

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

The Story of
Bothwell Castle

Tillicudlem, Crdokston
and other Castles

By
H. C. Shelley



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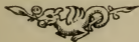
Preface.

THE present so persistently claims our attention that we are in constant danger of forgetting altogether that past in which it has its roots; and our loss in so doing is by no means insignificant. Those students of antiquity who do not allow their interest in the past to blind them to the claims of the present are continually emphasising the continuity of all life, and protesting against the habit into which some scholars have fallen of dealing only with phases of life. This is a protest which cannot be too often repeated. The heroic days of old are as if they were not, and we deliberately blind ourselves to every vision which would make us prize more highly both our heritages and our privileges. There are many ways by which we may preserve our historical continuity, but hardly any method is likely to be so effectual as purposeful visits to

those ancient castles which remain as silent witnesses of an age that has passed away.

Happily this method of preserving our touch with the past is as agreeable to most men as it is effectual. There are few people capable of resisting the fascination of an old building, especially if that building has borne a part in some of the best-remembered episodes of a nation's history. But, even apart from known historical associations, an old building, because it is old, possesses an irresistible charm, the psychology of which Mr. Ruskin analyses in his own inimitable way. "The greatest glory of a building," he says, "is not in its stones nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of

the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations: it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life."







Bothwell Castle.

THE prosperous condition of Scotland in the thirteenth century—Hill Burton affirmed that the country was more prosperous then than it ever was till after the union with England—had a marked effect upon the architecture of that period. The castles which are said to have been erected in the preceding century by Alexander I. and David I. consisted probably of earthworks, defended either with wooden palisades or rough walls of uncemented stone. They must, at any rate, have been exceedingly fragile buildings, for not one has survived to the present time. It is different, however, with the castles erected during the reigns of Alexander II. and III. Those monarchs encouraged Englishmen and Normen to settle in their country, and one result manifested itself in the massive fortresses which took the place

of the rude structures of the preceding century. That is a striking picture of the generally wealthy condition of the country which has been handed down in the elegy on the death of Alexander III., said by Sir Walter Scott to be the oldest specimen of the Scottish language which is known to remain in existence:—

“When Alexander our king was dead,
Who Scotland led in love and le,
Away was wealth of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of game and glee.
Then pray to God, since only He
Can succour Scotland in her need,
That placed is in perplexity!”

Of all the castles which remain to bear witness of the architecture of the period so tersely delineated by the poet, Bothwell is at once the most magnificent and best preserved. It is, indeed, the grandest ruins of its kind in Scotland, and may safely challenge comparison with the thirteenth-century castles of France or the Edwardian castles of England. For beauty of situation it is almost unrivalled in a land where castle-builders seem to have competed with each other for the choice spots of the

earth. Rich as is the Clyde all along its course from Tinto to Ailsa Craig in verdure-clad rocky promontories or receding stretches of deep-bladed grass, there is scarcely another spot so voluptuously beautiful as the Bothwell Bank of Scottish song. And the beauty of nature is enhanced rather than lessened by the crumbling red walls and stately towers of Bothwell Castle.

The exact date of the erection of Bothwell Castle has been lost beyond recovery, but some excavations made in recent years have been of service in defining roughly the period to which it belongs. An interesting account of those excavations is given by Mr. John H. Pagan in his "Antiquities of Bothwell." He writes:—"Although Bothwell Castle is not of Norman architecture, neither can its erection be assigned to Gothic times. It was only in the spring of 1888 that an old plan of the castle was discovered in the library of the modern mansion, which indicated that in ancient times the fortress was of greater compass than its extant walls suggested. The Earl of Home accordingly resolved to make exhaustive excavations within and beyond the walls, and his efforts have been

abundantly rewarded. The tracing of the old foundations has revealed the remains of a square and a round tower on the east side; a main gateway with two flanking towers, and the rude causeway leading up to it. These discoveries have added greatly to the antiquarian interest of the castle, and a leading archæologist of the day has pronounced it to be, 'without question, the finest example of the feudal castles of Scotland.'

"Accordingly, with these new-found additions, we have to deal with a building originally in the shape of an irregular parallelogram, and with this peculiarity, that its circular and square towers project beyond the line of the curtain walls, thus affording many surfaces for attack. Where, then, do we find a parallel to this style of building? The castles of Caerlaverock, Kildrummie, Hermitage, and Rothesay suggest themselves, but they are probably of earlier origin, belonging as they do to a type of architecture less mature. In Wales again, those castles styled Edwardian, which resemble Bothwell very closely, must be assigned to a later date, and we are rather led to look for

an older model. Such we find in the military architecture of the French in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which exercised undoubted influence on Scottish, and after a time on English, architecture.

“In particular, the Château de Coucy, an ancient fortress in France, bears a resemblance to Bothwell Castle so striking that it has even been conjectured that about the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the interests of Scotland and France were so closely knit together, the architect of the Château de Coucy was brought over to design the Castle of Bothwell. Be this as it may, we may safely affirm that the castle was built about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and that its architect, whoever he was, knew and followed the details and general plan of the Château de Coucy. Now, at this time the lands of Bothwell were the property of the Olifards, who were lords of the barony for many years, and it is not improbable that to them we should attribute the foundation of the building.”

It is not until the time of the heroic Wallace that Bothwell Castle makes

much appearance in history. At that period it belonged to Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, who, with Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, was the first nobleman to join the Scottish patriot in his dauntless struggle for his country's independence. And to his honour be it always added, Sir Andrew Murray was the last to forsake Wallace after his valiant attempt had failed. After Murray's outlawry, his estate of Bothwell was forfeited, and conferred by Edward I. on Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the commander of the English forces in that part of Scotland. After the Battle of Bannockburn, a band of the English nobility fled to Bothwell for refuge, an incident described by Barbour in the ninth book of "The Bruce" :—

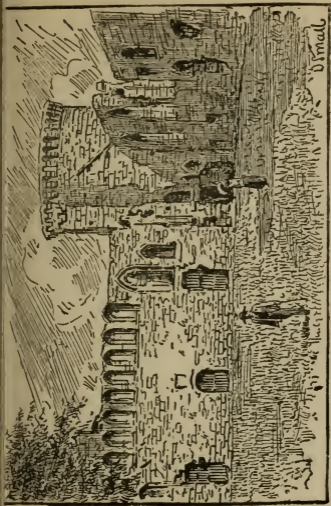
“ Quhen the gret bataill on this wiss
 Was discumfyt, as lk dewyss,
 Quhan thretty thowsand wele war ded,
 Or drownyt in that ilk sted ;
 And sum war in till handis tane ;
 And othyr sum thair gate war gane ;
 The erle of Herfurd fra the mellé
 Departyt with a gret mengné :
 And straucht to Bothwell tok the vai,

That than in the Ingliss mennys fay
Was, and haldyn as a place of wer.
Schyr Waltre Gilbertson wes ther
Capitane, and it had in ward.
The erle of Herfurd thiddyward
Held, and wes tane in our the wall,
And fyfty of his men with all ;
And set in howssis sindryly ;
Swa that their had thar na mercy."

It is worth while turning aside to note that the "Schyr Waltre Gilbertson," who is described by Barbour as the "Capitane" of Bothwell Castle, is almost certainly to be identified with Sir Walter Fitz-Gilbert, the earliest known member of the Hamilton family. He was resident in Scotland so early as 1294, and remained faithful to the English interest until the Battle of Bannockburn. His services in taking captive the Earl of Hertford and his companions in flight were rewarded by King Robert the Bruce by several grants of land, some of which still remain in the possession of the present Duke of Hamilton.

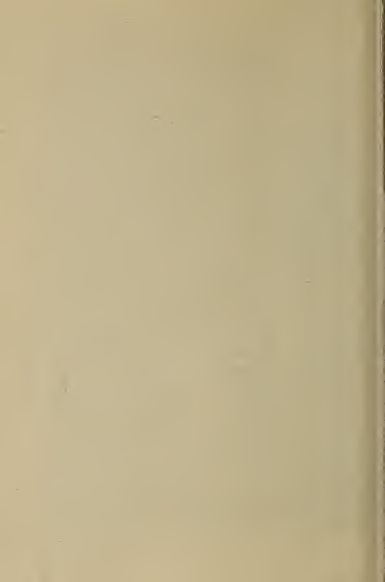
Having been regained for Scotland, Bothwell Castle was bestowed by Bruce on Sir Andrew Murray, who had married Christian, sister of the King. Among

its many noble and valiant owners he deserves to take high place; for from the time when the castle passed into his possession to his death in 1338 Sir Andrew Murray often marched from its gates to fight and suffer for his country's good. But he was not allowed peaceful possession of his royal brother-in-law's gift, for, during the raids into Scotland of Edward III.'s forces, the castle was recaptured by the English, and in 1236 was visited by their war-like monarch. But a year later, and two years prior to his own release, by death, from the cares of state and the fatigues of war, Sir Andrew Murray wrested the castle once more from English hands, and, after the manner of the time, left it in a condition which made it worthless as a place of defence. It passed next into the possession of Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas, who married the grand-daughter of Sir Andrew Murray. By this notable member of the great Douglas family the dismantled castle was restored and considerably enlarged. The great hall, the chapel, and other buildings in the spacious court-yard, are most probably to be attributed to him, profusely marked as they are by the Douglas arms.



COURTYARD, BOTHWELL CASTLE.

DSmall



Many tragic events were woven into the tapestry of Scottish history during the lifetime of Archibald the Grim, and one that was fraught with momentous consequences took place in his Castle of Bothwell. Just as the memorable fourteenth century was ending, two powerful Scottish nobles were struggling with each other for the prize of an alliance with the royal house of their land. When it had been resolved to attempt the reclamation from his wild life of the Duke of Rothesay, the eldest son of Robert III., by means of the generally sobering influence of matrimony, the Duke of Albany, the restless and dark-souled uncle of that ill-fated prince, propounded the principle of bestowing the hand of the heir of the kingdom upon the daughter of the noble who should offer the largest dowry. At first the Earl of March outdistanced all competitors, but his offer soon sank into insignificance beside that of Archibald the Grim. It was nothing to the Douglas that his rival's offer had been accepted; in this battle, if in no other, he would give the lie to his nickname of "Tine-man." And he seems to have found a willing accomplice in the Duke of Rothe-

say himself; for, while the Earl of March was fulminating his wrath and preparing to convulse the kingdom, he had journeyed with speed and secrecy to Bothwell Castle, and given his hand in marriage to Elizabeth Douglas, the daughter of its powerful owner.

But Bothwell Castle did not at first for long remain in the possession of the Douglas family. After their forfeiture in 1445, it was successively owned by the Crichtons, Sir John Ramsay (a favourite of James III.), and the Hepburns, Earls of Bothwell. Subsequent to the forfeiture of the infamous nobleman of that name, it passed through several hands, till it at last reverted to the noble family of Douglas. Its present owner is the Earl of Home, whose mother was the heiress of the fourth and last Lord Douglas.

To the student of literature Bothwell Castle derives much of its interest from its association with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Sir Walter Scott. During the tour in Scotland which Wordsworth and his sister and Coleridge made in 1803, those three notable travellers paid a visit to Bothwell Castle. What they saw and thought may be gathered from

the invaluable diary of Dorothy Wordsworth. "It was exceedingly delightful," she wrote, "to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken the place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red free-stone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leafed creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with

the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion. Its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us into ordinary life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other, and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank,

which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory, built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the Battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest

charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like—silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake, or of the sea, come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now, though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."

Bothwell Castle bulks largely in poetry, and Wilson's reference to it in his poem on "The Clyde," save for the touch about the fox, is still to the point:—

"The tufted grass lines Bothwell's ancient hall;
The fox peeps cautious from the creviced wall,

Where once proud Murray, Clydesdale's
ancient lord,
A mimic sovereign, held the festal
board ;
But dark oblivion has erased the
name
Of many a hero from the lists of
fame.
When ebb'd their noble blood, a damsel
fair
Consigned the power to Douglas *the*
austere,
Who bade the Gothic temple rise
sublime,
Still fresh and youthful from the
wrecks of time."

It will be remembered that the bank on which the castle is built was the burden of a song once sung by Scottish lips in far-away Palestine. Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," which was published in Antwerp in 1605, wrote:—"So fell it out of late yeers that an English gentleman traveling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as hee passed through a country towne, hee heard by chance a woman sitting at her doore danging her childe, to sing 'Bothwel bank thou blumest fayre.'

The gentleman heereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him and told him that she was a Scottish woman." This incident is alluded to by Leyden in the following lines :—

“ And thus the exiled Scotian maid,
 By fond alluring love betray'd,
 To visit Syria's date-crown'd shore,
 In plaintive strains that soothed
 despair,
 Did 'Bothwell's banks that bloom so
 fair,'
 And scenes of earlier youth deplore.”

Among the ballads of Sir Walter Scott is a fragment, first published by Lockhart, on Bothwell Castle. Just as the interest of the poem is deepening, it comes to an abrupt end ; but the verses demand a place in the anthology of the majestic ruin :—

“ When fruitful Clydesdale's apple bowers
 Are mellowing in the noon ;
 When sighs round Pembroke's ruined
 towers
 The sultry breath of June ;

- “ When Clyde, despite his sheltering
wood,
Must leave his channel dry,
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly ;
- “ If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green ;
- “ Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,
Where Bothwell's towers in ruin piled
O'erlook the verdant glade ;
- “ And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene—
Of Bothwell's banks that bloomed so
dear,
And Bothwell's bonnie Jean.
- “ O, if with rugged minstrel lays
Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale will hear ;
- “ Then all beneath the spreading beech,
Flung careless on the lea,

The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

“Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont
head,
He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadzow wood
Has started at the sound.

“St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell
hung,
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

“And rising at the bugle blast
That marked the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen mustered fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

“Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he—
While”

Scott had many treasured associations with Bothwell, and especially with the modern mansion-house which stands within a stone's throw of the ancient castle. Writing to Lord Montagu in June, 1825, he said—“I shall have a

peep at Bothwell Castle, if it is only for half an hour. It is a place of many recollections to me, for I cannot but think how changed I am from the same Walter Scott who was so passionately ambitious of fame when I wrote the song of Young Lochinvar at Bothwell; and, if I could recall the same feelings, where was I to find an audience so kind and patient, and whose applause was at the same time so well worth having, as Lady Dalkeith and Lady Douglas?"

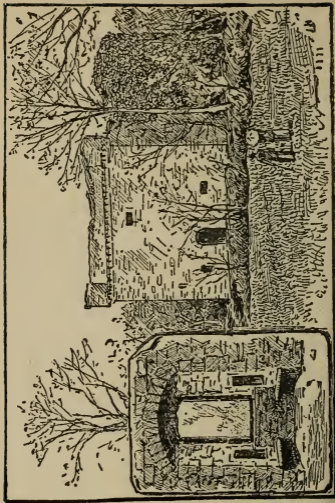
Wordsworth's sonnet on Bothwell Castle, written as a part of his memorial of a tour in Scotland in the autumn of 1831, must not be refused a place here:—

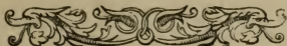
“Immured in Bothwell's towers, at
times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large,
and have
In mind the landscape, as if still in
sight;
The river glides, the woods before me
wave:
Then why repine that now in vain I
crave
Needless renewal of an old delight?”

Better to thank a dear and long past day
For joy its sunny hours were free to
 give,
Than blame the present, that our wish
 hath crost.
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which
 dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not
 fugitive :
How little that she cherishes is lost !”

Considering how nearly situated to the ruins of Bothwell Castle is the present mansion-house, it is remarkably generous of Lord Home to throw his grounds open on two days of each week—Tuesday and Friday—that all may share with him the beauties and romantic associations of his Clydeside home. The entrance to the castle is situated almost equally near Uddingston or Bothwell stations, so that the visitor has a long list of trains at his service. To prevent disappointment, it should be added that pic-nic parties are not allowed at Bothwell Castle, a restriction which at least has the result of keeping the ruins free of that most conventional emblem of nineteenth-century civilisation—a battered tinned-meat can.







Tillietudlem Castle.

ONE of the most interesting and picturesque castles near Glasgow is that known by its "Old Mortality" name of "Tillietudlem." Even apart from its own previous history, its connection with Mary Stuart and Sir Walter Scott is sufficient to invest it with peculiar attractions for those who respond to the spell of the past. But it has other claims than its association with those notable figures of Scottish history. In its earliest days it was known as the Castle of Draffane or Draffan, and it was probably a fortified structure from the date of the grant of the lands of Draffan to one Lambin Asa in the twelfth century. The oldest parts of the existing building--among which the keep is to be included--belong to about the middle of the

sixteenth century. It was by Sir James Hamilton of Finnart that, about the year 1529, the entire building was reconstructed, he having obtained a grant of the lands of Draffan from his father, the Earl of Arran. About eleven years later, in 1540, James V. was a guest at Draffan Castle on the occasion of the marriage of its owner's daughter, Agnes Hamilton, to James, Master of Somerville. But the sounds of wedding merriment had hardly died away before Sir James Hamilton forfeited the castle and lands, and one David Orrok was made keeper of the former at a princely yearly salary of £72 for "himself, his servand, and horse." In 1543, however, the forfeiture of Sir James was relaxed in favour of his son, and a compact was made by which the lands and the castle were reconveyed to the second Earl of Arran.

There is a tradition related to visitors to Tillietudlem to the effect that the farmer who erstwhile occupied the house in the corner of the courtyard was one day pestered by a tourist with the question—"Which is Queen Mary's room?" and the only answer he vouchsafed was the unsatisfactory one of, "I dinna ken; she's not been here in my time." But

there can be no doubt that Queen Mary was at Draffan before the worthy farmer's time. In her impassioned "Life" of the unfortunate and fascinating Mary Stuart, Miss Strickland rightly notes that the Queen had spent the few days before Langside battle at "Hamilton Castle and the ancient fortress of Draffan." There is contemporary evidence of this, for Sir William Drury, in writing to Cecil on May 6th, 1568, said:—"Since the dispatch of my last letter I cannot hear any more than that the Queen continued still at Draffan among the Hamiltons and all the defenders thereupon." After Mary's final overthrow at Langside indictments for treason were at once issued against the Hamiltons and their adherents, and one of these documents was served at the "castel and place of Hamilton and Draffane." Both these places were besieged by the Regent and taken, although they were recovered by the Hamiltons shortly after.

Another decade passed, and the castle ceased to be inhabited, save by the shadowy figures of Sir Walter Scott's creating. For a commission of James VI., dated May 22nd, 1579, gave peremptory orders for the seizing of Hamilton

and Draffan, and no sooner was this accomplished than an Act was passed ordering Draffan "to be demolishit and caussyn down." The dismantled fortress was restored to the Hamilton family once more in 1585, but not to be repaired or inhabited.

When next the castle changed hands—which took place in the following century—it also changed names, its new owner, Mr. Andrew Hay, a cadet of the house of Tweeddale, rechristening it "Craignethan." The house in the southwest corner of the spacious courtyard was erected by him, and over the doorway may still be seen the chained deer—the cognisance of the Hays—and the date of the castle's purchase, 1665. The purchase was made from the Duchess Anne, who appears to have been not the least remarkable member of the historic family of Hamilton.

Among the letters addressed to her, and still preserved in the muniment-room at Hamilton, are several from Mary of Modena, the Duchess of York, one from Queen Mary, and one from King Charles II. The Duchess of York was evidently a most gushing friend, for we find her penning such sentences as

this:—"Pray when euer you writt to me dont do it with any forme or ceremony for i cant indure it from a friend, i look upon you as mine, and i assure you i am, without any compliment, truly yours, Mary."

Next to its association with Mary Stuart, the connection of Tillietudlem with Sir Walter Scott is its chief attraction to most people. That connection promised at one time to be much closer than it ultimately became. During the autumn of 1799 Sir Walter paid a visit to Bothwell Castle, then the seat of Archibald Lord Douglas, who had married Lady Frances Scott, an early and life-long friend of the poet's. "One morning," writes Mr. Lockhart, "during his visit to Bothwell, was spent on an excursion to the ruins of Craignethan Castle, the seat, in former days, of the great Evandale branch of the house of Hamilton, but now the property of Lord Douglas; and the poet expressed such rapture with the scenery, that his hosts urged him to accept, for his lifetime, the use of a small habitable house, enclosed within the circuit of the ancient walls. This offer was not at once declined; but circumstances occurred before the end of

the year which rendered it impossible for him to establish his summer residence in Lanarkshire."

But if Sir Walter did not confer immortality upon Craignethan by choosing it as his residence, he achieved the same result by introducing it as Tillietudlem Castle in "Old Mortality." His description of the old fortress, and of the view from its summit is ample proof of the attractions the spot had for him. "The Tower of Tillietudlem," he wrote, "stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been in times of war a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and the wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the

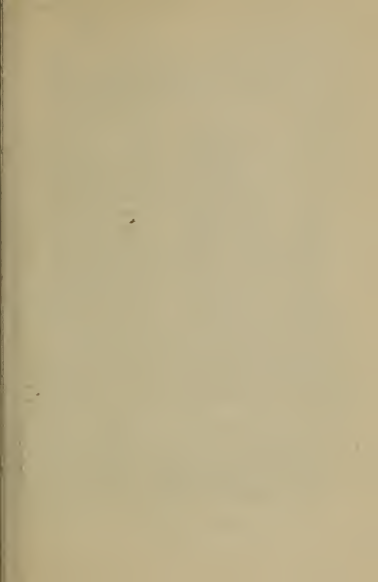
river form cultivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedgerow-trees and copses, the enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the Cairngorm pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have in most places planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

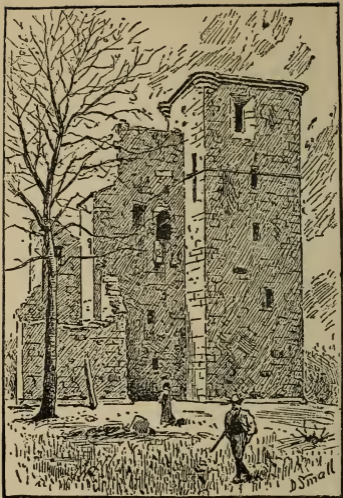
“ Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains,

dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland."

It is a striking tribute to the power of Sir Walter's fancy, that the castle's name of Craignethan has become almost lost in that of Tillietudlem, and that such a prosaic body as a railway company has had to take the designation of its station not from an ordnance map, but from the pages of a novel.







CROOKSTON CASTLE.



Crookston Castle.

EVERY observant traveller who journeys to Paisley *via* the Glasgow and South-Western Railway must have observed the ruined tower of Crookston Castle. When the train has covered a little more than half the distance between Bellahouston and Crookston Stations, there is no more conspicuous object in the landscape on the left hand side than the remains of that once stately edifice. Although one of the most easily accessible of the castles round Glasgow, Crookston at the same time occupies as picturesque and retired a site as many which are situated ten times its distance from St. Mungo's city, A brief railway journey of ten or twelve minutes, and a pleasant walk of about

a mile, lands one at a spot which is at once redolent of historic associations, and delightful for its natural beauty.

As is the case with so many Scottish castles, there is no record of the year in which Crookston was erected. While some authorities suppose it to belong to the thirteenth century, others believe that the site was occupied by a castle at a much earlier date. The existing building is a bit of a puzzle to architects. Parts of it indicate considerable antiquity, but the characteristic features of thirteenth century architecture are entirely wanting.

There is no doubt that Crookston Castle derives its name from the original proprietor of the estate, Robert de Croc, whose signature appears on the charter of foundation of Paisley Abbey about the year 1163. In 1330 the estate was purchased by Sir Alan Stewart, and, thirty years later, was granted to J. Stewart of Darnley. To the fact that it thus became the possession of his descendant, Lord Darnley, its chief historic association is due; for the connection of Crookston Castle with the tragic life-story of Mary Stuart must continue to invest its ruins with an indescribable

interest for all to whom that page of history is known.

If Mary Stuart ever found delight in the company of Lord Darnley as her husband, it must surely have been during the brief visit she paid to Crookston Castle. It was to this mansion of her wayward and purposeless lord that she is said to have retired shortly after her marriage at Holyrood; and here for many a year stood the yew-tree, under whose branches she is credited with having enjoyed "that reciprocal felicity which was soon to be embittered by the blackest malignity, and the virulence of political and religious rancour." This royal visit to Crookston was commemorated by a ballad, of which only these lines are extant:—

"When Hary met Mary under this yew-
tree,
What Hary said to Mary, I'll not tell
thee."

The yew-tree which figures in this poetic relic bulks largely in the history of Crookston Castle. Writing in 1710, Mr. George Crawford, the industrious historian of Renfrewshire, affirmed:—

“Hard by the castle is to be seen that noble monument, the Ew-tree, called the tree of Crockstoun, of so large a trunk, and well spread in its branches, that 'tis seen at several miles' distance from the ground where it stands.” From another source we learn that this famous tree measured ten feet in circumference at the height of seven feet from the ground, and that—note the pathos of the mark of exclamation—it “ceased to bud on the last day of the last century, when the House of Stewart was verging fast to its fall !”

While the tree continued to grow, its owner appears to have been indifferent to the depredations of such relic hunters as stripped it of twigs or branches, he thinking, doubtless, that each year's growth would balance each year's loss ; but when the life of the old tree ebbed out with its last bud, and the people of the countryside began carrying away large portions of the relic, it became necessary to remove what remained into safer keeping. Many pieces of this famous yew are scattered up and down the world. The royal treasures of Belgium should include a richly ornamented box made from the Crookston yew, for the

freedom of Glasgow city was once presented to a member of the Belgium royal house in that fashion. But the most interesting memento of the Crookston yew is still to be seen in Pollok House. It is in the form of a complete model of the castle, made from small square blocks of the yew wood. Every stone in the ruin is represented with astonishing minuteness and fidelity, so that one does not marvel to learn that the model took its builder four years to construct.

One relic of the Crookston yew prompted Mr. Robert A. Smith, the composer, who set many of Tannahill's songs to music, to pen these lines:—

“ A relic of the aneient yew,
That once by Crookston Castle grew,
Whose spreading boughs and foliage
green,
Oft sheltered Scotland's beauteous
Queen,
When Fortune treacherous on her
smiled,
And Love the blissful hours beguiled:—
Then, pilgrim, when this relic meets
thine eye,
Remember Mary's wrongs, and heave a
pitying sigh.”

Wilson, too, in his poem of "The Clyde," makes the following reference to the famous tree:—

“ By Crookston Castle waves the still-
green yew,
The first that met the royal Mary's
view,
When, bright in charms, the youthful
princess led
The graceful Darnley to her throne and
bed:
Embossed in silver, now, its branches
green
Transcend the myrtle of the Paphian
queen.”

And still the history of the Crookston yew is not exhausted. Its impress is to be seen on the reverse of the large ounce pieces of money coined by Queen Mary after her marriage with Darnley. On the obverse of these coins is inscribed the shield of Scotland, crowned and supported by two thistles, with the legend, *Maria et Henricus Dei gratia R. & R. Scotorum*; on the reverse is figured the Crookston yew, crowned, with this motto on a scroll beneath its branches, “*Dat gloria*

vires." Commenting on these matters, an old Episcopalian antiquary wrote long years ago:—"Wherein the tree being bound, denotes the advancement of the Lenox's Family, by Henry, Lord Darnley, his marriage with the Queen; and the Lemma *Dat gloria vires*, is observed very well to comport with the device."

The visit of Mary Stuart and Darnley is the one event which stands out in vivid relief in the history of Crookston Castle; nearly all else has faded into obscurity for ever. But not quite all. One other royal association emerges from the haze, and burns with brief but lurid light. When James III. met his death in the miller's cottage at Bannockburn, the Lords Lennox and Forbes headed the revolt, which, for a moment, threatened the succession of James IV. In that revolt, Crookston Castle bore its part. With swift decision, James IV. gathered his forces together, and himself led the attack on Lennox's Castles of Duchal and Crookston. The siege of the latter was short and sharp, for the king was soon at liberty to bestow his attention upon Lennox in other parts of the country.

From the days of that unknown ballad singer, whose song has nearly died into forgetfulness, to recent times, Crookston Castle appears to have inspired the muse of many a poet. The author of "The Clyde" paints the scene with vigorous strokes:—

“Here, raised upon a verdant mount
sublime,
To Heaven complaining of the wrongs
of time,
And ruthless force of sacrilegious
hands,
Crookston, their ancient seat, in ruin
stands ;
Nor Clyde's whole course an ampler
prospect yields
Of spacious plains and well-improven
fields,
Which here the gently rising hills sur-
round,
And there the cloud-supporting moun-
tains bound.”

Tannahill and Motherwell, too, are of those who have swollen the stream of Crookston's fame. “Beneath yon tree,” Motherwell sang,

“ Beneath yon tree—
Now bare and blasted, so our annals
tell—
The martyr Queen, ere that her fortunes
knew
A darker shade than cast her favourite
yew,
Loved Darnley passing well—
Loved him with tender woman’s generous
love,
And bade farewell awhile to courtly
state
And pageantry for yon o’ershadowing
grove—
For the lone river’s banks where small
birds sing,
Their little hearts with summer joys
elate—
Where tall broom blossoms, flowers pro-
fusely spring ;
There he, the most exalted of the
land,
Pressed, with the grace of youth, a Sov-
reign’s peerless hand.”

Without entering on direct description, Tannahill makes several effective allusions to Crookston, and one of his most popular songs bears its name. The air,

too, composed for it by Smith, has the same title :—

“ Through Crookston Castle’s lanely wa’s
The wintry wind howls wild and
dreary ;
Though mirk the cheerful e’ening fa’s,
Yet I ha’e vow’d to meet my Mary.
Yes, Mary, though the winds should
rave
Wi’ jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I’d brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi’ thee.

“ Loud o’er Cardonald’s rocky steep,
Rude Cartha pours in boundless
measure,
But I will ford the whirling deep
That roars between me and my trea-
sure.
Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave
Wi’ jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I’d bauldly brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi’ thee.

“ The watch-dog’s howling loads the
blast,
And makes the nightly wand’rer
erie,

But when the lanesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
Yes, Mary, though stern winter rave
Wi' a' his storms to keep me frae
thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee."

As the memory of Queen Mary and Sir Walter Scott is linked with the history of Tillietudlem Castle, so is it with Crookston. Only, the novelist's connection with Crookston is hardly creditable to his historical knowledge; for it was from beneath the shadow of its walls that, in "The Abbot," he made Queen Mary witness the overthrow of her forces at Langside. Notwithstanding this blunder, the passage in question will be read with interest by every visitor to the ruins, for it harmonises in a remarkable manner with the surroundings of the castle.

"Ride up, ride up, Lady Catherine Seyton," cried the Abbot, as they still swept on at a rapid pace, and were now close beneath the walls of the castle—"ride up, and aid Lady Fleming to support the Queen—she gives way more and more."

They halted and lifted Mary from the saddle, and were about to support her towards the castle, when she said faintly, "Not there—not there—these walls will I never enter more!"

"Be a Queen, madam," said the Abbot, "and forget that you are a woman."

"Oh, I must forget much, much more," answered the unfortunate Mary, in an undertone, "ere I can look with steady eyes on these well-known scenes!—I must forget the days which I spent here as the bride of the lost—the murdered —"

"This is the Castle of Crookston," said the Lady Fleming, "in which the Queen held her first court after she was married to Darnley."

"Heaven," said the Abbot, "thy hand is upon us!—Bear yet up, madam—your foes are the foes of Holy Church, and God will this day decide whether Scotland shall be Catholic or heretic."

A heavy and continued fire of cannon and musketry bore a tremendous burden to his words, and seemed far more than they to recall the spirits of the Queen.

"To yonder tree," she said, pointing to a yew-tree which grew on a small

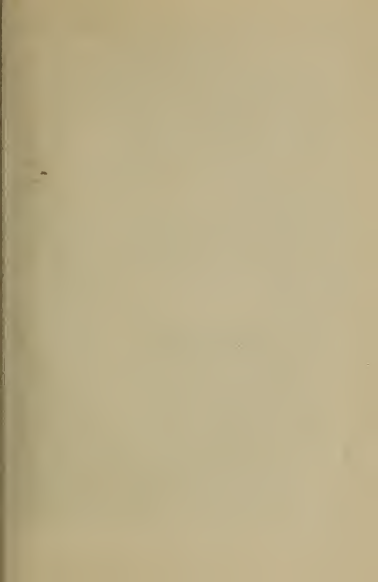
mount close to the castle; "I know it well—from thence you may see a prospect wide as from the peaks of Schehallion."

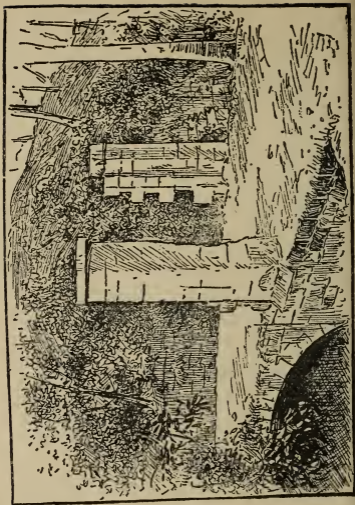
And freeing herself from her assistants, she walked with a determined yet somewhat wild step up to the stem of the noble yew. The Abbot, Catherine, and Roland Avenel followed her, while Lady Fleming kept back the inferior persons of her train. The black horseman also followed the Queen, waiting on her as closely as the shadow upon the light, but ever remaining at the distance of two or three yards—he folded his arms on his bosom, turned his back to the battle, and seemed solely occupied by gazing upon Mary through the bars of his closed visor. The Queen regarded him not, but fixed her eyes upon the spreading yew.

"Ay, fair and stately tree," she said, as if at the sight of it she had been rapt away from the present scene and had overcome the horror which had oppressed her at the first approach to Crookston, "there thou standest, gay and goodly as ever, though thou hearest the sounds of war, instead of the vows of love. All is gone since I last greeted thee—love and

lover—vows and vower—king and kingdom.—How goes the field, my Lord Abbot?—With us, I trust—yet what but evil can Mary's eyes witness from this spot?"









Cadzow Castle.

COMPARED with the number of people to whom Hamilton Palace, the Hamilton Mausoleum, and the Hamilton Low Parks are familiar, there are but few who can claim to have explored the Hamilton High Parks. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that while on two days of the week the public have free admission to the Low Parks, a special order is always needed to secure entrance to the High Parks. That special order is, however, most generously forthcoming, and amply repays the slight trouble necessary to secure it. When once within the lodge gates it is difficult to realise that Glasgow is only about nine miles away, and that close at hand innumerable coal-mine stalks are conspiring to blur the beauty of nature. For it is into a veritable

Forest of Arden that the special order for Hamilton High Parks admits one. Mingling here and there with trees and foliage of younger growth, the gnarled and sturdy branches of the veterans of the old Caledonian Forest bear mute witness of days that stand dim and vague upon the horizon of history. It may be doubted whether anywhere within thirty or forty miles of Glasgow there is a mile or two of woodland scenery which can rival, much less excel, in beauty the ever-varying vista of loveliness which lures one on and on along the Green Drive. And to those whose enjoyment of Nature is intensified by the presence of some memento of an age that has grown romantic because it is gone, the Green Drive is none the less appreciated because it leads directly to the ruins of Cadzow Castle.

Ruins they undoubtedly are. Amid the wealth of summer leafage it is difficult to gain an adequate idea of how extensive this ancient baronial residence of the historic Hamilton family once was. Indeed, the idea has to be acquired in sections. It is a considerable help to view the ruins from the massive bridge which spans the river Avon close by.

Then it will be seen how far along the river front the building originally extended, and how deftly its foundation stones were almost dove-tailed into the precipitous bank on which it stands. Further and completing sections of the idea must be gathered at the expense of keen-eyed exploration along the dismantled walls and among the few vaults and chambers which still keep a semblance of their former state. But when all is done how unlike "Ennobled Cadzow's Gothic towers" is the picture we have laboriously pieced together from its ruins! It is only given to the poet to recall the past, and that Sir Walter Scott did in one of his earliest and most spirited ballads. While on a Christmas visit to Hamilton Palace in 1801, Mr. Lockhart relates, the idea of the ballad took shape. "A morning's ramble to the majestic ruins of the old baronial castle on the precipitous banks of the Avon, and among the adjoining remains of the primeval Caledonian forest, suggested to him a ballad, not inferior in execution to any that he had hitherto produced, and especially interesting as the first in which he grapples with the world of picturesque

incident unfolded in the authentic annals of Scotland. With the magnificent localities before him, he skilfully interwove the daring assassination of the Regent Murray by one of the clansmen of 'the princely Hamilton.' Had the subject been taken up in after years, we might have had another 'Marmion,' or 'Heart of Midlothian'; for in 'Cadzow Castle' we have the materials and outline of more than one of the noblest of ballads."

CADZOW CASTLE.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadzow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadzow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadzow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst
turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid ! at thy command,
Again the crumbling halls shall rise ;
Lo ! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-covered
side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between :

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling
sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream ;

And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light ; the east is gray ;
The weary warder leaves his tower ;
Steeds snort ; uncoupled stag-hounds
 bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the chief rode on ;
His shouting merry-men throng behind ;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetier than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts
 again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have
 worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering
on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quivered band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the
sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well, the Chieftain's lance has
flown ;
Struggling in blood the savage lies ;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the
pryse!

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear ;
Curls through the trees the slender
smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland
cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain marked his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet missed his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

“ Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his
place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare? ”

Stern Claud replied, with darkening
face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,)
“ At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

“ Few suns have set since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets
foam,
When to his hearth, in social glee
The war-worn soldier turned him home.

“ There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born
child.

“ O change accursed! past are those
days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

“ What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Esk through wood-
land flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

“ The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!’”

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed ;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs
glare,
As one some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he, 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle, and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a
bound,

And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Révenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

" Your slaughtered quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded
town.

" From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled the traitorous pomp to
see.

" But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

" With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked, where, mingling in his band,
Trooped Scottish pikes and English
bows.

“Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder’s foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlane’s plaided clan.

“Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent’s rein,
And haggard Lindesay’s iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

“Mid pennoned spears, and steely grove,
Proud Murray’s plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

“From the raised visor’s shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.

“But yet his saddened brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
‘Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!’

“The death-shot parts—the charger
springs—
Wild rises tumult’s startling roar!
And Murray’s plummy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

“ What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

“ But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll ;
And mine was ten times trebled joy
To hear him groan his felon soul.

“ My Margaret’s spectre glided near ;
With pride her bleeding victim saw ;
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
‘ Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !’

“ Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault !
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree !
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—
Murray is fallen, and Scotland free !”

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
“ Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed !
Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of
flame !”

But, see ! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more ;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan’s lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The bannered towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's
tale ;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale !

Many generations have passed since Cadzow Castle rose in stately grandeur by the densely-wooded side of the Avon ; how many generations none can tell, for there is no record of the date when the building was begun. It appears to have been a Royal residence in the times of Alexander II. and Alexander III., and is said to have been acquired by the Hamilton family during the reign of Robert the Bruce. Like many of the more important Scottish castles, it was undoubtedly enlarged from time to time.

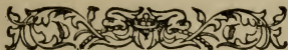
though it is difficult to decide now which are the earliest and which the latest portions of the structure. One fairly certain historical association may be claimed on its behalf. Miss Strickland describes Mary Queen of Scots as passing the days immediately previous to the Battle of Langside at Hamilton Castle and the ancient fortress of Draffan, and, as Cadzow Castle was in 1568 the chief residence of the Hamiltons, it is almost certain that it is to be regarded as sharing with Tillietudlem the honour of being one of the two mansions in which the ill-fated Queen passed the closing days of her residence in Scotland.

Nor must it be forgotten that a visit to Cadzow Castle gives one an opportunity to see the famous wild cattle of Cadzow Forest. In the prefatory note to his ballad on the castle, Sir Walter Scott informed his readers that the ferocity of the animals had necessitated their extirpation, but that remark must be included in the category of blunders. A herd of some 50 of these rare beasts is still to be seen in the forest. It is only at certain seasons of the year that they are at all dangerous, and, indeed, in

general their wildness consists more in their fear of man than in the imaginary "ferocity" of Sir Walter. Some think there is good reason to doubt the assertion that they are the survivors of the Scottish wild cattle; and Dr. J. A. Smith does not hesitate to declare that they are an ancient fancy breed of domesticated animals, preserved on account of their beauty in the parks of the wealthy. Bellenden's translation of Boece's "History of Scotland" contains the following curious description of these famous cattle:—"In this wod (Calidon) wes sum tyme quhit bullis, with crisp and curland mane, like fiers lionis; and thought they seemed meik and tame in the remanent figure of thair bodyis, yai wer mair wyld than ony uther bestis; and had sic hatrent aganis ye societie and cumpany of men, that thai come nevir in the woddis nor lesuris quhair thay fand ony feit or haynd thairof; and mony dayis efter thay eit nocht of the herbis that wer twichit or handillit be men. Thir bullis wer sa wyld that thai wer nevir tane but slycht and crafty labour, and sa impacient, that efter thair taking thay deit for importable doloure. Als sone as ony man

invadit thir bullis, thay ruschit with so terrible preis on hym that thay dang hym to the eird, takand na feir of houndis, scharp lancis, nor uther maist penitrive wapinnis."





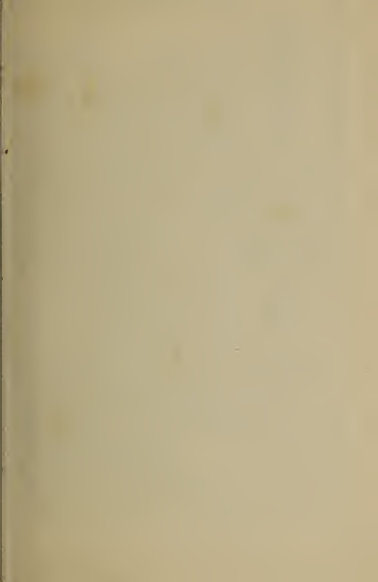
Cathcart Castle.

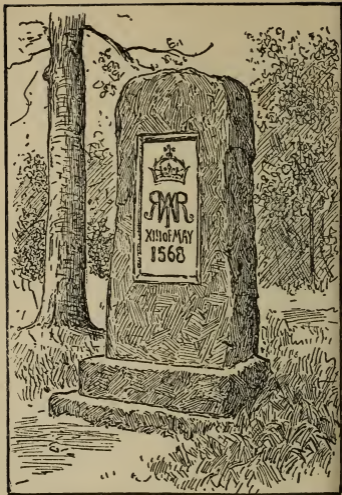
CATHCART CASTLE is a somewhat disappointing ruin. It is only from the south-east that anything like a general view is possible, and the present condition of the interior does not compensate for the lack of outward attractions. The vault on the ground floor, the only apartment in a tolerable state of preservation, is damp and noisome, and the walls of the hall above have been patched here and there with prosaic red bricks. Perhaps the only redeeming feature about the entire ruin is the magnificent view from the window of the banqueting hall.

Cathcart Castle cannot lay claim to any stirring, historical, or romantic associations. Although nothing is known of the date of its erection, the style of building points to the fifteenth century

as the probable period of that event. The estate from which it takes its title belonged to a family of the name of Cathcart in the twelfth century, but the barony passed in 1546 into the hands of a Semple, one of the family of old Lord Semple, who fought in the Regent's army at the Battle of Langside. After a long interval a representative of the old family purchased back a part of the estate, and in 1814 he was created Earl of Cathcart. The castle did not cease to be inhabited until about the middle of the last century, when the proprietor, having erected a new mansion, sold the materials of the old building to a contractor. He, however, after unroofing it and beginning the work of demolition, found that it would be far from profitable to carry his task to a completion.

It has sometimes been asserted that Queen Mary passed the night before the Battle of Langside in Cathcart Castle, but there is not the slightest foundation for such a statement. At the date of that memorable struggle the castle was held, as we have seen, by a Semple, and its owner doubtless fought among those who ranged them-





QUEEN MARY'S STONE.

selves under the Regent's standard. But within a hundred yards of the castle there stands one of the most interesting mementos of Mary Stuart's last disastrous battle—a monolith of red granite on the summit of Court Knowe, the spot from whence she viewed the overthrow of her forces at Langside. The story of that monolith was told by the late Mr. Alexander M. Scott, in his valuable little paper entitled "Notes on the Battle of Langside." After describing the battle, he continued:—"It has already been mentioned that, before the battle began, Mary left her army in order to proceed to Cathcart. Buchanan states that she 'stood a spectator of the action about a mile distant from the field'; and the spot which local tradition has for a long time back pointed out is just that distance. The bog lay between her and the Regent's troops; and while her safety was thereby assured, her position had the advantage of giving her a sufficient view of the battle. Till nearly the end of last century the spot had been marked by a thorn tree—significant emblem of the Queen's life—but it decayed, and a Glasgow solicitor, who had purchased

Cathcart Castle, replaced it about 1790 by another. About the beginning of the present century the picturesque timber, presently growing around the castle, had been planted; and although the author of the 'Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange' states that the place where the Queen stood was, at the time of the battle, surrounded by bosky woodland, the probability is that it was quite bare. Trees were not considered a desirable feature by a baron in the neighbourhood of his castle in these old days. The thorn planted by Mr. James Hill, writer, was, many years afterwards, replaced by the late General Cathcart by a field gate stone, on which there were roughly carved a crown, the letters M.R., and the year 1568. The general's descendant, with better taste, has erected a small ornamental granite stone in the same place, with the crown, initials in the form of a monogram, and day, month, and year of the fight."

In his delightful "Sketch-Book of the North," Mr. George Eyre-Todd tells in fitting language the story which will make Court Knowe memorable for all time. "A sunny knoll that is," he writes, "where the birds feed undis-

turbed to-day—a small point in the landscape; yet it has a page of history to itself. On its summit once stood a Scottish queen, surrounded by a little group of nobles, watching, a mile to the north, the die of her fate being cast, the arbiter of life or death. Two armies lay before her. Far off, about the little village in the bosom of yonder hill, she saw two dark masses gathered, with a battery line of guns between them. Those were her enemies; and one of the horsemen behind them—it was only a mile away—she knew was her own half-brother. Nearer, on the lower rising ground, which the railway cuts through now, she saw her own troops gathering, a larger force, but without the advantage of position.”

The issue of that battle we all know, and the knowledge tinges with pathos the thoughts which crowd into the mind while musing by the spot from whence Queen Mary witnessed the ruthless blighting of her re-born hope.





Newark Castle.

THERE are several Newark Castles in Scotland. One stands upon a steep and richly-wooded bank by the classic Yarrow; a second may be sought for about four miles south of Ayr, not far from Alloway's "auld haunted kirk"; another is to be seen on the Fifeshire coast, near St. Monans; and a fourth occupies what once must have been a picturesque site in the Bay of Newark, at Port-Glasgow. It is with the last-named castle we have to do.

A little more than four centuries have passed since the first portion of this ancient edifice was fresh from the builder's hands. Then its surroundings must have been as picturesque as the unspoiled reaches of the Firth of Clyde still are; and from its upper windows, narrow slits

though they were, a far-reaching view of the Clyde and Gareloch was possible. Even at the date of Crawford's "History of Renfrewshire" (1710), the surroundings of Newark Castle must have retained much of their pristine beauty, for the illustration of the building given in that book shows a foreground of undulating sward and a background of bosky trees. But the surroundings of Newark Castle in the nineteenth century are far from picturesque. Hemmed in as the building is by shipbuilding-yards, which make the day hideous with their clamorous noises, and blur the night landscape with their unsightly structures, it needs a vigorous effort of the imagination to recall the time when it held a proud supremacy as the most conspicuous object of the river side.

Although three centuries have passed since the latest additions were made to the castle, the entire structure is, externally at least, in a splendid state of preservation. It is well characterised as a fine specimen of the advanced type of Scottish domestic architecture, and it seems a sad oversight on the part of its present owner, Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, to allow it to be turned into "an inconvenient residence for a few poor families

on the one side, and a receptacle for dirt on the other."

The original structure of Newark Castle seems to have been added to on two occasions. The oldest part of the building is undoubtedly the keep at the south-east corner, which seems to have been erected some 10 or 12 years before the fifteenth century came to a close. Then followed, but at how long an interval it is almost impossible to say, the tower at the opposite or south-west corner, by which, in later days, entrance was gained to the principal building. But the great bulk of Newark Castle owes its origin to Patrick Maxwell, who, judging from the lavish distribution of his monogram in different parts of the building, was determined that posterity should be informed of that fact. That monogram is still sharply legible over the main doorway of the castle, and beneath it runs the legend:—"The blessingis of God be heirin."

Patrick Maxwell appears to have been a notable member of the family of that name. His genealogical history is unfolded by Crawford in a rather chaotic fashion. After describing the situation of Newark Castle, that historian states

that the barony and other lands "came to Sir Robert Maxwel of Calderwood, a younger son of the family of Nether Pollock, in right of Elizabeth, his wife, second daughter, and one of the co-heirs, of Sir Robert Dennistoun of that ilk, whose successor, Sir John Maxwel of Calderwood, disposed the Barony of Newark to George Maxwel, his son: Which grant is confirmed by a charter from King James III., dated, at Edinburgh, the 3d day of January, 1477. Whose son, Patrick Maxwell of Newark, obtained a charter of these lands in the year 1483, and died an. 1522. To whom succeeded John, his son and heir; and of John, a younger son, descended the Maxwels of Dargevel: Which George was contemporary with Queen Mary. He married Marion, daughter of William Cunningham of Craighends, by whom he had Patrick, his son and heir." And so we reach at last, although in a tortuous manner, the Patrick Maxwell who has left so enduring a memorial of his castle-building ambition.

But, four years prior to the date of his additions to Newark Castle in 1597, Patrick Maxwell took part in a historic event which almost prevented his hand-

ing his name down to posterity as the enlarger of that building. One day in 1593 the good citizens of Edinburgh were startled by the appearance in their midst of a band of dishévelled and travel-stained women, who bore with them the blood-besmeared shirts of their recently slain husbands and sons. These were some of the pitiable sufferers of the raid of the Laird of Johnston at Lockerbie, in which Border feud Patrick Maxwell took part, and "escaped with his life very narrowly." But, as Carlyle might remark, the Destinies had ordained that he should enlarge the domain of his ancestors. And so he was not killed.

It must be confessed that, if he fought as well as he built, Patrick Maxwell was a brave man; for Newark Castle, even amid its unattractive surroundings, impresses one at once by its admirable proportions and fine Renaissance features. "The hall," as Mr. M'Gibbon has stated, "is a splendid apartment, measuring 37 feet 4 inches by 20 feet 8 inches, lighted by windows on all sides. These have all a polished stone fillet round the scuncheon or angle next the room. The two centre windows to the court-yard have their sills raised higher than those of the

other windows (being about six feet above the floor), so as to admit of panels on the outside and a recess for a sideboard under one of them in the inside. The fireplace in the north wall is particularly noteworthy." It would surely be possible for this handsome edifice to be put to some town use. A comparatively trifling cost would put it in thorough repair, and preserve for future generations a remarkably fine specimen of sixteenth-century Scottish architecture.

There is one Royal association connected with Newark Castle. In the early part of his reign James IV. wisely devoted much care and tact to attach to his interest the principal chiefs of the Western Islands, and during one of his arduous tours for that purpose he paid a visit to the fortress of the Maxwells. This was in 1493 or 1495, and at that time the earliest portion of the castle had not long been erected.





Mains Castle.

THE sturdy old tower of Mains Castle is a prominent object in one of those numerous valleys which intersect the hilly road to the north of East Kilbride. There is a tradition in the district that the castle is only half a mile from the railway station, but he who wishes to arrive at his destination without feeling he has been imposed upon had better add a mile to the local mensuration. Happily the old ruin is well in sight for some time before it is reached, and the anticipation of being soon by its side gives an appearance of truth to the local myth.

Save for the far-reaching view which can be commanded from its summit, there is little of the picturesque about the situation or surroundings of Mains Castle. But if the Rev. David Ure wrote as true a gospel in his "History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride" as, it is

to be presumed, he preached from the pulpit, then the surroundings of the castle must once have been as charming as any one could wish. A hundred years ago a stately yew added some beauty to the building, which now stands bleak and bare to the four winds of heaven. It was five feet in circumference, according to our clerical historian, and "the branches into which it divides itself rise to a considerable height, and extend over a large space of ground." But the "sullen tree" is gone. And not the tree alone. "What contributed greatly to the beauty, and at the same time to the grandeur of the Mains," continues Mr. Ure, "was an artificial lake, a little to the south of the tower. It covered a space of about twenty acres. A small island, composed of earth and stones, was raised in the middle of the lake, which, besides beautifying the scene, afforded a safe retreat for the water-fowl with which the place abounded. This little eminence is now covered with planting, and, instead of being the pride of the lake, is become a useful ornament to a rich and extensive meadow, in which, since the water was drained off, it now stands."

It is not known when Mains Castle was built. Mr. M'Gibbon places it in the third period of Scottish architecture, which he defines as covering the years between 1400-1542. On the other hand, Mr. Ure thought it was probably built by the "Cummins"—Comyn—before the reign of Robert the Bruce. There may be some truth in this conjecture, for the Comyns were in possession of nearly two-thirds of the lands of Kilbride prior to the time of the Bruce, and they only lost their heritage through the forfeiture of that member of their family who was slain at Dumfries by the King. That tragic event had something to do with deciding who the future owner of Mains was to be. In addition to that Kilpatrick whose cry of "mak' siccar" reverberates through the pages of history, Bruce was accompanied during his memorable visit to Dumfries by James Lindsay, and it was to his son, John Lindsay of Dunrod, that the lands of the Comyns were given in the year 1382. Prior to that gift the Lindsays had their family seat in that distant part of Renfrewshire from which they were named; but, for some reason not easy to divine, they elected to leave the lovely valley

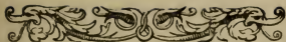
behind Gourock and make Mains their future home.

Little is known of the Lindsays of Mains. That ancestor of theirs who was the companion of the Bruce at the slaying of the Red Comyn starts for the moment into relief on the canvas of history, and the pallor of his leader's face lights up his own countenance for a fleeting point of time. Then he fades from view, and none of his descendants arrest our attention until we reach the one in whom the race became extinct. Of him Mr. Ure writes that he "greatly exceeded all his predecessors in haughtiness, oppression, and every kind of vice. He seldom went from home unless attended by 12 vassals well mounted on white steeds. Among the instances of his cruelty, it is told that when playing on the ice he ordered a hole to be made in it and one of his vassals who had inadvertently disobliged him in some trifling circumstance immediately to be drowned. The place hath ever since been called Crawford's hole, from the name of the man who perished in it. Tradition mentions this cruel action as a cause, in the just judgment of God, that gave rise to his downfall. In a short

while after, it is reported, his pride was brought very low. This haughty chieftain was at length forced by penury to apply for charity to the tenants and domestics he had formerly oppressed. . . . It is told that, having worn out the remains of a wretched life, he died in one of their barns."

Although of course uninhabited, Mains Castle is kept in an admirable state of repair, and is likely to remain for many generations as a good specimen of the architecture of its time. Writing in 1793 Mr. Ure said, "This tower was habitable till about 70 years ago, when the roof was taken off to procure slates for some office-houses at Torrance"; but that depredation has been carefully repaired. It is stated that the ruins of another castle, about 70 yards north of the present tower, were to be seen in the last century, but these have shared the fate of the yew and the lake.





Mearns Castle.

MEARN'S CASTLE, which occupies a delightful situation about a mile to the south-east of the old village of Newton, belongs to the period when defence was a primary consideration in the selection of a site and the planning of a building. The steep and rocky bank on which this massive tower stands was, it is believed, the site of the ancient castle of Mearns, a structure dating back to the time of Roland of Mearns and Aymer.

The present building was erected by Herbert Lord Maxwell, who received a license for that purpose from James II. in March, 1449. The license gave him permission to build a castle or fortalice on the barony of Mearns, to surround and fortify it with walls and ditches, to strengthen it by iron gates,

and to erect on the top of it all war-like apparatus necessary for its defence. In his "Book of Carlaverock," Sir William Fraser gives some interesting particulars of this Herbert Lord Maxwell. He was a member of the Parliament which met at Edinburgh on June 28th, 1445, and four years later, in the truce made between England and Scotland, he was appointed one of the conservators for the King of the Scots, and one of the Admirals of the Sea and Wardens of the Marches of Scotland towards England.

Mearns Castle, remarks Sir William Fraser in the work cited above, continued to be one of the residences of the Lords Maxwell for two centuries after its erection; but they resided more frequently at their other castles than at the Castle of Mearns, for which they appointed constables and keepers, who levied duties for the keeping of it. At this castle Lady Elizabeth Douglas, Countess Dowager of Morton, sought a tranquil retreat in the summer of the year 1593, after the death of her husband, John, seventh Lord Maxwell, who, in December preceding, was slain in a scuffle with the Johnstons. In a letter to Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, dated

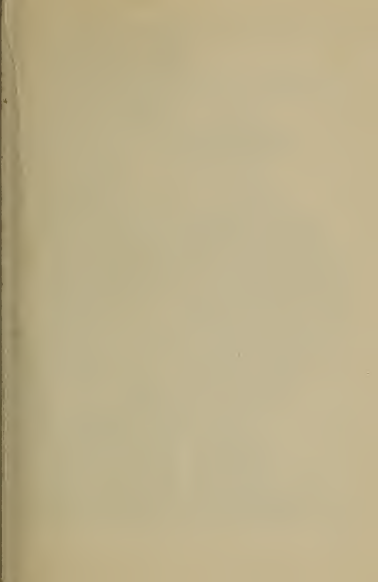
12th March, 1593, she informs him that it was her purpose, God willing, to go to her lands and Castle of Mearns and to stay there during the greater part of the ensuing summer; and she requests him to deliver the house and keys to the bearers, her servants, that the necessary repairs might be made. Soon after it became the temporary residence of her unfortunate son, John, eighth Lord Maxwell, who was beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh, on the 21st of May, 1613, for having shot the laird of Johnston, on 6th April, 1608, in revenge for his father's death.

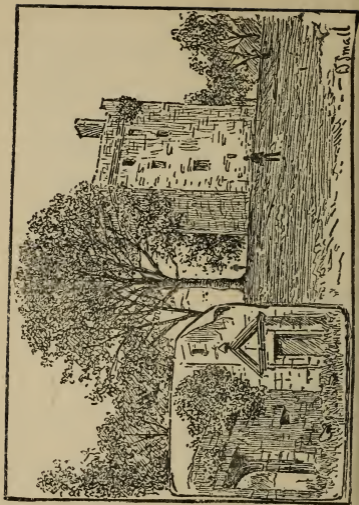
The castle passed from the possession of the Lords of Maxwell about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the lands and barony of Mearns were sold to Sir George Maxwell of Pollok. He in turn soon after disposed of them to Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall, whose descendant, Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, is the present possessor. Mr. M'Gibbon states that the castle is now "entirely neglected, and is fast falling into utter ruin," but this is a statement which requires liberal discounting. Among the many castles within easy reach of Glasgow there

is hardly another so well preserved as Mearns.

From the ruins of this castle, concludes Sir William Fraser, a tolerably correct idea may be formed of what it originally was. It consists of a quadrangular strongly built tower, with walls about eight feet in thickness, and at irregular intervals are windows and loopholes. It was surrounded by a strong wall—of which all that now remains are some vestiges of the foundations—and a ditch, and the entrance was secured by a drawbridge, the remains of which may still be traced.







Small



Barr Castle.

BARR CASTLE furnishes an admirable example of how far a little care goes in the preservation of an old building. The windows have been blocked up with stone, and the entrance secured by a stout door; and the result of this protection against tramps is seen in the almost perfect condition of the structure. It is to be hoped that it may long continue to receive the same attention, for it adds an undoubted charm to the picturesque landscape of which it forms a part. The castle is within easy distance of Lochwinnoch Station. After traversing for nearly a mile the road leading to the village and following for about a quarter of a mile the turning

to the left, the castle will emerge to view, occupying an enviable site in a well-wooded park on the left hand-side. William Hamilton, of Wishaw, was within the truth when he characterised it as "a pleasant seat, and a tolerable house."

That valuable historian of Renfrewshire, Mr. Crawford, seems to be almost our only source of information regarding the family to which the Castle of Barr originally belonged; but in this case, as in so many more, he is able to do little beyond presenting us with a catalogue of names. "Upon the north side of the Black Cart," he writes, "stands the house of Barr, the seat of an ancient family of the surname of Glen; but the first of this family touching whom I have found anything on record is Allanus Glen, Armiger, who was a witness to the donation of the fishing of Crockat-shot, by Robert, Lord Lyll, to the Monks of Paisley, an. 1452. His successor, James Glen, obtained a grant from Robert, Abbot of Paisley, of his lands of Barr, Bridge-end, and Lyntchels, in the Lordship of Glen and Regality of Paisley, in the year 1506. Another James Glen of Barr obtained a

charter from John, Abbot of Paisley, with consent of the convent, of the lands above-mentioned, an. 1544. Which James Glen of Barr, being with Queen Mary's troops at the field of Langside, an. 1568, was forfeited by the Regent, and restored by the Treaty of Perth, an. 1573. William Glen of Barr was his son; whose son, of the same name, dying without male issue, his only daughter, Isobel, was married to Thomas Boyd of Pitcons. The estate of Barr devolved upon Alexander Glen, his brother and heir, in whose person that family failed."

Barr Castle passed next into the possession of a branch of the Ferguslie Hamiltons, who were descended from the Hamiltons of Orbiestoun, and it remained in their hands until towards the end of last century. There are several inscriptions on the building, one of which, at least, speaks to the time when it was inhabited by the Hamiltons. Over the porch the letters I.W. and M.H. are still sharply legible, and in other parts of the castle the letters L.H.I.C. and W.O. may be seen in conjunction with the dates 1680 and 1699. But there is no date to show

when the building was erected. Judging from its likeness to other castles of which the date is known, it may safely be assigned to an early period of the sixteenth century.





Ranfurly Castle.

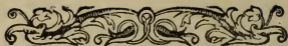
THE enthusiastic golfer who tees a ball for the first time on the links of Ranfurly Golf Club, and solicits some information as to the direction of the hole towards which he is to drive, will be told to aim for "the bit of sky showing between those trees on the left and the old castle on the right." It is from that castle that the golf club in question has taken its name, and, as if in retaliation for the liberty, its confused ruins, with their rank grass and fence of countless barbs, form one of the least aggravating hazards of a course which fairly revels in those promoters of strong language. But, if nature really possesses that soothing effect which is sometimes attributed to it, the surroundings of Ranfurly Castle

should do much to evolve a race of mild-tongued golfers.

The remains of Ranfurly Castle well deserve the name of "ruins." Even when first erected, the original keep must have been one of the smallest of its kind, measuring some twenty feet square, with walls five feet thick. Adjoining this, however, on the east side, are the foundations of a more recent building about forty feet long, with a circular tower on the south. There is also an indication of a small courtyard, and of a row of vaulted cellars. The castle and barony of Ranfurly, Crawford informs us, belonged to an ancient family of the name of Knox. To prove their antiquity, he refers to the charters of the Abbot of Paisley, many of which, in the reigns of Alexander II. and III., were witnessed by persons bearing that name. "In our public records," he adds, "I have seen a Charter of Confirmation by King James III. of a resignation of the Barony of Ranfurly and Grief Castle by John Knox of Craigends, in favour of Uchter Knox, his son, about the year 1474. This family failed in the person of Uchter Knox of Ranfurly, who left

one daughter (by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Sir William Mure of Ronallan), called Elizabeth, married to John Cunninghame of Caddel. The Barony of Ranfurly was alienate by Uchter Knox of Ranfurly last mentioned, an. 1665, to William, first Earl of Dundonald." Thus far we may give unquestioning credence to Crawford's statements, but recent writers on Scotland's great reformer gravely doubt the truth of what follows. "Of this family several eminent persons in this church descended; as the famous Mr. John Knox, who . . . was a grand-nephew of this family." Nevertheless, the Ranfurly branch of the Knox family furnished Scotland with not a few of her most patriotic sons—one of whom, although a minister of the Gospel, led a brave band against a company of armed men who, in the service of Spain, landed in 1592 at Ailsa Craig for the purpose of re-establishing the Romish faith in Scotland.





Stanely Castle.

ABOUT two miles south of Paisley, in the south-west corner of the reservoir of the Paisley Water Company, are the ruins of Stanely Castle. It is only at rare intervals that the water in the reservoir is low enough to allow a visit to be paid to the interior of the castle, which is, perhaps, fortunate, for the best impression of the building is at a distance. The interior has been entirely gutted for many years, and it is a marvel that the main structure has so long withstood the action of the water by which it is almost constantly surrounded.

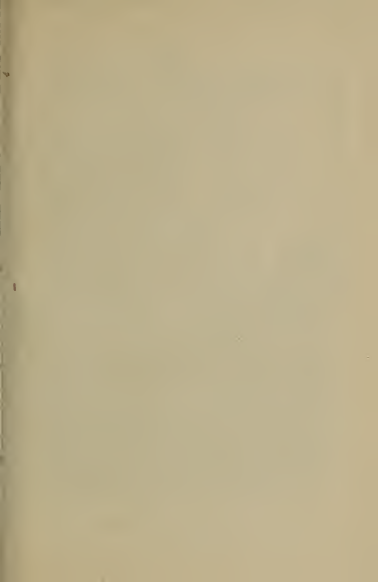
Crawfurd is again our chief source of information as to the early possessors of Stanely. The barony and castle were, he says, first in possession of "the

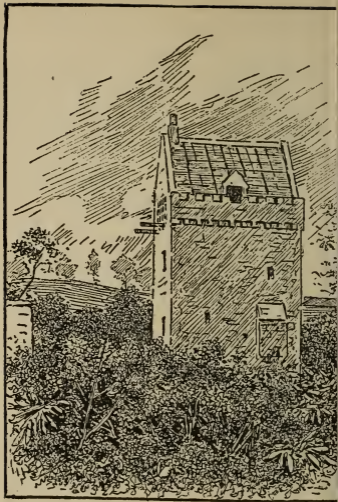
Denelstouns of that ilk—for I have seen in the public rolls of King Robert III. a charter granted to Sir Robert Denelstoun, knight, of these lands, the second year of his reign, 1372. His estate, by marriage of Elizabeth, one of his daughters and co-heirs, came to Sir Robert Maxwell of Calderwood, in the same reign; and so to George Maxwell, son of Sir John Maxwell of Calderwood, ancestor of the Maxwells of Newark, about the year 1477; and became the patrimony of Archibald Maxwell, younger son of this George Maxwell, first of the house of Newark. They continued a family in good reputation until at last they failed in the person of John Maxwell of Stanely, who, with the consent of Janet Crawford (a daughter of the house of Ferme), his wife, and John, his eldest son and apparent heir, alienated the lands of Stanely, in the year of 1629, to Dame Jean Hamilton, Lady Ross."

It does not seem to be known when Stanely Castle was built. Mr. M'Gibbon places it in the third period of Scottish architecture — *i.e.*, the years between 1400-1542—and, conformably to this opinion, he thinks there is no doubt

it was erected by the Maxwells during the fifteenth century. The building appears to be entirely lacking in historical associations, and to-day its chief attraction, in the estimation of the poetic people of Paisley, consists in its having been a favourite haunt of the ill-fated Tannahill. Several references to "Stanely tower" and "Stanely green shaw" occur in his poems.

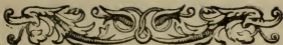






HALLBAR TOWER.

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Hallbar Tower.

HALLBAR TOWER is charmingly situated in a richly-wooded dell about a mile and a half south of Braidwood Station. This picturesque and carefully-preserved tower was the fortalice of the Barony of Braidwood, and is so described in some of the titles. The Act of Parliament of 1581, which ratified a grant of the lands of Braidwood to Harie Stewart of Gogar, brother-german to James, Earl of Arran, is a curious old document, the opening sentences of which, devoid of punctuation and capital letters, run thus:—"OURE SOUERANE LORD with auisse of the thrie estatis of this present Parliament hes ratefeit and appreint and be the tennor heiroy ratefeis and apprenis the infest-

ment gift and dispositioun thairin contentit maid be our said souerane Lord To harie stewart of gogar brother german to James erll of Arrane lord hammyltoun etc. Of the heretable gift of all and hail the landis and baronie of braidwood the toun of braidwood langshaw mylne of masthok Extending in the hail to ane xx li land with toure fortalice maner place orcheardis yairdis woddis mylnis fishingis outsettis ptis pendicles tennentis tenandreis suice (service) of frie tennentis coillis coilhewchis thairof and all the landis adiacent thairto with all thair ptinentis." The "Orcheardis" mentioned in this ancient document remain to this day, surrounding the old tower in early summer with a wealth of apple and plum blossom, and in mellow autumn with a rich belt of glorious colours. The tower is upwards of 50 feet high, and 24 feet 9 inches square. It is an admirable example of the square baronial keep, rising storey above storey, which is so peculiar to Scotland, and of the style of architecture which characterises the castles built in this country during the fifteenth century. As Mr. M'Gibbon points out, the north

gable is designed so as to form a dovecot. The nests are formed in the face of the wall, and the dovecot was enclosed with a wooden brattice supported on beams projected from the wall.

The tower was acquired by Sir George Lockhart of Lee, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and it has remained in the possession of the Lee family ever since.

