

To the right of the road leading [*from Borgue*] to Gatehouse is

EARLSTON HOUSE,

the seat of Sir William Gordon, Bart., a distinguished military officer. He was born in 1830, entered the army as a cornet in the 17th Light Dragoons in 1849, and served with his regiment in the Crimea. In that war he rendered signal services, and was one of the valiant Six Hundred whose deeds are celebrated by Tennyson in his thrilling poem entitled " The Charge of the Light Brigade :"—

" Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Forward the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns, he said :
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade,
Oh ! the wild charge they made !
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,—
Noble Six Hundred !"

In 1856 Sir William 'was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour. In 1869 he became a major in his own regiment, and in 1862 a lieutenant-colonel. He is the present representative of the illustrious Gordons of Earlston. A short distance from this point may be seen the ruins of Plunton Castle, the farm of Lennox Plunton, and a beautiful view of the coast of Wigtown. We now drive round by a rural road, and reach the mail road to Portpatrick at the farm of Barharrow.

There is another drive from Borgue Kirk which is also very interesting, by which the visitor would pass the farm of Ingleston and the fine rustic village of Kirkandrews with the bay on the left, and on the right the farm of Corseyard, Barlocco, and mansion-house of Knockbrev, when Carrick shore is reached, with a beautiful situation for bathing. Veering round towards Gatehouse we pass Rainton, Girthon Church, Cally Mains, and through a portion of the beautiful grounds of Cally, cross the draw-bridge over the Fleet, reaching the town by the lower end.

We may here mention that if the tourist does not wish to visit the Borgue Shore, and takes the omnibus which meets the morning and evening trains at Kirkcudbright for the Murray Arms Hotel, Gatehouse, he will pass on the right the mansion-house of Compstonend, and the farm-house of Campbellton ; on the left the farm-houses of Boreland, High Borgue, the mansion-house of Auchenhay, and the farmhouses of Standingstone and Conchieton, and reach the junction of the road from Twynholm village at Minto Cottage, from whence we proceed past Barharrow and Enrick on the one hand, and Drumwall and Disdow on the other, into the town of

GATEHOUSE,

lying in the parishes of Girthon and Anwoth, but principally in the former. It is charmingly situated in a romantic and fertile valley, embosomed within hills and lofty, eminences which form a spacious and beautiful amphitheatre. Some of the hills have their summits crowned with woods, interspersed with rich pasturage, while the higher and more distant have a magnificent effect on the landscape. The town is well built, regular, and clean, the houses being nearly all the same height, and the streets running in straight lines. It was erected into a Burgh of Barony in 1795, through the interest of the late Mr Murray, of Broughton, and its municipal government is vested in a provost, two bailies, and four councillors. On approaching it the tourists will observe on the left side of the road two neat lodges, built of granite in the form of a tower, which form the

upper entrances to the mansion-house of Cally. The manse is next passed, and several neat villas—one of them belonging to Provost McKean, and another to John Faed, Esq., the eminent artist. The Faed family were born at Barlay Mill, about mile from the town. The most conspicuous object in the High Street is a square tower of grey granite, 75 feet high, which had its origin in a sum of £30 left by Andrew Findlay, a native the place, in the year 1867, for the purpose of erecting a public clock. During the four succeeding years, by local and other subscriptions, that sum increased to £300, at which cost the tower was erected, and the fine clock by which it is surmounted was supplied by Messrs Gillet & Bland, of Croydon, at a cost of £160, and presented to the town by Horatio Granville Murray Stewart, Esq. of Broughton, whose residence at Cally we will notice shortly. Immediately adjacent to the tower is the Murray Arms Hotel (Mr G. McMichael), in which every accommodation and comfort for tourists can be obtained. Connected with the hotel there is a finely situated bowling green and the Masonic Hall is in the same street. The Angel and Crown Inns also afford good entertainment, and from the former there is a regular conveyance to Dromore station on the Portpatrick Railway. At the top of the west side of the High Street is the Bank of Scotland (agent, Mr H. D. Glover), a neat, substantial building, and a little further down on the same side is the Union Bank (agent, Mr W. Cairns). The Parish Church—a commodious building—is situated on a well-chosen site, to the north-east of the town, and was erected 1817—Rev. H. M. Jack, minister. The Free Church—Rev. Mr Robertson, minister—at the lower end of the town, is also a spacious and handsome building, and contiguous to it, on the other side of the river Fleet, is the United Presbyterian Church—Rev. Andrew Clark, minister. There is also an Episcopal Chapel in the grounds of Cally—Rev. C. T. Moor minister. Two branches of trade are at present carried on with success, one the Bobbin Mill of Messrs Helm and the Brewery (Mr Tomlinson). There is an excellent reading-room in the town, well supplied with newspapers. Before crossing the bridge over the river, which unites the

parishes of Girthon and Anwoth, we would advise the tourist to spend an hour or two in visiting the far-famed and magnificent grounds of

CALLY,

the beautiful residence of H. G. M. Stewart, Esq., and one of the finest seats in this county. It was built in 1763, of granite, from the design of Robert Milne, architect of Blackfriars Bridge, London, and was greatly altered in 1835. The principal entrance is from the east, at the upper end of the town, and can be seen from the hotel. We feel assured that tourists will enjoy the walk, and be charmed with the symmetry and beauty of many of the noble trees to be seen in the extensive and richly-wooded park. The gardens are spacious and the pleasure grounds extensive, the scenery around being of a varied and pleasing nature. There is a deer park nearly a mile square on the estate, a fine artificial lake near the house, and from certain points beautiful views of Fleet Bay and country around are obtained.

If the visitors, however, are desirous of seeing a portion of the scenery of this interesting district which does not lie directly on our route, they might at this portion of the journey hire a conveyance for two or three hours, and proceed by Barlay Mill to Castramont House, charmingly situated on the bank of the river, cross the wooden bridge into the farm of Nether Rusko, and come out on the main road to the Dromore railway station. Within a short distance they will observe

RUSKO CASTLE,

beautifully situated on a rising knoll on the west side of the river. It is one of the square towers commonly met with in Galloway, and was probably erected about the year 1600. In the autumn of 1629 Lord and Lady Kenmure removed from Rusko to London; and towards the close of the seventeenth century Sir Hugh Gordon, a younger branch of the Gordons of Lochinvar, with numerous retainers, possessed the castle. In Nicholson's

Traditions of Galloway we find the following poetical description of it and the surrounding scenery :—

" But, lo I a little ruined tower,
 Erected by forgotten hands,
 Though once the abode of pride and power
 That by the river's margin stands—
 Of old the Lords of Lochinvar
 Here dwelt in peace, but armed for war ;
 And Rusco Castle could declare
 That valiant chief and lady fair
 Had often wooed and wedded there.
 Upon the eastern bank of Fleet
 Castranont smiles—a hamlet sweet
 Just fronting Rusco Tower,
 Of peace and war two emblems meet :
 None fairer than the first we meet,
 The other seems a dark retreat
 Where savage passion lowers."

The castle is in good repair, and is occupied by some of the servants on the Rusko estate (R. Hannay, Esq.), whose residence of Ornockenoch is not far distant. Continuing in this direction we pass the farm of Upper Rusko, and after a pleasant drive would reach Dromore Station. Our object, however; is to return to Gatehouse by this road, passing Rusko House and Killern.

By a slight detour from this point the tourist will have an excellent opportunity of inspecting the ruins of

ANWOTH CHURCH

and the old churchyard. This ancient edifice was built in 1626, and Samuel Rutherford, the eminent Covenanting divine, was its minister. The ivy-clad walls of the venerable building are still preserved, and form one of those respected links which unite the past to the present age. " Rutherford's Walk " is still pointed out, and tradition relates it was here where he recognised Archbishop Usher, having overheard him engaged in prayer on behalf of the people of his diocese. The story is as follows :—" The Archbishop on passing through Galloway,

urged by the admiration he entertained for Rutherford's character, paid him a visit in disguise at Anwoth, and was most hospitably received. He arrived at Bushy-Bield on a Saturday, on the evening of which day the minister was in the habit of catechising his family on religious subjects. The stranger is reported to have been asked " How many commandments are there ?"—to which he answered eleven; and on being reminded that there are only ten, he quoted, in corroboration of the correctness of his reply, the words of our Saviour, "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." The ability of these answers surprised Rutherford. On the following morning the stranger was accidentally recognised. Being overheard by his host, (in a thicket adjoining his favourite walk,) engaged in prayer, couched in language of uncommon felicity, and containing allusions to the people under his spiritual care, Rutherford immediately thereafter took an opportunity of stating his suspicion as to the rank and character of his guest. Usher frankly confessed the truth, and explained the circumstance on the ground that, being anxious to see a man of whom he had heard so much and thought so highly, and suspecting that he might be averse to receive the visit of a bishop if he knew him to be such, he had been induced to assume a disguise to accomplish his object. Rutherford welcomed him with great cordiality, as a man venerable equally for learning and piety. He requested him to preach to his people, as it was Sabbath, which Usher readily consented to do, adopting the Presbyterian form of worship, and laying aside for a time the Episcopal ceremonies." His text was the "new commandment" mentioned above. Half a mile from the church is the

RUTHERFORD MONUMENT,

placed in a very prominent situation on the farm of Boreland of Anwoth. It is a granite obelisk, 56 feet in height, and is conspicuous for miles round. In the churchyard, and indeed all round the district, there are historical proofs of the martyrdom of many Covenanters who suffered during the persecutions by Grierson of Lag and his dragoons. Among these we may mention John Bell, of Whiteside, who was buried in the church-

yard of Anwoth. The monument erected to his memory, and still carefully preserved, bears the following inscription :—

" Here lyes John Bell of Whiteside, who was barbarously shot to death in the Paroch of Tongland, at the command of Grier of Lag, anno 1685.

" This monument shall tell posterity
That blessed Bell of Whitesyde here doth lye,
Who at command of bloody Lag was shot,
A murder strange which should not be forgot.
Douglas of Morton did him quarters *give*,
Yet cruel Lag would not let him survive.
This martyr sought some time to recommend
His soul to God before his days should end.
The tyrant said, ' What, dev'l yo've pray'd enough
This long seven years on mountain and on cleuch ;'
And instantly caus'd him, with other four,
Be shot to death upon Kirkconnel Moor :
So thus did end the lives of these dear saints
For their adherence to the Covenantants."

Close at hand is the present church of Anwoth—Rev. T. Johnstone, minister—and manse, both finely situated. To the left will be observed the ancient ruins of Cardoness Castle, peeping from among the trees. It appears to have been a building of considerable dimensions and strength, and probably dates from the same period as Threave Castle, already noticed. It is roofless, and has been untenanted for upwards of a century and a half. We would now advise the tourists to return to Gatehouse, and from there, time permitting, to take a conveyance and visit

RAVENSHALL.

On leaving the town the visitors will notice the river Fleet in passing, the bay in the distance, and keeping the mail road they will pass the mansion-house of Ardwall (Walter McCulloch, Esq.), finely situated in the woods not far off. Shortly afterwards we pass Skyreburn, a small rivulet, having its rise high up **in the** mountains. It is liable, however, on any ordinary fall of rain, to come down suddenly in prodigious volume, and with such vehemence and abruptness as to have given rise to a proverbial expression,—a " Skyreburn warning."

A little further on to the left is Cardoness, the residence of Sir William Maxwell, picturesquely situated near the shore of the bay. Kirkclaugh, the residence of Alexander McCulloch, Esq., is next passed, and shortly afterwards we reach "The Raven," an excellent place for entertainment—(Mr Lindsay). This inn affords better accommodation to tourists than its external appearance indicates, and during the summer and autumn is usually crowded with pleasure-seekers and those who wish to take advantage of sea-bathing. The caves in the vicinity of Ravenshall are a great attraction to this locality, and are made a favourite resort of pic-nic parties. Some of them are of a curious formation, and well worthy the inspection of the geologist. Dirk Hatteraick's cave is pointed out as being the hiding place—or at least one of them—of this daring smuggler, and Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Guy Mannering," is supposed to have sketched the scenery in this neighbourhood. Be that as it may, the entrance to this particular retreat is about twenty feet from the base of the rocks, and can be reached by a ladder. One writer says that its mouth is like a pit of two fathoms deep, at the bottom of which the cave diverges almost at right angles, and penetrates the rocks towards the north to a considerable distance. We believe its interior is neatly and compactly built with stones, having small presses, and shelves on which the smugglers are supposed to have laid their kegs of French brandy and other contraband articles. A very pleasant hour or 'two can be spent on the green sward at this place, and when the tourists feel fatigued a seat can be easily obtained, from which a magnificent view eastwards is had of the Borgue shore, the point of Borness, and the Murray Isles. The Isle of Man can be easily discerned in the distance almost exactly opposite, and the bold headland of Cruggleton, crowned with the remains of an ancient castle. The well-wooded grounds around Galloway House are also observable.

About a mile from Ravenshall is Kirkdale House (Major Frederick Rainsford Hannay), a splendid building of granite, in the Italian style of architecture. The glen in the vicinity is well worth inspection, as it is said to be unequalled by any in the Stewartry. The old square tower of

Barholm is seen a little to the right, and this is alleged to be the "Ellangowan " of Guy Mannering, and also the hiding place of John Knox previous to his escape to the Continent. In the immediate neighbourhood, on the farm of Cairnholy, the tourist may visit the grave of King Galdus, said to have given the name of Galloway to the province. It is narrated that the tomb, when first opened; in the 17th century, was found to contain a large number of flat stones. It measures six feet three, and is neatly built with whinstone slabs. The old churchyard of Kirkdale, the family burial place of the Hannays and others may also be visited, and also the ruins of the old church, said to have belonged to the King in the reign of James IV., who transferred it to the priory of Whithorn.

A little way from Kirkdale is the old Castle of Carsluith, lying between the mail road and the sea. This old tower is famous in history as having been the birth-place of Gilbert Brown, the last abbot of Newabbey.

The granite quarries of Kirkmabreck are next reached. They are situated near the public road, and for many years have been wrought by the Liverpool Dock Company. A large number of hands are employed. A double railway crosses the public road to the landing jetty. Near the quarries is the Manse, commanding fine sea and inland views. Dr Thomas Brown, at one time Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was born here. From this point there is a beautiful view of the Bay of Wigtown, the ancient burgh, its steeple, and Martyrs' monuments. These are afterwards noticed. On the right is Cassencarrie (James Caird, Esq.), finely situated in a level holm studded with trees, backed by a lofty wooded hill. We now arrive at

OREETOWN