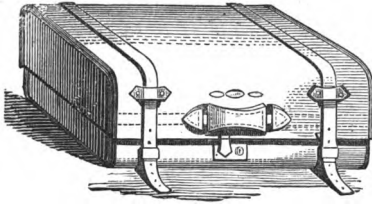
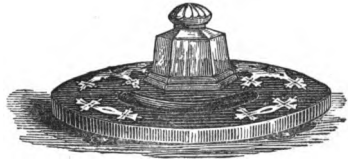
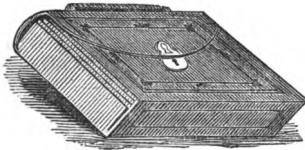


CUMMING & SONS' BAZAAR, 2 COCKBURN STREET, EDINBURGH.

A SPLENDID SELECTION OF GOODS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.



Travelling Cases and Bags of every description.



**A large Variety of Articles suitable for Presents,
both Elegant and Inexpensive.**



**CHILDREN'S PERAMBULATORS
GOOD AND CHEAP.**

JACQUES' OROQUET,
The Best and Cheapest in the Market.

THE GAMES OF BADMINTON AND LAWN TENNIS.

FOR
Highland Ornaments & Scottish Jewellery,
 VISIT

CHARLES H. FARQUHARSON,
 Manufacturer of Scottish Jewellery,



Highland Ornaments,
 Optician and Watchmaker.

STRANGERS visiting Modern Athens are particularly requested to visit the above establishment, where there is always on hand a choice selection of **SCOTTISH JEWELLERY, PEBBLE BRACELETS, BROOCHES,**

And various other Articles of the Newest Design.

Tourists will find a Large Variety of **SCOTTISH HIGHLAND ORNAMENTS, DIRKS, SKENE-DHUS, POWDER-HORNS, Etc.,** which are essentially necessary while travelling on our Mountains and in our Glens.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF AMERICAN AND GERMAN CLOCKS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Alarums, 4s. 6d.; Strikes, 8s. 6d.

Also, a well-selected Stock of **GOLD and SILVER WATCHES**,—Ladies' Gold Watches, from £3, 10s. and upwards; Silver Watches, £2 and upwards; Gentlemen's Gold Watches, £5, 10s. and upwards; Silver Watches, £1, 18s. and upwards; and a number of Second-Hand Watches at very Low Prices.

HAIR PLAITED AND SET TO ANY PATTERN.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

LICENSED TO BUY OLD GOLD AND SILVER.

Electro-Gilding, Plating, and Repairs in Watches and Jewellery done on the Premises at the Shortest Notice.

Farquharson's Pure Silver Solution, for Replating, 1s. and 2s. per bottle.

A Trial is solicited.

SPECTACLES ACCURATELY FITTED, FROM 1s. UPWARDS.

TRY
FARQUHARSON'S SILVER 42s. UNPRECEDENTED WATCHES.

Also, A Large Assortment of Watch Protectors, from 1s. each.

OBSERVE THE ADDRESS—

O. H. FARQUHARSON, 26 LEITH STREET, EDINBURGH,
 (Sign of the Prince of Wales' Feathers). Ten Shops from the Register Office.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY.

G. W. WILSON & CO., ABERDEEN (Photographers by Special Appointment to Her Majesty in Scotland), beg to call the attention of Tourists and others visiting Scotland to their lately published

'TOURS IN SCOTLAND,'

Consisting of Sets of Photographs in various bindings, at prices ranging from

12s. to 105s.

Subjoined is a List of Districts in stock, and special Districts and sizes can be prepared to order :—

Aberdeen.
Deeside.
Aberdeen and Deeside.
Dunkeld, Killiecrankie, and Blair-
Athole.
Land of Burns.
Edinburgh.
Edinburgh and Land of Scott.
Edinburgh, Stirling, and Trossachs.
Glasgow and Clyde.
Inverness and Caledonian Canal.
From Dingwall to Skye.
Skye.

Orkney.
Shetland.
Orkney and Shetland.
Oban.
Oban, Staffa, and Iona.
Glencoe.
Loch Awe and Dalmally.
West Highlands.
Trossachs and Loch Katrine.
Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.
Aberfeldy, Kenmore, and Killin.
Souvenir of Sir Walter Scott.

GENERAL TOUR THROUGHOUT SCOTLAND.

G. W. W. & Co. publish also the largest selection of Photographs of Scottish Scenery, comprising views on the Principal Tourist Routes, in Imperial, Cabinet, and $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ Scraps, Stereographs on glass or paper, and Cartes-de-Visite.

Sold by all Booksellers and Printsellers, and by Agents in the various districts which the views illustrate.

THE
HISTORY AND SCENERY
OF
FIFE AND KINROSS.



BY THE AUTHOR OF
'BYGONE DAYS IN OUR VILLAGE,' 'ROUND THE GRANGE FARM,' ETC.

John G. ...

EDINBURGH:
ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET.
1875.

Andrew Elliot 1875

TO

STEPHEN WILLIAMSON, ESQ., LIVERPOOL,

A NATIVE OF FIFE,

This Book is Dedicated,

BY HIS FRIEND, THE AUTHOR.

HISTORY OF FIFE AND KINROSS.



CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF FIFE.

‘Fife and a’ the lands about it.’

IN the year 80, when the Romans invaded the northern part of Great Britain, they found it inhabited by twenty-one tribes of aboriginal Celts or Britons. These tribes were independent of each other, only meeting when a common danger called forth a common effort for general defence. The peninsula between the Forth and the Tay was peopled by the tribe Horestii; the name being derived, it is supposed, from the natural strength of their country, which at that period was well covered with woods, and abounded in bogs and morasses. The Horestii, like all the other Celts, were then little above the state of savages, living upon the milk of their flocks, fruits of trees, and the spoils of the chase. They bore, in a remarkable degree, cold, fatigue, and famine, were brave in war, and rarely repulsed save by the superior arms or

discipline of their enemies. Their religion, which was Druidism, had probably much to do with their civil government, for in these times the priesthood held the chief sway. They raised no covered buildings for their worship—the oak forests were their temples; and under the shade of the sacred tree they erected *the stone of sacrifice*, placing circles of stones round the spot; and there the people assembled to deliberate on state matters, to receive instruction in their laws, as well as for devotional purposes. Of these altar stones there seems to have been two kinds,—one large and flat, either lying or standing upright; another, the Cromlech, consisting of a huge stone supported upon others placed on their edges. The tenets of their religion were—to worship God, abstain from evil, be brave in war, and love their country. The barrows, cairns, cistvaens, and urns, which have caused so much research to the antiquarian, show the mode of sepulture adopted by that ancient people. During the existence of Paganism, burning the dead seems to have been the practice; but after their conversion to Christianity, they appear to have relinquished burning for burial.

The weapons then used were generally of flint, though some have been found of brass—the latter supposed to have been made when civilisation advanced; and these weapons consisted principally of axes, hatchets, arrows, and spear-heads.

For crossing arms of the sea and rivers, they

used canoes and currachs. The canoe must have been hollowed out of a single tree by means of fire, and was put in motion by a single paddle. The currachs are described by Cæsar as having keels and masts of the lightest wood, and bodies made of wicker-work covered with hides or leather. In these little vessels the British navigated the ocean.

From the time of the first Roman invasion in 80, until the final withdrawal of the armies of that power in 446, the inhabitants of Fife bore their part in the wars of these times, first under the early name of the Horestii, and lastly by that of Picts. The Picts were probably the descendants of a portion of the Caledonian tribes, civilised and improved by their intercourse with the Romans and Romanized Britons south of the Forth and Clyde. These, though still a barbarous people, were so far advanced as to have become united under one king.

In 503 a colony of people from Ireland settled in Kintyre, and founded the kingdom of the Scots (wanderers); and with this nation, as well as with the Saxon colony now settled in the part called the Lothians, the Picts were constantly at war.

Bridei, the thirteenth Pictish king in succession, was converted to Christianity by Columba, the founder of the monastery of Icolmkill (565), and from this time the Picts were nominally Christians, or Culdees, as they were called; and their first bishop resided at Abernethy, the Pictish capital.

The Culdee monks were earnest students of the Scriptures, working with their hands tilling the ground, as well as teaching the people and visiting the sick. The hide-covered wicker boat which landed in Iona (563) carried in it, with Columba and his twelve followers, a scriptural faith, a pure worship, and a simple church order. All those names of places in our country which begin with Kil indicate that a Culdee cell was once there. This period has also supplied to us the names of persons, such as Malcolm, from the Gaelic *Maol*, a votary, and *Colm*, Columba, 'a votary of St. Columba.' There were many of these Culdee establishments or monasteries in Fife, and no doubt the promulgation of the gospel of Christ, as well as the benefits derived from the insulation of the country, combined to make the inhabitants more civilised than those of some other parts of Scotland.

In 843, distracted by domestic broils and enfeebled by invasion, the Picts were at last defeated by the Scots in a battle, in which both their king and his brother were slain; and the conqueror, Kenneth, son of Alpin, King of Scots, ascended the throne in right not only of conquest, but of being nearly related to the Pictish royal family, and thus the two rival nations became united under one sovereign. It was this Kenneth who removed the stone of destiny, on which the sovereigns of Britain are still crowned, from Forteviot, once the Pictish capital, to Scone, where it remained until, by Edward

the First's orders, it was carried with the crown and sceptre into England, and now stands in the Abbey of Westminster. During the subsequent reigns, Fife, along with other parts of the country, suffered severely from the attacks of the Danes and Norsemen, who entered the Tay with numerous fleets; and Constantin, the son of Kenneth, is said to have been killed by those pirates at a place called *Dane's Dyke*, near Crail. The skeletons which have on various occasions been found upon the shore, from the river Leven to Largo Bay, are supposed to be the remains of the warriors who fell in these conflicts.

We come now to the period in the history of our country over which Shakespeare has thrown the halo of his genius, but the events of which are incorrectly narrated by the poet. Shakespeare says that Duncan, the King of Scots, who ascended the throne in 1033, was invited by Macbeth and his lady to a banquet at Cawdor Castle, where they stabbed him while he slept; whereas the King was defeated and slain in battle near Elgin by Macbeth, who envied him his regal seat and dignity, and the regicide then took possession of the throne.

Malcolm, Duncan's son and heir, escaped to England, and was kindly received at the court of Edward the Confessor, where he lived fifteen years. Meanwhile Macbeth, always fearing an attempt to drive him from his state, grew sour and suspicious of his nobles; and at last Macduff, a powerful

lord, Thane of Fife, hearing from the lips of the King what seemed like a threat against his life, escaped to England, and assured Malcolm that the time had now come for him to strike a blow for his father's kingdom. It was no easy matter, however, to put down the usurper, even with the arms of England to back the young prince. At last, after four years' war, Macbeth was slain in battle by Macduff; and the place where he fell is said to have been Lumphanan, where a cairn about a mile from the church is still called Macbeth's cairn.

When Malcolm Canmore ascended the throne, amongst many other favours to Macduff, he granted three special ones in return for the great assistance that thane had rendered him. The first was that the Earls of Fife should be entitled to place the crown upon the brow of the Scottish kings; the second, that they were to lead the van of the army to battle; and the third, that the clan of Macduff should enjoy the privilege of a sanctuary. A cross which stood near the town of Newburgh, in Fife, was long the evidence of this last grant. The pedestal alone of the interesting relic is left standing where it was placed eight hundred years ago.

The Macduffs continued to exert a potent jurisdiction in this county, one of them, Earl Duncan, being appointed Regent of Scotland after the death of Alexander III., 1286. In 1424, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Earl of Fife, chief of the family, was beheaded, and his estates confiscated. Owing to

Dunfermline at a very early period being the seat of the Scottish Government, Fife, from the days of Malcolm Canmore until the union of the crowns, occupies no mean place in the history of Scotland. Its inhabitants at this time and long afterwards were Celts, speaking the Gaelic language; indeed, Malcolm, the King, though so long in England, seems to have understood only Gaelic. His name, *Cean-mhoir*, means in that language *Greathead*. It was during his reign and that of his immediate successors that the great change took place, and the Saxon and Norman colonization began.

The name Fife is supposed by many to be derived from the Gaelic word *Fin*, meaning worth or value, being from situation, soil, and climate a valuable district. The country is traversed longitudinally by two ranges of hilly ground, having a narrow plain on each side of them, and a large vale in the middle, called 'The Howe o' Fife.'

In form it is a peninsula, having the German Ocean on the east, the waters of the Forth on the south, and the Tay on the north. Its greatest length from east to west is about 43 miles, and its greatest breadth 21 miles. King James VI., who loved well to hunt in the forest of Falkland, describes Fife as 'a grey mantle with a golden fringe,' referring to the riches of its seaport towns, compared with the barren muirlands of the inland parts.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY HISTORY OF FIFE—*continued.*

IN the struggle for religious liberty, at all times Fife has taken a prominent position. The Culdee faith early took a hold of that country. In the year 800 this society had its headquarters at Abernethy, the Pictish capital; and during the course of the ninth century it was found established at Dunfermline, St. Andrews, Kirkcaldy, Culross, and at Portmoak, on the shore of Loch Leven; while the great apostle, St. Serf, resided on the island of that name in the same loch. Columba reared 300 of these little Culdee churches, with their oaken posts, wattled sides, and rude thatched roofs; and in these were only preached 'such works of charity and piety as could be learned from the prophetic, evangelical, and apostolical writings.' Then came Popery in the eleventh century, and erected itself on the ground which the Culdee Church occupied. This great change took place principally in the reign of David I., who was trained in the Roman Catholic religion by his mother, Queen Margaret, and strengthened in its doctrines by his long residence in England. And thus it was that, on his accession to the throne, he

set himself strenuously to carry on the work his mother had begun, and either to supersede or suppress the Culdee order in his kingdom, by putting the Catholic monk in its place. For this purpose the island of St. Serf—so long a stronghold of Culdeism, and where the pious humble monks had lived and shed around them the light of truth—was gifted by the King to the Priory of St. Andrews, with the intimation that, if they were quiet and did not dispute the royal power, they would be protected, but if they resisted, they would be expelled from the island. Portmoak establishment shared the same fate. Dunfermline was forced to receive into its monastery thirteen English monks of the Benedictine order, who no doubt soon drove the poor Culdees from their own ground; and in like manner, the King disposed of all the Culdee settlements in the country. In addition to all this, Popery has so disfigured the lives of the good Culdee saints, mixing them up with monkish fables, that now what is real and what is imaginary can hardly be disentangled; and at the same time, it erected magnificent buildings on the sites of the plain turf-covered Culdee chapels. Then next came, in 1409, the Lollards of Kyle. Their tenets were brought to Scotland by John Resby, an English priest, whose boldness in preaching the gospel roused the fears of the clergy, and so this good and brave advocate for the truth was condemned to the flames at Perth, Lawrence of Lindores being his principal accuser. But these doctrines did not perish with John Resby;

people read his pamphlets in secret, and the new beliefs spread quietly and surely, until they sprang up with renewed strength some years later.

The citizens of Prague, who were followers of Wycliffe, hearing that many in Scotland had embraced a similar faith, were anxious to open up some communication with them; and sent for that purpose Paul Crawar, a Bohemian physician of great skill and piety, who began unweariedly to propagate his opinions. Lawrence of Lindores again became his accuser, and entered into a learned disputation with him; but in Crawar he found a courageous and able opponent. The monk could not silence the Bohemian by argument, but he could silence him, as he had done Resby, in the flames; and accordingly, Crawar suffered death at St. Andrews in 1436.

In 1528 the preaching of Luther was creating much interest on the Continent, and Scotland was not without those who believed in his doctrines and followed them in secret. The scandalous lives of the Catholic clergy and the wit of the poets prepared the minds of many of the people to give an attentive ear to the new religion.

Amongst those who adopted the doctrines of the Reformation was the young and noble Patrick Hamilton, nearly allied in blood to the throne. This interesting and gifted noble did not remain idle when he became acquainted with the truth himself. He fearlessly accused the priests of corruption, and

reproved the superstitious practices of the Church. The clergy became alarmed—they must silence him ; he was too dangerous an opponent to be allowed to be at liberty ; but hitherto he had shown the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. They, too, acted warily, and decoyed him to St. Andrews to hold a free conference with him, appointing a Dominican friar, devoted to the interests of the Church, to gain his confidence. The friar executed his commission only too well, appearing to agree with his sentiments, until Hamilton, thrown off his guard, told him his whole mind ; and this was enough to condemn him.

In front of St. Salvator's College the martyr pile was raised. The victim speaks his last words to the spectators, and offers up his last prayer to God, exclaiming, 'How long, O Lord, shall darkness cover this land ? How long wilt Thou suffer this tyranny of man ? Lord Jesus, receive my spirit !' This was the first of a long series of martyrdoms.

Twenty-one years afterwards, 1546, St. Andrews witnessed another martyr pile. This one was in front of the old castle, and the martyr was 'the maist godly, learned, and noble Mr. George Wischart,'—his crime, preaching the gospel. Great preparations were made, attended with such pomp as to strike an awe over the spectators ; cushions and carpettings were spread on the battlements, that the cardinal and his bishops might at ease survey the spectacle.

The last sacrament had been administered by the martyr to his friends (the first Protestant communion in Scotland), and the preacher led forth clothed in coarse linen and hung round with bags of powder. Great gentleness and amiability were expressed in his countenance. He implored the support of Heaven, exhorted the people to keep stedfast to the doctrines he had taught them. The gunpowder was then kindled by the executioner, and thus the martyr perished amid the flames.

One other scene of martyrdom did St. Andrews about this time witness, and this was in 1558. On the north side of the cathedral, on the high ground overlooking the sea, was prepared the martyr pile of the aged Walter Mill. He was eighty-two years of age, and his crime, too, was preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. He was the last who suffered death for witnessing against Popery in Scotland. Then came, in 1566, the Reformation in Scotland, brought about under God by such men as John Knox, who was educated at St. Andrews, and had much to do with that city, in which he preached the doctrines of the reformed religion.

After the death of Knox arose the two Melvilles, —James the nephew, and Andrew the uncle, both connected with St. Andrews,—and with them was inaugurated a new era in the literature of Scotland: they too had their life-long struggle in defence of Christ's crown and kingdom. At the same time may be noticed such men as Samuel Rutherford,

Professor in St. Mary's College in St. Andrews, Alexander Henderson, and Robert Blair.

About this time, 1588, was sent off the great Spanish fleet, the Armada, to invade England; and its very name struck a terror into the hearts of Protestants both north and south of the Tweed. Andrew Melville spoke and preached against the dreaded invasion to students and burghers, until all the coasts of Fife were roused by the news, especially the seafaring men of the Anstruthers, who were resolved to fight for their faith, their wives and bairns, against the Pope of Rome and his slaves.

On came the formidable fleet; and to oppose it, Queen Elizabeth could only send out a squadron of thirty ships of the line. But God fought for the weak and helpless; and a storm was sent, so overwhelming, that the Armada was scattered before it and wrecked on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland.

One vessel had been laid on the Car Rock, near Crail; and the townspeople, headed by James Melville, turned out and rescued the foreigners, giving them food and raiment, and sending them back to their own country in peace. They felt that 'vengeance was the Lord's,' and He had wrought deliverance for them.

Through the persecuting times of the two Charleses, until, in 1688, William of Orange unfurled the flag of liberty, Fife continued to occupy its principal place in the religious history of Scotland. Under cover of the woods of Falkland, or in the Lomond solitudes,

and in the glades on the banks of the Tay, were heard the voices of Blackadder, Wellwood, Welsh of Irongray, and Cargill, the people of Fife following them in crowds. These times Mrs. Stewart Monteith has graphically described :—

‘The years, the years, when Scotland groaned beneath her tyrant’s hand !

And it was not for the heather she was called the purple land ;
And it was not for their loneliness her children blessed their God,
For the secret places of the hills, and the mountain heights untrod.

‘Oh ! as a rock those memories still breast time’s surging flood,
Her more than twice ten torture years of agony and blood !
A lurid beacon-light, they gleam upon her pathway now ;
They sign her with the Saviour’s seal—His cross upon her brow.

‘And never may the land whose flowers spring fresh from martyr graves,

A moment’s parley hold with Rome, her minions and her slaves—
A moment falter with the chains whose scars are on her yet :
Earth must give up the dead again ere Scotland can forget.’



CHAPTER III.

DUNFERMLINE—MARKINCH.

THE railway system has now been extended over almost every part of Fife, and includes the Dunfermline and Stirling line; the St. Andrews and East of Fife branch lines, connecting their several districts with the main line, the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee; while the Fife and Kinross lines branch off at the Ladybank and Cowdenbeath junctions.

The Stirling and Dunfermline line is in the west of Fife, and it will be best first to take a glance at the places of interest on its route.

Near the place where it enters the county is Oakley, a village which has sprung up in recent years. It is in the parish of Carnock, where there are the remains of an old parish church, interesting as being the church of Mr. Gillespie, of which he was deprived when he founded the Relief sect; the reason of his deposition being his refusal to preside at the ordination of a minister at Inverkeithing who was obnoxious to the people.

Dunfermline is our next station, and is a town of great interest to the tourist, having been in former days the seat of the Scottish Government,

and a favourite royal residence. The name of Dunfermline is derived from the Gaelic words Dun-fiar-llyn, and signifies 'the tower or fortress of the crooked stream.' It is sometimes mentioned in ballads:—

'The King sits in Dunfermline tower,
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
Where shall I find a skeely skipper
Will sail this ship o' mine ?'

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.

Again—

'Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing ;
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,
When all the bells were ringing.'

Ballad of Alice Brand.

The tower and palace of Dunfermline are in Pittencrieff Glen, a little to the south-west of the town. The tower, of which only a small part remains, is said to have been erected by Malcolm Canmore. In it were born Maude, the daughter of King Malcolm, afterwards wife of Henry I. of England, and her three brothers, Edgar, Alexander, and David, all of whom succeeded to the throne of Scotland. Near the tower are the ruins of the palace, a more modern building, with several windows cross-mullioned, and one projecting oriel-fashion, of beautiful architecture ; but the ivy, which so thickly covers it, excludes the possibility of judging of it clearly. This palace was erected by James IV. ; and James

VI. gave it, with all its lands, as a portion to his Queen, Anne of Denmark. Charles I. was born in this palace; so was also his sister Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia. (It is from the Queen of Bohemia that our royal family is descended.) The bed which was brought by Queen Anne from Denmark is preserved at Broomhall, the seat of the Earl of Elgin, in the neighbourhood. The Abbey of Dunfermline was founded by King Malcolm and his Queen between 1070 and 1093, for Benedictine monks who had come from Canterbury. It was originally a splendid building, but was almost entirely destroyed by the English early in the fourteenth century. The church of the Abbey has only the nave remaining, of pure and simple Romanesque (date, 1159). It is externally marked by massive buttresses, probably added in the sixteenth century. The inner doorway is very rich, presenting a contrast to the groined roof, which is of later date. The nave, 106 feet long and 54 feet high, is supported by piers, some of which are grooved in zigzags and spirals. Of the rest of the Abbey nothing remains but the gateway and fraternity or refectory, the most striking portion of which is the west window, still perfect and beautiful; it is of seven lights, and the upper part is filled with quatrefoils. The south wall, overlooking the road, is kept up by its tall buttress, and its highest tier of pointed windows is very richly canopied. Below the road there was a subterranean passage connecting

the palace and the Abbey. Dunfermline Abbey succeeded Iona as the place of sepulture of the Scottish kings. King Duncan was the last buried at the latter place. Malcolm and his Queen were the first royal personages buried here; then there were their sons, the Princes Ethelred and Edward; and the Kings Edgar, Alexander I., David I., Malcolm IV., Alexander III., and Robert Bruce, his wife, Elizabeth, and his nephew, Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray; Annabella Drummond, Queen of Robert III.; and Robert, Duke of Albany. The tomb of King Robert Bruce was discovered in 1818 in digging the foundations of the modern parish church. Its site is marked by a large slab under the pulpit; no monument of any of the other royal personages can now be identified. In the churchyard, it is said, the mother of Sir William Wallace was buried; the spot is marked by a thorn tree. St. Margaret's Cave is on the same side of the glen, on the edge of which the palace stands, about a quarter of a mile to the north. It derives its name from Queen Margaret, who, tradition tells us, was accustomed very frequently to repair thither for private meditation and prayer; and Malcolm had it fitted up as an oratory. After the Queen's death it was suffered to fall into ruin.

A large United Presbyterian church, built for the well-known Ralph Erskine, and Wooser's Alley, the house of the late Mr. Paton, F.S.A., are both worthy of notice. Mr. Paton had gathered a museum

of Scottish antiquities, the most interesting and valuable perhaps of any private collector in the kingdom, which has lately been sold. Mr. Paton was the father of our distinguished painters, Sir Noel Paton and Mr. Waller Paton, and of Mrs. D. O. Hill, who has won for herself a name among living sculptors.

It is from Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, that Dunfermline derives its deepest interest. On the conquest of England by William the Norman in 1066, Edgar Atheling, the legitimate heir to the English crown, was, with his mother Agatha, a Hungarian, and his sisters Margaret and Christian, and a great retinue of Anglo-Saxon noblemen, obliged to leave the country secretly; and while on their way to Hungary, which had been their early home, they were driven by tempestuous weather to the coast of Scotland, and compelled to seek refuge in the Firth of Forth. They disembarked at St. Margaret's Hope, a bay about a mile to the west of North Queensferry. Malcolm, then residing at Dunfermline, on hearing of the arrival of the illustrious strangers, visited them in person, and invited them to his castle. Tradition says that, when the royal party were proceeding on foot to Malcolm's palace, Margaret, being fatigued, rested upon a stone by the roadside near Pitreavie, still pointed out and called by her name. It is said that Malcolm had loved the gentle Margaret in England, and had been rejected by her; but now

his wooing was more successful, and soon the English Princess became Queen of Scotland.

As Dunfermline had thus become associated with the marriage of these royal personages, so it became also connected with their burial. King Malcolm having been slain by Earl de Mowbray at the siege of the Castle of Alnwick, in Northumberland (1093), in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, his body was first deposited in the monastery at Tynemouth by the Earl; afterwards it was removed by his son Alexander I., and brought with royal pomp to the church of Dunfermline. Edward, his eldest son, died three days after his father, of his wounds, in the forest of Jedwood during the flight of the Scottish army from Alnwick. His body was also conveyed to Dunfermline, and buried near his father. Queen Margaret was confined by sickness in the Castle of Edinburgh at the time of her husband's death, and was deeply affected by the sad tidings told her by her son Edgar, who had escaped from the battle. She clasped her hands in prayer, but ere the prayer was ended, her spirit fled. Her remains were conveyed out of the Castle of Edinburgh, according to Fordun, by a postern gate on the west, because the castle was besieged by Donald Bane on the east; and the historian adds, that a mist miraculously sprang up, and did not clear away until they had reached the northern shores of the Firth of Forth on their way to Dunfermline, where her body was deposited. In connection with Dunfermline a

place is also due to the Princess Maude, the daughter of Malcolm Canmore and the good Queen Margaret. She was married to Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, King of England, and was crowned Queen by Anselm, Bishop of Canterbury. She was styled by her subjects the 'good Queen.' On her father's death Maude had been sent to England, to be educated in the abbeys of Wilton and Romsey, under the care of her aunt Christina, who had taken the veil. She remained with her aunt until her marriage with the King, at which event 'the nation knew no bounds in its joy.' The good Queen is said to have shown the fruit of her education by aiding her husband in every work for the benefit of his people and the encouragement of learning. Like her mother and brother, David I., she was most liberal to the Church. The first stone bridge erected in England, over the river Lea at Bow, was under her direction; and she founded the Leper Hospital at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, probably the first establishment of the kind for that disease. This good Queen died in 1117, and was interred in Westminster about the year 1250. The remains of King Malcolm and Margaret were removed by Alexander III. from the spot where they were first laid to a more honourable part of the building,—in the choir above the great altar, or the site of 'the blue marble slab.' This was done in presence of the Queen-mother, the bishops, abbots, and nobles of the kingdom.

In 1291, Edward I. of England, 'the hammer of

the Scottish nation,' as he has been named, visited Dunfermline, and called upon the nobles and others to sign themselves his vassals. He visited it again in 1296, when the stone upon which the Scottish kings had been crowned was removed by his orders from Scone to the Abbey of Westminster, as an offering to the shrine of Edward the Confessor. And a third time Edward arrived, in November 1303, and took up his quarters here, where he was joined by the Queen and some of his nobles, when he again tried to compel the Scotch to submit to his power. They departed in February, and before leaving set fire to the Abbey, which was reduced to a shadow of its former greatness.

In 1323 Robert Bruce had a son born to him at Dunfermline, an event which caused great joy in the country, and all hoped he might resemble his father. This infant ascended the throne under the title of David II.; but, alas! he was in every way different from him whom he succeeded.

In 1561 Queen Mary visited Dunfermline, and from thence proceeded to St. Andrews.

On the 28th of January 1581 the second Confession of Faith was subscribed by James VI. and all his household here; and at Dunfermline the same King entertained the three Danish ambassadors, who came with a proposal of an alliance with the Danish Princess, which was agreed to. It was then arranged that the Princess should come to Scotland to be married, for which country she set

sail, but was driven back by tempestuous winds. This storm was attributed to witches; and some of them even confessed to the deed, and were burned. At length the King became impatient, and set sail himself, landing at Upsal, in Norway, where the Princess had remained after the storm drove her on the Norwegian coast. There they were married; and the King and his consort remained during the winter in Denmark, returning to Leith in spring.

The last time Dunfermline is connected with the Stuart family is in 1650, when Charles II. subscribed there, with *feigned* sincerity, the Solemn League and Covenant for the protection of the Protestant religion in the land; and again, in 1651, when a battle was fought, near Pitreavie House, between Cromwell and the King's troops, when the English were victorious. To the south and west of Dunfermline are several old family mansions,—Broomhall, the seat of the Earl of Elgin, Torrie House, Culross Abbey, and Dunimarle Castle. 'Near the last-named place tradition fixes the scene of the murder of Lady Macduff and her children, as described by Shakespeare; and the site of the Thane of Fife's castle is still pointed out on a wooded eminence which overhangs the Forth, about half a mile to the west of Culross.' Amongst these old mansions, Pitreavie House is one of the most interesting, from its having been the residence of Lady Elizabeth Halket, who married Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie. Lady Elizabeth was

of the family of Pitferrane, and was the authoress of the fine ballad of Hardyknute, which so long puzzled the antiquaries of the day, and to which Pinkerton added a second part, which also gave rise to much controversy. The Hill of Beath, near Dunfermline, is famous for having been the scene of the meetings of the persecuted Covenanters.

Leaving Dunfermline, we pass Halbeath Station, then Crossgates, and arrive at Cowdenbeath Junction, where a line strikes off for Kinross. We then pass through the parishes of Beath and Auchterderran, in which there is little or nothing of interest to the tourist. Thornton Junction, at which we soon arrive, is in the parish of Markinch.

The village of Markinch stands a little to the eastward of the road from Kirkcaldy to Cupar. The junction of the railway is at the south end of the village. The etymology of Markinch leads us back to the old times, when the country was covered with forests and morasses,—*mark* in Gaelic signifying forest, and *inch*, island, so that Markinch means forest-island. The story is told of this place that, in one of his pedestrian tours throughout Scotland, King James v. went into the only change-house in the village and asked refreshment. The gudewife showed him into the public room, where the minister and schoolmaster were sitting carousing. The King was invited to join them, and after a time, when the reckoning was to be paid, his Majesty pulled out his purse to contribute his share. To this the

schoolmaster objected, on the ground of his good company, and suggested that the minister and he should pay all and let the stranger go free. 'Na, na,' said his reverence, 'I see na reason in that; let the birkie pay higglety-pigglety wi' oursel's, that's aye the law in Markinch.' In vain the schoolmaster protested, but the minister remained obdurate. 'Well, well,' exclaimed the King, 'higglety-pigglety be it;' and he thereupon made such arrangements as ensured henceforth an equality of stipend to his two companions.

On the right of the line is Balfour House, surrounded by fine old trees, long the seat of the family of Bethune. The original house was situated considerably more to the south-east, close by the Orr (Balfour means House of Orr), where it unites with the Leven. The family of Balfour became connected with the Bethunes or Beatons about the end of the twelfth century. Cardinal Beaton of St. Andrews, who condemned Patrick Hamilton to death (1525), was of this house. His picture may still be seen in the present Balfour House, in his dress of a cardinal, with the scarlet tippet, and a white down-turned collar, and the three-peaked cap, under which appear soft, sandy hair, blue eyes, and a face indicating shrewdness, craft, and decision. Another painting of great interest at Balfour is that of Mary Beaton, one of Queen Mary's companions and maids of honour. She too has blue eyes and light sandy hair, a characteristic of this

family, with a pleasing, pretty face. She wears a hat, and her dress is elaborately decorated; an upright ruff stands round her neck, while lace cuffs are at her sleeves; a great many beads hang as an ornament in front of her dress; a fan and parasol are in her hand. Mary Beaton's father was Robert Bethune of Creech, and was much in France, being early attached as a page to the court. His wife was a French lady called Cresmere, who acted as a maid-of-honour to Mary of Guise. Mary Beaton was married in 1566 to Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, and the marriage contract has the signatures of Queen Mary and Darnley attached to it.

On the same side, about half a mile west, is Balgonie Castle, a large old pile, on a height almost encircled by the Leven. This old red sandstone keep was in ancient times both a prison and a palace. It was acquired from the old family of Lundins by the Covenanting General, Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Leslie, about 1640. In 1641 Sir Alexander Leslie was created Earl of Leven. Balgonie has given the title of Baron to the Earls of Leven. The titles of Leven and Melville were united by the marriage of the only daughter of the Earl of Leven to the Earl of Melville. From Markinch Station a branch line leads to the village of Leslie. The 'green,' a common at the east end of the village of Leslie, where of old many grotesque pastimes were played, has been supposed to be the scene of the poem of *Christ's Kirk on the*

Green, ascribed to James I. (1406–1437). Leslie House contains in its park some of the oldest trees in Fife. Two lines of an old ballad express the origin of the name of Leslie:—

‘Between the less-lea and the mire,
He slew a man and left him there.’

John, sixth Earl of Rothes, was the friend of the Covenanted Church of Scotland, ‘who,’ says Mr. George Hutchison, a minister in Edinburgh, ‘spent himself till his last breath in that service.’ His son John, who succeeded him, afterwards created Duke of Rothes, was of a different mind, and early attached himself to King Charles II. The Duke, though by nature a good-tempered, kindly man, was driven on by his King and master to act the part of persecutor of the Covenanters; but when death was approaching, he sent for those ministers he had persecuted to pray for him, telling them how the words of James Guthrie haunted his conscience: ‘We all thought little of what that man did in excommunicating us, but I find that sentence binding on me now, and it will bind me to all eternity.’ The Duke of Hamilton exclaimed, when he heard what Rothes had done, ‘We banish these men from us, and yet, when dying, we call for them; this is melancholy work.’ And the Duke of York, in language no less expressive, said: ‘All Scotland is either Presbyterian through their life or at their death.’ Mr. Taylor, in his *Historical Antiquities of Fife*, gives a graphic description of

three pictures of the Duke's associates, hanging on the walls of Leslie House. First, Dalziel of Binns, arrayed in shining armour. However barbarous his beard and dress might be when he neglected both to remind him of his vow to avenge the death of Charles I., he appears in this portrait trimmed into the appearance of a veteran and orderly soldier. His long, prominent, stern features, shaded with his grey hairs, are of a piece with the iron coat of mail in which he is encased. On the farther side of the same wall is the bloated, sullen, butcher-looking Duke of Lauderdale—he who started as a Covenanter, and, by a sliding scale of apostasy, died an infidel. Betwixt the two hangs Archbishop Sharp, dressed in canonicals. He looks not unlike what one of his contemporaries and co-presbyters called him, 'the greatest knave that ever was in the Kirk of Scotland.' The Duchess of Rothes was a striking contrast to her husband, of whom Wodrow says, 'She never had a parallel for religion and every good thing for her age.' All her influence was directed to mitigate the persecutions of the afflicted Church; and her husband good-humouredly winked at her proceedings. Ebenezer Erskine was a tutor in the Rothes family. The line of rail passes Kirkforthar on the right, and reaches the Falkland Road Station for Falkland.

CHAPTER IV.

FALKLAND.

FALKLAND takes its name from Falk, a species of hawk. This ancient burgh, originally a tower and stronghold of the Macduffs, Thanes of Fife, lies beneath the north side of the Easter Lomond (Celtic, *Lois monadh*, the 'hill fortress'). It consists of a small square market-place, from which diverge a number of wynds and closes. The town was made a royal burgh in the reign of James II. (1458), and the charter was renewed by James VI. (1595).

The chief object of attraction in Falkland is its palace, which stands at the east end of the town. The present building was erected by James V. It now consists of but one side of a quadrangle, the others having been destroyed by fire in the reign of Charles II. Falkland was the scene of not a few historical incidents in the times of the Stuarts. One of the most tragic of these was the death by starvation of the young Duke of Rothesay, King Robert III.'s son, in one of the dungeons of the palace of that time.

David II., son of the good King Robert the Bruce, dying childless, was succeeded by Robert II., son of

Walter Stuart and Marjory Bruce. Robert II. was the first of the Stuart line of kings. It was in his reign that the famous battle of Otterburn, or 'Chevy Chase,' was fought. Robert II. was a good king upon the whole, and he lived to old age, leaving for his heir a son called John; but as John had been an unlucky name for kings, John Stuart, to improve his luck, called himself Robert, and as Robert III. he ascended the throne. He was a weak and indolent prince, entirely under the government of his ambitious and daring brother, whom he had created Duke of Albany, at the same time making Prince David, his eldest son, Duke of Rothesay; and these were the first who received the title of duke in Scotland. Rothesay, open and chivalrous in disposition, had the elements of a fine character in him; but he was wild and reckless, and his dissipation rendered his father's life miserable, while, by his overbearing conduct, he raised up for himself enemies among the nobles of the land.

His father seems to have had often fears for his son's life from the malice of his crafty brother; and again and again, from the time the Prince had reached his thirteenth year, the King had made the nobles sign bonds having his safety for their object. The hatred of Albany to the Prince had been restrained by the influence of the Queen and her two advisers, Trail, Bishop of St. Andrews, and Archibald, the grim Earl of Douglas. The death of the Queen, the Bishop, and the Earl, all about the

same time, while depriving the Duke of Rothesay of their influence, exposed him to the wicked designs of Albany. The King, being persuaded by his brother that a little temporary restraint might be wholesome for the young man, signed a warrant to that effect; and accordingly, when the Prince was proceeding towards St. Andrews, he was seized by Albany's party and carried a prisoner to that city. Albany then appeared, and dismissing the few attendants of the unhappy Prince, compelled him to mount a wretched horse, with a coarse cloak thrown over his splendid dress, and in this way they rode rapidly to Falkland, where he was thrust into a dungeon, and placed under the charge of two ruffians, named Wright and Selkirk.

For a time his life was preserved by a poor woman who, in passing through the garden of the castle, had heard his groans, and approaching the grated window of the dungeon, which was level with the ground, listened to his dreadful story. At night she stole towards the grating, through the bars of which she passed thin cakes, of which the poor captive ate greedily, and by means of a pipe she supplied him with milk. Suspecting, from the length of time he was living (for he had been confined fifteen days), that some one was helping him, his inhuman guards watched and detected the kind woman, whom, it is said, they put to death; and the Prince, being left to his fate, soon died in the most wretched state, having, in the extremity of hunger, gnawed and torn

his own flesh. The body was privately buried in the Abbey of Lindores, and it was given out that the Prince had died a natural death. The public were not deceived, however, and the Duke was loudly accused of the murder; but by showing the King's warrant for the seizure of the young Prince, he escaped the justice of the law. Sir Walter Scott has thrown a tragic interest over the tale in the story of *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

James I., the brother of the unfortunate Duke of Rothesay, who succeeded his father on the throne, brought Falkland into favour, though, probably, on account of his brother's tragic death within its walls, he does not seem to have lived much there. It fell to the Crown upon the death of his cousin Albany at Stirling; for James visited upon that house his brother's cruel death, his own long captivity in England, and all the mischief the older Albany had done in the kingdom. He had a long and heavy account to settle with that family; and he wrote it in their blood on the Heading Hill of Stirling. The fate of the illustrious men who there suffered death excited much sympathy, especially that of Earl Walter, the eldest son of Albany, who was a great favourite of the nation, and whose execution is supposed to form the groundwork of the beautiful ballad, 'Young Waters':—

'They hae ta'en him to the Headin' Hill,
That knight sae fair to see;
And for the words the Queen had spak,
Young Waters he did dee.'

Years after the blood of that murdered family was required at the King's hands, and he paid the price with his life at Perth, on the 20th February 1436; the chief actors in the plot being the numerous sections of the Albany family, in revenge for the executions at Stirling, and Sir Robert Graham, a fierce, determined man, whom James had once punished for treason by the loss of his lands. The Court had gone to hold Christmas in Perth, and the King and Queen took up their residence in the Monastery of the Dominicans. The conspirators had been before busy at work bridging over the moat and removing the lock from the King's bedroom door. About midnight, as James in his furred gown and slippers stood by the fire, talking gaily to the Queen and her ladies, a noise was heard of the clanking of men in armour approaching, while the glare of torches lighted up the garden which surrounded the house. It is said that a lady-in-waiting, Katherine Douglas, placed her arm as a bar to the door, in order to prevent the conspirators entering, but it was snapped. The King fled, and took refuge in a vault. The Queen, speechless and motionless, was struck and wounded by one of the conspirators, who now entered and searched for the King. One of the party being familiar with the vault went straight to it, and discovered James, who fell at last after a desperate struggle, Graham giving the death-blow. And thus died the poet King; and his Queen, his milk-white dove, Jane

Beaufort, whom he had wooed in England, became his fierce avenger.

His son, James II., succeeded him on the throne while but a child of six, and during his minority the country was distracted with civil wars. During this reign the house of Douglas grew to such a height as to almost equal the throne. Their estates in Scotland covered whole provinces; and so formidable had their name become, that if a murderer was seized redhanded, and but said he was of the Douglas race, no one durst touch him. When other turbulent lords joined them, their power was tremendous. Alexander Lindsay, eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, known afterwards as Earl Beardie, from his bushy beard, or the Tiger, from his ferocious disposition, part of whose estates were in Fife, joined the Douglas clan, and entering the lands of Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrews—a good and wise man, who counteracted the designs of the Douglas—ravaged and laid them waste in the most savage manner.

Under the wise administration of James II., the country began to flourish. Everything seemed to promise a long and prosperous reign, when the King, not yet thirty years old, was killed by the bursting of a cannon while laying siege to Roxburgh Castle, and Scotland again was left with a child for a governor. James III. succeeded; and as long as the good Bishop Kennedy lived, he had a wise friend and counsellor. But the time came for the Bishop to die; and by his death the young

Prince was left in the hands of Lord Boyd and his brother, who ruined him, making him hate all public business, and lead a life of self-indulgence. During his reign Fife comes little into notice. James married Margaret, Princess of Denmark. At the same time were pledged to the Scottish crown, as security for the payment of 60,000 florins, a part of the Princess' dowry, the Orkney and Shetland Islands; and the money never being paid, the two groups of islands finally lapsed to Scotland. James was a weak prince, ruled over by low-born favourites, to whom all places of trust and honour were given, until the nobles rose up in rebellion,—one of the leaders being the Earl of Albany, brother to the King. A civil war ensued, and the King's troops met their enemies near Stirling. James, who headed his army in person, seeing that the battle was going against him, turned his horse and fled. The animal taking fright, the King fell off as he was passing the door of the mill near Bannockburn. The miller and his wife drew him into the mill, and threw a cloth over him, and when he asked for a priest to whom he could confess, the miller inquired his name. 'I was your King this morning,' he answered; at which the woman ran and called for a priest to confess the King. A man who was passing said, 'I am a priest; where is the King?' and was led to the corner where the poor monarch lay, when, kneeling beside him, he drew a dagger and struck him to the heart. Thus died James III., when only thirty-five.

James IV. succeeded his father when seventeen years of age, and though at first he felt little remorse (for he had joined the conspirators against the late King), afterwards he wore an iron belt as a penance. James was the first monarch who set himself to create a Scottish fleet; and Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, a famous sea-captain of these days, was a great favourite with the King, who often took short sails with him in his ships, the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*. James encouraged and fostered all learning. In this reign lived Gavin Douglas, the poet, and translator of Virgil. Everything promised well for Scotland, when James was drawn into war with England, and fell on the dark field of Flodden with the flower of the Scottish nobility, leaving as heir to his crown an infant son under three years of age. James had married Margaret, Princess of England, the sister of Henry VIII., and was succeeded by his son James V., then an infant.



CHAPTER V.

FALKLAND—*continued.*

IT was with James v. especially that the old tower of Falkland was connected. The hunting forest which surrounded it stretched from Strathmiglo throughout the Howe of Fife, and here the King loved to follow the chase.

It was a frequent scheme of the nobles in these days to seize the sovereign of the realm, and in his name to commit their atrocities. The boy King was not exempt from such treatment. However, he was favoured in this respect, having the wisest and best man of his day as his tutor. This was the famous poet, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount. Under the affectionate care of such a generous and large-hearted spirit, the young James remained until he was twelve years of age, being instructed in everything befitting a king, as well as entertained and amused with healthy recreations. Soon after this, James fell into the hands of Douglas, Earl of Angus, and with the King the rule of the kingdom. The land groaned under the Douglas' yoke. Two years was he kept in bondage. He was now sixteen. The Court was at Falkland. James gave orders to

have everything ready early for a day's hunting, and for this purpose retired soon to bed. When all was quiet he rose, dressed himself as a stable-boy, and slipped out to the stables, where the groom, called Jockie Hart, had three horses ready saddled,—two for James and his servant, and one for himself. Through the dark woods of Falkland they rode, and the sun of a July morning saw them safe in Stirling Castle, and the King free.

Many adventures are related of James, who often, it is said, visited his subjects in disguise, and who loved to be called the 'King of the Commons;' but these stories may apply equally to his father, James IV., whose spirit for nocturnal exploits he seems largely to have inherited. Of their Fife adventures two may be given. Not far from Falkland, at a ford below Rankeilour, was Ballo Mill, where the King, being overtaken by a storm at nightfall, sought shelter, and was courteously entertained by the miller and his wife. The wife slaughtered for her guest the fattest hen in the roost, and the miller made him take the head of the table, saying, 'Sit up, for I will hae strangers honoured here.' The next morning, when the miller was giving the King a convoy, he discovered the rank of his guest, and would fain have returned; but his Majesty insisted that he should accompany him to Falkland, and at dinner a seat of honour was assigned him. The King asked him at parting whether he would have the 'twa' parts or the 'aucht' part of the lands of Ballo Mill; and the miller,

thinking eight more than two, said the 'aucht' part, which was accordingly given him; and instead of being merely the tenant, he returned home laird of the eighth part of Ballo Mill.

Another day when hunting, the King got separated from his friends, and entered a wayside ale-house near to Milnathort, where he found a tinker sitting over a tankard of ale. The King sat down by him and began talking, when the tinker expressed a wish to see the King, who, he understood, was hunting that day in the neighbourhood. James offered to procure him the sight, and told him to mount the horse behind him, wallet and all; which the tinker accordingly did, asking at the same time how he would know the King from the other nobles. He was told that all the nobles would take off their hats in the King's presence. When they came to the place of meeting every head was uncovered. 'Which is the King now?' asked the tinker, and got for reply, 'It must be either you or me.' In a moment the poor man slid from his horse, and fell on his knees before his Majesty; and though it is not told how the King rewarded him for the fun he had obtained at his expense, doubtless Jamie acted to him royally.

The reign of James v. was the dawn of a new life in Scotland, and the Reformation made considerable progress, helped greatly by the withering sarcasm hurled against Popery by the King's old tutor, Sir David Lindesay, for whom he ever entertained the warmest friendship, and made him his Lyon King-

at - Arms. As it appeared likely that the King might lean to the Reformation, Rome plied all her powers to detach him from its side. It landed him in a war with his uncle, Henry VIII. of England, who favoured the cause of Protestantism. In vain the nation stood out against the war; the King, like all the race of Stuarts, was determined, and rushed on to destruction. He marched to the borders with an army of ten thousand men, and awaited, at the Castle of Caerlaverock, the result of a battle with the English. The armies met, and the Scots were completely routed, many perishing in the Solway Moss.

James, utterly crushed by the sad event, wandered back to Falkland almost without any retinue. His heart was broken. 'Where shall you spend Christmas?' asked his servants; and were answered by the dying King, 'Choose you the place; but this I can tell you, before Christmas day you will be masterless, and the realm without a king.' A low fever preyed upon his frame. They told him of the birth of his daughter at Linlithgow. 'It will end as it began,' he said; 'it came with a lass and it will go with a lass,'—alluding to the daughter of Robert Bruce, who brought the crown into the house of Stuart. From that time he turned his face to the wall, and scarcely spoke again. Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, Kirkaldy of Grange, and the crafty Cardinal Beaton were round his bed, as was also his childhood's friend, Sir David Lindesay, whom the

poor King recognised, and to whom he smiled sweetly but faintly ; then lifting up his hands, as if in prayer to God, his spirit fled. Had he lived till spring, he would have completed his thirty-first year. His body was conveyed to Holyrood, and, in the Abbey Church, laid beside his first wife, Magdalene of France.

After the death of James v., the crown of Scotland was placed again upon the brow of an infant, while the poor country was torn and distracted by rival factions, and Falkland for a time fell into obscurity. The Earl of Arran, a feeble-minded man, became Regent, and was entirely in the hands of Cardinal Beaton. The Catholics were the rulers of the country, though their power was fast falling from their grasp. George Wishart, a famous preacher, suffered death at the instigation of Cardinal Beaton, before his castle at St. Andrews—a deed for which he had soon to answer. Three months after, on a summer morning, the alarm-bell waked the citizens from their sleep. The crowd had seized the Castle of St. Andrews and slain the Cardinal, whose dead body, covered with wounds, they showed at the same window at which he sat three months before and saw the martyr die.

The poor young Queen, when she returned from France, years after, to take possession of her kingdom, found matters no better. It was little wonder that she often retired, in the early days of her reign, to Falkland, to hunt and hawk in the woods, or beguile

the tedious hours with the tapestry at which she and her maidens excelled. We then pass to the reign of her son, who, like his ancestors, loved well the woods and palace of Falkland. The Queen (1567) had resigned her throne to her son, who, when only thirteen months old, was crowned in the High Church of Stirling, John Knox preaching the sermon.

In 1568, Mary, who had been a prisoner in Lochleven when she signed the deed giving her crown to her son, escaped from the castle, and rallying round her an army, met the rival forces. The Queen's men were defeated, and Mary fled to England, where her cousin Elizabeth detained her a prisoner for nineteen years, and at last brought her to the scaffold for plotting treason with her relations the Guises, and other Papists, against the throne of England. At the age of twelve, the young King James VI. took the reins of government into his own hands, and was a mere puppet in the power of evil counsellors.

The first time Falkland comes into notice in this reign is when the King, then a lad of sixteen, escaped from the Lords at the memorable 'Raid of Ruthven.' He had gone north to Athole to enjoy the chase, and lodged in Ruthven Castle, the seat of the Earl of Gowrie. The Earl and his friends assembled a thousand men, and quietly surrounded the castle. Next morning, when the King was preparing to take horse, he was told he was a

prisoner. At this James remonstrated, when the Master of Glamis placed himself with his back to the door, at which the boy King began to weep. 'Better bairns greet than bearded men,' said Glamis. James contrived to escape out of their hands, and fled to Falkland, where he summoned the courtier Sir James Melville to his counsels, who advised him to forget the whole scene, and not to punish the delinquents. Again and again after this, Falkland appears in connection with the Reformed Church, which the King sometimes seemed to favour, and sometimes betrayed. During one of its conferences in this place, the famous Andrew Melville used these memorable words: 'In Scotland there are two kings, two kingdoms, and two jurisdictions. There is the civil king, James VI., and there is King Jesus and His kingdom, the Kirk, whose subject James VI. was, and of whose kingdom James VI. was not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member.' In 1592 there was an attempt to surprise and seize the King when residing here, and this was called 'The Raid of Falkland.' But there is a still darker and more important episode in the life of James VI. connected with Falkland,—'The Gowrie Conspiracy.' The King had been hunting all morning, when, about one o'clock, the buck having been run down, James and his company proceeded to Gowrie House in Perth, and there, according to the King's own account, he was beguiled into a turret room, where an armed man met him and threatened his life. He

burst away from him, and a scuffle ensued between the Earl of Gowrie and himself, when the Earl and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, both were slain. As dead men could tell no tales, the King related the story his own way; which few believed, though all were not as blunt as an honest countryman, who heard his Majesty, and then exclaimed, 'A wonderfu' story, sire, if it is true.'

Long years after the King left the country for England, he created Sir Henry Carey, the brother of Sir Robert, who had carried the news of his succession to the English crown, Viscount Falkland—no doubt remembering his early Scottish home and favourite hunting-grounds.

In reference to the royal sports at Falkland, Sir Walter Scott makes Sir David Lindesay say in *Marmion* :—

“ Thus clamour still the war-notes when
 The King to mass his way has ta'en,
 Or to Saint Catherine's of Sienne,
 Or chapel of Saint Rocque.
 To you they speak of martial fame,
 But me remind of peaceful game,
 When blither was their cheer.
 Thrilling in Falkland woods the air,
 In signal none his steed could spare,
 But strive which foremost might repair
 To the downfall of the deer.”

Charles I. visited Falkland, and during two days hunted in the park. He was accompanied at this time by a remarkable personage, Archbishop Laud, of whom Macaulay declared that he entertained a

more unmitigated contempt than for any man in history. The nobility and gentry of Fife turned out to give their King a noble reception; but some of them being Dissenters, his Majesty went another way, and avoided them.

Charles II. arrived from Holland in 1650, and on the 6th of July reached his old ancestral halls. On the 1st of January 1651 he was crowned at Scone. Again, on the 22d, he returned to Falkland and remained a few days, and was the last royal personage that ever slept in the Palace. Falkland appears again on the scene of Scottish history when Oliver Cromwell's soldiers cut down the woods around it to fortify Perth. In 1715 Rob Roy Macgregor lived for a while at Falkland, and, with his clan, proceeded to lay the country under contribution for miles around, returning to the Highlands with a large booty. Yet another ground of interest has this little burgh, for it was the birthplace of Richard Cameron, the friend of John Welsh of Peden, and of other great and good men of Covenanting times. His father was a merchant burgess in Falkland, and Richard himself was for a time schoolmaster there, and precentor to the curate. Happening one day to attend a field preaching, his heart became touched with the truths of the gospel, and from that time he cast in his lot with the dispersed servants of the Cross. After enduring much persecution, he fell at Airsmoss, in an encounter with the King's troops, his last

prayer before the battle being, 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.' Cameron's head and hands were cut off, but his body was buried at night by his friends near the place where he fell. Peden, visiting his grave afterwards, threw himself down on the sod, and there prayed, with tears and lamentation,—a scene which Mrs. Stewart Monteith has beautifully commemorated in the *Lays of the Kirk and Covenant* :

'There came a worn and weary man to Cameron's place of rest ;
He cast him down upon the sod and smote upon his breast ;
He wept as only strong men weep when weep they must, or die ;
And "Oh, to be wi' thee, Ritchie !" was still his bitter cry.'

Dr. Robert Chambers, in his *Picture of Scotland*, says of Falkland that 'the last and former generations of the Falklanders were remarkable over the country for their good breeding. *Falkland manners* is to this day a proverbial expression,'—arising, doubtless, partly from the court influence of olden times. Allan Ramsay alludes to this when he says:—

'Fouk said that he was Falkland bred,
And dancit by the buke.'

Dr. Chambers also says that, 'besides the polished manners, the old people had in their common speech a great number of phrases, indicating the intercourse of their ancestors with kings and courtiers.' Most of these sayings were in the shape of quotations from the language of one of the kings, probably James VI. They would say, for instance, to a

friend going a journey, 'I'll bid ye God-speed, as King James bade his hawks.' On unexpectedly meeting a person whom they had any reason not to wish to see, they would exclaim, 'Ye're there! as King James said when he cam' on the wild boar in the wudds.' It is common in many parts of Scotland to say, 'Go to Freuchie.' This is ascribed to the fact that Freuchie, a little village about a mile from Falkland, was a place of exile for the courtiers suffering under royal displeasure; and therefore the expression seems a wish for the party to be sent to a place of contempt.

Connected with Falkland in more recent times was Mrs. Brown, wife of the parish minister of that place. Mrs. Brown helped Sir Walter Scott when he was getting up the ballads for his *Border Minstrelsy*; but like the ladies of that period—Lady Nairn, Lady Ann Lindesay, and others—Mrs. Brown desired that her share in the work might be kept secret. We have seen a letter of hers to a friend, in which she complains bitterly that her confidence had been in some measure betrayed. It is now supposed by many that Mrs. Brown helped these ballads considerably; and that she was capable of doing so may be gathered from the following adaptation of 'Auld Lang Syne,' which she wrote to an old friend of hers, a minister in Aberdeenshire:—

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Or friendship e'er grow cauld?
Should we not tighter draw the knot,
Aye as we're growing auld?

How comes it, then, my worthy fere,
 Wha used to be sae kin',
 We dinna for each ither spier
 As we did lang syne ?

' Oh ! think upon the happy days
 When I, in youthfu' pride,
 Wi' you oft rambled on the braes
 O' bonnie Boggie side.
 The birdies frae the arn' bush,
 Wha joined their notes wi' mine,
 Were nae mair blithe an' fu' o' glee
 Than we were lang syne.

' And think on mony a bonnie spring
 You used to me to play,
 And how we used to dance and sing
 The live-lang simmer day.
 Nae fairies on the haunted green,
 Where moonbeams twinkling shine,
 Mair gladly frisked around their queen,
 Than we did lang syne.

' What though my locks o' hazel brown
 Are now weel mixt wi' grey ?
 What though I'm somewhat aulder now,
 And aiblins no' sae gay ?
 I'm sure my heart nae aulder grows,
 But as my years decline,
 Still friendship's flame mair kindly glows
 Than it did lang syne.

' Tho' you are placed on Haughs o' Don,
 And I be south the Tay,
 You weel might ride to Falkland town
 Some bonnie simmer day.
 And in that place where Scotia's kings
 Aft birl'd baith beer and wine,
 Let's meet and laugh and dance and sing,
 And crack o' lang syne.'

CHAPTER VI.

CUPAR AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

LEAVING Falkland, the next station is King's Kettle. Above Falkland is the handsome modern mansion called Falkland House, erected by Mrs. Tyndal Bruce at a cost of £30,000. A monument to the late Mr. Tyndal Bruce stands in a conspicuous place on Lomond Hill, above the house. It was raised by the tenantry and friends. On the left of the line are Lathrik, Kettle Manse, and Orkie House. The railway here passes Ramornie (F. L. M. Heriot, Esq.), close to Ladybank Junction, where lines branch off for Kinross by Auchtermuchty, Strathmiglo, etc., to the left, and for Cupar, St. Andrews, and Dundee to the right, the main line going on by Newburgh to Perth. North of Ladybank are Melville House (Lady E. L. M. Cartwright) and Fernie Castle (Major Balfour). Following the Cupar branch, we have on the right of the line the straggling village of Pitlessie, in the neighbourhood of which is the manse of Cults, where the celebrated painter, Sir David Wilkie, was born (1785). On the left, and at some distance, are Rankeillor Hope and Rankeillor Makgill. Farther on, upon the right, is Craw-

ford Priory (Earl of Glasgow). Passing Springfield Station, there is to the right Edenwood (Sir George Campbell, nephew of Lord Chancellor Campbell), and beyond it the square tower of Scotstarvit, the residence of the learned and accomplished Sir John Scot of Scotstarvit (died 1652), author of *The Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*, and the first designer of a statistical account of Scotland. Near Scotstarvit is Wemyss Hall, while in the distance, on the left, is the remarkable height of 'The Mount,' which was the property of one of the greatest and noblest men of his times, and amongst the older of the poets of Scotland,

‘Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon King-at-Arms.’

Sir Walter Scott has thus described Sir David in *Marmion* :—

‘He was a man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As on king’s errand come ;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home ;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed’s shoulder, loin, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland’s arms, device, and crest
Embroidered round and round.’

The Mount is crowned with a monument to John, fourth Earl of Hopetoun, who distinguished himself during the Peninsular War.

Cupar comes next, standing on the north bank of the Eden. It is a place of great antiquity, dating as a royal burgh from 1363. At an early period the Macduffs, Thanes of Fife, had a castle on a height where the Lady Burn flowed into the Eden. No trace of this building now remains, though its site is still called the Castle Hill, where in old times the monks of the Dominican convent and others performed theatrical representations, and where also Sir David Lindsay's dramatic satires of *The Three Estates*, etc., were performed. Arnot, in an appendix to his *History of Edinburgh*, gives a curious account of the proclamations to Sir David's plays, beginning thus: 'Here begins the proclamation of the play made by David Lindsay of the Mount, Knight, in the playfield in the month of —, the year of God 1555 years:—

' PROCLAMATION MADE IN CUPAR OF FIFE.

' Our purpose on the seventh day of June,
 If weather serve, and we have rest and peace,
 We shall be seen into our playing-place,
 In good array, about the hour of seven.
 Of thriftiness that day, I pray you, cease;
 But ordain us good drink against all even.
 Fail not to be upon the Castle Hill,
 Beside the place where we propose to play.'

These performances supplied the place of the newspaper of our day, and exercised a powerful influence

on the crowds who witnessed them, exposing the corruptions in State and Church, and helping forward the Reformation. Of Sir David Lindesay's books James Melville writes, that he remembers his eldest sister, Sibil, reading and singing, whereby 'she wold cause me baith greet and be glad;' for these writings not only discoursed on 'the pains of hell,' but the 'joyes of heavin.'

During the residence of our kings in Scotland, Cupar often received a visit from royalty. In 1546, Mary of Guise, Queen of James v., was met here by the King and conducted to St. Andrews. In March 1561, Mary Queen of Scots passed through the town four months after her arrival from France; and lastly, Charles II., in 1650, came to 'Couper, where he gatt some desert to his foure-houres.'

From an ancient plan of the town (1642), it appears that Cupar had in olden times gates or ports. One of them was called the West Port, and stood at the end of the Bonnygate; one at the Lady Wynd, called the Lady Port; besides other four in different parts. Little alteration has taken place in the town since these days, and the names of both lanes and streets are the same as they then were. Mr. Taylor, in his *Historical Antiquities of Fife*, from which we before quoted, speaking of the well-known proverb, 'He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar,' gives the following explanation:—'Inland, and almost in the centre of the county, lies Cupar, whither the rest of the Fifeans come for the

administration of justice. Them that are wilful, litigious persons, who will have their own way, and who, contrary to the persuasion of all their friends, are resolutely set on going to Cupar, and entering on a lawsuit,—such obstinate, wilful persons must be left to themselves.'

About a mile to the west of the town is Cupar Muir, where, in 1559, two armies met for battle,—the forces of the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, and the army of the Reformers. The latter greatly outnumbered the former; for, as John Knox says, 'God did so multiply our numbers, that it appeared as men had rained from the clouds.' In consequence of this, the Queen's generals, not caring to risk an engagement, signed a treaty of peace on the Garlie Bank, 'whereat the Queen was much offended.' Going from Cupar up the Garlie Bank by Scots-tarvit, we pass through Craighrothie, and arrive at the ruinous mansion of Struthers, once the favourite residence of the Lindsays, Earls of Crawford. This old ivy-covered ruin is popularly supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a tall man in a long cloak, walking barefooted and noiselessly. This spirit is called Johnnie Barefoot; but nothing is known of his history, or what was the crime he committed that has made him thus a wanderer from the place of the dead. To the east of Struthers is the beautiful old ruin of the House of Craighall, erected by Sir Thomas Hope, to whom, in 1643, King Charles addressed his commission, 'To our trusty and

well-beloved Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall.' The families of Hope and Hopetoun are descendants of this distinguished lawyer and true-hearted Presbyterian. Returning from Craighall by the village of Ceres, there is a narrow bridge, over which, tradition says, the men of Ceres marched to join King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, and along which the coach of Archbishop Sharp passed on the day he met his death on Magus Muir. Passing eastward from Ceres we reach Pitscottie, at the entrance of Dura Den. On the site of the farm - steading of that name, there stood in old times a narrow country house, in which lived Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, the author of *The Chronicles of Scotland*,—the friend of Lindsay of the Mount,—and Andrew Wood of Largo. Dura Den is a lovely spot, and well worth a visit; and near it Kemback, which, in the fifteenth century, belonged to a Graham of the family of him who slew King James I. at Perth:—

'Robert Graham,
Wha killed our King,
God gi'e him shame.'

Adjoining the parish of Kemback is that of Dairsie, where there are the ruins of the Castle of Dairsie, rebuilt by Archbishop Spottiswood of St. Andrews, and where, it is said, he prepared his *History*. The Scottish Parliament met at Dairsie Castle in 1335. The fine old church was erected also by the Archbishop in 1622. Its massive Gothic windows and

many-sided tower make it a beautiful object in the landscape.

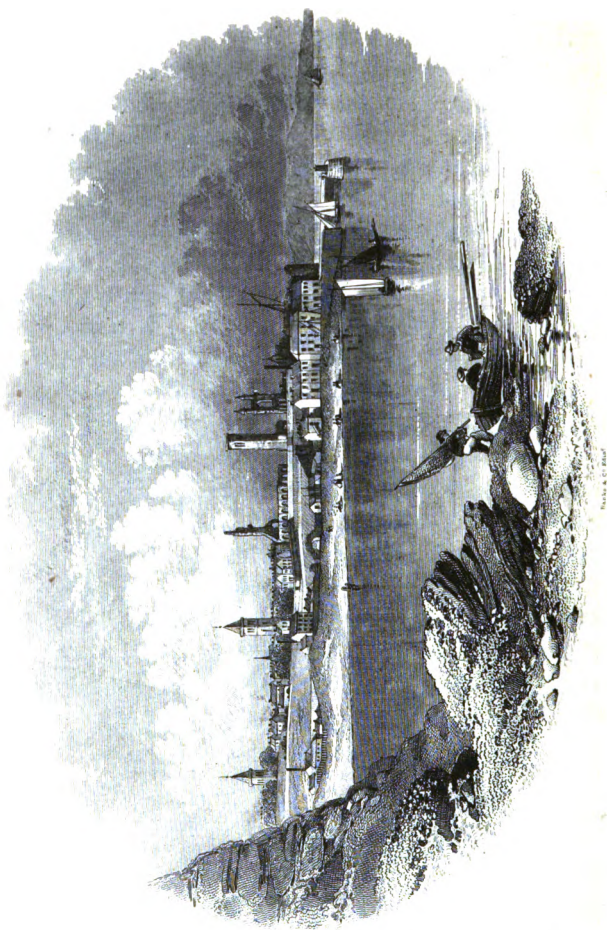
Leaving Cupar, Dairsie is the first station on the line, after which we reach Leuchars Junction, where the St. Andrews branch strikes off. The parish church of Leuchars is well worthy of note, and is the only specimen but one (Dalmeny) of a nearly perfect Romanesque church in Scotland. Alexander Henderson, the well-known Covenanting minister, was minister of Leuchars from about 1615 till 1638. The site of the ancient Castle of Leuchars is a little to the north of the village, though no part of the ruins remain. In the early part of the twelfth century it was the stronghold of a Celtic chieftain, whose daughter married Robert de Quincy, an English baron settled in Scotland. The ditch around the castle enclosed three acres of ground, and was crossed by a drawbridge. In these times it must have been a place of considerable strength. Again, about 1264, this castle fell to the Earls of Buchan by marriage with the heiress; and her son John, third Earl of Buchan, adopted the English interest in the contests between Bruce and Baliol. His wife, however, daughter of Duncan, Earl of Fife, did not follow the politics of her husband, and was not only present at the coronation of Bruce in 1306, but, in consequence of the absence of her brother, claimed and exercised the right to place the crown on the King's head, as a punishment for which she was taken prisoner and confined

in a cage fixed upon the Castle of Berwick, where she remained till 1313. South-east of the village is the old house of Earlsall, situated amidst venerable trees. It was built about the beginning of the seventeenth century by one William Bruce and his wife, Dame Agnes Lindsay. A descendant of that couple was the 'bloody Bruce of Earlsall,' a notorious persecutor in the reign of Charles II. The estate was sold by the last of the line to the present proprietor, Colonel Long.

Leaving Leuchars, the line skirts the margin of the flat and dreary Tents Muir, which appears to have been at one time submerged. Formerly this tract was inhabited by a number of small crofters, much given to smuggling, and alleged to be descendants of Danes shipwrecked on the coast. After this the train reaches Tayport Station, where a steamer lies waiting to convey passengers across the Tay to Broughty, in Forfarshire.

This finishes the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee line in this direction. We must now return to Leuchars Station, and take the St. Andrews' train for that ancient city.





Printed & C. T. Bland

ST ANDREWS

IE
dg
er
m
str
o
no
au
st.
oo
ri
g

CHAPTER VII.

ST. ANDREWS.

'I may not linger by the way,
To fair Saint Andrews bound,
Within the ocean's cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sang to the billowy sound.'—*Marmion*.

THE St. Andrews' branch line proceeds to Guard-bridge, where, by a wooden viaduct, it crosses the river Eden, and thence along Eden side, through Pilmour Links, till it reaches the old ecclesiastical metropolis of Scotland. St. Andrews is supposed to be one of the earliest settlements of religion in Scotland, and is thought to have been the seat of a church in the sixth century. The original name of St. Andrews was Muckcross (the promontory of boars); after that it was supplanted by that of Kilrimont (King's cell on the mount), which in turn gave way to the name of St. Andrews, on the amalgamation of the British and Scottish kingdoms in the reign of Kenneth III.—the relics of that saint having been brought here by St. Regulus, a monk, the ruins of whose church and the square central tower of it are still seen near the Cathedral.

The tower is 108 feet high, and is carried up with a slenderness unparalleled among the towers of our island. The top, which is reached by a long winding stair, commands a noble view. Mr. Joseph Robertson, the well-known antiquarian, pronounced the ruins and the tower to belong to the seventh or eighth century, though some make it of a more recent date, the beginning of the twelfth century. The stone employed in this building is so excellent that it remains entire, although exposed to the weather for many centuries. The Cathedral of St. Andrews was founded in the year 1189 by Bishop Arnold, but it was not finished till 1318. It was one of the largest in Scotland, and consisted of the nave, 200 feet long and 62 wide, including the two lateral aisles, a transept with an eastern aisle 160 feet long, a choir with two lateral aisles 98 feet long, and at the eastern extremity a lady chapel 33 feet in length—the extreme length of the whole structure inside the walls measuring 358 feet. The style of the architecture seems to have been partly Norman and partly early English. This Cathedral was pulled down by an infuriated mob at the Reformation. The event is thus described by Professor Tennant:—

‘When bickerin’ frae the towns o’ Fife,
Great bangs o’ bodies, thick and rife,
Gaed to Saint Andrews town ;
And wi’ John Calvin in their heads,
And hammers in their hands, and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the Cathedral down.’

Outside the Priory wall, to the east of the Cathedral, are the vestiges of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, and on the south side of South Street are the sword-pointed ruins of the chapel of the Blackfriars' or Dominican Monastery, founded about the year 1500.

North from the Cathedral, washed on two sides by the sea, are the ruins of the Bishop's Castle, founded 1200.

At one corner of the castle is a deep dungeon hewn out of the solid rock, in which human bones have been found. It is shaped like a bottle, being seven feet wide at the neck and gradually expanding to the breadth of seventeen feet at the bottom. Its depth is eighteen feet; and prisoners seem to have been lowered into it by a rope. The Duke of Rothesay, Bishop Gavin Douglas, Cardinal Beaton, and George Buchanan were, at various times, prisoners in this castle; and James III. was born in it. The window is still pointed out where Cardinal Beaton sat and saw the martyrdom of George Wishart (1546). Beaton, three months after, was put to death by Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, and some others. His body was exposed to view from the same window. His assassins kept it till 1547, when it was surrendered, and a great part of the garrison, including John Knox, were transported to the French galleys on the Loire.

The University of St. Andrews—the oldest in Scotland—was founded in 1411 by Bishop Ward-

law. It consisted formerly of three colleges,—first, St. Salvator's (the celebrated martyr, Patrick Hamilton, was burned opposite the gate of this college); second, St. Leonard's College (now united with St. Salvator's, its buildings having been converted into private houses: in one of them the historian, George Buchanan, lived, and a portion of his study still remains); and, third, St. Mary's College, which occupies the site of the original Pedagogium founded by Bishop Wardlaw. On the north side of the quadrangle is the University library. At a Parliament held in the lower hall of the library, Sir Robert Spottiswood and other prisoners, taken by the Covenanting army at the battle of Philiphaugh, were tried and sentenced to be executed for their adherence to the cause of Charles I. Sir Robert Spottiswood and his companions were beheaded by the Maiden, brought from Dundee for the purpose. (See act of Scotch Estates at St. Andrews, 16th January 1646.) In the United College, languages, philosophy, and the sciences are taught. St. Mary's is reserved exclusively for theology. The classes and discipline of the two colleges are quite distinct, each having its respective principal and professors. The Madras College was founded in the year 1832 by the late Rev. Andrew Bell, a native of St. Andrews, and propounder of the monitorial system of education. The magnificent sum of £60,000 in three per cent. stock was left for this endowment. The course of education is ex-

cellent; and as the fees are small, and in many cases not exacted, the institution is most successful. The buildings occupy the site of the Blackfriars' Monastery, and the fine old chapel belonging to it retains its position within the grounds.

The Parish Church is a spacious structure. It contains a lofty monument to the murdered Archbishop Sharp.

The Links of St. Andrews constitute one of its main attractions, and afford the finest field for a game of golf in Scotland:—

'All here are golfers—strangers, natives, all,
The sons of science, of idleness, and war,
Who can or wield a club or hit a ball;
Professor, soldier, student lad, and tar.'

On the extremity of the eastern horizon there is the Bell Rock Lighthouse—

'A ruddy star of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night.'

Many eminent men have been connected with St. Andrews; indeed, too many to be noticed here. The names of a few only may be mentioned.

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, nominated to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, one of the earliest of our Scottish poets (b. 1474).

John Mair or Mayor (b. 1469), Professor of Theology in the University, preceptor of Knox and Buchanan.

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount (b. 1490) studied here.

John Knox, famous Reformer (b. 1505), student at the University.

George Buchanan (b. 1506), tutor to James VI., studied here.

Andrew Melville (1545), Principal of St. Mary's College.

James Melville, his nephew (1556), Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College.

Alexander Henderson, the eminent Reformer (1583), a student in St. Andrews.

The famous Samuel Rutherford, Principal of St. Mary's College.

James Sharp, the famous Archbishop (b. 1613) — Archbishop here.

Thomas Halyburton (1674), Professor of Divinity in the University.

Amongst the more recent distinguished men we have the Playfairs, Cooks, and Hills; Hunter, Jackson, Gregory, Gillespie, Tennant, and Dr. Thomas Chalmers, a student and afterwards a professor and D.D. of St. Andrews University.



CHAPTER VIII.

BURNTISLAND, ABERDOUR, ETC.

THE shires of Fife and Kinross are connected with the county of Midlothian by means of a ferry over the Firth of Forth between Granton and Burntisland. The ferry is five miles broad, and the passage occupies about half an hour. The Romans called the Firth of Forth 'Bodotria.' In later times it was named 'Scottis Watre.' Forth is an old Scottish word, and means an outlet. About half-way across the Firth there is the Island of Inchkeith, on which there is a revolving light. This rocky little isle belongs to the parish of Kinghorn. It received its name from the family of Keith, who distinguished themselves in the wars with the Northmen about the year 1000, for which they had this island assigned to them. Inchkeith figured in the times of the Reformation, when the Protestant Lords of the Congregation contended with Mary of Guise for the liberty of the country. It seems to have been, for the most part, in possession of the French.

Burntisland is a royal burgh and thriving seaport, and is remarkable for having the best harbour on

the Firth of Forth. The name was originally Berty or Bartieland. The name so often applied to Edinburgh of 'Auld Reekie' is said to have been originated by an old man, who, when looking from his door near Burntisland, and seeing smoke ascending from the evening fires of Edinburgh, used to summon his household to worship, saying, 'It is time for the books for Auld Reekie is putting on her night-cap.'

Mary Queen of Scots often crossed over at this point to Falkland and Dunfermline. On one occasion, when on her way to St. Andrews, she lodged for a night at Burntisland. Chatelard, a brilliant and romantic Frenchman in her train, who had fallen madly in love with the Queen, here committed the fatal indiscretion of concealing himself in her chamber, and being discovered, was tried and condemned to death. He went to the block at St. Andrews gaily humming a tune.

Burntisland was besieged by Cromwell, and only capitulated, it is said, on condition that he was to pave the streets and repair the harbour, which was done in his time; but from the records of the Council, it appears to have been the work of the townspeople themselves. A place is shown in the neighbourhood as Cromwell's camp. On an eminence overhanging the harbour stands Rossend Castle, erected, it would seem, at some period in the fifteenth century by Dury of that ilk. After the Reformation it was given to Kirkaldy of Grange. Mary Queen of Scots used to lodge there occasionally when passing through to

Fife. Mrs. Mary Somerville, one of the most remarkable women that Europe has produced, was born at Burntisland, 26th December 1780. Her published works, *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, *The Connection of the Physical Sciences*, and *Physical Geography*, established her reputation as an accomplished mathematician and scientist (or physicist). She died at Naples, 30th November 1872.

The Parish Church, built about 1592, was built, it is said, after the plan of a Dutch architect. Another ancient parish church at Kirkton, about half a mile to the north of the town, now in ruins, shows traces of Romanesque work. The town is well sheltered from the north by the two hills Dunearn and the Binn. A pleasant footpath leads westward through the woods along the sea-shore to Aberdour, a distance of something more than three miles; and before continuing our railway route, it will be best to take a glance first at the shore of Fife up the Firth.

Aberdour is a pretty little village, nestled among trees, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Burntisland, and is a favourite summer resort. There is a lovely walk across a headland, under the shade of fine beeches, to 'White Bay,' where the trees grow down to the white sands, and the whole scene is most attractive. The name means mouth of the Dour, a small rivulet which is here emptied into the Firth. Aberdour is mentioned in the old ballad of 'Sir Patrick Spens.' It was while Sir Patrick was walking on the sands

here that he read the King's letter commanding him to sail

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway, ower the faem,—
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun tak her hame.'

The incidents of this ballad are supposed to refer to the fate of the expedition which, in 1281, carried Margaret of Norway, daughter of Alexander III., as a bride to King Eric. In returning home after the celebration of her marriage, many of the nobles of the land were drowned :

'Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep ;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

'Oh, lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans in their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

'And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.'

Sir Patrick Spens was of the house of Wormieston, in Fife. Spens is an old Fifeshire name, and the family carry on their arms the lion rampant of Macduff, claiming to be descended from him.

The ruins of Aberdour Castle (Earl of Morton) stand on a bank at the head of the bay. This old castle was the residence of Sir James Douglas,

afterwards Earl of Morton, Regent of Scotland. His love of money was great; and to this man's covetous rapacity Prelatic Episcopacy owed its existence in this country before the Reformation. He was called 'The Carle of Aberdour.' Sir James Melville writes of him: 'He set his haille study how to gather gear, and how till souk substance baith fra England and Scotland;' and yet there was a poor account of all at last. 'His gold and silver was transported by his natural son, James Douglas. It was first carried in barrels, and afterwards hid in some secret part,' such as 'under a braid stone before the gate of Aberdour.' At last he was so destitute of money, 'that when he went through the streets to the Tolbooth, he was compelled to borrow twenty shillings to distribute to the poor who asked alms of him.' In June 1581 he was brought to the scaffold, and died penitently, as was the testimony of the good ministers who attended him to his death, 'that whatever he had been before, he certainly died the servant of God.' The castle is alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in *The Abbot*.

Aberdour joins on to what is called 'the Lochland of Fife,' as in this part of the country there are nine of these lakes, fed by the hill streams in their vicinity. In the parish of Auchtertool there is the ruin of the old house of Halyards, near Camilla Loch. It was in this baronial residence, then the property of Kirkaldy of Grange, that King James v. rested for a night after his defeat at the Solway in 1542.

Auchterderran, the next parish, has in it Lochgelly (the White Loch). Lochgelly was the principal settlement of the Fife gipsies.

The castle-island of Inchcolm, opposite Aberdour, about two miles out in the Firth, was the seat of a very wealthy and famous abbey, founded by Alexander I. (1123). Before this time Inchcolm, or Saint Colm's Isle, had been a Culdee settlement connected with Dunkeld, then the headquarters of the Culdees; and when Alexander was driven on to the island, he found the place of worship, and was kindly entertained there by the Culdee devotee and his attendants. But, as has been already seen, he expelled these peaceable men, and erected there a monastery, which he named 'Acmonia,' or island of the monks. With this monastery was connected Walter Bowmaker, or Bower, whose writings have reflected some honour on his order; also the martyr name of Thomas Forrest, vicar of Dollar and canon of Inchcolm, who was put to death for preaching the doctrines of the Reformation.

Three miles to the west of Aberdour, in the midst of a fine park, stood Donibristle House (Earl of Moray), now burned down. This place was the scene of a most atrocious deed,—the murder of the youthful Earl of Moray by the Earl of Huntly. Huntly attacked Donibristle at night by torchlight. The Earl of Moray would have escaped, had not one of the strings of his tippet caught fire and discovered him to his pursuers, who immediately

despatched him. Gordon of Buckie struck him first, and wounded him on the face, when the poor young man cried out, 'You have spoilt a better face than your ain.' The Earl of Moray was termed in Scotch song, 'The bonnie Earl of Moray':—

'Ye Hielands and ye Lawlands,
Oh, whaur hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl o' Murray,
And hae lain him on the green.

'He was a braw gallant,
And he rode at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o' Murray
Oh, he might hae been a king!'

The family of Moray ranks high in antiquity and importance in the annals of Scotland, and the motto now borne by them, 'Furth fortune, and fill the fetters,' was granted to an ancestor by James I., who sent him in command of his troops against a rebellious Lord of the Isles.

Several miles west of Aberdour is Inverkeithing. It is a royal burgh of great antiquity. By its first existing charter, from William the Lion, the town obtained jurisdiction over a very extensive tract of country. It was frequently the residence of David I. and Annabella Drummond, wife of Robert III.; and an antique house is still pointed out, which she is said to have inhabited. In the neighbourhood of Inverkeithing a body of Scottish royalists were defeated with great slaughter by a superior force under the command of Lambert, the English Parliamentary leader. In this

engagement a foster father and seven sons sacrificed themselves for Sir Hector M'Lean of Duart. The old man, whenever one of his boys fell, thrust forward another to fill his place at the right hand of his beloved chief, with the words, 'Another for Hector.' This incident has been introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his description of the combat between the Clan Kay and Clan Chattan, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

At the distance of three miles from this part of the coast stands Dunfermline, which has been already noticed.

Two miles farther west is North Queensferry (called from St. Margaret, the queen of Malcolm Canmore, who was wont to cross the Firth here). It is a pleasant little village on the old line of road from Edinburgh to Perth. On the Ferry hills, above the promontory called the 'Cruicks,' Cromwell fought the battle of Inverkeithing.

Inchgarvie, a rocky islet, lies in the middle of the passage between North and South Queensferry. Before the State prison was made on the Bass Rock, in Charles the Second's reign, the principal establishment of the kind was at Inchgarvie. Among other prisoners of distinction that were there, confined was Lord Home, who signalized himself at Flodden, and afterwards fell a prey to the hatred of Regent Albany.

Rosyth Castle, about three miles to the west of North Queensferry, stands on a rock on the shore.

It was once the seat of the Stuarts of Rosyth, a branch of the royal house from which Oliver Cromwell was descended. It is said that his grandmother, a daughter of the laird of Rosyth, had been born in that castle, and for that reason he visited it when in the neighbourhood. It is also asserted that Queen Mary at one time resided in the castle: Over the gateway is a defaced armorial bearing, surmounted by a crown, with the initials 'M. R., 1561.' Above the door on the south side of the tower is this inscription:—

'In Deu Tym Draw, yes lord, ye bell to Clink,
Quhais mery voce warnis to meat and Drink.'



CHAPTER IX.

KINGHORN, KIRKCALDY, ETC.

RETURNING to Burntisland, and proceeding by the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway, there is on the right a bay of bright yellow sand, stretching eastward to the rocky headland of Pettycur, supposed to have derived its name (*petit corps*) from the landing at one time of a small body of French troops.

The 'Kingswood End' Rock, where Alexander III. was killed by a fall from his horse, abuts closely upon the railway near this point. The King's death was prophesied to the Earl of March by Thomas the Rhymer, who said, 'That on the morrow afore noon shall blow the greatest wind that ever was heard afore in Scotland.' On the morrow, when it was near noon, the 'lift' appearing 'loure' without any din or tempest, the Earl sent for the prophet, and reproved him that he had prognosticated such wind and there was no appearance thereof. To this Thomas made little answer, but said, 'Noon is not yet gaen;' and immediately a man came to the gate, stating that the King was slain. Then said the prophet, 'Yon is the wind that shall blow, to the great calamity

and trouble of all Scotland.' The King was travelling from Edinburgh to his royal castle at Kinghorn, where the Queen was then staying, and had reached Inverkeithing when darkness overtook him. As the road he had to travel was a dangerous one, his attendants besought him to wait until morning; but he insisted upon pressing on, and his horse, missing its footing, fell with its rider over the cliff. When his followers came up, they found the King was dead.

' He put his hand on the Earle's head,
And showed him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.'

And this was the blast that the Rhymer foretold; for it was a sad occurrence for Scotland. 'Never,' says the old chronicler, 'was there more lamentation and sorrow for a king in Scotland than for him; for the nobility, the clergy, and above all the gentry and commons, bedewed his coffin for seventeen days with rivulets of tears.' A bramble has spread its straggling branches over the place where he died.

Kinghorn is the next station. The town was made a royal burgh about 1270. Kinghorn gives a second title to the Earls of Strathmore. The Parish Church is without a spire, which circumstance has given rise to the following couplet:—

' Here stands a kirk without a steeple—
A drunken priest, and a graceless people.'

North of the town there once stood a castle, a residence of the Scottish kings, but no trace of it now remains.

Near to the station is Abden House, an old grey building, once the property of the Melvilles of Raith. Sir Andrew of that family was master of the household to Queen Mary and her son, James VI. The Earl of Leven and Melville is a descendant of the Melvilles of Raith.

Near Kinghorn there are two rough standing stones. Sibbald thinks they mark the graves of some Scottish chiefs, who fell in some battle with the Northmen about 1030. It was in one of these engagements with the Danes or Norwegians that the incident took place which made Scotland adopt the Scottish thistle for her badge. When the enemy were advancing, under cover of the darkness, to strike a blow at the Scottish army, one of them put his naked foot on the thistle, and cried out with the pain. This led to the discovery of their presence, and they were put to the sword.

Beyond Kinghorn is a square tower, the remains of Seafield Castle, once the residence of a family of the name of Moutrie. The estate of Grange, which for centuries belonged to the ancient family of Kirkaldy of Grange, lies about a mile north-east of the town. Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, a famous partizan of Queen Mary, was executed with his brother (1573) after a long and gallant defence of Edinburgh Castle in behalf of the Queen. He

(Kirkaldy) was one of the ablest, and there is every reason to believe one of the most honest, public characters of that period. Sir James Melville, his kinsman, says of him : 'He was humble, gentle, and meek ; like a lamb in the house, and like a lion on the field. He was a lusty, strong, and well-proportioned personage ; hardy, and of a magnanimous courage ; secret and prudent in all his enterprises, so that never one that he made or devised misgave where he was present himself. When he was victorious, he was very merciful, and naturally liberal, an enemy to greediness and ambition, and a friend to all men in adversity ;' and though Sir William, once a great supporter of the Reformation, forsook it, fascinated by the charms of Queen Mary, the heart of the great Reformer, Knox, clave to Kirkaldy ; and when he (Knox) was on his death-bed, he sent a message to his old friend, begging him, 'whom ye ken I have loved so dearly,' to give up the Castle of Edinburgh he held for the Queen's party against the Protestant lords ; 'if not,' Knox assured him, 'he would be brought down over the walls of it with shame, and hung against the sun.' Kirkaldy got the message, and was at first much moved, until he conversed with Maitland ; after which he only sent a contemptuous reply back. Knox was deeply grieved, and answered, 'I am sorrie that sae should befall him, yet God assures me there is mercy for his soul.' The account of the execution of Kirkaldy is most affecting. At three o'clock in the

afternoon he was conveyed to the cross in a hurdle, and accompanied by his faithful friend, Mr. Lindsay. About four o'clock he was thrown off the ladder, and his face fell first to the east, but within a little while he turned about to the west, and then remained towards the sun. Before his execution he asked Mr. Lindsay to repeat what John Knox had said. Mr. Lindsay did so, dwelling upon the assurance 'that there was mercy for his soul,' which greatly comforted him, and 'he began to be of guid and cheerful courage.' When James VI. came of age, he ordered Kirkcaldy's bones to be taken up and buried honourably in the ancient burial-place of his fathers at Kinghorn.

Balmuto House, in this parish, belonged to the Boswells. One of that family was the biographer of Johnson; another, Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed in a duel not far from Balmuto in 1822, was author of several fine old Scottish songs, amongst which is 'Jenny's Bawbee.'

Passing along the line from Kinghorn, the next station we reach is Kirkcaldy, a flourishing manufacturing town. Its name is supposed to be derived from the circumstance of there being in that place in ancient times a place of worship of the Culdees—

'Who kept God's faith so pure of old.'

At first but a simple cell or church, where a disciple of Columba lived and preached, it became afterwards

a Culdee religious house or college, where youths were trained for the ministry. Kilculdee afterwards changed to Kirkcaldy. 'The lang toun o' Kirkcaldy' is a descriptive expression of this place, though the name is said to have originated in a mispronunciation of link, the town being extended over the links or downs. Andrew Fairservice asserts that 'Kirkcaldy the sell o't is langer than ony toun in a' England.' Dr. Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations*, was a native of Kirkcaldy, and the house is still shown in which he wrote that immortal treatise.

The heights above Kirkcaldy are covered with the fine woods of Raith.

To the west of the station about a mile are the ruins of the old tower of Balwearie, said to be the birthplace of Sir Michael Scott, the famous wizard immortalized in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. In the reign of Alexander II. (1214) he was called a wizard, but may more intelligibly be described as the learned prodigy of a barbarous age. Leaving home early, he spent many years in foreign countries. At length he returned to Scotland and settled there, pursuing his favourite studies; and the unlettered peasant, seeing him gazing on the stars at midnight from the battlements of his castle, or bending over the lamp that shed a faint light over the dark landscape, in his ignorance concluded that the learned man dealt with familiar spirits, and attributed to him

all sorts of wonderful powers. Dante says of him :—

‘ That other, round the loins
So slender of his shape, was Michael Scott,
Practised in every slight of magic will.’

And Sir Walter Scott writes thus :—

‘ A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when in Salamanca’s cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.’

The tower is square, with walls seven feet in thickness. The old ballad of ‘ Lammikin ’ is supposed by some to be connected with the building of this tower. It seems to have been the work, like many other buildings in Scotland at that time, of a foreign architect and foreign masons. Lammikin was probably the corrupted form of the name of the foreign architect of this castle; and we are told he—

‘ Was as gude a mason
As ever hewed a stane,
He biggit Lord Weerie’s castel,
But payment got he nane.’

Lord Weerie went to sea, and left his lady to keep the castle in his absence, at the same time bidding her beware of Lammikin, who vowed vengeance on the family :

‘ He said unto his lady fair
Before he gaed abroad,
Beware, beware o’ Lammikin,
For he lies in the wudde.’

But Lammikin, by the help of a false nurse, got into

the castle, and murdered the lady and her youngest child ; and both suffered for their crime :

‘ Oh, sweetly sang the blackbird
That sat upon the tree ;
But sairer grat the Lammikin
When he was condemned to dee.

‘ Oh, bonnie sang the mavis
Out o’ the thorny brake ;
But sairer grat the nousie
When she was tied to the stake.’

The railway next brings us to Sinclairtown Station. Sinclairtown is just a continuation of the ‘lang toun,’ and contains the first of the floorcloth factories, which are now so numerous, and form an important branch of the industry of Kirkcaldy.

To the south of Sinclairtown Station, on the shore, are the picturesque ruins of Ravenscraig Castle (belonging to the Earl of Rosslyn), the seat of the ancient family of St. Clair, to whom it was granted by James III. (1460–83). It is alluded to in the ballad of ‘Rosabelle,’ in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* :—

‘ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy Firth to-day.’

Its last garrison was a party of Cromwell’s soldiers.

After this the train reaches Dysart, a good specimen of the quaint old towns of the Forth, whose trade decayed at the Union, and has never revived. It now exports coals.

‘ Then from her coal-pits Dysart vomits forth
 Her subterranean men, of colour dun ;
 Poor human mould-warps, doomed to scrape on earth,
 Cimmerean people, strangers to the sun ;
 Gloomy as soot, with faces grim and swarth,
 They march most sourly, leering every one ;
 Yet very keen at Anster loan to share
 The merriments and sports to be accomplished there.’

TENNANT'S *Anster Fair*.

There is an old song that runs thus :—

‘ The canty carles o’ Dysart,
 The merry lads o’ Buckhaven,
 The saucy limmers o’ Largo,
 The bonnie lasses o’ Leven.’

Dysart takes its name from a cave on the sea-shore, into which, it is said, St. Serf retired for devotion—such retreats being known as *deserta* in ecclesiastical language.

Beside it is Dysart House, the seat of the Earl Rosslyn. On red rocks on the picturesque shore, a mile to the eastward, witches were burned in the seventeenth century.

On a steep rock overhanging the sea, farther to the east, is Wemyss Castle, a large and magnificent building, and part of it of considerable antiquity. The present proprietor, J. H. Erskine Wemyss, Esq., is the thirtieth generation in direct descent from Macduff, Thane of Fife. Wemyss Castle forms one of the scenes in the melancholy history of Mary Queen of Scots. The Earl of Moray was then resident at Wemyss Castle, and Mary, on her

way from St. Andrews to Holyrood, lodged with him for a few days. On the 15th of February 1564, the young Lord Darnley heard that the Queen was at Wemyss, and hastily crossing, he rode to the castle to salute his royal mistress. The window is still pointed out (it now lights the house-keeper's room) from which Mary saw the figure of her future husband, as he pressed his foaming steed onward to the gates. 'Her Majesty,' says Sir James Melville in his *Memoirs*, speaking of the episode at Wemyss, 'took very well with him; and said that he was the lustiest and best-proportioned lang man that she had seen.' After a few days' hawking and sporting along the shores and in the woods of Wemyss, Queen Mary returned to Edinburgh, whither Darnley followed; and the after history of the pair is well known. There is a portrait in oil of Lord Darnley—said to be authentic—hanging in the entrance-hall of the castle. He is of a grave, even saturnine, countenance, with close-cut hair, in the frock-mail and ruff of the period.

In July 1650 Wemyss Castle was visited by Charles I., who spent a day in it; and in 1657 he again paid a visit, and slept a night at the castle. Among other relics of the olden times preserved here is a silver bowl, presented to Sir Michael Wemyss of Wemyss, by Eric, King of Norway, in 1290, when he and Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie went to bring home the Princess Margaret, on the death of Alexander III. Around the castle is a

magnificent park of fine old trees. One of these in front of it is the joug tree, on which refractory vassals in olden times were tied up by the lord of the manor.

Wemyss derives its name from the number of caves on this part of the coast, Weem or Wemyss being the Gaelic word for a cave. The walls of some of these caves are covered with curious sculptures, supposed to be the work of the Picts. One, called the King's Cave, received its designation from an adventure related of James v. Travelling through Fife, on foot and incognito, that monarch happened to be benighted, and was obliged to enter a cave for shelter. He found it already occupied by a band of robbers, but having gone too far to retreat, he was under the necessity of joining the party. After some time, supper having been served up, two of the gang approached him with a plate, on which lay two daggers—a signal that he was to be put to death. He instantly snatched up both weapons, and laid the two robbers prostrate at his feet, and rushed through the rest to the mouth of the cave, and escaped. He returned next day with a sufficient force, and captured the whole set.

A short way eastward of Wemyss Castle are the ruins of Macduff's Castle, said to have been built by Macduff, Thane of Fife (1057).

A mile farther to the east, again, is Buckhaven, a curious antique fishing village, inhabited by a race supposed to be the descendants of the

crew of a vessel from the Netherlands, which was wrecked near this place in the reign of Philip II. They were severely ridiculed in a satirical pamphlet or chap book, written more than a century ago, called *The History of the College of Buckhaven, or the Sayings of Wise Willie and Wittie Eppie.*

In the parish of Kinglassie, on the north of Dysart, is Inchdairnie (Roger S. Aytoun, Esq.). One of that house, in 1679, fell a martyr to his Covenanting principles. He was only seventeen years of age, a student at St. Andrews, and remarkable for his piety. He was outlawed; and when wandering from house to house was observed by a party of dragoons, and one of them wounded him mortally. He kept his seat on horseback until he reached the nearest cottage, where he was sheltered, and his relative, Sir John Aytoun, was sent for, who came and despatched a servant to Cupar for a surgeon; but the dragoons, who had reached that town, prevented the surgeon from going to his help, and, instead, went themselves and took him to Cupar, where he died next day.

CHAPTER X.

THE EAST OF FIFE.

AFTER leaving Dysart the railway turns inland towards the north, and the distant summits of the Lomonds come into view.

The train then reaches Thornton Junction, where the East of Fife line branches off on the right to Leven, Largo, Elie, and Anstruther, while the Dunfermline branch diverges to the westward.

The first station on the East of Fife line is Cameron Bridge, after which we reach Leven, a thriving town situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, which issues from Loch Leven. Though the Leven has only a course of twelve miles, it receives a great number of tributary streams, the principal of which are enumerated in the following rhyme:—

‘Lochtie, Lochrie, Leven, and Orr,
Rin a’ through Cameron Brig bore.’

Near Leven is the old mansion of Durie (Captain Christie). About two miles distant towards the east are the three upright ‘standing stanes’ of Lundin, supposed by some to be Druidical remains, by others to mark the site of a battle with the Danes.

The train then reaches Largo Station, with its

famous bay, familiar to every Scotchman from the allusion made to it in the fine old song, 'Weel may the boatie row':—

' I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine :
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.'

In the centre of the bay is the village of Lower Largo, the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, whose singular adventures form the ground-work of Defoe's charming story of *Robinson Crusoe*. He was born in Largo in 1672. He went to sea in his youth; and in the year 1703, while sailing-master of the ship *Cinque Ports*, bound for the South Seas, was put ashore on the island Juan Fernandez, as a punishment for mutiny. In that solitude he remained four years, after which he was relieved and brought to England. The chest and cup which he used on the island are in the possession of his grandnephew.

Upper Largo was the birthplace of Sir Andrew Wood, the celebrated Scottish admiral, who received the lands from James III. to keep the King's ship, the *Yellow Carvel*, in repair. Sir Andrew brought many of his nautical ideas with him into retirement. He caused a canal to be formed from his own house almost to the church door, and on this he used to sail in state every Sabbath.

On the banks of the Water of Keil, to the north of Largo House, is an old square tower, the only part now remaining of the ancient Castle of Balcruivie,

erected, it is supposed, by one of the Lindsays of Struthers.

Near Largo is Strathairly, made interesting from Mrs. Craik's beautiful verses, 'Coming Hame':—

' The lift is high and blue,
 And the new moon glints through
 The bonnie corn-stooks o' Strathairly.
 My ship's in Largo Bay ;
 And I ken it weel, the way
 Up the steep, steep brae o' Strathairly.

' When I sailed ower the sea,
 A laddie bold and free,
 The corn sprung green on Strathairly.
 When I cam' back again,
 'Tis an auld man walks his lane,
 Slow and sad, through the fields o' Strathairly.

' O' the shearers that I see
 Ne'er a body kens me,
 Though I kent them a' in Strathairly.
 And the fisher wife I pass—
 Can she be the braw lass
 That I kissed at the back o' Strathairly ?

' Oh, the land's fine, fine,—
 I could buy it a' for mine ;
 My goud's yellow as the stooks o' Strathairly.
 But I fain yon lad wad be,
 That sailed o'er the saut sea
 When the dawn rose grey on Strathairly.'

To the north of the village the fine hill called Largo Law rises to the height of 1000 feet above the level of the sea.

The next station after passing Kilconquhar, with its beautiful church and loch, is Elie, a pleasant watering-place, much frequented in summer. Near it is the small burgh of Earlsferry, which tradition says was so constituted by Malcolm III. at the request of Macduff, who, in his flight from the vengeance of Macbeth, was concealed in a cave at Kinraig Point, which still bears his name, and was afterwards ferried across the Firth to Dunbar by the fishermen of the place. From this circumstance it is said that its name is derived, and that it obtained the privilege that the persons of all who should cross the Firth from thence should be for the time inviolable, no boat being allowed to leave the shore in pursuit.

Balcarres House (once the residence of the Earls of Balcarres) was the birthplace of Lady Anne Lindesay, the authoress of that exquisite Scottish lyric, 'Auld Robin Gray.' She died in 1828.

St. Monance is the next station on the line. The fishing village of St. Monance is noted for its curious little old parish church, entire in every part except the west wing. One of the galleries was appropriated to the use of the family of the Covenanting General Leslie, afterwards Lord Newark; and until recent times it displayed a number of pious inscriptions. In former times the bell, which rung the people of St. Monance to public worship, hung upon a tree in the churchyard; and was removed every year during the herring season, because the fishermen had a superstition that the fish were scared away from the coast

by its noise. St. Monan was a saint and martyr, celebrated for his miracles.

The ruins of Newark Castle, the seat of General Leslie, stand on a bold part of the shore. The common people say it has been burnt twice, adding, as a prediction of Thomas the Rhymer, that it is yet 'to shine a third time upon the Bass.'

Pittenweem, our next station, is an ancient royal burgh, and at one time must have had a very extensive trade. The house in which Wilson and Robertson committed the robbery upon the collector of excise, which led to the famous Porteous Mob, is still shown. The ruins of the old priory here are worthy of inspection. They stand upon a level bank overlooking the sea. The rock beneath them is hollowed out into a spacious cave or weem, from which the town derives its name.

We next reach Wester and Easter Anstruther. Both go by the name of 'Anster.' These towns lie at the head of a small snug bay, and are divided from each other by a harbour, said to be the best on this part of the coast. The principal street, extending along the shore, is composed of good houses; but the rest of the streets are all so narrow and crooked that the road has to be carried along the outskirts of the town. In East Anster, on the edge of a rock overhanging the harbour, stood an old fortalice, called Castle of Dreel. One of the early representatives of the family to which it belonged was a Sir William Anstruther, known by the name of

Fisher Willie, from his connection with the herring trade. The laird of a neighbouring estate, called Thirdpart, envying his prosperity, formed a resolution to murder him. His scheme was to invite him to dine at Thirdpart, and there to despatch him. It happened, however, that a beggar, lodging at Thirdpart for the night, heard the consultations and plans, and informed Sir William of the design against him. Sir William sent a messenger to excuse his attendance at the hospitable board of Thirdpart, desiring at the same time the favour of the laird's company the following day at the Castle of Dreel. Thirdpart came accordingly with a formidable retinue; but as he was going up the narrow turnpike stair of the castle, Fisher Willie, who had stationed himself for the purpose, cut him down with a blow of his pole-axe. After this he presented himself at Court with a most splendid coat on his back, for which he had mortgaged a great part of his property. The King asked him what had brought him there, to which he answered he had come 'wi' the hale lands of Anster on his back,' and asked permission to continue to wear them. The King consented to his strange demand; and then Sir William told him the story of his having slain the Laird of Thirdpart, asking his lands also; and as he had only acted in self-defence, the crime was forgiven, and the lands of Anster given to him. The family of Anstruther still have for their crest an arm bearing a pole-axe, with the motto '*Periissem ni periissem.*'

Anster is well known to every Scotchman, from the allusion made to it in the popular song of 'Maggie Lauder':—

'I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.'

This song was written by Francis Semple of Beltrees, in Renfrewshire. Before the Union, Anster 'Lent Fair' was held in great repute by merchants from every commercial country in Europe. Anster Fair has been celebrated in the poem of that name by Professor Tennant, a native of Anster, which was the first English poem in the stanza afterwards adopted by Byron in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The Fair was held on a piece of ground called Anster Loan, to the north of the town.

Opposite to this part of the coast is the Island of May. It is about three miles in circumference; and was formerly the seat of a considerable religious establishment. There is a small lake on the island. It is now inhabited only by the persons who attend the lighthouse, which was built in the reign of Charles I. After completing it, the architect was drowned in crossing to the mainland, and as that was supposed to arise from the machinations of witches, some were burned on that account.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EAST OF FIFE—*continued.*

ANSTRUTHER being the termination of the East of Fife line, a coach connects that town with Crail, the next important place to Anstruther. Kilrenny is a small town on the way, but it is of little importance. Crail is now a venerable and decayed burgh, though formerly it occupied a distinguished place amongst the towns of Scotland. David I. had a palace here, now almost entirely demolished. Many of its houses are of that massive and antique description which indicates past splendour, and some are adorned with curious inscriptions. It was in the church of Crail that John Knox preached a sermon against Popery, when the populace rose up and destroyed all the churches round. The well-known Archbishop Sharp was at one time minister of this parish. Crail was famous for its *capons*, a kind of dried haddock, prepared in a peculiar manner. I cannot refrain here from copying from *The World's End* a description of this place, by the fine pen of Sarah Tytler, herself a native of Fife. She calls it 'a quaint little town with only one wide street. It seems as though the burghers wished the sea to wash it at high tide,

and the wind to scour it, and really scorned to draw to each other for shelter. Every house here has the weather-beaten, sea-worn, ancient, and enduring look of the rocks themselves. The red tiles here and there glow as in a frost, actually causing one's benumbed fingers to tingle, as when nearing a fire; and mingling with the blue slates, they strangely reproduce those wonderful old Egyptian colours. A very old church and a venerable tower stand in a spacious kirkyard, whose front, to streetward, is a deep, cool, green court; for the dead are massive towering shades, and demand room and reverence in the imagination of the Easterns. This court is all surrounded with the many-lichened, time-stained stones of East gentry, mostly about the reign of James VI., and the period of Maestrecht monuments. It seems as if the neighbourhood, like a childish company possessed with a fancied obligation, had all at once entered on the solemn play of erecting their fathers' tombstones and their own. . . . The natives of the old town are independent and original. They do not require great elbow-room, though their customs and crotchets are their own, like their clothes, only they vary them much less than these. They are above vain show and idle mimicry. Everybody knows them so, and why should they pretend to be other than they are? What inducement have they to alter the rooms and the household relics—which have been held together tenaciously with proud and respectable, if sometimes egotistical and arrogant

partiality, since the narrow two-storeyed house was built, and the pipe or punch-bowl deposited by their honoured ancestor, the sea-captain or privateer, in the reign of her most gracious majesty Queen Anne? These householders have gardens almost as ancient as their houses, where autumn flowers flourish, and where a little hairy gooseberry, sweet and small as the sea grapes of Hayti, still abounds; presenting, too, even in the most blighted springs, minutely delicate pinks, as well deserving the name of "Queen Anne's needlework" as that conceited saxifrage "London Pride." And then, about the country around this town, the 'East Neuk of Fife,' writes the same author: 'It is a land called expressively the East, for there the east wind howls and riots all the year round. It is a land given up to boisterous, bleak cold, not unstimulating, if it does not cause the blood to run thin and blue. Corn ripens here in an atmosphere that provokes sneezing; cattle and sheep browse among the seasoned salt fragments of rich brown timber, drawn up from frequent wrecks. . . . As you approach upon this country from the west, trees dwindle away to bare poles, the very bushes become stunted, and they uniformly show a side to seaward black like the leaves of tobacco. Every prudent gardener has a screen of red brushwood breaking the blast round his apple-green turnip leaves, and dark-green potato plants; and he also carefully shields his tall hollyhocks, dahlias, and chrysanthemums — those October and November

roses which no time ever rots completely. The fields, unshaded by tree or high hedge, look wider and opener than other fields, and are indeed great grass "parks" of old, sweet, low, close pasture, where the white daisies and the nodding cowslips fear no east wind, but bloom like barn-door beauties, and smell like wild honey in the stinging air. There is fine corn-land here, with breaks of russet wheat, golden oats, straw-coloured barley, and pale rye, that, swaying and rising and falling in the wind, looks like a towering yellow sea. Guano is easily obtained in shiploads; and the seaweed,—termed "ware" by the country people,—a spicy manure, is carted in tremendous dripping olive loads after every storm. The soil, where it is good, is like the constitution of the people—a rich and powerful loam, fit either for prolific fruits or rank weeds.' The children on the shores of Crail gather, in great numbers, the pretty pink and white 'buckie,' which they call 'John o' Groats,' with its companion 'Kattie Oggie.'

In 1490, on the Firth of Forth, opposite Crail and within sight of the Fife shore, crowded by anxious spectators, the ships of Sir Andrew Wood, the *Yellow Carvel* and the *Flower*, met the English admiral, Sir Stephen Bull, with three men-of-war; and then, yard-arm to yard-arm, they fought hour after hour for dear existence:

' It is schippe to schippe and manne to manne,
 And hande to hande they be;
 There's clashinge o' swordes an' whizzing o' dertes,
 And the roar o' gunnerie.

‘ And they ficht and ficht, baith Southron and Scot,
 Full stoure and stalwarthlie ;
 There’s nane to spare, there’s nane to yielde,
 And nane to cry mercie,
 Thoch red rows the tyde wi’ het hertes blude—
 Richt awesome for till see !’

At sunset of the second day, the flag of St. Andrew floated victorious over the captured English vessels.

Tennant in his *Anster Fair* thus speaks of this old burgh :—

‘ Next from the well-aired ancient town of Crail,
 Go out her craftsmen, with tumultuous din,—
 Her wind-bleached fishers, sturdy-limb’d and hale,
 Her in-kneed tailors, garrulous and thin.’

About a mile to the east of the town is Fife Ness, or ‘The East Neuk of Fife,’ which gives name to the popular Scottish air to which Boswell wrote the words, ‘O gudeman, ye’re a drucken carle.’ A cave is there shown in which Constantine II. was beheaded by the Danes, who were in the frequent habit of invading this coast.

The ruins of Balcomie Castle are near the East Neuk ; though once a stately edifice, it is now in ruins. When Mary of Guise, the Queen of James V. of Scotland, landed in Fife (1538), it was in this castle she was hospitably entertained.

Proceeding along the rocky coast from Fife Ness for nine miles, we would reach St. Andrews.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NORTH OF FIFE.

ON the north of Fife are the beautiful marine villages of Newport and Woodhaven on the Firth of Tay. Here, where a bold and rocky coast rises from thirty to fifty feet above the beach, a number of handsome villas have been placed, which are principally inhabited by Dundee merchants—numerous steamers affording every facility for going to and fro between that town and Newport. Soon the connection between the two places will be rendered more easy by means of the Tay Bridge, which is being constructed by the North British Railway Company. When completed, this bridge will be nearly two miles in length, forming one of the greatest engineering works of its kind in Europe.

Near the banks of the Tay is the ruin of the old Castle of Naughton, in the parish of Balmerino, said to have been built by Robertus de Lundin, a natural son of William the Lion. It has been supposed that Naughton was the site of the battle of Dunnechtan, fought in 685, when the Pictish King, Bridei, defeated and slew Egfrid, the Saxon King of Northumbria.

To the west of Naughton stand the ruins of the fine Abbey of Balmerino. It has often been noticed that the monks selected the finest situations in the country for their residence, and certainly the observation holds true with regard to this place. The ruins stand at the opening of a fine valley upon the margin of the Tay; the Scurr Hill afforded them shelter from the cold east winds. The climate here has always been considered fine, and the soil dry. So early as the reign of William the Lion, his Queen Ermengarde is said to have selected this place for a summer residence; and Magdalene of France, Queen of James v., was ordered by her physicians to this Abbey of Balmerino, as being the best place for a delicate lady in the kingdom. The abbey was founded (1229) by Queen Ermengarde, mother of Alexander II., who is said to have been buried here before the high altar. The unfortunate Prince David, Duke of Rothesay, was also buried in the abbey. The Lords Balmerino,—Sir James Elphinston was the first created Lord Balmerino, at the Reformation,—who took their title from the lands, were all unfortunate, though all seem to have been men of talent; and the last lord, having joined Charles Edward, was taken a prisoner at the battle of Culloden, and committed to the Tower of London. His behaviour when taken to the Tower Hill to be decapitated was so firm and intrepid, and at the same time so devout, as to draw tears from all eyes. After a short prayer he laid his head on the block, and with him perished

the last male heir of this branch of the family of Elphinston.

The neighbouring parish of Kilmany is interesting, being the place where Dr. Chalmers began his ministry. There are two places of interest in Kilmany parish, Mountquhanie and Rathillet. Mountquhanie is a venerable ruin, and near it is a mansion-house, the residence of D. Gillespie, Esq. It once belonged to the Balfours, a son of the family being one of those who in 1546 plotted and perpetrated the murder of Cardinal Beaton in the castle of St. Andrews. The Lady Mountquhanie took part with the Covenanters in the persecuting times, and is one of the band of the ladies of the Covenant belonging to Fife—Lady Halhill, the Lady Raith, the Lady Invertiel being among the others. Rathillet, a little distance from Mountquhanie, is associated with the name of Hackston or Halkerstone. Hackston was one of the nine connected with the murder of Archbishop Sharp, and yet he kept aloof from taking an active part in the deed. He does not seem to have been clear about its lawfulness. Hackston was present at the battle of Bothwell Bridge; and at Airs Moss, being overpowered by the enemy, he was taken captive by Bruce of Earlsball, and subjected to horrid cruelties in Edinburgh before he was put to death.

Criech is a parish to the south-west of Balmerino, where the principal object of interest is the ruined Castle of Criech. Within this castle was born Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter

Scott, of Branksome, mentioned in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:—

‘Of noble race the lady came ;
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune’s line of Picardie :
He learned the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.’

Mary Beaton, niece of Cardinal Beaton, and one of the four Maries who were Queen Mary’s maids of honour, was a daughter of this house:—

‘Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The nicht she’ll hae but three ;
There was Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me.’

In this parish the celebrated Alexander Henderson was born. ‘This boy,’ says Mr. Taylor in his *Antiquities of Fife*, before quoted, ‘who played by the Moutray Burn, and rambled amid the unbroken pastures of Criech, became afterwards the companion of nobles and the counsellor of kings. In the most memorable Assemblies of the Church of Scotland he presided. He originated the idea of the Westminster Assembly, and of the Westminster standards. He sat at the council-table with Rothes and Loudon. He was closeted with King Charles. His grave eloquence was addressed to Lords and Commons. No man lived more laboriously or more nobly, for his life was spent in contending for the rights of Christ’s Church against the encroachments of the Civil Power, and in advancing the Covenanted Reformation of Scotland. He died regretted in 1646.’

Moonzie, the neighbouring parish to Criech, has a popular rhyme connected with the situation of the church:—

‘Gae ye east, or gae ye wast,
Or gae ye ony way ye will,
Ye winnie get to Moonzie Kirk
Unless ye do gae up a hill.’

Here there are the interesting ruins of Cairnie Castle, commonly called Earl Beardie's Castle. All that now remains of it is the keep or donjon, and a round tower, which formed a defence for the wall by which the courtyard was surrounded. The ruin is four storeys high, fifty-three feet in length, and forty-two in breadth outside the walls. The castle is situated on a gently rising ground; and in ancient times, before Lordscairnie Myre was drained, in the midst of which it was placed, it must have been surrounded with water, and nearly inaccessible. Though a great part of Earl Beardie's land lay in Angus, it is generally understood that he lived occasionally in Fife, where he also had property. Earl Beardie, or 'The Tiger,' was Alexander, third Earl of Crawford, a man of cruel temper but dauntless courage. This Cairnie now belongs to the Earl of Glasgow. King James v. visited this castle after his defeat at Solway Moss, when on his road to Falkland, where he died. Another celebrated individual of this parish in old times was Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, who lived in the reign of David II. Sir William was renowned for his wisdom

and bravery. He married Isabella, Countess of Fife, and was invested with the earldom.

Flisk, a parish on the northern side of Criech, adjoining the Tay, has in it the ruins of the old Castle of Bambreich, picturesquely situated on a steep bank overhanging the river. It is surrounded by a number of very fine trees, and though it has suffered much from the ravages of time, enough is still left to show its former extent and grandeur. The barony of Bambreich came into the possession of the noble family of Leslie of Rothies in the reign of Robert the Bruce. It is now in the possession of the Earl of Zetland.

The adjoining parish of Abdie is supposed to be from the Gaelic word 'abtaob,' signifying water-side. The highest ground in the parish is Norman's Law, rising to the height of 850 feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a fine view from its summit.

The Loch of Lindores is a beautiful sheet of water, and the village of the same name, near the foot of the loch, is a place of great antiquity, and contains some vestiges of a castle, which is said to have belonged to Macduff, Thane of Fife. A battle was fought here in 1300, between the Scots under Sir William Wallace and the English, in which the latter were defeated. Wallace and his companions retired after the battle to this castle.

Inchrye House is a fine Gothic mansion, situated a little to the east of the loch. Within its policy there are two water-worn hollows, which in times of

persecution were hiding-places, where the Presbyterians assembled for worship.

In the parish of Dunbog there are the ruins of the old Castle of Collairney, once the seat of the family of Barclay. Two rooms in the tower have on their roofs, which are divided into numerous compartments, the armorial bearings, painted in vivid colours, of the old chivalry of Scotland.

In the parish of Monimail is Fernie Castle, a place of great antiquity, believed to have been one of Macduff's castles. Melville House, formerly the seat of the Earls of Leven and Melville, is near the west border of the parish. The site of the old house of Halhill is near Melville. Mr. Henry Balnaves was a staunch adherent of the Reformation, and suffered along with John Knox imprisonment in the French galleys. He was appointed a Lord of Session in 1538. Upper Rankeilour is also in this parish, famed for being the home of Sir Robert Sibbald, the historian of Fife. Robert Sibbald studied medicine at Leyden, and returned to Scotland (1662). He, with Sir Andrew Balfour, founded the Botanical Gardens of Edinburgh; and chiefly through his efforts the Royal College of Physicians, in the same city, was established (1681). The present mansion was built by John, fourth Earl of Hopetoun.

Near Newburgh, on the banks of the Tay, there are some interesting antiquities. On a gentle rising ground, near the river, stand the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Lindores, founded by David, Earl of Hunt-

ingdon, afterwards David I., in commemoration of his escape from shipwreck, and of his having defeated the Saracens during a crusade in the Holy Land. Sir Walter Scott's beautiful tale of *The Talisman* is founded on this tradition. James, Earl of Douglas, was banished to Lindores by James III. Mr. Taylor of Flisk, in writing of Lindores, says: 'About the year 1488 there might be seen on sunny days an old man sauntering within the enclosures of the abbey. He is tall of stature; he is a shorn monk, but his tall form, and the tones of his voice, and the glance of his eye, tell of one accustomed to command, though he is now broken with age and weary of the world. This is the Earl of Douglas, warded for life by James III. as a shorn monk within this abbey. Here he died and was buried.' There are remains of two ancient stone crosses in the neighbourhood of Newburgh. The Cross of Mugdrum stands on a rising ground, a little westward of the town, within a few yards of the Tay. It is eleven feet six inches in height, and is covered with figures of men on horseback. Macduff's Cross stood about a mile to the south. It is said to have been defaced by the mob at the Reformation. This cross was a sanctuary for any of the clan Macduff, within the ninth degree, who had been guilty of unpremeditated slaughter.

Black Earnside, falsely spelt Black Ironside, seems to have been a dark wood covering the hill-sides and extending to the river's edge. To this

wood Wallace resorted, and occasionally found shelter in it. It gave the name to one of that hero's battles :—

' This wood will hold as long as we can stand—
To the last man we'll fight it sword in hand ;
The right is ours, let's to it manfully—
I'll free this land once more before I die ! '

The Perth fork of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway has a station at Newburgh.

In the adjoining parish of Collessie there are two stations of the same railway—Collessie and Ladybank Junction. With the exception of a few Pictish remains near the village of Collessie, there is little of interest in this parish. The chief mansion-houses are Rankeilour-Makgill, Pitlair, Kinloch, and Rossie. Kinloch was once the residence of John Balfour, brother-in-law to Hackston of Rathillet. Balfour took a prominent part in the murder of Archbishop Sharp. He was also present at Bothwell Brig. A reward was offered for Balfour, and he fled to Holland, where the name of Balfour of Burleigh is still represented. The river Eden runs along part of its southern boundary, and near that place gives its name to the strath which forms its basin ; it then glides noiselessly along through ' The Howe of Fife.'

On reaching Ladybank Junction we enter on the Fife and Kinross Railway, which takes us through the southern part of Collessie parish into the neighbouring one of Auchtermuchty. This parish has been

made better known than it otherwise would have been, from its being the scene of the incidents detailed in that humorous Scotch poem, 'The Wife of Auchtermuchty,' said to have been written by James v. A small burn flowing through the burgh towards the Eden was no doubt the scene of a portion of the disasters which befell the 'gudeman of Auchtermuchty.'

The Castle of Myres is a fine old building, still habitable. Anciently the Myres of Auchtermuchty belonged to the Earls of Fife, and it came to the Crown at the forfeiture of the earldom. In former days it was the property of the Moncrieffs of Readie, and gave a hiding-place to some of the Covenanters. It is said there was, in what now appears a recess at the end of the dining-room, a press communicating with the cellar, and that in it the persecuted were hid. John Welsh of Irongray was one of those who more than once found a safe harbour here.

In the next parish, Strathmiglo, there are two stations on the line—Strathmiglo and Gateside. Formerly there were so many cairns and tumuli in this parish, and these were disposed in such an orderly manner, that antiquarians have been led to believe that this was the scene of the battle of Mons Grampus, fought in A.D. 85 or 86 between the Romans under Agricola, and the Caledonians under the brave and warlike general Galgacus. The lands of Strathmiglo were at one time in possession of the Scotts of Balwearie, now represented by Sir

William Scott of Ancrum, Roxburghshire; and about 1600 they passed into the hands of Sir Michael Balfour of Burleigh, who was created afterwards Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

The Castle of Strathmiglo stood in the middle of an arable field, a short way east of the village. It has now entirely disappeared; only the remains of the old moat, though now nearly filled up, mark its site. This castle was said to have been erected in the reign of James v., who bestowed upon it the nickname of 'Cairney-flappet,' from its having been hurriedly erected.

South-east of Strathmiglo are the lands of Cash, which was once, tradition says, the residence of a brownie, one of that small, industrious, yet irritable race of fairies, who in ancient times often served man. Every day he used to cross the water of Miglo by stepping-stones, and acted as the useful drudge at the Tower of Cash; and all he asked in return was, to feed out of any dish he chose. One day, after a heavy fall of rain, the servants remarked that as the stepping-stones were covered with water the brownie would not be with them that day, when they looked around and there was the brownie, and being questioned how he came there, he made answer he had gone 'roun' by the brig' (a good distance from the place); and hence has arisen a local proverb, 'Gae roun' by the brig, as brownie did.'

At the base of the Lomonds, in the south side of the parish, is Barrington; and south of it, in the

middle of a moor near Kilgour, is the grave of Jenny Nettles, who has given name to a lively Scotch air and an old song, beginning, 'Saw ye Jenny Nettles coming through the market.' The unfortunate heroine was a native of Falkland, and famed for her great beauty. When Rob Roy took possession of Falkland after the battle of Sheriffmuir, one of his soldiers courted Jenny and then deserted her, and she, in a fit of despair, hanged herself on a tree at the side of the road, about half-way between Falkland and Strathmiglo. Another song about the unfortunate woman is, 'I met ayont the cairney Jenny Nettle, trig and braw.'

The parish of Abernethy lies to the north of Strathmiglo; though the greater part of it is in Perthshire, a small portion of it is in Fife. The ruins of the Castle of Balvaird are in the western part of it. This castle was first the seat of the Barclays, and then of the Murrays of Tullibardine. It consists of a lofty square building, forming the keep, and some lower buildings. There is a large hall, which at one time must have been handsomely decorated. No date can be traced in any part of the ruin, but it is supposed the erection is as old as the reign of James IV. The name of Balvaird is the British word 'Balbhaird'—the town or dwelling-place of the bard.

Leaving Gateside, in Strathmiglo, the railway enters the parish of Orwell, in Kinross-shire.

CHAPTER XIII.

KINROSS-SHIRE.

THIS parish (Orwell) contains only one town, Milnathort, which is one of the stations of the Fife and Kinross line.

About a quarter of a mile from Milnathort stands the ancient edifice of Burleigh Castle, once the seat of the Balfours, Lords of Burleigh. As the ruins now form part of a farm-steading, little can be seen of them. The castle seems to have originally formed a square, and to have been surrounded by a wall and ditch. On the farm of Orwell, near Loch Leven, are two standing stones six and eight feet high.

The county town of Kinross, our next station, is pleasantly situated on the banks of Loch Leven, which is by far the most interesting object in the neighbourhood, and this not so much for its scenery as on account of the historical associations with which it abounds. There are four islands in the loch, the chief of which contains the picturesque ruins of Lochleven Castle. This castle is a place of great antiquity, and is said to have been built by Cougal, son of Dougart, King of the Picts. It was granted by Robert III. to Douglas, Laird of Lochleven;

and its chief historical interest is centred in its connection with Queen Mary's imprisonment, after her surrender at Carberry Hill (1567). Here she remained a captive for eleven months, in the custody of the wife of Douglas of Lochleven, a woman adapted by temper, and more by circumstances, to be her jailor; having previously been the mistress of James v., and mother of the Earl of Moray, who, if legitimate, would have been King of Scotland. Within these walls, on the 23d July, by compulsion of the Earl of Lindesay and others, Mary signed a deed of abdication of the crown in favour of her son, and another appointing her brother regent—forced to this alternative by the discovery of the famous 'casket,' in which were all her private letters to Bothwell. Henry Glassford Bell has written beautifully of the scene at the abdication:—

' It was a lake with one small lovely isle ;
 And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
 Stern men stood menacing their Queen, till she should stoop to sign
 The trait'rous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
 " My lords, my lords ! " the captive cried ; " were I but once more
 free,
 With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
 That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
 And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes."
 A red spot burned upon her cheek, streaming her rich tresses down ;
 She wrote the words, she stood erect, a Queen without a crown !'

Mary at last succeeded in captivating the heart of her jailor's son, George Douglas, whose devotion to her caused him to be expelled from the castle. He left

behind him, however, William Douglas, a lad of eighteen, who, on the night of the 2d May 1568, while the inmates of the castle were at prayers, secured her escape. The story is given, though embellished by romance, in Sir Walter Scott's tale of *The Abbot*, in the following words:—' At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the Queen's apartments. . . . On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair. . . . The door of the garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not till he had tried several—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them; the men crouched along the boat to secure them from observation. . . . The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars, and he called aloud "Treason," rang the bell of the castle, and discharged his arquebuse at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other, like startled wildfowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake at no great distance

from their little bark; and from the lights, which glared like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed and their escape discovered. "I locked gate and wicket on them," said Roland; "and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the kelpie's keeping." As the heavy keys plunged into the lake, the Abbot exclaimed, "Now bless thee, my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all." The boat is said to have been put ashore on the lands of Colden, at the south side of the lake, whence the Queen was conducted by Lord Seaton to Niddry Castle, near Linlithgow. The keys of the castle, which were thrown into the lake, were found by a young man of Kinross, who presented them to the Earl of Morton. Burns, in his 'Lament of Mary Queen of Scots,' has touchingly written:—

' Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose doon the brae,
 The hawthorn budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae.
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 Måy rove their sweets amang,
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

' I was the Queen o' bonny France,
 Where happy I hae been;
 For lightly rose I in the morn,
 As blithe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor's there ;
Yet here I lie in prison strang,
And never-ending care.'

The castle is now in a very ruinous state :—

' Naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust.'

Loch Leven, according to the popular belief, has the following peculiarities :—It is eleven miles round, is encompassed by eleven hills, is fed by eleven streams, contains eleven kinds of fish, and is studded by eleven islands.

There is another island on the lake, St. Serf, on which stand the ruins of the Priory of Portmoak, mentioned as the first place in Scotland where the Culdees found a settlement. The priory and neighbouring parish took its name from St. Moak, its first abbot. The first chronicler, Wyntoun, was a prior of this monastery at the close of the fourteenth century, and it was here his interesting book was written.

In the village of Kinneswood, on the eastern shore of the lake, the poet Michael Bruce was born. The house is still pointed out on the left side of a wynd proceeding up from the main street. After a brief career he died of consumption, and was buried in the churchyard at Scotland Wells. His ode on 'The Cuckoo' must be familiar to most readers. A neat monument is erected to the memory of

the bard of Loch Leven in Portmoak Parish Church, where the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, one of the founders of the Secession Church, was at one time minister.

The range of hills eastwards of Loch Leven are called the Lomonds. There is an old song which speaks of them :—

‘ On Easter Lomond I made my bed,
 On Wester Lomond I lay ;
 I lookit down to bonnie Loch Leven,
 And saw three perches play.’

Over the country here the Hill of Benarty throws its shadow, cut off from the Lomonds on the one side by the valley of the Leven, and by the Cleish and Ochil Hills on the other. Benarty has been celebrated in the beautiful poem of ‘ The Chieftain’s Lullaby,’ one of many of those Jacobite lyrics in which Scotland is so rife :—

‘ Hush thee, babe ! the stag is bellowing
 On Benarty dim and lone ;
 Hark ! oh, hush ! the hounds are yelling,—
 Who at morn will cheer them on ?

‘ Ere the sun o’er red Culloden
 Closed the Stuart’s fateful day,
 Many a gallant breast was trodden
 By the war-horse in the clay.

‘ Morning saw the Prince before us,
 Plumed and starred in Highland pride,—
 Say, ye winds that wander o’er us,
 Who at night were by his side ?

‘ Stones are reared, and yew trees waving,
 O’er each kirk’s green bed of rest ;

But the storm alone is raving
O'er your sire, our chieftain's breast.

' When the bells of tower and city
Rent with merry peals the air,
Nought was ours, except the pity
Strangers gave to our despair.

' Hush ! and slumber, night is flinging
Darkness over land and sea ;
Sleep ! a day may dawn yet, bringing
Cheerier hearts to thine and thee.'

In the parish of Cleish, on the western side of the loch, a stone inserted in a bridge bears an inscription, intimating that the road beneath it is that by which Queen Mary fled from Lochleven Castle ; and on what is now the farm-steading of Gairney Bridge stood the schoolhouse where Michael Bruce taught the village children.

Tulliebole Castle, the property of Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart., is in the united parish of Fossaway and Tulliebole. The Devon Valley Railway, in continuation of the Fife and Kinross line, runs through the centre of the parish, from east to west, and its last station in Kinross-shire is the Crook of Devon, at the western extremity of the parish. Of this Devon, in *The Lady of the Lake*, the poor exiled Blanche says :—

' But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devon tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray
That heaven would close my wintry day.'

I N D E X.

- ABDEN HOUSE, 76.**
 Abdie, 103.
 Aberdour, 67, 69-71.
 Aberdour Castle, 68.
 Abernethy, 10, 109.
 Anstruther, 15, 86, 93.
 Auchterderran, 26, 70.
 Auchtermuchty, 51, 106.
 Auchtertool, 69.
- Balcarres House, 89.
 Balcomie Castle, 97.
 Balcruvia Castle, 87.
 Balfour House, 27.
 Balgonie Castle, 28.
 Balmerino, 98, 100.
 Balmerino Abbey, 99.
 Balmuto House, 78.
 Balvaird, Castle of, 109.
 Balwearie Tower, 79.
 Bambreich Castle, 103.
 Barrington, 108.
 Beath, 26.
 Benarty Hill, 115.
 Binn Hill, 67.
 Black Earnside, 105.
 Buckhaven, 84.
 Burleigh Castle, 110.
 Burntisland, 65-67, 74.
- Cairnie Castle, 102.
 Cameron Bridge, 86.
 Carnock, 17.
 Ceres, 56.
 Cleish, 116.
 Collairney Castle, 104.
 Collessie, 106.
 Cowdenbeath Junction, 17, 26.
- Craighall House, 55.
 Craigothie, 55.
 Crail, 7, 15, 93, 96.
 Crawford Priory, 52.
 Criech, 100-103.
 Criech Castle, 100.
 Crook of Devon, 116.
 Crossgates, 26.
 Culross, 10.
 Cults, 51.
 Cupar, 26, 51, 53-55, 57, 85.
 Cupar Muir, 55.
- Dairsie, 56, 57.
 Dairsie Castle, 56.
 Donibristle House, 70.
 Dour, The, 67.
 Dreel Castle, 90.
 Dunbar, 89.
 Dunbog, 104.
 Dundee, 17, 51, 58.
 Dunearn Hill, 67.
 Dunfermline—
 Broomhall (Earl of Elgin), 25.
 Culross Abbey, 25.
 Dunfermline, 9-11, 17-22,
 24-26, 66, 72.
 Dunimarle Castle, 25.
 Hill of Beath, 25.
 Pitreavie House, 25.
 Torrie House, 25.
 Dura Den, 56.
 Durie House, 86.
 Dysart, 81, 82, 85, 86.
 Dysart House, 82.
- Earlsferry, 89.
 Earlshall, 58.

- Easter Anstruther, 90.
 Edenwood, 52.
 Eden, The, 53.
 Edinburgh, 17, 58.
 Elie, 86, 89.
 Falkland, 15, 30, 33, 34, 39, 40,
 42-49, 51, 66, 109.
 Falkland House, 50.
 Falkland, Forest of, 9.
 Fernie Castle, 51, 104.
 Fife Ness, 97.
 Forth, The, 4, 5, 9, 25.
 Forth, Firth of, 21, 22, 65, 66.
 Flisk, 103.
 Fossaway, 116.
 Freuchie, 49.
 Gairney Bridge, 116.
 Garlie Bank, 55.
 Gateside, 107, 109.
 Halbeath Station, 26.
 Halhill House, 104.
 Halyards House, 69.
 Howe o' Fife, The, 9, 39, 106.
 Inchcolm, 70.
 Inchdairnie, 85.
 Inohgarvie, 72.
 Inchkeith, 65.
 Inohrye House, 103.
 Inverkeithing, 17, 71, 72, 75.
 Kemback, 56.
 Kettle Manse, 51.
 Kilconquhar, 89.
 Kilgour, 109.
 Kilmany, 100.
 Kilrenny, 93.
 Kincaig Point, 89.
 Kinghorn, 65, 75, 76, 78.
 Kinglassie, 85.
 Kingswood End Rock, 74.
 Kinneswood, 114.
 Kinross, 17, 26, 51, 110.
 Kirkcaldy, 10, 26, 78, 79, 81.
 Kirkforthar, 30.
 Kirkton Parish Church, 67.
 Ladybank Junction, 17, 51, 106.
 Largo, 56, 86-88.
 Largo Bay, 7.
 Largo House, 87.
 Largo Law, 88.
 Largo, Lower, 87.
 Largo, Upper, 87.
 Lathrik, 51.
 Lealie, 28.
 Lealie House, 28, 30.
 Leuchars, 57, 58.
 Leven, 7, 27, 28, 86.
 Lindores Abbey, 104.
 Lindores Loch, 103.
 Lochgelly, 70.
 Loch Leven, 10, 44, 110, 114.
 Lochleven Castle, 110, 116.
 Lundin, 86.
 Markinch, 26, 27, 28.
 May, Island of, 92.
 Melville House, 51, 104.
 Milnathort, 41, 110.
 Monimail, 104.
 Moonzie, 102.
 Mount, The, 52, 53.
 Mountquhanie, 100.
 Myres, Castle of, 107.
 Naughton Castle, 98, 99.
 Newark Castle, 90.
 Newburgh, 8, 51, 104, 105.
 Newport, 98.
 Norman's Law, 103.
 North Queensferry, 21, 72.
 Oakley, 17.
 Orkie House, 51.
 Orr, The, 27.
 Orwell, 109.
 Orwell Farm, 110.
 Perth, 17, 58.
 Pettycur, 74.
 Pitlessie, 51.
 Pitreavie, 21.
 Pitscottie, 56.
 Pittenweem, 90.
 Portmoak, 10, 11.
 Portmoak, Priory of, 114.
 Raith Woods, 79.

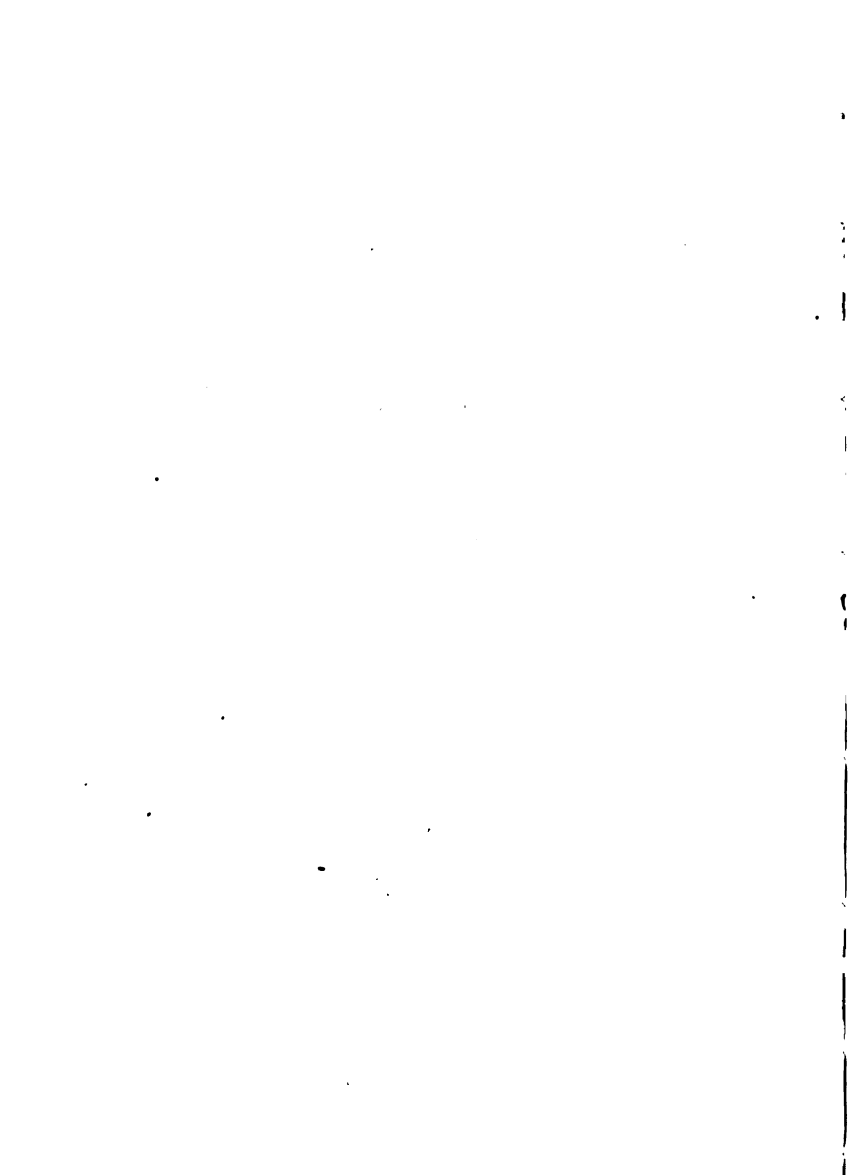
- Ramornie, 51.
 Rankeillor Hope, 51.
 Rankeillor Makgill, 51.
 Rathillet, 100.
 Ravenscraig Castle, 81.
 Rossend Castle, 66.
 Rosyth Castle, 72.

 Scotstarvit, 52.
 Scurr Hill, 99.
 Seafield Tower, 76.
 Sinclairtown Station, 81.
 Springfield Station, 52.

 St. Andrews, 10-14, 17, 24, 33,
 43, 51, 54, 59, 60, 63, 66, 85,
 97.
 Bell Rock Lighthouse, 63.
 Blackfriars' Monastery, 63.
 Eden, The, 59.
 Guard Bridge, 59.
 Links, 63.
 Madras College, 62.
 Parish Church, 63.
- St. Andrews—*continued.*
 Pilmour Links, 59.
 St. Leonard's College, 62.
 St. Mary's College, 62.
 St. Salvator's College, 62.
 University, 61.
 St. Margaret's Hope, 21.
 St. Monance, 89.
 Strathmiglo, 51, 107, 109.
 Strathmiglo, Castle of, 108.
 Struthers, 55.

 Tay, The, 4, 7, 9, 16, 58.
 Tayport, 58.
 Tent's Muir, 58.
 Thornton Junction, 26, 86.
 Tulliebole, 116.
 Tulliebole Castle, 116.

 Wemyss Castle, 82, 83, 84.
 Wemyss Hall, 52.
 Wester Anstruther, 90.
 Woodhaven, 98.



Gentlemen's Shirts.

~~~~~

PLAIN AND FULL DRESS SHIRTS.  
COLOURED COTTON SHIRTS.  
COLOURED FLANNEL SHIRTS.

*The Flannel is thoroughly Shrunk before making up.*

COLOURED SAXONY SHIRTS.

*The New Patent Saxony Cloth, for Gentlemen's Shooting and Boating Shirts, IS WARRANTED NOT TO SHRINK, and is much recommended.*

---

## BEST LONDON HATS.

HAVE given unqualified satisfaction for style and durability.

STOCK OF FELT HATS ALWAYS LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED.

HATS MADE TO ORDER.

---

Marriage Trousseaux, Toilettes, and Foreign Outfits.

A Large and Beautiful Stock of LADIES' READY-MADE LINEN, BABY LINEN, Etc. The Needlework and Materials are the best. The Prices are strictly Moderate. Price Lists on application.

Inspection Invited.

---

ALEX<sup>R</sup>. CRUICKSHANK & SONS,

Hosiery, Glovers, and Hatters,

AND LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,

57 & 61 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

Any Machine will be Changed if not Approved.

**COLE & CO.,**  
**SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTURERS**  
 TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,  
 4 South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh;  
 Factory—Birmingham.

All kinds of Machines Repaired on the Premises.

**PATENTEES**  
**OF**



**THE**  
**AGENORIA.**

**Largest Stock of Sewing and Knitting Machines in Scotland.**  
*Every description of Machine promptly Repaired.*

March 22, 1875.

From Miss **ABERCROMBIE.**

I HAVE used an 'AGENORIA' SEWING MACHINE for some years, and have found it very useful and easily managed. I also got one for a Dressmaker, who uses it constantly and finds it invaluable.

(Signed) **A. ABERCROMBIE, Edinburgh.**

*Sixpence Each.*

**HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.**

Kings of Scotland.  
 Wallace and Bruce.  
 James V.  
 Queen Mary at 10 years.  
     Do. at 18.  
     Do. at 25.  
     Do. at 45.  
 Mary and Darnley.  
 Lord Darnley.  
 Mary and James VI.  
 David Rizzio.  
 Earl Bothwell.  
 Regent Moray.  
 John Knox.  
 Regent Morton.  
 James VI.  
 Charles I.  
 Charles II.  
 James VII.  
 Chevalier St. George.  
 Prince Charles Edward.  
 Prince Charles in disguise.

Flora Macdonald.  
 John Graham of Claverhouse.  
 Marquis of Montrose.  
 Oliver Cromwell.  
 Queen Elizabeth.  
 Lord Burleigh.  
 Sir Walter Scott, full length.  
     Do. half length.  
     Do. Raeburn.  
     Do. Lawrence.  
     Do. after Grant.  
 Robert Burns, Nasmyth.  
 Allan Ramsay.  
 Christopher North.  
 James Hogg.  
 Lord Jeffrey.  
 Thomas Carlyle.  
 Thomas Campbell.  
 Thomas Moore.  
 Lord Byron.  
 James Ferguson.

James Macpherson.  
 Robert Tannahill.  
 Dean Swift.  
 John Dryden.  
 David Hume.  
 Dugald Stewart.  
 Sir William Hamilton.  
 Sir James Mackintosh.  
 Sir Humphrey Davy.  
 Lord Brougham.  
 James Watt.  
 Dr. Chalmers.  
 Sir Henry Raeburn.  
 Sir Joshua Reynolds.  
 Joanna Baillie.  
 Baroness Nairne.  
 Mrs. Cockburn.  
 Jane Elliot.  
 Mrs. Grant of Laggan.  
 Mrs. Siddons, after Reynolds.  
 Mary Queen of Scots' Sundial at Holyrood.

**W. C. PATERSON,**  
**34 FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.**



**PHILP'S COCKBURN HOTEL,**

*Adjoining the Waverley Bridge Station,*

**EDINBURGH.**

**FIRST CLASS.      MODERATE CHARGES.**

*TURKISH BATHS ON THE PREMISES.*

**WILLIAM BLACK,**

**GROGER, TEA, AND COFFEE DEALER,**

**IMPORTER OF WINES AND SPIRITS,**

**9 GILLESPIE PLACE,**

**EDINBURGH**

**(Opposite Barclay Church).**



**ALL GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY CARRIAGE PAID.**

***A SPECIMEN SHIRT RECOMMENDED.***

Prices, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. each.

---

**DAVID WATERSTON & SON,**

SHIRTMAKERS AND HOSIERS,

**12 George Street, Edinburgh.**

---

SHIRTS OF EVERY MATERIAL,

READY MADE OR TO MEASURE.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

---

*Country orders carefully executed, and the  
carriage paid.*

---

The materials are selected with the greatest care, the Flannels being thoroughly shrunk; and the Cotton Shirtings, being all specially prepared and grass finish, will wear and keep the colour equal to Linen.

**NEW TOYS—NEW GAMES.**

Now fully Stocked with all the Novelties,  
**SOUTTER'S WAVERLEY BAZAAR**

AND

**TOURIST'S EMPORIUM,**

(EAST END,)

**32 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.**

*(Directly Opposite Waverley Bridge.)*

---

**SCOTTISH, ENGLISH, & FOREIGN FANCY MANUFACTURES,**  
USEFUL, ORNAMENTAL, AMUSING, AND INSTRUCTIVE.

---

**Celebrated for Superior Quality, Variety, & Cheapness.**

---

**THE LONDON HOTEL,**

**ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.**

*Established upwards of Fifty Years.*

---

**T**HIS COMMODIOUS and COMFORTABLE HOTEL, entirely RE-MODELLED and RE-FURNISHED throughout, has been Opened by

**HENRY WHITE, late Clubmaster to the University Club, Princes Street, Edinburgh.**

From its central situation and the spacious character of its Accommodation, the LONDON will be found as hitherto an EXTREMELY CONVENIENT HOTEL; while, from Mr. WHITE's experience as Clubmaster and otherwise, he can confidently ensure to the Public an EXCEPTIONALLY SUPERIOR CUISINE.

---

*The Billiard and Smoking Rooms have been fitted up in the most comfortable manner.*

# DOW AND FENDER,

Gentlemen's

Hosiery, Shirt Makers, and Hatters,

*29 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.*

(Directly opposite the Waverley Station.)

---

---

IMPORTERS OF FRENCH KID GLOVES.

Railway Rugs and Scotch Plaids.

Underclothing suitable for every Climate.

~~~~~

DEPOT FOR VICTOR JAY & CO'S CELEBRATED HATS.

NICOLL'S LONDON OVERCOATS.

DOW & FENDER'S IMPROVED INVERNESS CAPES.

DRESSING GOWNS.

ULSTER AND MACKINTOSH OVERCOATS.

VERY SUPERIOR UMBRELLAS.

~~~~~

WEST-END BRANCH:

**12 SHANDWICK PLACE.**

# SCOTTISH UNION FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON.  
37 CORNHILL.

EDINBURGH.  
47 GEORGE STREET.

DUBLIN.  
52 DAME STREET.

Established 1824.—Capital, £5,000,000.

## GOVERNOR.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

## DEPUTY GOVERNOR.

THE MOST HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY.

## ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

JOHN KENNEDY, Esq.  
JAMES CAMPBELL, Esq.  
ROBERT HUTCHISON, Esq.  
JAMES MANSFIELD, Esq.  
JOHN WRIGHT, Esq.

JOHN COWAN, Esq.  
DANIEL AINSLIE, Esq.  
The Hon. JAS. W. MONCREIFF.  
FINDLAY ANDERSON, Esq.  
JAMES TURNBULL, Esq.

*Manager*—GEORGE RAMSAY.

*Secretary*—JAMES BARLAS.

*Solicitor*—COLIN MACKENZIE, W.S.

*Auditor*—ROBERT SPOTTISWOODE, C.A.

*Physician*—Dr. J. D. GILLESPIE.

*Bankers*—THE COMMERCIAL BANK; THE NATIONAL BANK.

THIS COMPANY is composed of a numerous and influential body of Proprietors, and has a large Subscribed Capital, so that unquestionable security is guaranteed to Insurers.

|                                                            |            |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| INVESTED FUNDS as at 1st August 1874, upwards of . . . . . | £1,333,000 |
| ANNUAL REVENUE from all sources, . . . . .                 | 282,166    |
| AMOUNT OF LIFE INSURANCES in force, . . . . .              | 5,300,000  |

## LIFE DEPARTMENT.

FIVE-SIXTHS of the PROFITS arising from the WHOLE LIFE BUSINESS are divided EVERY FIVE YEARS amongst participating Policy-holders, in the proportion each has contributed to the Fund.

## NEW BUSINESS IN 1874.

POLICIES—643.

SUMS ASSURED,  
£443,105.

PREMIUMS,  
£14,129, Os. 6d.

## FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected on moderate terms. The Company has a long-established character for settling losses promptly and liberally.

This Company does not transact Foreign Business, the Agencies being entirely confined to the United Kingdom.

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

GEORGE RAMSAY, *Manager*.  
JAMES BARLAS, *Secretary*.