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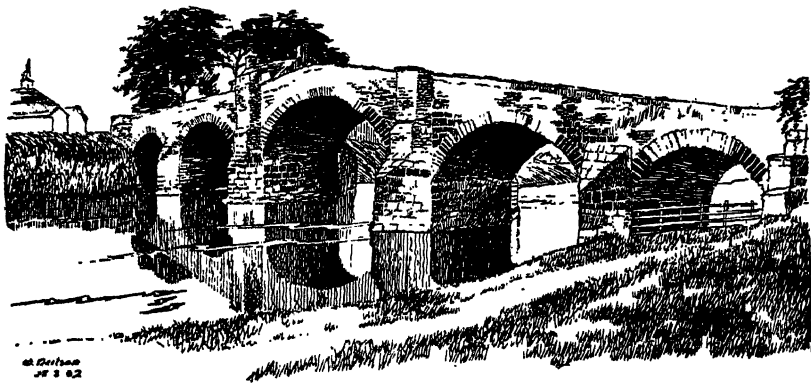








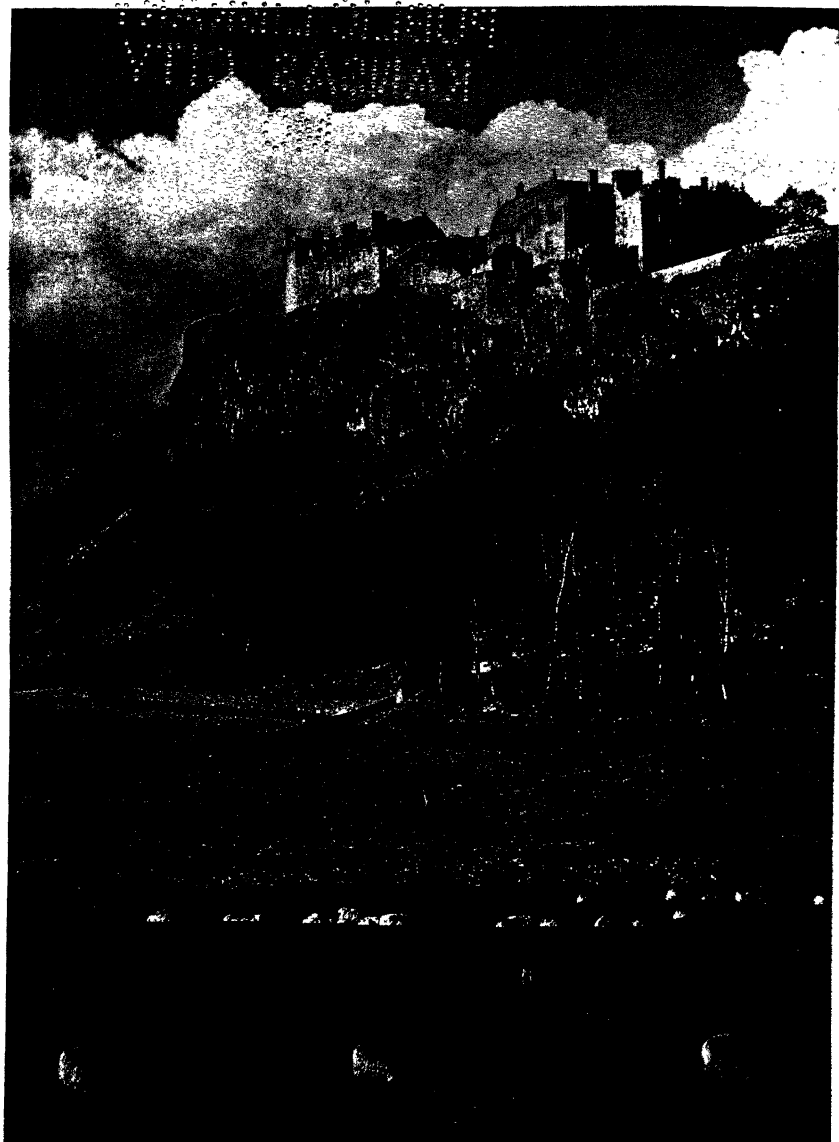
# *Historic Haunts of Scotland*



Auld Brig o' Drip, Stirling







*Stirling Castle*

# HISTORIC HAUNTS OF SCOTLAND

CONTAINING

A popular account of over seventy places  
famous in the history of Scotland

BY

ALEXANDER MACLEHOSE

WITH 107 ILLUSTRATIONS

Sixty-four from photographs by

ROBERT M. ADAM

together with reproductions from forty-three drawings by

WALTER K. R. NEILSON

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■

TO SHEILA

This book has been written  
for your diversion and  
for others like you  
if there are  
any like  
you

U. A.





ALL Mr. Neilson's drawings for this book, except nine which have appeared in the *Draughtsman*, are now published for the first time. The chapter on Aberdeen (page 60) has been written by a graduate of that University. I have also to thank Professor T. H. Bryce for allowing me to print here some passages from his article on Dunfermline Abbey in the *Scottish Historical Review*.

The sixty full-page reproductions from Mr. Adam's photographs—many of them the product of journeys specially undertaken for this book—cover every corner of Scotland, and all types of her beauty both in scenery and historic buildings.

*By generous permission of the authors  
passages from the following books will  
be found included in this volume.*

ROBERT BRUCE KING OF SCOTS

AGNES MURE MACKENZIE, D.LITT.

THE RISE OF THE STEWARTS

AGNES MURE MACKENZIE, D.LITT.

WALKING IN THE GRAMPIANS

CHARLES PLUMB

IN THE TRACKS OF MONTROSE

I. F. GRANT

THE BOOK OF BARCALDINE

REV. A. CAMPBELL FRASER

MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL,  
BART, K.T.

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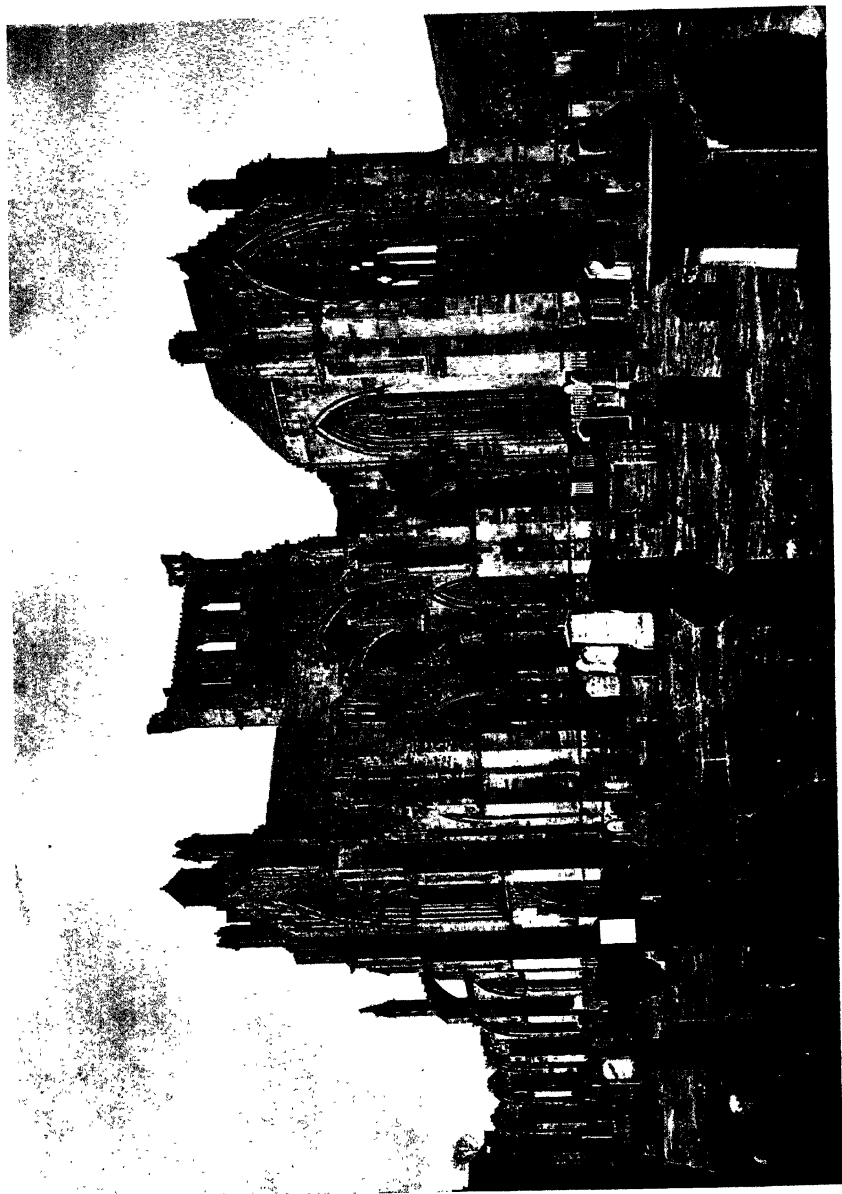
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# MELROSE ABBEY

*On the Tweed, in Roxburghshire*

Melrose Abbey was founded in 1136 as part of the Cistercian Monastery under David I. In Scott's novel *The Monastery* and again in the early part of *The Abbot* Melrose and the neighbouring glens form the general background, but the glamour which hangs over Melrose today is derived from Scott's epic poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. He pictured himself as the last minstrel who should sing the charm of the Borders, before all memory of the old times had gone for ever ; and his wonderful force of imagination brought the ruins back to stirring life.

Here is the scene of intercession for the soul of the wizard, Michael Scott.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
With sable cowl and scapular,  
And snow-white stoles, in order due,  
The holy Fathers, two and two,  
In long procession came ;  
Taper, and host, and book they bare,

## MELROSE ABBEY

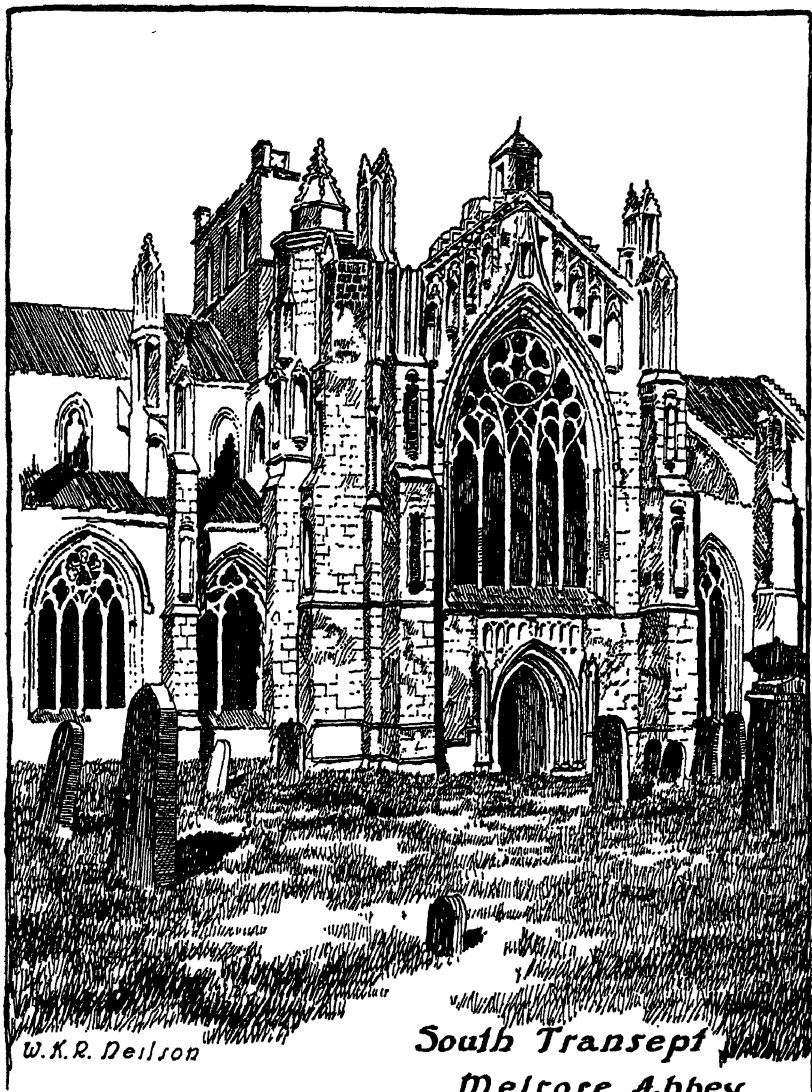
And holy banner, flourished fair  
With the Redeemer's name.  
Above the prostrate pilgrim band  
The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,  
And blessed them as they kneeled ;  
With holy cross he signed them all,  
And prayed they might be sage in hall,  
And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,  
And solemn requiem for the dead ;  
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,  
For the departed spirit's weal ;  
And ever in the office close  
The hymn of intercession rose ;  
And far the echoing aisles prolong  
The awful burthen of the song,—  
DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA,  
SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA ;

While the pealing organ rung ;  
Were it meet with sacred strain  
To close my lay, so light and vain,  
Thus the holy Fathers sung :

### HYMN FOR THE DEAD

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?



W. K. R. Deilson

South Transept  
Melrose Abbey

## MELROSE ABBEY

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

The temper of the Middle Ages, for all its outward gaiety, was fully as solemn as these verses suggest. In that spirit\* the Monastery was founded, and its work carried on for 400 years until the Reformation brought in the new order of things which lasted for another four centuries and is perhaps breaking up now. The following description of the Abbey Church is taken from the scholarly account by the Rev. R. J. Thompson in the Guide to Melrose :

The Church that was built in King David's time, most likely a simple Norman structure, has long since disappeared, but it is now known to have stood well within the walls of

\* Differently, and much later, revealed in the following :

The monks o' Melrose made guid kail,  
On Fridays when they fasted ;  
Nor wanted they guid beef and ale  
As lang's their neighbour's lasted !

## MELROSE ABBEY

the present building, and its eastern limit to have reached no farther than a few feet beyond the Crossing. No part of the Abbey, as we now see it, is earlier than 1390. The later and unfinished part belongs to the early years of the 16th Century. It is in fact almost entirely a 15th Century relic. It embodies two styles of architecture—the *Decorated Gothic* seen to advantage on its south front, and the *Perpendicular* of the Chancel and immediately adjacent parts. Its unique features are the fine range of chapels, the stone vaulting of the roofs, the richly adorned east and south gables, the Carrells or stone seats of the Cloister, and the peculiarly narrow North Aisle.

The North wall of the Sacristy (between the North transept and the Chapter House) is believed by some authorities to be twelfth century, and the oldest part of the church. A slab of dark marble in the chancel marks the tomb of Alexander II, while beyond it, under the lovely East window, lies the Heart of King Robert Bruce.



# GLENTROOL

*In Galloway, nine miles north of Newtonstewart*

Glentrool belongs to the morning of Scottish history. It was here, in April 1307—just a couple of months before Edward I, the Hammer of the Scots, died beside the Solway—that Robert Bruce won his first battle against the English. He and his friend James Douglas had crossed in a small boat from Arran and landed somewhere near Turnberry in Ayrshire. They had sent a man, Cuthbert, before them to light a fire on a headland as a signal as soon as news was good. They saw the fire, and crossed. But their signalling system had broken down, for the fire was not Cuthbert's but chance muirburn, and the news was all bad. Everywhere King Robert's friends had failed, and over the whole of Scotland the English triumphed.

It was a vital moment in history. If King Robert had accepted the news and disappeared to his sister's court, where she was Queen of Norway, Scotland would never have thrown off the conquering English.





## G L E N T R O O L

All the castles and all the good things were theirs, and Bannockburn—whose name has been like a banner for Scotsmen ever since—was seven years off, unimagined and unborn.

At that moment when Bruce had to make his decision—perhaps he looked on it as a gambler's last throw—Scotland herself was very much the same as she is now. The outline of the hills has not changed, neither in your home valley nor in mine, and the water was tumbling, white and graceful, over the Buchan Falls in Glentrool, as this picture shows it today.

Somewhere between late March and early April, the king's enemies came to grips with him at last. He was in Glentrool, under the Merrick and the great Range of Kells, when Pembroke got word of him, and sent a force of 1500 up Creeside. Bruce charged them from the hill, with the tactic of Claverhouse at Killiecrankie, and they broke and scattered, leaving many dead, while he slipped off north, between Botetort and Percy.\*

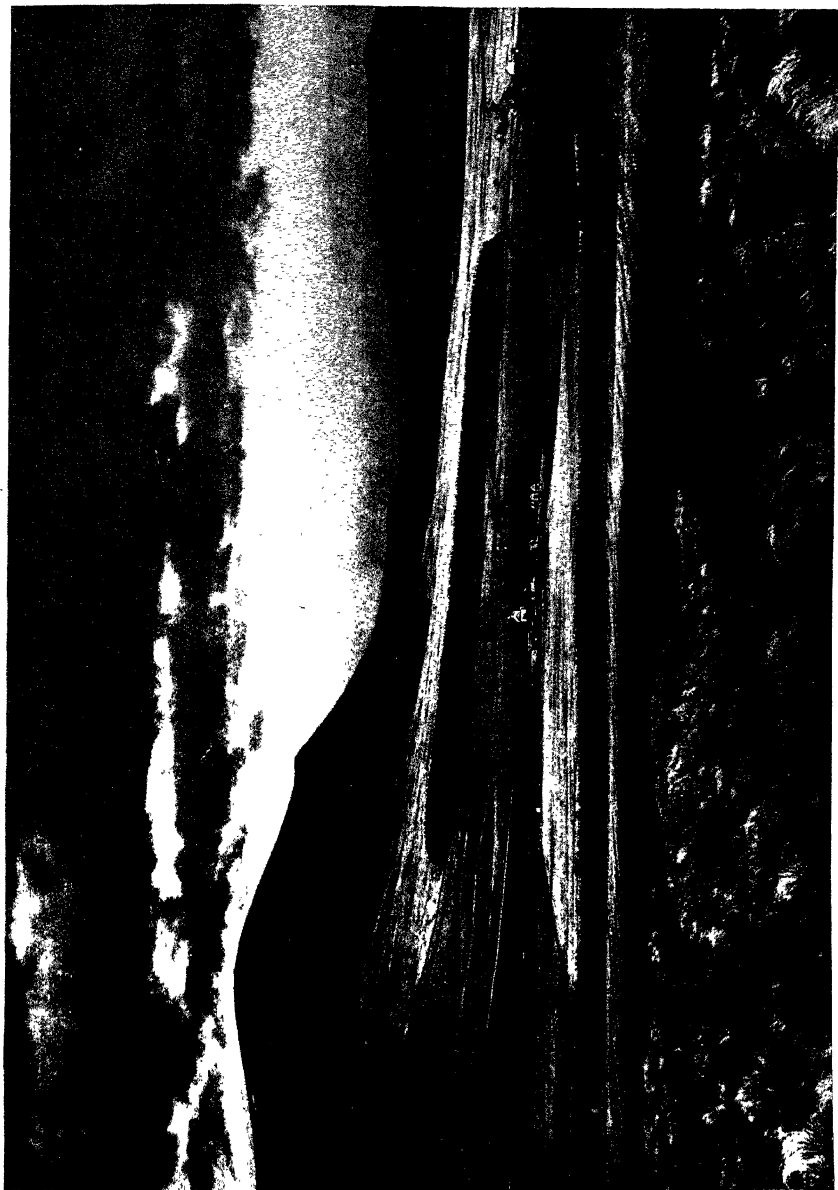
\* ROBERT BRUCE KING OF SCOTS, *Agnes Mure Mackenzie*.

# TINTO

*Upper Clydesdale, Lanarkshire*

**T**he cairn which crowns this shapely mountain is so prominent, and made of stones so large, that people think the Druids must have built it for their gruesome worship. Tinto, in old language, means Hill of Fire, and if the Druids used the mountain-top to celebrate their burnt-offerings, the name itself must have been something to shudder at, long ago in the Clyde valley which Tinto dominates so peacefully today. For the Druids were not like Abraham : they had no eye for a ram caught in a thicket, and if they had, the mountain is bare, and unlikely to provide one.

The last time that Tinto sent fire into the night was at King George's Jubilee, in May 1935. All mountain-lovers know the power of evening ; after a hot summer day it brings the balm of coolness, and with that a peace which in my experience only a mountain-top at such an hour is able to give. (Married men may derive a similar exaltation from their wives : who can tell ?)





## TINTO

Above the Douglas moors, Venus (looking brighter than ever before) anchored outside the harbour of the Moon—a jewel of evening that outshone the busy beacons. Even so, the beacons in the now cold and growing darkness had power to stir. Among these Border hills they were a part of Scottish history.

A baile is warnyng of thair comyng quhat powere that evir thai may be of. Twa balis togidder at anis thay ar coming in deide. Four balis ilkane besyde vthir and all at anys as four candillis salbe suthfast knalege that they ar of gret powere.

The village directly facing Tinto across the Clyde is Lamington, backed by high moors that stretch for nine miles to the Tweed. On the sky-line of these hills, the Lamingtonians in 1746 discovered to their great alarm a band of soldiers. The laird of the village made his people sally out with their scythes (apparently the only arms they possessed) and face the enemy, whom they found to be a score of half-starved Highlanders, stragglng home from Prince Charlie's expedition to Derby. The unfortunate men surrendered without a struggle, and were locked up in the church (historic for its Norman ornamented doorway) until the magistrates at Lanark should take them in charge.



## TINTO

These Highlanders had probably found their way across the hills from Moffat, on the Carlisle-Edinburgh road, by a bridle-track which meets the Clyde valley at Lamington.

It is well-known that the song 'Loch Lomond' was composed by one of Prince Charlie's men, captured by the English after the retreat from Derby and condemned to die in Carlisle gaol. His friend who was to 'take the high road' home to Scotland—if he were one of the company imprisoned at Lamington, would have been cheered to know (and perhaps they told him) that sixty miles to the north-west, from the shoulder of Tinto on a clear day, he would see Ben Lomond.

The sunsets behind Tinto, at all times of the year, leave description beggared. Here is one from early February :

living gold from east to west, and then a glow like the heart of a peat fire, gathering blue and violet underneath, and the proud shape of the hill going up like a song. It was a king's sky.

So it may have seemed to Bruce in February 1306 as he rode down Clydesdale to his crowning at Scone.



W. K. R. Neilson

Old Doorway  
Lamington Kirk

# CROSS AT LOCH ALINE

*Morven, Argyle*

**T**his Cross is a link with Iona. Scotland flowers in lovely names, but two names more beautiful than Aline and Iona, chiming together here above the Sound of Mull, it might be hard to find. The Cross was erected probably in 1510, and stands beside the ruined chapel of Kilcolmkill.

You remember also the Lament for Maclean of Ardgour, a song with a haunting melody and a surge of tremendous pride in Donald the Hunter, whose dirge shall be heard all down the West Highlands, by Stewarts of Appin, MacDonalds and the rest until

Twixt Morven and Mull, where the tide-eddies roar  
MacGillians shall hear it, and mourn for their kinsman,  
For Donald the Hunter, MacGillian Mor.

The short cut from Iona to Loch Aline is over the neck of Mull, by Loch na Keal and Salen Bay. Of all the influences which have moulded Scottish history, the coming of Columba to Iona is one of the greatest. It





## CROSS AT LOCH ALINE

is true that after the Synod of Whitby in 664, the importance of Iona's missionarying declined before the Latin Church, established at Lindisfarne in Northumbria ; true also that Iona was burned so often by the heathen Vikings that the centre of the Celtic Church had to be moved to Dunkeld. The whole Kingdom of Dalriada, which had once been held by the Scots and guided by Columba, fell under Viking sway, and yet the light which had shone from Iona was not extinguished. It had spread inland, and lived on (as Thucydides says of the immortal dead)

woven into the stuff of other men's lives.

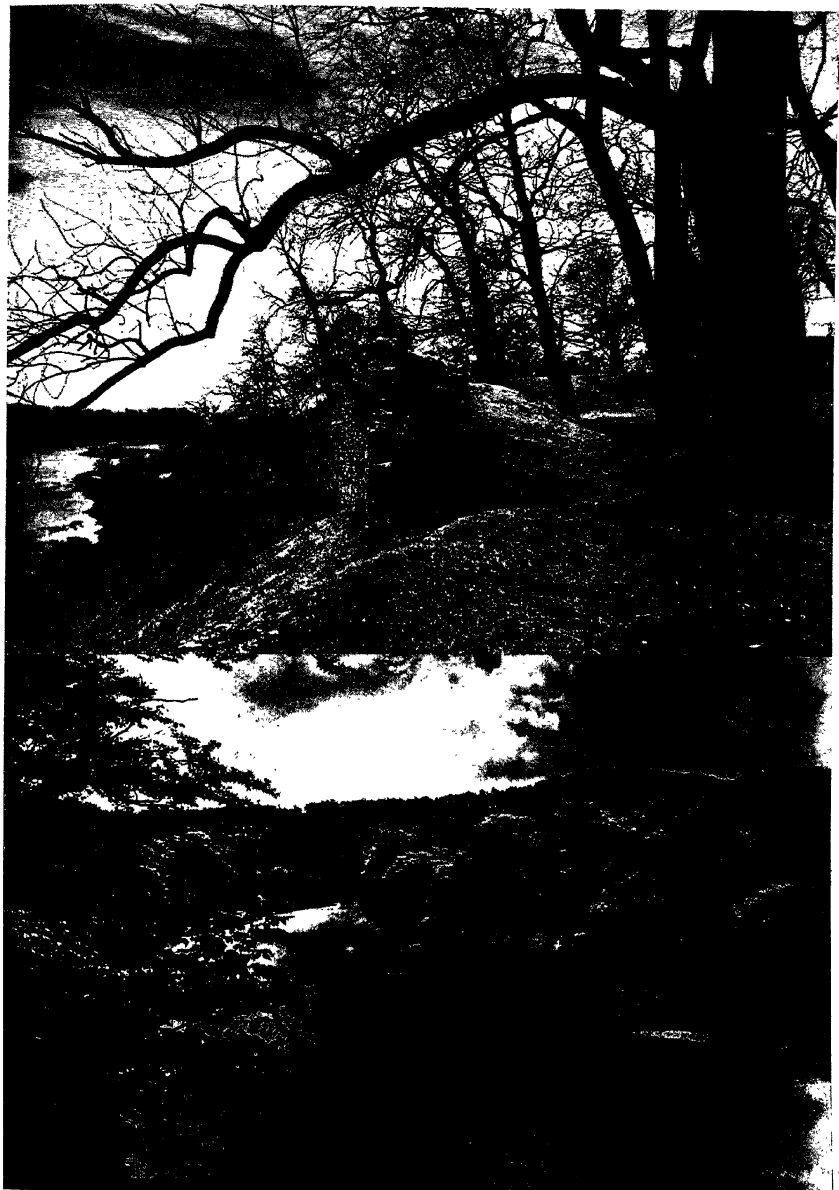
## ROXBURGH CASTLE

*A mile west of Kelso, between Teviot (seen on left of upper picture) and Tweed (below)*

Roxburgh Castle, as this picture shows, is to-day a ruin, and of the town which it once guarded no trace remains. With Stirling, Edinburgh and Berwick, it was one of the four earliest Royal Burghs. Before the development of cannon, the Castle, situated on a narrow neck of land between two rivers, would be a strong place to hold, and for this reason was destroyed by the Scots when at last, after a century of English occupation, it fell into their hands in 1460. The razing of castles to prevent their being held by the English was a policy of Robert Bruce.

Roxburgh, like its neighbours Traquair and Peebles, had been a favourite residence of the Scottish Kings from David I to Alexander III.

It was surrendered to Edward I after a short resistance in 1296 by James Stewart, who had no love for Baliol, the nominal King of Scotland. Stewart's son afterwards married the daughter of Bruce and







## ROXBURGH CASTLE

founded a royal line. He was one of the Guardians (i.e. Regents) of Scotland, and he made the title more than nominal, for it was he and Bishop Wishart of Glasgow who in the next year turned the various local revolts against the English into a national rising, under the great commander William Wallace.

Roxburgh was held by the English for nearly eighteen years, during part of which time Bruce's sister, Mary, was imprisoned here in a cage. One evening in the early spring of 1314 an English soldier's wife in Roxburgh Castle was lulling her baby to sleep with this rhyme whose popularity tells its own tale :

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,  
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,  
The Black Douglas shall not get ye.

' I am not so sure of that, ' was the answer she heard in the darkness, while a mailed fist gripped her shoulder. It was the Good Lord James himself, characteristically appearing when he was least expected. The story of the capture is told by Miss Mackenzie in *Robert Bruce King of Scots*.

Douglas tried for Roxburgh at the end of winter, and won it with the help of a craftsman called Sim of the Led-house, who brought him cleverly fashioned scaling-ladders.

## ROXBURGH CASTLE

... Douglas chose Carnival for his attempt, when the garrison would be full of beef and ale, and in the dusk of a February evening he and his men, with black gowns over their armour, crept up on all fours to just under the castle wall. They were seen, but in the dusk and perhaps the river mist off the Teviot they were taken for cattle. They heard jests pass on the wall, as to Such-a-one's celebration of Carnival, and his probable Lenten emotions the next morning when he found his oxen lifted by the Black Douglas while he was too drunk to put them in their byre.

The ladders went up, and Sim was the first to mount, but the hook had clinked on the stone as it jammed down, and the sentry came up . . . and luckily lost his head, and instead of shouting, threw himself at Sim, who, half across the wall, made a grab for him, caught his throat before he thought of making a noise, and managed to knife him and heave the body over. The others swarmed up behind, and the garrison, dancing cheerfully in the hall, heard nothing, till the shout of ' Douglas ! ' rose at their very door. There was panic, for it was a name to dread. Sir William de Fiennes, the Burgundian commandant, rallied a party, and got them into the keep and barred the gate. He held it for two days, and then, being gravely wounded by a Scots arrow, surrendered on terms, Douglas escorting him safely into England, while the King sent Sir Edward to raze the city walls.

In 1333, after the battle of Halidon Hill, Roxburgh passed again to the English. Sir Alexander Ramsay of

## ROXBURGH CASTLE

Dalhousie won it back in 1342, but four years later, the defeat at Neville's Cross left the Border for a time defenceless, and Roxburgh fell into English hands for over a hundred years. James I besieged it without success.

In 1460 his son James II, with the best and most united army that had followed any Scots King since Bruce, stopped to capture Roxburgh before invading England. James was a young man of twenty-nine, keenly interested in artillery. Mons Meg, the famous cannon on the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle, was made in his reign.

He had posted a battery on the north bank of Tweed, in what are now the grounds of Floors Castle. A new Flemish gun, the *Lion*, was being tried out, and the King stood near to watch. The cannon exploded, and he was killed instantly.

His Queen showed at his death the spirit for which he had loved her in life. Dismissing her own grief, she came into the camp and so inspired the Scottish army that Roxburgh was taken at last.

## LOCH-NAN-UAMH

*South Morar, Inverness-shire*

**I**n this Loch Prince Charlie anchored after sailing from France in the armed brig *La Doutelle*. He had landed first at Eriskay, a small island between Barra and South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides, and after waiting there a few days until the coast was clear, set his course for the mainland.

The island which you see with its prominent Sgurr on the extreme left of the picture is Eigg, while behind it on the right, half hidden in the clouds, is Rum. Between those islands, Prince Charlie's ship sailed on its way to Loch nan Uamh. Stevenson imagines him remembering the scene in years to come.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,  
Eigg on the starboard bow :  
Glory of youth glowed in his soul,  
Where is that glory now ?

The first two chiefs who promised him their support, somewhat unwillingly, were won over in this very





## LOCH-NAN-UAMH

Loch. Hill Burton in his History of Scotland tells the story.

On the deck of the *Doutelle*, in an awning, with a becoming repast spread beneath it, he received young Clanranald himself, believed to be thoroughly devoted to him. Yet this reputed Jacobite professed himself bluntly against the project as preposterous, and he was joined by his influential friend MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, then present. The Prince appears to have been entirely undisturbed by their unremitting catalogue of objections. He talked to them with the fluent confidence of one who was entitled to success, and who chose that they should not deprive themselves of the privilege of partaking in it, rather than as one who pleaded for their aid to support a cause which might otherwise fail. He was in the end successful with them, as those who speak from such confident promptings sometimes are. Home tells a little story about the removal of their last scruples, which, if there be any truth in it, is an illustration of the influence of this confident princely manner. A brother of Kinloch-Moidart, Ranald MacDonald, stood by, fully equipped, as the Prince and the two Highland gentlemen walked up and down the pavilion. As he confidently exhorted, and they hesitated, Ranald showed, by his shifting colour and glistening eyes, the intense interest he felt. The Prince turned to him, as if by way of reproach, saying, 'Will you not assist me?' He received an immediate offer of entire devotion, and the deep enthusiasm with which it was pronounced is said to have dissipated the last scruples of the hitherto dubious chiefs.



## LOCH-NAN-UAMH

This was early August 1745. There followed the rallying of some—by no means all—of the Highland chiefs to the Prince's standard, the victory at Prestonpans, the stay in Edinburgh, the march to England, the retreat northwards again from Derby, one last victory at Falkirk in January, and the extinguishing of all hopes on Culloden Moor on 16th April, 1746.

After desperate adventures, Prince Charlie escaped to South Morar, the wild coast which you see on the right of the picture, and from Loch nan Uamh he sailed in a small boat on May 24th. It can blow a storm between the mainland and the islands, and Prince Charlie was battered on his journey to Benbecula. In the Outer Isles he met Flora MacDonald, who guided his flight to Skye, thence to Knoydart and Morar again, until on 20th September he sailed for the last time from Loch nan Uamh, and saw Scotland no more.

As he passed

down that long water opening on the deep,

with all his world behind him, what were his thoughts? They cannot have been happy. But his friends on the lonely hillside, watching *Le Heureux* carry him safe away to France, had cause for triumph. A Whig

## LOCH-NAN-UAMH

government, ruling England by the power of the purse, had offered £30,000 to anyone who would capture the Prince ; and for five months the Prince had trusted to his Highland men and women, and now he had escaped.

Sailing away into the sunset, he may have heard from the shore that cry which afterwards became a song,

Will ye no come back again ?

# LINDORES ABBEY

*Three-quarters of a mile east of Newburgh, Fife*

**I**t often happens that those who bless the world by the fruits of their art or their pious beneficence, hand on the torch of the spirit with equal fertility in its human manifestation. This was seen conspicuously in the founder of Lindores Abbey. If the historian Boece is to be believed, David, Earl of Huntingdon, was almost drowned in the North Sea on his voyage home from the Crusades in 1191. He, however, reached Dundee in safety, and as a thanksgiving for his safe deliverance from the ocean, he founded the Abbey of Lindores.

His principal home was Fotheringay, on the Nene in Northamptonshire, where centuries afterwards his descendant Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded. He lived there for many years very happily with his family, delighting especially in his grand-daughter Devorgilla, who afterwards founded Sweetheart Abbey near Dumfries, and Balliol College at Oxford.





## LINDORES ABBEY

The Earl of Huntingdon had no thought of creating a dynasty. He attended the coronation of his nephew Alexander II, whose grandson—another Alexander—was the promising, newly married heir to the throne when he died at Lindores Abbey in 1284. The night before he died, he prophesied that sorrow would come to Scotland from his uncle Edward I. His father, Alexander III, who was a widower, quickly married again, but himself died soon after by an accident. When Maid Margaret, the heir, had mysteriously perished, the three principal claimants to the empty throne—Baliol, Bruce and Hastings—were all descended from the Earl of Huntingdon, founder of Lindores Abbey, who was ancestor likewise of all the Scottish sovereigns from Baliol onwards, and of all the British sovereigns since the Union of the Crowns.

Edward I visited Lindores in 1291 and again in 1296, when he compelled all classes to swear allegiance to him. Wallace's great victories against the English, including the battle of Stirling Bridge, were won in the following year : at Ironside, near Lindores, he defeated the Earl of Pembroke on 12th June, 1298. The battle had been a desperate one, and the victorious Scots naturally repaired to the Abbey for food and rest.

## LINDORES ABBEY

The Priour fled, and durst na reknyng bid ;  
He was befor apon the tothir syde.

Abbeys were great places for making of vows. To the layman of our own time, consecration is a word that has lost nearly all its meaning. An example of what it might mean in 1306 is shown by three knights, Sir Gilbert Hay of Errol, Sir Neil Campbell of Lochaw, and Sir Alexander Seton, who in that year at the Abbey of Lindores made a mutual indenture ' to defend the King Robert Bruce and hes crowne to the last of ther bloodes and fortunes ; upon the sealling of the said indenture they solemnly toke the sacrament at St. Mariés altar in the said Abbey Church '.

Fortune smiled on them. Sir Gilbert Hay became High Constable of Scotland, and led a thousand horse at the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Neil Campbell proved himself a talented forager during Bruce's wanderings in the West, and afterwards married the King's sister Mary.

Early in the fifteenth century, Lindores had a reputation for working miracles. The Duke of Rothesay, the murdered heir to the throne, was buried at Lindores in 1402, but as soon as his young brother James I returned from an English captivity and put to death the murderer's son, the miracles also came to an end.

## LINDORES ABBEY

Some sixty years later, the brethren at Lindores received a strange recruit. When James II struck down (page 396) his rebellious cousin Douglas at Stirling, he had had to deal with the dead man's powerful brothers. The eldest of these, James, had been destined for the Church, but his brother's early death made him the head of the Black Douglasses, and he aimed at no less than securing for himself the Crown of Scotland. The power of the Black Douglasses was routed for ever at Arkinholm in May 1455, and James, after a final raid on the west coast with John of the Isles, fled to England, a broken man. So thankful was the King that he offered a candle containing a stone of wax in St. Mary-in-the-Fields by Edinburgh.

In July 1484 Douglas made one last throw. Together with Albany, the treacherous brother of James III, he attempted a raid on Lochmaben. He was captured, and the King spared his life on condition of his retiring to end his days at Lindores Abbey. This easy option he accepted, but, looking back on the ruin of hopes which once had seemed so bright, he said with a rueful smile: 'He that can do no better must needs be a monk.'



## NEIDPATH CASTLE

*On the Tweed, one and a half miles west of Peebles*

At Peebles itself there was a Castle, in which the early Scottish Kings used to reside, but this was destroyed either by Bruce or before his time, and Neidpath was afterwards known for centuries as the Castle of Peebles. Its history became closely associated with that of the royal burgh, and the monarchs who visited Peebles—James I, IV and VI and Mary among them—made Neidpath their lodging for the night. James IV was given by the Minister of Stobo (a hamlet six miles up the river) some capons for his supper while at Neidpath. James in return sent Stobo a grant of ‘45s. to cause feed the capons’. A kingly jest.

Over the entrance of the castle courtyard can still be seen the crest of the Frasers. In 1296 the castle and surrounding property belonged to Sir Simon Fraser, who fought against the English at the battle of Dunbar. This battle was lost, and Sir Simon Fraser was carried prisoner to England. He fought for Ed-



*Neidpath Castle  
Peebles*

## NEIDPATH CASTLE

ward in France, receiving 4s. a day as a Knight Banneret, during sixty-eight days' service. (The squire and soldier who served with him received 2s. and 1s. a day.) Edward restored his lands, and presented him with a horse. He was with the English in 1300 at the Siege of Caerlaverock, where his arms were black with silver strawberry flowers (*fraises*); soon after, he was made Keeper of the Forest of Traquair, *i.e.* of upper Tweeddale, as his father had been before him.

During these pregnant years a sense of nationhood came to Scotland for the first time in her history. It must have come to the birth slowly and very painfully. Wallace was the man who made it possible, though he died before it was finally achieved. Sir Simon Fraser of Neidpath was another who helped. He joined the National party (leaving the English camp hastily, on another man's horse) and with Sir John Comyn defeated the English at Roslin in 1303. His estates were forfeited in 1305, the year of Wallace's death, but restored on payment of three years' rental. Sir Simon Fraser, who had been constantly with Wallace (as the English records of 1303 and 1304 show), now joined Bruce (crowned King at Scone in March 1306) and distinguished himself at the battle of Methven, in the

## NEIDPATH CASTLE

following June. He might have made a great name in Scottish history if he had lived, but he was captured and Neidpath saw him no more. Edward put him to death, and anyone crossing London Bridge in those days would have seen his head on a spike beside the skull of Wallace.

In 1513 another owner of Neidpath, Lord Hay of Yester, fell fighting for Scotland at Flodden.

Half a century later, Queen Mary on a visit to the southern shires of her kingdom, came to Peebles and stayed a night at Neidpath. Her host, the fifth Lord Hay of Yester, was one of her loyal followers, but he much disliked her marriage to Darnley, which took place in 1565, two years after the visit to Neidpath. Seldom can any woman have looked back with more regret than she to those years before she made her wrong choice. If she ever came back to Neidpath, still in its beauty dominating the Tweed, how the memory of her one-time freedom would sting her!

In the winter of 1650-1651 Neidpath Castle was attacked by the English after the battle of Dunbar. Though stubbornly defended by the Earl of Tweeddale, its walls were of course no match for Cromwell's cannon, and the castle was captured.

## NEIDPATH CASTLE

James VI held a Privy Council at Neidpath in 1587, but this example was lost on the neighbouring lairds, who continued their feuds so fiercely that in 1590 the Tweedies of Drumelzier laid wait for Patrick Veitch of Dawyck, on his way home from Peebles, and murdered him near Neidpath. The Veitches, a month later, killed one of the assassins in a street in Edinburgh. It was a typical quarrel—no one knows why it began—which went on from century to century, and was ended in 1612 by the death of James Tweedie, whose memorial stone, built into the wall of Drumelzier Church, has this inscription :

*Hic Jacet Honorabilis Vir  
Jacobus Tuedy De Drumelzier.*

This ancient Kirk of Drumelzier is small, and not beautiful. The view from its kirkyard, up and down the Tweed valley, with a British camp on Dreva hill opposite, is worth the short walk from the road at any time, and especially when the Dawyck beeches turn golden in October. Just under the kirkyard, too, where a little burn runs in to join the Tweed, is a very old thorn-tree, among whose roots they say the wizard Merlin is still entwined.





## DRUMELZIER

But the great glory of Drumelzier is not Tweedie, (the ruins of whose castle, Tinnies, overhang the road), nor Merlin, nor even the Dawyck woods in autumn, but a man, Gilmour Neill, who was the Minister at Drumelzier for five years, until he died and was buried there in 1933. He was not old. He had served as a fighting Padre in the War and been severely wounded. In 1927 he was obliged to give up the Kirk of Moffat, and take the much smaller parish of Drumelzier, which the Presbytery intended soon to merge in the neighbouring parish of Stobo. It was not long before the stone, which the builders had thought of rejecting, became the head-stone of the surrounding country. Shepherds, and others less accustomed to do so, walked over the hills from distant valleys, to Drumelzier on the Sabbath: it was a meeting-place from near and far, for rich and poor.

Sometimes the loneliness, and, as it seemed, the insignificance, of his tiny parish in the hills, would trouble him till he wondered if he were doing any good. How much would some of us be helped if his voice were with us now !

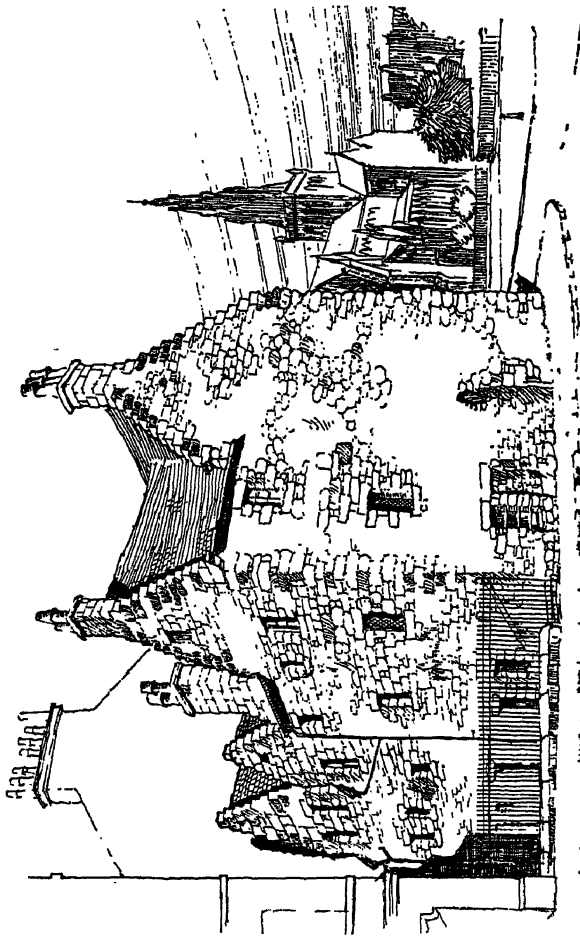


## PROVAND'S LORDSHIP

*No. 3 Castle Street, Glasgow*

**T**he older parts of this house were built about 1470. It is the only pre-Reformation house still existing in Glasgow, and was connected with the Hospital of St. Nicholas which stood near the Bishop's Castle.

James IV stayed here as an honorary canon of Glasgow Cathedral (seen on right of picture), but the royal visitor whom we should most gladly have met on the door-step was Mary Queen of Scots. She came to Glasgow on 20th January, 1567, to visit her husband Darnley, who lay ill of small-pox in the hospital. She stayed meanwhile at Provand's Lordship, and after nursing him back to health (she was twenty-four, and he was twenty) she returned with him to Edinburgh. A fortnight later, he was murdered by Bothwell's men at Kirk o' Field, and within a hundred days Mary had taken Bothwell in marriage.



Provand's Lordship  
Glasgow.

W K B Neilson.

# INVERLOCHY CASTLE

*Two miles north-east of Fort William*

**T**his Castle was probably built in the time of the early Jameses, whose relations with the Lords of the Isles varied from one season to another. The quarrel began between Bruce and the Macdougalls of Lorne, kinsmen of the Comyn whom Bruce murdered. The Islesmen came to love Bruce, but after his death they would not be the King's subjects, and often they might be found plotting with his enemies, whether a Douglas, a Crawford or the King of England. In 1411 Donald of the Isles led a huge army inland, and was only defeated at Harlaw by God's mercy and the Earl of Mar. At Inverlochy, twenty years later, the Islesmen had a partial revenge, for Mar and Caithness were repulsed by Donald Balloch of Islay—the only defeat that Mar ever sustained in his successful life. Even so, by good generalship he brought his men off safely.

Inverlochy was the third and the greatest of Montrose's victories. It was won against every sort of odds,





## INVERLOCHY CASTLE

and, more perhaps than any other of his achievements, stamped him as a leader of men. The only pity is that his victories were so unimportant in their lasting results, and that a single defeat at Philiphaugh was enough to destroy the fruits of half a dozen earlier successes.

In December 1644 Montrose and the loyal clans descended suddenly on Inveraray, and lived for three months on the spoils of their enemies. From the Campbell point of view, this raid was an intolerable impertinence ; quite apart from the material loss and hardship which it caused to Argyle's people, it had been generally understood that MacCallum Mor was invincible on his own territory.

When the three months were over, the Highlanders, with their glory and their plunder, went home to their own glens, and all that was left to Montrose was 1500 Irish, under Colkitto, and a much smaller number of MacDonalds, Stewarts, and Camerons. After resting for two days at Inverlochy, he moved up the Great Glen towards Inverness where Seaforth with an army of 5000 was coming against him. He was crossing the Tarff at the southern end of Loch Ness, when he received word that Argyle with 3000 picked men had moved north, much faster than expected, and was

## INVERLOCHY CASTLE

wreaking vengeance on the loyal clans near Inverlochy.

Montrose turned back through the hills, southwards. The details of his heroic winter march through the high passes of Lochaber are clearly shown by Miss I. F. Grant in her book *In the Tracks of Montrose*. He crossed Glen Spean at Inverroy, and marching (from left to right in the picture opposite) under the slopes of Ben Nevis, came upon the enemy's patrols at five in the afternoon.

Battle was joined at sunrise next day, opposite Inverlochy Castle (where the aluminium works now are). Argyle himself, who was a politician, not a soldier, entered his galley by night and was rowed to safety. His enemies, no doubt, would have been glad to have pinned him in the battle, but he might answer, as Octavian did when challenged by Antony, at the crisis of his fortunes, to personal combat,

Let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die.

His clansmen, stiffened on the wings by regular troops, were commanded by an experienced general, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, and Montrose himself admired them for their fighting. But the spirit







## INVERLOCHY CASTLE

that had triumphed over the snow-bound passes animated the Royalists' charge. Both the enemy's wings were broken, and Montrose with his MacDonalds, Camerons and Stewarts, defeated the Campbell centre. Auckinbreck was slain by Colkitto, after a ferocious encounter, hand to hand. Those who took refuge in Inverlochy Castle were forced to surrender and apart from the 1500 killed in the battle, many must have perished in lonely places on the hills. For they were in enemy country, among people whom they had been engaged in devastating when Montrose appeared under Ben Nevis like a hawk; and behind them Loch Linnhe cut off escape.

Ian Lom, the man who had brought word to Montrose that Argyle was at Inverlochy, wrote a poem which summed up the victors' feelings after the battle; these lines are a sample.

Through the land of my fathers the Campbells have come,  
The flames of their foray enveloped my home,  
Proud Keppoch in ruin is left to deplore,  
And my country is waste from the hill to the shore.  
Be it so, by St. Mary, there's comfort in store.

. . . . .  
Be it so, from that foray they never returned.

# DULSIE BRIDGE

*River Findhorn, ten miles south-east of Nairn*

There are five road-bridges over the Findhorn, and Dulsie Bridge is reputed the most beautiful. It was built in the eighteenth century, like the bridge at Tomatin, and served the military road leading from Coupar Angus through Grantown to the Moray coast at Nairn. In Bartholomew's map this road is credited to General Wade, but it was probably not one of his. The importance of the military roads which were driven through the Highlands in the cause of peace, is paramount, and Dulsie Bridge is not only clean and lovely in itself, but the van-guard of a civilisation different from the old, and corresponding in its general effects to *Pax Romana*—whether you like that or not.

Strathdearn, through which the Findhorn finds its rapid way to the sea, has for centuries been inhabited by the Mackintoshes. The Mackintoshes fought for Bruce against the Comyns, who had been lords of Badenoch and whose stronghold at Loch-in-Dorb (only





## DULSIE BRIDGE

five miles over the moor from Dulsie) had probably seen the beginning of many a wild raid into Mackintosh territory. In later times the Mackintoshes had Cameron of Lochiel and Macdonald of Keppoch as their hereditary foes, while seaward they preyed on the fat lands of Moray.

Darnaway Castle, a dozen miles down the river from Dulsie, was the seat of the Earldom of Moray which passed by marriage from the Randolphs to the Dunbars, thence to the Douglasses, and from them by forfeit to the Crown. James II used Darnaway as a hunting-seat. James IV gave the Castle to his mistress Janet Kennedy, and revived the vacant earldom by bestowing the title upon their son.

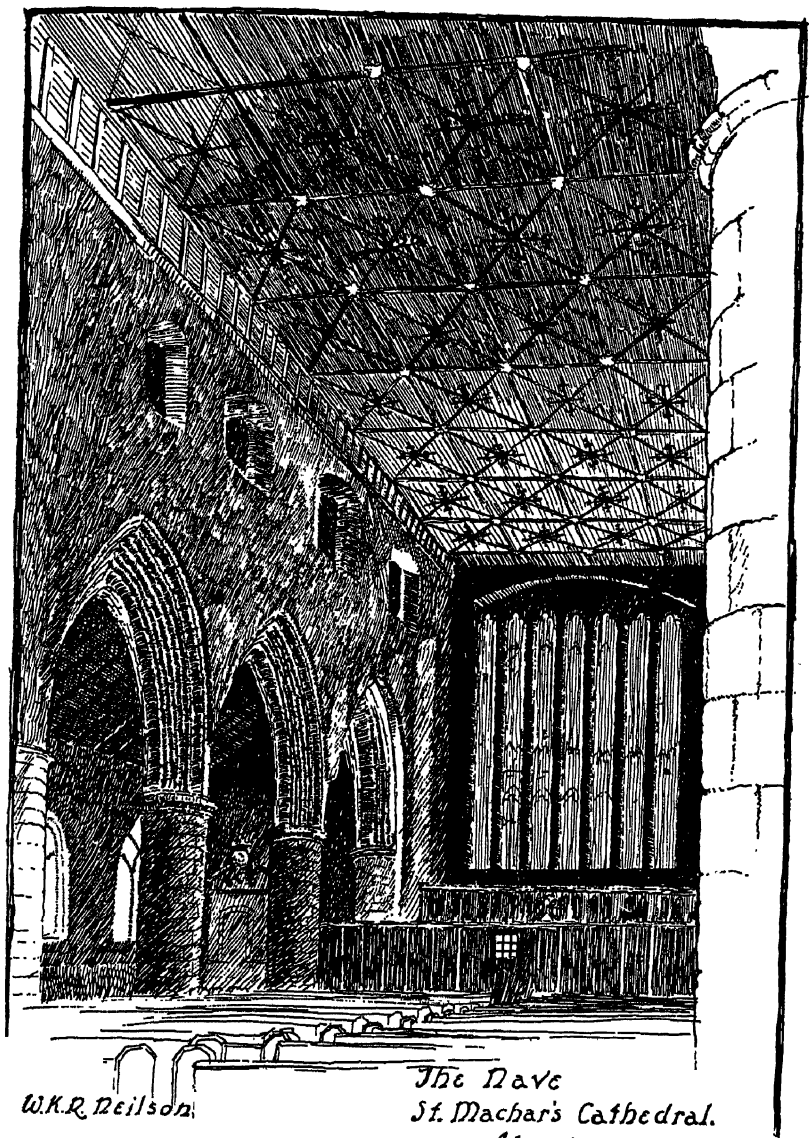
Mention of Randolph leads us to Randolph's Leap, between Dulsie and Darnaway. Here the rocks narrow to a gorge of seven feet wide, through which the waters rage and boil. At this spot a Comyn, Alistair Bane, hard pressed by Randolph from behind, leapt the river in the face of more enemies on the far side, cut his way through them, and escaped. Randolph is not known to have leapt the river in pursuit, and yet the place is named for the great Regent, and not for the hero of that particular day's adventure.

# ABERDEEN

The strong and silver city of Aberdeen, *Braif Bon-Accord* of the sea wind and lovely lights, is the metropolis of that North-east that could almost be called Little-Scotland-within-Scotland. But there are two Aberdeens. There is the New Town, whose stately modern streets strike through, or leap boldly over, the



narrow and intricate ways of an older New Town—the Hardgate with its memories of Montrose and the Craibstone that recalls honest John Craib, the Aberdeen-Flemish seaman who was Walter Stewart's master-engineer at the famous siege of Berwick in 1319; the Hardweird; the two Kirk gates; Mounthooly; the long double brae of the Spital. There is a glimpse of the Upperkirkgate here, thrusting from the corner of St. Nicholas Kirk-yard to the glittering tall facade of Marischal College,



W.K.R. Neilson

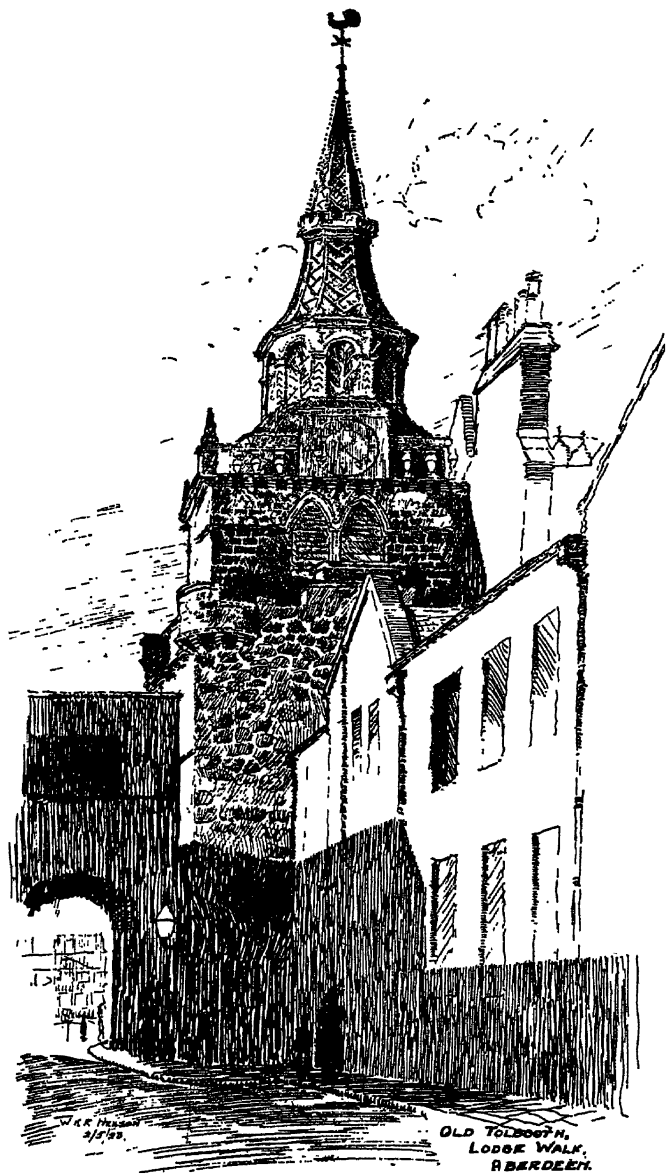
The Nave  
St. Machar's Cathedral.  
Aberdeen



## ABERDEEN

that now houses the university faculties of science, law, and medicine (the latter the oldest in the British Isles) but was once a complete and autonomous university, rival for nearly three hundred years to its elder sister no more than a mile away. The sedate and gracious spire of the old Tolbooth rises above the narrow arch of Lodge Walk, that at night has an atmosphere of cloak and sword, and still announces the rigour of the Law, for the City Police have their headquarters below : and though the spire is a pleasant sight in itself, it is unlucky to see two of it.

The other town, the Aulton, is wholly different, save for the sea winds. It lies apart from its sister, towards the Don and the bridge of Balgownie over which Bruce may have ridden. Until yesterday it was girdled in by fields, its low houses turning their shoulders to open country, grouped about what is left of the fourteenth-century cathedral of St. Machar and the older of the two Universities of Aberdeen, now King's College, the gift to the town of the great Bishop Elphinstone. Its Crown Tower was made in memory of James IV's favour, and is part of the original building : but the Crown itself, blown down in 1631 was 're-edified' by the University's 'Second Father',

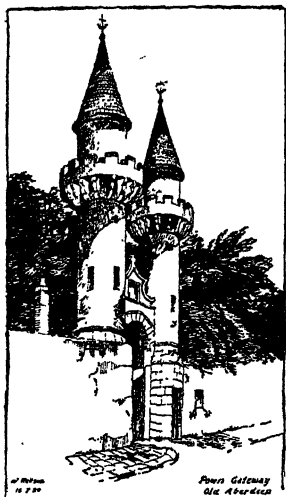


W.R. HENSON  
2/2/99

OLD TOLBOOTH,  
LODGE WALK,  
ABERDEEN.

## ABERDEEN

Bishop Patrick Forbes, the leader of the famous group of the Aberdeen Doctors who, opposing the Covenant,



made Aberdeen, in Dr. Bulloch's words, 'first the most brilliant and then the most oppressed town in the kingdom'. Across from King's the curious minarets of Powis House gateway recall a different ghost, for they were built at the height of the Byron craze, to honour the poet who walked there as a boy. From Bruce to Byron is a lengthy range: but a deal of violent and

various history has reined in its day past the lost kirk of Our Lady of the Snows and along by the pleasant gardens of Elphinstone's Chanonry. When the sleeping Crown stands under the winter stars, the ring of old bridles sounds through the surf on Donmouth.



*W. Deacon.*

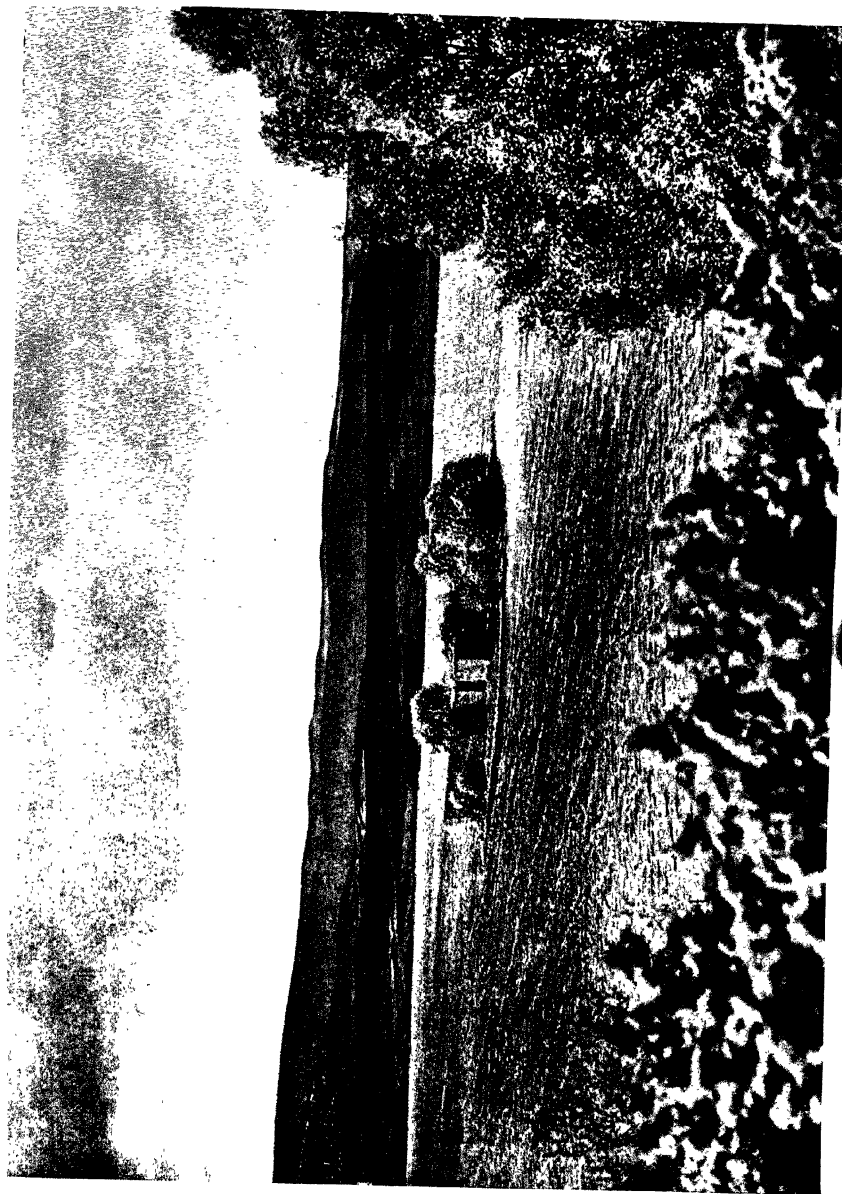
*Crown Tower  
King's College  
Old Aberdeen*

## LOCH-IN-DORB

*Six miles north-west of Grantown-on-Spey*

**T**he geography of Scotland is very much a part of her history, and the best way to understand both is to make the nails of your boots acquainted with her steep hill-sides. I came in this way suddenly upon a sight of Loch-in-Dorb from the top of Carn Glas, on a Sunday's walk from Moy to Grantown. Leaving Moy at 8.30, I reached Carn a Choire Moir at 11, Carn Glas at 12.20, and was so overjoyed by the shining spider-webs in the pine-woods near Achtertipper that I lost my way in the afternoon, and did not arrive at Grantown and an exquisite cold bath till 5 o'clock.

Loch-in-Dorb, like all the rest of Badenoch, belonged originally to the Comyns, who used it as a hunting-seat. In 1303 it was occupied in person by Edward I, and greatly strengthened. Bruce outlived Edward, outfought the Comyns, and gave Badenoch to his trusty lieutenant Randolph, on whose death in 1332 it reverted to the Crown.





## LOCH-IN-DORB

Alexander—‘helper of men’—has for long been a favourite name in Scotland. Many of the royal family of Stewarts were christened to it, but the last Scots King Alexander was of the House of Macalpin, and he died—the Third of his name—in 1286. He was a brother-in-law of the English Edward I, and it was Alexander’s death by falling from a cliff on a dark and stormy night that brought his country’s Golden Age to an end.

When Alexander our King was dead,  
That Scotland led in love and law . . .

But though the Alexander Stewarts never reached the Scottish throne, they would look well in a Gallery if anyone could have come by their portraits.

The first of them, the Wolf of Badenoch, never stayed anywhere long enough to have his portrait painted. His father was Robert II—grandson of the great Bruce, and the first Stewart King. Unluckily, it fell to this Robert to inherit the throne at the same age as his grandfather had died—54—and in the Middle Ages 54 was old for a fighting baron.

Robert II never played a King’s part, and to his favourite son Alexander he bequeathed control of the



## LOCH-IN-DORB

Highlands. The lands of Badenoch, with the fortress of Loch-in-Dorb were granted to Alexander on 30th March, 1371, and in October he was made Justiciar of Scotland north of the Forth, and King's seneschal from Moray northwards. He continued to receive fresh lands and honours, to which he added in 1382 the title and half the territory of the Earldom of Buchan by his marriage to Euphemia Countess of Ross. The lady was already a widow, and it is impossible to tell whether the Wolf, when he married her, thought he was adding to his happiness as well as to his lands. At all events the marriage was not happy, and in 1389 he openly deserted his wife for a woman named Mariota whom he had loved apparently for a long time, and who was the mother of his five lusty sons, the lustiest of all being another Alexander, who was to save Scotland in an hour of need.

Mariota lived at Loch-in-Dorb, a place traditionally associated, long before her day, with fair women and brave men.

The Bishop of Moray and a neighbouring Bishop entered judgment against the Wolf, and 'ordained him to live with the Countess whom he had deserted for Mariota, filia Athyn'. Furious with this interference



*Loch-an-Eilean, another Haunt of the Wolf of Badenoch*



## LOCH-IN-DORB

by the Church, he seized some lands belonging to the Bishop. The Bishop retorted with his obvious gambit, excommunication, and just then the old King died. His successor, Robert III—the Wolf's brother, though a weakling—had not been two months upon his throne before the Wolf was astir. He sent out the fiery cross, called his fierce Highlanders together, and swooping from Loch-in-Dorb he burned Forres and Elgin. He deliberately fired the noble Cathedral, one of the chief glories of Scotland, with all its books and charters.

For this outrage he received no hurt, and it must have been hard indeed for his brother to make a pretence of Kingship while such lawlessness went unpunished.

Monkish chroniclers made out that the Wolf repented some years later at Perth, in presence of the King and the chief nobles, and that the Bishop of St. Andrews absolved him of the excommunication.

All his life he had waged war on clerics. But he was a superstitious man, and now when he was approaching the neck of the pass, he might welcome any cheer which the Church could give him on his doubtful adventure into another world.

# RUTHVEN BARRACKS

*Three-quarters of a mile south-east of Kingussie,  
Inverness-shire*

Ruthven Barracks are a grim reminder of the 'Forty-Five. They are a grim reminder, too, of the old advice that if you set your hand to the plough, you must not look back till you have got to the end of the furrow. For it was here that, after Culloden, four thousand Highlanders under Lord George Murray, the Duke of Atholl, the Duke of Perth and other leaders, met and sent to Prince Charlie an urgent message to return and put himself at their head. His answer came to them through an aide-de-camp :

Let every man seek his own safety in the best way he can.

He had landed in Moidart the summer before, with seven men. Now he refused the offer of four thousand, though he was assured that the Grants, and other clans who had hitherto remained neutral, would join his army, which might soon be expected to number 8000.



# KISSIMUL CASTLE

*Barra, Outer Hebrides*

**T**he Castle was built probably about 1427, when Barra was granted to the MacNeills by Alexander, Lord of the Isles. This clan, so it claims, did not go into the Ark with Noah, for ' the MacNeil had a boat of her own '. From the castle battlements a herald used regularly to broadcast in Gaelic : ' Hear, oh ye people, and hearken, oh ye nations. The great MacNeill of Barra having finished his meal, the princes of the earth may dine ! '

Dean Monro's *Description of the Western Isles of Scotland* (1594) contains the following account of Barra.

Not far from this ile of Wattersay, towards the north, be twa myle of sea, lyes the ile Barray, being seven myle in lenthe from the southwest to the northeast and be north, and foure in breadthe from the southeist to the northwest, ane fertill and fruitfull ile in cornes, abounding in the fishing of keilling, ling, and all uther quhyte fish, with ane parochie kirke, namit Killbare. Within the southwest end







## KISSIMUL CASTLE

of this ile, ther enters a salt water loche, verey narrow in the entrey, and round and braide within. Into the middis of the saide loche there is ane ile, upon ane strenthey craige, callit Kiselnin, pertaining to McKNeil of Barray. In the north end of this ile of Barray ther is ane round heigh know, mayne grasse and greine round about it to the heid, on the top of quhilk ther is ane spring and fresh water well. This well treuly springs up certaine little round quhyte things, less nor the quantity of ane confeit corne, lykest to the shape and figure of ane little cokill, as it appearit to me. Out of this well runs ther ane little strype downwith to the sea, and quher it enters into the sea ther is ane myle braid of sands, quhilk ebbs ane myle, callit the Trayrmore of Killbaray, that is, the Grate sandes of Barray. This sand is all full of grate cokills, and alledgit be the ancient countrymen, that the cokills comes down out of the forsaid hill throughe the said strype in the first small forme that we have spoken off, and after ther coming to the sandis growis grate cokills alwayes. Ther is na fairer and more profitable sands for cokills in all the world. This ile pertains to McNeill of Baray.

## CARBISDALE

*On the borders of Ross-shire and Sutherland, seven miles south of Lairg*

*This is the scene of Montrose's last battle and defeat (1650), which led directly to his capture and execution. In the centre is the Hill of Lamentation, overlooking the River Oyke. The picture is taken from the north. The battle was fought between the Oyke and the Hill of Lamentation. Miss I. F. Grant in her book 'In the Tracks of Montrose' describes it as follows: she and her friend approached the battlefield from the south, as did also the army which defeated Montrose.*

We decided to have a rather easy day, and merely to visit the battlefield of Carbisdale, a couple of miles further up the narrowing end of the Firth beyond Ardgay. The road bends slightly inland to cross the strath and river of the Carron. This latter is a very typical little Highland river, a lively thing of creamy rapids and brown pools, but its rocky banks are not high and it would not be a formidable obstacle. On the other side a long spur of hilly ground comes right down to the water's edge, completely dividing the strath of





## CARBISDALE

the Carron from the flats beside the estuary of the Oykeell and shutting out all view of the one from the other. Our road was carried along the steep slopes of the end of this spur, that rose directly from the shores of the last reach of the Firth. Beyond there was a little plain, about a mile long and not so wide, shut in between wooded hills on one side and at the end, and on the other by the estuary of the Oykeell, that merges into the Firth. The hills at the end were in two tiers, a rocky crest behind, in front, a semicircle of large hummocks or hillocks, from whose feet the ground fell away in a smooth slope to the plain. Montrose's camp was immediately below one of the hillocks, called Craigchonichean, or the Crag of the Scraggy Wood (we failed to identify which one), and his trenches lay along the breast of the slope below. As we were to realize later, it was a very strong place to hold, with natural defences upon almost every side, and with a good base for supplies and one that commanded the hill roads to the inland country. It also, however, proved to be a death trap. At Carbisdale, as in so many of these battles of the seventeenth-century civil wars, defective intelligence was the ruin of the beaten side. Montrose had been told that there was but one troop of horse in

## CARBISDALE

Ross-shire, and Strachan's men had been so effectively concealed, during their advance through the broom, that the Royalist scouts did not discover how much larger a force was approaching. Once they reached the ground masked by the outlying spur that cut off the mouth of the Carron, they would, in any case, be invisible to the Royal army. Furthermore, Montrose had been hoping, himself, to gain the support of the Monroes and the Rosses, who had thrown in their lot with Strachan. These rather lukewarm allies the Covenanting commander had sent round by a detour to take up their position on the hill to the right of Montrose.

The Royalist general, fondly imagining that his enemy merely consisted of one troop of horse, was prepared to give fight, and moved his troops down from the entrenched position on to the little plain. Before the foot-soldiers were even drawn up in battle order, their own small force of cavalry was driven back upon them by the first impact of Strachan's vanguard, and to make bad worse, more and more of his troops came hurrying round the jutting spur from Strath Carron.

Montrose rallied his men higher up the slope, and local tradition points out the site of this last stand as

## CARBISDALE

being near where there is at present a sawmill. Then, in this last extremity, the Monroes and Rosses poured down from the hill where they had taken up their position, and attacked the sorely pressed Royalists in the flank, and the day was irretrievably lost.

After we had strolled over the battlefield, we walked on along the road, and we realized what a deadly place Montrose's position became to his men. The steep and rocky Hill of Lamentation comes down almost sheerly to the marshy lands of the Oykell, and, for about ten miles above the battlefield, that river is deep and sluggish, with shore birds piping mournfully upon its mud flats, and wisps of dead seaweed left here and there as the defunct relics of specially high tides, and with only three fords by which desperate men might make their escape.

We wandered on and on, until the strath of the Oykell began to open in front of us. Looking across it, we could see how easily Montrose, in his flight after Carbisdale, might have broken northwards, towards safety. The Shin and the Altmore opened inviting passages and the hills in between were neither steep nor high.

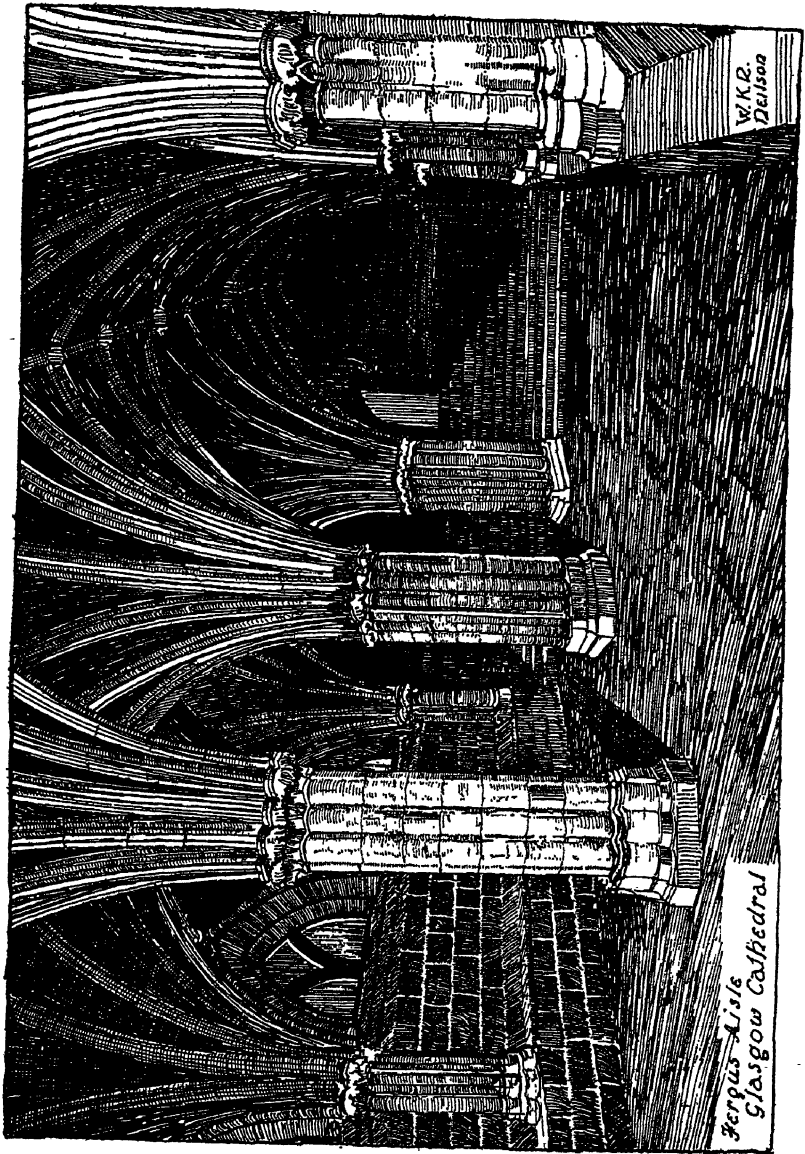


# GLASGOW CATHEDRAL

*The Laigh Kirk, or twelfth-century Crypt, of the Cathedral was the scene of Francis Osbaldistone's historic encounter with Rob Roy.*

While I endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, and recall my attention to the sermon, I was again disturbed by a singular interruption. A voice from behind whispered distinctly in my ear, 'You are in danger in this city.'—I turned round as if mechanically.

One or two starched and ordinary-looking mechanics stood beside and behind me, stragglers, who, like ourselves, had been too late in obtaining entrance. But a glance at their faces satisfied me, though I could hardly say why, that none of these was the person who had spoken to me. . . . A massive round pillar, which was close behind us, might have concealed the speaker the instant he uttered his mysterious caution ; but wherefore it was given in such a place, or to what species of danger it arrested my attention, or by whom the warning was uttered, were points on which my imagination lost itself in conjecture. It would, however, I concluded, be repeated, and I resolved to keep my countenance turned towards the clergyman, that the whisperer might be tempted to renew his communication under the idea that the first had passed unobserved.



W. K. R.  
De. Isoa

St. Peter's Basilica  
St. Peter's Basilica

## GLASGOW CATHEDRAL

My plan succeeded. I had not resumed the appearance of attention to the preacher for five minutes, when the same voice whispered, 'Listen—but do not look back.' I kept my face in the same direction. 'You are in danger in this place,' the voice proceeded; 'so am I—Meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve preecesely—keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation.\*'

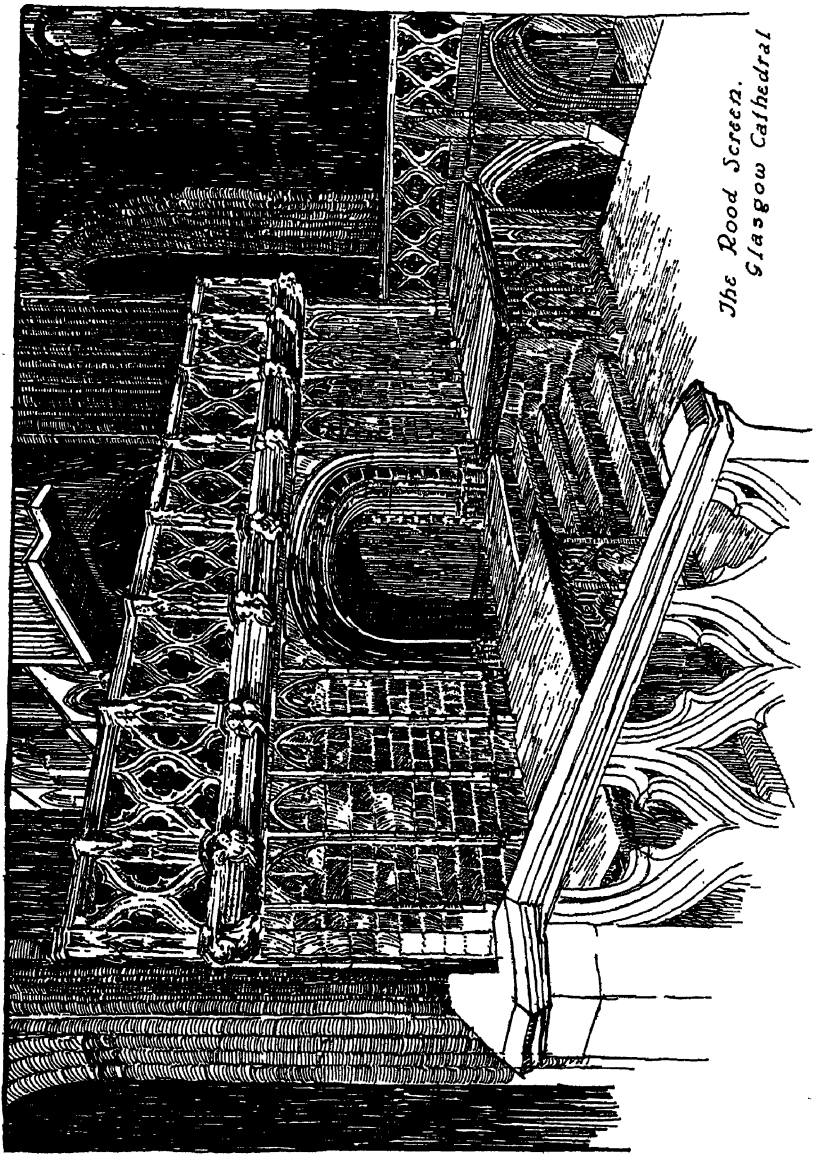
**T**he present Cathedral was begun by Bishop Joceline (1164-1199), an earlier Cathedral built in the reign of David I having been destroyed by fire. The choir was completed about 1250. The rood-screen (shown opposite) is fifteenth century; the Fergus Aisle was built by Archbishop Blackader (1483-1508).

Like the Cathedral of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, Glasgow Cathedral was saved by the townsfolk at the time of the Reformation. The conscience of the Reformers was satisfied by destroying the Cathedral statues.

'They sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks—And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased.'†

\*ROB ROY, *Sir Walter Scott*.

†Andrew Fairservice in ROB ROY.



*The Rood Screen.  
Glasgow Cathedral.*

# CASTLE TIORAM

*Loch Moidart, Inverness-shire*

**T**his natural fortress, which never fell to an enemy, was burnt by command of its owner, Clanranald (MacDonald of Uist), when he set out to join the clans at the Braes of Mar in 1715. He had a presentiment that he would never return, and to assure that his uncaptured Keep in Moidart should not fall into the hands of Clan Campbell or the Government troops, he ordered Roderich MacDonald to fire it.

His gloomy prophecy was fulfilled—as such prophecies often are—for he died from a wound received in the victorious charge of the right wing of the Jacobite army at Sheriffmuir. Unluckily, the Earl of Mar's left wing was defeated by a flanking charge of horse, which the Duke of Argyle—experienced general of the Government forces—had arranged to counter the Highland tactics. Both sides lost heavily, and while Mar remained in possession of the field of battle, Argyle withdrew his army to Dunblane. The fruits of victory



# STRATH FILLAN

*Under Ben Chaluim, between Tyndrum and Crianlarich,  
Perthshire*

Some remnants of the ancient Caledonian Forest can be seen in the foreground of this noble view, which is typical of Highland scenery.

Strath Fillan is the pass through which the north-bound traffic, whether by road or train, passes from Crianlarich and at Tyndrum diverges either westwards to Dalmally and Loch Awe, or northwards either over the Black Mount to Ballachulish and Fort William, or by Rannoch and Spean Bridge to Inverness. Strath Fillan is thus a place of meeting, and here in 1306 Robert Bruce very nearly met his fate. He and his few companions had been driven by an English army from the shelter of Aberdeen and beat across the Grampians for Kintyre. They passed up Deeside and Glen Tilt, then along the march of Breadalbane by Loch Tay into Glen Dochart and Strath Fillan. At Dalry where the river sweeps in a wide circle towards Ben Lui, John of







## STRATH FILLAN

Lorne—the King's old enemy—set upon the fugitives. He thought he had caught his man at last where no escape was possible. Bruce rode at the rear of his little band (which included his wife and daughter, and other royal ladies) and was attacked by three Highlanders at once—' One sprang on the crupper and one caught the bridle, while the third got the King's foot and tried to throw him, but by his address and courage he slew them all.' One of the dead men had seized his cloak, and to clear himself he slipped it off him, and so lost his brooch, which is still preserved at Dunolly Castle by the descendant of Macdougall of Lorne.

Bruce must have had pleasure in recalling Strath Fillan, for after Bannockburn he came back and founded, beside the river, a Priory in the name of St. Fillan, as a thanksgiving for his great victory. The ruins of the Priory can still be seen in the valley, below the foreground of Mr. Adam's photograph.

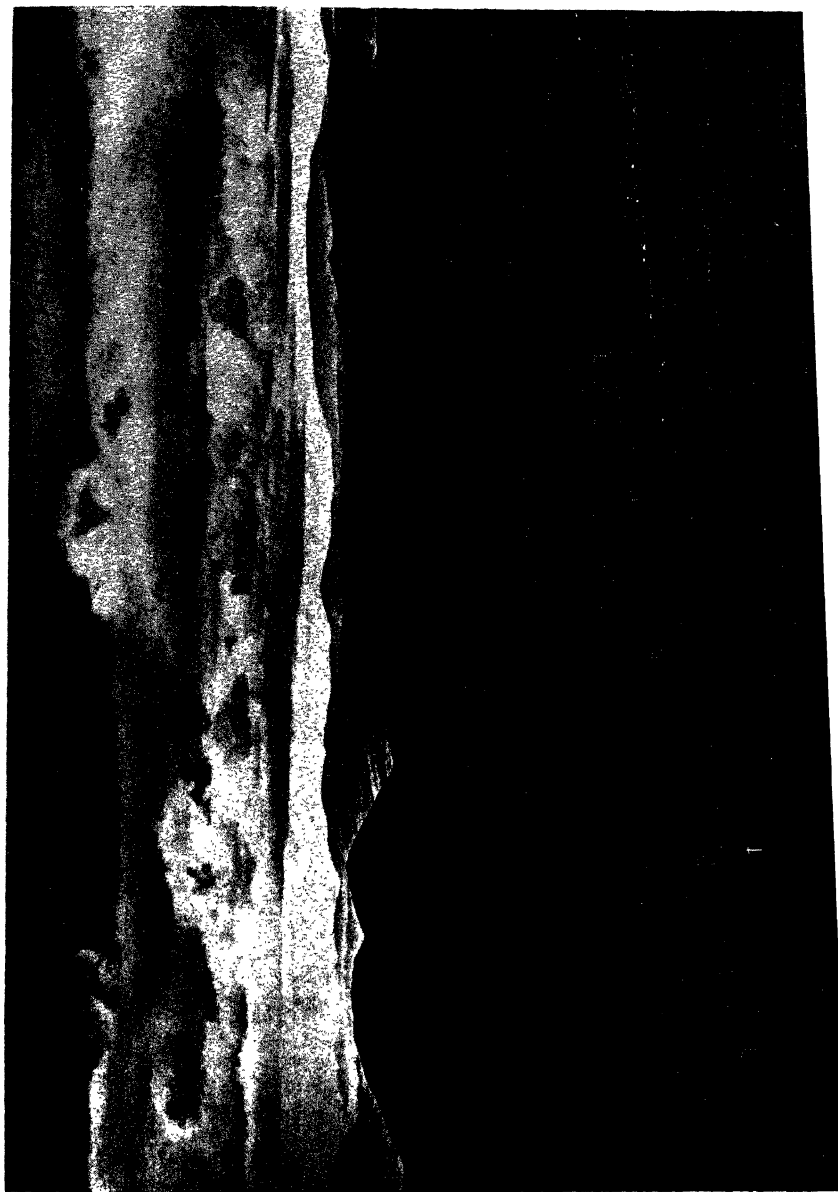
## CARTER BAR

*The Border between Scotland and England,  
on the Jedburgh-Newcastle road*

Few sights even in this beautiful world can give the same deep pleasure to a Scot as the landscape which you see opposite. It is not only Scotland, but Scotland at last, after days, months or it might be years, which you have flickered away in foreign parts. After a long climb up Redesdale on the Northumberland side, suddenly you reach the top and—Scotland, as patient and more lovely than Penelope, smiles her welcome to you after your Odyssey.

On a cold, gray afternoon in May I was driving south (a condition precedent to a joyful return), and I saw, standing on the very Border, with its tail and its hind legs in England, and its fore-feet and its more noble parts in Scotland, an old horse. So wistful there on the brow of the hill, and gazing fixedly into Scotland, it reminded me of Moses.

‘There’s not many beasts like that,’ was a Lon-





## CARTER BAR

doner's comment. ' They most of them look the other way.' Mr. Adam's picture will show them, then, how much they are missing.

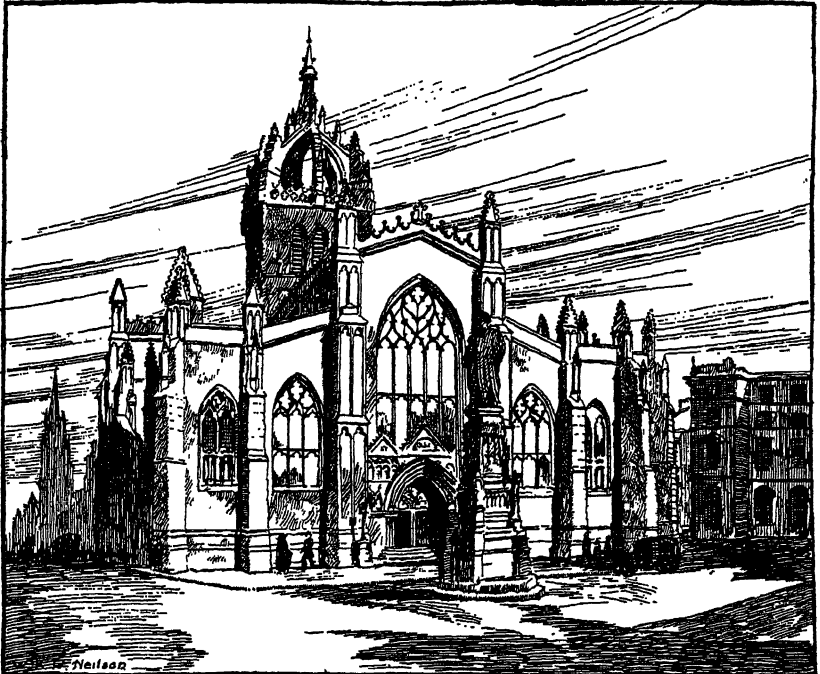
Carter Bar is the scene of the last Border Battle, which took place in 1575. Victory fell to the Scots. The following account is given by Sir Walter Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

The skirmish of the Redeswire happened upon the 7th of June, 1575, at one of the meetings held by the Wardens of the Marches, for arrangements necessary upon the Border. Sir John Carmichael, ancestor of the present Earl of Hyndford, was the Scottish Warden, and Sir John Forster held that office on the English Middle March. In the course of the day, which was employed as usual in redressing wrongs, a bill, or indictment, at the instance of a Scottish complainer, was fouled, (i.e. found a true bill) against one Farnstein, a notorious English freebooter. Forster alleged that he had fled from justice : Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him ' play fair ! ' to which the haughty English warden retorted, by some injurious expressions respecting Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Redesdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English Borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which Carmichael being beat down and made prisoner, success

## CARTER BAR

seemed at first to incline to the English side, till the Tyndale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder ; and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners, the English warden, James Ogle, Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and son-in-law to Forster, some of the Fenwicks, and several other Border chiefs. They were sent to the Earl of Morton, then Regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated ; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He then dismissed them with great expressions of regard ; and to satisfy Queen Elizabeth, sent Carmichael to York, whence he was soon after honourably dismissed. The field of battle, called the Reidswire, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh.

The road which you see on the left of the picture leads, after four miles, to Southdean Church, where the Scottish leaders assembled before the Battle of Otterbourne (1388). Just as the Redeswire was the last, so Otterbourne was the greatest of the Border battles.



Neilson

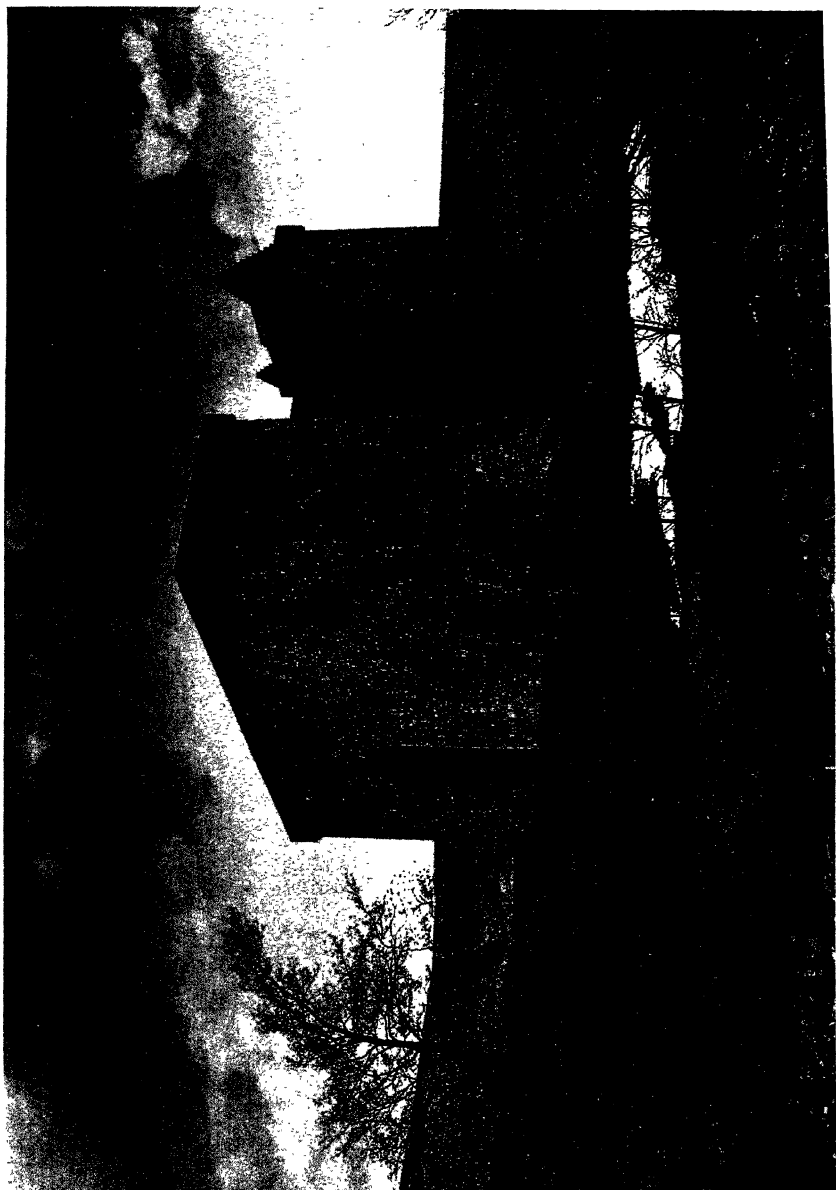
*St. Giles Cathedral - Edinburgh.*



## HERMITAGE CASTLE

*Roxburghshire, twenty miles south-west of Jedburgh*

If you want to get the feel of the Borders, I counsel you to walk from the Moss-paul Inn, on the Hawick-Langholm road, over the hills to Carter Bar. About mid-day, as you come down Greatmoor Hill, you will see Hermitage Castle in the valley on your right. So seen from above, and squatting in its waste of moorland, it looks almost small, though from Mr. Adam's photograph you would not think so. The outer walls, as the picture shows, are singularly well preserved. They were built in the fifteenth century, and inside, though the remains are more ruined, there are traces of the original tower which was founded in 1243. It sounds an unlikely story, but Henry III, who built Westminster Abbey, was so disturbed by the erection of Hermitage, close to his own Border, that he assembled a large army at Newcastle and would have gone to war with Scotland had his brother and the Archbishop of York not intervened to make peace. One of





## HERMITAGE CASTLE

the terms of the peace which Henry and the Scots King, Alexander II, made was that neither would ever attack the other, except in self-defence !

The first lord of Hermitage was Walter Comyn, Earl of Menteith, of the same family as Red John Comyn whom Bruce killed in the Church of the Greyfriars at Dumfries in 1306. By 1320 Hermitage had passed to Sir William de Soulis, grandson of the senior (but illegitimate) claimant to the Scottish Crown in 1291, at the time when Baliol was chosen King of Scotland by Edward I. Sir William de Soulis was apparently so cruel a man, that tradition still says he was boiled alive by his vassals on Nine Stane Rig, the hill with a stone circle on it, to the east of the Castle. Soulis died, however, a prisoner in Dumbarton Castle, as the result of a conspiracy in 1320 to put himself on the Scottish throne instead of Bruce.

The Grahams were the next lords of Hermitage, and from them it passed by marriage to the Knight of Liddesdale, a Douglas who was known as the Flower of Chivalry until he shut up in Hermitage and slowly starved to death Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, a gallant Scotsman who had recaptured Roxburgh Castle from the English. Sir Alexander was confined in a

## HERMITAGE CASTLE

dungeon without food, but he lived for seventeen days by eating the grains of corn which dropped down to him from a granary above.

The Douglasses were never to be trusted to run straight, once the great Lord James had fallen in battle against the Moors. The record of their treacheries against the Crown is long and dismal, and made them especially unsuited to the post of Warden of the Marches. Returning from one of his surreptitious embassies to Henry VII, the Earl of Angus (Archibald Bell-the-Cat) was met by Lion Herald, and instead of going home to his dinner at Hermitage, he was sent under guard to another of his strongholds, Tantallon. James IV, the Scottish King, ruled his people by their devotion more than their fear, and Angus was allowed to take Bothwell Castle, on the Clyde, in exchange for Hermitage, which the King gave to his more trusty baron the Earl of Bothwell.

Bell-the-Cat long afterwards did James a good service in protesting vigorously against the Flodden campaign. James, hot-tempered and on edge, accused Angus of being afraid; whereat the old man broke into tears at the unmerited insult, and went home. His two sons and 200 of the Douglasses fell at Flodden.

## HERMITAGE CASTLE

The most historic scene in which Hermitage figures, took place on an October day in 1566. The fourth Earl of Bothwell, Patrick Hepburn, was Queen Mary's Warden of the Marches, and it is thought she already loved him, though they were both married.

There came one of those times of more than average harrying and quarrelling which arose at intervals, and it was determined to hold a solemn justice aire at Jedburgh, which the queen herself was to countenance by her presence. Bothwell went to his own Castle of Hermitage, in the centre of the disturbed district, to collect offenders for trial at the great court. His function was more like that of an invading general than a head-constable. He had a good deal of hard fighting, in the course of which he was dangerously wounded by Elliot of Park. There are disputes about the manner of the event, but this is of less consequence than that it occurred on the 7th October. Next day the justice aire was opened. When the proceedings had gone on for a week, Mary took horse one day and rode to the Hermitage, where Bothwell lay awaiting recovery from his wound; and according to Lord Scrope, who sent the news to Cecil, she remained two hours 'to Bothwell's great pleasure and content', and then galloped back to Jedburgh. She had with her there, as official documents show, Murray, Huntly, Athole, Rothes, and Caithness, with three bishops and the judges and officers of court; but to what extent she was attended on her ride is not very clear. It is certain that she could not have

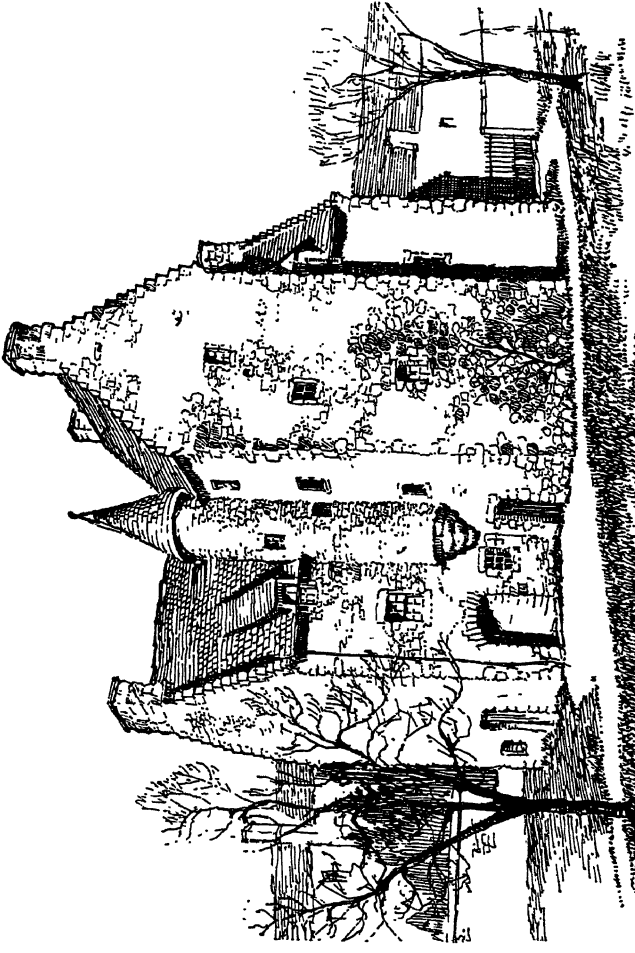
## HERMITAGE CASTLE

had a force sufficient to make the adventure safe in a country which was not merely lawless in the usual sense of the term, but where the sovereign of Scotland was looked on as the great public enemy. The double journey extended to at least forty miles over a country which would be felt as singularly wild, difficult and dangerous to a rider of the present day.\*

Her horse was nearly bogged in a marsh, still known as the Queen's Mire, and a lady's spur, of ancient design, was found some years ago in the very place.

The afternoon turned wild and wet, and the Queen caught a fever in consequence of her ride. For ten days she lay at Jedburgh, between life and death—hoping probably to recover that she might see Bothwell again, and yet afterwards wishing many times that she had died there.

\* THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, *f. Hill Burton.*



*Queen Mary's House  
Jedburgh.*

W.K.R. Deiboa  
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## EDINBURGH CROSS

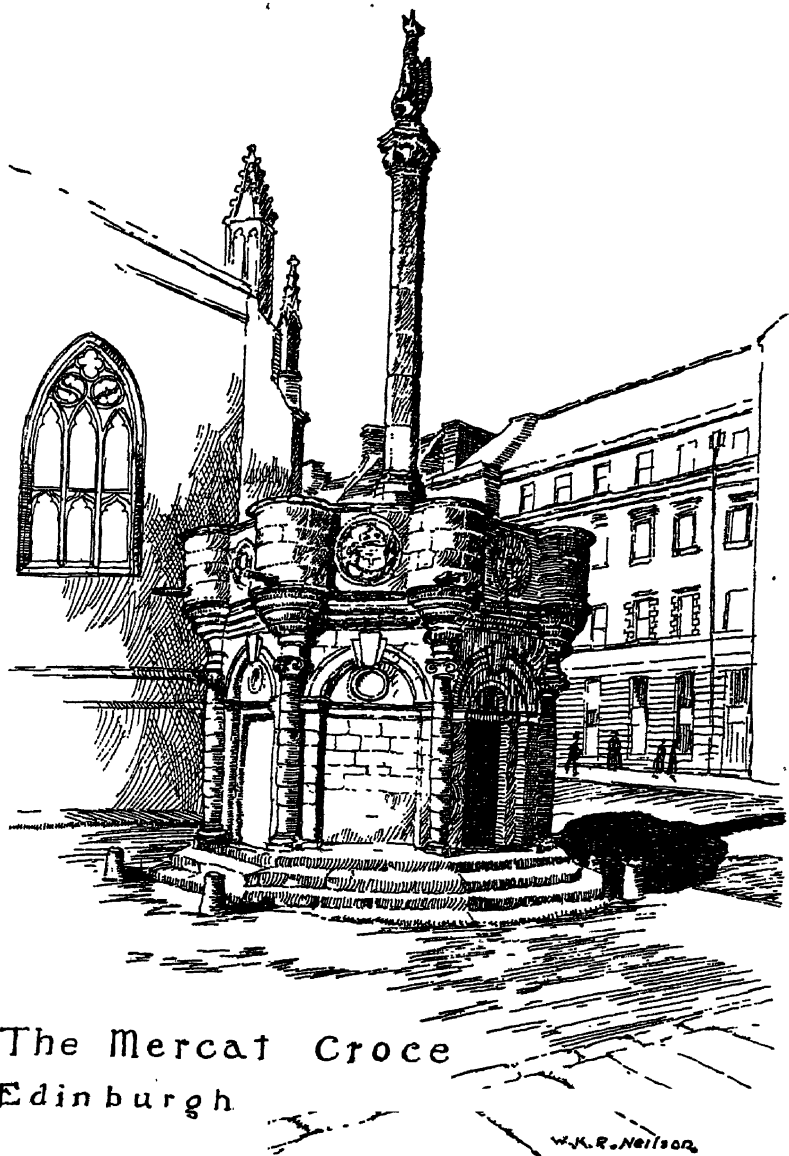
*In the High Street. The original Cross was destroyed by order of the magistrates in 1756, as 'eclipsing the beauty of the noble street.' The present Cross contains part of the original shaft.*

Many omens preceded the departure of James IV's Army to the fatal field of Flodden. The following story is told by Pitscottie :

Thair was ane cry heard at the mercatt croce of Edinburgh about midnight, proclamand as it had beine ane summondis, quhilkis was called by the proclaimer thair of the summondis of Plotcock,\* desiring all earles, lordis, barrones, gentlemen, and sundrie burgess within the toun to compeir befor his maister within fourtie days. . . . But on indweller in the toun, called Mr Richard Lawson . . . ganging in his gallerie . . . fornent the croce, hearing this voyce thocht marvell quhat it should be, so he cryed for his servand to bring him his purs, and tuk ane croun and kest it over the stair, saying, I for my pairt appeallis from your summondis and judgment, and takis me to the mercie of God.

. . . Eftir the feild thair was not ane man that was called at that tyme that escaped, except that on man, that appailed from thair judgmentis.

\* Pluto.



The Mercat Croce  
Edinburgh

W. K. R. Neilson

# WEST LOCH TARBERT

*Kintyre, Argyle*

Though Kintyre belongs geographically to the mainland of Scotland, in spirit and in history it is part of the Isles. An hour's sail down West Loch Tarbert at a fair speed will bring you in sight of Jura's three peaks (and a heart-fetching vision they are, from the sea-level of your little boat). Behind, half hidden by Jura, is Islay ; while the outlet to the sea is guarded by seemingly insignificant Gigha. These are great names in the history of the Isles, and if you have any island blood in you, you feel, as Prince Charlie did when he stepped ashore at Eriskay, that you are ' come home '.

Tarbert itself is like a brooch that pins the two lochs and their surrounding lands together. East Loch Tarbert opens on to Loch Fyne and thence to Arran, whose high mountains command the passage southwards to the sea.

Long ago, as a summer's dusk was falling on the waters, I was outrowed on this loch by a girl with a





## WEST LOCH TARBERT

Highland name. She had the wildness of the Highlands in her eyes, and the dreaminess of the Isles as well. She may have owned some kinship with Angus Og, whose spirit was likely to live after him in these waters, where he ruled so bravely.

Angus' father, known as Angus Mor, was lord of Islay, and held lands also in Kintyre. He became vassal to the King of Scots, Alexander III, and found himself awkwardly placed in 1263 when Hakon, King of Norway, descended on the Isles. The Norwegians plundered Kintyre until Angus submitted to them. Even then, he was fined in a thousand head of cattle. Hakon held court at Gigha, and received homage from many to whom the future was obscure.

From Gigha the Norwegians sailed to Largs, off the coast of Ayrshire, where Alexander III. defeated them in a great sea-battle. The Norwegian menace, after five hundred years, was thus finally crushed.

Angus Mor made peace with the King of Scotland, and when the succession to the throne was debated in 1291, he and his son Alexander supported the Bruces. But Alexander married a Macdougall, which made him change his politics, for the Macdougalls hated Bruce.

It is now that Angus Og comes on the scene. A

## WEST LOCH TARBERT

younger brother of Alexander of Islay, he ruled in Kintyre. Tradition says of him :

This Angus of the Isles was a little black man, of a very amiable and cheerful disposition, and more witty than any man could take him to be by his countenance.

He received Bruce hospitably in Kintyre in that grim winter of 1306 when Bruce's chances of survival, let alone of effective royalty, must have seemed very small. There grew up between the two men a friendship founded on their similarity of mind and temper. Angus fought for Bruce next spring in Carrick, when John of Lorne set a bloodhound on the King's trail, and the men of Galloway and the English were also hunting him.

In the following year, John of Lorne was defeated by Bruce at the Pass of Brander, and the Highlanders whose mountain stalking turned the pass were probably Angus Og's men. This victory threw open the road to the Isles. Angus' brother was captured, and sent prisoner to Dundonald in Kintyre, where he died. In 1309 Angus Og attended Bruce's first parliament, at St. Andrews. He would enjoy this, and still more the battle of Bannockburn, for which he and his men arrived—a very cheering sight to Bruce—just in good time, and played a valiant part in that day's adventure.

## WEST LOCH TARBERT

Next year Bruce and Walter Stewart, his young son-in-law, paid a visit to Tarbert. Bruce must have remembered with a thrill the first time he had come to Kintyre a fugitive, and now returned as a welcomed King. Inspired by the occasion, Bruce made his men take advantage of a strong east wind and haul their fleet across the mile of land that divides East Loch Tarbert from the West Loch. There was an old tradition that a Norwegian prince Magnus, having contracted with the King of Scotland to take as much land as he could compass with his ship, brought Kintyre also within the bargain by a similar feat. Bruce's action, besides being light-hearted in the spirit of a holiday, was thus symbolic. The Islesmen accepted him as a man after their heart.

The King, quhen all the Iles war  
Brocht till his liking, less and mar,  
Still all that sesoune thar duelt he  
At huntyng, and gammyne, and gle.

In his wars against the English it had been his policy to destroy castles, but near the end of his life he built a castle at Tarbert. He had known the place in bad days and in good, and kept it among his happy memories.



# ETTRICK FOREST

*Selkirkshire*

*The ballad, from which these verses are taken—'The Sang of the Outlaw Murray'—presents a characteristic picture of the Borders at the time of James V.*

Ettricke Forestē is a feir foreste,  
In it grows manie a semelie trie ;  
There's hart and hynd, and dae and rae,  
And of a' wilde bestis grete plentie.

There's a feir castelle, bigged wi' lyme and stane;  
O ! gin it stands not pleasauntlie !  
In the fore front o' that castelle feir,  
Two unicorns are bra' to see ;  
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye  
bright,  
And the grene hollin abune their brie.\*

There an Outlaw kepis five hundred men ;  
He keepis a royalle cumpanie !

\* Brow.





## ETTRICK FOREST

His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,  
O' the Lincome grene sae gaye to see ;  
He and his ladye in purple clad,  
O ! gin they lived not royallie !

Word is gane to our nobil King,  
In Edinburgh where that he lay,  
There was an Outlaw in Ettricke Foreste,  
Counted him nought, nor a' his courtrie gay.

' I make a vowe,' then the gude King said,  
' Unto the man that deir bought me,  
I'se either be King of Ettricke Foreste,  
Or King of Scotlande that Outlaw sall be !'—

Then spake the lord hight Hamilton,  
And to the nobil King said he,  
' My sovereign prince, sum counsell take,  
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

' I redd ye, send yon braw Outlaw till,  
And see gif your man cum will he :  
Desyre him cum and be your man,  
And hald of you yon Foreste frie.

' Gif he refuses to do that,  
We'll conquess baith his landis and he !

## ETTRICK FOREST

Or else, we'll throw his castell down,  
And make a widowe o' his gaye ladye.'—

*(The King accordingly sends a gentleman on this errand.)*

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the nobil King,  
To Ettricke Foreste feir cam he ;  
Down Birkendale Brae when that he cam,  
He saw the feir Foreste wi' his ee.

Baith dae and rae, and harte and hinde,  
And of a' wilde bestis great plentie ;  
He heard the blows that bauldly ring,  
And arrows whidderan' hym near bi.

Of that feir castell he got a sight ;  
The like he neir saw wi' his ee !  
On the fore front o' that castell feir,  
Two unicorns were gaye to see ;  
The picture of a knight, and ladye bright,  
And the grene hollin abune their brie.

Thereat he spyed five hundred men,  
Shuting with bows on Newark Lee ;  
They were a' in ae livery clad,  
O' the Lincome grene sae gaye to see.

## ETTRICK FOREST

His men were a' clad in the grene,  
The knight was armed capapie,  
With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed ;  
And I wot they rank'd right bonnilie.

Thereby Boyd kend he was master man,  
And served him in his ain degré.

' God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray !  
Thy ladye, and all thy chyvalrie ! '

' Marry, thou's wellcum, gentleman,  
Some king's messenger thou seemis to be.'—

' The King of Scotlonde sent me here,  
And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee ;  
I wad wot of whom ye hald your landis,  
Or man, wha may thy master be ? '—

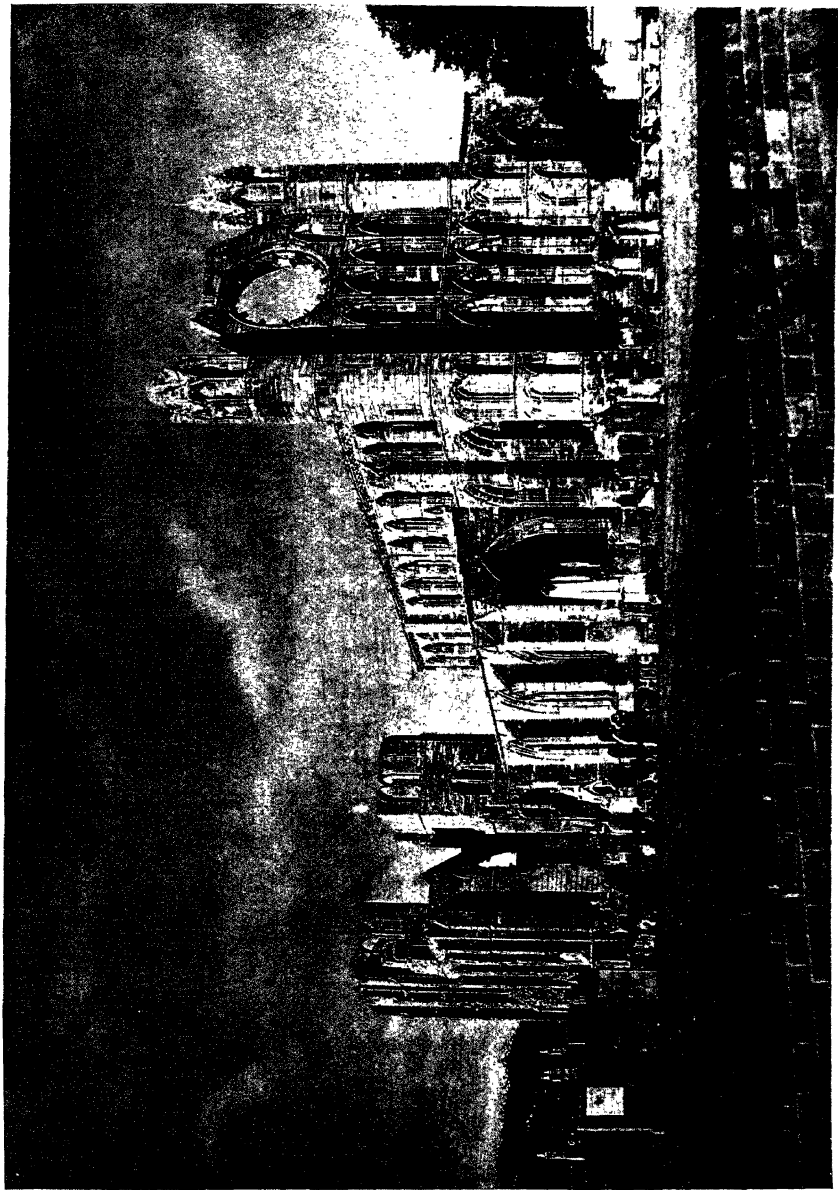
' Thir landis are mine ! ' the Outlaw said ;  
' I ken nae King in Christentie ;  
Frae Soudron \* I this Foreste wan,  
When the King nor his knightis were not to  
see.'—

\* Southron, or English.

## ELGIN CATHEDRAL

*The following description occurs in Lettuce's 'Letters on a Tour through various parts of Scotland,' 1792*

**T**he ancient cathedral of Elgin, as a ruin, is still very fine ; and, in its actual state, bears sufficient testimony to its former magnificence. The two western towers yet standing are lofty and grand, even without the spires, which once crowned them. Some part of the outward wall remains all round, as likewise of those of the cross aisles. The columns yet standing are light, and not inelegant. Sculptures, ornaments in stucco, inscriptions, etc., adorn the towers, the walls, the columns, etc. The chapter-house, on the north side, is still almost entire, supported by a single ramified column rising from the centre of its area. Parts of the choir are still distinguishable, and of a high airy gallery running above it. The architecture, like that most prevalent in the sacred building of the north, is Saxon-Gothic. The dimensions are all great, and the effect of the whole, to







## ELGIN CATHEDRAL

judge from that which remains, must have been, in an uncommon degree, great and noble.

When Alexander I came to the throne in 1107, the only bishopric in Scotland was St. Andrews. The new King at once created a bishopric of Moray, adding shortly afterwards a third See at Dunkeld. It was not, however, until 1224, in the reign of Alexander II, that Elgin became the cathedral-city of the Moray diocese, an already existing Church of the Holy Trinity being adapted and enlarged for the purpose. The ceremony of consecration was conducted by Gilbert, Bishop of Caithness, a former Archdeacon of Elgin and a member of the same family as Andrew de Moray, Wallace's comrade-in-arms at Stirling Bridge. He was sent to take charge of Caithness after the previous Bishop had been roasted by his flock over a kitchen-fire because they objected to paying tithes.

The Bishops of Moray played a vigorous part in Scottish history ; during James IV's reign Bishop Forman was sent on an Embassy to the militant Pope Julius II, and so conducted himself that he was given the Archbishopric of Bruges, which he subsequently exchanged for that of St. Andrews.

## ELGIN CATHEDRAL

The greatest of all the Bishops of Moray received a still more extraordinary mark of Papal distinction. Along with his colleagues of St. Andrews, Dunkeld and Aberdeen, he was excommunicated for his unswerving support of King Robert Bruce.

This was in 1320, about the time that the Nobles and Commons of Scotland sent from Arbroath their ringing declaration to the Pope :

*So long as but a hundred of us stand, we will never yield to the dominion of England.*

The Bishop's great work for Scotland had been done in the desperate years 1306-1308, when Bruce's chances burnt as low as a guttering candle. Edward I lamented that after the battle of Methven in 1306, whereas many of Bruce's supporters including Bishop Wishart of Glasgow, were captured, the Bishop of Moray slipped through Pembroke's fingers and escaped to Orkney. There, in the months that followed, he concerted with Bruce a plan for risings both in the south-west and the north ; and, when the time came, the Bishop ' raged through his diocese like a human Fiery Cross ', preaching the crusade for Bruce and saying it was as righteous to drive the English out of Scotland as to drive the heathen from the Holy Land.

## ELGIN CATHEDRAL

He lived to see this work accomplished, and on many a dawn, mid-day and evening he must have given thanks for it in his own Cathedral of Elgin.

Great also in the arts of peace, he founded a college for Scottish students at the University of Paris.

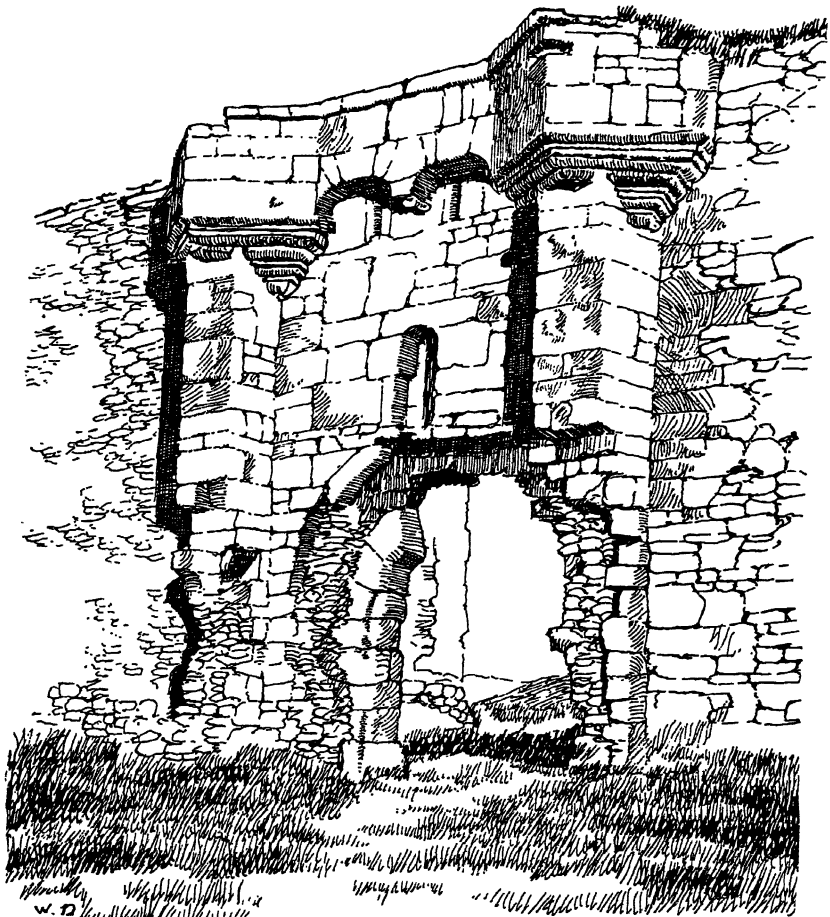
Often at cricket, when a mighty partnership has at last been broken, the second batsman returns to the pavilion soon after his colleague. Bruce, in Froissart's words, 'trespassed out of this uncertain world' in 1329, and by 1332 he had been joined in the pavilion not by one only, but by almost the whole team—Douglas, Randolph, Walter Stewart, Bishop Lamberton and the Bishop of Moray—who had been his great lieutenants on the field and in council. The men who followed—small blame to them—were not the equal of those who had gone, and for many years the hand of government in Scotland was unable for its task. Elgin Cathedral, as described on page 73, was burnt in 1390, and a dozen years later it was ravaged again by Donald of the Isles.

By the Bishops who followed, the Cathedral was gradually restored to greater glories than before, and in 1407 Bishop Innes began building for himself and his successors a palace at Spynie, two or three miles to

## ELGIN CATHEDRAL

the north of Elgin on the edge of a beautiful loch connecting with the Moray Firth. Bishop David Stewart, who died in 1475, had a feud with the Earl of Huntly. The Earl, mistaking his man, vowed to pull him ' out of his dove-cot '. The Bishop, no doubt harmless as a dove, was also wise as a serpent. He fortified his Palace so shrewdly that it became impregnable, and the Earl—for his sundry errors of heart and judgment—made submission on bended knee to the Bishop in Elgin Cathedral.

It is significant of much in later Scottish history, that the present ruined state of the Cathedral is due, not to the Wolf of Badenoch, nor to the English, but to two deliberate spoliations, ordered by the Reformation Governments in 1568 and 1640.



Spynie Palace

Moray

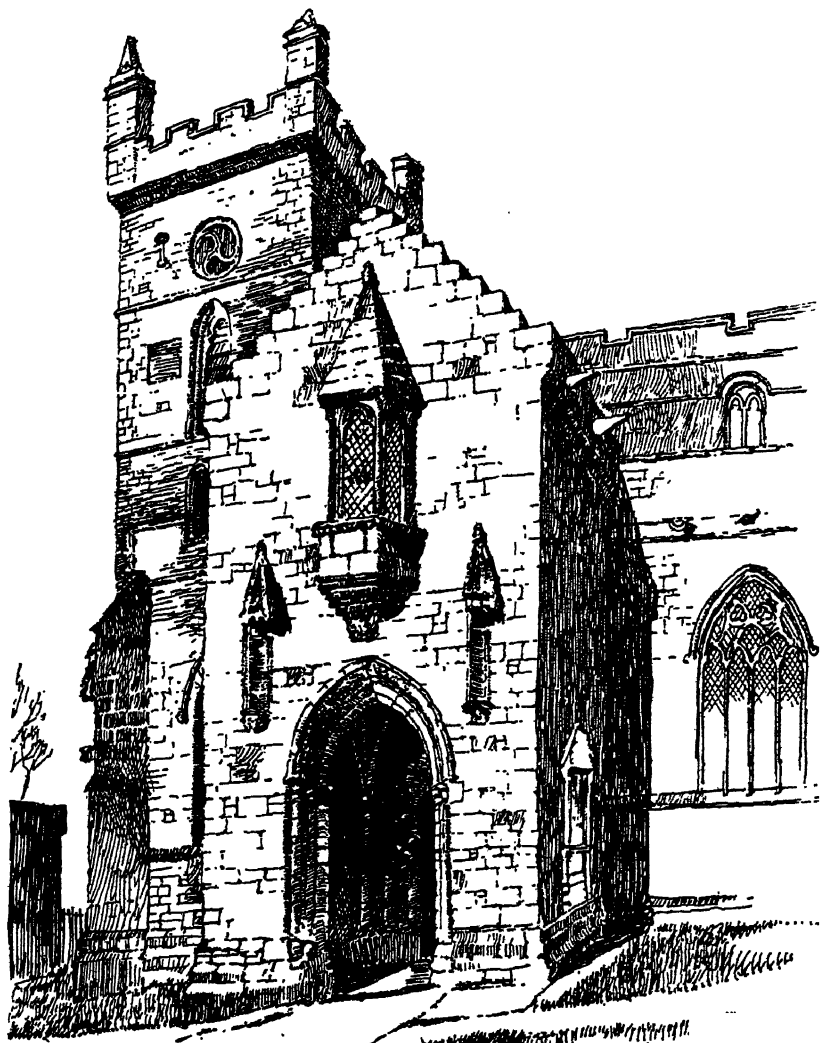
# LINLITHGOW

*Seventeen miles west of Edinburgh*

Who can recapture now the hopes and passions and anxieties which must once have beset the royal inhabitants of Linlithgow? Only at rare intervals the outer wall of history is breached, and there come through to us those vivid cries of anguish, or warning, which hang on the wind, and never fade—the cry of James V, lying dying at Falkland, when he learnt that his Queen in Linlithgow had borne him a daughter—‘ It cam wi’ a lass, and it will gang wi’ a lass ’; or those strange words of warning (like Micaiah’s to Ahab before Ramoth-Gilead, ‘ If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me ’) which were suddenly uttered to James IV in St. Michael’s Kirk, a few weeks before Flodden, by a man in a blue cloak who departed as quickly as he came?

These incidents belong to the evening of Scottish history. They imply an atmosphere in which Fate has been allowed to dominate, and man submits—

Never glad confident morning again.



W. K. R. Neilson

14.10.84

St Michael's Kirk  
Linlithgow.



## LINLITHGOW

Something of this atmosphere is about Linlithgow still.

It was not so always. In 1298 Edward I, after a night's encampment beside the town, was kicked by his horse and had two of his ribs broken. This did not stop him from riding, probably on the same horse, with his army to Falkirk, and inflicting on Wallace a severe defeat that put an end to that hero's power in Scotland.

Fifteen years later, the spirit of Wallace worked in a local farmer, and Linlithgow, that had been English for so long, was taken at last, very much as Troy was taken.

Every Scots boy knows that tale—how the castle, that guarded the Edinburgh-Stirling high-road, where the gaunt shell of palace stands now above the loch, was used to buy its hay, or at least to get it, from a worthy of the name of William Binnock ; how Binnock grew somewhat bored with the arrangement, and promising them a load of unusual quality, kept his promise. He was ' a stout carle and a stour ', and intelligent. He raised a band of like-minded friends of his, and ambushed them, during the night, at the castle gate. At sunrise he turned up with the expected hay-cart, in charge of only himself and one of his lads. The English porter opened the gate, the waggon creaked innocently between its leaves . . . and then halted, jamming them, while the lad in front pulled out an axe from his belt





## LINLITHGOW

and cut the traces, and Binnock himself attended to the porter, yelling the rallying-cry, 'Call all, call all!' The falling portcullis jammed on the pile of hay, and before the castle soldiers could clear the waggon the Lothian men were swarming through the wheels, and once within, made short work of the garrison. Some were slain, some captured, some bolted to Edinburgh, and the castle itself, as usual, was razed.\*

Linlithgow, a long time afterwards, had the unusual experience of seeing a king kidnapped. This happened in 1466 to James III who was then just turned fifteen. He was holding an Exchequer court, when Boyd, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, with some of the nobles, entered in arms, and carried him prisoner to Edinburgh. Vengeance slept for a while, and Boyd had about a thousand days still of sunshine and power. At the end of that time the young king, having married, made himself felt, and the ex-kidnapper was beheaded, as beseemed him, on the Castle Hill at Edinburgh.

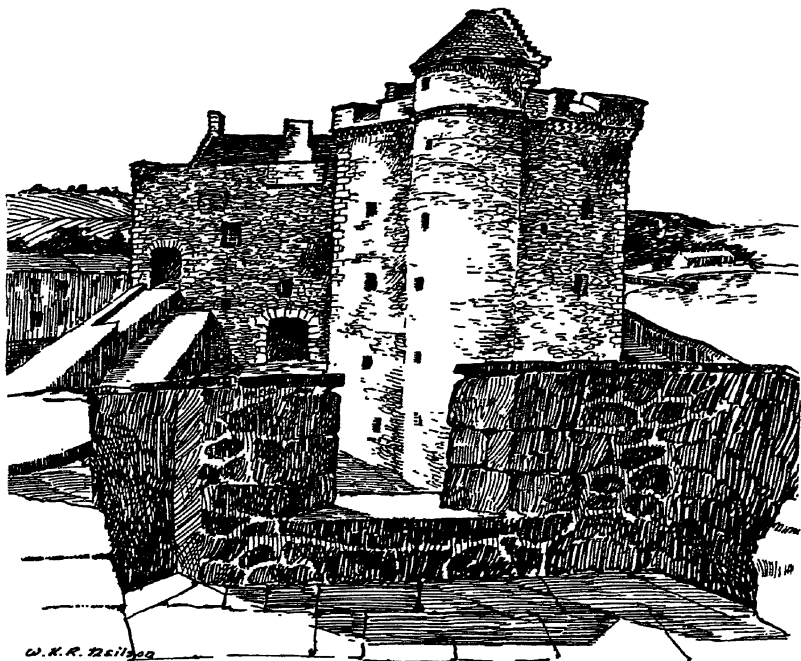
A century later, the Regent Moray—unnatural brother of Queen Mary—was shot dead in Linlithgow High Street, by James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. On that day the English Borders were invaded by Mary's friends, Buccleuch and Ferniehirst. The murder at

\* ROBERT BRUCE KING OF SCOTS, *Agnes Mure Mackenzie*.

## LINLITHGOW

Linlithgow was probably, therefore, part of a plan to restore the Queen to her rightful throne, but she was never lucky in the men who fought for her. Had she found a good husband, and a strong one, what a chance awaited him! All the spiritual heritage which fell to John Knox, and by his crude handling of it, leaves Scotland sore and distracted to this day, might have been put to wiser use, in the service of a happy and united nation.

Linlithgow Palace also would have been the home of a couple as joyous as any among their loyal subjects.



W. R. R. Zeilberg  
14. 10. 34

*Blackness Castle  
West Lothian*

## CASTLE GIRNIGO

*Three miles north of Wick, Caithness*

**A**n exhibition of lawlessness, remarkable even in the annals of Scottish history, was provided by George Sinclair, fifth Earl of Caithness, who owned this castle. His mother, Lady Jean Hepburn, was the sister of the fourth Earl of Bothwell, husband of Queen Mary. Some instincts of wildness the Earl of Caithness therefore inherited, and he had the additional spur of injury to start him on his career, for his father was imprisoned at Girnigo, and died there of the ill-treatment he endured. The new Earl murdered the two Sinclairs who had been his father's gaolers, for which act he received in 1584 a remission under the Great Seal.

He quarrelled constantly with his neighbour and fellow-Catholic the Earl of Sutherland, and when he was bound over to keep the peace and to find caution on this count, he solaced himself with more mild amusements. In those days there were no cinemas at







## CASTLE GIRNIGO

Wick, no wireless, no telephones, and Castle Girnigo—looking out over the empty sea 100 miles north of Inverness—would have been a testing place even for a philosopher. The Earl of Caithness was no philosopher, and when the waste waters brought to his shores some storm-bound servants of the Earl of Orkney, he first made them drunk with whisky, shaved one side of their heads and beards, and then sent them out to sea again to cope with the storm as they best could. James VI, then a king in Whitehall, and ‘ruling Scotland with a pen more effectually than his ancestors did with the sword’, wrote a letter to the Council, and the Earl bound himself to allow safe passage to the King’s subjects travelling through Caithness.

His next excitement was to circulate false money through the northern counties, the coin being made secretly in Girnigo by a man Arthur Smith.

In 1612 the Earl was made a commissioner of the peace, in which capacity he handed over to Government a ‘wanted’ kinsman of his own, who had taken refuge in Castle Girnigo, and also carried out with unction and complete success the suppression of a rebellion by the Earl of Orkney. Caithness now deemed it a ripe moment to visit London, and James VI and I—one

## CASTLE GIRNIGO

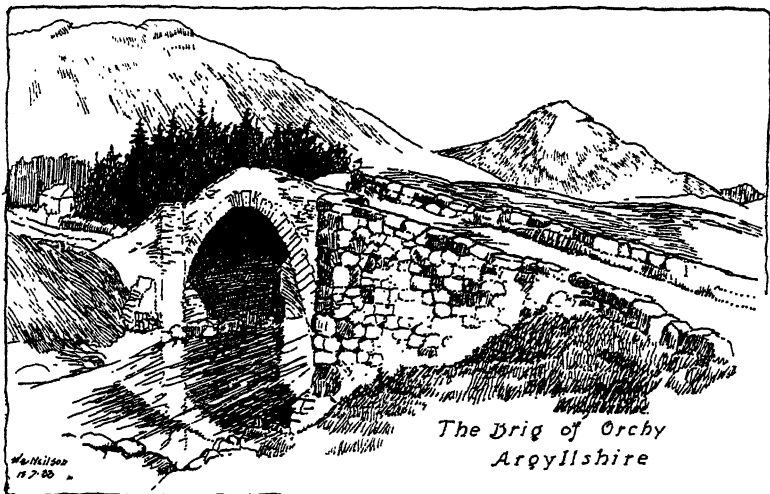
would wish to have been present at the interview—gave him a pension of a thousand crowns.

This he forfeited in the next year by scandalous behaviour towards the tenants of Lord Forbes, a new and, to the Earl, unwelcome proprietor in the county. He instigated the clan Gunn to burn the corn of Forbes' tenants in Sansett, and then spread a rumour that it had been done by the Mackays. When the witnesses rose up against him, he caused the witnesses to be drowned, in the spirit of that Roman general who, being informed by the augurs before an important battle that the sacred chickens would not eat, 'Then,' said he, 'let them drink.'

Caithness was eventually overwhelmed by the enormous debts he had contracted, and his great-grandson, who succeeded him as the sixth Earl, being unable to repay the family's creditors, finally in 1672 granted to Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy the inheritance both of his estates and earldom, on condition that he accepted the debts also. So complete a transference of property and title was naturally resisted by the Earl's relatives, and accordingly Sir John with an army of Campbells, laid siege to Castle Girnigo and defeated the Sinclairs at Wick. The song which begins 'The

## CASTLE GIRNIGO

Campbells are coming' was inspired by this expedition ; but the song does not describe the matter to the end, since in the year following the Campbells had to go. The Privy Council in 1681 restored, first the earldom, and then the lands to George Sinclair of Keiss.



*The Brig of Orchy  
Argyllshire*

Glenorchy, however, who on Sinclair testimony was 'reckoned the best headpiece in Scotland', was not long in making his plack a bawbee, since in compensation for the lost Earldom of Caithness, he was created, instead, Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, Viscount of Tay and Pentland, Lord Glenorchy, Benderloch, Ormelie and Wick.

## BREADALBANE

He was forty-six when he thus became first Earl of Breadalbane. The beautiful territory of which he was now master, is well illustrated by Mr. Adam's photograph of Stob Ghabhar and Loch Tulla. This district had long been a favourite hunting-ground of the Stewart monarchs. James IV had a hunting-box at Auch, and Mary likewise spent some of her happiest days in the Black Mount, chasing stags and forgetting the cares of a crown.

A mile or two on the right of this picture, is Achallader Castle, a stronghold of the Campbells of Glenlyon, where the Massacre of Glencoe is said to have been plotted. Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, as related on pp. 280-289, carried out the mandate which was signed personally by William III. But it takes more than a Dutch prince to give what may be called the 'moral backing' necessary to ensure that such a barbarous order should be executed; and this backing was provided, not only by Sir John Dalrymple, but also by Argyle and Breadalbane. Dalrymple, it is to be remembered, was not a Campbell, and though he might be Secretary of State for Scotland, the approval of the two great Campbell noblemen would have been essential. The support given by Argyle to the Massacre



1

## BREADALBANE

is in fact proved. That of Breadalbane, apart from the above supposition, rests on no evidence beyond this, that after the Massacre the two sons of MacIan (chief of the MacDonalds of Glencoe) who alone had escaped, were visited by a man, who on behalf of Breadalbane's chamberlain, invited the young orphans to sign a paper declaring that Breadalbane was guiltless of the massacre. This request was backed by a bribe.

Breadalbane could indeed scarcely have been ignorant of the plot, since only two years previously, after the death of Claverhouse at Killiecrankie and the consequent failure of the royalist rising, he was selected by Government as agent to purchase the loyalty of the chiefs, and £20,000 was put into his hands for the purpose. How much of it left them may be guessed from his answer to the Earl of Nottingham, who asked him precisely how the sum had been distributed. 'The money is spent, the Highlands are quiet, and this is the only way of accounting among friends.'

It was told of Breadalbane that 'he had a way of laughing inwardly, that was very perceptible'.

He continued so doing to the end of his days. As an octogenarian, he flattered the Jacobites into giving him money to raise troops for their cause, but he



## BREADALBANE

raised so few troops and withdrew them so soon, that when matters were looked into by Government he was found to be quite innocent.

Let us leave the society of this very respectable nobleman, and consider what Mr. Charles Plumb in *Walking in the Grampians* has to say about the wild country over which the Earl held sway, and of which Mr. Adam gives us a beautiful example in the photograph of Loch Tulla. The West Highland Railway passes close to the Loch, and Gortan is about six miles up the line.

The walker will find Gortan halt, lying as it does at the butt-end of the high chain along the march of Perthshire and Argyle, a most useful point of contact between civilisation and the heart of the wilds—if they have such a thing: for this region, I must say, shows little enough sign of sympathy with any human ideal. But discretion is required, for the trains do not regularly stop there, nor will they do so merely on request made locally: you are supposed to write to the head-office of the company in Glasgow and arrange in advance. But there is a reason for everything; and the reason for this is that when the railway was made the company were bound under contract to the Marquis of Breadalbane to observe these inconvenient formalities, his object being to preserve his forests from the inroads of poachers; and therefore before you can get the train to

## BREADALBANE

stop, you are also supposed to convince the company that you are a person of respectability. I don't know whether walkers come into this category or not, so it is safer to describe yourself, as I did, ' friend of the signalman ', which, if not true *in puncto temporis*, had at least the great merit of becoming so before that day's sun had set on my iniquity. I should add that the time-table is susceptible to one semi-official influence for good, which is that the Gortan children (believe it or not) go to school every day at no less distant a seat of learning than Fortwilliam. On this account the morning train north and the evening train south can generally be trusted to stop at Gortan. There is also a shepherd to be brought to Rannoch on Saturday nights. But I will not trouble you further with these refinements.

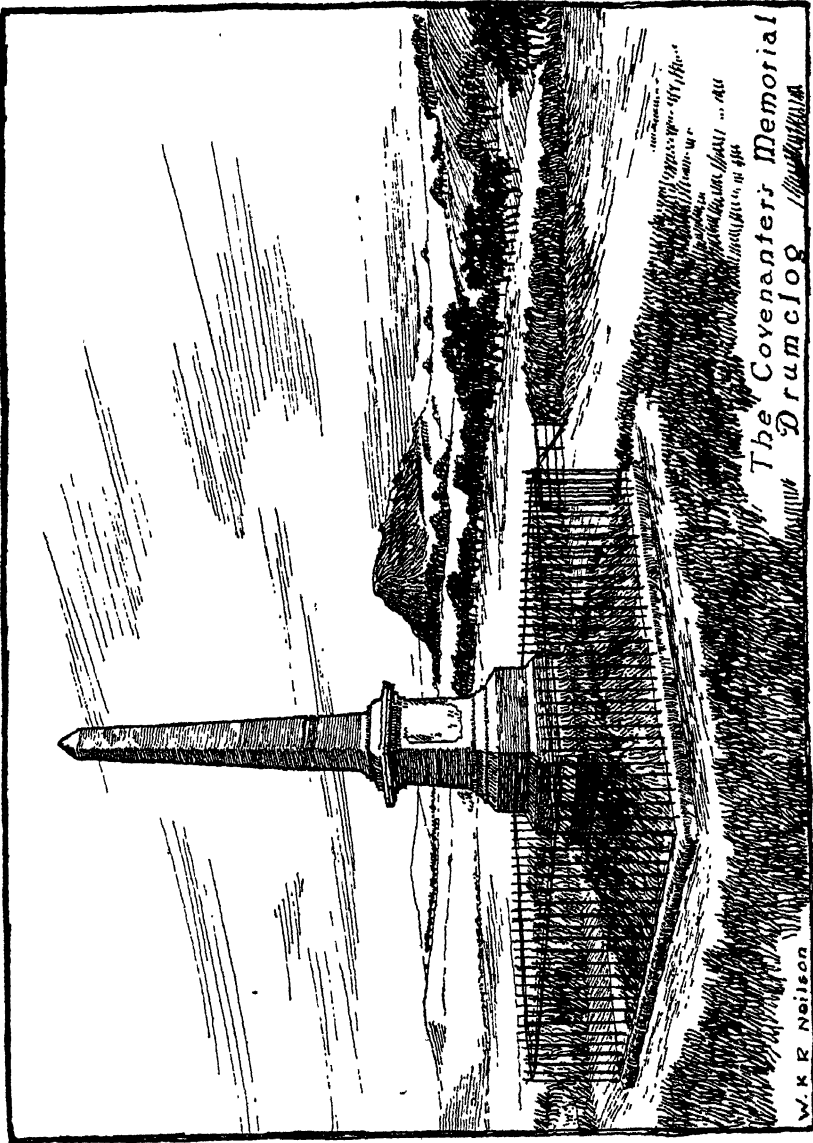
## DRUMCLOG

*Six miles south-west of Strathaven, Lanarkshire*

**T**his battle is joyfully remembered by the Covenanters, for it was the only time that they had the satisfaction of beating Claverhouse. The tables fell on them with a vengeance three weeks later at Bothwell Brig, but, as they probably expressed it themselves, 'Sufficient unto the day is the pleasure thereof.' Cuddie Headrigg, who watched the engagement from a discreet distance, and with a heart on the whole inclined to the victors (but much more to his own safety) summed up what was probably the general opinion when he said, 'They hae dune the job for anes, an they ne'er do't again.'

On 3rd May, 1679, at Magus Muir, near St. Andrews, Archbishop Sharpe had been callously murdered by Balfour of Burly and a party of like ruffians.

Burly was, of course, obliged to leave Fife ; and, upon the 25th of the same month, he arrived in Evandale, in Lanarkshire, along with Hackston, and a fellow called



The Covenanters Memorial  
Drumclog

W. K. R. Neilson

THE COVENANTERS MEMORIAL  
DRUMCLOG, SCOTLAND  
DESIGNED BY W. K. R. NEILSON  
AND EXECUTED BY THE  
SCOTTISH MONUMENTAL COMMISSION

## DRUMCLOG

Dingwall, or Daniel, one of the same bloody band. Here he joined his old friend Hamilton, already mentioned ; and, as they resolved to take up arms, they were soon at the head of such a body of the ' chased and tossed western men,' as they thought equal to keep the field. They resolved to commence their exploits upon the 29th of May, 1679, being the anniversary of the Restoration, appointed to be kept as a holyday, by act of Parliament ; an institution which they esteemed a presumptuous and unholy solemnity. Accordingly, at the head of eighty horse, tolerably appointed, Hamilton, Burly, and Hackston, entered the royal burgh of Rutherglen ; extinguished the bonfires made in honour of the day ; and burned at the cross the acts of Parliament in favour of Prelacy, and for suppression of conventicles, as well as those acts of council which regulated the indulgence granted to Presbyterians. Against all these acts they entered their solemn protest, or testimony, as they called it ; and, having affixed it to the cross, concluded with prayer and psalms. Being now joined by a large body of foot, so that their strength seems to have amounted to five or six hundred men, though very indifferently armed, they encamped upon Loudon Hill. Claverhouse, who was in garrison at Glasgow, instantly marched against the insurgents, at the head of his own troop of cavalry and others, amounting to about one hundred and fifty men. He arrived at Hamilton on the 1st of June, so unexpectedly, as to make prisoner John King, a famous preacher among the wanderers ; and rapidly continued his march, carrying his captive along with him, till he came to the village of Drumclog, about a mile

## DRUMCLOG

east of Loudon Hill, and twelve miles south-west of Hamilton. At some distance from this place, the insurgents were skilfully posted in a boggy strait, almost inaccessible to cavalry, having a broad ditch in their front. Claverhouse's dragoons discharged their carabines, and made an attempt to charge ; but the nature of the ground threw them into total disorder. Burly, who commanded the handful of horse belonging to the Whigs, instantly led them down on the disordered squadrons of Claverhouse, who were, at the same time, vigorously assaulted by the foot, headed by the gallant Cleland, and the enthusiastic Hackston. Claverhouse himself was forced to fly, and was in the utmost danger of being taken ; his horse's belly being cut open by the stroke of a scythe, so that the poor animal trailed his bowels for more than a mile. In his flight, he passed King, the minister, lately his prisoner, but now deserted by his guard in the general confusion. The preacher hollowed to the flying commander, ' to halt, and to take his prisoner with him ', or, as others say, ' to stay, and take the afternoon's preaching.' Claverhouse, at length remounted, continued his retreat to Glasgow. He lost, in the skirmish, about twenty of his troopers, and his own cornet and kinsman, Robert Graham. Only four of the other side were killed.\*

\* MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, *Sir Walter Scott*.

# CASTLE KENNEDY

*Loch Inch, three miles east of Stranraer, Wigtownshire*

Frae Wigtoun to the toun o' Ayr,  
Portpatrick to the Cruives o' Cree,  
Nae man need think for tae bide there  
Unless he ride wi' Kennedy.

**T**his building, which was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1715, was in course of being erected in 1607. It is beautifully situated between two Lochs, a little way south of the older Lochinch Castle, formerly the principal residence in Wigtownshire of Lord Kennedy.

Janet, the eldest daughter of John, second Lord Kennedy, betrothed herself to Archibald Bell-the-Cat, who was so enamoured of her charms that before he married her, he gave her the lands of Braidwood and Crawford-Lindsay, in Lanarkshire. He never saw either the lands or the lady again, or at all events, not to any purpose of his own. For her beauty was reported to the young King James IV, who had been badly brought up. He made her his mistress, gave her Castle Darnaway in Moray as her property, and annexed for

## CASTLE KENNEDY

himself the lands of Crawford-Lindsay which she had received from Bell-the-Cat. When the Earl protested, he was imprisoned in Dumbarton Castle.

Janet's brother, David, was created first Earl of Cassilis, and fell at the battle of Flodden, fighting for the King.

A story is told of his great-grandfather, which illustrates how the Kennedys throve. The incident took place in 1394.

Thair was ane broder of the House, quhilk was ather the fourt or fyft brother. The eldest, quha was laird, being deid, the freindis conwenit to tak ordour quha suld be Tutour ; but this broder, albeit youngest, startt up, and drawing his suord, said, ' I ame best and wordiest, and I wil be Tutour.' This broder wes callit Alschunder ; and becaus he wor ane dagour, quhilk wes nocht comwne, he wes callit ' Alschunder Dalgour,' to ane to-name.

This Alschunder, or Allexander, fell in mislyking with the Erll off Wigtone Douglasse, quha wes ane werry gritt manne, and had ane gritt forse in all the cuntry. This Douglas wes so far offendit at him, becaus it wes thocht that he vanne feid aganis him at Glaynnaip, and ane wther agains Lindsay thane Laird of Craigy, at the watter of Done, bothe one ane day, that the Erll offeritt to many that wald bring this Allexanderis heid, ' thai suld haue the fourty-mark land of Stewarttoun in Cuninghame,' the quhilkis wordis cuming to Allexanderis eiris, he conveynis to the number of ane



## CASTLE KENNEDY

hunder horse ; and on the Yuill-day, in the morning, come to the toun of Wigtonne, about the time he knew the Erll to be at the morning Mess ; and heffand all his rycht of the said xl-mark land put in forme, cumis in the kirk, and says, ‘ My Lord, ye haue hicht this xl-mark land to ony that wald bring yow my heid, and I know thair is nane so meitt as my selff ! And thairfoir will desyr your lordship to keip to me, as ye bad to ony wther ’. The Erll perseivitt that, gif he refuissit, the sam wald cost him his lyff ; and thairfoir tuik the penne and subscrivvit the samin. Alischunder thankeit his lordschip, and takand his horse, lap one, and cam his wayis. And he and his airis bruikis\* the samin at this tyme, or at the least, to the (ane thowsande) sex hunder and tua yeir of God.

Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassilis, was so powerful that he was known as the King of Carrick. He was one of the strongest supporters of Queen Mary, who after the battle of Langside and her consequent flight to England in May 1568, wrote to him from Carlisle, bidding him and his friends hold firm for her cause, and saying that she expected to return ‘ about the first day of August nixt with gud company ’ to recover the throne.

It is typical of the lawless state of the Scottish Borders at that time, and also of the kind of man in whom Mary was obliged to place her trust, that this

\* Enjoys.

## CASTLE KENNEDY

Earl of Cassilis obtained lands from the neighbouring Abbey of Glenluce in the following wise. Negotiations for his acquisition of the lands were proceeding, when the Abbot died. The Earl thereupon caused a will to be produced, bequeathing the property in question to himself. Fearing that the monk who had written the forged document might betray him, he hired a thief to murder the monk. Fearing then that the thief might talk, he caused him to be hung for theft.

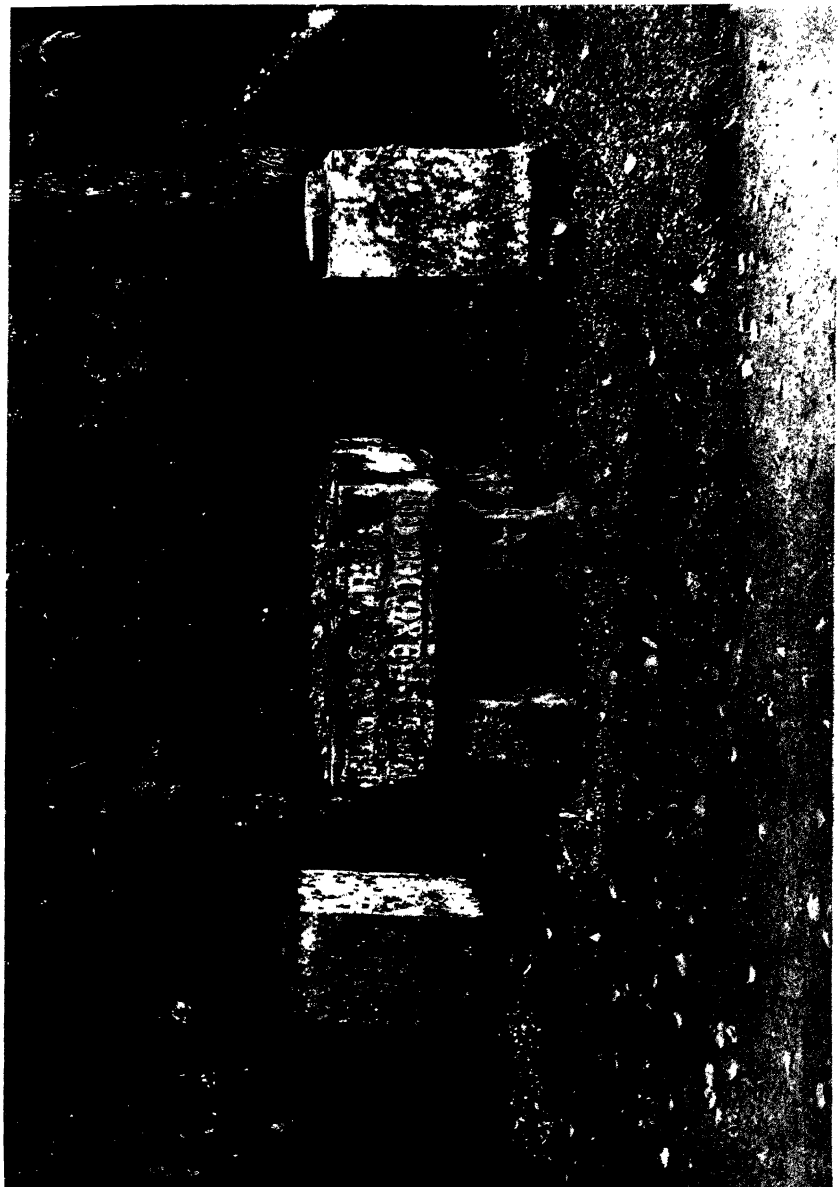
During the reign of Charles II, Castle Kennedy passed into the hands of the Stair family, in whose possession it still remains.

## SCONE ABBEY

*Two miles north of Perth*

*These ' Sacred Stones ' are all that remains of the great Abbey Church where the Kings of Scotland, from the early Macalpines to James I, and also James IV and Charles II, were crowned. The most important coronation which took place at Scone was that of Robert Bruce in 1306.*

**B**ruce rode north from Lochmaben to Bishop Wishart down Clydesdale in the February weather, when spring stirs in the rain and the sound of the burns in those smooth yellow hills. The Bishop had waited that hour for some sixteen years. Now it came bleakly enough, but he was ready. He brought out from his treasury where it was concealed the old forbidden flag of the Kings of Scots, and the Lion within his tressure of scarlet lilies took the wind again. He gave Bruce absolution for Comyn's death. It is easy and cheap to sneer at both for that, but the repentance was like to be real enough. There is nothing in any of Bruce's history that suggests him a man to practise political murder. Fierce temper, and steel too ready to his





## SCONE ABBEY

hand, had caused what it was well within the man to repent when his blood cooled : and the Church has never refused (nor did her Master) reconciliation with the penitent. Wishart gave Bruce absolution, at all events, and if he was wrong he paid for it with long years of prison and the loss of eyesight. Then he rode with the Bruces to Scone for the coronation, ransacking the vestment-chests of his cathedral for such poor pomp as there could be at such a time, and a goldsmith hurriedly made a circlet of gold.

It was on Palm Sunday that the crown was used. The stately and terrible mass of that festival, the Sunday before the Day of the Crucifixion, must have come with strange colour to the minds of men who were some to die very soon for that day's work, and all of them in peril of their lives—the procession with its exultant palms and lights, but the veiled crosses and the violet colour of mourning on priests and altar, the long and awful Gospel of the Passion, preceded by the Psalm of the Dereliction. And the hymn for the evening offices that day is the terrible joy of the *Vexilla Regis*, that commemorates the Battle on the Cross. I do not think any of the men with Bruce, as worldly as they might be, could have heard them lightly.

## SCONE ABBEY

We know some of those men, and their names deserve recollection, with those others 'who have no memorial'. There was the Abbot in whose great church they were gathered, and three chief bishops, Lamberton, Wishart, and the Bishop of Moray, the uncle of that young comrade-in-arms of Wallace who died in his youth before he had seen the son who was to serve Scotland also in his time. There were Bruce's own kin : his four brothers, three knights and Wishart's scholarly young Dean ; Thomas Randolph, who was to be Earl of Moray and a great captain, and who was some kin to Bruce, just what is not known ; and an English knight, Christopher Seton, who had married the young widowed Countess of Mar, Bruce's brave sister Christina. Of the rest, there were two great earls from above Forth, Lennox and Athol, who were two of the Seven ; Hay of Errol and his brother ; Barclay of Cairns ; Alexander Fraser, Somerville of Cairnswath, David de Inchmartin, Robert Boyd, Robert Fleming, and a lad who was to be the greatest soldier of all, save Bruce himself. (He had been a student in Paris when his father died in the Tower, and after that he was Lamberton's carving-squire.) This was young James Douglas, who was to be ' Good Lord James '.

## SCONE ABBEY

The rite went through as it could. The two essential points of the old form were the placing of the King on the Sacred Stone, and his crowning by the head of the House of Fife. The Stone was in London : so was the Earl of Fife, who was a young lad. It was counted ominous at Baliol's crowning that he was too much of a child to officiate there.

But the young Earl's sister had word of what was toward. She was distantly akin to both Bruce and Edward, for her mother was a daughter of Gilbert of Gloucester by his first marriage with the latter's cousin. She was also the wife of John Comyn, Earl of Buchan: but she calmly commandeered her husband's horses, and rode to Scone to act as her brother's proxy. The coronation was over when she came, but partly for tradition, partly, perhaps, out of courtesy to an heroic lady, they repeated it on the Tuesday, which was that of Holy Week, and the crown was duly lifted to its place by one of the old great house.\*

\* ROBERT BRUCE KING OF SCOTS, *Agnes Mure Mackenzie*.



# GLENFINNAN

*Loch Shiel, Inverness-shire*

Here on August 19th, 1745, Charles Edward Stuart, eldest son of James VIII, raised the Royal Standard. This was the formal opening of the 'Forty-five, a fateful moment in Britain's history.

Good judges have agreed that if the Stewarts, and what they stood for in the relations of man to man, had guided Britain in the second half of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth, the worst effects of the Industrial Revolution would have been avoided. For the Whigs, under Walpole, ruled by money and for money ; their aim was the secured and increasing wealth of the merchant class, the new aristocracy which came to power with the Hanoverians. Ever since the Stewarts had ruled in Scotland, their aim had been the good, not of one class, but of the people as a whole ; and from the time of James I (1424-1437), they had carried out this principle with some success. It is the principle both of monarchy





## GLENFINNAN

and of government which is accepted in Britain now, but the mischief was done by the Hanoverian Whigs, and its effects are with us still.

The Stewarts had weaknesses too, which are seen even in their wisest Kings, and showed most in the later Stewarts who were called to rule in England. But if we had to choose again between James and Charles Edward on the one hand and George I and II, with the Whigs under Walpole, on the other, the Standard which was planted at Glenfinnan would be ours to follow.

Prince Charles and his attendants sailed from Glenaladale up to the head of Loch Shiel, and there waited. For two hours the glen was as lonely as it is to-day. Then from the hills was heard the music of the pipes, and Lochiel with 700 Camerons appeared on the skyline. The enterprise had begun.

# HOME OF WALLACE

*Elderslie, Renfrewshire*

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher in his *History of Europe*, describes Wallace as 'a man from nowhere'. This is just what Edward I thought too, and it annoyed exceedingly his legal mind that, having roped in the barons, he had still to do with a man who would have found no place in Burke's Peerage. In Burke's Landed Gentry, yes. Wallace's father, Sir Malcolm, held lands in Ayrshire as well as at Elderslie, and his wife was the daughter of Sir Reginald Crawford, Sheriff of Ayr.

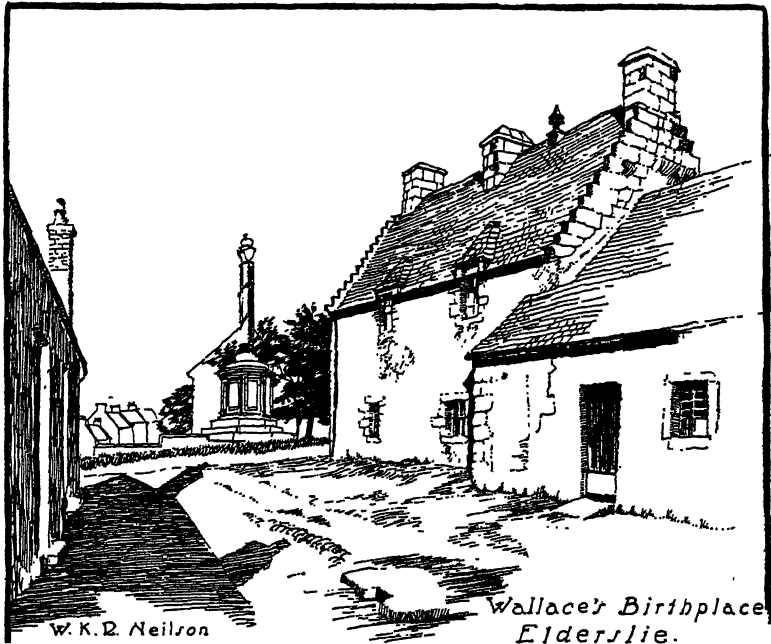
The ruling passion of Wallace's life was freedom—the freedom of Scotland. He was taught this as a child by one of his uncles, and few pupils have carried so effectively into life the lesson of the nursery.

Never in Scottish history was any man so constant, so burning in his purpose: there was nothing intermittent about Wallace. The story may therefore be true that to his patriotic flame against the English, was

## HOME OF WALLACE

added one yet warmer and more personal : that they put his wife to death for having helped him to escape.

Her name was Marion Bradfute, and her childhood had been spent at Lamington, of which place she was



heirress. The old tower of Lamington, now a ruin, and for centuries the home of the Baillies of that ilk, is popularly known as Wallace's Tower. It bears on the outer wall a stone with initials E. B., and date 1589. If

## HOME OF WALLACE

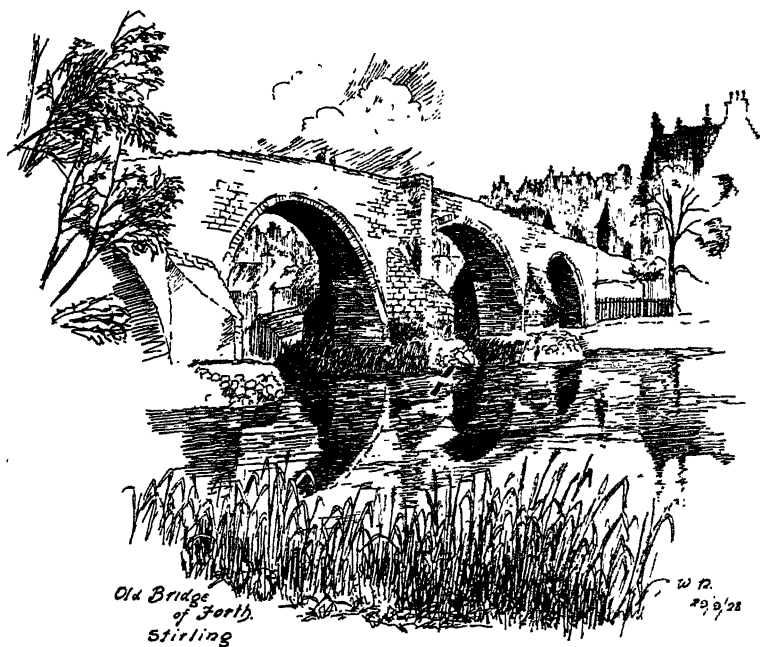
tradition is correct, it stands on the site of an older castle where Wallace, in earlier and happier times, may have come to woo his bride.

In revenge for her death, Wallace attacked by night the English Sheriff of Lanark and killed him. This was burning his boats, just as completely as Bruce did nine years later, when he got himself crowned at Scone. The English never forgave him, especially as the Scots, encouraged at last to resist oppression, trooped joyfully to his standard. He found himself the head of an army, which he divided into units of four men, under a fifth as leader : with higher officers for 10, 20 up to 1000 men. Strict obedience to these officers was enforced, under penalty of death. You served Scotland with a whole heart or not at all.

The Lanark adventure, that spring from which all the others flowed, took place in May 1297. By July Wallace and his army were in the forest of Selkirk—Ettrick Forest, as it came to be known—whither the English dared not follow him, for the men of Selkirk were solid in his support, and the best archers in Scotland. September found Wallace at Cambuskenneth, just across the Forth from Stirling, and here the English under Warenne, Edward's governor of Scotland, chal-

## HOME OF WALLACE

lenged him with a much larger force. Wallace showed then that he was not only a strong man and an inspiring leader, but a general as well. His brains enabled him



to inflict a severe defeat on the English at Stirling Bridge : the fight took place in the loop of ground made by the Forth just where the old bridge (built early in the fifteenth century a little below the wooden bridge of Wallace's time) crosses the river.



## HOME OF WALLACE

This battle cost Scotland the life of young Andrew Moray, Wallace's fellow-general: a man not only gallant and fiercely patriotic, but the leader of the North-East lowlands, that rich country of whose existence so many Scots are virtually ignorant, between Aberdeenshire and the Moray Firth.

Wallace invaded England in the autumn of 1297. In July of the following year he met the English army (largely made up of Welsh and Irish auxiliaries) under Edward I at Falkirk. Edward's use of his archers in this battle was original, and crushingly effective. He had besides a great superiority in horse; the Scottish knights indeed fled and deserted Wallace, in spite of his Nelsonian challenge, 'I haif brocht yow to the ring, hop gif ye can.'

His foot-soldiers fought very bravely, and 10,000 are reported to have fallen on the Scottish side. Wallace brought off the remnant to Stirling, whose town and castle he burnt before Edward came up. Among those who fell in the battle was Wallace's closest friend, Sir John Graham of Dundaff; and it is a characteristic touch, that Wallace returned to the battlefield (after Edward had gone) and buried Graham in Falkirk churchyard. While English soldiers were

## HOME OF WALLACE

probably still plundering, the adventure must have been a risky one, but it would be just like a Scotsman to do this. It would seem to him that this individual tribute of love for his friend, had the same quality in value as the whole effort he was making for his country.

Wallace continued his guerilla campaigns against Edward, and also visited the King of France (and possibly went to Rome and Norway) to solicit help for Scotland. All this time Edward was most anxious to get Wallace into his hands, and sums were constantly being paid in 1303 and 1304 to persons for assisting the pursuit, whether by acting as guides or by the loan of horses. He was taken at last in 1305, by treachery, and there has been little love, in Scotland, for the name associated with his capture.

Nevertheless, as we look back now on the course of history, we see that for the full power of Wallace's name and example, it was necessary that he should die as Edward's prisoner, and in the shamefully humiliating way that he did.

He stood his trial in Westminster Hall, and the English went so far as, in mockery, to place a crown of laurel upon his head.

## A PENTLAND SUNSET

*Seen from near Eddleston, Peeblesshire*

**T**his picture was taken thirty years ago. If it had been taken 300 years ago, the view would have been little different. How close the centuries lie folded, in our Southern Uplands : the things that are essential do not change.

Near the Water of Lyne in the summer of 1308 James Douglas, the friend of Bruce, defeated a band of English, and among the prisoners was Thomas Randolph, a Scotsman who from that time became one of Bruce's most loyal and effective lieutenants. At Bannockburn it was his charge to hold the bridle-track leading to Stirling. An English party led by Clifford and Beaumont nearly surprised him, and Bruce sent him word that ' a rose had fallen from his chaplet '. He answered the challenge very gallantly, and by hard fighting his foot-soldiers routed the English horsemen, an excellent omen for the main battle which took place the next day.





## A PENTLAND SUNSET

At Bruce's death in 1329, Randolph was made Regent—an honour to which he could not have looked forward when, as a young man, he had lurked with the English among these Peeblesshire hills, and fallen prisoner to Douglas. But the setting sun brought him a new day, and he won unspeakable glory before he died.

These same hills witnessed, three and a half centuries later, an outbreak of the Covenanters, which is described by Sir Walter Scott as follows :

The western counties distinguished themselves by their opposition to the prelatic system. Three hundred and fifty ministers, ejected from their churches and livings, wandered through the mountains, sowing the seeds of covenanted doctrine, while multitudes of fanatical followers pursued them, to reap the forbidden crop. These conventicles, as they were called, were denounced by the law, and their frequenters dispersed by military force. The genius of the persecuted became stubborn, obstinate, and ferocious ; and although indulgences were tardily granted to some Presbyterian ministers, few of the true Covenanters, or Whigs, as they were called, would condescend to compound with a prelatic government, or to listen even to their own favourite doctrine under the auspices of the King. From Richard Cameron, their apostle, this rigid sect acquired the name of Cameronians. They preached and prayed against the in-

## A PENTLAND SUNSET

dulgence, and against the Presbyterians who availed themselves of it, because their accepting this royal boon was a tacit acknowledgment of the King's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters. Upon these bigoted and persecuted fanatics, and by no means upon the Presbyterians at large, are to be charged the wild anarchical principles of anti-monarchy and assassination, which polluted the period when they flourished.

The insurrection (terminating in the battle of Pentland Hills) was, in itself, no very important affair. It began in Dumfries-shire, where Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, was employed to levy the arbitrary fines imposed for not attending the Episcopal churches. The people rose, seized his person, disarmed his soldiers, and, having continued together, resolved to march towards Edinburgh, expecting to be joined by their friends in that quarter. In this they were disappointed ; and, being now diminished to half their numbers, they drew up on the Pentland Hills, at a place called Rullion Green. They were commanded by one Wallace ; and here they awaited the approach of General Dalziel, of Binns ; who, having marched to Calder, to meet them on the Lanark road, and finding, that, by passing through Colinton, they had got to the other side of the hills, cut through the mountains and approached them. Wallace showed both spirit and judgement : he drew up his men in a very strong situation, and withstood two charges of Dalziel's cavalry ; but, upon the third shock, the insurgents were broken and utterly dispersed. There was very little slaughter, as the cavalry of Dalziel were chiefly gentlemen, who pitied their oppressed and misguided countrymen.

## A PENTLAND SUNSET

There were about fifty killed, and as many made prisoners. The battle was fought on the 28th November, 1666 ; a day still observed by the scattered remnant of the Cameronian sect, who regularly hear a field-preaching upon the field of battle.\*

\* MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, *Sir Walter Scott*.



## LOCH TROOL

*In Galloway, nine miles north of Newtonstewart*

**B**ruce's victory in Glentrool, described on page 9, was won near the north-eastern end of the Loch, from where this photograph is taken. Caldons, the scene of the following incident, lies at the far end of the Loch, on its southern side.

The year 1684, to the beginning of 1685, was a period of such cruelty, oppression, and bloodshed in Scotland, that it has been emphatically called the 'Killing time.' The inhabitants of Galloway during that period were subjected to much persecution and annoyance. In the upper district of Carsphairn the notorious Sir Robert Grierson of Lag scoured the country with a band of merciless troopers, committing deeds of indescribable cruelty; while in the lower districts Graham of Claverhouse received a roving commission to seize the property and to dispose of the persons of all anywise affected with covenanting principles. So little sacred were the lives of individuals held during that awful period, that not only single murders but wholesale massacres were indulged in by the lawless soldiery.

Among all the atrocities perpetrated in Galloway at this





## LOCH TROOL

time, perhaps none exceeds in magnitude the one which these humble stones in the Caldons Wood, near the Loch of Trool, commemorate. In the quiet of a Sabbath morn of January 1685, a few of the persecuted, undeterred by the rigour of the season, had assembled in the seclusion of this retreat to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, when they were suddenly surprised by a troop of dragoons, under the command of Colonel Douglas, and after a brief resistance, six persons, James and Robert Dun, Alex. M'Aulay, John M'Lude, Thomas and John Stevenson, were killed. One of the party, by plunging into the lake, and keeping his head above water, covered by a heath bush, managed to conceal himself from the infuriated soldiers, and had a remarkable escape. Of the dragoons two were killed, one of whom, Captain Urquhart, was shot under rather peculiar circumstances. As tradition narrates, he had that morning, exasperated by the difficulties of the road, sworn a dreadful oath that he would be revenged upon the unoffending Covenanters. He had dreamed that he would be killed at a place called the 'Caldons,' and while approaching the cottage of a shepherd in search of fugitives, he inquired the name of the place, on learning which he gave utterance to a fearful oath, and drew up his horse, uncertain whether to advance or retire. At that moment a shot fired from the window brought him to the ground.\*

\* RAMBLES IN GALLOWAY, *M. M. Harper.*

# SANQUHAR CASTLE

*Nithsdale, Dumfries-shire*

One of the derivations of Sanquhar is 'sean caer,' the old fort. From its position, commanding at once the valley of the Nith and several of the passes leading south-westwards through the hills from Clydesdale to Galloway, it must have been from very ancient times a strategic centre. The Romans confirmed this opinion by building a dyke—variously known as the Deil's Dyke, the Picts' Dyke, and the Picts' Wall—from Loch Ryan to Sanquhar, to protect their Galloway subjects the Novantae from the tribesmen of Strathclyde. The eastern frontier of Galloway was the Nith, and on the south and west it was defended by the sea. This dyke, which was eight feet wide at the base, with a fosse on the north side, may be seen almost intact on the farm of South Mains, opposite Sanquhar.

When Sir William Douglas, father of the Good Lord James, heard that Wallace had risen to expel the English, he made a drive down his own lands of Annandale and





## SANQUHAR CASTLE

the neighbouring valleys, and recaptured Sanquhar Castle. Finding himself besieged there, he sent word to Wallace, who immediately came in force and drove the English from the district. Three convenient passes, the Dalveen, the Mennock, and that which leads direct from Sanquhar across the moors to Crawfordjohn—‘out of the world and into Crawfordjohn’—link this part of Nithsdale with Douglasdale and the upper waters of the Clyde.

The castle of which Mr. Adam shows us the ruins to such picturesque effect, was built in the fifteenth century. It belonged at that time to the Crichton family, who acquired the property by marriage during the reign of Robert Bruce. Queen Mary, in her flight southwards from the fatal field of Langside, near Glasgow, took refreshment at Sanquhar. She was in a desperate panic that day, and hastily passed on. The sixth Lord Sanquhar, a member of the Crichton family, having been convicted of murder, was hanged with a silken halter in Great Palace Yard, before the gate of Westminster Hall, in the reign of his compatriot James VI and I.

In 1630 Sanquhar was purchased by Sir William Douglas of Drumlanrig, whose great-grandson the



## SANQUHAR CASTLE

second Duke of Queensberry, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, abandoned it for the palatial residence built by his father at Drumlanrig. The above Duke of Queensberry was first commissioner, on behalf of Scotland, to discuss the terms of Union with England. The folk of the neighbourhood pillaged their Duke's now neglected castle, so that little of it remains but the keep (seen on the left of the photograph) and the arched door-way facing the outer courtyard to the right.

Richard Cameron was the Covenanting preacher after whom the Cameronian regiment is called. In June 1680 he and twenty friends, including the minister Donald Cargill, nailed to the market cross of Sanquhar their Testimony against Charles II and his brother the Duke of York. The preachers were soon taken and put to death, but the cause which they had asserted so boldly at Sanquhar, was successful eight years afterwards at the Revolution.

## AULD BRIG OF AYR

**T**his Bridge illustrates the power of the human mind to be upheaved by sentiment. For if reason ruled our world, the Bridge would have fallen into the river long ago.

It was built, some say, in the thirteenth century (in a charter of 1236 Alexander II gave money towards the upkeep of a bridge at Ayr). James IV, passing through in 1491 on a pilgrimage to Whithorn, was ferried across the river ; on his return journey he gave ten shillings to the masons of the Brig of Ayr. This might imply that the bridge was then being built, but more likely it was standing at the time of Bannockburn.

In 1597—a year after the Rescue of Kinmont Willie—the authorities ordered that ‘na kynd of cartis slaidis or carries be sufferit to haif passage alangis ye brig’, and during the next two centuries it was being continually repaired. At last, in 1785, Robert Adam was commissioned to build the New Bridge, a little way down the river, and the Auld Brig was reserved for foot passengers only. Thus retired on no pension,

## AULD BRIG OF AYR

the grand old structure might expect to enjoy a few years of easy existence before being taken suddenly by

the unimaginable touch of Time.

For a bridge, even if no wagons strain its back, must always fight to keep its feet against the river over which it stands triumphing.

Burns, however, who may have had inside knowledge—he was a native of Ayrshire, and deeply in love with all its ways—predicted the fall of the New Bridge and the survival of the Old. Here is his report of what he saw and heard one night, when

The drowsy Dungeon clock had number'd two,  
And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true.

Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,  
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face ;  
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,  
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.  
New Brig was buskit, in a braw new coat,  
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adam got ;  
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,  
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.  
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,  
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;

## AULD BRIG OF AYR

It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,  
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !  
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,  
He, down the water, gies him this guid-een :

### AULD BRIG

I doubtna, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank.  
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank !  
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—  
Tho', faith ! that date, I doubt, ye'll never see—  
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,  
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

### NEW BRIG

Auld Vandal ! ye but show your little mense,  
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;  
Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,  
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,  
Your ruin'd formless bulk o' stane and lime,  
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time ?  
There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat stream,  
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,  
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view  
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

### AULD BRIG

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !  
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;

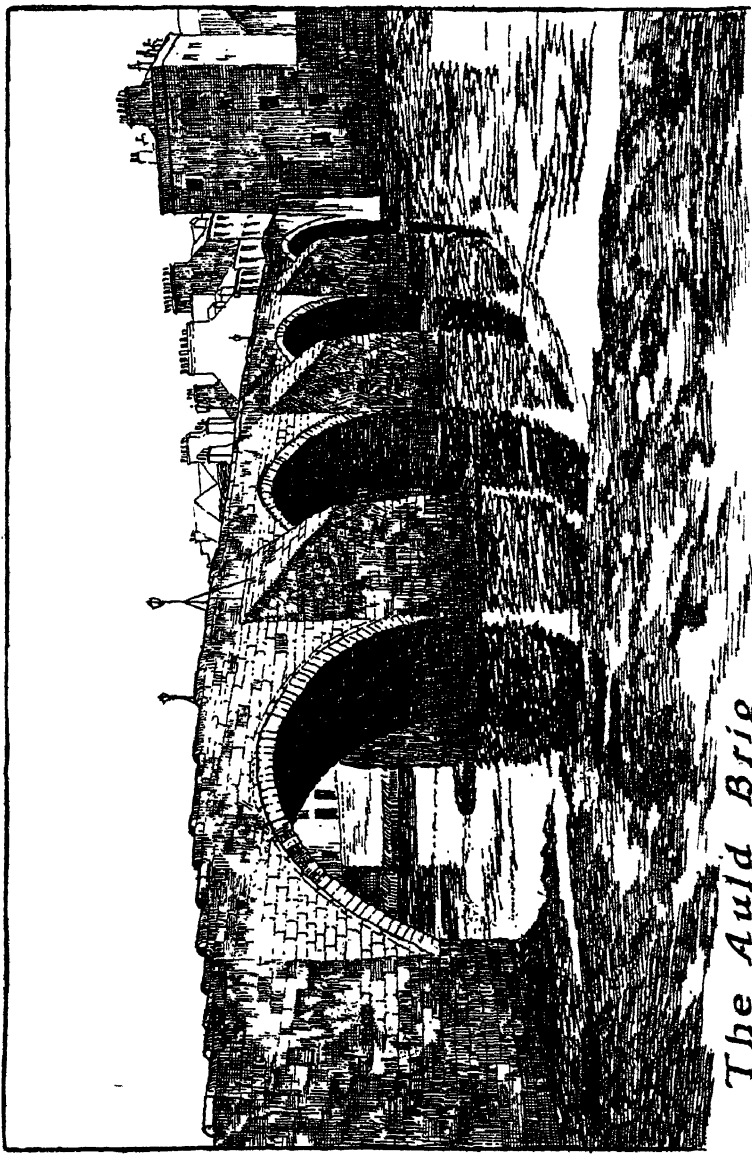
## AULD BRIG OF AYR<sup>1</sup>

And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,  
I'll be a brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn !  
As yet ye little ken about the matter,  
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.

The Auld Brig spoke true, for in 1877 its rival was found to be dangerous, and was taken down.

The same fate very nearly befell the Auld Brig itself in 1905. The Town Council, taking the advice of experts—Sir William Arrol among them—ordered its destruction. But what Burns had written, proved a lever so powerful upon the minds of men that £10,000 was raised by the public for its preservation,\* and there it remains. Surely now it will live out a thousand years.

\* See the very interesting and modestly told account in *THE BRIG OF AYR AND SOMETHING OF ITS STORY*, by *James A. Morris* (Stephen and Pollock, Ayr).



*The Auld Brig  
Ayr.*

W. K. Neilson

# SIR ANDREW WOOD'S TOWER AT LARGO

*Three miles east of Leven, Fife*

*This passage from Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather' tells of what happened after the death of James III, and shows the loyalty of Scotland's great sea-captain, Sir Andrew Wood.*

**T**he fate of James III was not known for some time. He had been a patron of naval affairs ; and on the great revolt in which he perished, a brave sea officer, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, was lying with a small squadron in the Firth of Forth, not far distant from the coast where the battle was fought. He had sent ashore his boats, and brought off several wounded men of the King's party, amongst whom it was supposed might be the King himself.

Anxious to ascertain this important point, the lords sent to Sir Andrew Wood to come on shore, and appear before their council. Wood agreed, on condition that two noblemen of distinction, Lords Seton and Fleming, should go on board his ships, and remain there as hostages for his safe return.

## SIR ANDREW WOOD

The brave seaman presented himself before the Council and the young King in the town of Leith. As soon as the Prince saw Sir Andrew, who was a goodly person, and richly dressed, he went towards him, and said, ' Sir, are you my father ? '



' I am not your father,' answered Wood, the tears falling from his eyes ; ' but I was your father's servant while he lived, and shall be so to lawful authority until the day I die.'

The lords then asked what men they were who had come out of his ships, and again returned to them on the day of the battle of Sauchie.



## SIR ANDREW WOOD

‘ It was I and my brother,’ said Sir Andrew, undauntedly, ‘ who were desirous to have bestowed our lives in the King’s defence.’

They then directly demanded of him, whether the King was on board his ships ? To which Sir Andrew replied, with the same firmness, ‘ He is not on board my vessels. I wish he had been there, as I should have taken care to have kept him safe from the traitors who have murdered him, and whom I trust to see hanged and drawn for their demerits.’

These were bitter answers ; but the lords were obliged to endure them, without attempting any revenge, for fear the seamen had retaliated upon Fleming and Seton. But when the gallant commander had returned on board his ship, they sent for the best officers in the town of Leith, and offered them a reward if they would attack Sir Andrew Wood and his two ships, and make him prisoner, to answer for his insolent conduct to the Council. But Captain Barton, one of the best mariners in Leith, replied to the proposal by informing the Council that though Sir Andrew had but two vessels, yet they were so well furnished with artillery, and he himself was so brave and skilful, that no ten ships in Scotland would be a match for him.

## SIR ANDREW WOOD

James IV afterwards received Sir Andrew Wood into high favour ; and he deserved it by his exploits. In 1490 a squadron of five English vessels came into the Forth, and plundered some Scottish merchant-ships. Sir Andrew sailed against them with his two ships, the *Flower*, and the *Yellow Carvel*, took the five English vessels, and making their crews and commanders prisoners, presented them to the King at Leith. Henry VII of England was so much incensed at this defeat that he sent a stout sea-captain, called Stephen Bull, with three strong ships equipped on purpose, to take Sir Andrew Wood. They met him near the mouth of the Firth, and fought with the utmost courage on both sides, attending so much to the battle, and so little to anything else, that they let their ships drift with the tide ; so that the action, which began off St. Abb's Head, ended in the Firth of Tay. At length Stephen Bull and his three ships were taken. Sir Andrew again presented the prisoners to the King, who sent them back to England, with a message to Henry VII, that he had as many men in Scotland as there were in England, and therefore he desired he would send no more captains on such errands.

# ARDVRECK CASTLE

*Loch Assynt, Sutherland*

After his defeat at Carbisdale on April 28th, 1650, Montrose wandered through the hills north-westwards. His soldiers came partly from the Orkneys, and by escaping—as Miss Grant suggests (page 87)—up the valley of the Shin or the Altmore, he could have found a boat on the Caithness coast that would have carried him to safety. Negotiations between Charles II and the Covenanters were just then beginning, and Montrose's only quarrel was for the King. In the following year, Charles was accepted by the Scots and crowned at Scone. The military action of Montrose had no lasting, nor even much temporary, influence in the shaping of events ; he is a spiritual successor of the heroic Scottish Jameses—I, II and IV—who left inspiring examples, enjoyed many individual successes, but failed by a carelessness which exposed them to the stroke of Fate. Possibly they were careless too often (as Montrose, both at Philiphaugh and Carbisdale,





## ARDVRECK CASTLE

allowed the enemy to catch him unawares) and gave Fate too many chances. They had perhaps (excepting James II) that *muddled* sense of virtue, which has bemisted British policy of recent years, and by securing neither the praise of Heaven nor the respect of men, acts like a magnet to disaster, if it is not arrested in time.

So far as these comments may be true of Montrose, they apply only to the public policy of which he was an instrument. By character he was fitted to be a King, and it was his fate to serve two monarchs who were not. His personal heroism, both in leadership and in lonely endurance, stands an example for all Scotsmen since his time, just as Flora Macdonald may be a model for the women. What a pair they would have made—King and Queen together in Holyrood !

After his defeat at Carbisdale, accompanied by Lord Kinnoull, and disguised as a native of the district, he wandered in bitter April weather over the mountains northwards of Strath Oykell, until he fell in with the herdsman of Macleod of Assynt, to whom he gave himself up. Macleod imprisoned him in Ardvreck Castle. Less than a month later, he was hanged at the Mercat Cross in the High Street, Edinburgh, where a circle of cobbled stones marks the place today.

## RUM AND NORTH MORAR

*Loch an Nostarie, seen in the foreground,  
is a mile south-east of Mallaig*

Coming from Skye Prince Charlie landed at Mallaig in the early morning of July 5th, 1746. After spending three days and nights in the open air, he and John MacKinnon rowed up Loch Nevis along the coast. They were chased by some militia, but, rowing fast, got away. The Prince jumped ashore, and climbing a hill, slept there for three hours. After returning to Mallaig, he and his two MacKinnon friends walked by night to Morar. Morar is a mile to the south of Loch an Nostarie, so that the Prince passed across the country which you see opposite. There was a new moon, and the Prince may have turned the guineas in his pocket.

At Morar he found the laird, MacDonald, living in a bothy because his house had been burned down. He gave his guests such hospitality as he could, and introduced them to a cave where they slept. The whole







## RUM AND NORTH MORAR

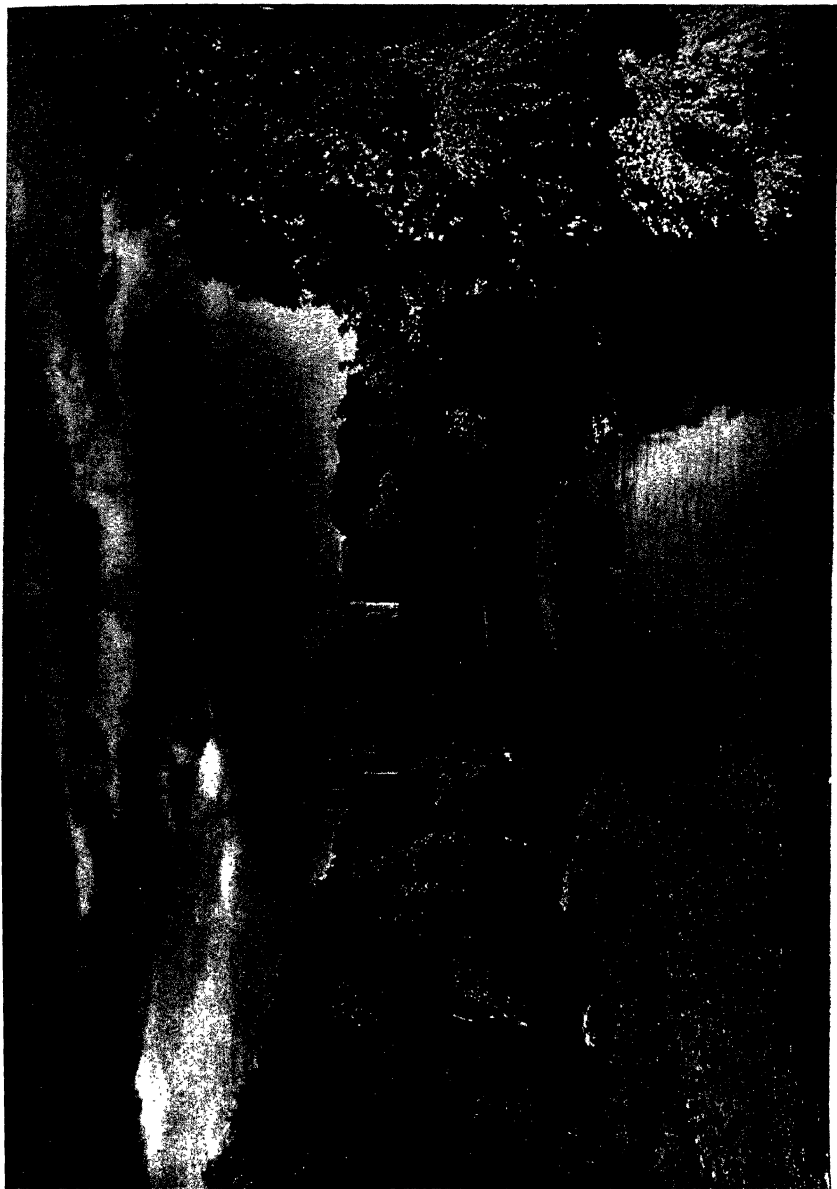
district was infested with Government troops, by sea and land, and Morar was glad to pass the Prince on to MacDonald of Borradale, in South Morar. He sent his son to guide the fugitives, who found their new host also living in a bothy, for the same reason as the other. Here the two MacKinnons bade the Prince farewell. They returned to Morar, and were both captured next day.

The Prince, hearing this, hid in MacLeod's Cove, 'upon a high precipice in the woods of Borradale'. His friends, especially the sons and son-in-law of MacDonald of Borradale, were active in finding places of refuge for him. One of these was near Meoble, in the Braes of Morar. Here the Prince spent the night of July 17th, but early next morning Borradale brought word that enemy sentries lined the hills from Loch Eil (near Glenfinnan, where the Royal Standard had been raised in the summer before) as far north as Loch Hourn, cutting off escape to the mainland. Escape by sea was impossible, for Borradale's son, John, reported that he 'saw the whole coast surrounded by ships of war and tenders'.

## DOUNE CASTLE

*River Teith, four miles west of Dunblane*

**M**urdoch, second Duke of Albany, who was to lose his head so soon as his master, James I, returned from captivity in England, signalised his Regency, from 1419 to 1424, by the erection of at least two notable strongholds, of which one is famed Tantallon and the other Doune. It was just the time when Scottish domestic or defensive architecture (for the terms are nearly synonymous in speaking of that age) moved forward from the plan of a simple keep, entered on the second floor by a movable ladder, to the grander design of a continuous building surrounding a central court. The keep still remained an important feature, but the rooms in it increased in size; the inmates were no longer huddled into comfortless apartments where cooking, eating and sleeping went on simultaneously. Banqueting halls, chapels, visitors' suites and offices were added, evidence of a growing desire for refinement, and of a revival from the extreme poverty of the four-





## DOUNE CASTLE

teenth century, when the national exchequer and private resources had been drained to the lowest ebb, in the long struggle for Independence. Still, one is struck, even in a pile of the importance of Doune, by the vast inferiority of the workmanship, whether constructive or decorative, applied to Scottish domestic architecture of this date, to the magnificence of design and excellence of handiwork shown in contemporary ecclesiastical buildings.

Doune Castle was never finished ; probably the works were interrupted by the execution of the unlucky Murdoch ; still, the green promontory between the confluent streams of Teith and Ardoch bears a noble mass of masonry, enough to show the scale of the original design. Some of the rooms are of noble proportions. The common hall in the keep measures forty-four feet by twenty-six ; but the banqueting-hall in the west wing, entered from the courtyard by an outside staircase, is sixty-eight feet long by twenty-seven wide, and once had an ornamental open roof. It was constructed with an eye to business as well as to beauty, for there is a serving-room handy, communicating with the great vaulted kitchen through two arched openings. The arched entrance to the castle passes under the

## DOUNE CASTLE

common hall in the keep, and the iron-grated doors still hang at the end of the portcullis.

When Albany laid down his life on the heading hill of Stirling, his splendid, half-built castle passed to the Crown, to which it was an important fortress, commanding as it did two of the principal passes into the Highlands. The beautiful Janet Kennedy, daughter of the second Lord Kennedy of Cassilis, was betrothed to Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus, with whom to trifle required a cool head and a stout heart. She can have been deficient in neither, for she encouraged the addresses of that flower of chivalry, James IV, and, in fact, became his mistress. James, it will be remembered, was an exceedingly devout young man, and outlay on behalf of 'the lady', as the fair Janet is discreetly termed in his household accounts, appears sandwiched with expenses on his frequent pilgrimages to St. Ninian's shrine at Whithorn and other religious exercises, as well as those incurred at golf and 'the tables'.

Bell-the-Cat had made over to his betrothed the lands of Braidwood and Crawford-Lindsay; these the pious King quietly annexed, on the plea that Angus had conveyed them to Janet without the necessary royal

## DOUNE CASTLE

licence ; and when the lover claimed his bride without the lands, he was promptly imprisoned in Dunbarton Castle. His faithless love bore a son to her paramour, being then at Doune Castle, as shown by the following entry in the accounts :

‘ Item.—ye xx day of December (1501) for viii elne small quhit (white) to be blancatis and wylycottis (blankets and petticoats) to ye barne (child) in Doun, ilk elne iis. viiid., *summa* xxiis viiid.’

This ‘ barne ’ lived to become James, Earl of Moray, and his mother was splendidly endowed with the lands and castle of Darnaway. But the King gave Doune to his consort, Margaret Tudor, who in turn passed it on to her third husband, Henry Stuart, from whom it has descended to the Earl of Moray, its present possessor.

The castle was greatly dilapidated in 1745, when Prince Charlie’s white ensign floated over the keep ; it will be remembered that Waverley was taken there after parting with the gifted Gilfillan. It was here also that John Home, the poet, was confined with other prisoners taken by the Jacobites at the battle of Falkirk.\*

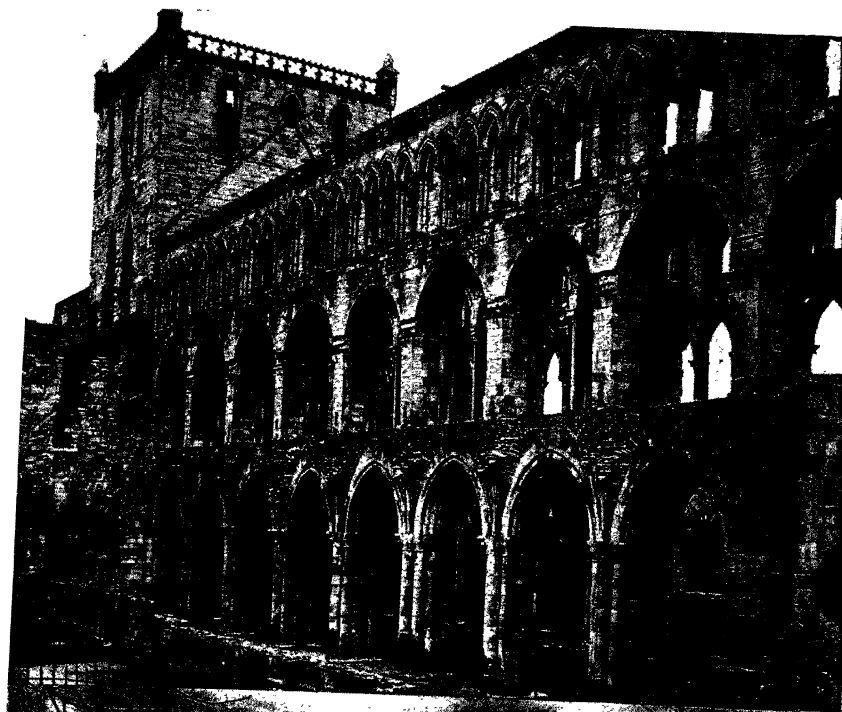
\* MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS, *Sir Herbert Maxwell*.



# JEDBURGH ABBEY

*Roxburghshire, ten miles from the Border at  
Carter Bar*

Jedburgh has the best preserved of the Border Abbeys. Its history is cleaner cut, less enshrined in Scottish sentiment, than any of its famous neighbours, and presents a rather colder brand of patriotism. Such incidents as the figure of Death which mingled with the masqued dancers at the wedding of Alexander III ; the failure to resist Hertford when he sacked the Abbey in 1545 ; the scandalous mishandling of Queen Mary's herald ; the glass which fell on the tolbooth stairs and rolled down several steps without breaking, when at the accession of William and Mary, a Jacobite had flung it, saying, ' As surely as that glass will break, I wish confusion to William, and the Restoration of our sovereign and the heir ' ; even the uncivil treatment which Jedburgh accorded to Sir Walter Scott at the time of the Reform Bill—these all, in their various (and some trivial) ways, are examples of a disunited Scotland.





## JEDBURGH ABBEY

Other features of the town's history make better telling. The Raid of the Redeswire, in 1575, was won for Scotland by a reinforcement of the townsmen, whose 'Jeddart staffs'—something like the 'bills' by which the English carried the day at Flodden—proved handy weapons in this last of many battles.

In 1118 the Prince of Cumbria, afterwards David I, invited to Jedburgh a company of monks from the Abbey of St. Quentin at Beauvais. Their priory was made into an Abbey in 1147, and the present building was probably begun at that time. The south and west doorways, both in the Norman style, are especially beautiful.

Jedburgh, like other Border towns, was a favourite residence of the early Scottish Kings, and one of its distinguished visitors was Prince Edward, who afterwards hammered the country of his hosts. He was probably a guest at the wedding of the lovely Yolande, a French lady, to Alexander III, whose first wife, Margaret, had been Edward's sister. Had she and her husband lived, or if their son Alexander had not died in his early manhood, all would have been well. But Alexander III was madly in love with his young Queen and he risked a journey on a stormy night to come to

## JEDBURGH ABBEY

her, at Kinghorn on the Forth, in the March following. His horse fell on the cliff, and both the ill omen at his wedding and a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, were fulfilled.

Ferniehirst Castle occupies a hill two miles to the south of Jedburgh, and the Kers of Ferniehirst were prominent especially in the sixteenth century. Sir Robert Ker, Warden of the Middle Marches, was murdered (about 1500) by three Englishmen who hated him for his good police-work on the Scottish side. Not all the murderers were caught, and when after the accession of Henry VIII, one of them—Starhead—thought it would be safe to appear on the scenes again, he was killed in his own house by two henchmen of young Ker, despatched to England for that purpose. These events took place shortly before Flodden, and touching the pride of both monarchs, hampered a peaceful settlement of the much more serious international questions then at issue.

It was the patience of James IV which at last gave way, and led directly to the disaster of Flodden.



Ferniehirst Castle  
nr Jedburgh

W. K. R. Reilson,  
1. 1. 35.

## FAST CASTLE

*Three-and-a-half miles north-west of St. Abb's Head,  
Berwickshire*

**T**his beautiful picture of rock and sea shows all that is left of Fast Castle, once the home of Logie of Restalrig. It has been identified with Wolf's Crag, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*. To this lonely dwelling the young Master of Ravenswood, as you will remember, was driven when the house of his fathers became the property of Sir William Ashton. The story of his love for Lucy Ashton, whereby they both died, was written during a bitter illness, and is the most tragic in Scott's novels. Lucy was forced by her parents to marry another, whom she stabbed on the bridal night in her mad misery. She died soon after, and her brother—like Laertes, blaming it on the man she loved—challenged Ravenswood to a duel on the sands at sunrise.

With the first peep of light, Caleb Balderstone again resorted to the door of Ravenswood's sleeping apartment, through a chink of which he observed him engaged in measuring the length of two or three swords which lay in a







## FAST CASTLE

closet adjoining to the apartment. He muttered to himself, as he selected one of these weapons, 'It is shorter—let him have this advantage, as he has every other.'

Caleb Balderstone knew too well, from what he witnessed, upon what enterprise his master was bound, and how vain all interference on his part must necessarily prove. He had but time to retreat from the door, so nearly was he surprised by his master suddenly coming out, and descending to the stables. The faithful domestic followed; and, from the dishevelled appearance of his master's dress, and his ghastly looks, was confirmed in his conjecture that he had passed the night without sleep or repose. He found him busily engaged in saddling his horse, a service from which Caleb, though with faltering voice and trembling hands, offered to relieve him. Ravenswood rejected his assistance by a mute sign, and having led the animal into the court, was just about to mount him, when the old domestic's fear giving way to the strong attachment which was the principal passion of his mind, he flung himself suddenly at Ravenswood's feet, and clasped his knees, while he exclaimed, 'Oh, sir! oh, master! kill me if you will, but do not go out on this dreadful errand! Oh! my dear master, wait but this day—the Marquis of A—— comes to-morrow, and a' will be remedied.'

'You have no longer a master, Caleb,' said Ravenswood, endeavouring to extricate himself; 'why, old man, would you cling to a falling tower?'

'But I *have* a master,' cried Caleb, still holding him fast, 'while the heir of Ravenswood breathes. I am but a

## FAST CASTLE

servant ; but I was born your father's—your grandfather's servant—I was born for the family—I have lived for them—I would die for them !—Stay but at home, and all will be well !'

' Well, fool ! well ? ' said Ravenswood ; ' vain old man, nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it !'

So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate ; but instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold.

' Caleb ! ' he said, with a ghastly smile, ' I make you my executor ; ' and again turning his bridle, he resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which was taken by his master, who turned to the left down a small and broken path, which gained the seashore through a cleft in the rock, and led to a sort of cove, where, in former times, the boats of the castle were wont to be moored. Observing him take this course, Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very near as far as the village of Wolf's-hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as the horse could carry him. The prophecy at once rushed on Balderstone's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay half way betwixt the tower and the links, or sand knolls, to the northward of Wolf's-hope. He saw him accordingly reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass further.

## FAST CASTLE

Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already in the field, pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the tower for the arrival of his antagonist. The sun had now risen, and showed its broad disk above the eastern sea, so that he could easily discern the horseman who rode towards him with speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air. He rubbed his eyes, as if he had witnessed an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Balderstone, who came from the opposite direction. No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned ; it only appeared, that the late winds and high tides had greatly extended the usual bounds of the quicksand, and that the unfortunate horseman, as appeared from the hoof-tracks, in his precipitated haste, had not attended to keep on the firm sands on the foot of the rock, but had taken the shortest and most dangerous course. One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.\*

\* THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, *Sir Walter Scott.*

# BIRNAM WOODS

*Dunkeld, Perthshire*

**T**his Birnam is, almost incredibly, the Birnam of Macbeth ; and since Dunsinane Hill is one of the Sidlaws and a good thirteen miles to the south-east, the armies had the whole width of Strathmore at its widest point between them. All invaders of Scotland north of Perth, from Agricola onwards, must of necessity have made their way past the Sidlaws on one side or the other, either through Strathmore or by the Carse of Gowrie, though the latter would be a risky passage for troops without naval support. The stronghold of Dunsinane (where traces of fortifications are still visible) seems therefore to have been well chosen as Macbeth's headquarters, for it would command both these routes as effectively as possible. In marching on Dunkeld, Malcolm may perhaps at first have had the intention of trying to slip past Macbeth, who obviously controlled the left bank of the Tay, by taking the route along the edge of the hills through Blairgowrie and





## BIRNAM WOODS

Alyth. Encouraged no doubt by the strength of his English reinforcements, we may suppose, however, that he changed his mind, and decided to make the direct assault on Dunsinane ; and the happy thought of taking Birnam Wood with him as what would now be called ' camouflage ' enabled him to make this strategy effective. It is curious, by the way, that Holinshed places Dunsinane in Fife. If this is a mere inaccuracy, it yet does not discredit his account very much, for the tradition of the battle can be traced back into the fourteenth century, earlier than his version ; but it is quite possible that the ancient ' Kingdom of Fife ' extended beyond the bounds of the present county.

Dunkeld is a place at the junction of several roads and rivers, where, for that reason, more history than the tragedy of Macbeth has been made, and it still bears the stamp of an almost vanished importance. But the Tay is the making of it. Having just taken a fast corner through a narrow wooded pass a little to the west, the river sweeps round the ruins of the cathedral, like a late-Victorian duchess cutting her husband's friends, with a swish of her broad train. The fine beeches improve on the effect.\*

\* WALKING IN THE GRAMPIANS, *Charles Plumb*.



# TEVIOTDALE

*Near Ancrum, Roxburghshire*

The sunset clouds adorning this peaceful river scene are characteristic of Border history. All this Scottish country south of Tweed—comprising Yarrow, Ettrick and Teviot—is imbued with sadness. If you do not realize this yourself, read Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited* for a deeper understanding. The cause is partly, as Wordsworth himself remarked, in the physical atmosphere, that after mid-day there often comes a mist, or skaum, which dims the surrounding hills; and partly, though we may be ashamed to admit it in these enlightened times, the Borders have never forgotten the most famous of Scottish defeats—the battle of Flodden. Bonfires were lighted as far away as Venice, in celebration of England's victory.

The tragedy of Flodden was not, of course, that Scotland lost the battle (she has lost others, before and since), but she lost on that September afternoon her last great King—and the dawn broke next morning on

## TEVIOTDALE

a Scotland which was never, from that day to this, to recover the same free and happy sense of united activity under one Scottish leader. Individuals have done well, but the Scottish people has been drifting and leaderless: and you have only to consider whether such a condition is good for yourself, to know whether it can be good for a whole people to be left in that state for 400 years. This is a tragedy which no one who visits Scotland and looks about him can fail to appreciate—a spiritual numbness—and the sense of it is felt most keenly in the Borders south of Tweed, whose fame in history is that for so long and so gallantly they were the keepers of the gate.

Even after Flodden, in 1513, the English armies did not have things all their own way: and on Ancrum Moor, a mile or two to the right of this picture, an invading English force was routed in 1545 by the Earl of Angus. A Scottish lass, Lilliard, fighting beside her lover, showed glorious courage in this battle; and the scene of it is called Lilliardsedge to keep her memory alive.

A mile or two on the south, or left of this picture, is Jedburgh—the least ruined of the Border Abbeys, and one of the most attractive Border towns. A shop-

## TEVIOTDALE

keeper in Jedburgh told me a few years ago that the life was going out of it, but that was in the pessimistic times of the early 1930's. There is more sap flowing in all these places now.

Teviotdale was where the stout Jamie Telfer went running to find a rescuer of his cows ; you know the ballad.

It fell about the Martinmastide,  
When our Border steeds get corn and hay,  
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ride,  
And he's owre to Tividale to drive a prey.

It was Jamie Telfer's cows that the Captain drove off. Jamie was sore to lose his cows, and cried 'revenged he wad be'. The Captain laughed at him, but Jamie roused his powerful friends of the Scott clan, until one by one, like indignant bees, they made the neighbouring valleys hum.

'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,  
Gar warn it sune and hastilie !  
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,  
Let them never look in the face o' me !  
' Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,  
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride ;  
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,  
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsidge.

## TEVIOTDALE

' Ride by the gate at Priestthaughswire,  
And warn the Currors o' the Lea ;  
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,  
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry.'

The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
Sae starkly and sae steadilie !  
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang  
Was—' Rise for Branksome readilie !'

Jamie was revenged, for he got back his ten cows, and twenty-three English ones were ' fetched ' as well. The Captain had sad cause to remember the expedition into what seems, from Mr. Adam's photograph, to be such a bland and smiling countryside.

The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,  
And broken was his right leg bane ;  
If he had lived this hundred years,  
He had never been loved by woman again.

In *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto II, xxv-xxx, you will find Teviotdale again described.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,  
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side ;  
And soon beneath the rising day  
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's tide.

## TEVIOTDALE

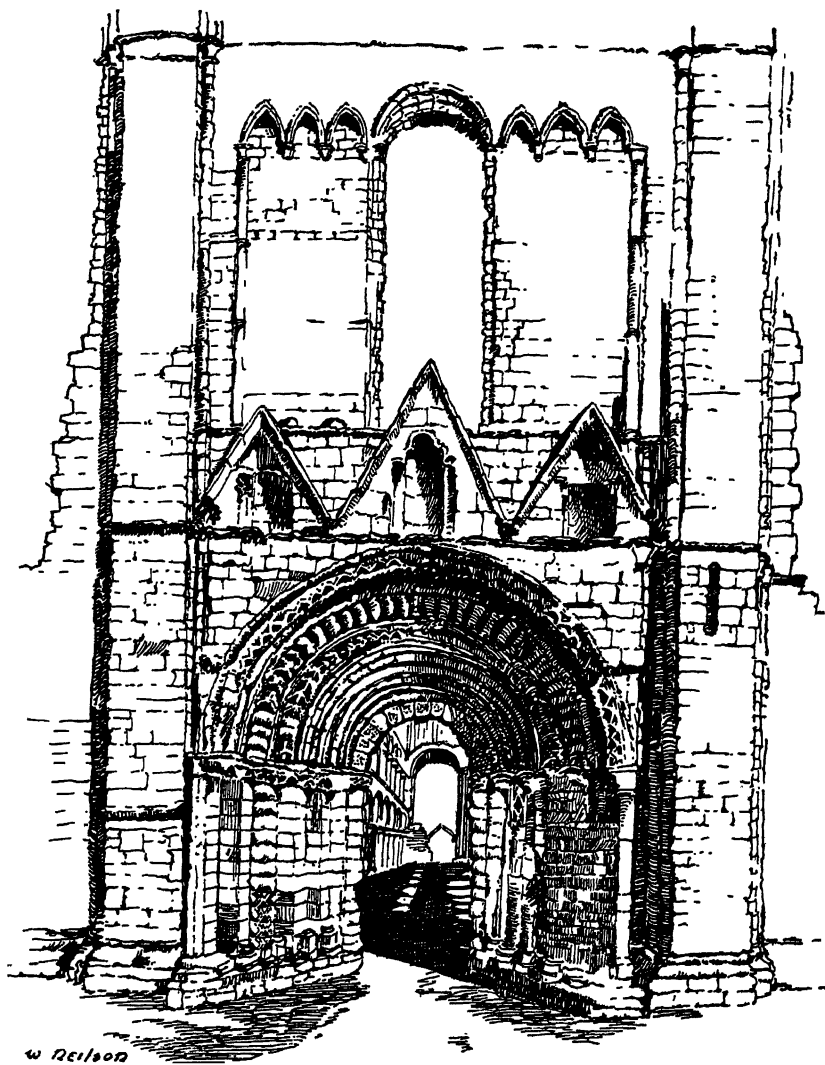
The lovers whom the dawn brings out for this rencontre show less abandon than the fighters in *Jamie Telfer*.

This may be due partly to the nature of the subject, but Scott's heroine in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is thought to have been painted from the lady who stood first in his love and memory, and as he was unable to win her hand in real life, the phrase—

‘ I may not, must not, sing of love ’

no doubt seemed to her, when as the wife of a wealthy baronet she read the poem, modestly appropriate.

Thus to the two Muses of Love and War, the valley of Teviotdale may be ascribed in our recollection as we leave it.



*w Nelson*

*Doorway to Nave  
Sedburgh Abbey*

# PICTISH BROCH

*North Sutherland*

**I**t is impossible to look at one of these *brochs*, or *duns* (of which over 400 bestrew our Northern and West Highland coasts), without considering our ancestry. Let the broch look at you for a moment, and how would it compare you with such men as built it, so securely, of uncemented stones, more than a thousand years back? We are inclined to point our spectacles, patronisingly, at the broch, as though it were an animal at the Zoo, and say, 'You're a funny old thing, aren't you? How did you get here, I wonder?'—forgetting that the same question—if the broch thought it worth while—might justly be asked of us. But the broch does not think it worth while, and that helps us to know our place.

The brochs were built by the Picts. They were towers of refuge, and because they are found only near the coast, the enemy whom we can imagine storming outside them was the Viking of Scandinavia. His







## PICTISH BROCH

beaked galley first appeared off the west coast of Scotland in 794. He liked the land so well that he came again, summer after summer, settled down in the Orkneys and Shetland, on the coasts of Caithness and Sutherland, and along the west of Scotland, spreading even into Galloway.

When the Scots fleet under Alexander III finally sent him flying from Largs in 1263, he had mixed his adventurous blood pretty freely with that of the Celts, and we are the richer for his visits, though we were glad to see the last of him when he went.

The brochs are unique. They are found only in Scotland, and internal evidence suggests that they date from 600-1000 A.D. They are circular and stretch about thirty feet across the inside ; in Glen Beag there are four brochs close together, and each building would be large enough to hold the families and livestock of the men who built it.

People say that the brochs were good enough defences against invaders, like the early Vikings, who came for a few days and then returned to their galleys with such spoil as they could carry off, but that a broch could not withstand a siege, and was therefore useless when the Vikings began to settle down. So

## PICTISH BROCH

late, however, as 1155 the Mousa Broch, in Shetland (which still exists, nearly complete) was successfully defended by a Norseman who had eloped with a fair young Scots widow. The secret of where the honeymoon would be spent, had leaked out ; nevertheless, the young couple kept their broch to themselves.

The buildings were about fifty feet high. A curious feature is the lowness of the entrance and of the stairways ; we have to stoop to get in, and to creep along them. Their ancient invaders had to do likewise, which no doubt was exactly what the broch builder foresaw and intended. The wall, as you see from the drawing opposite, was double, of a total thickness of ten to fifteen feet, with galleries and a stairway two feet six inches to three feet wide, made of flat stones built solidly into the inner and outer walls.



Stairway.  
Dùn Troddan

W. Neilson

# EILEAN DONAN

*Loch Duich, Inverness-shire*

Ellandonan Castle stands on a small rocky isle; situated in Loch Duich (on the west coast of Ross), near the point where the Western Sea divides itself into two branches, forming Loch Duich and Loch Loung. The magnificence of the castle itself, now a roofless ruin, covered with ivy, the beauty of the bay, and the variety of hills and valleys that surround it, and particularly the fine range of hills, between which lie the pastures of Glensheal, with the lofty summit of Skooroora, overtopping the rest, and forming a grand background to the picture, all contribute to make this a piece of very romantic Highland scenery.\*

The castle is the manor-place of the estate of Kintail, which is denominated the barony of Ellandonan.

\* We learn from Wintoun, that, in 1331, this fortress witnessed the severe justice of Randolph, Earl of Murray, then Warden of Scotland. Fifty delinquents were there executed, by his orders, and according to the Prior of Lochleven, the Earl had as much pleasure in seeing their ghastly heads encircle the walls of the castle, as if it had been surrounded by a chaplet of roses.

## EILEAN DONAN

That estate is the property of Francis, Lord Seaforth. It has descended to him through a long line of gallant ancestors ; having been originally conferred on Colin Fitzgerald, son to the Earl of Desmond and Kildare, in the kingdom of Ireland, by a charter, dated 9th January, 1266, granted by King Alexander the Third, '*Colino Hybernio*', and bearing, as its inductive cause, '*pro bono et fidei servitio, tam in bello, quam in pace*'. He had performed a very recent service in war, having greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Largs, in 1263, in which the invading army of Haco, King of Norway, was defeated. Being pursued in his flight, the King was overtaken in the narrow passage which divides the Island of Skye from the coasts of Inverness and Ross, and, along with many of his followers, he himself was killed, in attempting his escape through the channel dividing Skye from Lochalsh. These straits, or *kyles*, bear to this day appellations, commemorating the events by which they were thus distinguished, the former being called Kyle Rhee, or the King's Kyle, and the latter Kyle Haken.

The attack on Ellandonan Castle [described below], lives in the tradition of the country, where it is, at this day, a familiar tale, repeated to every stranger, who, in

## EILEAN DONAN

sailing past, is struck with admiration at the sight of that venerable monument of antiquity. But the authenticity of the fact rests not solely on tradition. It is recorded by Crawford, in his account of the family of Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, and reference is there made to a genealogy of Slate, in the possession of the family, as a warrant for the assertion. The incident took place in 1537.

The power of the Lord of the Isles was at that time sufficiently great to give alarm to the Crown. It covered not only the whole of the Western Isles, from Bute northwards, but also many extensive districts on the mainland, in the shires of Ayr, Argyle, and Inverness. Accordingly, in 1535, on the failure of heirs-male of the body of John, Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross, as well as of his natural sons, in whose favour a particular substitution had been made, King James the Fifth assumed the Lordship of the Isles. The right was, however, claimed by Donald, fifth Baron of Slate, descended from the immediate younger brother of John, Lord of the Isles. This bold and high-spirited chieftain lost his life in the attack on Ellandonan Castle, and was buried by his followers on the lands of Ardelve, on the opposite side of Loch Loung.

## EILEAN DONAN

The barony of Ellandonan then belonged to John Mackenzie, ninth Baron of Kintail. Kenneth, third Baron, who was son to Kenneth, the son of Colin Fitzgerald, received the patronymic appellation of *Mac-Kenneth*, or *MacKenny*, which descended from him to his posterity, as the surname of the family. John, Baron of Kintail, took a very active part in the general affairs of the kingdom. He fought gallantly at the battle of Flodden, under the banners of King James the Fourth ; was a member of the privy council in the reign of his son, and, at an advanced age, supported the standard of the unfortunate Mary, at the battle of Pinkie.

In the sixth generation from John, Baron of Kintail, the clan was, by his lineal descendant, William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, summoned, in 1715, to take up arms in the cause of the house of Stuart. On the failure of that spirited, but ill-fated enterprise, the Earl made his escape to the continent, where he lived for about eleven years. Meantime, his estate and honours were forfeited to the crown, and his castle was burnt. A steward was appointed to levy the rents of Kintail, on the King's behalf ; but the vassals spurned at his demands, and, while they carried on a successful



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defensive war, against a body of troops sent to subdue their obstinacy, in the course of which the unlucky steward had the misfortune to be slain, one of their number made a faithful collection of what was due, and carried the money to the Earl himself, who was at that time in Spain. The descendants of the man, to whom it was intrusted to convey to his lord this unequivocal proof of the honour, fidelity, and attachment of his people, are at this day distinguished by the designation of *Spaniard* ; as Duncan *the Spaniard*, etc. The estate was, a few years after the forfeiture, purchased from government, for behoof of the family, and reinvested in the person of his son.\*

\* This article on Eilean Donan was contributed to MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER by Colin Mackenzie of Portmore, a friend of Sir Walter Scott.

## BALLACHULISH AND GLENCOE

If the Spirit of the Campbells should ever be summoned for a day of reckoning, one scene from which its memory would shrink is the beautiful landscape that awaits it on the next page, of Ballachulish and the road leading to Glencoe.

The story of the Massacre of Glencoe has been told elsewhere in this book. Sixty years later, the Campbells hung on a gibbet on the south side of Ballachulish Ferry an innocent man, James Stewart of Appin, and his body was left on the gibbet as a warning to remember the Campbells.

In 1749, Colin Campbell of Glenure, a member of the Barcaldine branch of the clan, was appointed factor on the forfeited estates of Ardshiel in Appin, and of Callart and Mamore in Nether Lochaber. Appin was Stewart country and stretches south of Ballachulish. Nether Lochaber lies north of the ferry, and belonged to the Camerons.

## BALLACHULISH AND GLENCOE

It cannot be easy work to have charge of forfeited estates, and the Campbells were never loved by their neighbours. Glenure, however, managed things tactfully, and was on good terms especially with James Stewart, surnamed of the Glen.

Trouble first arose in the Cameron country. Glenure had put up to public auction a farm in Nether Lochaber, and allotted it to the highest bidder, Cameron of Fassiefern. This Cameron was a cousin of Glenure's, and a charge of favouritism was successfully preferred in Edinburgh against the factor. Glenure indeed would have been dismissed from his factorship had the chief of the Campbells not protested to the Minister in London.

To show his loyalty to Government, the factor, in the following spring, gave notice to certain tenants who were known to be Jacobites. Their cause (evidently a just one, for they paid their rents) was championed in Edinburgh by James of the Glen. James was followed to Edinburgh by Glenure, who maintained his case against the tenants. They were to be evicted on the term-day, Friday, May 14th, and to see that it was done the factor speeded home to Glenure on the previous Saturday.





## BALLACHULISH AND GLENCOE

What followed may be told by a descendant of the doomed man's brother :

When Colin got home from Edinburgh that Saturday, Allan was already staying at Fasnacloch, only a mile or so distant from Glenure House, doubtless to learn the exact day of Colin's return ; with him was a son of James Stewart and young Fasnacloch, concocting a plan of action.

On the Monday Glenure set out for Fort-William. He had indeed been warned of danger, but looked for it rather among the Camerons. On the following Thursday, when he arrived at Ballachulish Ferry, having successfully finished all his business, he remarked, ' I am safe, now that I am out of my mother's country.' That, however, was more due to good fortune than to anything else, for according to a tradition two plans to shoot Glenure on his way through Nether Lochaber had already been foiled. Glenure had got past the first spot before a certain Donald Macmartin was ready for him. At Onich the lairds of Callart and Onich were waiting for him. They could not, however, shoot ; for Mackenzie, Glenure's gillie, an Onich man, happened to be between him and them.

This apparently peaceable journey made Colin disregard the hint the ferryman gave him that it might be advisable to go by boat to Kentallen, and to keep out of gunshot range from the shore. At the inn, some few miles along the Appin coast, Glenure had arranged to meet Ballieveolan and spend the night. The evictions were to be carried out the following day. Clearly he had not the smallest suspicion of any danger in Appin.

## BALLACHULISH AND GLENCOE

In the meanwhile Allan Breck had not been idle. He too left Fasnacloich that same Monday accompanied by young Fasnacloich. That night he stayed at Acharn with James Stewart. He did not, however, see much of the father, but a good deal of the two sons. The next day Allan and young Fasnacloich made a round of calls at Ballachulish, Carnach (Macdonalds of Glencoe), and crossed Loch Leven to Callart, where Allan stayed over-night with the Camerons. On the Wednesday he was at Ballachulish House spending his time fishing. Young Ballachulish was there, and Allan stayed with those Stewarts over-night. On the fateful Thursday he was much about the ferry, making enquiries whether Glenure had crossed. The young hotheads of the district had evidently arranged under Allan's leadership what to do. These nights at Fasnacloich, Acharn, Callart, and Ballachulish gave them plenty of time to make their plans.

It was between four and five in the afternoon that Glenure crossed the ferry at Ballachulish, and proceeded to his proposed destination, thinking himself now quite safe from any possible attack. Old Ballachulish accompanied him to the boundary of his estate at the wood of Lettermore where the Ardshiel property began. Here the road climbs up among the trees which then grew thick far up the face of the mountain. The party were travelling in single file, first the sheriff officer, on foot ; then Mungo Campbell (a young Barcaldine nephew) and Glenure himself, both on horseback ; followed by a mounted servant with the luggage.

After the two foremost had passed the Black Rock where the track makes a bend, suddenly shots rang out, and Mungo

## BALLACHULISH AND GLENCOE

was horrified to hear his uncle exclaim, ' Oh, I'm dead : Mungo take care of your self ; the villain is going to shoot you.' Quickly dismounting Mungo turned back to Glenure, and then ' started up the brae where I imagined the shot came from '. He soon came in sight of a man with a gun, who, however, directly he was observed, made off up the hillside and disappeared. Glenure was still sitting astride his horse when Mungo returned, but he was speechless. As he was lowered to the ground he could only feebly loosen his shirt, and point to the wound, before he died.\*

The actual murderer was never discovered ; he is believed not to have been Allan Breck. The Campbells, of course, felt the deed as a ghastly insult to themselves, and determined that vengeance should fall on the head of the Stewarts, in whose country the murder had been committed. To please the Campbells, Government agreed. James of the Glen was accordingly charged, and tried at Inveraray. The prosecution, after immense research and expense, produced 150 witnesses, but no material evidence. Nevertheless, the verdict was unanimous that James was guilty. He went to his death in the spirit of Montrose, and for years afterwards his bones rattled in the wind at Ballachulish, until one of his kinsmen took them down at night and buried them in an Appin kirkyard.

\* THE BOOK OF BARCALDINE, *Rev. A. Campbell Fraser.*



# HOLYROOD ABBEY

*Edinburgh*

**H**olyrood to most of us spells Mary Queen of Scots and the room in the Palace where Rizzio was dragged to death before her eyes. Yet the Palace is no older than 1501, whereas for centuries before that date the Abbey of Holyrood had been, in times of peace, perhaps the most important building in Scotland. Under the early Jameses—that excellent brood of Kings whose history is only now becoming generally known—it was the favourite home of royalty. Holyrood is most closely associated with James II, the greatest of the Stewart Kings, for there he was born and christened, crowned and married : and there too he was buried. The Royal vault is at the south-east corner of the Abbey, the corner nearest in this picture ; and those who are curious in such matters may like to know that the mortal relics of James II and his beautiful Burgundian bride, Mary of Gueldres, lie there with those of David II, James V, Darnley and others.





## HOLYROOD ABBEY

Holyrood Abbey was founded by David I in 1128, the same year as Kelso. The picture shows a Romanesque doorway leading from the cloister into the nave : this is the only feature of the original building that now survives.

When Margaret, the saintly Queen of Scotland and mother of David I, fled from England in 1070, she brought with her ' a golden casket in the shape of a cross, bearing on the outside an image of the Saviour carved in ebony, and containing within a piece of the True Cross.' She died in Edinburgh Castle in 1093, and at her death she bequeathed this sacred relic to her sons. David I in his turn bequeathed it to the monks of his new Abbey, which he named after the Holy Rood, or Cross, that his mother had given him.

The Black Rood of Scotland, treasured as a national emblem no less precious than the Coronation Stone, was removed to England by Edward I in 1291. But the Treaty of Northampton in 1328, by which the independence of Scotland was at last recognised, brought it home again, and it might be in Edinburgh still, had David II not taken it with him—like the Ark of the Covenant—when he invaded England in the year of Crecy. He was utterly defeated at Neville's Cross, and

## HOLYROOD ABBEY

the Black Rood went as spoil to Durham Cathedral, whence it disappeared at the Reformation.

The right of sanctuary, which the Abbey precincts (alone in Scotland) still enjoy, was granted by David I. The right in these days has been somewhat limited.

‘Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,’ found shelter at Holyrood and was royally entertained. For this kindness his son, Henry IV, spared Holyrood when he invaded Scotland in 1400. Thirty years later, James I, with his English Queen, was at mass on Palm Sunday at Holyrood when the Lord of the Isles, Alexander MacDonald, appeared in the crowd, alone, clad in a shirt. Kneeling before the King, he offered him the hilt of his sword. He had rebelled the year before and burnt Inverness, and this was his Island manner of repentance. King James would have beheaded him, but the Queen interceded, and he was sent a prisoner to Tantallon Castle, which had just been built.

In that same year, 1430,

there were born unto the King two male twins, the sons of the King and Queen, whereat all people rejoiced with exceeding gladness throughout the realm, and because they were born in the monastery of Holyrood, bonfires were

## HOLYROOD ABBEY

lighted, flagons of wine and free meals were offered to all comers, while the most delectable harmony of musical instruments proclaimed all night long the praise and glory of God, for all his gifts and benefits.

The elder twin, Alexander, died an infant : but the younger, James II, justified the joy of the people at his birth.

His people loved him, and he them : he went among them careless of state and even of his own safety, accessible to any man who sought him, and friendly to any who aimed at the country's good : in time of war he was the comrade of the common soldiers, sharing the rations and quarters of his troops.

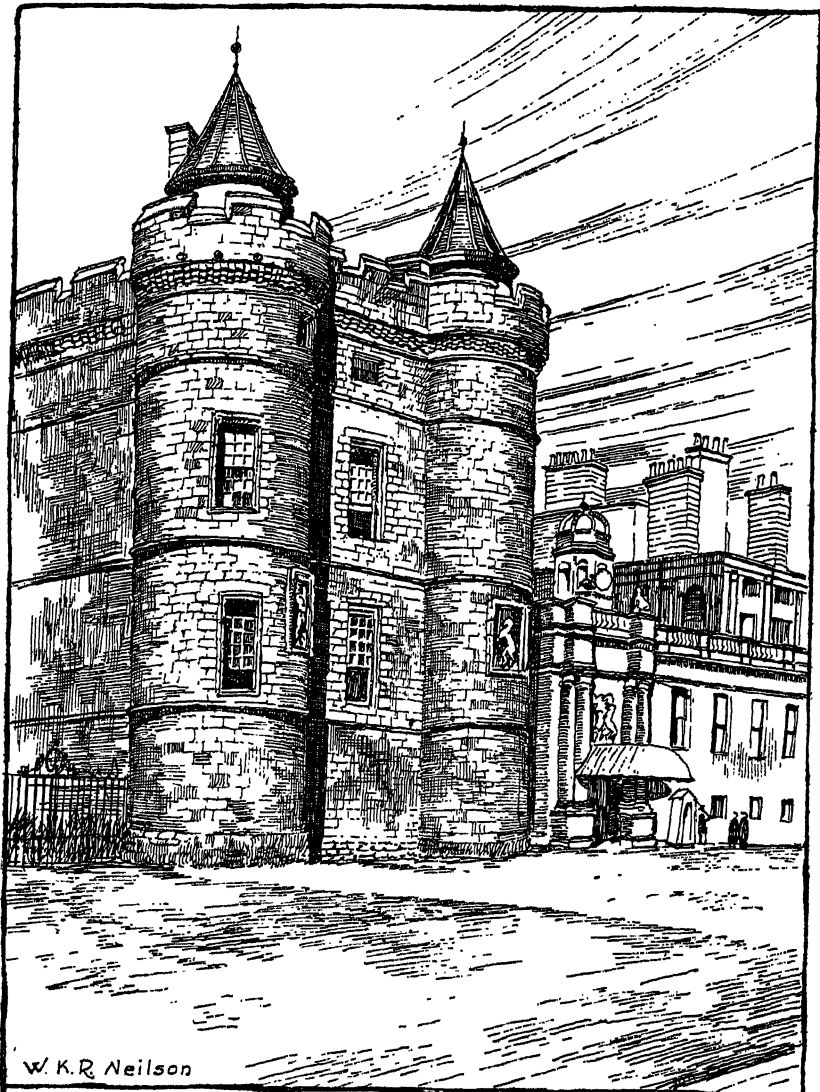
Like himself, his son and his grandson—James III and IV—were married at Holyrood. The first of these marriages brought Shetland and Orkney under the Scottish Crown : the second marriage united the Crowns of Scotland and England.

Holyrood Palace was begun by James IV in 1498, and in 1503 he had the pleasure—rather a weary pleasure it was to him—of welcoming there a bride, Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII. The north-west Tower, seen in Mr. Neilson's drawing, alone survived Hertford's raid in 1544, and it contains the apartments

## HOLYROOD ABBEY

both of Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots. She was in her private supper-room, with a small party of friends including the Italian musician Rizzio, when her husband suddenly entered, with Ruthven and other lords, and dragging Rizzio into the outer rooms, despatched him with fifty-six dagger wounds. The stain of his blood is still pointed out on the floor of the Audience Chamber, in which room Queen Mary held her interviews with John Knox in 1561. He tried to persuade her to give up the Catholic religion, but she held to her own.

Three months after the murder of Rizzio, Mary's son James VI (and I of England) was born in Edinburgh Castle, but there was never any love again between Darnley and the Queen. He was still only twenty when he was murdered the next year by Bothwell. It seems like a parody of history that a husband so young, and without any qualities to recommend him except such as would have appealed at first sight to a milkmaid, should have been suffered to ruin the chances of Mary Queen of Scots.



W.K.R. Neilson

*James Tower - Holyroodhouse.*



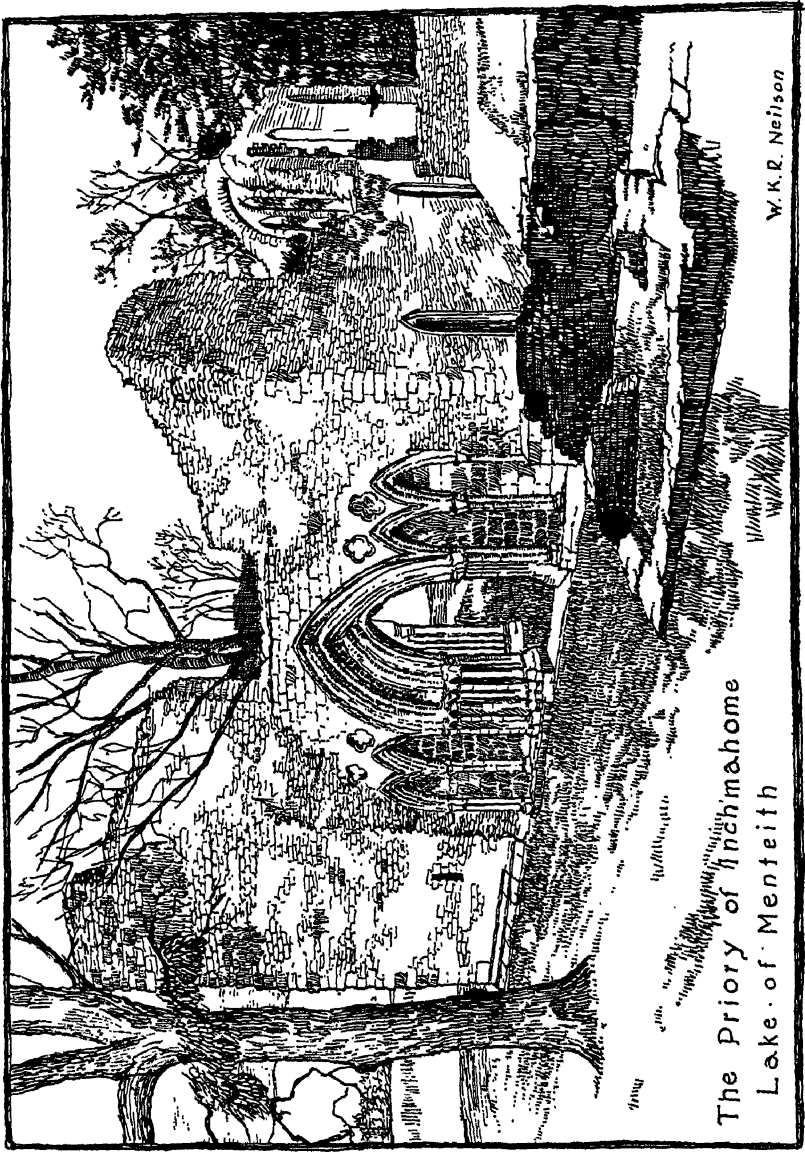
# INCHMAHOME PRIORY

*Lake of Menteith, Perthshire*

**T**he Priory of Inchmahome is chiefly celebrated as having been a shelter for Mary Queen of Scots at the age of five. After the Battle of Pinkie in 1547 it was necessary that a safe place should be found for the young Queen, since the English were exceedingly anxious to marry her to their Prince who in this year became Edward VI.

The bower where the young child played by the lake-side may still be seen. Miss Haldane in her book *Scots Gardens in old Times* tells how 'Queen Mary's Garden', as it is still called, was made for the little girl's pleasure that autumn. In July of the next year she sailed to France, of which country she became Queen before returning to Scotland eleven years later.

She must often have passed through the great west doorway—shown in the sketch opposite—on her way to worship in the Priory Church.



The Priory of Inchemahome  
Lake of Mentfeith

W. K. R. Neilson

## GLENSHIEL

*Inland of Loch Duich and Loch Alsh, Inverness-shire*

Let us leave history and rest for a moment on the banks of this stream, to ease our feet in the flowing water and our minds in the peace of the glen. The soft long grass, the birches, the boulders in the burn that invite you to cross and risk a wetting, the waterfall just out of sight beyond the rock—with the Isle of Skye a few miles off, if you went down the glen to Kyle of Loch Alsh—here is a good place to find yourself on a summer morning. The sky surely will be blue above those green peaks, and the burn will be the colour of amber. Trout will flick up and down it with lazy tails, and sheep will nuzzle the steep hillsides. If ever in this world you mean to be serenely happy, here and today is your chance. So convinced are we that our own witless control is essential for our own good, that even in a Highland glen very few of us completely relax. This may be due to well-founded instincts of self-preservation.





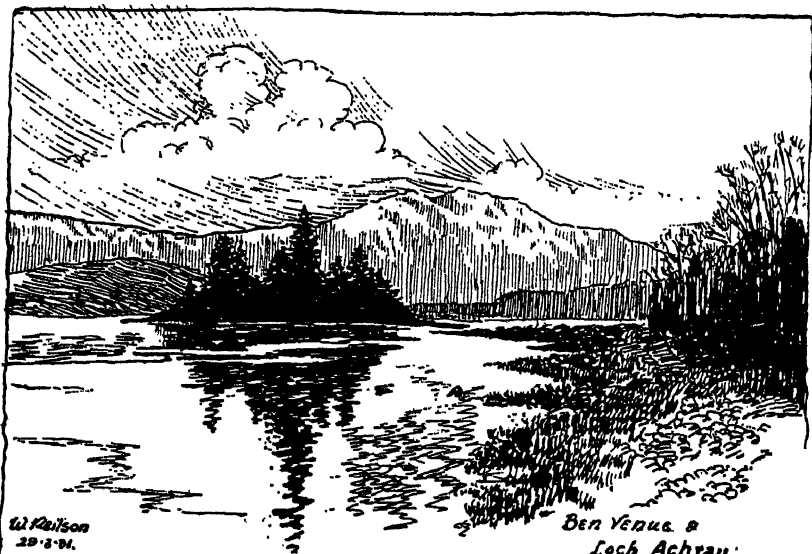
## GLENSHIEL

The Highlanders staged in this glen a battle between Spaniards (fighting for the Jacobites) and Dutchmen (for George I). It seems a long way for Spaniards and Dutchmen to come for a battle. The Frasers and Monroes were seconds for the Dutch, while the Spaniards had the backing of the Earl of Seaforth, the Marquis of Tullibardine, Keith the Earl-Marischal and their followers.

The reason why the Spaniards ever landed in Scotland in 1719, to support a Jacobite claim, is inextricably woven into European politics, and we need not spoil our peace by burrowing into that question. There should have been an invasion of England by 5000 Spaniards at the same time, but their fleet was wrecked before it reached the Bay of Biscay, and Scotland—as in 1715 and 1745—was left to carry the Jacobite colours alone. The invasion was very unskillfully managed. So much time was lost at Stornoway in disputing the plan of campaign and who was to lead it, that the Government got wind of the affair, and when the invaders established themselves at Eilean Donan—a Castle of the Mackenzies, on Loch Duich—they were battered out of it by three English men-of-war, and had to push on to Glenshiel. There they were met by General Wightman,

## GLENSHIEL

who had marched from Inverness with his Dutch troop and Highland followers aforesaid. The Highlanders on both sides stalked each other among the hill-tops, while the foreigners kept to the valley; after some desultory skirmishing it was agreed that the Spaniards—whose ships had already sailed home to Spain, and who were left without other means of conveyance—should be carried prisoners to Edinburgh. The Highlanders on the Jacobite side all escaped, but as a memorial to their visitors who had come so far to so little purpose, the hill which you see in the picture was named after the Spaniards.



*W. Neilson*  
29.3.04.

*Ben Venue &  
Loch Achray.*



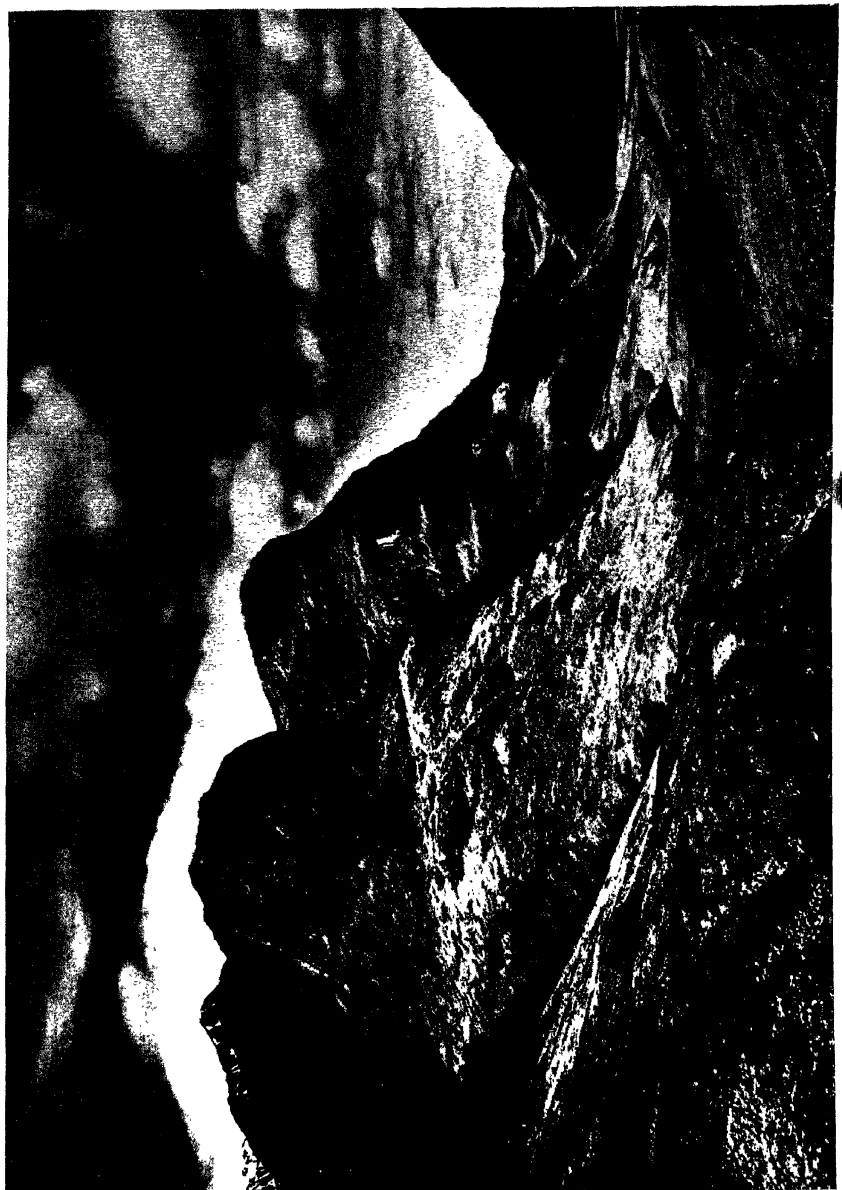
# GLENCOE

*Argyllshire*

*The Massacre of Glencoe took place, by the orders of William of Orange, on February 13th, 1692. The steps which led up to it are recounted by Aytoun in 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers'.*

Rumours, which are too clearly traceable to the emissaries of the new Government, asserting the preparation made for an immediate landing of King James at the head of a large body of the French, were industriously circulated, and by many were implicitly believed. The infamous policy which dictated such a course is now apparent. The term of the amnesty or truce granted by the proclamation expired with the year 1691, and all who had not taken the oath of allegiance before that term were to be proceeded against with the utmost severity. The proclamation was issued upon the 29th of August: consequently, only four months were allowed for the complete submission of the Highlands.

Not one of the chiefs subscribed until the mandate from King James arrived. That document, which is





## GLENCOE

dated from St. Germain on the 12th of December, 1691, reached Dunkeld eleven days afterwards, and, consequently, but a very short time before the indemnity expired. The bearer, Major Menzies, was so fatigued that he could proceed no farther on his journey, but forwarded the mandate by an express to the commander of the royal forces, who was then at Glengarry. It was therefore impossible that the document could be circulated through the Highlands within the prescribed period. Locheil, says Drummond of Balhaldy, did not receive his copy till about thirty hours before the time was out, and appeared before the sheriff at Inverara, where he took the oaths upon the very day on which the indemnity expired.

That a general massacre throughout the Highlands was contemplated by the Whig Government is a fact established by overwhelming evidence. In the course of the subsequent investigation before the Scots Parliament, letters were produced from Sir John Dalrymple, then Master of Stair, one of the secretaries of state in attendance upon the Court, which too clearly indicate the intentions of William. In one of these, dated 1st December, 1691—a month, be it observed, before the amnesty expired—and addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel

## GLENCOE

Hamilton, there are the following words : ‘ The winter is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains.’ And in another letter, written only two days afterwards, he says, ‘ It is the only time that they cannot escape you, for human constitution cannot endure to be long out of houses. This is the proper season to maule them in the cold long nights.’ And in January thereafter, he informed Sir Thomas Livingston that the design was ‘to destroy entirely the country of Lochaber, Locheil’s lands, Keppoch’s, Glengarry’s, Appin, and Glencoe. I assure you,’ he continues, ‘ your power shall be full enough, and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners.’

Locheil was more fortunate than others of his friends and neighbours. According to Drummond—‘ Major Menzies, who, upon his arrival, had observed the whole forces of the kingdom ready to invade the Highlands, as he wrote to General Buchan, foreseeing the unhappy consequences, not only begged that general to send expresses to all parts with orders immediately to submit, but also wrote to Sir Thomas Livingston, praying him to supplicate the Council for a prorogation of the time,

## GLENCOE

in regard that he was so excessively fatigued, that he was obliged to stop some days to repose a little ; and that though he should send expresses, yet it was impossible they could reach the distant parts in such time as to allow the several persons concerned the benefit of the indemnity within the space limited ; besides, that some persons having put the Highlanders in a bad temper, he was confident to persuade them to submit, if a further time were allowed. Sir Thomas presented this letter to the Council on the 5th of January, 1692, but they refused to give any answer, and ordered him to transmit the same to Court.'

The reply of William of Orange was a letter, countersigned by Dalrymple, in which, upon the recital that ' several of the chieftains and many of their clans have not taken the benefit of our gracious indemnity ', he gave orders for a general massacre. ' To that end, we have given Sir Thomas Livingston orders to employ our troops (which we have already conveniently posted) to cut off these obstinate rebels by all manner of hostility ; and we do require you to give him your assistance and concurrence in all other things that may conduce to that service ; and because these rebels, to avoid our forces, may draw themselves, their families,

## GLENCOE

goods, or cattle, to lurk or be concealed among their neighbours : therefore we require and authorise you to emit a proclamation, to be published at the market-crosses of these or the adjacent shires where the rebels reside, discharging upon the highest penalties the law allows, any reset, correspondence, or intercommuning with these rebels.' This monstrous mandate, which was in fact the death-warrant of many thousand innocent people, no distinction being made of age or sex, would, in all human probability, have been put into execution, but for the remonstrance of one high-minded nobleman. Lord Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, accidentally became aware of the proposed massacre, and personally remonstrated with the monarch against a measure which he denounced as at once cruel and impolitic. After much discussion, William, influenced rather by an apprehension that so savage and sweeping an act might prove fatal to his new authority, than by any compunction or impulse of humanity, agreed to recall the general order, and to limit himself, in the first instance, to a single deed of butchery, by way of testing the temper of the nation. Some difficulty seems to have arisen in the selection of the fittest victim. Both Keppoch and Glencoe were named, but the per-

## GLENCOE

sonal rancour of Secretary Dalrymple decided the doom of the latter. The secretary wrote thus : ‘ Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I rejoice. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable set.’ The final instructions regarding Glencoe, which were issued on 16th January, 1692, are as follows :

‘ WILLIAM R.—As for M’Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of thieves. W. R.’

This letter is remarkable as being signed and countersigned by William alone, contrary to the usual practice. The secretary was no doubt desirous to screen himself from after responsibility, and was besides aware that the royal signature would ensure a rigorous execution of the sentence.

Macdonald, or, as he was more commonly designed, McIan of Glencoe, was the head of a considerable sept or branch of the great Clan-Coila, and was lineally descended from the ancient Lords of the Isles, and from the royal family of Scotland—the common ancestor of the Macdonalds having espoused a daughter of Robert II. He was, according to a contemporary testimony,



## GLENCOE

‘ a person of great integrity, honour, good nature, and courage ; and his loyalty to his old master, King James, was such, that he continued in arms from Dundee’s first appearing in the Highlands, till the fatal treaty that brought on his ruin.’ In common with the other chiefs, he had omitted taking the benefit of the indemnity until he received the sanction of King James : but the copy of that document which was forwarded to him, unfortunately arrived too late. The weather was so excessively stormy at the time that there was no possibility of penetrating from Glencoe to Inverara, the place where the sheriff resided, before the expiry of the stated period ; and McIan accordingly adopted the only practicable mode of signifying his submission, by making his way with great difficulty to Fort William, then called Inverlochy, and tendering his signature to the military Governor there. That officer was not authorised to receive it, but, at the earnest entreaty of the chief, he gave him a certificate of his appearance and tender ; and on New-Year’s Day 1692, McIan reached Inverara, where he produced that paper as evidence of his intentions, and prevailed upon the sheriff, Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, to administer the oaths required. After that ceremony, which was immediately

## GLENCOE

intimated to the Privy Council, had been performed, the unfortunate gentleman returned home, in the full conviction that he had thereby made peace with Government for himself and for his clan. But his doom was already sealed.

A company of the Earl of Argyle's regiment had been previously quartered at Glencoe. These men, though Campbells, and hereditarily obnoxious to the Macdonalds, Camerons, and other of the loyal clans, were yet countrymen, and were kindly and hospitably received. Their captain, Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, was connected with the family of Glencoe through the marriage of a niece, and was resident under the roof of the chief. And yet this was the very troop selected for the horrid service.

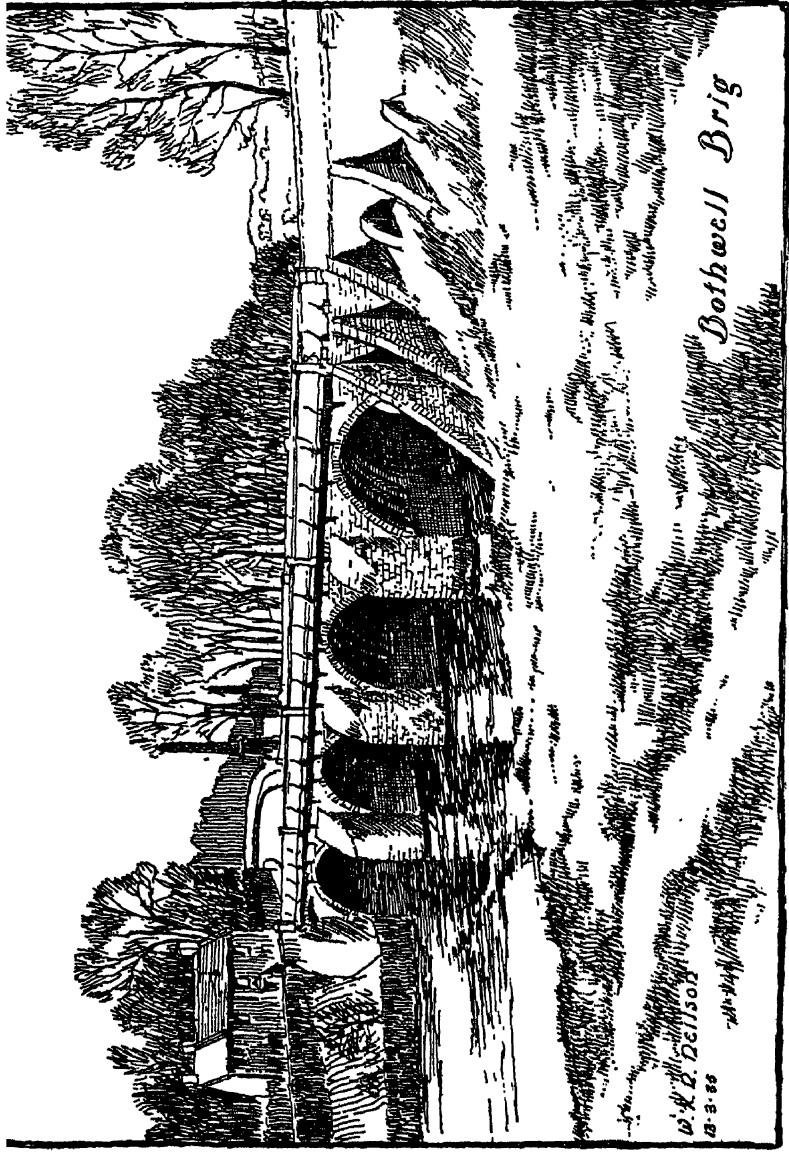
. . . At the appointed hour, when the whole inhabitants of the glen were asleep, the work of murder began. McIan was one of the first who fell.

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

*River Clyde, Lanarkshire, nine miles above Glasgow*

*The present Bridge, shown in Mr. Neilson's drawing, was built in 1826. The original Bridge, which was still standing when Scott wrote his account of the Battle, was 12 feet wide, and rose steeply to the centre.*

It has been often remarked, that the Scottish, notwithstanding their national courage, were always unsuccessful when fighting for their religion. The cause lay, not in the principle, but in the mode of its application. A leader, like Mahomet, who is at the same time the prophet of his tribe, may avail himself of religious enthusiasm, because it comes to the aid of discipline, and is a powerful means of attaining the despotic command, essential to the success of a general. But, among the insurgents, in the reigns of the last Stuarts, were mingled preachers, who taught different shades of the Presbyterian doctrine; and, minute as these shades sometimes were, neither the several shepherds, nor their flocks, could cheerfully unite in a



*Bothwell Brig*

W. & L. DILLON  
18-3-88

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

common cause. This will appear from the transactions leading to the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

We have seen that the party, which defeated Claverhouse at Loudon Hill, were Cameronians, whose principles consisted in disowning all temporal authority, which did not flow from and through the Solemn League and Covenant. This doctrine, which is still retained by a scattered remnant of the sect in Scotland, is in theory and would be in practice, inconsistent with the safety of any well-regulated government, because the Covenanters deny to their governors that toleration, which was iniquitously refused to themselves. In many respects, therefore, we cannot be surprised at the anxiety and rigour with which the Cameronians were persecuted, although we may be of opinion that milder means would have induced a melioration of their principles. These men, as already noticed, excepted against such Presbyterians as were contented to exercise their worship under the indulgence granted by government, or, in other words, who would have been satisfied with toleration for themselves, without insisting upon a revolution in the state, or even in the church establishment.

When, however, the success at Loudon Hill was spread abroad, a number of preachers, gentlemen, and

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

common people, who had embraced the more moderate doctrine, joined the army of Hamilton, thinking that the difference in their opinions ought no longer to prevent their acting in the common cause. The insurgents were repulsed in an attack upon the town of Glasgow, which, however, Claverhouse, shortly afterwards, thought it necessary to evacuate. They were now nearly in full possession of the west of Scotland, and pitched their camp at Hamilton, where, instead of modelling and disciplining their army, the Cameronians and Erastians (for so the violent insurgents chose to call the more moderate Presbyterians) only debated, in council of war, the real cause of their being in arms. Robert Hamilton, their general, was the leader of the first party ; Mr. John Walsh, a minister, headed the Erastians. The latter so far prevailed, as to get a declaration drawn up, in which they owned the King's government ; but the publication of it gave rise to new quarrels. Each faction had its own set of leaders, all of whom aspired to be officers ; and there were actually two councils of war issuing contrary orders and declarations at the same time ; the one owning the King, and the other designing him a malignant, bloody, and perjured tyrant.

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

Meanwhile, their numbers and zeal were magnified at Edinburgh, and great alarm excited lest they should march eastward. Not only was the foot militia instantly called out, but proclamations were issued, directing all the heritors, in the eastern, southern, and northern shires, to repair to the King's host, with their best horses, arms, and retainers. In Fife, and other countries, where the Presbyterian doctrines prevailed, many gentlemen disobeyed this order, and were afterwards severely fined. Most of them alleged, in excuse, the apprehension of disquiet from their wives. A respectable force, however, was soon assembled; and James, Duke of Buccleuch and Monmouth, was sent down, by Charles II, to take the command, furnished with instructions, not unfavourable to the Presbyterians. The royal army now moved slowly forward towards Hamilton, and reached Bothwell moor on the 22nd of June, 1679. The insurgents were encamped chiefly in the Duke of Hamilton's park, along the Clyde, which separated the two armies. Bothwell bridge, which is long and narrow, had then a portal in the middle, with gates, which the Covenanters shut, and barricadoed with stones and logs of timber. This important post was defended by three hundred of their

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

best men, under Hackston of Rathillet, and Hall of Haughhead. Early in the morning, this party crossed the bridge, and skirmished with the royal vanguard, now advanced as far as the village of Bothwell. But Hackston speedily retired to his post, at the end of Bothwell bridge.

While the dispositions, made by the Duke of Monmouth, announced his purpose of assailing the pass, the more moderate of the insurgents resolved to offer terms. Ferguson of Kaitloch, a gentleman of landed fortune, and David Hume, a clergyman, carried to the Duke of Monmouth a supplication, demanding free exercise of their religion, a free parliament, and a free general assembly of the church. The Duke heard their demands with his natural mildness, and assured them he would interpose with his Majesty in their behalf, on condition of their immediately dispersing themselves, and yielding up their arms. Had the insurgents been all of the moderate opinion, this proposal would have been accepted, much bloodshed saved, and, perhaps, some permanent advantage derived to their party ; or had they been all Cameronians, their defence would have been fierce and desperate. But, while their motley and misassorted officers were



## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

debating upon the Duke's proposal, his field-pieces were already planted on the western side of the river, to cover the attack of the foot guards, who were led on by Lord Livingstone to force the bridge. Here Hackston maintained his post with zeal and courage ; nor was it until all his ammunition was expended, and every support denied him by the general, that he reluctantly abandoned the important pass. When his party was drawn back, the Duke's army, slowly, and with their cannon in front, defiled along the bridge, and formed in line of battle, as they came over the river ; the Duke commanded the foot, and Claverhouse the cavalry.

It would seem, that these movements could not have been performed without at least some loss, had the enemy been serious in opposing them. But the insurgents were otherwise employed. With the strangest delusion that ever fell upon devoted beings, they chose these precious moments to cashier their officers, and elect others in their room. In this important operation, they were at length disturbed by the Duke's cannon, at the very first discharge of which the horse of the Covenanters wheeled, and rode off, breaking and trampling down the ranks of their infantry in their

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

flight. The Cameronian account blames Weir of Greenridge, a commander of the horse, who is termed a sad Achan in the camp. The more moderate party lay the whole blame on Hamilton, whose conduct, they say, left the world to debate, whether he was most traitor, coward, or fool. The generous Monmouth was anxious to spare the blood of his infatuated countrymen, by which he incurred much blame among the high-flying royalists. Lucky it was for the insurgents that the battle did not happen a day later, when old General Dalzell, who divided with Claverhouse the terror and hatred of the Whigs, arrived in the camp, with a commission to supersede Monmouth, as commander-in-chief. He is said to have upbraided the Duke, publicly, with his lenity, and heartily to have wished his own commission had come a day sooner, when, as he expressed himself, 'These rogues should never more have troubled the King or country.' But, notwithstanding the merciful orders of the Duke of Monmouth, the cavalry made great havoc among the fugitives, of whom four hundred were slain.\*

\* MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, *Sir Walter Scott*.

# RED HILLS OF SKYE

*Three miles west of Broadford*

**T**he east side of Skye, where this picture is taken, belonged to the MacKinnons, who were at constant odds with their neighbours the Macdonalds (of Trotternish in the north, and Sleat in the south), and the Macleods who flourished in the west (Vaternish and Dunvegan) and about the Coolin. The island came into the limelight of Scottish history on the day when Flora Macdonald, setting a course from Benbecula to Vaternish Point, brought Prince Charlie 'over the sea to Skye'. Returning from a brief visit to Raasay, the Prince met at Elgol, on Loch Scavaig, the old Chief of MacKinnon, who took the management of affairs into his own hands; the same night John MacKinnon and four proud boatmen rowed the Prince across to Mallaig. His subsequent wanderings in Morar are described on pages 210-213.

The real importance of Skye in Scottish annals is the fact of its having formed part of the Earldom of





## RED HILLS OF SKYE

Ross. This earldom included, besides Skye, the present county of Ross and Cromarty, parts of Nairn and Aberdeenshire, and some territory in the north of Inverness-shire. Stretching across the whole width of Scotland, it was a mighty possession, and in 1402 it passed to a little girl, Euphemia, who instead of becoming a much-admired heiress, was persuaded instead to become a nun.

In the eyes of the law, she now no longer existed, and the Earldom of Ross should have gone to her father's sister, who had married Donald of the Isles. There was no other heir. This is not to say there was no other claimant; the Regent Albany declared that the little heiress—his grand-daughter—had, before taking the veil, presented the property to her mother's brother, the Regent's second son. The question, therefore, which Euphemia had to take with her into the cloister was whether Uncle John or Uncle Donald should succeed to her earldom.

This was the issue decided at the battle of Harlaw. If Skye and the great mainland properties of the Earl of Ross should come under the Lord of the Isles, his power would be too formidable for a Scots government to curb, and it was realised at the time that the ensuing

## RED HILLS OF SKYE

battle would be decisive in Scottish history. That the Crown and not the Isles triumphed, was due (as we shall see later) to the Earl of Mar. This earl, if he had any taste for history, must have taken a sentimental (as well as a practical) interest in the day's proceedings, since if he had been the legitimate, and not an illegitimate, son of his father, he would himself have been the undisputed Earl of Ross, and there would have been nothing to fight about. His father's wife, Euphemia, Countess of Ross, whom he deserted (see page 70), was the grandmother of Euphemia the nun.

For this invasion, Donald gathered his clansmen at Ardtornish, in Morven, and landing at Strome, passed up the shores of Loch Carron, which in its springtime dress you see in the illustration opposite, and so to Dingwall and Inverness.

The whole of this West Coast, as Mr. Adam's photographs show, is so beautiful that you will want to give history a brief, or it may be a long, farewell, until you have come to a deeper acquaintance with the Highlands and Islands themselves.









M.A. H. H. H. H.  
7 & 9.

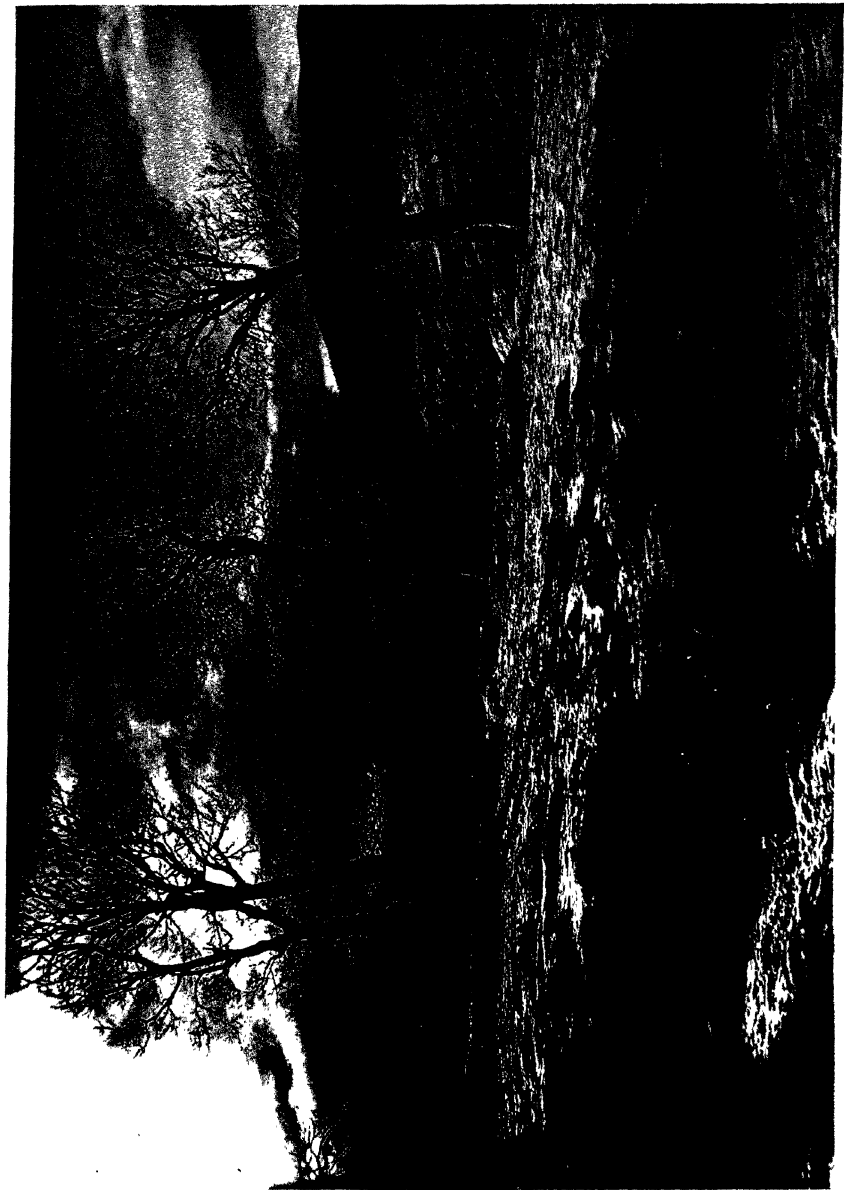
Lord W. & S. H. H.  
from St. Petersburg  
Wester Ross.

# KILLIECRANKIE

*Three miles north of Pitlochry, Perthshire*

*Graham of Claverhouse here defeated the Government army sent against him under General Mackay (July 27th, 1689). The battle took place on the far hill-side seen through the trees.*

Imitating the example, and inheriting the enthusiasm of his great predecessor Montrose, he invoked the loyalty of the clans to assist him in the struggle for legitimacy,—and he did not appeal to them in vain. His name was a spell to rouse the ardent spirits of the mountaineers ; and not the Great Marquis himself, in the height of his renown, was more sincerely welcomed and more fondly loved than ‘ Iain Dubh nan Catha’,—dark John of the Battles,—the name by which Lord Dundee is still remembered in Highland song. In the meantime the Convention, terrified at their danger, and dreading a Highland inroad, had despatched Mackay, a military officer of great experience, with a considerable body of troops, to quell the threatened insurrection. He was encountered by Dundee, and





## KILLIECRANKIE

compelled to evacuate the high country and fall back upon the Lowlands, where he subsequently received reinforcements, and again marched northward. The Highland host was assembled at Blair, though not in great force, when the news of Mackay's advance arrived; and a council of the chiefs and officers was summoned, to determine whether it would be most advisable to fall back upon the glens and wild fastnesses of the Highlands, or to meet the enemy at once, though with a far inferior force.

Most of the old officers, who had been trained in the foreign wars, were of the former opinion—'alleging that it was neither prudent nor cautious to risk an engagement against an army of disciplined men, that exceeded theirs in number by more than a half'. But both Glengarry and Lochiel, to the great satisfaction of the General, maintained the contrary view, and argued that neither hunger nor fatigue was so likely to depress the Highlanders as a retreat when the enemy was in view. The account of the discussion is so interesting, and so characteristic of Dundee, that I shall take leave to quote its termination in the words of Drummond of Balhaldy :

'An advice so hardy and resolute could not miss to

## KILLIECRANKIE

please the generous Dundee. His looks seemed to heighten with an air of delight and satisfaction all the while Lochiel was speaking. He told his council that they had heard his sentiments from the mouth of a person who had formed his judgment upon infallible proofs drawn from a long experience, and an intimate acquaintance with the persons and subject he spoke of. Not one in the company offering to contradict their general, it was unanimously agreed to fight.

‘ When the news of this vigorous resolution spread through the army, nothing was heard but acclamations of joy, which exceedingly pleased their gallant general ; but before the council broke up, Lochiel begged to be heard for a few words. “ My Lord,” said he, “ I have just now declared, in presence of this honourable company, that I was resolved to give an implicit obedience to all your Lordship’s commands ; but I humbly beg leave, in name of these gentlemen, to give the word of command for this one time. It is the voice of your council, and their orders are that you do not engage personally. Your Lordship’s business is to have an eye on all parts, and to issue out your commands as you shall think proper ; it is ours to execute them with promptitude and courage. On your Lordship depends

## KILLIECRANKIE

the fate, not only of this little brave army, but also of our king and country. If your Lordship deny us this reasonable demand, for my own part I declare, that neither I, nor any I am concerned in, shall draw a sword on this important occasion, whatever construction shall be put upon the matter.”

‘Lochiel was seconded in this by the whole council ; but Dundee begged leave to be heard in his turn. “Gentlemen,” said he, “as I am absolutely convinced, and have had repeated proofs, of your zeal for the King’s service, and of your affection to me as his general and your friend, so I am fully sensible that my engaging personally this day may be of some loss if I shall chance to be killed. But I beg leave of you, however, to allow me to give one *shear darg* (that is, one harvest-day’s work) to the King, my master, that I may have an opportunity of convincing the brave clans that I can hazard my life in that service as freely as the meanest of them. Ye know their temper, gentlemen ; and if they do not think I have personal courage enough, they will not esteem me hereafter, nor obey my commands with cheerfulness. Allow me this single favour, and I here promise, upon my honour, never again to risk my person while I have that of commanding you.”



## KILLIECRANKIE

‘ The council, finding him inflexible, broke up, and the army marched directly towards the Pass of Killiecrankie.’

Those who have visited that romantic spot need not be reminded of its peculiar features, for these, once seen, must dwell for ever in the memory. The lower part of the Pass is a stupendous mountain-chasm, scooped out by the waters of the Garry, which here descend in a succession of roaring cataracts and pools. The old road, which ran almost parallel to the river and close upon its edge, was extremely narrow, and wound its way beneath a wall of enormous crags, surmounted by a natural forest of birch, oak and pine. An army cooped up in that gloomy ravine would have as little chance of escape from the onset of an enterprising partisan corps, as had the Bavarian troops when attacked by the Tyrolese in the steep defiles of the Inn. General Mackay, however, had made his arrangements with consummate tact and skill, and had calculated his time so well, that he was enabled to clear the Pass before the Highlanders could reach it from the other side. Advancing upwards, the passage becomes gradually broader, until, just below the House of Urrard, there is a considerable width of meadowland. It was here that

## KILLIECRANKIE

Mackay took up his position, and arrayed his troops, on observing that the heights above were occupied by the army of Dundee.

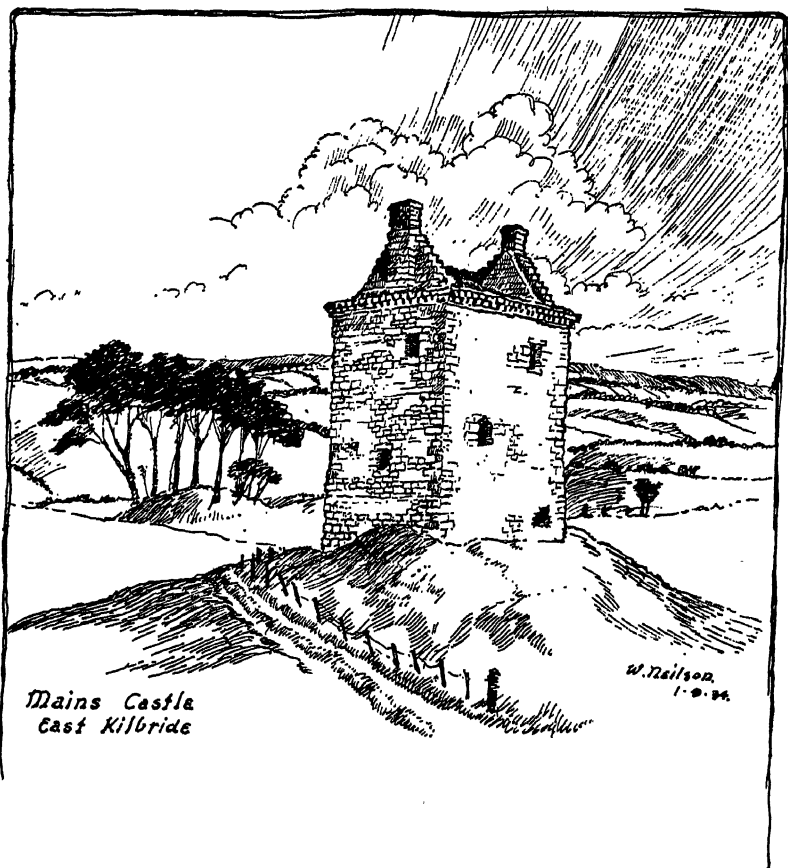
The forces of the latter scarcely amounted to one-third of those of his antagonist, which were drawn up in line without any reserve. He was therefore compelled, in making his dispositions, to leave considerable gaps in his own line, which gave Mackay a further advantage. The right of Dundee's army was formed of the M'Lean, Glengarry, and Clanranald regiments, along with some Irish levies. In the centre was Dundee himself, at the head of a small and ill-equipped body of cavalry, composed of Lowland gentlemen and their followers, and about forty of his old troopers. The Camerons and Skyemen, under the command of Lochiel and Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, were stationed on the left. During the time occupied by these dispositions, a brisk cannonade was opened by Mackay's artillery, which materially increased the impatience of the Highlanders to come to close quarters. At last the word was given to advance, and the whole line rushed forward with the terrific impetuosity peculiar to a charge of the clans. They received the fire of the regular troops without flinching, reserved their own until they were close at

## KILLIECRANKIE

hand, poured in a murderous volley, and then, throwing away their firelocks, attacked the enemy with the broadsword.

The victory was almost instantaneous, but it was bought at a terrible price. Through some mistake or misunderstanding, a portion of the cavalry, instead of following their general, who had charged directly for the guns, executed a manœuvre which threw them into disorder ; and when last seen in the battle, Dundee, accompanied only by the Earl of Dunfermline and about sixteen gentlemen, was entering into the cloud of smoke, standing up in his stirrups, and waving to the others to come on. It was in this attitude that he appears to have received his death-wound. On returning from the pursuit, the Highlanders found him dying on the field.\*

\* LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS, *William Edmondstone Aytoun*.



*Mains Castle  
Cast Kilbride*

*W. Neilson  
1. 9. 04*

# DOUGLAS CASTLE

*Nine miles south of Lanark*

**T**he exploit is well known how the Good Lord James captured his home castle of Douglas from the English on Palm Sunday 1307. It was soon after he had landed with Bruce at Turnberry (see page 6). The English garrison marched according to their Sunday practice down what is now the avenue of Douglas Castle to St. Bride's Chapel half a-mile away, and were at their devotions when the shout of 'Douglas!' interrupted them. A Scot, known afterwards as 'Doughty Dickson,' gave the cry a little too soon, before Douglas had come up, and he was mortally slashed by the English while holding open the door. He held it until Douglas and his men appeared, and after a sharp struggle in the church the Scots won.

We can imagine the tremendous relish with which they ate the Sunday dinner that the cook had been preparing for the English garrison. When every man was satisfied, the rest was thrown pell-mell, with the bodies





## DOUGLAS CASTLE

of dead men and horses, into a heap described as the Douglas Larder. Then the Scots, knowing that the castle could not be held for long against the English, melted away into the countryside, and Douglas returned to Bruce. The sheer 'cheek' of this adventure impressed both the Scots and the English enormously. They could never tell when Douglas would do something like it again, and the Scots were encouraged as much as the English were disheartened. The west end of the Chapel has been nearly all destroyed, though some of the arches of the Nave can still be seen. The Choir is fortunately preserved, and contains the tombs of the Good Lord James himself and of two of his descendants, the fifth and seventh Earls of Douglas, who died in 1438 and 1443. Both Earls were succeeded by a young and proud son; the power of the Douglasses at that time was nearly equal to the Crown's. Each of these young Earls, as he walked down the Nave of the Chapel from his father's funeral, must have had great visions of what he would do and become in the splendid life ahead of him; and each, within a few years, was killed—the first in the Banqueting Hall of Edinburgh Castle, when a Black Bull's head was placed on the table as a sign that he and his brother were to die; and the

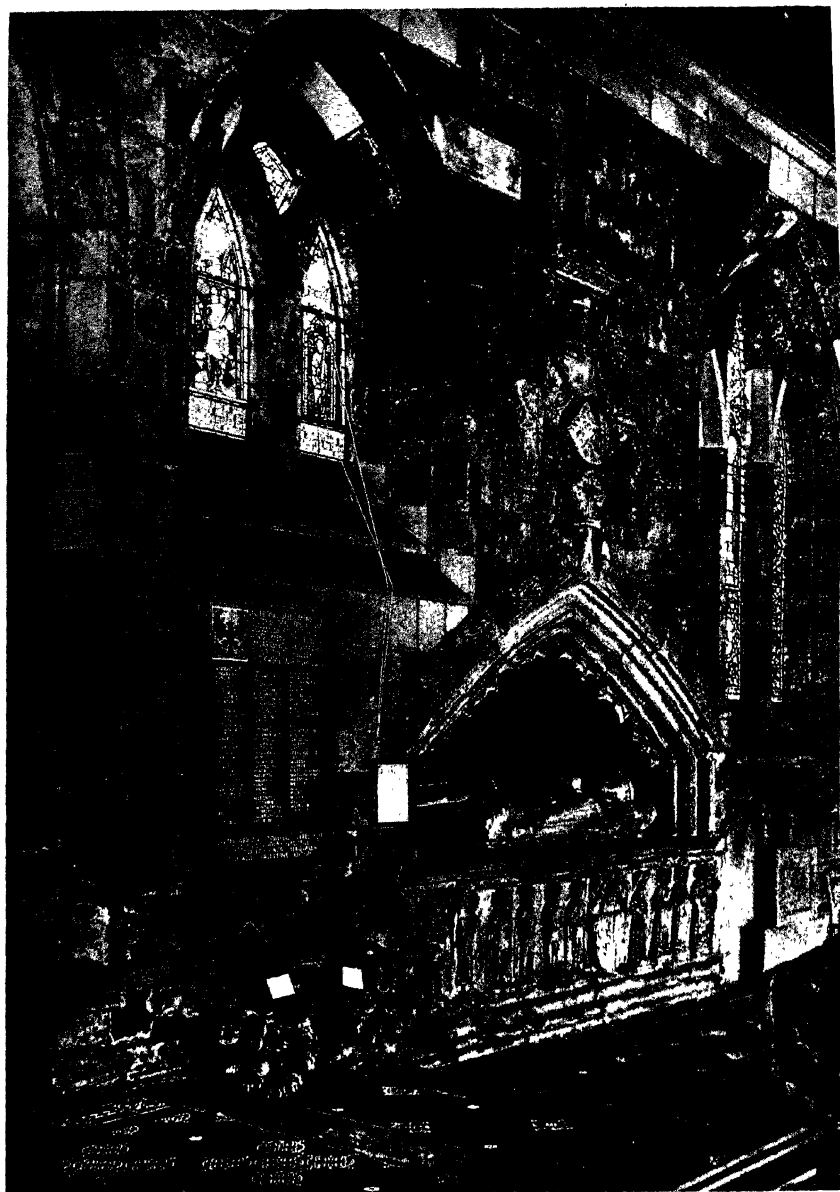


## ST. BRIDE'S CHAPEL, DOUGLAS

second in Stirling Castle, stabbed by the King's own hand.

The illustration opposite has been taken by kind permission of the Earl of Home, and shows the tomb of James the Gross, seventh Earl of Douglas. Below can be seen small effigies of his six sons and his four daughters, of whom the three elder wear head-dresses to show that they married. The eldest son was the young Earl stabbed at Stirling, and the second was James Douglas, who ended his turbulent career in Lindores Abbey (page 37). The others were stout fighters too, one of them defeating the English at the River Sark in 1449. The window above the tomb, a little to the left, contains glass of the fourteenth century, which was brought here from Canterbury within recent times.

Opposite James the Gross lies the Good Lord James. His tomb was exposed to the weather and to the playful attentions of the village children for many years until the restoration of the Chapel was taken in hand by the present Earl's father. It can still be seen that the Good Lord James was a mighty man, and perhaps the extreme simplicity of his tomb serves to deepen the impression. His heart is separately preserved in a glass case in the Chapel, beside the heart of Archibald Bell-





## DOUGLAS CHAPEL

the-Cat, which that nobleman lost to Janet Kennedy (page 160).

The belfry tower of the Chapel is three hundred years old, and contains a clock which was presented to Douglas in 1565 by Mary Queen of Scots, on the occasion of her marriage to Darnley, whose mother was a Douglas. It is the oldest working clock in Scotland.

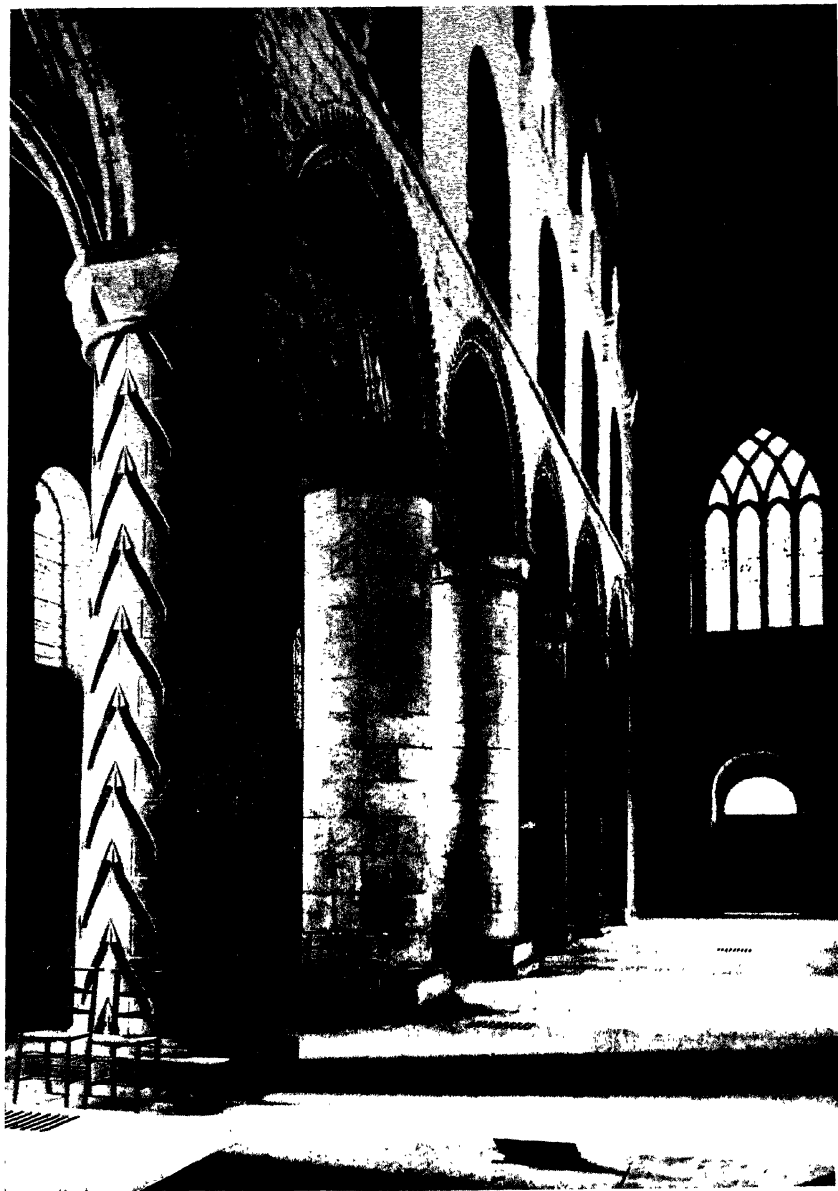
South of the chapel is the Sun Inn, the oldest house in Douglas (1621), which was used as a prison. After the skirmish of Aird's Moss (page 196), in which Richard Cameron, the Covenanting preacher, was killed, his head and hands were brought to Douglas and lay for a night here in the Stane Room, before being taken to Edinburgh. Nine years later the Cameronian regiment was raised at Douglas by the Earl of Angus, and beside his statue a conventicle is held every year on the Sunday nearest the 14th May, the day on which the regiment was raised.

# DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

*Five miles north-west of North Queensferry, Fife*

*The following passage, to the top of page 331, is taken, by permission, from the article by Professor T. H. Bryce on 'The Skull of King Robert the Bruce,' Scottish Historical Review (January 1926).*

**I**n the year 1916 Dr. Macgregor Chalmers, excavating under the floor of the ruins of the Norman nave, discovered the foundations of an early Saxon church. It consisted of a western tower, a small nave, and a rather larger choir with eastern apse. This was the eleventh-century church of Queen Margaret dedicated to the Holy Trinity. It was replaced by, or rather incorporated in, a much larger church begun under Alexander I, continued under David I, and consecrated in 1150. This twelfth-century church of David I consisted of the Norman nave we still see, and of a Monk's Choir which, *kest down* in 1560, now lies under the modern church of 1821. There was a central tower and north and south transepts. The choir had an apsidal ending and two aisles. In the thirteenth





## DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

century this choir, after the prevailing fashion, was extended eastwards. The apse was done away with, and a Chapel, rectangular in form, now occupied the eastern termination of the church. To this the bones of St. Margaret and also, it is believed, of Malcolm III were translated with great pomp in 1250. A new aisle was added to the choir on its northern side in the fourteenth century. There was no fresh consecration of the thirteenth-century additions. A papal decision of 1249 decreed that this was not required in view of the fact that the walls of the church in great part perdured in their original condition (*pro maiori parte in pristino statu perdurent*). That the walls referred to were those of the choir, and not as Henderson and others have reasoned of the nave, can hardly be doubted.

It is certainly known that Dunfermline was the last resting-place of Queen Margaret and Malcolm III and of a number of their successors, but the almost complete destruction of the old choir, and its final submergence under the modern nineteenth-century church, together with the disappearance or removal of any monuments or inscribed slabs that may have existed, has left only the site of the shrine of St. Margaret beyond the range of doubt or argument.



## DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

Queen Margaret was laid in the year 1093 before the high altar of the early Saxon church. The bones of Malcolm III, which lay for many years at Tynemouth, were removed by Alexander I and placed near the same altar, but rather further eastwards and to the north of the grave of his queen. Here, too, Edward, Edgar, and Alexander I, their sons, were buried, and thence in 1250 the remains of St. Margaret were translated to the shrine in the eastern Chapel. Five graves were met with in the course of Dr. Macgregor Chalmers' explorations, and stone coffins found here at other times are exhibited in the church.

When the new twelfth-century church was constructed the high altar of the old church became the rood altar, placed before the rood screen and rood loft of the new church, and hence a certain confusion occurs regarding the sites of the royal interments as defined in the old chronicles. . . .

All the royal tombs later than 1150 must have been located in the choir of the twelfth-century church. The first to be laid here was David I in 1153. John of Fordun says 'He was buried in state in the pavement before the high altar of the church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline which, first founded by his

## DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

father and mother, had been added to in property and buildings by his brother Alexander, while he himself also had loaded and endowed it with more ample gifts and honours ; and he was laid there, at a good old age, beside his parents and brothers.' The high altar here mentioned was that of the church of David's time, not that of the original church of Malcolm and Margaret.

The end of the year 1165 saw Malcolm IV buried beside his grandfather. 'The most godly King Malcolm fell asleep in the Lord at Jedworth ; and his body was brought, by nearly all the prominent persons of the kingdom, in great state, to Dunfermline. . . . It rests interred in the middle of the floor, in front of the high altar, on the right of his grandfather David.'

William the Lion, who succeeded to the throne of his brother Malcolm, died on December 4th, 1214, and was buried in accordance with his own directions in the church of the Monastery of Arbroath 'which he had himself caused to be built up from the very foundations, to the honour of God and St. Thomas the Martyr, Archbishop of Canterbury'. The next monarch, Alexander II, was also laid at the place of his own adoption in the Abbey Church of Melrose on August 8th, 1249. The succeeding Scottish King, Alexander

## DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

III, was buried at Dunfermline. He died in 1286, so that 120 years had elapsed since the interment of Malcolm IV, and meantime the eastward extension of the choir and the construction of the chapel for St. Margaret's shrine had been completed. A question next arises as to the position of the high altar in the rearranged choir. In the earlier apsed choir it would occupy the line of the chord of the apse, and we can readily place the tombs of David I and Malcolm IV in the floor before it, marked perhaps by stone slabs or brasses. . . .

King Robert was the last male of the royal line to be buried within the church of Dunfermline, but Elizabeth his wife, Matilda his daughter, and Christina his sister, were all laid there, as was also Annabella, wife of Robert III. Three years after his master was entombed in the choir, the Regent, Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, was buried on the spot which he himself had ordained in a charter of 1321, namely, in the Lady Chapel below the Conventual Church. His body therefore did not lie in the same area as those of the royalties.

Coming now to the position of the tomb of Robert the Bruce, we read in Barbour's poem :

## DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

With gret fair and solempnite  
Thai haue him had till Dunfermlyne  
And hym solempnly erdit syne  
And in a fair towme in the queyr.

Dunfermline Abbey was destroyed in 1560 by the Reformers, and in 1818 it was decided to build a new church on the old site. During the excavations, workmen found in the original choir the tomb of a man from whose body the heart had been removed. From this fact, and from its position in the choir, it was assumed to have been the body of Robert Bruce, whose heart was buried at Melrose. It may perhaps be that of Alexander III, whose heart is stated in the *Scotichronicon* to have been laid to rest at Perth. Experts, however, after sifting all the evidence, believe that the tomb discovered in 1818 was that of Bruce. More important is the truth enshrined in these words from his epitaph

HIC JACET INVICTUS ROBERTUS REX BENEDICTUS.

Each word—*Rex*, *Invictus*, *Benedictus*—is a quiet answer to that other, equally profound, epitaph in Westminster Abbey, MALLEUS SCOTORUM.

# BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER

*Loch Voil, Perthshire*

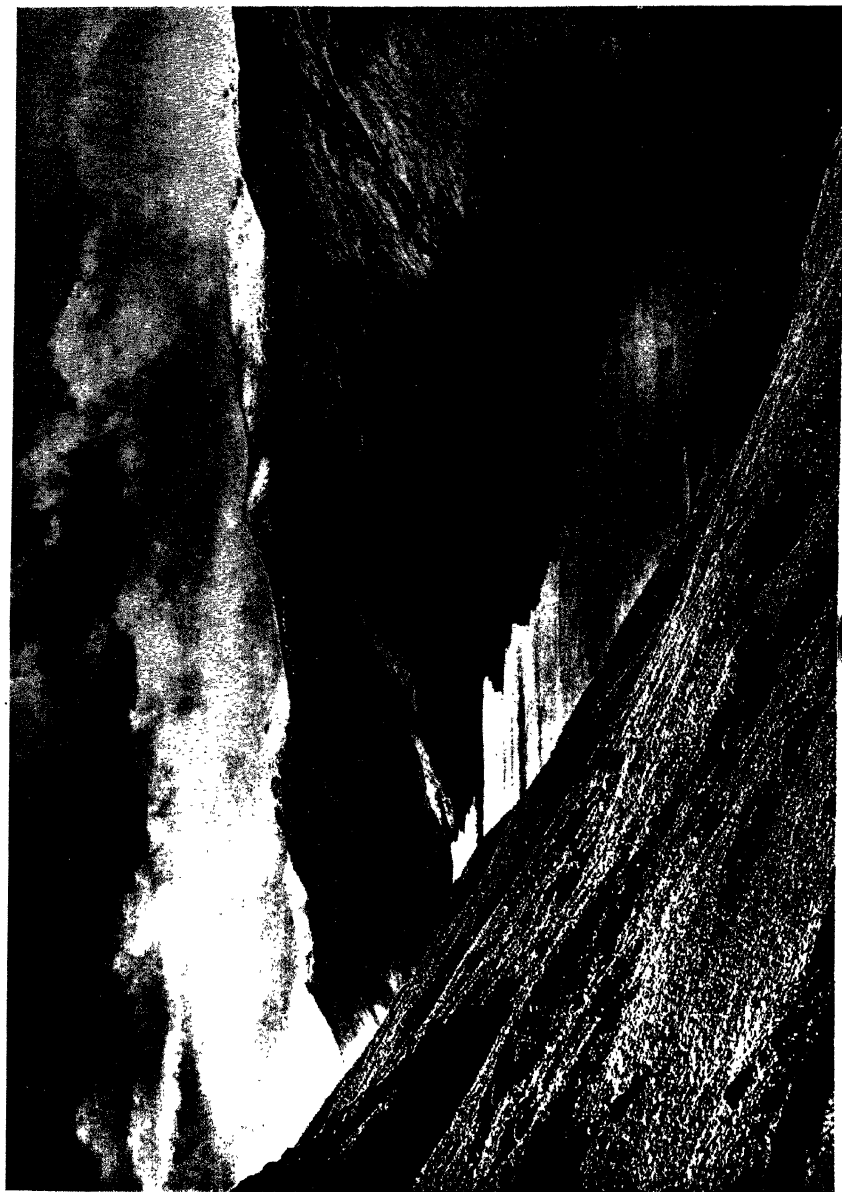
**T**he wild hills, which you see here in sun and snow,  
were once the haunts of Rob Roy MacGregor.

‘ Since then,’ said Robin, ‘ right is plain,  
And longest life is but a day,  
To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
I’ll take the shortest way.’

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
Through summer’s heat and winter’s snow :  
The eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.

MacGregor was at first in the respectable business of a cattle dealer, in which occupation he was encouraged by the Duke of Montrose and other Highland noblemen. In 1712, however, under the pressure of misfortune, he absconded with his patron’s money and withdrew from his previous dwelling at Inversnaid, near Loch Lomond, into the Balquhidder country where many of his clan were settled.

He was now an outlaw. Like the hills in Mr Adam’s





## BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER

photograph, however, he lay only in part under a cloud ; in part he still enjoyed the sun of great men's favour. The Duke of Argyle—hereditary foe of any Graham—became his patron, and approved his frequent raids into Montrose's territory. Rob Roy's mother was a Campbell, and a Campbell heart must have been in Rob himself at the field of Sheriffmuir. That drawn battle, whose non-success was fatal to the Jacobite cause, might have been won if Rob Roy, who commanded the MacGregors and Macphersons, had made the decisive charge when his general ordered him to do so. Instead, he bided where he was, on the top of a hill, until the rival armies began to disperse, when he came into his own, and plundered, without respect of monarchs, the loyal followers of King James and of King George.

The art of plundering he well understood, for he lived—after his cattle-droving business came to an end—by blackmail. Half his band would protect his own clients, while the other half robbed those who had rejected his offer of insurance. To pay blackmail was, of course, illegal, no less than to levy it. But as Bailie Nicol Jarvie pithily said, ' If the law canna protect my barn and byre, what for suld I no engage wi' a Hieland gentleman that can ?—Answer me that.'



## BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER

The minister of Balquhidder, in whose kirkyard Rob was eventually carried to his peaceful grave, had attempted a levy of his own, among his MacGregor parishioners, for a higher stipend. Rob warned him effectually against this harrying of the home flock, but made up for it by presenting the minister annually with a cow and a fat sheep. The clergyman never asked where these animals came from, and such is the influence of custom that when he ushered his friend's body into the earth in 1738, he probably regretted that, with the passing of Rob Roy, 'the good old ways' had passed too.





W.K.R. Neilson  
29.9.34

*The South Transept  
Paisley Abbey.*

# CULLODEN

*Drummossie Moor, six miles east of Inverness*

*16th April, 1746*

About eleven in the forenoon, the troops of Cumberland were observed upon the eastern extremity of the wide muir of Culloden, and preparations were instantly made for the coming battle. The army had been strengthened that morning by the arrival of the Keppoch Macdonalds and a party of the Frasers ; but, even with these reinforcements, the whole available force which the Prince could muster was about five thousand men, to oppose at fearful odds an enemy twice as numerous, and heavily supported by artillery. Fortune on this day seemed to have deserted the Prince altogether. In drawing out the line of battle, a most unlucky arrangement was made by O'Sullivan, who acted as adjutant, whereby the Macdonald regiments were removed from the right wing—the place which the great Clan Coila has been privileged to hold in Scottish array ever since the auspicious battle of Ban-





## CULLODEN

nockburn. To those who are not acquainted with the peculiar temper and spirit of the Highlanders, and their punctilio upon points of honour and precedence, the question of arrangement will naturally appear a matter of little importance. But it was not so felt by the Macdonalds, who considered their change of position as a positive degradation, and who further looked upon it as an evil omen to the success of the battle. The results of this mistake will be noticed immediately.

Just before the commencement of the action, the weather, which had hitherto been fair and sunny, became overcast, and a heavy blast of rain and sleet beat directly in the faces of the Highlanders. The English artillery then began to play upon them, and, being admirably served, every discharge told with fearful effect upon the ranks. The chief object of either party at the battle of Culloden seems to have been to force its opponent to leave his position, and to commence the attack. Cumberland, finding that his artillery was doing such execution, had no occasion to move ; and Charles appears to have committed a great error in abandoning a mode of warfare which was peculiarly suited for his troops, and which on two previous occasions had proved eminently successful. Had he at once

## CULLODEN

ordered a general charge, and attempted to silence the guns, the issue of the day might have been otherwise ; but his unfortunate star prevailed.

‘ It was not,’ says Mr Chambers, ‘ till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. The aide-de-camp intrusted to carry his message to the lieutenant-general—a youth of the name of Maclachlan—was killed by a cannonball before he reached the first line ; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want, and that general took it upon him to order an attack without Charles’s permission having been communicated.

‘ Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the Macintoshes, a brave and devoted clan, though not before engaged in action, unable any longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Athole men, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and Macleans, also went on ; Lord George Murray heading them with that

## CULLODEN

rash bravery befitting the commander of such forces. Thus, in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line, except at the left extremity, where the Macdonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

‘ The action and event of the onset were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grapeshot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe’s regiment—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon, the lines of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for smoke, till involved among the weapons. All that courage, all that despair could do, was done. It was a moment of dreadful and agonising suspense, but only a moment—for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. Nevertheless almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved : and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.



## CULLODEN

‘ When the first line had thus been swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been before a numerous and confident force began to give way. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than forfeit their well-acquired and dearly-estimated honour. They rushed on ; but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.’

Some idea of the determination displayed by the Highlanders in this terrific charge may be gathered from the fact that, in one part of the field, their bodies were afterwards found in layers of three and four deep. The slaughter was fearful, for, out of the five regiments which charged the English, almost all the leaders and men in the front rank were killed. So shaken was the English line, that, had the Macdonald regiments, well known to yield in valour to none of the clans, come up, the fortune of the day might have been altered. But they never made an onset. Smarting and sullen at the affront which they conceived to have been put upon their name, they bore the fire of the English regiments

## CULLODEN

without flinching, and gave way to their rage by hewing at the heather with their swords. In vain their chiefs exhorted them to go forward ; even at that terrible moment the pride of clanship prevailed. ‘ My God ! ’ cried Macdonald of Keppoch, ‘ has it come to this, that the children of my tribe have forsaken me ! ’ and he rushed forward alone, sword in hand, with the dévotion of an ancient hero, and fell pierced with bullets.

The Lowland and foreign troops which formed the second line were powerless to retrieve the disaster. All was over. The rout became general, and the Prince was forced from the field, which he would not quit until dragged from it by his immediate body-guard.\*

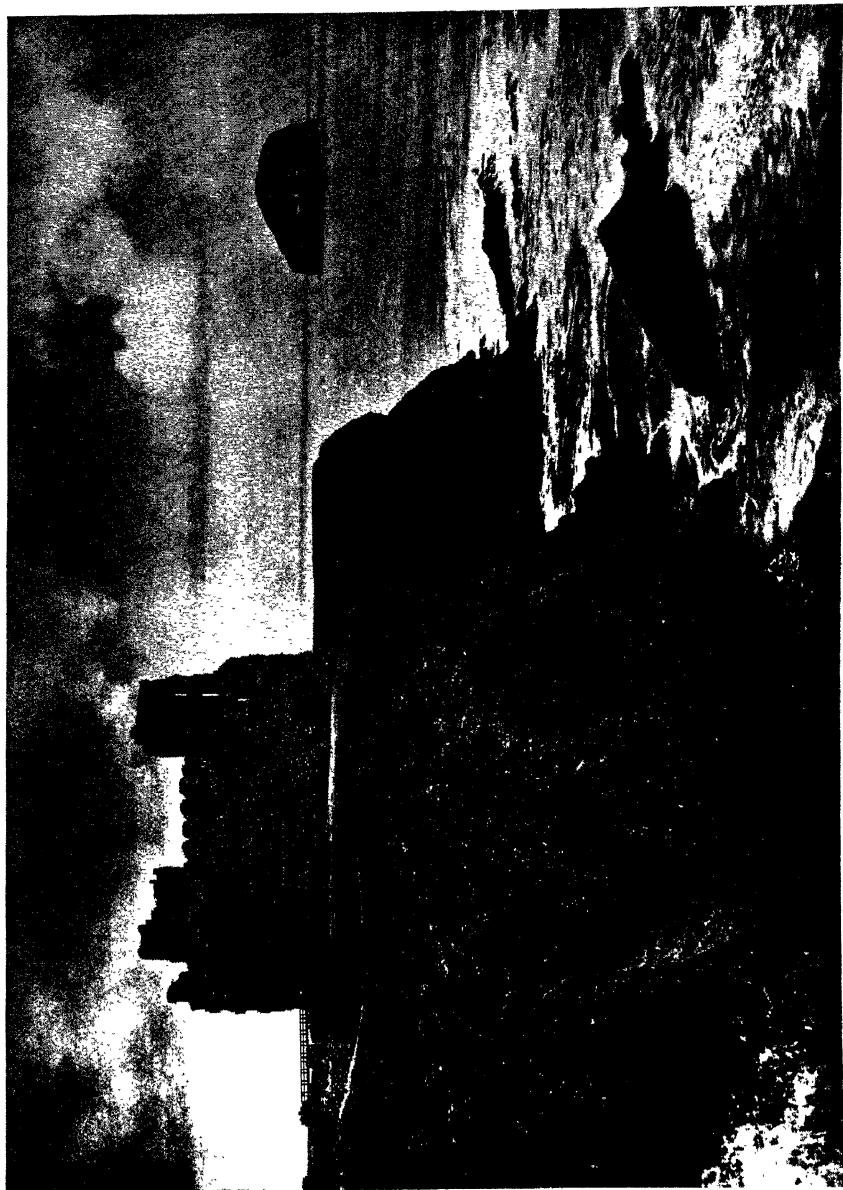
\* LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS, *William Edmondstoune Aytoun.*

# TANTALLON CASTLE

*Two miles east of North Berwick, East Lothian*

Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1527, it continued to hold out against James V. The King went in person against it, and for its reduction, borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were 'Thrawn-mouth'd Meg and her Marrow'; also, 'two great botcards, and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons'. Yet, notwithstanding all this apparatus, James was forced to raise the siege.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.  
Many a rude tower and rampart there  
Repell'd the insult of the air,  
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,  
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.  
Above the rest, a turret square  
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,





## TANTALLON CASTLE

Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;  
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,  
And in the chief three mullets stood,  
The cognizance of Douglas blood.  
The turret held a narrow stair,  
Which, mounted, gave you access where  
A parapet's embattled row  
Did seaward round the castle go.  
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,  
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,  
Sometimes in platform broad extending,  
Its varying circle did combine  
Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,  
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign ;  
Above the booming ocean leant  
The far-projecting battlement ;  
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,  
Upon the precipice below.  
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,  
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd ;  
No need upon the sea-girt side ;  
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,  
Approach of human step denied.\*

Tantallon was destroyed at last by the Covenanters under General Monck.

\* MARMION, *Sir Walter Scott.*

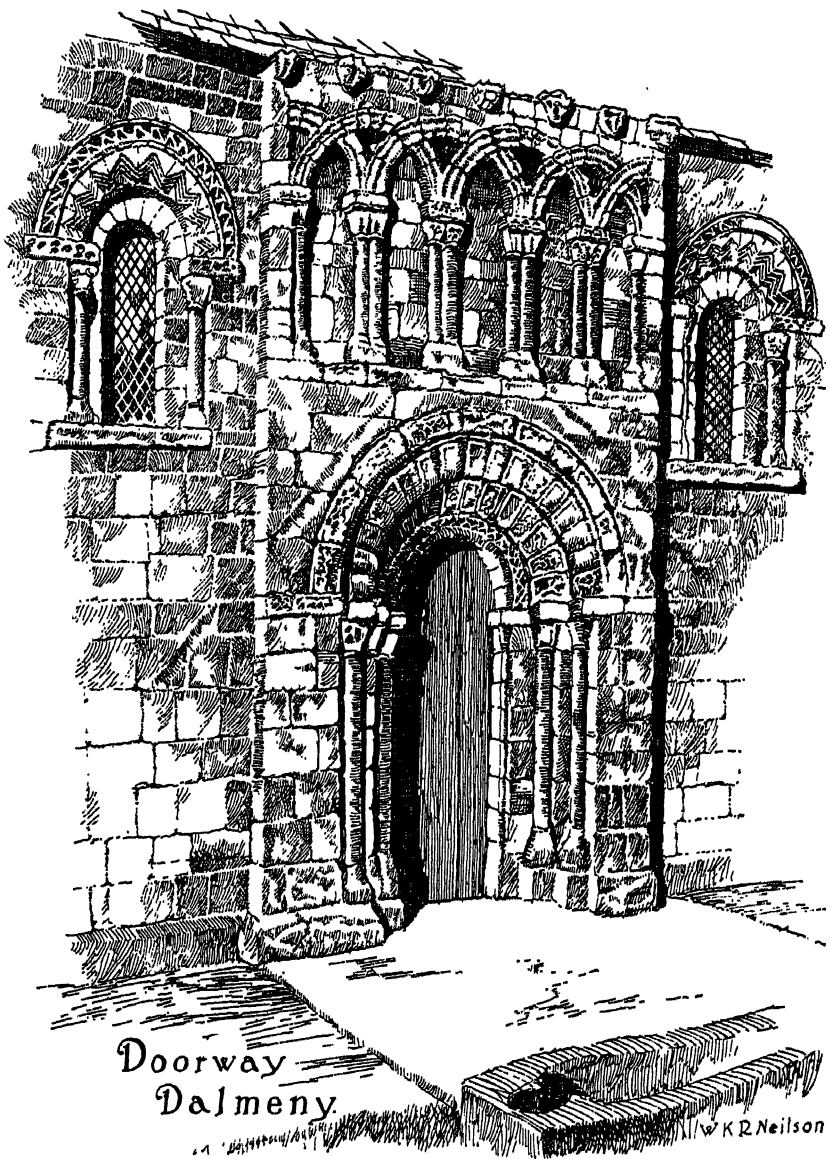
## DALMENY KIRK

*Seven miles west of Edinburgh*

Dalmeny Kirk was built about 1130, by Gospatric the second Earl of Dunbar. Gospatric's eldest brother, Dolfin, was at one time ruler of Cumbria south of Solway, until he was driven out in 1092 by William Rufus. Dolfin gave his name to the parish of Dolphinton in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, and he may probably have been acquainted with Laming, who gave his name to Lamington in the same district. The Norman doorway of that place is illustrated on page 15.

Dr. Macgregor Chalmers, who has written a learned monograph on Dalmeny Kirk, says that the churches of the Normans were closely associated with the mote or castle of the Norman landowner. The castle of Dalmeny has been located at the farm of Wester Dalmeny, immediately to the west of the Kirk.

Dalmeny Kirk has been recently restored. The newel stair leading to the Belfry was made by the Minister, Rev. W. Neil Sutherland, with the help of the Beadle.



Doorway  
Dalmeny.

W. R. Neilson



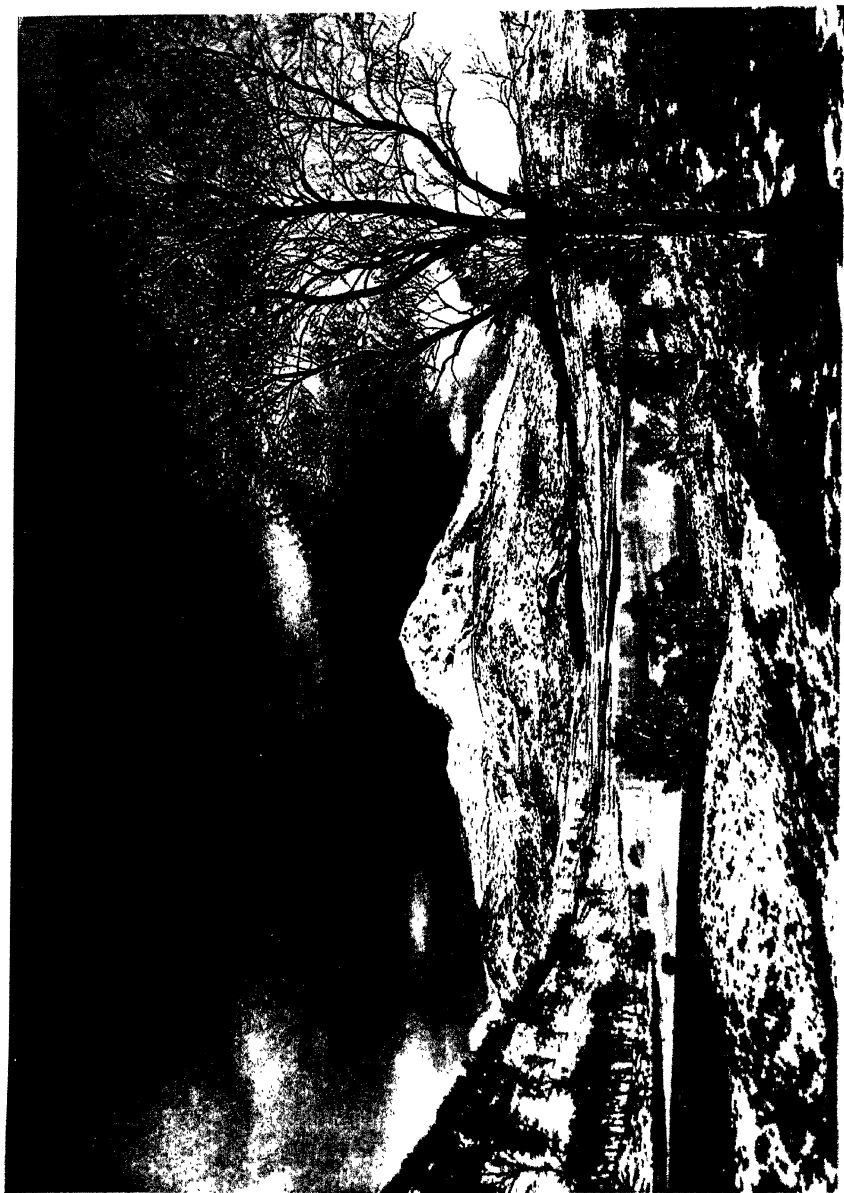
# GLEN GARRY

## *Inverness-shire*

*The following two stories, reflecting the Highlanders' jealousy of Sassenach intrusion, are related in Burt's 'Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland' (1754), written from Inverness. The first story tells of a Highlander executed for murder.*

**T**his man was by trade a smith, and dwelt near an English foundry in Glengary, which lies between this town and Fort William, of which iron-work I shall have some occasion to speak more particularly before I conclude this letter.

The director of that work had hired a smith from England, and as it is said that kings and lovers can brook no partners, so neither could the Highlander suffer the rivalship of one of his own trade, and therefore his competitor was by him destined to die. One night he came armed to the door of the Englishman's hut with intent to kill him ; but the man being, for some reason or other, apprehensive of danger, had fastened the door of his hovel more firmly than usual, and, while the Highlander was employed to force it





## GLEN GARRY

open, he broke a way through the back wall of his house and made his escape, but, being pursued, he cried out for assistance ; this brought a Lowland Scots workman to endeavour to save him, and his generous intention cost him his life. Upon this several others took the alarm and came up with the murderer, whom they tried to secure ; but he wounded some of them, and received several wounds himself ; however, he made his escape for that time. Three days afterwards he was hunted out, and found among the heath (which was then very high), where he had lain all that time with his wounds rankling, and without any sustenance, not being able to get away, because a continual search was made all round about both night and day, and for the most part within his hearing ; for it is more difficult to find a Highlander among the heather, except newly tracked, than a hare in her form.

He was brought to this town and committed to the *tolbooth*, where sentinels were posted to prevent his second escape, which otherwise, in all probability, would have been effected.

Some time afterwards the judges, in their circuit, arrived here, and he was tried and condemned. Then the ministers of the town went to the jail to give him

## GLEN GARRY

their ghostly advice, and endeavoured to bring him to a confession of his other sins, without which they told him he could not hope for redemption. For, besides this murder, he was strongly suspected to have made away with his former wife, with whose sister he was known to have had too great a familiarity. But when the ministers had said all that is customary concerning the merit of confession, he abruptly asked them, if either or all of them could pardon him, in case he made a confession : and when they had answered—‘ No, not absolutely ’, he said, ‘ You have told me, God can forgive me.’ They said it was true. ‘ Then,’ said he, ‘ as you cannot pardon me, I have nothing to do with you, but will confess to Him that can.’

A little while after, a smith of this town was sent to take measure of him, in order to make his irons (for he was to be hanged in chains), and, while the man was doing it, the Highlander, with a sneer, said—‘ Friend, you are now about to do a job for a better workman than yourself ; I am certain I could fit you better than you can me.’

When the day for his execution came (which, by a late law, could not be under forty days after his condemnation), and I had resolved to stay at home, though

## GLEN GARRY

perhaps I should have been the only one in the town that did so ; I say having taken that resolution, a certain lieutenant-colonel, who is come into these parts to visit his friends, and is himself a Highlander, for whom I have the greatest esteem ; he came to me, and would have me bear him company, declaring, at the same time, that although he had a great desire to see how the criminal would behave, yet he would wave all that, unless I would go with him ; and, therefore, rather than disoblige my friend, I consented, but I assure you with reluctance.

The criminal was a little fellow, but a fearless desperado ; and having annexed himself to the clan of the Camerons, the magistrates were apprehensive that some of the tribe might attempt his rescue ; and therefore they made application to the commanding officer for a whole company of men to guard him to the place of execution with greater security.

Accordingly they marched him in the centre, with two of the ministers, one on each side, talking to him by turns all the way for a mile together. But I, not being accustomed to this sort of sights, could not forbear to reflect a little upon the circumstance of a man walking so far on foot to his own execution.

## GLEN GARRY

The gibbet was not only erected upon the summit of a hill, but was itself so high that it put me in mind of Haman's gallows.

Being arrived at the place, and the ministers having done praying by him, the executioner, a poor helpless creature, of at least eighty years of age, ascended the ladder. Then one of the magistrates ordered the malefactor to go up after him ; upon which the fellow turned himself hastily about ; says he, ' I did not think the magistrates of Inverness had been such fools, as to bid a man go up a ladder with his hands tied behind him.' And, indeed, I thought the great burgher looked very silly, when he ordered the fellow's hands to be set at liberty.

. . . . .

Some few years ago, a company of Liverpool merchants contracted with the chieftain of this tribe, at a great advantage to him, for the use of his woods and other conveniencies for the smelting of iron ; and soon after, they put their project in execution, by building of furnaces, sending ore from Lancashire, etc.

By the way, I should tell you that those works were set up in this country merely for the sake of the woods, because iron cannot be made from the ore with

## GLEN GARRY

sea or pit coal, to be malleable and fit for ordinary uses.

The dwelling-house of this chieftain had been burnt by the troops in the year 1715 ; but the walls, which were of stone, remained ; and therefore the director of the above-mentioned works thought it convenient to fit it up with new timber, for the use of himself or his successors, during the term of the lease.

This being effectually done, a certain number of gentlemen of the tribe came to him one evening, on a seeming friendly visit, whom he treated in a generous manner, by giving them his best wines and provisions. Among other things (though a quaker by his religious principles, yet is he a man of polite behaviour), he said to them something to this purpose (for he told me himself how he had been used) : ‘ Gentlemen, you have given me a great deal of pleasure in this visit ; and when you all, or any of you, will take the trouble to repeat it, let it be when it will, you shall be welcome to any thing that is in *my house*.’

Upon those two last words, one of them cried out— ‘ G——d d——n you, Sir ! your house ? I thought it had been Glengary’s house ! ’ And upon those watch-words they knocked out the candles, fell upon him,



## GLEN GARRY

wounded him, and got him down among them ; but he being strong and active, and the darkness putting them in confusion lest they should wound one another, he made a shift to slip from them in the bustle, and to gain another room. This he immediately barricaded, and cried out at the window to his workmen, that were not far off, who running to arm themselves and hasten to his assistance, those *gentlemen* made off.

Notwithstanding this house was repaired by consent of the chief, and, in course of time, he would have the benefit of so great an expence, yet an English trader dwelling in the *castle*, as they call it, when at the same time the laird inhabited a miserable hut of turf, as he did, and does to this day ; this, I say, was intolerable to their pride.

# KILDRUMMIE CASTLE

*In Upper Donside, Aberdeenshire*

**T**his castle, one of the strongest in Scotland, was probably built as a bulwark against the invading Norsemen. Gilbert, Bishop of Caithness, treasurer of Alexander II in the North, added seven towers to the original building, and otherwise strengthened it. It played a dominant part in the Wars of Scottish Independence, being on the route southwards from Elgin to Aberdeen and Angus. In 1305, the year of Wallace's capture and death, Edward I ordered Bruce (who had not then taken arms for Scotland, but did so in the next year) to place the castle of Kildrummie 'in the keeping of one for whom he shall answer'. Bruce was uncle and guardian of the young Earl of Mar, to whom the castle belonged.

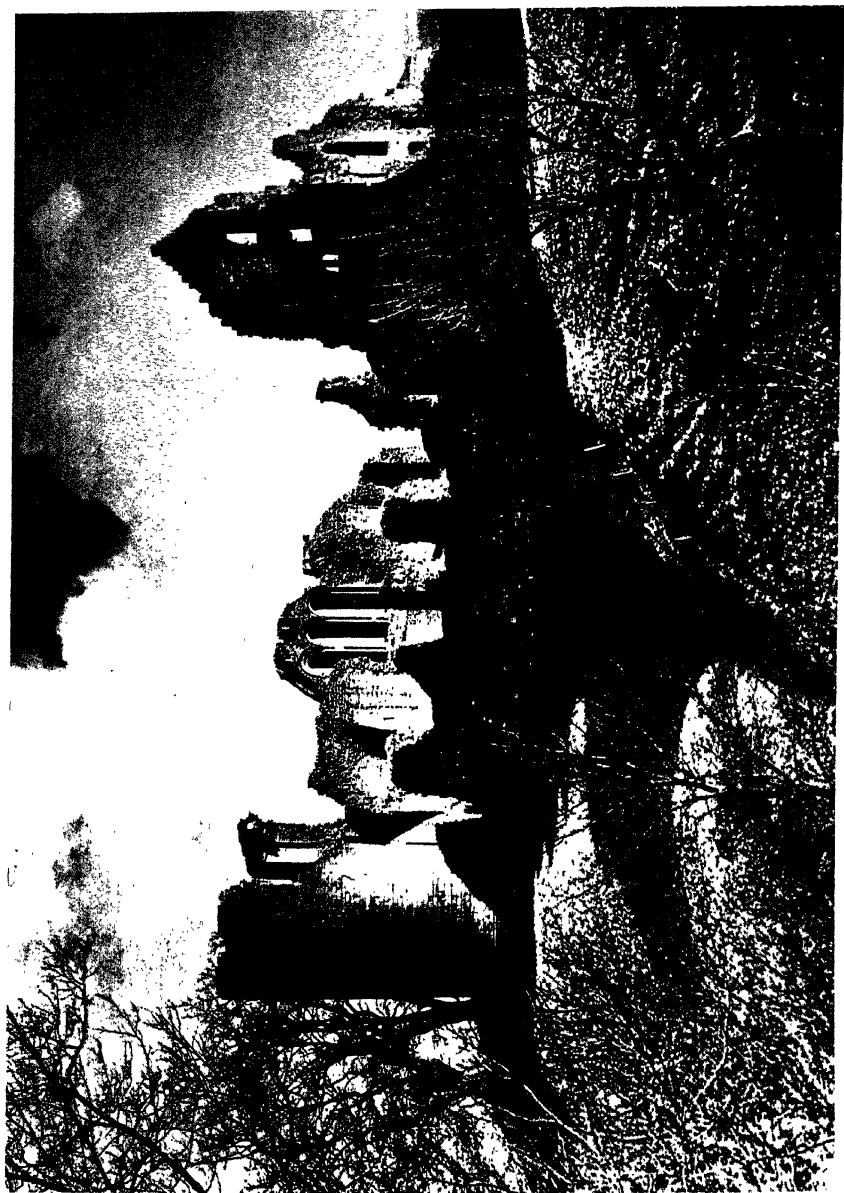
Next summer, after his coronation at Scone and defeat at Methven, in Perthshire, Bruce and his small band of followers were wandering in the Highlands, everywhere pursued by their enemies. At Aberdeen

## KILDRUMMIE CASTLE

they were joined by their ladies, whom Edward I had astutely outlawed. After attempting to bring the ladies with him across the Grampians to Argyle, Bruce decided to place them for safety in Kildrummie, under charge of his brother Neil, and the Earl of Athol.

In early September, when they could not have been there for more than a few days, they had word that the Prince of Wales was marching against them. Neil and Athol decided then to hold the place, but apparently tried to send the ladies to safety, perhaps to get them out of Scots territory. There may in fact have been some tryst with the King to meet them in Orkney and take them to Queen Isobel [of Norway] for shelter. But they never got as far as the Pentland Firth. They reached Easter Ross, a journey of something like a hundred miles. But the Earl of Ross, who was a Baliol man, had come down on Edward's side : he heard of the party, and gave chase. They made for Tain, on the shore of the Dornoch Firth, and the famous sanctuary of Saint Duthac, and there he took them, forcing the sanctuary—Queen Elizabeth, the child Princess Marjorie, Christina and Mary Bruce, and Lady Buchan, and possibly—she was taken about this time—a Lady Wiseman, wife of the Sheriff of Elgin, and such small guard and attendance as they had.

Meanwhile, in Kildrummie, things had gone no better. The castle, like many of that time and later, was stone walls and flanking towers, round wooden buildings : and there





## KILDRUMMIE CASTLE

was a traitor in the garrison. Neil, probably, had counted on holding Prince Edward for a long siege, for the castle was not only strong but well provisioned. But the traitor flung a hot ploughshare high on the grain, and the girdel took, and before they could get it under the whole mass of the wooden buildings was in a blaze. They owed their lives to the fact that at Kildrummie there was the unusual feature that the *chemin de ronde*, the fighting-walk at the top of the castle walls, had not only a parapet but a parados, and they could crouch in some shelter between the two, till the furnace burnt itself out within the enclosure.

There was no hope now, however, of holding the place, for their stores were ash. The garrison had to surrender at discretion.\*

Within two years the face of the war had changed. Edward I died in April 1307, and his son who succeeded him had trouble enough in England for a while. Bruce used this breathing space to clear the North, and by the end of 1308 the whole of Scotland above Perthshire was lost to the English.

The war ended with the Treaty of Northampton, in 1328, which recognised Bruce as King of an independent Scotland, but the great Scottish leaders—King Robert, Douglas, and Randolph the Regent—all died soon after, and under the young Edward III the

\* ROBERT BRUCE KING OF SCOTS, *Agnes Mure Mackenzie*.

## KILDRUMMIE CASTLE

English armies began to return. Without effective leaders, the Scots were once more divided, and in 1335 Kildrummie, then held by Bruce's sister, Christina, Countess Dowager of Mar, was besieged by the Earl of Athol, a grandson of the Athol mentioned on page 362. The siege was raised by Moray of Bothwell and Douglas of Liddesdale, who defeated Athol on St. Andrew's Day at Kilblene, near Braemar.

The most dramatic day in the Castle's history was 12th August, 1404, when Alexander Stewart, eldest son of the Wolf of Badenoch, besieged in Kildrummie the recently widowed Countess of Mar and Garioch. The castle fell, and the lady in some sense was taken too, for she not only accepted her besieger as her husband, but made over her earldom to him and to his heirs. Public opinion compelled him to forgo the inheritance except so far as he might share it with his wife, for rumour went about that the lady's first husband Sir Malcolm Drummond (the King's brother-in-law) had been murdered by Alexander Stewart. This, however, was not proved, and is made unlikely by the fact that the Earl of Mar had afterwards a brilliant and prosperous career, under the patronage first of Robert III and afterwards of James I. He saved Scotland at the field

## KILDRUMMIE CASTLE

of Harlaw in 1411, for under his inspired leadership Donald of the Isles was bloodily defeated. Had Donald won the day and ousted the Scottish government at Edinburgh, Henry IV of England might probably have seen himself in a short time crowned King of Scotland, with Donald as his vassal, succeeding where Edward I and Edward III had failed.

The captor of Kildrummie thus became after seven years the shield of his country.



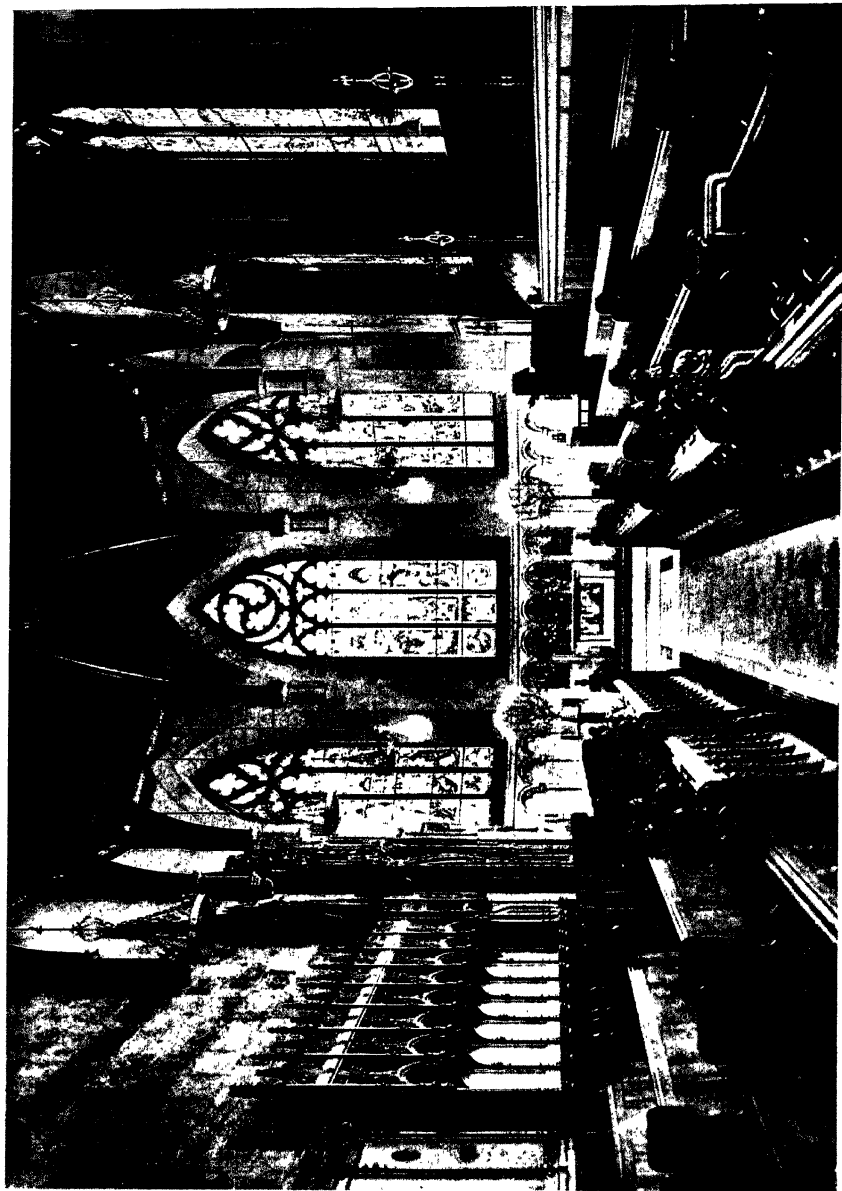
# ST. SALVATOR CHAPEL

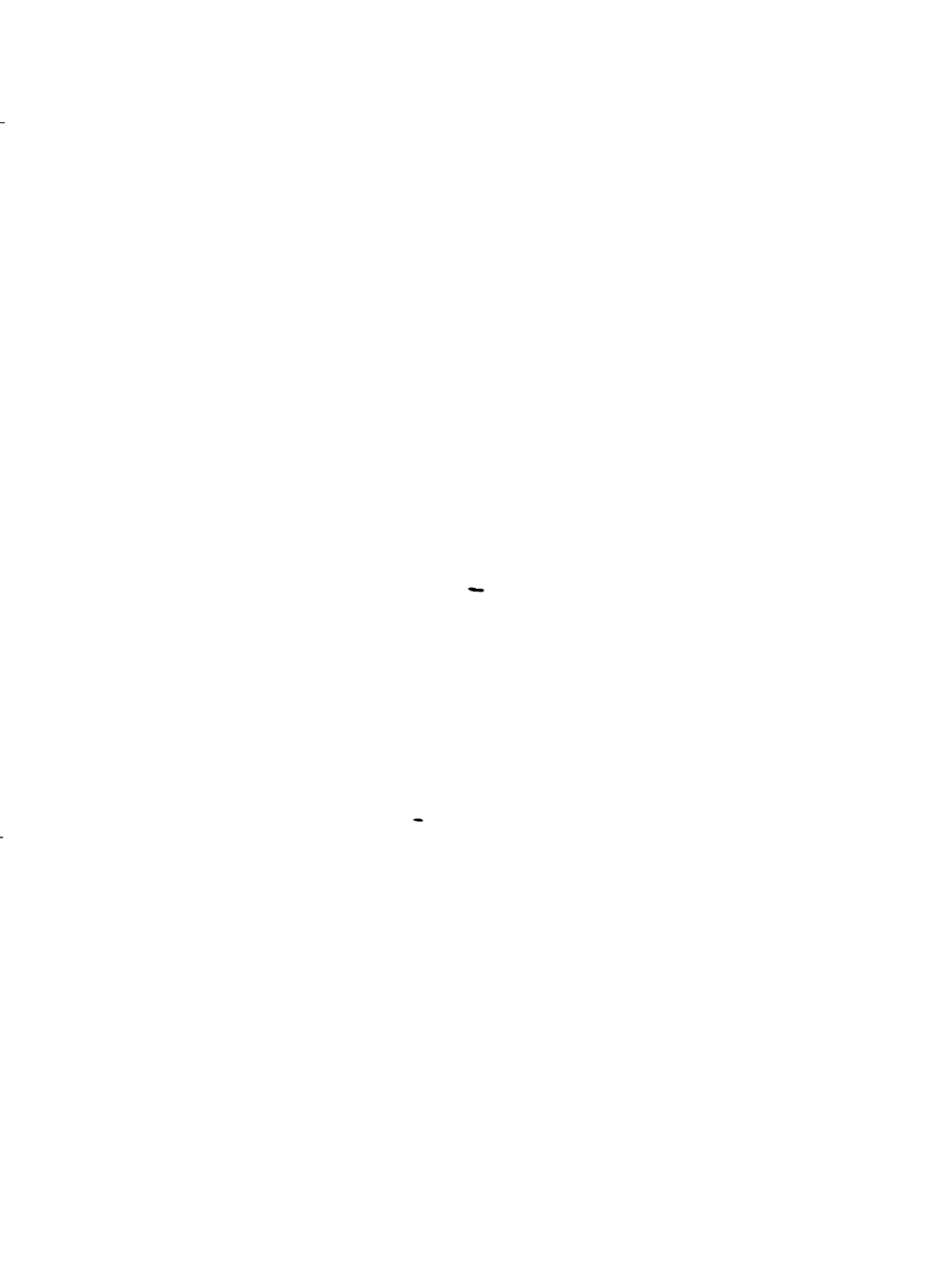
*St. Andrews, Fife*

Setting Bruce aside, the Kings of Scotland whom we most look forward to meeting—if both they and we should prove immortal—are the Third Alexander and the Second James. We should know more of the former if Edward I had not shipped the Scots records to England in a boat that sank on the way, and our knowledge of James II would be much enlarged if the *Historia sui Temporis* written by Bishop Kennedy had not disappeared at the Reformation.

It was Bishop Kennedy who founded St. Salvator College, and built its church which is now the University Chapel. Within recent years it has been very beautifully restored, owing to the personal enthusiasm of the Principal, Sir James Irvine, by whose kind permission this photograph is reproduced.

On the left of the altar, beyond the Choir stalls, is the rich tomb of the founder. Born about 1406, he was a cousin of James II, and a brilliant scholar.





## ST. SALVATOR CHAPEL

He had been made Bishop of Dunkeld in 1438, and showed himself at once a zealous reformer : the wise Bishop Wardlaw\* died in 1440, and the young Bishop was chosen to succeed him, saying his first mass as Bishop of St. Andrews in September of 1442. It was an excellent choice. He combined a statesman's grasp of politics, both secular and ecclesiastical, with a love of beauty and magnificence and a very deep sense of his responsibilities : in fact, he bears a strong likeness to his uncle James I, whose policy he endeavoured to carry out. For over twenty years he was a powerful and beneficent force in public life, both at home and abroad. In 1450 he founded and richly endowed the College of St. Salvator in the university of his diocese, equipping its chapel splendidly at his own cost, with magnificent furniture, vessels of gold and silver, and a silver image, two cubits high, of the Saviour, while his tomb and his marvellous ship the *Sanct Salvator* were among the 'sights' of Scotland. Yet he was no mere Renaissance scholar-politician, but a true Father in God to his diocese, where he preached four times a year in each parish kirk, and personally examined its affairs.†

In the vestry of the chapel is preserved a magnificent mace, probably one of the six which are said to have been discovered in Kennedy's tomb. The pulpit formerly belonged to the Town Church, where John Knox preached in it his first public sermon in 1547.

\* Who founded the University of St. Andrews in 1411.

† THE RISE OF THE STEWARTS, *Agnes Mure Mackenzie*.

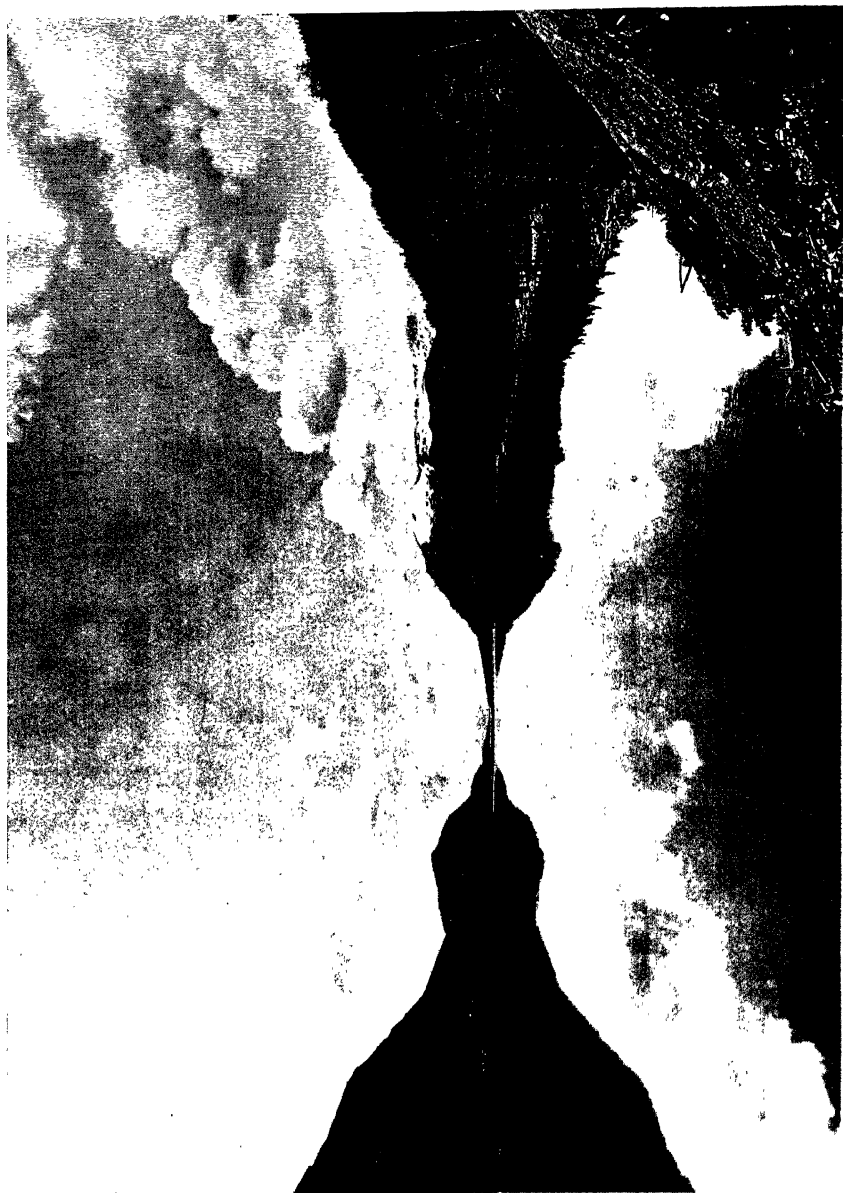
# LOCH ERICHT

*Inverness-shire*

*Near the far end of the Loch, on the right, is situated 'Cluny's Cage', the most famous of Prince Charles Edward's hiding-places in the summer after Culloden.*

*The following is from a manuscript in the Cluny charter-chest, believed to have been written about 1756, and quoted in W. G. Blaikie's 'Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart from his landing in Scotland July 1745 to his Departure in September 1746' (Scottish History Society's Publications, vol. xxiii).*

ABOUT five miles to the south-westward of his (Cluny's) Achateau commenc'd his forrest of Ben Alder, plentifully stock'd with dear—red hares, moorfoul, and other game of all kinds, beside which it affords fine pasture for his numerous flocks and heards. There also he keeps a harras of some hundred mares, all which after the fatal day of Culoden became the pray of his enemies. It contains an extent of many mountains and small valleys, in all computed about 12 miles long east and west, and from 8 to 10 miles in breadth, without a single house in the whole excepting the necessary lodges for the shepherds who were charg'd with his flocks. It was in this forrest where the Prince found Cluny with Lochell in his wounds and other friends under his care. He was afraid that his constitution might not suit with lying on the ground or in caves, so was solicitous to contrive a





## LOCH ERICHT

more comfortable habitation for him upon the south front of one of these mountains, overlooking a beautiful lake of 12 miles long. He observed a thicket of hollywood, he went, viewed and found it fit for his purpose ; he caused immediately wave the thicket round with boughs, made a first and second floor in it, and covered it with moss to defend the rain. The upper room serv'd for *salle à manger* and bed chamber while the lower serv'd for a cave to contain liquors and other necessaries, at the back part was a hearth for cook and baiker, and the face of the mountain had so much the colour and resemblance of smock, no person cou'd ever discover that there was either fire or habitation in the place. Round this lodge were placed their sentinels at proper stations, some nearer and some at greater distances, who dayly brought them notice of what happened in the country, and even in the enemie's camps, bringing them likewise the necessary provisions, while a neighbouring fountain supplied the society with the rural refreshment of pure rock water. As, therefore, an oak tree is to this day rever'd in Brittain for having happily sav'd the grand uncle, Charles the Second, from the pursuits of Cromwell so this holly thicket will probablie in future times be likeways rever'd for having saved Prince Charles, the nephew, from the still more dangerous pursuits of Cumberland, who show'd himself on all occasions a much more inveterate enemy. In this romantick humble habitation the Prince dwelt. When news of the ships being arrived reached him Cluny convoyed him to them with joy happy in having so safely plac'd so valuable a charge ; then returned with contentment, alone to commence his pilgrimage, which continued for nine years more.



# DRYBURGH

*On the Tweed, five miles below Melrose*

Dryburgh on the whole had an uneventful history, and yet it is now the spiritual shrine of the Borders. Within its walls are buried Sir Walter Scott and Douglas Haig, not as national heroes, but by the accident that their families had been landowners in the neighbourhood.

Dryburgh Abbey was founded in 1150 by David I, one of the great Scottish Kings. His mother, a niece of Edward the Confessor, was gifted, progressive and devout. She is the Margaret whose little Chapel stands on the Castle Rock at Edinburgh, and her sixth son David, who came to the throne unexpectedly, gave so much land to the Church that he was called by his successor James I, 'a sair saint to the Crown'.

The Church adjoining the Abbey was built in the thirteenth century, a time of prosperity and settled happiness for Scotland under the Second and Third Alexanders, and long remembered as a Golden Age.





## DRYBURGH

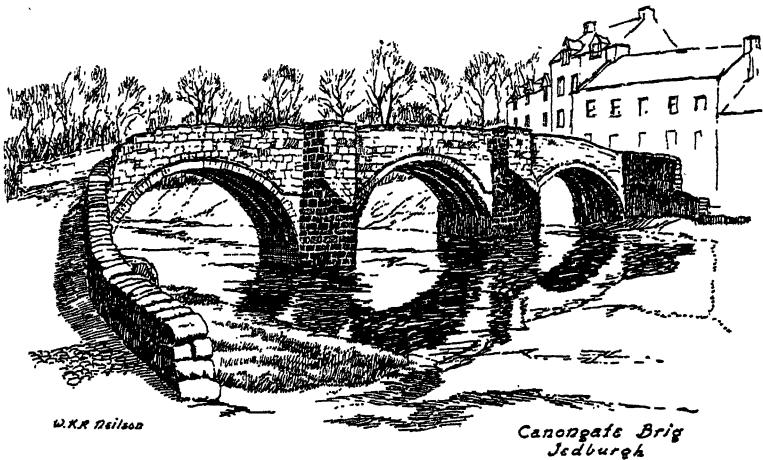
In 1322 Edward II carried out the large-scale invasion of Scotland that was to have been his revenge for Bannockburn. Early in August, his great army crossed the Tweed, but found no enemy to oppose it, no civilians except a few monks at Melrose, and no food except one lame cow. They burnt Dryburgh, which they had left untouched in the year of Bannockburn : and English armies in 1385 and 1544 wrecked it further. Between these two later invasions, the Nave and Cloisters were rebuilt in the fifteenth century, a period of comparative peace for Scotland under the early Jameses.

Enough remains, both of Abbey and Church, for imagination to construct a vision of their unravished loveliness. Dryburgh has also the special charm, unshared by its sister Abbeys, of knowing no town. Its only rampart is the Tweed, and its only garrison the primroses which you will see swarming the banks, if you come to Dryburgh in April.

The Chapter House was built in the twelfth century, soon after the founding of the Abbey, and over its door is a Latin motto, borrowed from Horace, and inscribed there probably by the Earl of Buchan who bought the Abbey in 1786.

## DRYBURGH

Dryburgh, in all its associations of religion, architecture, history and nature, is a unity. It suggests, as perhaps every place of worship was intended to do, a building 'not made with hands', a centre for the peace of God which here, for all our old Abbeys and our new Council-rooms at Geneva, we shall never completely find.





W.K.R. Neilson

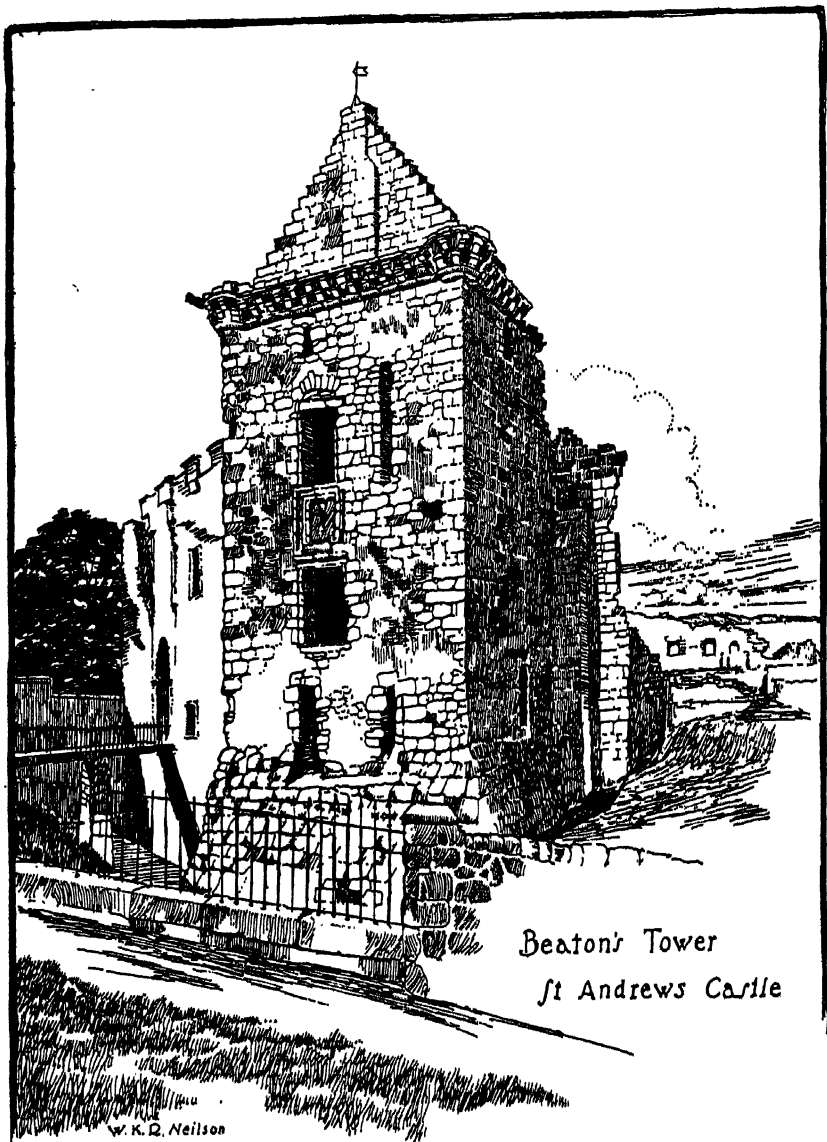
Processional Doorway  
Dryburgh Abbey

# BEATON'S TOWER

*St. Andrews, Fife*

Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the last strong man in Scotland who stood for the Auld Alliance and the Catholic faith. His enemies murdered him in his own Castle early in the morning of May 29th, 1546, entering by the draw-bridge (which you see opposite). Builders were at work, for the Cardinal was strengthening his Castle ; the assassins made out to be builders. Like others of their kind, they were powerless except to destroy, and in Beaton they struck down, not only a man, but the pillar of a faith which, wanting his support, inevitably perished too. Well might Beaton cry out, as Melville's sword went through him, *Fie, fie, all is gone !*

It is claimed that no man is indispensable. But in a great dearth of patriots—following the loss of a whole generation on Flodden field—a time, too, of fluct and doubt, when more than ordinary courage and skill was needed at the helm, Beaton was like Noah in the Flood



Beaton's Tower  
St Andrews Castle

W. K. D. Neilson



## BEATON'S TOWER

—indispensable until the waters subsided. Knowing that time would not be always in their favour, Henry VIII and the Scottish Reformers plotted for years to kill the cardinal, whose policy—both in James V's lifetime and more especially since he died—had been consistently against the English marriage and treaties proposed by Henry. To have married the infant Queen Mary, as Henry suggested, to Henry's son Edward, might have meant that Scotland would pass eventually to the English Crown. Beaton at least prevented that. The measure of Henry's intentions, and of his wrath at their frustration, can be taken by the extreme brutality of the raids which Hertford carried into Scotland in 1544, 1545 and 1547, during which all the Border Abbeys were destroyed.

Among the State Papers of Henry VIII is a letter (written the year before Beaton's death) by Sir Ralph Sadler, the English Ambassador in Scotland, to the Laird of Brunston. The matter proposed is 'the killing of the cardinal', and Sadler goes on :

I am of your opinion, and, as you write, I think it to be acceptable service to God to take him out of the way, which in such sort doth not only as much as in him is to obscure the glory of God, but also to confound the common weal

## BEATON'S TOWER

of his own country. And albeit the King's majesty, whose gracious nature and goodness I know, will not, I am sure, have to do nor meddle with the matter touching your said cardinal for sundry considerations, yet if you could so work the matter with those gentlemen your friends, which have made that offer, that it may take effect, you shall undoubtedly do therein good service both to God and to his majesty, and a singular benefit to your country. . . . I know the king's majesty's honour, liberality, and goodness to be such (which also is not unknown to you) as you may be sure his majesty will so liberally reward them that do his highness honest service as they shall have good cause to be contented.

'Have I no friends', exclaimed Henry II, 'who will rid me of this turbulent priest?'

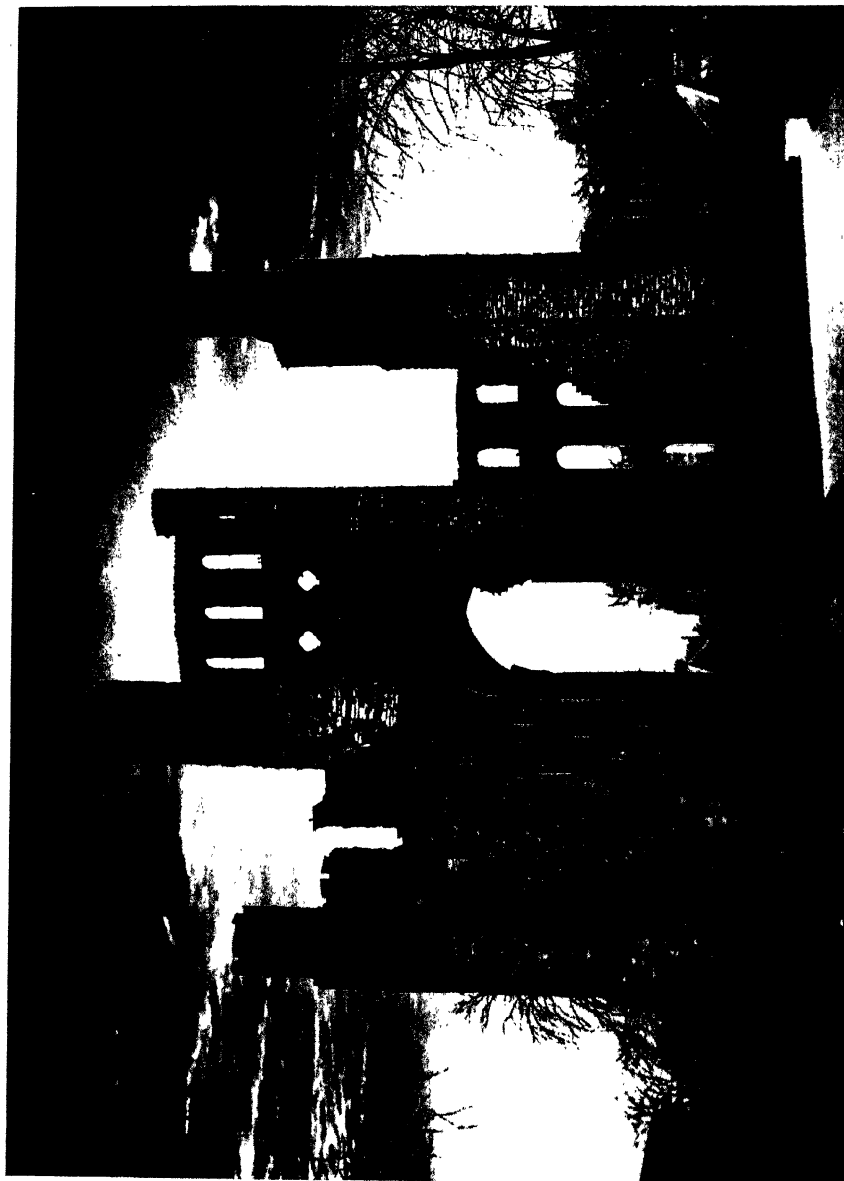
The Friends of Henry VIII, after murdering Beaton, possessed themselves of his Castle, and withstood in it both a siege from outside, and the exhortations of John Knox from within, during the space of fourteen months, until a French force under Leo Strozzi arrived in sixteen galleys, and quickly brought the business to an end. The captured garrison were taken to France, and treated as criminals. Knox, among others, was chained to a bench, and forced to row as a galley-slave.

## KELSO ABBEY

*On the Tweed, Roxburghshire*

The gaunt tower of this Abbey was the scene of a desperate, blood-curdling fight. When Hertford attacked Kelso in 1545, the Abbey was defended by 12 monks and 90 laymen. These, after the English guns had breached the walls, retreated to the tower. Spanish mercenaries (when we remember Queen Elizabeth's repulse of the Armada, it is strange to think that her father employed Spaniards to fight the Scots) rushed into the Nave (of which only two arches now survive) and found it deserted. Next day the tower was carried, and all the defenders, including the 12 monks, were put to the sword. The Abbey, which was the most important in the Borders and had claimed precedence even over St. Andrews until 1420, was destroyed.

Through the great arch at the west end (which the picture shows) we can imagine Queen Marie and her attendant lords, all in mourning for the recent death of James II, advancing up the Nave, past the spot from





## KELSO ABBEY

where the photograph was taken, to the coronation of young James III near the high Altar. There would be a gleam of pride in each Scotsman's eye, and of hope for the lad of nine, who was being crowned their King, since Roxburgh Castle, that had been in English hands for more than three generations, had just fallen to the Scots.

Kelso Abbey was founded by David I in 1128, some years before Melrose or Dryburgh, and while the King's new Priory at Jedburgh had not yet been made an Abbey. This early precedence was supported by royal favour. Kelso rose to great wealth and power, and its associations with the Continent are illustrated by one of its monks, Dom James of Kelso, who in the late fifteenth century wrote Greek hymns for Lorenzo de' Medici.

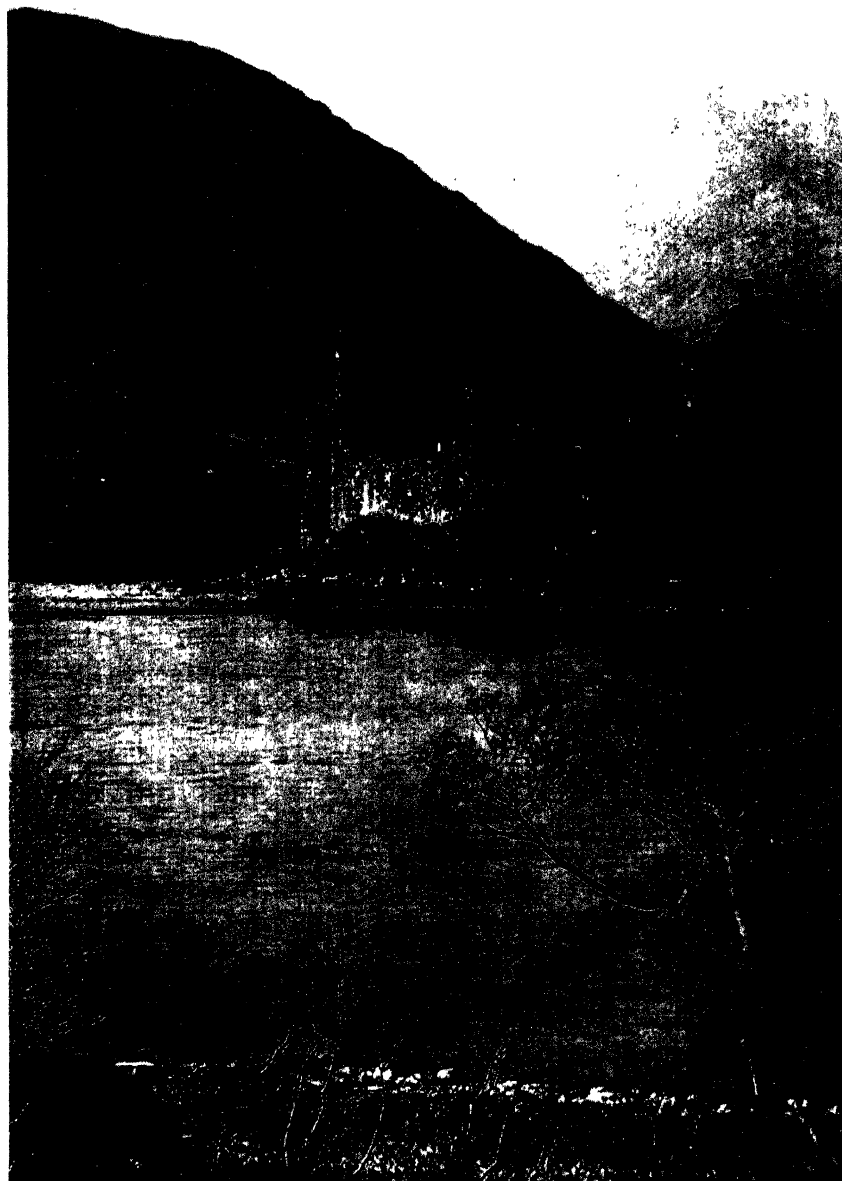
The Bridge over the Tweed at Kelso, designed by Rennie in 1803 as a model for Waterloo Bridge, has now neither sister nor rival.

# KILCHURN CASTLE

## *Loch Awe*

**T**his photograph—the youngest of Mr. Adam's children by the sun—was taken at Easter 1936, when the snow and hail were falling in England and France. Only those who know too little about it, complain of the weather in Scotland.

Possibly you have been to Oban, and if so, you will remember this Castle, which stands at the head of Loch Awe and would for centuries have challenged you as you came past it, between Dalmally and the slopes of Ben Cruachan. Before proceeding on your journey, you would have paid respects, and probably also tribute in cash, to the great Clan Campbell, a name on which the sunshine of affection has seldom shone in Scotland, except in what are usually described as 'official circles'. The Campbells stood for respectability and power. Indeed, the melancholy thought presents itself that the British *vis-à-vis* the outside world must look very like the Campbells, as seen by their fellow-Scots. Alas for human pride !







## KILCHURN CASTLE

Tradition relates that Kilchurn was once known as the White House of Eilaineolain, at which time it belonged to a tribe of the name of Paterson, who have since left the district. Their departure was doubtless hastened by the MacGregors of Glen Orchy, who succeeded them in the ownership of Kilchurn. Over the hill southwards from Loch Awe is Inveraray, head-town of the Campbells, and over the hill must have come that swelling tide of invasion which took from the MacGregors not only Kilchurn and Glen Orchy, but Glenlyon too, and from other clansmen, other lands.

The Campbells have owned Kilchurn now for half a thousand years, and the Castle as we see it to-day is their work. In 1440 Sir Colin Campbell, known as the Knight of Rhodes, received it from his father Sir Duncan, the twelfth knight of Lochaw, and during Sir Colin's absence in the Holy Land, his lady proved her quality by building the keep of the Castle. She and her husband also founded the Breadalbane family, whose adventures in Caithness and elsewhere have been described already in this book. The first Earl of Breadalbane built the north side of the Castle in 1693, and inscribed over the gateway his arms and those of his wife. The south side, which we see facing us, is sixteenth century.

## STIRLING CASTLE

Stirling, the Passage to the North, has itself a history second to none in Scotland.

Looking back in the stillness of a summer evening, you see the Rock stand out against the sunset, more massive and re-assuring every minute as the light fades behind it. The lines which the scene most aptly recalls are an English poet's, on *The Happy Warrior*,

who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

To the Chapel of Stirling both Wallace and Bruce must have returned to thank God—for they were humble men—each for his great victory fought within sight of the Castle Walls, Stirling Bridge in 1297 and

## STIRLING CASTLE

Bannockburn in 1314. Each victory was followed by the surrender of the English garrison in Stirling.

The last two lines of the quotation are especially appropriate to Bruce's famous encounter with de Bohun. One wonders what the little pony had in mind, as he stood perfectly still under his master and watched de Bohun's great stallion, lance in rest, come charging straight upon them. At the last moment they wheeled, and standing in his stirrups, Bruce crashed his battle-axe through de Bohun's helmet as he went past. If animals think, as they probably do, that Providence is on the side of the Big Battalions, the little pony must have been surprised. But he knew his master, and of course, Bruce was a Big Battalion in himself.

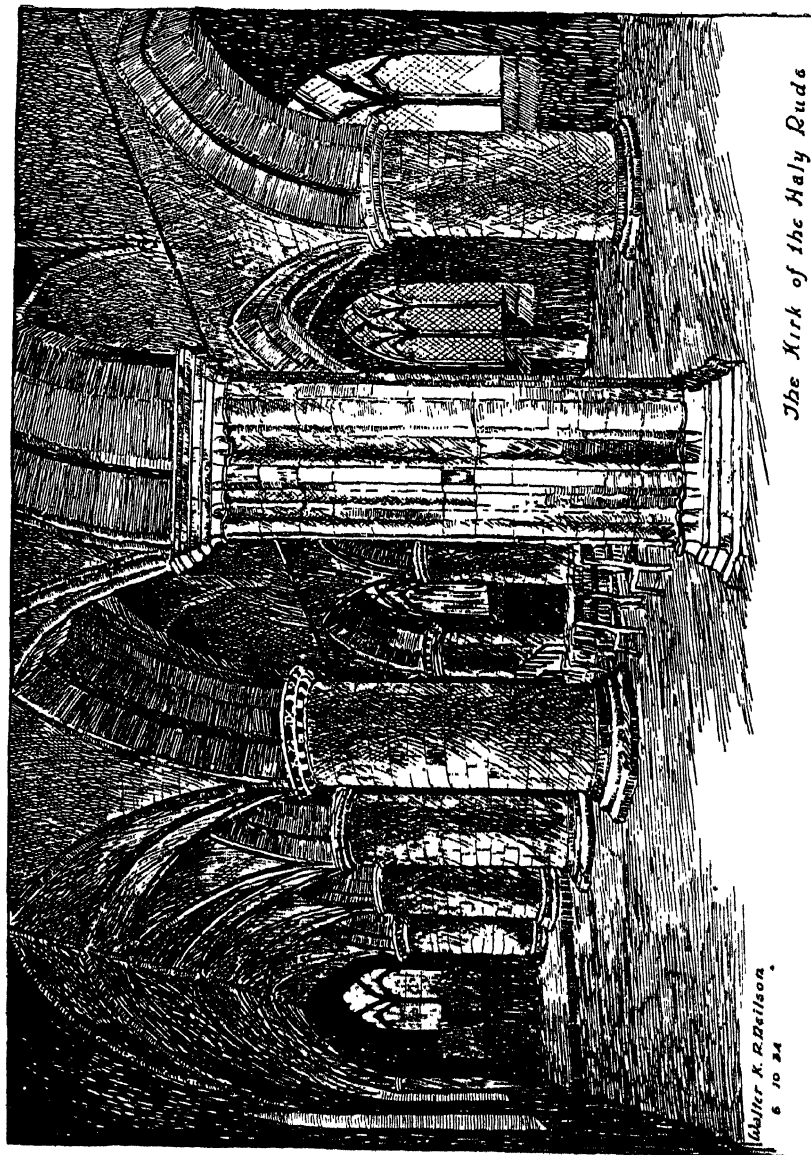
Under the six Jameses, Stirling became a favourite royal residence, the Third and Fourth of the name being born here. James II was only six when his father was murdered at Perth by a discontented noble, and it was hard for a King to grow up in those troubled times, and without creating offence, take his own way when he came to man's estate. James II was keenly conscious of his duty to his people : to prevent the horrors of civil war was his first duty, and his cousin the Earl of Douglas, a few years older than James and

## STIRLING CASTLE

the lord of great possessions, threatened to put himself above the Crown. This meant civil war, and James implored his cousin to see reason. Douglas, like many a Scotsman before and since, said he would take his own way, and the young king thereupon drew a dagger and stabbed him. James was only twenty-one when this happened. He was warm-hearted and affectionate, and repented the hasty deed at the time, but he became one of the strongest of the Stewart Kings, and was making Scotland a united nation when a cannon exploded at Roxburgh and took his life.

His son and grandson were both enthusiastic builders, but with a difference in achievement which a visit to Stirling will enable you to verify for yourself. Parliament House and the Chapel Royal were the work of James III, and though they have suffered—and still suffer—by the occupation of a British garrison which has transformed Parliament House into a dormitory and canteens, and the Chapel Royal into a litter for joinery, yet the Chapel Royal (even from outside) is uninspiring, and suggests that Bell-the-Cat, when he hung James III's favourite architect from the parapet of Lauder Bridge, may have done so in the interests of Fine Art.

The Kirk of the Haly Rude, in which Queen Mary



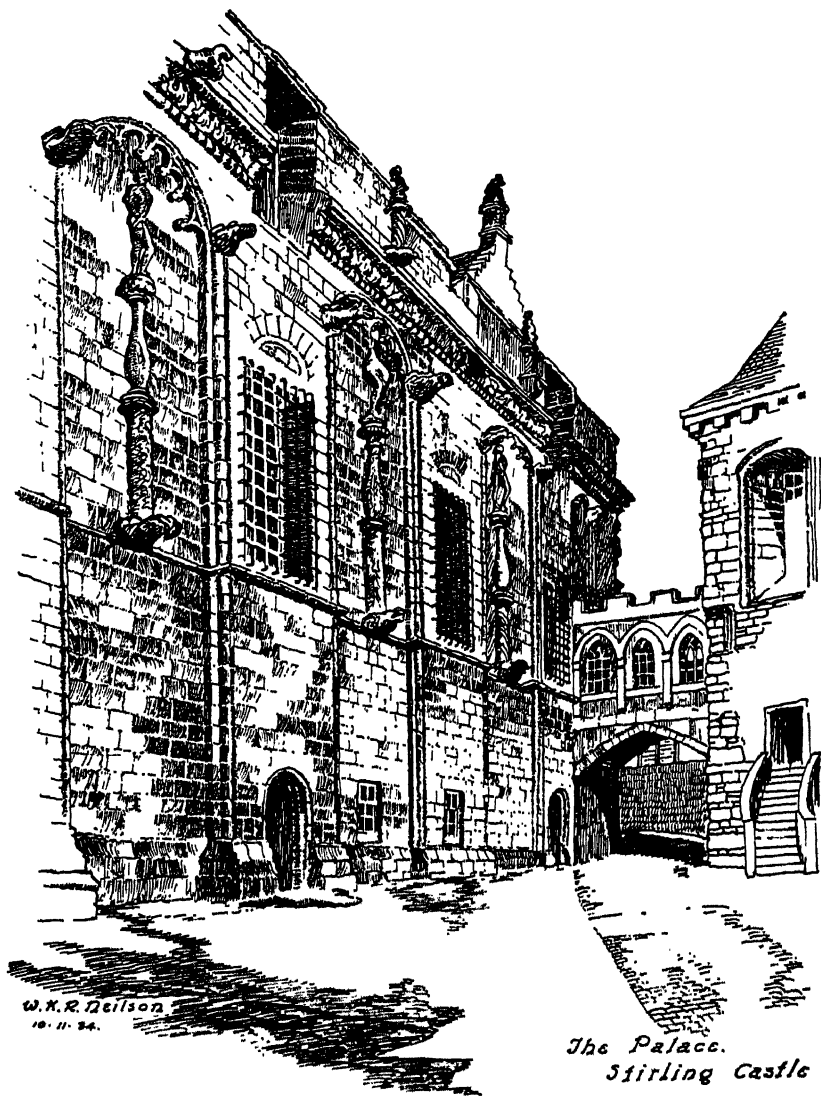
*The Kirk of the Holy Rude  
Stirling*

Walter K. R. Neilson.  
6 70 34

## STIRLING CASTLE

was crowned while she was yet too young to speak, belongs to another class. The Choir, that rises high above the Norman windows of the nave, and is planted proudly on the sloping hill like the fore-feet of a spirited horse, was built by James IV. Lorimer seems to have stamped with the style of this Church, his Scottish War Memorial on Edinburgh Castle, and it needs no loftier praise. John Knox preached in it, and one imagines that before consenting to do so, he gave instructions for the statues to be removed from their niches : one would gladly have seen them.

Very different, again, in conception is the outer decoration of the Palace, now used as the Castle mess-room. It was built by James V, and is eloquent evidence that that monarch lived in times beyond his own control, and did not know what he was doing. Totally unlike, for example, the Kirk of the Haly Rude, it shows no firm grasp of any principle, and is not only confused but ugly. The gratings over the windows are a significant feature. They were added when James VI was a child, to prevent his being carried off by his mother's friends, while she—unhappy Queen—was in exile under charge of Elizabeth. The First Raid of Stirling took place in 1571, and would have succeeded in its object if



W. H. R. Neilson  
18. 11. 94.

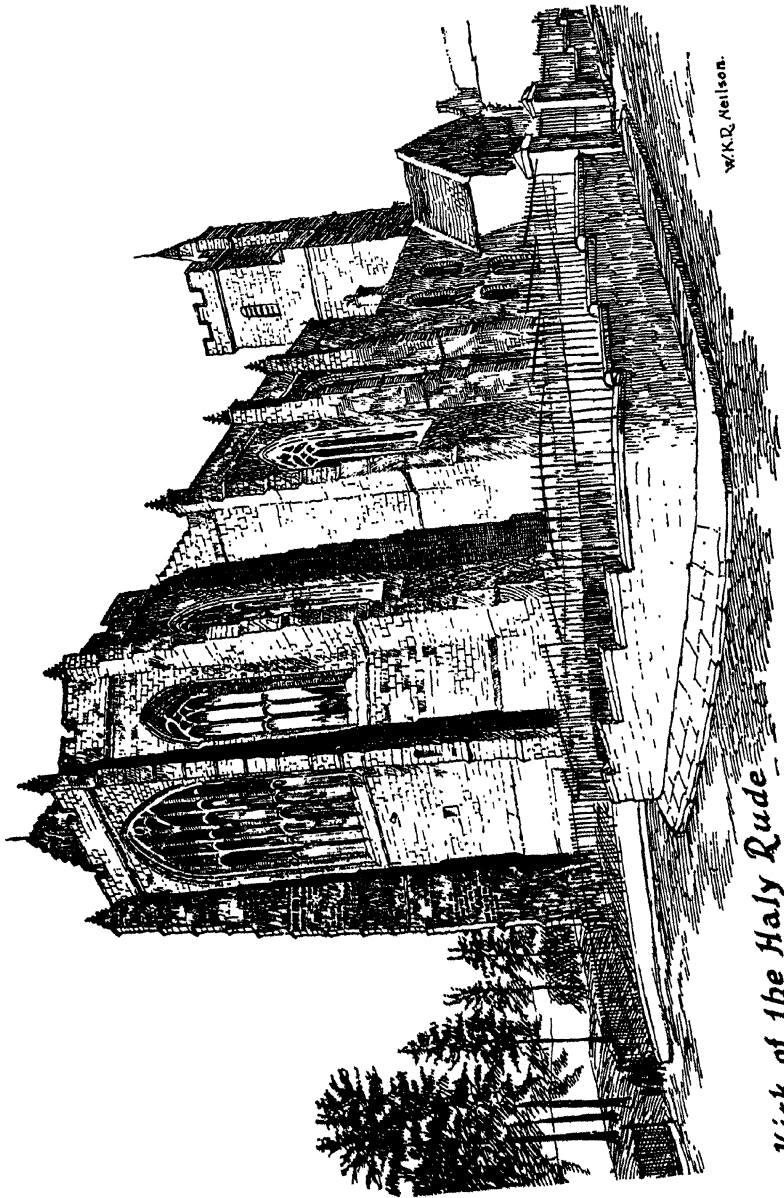
The Palace.  
Stirling Castle



## STIRLING CASTLE

the Borderers had not scattered to plunder when victory looked secure. A Second Raid, in 1585, was successful, the King being forced to banish his Governor Arran, and to subject himself to the rebellious lords. The last Prince who lived at Stirling Castle was James VI's promising son Henry, who spent there nine of his eighteen years of life. Had he not died before his time, the history of Britain would have taken a different turn in the following reign, and England would have known what it was to be ruled by a good Stewart King. Prince Henry's picture may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery in London.

The Old Bridge over the Forth was begun in the reign of Robert III, and completed about 1415—the year of Agincourt—by his brother the Regent Albany. Until 1750 the road passed through an archway at each end of the bridge, and the buttresses of the central pier of the bridge rose above the parapet to form small guard-houses for those who kept the iron gate at the northern archway. The Bridge has always had its eye on the Highland hills, watching to see what might emerge from those enchanted regions. At the south end of the bridge there was a Chapel of St. Marrock, in which—until the Reformation—kings and lesser travellers made their offering before venturing across the stream.



*Kirk of the Holy Rude  
Stirling*

W.K.D., Nelson.



*The Nave.  
Haddington*

W. K. F. Duffon.

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