

a number of blocks of greenstone. An intelligent native of Carnwath, to whom I applied for information about the former number of boulders, told me that in his boyhood the ground between the river and the Yelping Craig, about two miles off, was literally strewed over with blocks of all sizes, up to masses six feet or more in height. So abundant were they to the south-west of Carnwath, that one tract was known as the "Hell Stanes Gate," *i.e.* road, and another as the "Hell Stanes Loan." The stones have now well-nigh disappeared under the sway of the farmers, but the old legend of their origin still remains. My informant, after pointing out the graves of some of the larger boulders, and the broken remains of others, went on to tell how, in old times, Michael Scott and the devil had entered into a compact with a band of witches to dam back the Clyde. It was one of the conditions of the agreement that the name of the Supreme Being should never on any account be mentioned. All went well for a while; some of the more stalwart spirits having brought their burden of boulders to within a few yards from the edge of the river, when one of the younger members of the company, staggering under the weight of a huge block of greenstone, exclaimed, "O Lord, but I'm tired." Instantly every boulder tumbled to the ground, nor could either witch, warlock, or devil move a single stone one step thereafter. And there the blocks lay for many a long century, until the industrious farmers quarried and blasted and buried them.

There can be little doubt that the elfins of old were not less busy in Carrick, though the records of their doings have faded from tradition. It is still told, however, that one witch, of more than ordinary audacity and strength, lifted a great hill from the Ayrshire uplands, and, putting it in her apron, made off through the air for Ireland. But,