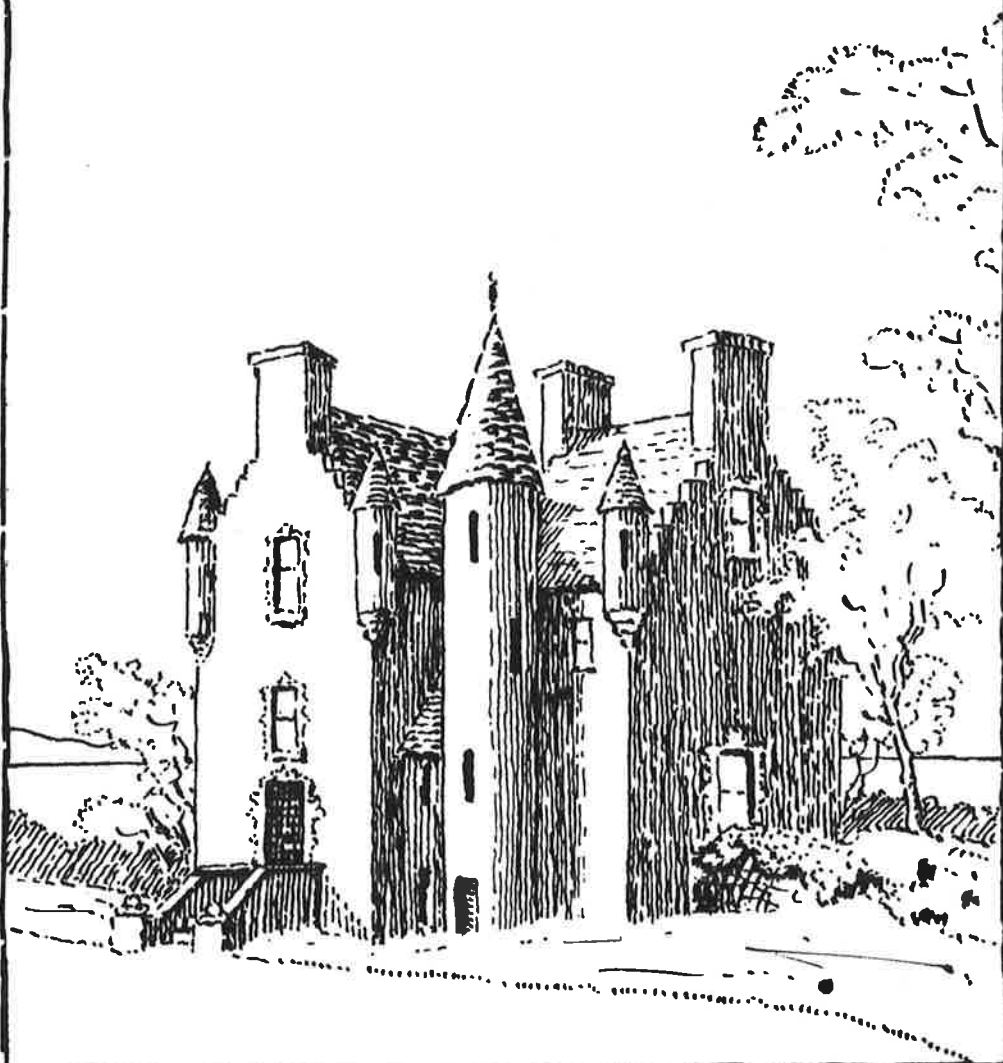


•• Kilberry Castle in 1857 ••



The KIST: 9

# T H E K I S T

The Magazine of  
The Natural History & Antiquarian Society  
of Mid-Argyll

President: Miss Campbell of Kilberry, FSA. FSAScot.

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## E D I T O R I A L

It does no harm to reflect occasionally on the role of a Society such as ours in this present-day world. Everywhere we see wholesale depredations on archaeological sites by upstart incomers, with their imitators amongst the resident population. Their activities range from immense 'projects' to hideous amenity-destroying caravan sites; from the current threat to Callanish in Lewis (far outwith any such danger, one would think) to the recently averted proposals affecting Dunadd and Tarbert Castle. Apart from piratical ventures in land speculation there are threats no less sinister although disguised as 'progress'; these include forestry work and modern agriculture, each of them now causing earth disturbance to ever-increasing depths.

Our Society has already demonstrated the weight it can bring to bear when danger to our priceless heritage rears up. By our local knowledge we are all in a good position to give positive help in this fight for our birthright. The list of highly important sites already lost throughout the country, often wilfully destroyed and in most cases without warning being given in the right quarter, is nothing short of horrifying.

Discussions are even now going on at national level to secure the appointment of a qualified archaeologist for each of some 20 regions in Scotland. Such an official, with access to planning proposals, could do much to stem the tide of destruction and unrecorded loss. The idea is wholly commendable, and we hope it may soon take effect.

We are delighted to announce that our Committee member, Mrs Kahane, has been appointed Assistant Hon. Secretary, with responsibility for distribution and sales of Kist and for membership records, including enrolment of new members. All enquiries on these subjects should now be addressed to her.

Kist grows in popularity with every issue, but in order to maintain production it is essential that membership and sales be continually increased.

## INVERARAY - the Beginnings. (I)

Donald Mackechnie

On 8th May 1474 King James III "for the singular favour which we bear towards our beloved cousin Colin Earl of Argyll" made the vill of Innowreyra a free burgh of barony. The charter runs on the same pattern as those of the fifty odd burghs of barony created in the 15th century except that it specifies what the inhabitants could buy and sell, viz. wine, wax, bread, wool, linen broad and narrow, and other merchandise. They were to set up a Cross, hold a weekly market every Saturday and two annual fairs on the Feast of Michael the Archangel (29th Sept.) and on S. Brandon's day (16th May).

A burgh of barony was set up on a baron's land under licence from the king. Trades and manufactures were encouraged. Revenues from market dues and petty customs went to the superior, who appointed the bailies and other officials. The burgh had no area of monopoly, and no share in foreign trade. It had no claim to representation in parliament. Very likely a burgh of barony grew up in the shelter of a castle. In it was sold the produce of the neighbourhood which supplied the castle and others. When Colin got his charter he was following the fashion of the time; there was prestige in it and perhaps the burgh was a commercial speculation. Moreover the Campbell chiefs were steadily increasing in power and importance. In Inveraray by the 1430's they had set up their headquarters. Then as now the position was excellent; the ridge of Drumalban was a barrier; Loch Fyne was a route to the islands and the lowlands. It is regrettable that we know next to nothing of the mediaeval burgh.

On January 28, 1648 Charles I, virtually a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, granted to Archibald, Marquess of Argyll, a charter which erected the burgh into a royal burgh "reserving however to our trusty and well-beloved cousin Archibald....his heirs and successors his feu-fermes

....and other duties and rights in use to have been paid to the said Marquis". The charter gives the inhabitants the liberty of choosing a Provost, 4 Bailies, a Dean of Guild, a Treasurer and 12 persons as councillors and of choosing the magistrates yearly from a leet of 3 for the Provost and 12 for the Bailies to be given in yearly by the Marquis.

The council could now send a commissioner to parliament and could pass acts for governing the burgh. They could create burgesses and Guild brothers as in other royal burghs. They could trade within the kingdom and abroad. They could possess "schipis, barks and boats and issue cockets". They could buy and sell wine, wax, bread, woollen and linen cloth and other merchandise. They could hold Burgh Courts, the fines to be used for the common good.

They were to erect a new Market Cross and a new Court House....a harbour in the mouth of the Aray....a weekly market on Friday....three Free Fairs lasting 8 days on 17th May, 15th July and 16th September. The burgh was to have a monopoly of trade within the whole of Argyll except in those bounds between the Water of Bardiravine and the Mull of Kintyre, which bounds were reserved to the town of Lochend - a town that James I had declared was to be erected; and no other burgh was to be erected in the future to the prejudice of Inveraray.

The town had taken a step forward but it was by no means free. The Marquis still held the feu fermes and other payments in use to have been paid to him. The magistrates were to be chosen from the nominees of the Marquis - a custom that lasted till the 19th century. These conditions were unusual in royal burghs.

Still more unusual is a document of 21st June 1691. It is a Renunciation by Archibald in favour of the Provost, Bailies and Community of Inveraray of "all and sundrie the feu-fermes, dewties and rights....in use to have been paid by the inhabitants of the Burgh to us and our predecessors....

or to the houses, yairdis, tenements, aikers, crofts, lands of the libertie of the burgh....And also consenting that the said brughe of Inveraray leitt and freely choose their own magistrates without any leitt to be given in by us or our successors." In other words the Marquis was handing over to the Town Council the whole burgh - and the reason - "Seeing that William Douglas, present provost, William Browne and Walter Grahame present bailies with the Council....and in name of the communitie thereof....have manufully paid to us certane soumes of money converted and applied by us to our singular use, utilitie and profit". In 1663 King Charles II ratified the Renunciation. Remember that in 1661 on the Restoration of Charles, the Marquis was executed and his estates forfeited.

The soumes of money amounted to £12,000 Scots but despite the words of the Renunciation there is a doubt that the money was ever paid. The 9th Earl was restored to his estates in 1663 and we find him demanding £12,000 Scots from Inveraray Town Council (to be paid in three instalments). On 11th May 1663 Provost Jon Luill about to set off to Parliament in Edinburgh was ordered by the Council to "doe his endeavours" as "it is tyme the 6000 merks demanded by Lord Lorne be prooydit". On 13th July he reported he had borrowed from Jon Rowane, merchant in Greenock, 3000 merks and from Rev. Alexander Gordon the Lowland Minister of Inveraray 1000 merks. From Bailie Campbell of Kylesleatt £100 Scots were obtained. The money was paid and a discharge obtained from Archibald Campbell of Grimsynie. Then Jon Luill produced the King's Majesty's Ratification under the Privy Seal of that writ issued in the Town's favour by the deceased Marquis of Argyll, which was appointed "to be keipit in the Charter Kist".

It is clear that the 9th Earl, in return for the first instalment, handed over the Ratification of his father's Renunciation; whether the rest was paid is not clear. There is a blank of some 17 years in the documents. Maybe it was paid, for in

1710 the Town Council are letting various houses and crofts. Again in 1717 people in the crofts about the Park Dyke complain that in harvest 1715 they sustained great loss by the rebels coming down upon them and "therefore craved that the rents of the said year be given down". The magistrates granted the request "in consideration that their houses were ruined". It would appear then that the Renunciation was effective; in other words the Burgh owned property just as other Royal Burghs did. Perhaps the Burgh lost all claim when the present town was built. The question of ownership arose in 1912 in the matter of the Ferry House and in the 1840's concerning the school building.

Old pictures show the first town of Inveraray as a line of low thatched houses along the bay and a bridge with two arches on the River Aray. The old fighting castle looks like a square tower on the river bank. Paul Sandby's 18th cent. etching is likely of the Hiegait and shows Provost Duncan-son's 2-storey slated house, the Bridgend, the Mercat Cross in a pulpit, the Lowland Kirk with steeple and clock, the two castles and the Folly on Duniequaich. In 1661 the town had 4 streets, but only two names are recorded - the Hiegait and the "Laigh Street by the Shoar".

The Cross, according to Dr Kenneth Steer, is one of the latest pre-Reformation crosses, dated circa 1500. It has an open Celtic pattern and the inscription:- *Haec est crux nobilium virorum videlicet Dandcani Meicgyllchomghan Patricii filii eius et Maelmore filii Patricii qui hanc crucem fieri faciebant.*

The election of the 1697 Town Council was barely democratic. At the Michaelmas Court "the haill communitie of the burgh being convened for the choosing of the magistrates and the leitt having been given in by My Lord Marquis....they have continued Wm. Douglas, Provost and Jon Luill Bailie and have elected Walter Graham Bailie...." etc. It must have been a troubled election for in 1698 "Considering the confusion that hath been at the

election of magistrates in tyme bygane and the informality used therein occasioned by the convening of the haill communitie of the toune which is altogether contrair to the formality and order used in other burghs. Therefore all elections in time coming shall be done in manner following.

(1st) The Provost and old magistrates and council shall choose the new council (2nd) Thereafter the old and new council shall choose the new magistrates and the Provost shall have a vote in the election of the Bailies (3rd) The new magistrates and council shall choose the Deanogild [sic], the Thesaurer, the Clerk and remanent members of the Court. Lastly the Clerk shall take the oaths of the haill magistrates and Council and others, the Clerk's being received by the Provost." In 1661 the Council fixed the form of oath "whair of the tenour follows: 'Ye shall perform your dewties of allegiance to your Sovereign Lord the King's Majesty. Ye shall be a faithful councillor and assist with your best counsel and advice the Magistrates in all matters that concern the glory of God and the good of the burgh. And lastly ye shall not reveal the secrets of the Council as ye will answer to God.'"

In other words the Town Council elected themselves. Year after year we meet the same names: Luill, Browne, Duncanson, Fisher, Graham. It is a surprise in 1681 to meet a new one, Carruders.

Non-attendance at Council was punishable - the penalty 40sh. Scots to be paid toties quoties. "Ilk Wednesday" a weekly court for administration of justice was fixed in 1656.... "The haill Magistrates and Council and members of the Court are to convene precisely at 10 hours and whosoever shall be absent half one hour thereafter shall pay 20sh. Scots toties quoties". It is a pity that the Burgh Court Book has vanished.

Remember that our little burgh had been destroyed by Montrose's ragged army in 1644. Now in the 1650's we are looking at the people's efforts to rebuild. "Ever since the erection of this burgh be reason of the troubles of the times the



weekly Mercat and the Fairs could not be brought in use" writes the Clerk. But Lowlanders had come in. A Grammar School was set up in 1649 which went out of business in 1941. Gaelic is beginning to disappear. Remember too that the burghers were farmers of a sort. Each household had a cow, which the town herd took to the Common Muir in the morning and back at night.

The incomers put first things first, and backed by the Marquis a Lowland congregation was formed in 1650 and Rev. Alexander Gordon, MA. was admitted minister on 12th November. The Elders were:- My Lord Marquess of Argyll

My Lord Lorne

George Campbell, Sheriff Depute

Archd. Campbell, Master of the Household

Donald McOlvary, Provost

Donald Cameron

Wm. Loudon (treasurer)

David Rogers

Patrick Flemyng

Deacons:- Jon Luill, Wm. Browne, Wm. Carruders, and Duncan Fisher.

In 1651 a porch was built at the Kirk door and in 1652 the pulpit was built for 100 merks. That year the members invited those who wanted to build seats in the new kirk to appear before the Session who would assign their "rooms".

The Gaelic speakers had no church and only occasional services. "People of the Irish language" were not to come into the town on Sundays when there was no Gaelic service, and if they did they were to attend the Lowland service. It was in 1657 that Rev. Patrick Campbell became minister of a Gaelic Church in Inveraray. Patrick remained throughout "the Troubles" till 1688 but Alexander was "outed".

The Kirk commanded the community in nearly everything - Education, Charity, Sabbath-keeping, Drunkenness, Swearing, Witchcraft. Boys attending the Grammar School from other parts of the County were looked after by the Kirk in the matters of clothes, lodgings and education;

e.g.:—Patrick McVoccar "providing of clothes,  
£4.5s."

Robert Duncanson "a way to be found to  
keep him at College."

Angus Campbell "20sh. to be given to  
his uncle to be employed to his use."

A curious specimen of charity:— "to John McCally  
a leper - 6s.8d."

Two men who accidentally dug up a "pest grave"  
were ordered to stay in their houses till the  
Session thought it safe to release them. And Wm.  
Loudon was to mark the pest grave with big stones  
for future safety.

As in all our burghs, strangers were regarded  
with suspicion. In 1655 there was such an influx  
of stranger poor that the bailies were requested  
by the Kirk Session to watch that they "lurk not  
in the town but go forward to seek alms or else  
go to their own abode". And nobody was to lodge  
strangers without reporting to the Bailies.

In 1656 the presence of Cromwell's garrison  
was a cause of Sabbath breaking. Apparently peo-  
ple were fraternising with the English soldiers  
instead of going home after service. Then Duncan  
McIlvorie killed a sheep in time of sermon; Donald  
Roy McPhaden and Margaret McNachtan gave drink to  
wandering pipers and got them to play in their  
house at the clachan of the Girawne (Garron) on  
the Sabbath. The herring fishers were to abide  
in their boats the maist part of the Sabbath....  
and when they go abroad they are to walk in the  
fields. The Sabbath was a tip-toe day.

In 1656 "women have their plydes on their  
heads and faces in time of sermon....so that they  
who sleep cannot be distinguished from those who  
sleep not so that they may be awakened....as if  
God's worship were appointed for no other use but  
to rock them asleep".

The Kirk endeavoured to eradicate drunkenness  
and swearing. Duncan Duncanson, Elder and Town  
Clerk "has miscarried in drink and tippling of  
late to the evil example of the people". He was  
suspended with a sharp reproof. In 1660 the

schoolmaster reported Patrick Alexander, the Marquess' gardener, to the Session "Patrick did curse fearfully and call his (the schoolmaster's) wife bitch". The charge was denied but two witnesses testified against him "though they could not remember the exact words".

In October 1677 Nicol Luill, Procurator Fiscal, brought to trial Donald McIlmichael who had stolen a cow and had also corresponded with Satan. Donald confessed he had entered the Fairy Hill at the Shean of Barcaldine, where he played the trumpet to the men and women gathered there for the dancing. The Devil told him the whereabouts of certain stolen beasts." The Justice Depute of Argyll John Campbell of Moy, pronounced sentence ..... "McIlmichael to be taken on Monday 19th November be 2 oclock in the afternoon and on the gibbet at the Gallows Farlane (where today the buses stop) there to be hangit to the death....Requiring the magistrates of Inveraray to sie this sentence put to execution."

1658 must have been a desperate year "constant and unnaturall rainy weather whereby there is little expectation of a harvest....great penury and dearth are threatened....Both in the East and here in the West there is disappointment of the herring fishing....There is here a distemper which befalleth some persons....more from wicked and devilish instruments through God's permission than from God's sending....The small or no reformation by the two former judgments of sword and pestilence....not many years ago." And so 26th September was to be a Day of Fast and humiliation before the Lord.

These grim words impress the reality of life in Inveraray three centuries ago. Your food came from your own ground and your own sea.

(to be continued)

DORLACH DIOGHLULM; a Gleaned Sheaf  
of Gaelic Weather-lore

Marion Campbell

After a long spell of work with Nicholson's Gaelic Proverbs (I) at my elbow, I have renewed respect for our ancestors' powers of observation. Who can resist the phrase "as merry as a straw-rope's end on a windy day"? (2) How well do we know the obstinate man, "as deaf as a goose in harvest-time". But it is with proverbs about weather that I want to concern myself at present.

There are months characterised by a single word; July - the golden month, November the black one. Calendar months mean little to farmers or fishermen; their year is better divided into seasons - Spring, Summer, Harvest, Winter, or by festivals; Bealltuinn (May-day), Liúnas (Lammas - which deserves a separate article), Samhuinn (Hallowe'en) and - replacing some ancient feast whose name is lost - Ia Feill-Bhrigde (St Bride's Day, 1st February, Candlemas Eve). Mart is sowing-time, (roughly our March), Foghar stands for both harvest and autumn. But these divisions depend upon the weather; Faoilleach or Faoilteach falls between late January and early March. Nicholson labours to translate it "wolf-ravage-time" (Faol, "wild or "wolf" + ?teachd, "coming"); but there is a verb faoiltich, "receive kindly, rejoice at meeting, become cheerful", which seems as appropriate. (I await scholarly admonitions).

The proverbs give portents of wind or storm, snow or fair weather. "A drop in the wind's mouth" a fluky wind that "goes seeking harbours", the winds of Hogmanay that prophesy a whole year's weather:

Gaoth Deas, teas 'as torradh;  
South Wind, heat and plenty;  
Gaoth 'nIar, iasg 'as bainne;  
West Wind, fish and milk;  
Gaoth Tuath, fuachd's feannidh;  
North Wind, cold and skinning;  
Gaoth 'nEar, meas air chrannaibh;  
East Wind, fruit on branches.

There is "thaw on a north wind, snow and frost presently", or the ominous "better a raid coming on the land than a mild morning in early spring". The proverbs cluster thickly around springtime, on which so much depends. "Like a lean cow coming to the steading is the dawn of a spring morning", with the sense that the weakly thing will soon begin to thrive. Spring is a hungry time everywhere, but "its a hard spring when the wheelks are counted". Where a southern March "comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb", we give it "snake's head and peacock's tail" - and I stop to wonder if the phrase grew from, or gave rise to, the interlocked serpents and birds of the ancient painted Gospel-books.

Omens in autumn threatened the coming spring; "autumn mist, spring snow" and "the snow that falls not at Hallowe'en will come thick and fast on St Bride's Day". But a hard start to the year could mean a good season later:

Faoilteach, faoilteach, cattle mating,

Storm and crying will come of it;

Faoilteach, faoilteach, cattle in thicket,

Welcome and joy will come of it.

("in thicket" i.e. sheltering).

Spring was divided into:

A month of Wolf, a week of Whistle,

Twelve days of Gelding, a week of the Hag,

Three days Little Broom - up with the Spring!

That "gelding" might be called Gearran bàcach bàn, "lame white pony", perhaps a humble stable-mate of the swift grey steed, the March wind, on which the Spring-Maiden rode. The Hag is the malignant winter-aspect of the same triple goddess, seen in another verse trying to thwart the arrival of her young reincarnation. (This may be some trace of an elderly priestess's reluctance to step down from power; or - recalling legends of an Old Woman ritually "bathed" in a holy well and "restored to youth" - we might bear in mind that Scotland always drowned its witches). But here is the Old Woman's verse, chanted as she crouched with her magic rod over the new grass and tried to beat it into the ground:

It's dodged me down, it's dodged me up,  
It's dodged between my own two ears,  
It's dodged hither, dodged yonder,  
Dodged between my own two legs;  
I'll throw this at the hollybush foot,  
Where neither grass nor leaf shall grow!  
("this" i.e. the rod. Again, that sharp eye has  
noted the bare earth under a holly.)

The way young grass can dwine away is noted  
in another saying; "the grass that comes out in  
March goes back indoors in April". But despite  
the Old Woman, the Maiden's bird begins at last to  
sing, when "the cuckoo's greening" comes in time  
for La buidhe Bealltainn, the golden day of May.  
The summer is coming now, but "better is snow than  
lack of water in May".

Through the summer, bird and beast will warn  
of weather changes; "a bat's come in, there'll be  
a shower soon", "the owl is mourning, we're in for  
a storm", "the cat's in the ashes, a cold rain's  
coming". Or if honey-bees work low above the  
ground, "the bee keeps in shelter, storm and gale  
on the way".

Then there are signs in the sky. "The mark  
of turf-stripping" or "the wether's plaid" denote  
a fine morrow. Both describe thin high streaks  
of cirrus cloud; "turf-stripping" is a vivid simile,  
and the "plaid" is one woven from the dark wiry  
wool of wethers, wool coarser and more stormproof  
than that of ewes, therefore kept separate and used  
for the original "shepherd's plaid" chequered cloth.

Autumn is the crown of the year, when all  
one's work is won or lost. "It's a small thing  
that's not a hindrance in harvest". Still, "he  
that sows not on a cold day wont reap on a warm  
one", and as long as we are not too greatly hinder-  
ed we'll win through.

I cannot resist quoting a verse which has  
little to do with weather, but much to do with the  
perils of the summer months:

He that comes late on Saturday  
And leaves early on Monday,

His help would be the greater to me  
If that man stayed away.

And there I must leave you, with greadan  
feasgair, agus cead dol dachaoidh - "evening spurt,  
and leave to go home".

.....

(1). Gaelic Proverbs; Alexr. Nicholson, MA, LL.D,  
reprinted and ed. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A, LL.B; Cal-  
edonian Press, Glasgow, 1951. (Available through  
the County Librarian, to whom I am indebted for  
much kind help).

(2). To avoid constant text-quotations which  
might irritate those who cannot read Gaelic, I list  
the proverbs here in the order in which they are  
quoted. (Many of Nicholson's are in "northern"  
Gaelic, e.g. "bial", "fiar", where we would say  
"beul", "feur"; for my own comfort I have changed  
these into more familiar forms).

Straw rope; cho mear ri ceann siamain ri là gaoithe.  
Goose; cho bodh ri geadh a's t-Fhoghar.

July; am mìos buidhe. November; am mìos dubh.

Seasons; Earrach, Samradh, Foghar, Geamhradh.

Drop (of rain); boinn' am beul na gaoithe.

Fluky wind; a'ghaoith ag iarraidh nam port.

Thaw; aiteamh na gaoithe tuath, sneachd's  
reodhadh anns an uair.

Raid; b'fhearr a'chreach a thighinn do'n tìr, na  
maduinn mhìn's an Fhaoilteach.

Lean cow; mar mhart caol a thighinn gu bailr, tha  
camhanach na maidne Earrach.

Counting wheelks (winkles); is cruaidh an t-Earrach  
anns a cùntar na faochagan.

Snake's head; ceann nathrach 's earball pocaig  
air an t-Earrach.

Autumn mist; ceò Foghair, sneachd Earrach (or;  
is e'n ceò Geamhraidh a ni'n cathadh Earrach  
(it's the winter mist that makes the spring  
snowdrift).

Snow at Hallowe'en; an sneachd nach tig mu Shamhu-  
inn, thig gu reamhar mu Feill-Bhrìgde.

Verse about cattle;

Faoilteach, faoilteach, crodh air teas,  
Gal 'as ghoir nitear ris;  
Faoilteach, faoilteach, crodh 'am preas,  
Fàilt' 'as faoilte nitear ris.

Divisions of spring;

Mìos Faoiltich, seachdain Feadaig,  
Ceithir-là-deug Gearrain, seachdain Caillich,  
Trì là Sguabaig - suas an t-Earrach!

The Cailleach's verse;

Dh'fhàg e shìos mi, dh'fhàg e shuas mi,  
Dh'fhàg e eadar mo dhà chluais mi,  
Dh'fhàg e thall mi, dh'fhàg e bhos mi,  
Dh'fhàg e eadar mo dhà chois mi,  
Tilgeam seò 'am bun preas cuilinn,  
Far nach fàs feur no dhuilleach!

Young grass; am feur a thig a mach's a'Mhàrt,  
theid e's taigh 's a'Ghiblean.  
Cuckoo's Greening (or Greying); Glasadh na Cubhaig.  
Snow in May; is fheàrr an sneachd na bhì gun  
uisge's a'Chéitein.

Bat; Thainig ialtag a steach, bidh frasan a mach  
air ball.

Owl; tha chomhachag ri bròn, thig tuiltean oirnn.

Cat; tha'n cat's an luath, thig frasan fuar.

Bee; Tha'n seillean fo dhion, thig gaillion 'as  
sian.

Turf-stripping; tha larach buain-fhòid air an  
athar, ni e là math am màireach.

Wether's plaid; breac a'mhuiltein air an athar,  
là math am màireach.

Hindrances; is beag an ni nach deireadh a's  
t'Fhoghar.

Sowing; am fear nach cuir ri là fuar, cha bhuain  
ri là teth.

The Weekender;

Am fear a thig annoch Di-sathurna  
'S a dh'fhalbhas moch Di-luain,  
B'fheàrr leam air son a chuideachaidh  
An duine sin a dh'fhuireach bhuam.

.....



## Thoughts on "The Dark Twin"

.....  
A.J.Haddow

In "The Dark Twin" Miss Campbell has given us, in my opinion, the best hero story in the Celtic tradition since Deirdre and Naoise or Diarmid and Grainne. It follows the true epic tradition and ends with a complete cycle, from which any extension or sequel would detract, however much one may long for more of this splendid tale. In an older one we know that Odysseus will have to set off on a tremendous journey, carrying an oar - but are we really interested? "The Odyssey" reaches its climax when he strings the old bow and plucks the string gently - at this moment one knows that he has won. In Miss Campbell's story the hero, Drost, reaches a similar crisis when his son and the token of a single feather are brought to him from far away. No higher tribute to the writer's art can be paid than to say that at this moment, with much incident still to follow, one knows at once that he is going to lose - just as in yet another story one knows at a certain point that Cuchullain is doomed, but that he will not be deflected and will go forward to a death which, as a lesser man, he could have avoided.

In a story like this one must be able to identify with the hero and it is very easy to identify with Drost. His achievements were considerable: He passed his manhood test in the usual way, killing his bear in an elegant manner. In fact he killed two bears, the second without back-up or proper weapons. He became an authority on tribal law. He was a poet and early in life developed powers of extra-sensory perception that allowed him to meet as equals much older and more experienced practitioners. He had sufficient power, for example, to be able to resist, at great cost to himself, the sacrifice of his "twin" when very potent forces were attempting to dupe him into this act. He was able to contain the worst follies of his "twin" and to meet with restraint and dignity the slights and murderous attacks of this useless

person. He was able to defend his religion against a major threat and in the end found himself still an accepted worshipper. When death came to his father, a malignant person whom he hated, he observed decent and proper ceremonies. He got the right girl (an achievement!) and was able to leave a fine son with his tribe before he set off on his fateful journey, after putting tribal affairs and the care of the young "twins" into capable and trustworthy hands, forging at the same time an important link between the old Megalithic people and their successors - now the masters. He chose the honourable course and went alone.

Both he and the heroine, Yssa, were under geasa, and neither knew how, where, when or why this would act. By definition, however, it always got you in the end - even if you knew what it was. For example, Conachur MacNessa forced Fergus to desert Deirdre and the Sons of Uisneach (who were under his protection) by engineering an invitation to a feast, which Fergus was under geas not to refuse. For the final disaster, therefore, neither Drost nor Yssa could be held at fault. Thus the hero was a man of courage, integrity and imagination, and his considerable mental ability was never exercised selfishly.

On a calm summer evening in Mid-Argyll where, though no place is mentioned, this story must be set, the sense of continuity with the past, of a link with the "silent vanished races" can be irresistible. One looks far to the West where those fabulous islands are only just out of sight and, turning slowly, pauses to consider the standing stones, the round cairn, the hilltop dun and the castle - all without moving from one place. What our President has done is to show that the young hero of the Gaelic "Shieling Story" is just as much at home in a prehistoric background and may well have sprung from such a source. In many of these stories the hero - always the younger son and usually with dark brown hair - has set off on a hazardous journey to the seven buns, seven glens and seven mountain moors. Before he leaves,

his mother offers him the choice of a large or a small bannock and he makes the correct decision. In this situation Drost also would have answered correctly "I choose the small bannock, Mother, if your blessing goes with it."

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(Miss Campbell's book was published in 1973  
by Turnstone Books, and an American edition  
came out in 1974. - Ed.)

## WHEN THE YEARS WERE YOUNG

Mary Sandeman

### 2. Jock the Packman

With the first sleet showers, and maybe with the last too, came Jock the Packman, staying two or three weeks and visiting every house in the Island. Once I knew he had arrived I would be in a state of suppressed excitement as in the days before Christmas.

I'd see him passing once or twice bent under his loads; there was a wooden box with a heavy carrying strap and above this a huge bundle wrapped in black shiny oilcloth, criss-crossed with straps. No need to wonder what Christian's burden looked like....of course it was Jock's pack! He wore a tweed greatcoat, muffler and cloth cap, and had very thick glasses. I believe he suffered from night-blindness; certainly his wife and little black dog used to be seen setting out to meet him as dusk fell.

At last the magic words "Jock is in the kitchen!"

First the bundle would be unwrapped and the goods displayed....flowery overalls and aprons, petticoats and dish-towels, pillow-slips and sheets. The grown-ups fingered and considered, asking each other's advice with fearful deliberation....and still Pandora's box kept its secrets.

At last the key was turned and down fell the front, exposing a series of little drawers; and then the lid went up and there in the top drawer were dozens of spectacles, their wire frames making fascinating patterns. This drawer would be slid out quickly as the household were either already provided or didn't need glasses. The next drawer might be ribbons in neat rows, double or treble rainbows caught in a wooden frame. The next might have laces, black or brown leather or cotton, stay laces pink or white, tape broad or narrow, papers of pins, reels of thread, needles and safety-pins; but the last drawer had strings of beads, gold and silver chains, bangles, hat-pins, brooches, even watches! Never, never could the Queen of Sheba have owned a half of all this glory! I'm sorry I can't tell you what any of Jock's treasures cost; they were clearly beyond price and certainly beyond my Saturday penny, and I wouldn't have dreamed of touching any of them.. one sense at a time was quite enough.

Once I was given a most beautiful wrist-watch on a wonderful red and gold band as a reward for being able to read the time. It gave me years of pleasure and slept under my pillow. What matter that its hands stayed permanently at ten to four. Time is both eternal and can be stopped and held so easily in childhood. When time stands still is the time that is remembered, and ten to four is a very good time anyway.

I only wore it in the evening when, dressed in my Velveteen, I descended to the kitchen to dance the Hesitation Waltz with Charlotte, with the deepest of curtsies and great panache, to our own singing (and only one of us in tune) of "Smile Awhile, We'll Kiss Beside the Dew", regardless of the parents waiting for our evening meal!

Punctuality is certainly the courtesy of Princes, but no Prince worth his salt would deny a small girl a few minutes as a Princess....or so they seemed to think.

...oOo...

## KILBERRY CASTLE in 1857

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The Editor has asked me for a note on the sketch from which he has taken the cover design for this issue.

It is a pencil-and-wash drawing bearing the name "E. Gardiner" and the date "1857". Mrs Gardiner was a great-aunt of our Diarist, "Old Kilberry"; her drawing is the only surviving record of the house as it was in the diarist's childhood.

He was born in 1844, in Ardpatrik House, whence his parents were supervising the reconstruction of the old castle, damaged by accidental fire some seventy years earlier. They had to deal with an L-shaped tower-house, perhaps 16th century and incorporating older walls, its floors and windows lost and some of the masonry fire-cracked and storm-damaged. The restoration involved repointing all walls and demolishing the unsafe NE gable to the ground, to re-erect it some six feet inward; a new front door was formed in this wall, with its outermost step on the line of the old wall. (The old entrance had been in the angle of the L, hidden in the sketch). An internal turning-stair was replaced by a new one in the round tower; dummy "pepperpots" on corners recalled the old two-storey corner turrets which had contained, on one level, dressing rooms, and above them "dark spaces for servants or lumber" according to the 1772 fire-insurance claim. Finally, the L-plan was converted to a T by the addition of a new NW wing (on the right of the picture). Its lowest level incorporates some early masonry, which probably extended farther north.

Unfortunately the seaward face of the 1842-59 building is now hidden by the 1873 additions that followed our diarist's marriage, leaving his descendants to cope with a range of apartments designed for the thirteen indoor servants my grandmother found essential for tolerable comfort.

Marión Campbell.

## THE WILSON FAMILY IN INVERNEIL

Compiled by the Editor from Mr D.C.Cargill's notes

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The tiny graveyard at Inverneil, deserted and overshadowed except in early spring when snow-drops whiten the turf, is largely occupied by the graves of members of the Wilson family, who at one time were tacksmen in Inverneil. This information may seem to be of minor interest now to outsiders who are ignorant of the fact that the family produced, from amongst a number of respected descendants, one whose achievements, if not his name, are known and enjoyed by countless thousands each year.

One of the Inverneil stones reads:-

"Erected by Robert Wilson in memory of Margaret Wilson his spouse who died 6th June 1801 aged 56 years; also Allan and Robert their children."

There is no mention of Robert's death, an odd circumstance which will be returned to later.

In the old churchyard at Glencorse, near Edinburgh, which I visited early in 1974 under Mr Cargill's guidance, is another Wilson stone which reads:-

"Erected by John Wilson Esq. in memory of his son John Wilson, Medical Student, who died 16th April 1839; also the said John Wilson Esq. C.E. died 5th May 1850 and Martha Brough his spouse died 3rd August 1854."

The father in this text was the eldest son of the Inverneil tacksmen, and became in his day a figure of very considerable renown.

The Wilson family is one of great complexity but for our purpose we will confine our attention to Robert (Inverneil) and his children.

There were seven children, John, Robert, Allan, Isabella, Allan(2nd), Jean and Robert(2nd). We will deal last with John, the eldest, as his is the important part of the story.

The first Robert and Allan both died in infancy and theirs are the names which appear, with their mother's, on the Inverneil stone.

Isabella remained unmarried and is buried at Inverneil.

Allan(2nd), 1779-1860, began life as a Civil Engineer but returned to Inverneil to share the tenancy with his father. He retired to an Ard-rishaig house, "Aitechuan" (still standing). The fifth of his ten children, Margaret, married the Revd. John Clark of Minard and latterly lived at Broxwood Park, Sandbank.

This Allan, with his wife and five of his children, were buried at Inverneil, but no stone has been found. A plain covering-stone beside the stone quoted at the beginning of these notes may be theirs. It is possible that Allan disapproved of gravestones or thought them a waste of money. As he was responsible for the funeral of his father this may explain the absence of Robert's name from the Inverneil stone.

Jean, 1781 - ? married a Macpherson and went to Canada.

Robert(2nd), 1786-1859, became a doctor in Stranraer.

Turning now to the career of Robert (Inverneil) Wilson's eldest son, John (1770-1850) we deal with the most noteworthy member of the family, although his initial training as a stonemason might seem to lack any great promise of fame.

At that time the most ambitious canal and construction schemes so far known in Britain were being relentlessly carried through by the famous civil engineer, Thomas Telford, and early in his career John Wilson came into association with him and thenceforward for thirty years they worked in close association.

By 1801 the Crinan Canal, designed by Telford, was completed. It has the distinction of being, for most of its nine miles length, built and not excavated.

The Ellesmere Canal, with its celebrated water-carrying bridge over the Dee valley near

Ruabon, was completed in 1807 and the Caledonian Canal was already considerably advanced. Wilson was responsible for the western half of the canal from Loch Oich to the sea, and by 1804 he was at Corpach as Superintendent.

Telford took Wilson with him to Sweden in 1813 to complete the design of the Gotha Canal and left him to supervise the work. He was given a gold box by the Crown Prince two years later in appreciation. Wilson was back again in Sweden in 1815-16, to study the Trollhätte Canal.

In the meantime the Caledonian Canal was progressing and by 1819-20 there remained eleven miles between Fort Augustus and Loch Lochy, with Wilson's work-force responsible for the section between Loch Oich and Loch Lochy, which includes the summit cutting at Laggan.

In 1819 Wilson was entrusted with the construction of the Great Glencorse Reservoir for the Edinburgh Water Co, hence his intimate association with and final burial in that neighbourhood. He was not yet to retire there, however, for Telford needed his help with the mammoth task of building the new Holyhead road, with the Menai Bridge as the most spectacular part of the undertaking. It was opened to traffic on 3rd January 1826.

There was also the Birmingham and Liverpool Canal to be constructed. It was the last of the major works of Thomas Telford.

In 1831 John Wilson retired to Glencorse as Water Works Superintendent. He maintained his association with the Caledonian Canal as Inspector of Works and seems to have kept possession of the house at Gairloch which he had used while the canal was being built. He died, aged 80, on 7th May 1850 at Mid Calder and was buried, as we have seen, at Glencorse.

His eldest surviving son, Robert (1812-50) began life as a Civil Engineer but later his father set him up as a soft-goods merchant in Glasgow and finally he became a grocer in Ardrishaig. He had never been robust, but died after a fall from his horse. He too is buried at Inverneil.

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## EXTRACTS FROM 'OLD KILBERRY'S' DIARIES

### III. The Social Scene (2)

1882. Sept. 29th.

[at Black Corries Iron Lodge, Glencoe] Found a party from Glen Etive who had come to lunch. They were Mr & Mrs Graves (she very pretty & very good figure) Mr Lloyd (her father) Miss Windham Lewis (very ugly & very rich) & Mrs Morgan Williams (fat and sleek).

1887. Oct. 26th.

[at Inveraray] After everyone had gone to bed this morning, 1.30 a.m. I missed a tin cash box which I had left on my table and having searched for it in my room I went downstairs but all the lights were out and I did not like to rouse the house. [hotel] As soon as it was daylight I wrote a note to Clark the Hotel Keeper who came to my room in a great state of mind. He then went and examined his servants without result and eventually sent for the Sergt of Police who came and searched my room and then went to investigate matters below. He came back a second time about 8.30 and was making another search in the room when Sir John Orde came to the door with the box which he said he had nabbed from my room as he was going to bed this morning. I gave him a few stiffish words but not what I would have done if the Police Sergt had not been there. He looked very sheepish and tried to pass it off as having been done because I had left the box on my dressing table & my door open & he thought that he could take better care of it. I never knew such a foolish game for a man of his age and his Elephantine Joke (if it was a joke) caused intense annoyance to the Inn keeper & especially to his wife.

1887. Nov. 22nd.

Got to Oban [from Portree] at 8.45 p.m. Started in a waggonette & drove to Barbreck (24 miles) arriving at 12.45 a.m. Could not waken anyone by knocking, ringing or shouting so took to shooting

and at last roused a man who was sleeping in one of the out-buildings. He got into the house through the gun-room window & let me in. I then went and wakened Dick Nightingale.

1888. Dec. 15th.

Ardpatrick had a good try at shooting Mrs Pollok and me. We were standing together quite in view of him & he saw us quite well. Somehow his hammerless gun went off & the shot came close over our heads and struck a dyke beyond us. Luckily the dyke caught the charge as there was a boy on the other side in a direct line.

1892. April 19th.

[in London] We dined at Olympia & got a pretty good dinner at a very reasonable price. We ordered what we wanted and got it served very smartly. The price was so reasonable that I took a note of it. Willie had soup, a fried trout, grilled chop, savoury omelet, cheese & beer & Rosa had a grilled steak, omelet; Maye soup, chop & 2 poached eggs; Alice & Ivy soup and chop; Angus soup, chop & 2 poached eggs; I had steak, kidney pudding, omelet & cheese & lemon squash, & the Bill was £1.

1894. Jan. 17th.

Ardpatrick....has started growing a beard and moustache. Rather late to begin a new game like that at 65 years of age.

1894. Feb. 20th.

....found Jeff Tarratt stuck....one of his horses had kicked and broken a trace. He had nothing to mend it with but I had & I mended it for him. Any fellow who goes about without string & a knife is a fool and deserves to come to grief.

1894. Oct. 29th.

Kenneth Ardpatrick & his brother-in-law Arthur Tollemache rode over to luncheon...apologised for having slept in my boathouse last Friday night. They were out with lines & could not get home. Instead of behaving like Christians & coming to the house they stayed in the boathouse and sent up a

man to borrow candles from our servants with strict injunctions that we were not to be told that they were there. Rather curious behaviour!

1895. Jan. 14th.

[at Stonefield] Lady Ileene's confinement...took place six weeks ago. Saw her son who is a lively looking chap. Colin Cairns Clinton Campbell - a devil of a name to carry through the world.

1879. Jan. 31st.

Bill at Leitch's Hotel [Edinburgh] from 25th Jan. to 1st Feby, Maggie, Molly, Hall & self, 4 bedrooms & sittingroom, food, wine & including 4/- for cabs, was £16.2.3.

1897. July 29th.

I slept at Glenakil where Geordie & Lady Ileene have temporarily taken up their abode as Stonefield is let to a Mr Johnston who is said to be the manufacturer of Bovril & who at the Culloden sale last week bought a bed in which Prince Charlie is said to have slept for two or three nights before the Battle of Culloden at the price of £750.

1897. Dec. 22nd.

[in London] ...went to the Empire Theatre to see the moving photographs of the Jubilee procession.

1900. March 20th.

[in London] ...Mr J.G. a Barrister and a Bounder. After dinner he allowed himself to refer to the Duke of Argyll in rather contemptuous terms and I 'gave him snuff'. He never tried to reply.

1900. April 4th.

[in London] Maggie & I dined at St James' restaurant where we had a very good dinner for 3/6. The English Dinner they call it.

1902. Sept. 11th.

[at Oban Games Ball] Lochbuie made himself very disagreeable & wanted to shut up the ball at the end of the programme but I would not consent to this...and the only other Steward present backed me up. Lochbuie sulked to such an extent that he would not stand up when 'God Save the King' was played.

1903. Oct. 27th.

[at Glasgow] Edward Malcolm wanted me to go to a dinner at which was to be discussed a plan for uniting the interests of the Proprietors of Land and the Manufacturers with a view to the suppression of Socialism, I would not go. Eventually there were only 4 men at the Dinner - 3 cranks & I deaf man.

1907. Sept. 12th.

[Argyllshire Gathering Ball] Took Lady George Campbell in to the first supper...her son Ivor an Eton boy is a disgrace to the clan, as far as appearance is concerned. Long bushy hair falling over the collar of his jacket & over his cheeks. Badly dressed in every way. Just like a Marine on a grating as the sailors used to say. He was a terrible object & when strangers asked me who he was I had to pretend not to know.

(TO BE RESUMED)

#### BOOK REVIEWS

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The Scottish Revolution 1637-44; The Triumph of the Covenanters.

David Stevenson; David & Charles, 1973. £7.50  
Archaeology by Experiment.

John Coles; Hutchinson University Library, 1973.  
£3.50 (hardback), £1.90 (paperback).

Dr Stevenson considers a strangely overlooked aspect of Scottish history. The Covenanting Period "recalls to most people the years after 1660 when the Covenanters were a tiny majority, not the years when they ruled Scotland; this in itself is a clear indication of the neglect of the earlier period". He provides the first detailed study of the seven years in which Scottish discontent grew from the meetings of ministers and "matrons" in Edinburgh parlours to armed confrontation at Duns Law, and charts the ways in which Charles I's intransigence and the Scots' adherence to first principles, grew towards inevitable collision.

These principles had deep roots; the "mutual

contract" between king and people, expressed in the coronation oath, harked back to the Revd. Alexander Henderson's "except we stand fast to our liberty we can look for nothing but miserable and perpetual slavery". The final chapter, setting this gradual rebellion in the context of similar European risings in the same century, is especially noteworthy and not without modern relevance. "The union (of the Crowns) had raised high hopes..Free trade, and the prosperity it was supposed to bring, had not materialised ..no doubt the benefits expected had been unrealistically great, but this did not make their failure to appear any less bitter".

The publishers have done less than justice to the author by their presentation, but have provided valuable illustrations (many portraits). The book is an important contribution to Scottish studies.

Dr John Coles, an old friend of our Society and now Lecturer in Archaeology at Cambridge, sets out to investigate "problems in archaeological material, through incomplete survival, through loss of understanding of purpose, through doubts about presumed function". His methods are direct; Pl.I6 depicts him in single combat against an assistant, both armed with (original) bronze swords and (reproduced) leather targes. Discussing forest clearance, he gives a photograph of a foot-thick spruce felled in three minutes with a stone axe. He brings to the analysis of prehistoric horn-music his own former skill as a sax-player in a college band. Having gathered data from colleagues throughout the world, he assembles them into an illuminating survey encompassing crop yields, boat-building, archery, the erection of standing stones and much more. The woodworking section illustrates a mortising chisel of bone exactly matching one from St Columba's Cave.

This book would arouse practical interest, and stimulate experiment, in senior school classes, as well as delighting every adult who has wondered what use some museum object could have served. I cordially recommend it.

M. Campbell.