



THE

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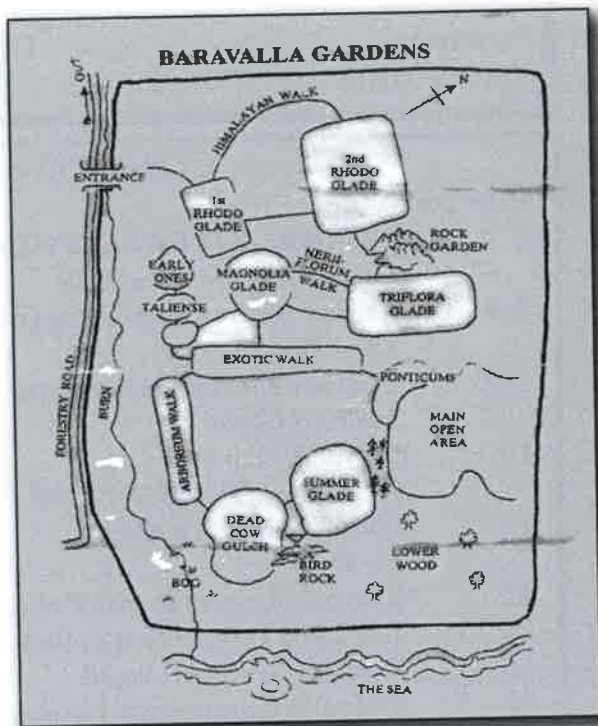
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THE HISTORY OF BARAVALLA GARDEN, WEST LOCH TARBERT

Gillian Mackie Campbell

The first written evidence of the name Baravalla, is in a document of 1708 - of payment to Mr McEachran as "Warden of the Woods", by the Earl of Argyll. The woods may have been much larger then Baravalla as there were other plantings in South Knapdale. This is the first documented payment of a forester in Argyll.

Baravalla is situated on the north side of West Loch Tarbert and stretches from the Avenagillean burn to the march with the Achaglachlach Forestry plantations. Baravalla covers about 500 acres of which 25 are the Baravalla garden. The area is wooded with large oak, ash, beech and sycamore and over the years Douglas and Silver firs have been planted. In 1708 most of the oak would have been either for charcoal or tanning. There is clear evidence of half-moon embankments round some of the largest trees. Perhaps extra soil was brought in or possibly they were walls to keep out animals. About this time goats were proscribed in the Argyll "tacks" (tenancies) and if they were kept, cost a third more on the rent! In 1846 there were forty-six families living on Baravalla. The small grassy



Overview of Baravalla Gardens

levels would have been improved with shell-lime and dung for crop growing but when both the herring and potatoes failed, the people would have been destitute and starving. Most of the forty-six families left. Some took advantage of the paid passages to Nova Scotia. With their dogs, goats and as much food as they had, they walked to Campbeltown to the ships. However, when they reached Nova Scotia, the Scots who had already settled there told them that there were too many of them already and that they had to sail on. So they voyaged down the east coast of the Americas, round the Horn, across the Pacific and after many months reached New Zealand. I don't know where they landed but I have met families in both New Zealand and Australia whose ancestors had followed the same route. I have read some of their diaries and letters; it would have been a horrific journey. In the 1851 Census, there is one family on Baravalla.

During the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the trees grew on and more species were planted. The requirement for charcoal for gunpowder had ceased by 1880-1900, and also bark for tanning and net-proofing. Amazingly, the woods were not felled during either of the World wars as were so many in this area.

In 1932 Major and Mrs McTier bought the estate of Kintarbert from the Campbells of Skipness. The estate includes Baravalla. The McTiers used to come for a month or so in the late summer for fishing and shooting. As a child, riding my pony past Kintarbert, I was always told not to ride into the estate "as the McTiers wouldn't like it". I don't think they were unsociable, they just liked their privacy. When my husband Lorne, was growing up, they encouraged him to come and fish the Avenagillean burn and Lochan Liath.

In 1966, as they drove south to London, where they lived, they had a fatal car accident. Major McTier was killed and Mrs McTier very badly injured. Two years later I heard that she had come up alone to Kintarbert and was still very disabled. The next day I went to see her. I had some of the family children staying and eight of us rode up on ponies. I had never met Mrs McTier but she was most welcoming. Almost the first thing she said was "Didn't I hear hooves on the drive?" I bred Highland ponies and we had made quite a clatter, as we reached the house. She asked for the children and ponies to come nearer the house so she could see them all. I didn't know that she had been brought up in the Borders and had been a keen horsewoman.

So the posse came up to the house and were introduced, three of Hugh and Fiona Byatt's, two of Robin and Jilly Byatt's and our two, Logan and Ileene. Mrs McTier didn't want anything but did enjoy seeing us all and we were invited to go up and see her again. Two days later, Lorne had a letter from her asking him to buy the estate, houses, stock, woodlands as a whole. We were astonished and thrilled as the Kintarbert estate could complement our sheep hills of Leachain, Ashens and Fleuralloch. So we accepted and very shortly Kintarbert became part of Stonefield.

Mrs McTier wished to leave the place as she knew it and never came back. We suggested that after she'd gone south again we should have her personal things packed up and sent down to her in London. But she didn't want that, not even her silver dressing table set. Mrs McTier was increasingly disabled in London and died two years later.

So, unexpectedly and excitingly, Kintarbert hill and sheep hirsle was joined up with the Stonefield hirsle of Leachain, Ashens and Glenralloch and also another shepherd, which was always a help at the gatherings and sheep handlings. The following year, 1969, on a very wet August day, two dripping figures arrived at Glenakil. I recognised one, whom I'd sat next to at a dinner, as Euan Cox of Glendoick, and the other was Peter Cox, his son. At the lunch Mr. Cox had asked me about the Stonefield Hotel rhododendrons and I had told him the little I knew. They were looking for a small area of ground in this part of Argyll, in which to grow the plants, specially rhododendrons which didn't do well at Glendoick. We went all over the estate and finally went down the forestry track to the area which was to become the garden. When the ground was decided on, Peter Cox, his friend and fellow collector Sir Peter Hutchison and Lorne Mackie Campbell made a partnership in the ground and garden.

To begin with the garden was only to be a small area near the West Loch but it had to be fenced against deer, sheep, cattle and rabbits. Our elderly estate fencer, Archie, said a small bit would never stand up and to make a job of it "you had to get the run of the wire". So Archie enclosed twenty-five acres!

After the fencing was finished we all six gathered to plant the first shrubs and trees, Peter and Patricia Cox, Peter and Virginia Hutchison, Lorne Mackie Campbell and myself. When we'd toasted "the garden to be" in champagne we poured the dregs on the first tree planted, a *Cedrus atlantica glauca*. It died almost immediately!

There was a great deal of clearing of dead trees, branches etc which Lorne and I did with a winch on a Landrover. The early plantings were often too tender for the frosts that there used to be: one year it was -22° . That was the year the banana, which had been growing, died. Also, we learned that many plants, particularly rhododendrons, hate wet feet so we began to plant on mounds. With the recent mild winters, plants which might be considered tender elsewhere are growing well. Baravalla is essentially a spring garden, though there are many gorgeous shrubs out year round. Next year, 2008 may well see the yellow camellia flowering. There was one flower this year.

The garden is not "kept" in the accepted sense, only grass and fallen trees being cleared. I go down two or three times a week but the Peters only manage 5 or 6 visits a year.



An unusual Rhododendron in bloom - JE

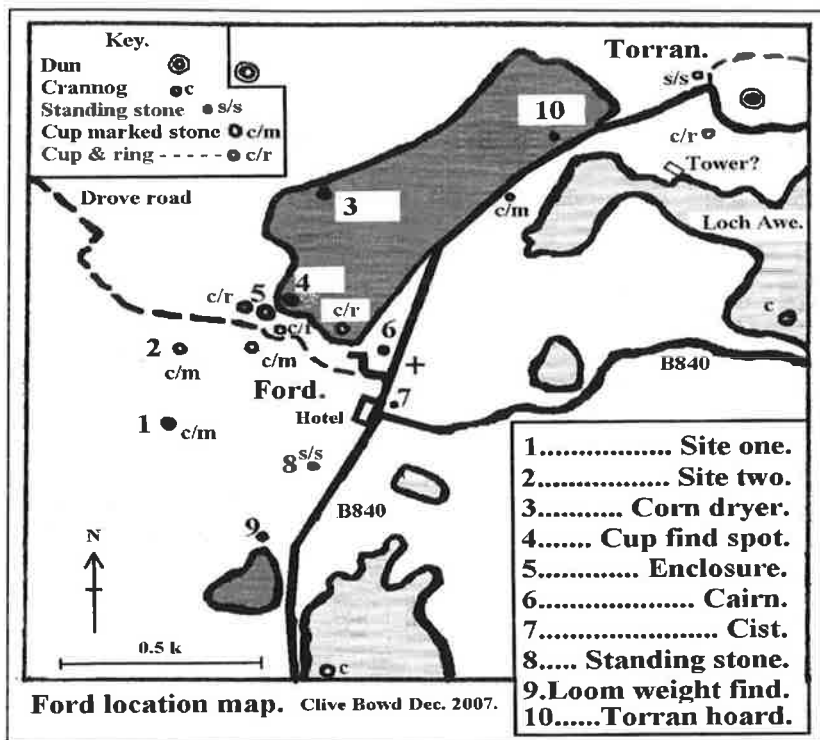
Baravalla garden is unusual in that the seeds and plants collected by Peter Cox and Peter Hutchison have been grown on by them and their tiny "babies" have grown large - some of the eucalyptus trees are 60-70ft high and the Rhododendron *hemsleyum*, which flowers in July, is about 30ft.

The past fourteen years have seen the garden become known worldwide. Since the World Rhododendron Conference in Oban in 1996, many more visitors have asked to come - and some of them have arrived by the busload. It is a great privilege that people from all over the world enjoy the garden and even if language may be difficult, the Latin names are known universally. I would like to thank the late Eric Cregeen for the article he wrote on Baravalla many years ago and to Ian Macdonald, Clachan, for his information about the early woodlands of Baravalla.

RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN AND AROUND FORD

Clive Bowd.

Below are given details of two separate earth-fast cup marked stones discovered by the author above the village of Ford. The aim of this article is to highlight the ever-present chance of fresh discoveries and to make some attempt to place them in their setting.



Cup marked stone, Ford, Argyll. O/S Explorer 358. 8618-0345. (No. 1)

Discovered in March 2005 on the hill behind the village of Ford, Argyll. This stone has previously gone unrecorded, no record appearing in the National Monument Record. It was not picked up in Stan Beckensall's corpus of rock art known to 2005 (see Kist 73).

The stone is an earth fast boulder of local schist measuring approximately 1.5cms x 1.6cms, with up to 40cms protruding out of the ground. The upper surface which is quite flat is covered with some 23 plain cups, eleven of which are fairly visible the remaining being very shallow. Average diameter of the cups is 5cms, the depth being only 1 cm at best on most. The stone is orientated northwest to southeast along its longest axis. The whole dips to the southeast very slightly.

The location of the stone is in a shallow valley terrace orientated northeast to southwest following the natural trend of the area. A little above the stone to the north on the 110m. contour runs the line of a denuded turf and stone boundary dyke. Approximately 15m. to the southeast is a burn. From the stone can be seen the nearest of the cup marked rocks recorded in the Ford grouping, RCAHMS NM864037, a little to the northeast. Good views are also to be had of Loch Awe and in the opposite direction to the fort Creag a' Chapuill, RCAHMS NM855024. The view down to Loch Ederline is blocked by a small rise in the land.

Cup marked stone, Ford, Argyll. O/S Explorer 358. 8627-0376. (No. 2)

Another stone came to light in March this year (2007). As before, there appears to be no record of the stone having been recorded previously. This stone, too, is an isolated piece of local schist, well weathered, with an upper smooth surface that dips to the southeast. The stone is roughly triangular in plan and measures 100cms top to bottom x 104cms along the base line, 80cms at its narrowest point and 70cms across the top. There are six plain cup marks located in the bottom southern corner averaging 4cms in diameter x 1cm deep.

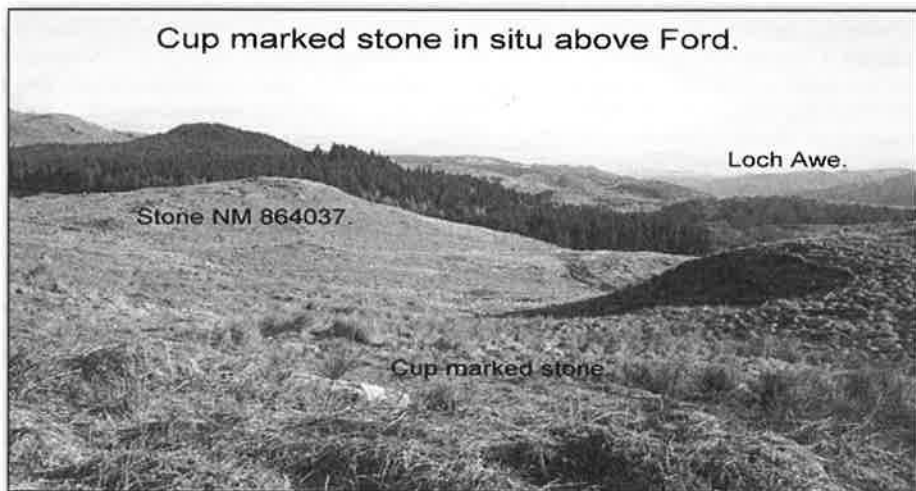
The stone lies at the centre of what appears to be a natural platform approximately 180m. west of the cup marked stone reference RCAHMS, NM864037/157 (5) which is approximately on the same level, but divided from the present discovery by a boggy hollow. This platform is bordered to the south by a stream some 70m. away. Approximately 20m. to the southeast of the stone is what appears to be a turf and stone built oval shieling measuring 5.40m. x 4.15m. externally sitting on the eastern lip of the platform. Fine views are to be had in all directions other than to the west where the hill rises steeply.

Observations relating to the discoveries.

These two discoveries of cup marked stones add to those already recorded within the immediate area, changing what had previously appeared as a fairly tight concentration into a linear setting running northeast to southwest above the village of Ford. They are located in an area which exhibits signs of human occupation and, possibly, cultivation, stretching back over the last four thousand years. A nearby 'enclosure' NM 865039 RCAHMS No. 336 appears to be at the centre of prehistoric farming activities whilst the line of hills to the west support at least four semi-defended sites of indeterminate age, but generally reckoned to date from between two and a half to one and a half thousand years ago. Evidence of more recent cultivation can be seen in the remains of field boundaries, clearance cairns and the existence of former farmsteads dating from the later medieval period through to the 18/19th centuries, for example at NM 866-039 and NM 8669-0439. The latter, incidentally, has a fine example of a circular corn drying kiln situated next to the burn, (this site lying within the wooded plantation is not to be confused with that illustrated on the cover of KIST 61 which lies further to the south on the open lower slope of Dun Dubh). Additional to the sites above must be added those of a standing stone at NM 8668-0332, a possible burial cairn at NM 868-037 and a burial cist in the heart of the village at NM 868-035, details of which can be seen in volume 6, RCAHMS Inventory for Argyll or on the RCAHMS Canmore web site. These three sites indicate Bronze Age activity, the period often as not associated with cup marked stones, but all are below the terrace on which the cup-marked stones are situated. This might be seen as throwing up a problem in dating.

An alternative view might be that it represents zoning: divisions between farming land, occupation and sacred areas. If the above is true, then our cup marked stones belong primarily to the agricultural scene. That is not to say that they don't represent some form of religious rite or devotional undertaking carried out during animal husbandry or the like. Theories are legion concerning the meaning, making and purpose of cup marks, but it must never be forgotten that simple domestic chores might account for the majority of them, the honing and sharpening of tools, as anvils for braking open nuts or miniature mortars for the production of pigments etc. The more elaborate designs made up of cups surrounded by ring (for example site 157 no.1 in the Ford grouping), and other symbols, may constitute another dimension and use altogether.

Finally, when thinking about such sites, the bigger picture must be taken into account. I've already alluded to the distribution and type of some of the other sites within the vicinity and the varying date range, but a brief look at some of the artefacts that have come from the area may help to illuminate the picture further. Just within the forestry plantation across the burn from the 'enclosure' a polished stone cup with zigzag decoration of late Neolithic/Bronze Age date was found when constructing a forestry road. This cup was made of local schist and represents a high status object by any stretch of the imagination! Paradoxically, a simple loom-weight or spindle-whorl (identified by Miss Marion Campbell as Iron Age) came from land adjoining the fields in which the standing stone is located. This item, of stone or clay is not stated, represents domesticity and a settled way of life. Just a mile north, at Torran, a late Bronze Age metal hoard was found containing items, possibly of Irish origin, indicating wider trade and social links. All these artefacts have been made as stray finds, not from any secure context. Little else of significance has been noted in the area; this may well be due to little agricultural activity having taken place in recent years with only the odd ground disturbance resulting from forestry and limited building development. Interestingly, this year I have picked up off my own drive, amongst the granite chips, a flint thumbnail scraper, and from off the ground surface alongside the road through Ford, a Chert blade. Again, with no secure context, these finds can only hint at an earlier Neolithic presence in the area. With more development, as is taking place around Torran, then fresh finds may be made but recent archaeological assessments there



Photograph by the author

along with others next to the ford and on the terrace by the possible burial cairn in Ford have failed to turn up any artefacts, let alone archaeological features.

In conclusion, it is obvious that with further careful searching in the right light and at the right time of year, many more cup marked stones are likely to be found in what is now considered bare upland grazing. But just what they were produced for, or what if anything they represent, will no doubt remain a mystery.

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Editor's note Mr. Bowd's discovery has been mirrored by the identification of a lot more rock art in the Glen area since 2005

TRIAL FOR MURDER AT INVERARAY COURT, 1705

Michael Davis

Our forebears were often unswerving and terrible in their laws. The following account of a trial (transcribed and edited by John Cameron in his "Justiciary Records of Argyll and the Isles") is told in the official language of the contemporary trial records. It is notable for its inevitable, unswerving "doom".

On 10th April 1705 the Court at Inveraray met before Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas, The assize (or jury) were all drawn from the neighbourhood of Inveraray. Jury service was clearly a residential hazard around the Duke's capital. The surnames of the citizens summoned to sit in judgement - Walker, Murray, Brown, McNokaird, McOnlea, McNachtan, Campbell, two McNiccolls, two Clerks, two McDugalds and two McKellars - are almost all still familiar to local people today.

The accused was one Margaret Campbell alias Guinich, "persued at the instance of William Inglis procurator fiscal ... for the cryme of murder". She was "naturall daughter to the deceist Angus Campbell alias Guinich sometymes living in Kilberry".

Before the jury, and before the modern reader, the story unfolds. The previous year, Margaret Campbell had: "fallen in fornication with James Montgomery son to John Montgomerie of Ballineanoch she then serving in the said John his house finding her self with chylde upon a wicked design of concealing thereof and doubtless of murdering the birth which she thereafter cruelly and unnaturally executed she at Martimess last left the said John Montgomery his service and came to Alexander Campbell in Kilberry her uncle his house where having staved a week thereafter she came to Kilberries own house where having feed herself and stayed a moneth but Kilberries Lady finding her with chylde

and telling and challenging her thereupon she stiffly denied yet she put her away from her service.

Thereafter she came to Malcolm Campbell in Leckuairv his house where she stayed from Christmess till about the nyinth or tenth day of March last and Elizabeth Fergusone his wife and other neighbouring women finding her with chyld challenged her thereupon she flatly denied as formerly and having removed her'self thence she came to Iver Campbell in Downan his house where she stayed about a fourtnight. Dunardaries wife and the said Iver his wife and others finding her to be great with chyld challenged and accused her thereupon which she then obstinately and tenaciously denied as at former tymes but finding tyme of her delyvery drawing near her of her own accord without the said Iver or his wifes bidding left there house upon Saturndav the twenty fourth day of March last in the evening and came to Barnagadd not far from thence and in ane darned and obscure place did bring forth ane man child in the night tyme which she either stiffl'd or left exposed in the condition he came to the world or other wayes put violent hands on him that he quickly perished and died she immediately wrapped up the chyld in a little linnin cloath and hidd or buried him in the cleft of a rock and covered him with fogg and stone where she left him and came to John M'lllelevins house in Barnagadd in the dead hour of that same very night the people being all asleep she got no entrie but lodged her self in a little goat or sheep house near thereto where she was found next morning be the said John M'llleven his wife and thereafter came to Angus M'Lauchlan of Barnagadd his house where she stayed all that day being Sunday and next day went to Lerignahunsone staying there that night in M'lllevernocks house she was there apprehended be Dunardaries servants whom he sent after her of purpose when he knew she had fledd awav knowing her to be so near the tyme of her delyvery and fearing her wicked designe and by Dunardaries servants and the countrey people she was brought to Killmichell in Glassric and examined before the Kirk session.

She stiffly and tenaciously denied that she either had ever been with chyld or brought forth a chyld till midwives and other women were brought to try her who by her breast and other natural tokens found she had lately born a chyld which she at length confessed before the said Kirk session upon the threttieth day of March last in this manner viz that the said James Montgomerie had gotten her with chyld in summer last that she concealed all amongst her being with chyld during the whole space in all the places and to all the persones above mentioned and to all others albeit frequentlie challenged thereupon except the said James Montgomerie whom she gave up as father to the chyld and also confessed she was delivered of the said man chyld in ane obscure place in Barnagadd all alone in the night tyme and that she buried or hidd the said man child so brought forth by her in the same place and covered him with fogg and stone having wrapped him in a little linnin cloath".

Even in our own permissive age, a repetition of Margaret's story is occasionally enacted. In her own day, religion and society dictated that those who "fell" stood to lose more than their "good name". For a servant, moral impropriety was no more allowable in the early 18th Century than it would have been in a country house in the first half of the 20th Century. "The woman pays" obtained, in fact, long after Thomas Hardy aimed "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" at an unsympathetic public.

Margaret left Ballimeanoch (south of Kilmartin) in evident knowledge that her lover, the son of the house, was not about to make an "honest woman" of her. In what seems like increasing desperation, she rushes hither and thither: a week with her uncle at Kilberry, a

month working in Kilberry Castle, two and a half months at Leckuary (north of Kilmichael Glassary) and then a mere two weeks at Dunans (west of Caimbaan) before the final, terrible events, alone, at Barnagad.

In the tightly packed houses of these lairds and their tenants, concealment of pregnancy was well-nigh impossible. Immediately she suspected, Mrs Campbell of Kilberry dismissed her servant. The wife of Iver Campbell at Dunans, with the help of Mrs MacTavish of Dunardv, the laird's wife, accosted Margaret and accused her. Literally hours before she gave birth, Margaret was desperately denying her condition.

While Mrs Campbell and her superior were doubtless concerned with the reputation and respectability of Iver's house and the "moral welfare" of all therein, Margaret's own personal crisis was becoming a matter for public speculation. Honesty could only lead her to a downward spiral, shunned and shamed. The last resort of "harlotry" was not improbable (though, on reflection, one hesitates to speculate on the demand for harlots in early 18th Century Argyll). Like puppets, all the individuals concerned were impelled by the moral and social zeitgeist ... and in the face of accusations, Margaret continued to deny. The ultimate consequences, including the trial, verdict and sentence, were now almost pre-ordained.

The law is clear: murder, the assize is informed, "is more wicked and atrocious when committed by parents upon their own children especially infants". Any sympathy was irrelevant: statute ordained that "if any woman shall conceal her being with chylde ... and shall not call for nor make use of help or assistance in the birth the chylde being found dead or amissing the mother shall be holden and repute the murder of her own chylde ... though there be no appearance of wound or scratch upon the body ..."

The assize found Margaret Campbell guilty by her own confession. The punishment followed unswervingly upon the verdict, designed by Act of Parliament to be "in terror of others to committ the lyke in time coming":-

"Therefore the said Justice deput be the mouth of John M'Vurich dempster of Court ordained and adjudged the above named Margaret Campbell alias Guineach the pannell to be taken upon the twenty fourth day of Apryll instant betuixt tuo and three of the clock in the afternoon and then and there to be hanged upon a gibbet till she die the death and ordained her whole moveables to be escheat which was pronounced for Doom."

Editor's note.

The reader will doubtless be as shocked and saddened as I was upon reading this account. It makes for very difficult reading. However, it was felt by myself and others that it should be included in Kist because it shines a light – however harsh – upon social and legal attitudes of the time: attitudes which, however difficult to stomach, should not be airbrushed out of the historical record. To do so would be to help create a sentimentalised, even Romantic view of the past. The trial records are quoted verbatim; note that I have added a few full stops and capital letters to create some paragraphs and therefore make the account more readable.

IRON MILESTONES

Fiona Campbell Byatt & Ed Tyler

The attractive iron milestones along the Kilberry Road are well known to local people. Some have been repainted and now stand out from the roadside with their distinctive, angular shape (one unfortunately has recently been stolen).

Kist contributor Lady Campbell-Byatt lives at Learnahension, and researched their history for Kist:



Milestone cast at Bonnybridge Foundry - Picture - Phillip Fox Denham

In January 1891 Kintyre District Committee agreed to order milestones for the roads round Tarbert. Old Kilberry's diary for that month states: "Kintyre District Committee had on view a specimen of an iron milestone which we adopted for putting up on the road towards Tarbert."

This led, in April of that year, to Donald Gillies, the road surveyor of North and South Argyll District, measuring the road between Tarbert and Lochgilphead via Kilberry: a total of 34 miles and some yards. This was broken down in the following way: "Kilberry Burn to Lochgilphead is 19 and a half miles, Kilberry to Tarbert 14 and a half miles. Iron milestones to be put up."

They were, indeed, put up, and have survived to this day – a longevity which our modern signage will be hard-pressed to emulate.

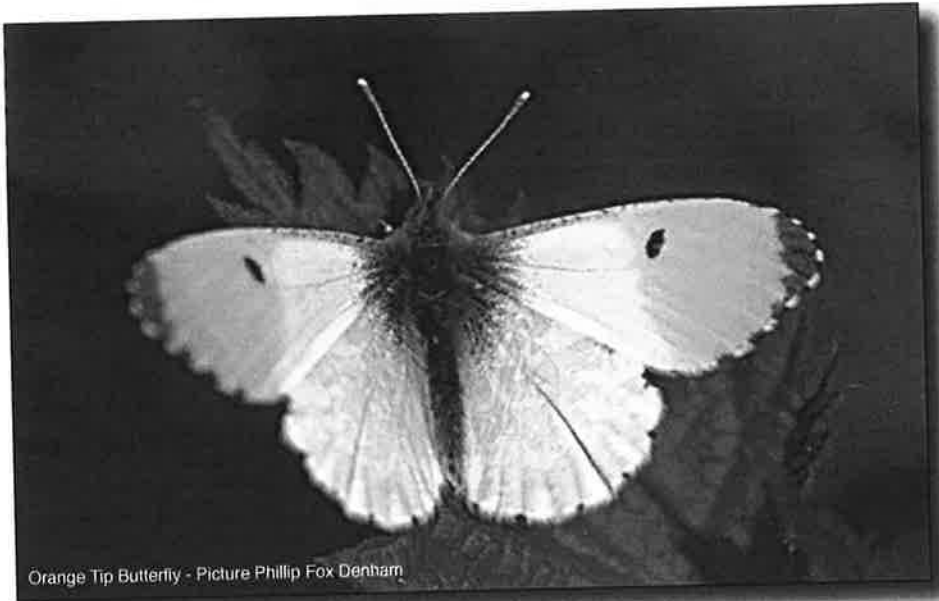
Milestones were a product of their time, and these, built of iron, seem to me to be part of man's attempt to gain control over wild and unruly nature. If a road were to be accurately marked in mile-long stages, then journeys along it could be accurately planned and managed, and the road itself be better maintained. The road itself is a statement that nature is no longer in charge, and the milestones are staging-posts, helping the traveller from one human settlement to the other.

Note that they are also to be found on the East coast of Kintyre.

ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLIES

Ed Tyler

On May 13th 2007 I was walking in Forestry Commission plantations beside Loch Awe, about a mile or so west of Dalavich. It was a sunny day, and to my great surprise I saw what I thought was an orange-tip butterfly. As I walked on, to my delight, I saw more and the sighting was confirmed. I was on a ride created by the forestry track, and on one side, across the burn, oaks were in their new spring-green pale foliage –so tender looking! But to see the orange of the orange-tip as well in an Argyll woodland! (a couple of years ago I had seen one in Glasgow but had not expected to see them here so soon).



Orange Tip Butterfly - Picture Phillip Fox Denham

I sent my sighting in to Butterfly Conservation (Scotland), who happened to be conducting a postcard survey of the species to compare with that of 1997. Records were submitted from many new parts of Scotland, including Assynt, Ullapool, Torridon and, nearer to home, Iona!

The vivid orange wing tips belong only to the male of the species. The ones I saw must have been patrolling for females. Both male and female have beautiful green marbling on the undersides of their hind wings that camouflage them whilst at rest. Their caterpillars feed on *Cardamine pratensis*, otherwise known as Lady's Smock or Cuckooflower, which would be flowering in the marshy areas and damp grasslands round about the area that I saw the butterflies on that day in May (in drier areas Garlic Mustard is the preferred plant). Butterfly Conservation (Scotland) think that Climate Change is causing the rapid northwards spread of this - and other - butterfly species. A similar movement also seems to be happening in the sea: for example, a triggerfish was recently found washed up on the shore of Loch Etive. Triggerfish normally live in warmer waters such as the Eastern Atlantic, Mediterranean or Caribbean. To find out more about the orange-tip survey records look on: www.butterfly-conservation.org



Letters by the Packet

Edited by Marion Campbell, Argyll and Bute Library Service, 2004.

Review by Ed Tyler

In 1971 Marion Campbell completed the indexing, editing and notating of some of her family's extensive correspondence. They span the years from 1728 to 1861 and all are letters home from those who had sought their fortunes as emigrants in two distinct "waves", the first to Jamaica, and the second to Canada and Australia. She entitled them "Letters by the Packet" but they were only published in 2004, four years after her death.

In 1990 she arranged for the Kilberry Papers, which included this manuscript, to be transferred from Kilberry Castle to Argyll and Bute District Council Archives. Thanks to archivist Murdo MacDonald and his assistants, the book as she intended it, i.e. her introduction, tables, lists, and the annotated letters themselves now appear in this publication.

There is a mine of first-hand information here for those who are interested in this period of history. Obviously light is shed on conditions in the various countries mentioned above, but there is also much to note about the situation back home, e.g. on p. 35 John of Orange Bay, Jamaica, on June 4th 1767, asks for "a proper piece of ground" to be enclosed for an orchard at his farm at Kilmory.

For me, the most interesting correspondence of all was not from one the Campbell family, but from a crofter's son, whose letter was preserved among the others. In her introduction, Miss Campbell shows how his experience fits into the wider picture:

"The Scottish economy rested on the shoulders of the tenants of the small crofting lands, at least so far as the West Highlands was concerned. It was the drift abroad of these tenants, first as voluntary migrants and later under the influence of compulsory clearances, that undercut the economy and forced an acceleration of change."

John MacVicar was one of these earlier, voluntary (or "economic" migrants as we would call them nowadays), and the first part of his letter, written from the Good Hope Estate, Trelawny, Jamaica, in 1806, is largely taken up with a description of his various slaves; his main concern here is exactly how much money they are making him. The profits he hopes to convert into a "small farm in Argyll" to which he will be able to retire. He is working as a building contractor putting up hospitals and mansion houses as well as his own, more modest, house.

In the first, Jamaican part of the book, slavery is out there in the open. We are taught in history lessons that at the time people were able to see slaves not as human beings but as so much property, commodities to be brought and sold. However, to read someone unapologetically thinking like this still brought it home to me.

Towards the beginning of the book is a list of 21 slaves taken from an inventory of the estate of John or James Campbell the Elder, of Orange Bay, in 1786. In the left-hand column is their name, sometimes just a single name or with the added epithet "young" or "old", and in the right, their value in pounds sterling.



Yesterday was Summer: The Marion Campbell Story

M. Pallister and D. Adams McGilp

Argyll Publishing, 2007, £20

Review by Ed Tyler

For the folk of Argyll and readers of Kist in particular, this book was a long-awaited publishing event. The manuscript was ready some while ago; it just needed Argyll Publishing to step in and finally get it out to the reading public.

It does not disappoint. Inevitably one had high expectations of a book about Argyll's – or, more specifically, Kilberry's, famous daughter.

It succeeds both as a comprehensive introduction to the extensive catalogue of Marion Campbell's published work and as a detailed biography of a person whose life spanned most of the 20th Century. I never knew Marion, though I did write to her once about a pre-historical fantasy I hoped to write, and she wrote back, thoughtfully and painstakingly and with an sharp, honest "edge" which I appreciated. It was a fitting acquaintanceship, perhaps, for an aspiring writer and someone whose life came to be expressed so much in her writing. In that letter I picked up that famous "voice" which I later found in all her writing, be it fiction or non-fiction.

Marion as a toddler with her parents: John "Jock" Campbell of Kilberry and Marion Isabel, nee Durand

"She had the immense value of being steeped in...the whole of known history and beyond – and knowing the myths which famed historians reject because they only believe something if it's written down. Her imaginative interpretation...painted the picture that history was about real people and not just about figures and movements of populations." (note- tabulation needed for above paragraph) These are the words of Ian Hamilton, one of Marion's friends, quoted on p.199. They touch on the very essence of her success as a writer, finding as she did a narrative (she was a great natural story teller), experimental yet authoritative, witty and pithy style which suited perfectly her subject matter: the whole of known history and beyond.

The biography sets out to discover how it was that Marion found this voice.



Photographs by kind permission of the family

It meticulously traces her family background both before her birth and during her formative years. Those who expected an airbrushed version will be shocked: this was a dysfunctional family whose father-figurehead suffered from alcoholism. Yet it was his mantle she was to inherit, there being no male heir.

Her War years are also meticulously chronicled: a young woman posted from city to city, finding relationships difficult, pining for Kilberry but also suffering a lot of stress as she literally ran the estate by correspondence and tried to keep it from going under. After the war she managed to live in the ancestral home and started her career as a writer. "Marion Campbell of Kilberry": the title was central to her persona as a writer and provided her with the leitmotif that runs throughout her work and her pronouncements: a sense of place and of a keenly felt, localised landscape, a sense of belonging.

Marion and Miss Sandeman, her lifelong friend, at Dun Mhulig at Craignish 1968



Photographs by kind permission of the family

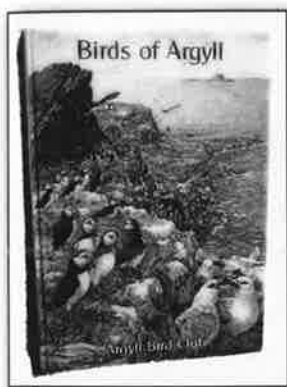
She wrote beautifully and evocatively of her home – not so much the estate itself but the landscape in which the estate is set, and sees it as a living landscape on which so many generations left their imprint. This landscape is extended in her most popular work (Argyll: The Enduring Heartland) to the whole of Argyll. It is an extraordinary work, non-pigeonholeable, like Marion herself. She literally brings the place alive through its characters which resonate like clear-ringing bells from various points in the long timeline which she was able to roam through. In sum, it is a bold and innovative work which exhibits all the qualities which Ian Hamilton touched on in the quotation above.

“The Dark Twin”, her only adult work of fiction, also resonates with an extraordinary sense of landscape and displays Marion’s belief in second sight (indeed, she “saw” the story in a series of waking dreams). At the time of its publication it seems that it was erroneously condemned in various quarters. It cast a shadow on her attempts to establish herself as more than an “amateur” in archaeological circles and it appears that she even disliked it for similar reasons. To me this criticism is hopelessly misplaced. It is a very modern work of fiction and fits into a genre of impressive writing about prehistory, whose most notable current exponent today is Michelle Paver with her “Chronicles of Ancient Darkness”. The aim here is somehow to enter the “soul” of ancient peoples to whom the earth and all its creatures were sacred.

Coincidentally, this book about Marion and her work came out during the 10th anniversary of the Kilmartin House Museum and a performance by NVA and the National Theatre of Scotland in Kilmartin Glen which “delved into early beliefs that still resonate...”

The kind of imaginative interpretation of prehistory that Marion gave in her writing finds a ringing endorsement in the words of a painter and landscape artist who had started out as an archaeologist and spoke at Kilmartin’s 10th anniversary celebrations. He spoke of the need for artist-archaeologists (or archaeologist-artists) to bring the past to life. Unfortunately, in Marion’s day to be an artist-archaeologist was just not the “done” thing.

Marion’s writing successfully fused a whole range of themes such as archaeology, genealogy, history and natural history, a love of craftsmanship and traditional skills, a Celtic sense of belonging and duty of care for the natural world. She did this with both imagination and wit and often sounds incredibly modern, as if writing for the future instead of about the past. We have this – and much more – to thank her for.



Birds of Argyll, Argyll Bird Club, Ian Allan Ltd, 2007

Review by Ed Tyler

Every so often a book comes along that helps define Argyll as a region through highlighting in depth some of its many facets. Marion Campbell, in *Argyll: The Enduring Heartland*, peeled back the layers of history to reveal examples of human endeavour and cultural achievement relating to specific buildings and landscapes. Now, *Birds of Argyll* explores Argyll's rich and varied ecology – both marine and terrestrial – through the narratives of the 328 bird species so far recorded in the region. They are beautifully illustrated by paintings, drawings and numerous colour photographs.

What makes this book so special is that it is compiled by members of Argyll Bird Club who intimately know and care about Argyll's birds and who for the past 25 years have painstakingly recorded their presence (and absence), as well as taking part in various research and conservation projects. The book itself has been a great collective project in itself, involving more than 15 different authors recording their individual accounts, numerous photographers and a six-strong editorial team.

David Wood sets the scene with a broad-brushstroke sketch of Argyll's changing ecology, illustrated with some incredible aerial photographs taken by John Anderson from his glider. Of course, by far the greater part of the book is devoted to detailed accounts of individual bird species. The seabird accounts include clear distribution and abundance maps compiled from data from the Seabird 2000 survey. As well as the excellent colour photographs (which show the birds in their habitat), the reader comes across delightful black and white drawings by Philip Snow and Margaret Staley, who also contributed for the front and back covers two contrasting Argyll scenes showing the birds in their environments. (More illustrations found throughout this issue of *The Kist*).

If, like me, you do most of your bird watching in Argyll, this book will answer the many questions which British-wide guidebooks only serve to pose. When a bird is spotted, the reader can refer to a list of sites covering the region, and check to see if it is to be found there. However, the list is no substitute for the individual accounts – an example being when, sailing last August in the Sound of Jura, I saw what I thought was a Great Skua. A quick check-up confirmed that during this month a number of these birds are to be seen in Argyll on passage from Northern Scotland.



Grey Wagtail by Philip Snow



Everyday Tales of Ordinary Country Folk

Many Kist readers will be aware of the Dalriada Project, a Heritage Lottery Fund Landscape Partnership Scheme which seeks to restore, protect and improve access to local natural and cultural assets. Some of you will also know about or already be involved with the Community History Project (CHP) element of the scheme, which has been creating a library of local recollections since August 2007.

The Community History Project is all about capturing stories, memories and images of the past that people take for granted. Things that we think everybody knows or descriptions of everyday events from yesteryear are actually small gems. If this material is not recorded now there is a serious risk that a valuable historical resource will be lost to future generations. Everyone reading this will have their own memories of Knapdale, Kilmartin Glen or the Crinan Canal that may prove crucial to the preservation of local cultural identity.

The following recollections represent a fraction of what has been recorded through interview so far. We hope that readers will enjoy the stories, recognise some of the characters; and that some might be motivated to make their own contribution to this bank of precious knowledge.

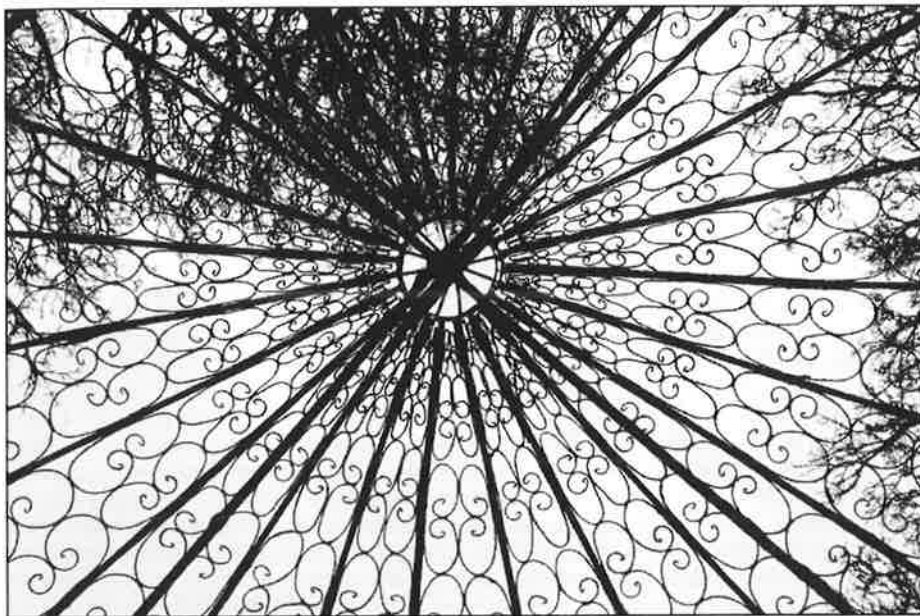
European Inspiration for Poltalloch

Jean Campbell's late husband, Peter was a blacksmith. They moved from Appin in the 1960s to the Smithy House behind Slockavullin to look after the horses on Poltalloch estate. As the horse numbers dwindled, Peter's skills were applied to decorative iron work. He made most of the gates on the estate in his workshop in the village, recognisable by its big horse arch. Mrs Campbell smiles when she remembers a more unusual piece of work commissioned by Mrs Malcolm:

Mrs Malcolm was over in Italy and she sent a postcard over: "Dear Peter, I saw something I would really like you to make for my garden", and she drew this sort of dome-shaped thing with lots of squiggles on it on the back of the postcard. She said, "I am getting four marble pillars sent over but can you please work out the ironwork?" The design on the dome was made up of shapes like a capital "S", one sitting on top of the other, getting smaller as they reached the top. So we looked at her drawing and tried to count how many Ss were between each pillar. Well! My knees were sore kneeling on the workshop floor trying to work it out. We were thinking, "Right, say there are six between each pillar, that means to reach the top they have to get smaller and to curve in and..." Oh, it was not an easy thing to make.



Mrs Malcolm's postcard



'Mrs Malcoms Gazebo' now overgrown

When she returned, Mrs Malcolm showed Peter where it was to be erected - right at the top of the garden. So he measured round the top of the four columns where an iron hoop was needed for the dome to stand on. He divided that into four and worked out how many Ss would go between each pillar. It worked out really very well. We do have a photo of Peter and his apprentice climbing to erect it. His name is on the plaque beside it. Mine isn't, which isn't fair! My knees did the hardest work. He was wearing two pairs of trousers: I wasn't! The marble and iron structure is still in the garden.

Poltalloch Sheep Dog Trials

Hector McNeill is a retired shepherd who spent many years in the 1970s and 80s working on the estates and farms of North Kintyre and Mid Argyll. Although the nature of farming in Mid Argyll has changed greatly in the last half century, the social event of the sheepdog trials has not altered much in generations. The shepherd still stands at his post at the head of the field, commanding the dog. The dog is sent off to the far end of the course to pick up the flock of half a dozen or so sheep, drive them back through a pair of gates, around the shepherd, split off the collared sheep and finally pen them. In a conversation with Mr McNeill he described another "everyday" event from thirty years ago.

A trial took place in a field at North Lodge, Poltalloch. Many readers may remember these meetings and some may have even been there, for they were popular events:

Shepherds would come from quite far, Islay maybe. There was a couple of fellows that came over from Colonsay. They borrowed a van from West Loch and when they arrived at the gate and the marshal asks them, "What have you got there?" "Two drunk men and four sober dogs."

That man did well in the trials. He was a wee man with a beard. Last dog of the night to run. He went out and stood at the post and sent the dog away. The dog's name was Julie and the man only said, "Julie, Julie". That was all he said to that dog and she did the rest and won the trial.

There were usually forty to fifty dogs in a competition and we used to get quite a lot of spectators, if it was a good day. They'd come in cars and all. There weren't many seats set up, if any. Most people would sit in their cars and watch. The cars would be in a line right round the end of the course. The prize money was never very big, but if you won first prize and maybe two Specials, like for sending your dog out and clapping him down behind the sheep, then you could have a good day. The prize money came from the Committee, raised by dances and whist drives and such. I was never very good at it. I was too nervous. The dog was fine, but I was nervous. I had a good run in Kilberry once. I was leading the Open all day and this fellow, John Kennedy, came along. He had a good run and won it. In the changing world of farming, some things may still hold true. Here is an example of old wisdom for new shepherds:

An old man, Donald MacDougal, long dead, told me once, "In lambing time, when you go to the hill, turn your coat round about and sit down on it. If there's anything wrong, you'll hear it." See, he knew that if you've got a lamb bleating or a ewe bleating, you'd hear it if you take your time. You won't hear it if you're on a quad bike, like nowadays. The bikes are good for the open fields, but the hills? Well...

The Corran

A number of people have shared memories about the Corran, the junction of the A83 and the A816. In the days when Kintyre still had a herring fishing industry, lorries used to come from the peninsula loaded with fish bound for Glasgow's fertiliser factories. Hector Walker recalls a bonus of this:

These were open topped lorries - ordinary wooden platform lorries with sides on them. As they would round the bend at the Corran, sometimes the fish used to slip out of the top and land on the road and the people of Lochgilphead could go and get free fish. There were other places where this would happen. Often a lorry would overturn at Achnaba and there would be fish for free there again, if you wanted to go as far out as that. Also at the Fyneside corner there might be a spill. At the Corran, if the fish didn't slip out, the water would, so there would be quite a smell there and all the way along the road as the water dripped out.

Mr Walker remembers how things were before the roundabout was constructed:

In the middle of the Corran there used to be a tree, a walnut tree, which is quite unusual, as there's not many walnut trees in the district. It was a planted tree. I think at one time these marked town boundaries. There was one at the Corran and one up around Manse Brae somewhere, behind Doctor MacCallum's. There was one on the asylum road somewhere.

Mr Walker's daughter, Wilma adds:

They were markers. You wouldn't mistake them for any other trees. The Corran tree was a big tree, but I'm not sure when it would have been planted. Walnut trees don't take that long to grow. They may have been chosen for that purpose.

Mr Walker also recalls that before his time, just down the Ardrishaig road from the Corran, at Miller's Bridge, the bridge-keeper's house was the local post office. The bridge has the official name of Oakfield Bridge but is unofficially named after Mr Miller, who was a keeper there in the 1850s. It is understood that his wife operated the first post office in Lochgilphead from this house. Mr Miller also ran a coalree (coal depot) from the house. Others recall the tree at the Corran being a gathering place. Catherine Bowe says:

My grandmother used to tell me about the summer evenings of her youth at the end of the 1800s, the beginning of the 1900s when they'd all go up to the Corran and dance round the tree, which was on a raised triangle of ground. Some of the local fellows would be playing fiddles. They'd be dancing then they'd all walk home late at night. Everybody walked in those days. It sounds lovely, my grandmother's memory. They removed the tree when they made it into a roundabout.

Donald's Omnipresent Kin

The archaeology and early history of the area is already well documented, and new and exciting discoveries are being made by Kilmartin House Museum with support from the Dalriada Project. The Community History Project seeks to capture more recent history, mostly from the later 1800s a great deal of which has gone unrecorded. It can be quite surprising what detailed memories prevail, sometimes for more than a century.

Donald Shuttleworth was born and raised in Mid Argyll, a descendent of the Dewar family who farmed at Achahoish, Loch Caolisport and Kilmichael. He is related to many other Mid Argyll families and, as a graduate of agricultural college, managed farms at Tibertich and Creaganterve, which his family had worked a century before. He is also passionately interested in his genealogy and explains, "All my family for generations are associated with Kilmichael Glen and Kilmartin Glen."

He recounts how a Campbell of Strachur married Mary MacKellar of Kilmichael and took up the small holding called Shirvan that sits at the head of the Long Walk by Ballymeanoch on the road to Kilmartin. It was here that most of Mr Shuttleworth's forebears were born in the early 1800s as he discovered:

The oldest was Donald Campbell and he was quite a character. Incidentally, a nephew of his built Ford Church. As a young man he was a piper and he went on exercise to Campbeltown. He found a toddler, a wee girl, who was lost, so he took her home to her parents and said to her, "When you grow up, I'll marry you", and he did. Donald later farmed Dunchraigaig. When they were extending the church at Kilmichael he discovered that he was of the family that had married into the MacKellars - his grandfather from Strachur had married Mary MacKellar. Anyway, they were all buried in Kilmichael churchyard and the church extension was to be built over the graves of his ancestors. Donald went down to the churchyard and dug the bones up and took them in bags home to Dunchraigaig. His wife was ironing. She heard a bang and when she went into the parlour, she saw to her horror that the table was covered with human bones. Needless to say she asked him, "What on earth is this?" and he says, "That's my ancestors." He took them back the next day when a new grave had been dug for them. Donald eventually became owner of the Ford Hotel, which had a farm attached at the time. These memories are just a sample of what has already been collected. It is hoped to create a special joint NHASMA/Dalriada Project for the Autumn 2008 edition of Kist, but this will only happen if more people contribute their recollections. There is immeasurable knowledge held by NHASMA members, and if anyone would like to contribute, the project can accept annotated photographs, hand-written or typed material, or even arrange to record your tales of times gone. The Community History Project relies on volunteer help. You can submit articles, conduct interviews, perform archive research, visit schools, or even just make suggestions which will help make the project a success.

To get involved please contact the Community History Project Co-ordinators:

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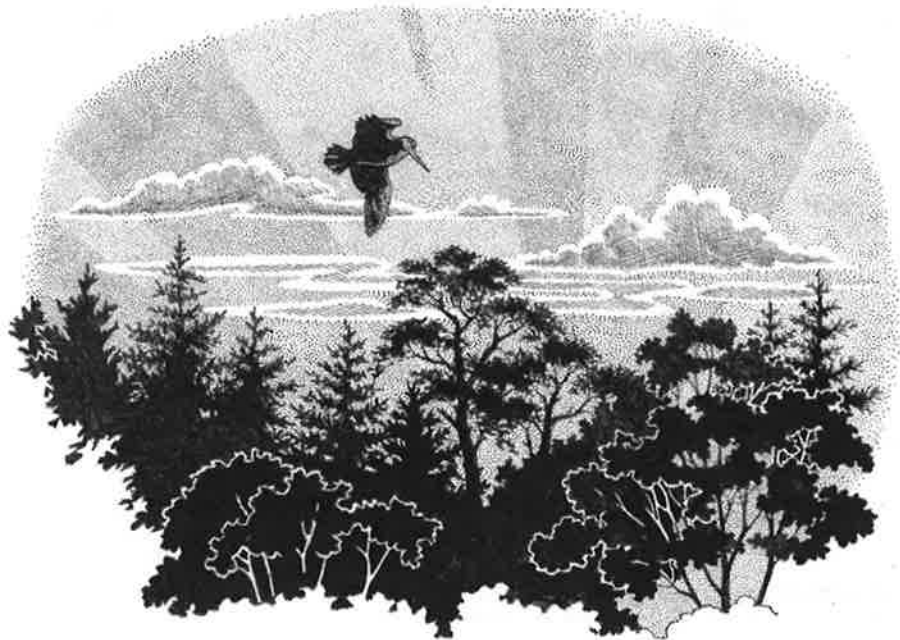
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EDITORIAL

We hope you like this, the second issue produced jointly with our new picture editor, Phillip Fox-Denham, who has a graphic design background and looks to provide visual enrichment to the text. A message to our budding and established contributors: please provide us with pictures as well as text; indeed, the picture on its own might make a wonderful story! (please also send text copy in Word format, in Times Roman, simply paragraphed and with no additional formatting).

Whilst on the subject of stories, we are pleased to introduce a partnership with the Dalriada Project, a scheme which seeks to restore, protect and improve access to mid-Argyll's natural and cultural assets. Some of you will also know about or already be involved with the Community History Project (CHP) element of the scheme, which has been creating a library of local recollections since August 2007.

The recollections found in this issue are a "taster" for what we hope will be a special joint NHASMA/Dalriada issue for Autumn 2008, but this will only happen if more people contribute their recollections or volunteer to conduct interviews, perform archive research, visit schools, or even just make suggestions which will help make the project a success. NHASMA members have between them a fund of knowledge, experience and skills to bear so we urge you to contact the co-ordinators right away – details at the end of the article.



Woodcock 'roding' at Dusk - Margaret Staley



Oystercatchers on the shores of Loch Long - Margaret Staley

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