Places of interest about Girvan with some glimpses of Carrick history

R Lawson

Penkill Castle

Bryden 1890.

Places of Interest about Girvan

WITH

Some Glimpses of Carrick History.

BY

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J. AND R. PARLANE,

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Prefatory Note.

THIS book, like *Places of Interest about Maybole*, took its origin from my *Monthly Letters*. In these, I have been in the habit of giving sketches of the more interesting places in the neighbourhood, illustrated by drawings provided for me by various obliging friends. During the last two years I have been engaged in sketching the places of interest about Girvan, my native town, and now that I have finished these, I have thought it right to gather them into a volume, that the two towns, in one or other of which most of my life has been spent, may be equally recognised by me in such fashion as I am enabled.

As to the drawings, which form such an attractive feature of the volume, I may mention that most of them have been furnished by my friend Mr Robert Bryden, A.R.P.E., South Kensington, London, who has all along freely helped me in the books I have written. Nine of them have been furnished by my young friend and townsman, Mr William Bone, Architect, Kilmarnock, who has also been forward

with his pencil in lending me assistance. The drawing of *Bennan Head* was sketched by a lady friend, once resident in the neighbourhood; that of the *Hole in the Rock* by Miss Gray, Lendal School; and that of *Lendal Bay* by a native of Maybole, Mr David M'Gill, London, from a painting by Mr William Muir, Girvan.

Any one who looks on the book, and remembers the necessarily limited constituency to which it appeals, must see that it is not published for profit. It is published for the good of such people in the district as have a taste for the history of it, and to these, young and old, it is inscribed with my hearty good wishes.

R. L.

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In Girvan.

GIRVAN TOWN COUNCIL MINUTE BOOK. 1785—1836.

THE above is the title of an old MS. volume now before me. Its ink is as faded as the events it records, but all through it we see how important the incidents were to the actors. The first page sets forth the Charter of the "Village of Girvan," in Latin, with an English Translation following, and there is a certain evident awe-struck feeling in the writer as he narrates the pre-

liminary meeting, summoned by proclamation "in the Church of Girvan after Divine Service in the afternoon," said meeting to be held "in the house of William Ross, vintner, on the 6th day of October, 1785."

But time went on, and perhaps the most touching event recorded in the volume is when the spirit of Reform prompted the townspeople in 1823 to petition Sir Hew D. Hamilton of Bargany, the town's superior, to grant them more liberty in the election of their municipal rulers. Sir Hew regarded the petition as reasonable, but the old magistrates stood on their dignity, and would not yield. And there is a certain pathos in the way they at last surrendered their offices to Sir Hew, "wishing most sincerely that those upon whom it hereafter devolves, may perform their several duties more to the satisfaction of all the worthy inhabitants of Girvan than it would appear they had done."

Many of the entries refer to the admission of burgesses, and not a few of the discussions were about the amount to be charged for this privilege. Occasionally, however, some were admitted free. Among these were David Dale, Esq., of Glasgow, founder of New Lanark and Blantyre Mills; Spencer Boyd, Esq. of Penkill; Sir Andrew Cathcart of Carleton; Thomas Kennedy, Esq. of Dunure; and Robert Paterson, Esq., of Glasgow, which latter gentleman "at a time when work in the manufacturing line could not be procured from any other," sent webs to the unemployed weavers of Girvan. As also, a number of old soldiers, and sailors of the navy, who were admitted free "as having deserved well of their country."

The Council were always hard up for funds, and were constantly devising new methods of "raising the wind" by customs-duties, and otherwise. One of the most curious of these was a tax of sixpence a day on "Quack doctors,"

or people who sell medicine in the street, as also 2/6 a day on "Stage-doctors" if these were permitted by the magistrates to exhibit.

In 1788, a certain Hugh C—— was fined in 8/ for "breach of the Sabbath," although what the said breach consisted in is not stated.

Shortly after, 6/ is charged against the town for "advertising Bargany's birthday," and 1/ is charged for "attempting to poind Jean Sloan," who seems however to have baffled them.

In 1789, the old Jail, familiarly called "Stumpy," was built by public subscription, for lodging ill-doers in.

In 1792, 9/1 is charged as "Expenses at Lord Duncan's victory" (Camperdown); Lord Duncan being the laird of Bargany's father-in-law.

Regularly, in the burgh accounts, we find "Expenses at the King's Birthday," and on one occasion this sum was as high as £2·13·10. Extra whisky and powder were, I suppose, used that day.

There are frequent charges for "warning carts for military baggage," as well as "coal and candle for guard-room," and "up-put for soldiers on march." On one occasion we find "carts for conveying sick soldiers on march." Poor fellows! their mode of conveyance was not the smoothest, I fancy.

In 1825 (April 22nd), the foundation stone of the present Town's Buildings was laid with masonic honours. Thereafter, the Council and their friends "sat down to dinner in the King's Arms, and spent the evening in the utmost hilarity and decorum." Especially the decorum—*Who doubts it?*

In 1831, on the occasion of a Riot, £3 was voted for Doctors' fees in attending those who had been hurt; £4 was given for broken windows; £2·9·8½ for powder and

shot; while next year 50 stand of arms were petitioned for and obtained from one of the Government stores.

In 1833, the town was lighted by oil lamps, provided by private subscription, and a number of pump-wells were sunk in various parts of the town for the use of the burgesses.

In 1834, a motion was carried to the effect that "it would improve and beautify the town" to have the names of the streets put up at the corners.

The office of Junior Bailie often went a-begging in those early days, and several persons paid a fine of 10/6 rather than accept it. On one occasion, Sir Hew himself had to provide a person willing to take the thankless office.

The Town Officer on one occasion so far forgot his dignity as to steal three ducks. He pleaded that he was so drunk at the time that he did not know what he was doing. The magistrates, however, could not accept this plea, and imprisoned him for a day in his own "Stumpy," deprived him of his burgess-ship, and dismissed him from the town's service.

At the beginning of the book is inscribed the code of laws of the new burgh; and as some of these are primitive enough, and give a glimpse into bygone manners and customs, a few may be quoted. For instance, it is statuted and enacted that no person within the burgh shall presume to buy more cheese, butter, or fresh fish in the market than will stock themselves, until the town be served, under the penalty of 2/. It is further enacted and ordained that all insufficient saddles or shoes, or whatever belongs to these trades, that are brought to the market or fair of Girvan, be visited by persons appointed by the magistrates, and in case they find any such insufficient work, they are to represent the same to the magistrates, that the delinquents may be punished. It is also statuted and ordained that no inhabitant within the burgh shall go through any of the

inhabitants' gardens without liberty asked and given, and shall not allow their cocks and hens to trespass on their neighbours' yards. It is likewise decreed that no person within the burgh shall draw their own stack or stacks without acquainting some two of their neighbours; that none of the inhabitants shall let any rooms or houses to idle and infamous persons, or who lie under bad characters, or have no trades to live by; and that none of the inhabitants shall lodge or entertain in their houses sturdy or idle beggars or vagabonds, or sell them meat or drink, under the penalty of 8/4. Notice, too, is taken of several people who do keep horses and cows in the burgh, and who cannot demonstrate that they have wherewith to maintain them; of several others who keep their ashpits before the door, and thereby encumber the street; and of others who wash their foul clothes in the burn that runs through the town; and notice is given to all such that these practices cannot be tolerated in the new burgh any longer!

GIRVAN STREET NAMES.

GIRVAN town is of such modern date that the origin of its street names may still be easily traced. The first that seems to have been built was the one leading past the old Parish Church in the churchyard, and which is therefore appropriately called *Old Street.* It would be the *Kirk Port* of its day. This street is partly demolished now, the most notable house in it, the Ship Inn, after 150 years of existence, having been taken down a few years ago. *High Street* also shows signs of antiquity in its narrowness,

in the old Star Inn, now a private dwelling, and in the numerous closes leading off it. But *Knockushion Street*, or "the Knowes," is the real Palladium of Girvan's nobility. This name, as the late Rev. Dr Macleod of Morven informed me, is derived from two Gaelic words, *knock*, a hillock, and *Cuish*, a court of law—it being the rising ground on which the Earls of Carrick, 600 years ago, held their feudal assizes.

Vicarton Street plainly takes us back to the old Roman Catholic days, when the parish was ministered to by a vicar appointed by the Abbot of Crossraguel. But the oddest name of all, perhaps, is *Plumb Street*, which received its name from a deep pool of water that used to stand at the head of it. Now, according to Jamieson, *Plumb* is the old Scotch for a deep pool in a river or stream; and he adds that boys, when bathing in deep water, delighted in *plumbing the deepest bit*, which they did by "sinking in an upright position, with the right hand stretched over the head till their toes touched the bottom. The greatness of the feat was reckoned by the number counted while the right hand was out of sight."

Not fewer than six of our Girvan streets received their names from the Bargany lairds, who are the superiors of the town. First comes *Hamilton Street*, named after the family who bought the Bargany lands from the old Kennedys. Then comes long *Dalrymple Street*, named after the family who succeeded to the Bargany estates, after a famous law-plea, about the year 1740. *Montgomery Street* commemorates the name of a sister of the Earl of Eglinton, who married the victor in the above law-plea; while *Duncan Street* recalls the name of the eldest daughter of Admiral Duncan, of Camperdown, who married Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, of Bargany. *Henrietta Street* was named after the late Duchess de Coigny, while *Wilson*

Street perpetuates the name of one of the factors on the estate.

Piedmont Road reminds us of the former name of Glendoune, before the late Mr Young bought it; and *Dounepark* derives its name originally from the round hill or *Dun* above it. *Ailsa Street* and *Bridge Street* speak for themselves, although the latter has not much of a bridge to boast of; while *Newton-Kennedy* was so named after the laird of Dalquharran, to whom the land on that side the river belongs. *Coalpits* and *Coalshore*, though now corrupted into *Coalpots* and the *Cauldshore*, tell of a seam of coal that was once wrought there, though to little purpose; while the *Avenue* is the pretty name of our Girvan Belgravia, which the authorities at one time tried to change into *Bank Street*, but luckily in vain.

And this reminds me of what a genius for picturesque naming our ancestors possessed, which we now seem to be devoid of. What a host of quaint yet expressive names, for instance, rise on my memory, though they are fast passing into oblivion:—The Flushes, The Knowes, Windy Row, Sandy Row, Tarry Lane, Stumpy Corner, The Deacon's Close, Wapping Lane, The Trough, Orange Arch, The Wrack Road, Blue Sky, Lagganwhilly, Knock-o-vallie, Owre-the-water, The Sheddings o' the Road, Lovers' Loaning, Skipper Row, &c. Instead of these, we have now a lot of prosaic *Harbour Streets* and *Wilson Streets*, in accordance with modern taste; but I would not give *Knockushion Street*, or the *Flushes*, for a whole barrowful of such names, which have neither aptness nor originality to recommend them.

SOME GIRVAN NOTABILIA.

REGARDING *Knockushion Street*, Abercrombie, the old Carrick topographer, writes:—"At Girvan, there is one spot that is not to be passed without observation, which is called *Knock-Oshin*, upon which the Head-courts of this Jurisdiction are kept and held; and all the vassals compear there, and seem to retain something of the ancient custom of our nation: that the king's vassals were convened in the field like a rendezvous of soldiers, rather than in a house for ceremony and attendance." This, of course, takes us a long way back, probably to the time of the Bruces, as I find in one of the old charters of Killochan a clause stipulating that the Baron shall make to the Earl of Carrick "three suits yearly at our Court of Girvan."

The old *Brig of Girwand* stood a short way above the present railway bridge, and mention is made in the *Historie of the Kennedyis* of a certain feudal fight that took place

there towards the close of the 16th Century. About a hundred years after, the bridge seems to have been swept away; for we find the Presbytery of Ayr (March, 1696) writing a letter to Lord Bargany respecting the rebuilding of it. His lordship, however, appears to have been dilatory, as, five years later, we find the Presbytery again writing him and urging him to put on a ferry-boat until the bridge should be constructed. It is commonly said that the Presbytery assigned as a reason for their urgency the fact "that many lives had been lost by persons going to church attempting to ford the river when flooded." But after an investigation of the Presbytery books, I find that there was no such statement made. It was merely urged on the ground "that the parishioners might have easy access to the church."

In the *Churchyard* may still be seen the site of the first Parish Church of Girvan, which does not seem to have been a very large one. It has apparently been about 50 feet long, by 28 wide, and would accommodate perhaps about 500 persons. There is a small mouldering tombstone to the memory of "Mr Samuel Stewart, who died Jan. 25, 1711, in the 79th year of his age, having been minister of Girvan 20 years." There is also one to the memory of Fergus M'Alexander, first minister of Barr, who died Feb. 15, 1689. The Rev. Peter M'Master of Girvan likewise rests here, Mr Thomas M'Kechnie, who founded the M'Kechnie Institute, Dr Fergus Robertson, and many others. I should suppose that in that little half acre of ground there now lie sleeping 20,000 persons.

The *Parish Church* in my boyish days stood at the head of Hamilton Street. It no longer exists, having been taken down in 1883, and a much handsomer church erected close by. The old church was built in 1780, and I have no doubt was considered a handsome edifice then, and a great improvement on the parallelogram that did duty for a

church in the churchyard. But times change, and the old church, before it was removed, had become an eyesore, both externally and internally. I can well remember the earthen floor, the narrow pews guiltless of paint, the old pulpit with a precentor's desk in front, putting one in mind of the bow of a two-decker, and which, when I was latterly permitted to preach in it, I found to be so deep that I had to place one stool on the top of another to make myself visible. I can remember, too, the last minister of it remarking to some members of Presbytery who were visiting it—"The state of this church speaks for itself."—"Yes," was the reply, "it is *of age*, and has a full right to do so."

The *Market Cross* used to stand in front of the Parish Church, at the head of the "Kirk Brae." It was simply a rude block of stone, and there is a minute in the Council Records regarding the placing of it.

The *Sanctuary Stone* is said to have stood in High Street, and was a place of refuge for insolvent debtors to flee to in the olden times, when persecuted by their creditors.

Our *Steeple* was built in 1827, and Sir Hew Hamilton of Bargany, a few years after, presented the lieges with what the Town Records call "an excellent Steeple Clock." Wishing to have an impartial verdict on our steeple's appearance, I asked my friend, Mr James A. Morris, Architect, to write a few judicious sentences which I might quote here, and this he has done in the following fashion:—"Girvan Steeple is a sturdy, solid-looking building, typical of a seaport town, and well suited to withstand the storms to which it is exposed. For three stages it rises four-square and plain. Its fourth stage is plain also, but of reduced size, and richer in character, being ornamented by the Town-Clock, angle pilasters, a pediment, and a broken frieze. From this stage rises the octagon, with a battlemented parapet, and further pierced by four louvred

openings, behind which hangs the steeple bell. Still continuing the vertical octagon in the first few feet of the lead-covered roof, it breaks into a low, tapering spire, crowned in its turn by an old-fashioned vane, which points the 'Airt o' the wind' to the Girvan folks. The whole tower and spire is somewhat heavy in character, but solid and well-built throughout. 'Strong and honest' seems to be its motto, and, innocent alike of modern pretentiousness and offensive affectation, it has been content to stand quietly fulfilling its duty, till it has become almost a part of the human life of the town." I have merely to add to this kindly testimonial, that strangers are apt to air their wit by calling our steeple "Stumpy"; but "Stumpy," I may remind them, was the local sobriquet given to an entirely different building, which has bequeathed its name not to the steeple, but to the "Lazy Corner" beside it.

The old Wooden Bridge is a feature of Girvan architecture second only in familiarity to the Steeple; and I can well remember the fearful joy I used to have in crossing it when a spate was on, as it was never very firm at the best; and the frequent holes in the footway used to remind me of the Bridge of human life in the vision of Mirza, through which passengers were continually dropping into the river to be seen no more.

The *Doune Burn* is a spring of excellent water at the south end of the town, rising about 30 feet behind the wall through which it issues. In days when Girvan was not so well supplied with water as it is now, the Doune Burn was of prime importance, and was much frequented. Like all natural springs, the water is cooler and fresher than that brought in pipes, and it is still largely used, especially in hot weather. A friend has measured the flow of water for me, and found it to be a little over 9 gallons per minute, and this is never perceptibly diminished.

The M'Kechnie Library and Reading Room in Dalrymple Street was opened in December, 1888, from a Bequest of £6,500 left for this object by Mr Thomas M'Kechnie, Merchant. The Library, to which was added the Books of the old Mechanics' Library, contains upwards of 5,000 volumes, very well chosen, and is open to readers at a fee of 5/ per annum. There are also two well supplied Reading Rooms connected with it, a Billiard Room, and a house for the Librarian. The building itself cost about £3,000. In addition to this gift to the town, Mr M'Kechnie left £2,000 to Glasgow University for two Girvan bursaries, and £1,000 for the poor.

The Parish Church and Hall were built in 1884, at a cost of £5,000, of which the congregation subscribed £1,600. The number of sittings is 900. Mr M'Kechnie's trustees supplied the organ and a stained-glass window, while the congregation erected another stained-glass window in memory of the Rev. William Corson. The height of its handsome spire is 150 feet.

The South Church was built in 1842, and contains 680 sittings; the Free Church was built in 1857, and contains 400 sittings; the U.P. Church was built in 1870, and contains the same number. There is also a Methodist Church and an Episcopal Church. The Assembly Room was formerly occupied by Dr Waddell's congregation, and the Union Hall by the Reformed Presbyterians.

The Parish School was built in 1832, but has since been enlarged. The Burgh School was built in 1875, at a cost of £3,000. There is also an Infant School on the Green, and the Doune School at the south end of the town.

The seal of the town consists of a ship in full sail, with the motto, "Ever sailing, never sinking." As I was ignorant of the origin of this seal, I wrote to Mr Balfour Paul, Lyon-King-at-arms, Edinburgh, and received the

following reply:—"The seal is in no sense heraldic. It is evidently a mere device adopted by the Burgh itself, but never registered in our books. It is practically unblazonable, but might be described as a three-masted ship in full sail, pennons flying, on a sea proper." So much for the seal; as for the motto, I suppose the less said the better. If a ship is ever sailing, there is no use in adding that it is never sinking. It strikes me that if the device is to be retained, the town authorities should adopt another motto.

An interesting spot to visit in the neighbourhood of Girvan is the *Dowhill* above Glendoune. It was formerly a British Fort, and the ditch surrounding it may still be traced. A hundred years ago, this ditch was said to be twelve feet in depth, although now it is much less. Paterson, in his history, says that the enclosed space on the summit is an acre and a half, but this would require to be divided by two, to approach the truth.

Alexander Ross's Stone stands at the "Sheddings of the Road" on the north end of the town, and was erected at the spot where a constable was shot, in 1831, while attempting to prevent a procession of Orangemen from entering the town.

Chapel Donan stands in ruins about a mile and a half north of the town. It is very small, and with the exception of a holy-water font at the door, and a tiny sacristy behind, there is nothing of note remaining.

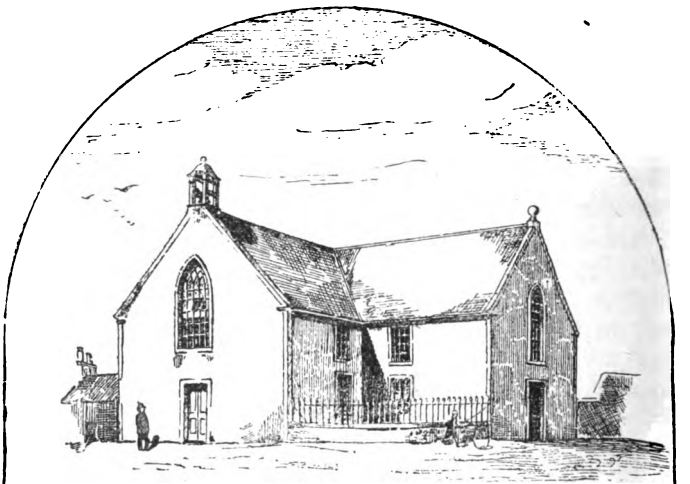
Ballochtoul Castle, a former seat of the Boyds, used to stand to the right of the Avenue, betwixt two large trees which may still be seen there.

The *Bride's Bed*, a shelving rock on the face of the Byne Hill; and the *Seven Sisters*, a large boulder split into fragments on the Saugh hill, are both of them subjects of local tradition devoutly believed by the young.

On the slope of the Saugh hill, used to stand in the Covenanting times a *small church* built of turf and wood,

regarding the destruction of which there is a curious story told by Wodrow. It appears that at a Parliamentary Commission held at Ayr in these old times, the landed proprietors were first called on to deliver up their arms. Then, Lord Cassillis, as Bailie of Carrick, was ordered to pull down this meeting house at the *Sandhill Well* as well as another. Lord Cassillis first begged for an escort of soldiers, and when this was refused, he desired that he might have some of his own arms back "*in case of a rabble of the country people, or a tumultuary crowd, were it but of women, in defence of their meeting house, might hinder or affront him.*" This shews the spirit of the Carrick peasantry, and throws a curious side light on our gentry, when even my lord of Cassillis was afraid of the vengeful hands of his country-women.

Hugh Miller, the Geologist, who was often in this district, drew attention to the fossils of *Mullochs Quarry* near Dalquharran, where he found the remains of "more trilobites, shells, and corals than he had at one time supposed all the Greywacke deposits of the south of Scotland could have furnished." He also noticed the limestone quarries of *Craighead* where a broad dike of greenstone had been quarried out of the rock for road metal, "leaving, for several hundred feet together, the yawning rent in the earth's surface which it had so lately filled, with its corresponding angles and its answering protuberances and inflections, existing, as it must have existed, when first torn asunder by the convulsions to which it owed its origin." This is well worth visiting; and when at Craighead the visitor shall not fail to see the magnificent prospect that is obtainable from the top of the hill.



REV. WILLIAM CORSON,

GIRVAN.

MOST people in this district know that Thomas Carlyle in his "Reminiscences" thus alludes to the late minister of Girvan:—"The next farm (Corson's of Nether Craigenputtock), very stupid young brother, now minister in Ayrshire, used to come and bore me at rare intervals." Perhaps it might be interesting to give some of Mr Corson's reminiscences of Mr Carlyle, so that the balance may hang even between them.

Mr Corson had, of course, a very high estimate of Carlyle. As an instance of his kindliness, he told me that Carlyle had offered to teach him German, and that he was in the habit of laying his disused pipes in a cranny of the

dike for any passer-by that was needy. But it was Mrs Carlyle who was his special favourite. She was very pretty, he said, and used to be compared to Mary, Queen of Scots. And when he was about to be licensed as a probationer, she thus good-naturedly gave him her advice:—"Now, William, don't be going about seeking for a church, like the rest of them, but go out to the highways and hedges, and preach away like a house on fire."

"How did she address her husband?"—"She always called him 'Carlyle.'"—"Did they keep a free table?"—"No, I never saw spirits in their house except once, and that was when we had been shovelling away the snow in front of the doorway. She then insisted on each of us taking a dram."—"Were they greatly respected by the people about?"—"*She* was, and was always called the 'lady.' But the country folks thought he had married her for her money, and looked down on him accordingly. They also blamed him for not shutting the gates on the public road after he passed through them, so they sometimes went the length of jeering him as he rode past, and would shout out for him to hear—'*I say, Jean, if I had been gaun to buy a man, I wad hae bocht a brawer man than that!*'"

"Did they attend church?"—"They went to Dunscore church once together, and I think she went occasionally when they had visitors, but they were always very friendly with the minister at the Manse."—"How were you brought into contact with him?"—"Our houses were within a short distance of each other, and we used to walk together."—"Can you remember any of his remarks?"—"He used to call the abrupt ending of a certain road through the moor, "the grave of the last sixpence," and would speak of the Glaister hills as 'great dumb monsters sleeping there since the Creation.'"

"Did he ever write to you?"—"Yes, I have one letter of

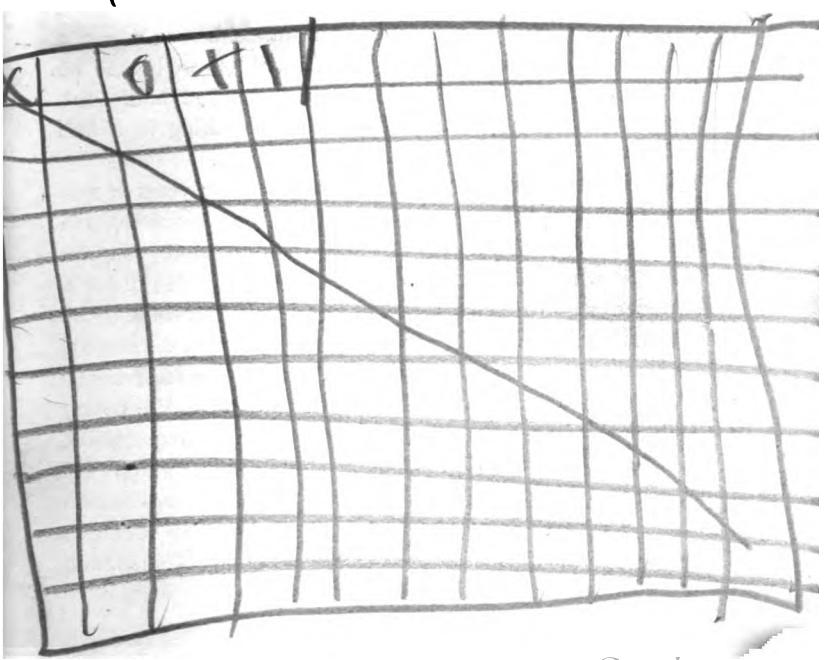
his, written when I was missionary at Gilmerton, saying—'Don't be over-anxious about promotion Promotion, if you are faithful, will come when most needed and least expected.'"—"When did you see him last?"—"In Dumfries, at Mrs Aitken's. It was after his wife's death, and she told me not to allude to that event before him, as it upset him. He was busy correcting proofs at the time of my visit; but he at once laid aside his work, and began to talk."

When Mr Corson came to Girvan, everything was against him. There had been a long and costly lawsuit over his induction. The church was cold and comfortless, and half-empty beside. His preaching was by no means eloquent, and his manners were ungainly. And yet, by dint of sheer good-heartedness, and honest, unpretending work, he won his way to a respectable congregation, a new church, and the general esteem of the town.

Many stories are told of Mr Corson's blunders and *gaucheries*, but these were all condoned on account of his unfailing good-nature, and his hearty desire for everybody's welfare. He now lies buried in the Doune Cemetery; and in the handsome new church that was built during his incumbency, a stained-glass window was recently erected, bearing this inscription:—"*Rev. William Corson, Minister of this Parish from May 1848 to Dec. 1887. Erected by the Congregation, 1890.*"

Mr Corson was naturally proud, as may be presumed, of his illustrious neighbour at Craigenputtock (*Craig of the hawk*); and although that neighbour spoke severely of him, it is to be hoped that the good opinion of the Girvan congregation may be set down as a somewhat counterbalancing testimony. The Carlyles were all self-assertive, and severe in their judgments of their neighbours, an amusing instance of which was once given me by a friend. He had been introduced to James Carlyle, youngest brother of the author,

one day at Annan, and he naturally enough remarked—"You 'll be proud of your great brother." But the answer he received, in the broadest Annandale, was this—"*Mei prood o' him! I think he should be prood o' mei!*" My friend then observed—"I shall be glad of a visit from you if you are in my locality"; to which James replied—"Do you think when I'm in your locality, I have nocht to do but call on yow?" Verily, the Carlyles, with all their cleverness, were somewhat "ill to put up wi'."



THE REV. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.

ON Sabbath evening, 3d May, 1891, the above minister died in Glasgow, in his 74th year. He had been in failing health for some time, and retired finally from the ministry in October, 1890. It is some years now since I heard him preach, but his venerable appearance was so different from the slim, active figure I remembered so well when he first came to Girvan, that I hardly recognised him. But the peculiar tone of the voice, and the striking look and gestures, all assured me that he was the same.

He came to Girvan when he was about 27 years of age. It was the year after the Disruption, and the air was electric. Feelings were high strung, and their tension was not lessened when Mr Waddell came among us. He did not, however, settle down as Free Church minister of Girvan. When the time for his ordination came round, he insisted on signing the Confession of Faith with certain reservations as to the duty of the Civil Magistrate, which the Presbytery could not allow, and so he came out with his congregation, and established an independent communion, which was known in Girvan as the "Waddellites." This congregation was never very large (about 200 or so), but they built him a church, which is now used as the Assembly Rooms, and he ministered faithfully to them for 18 years.

He had great fluency of utterance, and an attractive style of elocution, but the subjects he spoke about rarely came home to men's business and bosoms. Even when he went to Glasgow, and advertised his topics weekly in the papers, they were still for the most part of the same unpractical sort. They seemed to be always on knotty points, which it did not matter much which side you took. At last, by some happy thought, the Alloway Burns Club in 1859, asked Mr Waddell to occupy the chair at a Burns Anniversary dinner. The speech he delivered that night made him famous. And certainly there was a rush of eloquence about that oration which surprised us Girvanites. We had been so long accustomed to his finical splitting of hairs that we opened wide our eyes to hear of him standing at the head of a festive board, and giving out these ringing words:—"To your feet, gentlemen, and observe the toast we pledge. To Burns, to Robert Burns, the illustrious, the immortal!" I have heard people who were present that night speak of the thrill that passed over them as they listened to his words. He had fairly caught hold of them, and carried them whither he pleased. One of the company, Mr Peter Connor, started to his feet, pressed a pound note into Mr Waddell's hand, and said:—"God be with you, sir, keep you that! You'll never know me nor my name, but you'll know that I love you." Mr Waddell afterwards framed that pound note as a keepsake.

About the time he left Girvan, he was asked to go to London to lecture there, and be introduced to literary society. Amongst others, he got a note of introduction to Thomas Carlyle. On the night he arrived at Cheyne Row, however, the great writer was in one of his thunderous moods, and was standing leaning against one end of the mantel-piece, while Mrs Carlyle sat patient and expectant at the other. Mr Waddell came in and bowed. Carlyle

turned to him and said:—"You're a minister?" A bow followed. "What na kirk d'ye belang to?" This was an awkward question to answer, so the respondent said nothing. —"Ye'll belang to the Auld Kirk?"—"No."—"Then, ye'll belang to that compendium of a' righteousness, the Free Kirk?"—"No."—"Then, ye'll be a Dissenter?"—"No." "Then, what in the name o' goodness are ye?"—"My views on religious subjects, Mr Carlyle, are, I presume, much the same as your own."—"The same as mine," said Carlyle, looking up. "And who told you what mine were?" This was too much for the proud spirit, so, stiffening his back a little, Mr Waddell said, "I came here at your invitation, Mr Carlyle, but seeing my company does not seem to be agreeable to you, I shall withdraw." But now it was Carlyle's turn to apologise. "Tut, tut, man, never mind. Sit doon, and my wife will give us some tea, and we'll hae a crack"—which they had till midnight.

Another characteristic incident occurred during the same London visit. He had been invited to meet some literary men at supper; but as they were assembling, one of the party began to tell an improper story. The old Scotch clerical feeling at once asserted itself. "Gentlemen," he said, "I may not be counted orthodox in my theology, but I am quite orthodox in my morals, and I wish you a good evening." Some of them expostulated with him, and promised an apology from the offender, but it was in vain. Mr Waddell left; and Carlyle, when he heard of it afterwards, said—"That was right, now. There's more stuff in that fellow than I thought."

Shortly after writing the above, I received from the Rev. Mr Hately Waddell of Whitekirk, East Lothian, a handsome volume entitled "Selections from the published writings of the Rev. Dr Peter Hately Waddell, with biographical notice and portrait—privately printed." This is evidently meant as

a final memorial of our old friend and neighbour, and a very fitting memorial it is.

The portrait is well executed, and shows the striking prophet-like face, the rapt, sad-looking eyes, the long flowing locks, with the loose ends of the white tie floating over his breast; for our friend, while spiritually-minded, was always carefully attentive to the appearance of his outer man.

The biographical notice is brief, but partakes more of the character of an *Apologia* than a memoir. It contains, in fact, no data at all as to his birth, upbringing, or death. Its object is more to pourtray his spiritual life than his natural one, and to set a misunderstood man right before the eyes of posterity. Viewed in this light, however, the notice is well written, interesting, yet reticent. Sent forth by a son, not for the public, but for friends, it has, of course, its natural limitations; but to those who remember Dr Waddell, and can read between the lines, this little notice is exceedingly valuable and instructive.

I confess that, when Dr Waddell was in Girvan, I could make very little of his preaching. It was neither doctrinal nor practical; which were the only kinds of preaching I was then accustomed to. It was what he called *vital*, and based not on truths of Scripture so much as on his own spiritual experience. He gave out texts, of course, but he did not expound them as others did. He always spoke as a man who saw the truth, without reasoning about it.

Dr Waddell, in fact, was an idealist; and all idealists are unpractical. What he wanted, perhaps, was right enough in a way, but he forgot the imperfections and limitations of human nature. He wanted to form a church of the good, and of all the good; and this will come by and by, but the time is not yet. He declared for a Christian communion emancipated from all shackles of outward opinion, and held

together solely by faith in God, and charity to one's fellow-men, but he never stopped to inquire whether, or how far, such a thing was really practicable in this world.

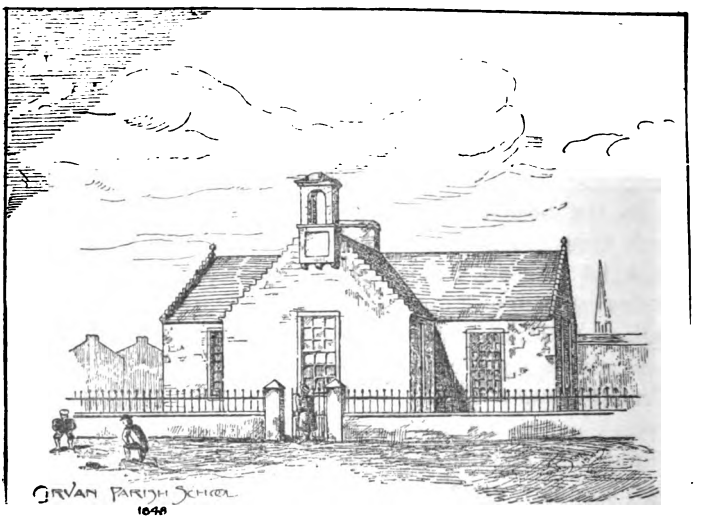
And yet there was something grand in this man, alone and single-handed, standing up in this little, out-of-the-way town of Girvan, like Edward Irving before him in London, "to make a demonstration for a higher style of Christianity—something more heroical, more magnanimous than this age affects." And the issue in both cases was the same. Indeed, I have seen a private letter of the Doctor's, in which he classed himself with Irving, both in his aim and in his failure. Unhappy he, at this time of the world's history, who is too original, and cannot work in harness with the ordinary mortals around him.

Some touching glimpses into Dr Waddell's private life are given in this memoir. His salary at the beginning was under £100 a year, and never rose to much above £200. He was always particular, as I have said, about his personal appearance, but this had a religious aspect about it. His pulpit Bible, for instance, which, I remember, he used to handle very reverently, was so treated from conscientious reasons. And we are here told that on the Saturday before the Communion he always "prepared the bread" himself, and the way in which he did it made it in the eyes of his children a sacrament in itself. He had a horror, too, of ministers wearing coloured shirts or cuffs in the pulpit, and spoke much more strongly about a well-known minister who had preached in a shooting-jacket under his gown, than he would have done about any doctrinal deviations.

Some facts are here mentioned, too, that will rather surprise outsiders. For instance, we are told that he was very reserved in religious conversation, and that even in his family, religious subjects were almost never touched on. He did not give his children any definite religious instruc-

tion, but thought it sufficient to teach them silence and reverence. He found even family worship, after trial, too touching a service, and only on a New Year's morning, or at some family parting, would he almost timidly add an extra petition to the usual morning's "grace." These things are certainly surprising in a man so full of the religious spirit as Dr Waddell undoubtedly was.

In the Selected Writings, we renew our acquaintance with some of his lectures and pamphlets, a chapter or two from his "Sceptic's Sojourn," specimens of his poetry, bits of his estimate of Burns, an extract or two from his Scottish version of Isaiah and the Psalms, with a portion of what I have always regarded as his ablest work—"*The Christ of Revelation and Reality.*" In all cases, the writing is eloquent, though not always definite or clear. I heartily thank Mr Waddell for sending me this volume, and consider that he has not only discharged a filial duty in printing it, but gratified all who knew his father, as well as given the message he was allotted to deliver a fresh opportunity of asserting itself. He has now gone into the Great Silence, and his body rests in the Necropolis of Glasgow; but in this book we feel his spirit's throbbing eagerness as vividly as ever.



REV. CATHCART KAY,

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLMASTER, GIRVAN

IN the sweet secluded churchyard of Old Dailly, 2½ miles from Girvan, there is a rather handsome Tombstone with this inscription:—"The Rev. Cathcart Kay, Parochial Teacher, Girvan. Born at Ochiltree, 21st Oct., 1804. Died at Girvan, 13th June, 1848. This stone was raised by his pupils and friends to commemorate his faith as a Christian, his worth as a man, his skill and fame as a Teacher." Here, then, my old Schoolmaster has been resting for 44 years. He was brought up at Old Dailly, where his father was a joiner, and I can recollect him telling us at school that he "liked to take a walk to Old Dailly occasionally on the Saturday afternoons to see the place where he expected to be laid."

My old Schoolmaster belonged to a class, common enough in those days, but entirely extinct in Scotland now, and that was the class of Minister-Schoolmasters. He was licensed as a preacher, but found his life-work in teaching instead. And I cannot but think that Providence in doing this had shaped his end more wisely than he himself would have done; for he was an excellent teacher, while he would have made but an indifferent pulpit orator.

Carlyle's description of his Annan Schoolmaster might answer in many respects as a description of Mr Kay—"You could always notice in Annan boys something of that primeval basis of rigorous logic and clear articulation laid down for them in childhood by old Adam Hope." So was it with us. Stern thoroughness was the key-note of our School. Order was the first law. We were made even to *write* to order, by means of a whistle blown by the best writer when he had finished each line. Very vividly can I recall now our old Teacher's appearance. He was tall and spare of person, with sharp features, dark grey eyes, close crisp hair, and a peculiar deep voice; and the dread inspired by his presence was such that I can hardly pass the old School yet without a certain inward trepidation. What endless sums we used to get out at night to be returned next morning! and what drill we had in spelling, and parsing, and geography! Drill, in fact, was the word all through, and a stout piece of whalebone, facetiously called by him "the black man," was the enforcer of it. The result was that he got a lot of work out of us, and when brought into competition with boys of other schools, we were hard dogs to beat.

In the days I speak of, steel pens were not, and the old Master had to mend our quills himself with his pen-knife. He had a big box, called the pen-box, with various compartments in it, which he carried about with him, as a lady

carries her knitting-bag. In the quiet hours of the morning, or late afternoon, therefore, when the most of the scholars were away, we "Latin Boys" would gather round his desk, and read or parse our Cæsar or Virgil, while he mended the pens and corrected our blunders.

Religious instruction consisted chiefly in the Shorter Catechism committed to memory. We used to stand in rows on the floor on Saturday forenoons, and repeat the Catechism till the last man fell—if he *did* fall—which I rather think he never did. Beside this, there was a chapter of the Bible read and explained to the whole school each morning, of which, however, I have only a very hazy recollection. We used to sing the psalms through also, and as the old master could not sing himself, there was a succession of precentors selected from among the elder scholars. I remember him once saying that the only tune he could "croon" in a sort of a way was *St. Paul's.*

The old Master had little humour, told few stories, and rarely made jokes. To the elder lads, I believe, he unbent a little, but to us younger fry, he was strictness personified. We never dared take any liberties with him, and when his temper was ruffled, "the boldest held his breath for a time." I have witnessed some terrible scenes of "flogging," as he well termed it, which always did harm to the school; for we generally took the sufferer's part. But this did not occur often.

In those days, there were no "accomplishments" taught in Parish Schools, such as Drawing; and our Musical training was of the simplest. Neither was there any Natural History or Local Topography thought of. Our teaching was confined to our text-books, but these we had to master. He did not spare us, neither did he spare himself. There was a half-day's schooling on alternate Saturdays, which I believe he would willingly have extended to every Saturday, had it been desired.

The old Master bore a high character in the town. He was reserved in his manner, and rarely seen out of his own house in the evenings. His life was given to the School, and his sole joy seemed to be in the success of his pupils. The only occasions on which I have seen him radiant were when the College classes broke up, and brought home some of his senior scholars. The monitors of the School were then invited to supper to meet them, when we had some talk and singing; and I think on these occasions he was as happy as it was in his nature to be.

Generally speaking, I think his life must have been a comparatively joyless one. With a weakly constitution he wrought hard, and had few relaxations. He had no talent for public speaking, and cultivated little society. His whole time was given to the furtherance of his work; and, on the whole, he had his reward. For although no brilliant genius has arisen from the classes he taught, still not a few have reasen to thank him for the sound education he gave them, and the high ideal of strenuous endeavour he ever set before them.

A CLASS OF SCHOOL FELLOWS.

AS one gets up in life, it is interesting to recall the names of those who sat on the same benches with us at school, and trace their subsequent careers. We can look back on the scene as if it had been yesterday. We can summon up one by one the well-remembered faces of the class. We were all about the same age, and the same rank in life. Who could foretell the future of these lads? Who could say which of them would pass away first? Who could declare which of them would succeed in life, and which would fail? We might attempt such prophecies among ourselves; but how widely different the actual results have proved from our anticipations!

As an ordinary specimen of what is happening in every country school, I have set down the names of thirty boys who, about the year 1844, might have been found forming the senior division in Girvan Parish School, then under the care of the Rev. Cathcart Kay, and have tried to trace their careers as accurately as I could.

Of these thirty, then, *sixteen*, or a little over the half, have now passed away from the earth. This of course is startling enough, and makes a big gap in the line to begin with; but when we consider that it is now about forty-eight years since we were assembled there, the wonder perhaps is

not that there are so many dead, but that there are so many still alive.

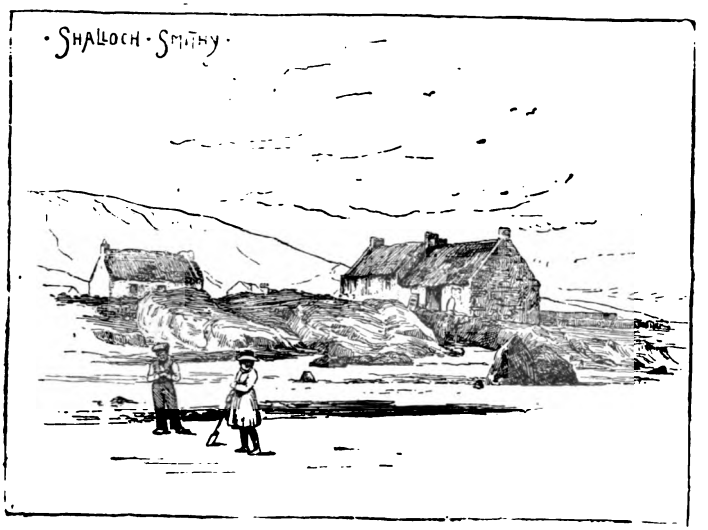
The wandering propensity of the true Scotsman is well known, and our class did their best to display it. Of the thirty, only three found their life-work in Girvan, while fifteen scattered themselves over various parts of Scotland and England, eight went to Australia and New Zealand, three to America, and one to Africa. As to the occupations they chose, it is perhaps not a little creditable to our Class that nine of them contributed their services to the world in a literary way, of whom three were ministers, and six schoolmasters. I find, too, that six went into the legal and banking professions, nine became merchants, and three tradesmen; while this seaport town turned out only one sailor, this patriotic town furnished only one soldier, and this rich agricultural district produced only one solitary farmer.

On making inquiry as to how many of them may be considered to have *prospered* in the world—that is, bettered their position as compared with that of their parents—I find that twenty of them did so; while ten of them (mostly through drink) did not. As to the interesting question of marriage, I am ashamed to say that only nineteen of them succeeded in getting wed, while the other eleven failed. As to Church connection, nineteen were members of the Established Church, eight of the Free Church, two of the United Presbyterian Church, and one Methodist. As to their political opinions, I have not data to warrant a correct conclusion; but I know enough to be sure that the two great principles of Order and Progress have both been efficiently represented.

Altogether, the results are at once curious and instructive. It is curious to find how that class of boys, who used to sit together at the same desks in our country town, scattered

themselves over the wide world. It is instructive to notice how the crack scholars did not always succeed in the race of life as they did in the race for medals; some of the most conspicuous failures being among the prizemen. And it is surprising to see how some of those who had the best chances of rising fell the lowest; while others who had no worldly advantages at all pushed their way to respect and usefulness. Our old Teacher appeared to have an antipathy against certain who have since proved themselves worthy citizens in every way; while some of those whom he looked to as the hope of the school have done much to disgrace him. The only regret I have is, that none of us have hitherto risen to eminence of any sort; for it is a benefit to a town to have turned out at least one shining light, whom the young generation might look up to, and the people generally take a pride in. But the work of the world after all is carried on mainly by honesty and industry; and, when judged by that standard, perhaps our Thirty have contributed their own share to the good of mankind.

Although so scattered, our Class have still a centre of attraction in the old School we attended, the old Teacher who taught us, and the old Town that gave us birth. Shortly after our Teacher's death, we erected a handsome Monument over his grave, and subscribed for a Gold Medal, named after him, to be presented annually to the Dux of the whole school. These are, of course, small things compared with what we might have done; but they show at least that some of us have not been entirely unmindful of the benefits we received in the days of our youth.



WILLIAM SHERRIFF,

TOWN MISSIONARY, GIRVAN.

THIS well-known, self-denying, and much-respected servant of Jesus Christ, sunk at last to rest on Thursday evening, 9th July, 1891, in the 77th year of his age. He had been confined to bed for some months; but when I saw him on the Saturday before his death, he was bright and cheerful, and full of gratitude to the friends who had been so kind to him. Shortly after, congestion of the lungs set in, and after a brief period of unconsciousness he passed away.

Mr Sherriff came to Girvan about 36 years ago, as agent of the West Coast Mission; and when that Mission gave up the station, the people of Girvan adopted him as their Town Missionary, in which capacity he has served them ever since. He had originally been a shoemaker in Carnoustie,

Forfarshire, then a teacher in a country school, and finally a lay missionary among the poor. This latter work engaged his whole sympathies, and, I daresay, he would not have exchanged his position for the highest on earth.

So far as moral influence goes, it is always character that tells in the long run; and Mr Sherriff's character was a tower of strength to him. Everybody respected him, gentle and simple. His preaching might not be of the brightest, but his life added weight to his words; for his conduct was a living sermon of the truths he taught.

He had wonderful patience with the ungrateful and the undeserving, and could forgive until seventy times seven. One cause of his patience was his hopefulness. He never despaired of the worst. Sometimes, it is true, he would grow despondent, and ask me—"*Did you ever know a man who had wrought so long in a place with such poor results?*" I told him, of course, that every earnest worker had the same question to ask, from Isaiah downwards; and quoted the saying of John Knox in his old days—"I 'm grown weary of the world as the world is of me." But he at once looked up and said—"But I am not in the least weary of my work, dear; I could go on with that cheerfully as long as God wishes me."

The first feature of Mr Sherriff's character that struck those who knew him was his *piety*. He was eminently a God-fearing man. In all places, and under all circumstances, he remembered God, and was not ashamed to own Him. In voting for a minister, he said he always voted for the one who seemed converted. Before going to speak to a hard case, he would drop into a neighbour's house and ask wisdom in prayer to be enabled to speak the right word. In thanking me for some service I had rendered him, he said he did not know how to express his gratitude to *God and me.*

Perhaps the next feature that shone brightest in his character was his *kindheartedness*. A tale of distress at once melted him, and he would give away his last farthing. The money he was intrusted with to give to needful cases was always changed into threepenny pieces, and given away in that form. When I first took a number of the Poor on a Jaunt to Girvan, he came and addressed them, and gave each a penny by way of a keepsake. And he repeated this "keepsake" at our visit this year. A Maybole weaver, now dead, told me that many years ago, he had gone to Girvan seeking work, but found none. He was sitting in a lodging-house, having just enough to pay for his bed, when Mr Sherriff came in, and, learning the circumstances, gave him threepence to pay for his breakfast, being all he had in his pocket. After a few minutes, he came back again with *twopence extra*, which he had just discovered in another pocket.

Another outstanding feature in Mr Sherriff's character was his *simplicity*. He was transparently honest—"an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." He was often deceived, but that circumstance never soured him. He went on to the end, hoping the best. Still, conjoined with this simplicity, there was a deal of Scotch shrewdness. I remember him telling me that he once drew up a list of some thirty death-bed conversions which he had confidence in. These people afterwards recovered, but one by one they all went back to their old ways, until he was left with only one, of whose stability he was beginning to have grave doubts. His conclusion was—"You can't tell when a man is converted. The man himself may be deceived. The only proof is continuance in well-doing."

A feature in Mr Sherriff's character that was plain to everybody was his *faithfulness*. He lived entirely for his work. How to get those meetings of his kept up was his

great thought. No stress of weather, no scantiness in the attendance, ever daunted him. Not even was family affliction allowed to interfere with his public duties. When his wife lay dead in his house, he went on with his meetings in the country as usual. For, as a priest in the old times was forbidden to show any sign of mourning, so the work of God must be carried on by the minister, no matter how sore his heart may be within.

His preaching was entirely Scriptural, and his infallible model was Spurgeon. In fact, the Bible and Spurgeon were, latterly at least, his sole mental food. Occasionally, however, when addressing a meeting of the young, he would blossom into allegory, or relate an anecdote of his youthful days, in which there would be a dash of quiet east-country humour. One of his parables, relating to the tragic fate of one of his pet rabbits, I append to this notice.

His plans of working included visiting (distinguishing, as he always did in his Reports, between short visits and long ones)—Tract distribution, and the loan of Spurgeon's Sermons—Bible classes—with Prayer meetings on Sundays and week-nights, both in town and country. At one time, he opened a free evening school for reading and writing, and, latterly, he superintended a Home for poor Christians, which was supported by voluntary contributions. He also took a deep interest in Temperance work in the town and was never weary inveighing against what he called "*the three poisons—Whisky, Tobacco, and Tea.*" Sunday and Saturday, wet and dry, late and early, he went about the discharge of his duties, and his health kept wonderfully good, and his spirits buoyant to the last.

He was somewhat old-fashioned in his views, and not easily turned out of his way. But nobody thought of quarrelling with one who was so manifestly sincere and well-meaning. Once, when lamenting his want of success, I

asked him—"*Did you ever pray, Mr Sherriff, for a little originality?*" He smiled, and said he had never thought of that. But I don't think his heart would have gone along with that prayer; for he was intensely conservative, and liked to keep by the old paths, and even the old ruts. The only original practice he had was to go through the streets ringing a small bell, and reading out certain verses of Scripture. And I once gladdened his heart by telling him of certain good effects from this practice that had come under my notice.

It would hardly be fair, perhaps, to judge of our Missionary by an intellectual standard. He knew his Bible well, but he had little other learning. In fact, he had little *taste* for other learning. One consequence of this was that his preaching was apt to become monotonous. He kept rigidly to the fundamentals, and never wearied going over the common evangelical round. But his earnestness of manner, his simplicity of life, his faithfulness to duty, and his overflowing kindliness of heart, made people think little of his intellectual deficiencies, and see only a man who put his religion into practice every day, and every hour of the day.

He had his own share of life's troubles. His wife, who predeceased him by six years, became blind before her death. His brother, too, became paralytic, and was cast upon his care. One by one his other relatives died, leaving him at the last a lonely, childless man. But he was humble, happy, and sweet-tempered; and I think every earthly desire he had was granted to him before he died. He was full of gratitude to the many friends God had raised up around him. What he was to the poor of Girvan, the poor themselves will know more fully now that he is gone; while as to the town at large, it is something to have had a man living for over thirty years in their midst whom everybody

recognised as a sincere Christian and a worthy, useful man. Girvan gave him honourable burial; and when we left him in the Doune Cemetery, I could not but repeat over his grave —"Here lies a good man; simple-minded, kindly-hearted, single-eyed, who served his generation faithfully by the will of God, and died leaving 'neither an enemy nor a wrong behind him.'"

THE PET RABBIT.

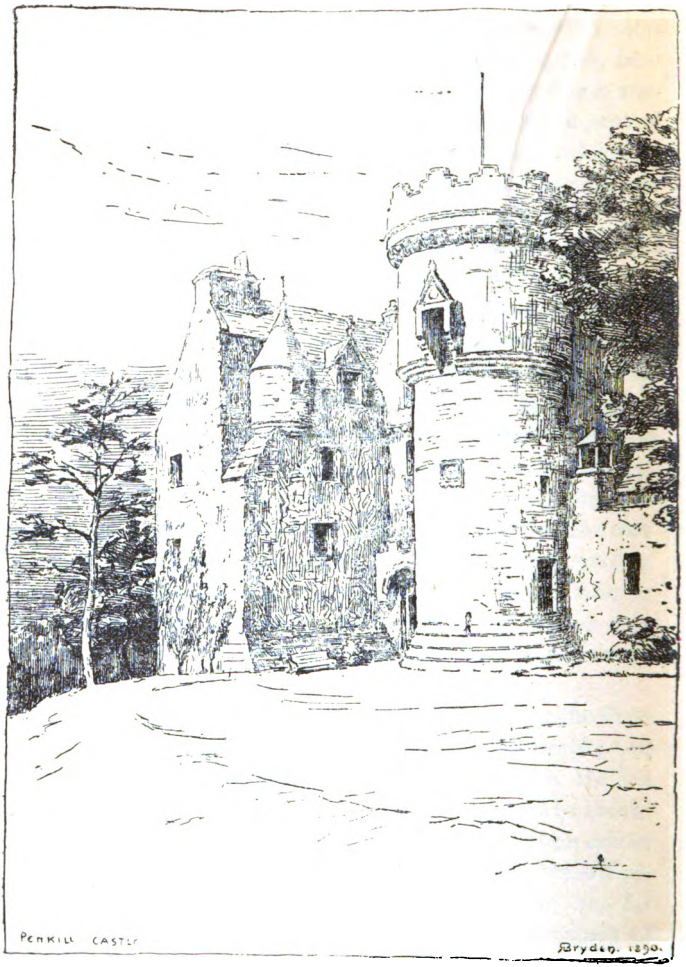
Children, I will tell you a story about a little rabbit I once had. It had a nice house all to itself, with plenty of clover and green kail, not to speak of porridge and milk in the morning, with carrots and other dainties occasionally. And this little rabbit had not only a house, but a place to run about in, with *ten wooden spars* nailed across it, to keep the cats out, which you know was very necessary. But the poor silly rabbit did not understand this, and thought that the spars were put there merely to prevent it from getting out into the garden, which lay temptingly in view. And so one night it set to work, and scraped and bit its way through one of the spars, and was found lying outside next morning, killed by a cat.

Now, children, this story is a parable. You are the little rabbit, and God has placed you in this beautiful world; but there is an enemy abroad, and so, to keep you safe, He has set up *ten commandments*, which He warns you not to break, else the devil will be upon you. But many children are as senseless as the rabbit, and imagine that these commandments are not there for keeping *the enemy out*, but for keeping *them in*; and so they break through the spars of safety, and find themselves in the power of the enemy.

But I need not blame children alone; for all the people in the world have broken out of the house God has

provided for them. I look abroad and see these on every side. For what are drunkards, thieves, and sinners of every kind, but poor senseless rabbits, who have escaped out of their hutch by breaking through the spars? They wished to be free, and this is their end.

I did not come in time to save my little rabbit's life; but our Master has come to save *us*, and His warning to each of us this day is—*Beware of breaking through the spars.* Surely if the little rabbit had been saved out of the claws of the cat, it would never have sought to get out again. I do not know about that. But I know that many men and women, as well as boys and girls, never learn that lesson. Children, give heed to those words of Scripture:—"This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments: and *His commandments are not grievous.*"



Around Girvan.

PENKILL CASTLE.

IN a letter I had some years ago from the late Mr W. B. Scott, he said :—"The oldest part of Penkill Castle, a high square block, with quoin-turrets, and an enclosing wall and gate, was built by Adam Boyd, whose tombstone stands in Old Dailly Churchyard, sometime in the 16th century; a newer and more commodious portion was added by Thomas Boyd, in 1628, as shown by various dates still existing; while the Castle in its present state was the work of the late Spencer Boyd, who also lies now in the family burying-place." These Boyds were related to the Earls of Kilmarnock, whose last chief met his fate on the Tower Hill of London in 1746, for taking part in the rising on behalf of Prince Charlie. Penkill Castle is thus one of the oldest inhabited houses in Ayrshire, and stands picturesquely on the edge of Penwhapple Glen, about half a mile above Old Dailly Churchyard. As may be seen from the drawing, it is an antique-looking pile, and its appearance inside is quite in keeping with its appearance outside. The entrance hall is hung round with ancient armour, while the furnishings of the rooms, even to the wide old-fashioned fire-places, transport one in fancy 300 years back. Running round the spiral staircase is a series of mural paintings by Mr W. B. Scott, representing scenes from the "King's Quhair," a poem by James I. of Scotland; and the quaint little bedrooms upstairs have their ceilings painted to represent birds flitting about in the morning sunshine. Altogether, a visit to Penkill is a lesson both in art and in antiquities.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT,

POET ARTIST.

IT is now a good many years since I first called by invitation at Penkill Castle. I was received most kindly by Miss Boyd, and shown over the old building by Mr Scott. Mr Dante Rosetti, the famous Poet-Painter, was at that time on a visit, so I had the good fortune to be introduced to him. He took very little part in the conversation, however, which turned chiefly on local history, so that all I remember is a neat figure, dressed in a black velvet coat, with a face remarkably like Shakespear's, leaning back in his chair, and interjecting "Very curious" now and then, as some fresh fact caught his attention. I was told that he wrote several sonnets at Penkill, using as his study the old Covenanter's Cave in the glen below the Castle.

Some years after, I again visited Penkill, and had a long talk with its inmates about the literary Celebrities of London. We talked of Carlyle, whom Mr Scott had known personally. "Carlyle looked at everything through the eyes of a Scotch peasant."—"Well," I replied, "he might look at the world through worse eyes."—"You are right," he said.—"But, then," said another, "Carlyle was so egotistical."—"He had some right to be so," was Mr Scott's quiet response.—"What

sort of a person was Mrs Carlyle?" I asked.—"She was not nearly so interesting as her husband. She was always posing."—"I suppose *he* never posed."—"Oh no, he was too great for that," said Mr Scott.—"All the same, you don't seem to have liked him?"—"No; and the reason was, he always spoke so slightingly of Art. He once gave Millais a sitting for his portrait, and on coming out of the studio Carlyle glanced round at the superb staircase and asked—'Millais, did Painting do all that?'—'Yes; Painting did it all.'—'Well,' rejoined the old "Scotch peasant," 'there must be more *fools* in this world than I had thought.'"

Mr Scott asked me if I had read Shelley. I said I had read the minor poems. "Oh yes," he said, "these are well enough; but the larger poems are to me unintelligible. People say they are atheistical. I say they are non-understandable. Mr Routledge, the bookseller, once asked me to write a short memoir to prefix to an edition of Shelley, which I did. I told Mr Routledge that I did not think Shelley was read now-a-days. 'I daresay not,' he replied, 'but he is *bought*, and that is all I have to do with.'"

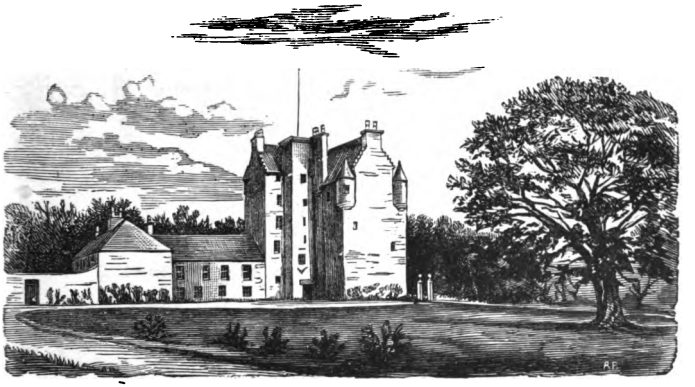
When the subject of Art was mentioned, I said I did not care for it except in so far as it touched on human life, and asked why he himself had chosen such out-of-the-world subjects to exercise his mind upon. "Oh," he said, "it is just my taste."—"Don't you paint now?" I inquired. —"No," he said; "when you get old, you are unable to distinguish delicate shades of colour, and so must give up."

The subject of Religion was mentioned, and I, somewhat boldly perhaps, asked him how he regarded it. "Well," he replied, "I am, generally speaking, what is called an Agnostic—that is to say, I don't believe that God has revealed anything to us of the Unseen world. Of course, people in all ages have *imagined* what lies beyond Death, but none *know*."—"But, then," I asked, "what would you

say to a man like Paul, who had met the Son of God, and talked with Him?"—"Ah," he replied, "I could not say anything to *him*."—"Well," I rejoined, "every truly converted person is so because Jesus Christ has met him, and revealed Himself to his heart."—"That may be so," he said, "and I don't wish to take any one's comfort away from him."—To which I replied, "A true Christian's comfort is not so easily taken from him, as some suppose."

He spoke of many persons, but kindly of them all. In fact, this to me was Mr Scott's leading characteristic. His talk, too, was always informing, and never tended to gossip. It was always moving on a high intellectual level, and was clothed in choice words. He complimented me on my efforts to spread a better knowledge of our local history, and urged me to write a life of Peden the Prophet, whose character had impressed him; and he was anxious that I should get the autobiography of John Stevenson, the Dailly Covenanter, republished in a cheap form, for the benefit of the countryside. One of the last things he himself wrote for the press was a paper in *Frazer's Magazine* upon the old Kirk-Session records of Dailly, in which he had a kindly word to say of the contendings of our forefathers for civil and religious liberty.

He died 22d November, 1890, and was buried in Old Dailly Churchyard. His brother David, who was buried in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, had perhaps more genius, but he could not have had a more humble, kindly spirit, or possessed a milder wisdom. And although we in this district took little note of his comings and goings among us, it may be that in years to come, others will make a pilgrimage to visit the home of his old age, and look with interest on his quiet grave.



KILLOCHAN CASTLE.

KILLOCHAN CASTLE stands on the banks of the Girvan, about three miles from the town. It is a tall tower, with a spiral staircase at one corner, from which all the apartments enter. Over the door is inscribed the words:—"This work was begun the 1 of Marche 1586 be Johne Cathcart of Carlton and Helene Wallace his spous"; and then follows the pious reminder—"The name of the Lord is ane strang tour and the rychteous in thair troublis rinnis unto it and findeth refuge." Not far from the Castle, in the middle of a field sloping down to the Girvan, stands a huge boulder of grey granite, about 37 tons in weight, and 13 yards in circumference, called the "Baron's Stone." Geikie, the Geologist, wrote an article on it, sketching its history, telling how it once formed part of a cliff, 2000 feet over its present site, far away among the hills of Loch Doon, and was borne hither on a field of ice, after having travelled a distance of at least 18 miles. In historical times, it

formed the "Hill of Justice" of the barons of Killochan, where they mustered their men, planned their raids, shared their booty, and hanged their refractory prisoners.

Killochan belongs to a family of great antiquity in the district—the Cathcarts. So far back do their records extend, that I have seen a copy of one of their charters which was granted by Edward Bruce, King of Ireland, about the year 1317, and confirmed by his brother, the great King Robert, seven years after. In this charter, the land is held on condition of the Baron furnishing to the king "three sufficient spears on Christmas day at our head manor of Turnberry"; and that this was no empty claim is shown by the fact that Robert Cathcart of Killochan was one of the nobles who fell at Flodden in 1513. In the faction feuds of the district, the Killochan family, as might have been expected, sided with the Bargany Kennedys; and in the fray near Maybole, where the Laird of Bargany was killed, the young Laird of Carleton led the second detachment of Bargany's forces.

OLD DAILLY CHURCHYARD.

WITH the exception perhaps of Kirkmichael, there is not a sweeter churchyard in Carrick than the one which encompasses the old Parish Kirk of Dailly. The village which once stood beside it has now disappeared, so that nought remains to break the solitude but the ripple of the burn that skirts it, and the sough of the trees that surround it. The church has been disused since 1766, while the walls of what was once the modest manse of the minister stand a short way off.

Three families of the neighbouring gentry have their tombs here. The Bargany lairds lie within the church; the Killochan lairds on the north side; and the Penkill lairds at the end next the gate. Within the Penkill enclosure has recently been interred Mr W. B. Scott, Poet-Artist, with his profile above it.

But the tombstones most fondly cherished by the people are those erected to our Covenanting martyrs—one to John Semple and Thomas M'Clorgan, and another to John Stevenson and others, a handsome obelisk recently erected by the people of the district. These tombstones have been renovated this year by a few friends who respect the Cause for which the men suffered.

John Semple was shot at Eldington, now included within the farm of Maxwelton, while John Stevenson lived at Old Camregan, a short way off. Stevenson wrote a book entitled, "A Soul-strengthening and comforting Cordial for old and young Christians," in which he records concerning the days of his outlawry—"I lay a whole February in the open fields not far from Camregan, and one night was all covered with snow in the morning, while many nights I have lain with pleasure in the churchyard of Old Dailly, and made a grave my pillow." The Rev. Mr Kay, my old Schoolmaster, is likewise buried here, and many others whose memory has perished from the earth.

The church is of the usual parallelogram form, with a small vestry adjoining, within which lies a large blue stone, called the *Charter Stone* of Dailly, whose precise function is now forgotten, but it is supposed to have constituted the church a special sanctuary of some sort. This church was a favourite haunt of Peden's, and we can well fancy him pointing out David Mason, the informer, with the quaint reproof—"Here comes the Devil's Rattle-bag." Robert Pollok, author of the *Course of Time*, came here also, intending to write a book concerning John Stevenson, of whose character he expressed a high admiration.

The grey gloaming falls on Old Dailly Kirkyard,
And the trees that surround it are still,
And no sound is heard in Old Dailly Kirkyard
But the burn trinkling down from the hill.
And the old roofless kirk stands encompassed by graves,
Like a sentinel posted on guard
To watch over those who have lain down to sleep
'Neath the sod in Old Dailly Kirkyard.

A calm peaceful spot is Old Dailly Kirkyard,
Far removed from the din of the town,
And there's good company found in Old Dailly Kirkyard,
Of men who were men of renown.
For Martyrs lie there who were true to their God,
And little their lives did regard,
And their bodies now hallow the ground where they rest,
Sleeping sound in Old Dailly Kirkyard.

John Semple now sleeps in Old Dailly Kirkyard,
Secure from the rough trooper's blow;
And John Stevenson lies in Old Dailly Kirkyard,
Hid safe from the search of the foe;
And Thomas M'Clorgan, and others who've gone
To reap their promised reward;
Their bodies rest here till the Last Trumpet's sound
Shall be heard in Old Dailly Kirkyard.

There are gentle folks lie in Old Dailly Kirkyard,
Before whom the peasants did bow;
And learnèd men lie in Old Dailly Kirkyard,
Though their learning's of little worth now;
But the brave ones who died for our Freedom and Faith
Are the men whom this day we regard,
And we cherish their names as we stand round their graves,
In the hush of Old Dailly Kirkyard.

TROCHRAGUE HOUSE.

TROCHRAGUE stands about two miles from Girvan, and is one of the old houses of the gentry mentioned by Abercrombie in his account of Carrick (1686). It then belonged to a branch of the Boyds, who produced two men noted in the Church history of their day. The first was James Boyd, second son of Adam Boyd of Penkill. He was born at Trochrague, and, when a young man, was present with his chief at Langside battle (1568), on the side of Queen Mary. After passing through a course of philosophy he went to France, where he studied law, and on coming home, espoused the cause of the Reformation. But although a Protestant, he was but a lukewarm Presbyterian, and consented to be appointed *Tulchan* Archbishop of Glasgow in 1573. He died in 1581, and was buried in the crypts of the Cathedral. It is recorded of him in Scott's *Fasti* that he was the first Protestant minister of Kirkoswald, and used regularly to officiate there while staying at Trochrague.

His son Robert was one of the most learned men of his time, and wrote an elaborate commentary on the *Ephesians*, of which Dr James Walker says :—"It is a work of stupendous size and stupendous learning. The Greek and Latin fathers, the writers of the dark ages, the Protestant and Romish theologians of his own time, are all at hand to render aid or to receive replies." He was born in Glasgow, brought up at Trochrague, educated at Ayr, and took his degree in Edinburgh. He then went to France, where he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Saumur. King James I. having, in 1615, heard of his fame, appointed him Principal of Glasgow University, and afterwards of Edinburgh University. Finding him, however, more staunchly Presbyterian than his father, the king caused him to be deprived of his office. He next became minister of Paisley, but a riot having been instigated against him, he demitted his charge, and retired to Trochrague. In declining health he went to Edinburgh in search of medical advice, where he died in 1627. In his will, he left twenty pounds "to help to buy ane bell to the kirk of Daylie, and twenty merks, including thairin the ten merks alreaddy promeist, to the bigging of the brig of Girvane." His grandson, also called Robert, was a staunch Covenanter, like most of the Carrick lairds, and was thrown into prison for refusing the Test oath, only obtaining his liberty on payment of a fine of a thousand merks for church irregularities, and giving a bond and caution for £2000 sterling, to live regularly and orderly in future.

BARGANY HOUSE.

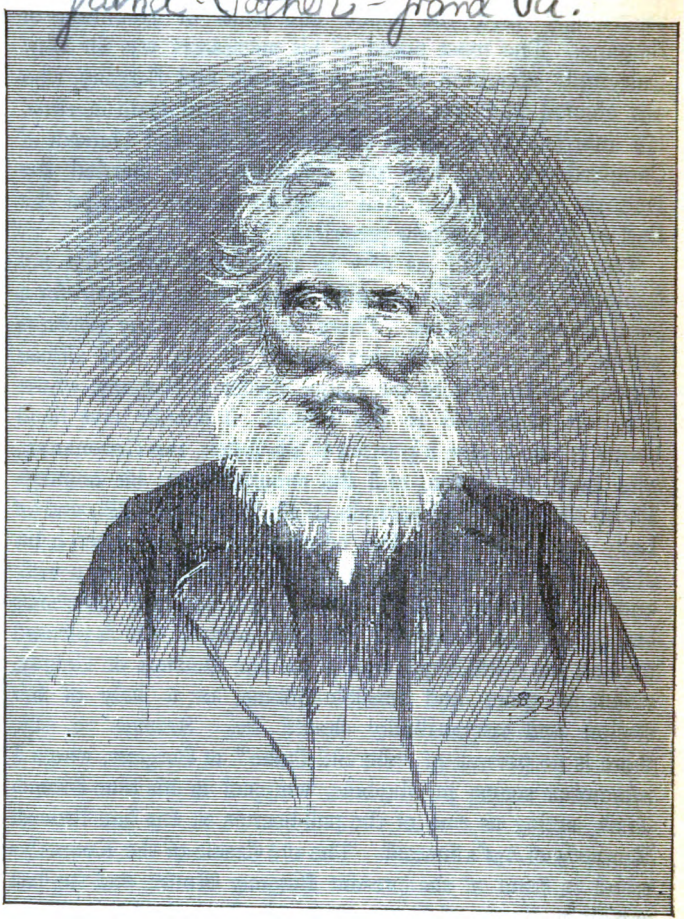
THE ancient lairds of Bargany and Ardstinchar were the Kennedys, relatives and rivals of the Cassillis family who dwelt at Dunure. But the Bargany lairds were lavish of their money, and got latterly so encumbered with debt that their large possessions had to be sold. They were bought about the year 1625 by Sir John Hamilton, natural son of the first Marquis of Hamilton, who afterwards received the title of Lord Bargany. It was the second Lord Bargany who built the present Mansion-House in 1681. He was a staunch Covenanter, and suffered severely in purse thereby. He had a son, John, the Master of Bargany, who died before his father. James, 4th Lord Bargany, died unmarried at Edinburgh, in the 26th year of his age, and was buried in Holyrood Abbey.

A great law-plea now arose for the possession of the estate, which was ultimately decided in the House of Lords in favour of the heirs of Johanna, daughter of the Master of Bargany above mentioned. This lady had married Sir

Robert Dalrymple of North Berwick, and her second son accordingly took the name and arms of Hamilton of Bargany. The most noted of his successors was Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton of North Berwick and Bargany, who was elected M.P. for Ayrshire in 1803, and again in 1806. He married Jane, eldest daughter of Admiral Duncan of Camperdown, and had one daughter, who married the Duc de Coigny; and their daughter in turn married the Earl of Stair, who is now proprietor.

The house itself, as may be guessed, is somewhat old fashioned, although its beautiful surroundings make up for a good many drawbacks. There are not so many portraits within it as one could have wished to see. The oldest appears to be that of the young Master of Bargany, whose daughter succeeded to the estates. I should have liked better to have seen a portrait of his father, the Covenanter, who built the house, and did something for his country. There are also good portraits of Sir Hew, the M.P., and of Lady Jane, his wife. The latter seems to have been a bit of a character, and is represented as *Britannia* in a well-known engraving. Her father, the Admiral, flourishes largely also on the walls. But the portrait which pleased me best was a full-length one of the late Duchess de Coigny, which is quiet and sensible-looking, as a lady of her station and responsibility should be. Strange to say, there is no portrait of "the old Duke" at Bargany, whom I remember seeing in Maybole, wrapped in his blue French cloak, acting as one of the pall-bearers at the late Provost Kennedy of Ayr's funeral. The old Castle of the Kennedys stood in front of the present Bargany House, and the last remaining tower of it was removed about the beginning of this century. The present House has, of course, its "haunted room," although its occupant is considerately quiet in these enlightened days.

grand-father - Grand Pa.



HEW AINSLIE, POET.

HEW AINSLIE.

WHEN you turn your back on Bargany House, and cross the Girvan water by the handsome old stone bridge there, you see, facing you on the right, a brae planted with evergreens and dotted with snowdrops. This brae gets the name of the "Butler's Brae," from the fact that in times gone by, the butlers of Bargany used to reside in a cottage which stood on the top of it. In this cottage, which was removed about 50 years ago, there were born two poets. The first was Hamilton Paul, born 10th April, 1773, and who seemed at one time likely to divide the laurel crown with Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. The two were friends and poetical rivals at Glasgow College, and kept up a correspondence for some years. But Paul's vein of poetry was thin, and soon ran out. In Carlyle's phrase, "he struck twelve at first"; and so, while Campbell went on to fame and fortune, Paul sank gradually to occasional verse-maker, assistant editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*, and finally a commonplace minister of the Hugh Blair pattern, at Broughton, Peebles-shire.

But the second poet born at the Butler's Brae of Bargany, 19 years after, turned out to be of better stuff. He came into the world on 5th April, 1792. His name was Hew Ainslie, son of George Ainslie, butler in Bargany. There is only one person in the district now

(an old man of 92) who remembers seeing him, but several have told me that their parents were well acquainted with him. The old forester at Bargany says that George Ainslie took charge of the place when the laird, Sir Hew D. Hamilton, was from home, and, on these occasions, he sometimes took contracts for making roads on the property. All that he can remember about the poet, however, is that his father and he were boys together.

Hew was a delicate youth, tall and slender, and humorously dubbed himself *The Lang Linker* in one of his after volumes. He was educated partly at home, partly at Ballantrae Parish School, and partly at Ayr Academy. Afterwards, he wrought as assistant-nurseryman on Bargany grounds. When he was seventeen, his father removed to Roslin, and Hew, through the good offices of Mr Thomas Thomson, another Dailly man, became a clerk in the Register Office, Edinburgh. From his skilful penmanship and general intelligence, he was employed as amanuensis to Professor Dugald Stewart. In 1820, along with two friends, he took a trip to his native Carrick, which he seems to have enjoyed greatly. An account of this trip he published two years after, under the title of *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*, incorporating into it most of the songs he had written. In 1822, he emigrated to the United States of America, and tried farming, brewing, building, and even Owen's Social System at New Harmony; but he does not seem to have succeeded in any of them. After a short visit to his native land, he returned to America, and died at Louisville, 11th March, 1878. He married his cousin, and had a numerous family, some of whom have attained wealth in the iron trade at Louisville. The Centenary of his birth was very becomingly celebrated by a large meeting held at Girvan, when a Lecture was given by the Librarian of the M'Kechnie Institute on his life and writings. A number of

his songs were sung, and two friends from a distance, who had known the Poet personally, gave reminiscences of him, and exhibited a few relics.

It was Robert Chambers who first called attention to the merits of our Carrick Bard. The "Rover of Lochryan" was his favourite, as it is with most people; although, "It's dowie in the hint o' hairst" is quite as excellent in its own way. The leading traits that strike one about our poet are his perfect command of the national Doric, his cheery, pawky humour, his true and touching pathos, and his perfervid Ayrshire patriotism. He had in his day mingled in the polite society of Edinburgh, had crossed the Atlantic, and shared in the life of the new world; but his heart to the last, as we may see by his writings, was among the hills of Carrick and the woods of Bargany. I don't think he was of the highest type either of poet or man; he had, like Burns, a great deal of human nature about him, and lived by the way perhaps more than he ought to have done; but he had the art of making and keeping friends; and while he left no unworthy lines behind him, he has left some which, it is hoped, may minister to the solacement and cheer of his "brither Scots" for many years to come.

In illustration of this, much might be quoted, but I shall content myself with two pieces. And first with what Professor Blackie calls the "Homeric Vividness" of the *Rover* (in plain language, the Smuggler) *of Lochryan*, which is the best Scottish sea song we have, and, in many of its turns of expression, fairly smells of Ballantrae steep stony beach, and the venturesome *nabbies* of its fishermen. (*Music in* National Choir, J. & R. Parlane, Paisley.)

The Rover o' Lochryan, he's gane
  Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a better keel
  Ne'er bowl'd on the back o' a wave.

It 's no when the loch lies deid in its trough,
When naething disturbs it ava,
But the rack an' the ride o' the restless tide,
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

It 's no when the yawl an' the licht skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best
And the Rover that 's dear to me;
But when that the clud lays its cheek to the flood,
And the sea lays its shouther to the shore,
When the wind sings high, an' the sea-whaups cry
As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It 's then that I look to the thickening rook
An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken that the win' brings my Rover hame
Owre the sea that he glories to ride.
Oh, merry he sits 'mong his jovial crew
Wi' the helm-heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue
As his ee 's upon Galloway's land:

"Unstent and slack each reef an' tack,
Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit,
She has roar'd through a heavier sea afore,
An' she 'll roar through a heavier yet.
While landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
In the tempest's angry moan,
We dash through the drift, an sing' to the lift
O' the wave that heaves us on."

It 's dowie in the hint o' hairst,
At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,
When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow bauld,
And the wuds are hinging yellow.
But oh! its dowier far to see
The wa'-gang o' ane the heart gangs wi',
The deid-set o' a shining ee,
That darkens the weary world on thee.

There was muckle love atween us twa—
  Oh, twa could ne'er be fonder;
And the thing on yird was never made
  That could hae gart us sunder.
But the way o' Heaven's aboon a' ken,
  And we maun bear what it likes to sen'—
It's comfort, though, to weary men,
  That the warst o' this warld's waes must en'.

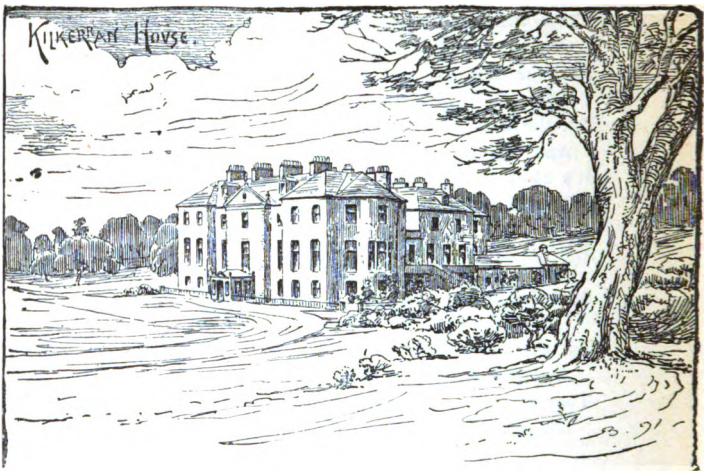
There 's mony things that come and gae,
  Just kent, and just forgotten;
And the flowers that busk a bonnie brae
  Gin anither year lie rotten.
But the last look o' that lovely ee,
  And the dying grip she gied to me—
They 're settled like Eternitie—
  Oh, Mary! that I were wi' thee.

Oh gi'e me a sough o' the auld saut sea,
  A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
  Has brocht on this breist and brain.

Let me hear his roar on the rocky shore,
  His thud on the shelly sand;
For my spirit 's bow'd, an' my heart is dow'd
  Wi' the gloom o' this forest land.

Your sweeping floods an' your waving wuds
  Look brave in the suns o' June;
But the breath o' the swamp brews a sickly damp,
  And there 's death in the dark lagoon.

Oh gi'e me a jaup o' the dear auld saut,
  A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
  Has laid on my breist and brain.



KILKERRAN HOUSE.

IT is instructive to contrast the tall, narrow, secluded tower, still standing in the glen off Drumlamford Road, and known as "Kilkerran auld Castle," with the plain but spacious and comfortable mansion known as *Kilkerran House*, a representation of which is given above. These two buildings form a contrast of at least 300 years, and tell of very different states of society. The Castle tells of a time when life was insecure, and safety the first point to be attended to; while the House tells of a time when the poorest can sit under his vine and fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. The grounds about Kilkerran are famed for their beauty. The *Todey Glen* behind the House, and the *Lady Glen* beyond the fine gardens, are well known to all lovers of scenery; while the magnificent *beech* by the entrance drive, and sundry specimens of the *Silver fir*, 100 feet high, in the Lady Glen, are admired by all lovers of forestry.

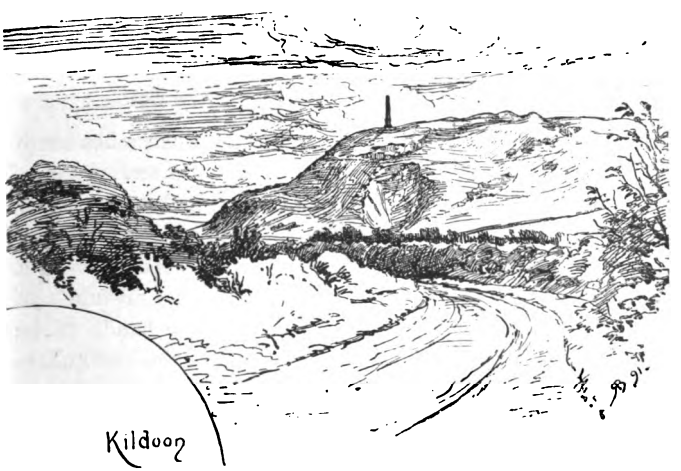
The Fergussons are a very old family in Carrick, being mentioned in records as far back as the days of Robert

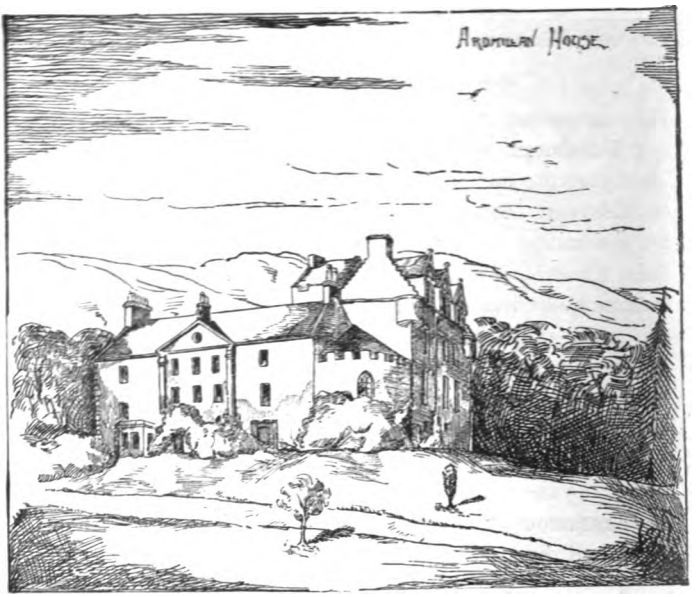
Bruce. Sir Adam was eulogised by Burns in his *Earnest Cry and Prayer* as

"Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran."

He represented Ayrshire in Parliament for eighteen years, and Edinburgh for four. But none of the family was more loved than the late Sir Charles, whose monument now stands on Kildoon. He dwelt among his own people, and served his generation faithfully by the will of God. He built the West Church, and Crosshill Church, and supported many local schools beside, while he was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and a father to the poor. Sir James, the present Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, served himself heir to most of his father's charities, as well as serving his country as Colonial Governor all over the world.

The well-known monument on Kildoon was erected in 1853 "by the tenantry and friends, in memory of Sir Charles D. Fergusson of Kilkerran, who was born 26th August, 1800, and died 18th March, 1849."



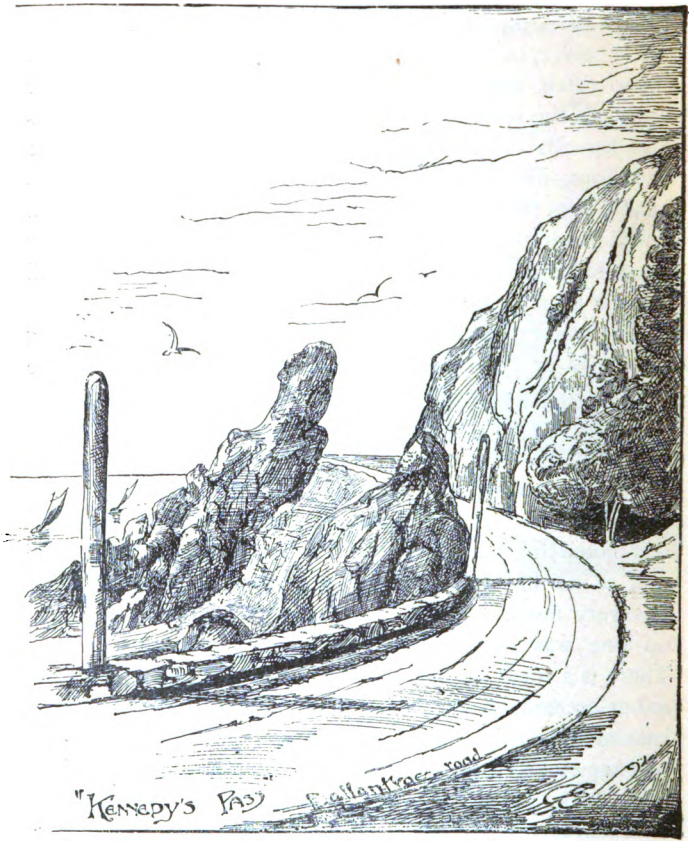


ARDMILLAN HOUSE.

THIS mansion stands about two and a half miles south of Girvan. In old times, it was the seat of one of the numerous branches of the Kennedys, and its proprietor bore the honours of the house of Bargany at the funeral of the laird, who was killed near Maybole. About 1658, it passed by marriage into the hands of the Crawfuirds of Baidland, and recently by purchase into the hands of the Playfairs. At the covenanting period, the Ardmillan "gudeman," as he was called, was on the side of the persecutors, which accounts for the way the Episcopal Abercrombie speaks of him. "Next to Turnberry, is the

Castle of Ardmillan, so much improven of late that it looks like a palace, built round, court-ways; surrounded by a deep, broad ditch, and strengthened by a movable bridge at the entry, able to secure the owner from the sudden commotions and assaults of *the wild people of this corner*, who, on these occasions, are set upon robbery and depredation; and to enable him the better to endure a siege, he is provided with a well in his court, and a hand-mill in the house for grinding meal or malt, with which two lusty fellows set at work will grind a firlot in the space of an hour."

The house is quaint and picturesque, nestling cosily among its woods at the foot of the hill, and looking out over the ever-varying panorama of the Firth of Clyde. It is said to contain one of the most elegant drawing-rooms in the county. Its best known proprietor was the late Lord Ardmillan, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, who died in 1876. Humble and warm-hearted to a degree, he was noted for his genial and kindly humour in private, as well as for his upright and manly conduct in public. He was very much attached to the place of his upbringing, and no one was better liked throughout the whole district. There is a small obelisk to the memory of Lord Ardmillan's father erected on the hill behind the house, but it is fast hastening to ruin. Lord Ardmillan's career as a judge is best remembered by his decision in the Yelverton case.



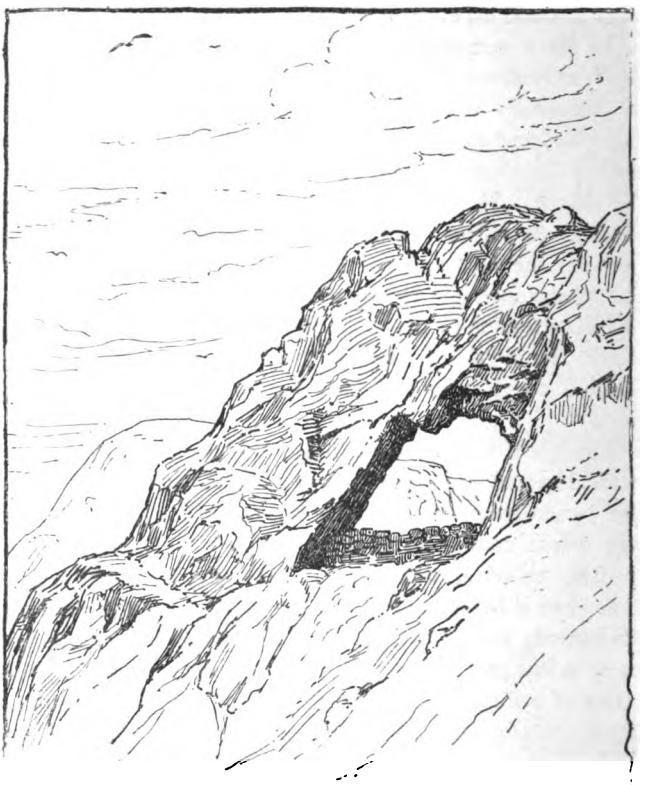
GIRVAN TO LENDAL.

THE road from Girvan to Ballantrae is one of the finest coast roads in Scotland, and Sir Roderick Murchison, the Geologist, in one of his books, expresses his regret that "the fine scenery of this grand coast section has not been sketched by a good artist and made known to the public."

The road winds close by the sea, into which the hills descend abruptly. Ailsa, Arran, Cantire, and Ireland are all clearly visible across a Firth, which is never bare of vessels. Sea-birds abound on every hand, and the fantastic shapes of the rocks are a perpetual delight. Murchison speaks of *Craig Skelly* at Shalloch (1½ miles from Girvan), "which exhibits so beautifully the junction of the conglomerates with the flagstones and schists"; and he stooped down to gather not fewer than twenty varieties of rock which were strewn on the beach. He next notices the Greywacke schists near *Ardwell* (4 miles), "which jut out from the grassy sward between the hills and the shore, like books in a library, or the tombstones in a closely-tenanted churchyard." Finally, he calls attention to the rocks at *Kennedy's Pass* (4½ miles), which, he says, are "by far the finest example of coarse Silurian conglomerates I have met with in any part of the world."

The rock figured second in this article stands by the roadside about 5¾ miles from Girvan, and just as the coast-line bends round to the beautiful bay of Lendal. A short way before coming to it, there is a cave by the roadside on the left, called *Ardmillan Cove*, partially filled with water. This cave is below the level of the road, but the *Hole in the Rock* stands high above it, and as all striking natural appearances in this part of Scotland were formerly explained by the action of evil spirits, so is it with this one. According to tradition, therefore, the Prince of Darkness was one day building stacks of stone, two of which still remain, when the minister of Colmonell, on the border of which parish it is situated, suddenly appeared on the heights above, with a Bible in his hand. This was enough. The Fiend at once fled for Ireland, knocking in his hurry a hole through the ledge of rock which stood in his way. So runs the story; and to keep it in countenance, I may mention that what Murchison

calls "the beautiful junction of the conglomerates with the schists" at Craig Skelly, used to be explained to me in my boyhood's days, as *the track of the Evil One's wheelbarrow!*



THE HOLE IN THE ROCK NEAR LENDAL.

Beautiful as the whole road is, it is specially beautiful at *Kennedy's Pass*, so named after the Right Hon. T. F. Kennedy of Dalquharran, who was the first to pass through

it. Previous to the year 1831, the road at this point led along the face of Penbain hill, about 300 feet above the sea, and was very steep. Another steep part of the old road may still be seen at *Games Loup*. Being the main highway between Portpatrick and Glasgow, Mr Telford, the famous engineer, was engaged to survey the whole coast road, so as to ascertain the probable expense of making it serviceable for coach traffic. He gave £15,000 as his estimate, but as it was found impossible to raise this sum in the district, the project was abandoned. However, the late Mr M'Ilwraith of Auchenflower was convinced that the estimate was too high, and engaged to have the improvements effected for one-third of the money, and this was accordingly done.

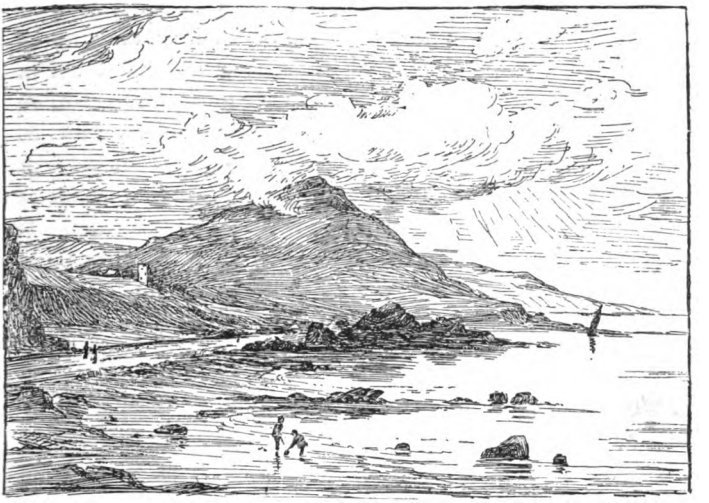
About a mile past the "Hole in the Rock," and close by Lendal village, there stands by the roadside a neat tombstone, surrounded by a railing, bearing the following inscription:—"Erected to the memory of Archibald Hamilton and crew, natives of King's Cross, Arran, who were drowned near this place, September 11, 1711.

"Ye passengers, whoe'er ye are,
As ye pass on this way,
Disturb ye not this small respect
That 's paid to sailors' clay."

It is a long way back to 1711, but the people of the district have piously preserved this little spot of ground, and thrice at their own expense renewed the tombstone. A few years ago, a big storm washed away a portion of the earth to the right of the stone, and the skeletons of the drowned fishermen were still seen lying side by side as they had been laid on the day of their burial.

Lendal village consists of only half-a-dozen houses or so clustered round a School. In former days the houses were

clustered round a wayside Inn, which shows at least a change for the better. In one of the houses dwells one of those self-taught geniuses in humble life who have always formed a creditable feature of our country. A good many years ago, when travelling along this road, I used to observe a young man wandering about in the evenings, with a gun under his arm, or a moth net in his hand. This was Charles Berry, on the outlook for specimens wherewith to stock his cabinet of Natural History. These specimens have grown on his hand until now he possesses nearly 200 different species of birds' eggs, all the common local species of British moths, many stuffed specimens of rare birds, all the various kinds of crustaceans to be found on these shores, with a heterogeneous collection of curiosities, which make his small room quite a Museum. Some years ago, he collected for me the 36 specimens of our common Wild Birds which I presented to the Maybole Public School; while he has also collected for me 34 specimens of our local Sea Shells, which I have presented to Girvan Burgh School. At first he used to send all his bird-specimens to Glasgow to be stuffed; but latterly he has set to the work himself, and has turned out some exceedingly creditable specimens of taxidermy. And all the time he has been doing his day's darg at the lobster fishing, and merely indulges his passion for Natural History at hours given up by others to pipe smoking or idle gossip. Not being a professed Naturalist myself, I asked Mr Morris Young, of the Paisley Free Museum, for whom he collected many specimens, to furnish me with his estimate of Mr Berry's attainments as a Naturalist; but Mr Young suggests that I should simply refer those interested to "his numerous contributions to the Paisley Museum, more particularly in British Fishes, Stalk and Sessile-eyed Crustaceans, Annelids, Sponges, &c., as these testify to his painstaking perseverance and discrimination."



LENDAL TO BALLANTRAE.

WHEN the traveller turns the point of the road where Ardmillan Cove and the Hole in the Rock are situated, he sees before him the beautiful *Bay of Lendal*, with Carleton Hill towering above it. The ruined Tower to the left is where "fause Sir John" lived who drowned his wives, and was afterwards drowned himself. Right beyond where the boat is sailing stands *Gamesloup*, where the tragedy took place. Behind the rocks in front is the tombstone of the drowned fishermen and the villages of Lendal and Carleton, while the road winds all the way close by the sea till it turns the corner at Bennan, and the Bay of Ballantrae lies stretched out before you.

In Samuel Rutherford's days, the laird of Carleton was a notable student of the Spiritual life, and several of Rutherford's Letters are addressed to him. Wodrow, the Church historian, testifies that this laird was particularly skilful in deciding cases of conscience, which seem to have been more common among our earnest living forefathers than with us. But all the lairds of Carleton were not of this stamp. For down from a remote antiquity has come floating to us one of the wildest legends told by the firesides of Scotland. It appears that one of the former dwellers in this stronghold was a very bad man—a sort of "Blue Beard" in his way—whose practice was to marry fair ladies for their money, and then drown them. The place where he drowned them may still be seen by the curious. It is a lofty precipitous crag, called *Gamesloup*, about two miles farther along the shore. As was the case, however, in the old story of our boyhood, so did it prove with the "fause Sir John." He was beaten at his own game. A young lady, called *May Collean* in the ballad, who was destined by him to go the way of all who had gone before her, cleverly escaped his toils, and substituted himself in her stead.

Fause Sir John a-wooing came
To a maid of beauty rare;
May Collean was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her but, and he's courted her ben,
And courted her into the ha',
Until he got the maid's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where a' the steeds did stand,
And she has taken the best steed
That was in her father's land.

He's got on, and she's got on,
And fast as they could flee,
Until they come to a lonesome part—
A rock abune the sea.

"Light down, light down," says fause Sir John,
"Your bridal bed you see;
Here have I drowned seven ladies fair,
The eighth one you shall be.

"Cast off, cast off your jewels fine,
Cast off your silken gown,
They are owre fine and owre costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn ye then about, Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree,
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see."

He turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She has twined her arms around his waist,
And thrown *him* into the sea.

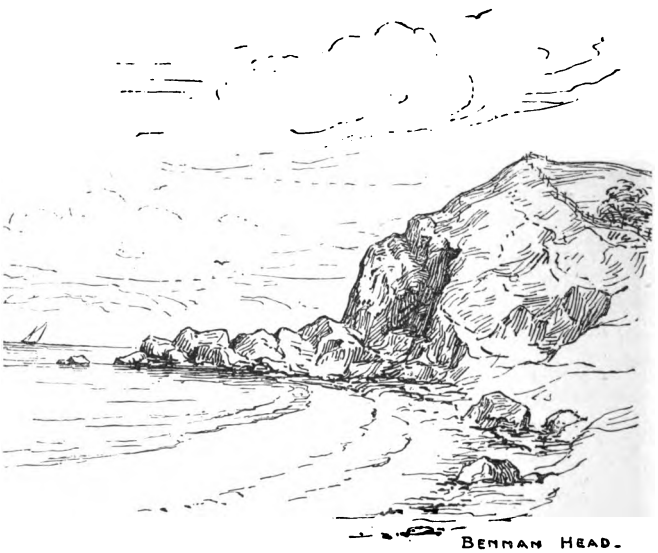
"Now lie you there, thou fause Sir John,
Where ye thought to lay me;
Although ye'd hae stripped *me* to the skin,
Your claes ye hae gotten wi' thee."

"O help, O help now, May Collean,
O help, or else I drown;
I'll tak' you hame to your father's gates,
And safely set ye down."

"Nae help, nae help, thou fause Sir John,
Nae help nor pity to thee;
Ye lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane ye meant for me."

So she went on her father's steed
As fast as she could gae,
And she cam' hame to her father's house
Before it was break of day.

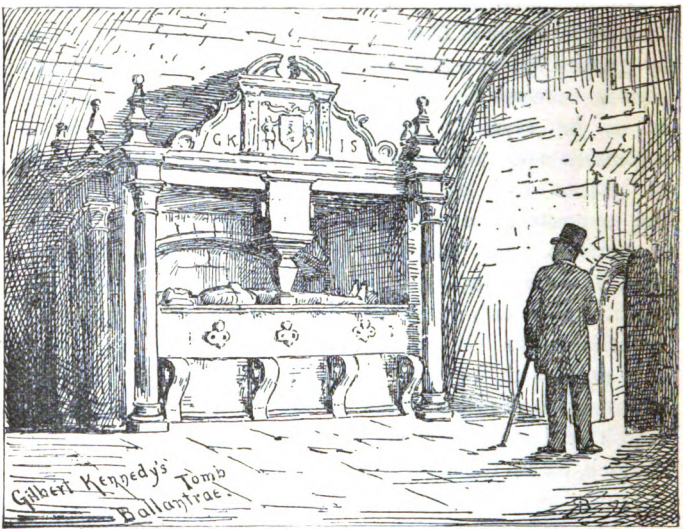
Off these shores there are several *rowes* or points which are somewhat dangerous to navigation. The two off Lendal are called the *Lendal rowes*; while there is another, about 4¾ miles from Girvan, which was long called *Langridge Point*, owing to a Revenue Cutter of that name being wrecked on it. One of her carronades was brought to



Girvan, and still, I believe, forms the only piece of ordnance available for the defence of that important burgh.

A little past Gamesloup, about 9 miles from Girvan, there is a large cave leading off the sea-shore, called *Barcrochan Cove.* The access to it is rather difficult, but with a little trouble and a lighted newspaper or two to make the

darkness visible, the sight is worth seeing. But the finest cave of the whole is *Bennan Cove*, which has long been used by gypsies for camping in. Bennan Head, which the cave pierces, receives Sir Roderick Murchison's unstinted praise. It is, he says, "a lofty lichen-covered vertical cliff of serpentine and greenstone, which forms as pictorial a scene of igneous rock as any in Scotland." The drawing on the opposite page will give the reader an idea of its appearance. The entrance to the cave is below, while the road is seen winding up the seaward ascent, leaving the beach strewn with fragments of greenstone, which take on a beautiful polish. When Bennan Head is reached, Ballantrae is in sight, with Ailsa, Arran, Cantire, Rathlin, and the hills of Antrim to the right, while the low point of Corsewall, the mouth of Loch Ryan, the green Dounan, and the conical Carlock, fill up the rest of the horizon.



BALLANTRAE.

THE present Parish Church of Ballantrae is the third of its kind. The first stood on the farm of Kirkholm, at the junction of the Tig with the Stinchar, and as that church was dedicated to St. Cuthbert, the parish then received the name of *Kirkcudbright Innertig*. But the great folks of Ardstinchar became desirous, after the Reformation, to have a church more convenient to themselves, so a new building was erected in 1604 in the middle of the present cemetery, of which the Tomb here represented formed one of the aisles. When that church became ruinous, the present Parish Church was built on a different site.

There is nothing of general interest in the churchyard save the Tomb. Above the entrance is the following inscription:—"This aisle contains the burial-place of the

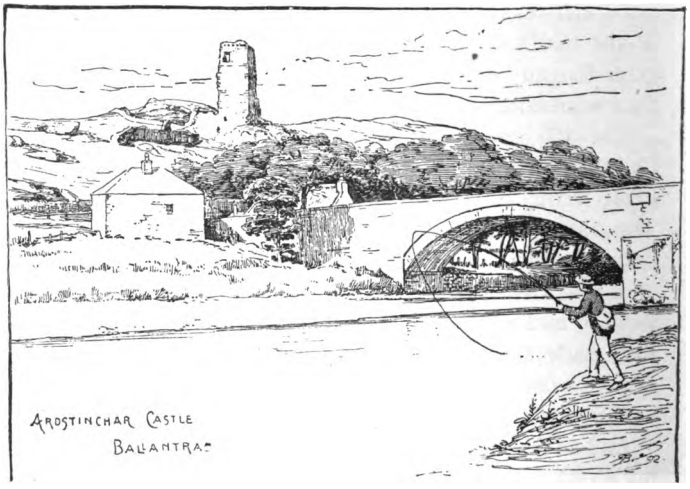
family of Bargany and Ardstinchar, chief of the name of Kennedy, and a monument raised over the remains of Gilbert, the XVIth Baron, who was slain in a feudal conflict with his cousin, the Earl of Cassillis, at Maybole in 1601, at the early age of 25, at which conflict, when overpowered by numbers, Bargany displayed the most consummate bravery. The epitaph, having been defaced, the representative of the family, Hew F. Kennedy, now of Bennane, mindful of their virtues, has considered it his duty to erect this tablet to the memory of his ancestors."

Inside the building, the view is as here given. A finely carved Monument, now much defaced, represents the laird and his lady, with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. Their coats of arms are also given, with their initials G. K. and J. S.—Gilbert Kennedy and Janet Stewart. She was sister to Lord Ochiltree, and had been one of the "Queen's maideynes." The Memorial is handsome enough of itself, but it derives its chief interest from the tragic circumstances of the laird's death, and the fact that he was the last of the great Bargany Kennedys, who struggled so hard to maintain their position against their more successful rivals of Cassillis.

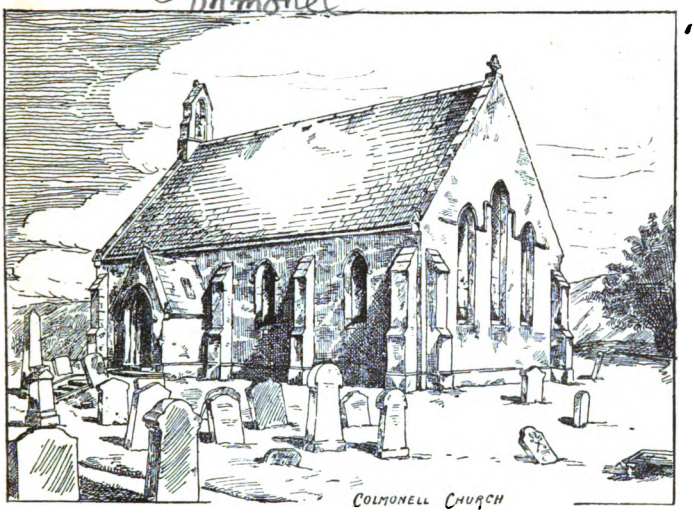
The Bargany Kennedys were more popular than the Cassillis Kennedys, but ruined themselves by their lavish expenditure, of which this Tomb is but a small instance. The funeral of the laird and lady was something to be remembered in the district. The bodies were brought from Ayr, escorted by 1000 mourners, including most of the nobility and gentry of Ayrshire, for whom great provision was made both at Bargany and Ardstinchar. Less than fifty years after, their large estates were broken up, and sold by Thomas Kennedy, the last of the line.

And so the great house of Bargany and Ardstinchar came to an end, and this Tomb, with the old ruined castle by the bridge, are the only relics of their grandeur remaining. The

ancient historian of the Kennedys waxes quite pathetic over the virtues of the family. In mentioning the death of Thomas, who rescued the poor Commendator of Crossraguel out of the Castle of Dunure, he says:—"He hed ewer in his houshald 24 gallant gentilmenne, double horsitt, and gallantly cled, with sik ane repair to his hous that it wes ane wondar quhair the samin wes gottin that he spendit." While of the occupant of this tomb, he says:—"He wes the brawest manne that wes to be gottin in ony land; of hiche statour, and weill maid; his hair blak, but of ane comlie feace, the brawest horsmainne, ane the ae best of mony at all pastymis, for he was feirce and feirry, and wonder nimbill. He was bot about the aige of 25 yeair quhane he was slayne, bot of his aige the maist wyise he might be, for gif he had tyme to add experience to his witt, he hed been by his marrowis."



Colmonell



COLMONELL CHURCH

COLMONELL.

THE valley of the Stinchar, like the valley of the Yarrow, has an air of pastoral melancholy about it. Here and there are clumps of trees, but the green sod is the prevailing sight. Arable land is mostly confined to the haughs bordering the river, while the wide expanse of hill and moor stretch out on either side.

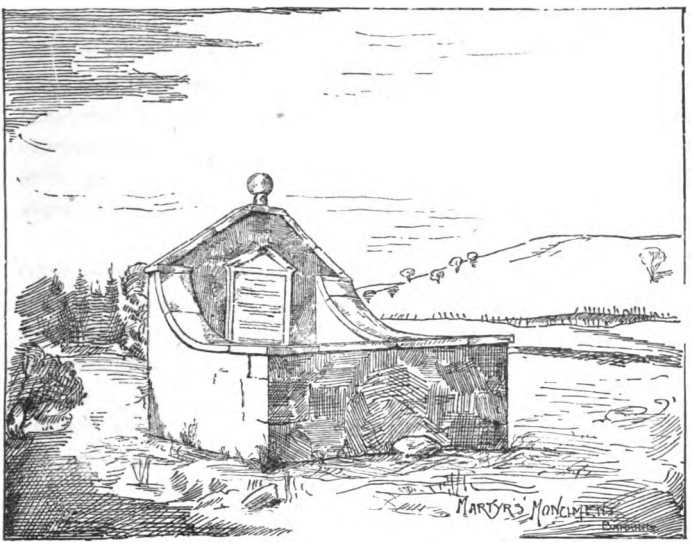
Upon the west side of the valley, high above the river, about five miles from Ballantrae, stretches, like a white ribbon on the green hill side, the village of Colmonell. The village is named after the Saint to whom the church was dedicated in Roman Catholic times. What the early Parish Churches were like we do not know; but the present church, as may be seen by the drawing, is handsome enough, and forms an outset to a village which is not deficient in charms of its own There is a Free Church here as well, and a very handsome Public Hall, while right across the valley stands,

on its limestone rock, the sturdy old keep of *Craigneil*, and the ruined walls of *Kirkhill Castle* keep guard at the entrance.

The new church has the good taste to record the story of its predecessors. For we see on an old stone, built into the east wall, these words engraved :—"Heir is ane hous bult to serve God, 1591." This stone belonged probably to the first Protestant Church, reared on the foundations of the old Roman Catholic one. Below this stone is another with the date 1772 on it, which points to the erection of a second church; and below that again is the date of the erection of the present one—1849.

The churchyard around has the usual "Ministers' corner," and tombs of the parish lairds, besides the graves of the many undistinguished. But one or two claim a word of notice. On one is inscribed the words—"In memory of John Lusk, farmer, Pinmore Mains, who died Oct., 1828." This man's son, Andrew, who is still living, was elected Lord Mayor of London a number of years ago. Another stone tells of William M'Adam of Ballochmorrie, who died 1836. "He was the son of John Loudon M'Adam (the celebrated road-maker) who lies buried at Moffat." But the most noteworthy of all the tombstones is an old-fashioned *thruchstane* on the east side of the enclosure, and recently rehewn at the expense of two of the parishioners, which records the following :—"Heir Is buried Andro Snell, Smith, died March 10, 1663, aged 72. *By Mr Johne Snell, onely son to the forenamed, in testimonie of his filial respect to the memory of his parents, was this gravestone erected. Oct. 29, 1664.*"

This John Snell was the celebrated donor of the Snell Exhibition Bursaries, which have enabled so many of our Scottish youths to study at Balliol College, Oxford. Although his father was only a country blacksmith, he had sent his son to Glasgow University, whence he had made his way to England, and became a famous lawyer in his day.



THE MARTYRS OF COLMONELL.

COLMONELL is a large thinly-peopled parish of hill and moorland in the southern part of Carrick. It stretches from the sea on the one hand to the confines of Galloway on the other, and is watered by the Stinchar and its tributaries. Its population clusters mainly round the two villages of Colmonell and Barrhill, in both of which there are two churches.

In the old Covenanting days, Colmonell was sufficiently secluded to serve as a favourite haunt of the persecuted. Peden was often there; and, at a time when Covenanting Communions were rare, one of them was held in Colmonell. As a natural consequence, the parish has had its "martyrs,"

two of whom lie buried at Barrhill, and one in the Parish Churchyard.

Barrhill is a village in the moors, and, in the pre-railway days, was somewhat primitive in its appearance. But quite recently it has got a brush-up, and can now boast of a neat Parish Church with organ, as well as a Free Church, and School, Bank, Shops, &c. Still, there is a breezy freshness and a moorland aspect about it which is refreshing to a townsman, while the smell of peats and the sound of waters is everywhere.

A little way up the side of a burn which crosses the road at the entrance to the village, the visitor finds a path leading to two graves which the piety of the people of the district has kept enclosed now for over 200 years. The inscription on the monument begins in the usual bad taste by setting forth the praises of those who erected it instead of those in whose memory it was erected. But passing that over, we find what we want in the words inscribed below :—

"Here lie John Murchie and Daniel M'Ilwrick, Martyrs, 1685.

Here in this place two martyrs lie,
Whose blood to heaven hath a loud cry.
Murdered contrary to Divine laws
For owning of King Jesus' cause.
By bloody Drummond they were shot,
Without any trial, near this spot.
Erected anew, 1825."

It is not known what the particular crime of these two young men was; but, in all probability, they had been present at Rullion Green or Bothwell Bridge, and this was accounted sufficient. They were discovered at New Luce, about 12 miles off, had been pursued hither by soldiers, and found hidden in a farm house called Alticannoch. Taken from the house and searched, Bibles were found on them,

which was accounted proof positive. Without any trial, they were forthwith shot, and left where they lay. But two women (less likely, therefore, to be interfered with) came by night, and performed the friendly office of burying their bodies where they now lie. The place is singularly secluded, although close to the village; and the rough rocks about, and the babbling burn beside, keep watch over the solitary graves.

Little is known of these Barrhill martyrs, but still less was known of the Colmonell one, until Dr Thomas M'Ilwraith of Barrhill kindly forwarded to me the following particulars, which he had verified with great faithfulness. It gives me, therefore, much pleasure to be the means of communicating to the public the first authentic account of the death of the Covenanting worthy who now lies in Colmonell Churchyard, with the following lines inscribed on his tombstone:—

"I Matthew M'Ilwraith in this parish of Colmonell,
By bloody Claverhouse I fell,
Who did command that I should die
For owning Covenanted Presbytery.
My blood a witness still doth stand
'Gainst all defections in this land."

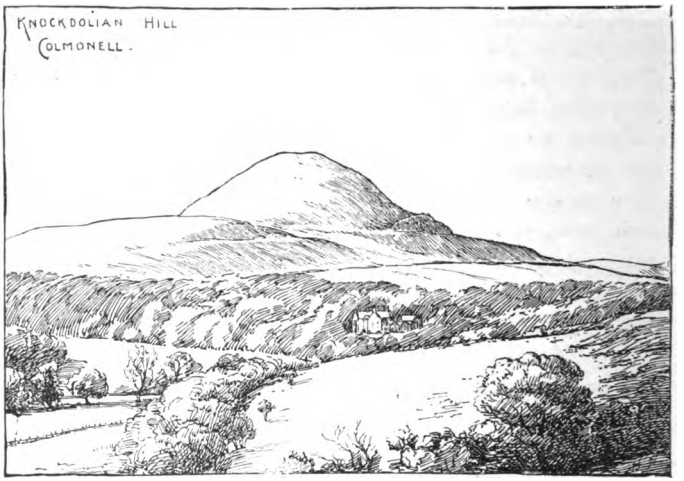
It is probable that Matthew, like the two Barrhill worthies, had been at Bothwell Bridge or some other of the Covenanting "Rencounters," which caused him to be "wanted" by the Government of those days. Accordingly, some time in the year 1685, a party of dragoons found their way to this quiet Stinchar valley in quest of him, and the circumstances under which they found him are sufficiently human to add a touch of pathos to his death. Matthew was the son of the farmer at Blair, about a mile above Barrhill, and at that time was courting a Miss M'Ewen, daughter of the farmer at Barbour, about a mile and a half below the village. The

troopers, learning this, surrounded the wood one moonlight night, when the inmates were engaged at family worship. M'Ilwraith escaped into a wood close by, but when search was made he took to the open fields. The soldiers' horses soon became bogged, but four of them leaped off and continued the pursuit on foot. Matthew led them down the *Duisk*, crossed the lands of Alticane and Pinwherry, and plunged into a glen on the farm of Dangart, in the vale of the *Stinchar*. In ascending the further side of this glen, the leading pursuer threw his dirk and struck him on the heel, severing the *tendon Achilles*. Although thus rendered unable to run, he had strength enough, when his pursuer came up, to stab him to the heart with his own weapon. The others, however, speedily arrived, and shot him.

A night and a day passed, and no one was bold enough to remove the dead body. At last, as in the case at Barrhill, two young women came, wrapped the corpse in a grey plaid, and carried it to Colmonell Churchyard, about two miles distant, and there digged a grave for it close by the wall. One of these young women was named Janet Carson. She lived to old age, and often told the story to her granddaughter, who told it to the late Peter Douglas, joiner in Glenluce, who died in 1866. Peter even confessed that when he was a young man, he had, one moonlight night, opened the grave of Matthew M'Ilwraith, and found the bones of a man lying about 18 inches below the surface, still wrapped in the remains of what appeared to be Janet Carson's grey plaid. It was a popular tradition that M'Ilwraith had been a very tall man, but the bones (Peter thought) merely indicated a man of 5 feet 10 inches, or thereby.

And thus the sun set on Matthew M'Ilwraith. For a short space, the darkness is parted, and we get a glimpse

into those days of "darkness and blood." We see the Stinchar valley, beautiful then as now, lying in the quiet moonlight. All at once we hear shouts, and get a "glint" of the hunted man and his race for life. Then we see the desperate hand to hand struggle in the Dangart glen, followed by the pistol shots of the pursuers. Finally, we see the heroic Janet and her companion, both in their teens, take up the dead man, wrap him in their plaid, and carry him between them to Colmonell Churchyard, that he might rest with his kindred. The only thing needed to complete the romance is to suppose that Janet Carson's companion that night was Miss M'Ewen of Barbour, which, in the nature of things, it was not at all unlikely to be. Whoever she was, she was worthy. All honour be to both of them!



THE STINCHAR VALLEY.

THE ancient castle of Ardstinchar, chief seat of the old Bargany Kennedys, still keeps guard over Ballantrae, and lifts up its solitary tower by way of protest against modern spoliation. But, although man may spoil his own works, he cannot well spoil the works of Nature. And we may confidently believe that the sweet valley of the Stinchar looks as pretty to-day as ever it did. Starting, then, from the foot of the old Castle Crag, and glancing across at the "grey stones of Garleffin," keeping their watch of centuries by the graves of the dead, the road pursues its course up the river. The first object of interest is *Laggan House*, about two miles up the valley. Then we see the ruins of the former Church of Ballantrae at *Kirkholm*, near the junction of the Tig with the Stinchar. Then, a little farther on, and lying more into the heart of the hill, we see the small one

storey farm house of *Knockdow*, where Peden was staying when he was seized and taken to the Bass. Next, the road turns sharply to the left, and we find ourselves facing the old Castle of *Knockdolian*, with the modern mansion beside it, while Knockdolian Hill itself rises straight above both, with the little knoll of *Dunniwick*, round which the fairies used to dance on moonlight nights. This is, indeed, a romantic part of the valley.

Leaving Knockdolian, we soon reach the tidy village of Colmonell, enjoying one of the prettiest situations of all the pretty villages of South Ayrshire. It stands on a rising ground above the Stinchar, looking down to the green hill of Knockdolian, and up to the woods of Pinmore, while in the horizon may be seen the lofty hills of Barr, and even of far away Galloway. Its praise has been often sung by local bards, one of whom apostrophises it thus:—

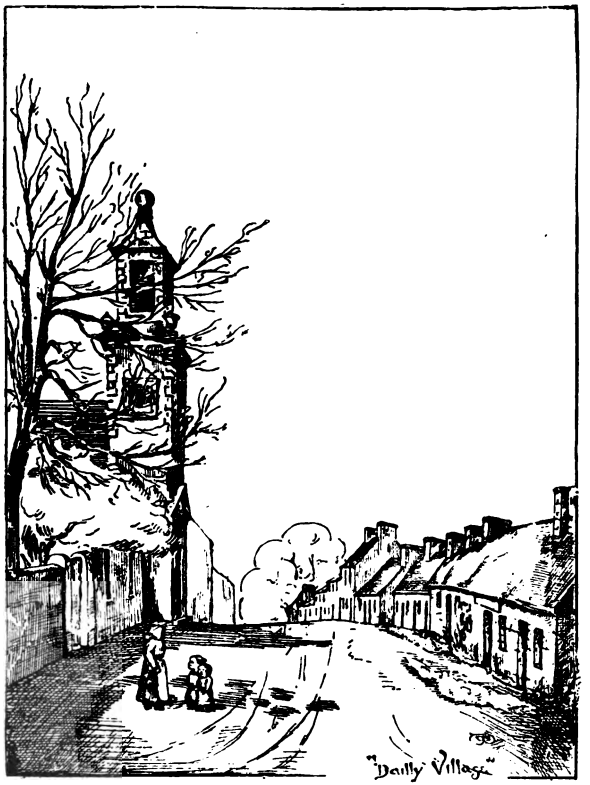
> "A beauty, in a beauteous dell,
> Serenely fair sits Colmonell."

At the entrance of the village stand the ruins of the old Castle of *Kirkhill*, with the modern mansion beside it, while across the valley we see the still older Castle of *Craigneil*, perched on its limestone rock; and it is curious to observe the modern quarry, which, with customary irreverence, was so near bringing the whole of this hoary fortress to the ground. One of the stories connected with Craigneil runs as follows:—Thomas Dalrymple, brother to the laird of Stair, was riding quietly one night near the bridge of Girvan, when he unfortunately was met by my Lord of Cassillis and his men. Dalrymple, being of the Bargany party, saw that he was in for it, and made off, but not being well horsed, was taken. "My Lord of Cassillis," says the old historian quite calmly, as if he were narrating a mere matter of course, "tuik him to Craigneil, and on the morne gaiff him ane

Assyise, and hangit him on ane tree besyd the yett of Craigneil. He was ane pretty little manne, and werry kind, and had never offendit manne."

Pursuing our way, we pass the *Dangart Glen*, where Matthew M'Ilwraith was killed in the days of the persecution; and *Pinwherry Castle*, standing gaunt and bare near the junction of the Duisk with the Stinchar. Looking back from this point, Knockdolian seems like a huge pyramid placed in the middle of the valley, to dam back the waters of the stream. It is, indeed, the king of the Stinchar valley from whatever point it is viewed, and it looks every inch a king. But now we approach the place where the valley puts on its fairest robes. Hitherto the hills have been bare and pastoral, but now they become clothed with wood, while the valley itself contracts till it becomes a veritable Pass, through which the river, the road, and the railway have some difficulty in forcing their way. The beauty reaches its climax at *Pinmore*, where the Assel joins the Stinchar, making a "meeting of the waters," quite as beautiful in its way as the Irish one so famous in song.

But the beauty does not continue. Soon the Stinchar finds its way up among the bare hills of Barr, while the road to Girvan, after quitting the Assel, climbs upwards past *Letterpin*, and the old British fort of *Dinvin*, till it comes in sight of the blue sea, with Ailsa and Arran in the background. It is from this point that the most picturesque view of Girvan is to be obtained. Indeed, at one part of the road the town seems set in a frame of hills, as if Nature herself were anxious to call the attention of every traveller to its beauty.



DAILLY.

"THE name *Dailly*," as one of its ministers has said, "is as pleasant to the lip as the place is to the eye"; and with this dainty compliment a stranger may not intermeddle. The village is situated on the banks of the Girvan, with the pleasure grounds of Dalquharran lying immediately opposite. The Parish Church, seen in the engraving, is at least the third of its kind which the parish

has seen; the first having probably stood near Kilkerran, the second at Old Dailly, and the third now forming the centre of New Dailly Village. It was built in 1776, and, to speak the truth, is the darkest and least comfortable of any church in the district. There is a Free Church also in the village.

The history of a parish is generally best read in its churchyard, where the worthies of former days lie sleeping. The Dalquharran lairds are buried within their own grounds, and the Bargany lairds at Old Dailly; but the Kilkerran lairds have their Mausoleum here. Here, also, are some of the ministers who have served the parish. The name of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, who died in 1799, has been eclipsed by that of his two sons, John, the famous landscape painter, better known as "Thomson of Duddingston," and Thomas, famed in his day as a lawyer and antiquarian. The Rev. David Strong's name has also been eclipsed by his two sons, David and Charles, the one a minister in Glasgow, and the other in Melbourne. Dr Hill, too, officiated here for a time, and Principal William Chalmers of the English Presbyterian College, London.

Of the other tombstones, perhaps the most singular is the one bearing the following inscription:—"In memory of John Brown, collier, who was enclosed in Kilgrammie Coal Pit, by a portion of it having fallen in, October 8, 1835, and was taken out alive, and in full possession of his mental faculties, but in a very exhausted state, October 31, having been 23 days in utter seclusion from the world, and without a particle of food. He lived for three days after, having quietly expired on the evening of November 3, aged 66 years." I do not know whether this "breaks the record" in fasting or not; but it is to be remembered that Brown had always sufficiency of water within reach. The Pit in which he was entombed is the disused one immediately

adjoining Dailly Railway Station. As you approach the village from Crosshill, there is a small granite block standing by the roadside intimating that John Aitken, roadman, died suddenly there. I remember being told that John was a character in his way, and had a great antipathy to read sermons. One stormy Fast-day the minister of Barr came to preach, and John drily remarked—"It's a pity the man cam' sae far, as he micht hae sent his paper *by the Post!*"

STRAITON.

THE Parish Church of Straiton is strangely composed of two portions. There is first the old aisle, built of hewn stone, with gothic window, and outside staircase. And then there is the modern white-washed portion, as plain and bald as may be. The old aisle formed part of the Roman Catholic Church which stood here before the Reformation, and shews the stress men then laid on beauty in church architecture. The modern barn-like building, with its square windows and rough-cast walls, shews the little taste and less cost our Protestant forefathers expended on the worship of God. In this way, Straiton Church is a standing parable regarding the two forms of faith. It is true the building is now purged of its crucifixes and images, and even the stone cross which once overtopped the gable of the aisle has been demolished. But piety need not be at war

with beauty, neither does holiness necessarily consort with baldness. It is hoped the day is coming when we may yet count it a privilege to make the "House of God" as comely as our circumstances will allow.

In the Churchyard there are several notable memorials. The oldest stone, which lies immediately below the Gothic window, bears the following inscription:—"Here rests the bodie of Mr John M'Quorne, younger, in hope of the joyful resurrection. He died in peace, 1st May, 1612, aged 23. VIXI. VIVO MELIVS. OPTIME VIVAM." (I have lived: I am living better: I shall yet live best of all). This young man was son of the second minister of Straiton, who was translated from Maybole to Straiton in 1598. His father, unfortunately, was afterwards deposed for drunkenness.

There is also a Martyr's Stone, with the following lines upon it:—

"Here lies Thomas M'Haffie, Martyr, 1686.

Though I was sick and like to die
Yet bloody Bruce did murder me,
Because I adhered in my station
To our Covenanted Reformation.
My blood for vengeance yet doth call
Upon Zion's haters all."

This Covenanter was son of the farmer at Largs, near the village. He had hid himself in a glen on the farm of Linfairn, but being seized with fever, and having taken refuge in a house near at hand, he was dragged out of his bed and shot on the road. The last two lines of the epitaph are somewhat bloodthirsty, but we must remember that they were written not by the martyr but by some versifier for him.

In this Churchyard are also buried several generations of

the M'Cosh's of Carskeoch, near Patna, whose family tree has blossomed in these modern days into Ex-President James M'Cosh, of Princeton College, New Jersey, United States. Some years ago, I remember having gone, by arrangement, to preach at Straiton, and found that the President was there, staying for a few days with his sister, the late Mrs M'Adam, of Dalmorton. He came into the vestry that morning, and asked leave to preach for me, as it was the last opportunity, he thought, he should have of preaching in the church of his boyhood. I, of course, consented, and he chose as the subject of his remarks those verses in the 16th chapter of John, which set forth the office and work of the Holy Spirit. At the conclusion, he spoke a few words about his early connection with Straiton Church, and pointed out the pew in which he used to sit. In those days, he said, the whole family were in the habit of walking every Sunday to church across the moor (4 miles), and returning after service. All the young lads of his own age whom he knew at that time were now dead, many of them having wasted their lives through strong drink. He had thought it right to leave the Church of Scotland, and even Scotland itself; but though living in America, he had still a warm side to his native land, his native parish, and the old church round which his fathers were resting, and he was glad to have this opportunity of saying these things within its walls.

After service, I was invited to dine with the President at the Manse. He was very pleasant and affable, dwelling much on old times and persons. I asked him how he liked the Americans, and mentioned that I had heard they used ministers there as they used oranges—suck all the juice out them, and then fling them away. He said it might be so in some cases, but they certainly had not so used him. If I might judge from what I heard that day, I should say that

the President could never have been a pulpit orator, although there was a certain homely earnestness about his words which had their own effect. But he had found his life-work in training students, and writing philosophical treatises—the most popular of these being the *Method of the Divine government.* In this way he has become a man of mark, a credit to Straiton, to Ayrshire, and to the Presbyterian Church generally. The oldest member of the M'Cosh family buried in Straiton Churchyard is Jasper M'Cosh, who died in 1729; and I remember the old President (now in his 81st year), when he came out of the church, went to look at the stone, told me it was the oldest record of his family he could trace, said he would never see it again, and then stooped down and affectionately patted the weather-worn memorial, as he took his final leave of it.

BARR.

THE parish of Barr is one of the most extensive in Carrick, but at the same time the least populous. There is only one village in it; the other habitations consisting of the farmhouses scattered sparsely over its wilderness of hills. The Stinchar is its main stream, and what arable land the parish possesses lies chiefly along its banks. When the traveller leaves the valley of the Stinchar, he finds himself in an unknown region of moors and mosses, trod by no foot but that of the shepherd in charge of his sheep, or that of the sportsman in quest of game. It may be called indeed the Highland parish of Ayrshire, having higher hills, and more of them, than any other.

Perhaps the most picturesque spot in Barr is the well-known Pass into Galloway, called the *Nick of the Balloch*.

This begins at the farmhouse of Pinvalley, about four miles from Barr village, and ascends along the side of a hill for nearly two miles, having neither fence nor parapet to prevent the heedless traveller from being hurled into the ravine beneath. It is indeed a striking road, and the view from its summit, when you have Ayrshire on one side and Galloway on the other, is a sight worth going some distance to see. The parish extends several miles beyond the Nick of the Balloch into the valley of the Minnoch, from whose side rises Shalloch-on-Minnoch to the height of 2,520 feet.

The oldest building in the parish is the ruin popularly known as *Kirkdandie.* It is situated about 1½ miles below the village on a rising ground overlooking the Stinchar. The name is spelled in so many ways that it is difficult to say what is its real meaning. *Kirk-Dominae* and *Kirk-Dominick* have both been suggested, although, to make confusion worse confounded, we are told it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. But, apart from the name, we know that this was the original Roman Catholic Church of the district, until the new parish was erected (out of portions of Girvan and Dailly) in 1653, at which date a church was erected at Barr village, which has only recently been removed.

The walls of the old church of Kirkdandie are still standing, with the exception of the east gable, near which the High Altar stood. The hewn stones at the door have been removed, and the only spot of interest remaining seems to be the *Ambry*, a recess in the wall about a foot square, where the portion of the bread not consumed at the Mass was preserved, as well as the vessels used in the observance of that rite. The Manse and the Manse garden, with a few fruit-trees, are still to be seen, and high up on the face of the hill behind are the walls of a small building which formerly enclosed a Holy Well (called the *Stroll Well* here), whose clear waters still gush out abundantly from a cleft in the rock.

But it is the *commercial* associations of Kirkdandie that have given it its chief local fame. For in the old days, when packmen were the chief retailers and Fairs the chief markets, the annual gathering here on the last Saturday of May was reckoned a great event in South Ayrshire. Tents for refreshments were thickly planted on the green sward surrounding the old ruin, sometimes to the number of 30 or 40, where haggis was to be had whose taste made an Irishman declare that he "could drink Stinchar dry," and whisky, whose effects were speedily seen in fights innumerable.

But the rough fighting at Kirkdandie Fair was nothing in interest compared with the fighting that took place (so tradition records) on the summit of a hill called *Craiganrarie*, about 1½ miles above the village. This fight lay between a former laird of Changue and the Prince of Darkness, and began under the following circumstances. Changue was getting short of money, and in order to replenish his purse, sold his soul to the Devil. After a season, the Creditor appeared and claimed the person of the debtor. But by this time the Laird had repented him of his bargain, and refused to go. The Great Adversary thereupon proceeded to lay hold of him; but Changue, placing his Bible on the turf, and drawing a circle with his sword around him, sturdily and, as it turned out, successfully defied his opponent. If any one doubts this wonderful story, let him go to the top of Craiganrarie and see for himself. There he will behold the circle, only 4½ feet in diameter, and therefore perilously narrow, with the footprints of the doughty farmer and the mark of his Bible. Of course, in these modern days, when nobody believes in anything, it has been asserted that the tradition only records the visit of a priest to claim his dues. But far be such rationalistic explanations from me or mine. We will have the original story or none at all! Besides, is not the whole

tradition but an outward embodiment of the well-known spiritual fact—*Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you?*

Other places of interest may be found in *Peden's Stone*, near the Lane Toll, where that noted Covenanter once preached; and *Dinmurchie*, where Viscount Stair, author of the "Institutions of the Law of Scotland," was born in 1619, and with whom, in after days, Peden had some friendly correspondence. But perhaps the spot most generally interesting will be found in the old churchyard, where a small but well-preserved stone bears the following inscription:—

1685
HEAR · LYES · EDW
ARD · M'KeeN · W
HO · WAS · ShoAT · IN ·
THIS · PARISH · BY · C
ORN : DOUGLAS · F
Or · ADherANCE · TO
THe · WOrD · OF · GOD
AND · SCOTLANDS
COVeNATED · WOrK
OF · ReFORMATION

It is thus Wodrow tells the story:—"On the 28th of February, about 11 o'clock at night, Cornet Douglas, with 24 soldiers, surrounded the farmhouse of Dalwine (still standing about four miles above Barr village). There they apprehended David Martin, who dwelt in the house with his mother; and finding Edward M'Keen (the name is spelled *Kyan* by Wodrow), a pious young man from Galloway, lately come thence to buy corn, who had fled in betwixt the gable of one house and the side wall of another, they dragged him out, and took him through a yard. He was

asked where he lived, and he told them, upon the water of Minnoch. When one of the soldiers had him by the arm dragging him away, without any warning, farther questions, or permitting him to pray, Cornet Douglas shot him through the head, and presently discharged his other pistol and shot him again in the head; and one of the soldiers of the party, coming up, pretended he saw some motion in him still, and shot him a third time. He was but a youth, and could not have been at Bothwell or any of the risings, and they had indeed nothing to charge him with but his hiding himself. When they had thus dispatched this man, the soldiers brought out their other prisoner, David Martin, to the same place, and after they had turned off his coat, they set him upon his knees beside the mangled body. One of the soldiers dealt with the Cornet to spare him till to-morrow, alleging they might get discoveries from him, and stepped in betwixt him and six soldiers who were presenting their pieces. The Cornet was prevailed with to spare him, and bring him into the house. But the fright and terror so unhinged his reason, that he became an imbecile to the day of his death." Such were the doings that were common in "the killing time." And the only grim satisfaction we have is in learning that this ruffian officer, who had previously shot John Semple at Dailly, was himself cut down, four years afterwards, on the field of Killiecrankie.

The drawing represents the Village of Barr, with the rushing *Gregg* in front and the *Kelton Hill* behind. The house to the extreme right is the very neat Public School, while those in the foreground extend towards what is called "The Clachanfit." There are two churches, both recently erected, and these, with the old churchyard, form the sights of a village which for neatness and picturesqueness of situation takes a foremost place among the charming villages of Carrick.

In Carrick.

THE CASTLES OF CARRICK.

CARRICK is as famous for its old ruined keeps as the Border itself. Within the bounds of its nine parishes, there are at present the vestiges of not fewer than twenty-nine castles, each at least 200 years old, and some of them much older. Several of these are still inhabited, though considerably modernised, but the most are mere roofless ruins, clad in ivy, and tottering to their fall.

Before castles of stone and lime were built among us, our forefathers contented themselves with camps or forts, usually placed on the summit of round hills, and called

Duns by them. These *Duns* were defended by a ditch, and a mound of earth surmounted by a stout palisade of wood. There are many of these British Forts in our midst, but the largest and most complete is at *Dinvin*, close by the highway leading from Girvan to Colmonell, and about four miles from the former. It is oval in shape, with double ditches running round it.

The oldest of the castles of Carrick are *Turnberry* and *Loch Doon*, and these date back probably as far as the year 1200. At that time, strongholds consisted of a Tower, enclosed by a fortified wall and moat. Across this moat was a drawbridge, and in the wall a portcullis. The groove of the portcullis may still be seen at Turnberry, as well as the ditch or moat.

As time went on, the smaller lairds began to fortify their houses too, although not on such a grand scale as the others. They built square keeps, with walls of prodigious thickness. On the ground floor was the storeroom, with the "pit" or prison underneath, entered by a trap door. On the second storey was the large vaulted *Hall*, where laird and servants dined together at one table, and where the latter slept at night on the floor; while the upper storey contained the private apartments of the laird and his family. *Cassillis* is perhaps the only specimen we have of castles of this date. Its walls are 16 feet in thickness, and small chambers have been dug into the heart of them. This period of castle-building extends from 1300 to 1400.

The castles of the third period extended from 1400 to 1542, and differed from those of the second period in having thinner walls, and adding a staircase tower to the square keep. The interior arrangements were much the same as in the former period, although, as the times grew more peaceful, the apartments were enlarged, and the buildings became more ornamental. In a few cases, too, the castles

were built on a courtyard plan, as at *Ardstinchar* and *Dunure*. Besides these two, the Carrick castles of this third period may be thus enumerated:—*Dalquharran*, *Thomaston*, *Penkill*, *Carleton*, *Craigneil*, *Kilkerran*, *Ailsa*, *Knockdaw*, *Lochmoddy*.

The rest of our castles belong to the fourth period, extending from 1542 to 1700, and form the connecting link between the old feudal fortresses and the modern mansion-houses. For when safety was assured, men began to look to their comfort. The old site on the craggy rock, overhanging the sea or deep glen, began to be abandoned for smooth lawns facing the sun. The days of war had gone, and the days of peace had come. Our castles of this fourth and latest period are—*Newark*, *Maybole*, *Knockdolian*, *Killochan*, *Baltersan*, *Kilhenzie*, *Greenan*, *Pinwherry*, *Kirkhill*, *Keirs*, *Brounstoun*, *Dunduff*, *Ardmillan*, *Bargany*, *Trochrague*.

In these old castles, quoin turrets were a marked feature. The entrance door, too, was usually approached by a wooden ladder, which was removed in seasons of danger. The defenders placed themselves behind a parapet wall on the roof, and shot their arrows, or hurled their stones from thence. Each of them had also an artificial mound called a "*Hill of Justice*," where they held their courts, and a *Dule Tree* where they hanged their criminals; for every baron in early times had the power of "pit and gallows" over his own retainers, and exercised it at his discretion.

OUR OLD CARRICK MINISTERS.

THERE is a large work in a number of volumes, entitled *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanae* (Calendar of the Scottish Kirk), containing the succession of Ministers in the Parish Churches of Scotland from the Reformation downwards. This laborious work was compiled by Dr Hew Scott, minister of Anstruther Wester, and, despite of some errors, is a storehouse of information respecting our Scottish Ministers of the Past.

In reading over the Calendar of our Carrick ministers, I am struck with the fact that while many of them were doubtless good, self-denying men, very few are in the least remembered now. Scarcely any of them were literary, and most of them apparently never thought of doing aught beyond their weekly routine of preaching a sermon, visiting the parish, and farming their glebe. Now, I cannot help thinking that this was a defect. Dr A. B. Bruce, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, once remarked to me, "that the Ministers of the Church of Christ had a duty to discharge to their parishioners' *minds*, as well as to their *souls*, and that it was good and praiseworthy for a minister to write an occasional book on some subject outside of the pulpit circle." Be that as it may, not one of our Carrick Ministers of the olden time (with two exceptions) has written such a volume.

The two exceptions are, the Rev. William Abercrombie of Maybole (1680—88), who wrote an interesting account of Carrick, which has been quite a treasury of information to all local historians ever since. The other exception was Dr James MacKnight, likewise of Maybole (1753—69), who wrote a number of Theological books, notably a *Harmony of the Gospels*, concerning which a Maybole blacksmith made the *naive* remark, that "the minister had been trying to mak four men agree wha never cast oot." The worthy Doctor was a prosaic preacher, which fact is embalmed for us in the witty remark of his colleague, one rainy day, in the Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh—"Doctor, your clothes may be wat, but ye 'll be dry aneuch when ye get into the pu'pit."

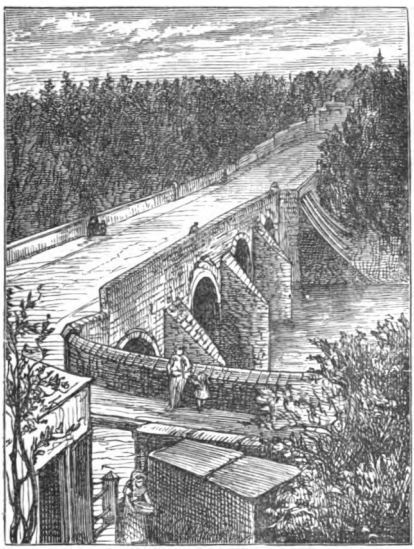
One of the ministers of Dailly became famous as a landscape painter. His name was the Rev. John Thomson; and although he is usually known as Thomson of Duddingston, it was in Dailly he first developed his taste for art. The Rev. John Ramsay of Kirkmichael (1766—1801) "was a man of great shrewdness, a searching and practical preacher, and the first who gave a stimulus to farming enterprise in the district He founded and was the first President of the Carrick Farmers' Society. After the settlement of a minister in a neighbouring parish, he said to him, "John, I was your father's friend, and now I am your friend, and I 'll gie ye a word o' advice, which ye mauna tak ill. First, Keep aye the fear o' God; second, Keep aye your feet on the Croun o' the Causey; third, Do your duty, and ne'er speir what the folk say o' ye."

Several of our old Carrick ministers are remembered for their liberality. The Rev. Robert Alexander of Girvan (1712—36) left £400 to the Presbytery, the interest of which (now upwards of £20) was "to be applied towards maintaining a Student of Divinity in the University of

Edinburgh for four years, to be presented by the Kirk-Session of Girvan to natives of the parish, whom failing, any whom the Presbytery may appoint within their bounds." The Rev. James Gilchrist of Kirkmichael (1691—1710) "left a considerable sum to the Kirk-Session for behoof of the poor"; while the Rev. James Bonar of Maybole (ancestor of the present Bonars of the Free Church) "got a large aisle built to the church for the accommodation of his hearers."

Unfortunately, a number of these old ministers got themselves into trouble through their addiction to Strong Drink. The Rev. John MacCorne of Straiton, for instance, was deposed in 1645, "as he usuallie frequents the aill-house, drinking indifferentlie with all sorts of persons from morning to night, except a little in the midst of the day, when he goes home to tak a sleep." And the Rev. John Jaffray of Maybole was deposed by Archbishop Leighton in 1670 for "profane swearing, fighting and drunkenness." It is but right to add that the latter was a Curate in the time of the Covenanting persecution.

One of the facts regarding our Carrick ministers that we are proudest of is, that the whole nine of them resigned their livings rather than submit to the tyranny of Charles II. For Carrick was covenanting to the core, and her ministers, as was meet, led the way. Some of them survived the persecution, and came back to their old parishes again; but most of them died, in the spirit of the Rev. James Inglis of Dailly (1605—40), who wrote this answer to the Court of High Commissioners—"I sall be as readie by God's grace to suffer as ye sall be to persecute, and one day will make manifest whether ye doe weill or not."



BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

CARRICK'S SHARE AT BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

WHEN Claverhouse and his dragoons were repulsed by the Covenanters at Drumclog, the hope arose that relief for the persecuted was at hand. From all quarters, therefore, those favourable to the Covenant hastened to join the men who had upheld so bravely the cause of Freedom. These had marched first to Hamilton, then to Glasgow, and then back to Hamilton again, where on Hamilton Moor, to the south of Bothwell Bridge, they awaited the approach of the King's troops.

How many volunteers came from Ayrshire to Bothwell Bridge is nowhere stated, but I have made a calculation,

from which it would appear that at least 1000 men, or one-fifth of the whole, came from our western county. And the way I have arrived at this conclusion is the following:—

The prisoners taken after the fight numbered 1200 men. These were marched, tied together in pairs, to Edinburgh, where they were imprisoned for five weary months, in the open air, in the south-west corner of Greyfriars Churchyard. During that time, some of the 1200 died, some escaped over the walls by night, some were liberated through the influence of friends, some weakly yielded. But at the five months' end, there were still found 257 *Unconquerables* who refused to purchase liberty at the cost of conscience.

These men were sentenced to be banished to America as slaves, and accordingly, in November, 1679, they were handed over to one William Paterson, a merchant in Leith, to be conveyed to their destination. The vessel in which they sailed was too small to accommodate such a number, and their sufferings were very great. In a place under hatches hardly sufficient to hold 100 persons, these 257 were huddled. "All the troubles we met since Bothwell," wrote one of them, "were not to be compared to *one* day of those troubles. Our misery was beyond words."

After setting sail the vessel encountered great storms, and off the southern coast of Orkney the danger was so pressing, that the captain ran the vessel close in shore, and cast anchor. The prisoners begged to be allowed on deck, but the captain ordered the hatches to be fastened down; and in this condition the vessel foundered. A few as the vessel broke up escaped ashore; but more than 200 of them (amongst whom were all our Carrick men) perished miserably in the hold. The place where this last scene in the Bothwell Bridge tragedy was enacted is called the *Moul Head of Deerness*, a lofty precipitous cliff which strikes the eye of the voyager as he nears the mainland of the

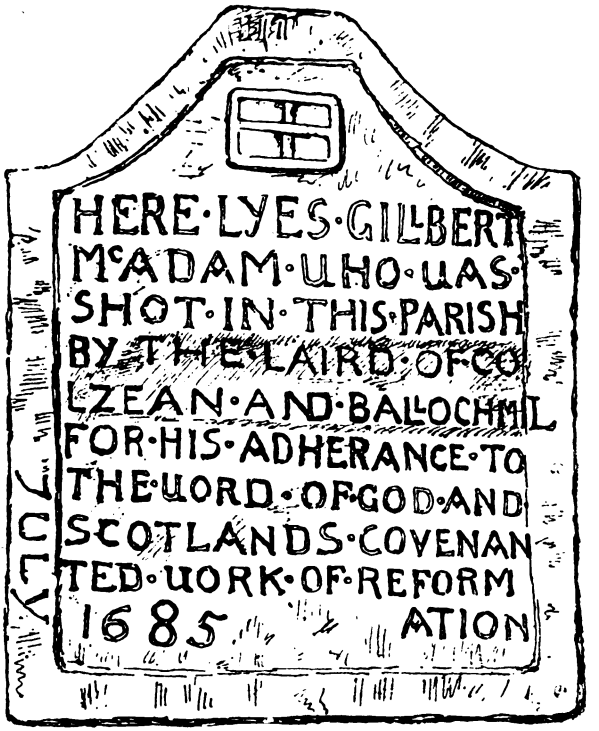
Orkneys; and on it there has recently been erected a suitable monument.

The names of the unconquerable 257 who were thus shipped for America, but drowned on the passage, have been preserved, along with the names of the parishes they came from. And from this list I find that 57, or rather more than one-fifth of the whole, belonged to Ayrshire; and of these 57, 21, or somewhat more than one-third, belonged to Carrick. Now, if these 257 formed an average specimen of the Bothwell Bridge force, we may gather that upwards of 1000 of the 5000 men who were at the fight were from Ayrshire; while of these 1000, 370 were furnished by our nine Carrick parishes

The names of the Carrick Covenanters who were drowned off the Orkney coast are as follows:—*From Maybole*—Mungo Eccles, Thomas Horne, Robert M'Garron, John M'Harrie, John M'Whirter, William Rodger. *From Kirkmichael*—John Bryce, John Douglas, James M'Connell, John M'Tier, Robert Ramsay. *From Straiton*—George Hutcheson, Alexander Lamb, James M'Murray. *From Colmonell*—John M'Cornock, John M'Lellan, Thomas M'Lurg. *From Kirkoswald*—Thomas Germont, John White. *From Girvan*—William Caldwell. *From Barr*—Alexander Burden.

These 21 men, then, with some 349 more whose names we do not know, but among whom John Stevenson of Dailly was one, must have assembled, in all probability, at the *Muster Lea* of Maybole in that leafy month of June, 1679, and marched away in high spirits for Hamilton Moor. What became of them afterwards we do not know. Some, doubtless, would be among the 400 who were cut down and buried on the field. Some escaped to remain in hiding for the rest of their lives. Some, perhaps, were among the weak ones who yielded up their conscience at the Greyfriars.

But 21 of them at least remained true, to show their countrymen what a Scottish peasant can do when brought face to face with conscience and God. Now these men ought to be had every whit as much in honour as those who were shot down in "the Killing Time." For they were martyrs too, and endured even more suffering than those who were sent to "glorify God in the Grassmarket." Let us pay the whole of them, then, their meed of praise, and let each Carrick parish specially cherish its own.



OUR MARTYRS' TOMBSTONES.

MOST of the Monuments erected in honour of our Carrick Covenanters have been renewed, the originals having mouldered away. And this is not to be wondered at, seeing it is now about 200 years since most of them were erected. Still, one or two of the original stones remain, being made of better material than the others, or better cared for.

The most perfect of these is the stone in Kirkmichael Churchyard, of which a drawing is here given. Tradition has handed it down that this stone was rehewn by Robert Paterson, *alias* "Old Mortality," who died in 1800; and an interesting circumstance connected with it is that one morning the name of the persecutor, "the laird of Culzean and Ballochmil," was found erased by some friends of his, although the erasure was speedily filled in again. (The shading around the above words in the engraving shows the erasure.) This ancient stone is now inserted in a larger and more imposing memorial (erected 1829), so that it bids fair to stand unimpaired for many years to come.

In the days of my boyhood, I used to be told that on the date of this persecutor's burial in the old Collegiate Church of Maybole, a coach and horses of fire were seen driving furiously far out at sea, and when hailed by some stout-hearted sailor, in the usual formula—"*From whence to where?*" the reply came—"*From Hell to Culzean's burial.*" I remember I used to wonder as to the origin of this story; but it is plainly a myth formed in the minds of the Carrick peasantry out of the hatred inspired by the Covenanting persecutions. The Culzean Kennedys are now passed away, even their tomb is rifled and trodden down, and their place is occupied by the Cassillis Kennedys, who were all staunchly covenanting.

The stone (re-erected 1824) marking the grave of Thomas M'Haffie, the Straiton martyr, is small, but in good preservation. Strange to say, the original still smaller stone, with its quaint lettering, stands by the side of the new one, and bids fair to outlast it, as the auld brig of Ayr did the new one.

John Semple's tombstone stands in Old Dailly Churchyard. The original slab may be seen lying on the ground within the railing. As this latter, however, was decaying, the

late Dr Wm. Symington, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, came this way in July, 1825, and preached in the open air, close by, from Nehemiah ii. 3: "Why should not my countenance be sad, when the place of my fathers' sepulchres lieth waste?" At this meeting, sufficient funds were raised to erect the present Memorial. Even this, however, was lately showing signs of decay, when a few friends subscribed sufficient to have it oiled, and the lettering renewed.

A more elegant Monument was erected a few years ago by the people of the district in honour of John Stevenson of Camregan, George Martin, Schoolmaster, and other old Dailly Covenanters who suffered for the Cause of Freedom. This stone stands a few yards off. John Stevenson's family tombstone still remains.

The original stone erected over the remains of the two Barrhill martyrs may still be seen within the enclosing wall of the present Memorial, beside the cross water of Duisk. The new tablet is of white marble, and is in good condition. The site is certainly the most picturesque of all the resting-places of our Carrick martyrs.

I was delighted to notice that the small stone in Barr Churchyard, pointing out the last resting-place of their young martyr, is carefully preserved. It has been tastefully painted, and supported with iron, and the quaint old lettering duly brought out.

Although the Memorial Stone erected over the grave of Matthew M'Ilwraith in Colmonell Churchyard has disappeared, there is every likelihood that a new one will speedily be erected by the Colmonell people, worthy of them and of the cause it commemorates. Such historical landmarks make a parish richer, and do something towards strengthening the love of civil and religious liberty in the hearts of those who dwell in it.

The substantial old *Thruchstane*, in Maybole Churchyard, marking the grave of John M'Lymont of Auchalton, who suffered in the Covenanting persecution, still remains. For many years it had disappeared beneath the soil, but a search being made, it was discovered little the worse of its long imprisonment.

These seven, with the granite obelisk recently erected by the Maybole people in Ladycross Road to mark the spot where Donald Cargill preached in 1681, and to record the names of the six Maybole Covenanters who fought at Bothwell Bridge and were afterwards drowned off the coast of the Orkneys—constitute Carrick's share in the many Monuments reared throughout Scotland to keep alive the memory of the most heroic period of our national history.

PEDEN'S GRAVE, CUMNOCK.

PEDEN IN CARRICK.

THE first Covenanter to be honoured with a costly monument is Alexander Peden, and the place that has honoured itself in so honouring him, is Cumnock, at whose gallows-foot he has now been resting for over 200 years. Peden was often in Carrick, and the other day I made a pilgrimage to the various places in our midst that are hallowed by connection with his name. Until about 30 years ago, a Thorn bush stood on Baltersan farm, near Maybole, which went by the name of *Peden's Thorn*, as marking probably one of the places where he preached, as *Cargill's Stone* marks the spot where *he* preached. And it is a pity that the old tree was not allowed to remain, as relics like these make a countryside dearer to those who live in it.

About 6½ miles from Girvan, and 1½ from Barr village, there stands on a hillside, near the Lane Toll, a large whin

boulder which goes under the name of *Peden's Stone*, as marking the site of one of his conventicles. This stone is 5 feet in height and 15 in circumference, and looks down on the Stinchar valley in front, with Auchensole hill on the immediate right, and Shalloch-on-Minnoch on the remote left.

About 2½ miles from Colmonell village there is, on the banks of the Water-of-Tig, a knoll known by the name of *Peden's Pulpit.* It is a rock carpeted with heather and whin, with the stony channel of the Tig in front, and a small wimpling burn behind, while all around the ground rises like an amphitheatre. The road to it is a rough track across the moor, but the place possesses the merit of seclusion, which was of importance in those days, while it has also a certain lonely charm of its own, which would doubtless touch the heart of the prophet-preacher.

Right in front of Peden's Pulpit is the farm of *Glenower*, with whose laird Peden and John Welsh were riding one day (1666) in these moors, when a party of dragoons suddenly appeared. The laird fainted, fearing they would all be taken. But Peden whispered to him to keep up his heart, as God had laid an arrest on them. The soldiers, in fact, had lost their way, and Peden at once volunteered to guide them to the ford of the Tig, which lies a few hundred yards above the Pulpit. When he returned, the laird said—"Why did you go with them? You might have sent the lad." But Peden shrewdly replied—"It was safer for me, for they might have asked questions at the lad which would have discovered us."

But chief of all in interest is the farm house of *Knockdow*, about two miles from Glenower, where Peden was taken prisoner by Major Cockburn and a party of troopers. And yet Knockdow is secluded enough, one might have supposed. It is now a small one-storey house in the Stinchar valley, well

up the hill side, 4 miles from Ballantrae and 3 from Colmonell. The farmer at that time (June, 1673) was one Hugh Ferguson, who had invited the wandering preacher to his house. But watchful eyes had been upon them, and that night the house was surrounded, and both host and guest hurried off to Edinburgh. After trial, Peden was sentenced to five years' imprisonment on the Bass Rock, and the farmer to a ruinous fine of 1000 merks. The gallant captors got £50 sterling out of the fine divided among them for their night's work.

There are various other places in Carrick reputedly connected with Peden, but the above may serve as specimens. And what concerns us most is that all through, Peden showed himself not only a true-hearted Covenanter, but a shrewd, far-seeing man. He was not afraid to speak blunt, homely truths in a blunt, homely way—"Quit the Devil's service: you will never make your plack into a bawbee by *him*." "Some of you will greet more for the drowning of a bit calf or stirk than for all the tyranny and defections of Scotland." I like his prayer for the old man who could not run from the dragoons—"Lord, we hear tell that Thy enemies and ours are coming upon us, and Thou hast laid Thy hand of affliction on old John. Have pity upon him, for Thy enemies will have none. Spare him at this time: we know not if he be ready to die." And I like best of all his cry to God in dire extremity among these hills of ours—"Lord, it is Thy enemy's day and power. They may not be idle, but hast Thou no other work for them but to send them after *us?* Send them after those to whom Thou wilt give power to flee, for our strength is gone. Twine them about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of Thy cloak over auld Sandy and thir poor things; and save us this one time, and we will keep it in remembrance, and tell it to the commendation of Thy goodness, pity, and compassion."

The tradition is that a mist came down and hid them till their pursuers were gone.

It was both interesting and profitable for a modern Preacher of the Gospel thus to trace the footmarks of this persecuted preacher of former days, and try to realise his thoughts and feelings. For one thing, Religion must have been a reality to Peden, else he could not have endured what he did at its call. Then, God must have made up for his hardships by His nearer presence, else his heart must have failed him altogether. And finally, we see how it is not possible to enter into the highest life except through suffering. We in these days are not called to wear the martyr's crown, but that is not all gain. He who saves his life loses it; and it is only he who casts it away for Christ's sake that finds it.

For all through life I see a Cross
  Where sons of God yield up their breath;
There is no gain except by loss,
  There is no life except by death.

TWO LETTERS OF PEDEN

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

I AM happy to be able, through the kindness of a friend, to publish here for the first time, two Letters of our famous Ayrshire Covenanter, Alexander Peden. The first of them was written to some unknown person from the farm-house of Knockdow, in Ballantrae parish. It may be remembered that Peden was taken prisoner at this house in the following month, and it is to be feared that this very letter may have given the clue to his hiding-place. It is interesting to notice the habit in those days of referring to persons *in cypher*, in case the letter should fall into an enemy's hands, which, in point of fact, this one did.

"Knockdow, Carrick, May 15th, 1673.

"My dear friend,—I send this to you to lett you know that I have come to this place in some safety, but have no hopes of remaining long before the arch-enemy is upon me, but I pray you to remember me to those I have left toiling there, that I am in good heart, but greatly tried. Tell John to keep the monies by him until I can find some trusty friend. I am not seen abroad just now, as I have some warning that injury is intended me. 331 and 334 are well, and send you health. You will find D. means us no good, and no good quality can be expected from L.

"Ever your faithful friend,

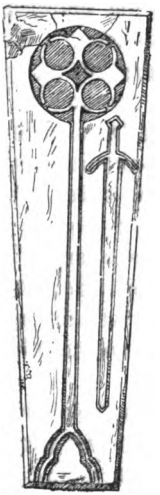
"Alexr. Peden."

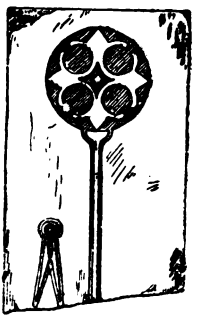
The second Letter was written to the Lord Stair of those days. He was the first Earl of Stair, afterwards Lord Advocate, a warm friend of the Covenanters, and who was himself several times imprisoned for the Cause. It was written about eleven years after the other, when Peden was again in hiding, and about a year before his death.

"My Lord,—I have but tyme to send you this scrip to lett your Lordship know that I have not yett given up my faith in the Restoration of this Remnant, and that I have got no news of my persecutors except that I have to encloss for fear. And I am tauld that 200 men have been doun this way, but I write this to you to show that the Lord has still protected me. I dare not comit more to this than I have done, because I know not into whose hands itt may pass, but praying the good Lord to keep you and yours in all health, and as much happiness as may be, I remain, in all obedience in the Lord, ALEXR. PEDEN.

"From my place of 16, known to your Lordship, this 13th of Nov., 1684.

"For my Lord Stair, in all haste."





Stone Coffin Lids found at the Church of St. Johns Ayr. Eq. 91.

SOME CARRICK EPITAPHS.

IT was Miss Boyd of Penkill who first drew my attention to the fact that the oldest tombstones in this district had merely a sword to indicate a man, and a pair of scissors to indicate a woman. And she supported this by adding that there was such a stone to be seen in the Churchyard of Old Dailly. I ventured to remark at the time that perhaps the drawing represented a Cross rather than a sword: but my supposition has been shown to be groundless by the recent discovery of several stone coffins in the burying-ground of old St. John's Church, Ayr, on which both the cross and the sword are carved as represented above.

Certainly, the fact of a sword being considered the emblem of a man throws a strong side-light on the manners

and customs of an age when, as one of Miss Boyd's own ancestors remarked, "to be without the knowledge and practice of arms was only to be half a man." While the scissors, as emblematic of a woman, represents an age when women were more satisfied than they are now to preside over the private concerns of the Home Department. The scissors here represented are somewhat primitive in appearance, and similar to what used to be called "Weaver's shears"; while the sword is just as devoid of grace of form. But there is this to be said, that the scissors are at least not out of harmony with the Cross by their side; while it is somewhat hard to reconcile the sword with the mission of Him, one of whose main objects in dying was to bring Peace on Earth.

Taking this primitive form of Epitaph as belonging, at the latest, to the fifteenth century, the next most ancient form in our district brings us down to the sixteenth century, of which we possess, at least, two specimens. The oldest is in Kirkmichael Churchyard, and reads as follows:—HEIR · LYIS · QUINTINE · MUIR · OF · GUD · MEMORE · AND · AGNIS · BLAIR · HIS · SPOUIS · 1506. And the next oldest is in Crossraguel Abbey, which records the following in Latin:—EGIDIA · BLAYR · DOMINA · DE · ROW · QUAE · OBIIT · ANNO · DOMINI · MDXXX. (Egidia Blayr, Lady Row, who died 1530.) The letters here are raised, have a point betwixt each word, and are carved on large square slabs laid on the ground, called by our forefathers *thruch stanes.*

In the next century (the seventeenth) the same forms of stone and lettering were continued, but towards the close of it, small upright slabs were introduced with sunk letters, instead of raised ones, and it was stones of this pattern that "Old Mortality" hewed, and which indeed were the only ones at that time possible among the poor. Tomb-

stones of this pattern are common enough in our old churchyards, and one of them in Girvan reads thus:—"In memory of Fergus M'Alexander, minister of the Gospel at Bar, who dyed Feberuar 15, 1689. His age, 73." This man was the first Protestant minister of Barr, was "outed" along with the other ministers of Carrick in 1662, survived the Covenanting persecution, and was restored to his old parish again, when the dark days were over.

In the next century (the eighteenth) the days of florid Epitaphs began, when no bad people died, and everybody was lauded to the skies. This was the age, too, when the backs of tombstones were utilised for allegorical drawings of Death, the Fall, men ploughing, ships sailing, &c. This was the time, too, when home-made poetry was in the ascendant, when every Covenanting martyr had his laureate, and people made it a pastime to write metrical Epitaphs on each other. Of these I shall only quote two, both connected with Kirkoswald, and I don't quote them for imitation, but simply as indicative of the manners of the time.

Ah me! I gravel am and dust,
And to the grave descend I must;
A painted piece of living clay,
Man, be not proud of thy short day.

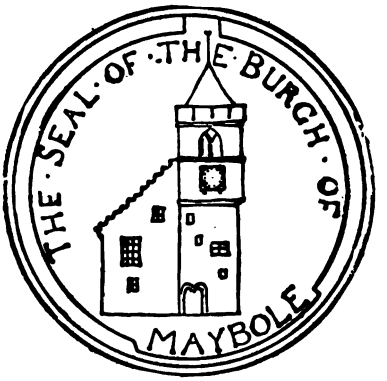
The next was composed for himself by a Sadducee of Kirkoswald village, whose descendants, however, sensibly refused to have it inscribed.

The man who did this stone erect,
To Death has paid his Kane;
If his opinion be correct,
He's ne'er to rise again,
Unless the sexton wi' his shools
Shall turn him up among the mools.

The present century is returning to the simplicity and Christian tone which characterized the Epitaphs of the Roman Catacombs. Verses of poetry have given place now to simple words of Scripture, and fulsome eulogies to a bare statement of name and date. And what more is needed? We shall all be forgotten in a few years, and the friends who survive us won't need to be reminded of our virtues. I confess, however, I like to see something characteristic even on a tombstone, and I still remember with pleasure the two lines, chosen by himself, which concludes the epitaph of William Carey, the first English Missionary to India, in Serampore Cemetery—

> "A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
> On Thy kind arms I fall."

And in Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, I was pleased to observe that Alexander Duff, the great Free Church Missionary to India, had sunk all difference of churches in these words on his tombstone:—"*First Missionary of the Church of Scotland.*"



CARRICK HERALDIC MOTTOES.

APPENDED to all Armorial Bearings there is a Motto, having usually an allusion to the name or the crest. These mottoes are generally the most suggestive thing about a Coat of Arms, and a list of those belonging to our chief Carrick families may be interesting to my readers.

Mottoes in French. The greatest of all the Carrick families are the Kennedys, and the Cassillis branch of them have for their motto—*Avise la fin, consider the end;* and this motto is a good one, whether in French or in English. Everybody should consider the end more than the beginning. Another French motto is that of the Hamiltons of Bargany —*J'espere, I hope;* or, as it was anciently written, *Je ispear;* and this motto is also wisely chosen; for so long as hope is left no one despairs.

Mottoes in Latin. Of these, perhaps the neatest is the Fergusson motto—*Dulcius ex asperis, Pleasanter from difficulties*, in allusion to their thoroughly Scotch crest, which is a Bee upon a Thistle. Certainly, it says something for

either bee or man to extract honey out of thistles. A motto with a similar meaning was adopted by John Snell of Colmonell, the famous lawyer, who had a good right to choose *Per ardua virtus, Valour comes through hardships.* A cannier motto was chosen by the Boyds of Penkill, *Prudentia me sustinet, Discretion will uphold me,* a motto which, unfortunately, the chief of the Boyds forgot when he joined the cause of the Stuarts in 1745. The Craufuirds of Ardmillan chose for their motto, *Durum patientia frango, I overcome difficulty by patience,* which is God's way as well as man's. The crest of the Kennedys of Dalquharran, as also of the Bargany Kennedys and the Bruces, was a hand grasping a dagger, with the motto *Fuimus, We have been,* which may either allude to the antiquity of the family, or the fact that they had come of a warlike ancestry. But perhaps the most original and outspoken of them all is that of the Shaw-Kennedys of Kirkmichael House—*Malim esse probus quam haberi, I had rather be honourable than be called honourable,* which is quite in harmony with Burns's well-known couplet—

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.

The only out-and-out Christian motto among those in Latin is that of the M'Adams, one of whom now lies a martyr in Kirkmichael Churchyard—*Crux mihi grata quies, The Cross to me is a pleasant rest.* I notice, that although the crest of the M'Adams is engraved on the Kirkmichael Stone, this motto is not given; which it certainly ought to be. And, strange to say, I believe this is the only martyr's tombstone in Scotland which has a Coat of Arms on it; the reason, I daresay, being that few of our Scots Worthies had coats of arms to boast of.

Mottoes in English. The oldest English motto belongs to the family of the Cunninghams of Glenmore—*Over, fork, over.* And this motto is certainly strange enough, and has just as strange an origin. It appears that when young Malcolm Canmore was fleeing before the murderous Macbeth, he was befriended by one of the Cunninghams, who hid him beneath some straw in a barn, with a fork. When Malcolm became king, he bestowed on his preserver the Thanedom of Cunningham in Ayrshire, with a shake-fork for his crest, and *Over, fork, over,* for his motto. The Dalrymples of Stair have a rock for their crest, and *Firm* for their motto; while the Coatses of Auchendrane have an anchor for their crest, and *Be firm* for their motto. Finally, the Cathcarts of Carleton, whose fidelity to the Covenanting cause is well known, adopted a motto which would have gladdened the heart of John Knox himself—*By grace are ye saved.* It is rather humbling, however, and not at all to the credit of our Scottish gentry, that so few have had the boldness to adopt a purely Christian motto to be known by.

SMUGGLING IN CARRICK.

ABOUT the end of the last century, smuggling was very prevalent along the Carrick shore. The duty on spirits was then so high that armed luggers used to come with duty-free brandy on the chance of finding customers among us; while, latterly, salt and glass were so heavily taxed that it was a profitable occupation to keep a swift sailing smack to run the blockade from Larne or the Isle of Man. A certain farmer near Girvan was the owner of a clipper nabby named the *Mayflower*, which never failed to show her stern to any of His Majesty's cutters which tackled her; and I have even heard of a Ballantrae boat of twelve oars which used to row over to Larne by night, and return ere dawn with a duty-free cargo.

Ballantrae, from its nearness to Ireland, was notorious in those days for its participation in this contraband traffic. Some of the fishermen had cellars dug in their kitchen floors for storing away the smuggled goods, while the farmers had holes or caves in their fields, to which they conveyed their spoil till the road was clear. *M'Nall's Cave* on Ailsa Craig and the *Brandy Hole* on the farm of Balnowlart near Ballantrae, are relics of those old times. Quite recently a Ballantrae fisherman told me how his father had been seized by the Revenue officers near the *Bennan Cove*, as

he was proceeding to Ayr (probably by night) with a load of salt, and how cart, horse, and salt had all been confiscated, while himself was lodged in Ayr prison for a time.

Burns tells us that when he was at School in Kirkoswald (1775) he met with many of these smugglers, and shared in their "swaggering riot and roaring dissipation." Tradition has it that Tam o' Shanter was one of them; and a story is handed down how a certain farmer's wife on the Carrick shore one morning made the household porridge with brandy instead of water, and only discovered her mistake when there was such an unaccountable demand for *more porridge* that morning!

As may be supposed, struggles between smugglers and Revenue officers were of frequent occurrence. But the smuggling feats in Carrick culminated in what used to be called the *Battle of Howshean Moor*, in Kirkoswald parish, where a regular melee took place between the king's men and the Lintowers. There was blood spilt on that occasion, and a life lost; but the life was only that of a horse. The smugglers got clear off, though one of them received such a clour with a sword that the skin of his brow hung over his eye ever afterwards. The following homely ballad used to keep fresh the memory of this fight for many years.

I was born in Kirkoswald, in the shire of Ayr,
Bred by good, honest parents, I vow and declare,
Until I was thirty, ay, thirty and three,
When I from Kirkoswald was forced to flee.

Through the Highlands and Lowlands I travelling have been,
In the Isle of Man, too, I was held in esteem;
It was not for robbery of any degree
That I from Kirkoswald was forced to flee.

'Twas for shooting the black horse on Howshean Moor,
A bit from Kirkoswald, I must suffer sore,
I must suffer sore, and banished be,
For trying to save our tobacco and tea.

In the breist of the moss, defending we stood,
The rider must lose his horse, or I my head;
The one or the other, I plainly did see,
So the horse was shot dead, and the blame laid on me.

My two loving brothers for brandy were slain,
Their death I'll lament while blood flows in my vein;
For what was their own, they fought hard to free,
And while blood's in my vein, lamented they'll be.

At the foot of Loch Doon, near the bonnie Keir hill,
My friends safely hid me to keep me from ill,
But a bloody informer informed on me,
And a gey near relation proved cruel to me.

Kirkoswald may weep, and Kirkoswald may mourn,
For they're gone from Kirkoswald that will never return;
My two loving brothers, beside other three —
Farewell! for Kirkoswald we'll never mair see.

SOME CARRICK ORIGINALS.

JAMIE BAIRD was one of our Girvan Naturals in my boyhood's days, and was wont to accost the postman with—"Hae ye ony letters for my faither the day?"—"No, Jamie."—"Will ye hae ony the morn?"

—a question which rather puzzled the man of letters. *Jamie Scott* was another of the weakminded brotherhood. On one occasion, he was summoned before a Commissioner on lunacy, who was accompanied by Mr Matthew Scott, our Inspector of Poor, and a staunch teetotaller. The Commissioner offered Jamie a dram, having heard he was fond of it, but Jamie, suspecting a trap, sidled out, saying—"Na, I 'm no for ony; but giet to Matthew there, *he's the boy can nip it.*"

Jock Aird, who died Dec., 1891, was the last of our Public Naturals. He was born, as he died, in the parish of Kirkmichael, but his wandering habits brought him under the notice of all the mischievous boys in Carrick. His portrait is given at the head of this paper. He used to be sorely tormented by the evil disposed, but was accounted a privileged person by all else. His appearance was unique, and his behaviour was in keeping with his appearance. Small in stature, shabby in dress, but always wearing an air of refined conceit which proved an irresistible temptation to the boys, Jock's appearance in the town was the invariable signal for a crowd. "Chin," "Craw," "Nosey," were the opprobrious names with which he was hailed, and which soon raised Jock to the boiling point. He would stop, threaten, flourish his stick, run after one or two of the more conspicuous, appeal to the passers-by to be relieved of his tormentors—but all to no purpose. He got no peace till he left the town again.

I remember once assisting at a concert in Dalrymple Parish School to aid in providing Jock with a suit of clothes. Jock's part in the programme was a tune on a board which he called a fiddle, with a stick for a bow, and which he went through with all the gravity imaginable, wiping the sweat off his brow afterwards in the most approved fiddler fashion. Jock's dress was peculiar. For one thing, there was always

a dress hat, not only for gentility, but also for convenience in stowing away the bread and cheese he received on his travels. When very excited, however, Jock would take off his hat and kick it, regardless of its contents. His coat, again, was usually a policeman's old one, although it was not allowable to call Jock's attention to this, as he counted that an insult.

One of Jock's unfailing characteristics was his sense of politeness. Even in the heat of passion, if any one went up to him, and offered to shake hands, the courtesy at once disarmed him, and Jock was profuse in his bows and acknowledgments. On my last visit to him, the first thing he did, after saluting me, was to go up to a man who was sitting with his cap on, and remove it, pointing significantly to me as his reason for doing so.

Jock also prided himself on his wit, although this usually consisted merely of certain plays on words. "Is your watch gaun the day, Jock?" Hoo can it be *gaun* when I'm *carryin't?* Ha, ha. I'm in ye noo." On one occasion, the minister of Coylton having said that "it was twenty minutes to three o'clock," Jock pulled out his old watch-dial, set the string carefully, and then remarked—"I think it's nearer the half oor; *but it wadna dae to contradict the minister!*"

When staying in Maybole over night, Jock used to sleep where there were two looms, a broad one and a narrow; and Jock's interpretation of the sounds they made was this: the broad one said, "*I'm gaun to heevin! I'm gaun to heevin!*" to which the narrow one replied, "*I doot it! I doot it!*"

The children of Kirkmichael are invited annually to Cloncaird Castle, where they are regaled with a variety of good things. On one occasion Jock was there, and was busy discussing a large piece of bread covered with jelly.

A message came that the ladies would like a tune on the fiddle from Mr Aird. But Mr Aird had not finished his "piece." It was suggested that he should put it into his hat as usual. "Na," said Jock, "*it'll be safer in my guts!*" and so continued the storage till it was finished.

Jock lived till he was 79, and was wonderfully active to the last, although his hearing was impaired. The boys, however, could still rouse him by *pointing* to their chins as they passed, and that was enough. "Old age ne'er cooled the Douglas blood." The man with whom he was boarded said that for a day or two before he died, "John was uncommonly *wice*, and ye wad hae thocht he had got his senses back again." So be it—he has perhaps got his senses back again now.

John Duff was Town-officer of Girvan in my boyish days, and I can recollect him ringing the bell on the street, and shouting out—"Gather unto me, all ye ends of the earth!" On one occasion he is said to have turned his intimation into rhyme thus:—

Fresh cod and saut cod,
Mackerel and skate,
To be sold at Matthew Sloan's
At a reasonable rate.

A friend who kept a licensed house once cautioned John with the old proverb—"Every glass you drink is a nail in your coffin." The only effect on John was that next time he came for his accustomed beverage, it was to inquire for "Tippence worth o' coffin nails." On going round with the Parish minister in his annual visitation (as was the custom then), John was getting visibly intoxicated. Mr M'Master kindly remonstrated—"Now, John, you must take care not to drink too much." "Na, na," said John, "that wad never dae. Whatever we dae, Mr M'Master, *we* manna get fou."

I can distinctly remember *Jacky M'Cafferty*, the Dounepark Schoolmaster, with his stately walk, and his old blue dress-coat almost sweeping the ground. Jacky was one of three handloom weavers who made an agreement that each should go in turn to school, while the other two should work for his support. The arrangement was carried out, and two of them got into prosperous businesses in the town, while Jacky continued in the paths of learning. The whisky, however, proved too much for him. And it is related that when his little school assembled in the morning, and found the Master "incapable," he used to give them a holiday, but not before asking two of the bigger boys to assist him to the Desk, from which he recited the customary Benediction! Peace be on him! With all his failings, he was a general favourite.

Alexander M'Callum, or "Lang Sandy" as he was familiarly called, was likewise one of our Girvan originals. He was a weaver to trade, but never took kindly to that branch of industry. He became famous first as a fiddler at weddings, and used to make violins for sale. Then he took to the Antiquarian business, and gathered a wonderful "fouth o' auld nick-nackets" which he delighted in showing to visitors. Next, he came out as an inventor, and planned a torpedo boat. And, finally, he emerged as a Geologist and Guide to the district, becoming acquainted with Sir Roderick Murchison, Hugh Miller, and others, the first of whom named one of the Silurian fossils after him.

And, to mention but one more, *Willie Maitland* was long a trusted servant about Ardmillan. When Lord Ardmillan returned to his old home as laird, Willie had great difficulty in giving him his proper title, and usually styled him "Mr Jeems." Lord Ardmillan was very short-sighted, and a poor hand at the gun. One day Willie and he had been out together, and shot after shot had been fired in vain. At

last, they came upon a covey sitting close and thick upon the stubble. Fearful lest they should escape, Willie counselled that he should let drive at them where they were. His lordship accordingly "let drive," but not a feather remained. Willie's patience was sorely taxed, but he simply remarked—"Heth, Mr Jeems, but ye gar'd thae yins shift their quarters!" On another occasion, he had got tired following his lordship, and on its being proposed to try "just one field more," he replied—"Well, Mr Jeems, I see nae use in 't; but ye can gang yoursel', and I 'll sit doon and hae a smoke till ye come back!"

SOME CARRICK PLACE-NAMES.

THE fact that nearly all our place-names are Celtic, shows that Gaelic was at one time the language spoken in Carrick. Some of these names have altered little in the course of years, but some of them have been changed so much that we can only now guess at their meaning, just as some coins have their impression sharp and clear, while others have grown smooth and illegible. Most attempts at etymology are mere probabilities; while in many cases, even a probable guess can hardly be made. In these latter cases, the coin has been worn so smooth through constant use that the original impression has become undecipherable. Still, in many cases, the meaning of the name is clear enough to those who have a knowledge of Gaelic.

Our Celtic forefathers had a happy knack of giving appropriate names to places. Some, for instance, are named from the nature of the ground, as *Blair*, a plain; *Clauchrie*, a stony place; *Genoch*, a sandy place; *Curragh*, a bog; *Mini*, a marsh; *Craig*, a rock.

Some, again, were named from the trees found on them, as *Dunure*, fort of the Yew; *Culzean*, place of the holly; *Beoch*, place of birches; *Craigskeoch*, rock of the hawthorn; *Minunchion*, place of the ash; *Pinwherry*, hill of the copse; *Auchenairnie*, field of the sloebush; *Drumfairn*, ridge of

the alder; *Drumranie*, ridge of the fern; *Drumdarroch*, ridge of the oak; *Daljarroch*, dale of the oak; *Shalloch*, place of the willow.

Some were named from the wild animals that used to frequent them, as *Knockshinnoch*, hill of the fox; *Lochmoddy*, loch of the wolf: *Brockloch*, loch of the badger; *Todey glen*, glen of the fox; *Dinnymuck*, fort of the swine; *Mochrum*, ridge of the swine; *Dalquhat*, dale of the wild cat; *Penwhapple*, hill of the horse; *Craigengower*, rock of the goat.

Some received their names from the persons who owned them, as *Ballochneil*, Neil's pass; *Kilhenzie*, Kenneth's church; *Auchencleerie*, field of the clergyman; *Balsaggart*, house of the priest; *Cloncaird*, gipsy's meadow; *Knockcrocher*, hill of the hangman; *Drumullin*, ridge of the mill. *Ton*, at the end of a place-name means town, and indicates it to be the property of the person whose name precedes it; as *Lyonston*, *Loveston*, *Smithston*, &c. These names, therefore, should not be spelled with the final *e*.

Colour, occasionally, had something to do with the name, as *Blairbowie*, yellow plain; *Craigfin*, fair hill; *Craigdow*, black hill; *Knockdon*, brown hill; *Glenower*, grey glen; *Culroy*, red corner.

Many places were named after the churches built on them, and these were named after the saints to whom they were dedicated. In this way we have *Kirkoswald*, *Kirkmichael*, *Kirk Dominae* or *Dominick*, *Colmonell*, *Kirkcudbright Innertig* (former name of Ballantrae), *Kildonan*, *Kilkerran* (Church of St. Kieran), *Kilantringan* (Church of St. Ninian), *Killochan* (perhaps Church of St. Chon). Hence, too, such names as *Monkwood*, *Hallow Chapel*, *Lady Cross*, &c.

We have at least five different words meaning a height. Ben or Pin; hence *Pinmore* (big height), *Letterpin* (slope of the height), *Pinbain* (white height), and the *Beinn* or *Byne hill*. Knock; hence *Knockdolian* (mocking hill,

and known as the false Craig), *Knockgerran* (hill of the rough stream), *Knockdow* (black hill), &c. Ard; hence *Ardstinchar*, *Ardmillan* (height of the mill), *Ardwell* (height of the stranger). Barr; hence *Barr*, *Bardrochit* (height of the bridge), *Barrhill* (height of the wood). Tor; hence *Tormichell* (height of St. Michael), &c.

Dun, again, in Gaelic means a round hill, which in ancient times was usually surmounted by a fort. Hence *Dounan* means a little round hill; *Dinvin*, the fair fort; *Kildoon*, the church by the round hill, &c.

Of our Carrick streams, the *Girvan* (the rough river) rises within a few miles of the *Doon* (the black river), and is the Garonne of Scotland. The *Stinchar* (*Staing*, a pool) means abounding in pools, and its tributaries are the *Duisk*, the black water, the *Muck* (from Muc, a pig), the *Tig* (perhaps from *Tigh*, a house), the *Assel*, the Cross-water, and the *Gregg* (perhaps from *Craig*, a rock).

Lag means a hollow, and *Laggan* a little hollow. Hence such names as *Laggan*, *Balig* (house in the hollow), *Laggan whilly* (woody hollow). *Gart* means a field; hence *Dangart* (the field of the round hill). *Macher* means a little field; hence *Pinmacher* (the little field on the hill). *Drum* means a ridge; hence *Drumbeg* (the little ridge), and *Drumore* (the big ridge).

Mains means the farm attached to the *Mansion house*, and *Grange* was the place where rent and tithes paid in grain were deposited.

In these modern days it is becoming common to give English names to places, as *Woodland*, *Park*, *Trees*, *Ford-house*, and this is proper enough. I confess, however, to having a partiality to Scotch names, such as *Kirklands*, *Clachanton*, *Brackeny Brae*, *Broom Knowes*, *Burncrooks*, *Lochspouts*, *White faulds*, not to speak of the quaint flavour of such as the *Whelk*, *Cosy Glen*, or the *Splash Mill*. At

the same time, it must be admitted that neither Scotch nor English names have the antique grandeur of the old Celtic, which called hills *Cairns* or *Baings* (a bing), a sea rock a *Skellig* (hence *Craig Skelly*), a saugh hill *Barsalloch*, and a town by the shore *Ballantrae!*

For information regarding the foregoing etymologies, I am much indebted to Dr Ronald Currie of Skelmorlie, and Sir Herbert Maxwell's elaborate volume entitled *Studies in the Topography of Galloway.*

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

THE records of Bruce's early life have perished, but it is almost certain that he was born at Turnberry Castle, the home of his mother, on 21st March, 1274; and as there were no Academies or Universities in Scotland in those days, it is highly probable that he received at least the rudiments of his education at Crossraguel Abbey. He owned extensive estates in Carrick, in Annandale, and in Yorkshire, but his chief inheritance was his claim to the Scottish crown. There was another claimant—the Red Comyn, connected with Balliol; but Edward I. was minded to keep the crown to himself. Under these circumstances, Bruce, it is supposed, made overtures to the Comyn for his support, which the latter betrayed to Edward. Apprised of his danger by a friend sending him a purse and a pair of spurs, Bruce fled from London, and arranged for a meeting with the Comyn in the Church of the Greyfriars, Dumfries. There the quarrel between the two came to a head, and Bruce in a moment of passion stabbed his rival, which was followed up by Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, with the well-known response—"*I'se mak siccar.*"

Bruce was now outlawed both by Church and State, and felt that his only chance of safety lay in "Audacity." He therefore set out for Scone, near Perth, and there, at the age of 32, assumed the crown. But what a poor coronation

his was! There was no historical crown or sceptre, for Edward had taken these away; and no "Stone of Destiny" on which the Scottish monarchs used to be enthroned, for it was also taken away; and no enthusiastic crowds of nobles and gentry to cry "God save the King!" As Bruce's Queen remarked, sadly enough—"They were merely playing at Royalty." And so indeed it proved. In a few months, his forces were defeated, his Queen a prisoner, his brothers slain, his friends scattered, and himself an exile with a few followers on Rathlin—an island off the coast of Antrim, 6 miles long by 1½ broad, with a population in these days of some 500 persons.

But this was the extreme ebb in Bruce's fortune. Soon the tide began to flow, and it never ceased flowing till it carried him to Bannockburn and the throne of an independent kingdom. Accepting the seven times repeated attempt of the little spider to fasten its thread to the rafters as an omen from heaven, Bruce in the spring of 1307 crossed over to Arran, and thence to Carrick; and who that saw that poor fleet of fishing boats with his men on board, rowing over in the dark from King's Cross Point on the Bay of Lamlash to the Bay of Maidens, could have fancied that they carried our Scottish Cæsar and his fortunes! And yet so it was. The very light that guided him, it was afterwards believed, was a fiery pillar like that of the Israelites of old; and this belief was a true one.

And now began a brilliant series of uninterrupted successes, making that period of Scottish history a very romance. First, the garrison quartered in Turnberry village was cut off. Then Percy, who held the Castle, abandoned it in disgust, after burning the old Abbey of Crossraguel by way of revenge. Then Douglas Castle, Roxburgh Castle, Dunbarton Castle, Linlithgow Castle, Edinburgh Castle, one after the other, fell before him, leaving only Stirling Castle,

which the governor promised to surrender by the end of June, 1314, if it was not previously relieved.

When Bruce began this career of success, Edward I. arose in his wrath, and vowed never to rest till Scotland was finally subdued. He had, with his army, reached a village within three miles of the Scottish Border, where, however, he was awaited by a greater Warrior than himself. But before he died, he made his son swear to carry on the war, and take his body along with him. But Edward II. had little stomach for fighting, and so he returned to London, and buried his father in a grand tomb still to be seen in Westminster Abbey, where a Latin inscription declares him to have been "Malleus Scotorum"—*the hammer of the Scots.* And so indeed he was. But the anvil in this case outlasted the hammer, and a great many more hammers since.

At last, Edward II. was driven, as a point of honour, to make an effort to relieve Stirling Castle, and recover the conquests of his father. And thus it came to pass that on Monday, 24th June, 1314, the military strength of England found itself facing the military strength of Scotland, on the big sloping braes of Bannockburn. The disparity in numbers was great—100,000 against 30,000. But this was more than counterbalanced by the over-confidence of the English and the folly of their King, as matched against the bravery of the Scots and the skill of Bruce.

In the fight that followed, we are called to notice several things about our Carrick hero which speak well for him. And first, there is his *piety*, which not only caused him to throw himself fervently on God, but called on his soldiers publicly to do the same. Then, his *skill* in the choice of ground; then his personal *prowess*, as seen in the duel with De Bohun; then his *watchfulness*, which first detected the secret march of the English towards Stirling Castle; and finally, his *wisdom* in adopting the old Hebrew custom of

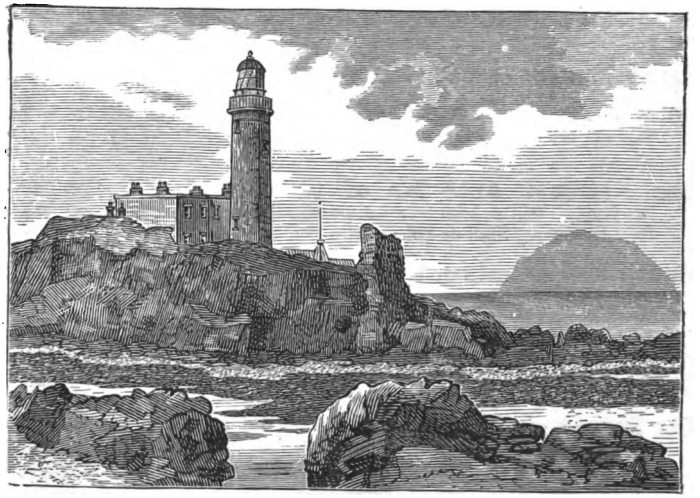
asking the men themselves to decide whether they should fight or not. For Burns's words in "Scots wha hae" are true to fact; and before the battle was joined, Bruce made intimation to his men that he was quite willing to retreat if they so wished it. But the cry was unanimous to remain and fight it out to the end.

The policy of Bruce, with his smaller force, was to act on the defensive, leaving the attack to the English. He drew up his men in hollow squares or circles, the outer spearmen kneeling, while the bowmen shot from within. It was the formation of Waterloo, and had all Waterloo's success. It was the first appearance, on a great scale in our history, of "that unconquerable British infantry" before which the chivalry of Europe was fated to go down. And the result, as every one knows, was a great victory for the Scots, which practically settled the question of our national independence.

About a mile south of Dunbarton, there is a farmhouse by the road side called *Castle hill*, with a rocky knoll crowned with trees beside it. Although hardly a stone remains on it, this was the site of the ancient *Castle of Cardross*, where Bruce died, June 7th, 1329, aged 55 years. He died of a skin disease, brought on by his early hardships. One of the pleasures of his old age, we are told, was to take a sail in his yacht towards Turnberry, where he was born; and one of his latest acts was to build and endow an Hospital for lepers at *King's Case Well*, near Ayr. When he felt himself dying, he called his old comrade, Sir James Douglas, to him, told him he had been a great sinner and had shed much blood, but that he had meant by way of atonement to go and fight in the Holy Land against the Moslem. Would Sir James go in place of him, and carry his heart along with him? Sir James promised to do so, although on his way he fell in Spain, in a battle with the Moors.

King Robert's body now lies in Dunfermline, and his heart in Melrose Abbey. But he himself is enshrined in his people's hearts as "the good King Robert." He was the people's king. They had stood by him in his days of adversity, and he ever after stood by them. And it was this district of ours that gave him birth, and laid the foundation of the old saying—"*Carrick for a man!*" He made Scotland a kingdom instead of a province; and in many a dark passage of our after history, such as Flodden, people sighed for the master hand that knew how to rule and fight.

Oh for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight,
And cry "St. Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book, a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn!



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