base, and a writer in that year supposed

that at one period it had been a rocking-stone. Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," seems to think that it was a battle-stone of the old tribes of Strathclyde. But the name which tradition has handed down the ages rather suggests that in prehistoric days the weird rites of Thor and Odin were celebrated around this ancient temple, while the Bael-fires gleamed from its surface. Certainly its position commands on the one hand the site of Beli-geith, and on the other the rocking Druidical stone of Lows in Beith, which serves to show in some degree that its site was selected in remote ages for purposes of signalling. Whether for Druidical rites, as the names suggests, or as a battle-stone from which the gathering-fire would flame its alarm, we cannot tell, but that for some such purpose it was used there can be no doubt. Our sketch conveys an idea of its shape and huge proportions, and a measurement of its dimensions gives us a length of 22 feet; breadth, 17 feet; and height, 12 feet. Whate'er the history of Cloch-a-Druid, its lines have fallen on pleasant places these days. It stands in the midst of a peaceful agricultural country, and as we sketch its rude form, the only sound to break the stillness of the summer's afternoon is the restful wimple of the little burn of St. Bride, which meanders along its pebbly bed but a few yards from the base of the rude memorial.

The Howwood.

Our road from the ancient stone leads downhill and through a richly-wooded country. We pass a quaint little smiddy standing at the roadside beneath the shadow of some fine elms. Thence onward to the Bridemill and over the G. and S.-W. Railway. To our right, on the top of Kenmuir Hill, stands a curious octagonal temple surrounded by some fine trees. It has stood there for considerably over a century. What the original purpose to which this little shrine was devoted we know not. It was certainly an ideal retreat wherein to cultivate the muses, and possibly the M'Dowall of Castle Semple, who reared it, may have done so in his day and generation. Whatever its former uses, it now serves as a luncheon-room for the shooting parties who forgather in the Castle

Semple policies in the autumnal months. In passing we note the fine baronial gateway leading to the castle, and a few yards farther on cross the Black Cart by an elegant bridge of a single span. The river flows here through rich, well-timbered meadows, and its sedgy banks are sweet with thyme-scented watermint and other wild flowers. The bridge is mirrored in the quiet stream. Howwood village, old-fashioned and clean, lies to our left. This haunt of ancient peace is typical of rural Scotland,



• THE BLACK CART AT HOWWOOD •

and a delightful place, indeed, to pass a long summer's day. We finish our afternoon's walk here. Before we have completed our sketch of the bridge over the Cart, the sun has sunk to rest behind the Ayrshire hills. Their opalescent outlines are softly pencilled on the orange sunset sky, while

> Overhead a veil of floating crimson hung;
> Far 'mid the golden shadows of the west,
> Departing day his purple mantle flung
> O'er sober eve, while watching her to rest—
> A scene for poet's song, or painter's eye,
> As e'er was painted on our summer sky.

IX.

Waterfoot, the Haunted Cave, and Carmunnock.

ON THE FIELD ROAD—THE THREE OLD MEN O' BUSBY—WATERFOOT—WHERE CART AND EARN MEET—THE CART ABOVE WATERFOOT—THE HAUNTED CAVE—CARMUNNOCK—CARMUNNOCK KIRK.

ON THE FIELD ROAD.

A CHARMING cross-country walk for our traveller who loves the highways and byways, the cornfields and meadows, and open stretches of heathland and hill was our latest excursion furth the house-tops and chimney cans of the city. Busby village was our starting point. In guide-book parlance, the journey to Busby per railway is "cheap and comfortable," both obvious advantages to the majority of wayfarers. Time was when an enthusiastic scribe told his readers of "busy, bustling Busby." But that was in the long, long ago. The older inhabitants speak with a sigh of vain regret of the "good old times," the days when work was plentiful and money equally so. The tide of cotton commerce changed its level, and Busby, like the old coast lines of Scotland, has been left high and dry. As we cut from the village along a beautiful leafy lane owning to the pleasantly suggestive name—to the traveller—of the Field Road, we pass a dreary ruin.

The Three Old Men o' Busby.

Typical surely of commercial decay are the crumbling grey walls of the one-time flourishing print works. Constructed on a gigantic scale and "fitted with the very best of machinery," to quote one of the three old men o' Busby, these works in their heyday employed hundreds of hands. Sitting in a shady nook, sleepy and smoking, were the three old men. The traveller may see them

there on the sunny afternoons. They are full of the past; they see Busby in a glorified perspective, a place of import, sending the products of its mills into the markets of the world. A stirring and prosperous town. "Ay, ay," said one, "but that's langsyne. Times hae changed, but they've never gotten their reward yet." We queried who, and "Them that did this," came the answer sharp and decisive, and a wave of the old man's hand indicated the ruined works amid which he sat. "No, they've never

WATERFOOT.

got their reward," echoed the second old man with a ring of regret in his tones. "They'll get it in the next warld, and het too, never ye fear," was the confident comment of the philosophically-minded third member of the group. Whereat the three old men cackled in joyful

concert. Passing, as we have remarked, on a warm afternoon, the three old men will afford the traveller an historical epitome of the ruined works, combined with an interestingly acidulous sketch of the life and deeds, or misdeeds, of the proprietors thereof. Not being ourselves particularly enamoured of details anent the number of hands employed, the character of certain managers, or the questionable career "o' big Jock wha keepit the biler," we bid the three old figures good-day, and leave them to dream their dreams of long ago, and to weave anew pictures of Busby's glorious past. And so to

Waterfoot.

Pleasant walking truly makes the old Field Road aforementioned. It is the sort of path we love. Its designer had no idea of scientific principles in road construction. He carries his path forward as the configuration of the land allows. Here it dips through a bosky glade, now it rises and marches betwixt the river and the fields; anon sweeps round the old thatched cottages of Bonnington, whose picturesque outlines tempted our pencil, as our heading inset evidences. Bonnington clachan is of a respectable age, as the curious may learn for themselves by looking closely at the lower corbel-stone of the crow-stepped gable, where the date 1755 tells the year of erection. Thence past old farm-houses and we are again on the King's highway. And 'tis a short distance to picturesque Waterfoot. The memory of the genial and courtly Christopher North lingers lovingly around this neighbourhood and lends lustre to its story. A later Scottish litterateur also found inspiration in the sylvan solitudes of the bosky dell of Waterfoot, and the romances of Neil Munro have absorbed the atmosphere of this haunt of ancient peace. It is a retreat of perfect beauty, a veritable artist's paradise. Past the old grey mill and beneath the moss-grown hedge goes the murmuring Cart, wandering, peaceful and harmless, over the beautiful pebbly bottom, and losing itself in a distant dell of pink stemmed trees with crowns of softest grey-green. The water-worn and rugged stones in our sketch's foreground give us a hint that there be times when the river, whipped

into fury by the angry spirit of the storm and the flood, goes brawling along in an unhallowed rush to join hands with the great seas. But that is when the wintry blast comes sweeping down from the moorlands of the Mearns. We have naught to do with these matters on this drowsy summer afternoon.

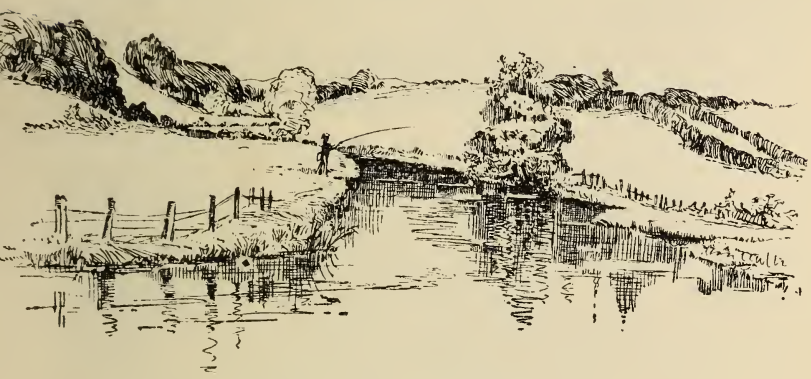
Where Cart and Earn Meet.

Turning our faces up stream we walk for a few hundred yards until we reach the charming elysium of leaf and stream, where the gentle Earn mingles its waters with the more virile Cart. It is a pretty spot under the sunshine of the summer's day. Little bosky thickets of hazel, birch, and willow lend a sylvan beauty to a scene beloved of angler and artist, and all who love the open country. It was to the Earn that Christopher North was wont to wander and "sit in a pensive and melancholy dream by its dashing waterfalls and its murmuring wave." And with rod in hand he went a-fishing on the Cart also, "with wondrous success," as his biographer tells us. Many students of old Walton and his "gentle art" find their way to the fine shallow stretch of water into which the Cart broadens above the mill-dam. Knights of the camera and the pencil will find much to charm them hereabouts. We look through the sun-filled air upon a glorious expanse of waving woods, green meadows, and miles of smiling verdure dotted here and there with the scattered farmsteads, and right away to where the goodly prospect is bounded by the blue outlines of the uplands where land and sky blend together in a dreamy, dim uncertainty.

Across Country.

Our sketching finished, we foot the old and unfrequented road which strikes right across the country, passing the farm of Meikle Dripps, and thence by a bosky, grass-grown track, taking us to the modern residential district of Thorntonhall, with its fine villas in their bowers of greenery. We are on the highway again here. Excellent walking on these well-kept roads and pure, bracing air, for passing Thorntonhall and en route for

the old house of Peel we are 400 feet above sea level. From the ridge on which our road runs we look down on the noble prospect of a rich agricultural land of woods and meadows, glens, and broomy nooks, rich in streams, rivulets, and rills. And so to The Peel. This beautiful mansion—the residence of Mr. Strang—of old Scottish baronial architecture, is finely situated upon the brow of an extensive park, overlooking a richly wooded glen. Adown this glen are still to be seen the meagre and crumbling remains of the ancient "Peel" or "Tower,"



THE CART ABOVE WATERFOOT.

which gives a name to the more modern castle or mansion aforementioned.

The Haunted Cave.

In the gloomy recesses of the wooded slopes upon which stands the relic of the hoary Peel, and overhanging the rivulet of the glen, is the entrance to a cave. Long, long ago, so long ago that his very name is lost in the mists of old, a fierce robber had his habitation in this cave. To this lonely bield was borne by him a beautiful maiden. Scarce had he deposited his spoil in its inner windings, and rolled the great stone to its place, blocking the entrance, when there came the tramp of armed men. Fierce voices demanded that he should give up the

maiden, and as fiercely was the refusal hurled back. Strong and willing hands displaced the stone. Swart and unkempt, the robber gazed on his pursuers. An arrow sped to its billet, and, plucking its barbed shaft from his breast, he shook his fist at his foes, thundering with a great oath—"Never again shall you see the twain of us." And so it was. Into the cave they followed the robber. They could hear the shrieks of the maiden as she was dragged away into its dark windings. But they could not follow without light, and a man was sent for a torch. To root the robber out they swore. Alas! this was never accomplished, for as they waited for the coming of the light a great rumbling was heard, and the inner portion of the cave collapsed and closed up before their eyes. The robber spoke truly. Never again did mortal eye behold him or the luckless maiden, and to this day the old cave holds its dread secret. Centuries have passed away, and generations untold come and gone, since that far-off tragedy was enacted in the peaceful little dell. Still, in the winter days when the peasant has finished his task, and is making for home, he shudders at the wailings and moanings which salute his ears as he hurries past the gloomy ravine in the woods, through which the wild blast sweeps. He who is bold enough to visit this spot on All Hallow's Eve may see as the mirk falls a shadowy procession emerge from the wood and one by one enter the cave, and, 'tis said by those who have essayed this weird vigil, that muffled shrieks are heard and the clang of steel. Thus has this wild tale of deeds that were done in the long ago come floating down the stream of time. If the traveller on his afternoon's walk meet the right person perchance he may hear this legend, but, if not, to meander down the glen will repay the trouble in the sylvan beauties, quiet and peaceful, which it has in its keeping, and which it discloses to the seeker of the cave of The Peel.

Carmunnock.

A walk of a little over a mile, on a road which is always rising, and we are at the still old-world village of Carmunnock. It is a very pretty little village, retaining

in its main features the rural atmosphere of long ago. Its streets have the abiding charm of possessing no defined plan, affording the city eye a contrast to miles of mathematically lined thoroughfares. The kirk, which stands on a knoll, is curious and comparatively old. Quaint and

CARMUNNOCK KIRK.

comfortable hostelries extend a friendly invitation to the traveller on a hot summer's afternoon. But Carmunnock's chief glory is The View. Natives tell us with pardonable pride that it is unrivalled. We admit it would be hard

to find a lovelier situation. Standing 472 feet above sea-level, on the crest of a bold ridge, Carmunnock commands a most extensive prospect. We see the rich and fertile plains of Clyde from Hamilton to Dumbarton; a wide sweep of fine agricultural country stretches east and west as far as the eye can reach; Glasgow fills up the middle distance with a splash of dusky grey-blue; Paisley and the villages round about show clearly in the landscape; and winding through its spaces is the silver streak of the Clyde, which guides the eye to the Argyllshire hills and the distant peaks of Arran. To watch a sunset effect pouring its level rays on the rugged shoulder of Argyll's Bowling Green and lighting up the whole of the Vale of Clyde into one golden flame, as we were privileged to see it on our last walk, is the greatest of all Carmunnock's sights, and the city dweller looking on it will confess he has rarely, if ever, seen it equalled. Some three miles of a first-class turnpike takes us to Old Cathcart. And at this pleasant suburban retreat, nestling in the shadow of the wooded slope, with its ancient keep and its memories of Queen Mary, we finish our six hours' tramp.

X.

Yoker and the Braes o' Cochno

GARSCADDEN GATES—AT LOCK 34—A WEIRD STORY—THE PEEL OF DRUMRY—THE ROMAN CAMP—REMARKABLE CUP AND RING GROUP — EDINBARNET — A PREHISTORIC RELIC—THE BRAES O' COCHNO—A WAYSIDE NOTE, FAIFLEY.

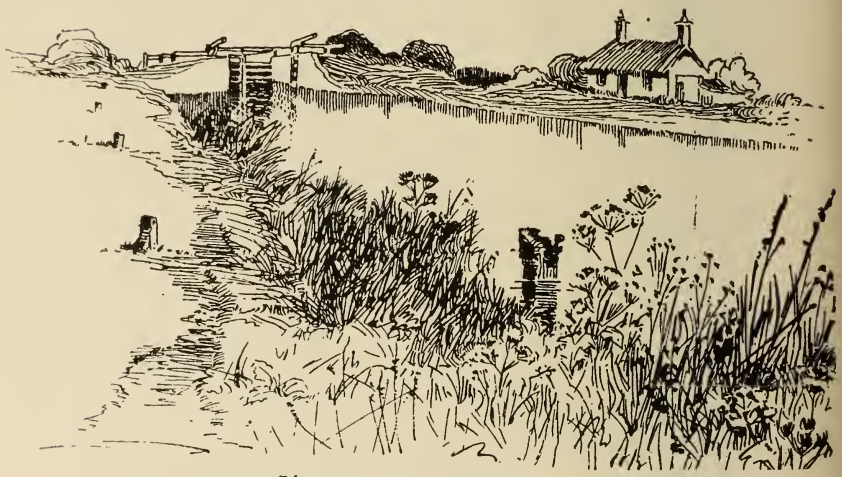
GARSCADDEN GATES.

"THIS quaint old-fashioned wayside village stands by the green banks of the beautiful Clyde, some ten miles from the Cross of Glasgow." So wrote the compiler of a guide-book regarding Yoker in the twenties of last century. The passing years have wrought many and great changes here. In the times we have mentioned Yoker was looked upon as a good day's journey from the city. The expenditure of a modest threepenny-bit and a little over half an hour in the car, and we are conveyed from Jamaica Street to Yoker. Better illustration of the changes of the years we could not desire. We look in vain for the "quaint old-fashioned village." It has passed into the limbo of things forgotten. Yoker of to-day is essentially modern. Flaunting tenements have taken the place of the thatched cot. The little wayside tavern is replaced by a spick and span "pub." An ice-cream saloon adds the last touch necessary to complete the picture of the modern Yoker. So we do not linger amid those utilitarian surroundings, but, taking the first road to the right, strike out for the bonnie braes o' Cochno.

At Lock 34.

We pass near the fine hospital of Knightswood. The place name, the wood of the knights, takes us back to mediæval times. The district carries memories of the Knights Templars and of the romantic days of chivalry in which that sacred brotherhood flourished. They are supposed to have had an establishment hereabouts when

David I., the "sair sanct for the crown," reigned. Indeed, from certain historic notices it is reasonable to assume that these protectors of the pilgrims who journeyed to far-away Jerusalem were located here for centuries, and until the confiscation of the Order in 1312. But the very memory of that occupation has well nigh vanished. All they have left are the place-names Temple and Knightswood. A pleasant tramp and we are at the quiet reaches of the canal. It is difficult to realise at this beauty spot that we are so near the populous city,



LOCK 34, FORTH AND CLYDE CANAL.

everything seems so calm and restful on the drowsy summer afternoon. The wimpling note of water escaping through the locks, the subdued lowing of distant cattle, the plaintive "baa" of newly-shorn lambs, the hum of winged insects; all these sounds are blended together in a sweetly seductive cadence. As our sketch shows, there is a wealth of wayside flowers here, and the district should have many attractions for the botanist. While we sketched, a brown sun-burned laddie came jauntily along the tow-path whistling, with more shrillness than melody, be it confessed. "What is this lock called, my

boy?" we inquire. "I don't know, sir, but as the one at your back is marked 35, the one in front of you will likely be 34," was the reply. We thank the boy and inwardly apologise for our want of discernment. Astute youth! If your appreciation of "the melody of sweet sounds" is a trifle defective, your other senses are keen and alert. Thus Lock 34! And so to Garscadden.

A Weird Story.

From the canal our path takes us through the pretty suburban district of Drumchapel, which is entitled to boast of an artistic golf clubhouse and a first-class lawn-tennis court. Garscadden lies but a short distance farther on. The fine gates which lead to the well-kept and beautifully-wooded policies were erected in 1789 from designs by Charles Ross, a Paisley architect. Garscadden is an historic place. Its lands were granted by Sir Robert Erskine of Erskine to Patrick Galbraith, his armour-bearer, the deed being dated 8th June, 1444. From the Galbraiths they passed in 1611 to Wallace of Dundonald, and in 1655 the Colquhouns became possessors of the estate, and scions of that ancient family hold it still. A weird tale of old days lingers around Garscadden. It has been often told, but it will bear repetition. About the year 1700 some of the jolly old lairds of Kilpatrick met at the clachan of Law for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. And well they talked and better drank, each so intent on his own roystering enjoyment as to heed naught else. During the orgie the Laird of Kilmardining observed the Laird of Garscadden become suddenly quiet, while a strange expression passed over his countenance. Kilmardining said naught, but let the bottle go round and the merriment proceed. At length,

> "In the thrang o' stories tellin',
> Shakin' hands and jokin' queer,"

another individual, fixing his eye on the laird, remarked, "Isna Garscadden looking unco gash the nicht?" "And so he may," coolly replied Kilmardining, "for to my knowledge he has been wi' his Maker these twa 'oors past.

I noticed him slippin' awa', puir fallow, but didna like to disturb the conviviality of the guid company by speakin' o't." The extraordinary callousness of this Bacchanalian is, we fancy, unequalled in alcoholic annals. Poor Garscadden, who was called away under such terrible circumstances, was rather "a rough tyke," and a neighbour with whom he had quarrelled produced the following epitaph on the old man:—

> "Beneath this stane lies auld Garscad,
> Wha loved a neebor unco bad;
> Now how he fends and how he fares,
> The deil ane kens and deil ane cares."

The Peel of Drumry.

Leaving Garscadden and its weird memories, we hold straight on, and at the smithy on the hill-top before us turn down the farm track to our right. It leads us to the ancient and picturesque Peel of Drumry. We recommend this grey, weather-beaten tower as worthy a visit by our young artists or photographers. It is an excellent "bit" from several points, and there is some fine colour in the old stonework. Modest though this neat little farm-town tower appears, it has in its day and generation played an honourable part on the stage of Scottish history. So far back as 1329 we find "ye ladye of Drumry" paying to the Chamberlain of Scotland one chalder of flour, "*farina pro libertate suae terra*;" in 1381 Robert Livingstone, Laird of Drumry, is witness to a charter by "William of Galbraith, laird of Kirkconval" (Gartconnell), and four years later Livingstone and his lady took infeftment of the lands of Wemyss in Fife. Pitscottie records the execution at Edinburgh in 1447 of "Sir Robert Livingston of Drumry, Lord Treasurer of Scotland," and, to the honour of the old peel be it said, its owner, Sir Robert Livingstone of that ilk, fell at Flodden Field among that gallant band of Scottish knights

> "That fought around their King.
> But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
> Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
> Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
> Unbroken was the ring!"

These be the memories which throw the halo of romance around the venerable structure, and well repay our pilgrimage. After the Black Day at Flodden, Drumry "passed wi' a lass," and in 1529 came into the possession of Laurence Crawford of Kilbirnie, the father of the famous Captain Thomas Crawford who captured the castle of Dumbarton, and afterwards acquired the lands of

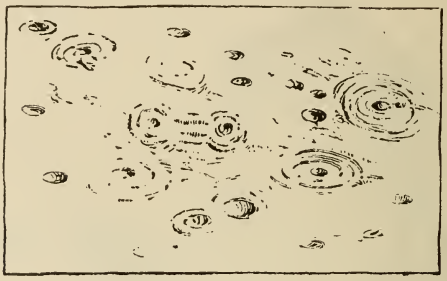
THE PEEL OF DRUMRY.

Jordanhill. Those who care to look may see a stone built into the barn of the farm on which is carved in Saxon characters the name "Laurence Crawford." But the glory of the peel has passed, and it now fulfils the mundane, albeit practical, role of a bothy for the farm hands.

The Roman Camp.

From the Peel of Drumry we cut across the fields and rejoin the main road again. Taking the first path on

our left, we dip down into Peel Glen, and, 'spite the remains of coalbings of long ago, the glen is a pleasant place, peaceful in its solitude, and still possessing many a bosky glade within its recesses. As we negotiate the steep hill we cross the line of the Roman Wall. On the hill to our right—Castlehill—are the vestiges of a Roman castellum or fort. Many fine Roman remains have been discovered hereabouts. In the Hunterian Museum is a beautiful votive altar which was found on the Castlehill in 1826, and which is dedicated—"To the eternal field



REMARKABLE CUP AND RING GROUP.

deities of Britain," by the Præfect of the "Fourth Cohort of the Gaulish Auxiliaries." Legionary stones have also been picked up time and again here. It is worth while climbing to the top of Castlehill, the wall and ditch being still to be seen in the wood in a fair state of preservation.

Edinbarnet.

Our road takes us past Garscadden village. We leave the King's highway at the second path to the right—a fine walk along a hill-road, which is always rising, as it twists and turns between the heathy fields and along the rocky ridges. We are about 500 feet above sea-level as we pass the entrance gateway to the Edinbarnet estate. At one period the lands hereabouts belonged to the Abbey of Paisley, and from the Abbey they were acquired by Stephen Sprenll. The next laird of Edinbarnet was Andrew Stirling, in 1569; and in the Stirling hands

they remained until purchased in the fifties of last century by Mackenzie of Caldarvon, and they are still in that family.

A Prehistoric Relic.

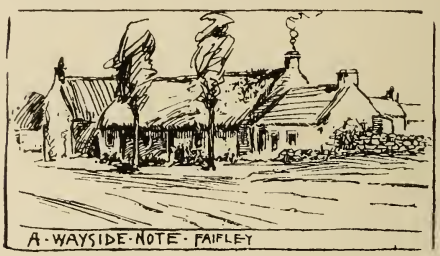
On the moor to the south of our road is to be seen a strange survival of prehistoric times—the famous cup-and-ring-marked Cochno Stone. It is a wonderful relic, the rock surface—which has the enormous measurement of 60 feet by 30 feet—being covered with curious cup-and-ring marks in splendid preservation. The sculpturings are much richer than is usual on these stones. This stone was discovered to be a treasure-trove of the cup and ring by the Rev. Mr. Harvey, of Duntocher, in 1887; and the late W. A. Donnelly, the artist and antiquarian, made an exhaustive study and many drawings of the Cochno Stone. We essayed a remarkable group of these markings, and our sketch reveals their fine state of preservation. The wayfarer who perchance may wish to pay his devoir at this extraordinary relic of the past will see from the road the stone dyke surrounding the stone and standing in the midst of bracken and furze. If he ask the way to the Cochno Stone of a native, it is ten chances to one he will not be able to direct you—the prehistoric Britons, like certain prophets we wot of, being without honour in their own country. Following the directions we have given, there should not, however, be any difficulty experienced.

The Braes o' Cochno.

Bidding farewell to the old stone, we press forward. The road runs along the bonnie braes o' Cochno. The men of Cochno in their day helped to make history. The Hamiltons of Cochno led seven lairds of the name and fought for Queen Mary at the battle of Langside. They also gave a Lord Provost to Glasgow, Andrew Hamilton, of Cochno, occupying that position in 1541-1553, and 1558, while he sat in the Scottish Parliament as the city's representative in 1546. The Diurnal of Occurrents tells us that "Johnne Hamiltone, son to Andrew of Cochnoch, was beheaded for the interprysing of the taking of Glesgow Castell," and so on goes the story of Cochno

House. For fighting on the unfortunate Mary's side, Hamilton was exiled, and his exile was made the subject of a delightful poem by David Wingate, the well-known Glasgow poet. He names it "Cochno Braes," and sweetly, indeed, does he touch off their beauties:—

"Among the braes where Cochno rins
Owre boulders brown and ferny linns,
'Twas aye my wish my rest to win,
When a' the sword could do was done;
And aye I hoped I micht be laid
Beneath the purple breckan shade
Where safe the cushie broods and croons
Among the braes where Cochno rins."



Bonnie, truly, are the braes of Cochno on a summer afternoon with their stretches of purple heather and mossy slopes showing through the breckan shades. Their ridges command a delightful prospect of the valley of the Clyde, and the eye sweeps from the Cathkins past the Gleniffer Braes, and on to the green uplands of Renfrewshire, with the Arran peaks showing blue-grey against the horizon. Our tramp is a long one, but as we rest awhile on the downy heath and gratefully smoke a pipe of peace we feel more than repaid, for

"There's beauty in ilk bank and brae,
And balm upon the breeze."

A sharp walk of some three miles, passing en route through the old-world village of Faifley, and we close a good seven hours' wayfaring when we reach the busy burgh of Clydebank.

XI.

Rutherglen to East Kilbride

LOUPIN-ON STANE—THE RUTHERGLEN PORT—THE FAIRS—CASTLEMILK AND CATHKIN BRAES—QUEEN MARY'S WELL—THE ROMAN WAY—MAINS CASTLE—THE COTTAGE ON THE CLIFF—EAST KILBRIDE—AN OLD WORLD NOTE—KATE DALRYMPLE.

"At Ruglen kirk ye traist yan haiff ye set
A promise maid to meet Wallace."

SO wrote in 1470 that prince of Scottish "makaris," Blind Harry. The quaint, weather-beaten little steeple which still stands, alone, in the auld kirkyard of Rutherglen was there in the minstrel's time. Within its walls the "fause Menteith" betrayed the great patriot, and thus consigned his name to eternal infamy. It is a wonderful structure. Ruglonians claim, and with a fair show of reason, that their steeple is the oldest in Scotland. While its exact age is not definitely known, its existence can be traced back to the twelfth century. It was here, too, that a peace was concluded between England and Scotland in 1297.

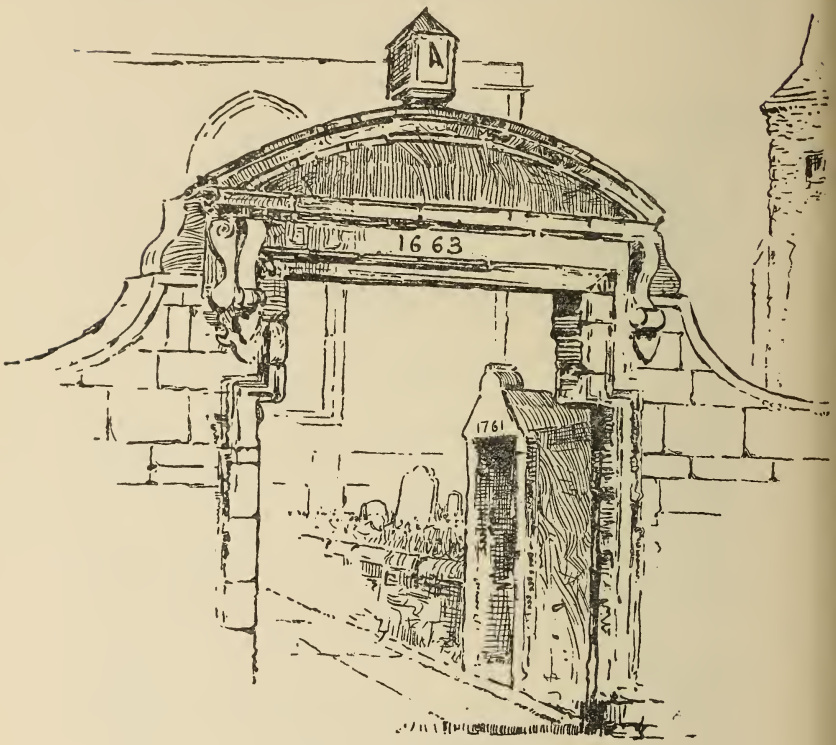
Memories.

Many, indeed, are the memories which cling around Rutherglen of

"Old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago."

Changed is the picturesque old town since that eve when the fierce English troopers dashed past its now vanished castle "boune" for Robroyston to do the "foul dede." The few bits of old Rutherglen are going, and going fast. Had the Town Council of half a century ago been allowed, the ancient steeple would have been "raised, heightened," and generally modernised. Thanks to the heritors, this vandalism was mercifully prevented. Those who care to search may still see many old houses, thatched, and crow-

stepped, and quaint. Just such an old-fashioned structure is the Oddfellows' hostelry, which has been dispensing food and drink for man and beast since 1650. Thirteen years after this, in 1663, the fine Port which gives entrance to the kirkyard was built. Our sketch indicates its picturesque character. Concerning the kirk, Joceline's life tells us that that Bishop (of Glasgow) made a donation



THE RUTHERGLEN PORT.

of it, with the churches of "Mernes," "Katkert," etc., to Paisley Abbey about 1190. The tide of Scottish history swept over Rutherglen in these far-off days. Edward I. took its castle, and Bruce retook it in 1309. A priceless

relic, to Scotsmen, reposes within the civic chambers in a charter granted and signed by the hand of The Bruce, and dated ten years after Bannockburn! There are older memories, such as of the mysterious King Reuther, who flourished about 213 B.C., and who gave the name to the district. Shadowy though he be, memories of a still more ancient day were preserved until recently in the curious custom of baking the sour cakes on the eve of St. Luke's Fair, which undoubtedly preserved some forgotten Pagan rite. And so on.

The Fairs.

The Fairs of Ruglen are now but a memory. In their day and generation they were red-letter times, and "high jinks" was the order. But with the advent of the electric tram the death-knell of the Fairs was sounded. To St. Luke's—which began on the third Monday of October and lasted for a week—Pinkerton in his collection of 1736 includes a long poem which gives a piquant description of that Fair. The unknown author grandiloquently leads off thus—

> "To you my lordes of renown
> The haill pepell of Rugling Town."

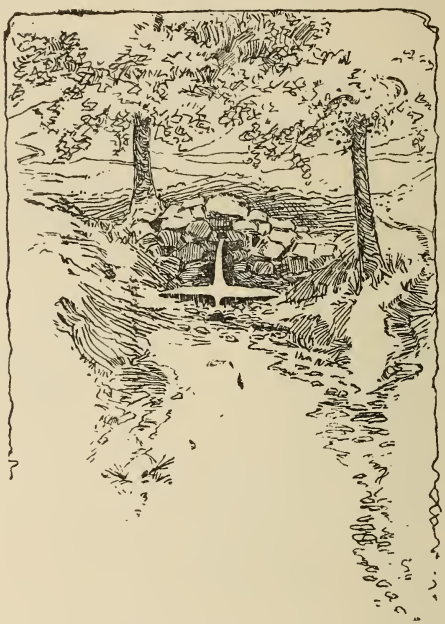
He touches off the various aspects deftly, and, as the following lines show, must have been an observant chiel, so far at least as the fair sex was concerned:—

> "The wemen als that to her rydis
> Thay man be buskit up lyk brydis;
> Thair heidis heifit with sicken saillis
> With clarty silk aboot their taillis;
> To mak' them sma' the waist is bound
> A buist to mak' thair bellie round;
> Thair buttocks bosterit up behind,
> A forthing! to gathair wind;
> Thair hois mad of sum wantoun hew
> And quhene thai gang, as thai nocht new,
> Thai lift thair gown abone thair schank
> Syne lyk ane brydlet cat thai brank—"

Castlemilk and Cathkin Braes.

We have lingered rather long with Rutherglen and its memories, and needs must bid them farewell. Leaving the town by Mill Street, the road leads us past Castlemilk, which lies embosomed midst the woods to our right.

It is a fine old place. In Rymer's Fœdera Sir William Stewart of Castlemilk is one of the Scottish sureties given in 1398. Tradition has it that Queen Mary slept a night in Castlemilk before Langside, and, according to Miss Strickland in her "Life of the Queen," it was "from the battlements of Castlemilk that Mary first beheld the rebel troops advancing." Unfortunately for this story, and assuming for the sake of argument that Mary did spend a night at Castlemilk, the physical configuration of



QUEEN MARY'S WELL.

the district would have prevented the Regent's army being seen. The high ground of Aikenhead intervenes. On our left is Blairbeth House, where the poet Campbell was a frequent visitor. And so to Cathkin Braes by the narrow road which is supposed to have been a Roman way.

Queen Mary's Well.

From the breezy slopes of Cathkin the eye roves from Tintock Tap to Dumbuck Hill, a magnificent panorama of the vale of Clyde. The braes are redolent of memories of the unfortunate Mary. A persistent tradition has it that the Queen and her faithful ladies watched the fortunes of the fight from the boulder on the flagstaff knoll. During that pause of agonising excitement Mary is said to have cooled her fevered lips by drinking of the crystal waters that trickled from the green brae beneath her. That spring still wimples from its slender urn in the cool shadow of the adjoining birks. It is a sweet spot, and the memory of our fair young Queen lingers lovingly in the leafy dell. Our sketch suggests the rustic charm which is associated with the little well of Queen Mary.

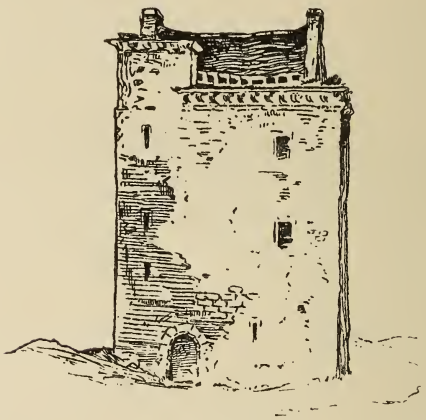
> "Here when the moon rides dimly through the sky
> The peasant sees broad dancing standards fly!
> And one bright female form, with sword and crown,
> Still grieves to view her banners beaten down."

The Roman Way.

From Cathkin Braes we strike off the Carmunnock highway and take the old and now disused road leading to Kilbride. Long ago this narrow highway was the coaching road. But that was years past, and it is now a grass grown track. Tradition names it the Roman Way. It is a charming old path. The hedge-trimmer does not come here with the pruning hook, and the wild luxuriance of the hedge-rows at this season lends a peculiar beauty to the old road. The ancient whinstone quarry which we pass, with the ruined cottage tottering on the brink of the cliff, makes quite a Salvator Rosa scene, and worthy the pencil of the young artist. Geologically inclined wayfarers will see a wonderful basaltic formation in this quarry. Our road leads us past the Rutherglen reservoir and on again to the public thoroughfare, and with the Keep of Mains rearing its venerable walls on our right.

THE END O' AN AULD SANG.

Mains Castle was probably built by the Cumins, who owned the land hereabouts in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. These were forfeited by the treachery of John Cumin, who was killed in the Kirk of Dumfries by Bruce. John Lindsay of Dunrode, who assisted at the killing of the traitor, was granted the lands and castle of Mains. The Lindsays flourished there till about 1700, when, through the extravagance of the owner, the estates were sold. It is told of the last of the Lindsays of Mains



MAINS CASTLE.

that he never went from home unless attended by twelve vassals mounted on white steeds. Tradition describes him as haughty, oppressive, and addicted to all kinds of vice. A place name in the neighbourhood preserves the memory of a cruel deed worked by Lindsay. When playing on the ice one winter's day he ordered a hole to be made in it, and one of his vassals, who had inadvertently contradicted him about some trifling circumstance, was immediately drowned. The place has since been known as Crawford's Hole, from the name of the poor wretch who perished there. But the oppressor fell on evil days

2
The COTTAGE
ON THE
CLIFF.

—as a just judgment for this cruel deed, says the tradition in the countryside—and in course of time he was forced to apply for charity to his own tenants, and, having worn out the remains of a wicked life, he died in one of their barns. Such was the closing scene in the career of one of the greatest families in this country.

East Kilbride.

A picturesque note is struck by the old windmill which shows over the fields to our right, as we mount the hill leading to East Kilbride. From the top of the hill we

AN OLD-WORLD NOTE.

have a fine view of the uplands of Eaglesham and Kilbride, with the village in the middle distance. Conspicuous is the steeple of the Parish Kirk, with its famous bell, which was cracked from excessive ringing by the natives in their exuberant joy on hearing of Claverhouse's death at Killiecrankie. Entering the village, we pass the famous Stone Man. This piece of life-sized sculpture represents Sir Walter Scott, and, wonderful to relate, it was the work of an ordinary stonemason. Kilbride's "Loupin'-on Stane" is known to fame. Our heading inset sketch affords a good idea of this quaint survival. Clean and old-fashioned, East Kilbride is a fine little country town, and, standing as

it does over 500 feet above sea-level, is a healthy place of residence judging by the rosy cheeks of the children whom we see.

Kate Dalrymple.

East Kilbride has even stronger claims on our attention. It was the birthplace and home of the immortal Kate Dalrymple, the heroine of William Watts' comic masterpiece.

> "In a wee cot-hoose far ayont the muir,
> Whaur peesweeps, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,
> There lived an auld maid for mony a lang year
> Wham ne'er a wooer did e'er ca' deary;
> A lanely lass was Kate Dalrymple,
> A thrifty quean was Kate Dalrymple,
> Nae music except the clear burnie's wimple
> Was heard roond the dwallin' o' Kate Dalrymple."

Time has wrought its changes here as elsewhere. The wee cot-hoose is still in existence, and a clean, canty hoose it be. But it is far removed from the moor now and "music" other than the "clear burnie's wimple" salutes the ear. Kilbride has "birsed yont" since Kate Dalrymple's day, and her "wee cot-hoose" stands at the corner of a busy street, surrounded on all sides by imposing tenements and other dwelling-houses. To the credit of the town, be it said, the cottage of Kate Dalrymple is kept in splendid order.* The thatched roof with its edging of white fretwork makes a bonnie picture, to which the crow-stepped gable lends a picturesque and quaint touch. So we finish our short but interesting tramp at the cottage of Kate Dalrymple.

* I am informed that there is a doubt regarding the existing structure being the cottage of the heroine of the famous song. She is said to have lived outwith the boundaries of the village.

XII.

Robroyston to Torrance of Campsie

A CANAL NOTE—A PLEASANT WALK—VARYING TRADITIONS—THE SCOTTISH HOMER—WALLACE'S WELL—THE BRIG O' TORRANCE, CAMPSIE—THE LOCH LANDS—A CITY SUBURB—TORRANCE OF CAMPSIE.


A CANAL NOTE

A FEW miles from Glasgow town there is a spot to which the thoughts of a Scotsman for ever turn. Nestling beneath the shadow of some stately ash and beech stands a little grey farm house, and where the old country road meanders through the green valley down to the burn we see a noble granite cross. Memories of bygone times crowd thickly around this quiet retreat. Memories of old unhappy far-off things—of that wild August eve six hundred years ago, and of the foul deed that was wrought by the treachery of Menteith. The darkest page in Scottish history is that across which is written Robroyston. The name of Menteith bears a heritage of infamy and baseness as the result of that night's work, when the great champion of a nation's freedom, Wallace, was betrayed.

A Pleasant Walk.

It is a pleasant walk indeed from the Cathedral of Glasgow, out the Cumbernauld Road to Riddrie, thence past Hogganfield Loch to Millerston, where we strike across country. A right-of-way through a dreary stretch of moorland takes us to the highway again. Robroyston Cross lies but a mile from this point. A delightful prospect of green undulating country opens out when we reach the ridge of the hill above Robroyston. We seem far from the madding crowd. Cottages, bridges, and farm steadings lend a hospitable variety to the summer landscape, which stretches, far as the eye can reach,

right to the base of the never-ending hills of Campsie. The ancient roadman, resting in the shadow of the hedgerow there, is eager for a gossip. We pause in our wayfaring and satisfy his craving. He is rich in local lore. We learn that "the stanes o' Menteith's hoose, which stood ower in that field, were used to bield thae dykes." Of the capture of Wallace he has a lot to say, and it is with a certain measure of surprise we hear that "if the scoonril (Menteith presumably) hedna gotten his gun and blawn oot the brains o' Kerlie (Wallace's faithful follower), Wallace wad never hae been taen." We mildly suggest that "guns" were not in use at that period, but our ancient friend "had been tel't it by my granny," an unanswerable and cogent argument, and we retired from the field as gracefully as our defeat would allow.

Varying Traditions.

Thanks to the Scottish Patriotic Association, a beautiful granite Celtic cross marks the spot on which stood the house wherein Wallace met his untimely fate. This historic edifice existed until the thirties of last century, when some vandal had it pulled down and demolished. A persistent tradition asserted that it was in this very house that the great champion slept the night of his betrayal. Blind Harry, in his wonderfully realistic poem, written about 1470, tells us that

> "Rabreston it was near to the wayside,
> And had one house where Wallace used to bide."

And truly "near to the wayside" stands the cross marking the exact site of the ancient buildings. Andrew of Wyntoun, in his Orygnale Cronykil of Scotland, which was penned *anno* 1418, gives us the following testimony:

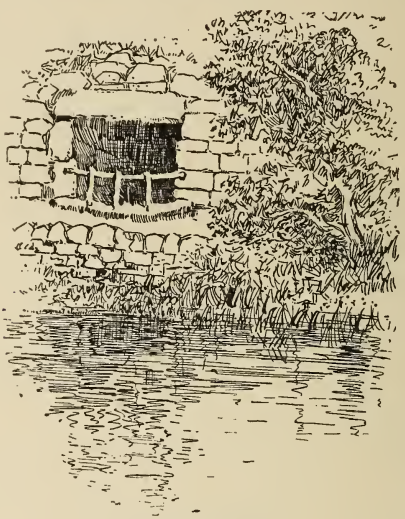
> "A thousand thre hundyr and the fyfty yere
> Eftyr the byrth of oure Lord dere.
> Schyre John of Menteth in the dayis
> Tuk in Glasgw Willame Walays
> And send hym in-til Ingland swne.
> Thare wes he quartaryd and wndwne
> By dyspyte and hat inwy;
> Thare he tholyd this martyry."

Bower's "Scotichronicon," *circa* 1447, also supports Wyntoun by expressly asserting that Wallace, "suspecting

no evil, was fraudulently and treacherously seized at Glasgow by Lord John de Menteth" (Scotichron. xii. 8).

THE SCOTTISH HOMER.

There needs be little doubt on the matter, however. As Robroyston was a portion of the Barony of Glasgow, it is apparent that historians touching merely the outstanding features have overlooked the smaller place in describing the capture of Wallace. We had rather pin



WALLACE'S WELL.

our faith to the statement of the blind old Scottish Homer of the fifteenth century. In his great popular epic, "The Actis and Deidis of the Illustere and Vailyeand Campioun, Schir William Wallace, Knicht of Ellerslie," we read of the life of the hero as it was preserved in the mind and heart of the Scottish peasantry. When Henry the Minstrel wrote, the deeds of Wallace were fresh in the national memory. There were old men living whose grandfathers had fought alongside of Wallace. It may be assumed that the place of his betrayal would not be

forgotten, and Blind Harry must have heard many a time and oft of Robroyston and the foul deed wrought there. We have cause to thank our old blind minstrel who, according to John Mair's history of 1480, "composed the whole book of William Wallace, and committed to writing in vernacular poetry, in which he was skilled, the things which were commonly related." For centuries that story of Harry's stirred the blood of gentle and semple throughout Scotland. Time was when Blind Harry's book was

THE BRIG O' TORRANCE, CAMPSIE.

the possession of every Scottish household. We cannot forget it was one of Robert Burns's first books, and of its story Burns said that it "poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest." While Harry, admittedly, is but an indifferent historian, it is well to remember that "within the last few decades several of his episodes, such as the expedition of Wallace to France, formerly supposed to be fictitious, have been confirmed by discovery of authentic evidence."

The Loch Lands.

Our sketch shows Robroyston as it is to-day. The old mansion-house, whose "stanes were used to bield the dykes," was situated about a hundred yards south of the cross, and it was only within the last few years that it was pulled down. The neat buildings which are sketched formed at one time the stables of the old mansion. About half a mile farther on, and situated in a charming spot beside a murmuring little burn, is "Wallace's Well." Tradition says that Wallace was wont to drink of its crystal waters when sojourning in the district, but the parochial map, with a sweeping contempt for vulgar lore, names it "Auchinleck Well." Deep though our respect be for draughtsmen of parish geography, as well as Imperial, we prefer tradition, and doing so annex the traditional cognomen to our little sketch. Our path takes us straight up the hill from Wallace's Well, and from the farm of Lumloch on its brow we look down on the loch lands. Away to the right lies the little village of Auchinloch. The farm showing through the trees, north of the township, is Gadloch, the one immediately before us is South Loch, and the large house and steading in the distance is The Loch. Well do the place names of the district recall features and scenery long passed away. As we tramp along this delightful country lane we look in vain for a sheet of water. To the right and just before coming to The Loch farm the physical formation of the land tells us at a glance where the loch of long ago spread its waters. Cattle and sheep are browsing on the green meadowlands, the umquhile bed of the ancient lake which was drained in the closing years of the eighteenth century.

Across Country.

From the loch lands the road takes us over the railway, and into a pastoral countryside once again. Showing over the moor on our right are the spires and house-tops of the pleasant suburban district of Lenzie. With its sheltering of trees and pointed church steeple silhouetted against a sunset sky, Lenzie tempts the pencil, and our sketch shows that there are possibilities

A CITY SUBURB.

in this composition and effect for the brush, even more than the pencil. And in the leafy lane which twists and turns on its way to the canal there are many fine "bits" for either camera or sketch book. Charming is this country walk on a summer's afternoon. Shadowy trees grow out of the hedgerows, behind which the green fresh sward stretches for miles towards where the Campsie Fells show a pearly blue through the heat haze. We cross the line of the Roman Wall as we dip towards the canal, and faint traces of that mighty engineering work can be seen on the field lying between our road and the waterway. There is a wonderful stillness overhanging the canal. It may be fancy, but life seems to partake of a slower pace on its banks, and the leisurely movement of the passing barge lends weight to the fancy. The canal is always beautiful when it leaves the towns behind. It gives us sunny vistas of foliage mirrored in the still, clear waters. Warm lights and dusky shadows flicker athwart the belts of sunshine, lending a mystery and charm which make a peculiar appeal to the lover of lonely paths and the solitudes of nature.

Torrance of Campsie.

We wander from its banks adown the highway to where the Kelvin is spanned. It is a sequestered stream about here. The songsters of the grove and the pied and yellow wagtails find a congenial home on its sedgy banks, and in its season the water ousel is also familiar. To the village of Torrance of Campsie—so named to distinguish it from the ancient Lanarkshire parish of Torrance—it is but a short walk. There is a delicious sense of sheltered quietness about the little village. Its straggling main street and the wooded slopes above it, with the blue Campsies filling in the background, combine in forming a pleasant picture. Crowds of healthy-looking children, and a plethora of inns, may be noted as the chief products of this old-world spot. And to those who perchance find their warmest welcome at an inn, we cordially recommend the Torrance of Campsie as an ideal resting-place at the close of a tramp such as we have described.

XIII.

Eaglesham to the Covenanters' Land

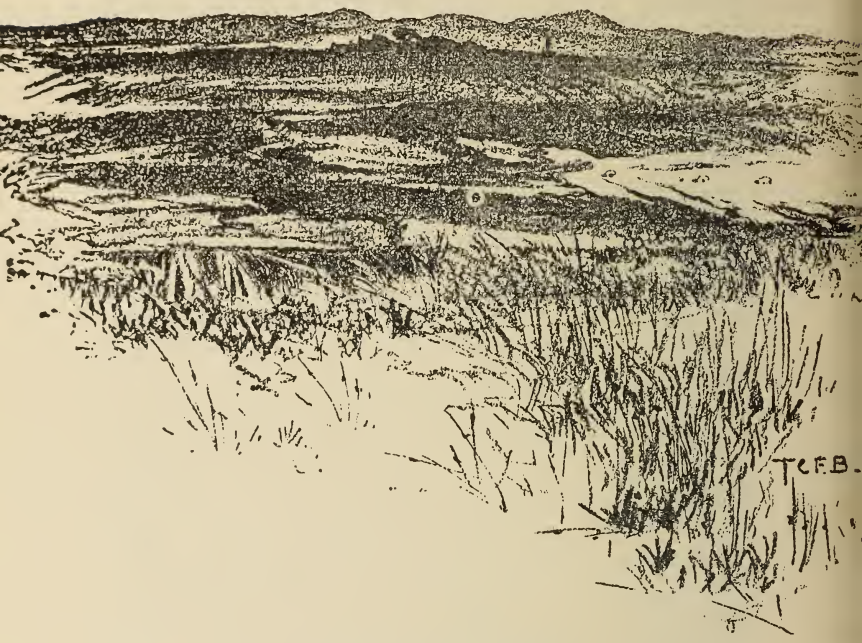
THE GRAVE OF THE MARTYRS—THE MOORLANDS OF LOCHGOIN—THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE—RELICS OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANT—THE HOWIES OF LOCHGOIN—PRICELESS SCOTTISH RELICS—AN OLD COACHING INN, KINGSWELLS—BALLAGEICH KING JAMIE'S VISIT.

"BEFORE the village was built which gives its name to the parish, there were several woods in it, particularly one of great extent on the banks of the river, an English mile south of the village. This wood and the rocks in the neighbourhood were much frequented by eagles, and, as they often perched on the holm, or low ground, where afterwards the village was built, it was thence called Eaglesholm, or Eaglesham." So wrote the Rev. Alexander Dobie in 1792. And, while this derivation of the Rev. Alexander may not satisfy the keen philologist, we shall accept it for the nonce. The quaint and lang village of Eaglesham was built on the site of its ancient predecessor, so far back as 1769, by the Earl of Eglinton. About 1800 an English traveller said of it—"The village of Eaglesham is allowed by everyone who has seen it to be one of the most delightful places in Great Britain." The good folks of Glasgow who may spend a summer holiday there will, we doubt not, cordially homologate the foregoing opinion. Standing some 700 feet above sea-level, Eaglesham can promise the city denizen a copious supply of bracing moorland air. The children reared within its borders bear the rosy hue of health on their cheeks, and a fortnight spent among its breezy heights will send one back to the city bronzed and ruddy, and well equipped physically for the long winter's task.

The Grave of the Martyrs.

But Eaglesham is rich in other attractions. The moors which stretch from its doors away to the borders of England, were the favourite haunts of the Covenanters. In the little kirkyard, with its picturesque kirk on the

slope of the hill, is to be seen the last resting-place of two martyrs of the "killing times." They were shot by a party of Highlandmen and dragoons under the command of Ardencaple, on 1st May, 1685. Gabriel Thomson and Robert Lockhart by name, tradition has it that they had been attending a conventicle, and were on their way home when they were apprehended. One was barbarously shot



THE MOORLANDS OF LOCHGOIN.

at Cowplie, a farmhouse which stood at the foot of Mellowther Hill, three miles south-west of the village; the other escaped, was followed, and was butchered about a mile farther on the road. These gallant spirits rest together in one grave,

"A lonely grave,
Where sleep the relics of our martyred brave."

At Eaglesham was born, on 2nd January, 1637, James Wodrow, father of the historian of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland. He was intercommuned, and had often to conceal himself to escape his ruthless persecutors. In 1687, when the law was suspended against long-proscribed Presbyterians, the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr took advantage of it to recommend James Wodrow "to take care of the youth who had their eye to the ministry." He then left Eaglesham for Glasgow, where, four years after, he was appointed Professor of Divinity.

The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase.

Redolent of still older memories is the little village on the brae. Memories of the days when the Douglas held sway, and when Percy, the "bauld Englishman," vowed to God—

> That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
> Of Chyviat within dayes thre,
> In the mauger of doughte Dogles,
> And all that ever wi' him be.

Across the Border line the doughty Douglas carried fire and sword, and along with him went Sir Hugh Montgomerie of Eaglesham. The memory of that raid is preserved for us in one of our finest old ballads, "The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase," a ballad of which Ben Jonson used to say that "he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works." It was in the fall of the year 1388, "abowght the Lamasse Tyde," that Otterburn or Chevy-Chase was fought. List to the old makar:—

> Off all that se a Skottishe Knyght,
> Was callyd Sir Hewe the Montgomeree,
> He sawe the Duglas to deth was dyght,
> He spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.
>
> He set uppone the lord Persie
> A dynte, that was full soare;
> With a suar spear of a myghte tre
> Clean throw the body of the Persie bore.*

Home to Scotland did Sir Hugh bear the haughty Hotspur, and with the ransom, or poind money, Hugh

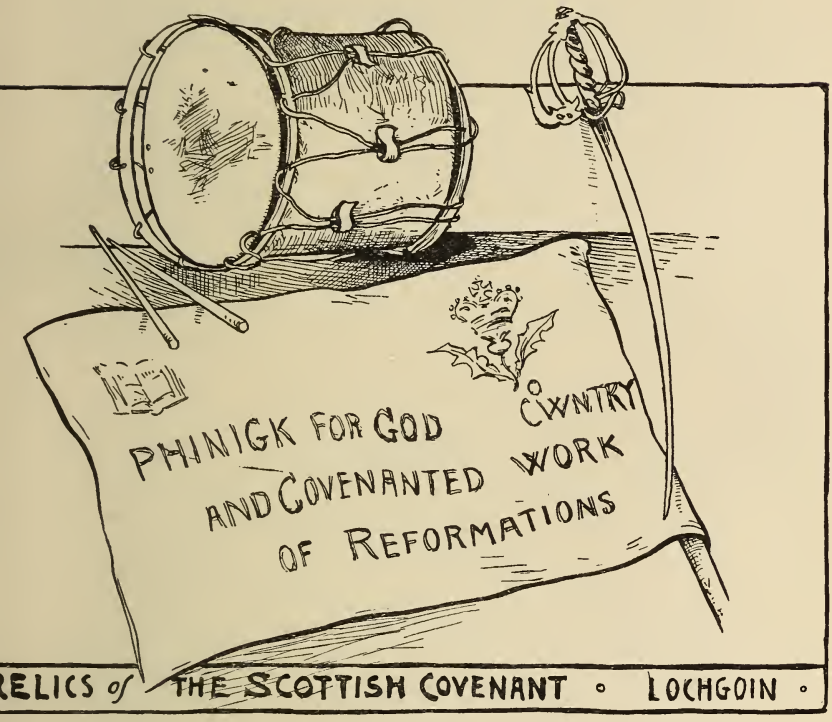
* See end of book for some historical notes upon Chevy Chase and the Battle of Otterburn.

built the castle of Punoon, or Poinon, familiar to the Eaglesham folks of to-day as Polnoon Castle. Memories of an older day of an age which stretches back till lost in the mists of eld, linger around the hillock which stands between the houses half way up the street, and on which the village bairns play. At one period, a period so far away that its very memory is lost, that hillock was the mote, a law hill of the tribes which had their habitation in and around the district of Eaglesham. The tide of a vanished life has swept over the ancient mote, but not even a tradition has been left to tell us somewhat of the men and the manners of these old, old days.

The Moorlands.

We leave the old village, and so to the moors. The name of the reservoir to our left as we breast the hill—and it is a fairly stiff climb—Picket-law, enshrines a memory of Covenanting days, when outposts or pickets were wont to be posted on the knowe overlooking the village. Right on, and always going up, we pass on our right the snug farm-place of South Kirktonmuir, and always rising strike off the highway at the first path to our left. This path leads us past West Revoch Farm, and right on to the moss. We may warn the wayfarer who deigns to follow in our footsteps that although this moorland track—it is no more than a faint track—cuts off a couple of miles for those who wish to make the pilgrimage to the farm of Lochgoin, it is a most dangerous route unless the weather be perfect. The mists come down on these moorlands with startling suddenness. On our last tramp we had the disagreeable (and dangerous) experience of being completely lost for over a couple of hours on these moors. It was a fairly good day when we struck across them, but the mists came down and in ten minutes we could not see twenty yards before us. However, for those who be of a venturesome bent we cordially recommend the walk over the mosses. It is stimulating. The scene is one of the wildest to be met with round about Glasgow. Mile after mile of rocky moor, steep hills, and deep ravines extend on every side, and the feeling of loneliness and desolation is borne in upon one by

the sough of the mountain breeze that is rarely absent here. The track is a "hidden road" of the Covenanters. The moorlands hereabouts were a common resort to many a wanderer in the "Killing Times." Many a weary spirit found an asylum from relentless persecution among these dreary wastes, and many a conventicle was held



in their dusky ravines when Clavers, and Grierson of Lagg, and Turner and his hellish crew of dragoons were scouring the Westlands with the sword of terror and blood. No spot in the West recalls so many associations in connection with the days of Scotland's troubles than the moorlands around Lochgoin.

The Howies of Lochgoin.

At the little, grey farmhouse of Lochgoin one may speak with direct descendants of our Covenanting fathers. But the Howies were settled here hundreds of years before Covenanting days. There were Howies at Lochgoin when Wallace unsheathed the sword of freedom, and when Bruce won the fight at Bannockburn. The tradition of the family is that the first of them who settled here in the twelfth century were refugees from the persecution of the Waldenses. No fewer than 33 generations of "John Howies" have occupied the farm in successive generations. The stock is yet lusty and stark. There is no sign of decay, and the ruddy children of to-day bid fair to carry on the name for many generations to come. Howie of Lochgoin was at the Pentland rising, and many a fugitive from the stricken field of Rullion Green sought refuge at this remote farmhouse. John Howie and his son were outlawed, but both survived the Revolution. A grandson of the old outlaw brought fame to the name, for John Howie's "Scots Worthies" is a national classic.

Priceless Scottish Relics.

Cherished in the farmhouse are some priceless Scottish relics. Through the courtesy and kindness of the fine old lady who bears the name of Howie, and is herself a descendant of a Covenanting stock, we were afforded the privilege and honour of handling and sketching these priceless relics. Our sketch shows the flag carried at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig by the parishioners of Fenwick. The blank in the first line is for "King," but as the Covenanters were fighting against the King, Fenwick parish dropped the word. The side drum and sticks were also at these battles, and the sword belonged to that stern Covenanter, Captain John Paton, who ended his life on the scaffold in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh "for the cause of Jesus Christ" on the 8th of May, 1684. The Bible which he gave to his wife from off the scaffold is also at Lochgoin, as well as a notebook in MS. of John Howie, who wrote the "Scots Worthies;" some fine black-letter volumes; a curious collection of old silver

coins, some dated 1597; and, last, but not least, one of the most perfect specimens of a flint prehistoric spear-head—turned up while ploughing some years ago—we have ever seen.

An Old Coaching Inn.

Leaving Lochgoin and its treasure trove of Scottish memories, a walk of some two miles takes us to the march between Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, the stone chronicling the fact standing four miles three furlongs from the kirk

THE OLD COACHING INN, KINGSWELLS.

of Eaglesham, by the high road. A mile and a bittock farther on, and nine miles one furlong from the town of Kilmarnock, we reach the old coaching inn of Kingswells. Alas! it is no longer a tavern. Its glory departed with the close of the stage-coach days, and for over 70 summers and winters it has stood, forlorn and forsaken, and bereft of the all-inspiring right to dispense refreshments. But in the heyday of the coaching age, the inn at Kingswells was a celebrated posting establishment. Standing on the side of the old but now disused and grass-grown coaching-road between Glasgow and Kilmarnock, a curious and varied tide of life was continually ebbing

and flowing around its portals. As many as 30 coaches passed, laden with passengers, every lawful day. As many as 20 carriers and their carts have been seen at one time awaiting their turn for refreshment for man and beast. Here the passengers in the palmy days of coaching were wont to dine on substantial delicacies, mighty iris-tinted rounds of beef, vast and gelatinous veal

BALLAGEICH.

pies, great slices of prize Dunlop cheeses, and the whole washed down with copious draughts of strong home-brewed ale, topped by a hearty quaigh of something stronger to fortify them against the snell blasts which swept across the wild moorlands. But that is an old story—so long ago that the genial Scotsman who farms Kingswells, and has lived, boy and man, over 60 years

there, cannot call to mind the coaches passing on the old road, although, in his very early youth, he saw them swinging past on the new highway to Glasgow. An older road, the mediæval path or track over the moors, passes, or passed, behind the stables opposite the old inn. We can just trace it, but no more, for it is over a couple of centuries since the pack-horses came a-travelling on that ancient way.

King Jamie's Visit.

And by this old way came King Jamie—which Jamie tradition does not say—to settle some dispute at Pothelly Hall, now represented by a few crumbling, moss-grown walls. List to tradition. At the spot where the inn buildings now stand His Majesty's horse drank out of a well, afterwards called the "King's Well." The boggy ground adjoining is known as the "King's Stable," because on that same occasion his horse stuck in the quagmire there. This experience put Jamie into a bad mood, and to appease his royal temper he caused 18 unfortunate individuals to be hanged. Still another tradition says that the King's Well got its name from happenings at the mediæval tavern, when His Majesty was on his way to attend a marriage at Sorn Castle. Jamie's temper is again ruffled. It is the bad travelling this time, and he says, with a kingly oath, "Gif I were to play a trick on the devil, I would send him to a bridal at Sorn." And from the old King's Well it is a straight walk of some six miles over Ballageich, from the summit of which we saw from Ailsa on the south to Ben Lomond and the Cobbler on the north, Tinto on the east, and the Paps of Jura on the west; and thence by the king's highway back to our starting-point at Eaglesham village.

XIV.

David Gray's Cottage to the Campsie Fells

A KIRKINTILLOCH NOTE—A RARE SONNET—THE HUMBLE COT — BIRTHPLACE OF DAVID GRAY — SWEET LUGGIE—WHERE LUGGIE AND BOTHLIN MEET—KIRKINTILLOCH—WESTERTON AND THE CAMPSIE FELLS—CAMPSIE MEMORIES.

"HIS face was calm and beautiful, recalling the features of Shelley," says the late William Freeland in a letter to a friend describing David Gray, "the poet of Merkland." Though he left but a few works behind, another litterateur has referred to these as the "truest, purest, tenderest lyrical note that has floated to English ears this half century." The truth of this remark is at once apparent to any who care to read what little Gray has left us. Born on the 29th January, 1838, he died in his 23rd year. He was but a fledgling, yet the outpourings of his poetic soul reveal the ennobling qualifications of a rare genius, which, had it matured, would have placed him in the very front rank of Scottish minstrelsy. Like Burns, Gray is a poet of nature. He gloried in its beauties, and whether in sunshine or storm he loved it, and wove its varying features into a golden tissue of song. His poetry is redolent with tenderness and natural imagery.

A Rare Sonnet.

Gray raised his young voice in strains that touch the sublime. Take but one at random of his effusions. It glows with brilliant imaginative quality. The note struck

in the following sonnet is sad, but of unsurpassing loveliness. Thus "In the Shadows:"—

> "October's gold is dim—the forests rot,
> The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
> Is wrapped in damp. In mire of village way
> The hedge-row leaves are stamped, and, all forgot,
> The broodless nest sits visible in the thorn.
> Autumn, among her dripping marigolds,
> Weeps all her garnered sheaves, and empty folds,
> And dripping orchards—plundered and forlorn.
> The season is a dead one, and I die!

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A SCOTTISH POET.

> No more, no more for me the spring shall make
> A resurrection in the earth and take
> The death from out her heart. Oh God, I die!
> The cold throat mist creeps nearer till I breathe
> Corruption. Drop stark night upon my death!"

The Humble Cot.

From Lenzie it is but a stroll to the sequestered spot, quaintly named Duntieblae, where Gray was born. He

was the son of a weaver, "a dull day plodding weaver," and the little cottage in our sketch was his "narrow six-loom shop" in days gone by. The old man with whom we forgathered had lived there since 1842. He knew Gray well, and his memory pictured "a sort o' tall laddie and no very strong-like, but very ambeetious. A nice fair-spoken laddie, though." An intelligent old man and very "cracky." He could tell us—having read it in the title deeds of Duntieblae—that the Grays settled there in 1780. James and Andrew Gray were merchant spinners at Gartochin, and bought the little property at Duntieblae in the year mentioned. From them sprung the poet. The Grays chose a bonnie spot for their habitation. Under the shelter of the golden tinted autumn foliage, it is a peaceful sylvan scene and fitting haunt for the musings of the lover of nature. The grey ruined wall adjoining the cottage was the kitchen in the poet's day, and it was in this humble apartment where he first saw the light. It is fast hastening to decay unfortunately, and a very few years will see it razed to the ground unless the local authority see fit to spend a few pounds on its preservation. There is nothing to mark the cottage as the birthplace of this son of genius, a neglect which in these days of commemorations and centenaries gives cause for wonder; it is a neglect, moreover, which stains the fair escutcheon of the ancient burgh of Kirkintilloch.

Sweet Luggie.

To the peaceful and pretty village of Waterside from Duntieblae is only a few minutes' walk. The crumbling walls of the ancient lint mill at the footbridge by the dam were built in 1779. Through Waterside and by a pleasant country road to Merklands, where Gray lived for many years and died, thence down to his beloved Luggie, on whose green banks in the blue summer mornings and golden evenings of long ago, the dream of his life came to him. List to his exquisite muse:—

"Beneath an ash in beauty tender leaved,
And through whose boughs the glimmering sunshine flow'd,
In rare ethereal jasper, making cool
A chequered shadow in the dark green grass,
I lay enchanted.

Before me streams most dear unto my heart—
Sweet Luggie and sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
Than ever sang themselves into the sea—
Were rolled together in an emerald vale."

The Auld Aisle.

The little old-fashioned brig over the Luggie which we have sketched is just a few yards from the junction of

WHERE LUGGIE AND BOTHLIN MEET.

that stream and the Bothlin. Its bosky banks are beautiful to-day as when Gray wandered among its leafy shades. Other and older memories haunt this spot. The lands and house of Oxgang, on the brink of the opposite bank as we make for Kirkintilloch, enshrine a memory of

William the Lion, for it was in his reign, about 1170, that William Comyn, Lord of Kirkintilloch, granted this "oxgate of land adjoining the church (St. Ninian) and on the east side" to the monks of Cambuskenneth, "for the guid o' his saul." The kirk of St. Ninian, of which the picturesque "Auld Aisle" is the only reminder, was built in 1140. And the "Auld Aisle" itself is comparatively modern, having been constructed from the stones of St. Ninian's Kirk about a century ago. St. Ninian's was reared by "Thorold, proprietor of the Barony of Kirkintilloch and Cumbernauld and High Sheriff of Stirlingshire," about 1140. He was a scion of the Comyn family. It was in the Heigh Kirk of Dumfries that Kirkpatrick made siccar when the dagger of The Bruce faltered; and when Bruce came to his own the lands of Kirkintilloch passed from the Comyns to the Flemings. The bell-less tower of the Auld Aisle keeps watch and ward, like a ghost from the past, over the old, old kirk-yard. For 700 years generation after generation of Kirkintilloch and Cumbernauld folks have been carried to their last resting-place there, and among them lies the young Scottish poet whose muse has touched "this valley with renown eternal."

Kirkintilloch.

Essentially modern and up to date though Kirkintilloch be, it still retains in its nooks and corners a flavour of old-world days. And it is an old town. From his fort on the ridge where stands the township of to-day, the Roman soldier gazed across the valley of the Kelvin to where the massive outline of the Campsie Fells closes the horizon on the north. Great though his engineering feat was, the Roman has left little behind him. A few yards of mouldering rampart, some sadly defaced stones, and a hoard of silver coins are all that remain to tell us of the great conquerors from sunny Italy who ruled the land in the dawn of our history. On the slope of the Bar Hill, a few miles to the east of the town and in Kirkintilloch parish, we can see some fine Roman remains which, thanks to the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland and the Archæological Society of Glasgow, have been

excavated and laid bare. The lines of a vast camp and the great wall are distinctly visible. In the wells which served this fort there was discovered last year a perfect treasure-trove of Roman relics, telling of a long residence in this district. The old crow-stepped kirk of St. Mary, built in 1644, and successor to the forementioned kirk of St. Ninian, is probably the oldest existing building in the town. There are other memories. It has its traditions

WESTERTON AND THE CAMPSIE FELLS.

of the '45 and of the passing of Prince Charlie and his Highlanders; and a native of the district was Walter Watson, the sweet Scottish singer and author of that fine ballad, "We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet." Crossing the Luggie by the bridge, with its obelisk —sketched in our heading inset—to the memory of a

gallant deed performed by a Glasgow boy of seventeen in 1876, we take the highway to our left. And so to the Campsie Fells.

An Autumn Landscape.

Looking northward the green braes are rising and falling right to where the Campsies loom bulky against the sunshine of this September day. The landscape, bathed in a flood of light, is bright with many an autumn tint. Fair and tranquil lies the result of the year's labour of ploughing, and tilling, and sowing. Like threads of dark green the sombre-tinted hedge-rows stretch between the golden fields. The line of darker trees on the hillfoot throw into relief splatches of yellow grain, glowing with the fiery touch of autumn. The cadence of reapers at work is borne pleasantly to the ear on the soft health-giving breeze. Shocks of oats, nodding interlaced, foot it in a carpet of velvety green, where horses and men and dogs flit hither and thither betwixt the bronzed grain stacks. Beyond all are the eternal hills of Campsie, a gigantic frame of pale, translucent, delicate blue. Above, a flight of crows drift negligently to their rookery at Campsie, now silhouetted 'gainst the sunny blue, now 'gainst the grey, purply shadows of cloudland. And passing Birdston we hear

> "The noisy geese go gabbling o'er the pool,
> The playful children just let loose from school."

In one of the cottages of this clachan was born, in 1766, William Muir, the Campsie poet, who wrote thus of the humble "saut herrin': "—

> "A bleater's limb ne'er on the spit
> Is seen to pipe and fry;
> But thee, dear fish, I'm proud to meet,
> And on a brander spy."

Campsie Memories.

Further on we pass Kincaid House, standing in the midst of a wealth of foliage, thence crossing the River Glazert, murmuring here through a rocky dell, we go through the little village of Milton. In these days of

aeroplanes and airships it is of interest to recall that the celebrated aeronaut, Lunardi, who visited Glasgow in 1785, ascended in his balloon from St. Andrew's kirkyard on the 5th of December of that year, and alighted between Milton and Lennoxtown. "His ascent was very majestic," says the Rev. Mr. Lapslie, minister of Campsie, who transmitted an account of his descent to one of the Glasgow journals. A vast concourse, numbering over 100,000 persons, witnessed the ascent, and it is surely matter for keen satisfaction to learn that the company privileged to stand in the kirkyard was "numerous and genteel." The balloon in those early days was as great an object of wonder to the citizens of Glasgow and the good folks of Campsie as would be an aeroplane were one to take a flight over the city and land on the Campsie Fells.

Westerton on the ridge—which we sketched—silhouetted a dark brown against the setting sun, warned us that time was slipping. About a mile beyond Westerton, and on the slope of the Campsies, we examined the faint remains of the Muckle Reeve, an old British fort apparently, and if not pre-Roman doubtless coeval with the building of the great wall. And at the charming old-fashioned country town of Lennoxtown, the capital of Campsie, we close a long but pleasant afternoon.

XV.

Mugdock Castle to the Whangie

STRATHBLANE KIRK — MUGDOCK CASTLE — THE KEEP OF MUGDOCK—THE DEIL'S CRAIG—DUNGOYNE STRATHBLANE MEMORIES — ROB ROY—THE WHANGIE — THE WHANGIE'S YAWNING CHASM.

"THE only considerable village is Millguy, which contains about 200 inhabitants, who are mostly employed as bleachers, printers, and pencillers of cloth;" so says a writer in 1793, describing the district of New Kilpatrick. The "considerable village" is now but a memory. Its place has been taken by the charming suburban retreat familiar to the present generation as Milngavie. While the ancient trade of bleaching has still its votaries at Millguy, the population of to-day is "mostly employed" in the city. The writer already quoted further informs us that "the air (of Millguy) is reckoned very wholesome." We cordially homologate the statement. Standing as it does some 200 feet above sea-level, and on the borders of the moorlands of Stirling and Dumbarton, we need entertain no doubt on the matter.

A Jubilee Celebration.

The King's highway from Millguy rises steadily, until at the waterworks or reservoir of Mugdock we are 317 feet above the sea-level. And there is a fine bracing quality in the atmosphere hereabouts. The beautiful sheet of sparkling Loch Katrine water known as Mugdock is 60 acres in extent, the holding capacity of the reservoir being 488,700,000 gallons. Immense though this quantity be, it is dwarfed by the huge reservoir of Craigmaddie, lying a little farther off to our right. It contains 694,000,000 gallons and has an area of 87 acres.

MUGDOCK CASTLE.

Mugdock Reservoir was constructed in 1856. It may be recalled that on the 14th of October, 1859, Her Majesty Queen Victoria turned on the water at Loch Katrine, so that on the corresponding day next month,* the great Glasgow water scheme reaches its jubilee, and we understand the occasion will be marked by appropriate celebrations.

The Keep of Mugdock.

The hoary, embattled Keep of Mugdock has conferred its name on the reservoir. A sharp rise of another couple of hundred feet takes us to the lake, on the borders of which stands the castle. As our sketch reveals, the ancient building, embowered in its greenery and mirrored in the lochan, presents a romantic and picturesque vista. Seldom indeed does art and nature combine as successfully as we find them doing at Mugdock, and ours is but one of many beautiful compositions to which the scene lends itself. At this season of the sere and yellow leaf, the golden tints and russet browns with which the trees are clothed throw a mantle of wondrous colour over the picture, making it tempting indeed to the wandering Dick Tinto. The square grey tower, which rears its massive walls above the modern portion of the castle, is of ancient date, and we doubt not that its lower section may well be part of the castle of Maldwin, Earl of Lennox, who about 1250 gave it to David de Graham in exchange for land in Galloway. There is no tradition concerning the time when it was built. But in its day Mugdock must have been a place of considerable strength. Covered on the east and north by the lake, the waters of which would be drawn around it by a moat, it would be practically inaccessible to a force minus the artillery of to-day. The tower is still entire. Memories of the "Killing Times" of 1688 linger around its weather-beaten walls, for during that terrible persecution the Earls of Rothes and Middleton held high revel in Mugdock on one of their bloody expeditions to the west country. For long years it was the chief seat of the Montrose family, and although still retained the Grahams have not resided there for several decades.

* This was written in 1909.

The Deil's Craig.

The highway leads us along the brow of the hill from Mugdock to the little village of the name. It affords a magnificent panorama of the valley in which nestle Bearsden and Millguy. And our eye is carried for miles beyond suburbia, over the city, and on to where the Gleniffer Braes melt into the grey-blue sky. Through the clachan, and by the cool shady highway, until we reach the ancient path to Strathblane. From this path

we see the noble valley of the Blane stretching before us. The landscape is enriched and adorned by luxuriant foliage of the woods with which the Fells are skirted, and the whole receives an air of grandeur from the abrupt precipices in which the hills terminate. Towards the west the Mass of Dungoin ("Dumgoiack" in a book of 1800) presents a singular and striking appearance. Insulated in the centre of the valley of a conical figure, and clothed with the purple heather, it at once arrests

the attention. From the surface of the curious table-like outcrop of trap on our left, known by the sinister cognomen of the Deil's Craig, we make our sketch of Dungoin. Tradition tells us that his Satanic majesty reared this gigantic table, on the surface of which he spread the unholy dainties for the consumption of the witches who dwelt hereabouts, at the dawn of Christianity in Scotland. Auld Clootie himself had his habitation in the dark tarn lying at the foot of the Craig. And when the good Patrick, tutelary saint of Ireland, came a-preaching on the banks of the Clyde, the Devil, provoked at his sanctity and success in spreading the gospel, sent a band of witches against him. These weird sisters fell upon Patrick so furiously that he was forced to flee. He took a boat and sailed for Ireland. The maddened witches tore a huge piece of rock from off the Kilpatrick hills, and hurled it after him. Missing their aim, the ponderous mass fell harmless, and afterwards, with a little addition from art, formed the Rock of Dumbarton! So disappointed was Satan when his witches returned to tell him that Patrick had escaped that he plunged into the loch, and from that day to this has never been seen—in *propria persona*—again. The memory of the unholy orgies of the witches and the enemy of mankind is preserved in the place-name of the Deil's Craig.

Strathblane Memories.

To the little Kirkton of Strathblane by the old winding road between wooded banks, now and then expanding into little grassy glades where the September sunshine has full power to rest, is pleasant walking indeed. When the antique townie bursts upon the eye, filling its little rock and wood environed amphitheatre and rising backwards to the slopes of the Campsie Fells, with the tower of its little old kirk rising over the cottages, we pledge ourselves that the wayfarer who perchance may follow us will admit that the scene is both interesting and beautiful. It is a delightful retreat for the city dweller, a veritable Sleepy Hollow, a place after the heart of the lover of our byways. Let us to the old grey kirk. Comparatively modern though it be (it was reconstructed, as

the date over the doorway tells us, in 1803), memories of the legions of Rome, of our Royal Stuarts, of the Edmonstones, barons of Duntreath, and of Rob Roy Macgregor, haunt this hallowed spot. Within the church rests the dust of many a bold Edmonstone. The ancestors of this family were twice allied to Scottish Royalty. Their last marriage into the royal strain was between Sir William Edmonstone and Mary, Countess of Angus, daughter of Robert III., and sister of James I. This princess lies buried in the kirk, and the brass marking the spot tells us:—"Here lyes in the same grave Mary, Countess of Angus, sister to King James I. of Scotland," and "Archibald Edmonstone, Esquire, of Duntreath, in this Kingdom, and of Redhall in Ireland, who died in the year 1689, aged about 51 years." An ancient weather-beaten stone in the kirkyard records the burial of another scion of the noble family of Duntreath in the year 1482. The sculpturing on this old monument is still fairly sharp, thanks to some Old Mortality of past days. Centuries older, however, is the rude stone pillar which shows sturdily among its comparatively modern compeers. Tradition in the countryside says this is a "Roman mark-stone." There is a similar stone at Broadgate Farm, a short distance from the kirk, and a third at Woodhead Farm, a bit farther off.

Rob Roy.

To Strathblane came, many a time and oft, the famous Rob Roy—sometimes to kirk; much more often to lift cattle. Old folks in the Blane Valley relate with wonder the depredations which he and his men committed. The following remarkable document shows the manner in which Rob held the country under contribution. It is taken verbatim from the original manuscript, sent at the time to be nailed to the door of Strathblane Kirk:—"At Stirling in ane Quarter Session, held be the Justices of his Highness Peace, upon ye 3d day of Februar 1658-9. The Laird of Touch being chyrsman."

"Upon reading of ane petition given in be Capt. M'Gregor, makand mention that several heritors and inhabitants of the paroches of Campsie, Dennie, Baldernock, Strablane, Kilearn,

Gargunnock, and uthers within the sheriffdom of Stirling, did agree with him to oversee and preserve their houses, goods, and geir frae oppressioun, and accordingly did pay him; and now that some persones delay to maik payment; thairfore it is ordered that all heritors and inhabitants of the paroches aforesaid maik payment to the said Captaine M'Gregor of their proportionnes for his said service till the first of February last past without delay. All constables in the several paroches are heirby commandit to see this order put in executionne, as thai sall answer the contrair. It is also heirby declarit that all who have been engadgit in payment sal be liberat after such tyme that thai goe to Captaine M'Gregor, and declare to him that thai are not to expect any service frae hym or he to expect any paiment frae them. Just copie, extracted be James Stirling, Clerk of the Peace, for Archibald Edmonstoune, Bailzie of Duntreath, to be published at the Kirk of Strablane."

As a picture of the extraordinary lawlessness which existed at that period the above document would be hard to beat. We have here the curious spectacle of "the law" supporting Rob Roy's still more curious claim for "dues" for "services rendered."

To the Whangie.

Leaving sleepy old "Strablane" and its memories, we push forward through Blanefield with its tidy houses and healthy-looking youngsters, and take the Carbeth-Guthrie road for Aucheneden. A stiff climb per highway of some 500 feet in a mile brings us on to the ridge of the hill overlooking the deep and green fertile vale of the Blane. A fine avenue-like road between sweeping fir and larch for two miles, then we strike the lonely Drymen highway over the Stockiemuir, the road which, readers of Scott may recollect, was followed by Bailie Nicol Jarvie on his immortal expedition to the home of Rob Roy, cross the Drymen road, over the dyke, and follow the pad across the fields. This takes us on to the avenue leading to Aucheneden House. Following this path for a mile and a bittock, we come to the pad leading to the Baker's Loch —the source of the Allander Water—and the new Clydebank Waterworks. Another couple of miles or thereabouts, and rough walking, and we reach a miniature concrete culvert through which flows a moorland streamlet. The scene from this spot is one of the wildest

on the whole range of the Kilpatricks. Mile after mile of rocky heathland, steep hills, and yawning ravines extend around, wild, bleak, and desolate. It is the place for the foot of the true lover of mountain walks, of the

THE WHANGIE'S YAWNING CHASM.

land of brown heath and mossy slaps and rugged fell. Our path—there is really not the slightest vestige of a track—lies directly to our right, and we follow the little

burn—it is scarce worthy the name—up the valley which opens before us. We keep the bold rocky escarpment beside us. A mile and a bit up this moorland stream and over several stiff ridges, trying both to our pedestrian powers and our temper, and we reach the bold heights of Dumbarton Muir.

The Whangie.

In the distance and ruggedly silhouetted against the blue-sky line is a bare, jagged rampart of horribly black cliff. It lends an additional touch of desolation to the panorama of bleak moorland. A dark gash on the mountain side tells us that we have reached the celebrated Whangie. On nearer approach we see huge blocks of stone at the base of the cleft, detached, undoubtedly by the weather, from the precipices above. Nearer still, and we have evidence before us of one of those catastrophes which from time to time convulse a mountain region. The earth and rock have been torn asunder by some titanic force of storm and tempest, leaving a dark, yawning chasm, about 60 feet in depth and three in width, right through the hill. Its gloomy recesses, into which the sunlight never penetrates, seem like the portals to the very Inferno. Listening to the wail of the breeze as it soughs through the rocky depths, it needs but little imagination to hear the tread and almost to see the forms of ghosts of the Ossian's heroes who made their homes, as we are told, in just such rocky solitudes. The deep silence of Nature which reigns over the scene is broken only by the melancholy scream of the curlew or the mournful note of the plover. From the Whangie the panorama to be seen is magnificent. To the north a bewildering array of bens, at our feet the silver stretch of Loch Lomond with its sparkling green islets, and, looking to the west, mile after mile of rounded and rocky fell, mottled with sheets of bracken and folds of heather. It is a far cry to the Whangie, and only for the good pedestrian. But resting under its precipitous scars we feel amply repaid for our exertions.

XVI.

Lugton to the Peesweep Inn and St. Mirin

OLD COACHING INN, LUGTON—BARBARA GILMOUR—CALDWELL VILLAGE — LOCH LIBO — CALDWELL TOWER — CORRINDALE LAW—THE OLD PEESWEEP INN.

"He who hath travelled earth's dull round,
Where'er his wanderings may have been,
Must sigh to think that he hath found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

THE old coaching inn at Lugton is calculated to recall the celebrated sarcasm of Shenstone. It is a comfortable tavern, one of those which earned name and fame in the days of the stage. Travellers from

THE OLD COACHING INN, LUGTON.

Glasgow to Kilmarnock and farther south a century ago were wont to stop at this inn what time the horses were changed. In its snug bar—it is still snug—they partook of choice Ayrshire cookery, washing the chops and steaks down with huge draughts of ale, and, if it were winter, capping them with something stronger to fortify them against the snell Atlantic breezes which blow pure and

fresh on the moorlands hereabouts. And in these days cookery was cookery, unpolluted with "art with poisonous honey stolen from France." Vast and marble-veined ribs of beef, colossal hams, prize cheeses—and, by the way, where should we look for cheese of the prime quality? We'll surely get it in Dunlop!

Barbara Gilmour.

Lugton is in Dunlop, and in coaching times our old inn was famed for its prime Dunlop cheeses. Epicures owe

CALDWELL VILLAGE.

a debt of gratitude to old Barbara Gilmour. Barbara was a farmer's daughter, and during the grim Covenanting days lived on one of the upland places in Dunlop parish. She went to Ireland so as to avoid the hardships to which people were then exposed on account of religion. When in Ireland she learned a secret from an old, old woman, the secret of how to make special cheese. Barbara returned to Scotland after the Revolution, and

brought the recipe with her. Since that far-away period cheese has been the great business of Dunlop, and Barbara's inheritance of cheesemaking is as virile to-day as of yore. "Dunlop," as a matter of fact, is equal, if not superior, to what is made anywhere else. And in the comfortable caravanserai of Lugton, this relic of bygone days which stands on the old artery from the city to the South-country, we get some sense of the poetry of the coaching days, some perception of the gulf which separates our manners from those of our forefathers. We faintly realise the difference which lies between travelling to a place with the due pauses for romance and adventure provided in the days of posting, and arriving at a place with no pauses at all save for collecting tickets—which are not always to be found—as we do to-day per express train or motor car! Doubtless the romance of railways and motor 'buses will be written when posterity has taken to aeroplanes. But that is not yet.

Loch Libo.

From Lugton Inn we meander by a shady way and past yellow fields where farmers are cutting corn, on to Loch Libo and Caldwell village. The Lake of Libo—as euphonised by the poet—is a beautiful mountain gem. It lies embosomed in that little green valley which stretches from Barrhead to Caldwell. It is, in a way, the reservoir of the watershed about here, and it gives birth to the Lugton water, which flows from Libo and joins the Garnock a little below Kilwinning. Libo is a fine little loch. It has a picturesque beauty which a traveller of last century compared to, and declared greater than, the famed Rydal Water in Cumberland. And, looking across the loch on this fine September day, we perceive in it a rare beauty, and mentally homologate the opinion of the old wayfarer quoted above. Loch Libo, however, has its place in history, and is frequently mentioned in the old charters of the Stewards of Scotland in connection with the Monastery of Paisley.

Caldwell Tower.

Our sketch will evidence the quiet beauty of the village

of Caldwell, which lies on the shoulder of the brae overlooking the loch. And from the village we note the square, battlemented tower of Caldwell silhouetted against the western sky. Our path lies past the old grey peel. Many memories cling around this deserted relic. It is all

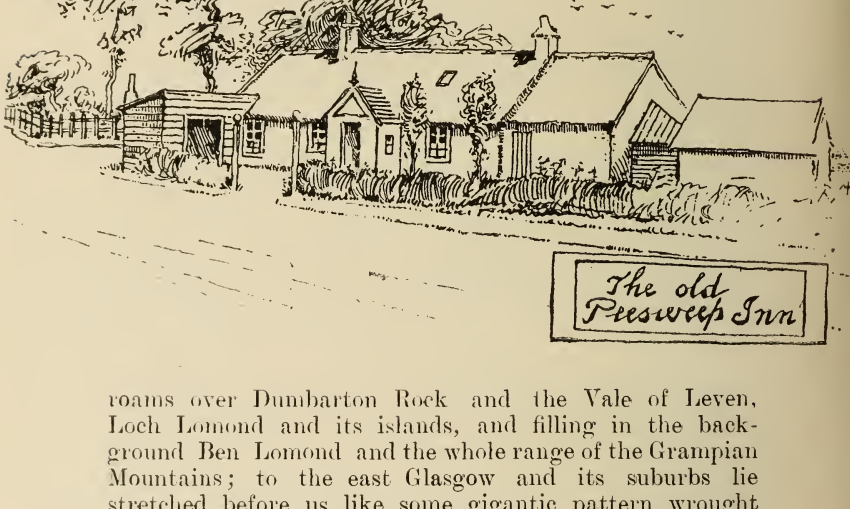
that is left of the old castle of the Caldwells of that ilk, and dates from the fourteenth century. Despite its years, it is still in a tolerable state of preservation. Traces of the ancient castle are to be seen around the tower, and tell of the period when our tower of to-day formed but

a small portion of the castle of the Caldwells. There is some fine corbelling underneath the battlements, and the doors and windows show signs of superior mason-work in their mouldings. The barony of Caldwell originally belonged to a family of the same surname from which sprung William Caldwell, a prebendary of Glasgow and subsequently Chancellor of Scotland about 1349. From the Caldwells it passed to the Mures, another very ancient stock. The Mures of Caldwell are descended from Gilchrist More, son of Sir Reginald Mure, Chamberlain of Scotland in 1329. This Reginald was a great man in his day. We find him in an agreement with the monks of Newbattle anent the lands of Kinnaird. When King David—the sair sanct—went to war with England, also went Reginald, and in reward of his loyalty he gets a grant of the lands of "Tillibardin," then in the Crown by the forfeiture of Sir Andrew Murray. His son gave Tillibardin back to Murray in 1341. Later—about 1345—he is named a commissioner on the part of Scotland to treat with the English about a truce between the two nations. Hamilton, of Wishaw, tells us the castle was ruinous in his day. In 1712 William Mure resolved to build another house, and a site was chosen about a mile to the south of the castle. On his decease in 1722 his son abandoned the site chosen, and it was under his instructions that the present handsome edifice, which peeps from out the trees as we look south, was begun and completed, the famous Adam being the architect.

Corkindale Law.

The old road, which passes a few yards from the Tower, takes us past Old Barn Farm—at one period the barn for stocking the winter's fodder, in connection with Caldwell Castle—and Greenside, thence to the King's Highway over the great stretch of moor and on to Paisley. Keeping straight on, and paying no heed to the finger-post which points "this way to Johnstone and the Town of Thread," we again leave the highway and take the moor path to the right at the farm of Plymuir. We are very high in the world hereabouts, Plymuir standing 670 feet above sea-level. A wide expanse of dark-brown and

purple heathland stretches from our feet to the horizon. We can see the gleam of the waters of the Firth of Clyde, and the breeze comes to us laden with the health-giving ozone of the ocean. A brief tramp of a mile carries us to the summit of Corkindale Law, the highest pad of which is 848 feet above sea-level. The scene from the Law is unrivalled in beauty and extent, in the West of Scotland at least. The hill is so situated that, granted a clear day, one may see half the counties of broad Scotland from its summit. A pilgrimage to the Law will amply repay the exertion entailed. Northward the eye



roams over Dumbarton Rock and the Vale of Leven, Loch Lomond and its islands, and filling in the background Ben Lomond and the whole range of the Grampian Mountains; to the east Glasgow and its suburbs lie stretched before us like some gigantic pattern wrought on the bosom of the land, and we can trace the Clyde river, a silver thread extending from Hamilton to Kilpatrick. From the Hills of Kilpatrick and Campsie Fells our vision sweeps right across Scotland, to where the Fife Lomonds show a clear pearly grey against the soft distance. The Pentland and Moorfoot ranges, Ailsa Craig

and the Galloway Hills, are embraced in this mighty panorama, and Tinto, celebrated in ballad lore, we see from base to summit:—

> "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 up til her."

The Peesweep Inn.

The highway along the shoulder of the Law looks down on a land of bogs and hags and peaty pools, with green patches on its skirts, whereon nestle bien farmhouses. At Middleton Farm we dip down until we are on a level with this waste country. Only the moorfowl and the peewits are crying upon it. In the distance we see narrow, and narrowing, stretches of grain, which busy hands are stowing into carts. These human notes relieve the ocean of blackness and bog. But nature is always noiseless, and all her greatest gifts are given in secrecy. The result of the year's labour, of ploughing, tilling, sowing, and hoeing, are yonder, and fair and tranquil they lie, mellowed by distance and by contrast to the dreary stretch of heath, into a bronzed belt lying on the far side of the moor, among which gleaners come and go. Past West Caplaw, a typical farm of the moors, where we see bonnie children, ruddy with the strong moorland air; past Caplaw Dam, a dark tarn, well-stocked with fish, and so to the famed Peesweep Inn. This quaint little roadside inn has braved the storms of a century and some odd years, on these bleak, wind-swept uplands. But it has sturdy walls, and bids defiance to the wildest Atlantic blasts, which come careering from the ocean over these spaces, unchecked and untamed. The old packmen, who, in the early years of last century, footed it from Paisley over the Gleniffers, hailed with delight the kindly gleam shining from the Peesweep's windows, as the mirk fell on the short winter's day. Generations of jovial spirits have forgathered here in days long gone by, have sat

> "Fast by its ingle bleezing finely,
> Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely."

Members of the Pickled Ingan Club, the Peep o' Day

Club, the Kail Stock Club, and other Paisley societies, famous in their day, were wont of an evening to tramp it to the Peesweep. From Glasgow came many Bohemian

AT THE PEESWEEP.

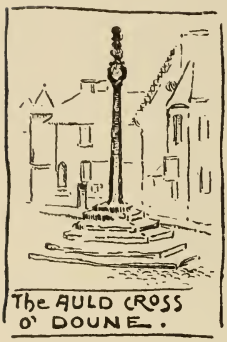
brothers and drowned themselves "amang the nappy." These days are passed away. Twenty years ago the right to dispense strong liquor was withdrawn from the

Peesweep, but the quaint little tavern is still redolent of the high jinks of its bypast age. Here you may still comfortably refresh the inner man. A homely and typically Scots landlady, as our sketch of her shows, will set you to a table groaning with Scottish fare, bannocks and Dunlop, home-baked scones, fresh butter, and fresh eggs, and, if you wish it, milk, fresh and warm from the Ayrshire kye. Many ancient wayfarers there be, who come a-wandering to the old Peesweep for the sake of old times. From out the misty past they conjure up ghostly and romantic figures who haunted the tavern when in the flesh; who many a time and oft footed it here on pleasure bent, before grim Fate sent them a-travelling to the underworld. And with just such a thought we bade farewell to the Peesweep, and turned our faces towards the long roads winding over the braes o' Gleniffer, and leading to the old town of St. Mirin yclept Paisley.

XVII.

Doune and the Heights of Uam Var

THE AULD CROSS, DOUNE—DOUNE—DOUNE CASTLE—SAINT MADOCK'S CELL — BURN O' CAMBUS MILL — WALLACE'S STONE, UAM VAR—THE LEGEND OF THE WELL—UAM VAR.



ABOUT eight miles north-west of Stirling the venerable towers of the Castle of Doune frown over the old brig of Teith and the beautiful but rapid river which it spans. And early in the morning of the "Fair" Saturday we crossed this fine old structure, bound for a long day's tramp over the Braes o' Doune to the heights of Uam Var. "Fundit wes this brig be Robert Spittel, tailzor to ye maist noble preces (princess) Margaret" in the "zeir of God 1535," the sculptured stone set in the parapet tells us. Truly well "fundit" must it have been to have braved the storm and stress of the swift Teith for well-nigh four centuries. If sound appearance be indicative of strength and stability, the Brig o' Teith has many years yet to serve before it reaches the close of its career.

Doune.

From the brig a short walk takes us to the quiet and neat little town of Doune. Though scarce forty miles from Glasgow, this quaint village still retains the atmosphere of "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." It is an ancient spot, and probably coeval with the hoary castle. Many memories of stirring days cling around Doune. At its beautiful old cross an Act of the Scottish Parliament of Charles I. required the proclamations formerly made at Tapielaw to "be maid at the Mercat Cross of Doun." Tradition, among the older natives, says that the bold Rob Roy was wont at times

. DOUNE. CASTLE.

to make his appearance at the Cross of Doune on his way to or from his eyrie on Balquhidder Braes. A well authenticated tradition tells of one of Rob's sons buying a pair of the famous Doune pistols in a shop opposite the cross, now devoted to the more peaceful pursuit of saddlery. Prince Charlie's Highlanders sat on the steps of the cross and supped their brose, made with the hot water supplied to the Jacobite soldiers by the goodwives of Doune. But

The Great Castle

is Doune's chief attraction, and we pay our devoir at the historic pile. A royal domain in its day, it is majestic still in its proportions. It is built on a commanding site, surrounded by luxuriant and beautiful trees, over which the broad square mass of the keep conveys at once a formidable notion of size and strength. Tradition traces the origin of this pile to a grandson of Banquo, first Earl of Monteith, in the eleventh century. Massive strength seems to have been the great aim of the builders, hence the reason that to-day we have such a magnificent display of towers and curtained wall as Doune Castle can show. Winding stairs, long ranges of corridors and passages, and abundance of mysterious vaults, strong, deep, and gloomy, reward the investigator who has leisure enough to pass an hour or two within its hoary walls. Queen Mary is said to have resided in it, as in every great Scottish fortalice, and it is believed to have been in Doune that in 1580 her young son had planned, under the guise of a hunting party, a project of revolutionising the Government and ridding himself of the tutelage of Mar. Doune Castle was used as a fortified place so late as 1745, when it contained a small Jacobite garrison. It will be remembered that this circumstance is interwoven with the incidents in "Waverley" as affording Home, the author of "Douglas," the opportunity for which he longed of experiencing the realities of war. The castle is the property of the Moray family, and the eldest son derives from it his title.

Saint Madock's Cell.

We have lingered rather long in this romantic spot, and we have a long way to go before reaching the heights

of Uam Var. Leaving Doune, we note a quaint little building nestling among the trees, an inscription upon which tells us that it is the headquarters of the local curling club, "founded 1732." The founder's "stane" is enshrined in the walls and serves as a voucher of the antiquity of this body. By a leafy avenue, cool and shady on a summer's day, we pass through the pleasant village of Buchnay, thence to the old Mill of Burn o' Cambus. To our right is the great sweep of park studded with noble beeches, elms, and firs, which forms the setting for Doune Lodge, the residence of the Earl of Moray. Through the sequestered glen to the left lies the ancient

BURN O' CAMBUS MILL.

Kirkton of Kilmadock, the site of the solitary habitation, or cell, of Saint Madock, the tutelar saint of the district. The saintly monk chose a charming situation in which to dream away his life. Situated at the junction of the sweet little Annet with the fiery Teith, the kirkyard of Kilmadock, with its ivy-mantled ruins, presents a picturesque scene indeed. The stones in this peaceful resting-place are old and grey and moss-covered. Several, Celtic work, are very ancient, and one, in a recumbent group, presents every appearance of having at some remote period served as a lid to a sarcophagus. Of inscriptions there are many and quaint, as, for instance:

"We live to life
We live to die,
We die to live
Eternally."

In this kirkyard also we note monuments to relatives of Glasgow's merchant prince of bygone days, Kirkman Finlay. Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," throws the glamour of his muse over this district as he describes how the chase swept through it:—

> "Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
> And in the race they mock thy tide;
> Torry and Ledrick now are past,
> And Deanstoun lies behind them cast;
> They rise the bannered towers of Doune,
> They sink in distant woodland soon;
> Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire;
> They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre."

WALLACE'S STONE, UAM VAR.

And so on goes the witchery of his pen, deftly touching off the passing landscape. In our tramp we realise how marvellously true to life is the Wizard's descriptive notes. He misses naught, and is always artistic!

The Legend of the Well.

By the old mill and smiddy of Burn of Cambus Prince Charlie led his troops in the '45. It was at Doune Lodge he stayed of a night, and when departing the next day the pretty Miss Edmonstone, patriotic and Scottish,

begged to "pree His Royal Highness's mou." Truth to tell, His Royal Highness was far from unwilling, and, says tradition, with no small measure of truth we believe, he gave the bonnie lass a hearty kiss. But the crystal well which gushes from beneath the rocks on the banks of the Annet water by the mill enshrines in its name the memory of a more romantic incident, albeit the actors were of a more humble rank. When King James the Fourth ruled broad Scotland the miller of Cambus had a beautiful daughter. Suitors came from far and near to woo the lass, but the favoured lover was Sandy Graham of Drumvaich. And when Sandy came a-courting Elspeth M'Dougall there was nothing he liked better than to sit with his lass by the side of the crystal well in the bosky dell of the Annet. Soft and tender words were whispered there, with naught to listen but the wimpling Annet stream. Then came that day when the Fiery Cross flashed over the Highlands calling the lusty manhood of Scotland to arms, to face once again the "auld enemy." Among those from the Braes of Doune who answered that call was Sandy Graham. The parting of the lovers took place by the little well. There they plighted their troth, and there it was that Sandy took his long and loving farewell of Elspeth. Weary months passed, and then to the old mill one day came a weary Highlander, who told a wild story of terrible slaughter on the black field of Flodden! The men from the Braes o' Doune had died fighting, with their faces to the foe—"the flowers o' the forest were a' wede awa'." And for long years after this pilgrims passing on their way to the shrine of St. Madock would pause and gaze for a space adown the dell at the figure of the maiden who seemed constantly to sit by the crystal well. Elspeth aye spoke of it as Sandy's well, and to this day the old folks of the district call the little sheet of water Sandy Graham's Well!

Uam Var.

The path to the heights of Uam Var leads past Sandy Graham's Well. We have a fairly stiff climb up the valley of the silvery Annet. In a copse by its banks we pass the remains of one of St. Madock's chapels, and

the faint traces of a burying-ground known as the Kirk Knowe. Wondrously rapid is the flow of the stream. In the brief distance of a couple of miles it has a fall of over 1,000 feet. There are some remarkably beautiful cascades, where we see the water dashing over moss-grown stones and rock. Right on up the steep bare slope till we reach the "southern brow," commemorated by Scott in the lines:—

> "The noble stag was pausing now
> Upon the mountain's southern brow;
> Where, broad extended, lay beneath
> The varied realms of fair Monteith."

We are over 2,000 feet above sea-level, and the view is truly magnificent and "varied." Mountain and meadow, moss and moor lie spread beneath us. We look down on Stirling Castle and on the Abbey Craig monument. Ben Ledi, Ben Arthur, Ben Venue, and a multitude of smaller bens greet the eye on the north. Right before us lies the dreary stretch of the moor with Loch Mahaick, the scene of the late John Smart's landscape (in the Edinburgh Gallery), "Far from the busy haunts of men." On the outer edge of the moorland is Wallace's Stone. Tradition in the country-side says that the hero of Scotland at one time camped in the wood by the moor, and that from the great stone he watched the English soldiers coming down the passes of Kippen. Our sketch shows the old boulder and also the broken stumps of the wood which surrounded it, evidences of the wild December storm which swept the country some years ago. By a faint moorland track we head for Callander, passing en route Rob Roy's Cave, Scott's—

> "The cavern where, 'tis told,
> A giant made his den of old."

We had need to be good pedestrians to negotiate this track. It is truly the home of "mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles." At times we lose the path altogether. But the exertion is more than repaid by the surpassing beauty of the wide sweeping landscape as

> "The western waves of ebbing day."

gild the majestic Ben Ledi with a brush of gold. We have been entirely off the beaten tourist road. Though the tramp

we have described is a stiff day's journey, ending at Callander, it is worth it all to those who love old haunts redolent of memories of long ago—furze-fringed byways, desolate moorlands, wind-swept mountain ridges, or paths leading through bosky glens and past wells with their legends of things and folks of far-away times, for

> "Sweet to the thirsting lips of men
> Is the spring of tears in the fairy glen."

XVIII.

Glasgow and Paisley Canal to the Old Place of Cardonald

HALF-WAY HOUSE — QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE — THE STEAM CARRIAGE—CORKERHILL—OLD PAISLEY CANAL—HOUSE OF CARDONALD—PLACE OF CARDONALD—THE KEEP—CROOKSTON CASTLE—ROSS HALL—OLD BRITISH CAMP.

BUCHANAN STREET is gay and cheerful as we hurry along to catch the Paisley car. It is a fine, bright Saturday afternoon, and we are soon viewing with delight the "still rural aspect" of suburban Ibrox. Thence past Bellahouston, with its delicious verdure and variegated flourish, to historic "Half-Way." We alight opposite the palatial tavern, successor to one built in 1790, which in its turn succeeded a real old Scottish hostel affording "food for man and beast," and from which the district derives its name. The host, a man of æsthetic tastes, has bedecked his hostel with pictures of old time Half-Way. The embryo village has quite an historic flavour. From the turnpike goes the ancient Three Ell Road down which the old weavers of Govan rambled lovingly after deep potations in the quiet seclusion of the "Hauf-Wey." But the memories of that road stretch further into the mists of time. Shadowy tradition connects the name of Queen Mary with the old village of Govan. And just where the Three Ell path debouches on the turnpike, stood, until about a couple of years ago, an ancient crow-stepped gabled, single storey, thatched sixteenth century "but and ben," known to the older generation thereabouts as Queen Mary's house. It is said the Queen rested and partook of refreshments there when journeying from Crookston Castle to her stables in Govan. And it was opposite this Half-Way Tavern, where we now stand, that the Glasgow and Paisley steam carriage burst in 1834. You can still see in Kelvingrove Museum the "bed" of the carriage, which in its day carried many a Paisley "buddy" to the city and *vice versa*. The "bust-

up" inspired the muse of at least one Glasgow poet, old Sandy Rodger. Sandy tells us:—

> "Wi' fire tey mak ta coach pe rin
> Upon ta railman's raw, man;
> Nainsel will saw him took ta road,
> An' tiel a horse to traw, man;
> Anither coach to Paisley rin,
> They'll ca' him Lauchie's motion;
> But och, She was blawn a' to bits
> By rascal rogue M'Splosion!"

We leave Half-Way by the Corkerhill road, and as we pass the farm steading of East Henderston we observe to the left the fine highway which Glasgow Corporation, by means of "unemployed" labour, has made of the old Weavers' Road. That was another ancient pathway trod for generations by the Pollokshaws and Paisley weavers; and, long before their days known as the Scots Road, is still known by that name where we take it up again past Cardonald. At Corkerhill we join the Glasgow and Paisley Canal Line. Getting away from the main road now, we "cut" across a fine grassy field till we reach the palatial "Hydro," which lovers of the canine tribe have erected by the banks of the Cart. And we are now right by the side of the old Paisley Canal. A long stretch of this once busy waterway is still to be seen about here. It is crossed by a picturesque grey bridge—a delightful subject for the brush or pencil. We can cordially recommend our young artists whose time may be limited, and who are on the outlook for suitable "bits," to visit this spot. A half-hour per car and a short walk will carry them to as pretty a sylvan scene as they could desire. And it is but the beginning of a series of beautiful stretches of bosky landscape in which the flowers of spring and early summer bloom and nod in luxurious profusion. As we saw it that Saturday afternoon, with

> "The landscape winking through the heat."

we could not have wished to gaze upon a fairer scene. To our left the Cart meanders on its way to join the Clyde, through banks clothed with dense masses of foliage. On the right the still stretch of the old canal

lost itself in the distance 'neath the virgin greens of the beech, the silver lining of the saugh, and the olive-hued leaves of the elm. The rich variety of shade which tints the woods at this early season equals in picturesqueness the autumn browns and golds.

And as we work our way along the banks not a sound breaks the stillness but the dreamy hum of the insect life of the woods. A half hour's tramp and we emerge on a beautiful stretch of fresh green sward, which looks like a gigantic lawn, with the House of Cardonald showing in the distance. We rest here for an interval beside an old canal mile-stone (sketched in the heading of first chapter), which tells us we are four miles from Glasgow and seven from Johnstone. And as we light our pipes let us recall for a moment the life of the old canal. A century ago it was a busy waterway, as many as 307,270 passengers booking in 1814 between Glasgow and Paisley. The fares between these points were ninepence cabin and sixpence steerage. A couple of boats left Paisley daily for the city, returning the same day. The crew of one of these old-time "packets" was two all told—one at the helm and one on the look-out! The origin of the canal dates back to 1805, when an Act of Parliament was obtained for constructing a canal from Glasgow to Ardrossan, but owing to financial reasons it never got farther than Johnstone. So far as it went, it cost over £120,000, of which £30,000 was for mason work alone. The canal played a great part in its day. During Glasgow Fair many a merry party embarked on the "packet" for Paisley, and the sylvan glades, so quiet as we rest amid them to-day, were wont to resound with the happy laughter of the workers of the city released from their weary round of toil. And we cannot forget that for seven long years the kindly and lovable Hugh Macdonald, prince of Glasgow ramblers, tramped its banks morning and night to and from his labours at Gleniffer—a round trip of something like eighteen miles per day from his home in Bridgeton. There can be little doubt that this herculean task contributed not a little in hastening the close of the genial rambler's life. In 1881 the G. and S.-W. Railway Company got powers from Parliament to fill up the canal and construct a railway.

But some of it is yet to the fore, and those who care to spend a quiet summer afternoon away from the heat and bustle of the city amid

> "The flowers that busk a bonnie brae"

may still do so on the banks of the Paisley Canal.

After our interval of rest we push on to the "Place of Cardonald." The beauty of the Cart as it flows past the house is heightened by the wooded banks overhanging the stream. It forms a charming picture at this spot, and well worthy the attention of artist or photographic club on the outlook for nature's beauties. Indeed viewed from beside the old "dookit" (a seventeenth century relic and a remainder of the ancient baronial magnificence of Cardonald Keep), it would produce a noble canvas. The river as it approaches the weir becomes narrower, and the trees overhead more dense—

> "Then narrower closed, till overhead
> A vaulted screen the branches made."

Leaving the "eternal shade" of the wood, we pass the comfortable-looking farmhouse. Over its doorway is built a stone from the ancient castle of Cardonald. It bears the initials J. S., and date 1565, with the motto of the Stewarts, who owned the lands then, "Toujours Avant" (Always Forward). Cardonald is an ancient heritage of the Stewarts. The branch of the family owning the lands was descended from Al Stewart, a natural son of the first Earl of Lennox and Marion Semple, who obtained a grant of them in 1487. In the reign of James VI. the lands of Cardonald came to Walter Stewart, prior of Blantyre. Semple, in his continuation of Crawford's "Renfrewshire" (1782), tells us that in his day there were in the barony of Cardonald thirteen families, comprehending the place of Cardonald, "the corn-miln, where there is an oven for drying of peas with an engine that goes by water, that turns the peas when drying, wherein they will dry five pecks in less than an hour; Henderston's, and the village of Cardonald, where the great road from Glasgow to Paisley leads through at the four-mile stone." The lands of Henderston "goes within a few score yards of the three-mile house in Govan

Parish," and in Renfrewshire the chief seats of Lord Blantyre are "Erskine and Cardonald." In Semple's time the lands of Cardonald were "well planted and beautified with pleasant gardens." These are still traceable to the observant eye, as are also a number of stately old forest trees. We measured one of these giants which had been cut down, and at the base, about four feet from the ground, it had the noble circumference of 19½ feet. Past the old orchard (in the midst of which stands solitary and forlorn-looking an early Glasgow 'bus), and over the mill-lade, thence along the banks of the latter to the "corn-miln." The scenery here is very pleasant. Away to the right we can see "the great road" to Paisley with its humming electric cars; in the middle distance are the handsome villas, which have taken the place of the old "village of Cardonald;" to the left, peeping over the woods, we catch a glimpse of Crookston Castle's hoary keep, of which Tannahill in one of his sweetest lyrics sings—

> "Through Crookston Castle's lonely wa's
> The wintry wind howls wild and dreary."

And stately Ross Hall, in the lands of which are the vestiges of an old British camp, fills up the vision on the west. Before us is the "corn-miln," and a pleasant sketch it makes this summer afternoon as it stands mirrored in the placid waters of the lade. The present building dates from 1848, and is the successor to the "miln" spoken of by Semple. Very soon we are footing it past the fine new cricket pitch of the Cardonald Club, where flannelled youths disport themselves before the eyes of "sweet, summer-clad maidens fair." At the old Crookston toll-house (now a thriving restaurant with tea garden) we catch the city-bound car and find ourselves home—after a ramble of 4½ hours—in as quick time as if we had donned the seven-leagued shoon of romance.

APPENDIX

Some Notes on "Chevy Chase" and "Otterbourne"

When the article on Eaglesham and the Covenanters' Land appeared in the *Evening Times* it gave rise to some interesting correspondence. One correspondent alleged that "my ultra-patriotism" had led me into a misstatement of facts regarding the Battle of Otterburn. He was evidently unaware that there is a choice of material. The fine old ballads differ materially in their description of the incidents of the fight. A pardonable national partiality is displayed by the Scottish and English minstrels on many points, and they are entirely at variance anent the fate of Sir Hugh Montgomery. As it has a direct bearing upon the afore-mentioned article, the following notes will be of interest and perhaps serve to make the matter clearer.

Otterburn was fought on the 19th August, 1388. Hotspur—Sir Henry Percy—made a night attack upon the Scottish camp at Otterbourne about thirty-two miles from Newcastle. A desperate action took place. Douglas, armed with an iron mace which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions. Before his followers could come up their gallant leader was stretched on the ground with three mortal wounds. "I die like my forefathers," said the expiring hero, "in a field of battle and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard, and avenge my fall. It is an old prophecy that a dead man shall gain a field, and I hope it will be accomplished this night."—*Godscroft*. Victory eventually lay with the Scots. Percy was taken prisoner by Lord Montgomery. The action is commemorated in the ancient Scots and English ballads of Chevy Chase and the Battle of Otterbourne. Bishop Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" prints both ballads.

They are avowedly English productions. In the former we are told—

> "There was slayne with the dougheti Douglas
> Sir Hew the Mongon-byrry—."

In the latter we read that—

> "Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
> Sir Hew Mongomery was hys name,
> For soth as I yow saye,
> He borowed the Percy home agayne."

There is a jumbling together of incident here which does not bear out the tradition regarding the building of Polnoon Castle (in Renfrewshire, not in Ayrshire as stated both by Scott and Aytoun) from the "poind money" of the Hotspur. The earliest Scottish version is that preserved by Herd (1776). It contains the line "The Percy and Montgomerie met," quoted in "The Complaynt of Scotland" (c. 1549) as the name of a song. The oldest extant version is the English one (c. 1550) in the Cottonian MSS. This, says Henderson, in his Traditional Ballads, is of course no proof that the Scottish version was borrowed from the English one, and something may even be said for Professor Veitch's theory that both versions (of Otterburn) as well as the ballad of Chevy Chase, also mentioned in The Complaynt, may derive from some original ballad of Otterbourne which we have lost. But we have Scott's version in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Hume of Godscroft in treating of this battle, mentions its having been the subject of popular song, and proceeds thus:—"But that which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Cheviot, seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in the Scottish or English chronicle. Neither are the songs that are made of them both one: for the Scots song made of Otterbourne telleth the time about Lammas: and also the occasion to take preys out of England: also the dividing armies betwixt the Earls of Fife and Douglas and their several journeys, almost as in the authentic history." The Scottish version as given by Scott is evidently the same as that mentioned by Hume of Godscroft. Sir Walter informs us that "this song was

first published from Mr. Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads, Edin. 1774, 2 vols. octavo; but fortunately two copies have since been obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history." Hogg—the Ettrick shepherd—told Scott he got this latter version from "a crazy old man and a woman deranged in her mind," but as printed in the Border Minstrelsy there is perhaps little doubt that much of its special excellence is due to Scott's improvements. This version tells us that Percy being wounded said:—

> "I will not yield to a braken bush
> Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
> But I w'd yield to Earl Douglas
> Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.
>
> As soon as he knew it was Montgomery
> He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
> The Montgomery was a courteous knight
> And quickly took him by the honde."

Thus we have a further discrepancy regarding Sir Hugh's fate. In the English version, as we have seen, he is killed (Chevy Chase): and is taken prisoner (Otterbourne): in the Scottish he takes Percy prisoner. The fact seems to be that Hugh was slain in the action, and that Percy was captured by Lord John Montgomery, Hugh's father. Sir Hugh's body is said to have been brought back to Scotland and to have been interred in the beautiful Montgomery mausoleum which stands in the old kirkyard of Largs by the shores of the Firth of Clyde. Some years ago, when repairs were being made on the mausoleum, some of the bodies of the dead and gone Montgomeries were exposed to view. One of these had an injury to his skull, which had been carefully mended, and this body was recognised as the remains of Sir Hugh Montgomery who was killed at Otterburn. In concluding these notes two interesting facts may be mentioned. When the Douglas fell one of his dying charges was "defend my standard." It was borne by his natural son, Archibald Douglas, ancestor of the family of Cavers, who

was charged to defend it to the last drop of his blood. He did so, and it is still preserved by his descendants as a glorious heirloom. The pennon of the Percy was carried to Scotland by Lord Montgomery and is still treasured with pride at Eglinton Castle. When a late Duke of Northumberland asked it to be returned, the then Montgomery laughingly answered, after the manner of Douglas, "There is as good lea-land at Eglinton as there was at Otterburn: come and take it."

INDEX

PRESS NOTICES.

"SCOTTISH WESTERN HOLIDAY HAUNTS,"

By T. C. F. Brotchie. F.S.A. (Scot.)

The Glasgow Herald.

"The book forms the itinerary of twenty rambles, each within the compass of a day's walking, and the regions dealt with include Rothesay, Largs, Ardrishaig, Loch Long, the Ayrshire Coast, and other parts of the Firth, as well as Douglasdale, the Ayrshire Uplands, and Loch Lomond. The author is steeped to the lips in anecdotal, legendary, historical, literary, and antiquarian lore. About every place he describes he not only makes clear what we know or half know, but tells us much in addition that the ordinary man could or would never have discovered for himself. A more useful book for West country tourists and pedestrians has not yet been written."

Glasgow Evening News.

" . . . Descriptions, assisted by a wealth of striking and dainty illustrations from his own facile pencil. The volume should become an indispensable holiday companion on any outing in the more picturesque parts of Renfrewshire, Dumbartonshire, Buteshire, and the more adjacent districts of Argyllshire."

Glasgow Evening Times.

"The historical and picturesque aspects of the Firth of Clyde are fully and sympathetically dealt with in a series of chapters of surpassing interest. The book must appeal to all interested in the history, antiquities, and scenery of the places described. The numerous black and white illustrations form a striking and valuable feature."