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ROUND THE WORLD.

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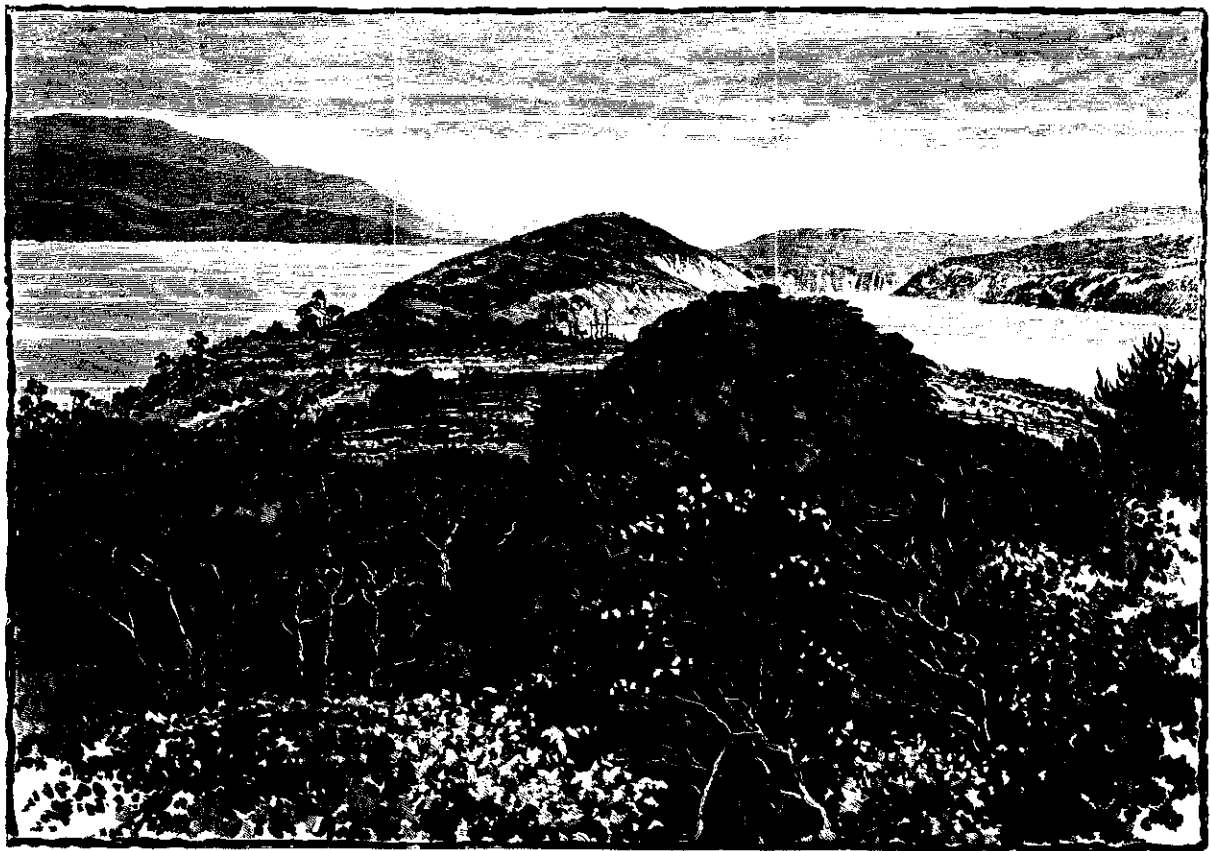
A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

AND now we have paid our long promised visit to Scotland—bonnie Scotland; to 'Caledonia stern and wild, sweet nurse for a poetic child'—and greatly have we enjoyed it. Our journey up had many pleasant surprises for us, as we made short stoppages at many historical places, about which we had read so much and knew so little. There was the town of Wigan, for instance; of such antiquity that writers speak of it as far back as the reign of King Arthur. It now reckons to have 50,000 inhabitants. Cromwell was here in 1648, and a fight between Royalists and the Parliamentary forces ended

and are well worth inspection for its historical associations. Richard III. at one time resided here, but Cromwell's men unfortunately dismantled it when they got possession. We next enjoy some of the lovely scenery of the Lake district, with the mountains celebrated in song and story—of Skiddaw, Saddleback and Helvellyn—until Carlisle is reached—one of the most ancient cities in the United Kingdom, and made a bishopric in 1135 by Henry I. Fighting here may be said to have been almost continuous from the time of the ancient Britons until 1745, and now this old castle, the scene of so much pomp and splendour, is also partly used as a vile gaol for common malefactors. Within the walls Mary Queen of Scots passed two months of her imprisonment. An oak dressing-table, said to have been used by her, is still exhibited. The Cathedral was part of a Roman Catholic priory; it has been restored and embellished. At a spot about nine miles from Carlisle the river Sark is crossed and now we are in Scotland, at the ever-memorable village of Gretna, with the green on the left, where fond lovers who had eloped and crossed the border could 'be made one.' All conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, have availed themselves of this means of becoming married, and it is said the

of money. Other members of the same family have since given the fountain, gardens and a fine public park, and the Brodie Park has also since been given.

Our destination being Gourrock, on the Firth of the Clyde, which place would form our base of operations for visiting the lakes, etc., we did not stop at Glasgow for any length of time on our outward journey, but as we sped northwards we had ample testimony of the causes which have made Glasgow one of the leading ship-building centres in the world. In all directions mining operations for coal, iron, and other minerals were in full swing, and having such abundance of the raw material on the spot, we could not question the correctness of the assertion of a fellow-passenger that the majority of the largest and fastest steamers afloat now have been produced on the Firth of the Clyde. Gourrock Bay is about four miles beyond Greenock, and is now a great gathering place for yachts. The shops and business premises skirt the shore, and private houses of more or less architectural beauty spread in terraces above, commanding most extensive views of the Clyde watering places, and inlets to the inland lochs. The Glasgow and other Clyde steamers touch here on their way to Inverary (the seat of



SCENE IN AKAROA HARBOUR, CANTERBURY, N.Z.

badly for the former. Preston is another ancient town which we passed, engaged now in cotton manufacture, with 100,000 inhabitants. The town stands on the beautiful banks of the Ribble, and there are two very nice parks—the Miller and Avenham—artistically laid out. King Charles' men and the Parliamentarians had many battles in this neighbourhood. Lancaster is a grand old town, and has a strongly-built castle erected by John o' Gaunt in the reign of Edward III., but it is now converted into the county gaol! What a fall, my countrywomen! During the Wars of the Roses the place became almost depopulated. The town of Kendal, in the neighbourhood of Windermere, is very beautifully situated, and created no end of regrets in our mind that we could not stay to enjoy the scenery and the afternoon sunshine. There have been some very deep cuttings made on the line by the Railway Company a little further on, where the hard rock shows a face which must be at least 60ft, and the summit line at Shap shows that we have now reached 900 feet above the level of the sea. Red granite is got here, it is said, quite equalling the celebrated Aberdeen. We pass Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, but, unfortunately, did not get a view of it, but are more fortunate with Brougham Hall—the seat of the late Lord Brougham. The ruins of Penrith Castle stand near the railway station,

village blacksmith who officiated at one time made as much as £1,000 a year. But alas! his trade fell off and he is gone the way of all flesh, and his smithy has gone too. The ruins of the castles of Woodhouse and Boushaw are next passed, and as a piece of historical romance it is narrated that the bold Flemings were burned here in their castle at Redhall by the English troops. It was a case of no surrender. The village of Ecclefechan is shortly afterwards passed, now celebrated as the birth and burialplace of Thomas Carlyle. In his 'Sartor Resartus' the village is generally understood to be described. At Beattock station the summit level is 1,012 feet. Locke, the great engineer, reported against the work, but it is a fact nevertheless. It is singular that three rivers, running in different directions—the Annan, Tweed, and Clyde—all run here out of one hill side. This ground is also sacred to the memories of the many Covenanters who paid with their lives for their religious scruples.

Passing many castles and ruins about which very much could be said we come to Paisley, at one time famed for its silk gauze shawls, but now so well known for its thread manufactures. The great thread firm of Clark and Co. gave the citizens the Clark Town Hall, which cost about £100,000, and Sir Peter Coates, another thread magnate, gave the Coates Memorial Church, which cost the same sum

the Duke of Argyll) to the Isles of Arran, the Kyles of Bute, the lakes, etc., and they are splendid specimens of boats, richly upholstered, smartly officered, and travelling at more than 20 miles an hour. The expeditious way in which they disembark passengers and take on others at the various wharves at which they call would turn an American green with envy. It is done as smartly as a quick passenger train in a railway station comes and goes, but with much less noise.

The morning when we started for the Lochs was unfortunately misty and rainy—there is a great deal of Scotch mist about this part of the world—but before noon it cleared up and we had a beautiful day. We had before us lovely visions of Loch Shira, Loch Fyne, Loch Restal, and Loch Lomond, the Queen of Scottish Lakes, and all of them

Seem firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless; and to the gazer's eye
Deeper than ocean in the immensity
Of vague mountains and unreal sky.

Loch Lomond is 23 miles long, and varies in width up to 5½ miles, by from 200 to 600 ft. deep. There are numerous islands met with, displaying, it may truly be said,

The sublimity and majesty of Nature's work.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 364.)