WILSON'S RAILWAY GUIDE





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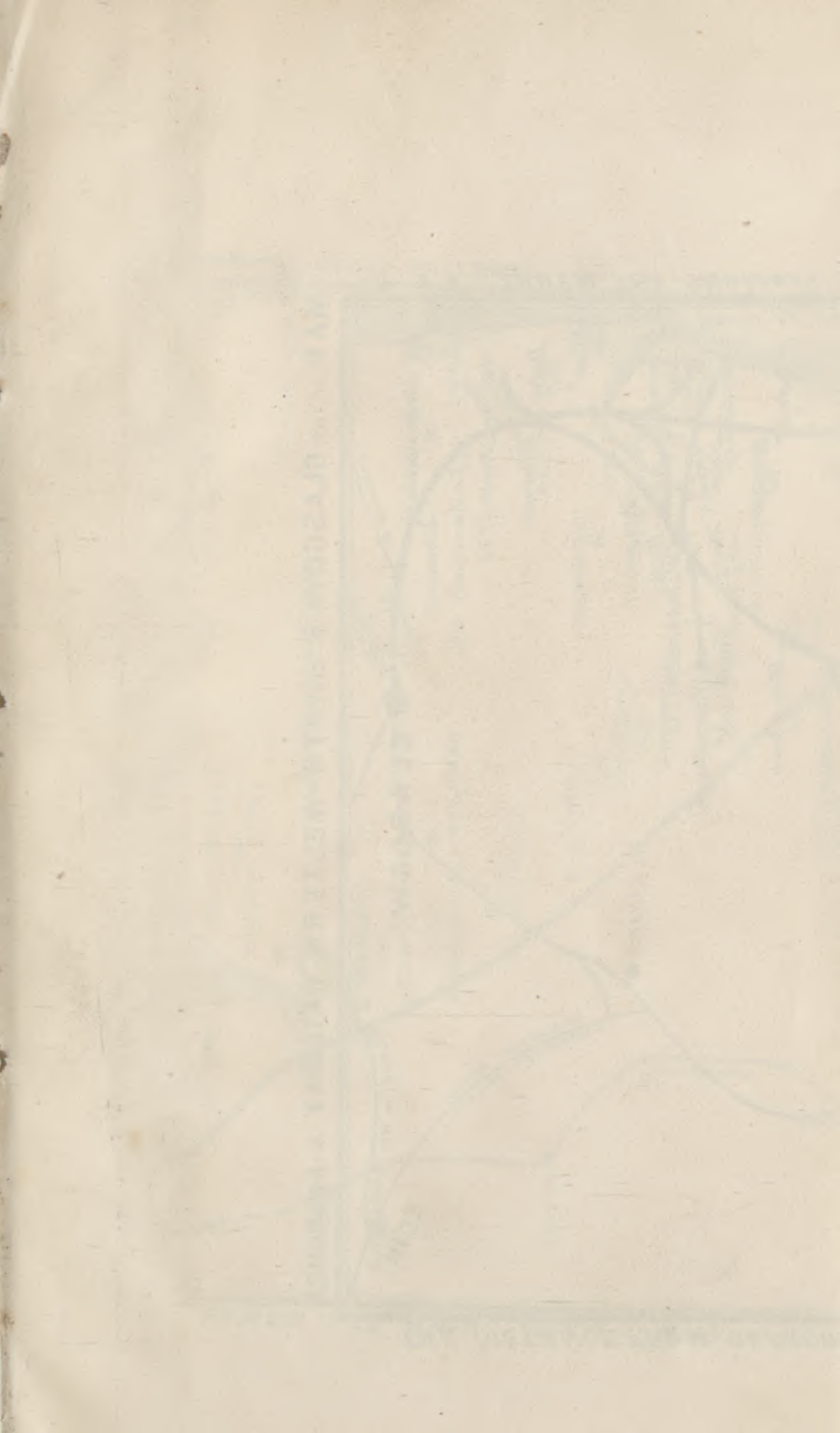
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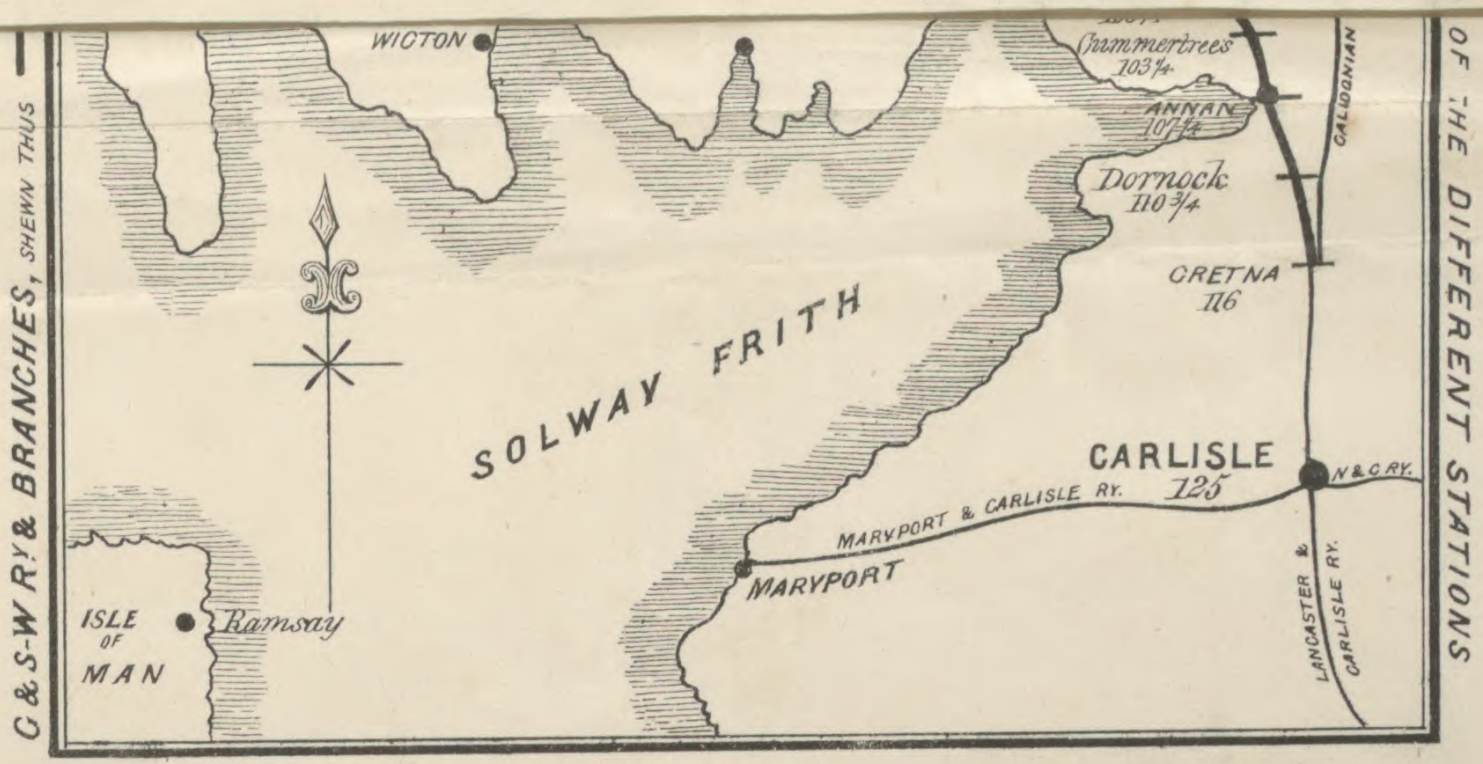
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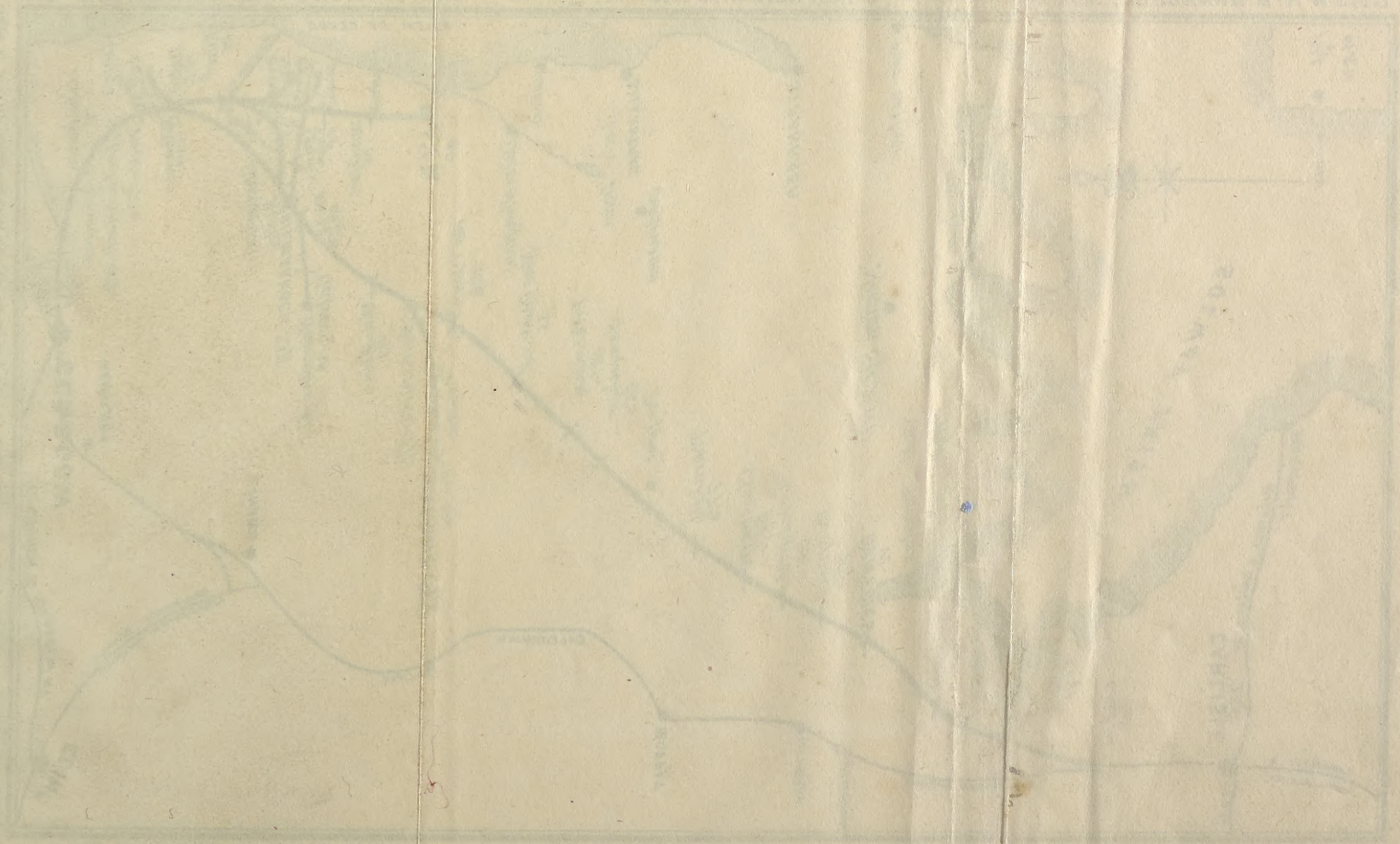
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Paisley 17th Sept

1862




C & S-W Ry & BRANCHES, SHEWN THUS
OF THE DIFFERENT STATIONS
WIGTON
Summertrees
103¼
ANNAN
107¼
CALEDONIAN
Dornock
110¾
GRETNA
116
SOLWAY FRITH
CARLISLE
125
N & C RY.
MARYPORT & CARLISLE RY.
MARYPORT
LANCASTER & CARLISLE RY.
ISLE OF MAN
Ramsay

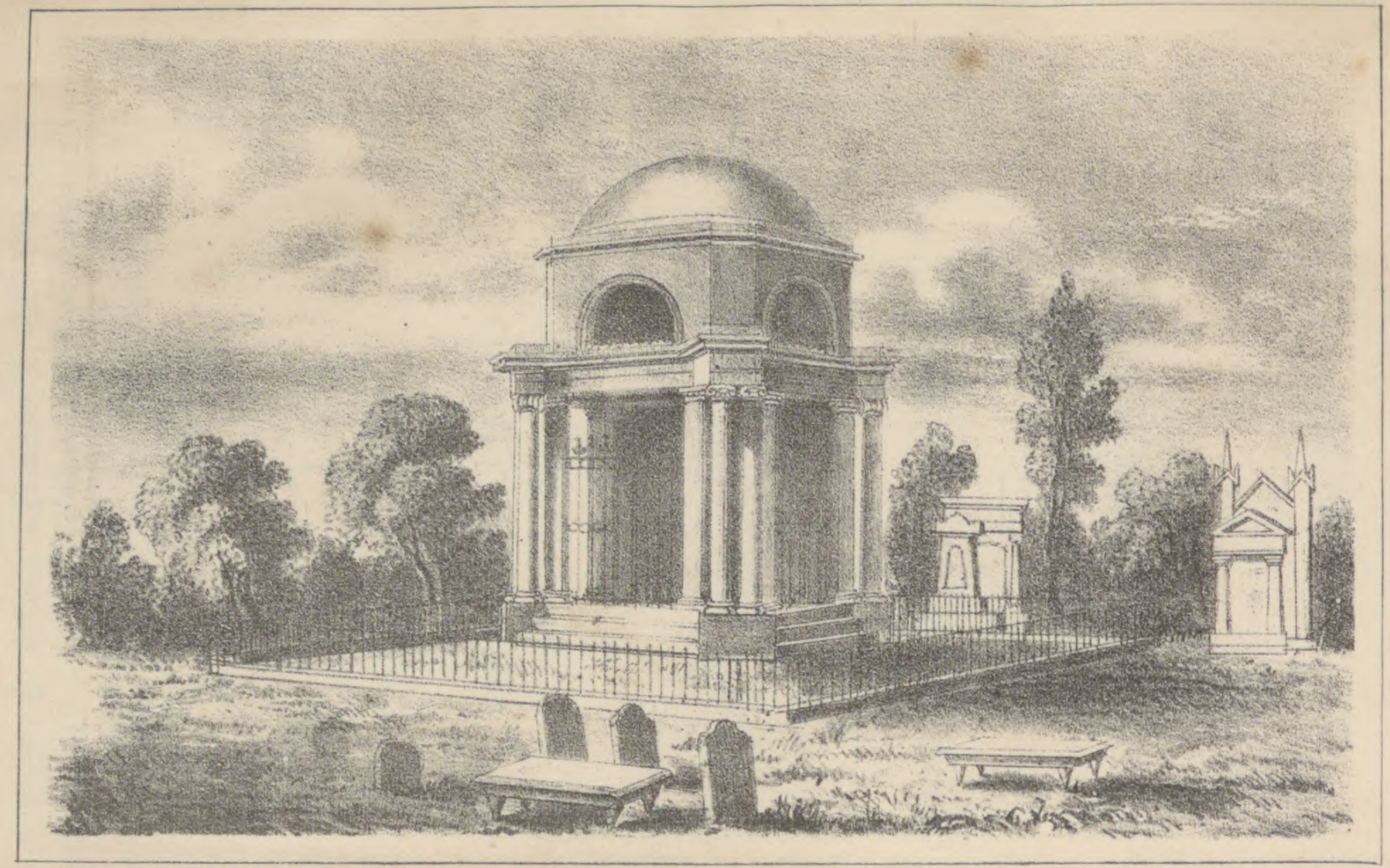


MAP OF THE GLASGOW & SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY & BRANCHES.



C & S-W R.Y & BRANCHES, SHEWN THUS ——— OTHER RAILWAYS SHEWN THUS ——— THE STATIONS ARE MARKED ● & +

THE DISTANCE FROM GLASGOW IS SHEWN IN MILES UNDER THE NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT STATIONS



A. Hamilton Junr.

Nellson Lith

BURNS' MAUSOLEUM.

GUIDE

TO THE

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

AND

SURROUNDING NEIGHBOURHOOD

IN

AYR AND DUMFRIESSHIRES.

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

GLASGOW: THOMAS MURRAY & SON.
EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES.
DUMFRIES: J. ANDERSON AND W. F. JOHNSTONE.
PAISLEY: R. STEWART AND W. M'INTYRE.

1852.

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PREFACE.

SINCE the opening of the GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, the want of a cheap Guide-book, descriptive of the various points of interest along the several branches of the line, and those of the surrounding neighbourhood in Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire, has been much felt. To supply this desideratum, the compiler of the present work has spared neither time nor trouble to render its information accurate and complete; and trusts it may, therefore, prove an acceptable Hand-book to Tourists and Railway Travellers generally. The illustrations are from drawings taken on the spot, and may be relied on as correct views of the different places they are said to represent.

R. W.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

BEFORE entering into a description of the scenery and numerous places of interest along the above line of railway, it may not be uninteresting to note the length of the several branches, in connection with their respective dates of opening for traffic:—

	MILES.	OPENED.
Glasgow to Ayr	40	12th August, 1840.
Branch from Dalry to Kilmarnock	10¾	4th April, 1843.
Swinlees Mineral Branch	1½	1st March, 1847.
Branch to Irvine Harbour	¾	Do.
Kilmarnock to Troon	10½	Do.
Fairlie Mineral Branch	1½	26th of Feb., 1849.
Busbie to Irvine	5½	22d May, 1848.
Perceton Mineral Branch	¾	26th June, 1848.
Kilmarnock to Auchinleck	14	9th August, 1848.
Auchinleck to New Cumnock	7½	20th May, 1850.
New Cumnock to Closeburn	25¼	28th October, 1850.
Closeburn to Dumfries	11¾	15th October, 1849.
Dumfries to Gretna Junction	24½	23d August, 1848.
Branches—Auchinleck to Muirkirk	10¼	9th August, 1848.
Gas Water and Lugar Mineral	1¾	Do.
— Hurlford to Galston	3½	Do.
— Galston to Newmilns	2	20th May, 1850.
	171¾	

Shortly after the traveller leaves the Glasgow terminus, among the first things that attract his attention is the beautiful village of Pollokshields, on the left of the line, composed chiefly of cottages built in the Elizabethan style. A few months since there was not a single house near this spot; but, like the other fashionable suburbs of the great city, when once commenced, it sprang up with a rapidity almost equalling the palace of Alladin. The village is built on the estate of Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, hence the name Pollokshields. A few minutes, and the train dashes into the Arkleston tunnel, which is cleared in a second or two, the excavation being only about 200 yards in length; taking a gentle curve, it arrives at the Paisley Station, where the passenger will only have as much time as take a peep out. The only buildings of note, visible from the station, are the County Buildings and Prison—a huge structure in the castellated form, built at an expense of £28,000. An addition has since been added to the prison this year, at an expense of £10,000. Paisley, although it has become famous of late for periodical depression and distress, owing to its almost total dependence on the shawl trade, has, in its more palmy days, sent forth a few of those bright stars which illumine the literary firmament. It is the birthplace of the celebrated Christopher North, who received the first

rudiments of his education in its Grammar School. There, also, the unfortunate Tannahill, Scotland's second Burns, breathed his first and his last. His remains lie in the West Relief Churchyard, without a stone to mark the spot. There, also, Alexander Wilson, the poet and American ornithologist, was born, and lived until misfortune compelled him to bid adieu to Scotland, and seek a home on the other side of the Atlantic. Pollock, author of *The Course of Time*, spent the greater part of his life in Paisley.

The Abbey of Paisley, which was founded by Malcolm, Lord High Steward of Scotland, in the year 1160, is a noble specimen of ancient architecture, and well worthy of a visit. The chapel is still in good preservation, and used as the parish church. Adjoining the chapel, is the family burying-place of the Marquis of Abercorn, or, as it is more frequently termed, the "Sounding Aisle," remarkable for its echo, being thought by some equal to the famous whispering gallery of St. Paul's, London. There rest the remains of Marjory Bruce, mother of King Robert II., who was killed by a fall from her horse while hunting in the neighbourhood. A short distance west of the Paisley Station, the joint line of railway terminates—the Greenock line diverging to the right, and the South-Western to the left. A few seconds, and the passenger procures a view of the Nelson Testimonial, intended

for a charity school, an immense structure, surmounted by an elegant dome. It is built on the site of a Roman camp, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. Passing on, we come to the village of Ellerslie, or Elderslie, famed for giving designation to the renowned hero, Sir William Wallace—

> "At Wallace' name what Scottish blood,
> But boils up in a spring-tide flood;
> Aft hae our fearless fathers strode
> By Wallace' side;
> Still pressing onward red-wud-shod,
> Or glorious died."

An old oak still stands at the west end of the village, among the branches of which, it is said, Sir William hid, when pursued, while the English soldiers passed beneath. Near the tree a stone was dug out of the earth, about half a century ago, bearing the following inscription in Roman characters:—"W. W. W. Christ is only my Redeemer." The initials, some writers say, indicate two proprietors of Elderslie, father and son, who lived in the sixteenth century.

On the right, a large fertile plain extends for several miles, terminated by the Kilpatrick Hills, and in the distance may be seen the "lofty Ben Lomond." After leaving the Johnstone and Cochranemill Stations, the scenery on each side of the line becomes more beautiful and varied. On the left the ground rises in lovely

gentle slopes; while on the right lies the Lochwinnoch Loch, an extensive sheet of water, beautifully fringed with trees. In the distance is the cheery little village of Lochwinnoch, planted at the base of a range of high hills, verdant to the tops. On the north side of the loch stands the elegant mansion of Castlesemple, the seat of J. R. L. Harvie, Esq., son of the late lamented Colonel Harvie. Adjacent to the village is Calder Glen, one of the finest and most picturesque in the West of Scotland, deservedly noticed in the songs of Tannahill, and the poems of Alexander Wilson—

"For many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share.
* * * * * * *
So soft the scene, so formed for joy."

There the hard-wrought sons of toil retire on a summer evening to commune with nature, or perhaps to pour the sweet language of love into the ears of the confiding fair. The glen derives its name from the stream Calder, running through the centre of it. It is well worthy of a visit, and will amply repay the time occupied. We now come to the Beith Station, the first on the line in the county of Ayr; shortly after leaving which we have Kilbirnie Loch on the right—a sheet of water much larger than that of Lochwinnoch, but not so picturesque. The loch does not afford much encouragement to the angler, as it only contains

perch, pike, trout, and eel. At the head of the loch are the Glengarnock Iron Works. There are nine blasts constantly in operation. The brilliant effect produced by the lurid glare of the large fires at night, as they are reflected on the calm surface of the water, is truly grand. The loch may be said to extend almost from Beith to Kilbirnie, and a good view of it is obtained by the passengers, as the train winds along the very edge. Kilbirnie Castle, now an old and roofless ruin, built by the Crawfurd family about four centuries ago, stands about a mile west of the river Garnock. The parish church is said to contain the finest specimens of carved oak in the kingdom, and is often visited by strangers for the purpose of examining the carvings.

Passing the Kilbirnie and Dalry Stations, (the latter named village, we may mention, is the birthplace of Sir Bryce Blair, who resisted the usurpation of Edward I., and also of Captain T. Crawford, who captured Dumbarton Castle during the reign of Mary,) we arrive at the

DALRY JUNCTION,

where the line to Ayr branches off on the right, and the one to Carlisle on the left.

CARLISLE LINE.

The scenery along the Carlisle line is rather of a tame description until Kilmarnock Station is passed, when it assumes a more beauteous aspect. The town of Kilmarnock may be said to be crossed by a series of lofty arches, which, to appearance, pass through the centre of the town. About half a mile to the north-cast of the town stand the ruins of an old castle, once the property of the Kilmarnock family. In the year 1735, it was reduced to ashes by an accidental fire, and has since been allowed to crumble to decay. In the immediate neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, are the ruins of several old castles, among which we may notice Rowallen, about two miles and a half from the town, and which is said to have been the birthplace of Elizabeth More, wife of Robert II. The castles of Crawfurdland and Dean are within a few minutes' walk of the town, and well worthy of a visit. Proceeding onwards, the Irvine water is crossed, and the Portland Iron Works, near the Hurlford Station, attract attention. This is a section of country rich in minerals, and contributes largely to supply the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, and Dumfries, with fuel. The Galston Branch, about four miles in length, diverges at Hurlford. In the vicinity of Galston, at a place

called Beg, rude traces of a Roman camp remain, where, it is said, Sir William Wallace, with a troop of only 50 followers, obtained a victory over Fenwick, an English officer, at the head of 200 men. Near the town is the mill known in song as "Patie's Mill." Proceeding on the main line, a few miles beyond Hurlford, it traverses what was once Loch Brown, a large sheet of water, but now completely drained and fertile. We now reach Mossgiel tunnel, about 600 yards in length, on the property of Mr Alexander, of Ballochmyle, and near the farm of the same name, where Burns commenced farming, and where, as he says, "the genius of poetry found him at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him." Mossgiel is about half a mile from Mauchline. It is nearly destitute of landscape beauty; but the fame and genius of Burns have spread a halo around it, which fully compensates for the want of varied and picturesque scenery. The farm-house once occupied by the poet may still be seen in nearly the same condition as when he left it. It consists of a "kitchen and spense" on the ground floor, and two garret rooms above. The "spense," where Burns used to write, and where he composed a number of his finest songs and poems, is a small room with one window and two box-beds. From the front of the house a good view of Carrick Hills is obtained, and from the back the Loudon Hills

are seen in the distance. When Gilbert Burns left it, Mr. Orr became the tenant, and remained in it till about ten years ago, when the present one, Mr. Wylie, took a lease of it. Passing on, and having reached the summit, which separates the valleys of Irvine and Ayr, a scene of striking grandeur presents itself—the valley of the Ayr stretching for miles on the right, and the well-known village of Mauchline on the left. The parish church of Mauchline is a neat and handsome edifice. Its predecessor was the scene of Burns's Holy Fair. In the churchyard are the graves of the Rev. Mr. Auld, Poosie Nancy, and several others whom the bard honoured with his muse. Poosie Nancy's house, the scene of the Jolly Beggars, stands nearly opposite the church. At the time Burns wrote the Jolly Beggars, Poosie Nancy's was the favourite "howf" of all the "randie gangrel bodies" who travelled the county. At the side of the churchyard Nance Tinnock's house still remains in good preservation; it is now occupied by a private family, and consists of a room and kitchen on the ground floor, and two rooms on the first floor. During the time of the "Holy Fairs," the main entrance to the house was from the back, on the very edge of the burying-ground, thus proving very convenient for those who admired the "Buns an' Yill." Opposite Nance Tinnock's, is the tenement where Burns, after marrying Jean Ar-

mour, first "took up house." Mauchline is also noted in history as being the burial-place of five martyrs, who suffered during the Scottish persecutions; one of them, James Smith, being shot at the Burn of Ann, and taken prisoner to Mauchline, where he died of his wounds, and was interred in the churchyard. Near the town is a glen, on the property of Mr. Alexander, of Ballochmyle, called Kingcleuch Glen, where John Knox first administered the sacrament in the West of Scotland. Within two miles of the village is the beautiful and romantic property of Barskimming, owned by Mr. Miller, which is certainly one of the prettiest spots in the West of Scotland. Mauchline is also the seat of the largest box manufactories in Scotland; the trade in snuff-boxes was begun in Cumnock, but is now carried on to greater extent in Mauchline. Although snuff-boxes formed at one time the principal branch of manufacture, they are now comparatively the minor one; card-cases, scissor-cases, razor-cases, needle-cases, work-boxes, card-trays, egg-cups, table-napkin rings, fire-screens, book-covers, &c., being the main branches of manufacture. The manufactories in Mauchline belonging to the Messrs. Smith, Messrs. Clark, Davidson, and Company, and Messrs. Smith and Cameron, are well worthy of a visit, and will amply compensate either the scientific or the curious. The fertile ingenuity of these firms has aided them greatly

in the fabrication of innumerable articles of *bijouterie,* which find a ready market in England and France, the French not being able, in this instance, to compete with the Scotch.

Shortly after leaving the Mauchline Station we arrive at the Braes of Ballochmyle. The river Ayr winds through the bottom of the glen, the steep sides of which are wholly covered with trees. On the east bank is the spot where Burns first saw the lass of Ballochmyle, whose bewitching charms kindled his poetic fire—the result being his production to the world of the beautiful song, the second verse of which we cannot resist quoting:—

"With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:

Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whispered, passing by,
'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!'"

We may here mention, that the worthy and liberal proprietor of Ballochmyle, Mr. Alexander, is at all times willing to admit strangers to his grounds, for the purpose of viewing the many beautiful and interesting spots on his estate; and we trust those who take advantage of the privilege will conduct them-

selves in a manner satisfactory to the proprietor and their brother tourists.

In order to attain the summit of the country near New Cumnock, the line required to cross the river Ayr at an elevation of 178 feet above its bed. The river where the Ballochmyle Bridge is thrown over is about 100 feet wide, and runs between high and rocky banks, which are used as abutments for the great centre arch. The viaduct consists of seven arches, the centre one being 180 feet in span, certainly the largest arch in the kingdom. The three on either side of it are each 50 feet in span, and all semi-circular in form. The stones of the great arch are on the outside 5½ feet deep at the springing, and 4½ feet at the crown. The material for the ring stones is of a particularly fine, compact, and hard quality of white freestone, brought from the neighbourhood of Dundee; the other material is of red sandstone, taken out in large blocks from a quarry immediately adjoining. The time occupied in building this stupendous bridge was four years and three months, the total cost being about £41,000. The view of Ballochmyle Bridge is taken near the spot where Burns first saw the lass of Ballochmyle. The structure reflects much credit on the contractors, Messrs. Ross and Mitchell. On crossing the viaduct the line enters on the estate of Sir James Boswell of Auchinleck, and we soon arrive at the station of that name. James



A. Hamilton Junr.

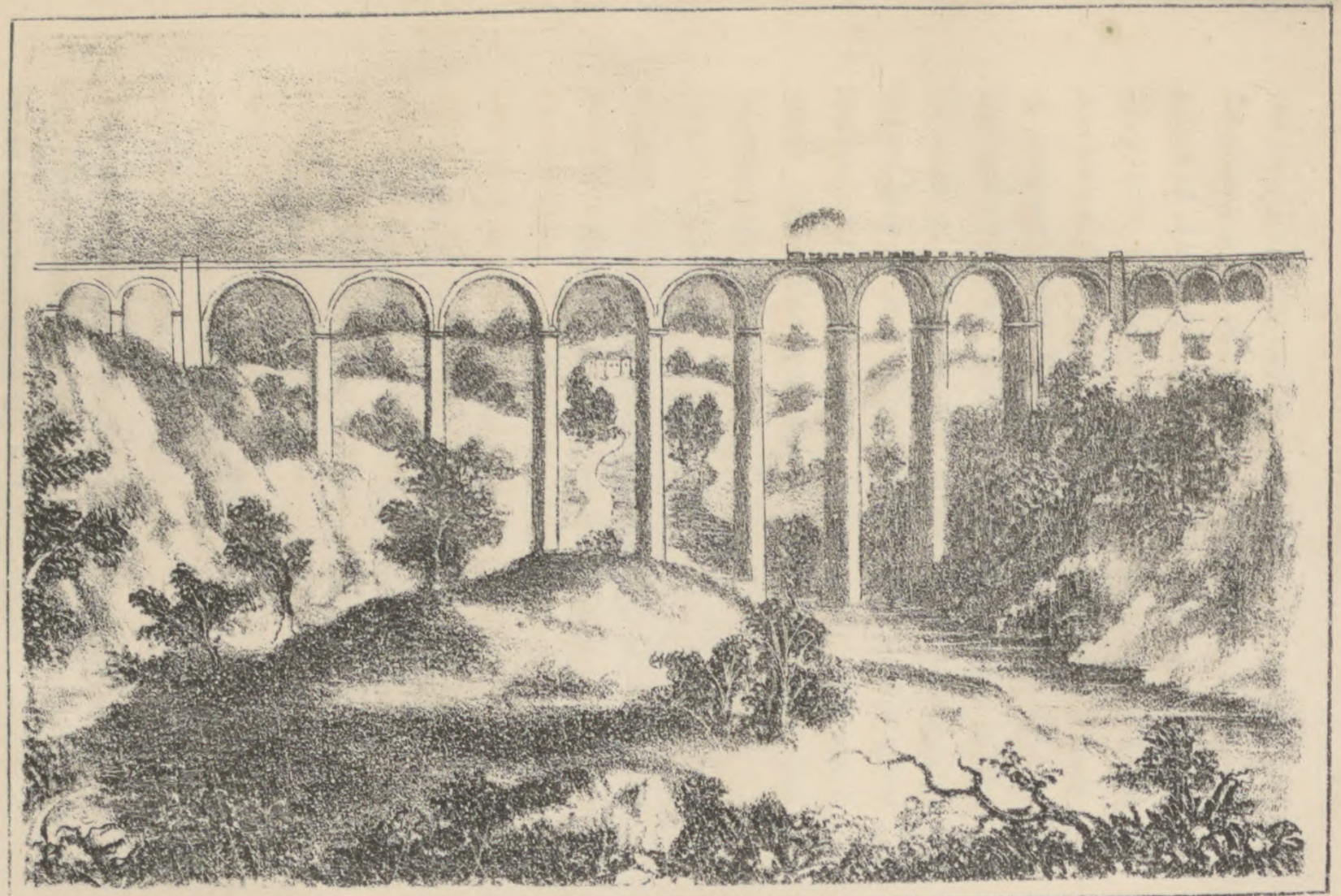
Wilson Lith.

BALLOCHMYLE BRIDGE

IV. granted the Barony of Auchinleck to the ancestor of the present proprietor. Boswell, the eminent biographer of Dr. Johnson, belonged to this family; and, it appears, had the honour of conducting the Doctor to Auchinleck, while on his Scottish tour, for the Doctor writes afterwards, that "Lord Auchinleck is one of the judges of Scotland, and, therefore, not wholly at leisure for domestic business or pleasure, but has found time to make improvements in his patrimony. He has built a house of hewn stone, very stately and durable, and has advanced the value of his lands with great tenderness to his tenants. I was, however, less delighted with the modern mansion, than with the sullen dignity of the old castle. I clambered, with Mr. Boswell, among the old ruins, which afford striking images of ancient life. It is like other castles, built upon a point of rock, and was, I believe, anciently surrounded with a moat. There is another rock near it, to which the draw-bridge, when it was let down, is said to have reached. There, in the ages of tumult and rapine, the laird was surprised, and killed by the neighbouring chief, who, perhaps, might have extinguished the family, had he not, in a few days, been seized and hanged, together with his sons, by Douglas, who came with his forces to the relief of Auchinleck."

Here the branch to Muirkirk strikes off. The iron works in the vicinity have been in operation for more

than half a century, and have survived all the vicissitudes of trade, even while struggling against an expensive land carriage. The railway has now, however, relieved the proprietors of this evil. The Lugar Iron Works are also situated on the Muirkirk Branch. Auchinleck was the birthplace of William Murdoch, whose name is so intimately connected with that of James Watt in his scientific and mechanical discoveries; and, also, of William M'Gavin, author of *The Protestant*. Proceeding on the main line, the viaduct across the Lugar is reached, a sketch of which we give, taken from a little knoll on the left. This viaduct consists of 14 arches, nine of which are 50 feet span, and the other five 30 feet each. The large arches are separated from the smaller ones by abutments 16½ feet thick. The extreme height of this bridge, from the foundation of the water-pier to the top of parapet, is 162 feet, and the length, from end to end, 752 feet. The piers are built hollow, having horizontal bands across the whole width of piers every 15 feet in height. They are 7 feet thick at the springing, tapering towards the base, and have a light and elegant appearance. The total cost of structure was about £33,000. The contractor for this work was Mr. James M'Naughton. The scenery down the Lugar, as seen from the bridge, is varied and beautiful in the extreme. Immediately on crossing the viaduct we arrive at the Old Cumnock Station, situated about



A Hamilton, Junr.

Neilson lith.

LUGAR VIADUCT

one mile from the village. Between the station and the village is the old burying-ground, where lie the remains of Alexander Peden, of Covenanting celebrity. They were originally interred in the aisle of Lord Auchinleck, but were exhumed afterwards by a body of dragoons, who intended to hang them up on the gallows; but, yielding to the entreaties of the Countess of Dumfries, and others of the aristocracy, the soldiers allowed them to lie with the ashes of other martyrs at the Gallowsfoot of Cumnock. The stone which marks the spot where Peden lies, bears the following inscription:—

"Here lies
MR. ALEXANDER PEDEN,
Faithful Minister of the Gospel,
Some time at
Glenluce,
who departed this mortal life, the 26th of January, 1686, and was raised, after six weeks, out of the grawf, and buried here out of contempt."

"*Memento Mori.*"

At the side of Peden's grave lie the remains of Thomas Richard, another of the ill-fated sons of Scotland, whose tombstone bears the following words:—

"Here lies
the corpse of
THOMAS RICHARD,
who was shot by Colonel James Douglas,
for his adherence
to the Covenanted work of Reformation,
on the 5th day of April,
Anno 1685."

"Halt, passenger! this stone doth show to thee,
For what, by whom, and how I here did die,
Because I always in my station
Adhered to Scotland's Reformation,
And to our sacred Covenants and laws;
Establishing the same, which was the cause,
In time of prayer, I was by Douglas shot.
Ah! cruelty never to be forgot."

On the left, as you enter the churchyard, are other two martyrs' graves, with an upright tombstone, bearing the following inscription, the first part of which is on the side next the gate, and the second on the other:—

"Here lyes David Dvn
and Simon Paters
on, who was shot
in this place by
a party of Highl
anders for ther

Adhereance to the
Word of God, and
the Covenanted
work of Reforma
tion. 1685."

In the same burying-ground is another grave, called the "Model Wife's," at the head of which is erected a small square monument, surmounted by an oval stone, similar to an ostrich egg. For the benefit of those of our female readers who intend to become "model wives," we shall give the inscription on the monument, which, we believe, was penned by the deceased's husband:—

"Here lyes interr'd,

ANN MENZIES,

Daughter of Adam Menzies,
of Troloss,
and spouse of Ias. Iohnston,
Mercht. in Cumnock.

For goodness of heart, free
Of all guile;
For sincere honesty as
A friend;
For Faithful affection
As a wife;

For preferring domestic
Happiness and decent economy
To dissipated profusion;
Equall'd by few,
Surpass'd by none;
In justice to her worthy
Character,
From the constant
Experience of eleven years,
This conclusive
Testimony is inscribed,
By her afflicted
Husband, as the
Last Pledge of
His heartfelt duty,
And most tender
Regard. She died
May 20th, 1776,
Aged 36 years.

Passing onwards, the Station of New Cumnock is approached, a little to the south of which the line sweeps past the base of the classic Corsancon —a hill that often arrested the poetic eye of Burns. It is crowned with a rude cairn, which looks down into the depth of the vale beneath, and on the north overlooks a spacious theatre, in the far distance of

which towers the majestic Ben Lomond and the serrated peaks of Arran. A vast scene here spreads itself before us. Immediately under the eye lie the dark heathy moorlands of Kyle, in whose wastes and deep moss-hags the persecuted sons of Scotia, in former times, often found a retreat from the fury of their oppressors. Leaving the station of New Cumnock, no one will regret the pilgrimage to the summit of Corsancon. A little farther on is the gorge of the Afton—truly a splendid scene. There is a rugged grandeur and magnificence about it that is rarely equalled, at least in this part of the country. The dark winding defile stretches away into the wilds of Galloway and towards the head of the beauteous Ken. A traveller alighting at New Cumnock could spend a delightful day in the retreats of the Afton; and more especially if he were an angler, he could combine the pleasure of catching the silvery trout with the august scene around him. Little are the inhabitants of our crowded cities and towns aware of the enjoyment of which they may avail themselves, at a trifling expense, by paying a visit to our Southern Highlands.

The next station on the line is Kirkconnel. This parish is a fine pastoral district, and though not possessing much historical incident, is still far from being destitute of interest. A saint of a remote age, of the name of Connel, was the founder of the first church in

this parish, and his bones moulder in a forgotten grave on the verdant slope of a lovely hill. Tradition for many generations could point out the exact spot, covered with a long flat stone; but it is now unknown. In this locality there are several strongholds, now in ruins, on both sides of the Nith, which winds its way in the hollow which traverses the parish. Glenmuckloch, or "the glen of the boar's stone," was the scene of an encounter with one of these ferocious animals, which at one time infested the district; and the Palmer's Barn, once the residence, it would appear, of a pilgrim from the Holy Land, has been consecrated from time immemorial, and must have been regarded, till of late, with peculiar veneration. At the mouth of the beautiful Glen Aylmer—a magnificent defile, which cleaves the mountains on the north side of the parish, and runs off into the heart of the moorland solitudes—are to be seen the ruins of an ancient church, in the midst of a deserted burying ground. In the vicinity of this, the wanderers of the Covenant found a retreat in the dreary times of Scotland's persecutions; and many a stirring incident connected with this locality is told by the inhabitants, who warmly cherish the memorials of a pious ancestry. A range of beautiful mountains lines the north side of the parish, rising gradually from the plain of the Nith to a considerable elevation. Among these the most conspicuous is what is termed the "bole hill," or "baal's

height." It receives the appellation from the fact that the Druids, in ancient times, kindled their fires on this eminence on May-day, as a part of their worship. Beltine, the god of fire, or the sun, was the object of their religious veneration; and one of the most magnificent of the ceremonies was the "baal fires," which blazed on the tops of the loftiest hills. The identical spot on this hill on which these fires were periodically kindled is still plainly discernible, and from it a splendid prospect is obtained of the whole surrounding country.

Journeying on, we shortly cross the river Crawick, by means of an elegant viaduct, and in a few minutes afterwards stop at the station of the royal burgh of Sanquhar. Five minutes are allowed here for refreshments. Sanquhar is an old historical town—its name can be traced back for a thousand years. The author of *The Caledonia* says that it received its present appellation in the middle of the ninth century; the name is Celtic, and signifies the "Old Fort;" and the green hillock is still pointed out on which this fort stood, when the Scoto-Irish founded it upwards of ten centuries ago. The castle, now in ruins—an erection of the Saxon times—was founded about six hundred years since by Edgar, the son of Dunegal, chieftain of Stranith, whose seat was the famed castle of Morton, opposite the ducal residence of Drumlanrig. Edgar, who built the peel of Sanquhar, was the chief

of the clan M'Gowan, who occupied the upper ward of Nithsdale. More than four hundred years ago this stronghold, with its adjacent lands, became the property of Crichton, who was denominated Lord of Sanquhar, and who married Isobel de Ross, the heiress of the contiguous lands of Ryehill. Were we fully to develope the annals of this ancient baronial hold, it would form a curious and interesting chapter in the local history of a wild and adventurous age. In 1296 it was in the possession of the English, who were expelled by the brave Sir William, Lord of Douglasdale, who obtained, by stealth, an entrance into the fortress. One of Sir William's retainers exchanged clothes with a carman, who was conveying a load of firewood to the castle in the dusk of the morning; and having cut the traces, when the car was jammed beneath the archway of the inner gate, the brave knight and his warriors sprang over the immovable load, rushed into the court, and slew the entire garrison, with the exception of one man. It was assailed in the time of the Regent Morton, the occupant of the peel having refused to accede to his measures. This castle was the residence of the Queensberry family, before William, the first duke, built the princely mansion of Drumlanrig. It was honoured with a visit from James VI., on the 31st of August, 1617. He slept one night in it, and was entertained in a princely manner by his old friend

Crichton, to whom he owed a sum of money. During the excess of his loyalty that evening, Crichton took the bond, and, rolling it together, inserted it as a wick in the large lamp that illuminated the hall of the castle, thus extinguishing the obligation before the eyes of the King. There are not a few antiquities, in the vicinity of this ancient town, worthy of notice, had we space to dilate on the subject. The old church and hospital, that stood at the south end of the burgh, have left behind them relics of their existence of an interesting nature. The church at the north-west end, that existed prior to a recent erection, is said to have been cœval with the Glasgow Cathedral, to which it was attached. Ninian Crichton was rector of this church in the year 1494, during the time of the black plague; and two centuries anterior to this, Bartholomew de Eglesham held the same situation, and swore fealty to Edward at Berwick in 1296. At Sanquhar, on the 22d of June, 1680, the followers of Cameron published their declaration, a copy of which will be found in Simpson's *Gleanings from the Mountains*. In the immediate neighbourhood, on the Eliock Burn, stands the ancient house of Eliock, notable as being the birthplace of the celebrated Admiral Crichton, whose father at the time was one of the Lords of Session. Soon after the birth of the Admiral, the family removed to an estate in the parish of Clunie, Perthshire.

The locality is famed for the salubrity of its climate, owing to the pure fresh air which streams from the steep, well drained, and cultivated mountains that surround it. There are not a few delightful scenes in the vicinity, two of which may be noticed—the one for its beauty, and the other for its magnificence. These are the pastoral streams of the Menick and the Crawick. A visit to these will richly repay the tourist on one of the pleasant days of summer, when the hills are arrayed in that deep verdure for which they are so distinguished. There are many remains of old feudal towers, that have each their own traditionary tales. There are also beautiful glens and fairy dells, and in the waste land beyond, and far in the heart of the desert heath, are graves of "martyred warriors," and ancient Celtic memorials, which show how thickly the moorlands were studded with the huts of a forgotten age.

"Thy wild traditious Scotland,
Thy briery burns and braes,
Are full of pleasant memories,
And tales of other days.

Thy story-haunted waters,
In music gush along,
Thy mountain glens are tragedies,
Thy heathy hills are song."

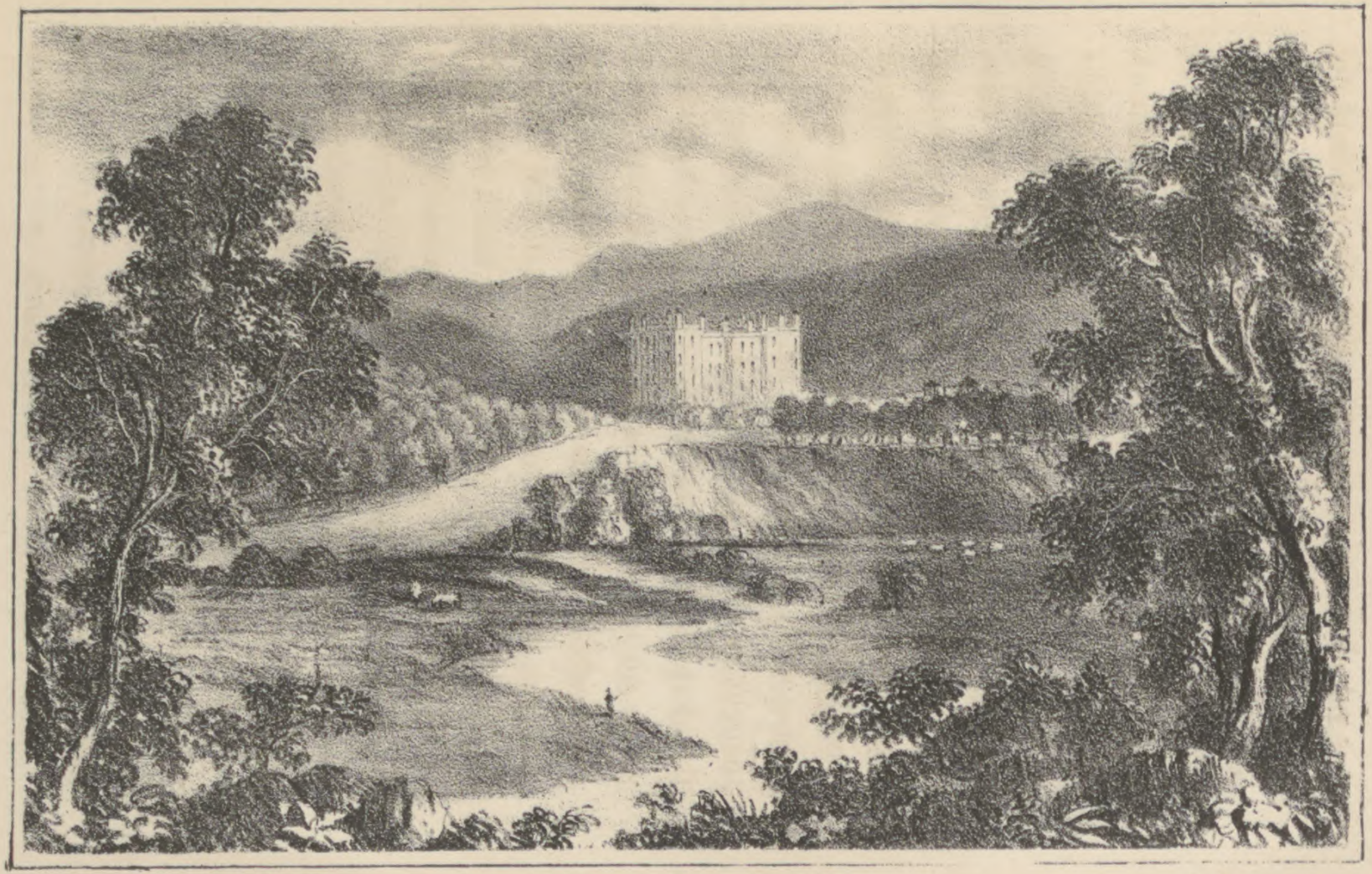
On leaving Sanquhar, the beauties of the valley of the Nith begin to disclose themselves. The river runs

for a considerable distance alongside of the railway, and beautiful glimpses are obtained of the romantic spots at the several points along its course.

The deep romantic ravine of Enterkine is next crossed by a handsome viaduct of four arches. At this point the railway leaves the course of the Nith, and shortly after, winds through the "spirit-haunted dell of Auchinmussoram," by deep cuttings through hard rock and other strata. The Drumlanrig tunnel is now entered, which is the longest in Scotland, being upwards of three-fourths of a mile in length. On emerging from the tunnel, we cross the Carron, a little stream, winding along the bottom of a deep and finely wooded glen; shortly after which the Pass of Datoun is reached, over which there is a beautiful viaduct. This pass is one of the finest to be found anywhere, rivalling even the far-famed Trossachs. It winds its tortuous course at one place through hills, round, smooth, and verdant, and at others rugged and precipitous. Near here, is the parish of Durisdeer, which contains a very beautiful parish church, on the north of which are the vestiges of a Roman camp. Inside of the church, is a mausoleum, belonging to the Drumlanrig Douglasses, with a very fine piece of ancient sculpture, representing the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry lying on a couch, dressed in state. Although this piece of sculpture may not be very pleasing to the fastidious, still

it is valuable, as pointing out the end and vanity of all human grandeur. Drumlanrig Castle is now seen to the right, the princely domain of the Duke of Buccleuch. The view of the castle we present is taken from a spot near the line of railway. This castle is of considerable magnitude, and one of the finest which Scotland can boast of. It was built, during the reign of Charles II., by William, first Duke of Queensberry. He is said to have only slept one night in his new mansion. Having taken ill during the night, he found it so difficult to arouse his servants, owing to the extent of the building, that he thought he would have died alone in his palace. He therefore left it next day for his old castle at Sanquhar, which we noticed elsewhere as being now in ruins. Drumlanrig occupied ten years in building, the plans of which were drawn by the celebrated Inigo Jones. It cost an immense sum of money, and the worthy duke felt so much ashamed of the amount, that he wrote on the bundle of accounts the following denunciation against any who should pry into the expenditure—"The deil pyke out his een that looks herein." The gardens of the castle are beautifully laid off, and the avenue—fringed with trees on either side—which is very broad, and fully a mile in length, forms a comely approach to such a palace.

We now hasten on to Thornhill, in the parish



A. Hamilton Jun.r

Nesbet Lith.

DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

of Morton, a finely built modern village, with the beautiful Gothic church of Morton on the right. From its position Thornhill commands one of the softest and sweetest picturesque scenes in the South. In the distance, about 2½ miles north of the village, on the brink of a lovely glen, through which the silvery Cample flows, stands the ancient castle of Morton, the ruins of which still measure about 100 feet by 30. The southern front is still nearly entire. It is 40 feet in height, with circular towers at each corner of about 12 feet diameter. This castle in ancient times was the scene of many bloody deeds and horrid crimes, which the past history of our country amply testifies. In the immediate vicinity of Thornhill is the far-famed Crichop Linn, one of the most wild and romantic in the South. To the tourist from the West, Thornhill is the best point to start from; and from the East the Station of Closeburn, on a visit to the Linn. In former times the Linn was almost inaccessible to human beings; and according to the superstitions of the age, was peopled with kelpies, water sprites, and fairies, and its cells and hidden caverns were supposed to be the halls where the Elfin people held their meetings. It was a safe hiding-place in the days of Scottish persecution, when our Covenanting forefathers had to flee before the bloodhounds and dragoons of a ruthless enemy. The whole scenery of the district is hal-

lowed by the memory of martyrs, and every feature of the Linn has a thrilling interest when we think of the hair-breadth escapes and cruel tortures suffered by these "holy men of God." Near the entrance to the Linn stood a solitary cottage where a whole family were surprised and shot by the brutal soldiery of the bloody Claverhouse. This is the spot where Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, when compelled to act as a guide to the troopers, covered the sleeping martyr as he lay beside the shorn brackens on the cold damp earth;—close at hand is the place where William Smith concealed himself after having fled naked, during the chill of night, from his humble dwelling, on being surprised by Claverhouse and his reckless band, where his affectionate partner brought his clothes and food next morning, and where they returned their united thanks to God for their safety and preservation. Across the fearful chasm one of the Covenanters sprang for safety, when closely pursued by his enemies; and underneath is the cell where the "Sutor" plied his trade for weeks in a dreary, dripping workshop, the roof, as it were, shedding tears for the woes of Scotland. Near, also, is the scene so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott as the hiding-place and haunt of Balfour of Burley.

The Crichop stream takes its rise in a moss near the northern extremity of Closeburn. A few miles from

its source, it forms a beautiful cascade, called "the Grey Mare's Tail," falling over an almost perpendicular precipice of 90 feet in height. In the course of ages, the water has hollowed out for itself a straight passage through the solid rock, and formed this peculiarly romantic linn. It is situated on the property of Douglas Baird, Esq., who recently purchased the estate of Closeburn from Sir James Stuart Menteath. We now come to Closeburn, near to which is the residence of Mr. Baird, and the extensive academy of Wallacehall, more like the mansion of a nobleman than a parish school. It was founded, in the year 1723, by John Wallace, a Glasgow merchant. It is richly endowed, and free to all the children of the parish. Leaving Closeburn, we are again on the wooded banks of the classic Nith. About a mile south of the station, is the famed Friars' Carse Hermitage, the favourite haunt of Burns, and now the residence of Mrs. Crichton, who founded the Royal Crichton Institution, from funds left at her disposal by her husband, of which we shall speak hereafter. Adjacent to the hermitage is the farm of Ellisland, occupied for about three years by Robert Burns. He was here both farmer and exciseman, but, notwithstanding his exertions, the farm did not pay, although he had 100 acres for £50, and a 57 years' lease. In a pecuniary point of view, Ellisland was an unfortunate residence for the bard, as he ex-

pended and lost the greater portion of the money realised by the publication of his poems. While residing here, he composed the poems of "Tam o' Shanter," "To Mary in Heaven," "Elegy on Matthew Henderson," and many others of his brightest effusions. The house occupied by the poet was one storey in height, about sixty feet long, and eighteen broad. Behind is the stack-yard, where as Lockhart says, Burns lay "stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, which shone like another moon," while he composed the beautiful lines "To Mary in Heaven:"—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That loves to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.

Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

He sold off his stock and removed from Ellisland to the town of Dumfries in December, 1791. On the other side of the line, nearly opposite Ellisland, is the estate of Dalswinton, the "fatherland of Allan Cunningham, and cradle of steam navigation." On a gentle eminence is the mansion house of Dalswinton, the residence of Mr. M'Alpine Leny. On the loch adjoining, the first



A. Shortreed del.

Nelson lith.

DALSWINTON.

tiny steamboat was launched, on the 14th of November, 1788. It is stated that the parties present in the boat on that eventful occasion were Patrick Miller, Esq., of Dalswinton, Lord Brougham, who was then a young man at college, Robert Burns, Alexander Nasmyth, the father of painting in Scotland, and Mr Taylor, the engineer, truly a worthy crew to celebrate such a great event—an event big with the fate of nations. The invention is claimed by Symington, but little doubt exists that it belongs to the late Patrick Miller, and that Symington was employed by him merely as an engineer. The view we give of Dalswinton House and Loch is taken from a point near the line of railway.

Proceeding onwards we cross the Nith, over which an extensive and beautiful wooden viaduct is erected, about 720 feet long, and consisting of eight openings. From this viaduct the passenger catches a glimpse of Lincluden Abbey, situated about a mile distant, on the banks of the Cluden. In a few minutes the train stops at the Dumfries Station, where we shall leave our passengers from the West, until we conduct those from the South along the line to the same point.

Commencing at the river Sark, which, for about six miles of its course, divides Scotland from England, and which, but for this, would be a very insignificant stream;

we soon arrive at the Gretna Junction, where the Glasgow and South-Western and Caledonian Railways separate. About a mile further on is the Station of Gretna Green, nearly opposite to which, on the Cumberland side of the Solway, on a place called the Burghmarch, stands a monument marking the spot where death arrested Edward the First in his proud and impetuous career, as he marched at the head of his army to cross the border and conquer Scotland. In the vicinity of Gretna is situated the beautiful valley of the Eske, with its luxuriant woods and crystal river, on the banks of which lies the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Young Lochinvar"—

"Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stopt not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dotard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!"

The village of Gretna Green is very pleasantly situated, and within five minutes' walk of the railway station—certainly very convenient for those who

are in haste to join the "happy state of double blessedness." Gretna Hall, where the great majority of runaway marriages are performed, is situated in the centre of a beautiful lawn, well planted with trees, and exquisitely laid off. The hall, which is the property of Colonel Maxwell, of Orchardton, is approached by a spacious avenue lined with trees on either side. The marriage ceremony used to be performed by Mr. Linton; but since his death, which took place about ten months since, Mrs. Linton calls in the aid of a neighbour. The marriage register kept by Mrs. Linton shews that parties from America, Germany, Spain, Italy, France, and, indeed, from almost every country in the world, have had the nuptial knot tied at Gretna. To some of our young readers a few words on the law of marriage and Gretna Green marriages may not be uninteresting. By the ancient law of England, as explained by Dr. Lushington, "a marriage was good if celebrated in the presence of two witnesses without the introduction of a priest, but the decision of the Council of Trent rendered the solemnisation by a priest necessary. At the Reformation the provision of the Council of Trent was rejected. The question was, in consequence, reduced to this state, that a marriage by civil contract was valid; but there was this extraordinary anomaly in the law, that while it was valid for some purposes, for others, such as the descent of real property to the heirs of the

married, it was invalid. This was the state of the law till the Marriage Act of 1754 abolished all clandestine and irregular marriages, and compelled all persons, except Jews and Quakers, to be married according to the ritual of the Church of England. A loophole was soon found to escape from this stringent enactment in the state of the law of Scotland in regard to marriage, taken in connection with the rule of the law of England, that a marriage was valid in England if it had been validly contracted according to the law of the country in which it was contracted." In Scotland to the present day (1852) nothing further is necessary than a mutual declaration of consent before witnesses to constitute, from that date, the relation of husband and wife, which is perfectly legal and binding in all respects—hence the "roaring trade" carried on at Gretna Green. There is no ceremony performed at the Gretna Green marriages, the fugitive lovers being only required to make a mutual declaration, in presence of two or more witnesses, after which they sign two certificates, one of which is retained by the individual who joins the hands of the young couple, and the other goes to the bride. The names are also inserted in the register, as a kind of reference, in case of legal proceedings on the part of relatives or friends. For the edification of the curious we subjoin a copy of the certificate granted at the Gretna Hall, and shall fill it



A Hamilton Junr

Neilson Lith

up with fictitious names, so that it be better understood:—

"KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND,

"COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,

"PARISH OF GRETNA.

"These are to certify to all to whom these presents may come, that James Johnstone, from the parish of Barony, in the county of Lanark, and Clementina Paul, from the parish of Annan, in the county of Dumfries, being now here present, and having declared themselves single persons, were this day married, agreeably to the laws of Scotland, as witness our hands.

"Gretna Hall, this second day of March, 1852.

"JAMES JOHNSTONE.

"CLEMENTINA PAUL.

Witnesses { Rich. Linton. / John Logan. / Peter Walker."

To such of our young friends who wish to try the "fugitive style," no diffidence is necessary on making their appearance at the hall. They will not require to inform the parties there that they have fled to get married, as the "smith" will see it in their countenances—so familiar has he become with that particular description of physiognomy. Independent of the "marriage accommodation," the hall affords as good

accommodation to tourists as many of the first-class hotels in the country. The rooms are numerous, spacious, well ventilated, and handsomely furnished, while the "good things of this life" are of the best description. We may mention that the marriage fees at Gretna are generally left to the generosity of the bridegroom—and seldom less than half-a-guinea is offered. In some instances, a fee of £100 has been paid; and another is known, which took place in a different house, where a couple got married for nothing, being so poor that they had not the "needful" to pay. About a mile from the Gretna Station is the Solway Firth, which is here two miles broad, and fordable during the recess of the tide. Many melancholy accidents have occurred to strangers crossing this estuary. The tide of the Solway careers along with a rapidity equal to the speed of the swiftest horse, carrying in front a breast several feet in height. When a spring tide is flowing, backed by a strong breeze from the south, its loud booming noise may be heard by people on the shore, when it is several miles distant. The fisheries here are very extensive, and during good seasons yield a handsome return to the tacksmen. Some curious particulars, descriptive of the ancient mode of spearing salmon, are interwoven into Sir Walter Scott's tale of the Redgauntlet, of which this is the scene.

Leaving Gretna, the next station on the line is

Dornock. The only event worthy of notice, as having taken place here, is a battle, said to have been fought between the Scotch and the English, the former commanded by Sir William Brown, of Coalston, and the latter by Sir Marmaduke Langdale and Lord Crosby, in which the English were defeated, and both of their commanders slain. The commanders are interred in Dornock churchyard. Two stones, with unintelligible figures, mark the spot. We next come to the town of Annan, situated on the east bank of the River Annan, about a mile and a-half above its confluence with the waters of the Solway. Annan is a neat, well-built, and cleanly town, containing a population of about 4,500. It is the birthplace of the late Rev. Edward Irving. Here he was licensed as a preacher, and here, also, was he deposed from the ministry during the eclipse which obscured his masculine mind in the latter days of his earthly career. Here also, Hugh Clapperton, the African traveller, spent his youthful days. One of Bruce's castles once stood here, but there are no traces of it left, save one stone, raked from the rubbish, and placed for preservation in the wall of a gentleman's garden. It bears the date of 1300.

As we proceed on the line to the station of Cummertrees, the lofty mountains of Skiddaw are seen on the left, with the flowing Solway between. Near here, on the banks of the Solway, stands the Tower of Re-

pentance, a square building about 25 feet in height, and 200 above the bed of the sea, commanding on all sides an extensive prospect of the country for miles around. In reference to this tower, tradition says, that in the 15th century Lord Harris, having massacred a number of prisoners and thrown them into the sea, repented of the deed, and built the tower to appease his troubled conscience. Over the door is carved the word "Repentance," with the figures of a dove and serpent on either side. It is said that Sir Richard Steel, while riding near this place, accosted a herd laddie, who was engaged reading his Bible. He asked the boy what he learned from the Bible? when the boy replied, "the way to heaven." "Can you shew it to me?" said Sir Richard. "Yes," said the boy, "you must go by that tower," at the same time pointing to the Tower of Repentance.

Hastening on we reach Ruthwell Station, about two miles distant from the village of that name. When James VI. was on his way back to England, on passing through Ruthwell, he saw the villagers making salt, and was so pleased with the method adopted, that he granted them an exemption from the salt-tax—a privilege which they enjoyed till the tax was entirely abolished throughout the country. At the junction of the Lochar with the Solway, a short distance from Ruthwell, stands the Brow, a little sea-bathing village, celebrated for its mineral spring, to which many

invalids resort for the recovery of their health. There the immortal Burns spent a few of the last weeks of his existence, in the vain hope of restoring his shattered constitution. The cottage in which he resided is still pointed out to the stranger. Comlongan Castle, the property of the Earl of Mansfield, is situated in a plantation to the left of the Ruthwell Station, and may be seen from the railway. It was formerly a place of great strength, but is now much dilapidated, although a part is still used as the residence of Lord Mansfield's factor. The greatest antiquity in the parish is a Runic pillar or monument, eighteen feet high, ornamented in basso-relievo with rude sculpturings and inscriptions. It was formerly in the church, or rather the church was built over it. In consequence of the worship paid to it by the people, it was cast down from its place in the church in the year 1644, by order of the General Assembly. After lying broken and trodden under foot in the churchyard, the late Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, of Savings Bank celebrity, caused its fragments to be put together and placed in the manse garden, where it now stands. The parish of Ruthwell had the honour of starting the first Savings Bank, and under the persevering energy of Dr. Duncan, the Legislature was induced to pass the Savings Bank Act. On the confines of the parish a handsome monument is erected to his memory. Pass-

ing onwards to Dumfries, the line crosses Lochar Moss, through the centre of which runs the dull, sluggish river Lochar. The moss is about 10 miles long, and in some places from two to three broad. Tradition says it was originally covered with wood, that it was next an arm of the sea, and that it was finally choked up with the wreck of vegetation and the tidal deposits of the Solway.

"First a wood, and then a sea,
Now a moss, and aye will be,"

is a couplet of the peasantry embodying the tradition. Another mile, and we arrive at the Station of Dumfries, where it will be remembered we left our friends from the West.



A. W[illegible] Lith.

Nelson Edin.

HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

DUMFRIES.

Before conducting the tourist to the different places of interest in and around Dumfries, it may not be out of place to offer a few general remarks respecting the "Queen of the South."

Dumfries, one of the most ancient border towns of Scotland, and the county town of the shire, lies about 92 miles by rail from Glasgow, 24 from Gretna, and 33 from Carlisle. It is situated on the left bank of the river Nith, about nine miles above where that river empties itself into the Solway. From its position in one of the most delightful and picturesque valleys of the country, surrounded by lofty hills, rich in verdure to their very summits, it may be said to possess scenery surpassed by no town in the kingdom, and equalled by few. Apart from the halo thrown around it by the name and genius of Burns, it possesses numerous objects of interest to strangers and tourists. The town, which contains a population of 11,106, has a neat, clean, and tidy appearance. The houses are principally built of red sandstone, which is plentiful in the district, but being mostly painted in imitation of Portland stone, they have a finer appearance than if left in their original state. The surrounding district being of an agricultural character, there are no staple branches of manu-

facture carried on in the town, the working population finding employment in different ways. The most extensive business carried on is the curing of pork, the returns for which generally exceed £100,000 annually. An extensive cattle market is held on the Sands every Wednesday, which is generally attended by dealers from all parts of the country, and is acknowledged to be one of the principal weekly markets in Scotland. Dumfries is also the seat of a Justiciary Court, Presbytery, Synod, and Sheriff's Court. Although a town possessing but a small population, there are three weekly newspapers published in it, and all conducted by gentlemen who have contributed largely to the literature of their country, whose names are as familiar to the inhabitants of Scotland as "household words." There is the *Courier*, which was established on the 6th December, 1809, published every Tuesday morning, and conducted by John M'Diarmid, Esq., a gentleman whose writings are familiar to all;—the *Herald*, established on the 24th April, 1835, published every Friday, and conducted by Thomas Aird, Esq., whose poetical contributions to *Blackwood* and other magazines have gained for him a name which shall outlive the sculptured marble that may, when he is gathered to his fathers, point out the spot where his ashes are laid;—and the *Standard*, established 22d March, 1843, published every Wednesday, and ably conducted by William M'Douall, Esq., author

of a volume of poems "which reflects credit on his head and heart." There are also eight branches of different banks in the town, and all seem to transact a pretty good business. Altogether, the town of Dumfries may be considered the most important in the South of Scotland, as well as the most picturesque and interesting. We have sometimes even thought Dumfries would be a good place to die in, as strangers often remark that all the monuments and gravestones generally bear the words "much respected and deeply regretted." Whether it would prove a good town to die in, this much we know, it is a delightful place to live in.

We shall now proceed, and direct our friends to the various places of interest. Leaving the railway station, which is about five minutes' walk from the town, the first object that presents itself is St. Mary's Church, a handsome building of the Gothic style, to which is attached a burying-ground, well ornamented with handsome monuments and tombstones. It is said, that on the spot where this church now stands, Edward I. put to death Christopher Seaton, brother-in-law to Robert Bruce, and that his widow, Christian Bruce, caused a chapel to be erected to his memory, which she dedicated to St. Mary. At the erection of the new church, almost every trace of the old one had disappeared. Proceeding onwards through English

Street, and turning the left corner into High Street, we come to the Globe Inn, one of the rooms of which is designated

"BURNS' CORNER."

The room which is known to have been the "howf" of Burns is on the ground-floor, and entered from the kitchen. During Burns' sojourn in Dumfries, the "Globe" was kept by a Mrs Hyslop, whose sister, Anna, assisted her in the business of the house, and attracted the attention of the poet, the result of which was the production of the song—

"Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;'
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna," &c.

In one of the rooms up stairs are a few specimens of his glass scribblings; on two of the panes in one of the windows are inscribed the two following verses:—

"Oh, lovely Polly Stewart,
Oh, charming Polly Stewart,
There's no a flower that blooms in May
That's half sae fair as thou art."

"Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' through the grain,
Gin a body kiss a body,
The thing's a body's ain."

On a pane of another window is written—

"Whate'er you choose, be't ale or beer,
Whatever fits your nob,
At moderate fare you may have here,
The best that's in the Globe."

"R. B."

The room in which Burns generally sat, when in the "Globe," and which is now styled his "Corner," is kept in the same state as it was during his lifetime. In that corner he has often partaken of the

"Reaming swats that drank divinely,"

perhaps to make

"The wheels o' life gae down hill scrievin,
Wi' rattling glee."

And who can blame him? To those canting earthworms who talk loudly of his follies, how applicable his lines "To the unco Guid"—

"Hear me, ye venerable core!
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce wisdom's door,
For glaikit folly's portals;
* * * * * * *
Oh gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."

Leaving the "Globe," we proceed down High Street to Burns' Street, in which is situated

"BURNS' HOUSE,"

where he closed his eyes on a world that seemed un-

grateful while he lived, but felt proud of him when he breathed his last:—

"The hills and groves and flowery vales
All echo to his songs and tales;
Each linnet still his loss bewails
'Midst heath and ferns;
Whilst this sweet prayer floats on the gales,
'God bless thee, Burns.'"

The house, which is two storeys in height, is neat and plain, and is now the property of Colonel Burns, son of the poet. After leaving Ellisland, Burns retired to a house in Bank Street, Dumfries, where he lived for a short time previous to his removal to the one in which he died. The room in which he breathed his last is on the upper storey. Dr Maxwell attended him during his last moments, and when offered the pair of pistols, presented to the poet by Mr Blair of Birmingham, they were accompanied with the remark, "I wish them to fall into the hands, not of a rascal, but an honest man." He died on the 21st of July, 1796. For thirty-eight years afterwards the house was occupied by his widow. Respecting the death of Jean Armour, we cannot resist quoting the following from a little work published by Mr. M'Diarmid:—"At a late hour on the night of Wednesday, the 26th March, or rather, as it was just about to close, the world and its concerns closed for ever on Jean Armour, the vene-

rable relict of Burns. On the Saturday preceding, she was seized with paralysis for the fourth time during the last few years; and, although perfectly conscious of her situation, and the presence of friends, became deprived, before she could be removed to bed, of the faculty of speech, and a day or two thereafter, of the sense of hearing. Still she lay wonderfully calm and composed, and in the opinion of her medical attendant, suffered from weakness rather than from pain. Frequently she gazed with the greatest earnestness on her grand-daughter, Sarah; and it was easy to read what was passing within, from the tears that filled her aged eyes and trickled down her cheeks. To another individual she directed looks so eager and full of meaning, as to impress him with the idea that she had some request to make, and deeply regretted that it was too late; for, even if her salvation had depended on the exertion, she was unfortunately incapacitated from uttering a syllable, guiding a pen, or making an intelligible sign. The mind, in her case, survived the body; and this, perhaps, was the only painful circumstances attending her deathbed—considering how admirable her conduct had always been, her general health so sound, her span protracted beyond the common lot, her character for prudence and piety so well established, and her situation in life every way so comfortable. On the night of Tuesday, or morning of Wed-

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nesday, a fifth shock, unperceived by the attendants, deprived Mrs. Burns of mental consciousness, and from that time, till the hour of her death, her situation was that of a breathing corpse. And thus passed away all that remained of 'Bonny Jean'—the relict of a man whose fame is as wide as the world itself, and the venerated heroine of many a lay which bids fair to live in the memories of the people of Scotland, and of thousands far removed from its shores, as long as the language in which they are written is spoken or understood." She now sleeps in peace in the same tomb with her illustrious husband.

From M'Diarmid's work we also quote the following account of the sale of Burns' furniture, which, we doubt not, will prove interesting to many:—"The effects left by the late Mrs. Burns, at the sale on the 10th and 11th April, realised a handsome sum of money, apart from the plate, books, and pictures, and retained relics of particular value, such as the desk upon which the poet wrote, and the shelved press that contained his small but well-selected library. During the first day's sale the attendance was large, and included persons of the highest consideration. The auctioneer commenced with small articles, and when he came to a broken copper coffee-pot, there were so many bidders for even a dilapidated relic, that the price paid exceeded twenty-fold the intrinsic value.

A tea-kettle of the same metal succeeded, and reached the high point of £2 sterling; and a pair of brass candlesticks (the state ones at Ellisland) were bought on commission for Mr. Forrest, clothier, London—price £2 1s. Of the linens, a table-cloth, marked 1792, was knocked down at £5 7s., which, speaking commercially, may be worth half-a-crown or five shillings. Many other articles commanded handsome prices, and the older and plainer the furniture the better it sold. Still, not a few things went below their value, particularly such as were handsome and of modern construction. On the 11th, the attendance was much thinner, from the impression that few, if any, relics remained on hand; but this was a mistake, and as the day advanced the spirit of competition became very keen. The rusty iron top of a shower-bath, which Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop sent to the poet when afflicted with rheumatism, was bought by a Carlisle gentleman for 28 shillings; and what is more extraordinary, a low wooden kitchen chair, on which the late Mrs. Burns sat when nursing her children, was run up to £3 7s. The crystal and china were much coveted, and brought, in most cases, splendid prices. Even an old fender reached a figure which would go far to buy half-a-dozen new ones, and everything towards the close attracted notice, down to greybeards, bottles, and a half-worn pair of bellows. The poet's eight-day clock, made by a Mauch-

line artist of the name of Brown, which stood originally in the house at Mossgiel, and accompanied him in his removals to Ellisland and Dumfries, attracted great attention from the circumstance that it had frequently been wound up by his own hand, and, for more than half-a-century, had chimed or struck "the wee short hour ayont the twal," and every other in the twenty-four. In a few seconds it was bid up to fifteen pounds or guineas, and was finally disposed of for £35. The purchaser had a hard battle to fight; but his spirit was good, and his purse obviously not a light one, and the story ran that he had instructed Mr. Richardson to secure a preferencc at any sum under £60. The said clock is a most interesting relic, and however highly tempted, we trust the present spirited possessor will be long enabled to retain such a precious heir-loom directly or indirectly in the family."

Taking leave of the house, which is now converted into a ragged school, we shall next proceed to

BURNS' MAUSOLEUM,

in St. Michael's Churchyard. The Mausoleum, where the ashes of Burns repose, was erected in 1815, at a cost of £1,500, from a design furnished gratuitously by Mr. Hunt of London. The sum was raised by public subscription, from parties in all parts of the country, even from the Monarch himself. As the spot

in the north corner of the burying-ground, where his remains were originally deposited, was too small to admit of building the Mausoleum, it was necessary to remove his ashes to the tomb over which the Mausoleum is erected; accordingly, on the 19th of September, 1815, before sunrise, his remains were removed as quietly as possible to their new resting-place. In the interior of the structure is a piece of sculpture, representing the genius of poetry throwing her inspiring mantle over the bard, while at the plough, with the word "BURNS" underneath. The original gravestone, furnished by his widow, is also placed in the inside. It bears the following inscription:—

"In Memory of

ROBERT BURNS,

Who Died the 21st July, 1796,

In the 37th year of his age.

AND

MAXWELL BURNS,

Who Died the 25th April, 1799,

Aged two years and 9 months;

FRANCIS WALLACE BURNS,

Who Died the 9th July, 1803,

Aged 14 years."

The following has since been added:—

"The remains of BURNS removed
Into the vault below, 19th Sept., 1815,
And his two Sons.
Also, the remains of
JEAN ARMOUR,
Relict of the Poet, Born Feb., 1765.
Died 26th March, 1834."

The churchyard of St. Michael's is, perhaps, more crowded with monuments and tombstones than any other in Great Britain. The most conspicuous of the monuments, however, is the Martyrs', a beautiful obelisk, composed of white granite. The sides of the base bear the following inscriptions:—

(North Side.)

"THE
MARTYRS' MONUMENT,
Erected by the
Voluntary Contributions
OF
Persons who Revere the Memory
And admire the Principles of the Sufferers
For Conscience' Sake, during the Persecution in
Scotland; aided by a Collection made at a
Sermon Preached on the spot by the
Rev. William Symington,
Of Stranraer,
M.D.CCC.XXXIV."

(West Side.)

"Near this spot
Were deposited the remains
OF
WILLIAM GRIERSON,
AND
WILLIAM WELSH,
Who suffered unto death for their
Adhering to the Principles
Of the Reformation,
Jan. 2d, 1667.
ALSO OF
JAMES KIRK,
Shot on the Sands of Dumfries,
March, 1685." Rev. xii. 11.

The original stones which covered their graves still lie near the monument, although now pretty much worn. The one to William Welsh, is as follows:—

"Here lyes William Welsh, Pentland Martyr, for his adhering to the Word of God, and appearing for Christ's Kingly Government in his house, and the Covenanted work of Reformation against perjury and prelacy. Executed Jan. 2, 1667."

"Stop, passenger, read!
Here interred doth ly,

A witness 'gainst poor Scotland's perjury,
Whose head, once fixed upon the bridge-post, stood,
Proclaiming vengeance for his guiltless blood."

The one to Grierson is the same, with the exception of a different verse, which follows, and runs thus:—

"Under this stone, lo, here doth ly,
Dust sacrificed to tyranny,
Yet precious in Immanuel's sight,
Since martyred for his kinglie right;
When he condemns such hellish druges,
By suffrage, saints shall judge their judges."

The one to James Kirk is also the same, with the exception of one verse, which is as follows:—

"By bloody Bruce, and wretched Wright,
I lost my life in great despite,
Shot dead without due time to try,
And fit me for eternity.
A witness of prelatick rage,
As ever was in anie age."

There are still some very ancient stones in the churchyard, four of which we observed bearing the dates of 1729, 1710, 1632, and 1629. In the south-west corner, in a small space of ground, 420 individuals are interred, who died of cholera in 1832. A simple tablet is erected to their memory. The first mention we have of the church of St. Michael is during the year 1178, when William the Lion granted it to the

Abbot of Kelso, with five acres of land. It was greatly enlarged from time to time, a tower built, and a bell given to it by Turnbull, Archbishop of Glasgow, in 1511. This was the last parish church in Scotland in which high mass was celebrated. It was pulled down in 1738, and the present church, which was greatly enlarged by consent of the heritors, was opened in 1746. It is now surmounted by an elegant spire, with a clock.

We next proceed to the

ROYAL CRICHTON INSTITUTION,

which lies about half a mile from St. Michael's Church. This institution, intended for lunatics, was founded by the widow of James Crichton, Esq., of Friars' Carse, from funds left at her disposal by her husband. He left Sanquhar when but a poor boy, and went to China as a sailor, where he remained, until he amassed an immense fortune. The money for founding the institution, as we have said, was left at the disposal of his widow, who is still alive, and residing at Friars' Carse. The Crichton Institution is an extensive and magnificent structure, built in the double T form, with wings running at right angles. It was opened in June, 1839, and incorporated by act of Parliament in July, 1840, and cost about £40,000. It is capable of containing 120 inmates—but when fully completed,

will have accommodation for about 240. The gentle method of treatment is adopted here. Attached there is an elegant, neat theatre, where the unfortunates often perform little pieces. There is also a library, consisting of from three to four thousand volumes, a museum well filled with natural curiosities and objects of interest, together with a printing office, where the inmates amuse themselves occasionally printing circulars, &c. The following is a copy of one of their small publications, set up and printed by them:—

"CATALOGUE
OF
INSANE MONARCHS.

Emperor Nero, ...			37.
Emperor Diocletian,			284.
King Athirco, ...	Scotland, ...	about	231.
King Terchard, ...	Scotland, ...	abont	621.
Qneen of Fergus III.,	Scotland, ...		764.
Donald V., ...	Scotland, ...		854.
Emperor Winceslaus,	Germany, ...		1378.
King Eric XIV., ...	Sweden, ...		1500.
King Christian VII.,	Denmark.		
Charles V., ...	Spain.		
Queen Jane, (la folle,)	Spain.		
Queen Maria, ...	Portugal.		
Charles IX., ...	France.		
Louis XI., ...	France.		
Prince of Conde, "The Great,"	France,		1686.
Emperor Paul, ...	Russia.		

Clement XII., Ganganelli,	Rome, ...	1764.
King Frederick I., ...	Prussia.	
Bernadotte, ...	Sweden and Norway,	1830.
King George III.,...	England, ...	1800.

"N.B.—This list is confessedly imperfect. If additions can be made, references or suggestions furnished, they will be most gratefully acknowledged as contributing to the completion of an inquiry which is certainly curious, and which may be rendered useful.

"CRICHTON INSTITUTION PRESS, 1851."

They also issue a monthly publication, entitled *The New Moon*, which often contains some well-written articles on various subjects. Within the walls a pauper institution for the southern counties has been recently erected, at a cost of £10,000, capable of containing 400 individuals. The grounds, which extend to upwards of fifty acres, are beautifully laid off, and well stocked with shrubbery and trees, the principal walk through which is about one mile in length. There is no lack of amusement either in or out of doors, as there are billiard rooms, pianos, &c., within, and two bowling-greens without. The institution is very pleasantly situated, from the top balconies of which one of the finest views of Dumfries and neighbourhood is obtained. It is also worthy of remark, that during the year 1832, while cholera raged in the district, not a single death occurred in the institution. Returning towards the town, we soon reach

THE DOCK,

a beautiful promenade on the banks of the Nith, with a long row of lofty pines on the right, and underneath a shady walk. The dock is the property of the town, and forms a fine pleasure ground in summer for the inhabitants to walk and amuse themselves. In the cool of a summer evening may be seen groups of athletic men with brawny arms throwing the ponderous quoits—a favourite game in Dumfries, and one in which the denizens of the South excel. Strolling up the banks of the river, we approach

THE OLD BRIDGE,

a most aged and venerable structure, which, were it possible, could reveal many interesting tales of other days—of days when

> "From the point of encountering blades to the hilt
> Sabres and swords with blood were gilt."

This bridge, which originally consisted of thirteen arches, but has now only seven, was built in the thirteenth century, during the reign of Alexander III., by Lady Devorgilla, daughter of Allan, first lord of Galloway, and wife of John Cumin, lord of Castle Barnard. Captain Grose visited this bridge in 1789, while on his tour through Scotland.

A few yards farther up the river is

THE NEW BRIDGE,

a handsome structure, the building of which was com-

mcnced in 1793, and finished in 1795, and across which we shall conduct our friends into the burgh of

MAXWELLTON,

which, although a burgh of barony, and possessed of a distinct magistracy, may almost be said to be a part of Dumfries, being only separated from it by the Nith. The only placc in Maxwellton, worthy of a visit, is

THE DUMFRIES AND MAXWELLTON OBSERVATORY,

which was formerly a windmill. Lately, a subscription was set a-foot, and the windmill transformed into a very handsome and ornamental tower, the adjoining grounds laid off as a garden, and the place rendered one of beauty and interest. There is an extensive museum in the interior of the tower, where an hour or two may be passed very pleasantly. In the corner of the garden is an elegant erection of the pagoda style, covering a piece of sculpture, entitled "Old Mortality and his White Pony." The singular individual which this piece of sculpture represents was well known throughout Scotland during the latter part of last century. His real name was Robert Paterson, and for the last forty years of his life he followed no other occupation than that of repairing or renewing the gravestones of those who perished "for conscience' sake" during the persecution in Scotland. From this singular

occupation he received the name of "Old Mortality." To become a wanderer "among the graves of the beloved dead" Old Mortality deserted his home and family, all entreaties to induce him to return proving of no avail. He roamed about with no other company than that of his white pony; and as sure as the year rolled round these two "comrades" made their tours to the various churchyards and other places where the gravestones of martyrs were to be found. There is scarcely a kirkyard in Scotland where any of those persecuted Covenanters are buried that does not contain something from the chisel of Old Mortality. He was born in 1715, and died in 1801—nearly fifty years of his life having been devoted to the cause of preserving the memory of the martyrs. This piece of sculpture represents him renewing the lettering of the stone to the memory of the Irongray Martyrs, (which we will notice hereafter) while his little pony stands quietly by, as if sympathising with his master in the noble work. The charge for admission to the Observatory and grounds is one shilling, except Saturdays, when it is reduced to threepence. We understand the charge on "excursion days" is threepence also—certainly a wise provision of the directors, as very many who take a pleasure trip to Dumfries are willing to pay a small sum when they cannot afford a large one.

Leaving the Observatory, and recrossing the New

Bridge, we arrive in Buccleuch Street, on the left of which stands

THE NEW PRISON,

a massive building of red sandstone, surrounded by a high wall. It was here where the notorious David Haggart, in 1821, killed M'Mornie the jailer, seized the keys of the prison, and made his escape to Ireland. Opposite the Prison is

THE COURT-HOUSE,

where the Lords of Justiciary meet. It is a very handsome building, and the internal arrangements are complete and well adapted for the purposes intended. There is a subterranean passage from the Prison to the Court-house, by means of which the prisoners are removed from their cells to the bar and *vice versa*. At the head of Buccleuch Street is a very neat Episcopal Chapel, with fine Corinthian pillars in front. A very good organ is fitted up in the interior, which is used during the worship on Sabbaths. On turning out of Buccleuch Street to the left, we enter the fashionable part of the town, or "West End." The buildings in this part of Dumfries are very substantial, elegant, and neat, and will vie with any in the Crescents of Glasgow or the New Town of Edinburgh. In George Street is situated

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

a beautiful building, composed chiefly of the Doric style

of architecture. It contains two spacious halls and a number of ante-rooms. The halls are elegant and comfortably fitted up, and afford excellent accommodation for public dinners, balls, soirees, &c. Passing from George Street, a few minutes' walk takes us to

THE SAVINGS' BANK,

in Church Place, a place but recently opened up. The bank, although small, is a very handsome erection, with Corinthian columns in front. In a niche in the upper story is a full-sized statue of the late Rev. Dr. Duncan, of savings' bank notoriety, from the chisel of Mr Corrie, a native artist. The bank, which was founded by Dr. Duncan in 1815, is in a very flourishing and prosperous condition, having about 2,600 depositors. After its establishment it occupied premises in a bye-lane until the year 1849, when it was removed to the present building, which was completed in that year. Near the bank is

THE DUMFRIES ACADEMY,

surrounded by extensive play-grounds for the pupils. From the grounds a beautiful view is obtained, with the classic Nith in the foreground, and lofty hills in the distance. The institution is endowed, and celebrated for the liberal education bestowed on the pupils. The building is elegant, the class-rooms spacious, airy, and comfortable.

Returning to the head of High Street, we come to Friars' Vennel, in which is the site of the

MONASTERY,

where King Robert Bruce slew Comyn, on the 10th of February, 1305. Bruce, on coming out of the chapel, told Sir Roger Kirkpatrick what had taken place, when he rushed in, and finding Comyn lying at the foot of the altar, gave him the fatal stab to "mak siccar," as he expressed it. No trace of the monastery now remains, although the spot where it stood is still pointed out. Coming down High Street we gain

QUEENSBERRY SQUARE,

in the centre of which stands a chaste column of the Doric order, erected in 1778, to the memory of Charles Duke of Queensberry. The base of the monument bears the following inscription:—

"This Monument,
sacred to the memory of
CHARLES Duke of Queensberry and Dover,
was erected by
the County of Dumfries,
as a monument of
their veneration for the character
of that illustrious nobleman,
whose exalted virtues
rendered him the ornament of society,

and whose numerous acts of
public munificence and private charity
endeared him to his country,
22d Oct. 1778. Ætat 80."

Opposite the Monument, in the middle of High Street, is

THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS,

and underneath the Burgh Police-office. The Council Hall is surmounted by a spire, in which is placed an illuminated clock for the benefit of the inhabitants. The council, water trustees, and police commissioners meet in the hall. The police court is also held here, where the minor "unfortunates" are brought up "to get their desserts." The old Tolbooth stood nearly opposite the foot of the Council Chambers' stair, where the prototype of Effie Deans was confined, while awaiting her trial for child murder. The individual who injured her, and afterwards became her husband, used to visit Dumfries after dusk, and converse with his unfortunate victim through the gratings of her cell. The cells of the Scotch prisons in those days were not so comfortable as those of the present time; and the one in which poor Effie was confined is said to have been a most miserable hole, which no doubt would tend greatly to add to her agony of mind. Effie's history we need not enter into here, as nearly every one who can read

has been made acquainted with it through the novels of Sir Walter Scott, although, certainly, a little colour has been added to the tale.

The Commercial Inn, facing the passenger as he enters the town from the Railway, and within a few yards of the Council Chambers, contains what is called

PRINCE CHARLES'S ROOM,

where Prince Charlie resided on his road through Dumfries, during his retreat from England in 1745. Before leaving the town, he demanded of the inhabitants a heavy fine. Having rendered themselves obnoxious to the Prince, for cutting off a detachment of the Highland baggage at Lockerby, while on its way to the South, and for their adherence to the House of Hanover, he permitted his followers, while in Dumfries, to live at free quarters, and before leaving, demanded 1,000 pairs of shoes, and £2,000 sterling. Only £1,100 of the fine was paid, when he was induced to sound a retreat, by a false alarm of the approach of the Duke of Cumberland and the royal army. As security for the payment of the remainder, he took with him on his departure, Provost Corbett, and Mr Riddle, of Glenriddle—but they effected an escape when about half a mile from the town. The room in the Commercial is still kept in nearly a similar state as when occupied by the Prince, the pannel-

lings and style of painting being exactly the same. We believe the anniversary of Burns' birth is held in this room. Whether the place is appropriate for such a meeting is not for us to determine. Opposite the Commercial Inn stands

THE FOUNTAIN,

erected to celebrate the introduction of water into the town, which event took place with great *eclat* on the 21st October, 1851. The water, which is of good quality, is brought from a large loch near the village of Lochfoot, about six miles from the town.

We now come to the only other place of interest in Dumfries,—

THE THEATRE,

situated at the foot of Queen Street, in Shakespeare Strect, built by subscription in 1790; the subscribers to which hold silver tickets, admitting them during the season, which generally lasts about two months. It is a small building, but its interior is elegant, neat, and comfortable. It is worthy of remark, that the ability and talents of Kean and Macready were first discovered in this little theatre, which they afterwards visited when they had arrived at the height of perfection in the histrionic art. It was also honoured by a visit, during the winter of 1794, from the famed Mrs. Kemble, who drew crowded houses. The late Mr. Alexander, of the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, Glas-

gow, leased it for several years, but ultimately abandoned it. The theatre was in its palmy days while Burns lived, and two or three of the actors had the honour of delivering from its stage prologues and addresses written for the occasion by the immortal bard. He wrote two for Mr Sutherland, the one for New Years' Day evening, and the other for that gentleman's benefit night, commencing—

"What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff so meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported?
Is there nae poet burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us songs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he needna toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece,
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory," &c.

Burns also wrote an address for Miss Fontenelle, which she spoke on her benefit night, amid great applause. His appreciation of that lady's acting may be gathered from the two following verses, written by him during her engagement in Dumfries:—

"Sweet *naivete* of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art—
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then, indeed, thou'dst act a part."

SURROUNDING NEIGHBOURHOOD OF DUMFRIES.

Having conducted our friends to the principal points of interest in the town of Dumfries, we shall next lead them to a few of those in its immediate neighbourhood. We shall first proceed to

THE MAIDEN-BOWER CRAIGS,

about one mile and a half to the North-East of the town. The road leading to them is very beautiful, and at some points commands an extensive prospect of country, composed of hill, valley, and stream. They receive their appellation from tradition, which says, that a young lady who had been crossed and disappointed by her lover, took up her residence in a bower there. Some also ascribe the name to a fissure between two of the rocks, which gives only sufficient room for a young maiden to pass through. The Craigs consist of three distinct rocks, about two hundred yards distant

from each other, with lofty perpendicular precipices in front, and sloping gently at the back. From the top of the precipices, one of the finest views imaginable is obtained. For miles around, there is an extensive, well-cultivated plain, profusely ornamented with fine wooding, while the back ground is enclosed with lofty hills, rich in green pasture to their very summits. It wants but the presence of an Italian sky to stamp it as one of the prettiest spots in the sunny South. The Craigs was the place where the "Siller Gun" of Dumfries was usually shot for during the last century. The gun was presented to the incorporated trades of Dumfries by James VI., who also granted them a royal license to assemble in military array, and shoot for it once a-year. The gun is a small silver tube, similar to the barrel of a pocket pistol, but derives great importance from being the gift of the Sovereign as a prize to the best marksman among the trades. When a day was appointed for the shooting, great preparations were made for the occasion by young and old, being looked on as one of the greatest festivals of the South. A contest for the gun took place in 1777, which John Mayne has since immortalised in verse. It is written in the local vernacular, and is clever, humorous, and rich in description. The following lines, descriptive of the firelocks used on the occasion, may not be unacceptable to the reader:—

"As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrowed or begged were of a' kin's,
For bluidy war or fell designs,
Or shooting cushies,
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses.

Maist feck, tho' oiled to make them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for many a simmer;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer,
Instead o' flint.

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spiked to let nae primin' ben;
And as in twenty, there were ten
Wormeaten stocks,
Sae here and there, a roset en'
Held on their locks."

If we are not mistaken, the last occasion on which this civic contest took place, was on the day of the coronation of William IV. The gun, after being carried home on the hat of the victor, is placed in the archives of the corporations, where it remains till next contest. The road to the Craigs is one of the favourite walks of the Dumfriesians, and much admired by all strangers.

We shall now take the Lochmaben Road, and conduct the stranger to two places of historic interest, which, though now in ruins, may be looked on by every Scotchman with feelings of reverence and admiration.

Shortly after leaving Dumfries, the road passes through Lochar Moss, the dullness of which is somewhat relieved by the lofty verdant hills around Lochmaben, or by, perhaps, the merry laugh and joke of the peasant peat-cutters, as you pass along. Nearing the village of Torthorwald, about four miles north of Dumfries, the ancient

CASTLE OF TORTHORWALD,

situated on a beautiful eminence, presents itself to the view. This castle was once the residence of Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who, it will be remembered, assisted Bruce in putting Comyn to death in the monastery of Dumfries. Its walls, which are now almost in total ruins, appear to have been composed of red sandstone, whinstone, and a kind of grey sandstone, and are three or four feet in thickness. From the top portion of the wall still standing, a good view of the town of Dumfries is obtained. The village of Torthorwald is very beautifully situated, and the few cottages of which it is composed have a clean and tidy appearance. Leaving the village and proceeding onwards, the road winds up the hills for about four miles farther before the ancient burgh of

LOCHMABEN

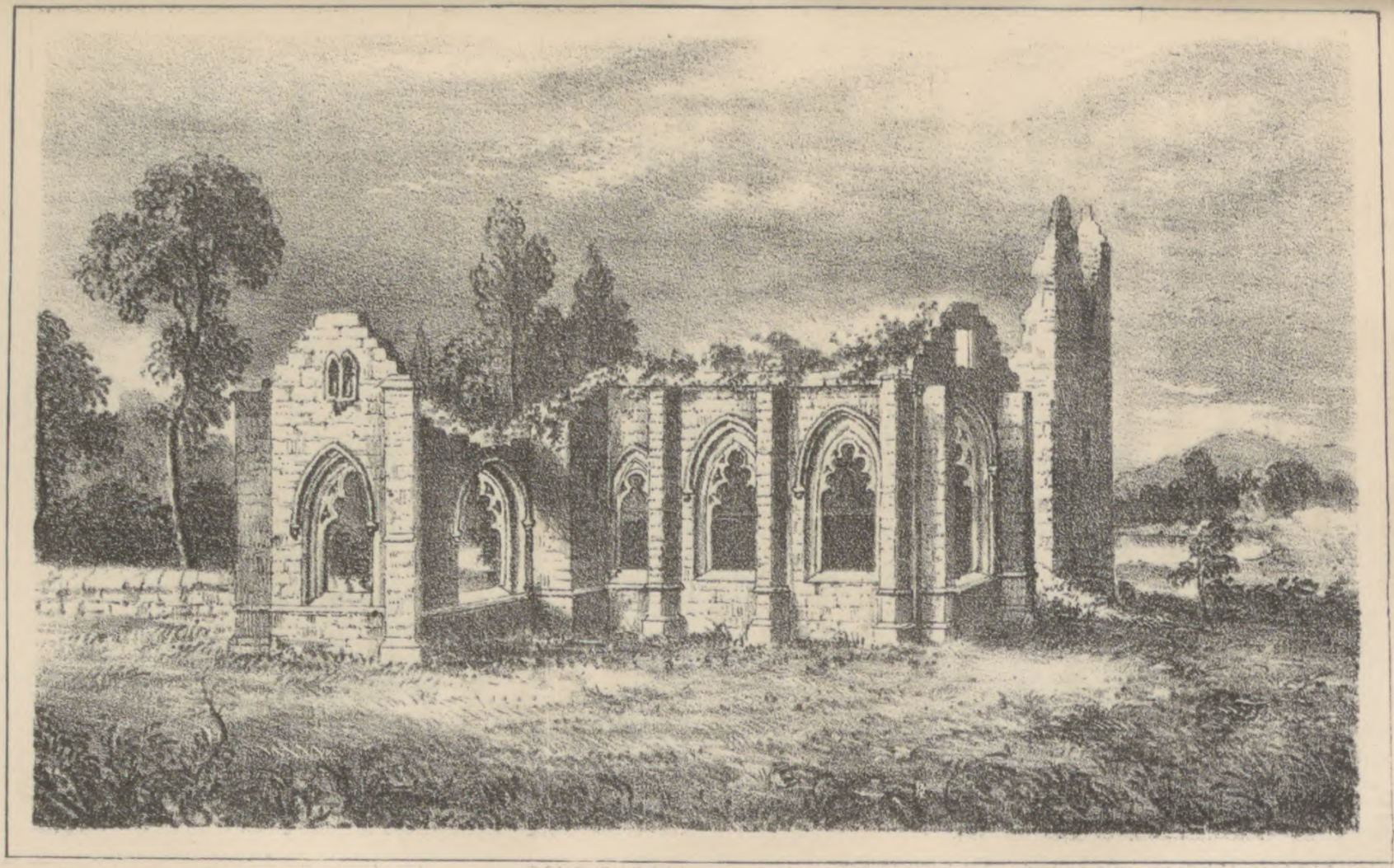
is reached. This burgh contains little of interest to the stranger. Around it are seven beautiful lakes, which

afford at times good sport to the angler. Although a rural town, it boasts of a few good inns, where sufficient accommodation may be procured "for man and beast." Passing the Cross, which is ornamented with a diminutive column in its centre, erected to the memory of who we were unable to learn, we proceed direct on to

BRUCE'S CASTLE,

about one mile and a-half from the town. Near this spot a castle once stood—but of which no traces now remain—the residence of the Bruces during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is said that this was the birthplace of King Robert, although other authorities state that he was born at Carrick on the 11th July, 1274, and died at Cardross on the 7th June, 1329. The Castle, the ruins of which still remain, was the principal residence of Robert Bruce. It appears to have been a most extensive and strong fortress. It stands on a beautiful promontory, which juts out into one of the largest lakes in the neighbourhood. The lake is well supplied with fish, while on its bosom swims the graceful swan. Huge portions of the castle walls still exist, but the beautiful exterior facings have been carted away to form ignoble buildings in the neighbourhood.

Having returned to Dumfries, we shall next proceed to



J. Hamilton Jun.t

Nelson Excl.t

LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

LINCLUDEN ABBEY,

about one mile from the town. It is situated on a beautiful eminence on the banks of the river Cluden, near its confluence with the Nith, and almost on the line which divides the parishes of Terregles and Troqueer. The abbey was built during the reign of Malcolm IV., by Uthered, father to Roland, Lord Galloway. It was originally founded for Benedictine nuns; but about the end of the fourteenth century they were expelled by the Earl of Douglas, who converted it into a collegiate church, which it remained till the time of the Reformation. The chancel contains the remains of Margaret, daughter of Robert III., who was married to the Earl of Douglas. The ruins are not so extensive as they were a few years ago, although they still form an excellent subject for the pencil of the artist. The view given of Lincluden takes in the greater part of the building at present standing. Burns delighted to muse here on a pleasant evening, and for that purpose often visited the spot. It is said that he composed "The Vision" while wandering along the banks of the river in the vicinity of the abbey. His favourite walk, however, was on the opposite bank of the Nith, known now as Burns' Walk.

Before returning to Dumfries we shall conduct our friends to Irongray Churchyard, a few miles further on, in which is

JEANIE DEANS' GRAVE.

The church and burying-ground is pleasantly situated at the little village of Irongray, which lies at the foot of a beautiful range of hills. The remains of Jeanie Deans, over which Sir Walter Scott erected a plain but handsome gravestone to her memory, lie a few yards from the north gable of the church. The stone, which is in good preservation, bears the following inscription from the pen of the great novelist:—

"This stone was erected by the
AUTHOR OF WAVERLY,
To the memory of
HELEN WALKER,
Who died in the year of God 1791.
This humble individual practised in real life
the virtues with which fiction has invested
the imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS.
Refusing the slightest departure from veracity,
even to save the life of a sister, she nevertheless
showed her kindness and fortitude in rescuing her
from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions, which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable.

"Respect the grave of poverty when combined
with love of truth and dear affection."

Leaving this hallowed spot, we proceed to one equally as sacred and revered, though not within the precincts of a churchyard—the silent

TOMB OF THE IRONGRAY MARTYRS,

—situated in a park within a few yards of the church. Here is another evidence of the persecution and tyranny which our forefathers suffered "for conscience' sake" at the hands of the "bloody Lagg," whose remains, tradition says, were drawn to their final resting-place by steeds of fire. The tomb of the martyrs is surrounded by an iron railing, around which is a clump of trees, on one of whose branches, it is said, the "holy men" suffered. On the grave lies an old tombstone, the lettering of which was last renewed by Old Mortality. The inscription, which is now scarcely legible, is as follows:—

"Here lies Edward Gordon and Alexander M'Cubbin, Martyrs, hanged without law by Lagg and Captain Bruce, for adhering to the Word of God, Christ's kingly government in his house, and the Covenanted work of Reformation, against tyranny, perjury, and prelacy." Rev. xii. 11. March 3d, 1685.

"As Lagg and bloody Bruce command,
We were hung up by hellish hand,
And thus their furious rage to stay,
We dy'd near Kirk of Irongray.
There now in peace sweet rest we take,
Once murdered for religion's sake."

The next place of interest, and one which no person will ever regret paying a visit to, is

SWEETHEART ABBEY,

situated at the base of the Criffel, on the right margin of the Nith, about seven miles from Maxwellton. The road leading to the village of New Abbey, or Sweetheart Abbey, is one of rare beauty, from various points of which beautiful glimpses of the surrounding country are obtained. From the top of Whinniehill, about four miles on the road, an extensive view is procured, including the town of Dumfries, the windings of the Nith from above the town to its confluence with the Solway, and the lofty hills of Terregles and Torthorwald in the distance. Nearing the village, it is entered by a lovely avenue, fringed with lofty plane-trees on either side, whose top branches twine around each other, forming an exquisite natural arcade. The Glen Burn, at the end of the avenue, is crossed by a small but handsome bridge, built of fine speckled white granite. The Abbey stands on the left as you enter the village. This handsome structure, of which the church and part of the chapter-house still remain in good preservation, was built by Lady Devorgilla, about the middle of the 12th century. The style of architecture is somewhat similar to Glasgow Cathedral and Paisley Abbey. The husband of Devorgilla having died in Egypt about the year 1260, she had his heart embalmed, enclosed in an

ivory box mounted with silver, and placed in the walls of the Abbey, near to the high altar—hence the name of Sweetheart Abbey. The neat little parish church stands on the south side of the Abbey, while at the back is the parish burying-ground, containing several very ancient grave-stones, some of them bearing dates as far back as 1650 and 1658. We believe a charter is still in existence, dated 1548, signed by fourteen monks, granting the heritable bailieship of Sweetheart Abbey to the Lords Maxwell.

Leaving Sweetheart Abbey and crossing the Nith, we reach

CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE,

one of the finest old castellated ruins in Scotland, built somewhere about the beginning of the 15th century. It is of the triangular form. At the back is the remains of a large hall, used in former times for banquets, measuring about 90 feet long, by 25 broad. The east side was used as the family residence, and the west as the garrison. The mark of a cannon ball is still shown on one of the walls, said to have been directed by Colonel Hume during a siege at the time of the Covenanting feuds. It is also said to have stood a formidable siege under the personal guidance of Edward First of England. It is surrounded by a double moat of considerable breadth, which must have proved a serious obstacle in the way of an attack. It was the

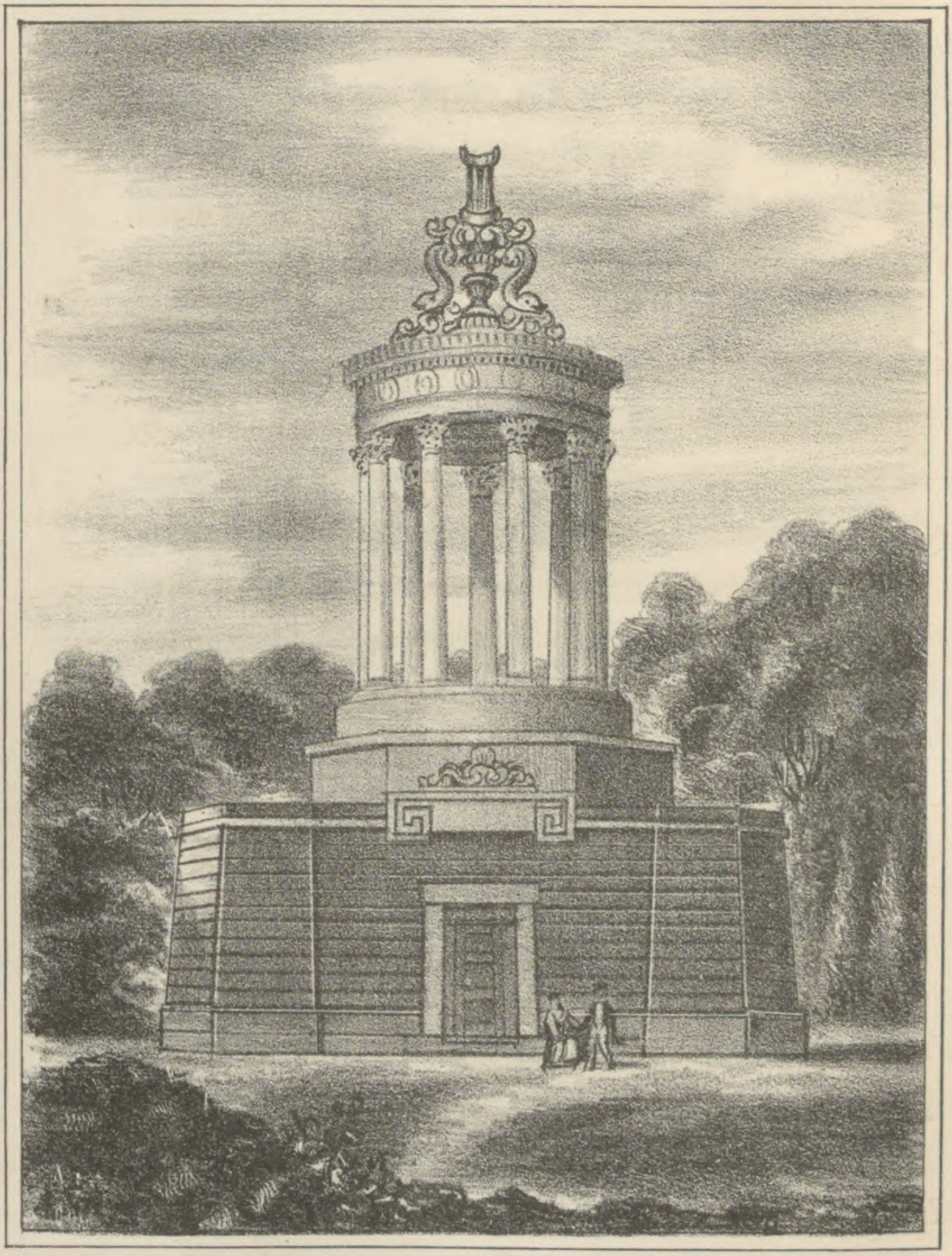
property and favourite residence of the Maxwells, Earls of Nithsdale, and is still retained in the hands of their descendants. In the immediate neighbourhood of Caerlaverock the site of another old castle is pointed out, said to have been known during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and founded, probably, about the end of the sixth century.

Retracing our steps by the banks of the Nith, we soon reach the pleasant little village of

GLENCAPLE,

on the very edge of the river. This cleanly village is much resorted to during summer as a sea-bathing place by the Dumfriesians. Another hour's walk brings us back to Dumfries, where we shall at present conclude our rambles in the South.

THE END.



BURN'S MONUMENT. AYR.

AYR LINE.

On leaving the Dalry Junction, which is about 17 miles from Ayr, we pass through a rich agricultural part of the county. Although the scenery here is not of the most picturesque description, it is still not wholly destitute of landscape beauty. On the right a clear silvery stream winds its tortuous course, hemmed in by gently rising hills, richly variegated with tufts of trees. In the distance, on the left, is seen towering above the neighbouring trees, the ancient Tower of Kilwinning, forcibly recalling to mind the tales of other days. Carecring along, we soon find ourselves at the station of

KILWINNING.

The line to Ardrossan branches off here on the right. The town of Kilwinning has rather a dull appearance, but being intimately connected with the past history of our country, gives a lustre to its name, and an interest to the locality. The Abbey of Kilwinning was founded in the year 1140, by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Cunningham, for monks of the Tyronensian order. Tradition says that a fountain in the immediate vicinity of the monastery, ran blood for eight days and nights, about the year 1184. Such a thing could be

as easily managed by the monks of those days, as the bleeding pictures by the priests of the present time, The last abbot of this monastery was Gavin Hamilton. a zealous friend of Queen Mary, and a hot opponent of John Knox. Kilwinning is celebrated as the cradle of free-masonry in Scotland; and its lodge is still looked upon by many others with filial feelings. Archery is also practised here with much success, and the bows made by the inhabitants are acknowledged to be of a superior description. An annual festival of the archers is still held, called "The Kilwinning Papingo," at which the successful competitor is rewarded with a piece of silver plate. Leaving Kilwinning Station, we have the extensive iron works of the Messrs Baird on the left, situated on the banks of the river Garnock. On the right of the line is what is termed "The Sand Hills," extending to the very edge of the ocean, and forming one of the best rabbit warrens in the kingdom. These little animals are more numerous here than in any other part of Scotland. The ground is leased to a tenant, who feeds the rabbits till the proper season, when they are caught in large numbers and sent off to the markets in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, &c. Shortly after passing the iron works, the top of Eglinton Castle is seen on the left, peering among the trees with which it is surrounded. This castle—the scene of the famous tournament in 1839,

when the beauty and fashion, not only of Britain, but of almost every country was congregated—is beautifully situated on the banks of the river Lugton, to the south of Kilwinning parish. The open sea is now seen on the right, and the beautiful little harbour of Irvine jutting out into the briny deep. The "thunder split peaks of Arran" are also seen in the distance. To the left we catch a glimpse of the steeple of Irvine; and after crossing the river of that name by means of a handsome viaduct, we arrive at the

IRVINE STATION.

The river Irvine, we may mention, forms the boundary line between the districts of Cunningham and Kyle. The branch railway to Kilmarnock strikes off on the left. This branch was used for passenger traffic previous to the opening of the line to Carlisle, but is now, we believe, only used for minerals.

The town of Irvine, although possessing few points of historic interest, is lovely in itself, being one of the most airy, regular, and cleanly built towns of Scotland. The only ancient building in the vicinity is an old castellated structure, the property of the Earl of Eglinton, called Stone Castle, said to be the remains of a nunnery and chapel. On the river bank stood, in olden times, a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and at the south corner of the present churchyard there was a Carmelite convent, founded during the fourteenth

century by Fullarton, of Fullarton. Irvine is also noted as being the original seat of the fanatical sect called Buchanites, founded by Mrs. Simpson or Buchan, who believed "that true believers had no occasion to die, but might all pass into heaven as Elijah did, in an embodied state." Her ravings became so wild, and popular indignation so great, that in 1784, she was dismissed from the town by order of the magistrates. She proceeded, with a few of her deluded followers, to Closeburn, saying that she was going to the New Jerusalem. Irvine derives no small importance from being the birthplace of Montgomery the poet, and Galt the novelist. The spots where these two eminent men first saw the light of heaven are still pointed out. The birthplace of Montgomery is situated at Braid Close; and that of Galt on the south side of Main Street. Here also the immortal Burns unfortunately attempted to establish himself as a flax-dresser, and was nearly ruined by the burning of his place of business. On leaving the Irvine Station, the line takes a sweep for some distance along the margin of the sea, where we procure a good view of the town and harbour of

TROON.

Arrived at the Troon Station, we find the village on the left of the line, about five minutes' walk from the railway. A branch line to Kilmarnock diverges to the left. The Troon Harbour is well situated on a pro-

montory, and is acknowledged to be one of the best natural harbours in Ayrshire. It affords safe anchorage ground from every quarter, except the north-west. Troon is visited for its sea-bathing qualities, but beyond that there is little to attract the stranger. Two miles further on, we arrive at the Station of

MONKTON.

The parish church of Monkton, from a design by Mr. David Bryce, Edinburgh, is said to be one of the most handsome in the county. The old parish church, the remains of which are still in existence, is said by tradition to be the place where Sir William Wallace dreamed the remarkable dream so graphically described in the poems of Blind Harry. Shortly after taking leave of the Monkton Station, the old roofless church of Prestwick is seen on the left, on a gentle eminence, surrounded by a graveyard. The spire of Prestwick appears at a short distance. A few minutes, and the train stops at the station of

PRESTWICK.

This village although of ancient date, contains no traces of former times, with the exception of its old church. Near the toll are the remains of an ancient hospital, said to have been founded by King Robert Bruce for lepers. Journeying on, we come within hearing of

"The bars o' Ayr,"

and in a short time are set down at the station of

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

The town of Ayr, apart from the hallowed associations of Scotia's bard, contains many interesting historic relics and places of modern date worthy of a visit. William the Lion erected it into a royal burgh in the year, 1202; and we believe the privileges granted by his charter are still enjoyed. It was here where the renowned Sir William Wallace commenced his heroic exploits, and where Edward I. founded one of his most powerful garrisons. The site of the building where the Scottish Parliament met in 1315, when the succession to the crown was settled on Edward Bruce, is still pointed out. We may also mention that Ayr is the birth-place of John L. M'Adam, the originator of macadamised roads, who was born in the year, 1756. To the tourist who may have been led to visit Ayr by the fame and genuis of Burns, there are many objects of interest. The first that will attract his attention on issuing from the railway station, will be "The Brigs o' Ayr," rendered sacred to every Scotchman, by the never dying halo which the genius of the bard has thrown around them.

"Auld Brig appeared o' ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles gothic in his face;
He seemed as he wi' time had warsled lang,
Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.

New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he at Lon'on frae ane Adams got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head."

The New Bridge is rather a handsome structure of five arches. On the spandrels of each side are leaden statues of heathen deities, brought from Duddingston House, which are said to have cost about £300. On the centre spandrels are the armorial bearings of the town. The reason why Burns seems to have dedicated the poem of the "Twa' Brigs" to Mr. Ballantine, appears to have been owing to that gentleman's instrumentality in procuring the act of Parliament for building the new bridge, and also for assisting the poet in bringing out the second edition of his poems. The Old Bridge,

"———— poor narrow footpath of a street,
Whaur twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet."

was built during the reign of Alexander III., about the year 1256, the funds being chiefly contributed by a lady, named Isobel Lowe, and her sister. Their effigies were consequently carved upon a stone on the east parapet—the crumbled remains of which are still to be seen. This bridge consists of four arches, and seems likely to brave the storms and floods for many years to come. The magistrates have very wisely stoppcd the traffic on it of carts and carriages, but it is still

quite safe for foot passengers. The principal buildings in Ayr are the Assembly Rooms—a handsome structure, with an elegant spire 226 feet in height; the Court and Record Rooms, and County Hall, in Wellington Square, erected at an expense of £30,000; and Wallace Tower, a beautiful gothic building, 113 feet high, with a statue of Sir William Wallace, executed by Thom. From the top of the tower, one of the finest views in the west is obtained. It appears somewhat strange, that the only monument to Wallace, one of Scotland's greatest heroes, is this simple statue in the Wallace Tower, when there are handsome structures erected to the memory of numerous individuals, whose services to Scotland were of far less benefit than those of our beloved and revered champion. We have some faith in the lines,

"At Wallace' name what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood;"

and we trust the time is not far distant, when the *pockets* of Scotchmen will boil up also, and contribute towards the erection of a monument in our own metropolis worthy of Wallace. The tourist on taking the direct road to Burns' Monument, will require to pass the small tavern where "Tam o' Shanter" and his "drouthy cronies" used to meet, where

"——— Ae market nicht,
Tam had got planted unco richt,

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie."

The road to the Monument is of a pleasing character, and well studded on either side with beautiful villas. About two miles after leaving Ayr, a small bridge is crossed about one hundred yards to the left of which is

"———— The ford
Whaur in the snaw the chapman smoor'd."

Near also, is

"———— The birks and meikle stane,
Whaur drucken Charlie brack's neck-bane.
———— The cairn,
Whaur hunters fan' the murdered bairn.
———— The thorn aboon the well,
Whaur Mungo's mother hanged hersel'."

About five minutes' walk from the Bridge stands

BURNS' COTTAGE,

a small one story thatched house, consisting of a kitchen and spense, with a stable and byre at the east end. At the west end of the cottage a large hall 30 feet by 17 was erected a few years since for the accommodation of dinner or supper parties. On the left hand side of the door as you enter, is a board with the following painted on it:—

BURNS' COTTAGE.

ROBERT BURNS,
the Ayrshire Poet, was born under
this roof on the 25th January, A. D. 1759.
Died 25th July, A. D. 1796, aged 37½ years.

The spense contains an oil portrait of the bard, painted about 54 years ago, by Mr. R. Scott of Ayr. On the left, as you enter the kitchen, is the bed where "Scotia's sweetest child of song" first drew the breath of life. At the end of the hall is a bust of Burns, cut in stone, by Mr. Douglas Harvie, of Ayr.

It is worthy of remark that the evening before the poet was born, his father proceeded to Ayr on horseback for the purpose of procuring female assistance to his wife. On arriving at the ford of a small burn, he found it so swollen with the previous heavy rains, that a female was sitting on the opposite side, unable to cross it. Notwithstanding the haste in which he was to procure the necessary assistance, he crossed back with the female, and having landed her safe, proceeded to Ayr. When he returned from Ayr he found the woman, who appeared to be a gipsy, seated by his fireside, awaiting the expected birth of the poet. After the birth, she took the young child of song in her lap and pronounced his fate—the fate which he afterwards embodied in the following words:—

"Quo she wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma,'
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a'—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly loe our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin."

A short distance from the cottage, and nearly opposite the Monument, is

"ALLOWAY'S AULD HAUNTED KIRK,"

where

"Ghaists and howlets nightly cry,"

with its

"Winnock bunker in the east,
Whanr sat auld Nick in shape o' beast."

The church is now roofless, but the walls still remain pretty entire. The churchyard contains a large number of gravestones and monuments to the memory of aristocrats and peasants. The only one worthy of note is a simple gravestone which faces the entrance, erected by the immortal Burns to the memory of his father and mother. It bears the following inscription from the pen of the poet:—

"Sacred
To the Memory of
WILLIAM BURNS,
Farmer in Lochlie,
who died on the 13th February, 1784, in
the 63d year of his age;
and of
AGNES BROWN,
His Spouse, who died on the
14th January, 1826, in the 88th year
of her age.
She was interred in Bolton Churchyard,
East Lothian.

"Oh, ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend:

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
'For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.'"

To the left of William Burns' grave, is a stone to the memory of John Hutchison, the last person baptised in Alloway Kirk.

Proceeding onwards we approach

BURNS' MONUMENT,

an exceedingly handsome structure, on the very margin

of the classic Doon. Respecting the Monument and its origin, we quote the following from the *Land of Burns*:—"The credit of originating a monument to Burns on the spot of his birthplace, is due to the late Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, a man who will long be remembered in his own country for his social and amiable character, his lively talents, and hearty sympathy with all that concerned his country's weal, whatever may be thought of the unfortunate circumstances that brought his existence to a close. Mr. Boswell, (for he had not then attained his baronetcy) in concert with one other individual, being deeply impressed with the claims of Burns upon his countrymen, ventured to call a public meeting in Ayr for a particular day, to consider the propriety of acknowledging those claims by the erection of a suitable monument. The day arrived, Mr. Boswell and his friend went to the place appointed, but to their great surprise not a single person came to join them. To all appearance they had miscalculated the public feeling on the subject, and under such circumstances the most of men would have retired from the field and thought no more about the matter. Mr. Boswell and his friend thought differently; they believed that accidental circumstances might be, in a great measure, the cause of the failure of the meeting, that even in Ayr there was no want of feeling on the subject; but that, should local sympathy fail, there were

Scottish hearts, under all latitudes, which would throb at the idea of rearing a suitable mark of the fame of Burns beside the banks and braes of bonnie Doon. Accordingly Mr. Boswell was voted by his friend into the chair, a resolution to commence a subscription for the monument was moved by the same friend, and passed, we need not say, unanimously—a minute of the proceedings was drawn up and signed by the chairman, and the meeting was then dissolved. It then depended entirely on the vigour with which the resolution was advertised and the subscription pushed, whether the monument should be reared or not. Much was done for the object in Scotland by Mr. Boswell, and still more in London, and in the East Indies, chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir James Shaw and Mr. William Fairlie, both of that city. At the beginning of 1820 the sum of £1,600 was collected, and it was resolved to commence the building on the anniversary of the poet's birthday that year. On the appointed day a number of masonic bodies, headed by Mr. Boswell as Deputy-Grand Master, marched in procession from Ayr to the place selected between the new and old bridges over the Doon, accompanied by a vast concourse of spectators. The foundation stone bore a plate containing the following inscription:—"By the favour of Almighty God, on the 25th day of January, A. D. MDCCCXX, of the era of Masonry, 5820, and in the

sixtieth year of the reign of our beloved sovereign George the Third, His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales being Regent of the United Kingdom, and a munificent subscriber to the edifice; the foundation stone of this monument, erected by public subscription in honour of the genius of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, was laid by Alexander Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, M. P., Worshipful Depute-Grand Master of the most ancient Mother Lodge, Kilwinning (attended by all the masonic lodges in Ayrshire) according to the ancient usages of Masonry. Thomas Hamilton, jun., Edinburgh, architect, John Connel, jun., builder and contractor.' An address from Mr. Boswell, and a prayer from the Rev. Hamilton Paul, of Broughton, concluded this interesting rite." The monument was finished on the 4th of July, 1823, at an expense of £2,000. In the interior of the structure are several interesting relics of the poet, including the bibles presented by him to Highland Mary. The grounds around the monument are exquisitely laid off, and in a small grotto are the figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, cut by Mr. Thom.

Leaving the Monument, the stranger will naturally have a desire to cross the

AULD BRIG OF DOON,

about one hundred yards distant, where Tam O'Shanter is supposed to have addressed his mare as follows:—

"Now, do thy speedy utmost Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig,
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darna cross."

The old bridge having been found too narrow and steep for traffic, a new one was erected about one hundred yards below it. The span of both bridges is pretty large, affording sufficient width for the waters of the Doon to pass, even at the greatest floods.

Although the fame and genius of Burns have rendered all around classic, still a great amount of the beauty of the spot is to be attributed to the superior taste and skill of David Auld, Esq., of Doonbrae, a great admirer of the poet. On the one side of the road, leading across the new bridge, he has laid off the grounds most tastefully, while those of the other side, at the back of the "Burns' Arms Inn," vies with them in beauty. In the garden, at the back of the inn, he has erected a beautiful grotto of shells from every clime, displaying considerable taste in arrangement, and great perseverance in completion. For a description of the grotto, we cannot do better than quote the following from the columns of the *Ayr Advertiser*:—

"THE 'SHELL PALACE' AT BURNS'S MONUMENT.

"Like its great prototype, the Shell Palace, to be judged of, must be seen. It is not easy to describe even this miniature. Lying in the heart of the Monu-

ment scenery, it forms a fitting spot for something dazzlingly beautiful; and it realises the aspiration. It is a palace of which rare and beautiful shells, gathered in many climes, form the entire surface, internal and external. The erection is 20 feet long, by 14½ feet broad, and 14 feet high in the roof. It is in form an irregular or oblong octagon—the two sides long, and the three sections at each end, of course, narrow, thus giving, by the cross reflections of no fewer than 19 mirrors, an infinite multiplicity of its internal treasures. Of these the shells are the leading feature, and many thousands of the rarest sorts go to make up this conchological wonder. The floor is covered with a very rich carpet, and rugs to match front two unique dwarf grates. The seats, set on imitation granite props, are covered with rich crimson velvet. Opposite the stained glass entrance door, in a recess, is a beautiful fountain, surrounded by large ornamental shells, playing from a delightful spring, the jet rising from a rich green vase, in tasteful contrast with the 'winking gold-fish,' now sporting and now lazily floating round its base. The side walls are inlaid in the most regular and artistic manner with shells, which vary in size, the roof being studded with large ornamental shells, the upward unseen points of which, being bored, act as ventilators, while in the centre of the roof some of the very choicest middle-sized shells are grouped together in the form of flowers,

with a very rich and beautiful effect, seldom attained in the choicest bouquets. With so much of the beautiful so very attractively arranged, the mirrors work wonders. The large mirrors at either end show a line of table as far as the eye can carry, and multiply the visitors accordingly—green vases and golden fish presenting themselves anew at every turn. The Doon ran silently past as we entered, but here it meanders round us on every side, and our fairy palace seems the centre of some enchanted island. It is, indeed, a beautiful grotto, and all who have not seen it will, we daresay, on visiting it, not begrudge it the title of the 'Shell Palace.'"

The Inn affords superior accommodation to parties visiting the "Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

Having now concluded our rambles in Ayr and vicinity, we shall next proceed to Kilwinning Junction, and conduct the stranger from thence to the beautiful watering-place of Ardrossan

ARDROSSAN LINE.

Shortly after leaving Kilwinning, which we have noticed elsewhere, the pleasant little village of

STEVENSTON

appears on the right, while a full view of the open sea is obtained on the left, with the stupendous rock of Ailsa in the distance. The parish church, surmounted by a handsome spire, is beautifully situated on the top of a hill. There is an excellent quarry in the neighbourhood, celebrated throughout the country for its fine stone. The stone has a very pleasing colour, and is capable of taking on an extra polish. On the estate formerly called Grange, but now Kerilaw, stood the castle of Kerilaw, one of the seats of the Earls of Glencairn. Passing the Stevenston Station, we procure a view of

SEABANK TOWER AND BATTERY,

the property of Robert Cunningham, Esq., of Auchinharvie. The house of Seabank, the residence of Mr. Cunningham, may be seen a little below the tower. Proceeding on, we soon reach the station of

SALTCOATS,

a considerable seaport town, noted for its salt manufacture and exportation of coal. James V. erected it into

a burgh of barony, and conferred on it burghal privileges. The first slated house in Saltcoats was built in 1703, and is still pointed out as an object of interest to strangers. On leaving Saltcoats, the train winds along the shore, and soon arrives at

ARDROSSAN,

which is one of the cleanliest watering places we have seen. The houses are principally of a modern date, and consequently, give it a neat and pleasing appearance. The harbour, one of the finest in the west of Scotland, was begun by the late Earl of Eglinton, who before his death, had expended upwards of £100,000 on its construction. By the railway and steamers from Ardrossan, a quick route to Belfast is obtained, the sea passage being only about 5 or 6 hours. There are several beautiful drives around the town. The

CASTLE HILL

is a favourite resort, being tastefully laid off, and well planted with trees. On the top are the ruins of an ancient castle, whose crumbling walls are over-grown with ivy. A handsome monument to the memory of the late Dr. M'Fadyean is erected on the hill, surrounded by seven cannons, which are fired on extra occasions. The view from the top of the hill is exquisite. The town lies at the foot, hemmed in by the sea, while Ailsa Craig and Arran hills are seen in the

distance. The grounds are surrounded by a high wall to prevent stragglers from injuring the property, but keys to the different gates are easily obtained from any of the inhabitants.

Having now conducted the tourist to all the places of interest and beauty along the various branches of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, we think he will concur with us in saying, that there is not a more interesting and picturesque line in the country. We conclude our Guide, by wishing all those who travel along the line, a safe journey and good weather.



