FOURTH EDITION, 1908.

Glenfarg

AND DISTRICT

Past and Present

With Map and Illustrations

BY

JAMES W. JACK, M.A.

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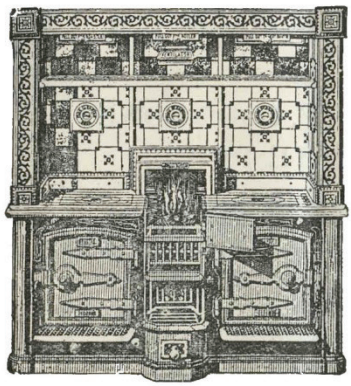

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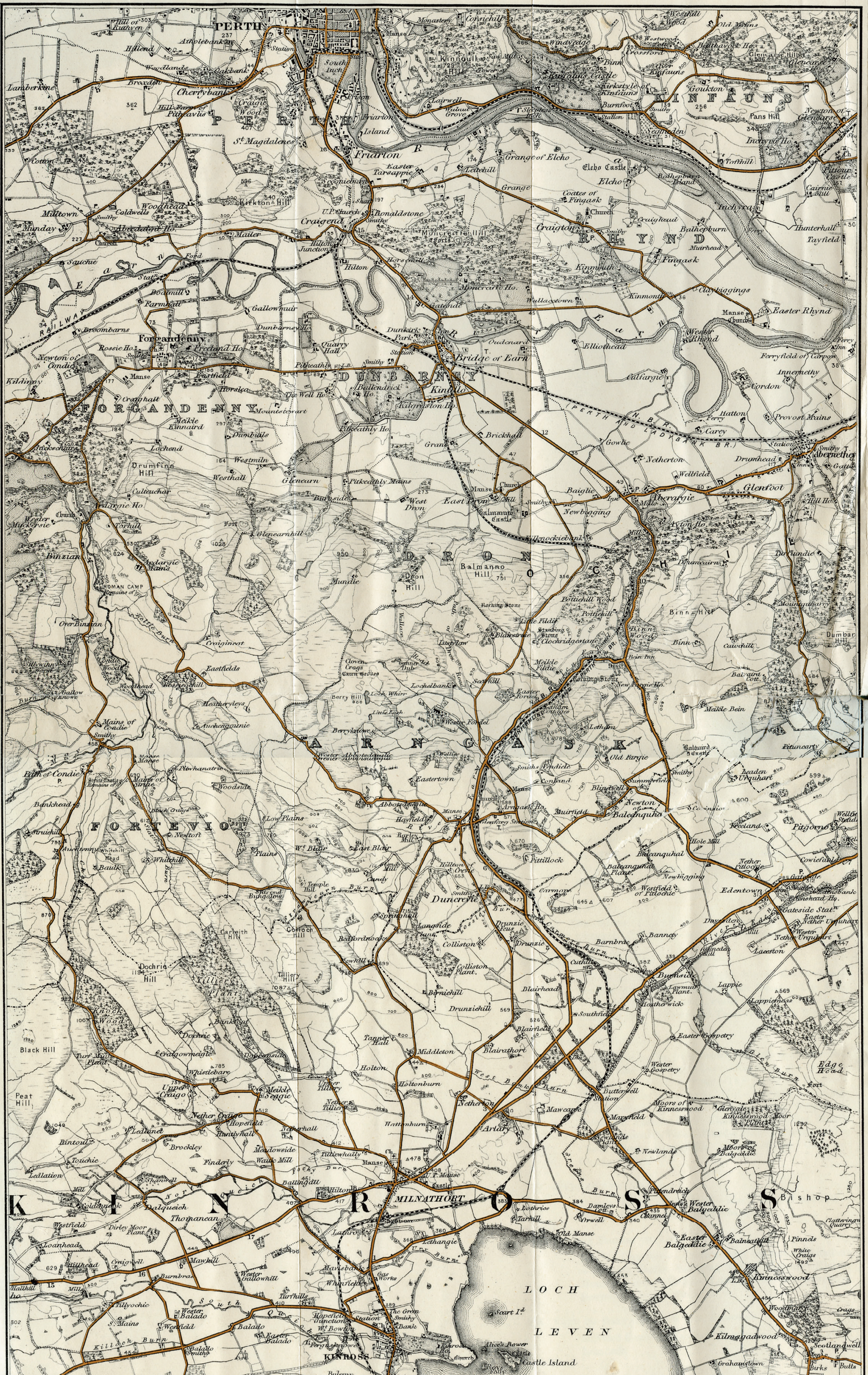

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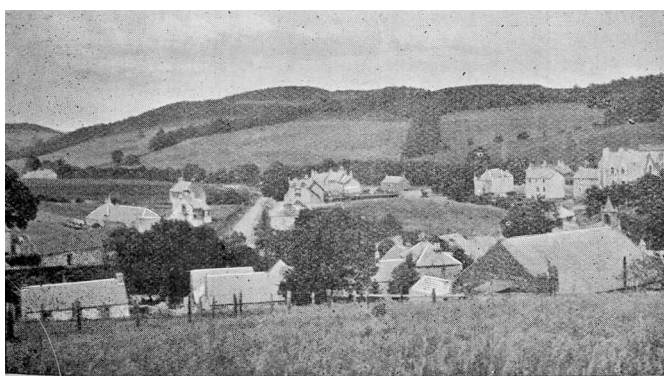
CHAPTER I

THE VILLAGE

THE village is 5 miles from Milnathort on the south, and 6½ from Bridge of Earn and 10 from Perth on the north. It is 484 feet above sea level at its lowest part. It lies in a lovely hollow among the Ochil Hills, at the top of the romantic Glen. The ground around is of a hilly, undulating nature, rising in some places, both east and west, to about 1,000 feet above sea-level. The lower parts are mostly rich with fruit and other cultivation; the higher parts green with perennial pasture; the uplands in many places a blaze of golden gorse, or dark with purple heather and weather-stained rock; and above all, the series of Ochil summits soaring high into the bright sunny air. Being surrounded by hills, it has thus the double advantage of having a



Glenfarg from the south west

dry, wholesome, pure air, such as can not be found in low-lying places, and of being well sheltered from violent winds, or cold inclement blasts. The people are not oppressed with excessive heat in summer, and do not suffer from intense cold in winter, as the

hoar frost is less frequent and severe than in lower places. The air is generally clear and dry, when Strathearn and Perth are enveloped in mist and dampness. It is well known that climate is the result of a great variety of causes - of air currents, elevation, the contour and aspect of the land, the nature of the soil, the position and direction of the hills, and a number of other causes. It is sufficient to say here that, in most of the essential points which go to make an effective health resort, Glenfarg can take that position.

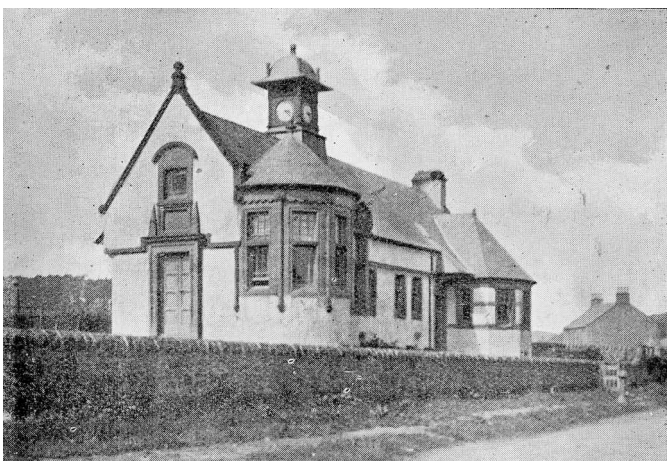
The village was known in olden times by the somewhat unattractive name of Damhead. When the Forth Bridge line was opened up to Perth, the name was changed to the more pleasant one of Glenfarg. The village is now one of the most modern in Scotland. having completely changed in nature since the advent of the railway in 1890. With its three commodious hotels, its new houses, its new school and new church, its golf course, its great variety of roads in every direction (there are six leading out of the village), its uncontaminated hill air, and its charming position, it is developing into a healthy, attractive summer resort.

Among other advantages, it now possesses an excellent supply of pure spring water. This is important when we remember that good water has a tendency to build up and strengthen the system, while impure water is one of the most potent causes of disease. The water, which was turned on in December, 1901, comes from Lochelbank and Forde! burns to the north-west, nearly two miles from the village The works consist of two intake dams, with filters and clear water wells, just below Lochelbank Farm. There are two filters, each 33 feet by 16 feet. They have a network of tiles underneath, with large-sized gravel above, diminishing towards the surface, and with 18 inches of pure washed sand on the top. By a new process the great bulk of the sediment in the water is kept out of the filtering material. There are two reservoirs, capable of holding 50,000 gallons each.

There is not much in the village itself of interest to the sight-seer or antiquarian. The Corbett Memorial Institute, which contains an excellent modern Library, open to visitors as well as to residenters, was a gift to the village. Books may be obtained on Wednesdays, from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.; and on Saturdays, from 3 p.m. to 4 p.m., and 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.; visitors being charged at the rate of one shilling per month. An interesting spot, in the west side of the village, is the old bridge over the Farg, at which the three Parliamentary counties of Perth, Fife, and Kinross meet. The village is thus in three counties, the station

being in Fifeshire, the school in Perthshire, and the United Free Church in Kinross-shire.

One curious thing about this bridge and the Lossley one at Duncrievie is that the coping is cup-marked, some of the cups having "ducts," but whether the markings are genuine or simply of natural origin has not been ascertained. Probably, as there are no concentric circles, the latter may be the correct view, the cups being due either to unequal weathering of the softer parts of the stone, or to impressions



The Institute, Glenfarg

of pebbles which have been imbedded in the matrix of the layer above or below. One spot of antiquarian interest is the Gallow-Hill, some of which has lately been quarried away for building purposes. In Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland (1791 A.D.), it is said a gallows stood here, upon which persons belonging to the Barony of Balvaird were executed during the feudal system. This may be correct, but the name, which is a common one all over our country, comes from a Gaelic word, gea-lia, which signifies the "Sorcery Stone," now corrupted into gallow. The Gallow-hill, in fact, was the divining place of the Druids, to which they went up that there they might have the future unveiled to them. The name indicates that we are treading on what was once holy ground, and in remote times witnessed the vigils

of the astrologer and the incantations of the sooth sayer. Here, on our Gallow-hill, long ages before the Roman legions crossed the English Channel, the priests of the Scottish Baal foretold the issue of battles, the defeat or triumph of heroes, the calamities or blessings that awaited the district - in short, the good or ill success of whatever

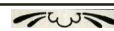
Golf Course – Putting at the First Hole

enterprise of a private or public nature might happen to be on hand.

The Golf Course, which was laid out by W. Ochterlonie, of St. Andrews, in 1904, is a nine-hole one, on the Easterton hills, about half a mile from the village. The first tee commands a magnificent view, being nearly 800 feet above sea-level, and the course is one of the best inland ones in Scotland. Visitors who desire to play can do so by applying at the Post-Office, where tickets can be obtained as follows :- Monthly - Gentlemen, 7/6, Ladies, 5/-; Weekly - Gentlemen, 3/-, Ladies, 2/-; Daily -- Gentlemen or Ladies, 1/-; Youths under eighteen, half-price.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARISH



THE parish is named Arngask, which is supposed to be compounded of the Gaelic words *Ard-na-gaisk*, the hill or height of heroism. Some great battle seems to have been fought, or some extraordinary feat of valour performed, giving rise to the name. Perhaps Arngask Hill immediately to the east of the village, or Lochelbank Hill with its Cairn Geddes, may be connected with some such event. The parish is nearly of a circular form, being about 4 miles from east to west, and almost 3 from south to north, with an area of nearly 9 square miles. It is bounded by the parishes of Strathmiglo, Abernethy, Dron, Forgandenny, Forteviot, and Orwell.

Those who study geology may be interested to know that the parish, like the Ochil Hills in general, is composed of trap rocks, probably of igneous or volcanic origin. The most remarkable vein traverses the parish from east to west; it is composed of greenstone, which, as it passes through Pitilloch, Arngask, and Hilton, is of a compact and fine texture and of a dark hue, in consequence of containing a great proportion of augite; but in the Blair and Plains it is of a coarser grain, consisting of felspar and hornblende. Instances of porphyritic rock are to be seen on the lands of Fordel; and beds of amygdaloid, frequently coarse and tufaceous, are to be found in several parts of the parish, and in the vesicular cavities by which this kind of structure is characterised, we find beautiful specimens of agate, calcareous spar, and zeolite. The boulders, which are scattered over this ad neighbouring parishes, and are especially prevalent on the hills, consist chiefly of gneiss, primitive trap, and quartz rock.

The population of the parish used to be much larger than it is, but began to decrease about 1760. When the census was taken by Dr. Webster in 1755, the population amounted to 736, but by the year 1790 it had fallen to 554, owing to the removal of cottages and the converting of several small farms or pendicles into one. Candy (about a mile south-west of the village), for example, during that period, consisted of four distinct farms, with an equal number of cottages,

and thus afforded accommodation for several families; whereas ever since the only dwelling house on the farm has been occupied exclusively by the tenant. Lustilaw, during the same period, exhibited the appearance of a village, and contained upwards of twenty families, many of whom, in addition to their cottages and gardens, rented small pendicles; but these cottages have long since been abolished. The population is now beginning to grow again, owing to the railway facilities, the erection of new houses, and the development of the place as a health-giving resort. At the last census (1901) the population numbered 593.

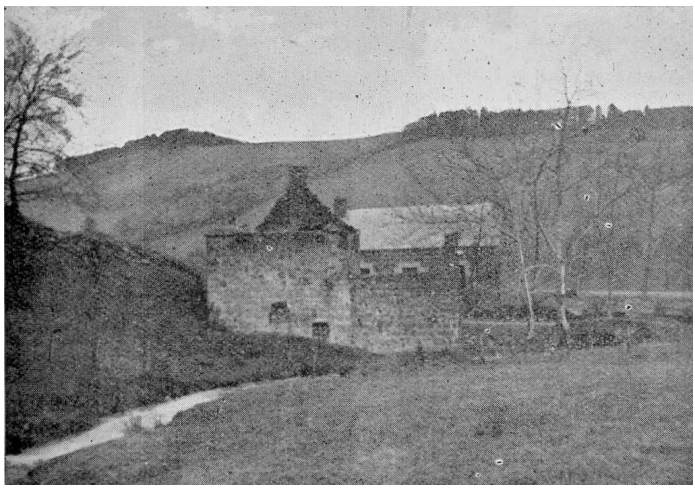
It is interesting to think of the changes in other respects that have come over the district. The writer finds that in I791 the wages for a labourer in husbandry were ten pence a day; for a wright, one shilling; for a mason, about one shilling and eightpence; for a tailor, sixpence and eightpence, with his food; for a male servant, £6 annually, with food. and for females about £2 10/-. Matters have considerably changed in this respect during the last century, not only in our own parish; hut over the whole country. Farmers in the parish may also compare the following average value of the raw produce annually raised about 1840 with the value and nature of such at the present day:-

White Crop, including wheat, oats, and barley, ...	£6432
Green Crop, including pease, potatoes, turnips, ...	3200
Hay, meadow and cultivated,.....	720
Pasture of all kinds, ...	1824
	£12,176

In those olden times no less than three fairs were held at "Damhead," viz., on the last Tuesday of April (O.S.), the first Thursday of August, and the first Tuesday of October. The writer finds that in 1845 there were four mills for grinding corn, one saw-mill, and twenty-two thrashing mills. Of the latter, twenty were moved by horses, one by steam, and one by water. There were about sixty-two ploughs. regularly employed; and a good deal of weaving was carried on by means of hand-looms. At and before the beginning of the nineteenth century, the demoralising practice of smuggling was carried on to some extent in the district. It was never considered a fully legitimate industry, but the number of those who could draw a "wee drap" from the "sma' still" was considerable. The practice was completely suppressed about 1840. It must not be thought, however, that the inhabitants of the place were less respectable then than now.

According to the Statistical Account of 1845, they were "seemingly content with their position, generally frugal, and almost all sober and decent."

The district suffered with the rest of the country when the meal and flour mills were closed. Hay's Mill (the mill of Arngask), which stood on the Farg about halfway between the village and Paris



Barley Mill

Bridge,[1] was burnt down in r864, and all vestiges of it and the neighbouring dwellings have now disappeared. Only part of the garden wall is now visible. Hayfield Mill (on the Farg, just to the west of the village), and. Barley Mill (a little farther west, on the Glendy Burn, a tributary of the Farg), are still to be seen, though in a ruined condition; but they are now silent as the grave, save when the winds sigh eerily through the decaying walls. The old people may still be familiar with these meal mills in our parish - with the drowsy, splashing wheel, the persistent clamour of the feed hopper, and the pleasant odour of freshly ground grain. But it was found here, as

[1] This is the bridge that spans the railway and the Farg about half-a-mile from the village towards Perth

elsewhere, impossible to work them at a profit. Foreign flour, after paying all carriage dues, could be sold at the miller's door for less price than he could produce it. And so the saddening spectacle presents itself of well-built structures fallen into ruin for want of use. No longer can we see

"The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

The day school, and indeed part of the village, was up beside the Parish Church in olden times. What was once the playground is now thriving plantation.

The parish is referred to several times, as far back as the thirteenth century in the Chartulary of Cambuskenneth. It is there stated that in 1281 Gilbert Frislay (or Fraser), the laird of "Fargey," gave to God and the monastery of Cambuskenneth the patronage of the church of Arngask, 'with the piece of land which lies near to the house of the priest." In 1295, Henry Frislay made a grant of the "mill of Arngask," with two acres of land near it, to the same monastery. The Frislays, it appears, possessed the estates of Arngask and Fargie till about 1332, when the heiress of that name married Sir Richard Barclay of Kippo. The Barclays remained in possession of these estates till the reign of James IV., who began to reign 1488 A.D. About that time James Barclay died without male issue, and was succeeded by his daughter Margaret, as his sole heiress. This lady was married about 1491 to Sir Andrew Murray, second on of Sir W Murray of Tullibardine, and resided with him at Balvaird Castle the old fortified home of the Murrays (see Chapter VII.). This lady, in 1527, endowed a chaplaincy in the Parish Church of Arngask for the prosperity of their sovereign. James V., and ''for the welfare of their successors and all the faithful dead." By an Act of Parliament in r6o6, as a result of the Reformation, the lands within the parish which had been given to the Abbacy of Cambuskenneth were disconnected from it, and matters were considerably altered. There is now a large number of proprietors within the parish, many of whom are non-resident

The Churches within the parish are the Established and the United Free, the former on Arngask Hill, and the latter on Bountree Hill in the west end of the village. The latter was rebuilt in 1906-07, in modern form, at a cost of £2300, being opened in June, 1907, by Rev. Dr. Whyte, of St. George's U.F. Church, Edinburgh. The Sabbath

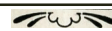
services are at twelve noon in both of them, and also at 6 p.m. in the latter. The minister of the former is Rev. R. K. Moncreiff, B.D., and of the latter, Rev. J. W. Jack, M.A.

The Established or Parish Church is an old one, having been built in 1806. The foundations of the older structure, which was demolished previous to the erection of the present edifice, and which dated from before the Reformation, are still to be seen in the adjoining graveyard. The church, indeed, was originally a chapel built for the accommodation of the family of Balvaird and their dependents. In this older church there was the figure of a female carved in freestone, which may now he seen in the graveyard. It is a statue of rude workmanship, which has obviously formed part of a monument. It has the beads employed by Roman Catholics attached to the hand. It is believed to have been formed in honour of Margaret Barclay, wife of Sir Andrew Murray of Balvaird, who founded and endowed the chaplaincy referred to in the church of Arngask. It lay for many years on the site of the former church but in consequence of directions given by the Earl of Mansfield it was removed to Balvaird Castle. It has now been brought back to Arngask, and is to be seen in the graveyard, .adjoining the old watch-house. - Those who are interested in old stones can also look at a cup- marked one, built into the outside of the wall of the graveyard, a few yards south of the gate. The graveyard, as may be imagined, is a very old one. Here lie the rich and the poor of bygone generations.

"Nae dreams disturb their sleep
In the auld kirkyaird;
They hear nae kindred weep
In the auld kirkyaird;
The sire wi' sil 'er hair,
The mother's heart o' care,
The young. the gay, the fair,
Crowd the auld kirkyaird."

CHAPTER III.

DOWN THE GLEN TO STRATHEARN



THE famous glen commences about one mile from the village, and extends three miles downward till it opens out into Strathearn. It forms a sinuous and romantic pass through the Ochil[2] Hills, which stretch from the Forth, in the north-east of Stirlingshire, to the immediate vicinity of Tayport. The road, the Great North one from Edinburgh to Aberdeen was engineered in 1808-1810, although the part south to Milnathort was not completed till 1832. It has a broad, smooth, excellent surface, and is associated with the old coaching days, as no less than four public coaches, including the mail, regularly travelled on it. The passage down the glen reveals at every turn a varied succession of moss-mottled rocks and bosky banks, screened at pleasing intervals with covers of larch and fir. Within the last year or two, a large number of the trees on the east side have been cut down, leaving the glen very bare and rugged at one part. At other parts, however, it is still richly wooded. The beauty is such that Prince Leopold, when on his tour to the north, while the horses were feeding at the Bein Inn, told the landlord that he had not seen so beautiful a glen in all his travels, even Germany not excepted. The views of romantic charm awoke praises from Queen Victoria, who drove down it during her first visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1842 "Then we passed," she says, "the valley of Glenfarg; the hills are very high on each side, and completely wooded down to the bottom of the valley, where a small stream runs on one side of the road. It is really lovely." ("Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," p. 12.) The attractiveness of the glen also drew forth the descriptive powers of young John Ruskin, who passed through it on a winter's day when the rocks were hung with icicles.

The Farg (Gaelic Feargan, a well) flows musically along, and sometimes, after rain, rushes down with torrential force. As an

[2] From Welsh, *Uchel*, high; cognate with Gaelic, *Uchda*, a height. Compare *Ochiltree*, the high dwelling.

instance of this, it may be said that in the place where Arngask or Hay's Mill stood, below the village, a fulling-mill was entirely swept away in olden times by a flood. The Farg abounds in trout of excellent quality, although small. Many a good basketful has been lifted from it.

"Let me limn the scene before me.
I am lounging by the Farg, an'
There's a blue sky bending o'er me,
And a bright sun to the bargain.

I've been fishing, rather toiling,
All the morning, like St. Peter;
But the temperature is broiling,
And reclining here is sweeter.

O, I don't deny it's pleasant
By the whimpling burn to ramble,
Startling in the wood the pheasant,
Or the bunting in the bramble;

While the wood-cock-wing-and-hare-lug
Down the stream goes gaily swirling,
Till the troutie with a sair lug
Set the ready reel a-birling.

But unless it's all the cooler,
And you're having sport in plenty,
And your basket's getting fuller,
Why, it's *dolce far niente*."

A little more than one mile down the glen, just to the east of the railway, on the ground of Newfargie, there is a large block of mica slate, weighing several tons, known from time immemorial as the Balvaird Rocking Stone. Buchanan has considered it of sufficient importance to receive mention in his valuable history of Scotland. It used to be so nicely balanced on a rock that it moved by a slight pressure of the hand. It was for generations regarded as a singular curiosity; but the equilibrium, by somemeans unknown, was completely destroyed about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Sir Robert Sibbald says that he had been informed that the motion was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers, who passed near it in 1651; but there is evidence that it rocked for more than a century after this. Indeed, it only appears as if it needed clearing out underneath. The stone, which is about 7 feet long by about 4 broad, must have reached its present position by human ingenuity; but in what way remains to

be discovered. It may be seen from the glen road shortly after passing the ninth milestone on the way down. There is no convenient access to it now, except by crossing the railway line and climbing the embankment beyond, a plan not recommended, and indeed dangerous. If the visitor wishes to see a rocking-stone larger than the Balvaird one, and so nicely poised still that it trembles at the touch of the hand, he should walk over to the Balmanno one, which the writer will refer to farther on.

The rocking stones were part of the mechanism of the Druids, whose priests used them as silent instruments of imposition on the credulity and ignorance of the people, an ingenious but dishonest contrivance to serve their own views. They were, in fact, the Judgment Stones, and were had recourse to for a divine decision in matters too hard for the determination of a human judge. If one was suspected of treason or other crime, be was led into the presence of this dumb, awful judge, in whose stony breast was locked up the secret of his innocence or guilt, and according to the response of the stone so was the person's doom. If the huge mass moved when the suspect touched it he was considered innocent. but if it remained motionless, alas! he was held to be guilty, and from the verdict of this judge of adamant there was no appeal.

"Behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of living adamant.
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose breast is pure; but to a traitor,
Though even a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowdon." ·

These rocking stones in our district would be regarded with feelings of deepest veneration in those ancient days. They call up before us images of unhappy persons standing before them 2000 or more years ago, awaiting in trembling and terror their doom.

After passing the Bein Inn, if the visitor will look back, he will see New Fargie House, popularly known as "Trevellyan Castle,'' on the height above, the residence of the late General Trevellyan.

Hardly a mile below the Bein Inn, in Lord Mansfield's grounds, the traveller passes the Glenfarg Quarry, which exhibits the clinkstone arranged in beautiful distinct concretions. Those who are interested in geology will find the district interesting. The zeolites of the glen have been so long celebrated that they need not be particularly described. They are found on the rocks stretching from the foot of the glen to

Balvaird Castle. In the same locality, and especially on the estates of Balvaird and Catochil, agates of various kinds, jaspers, and calcareous spars are in abundance.

At the foot of the glen, a few yards south of the ruined mill of Pottie, on the west bank of the Farg, there was in ancient times a small chapel. The site is now occupied by a neat villa, Pottie House, which has some of the old inscribed stones of the chapel built into the front wall. In an Act of James VI., of date 1592, the chapel is called a "pendicle the College and Hospital of Dunbarney." No vestige of it

Pottie House and Mill

now remains, except some part of the foundation below ground on the verge of the Farg. It seems to have had a graveyard adjoining it on the face of the bank, as human skulls and bones have sometimes been dug up or discovered at a spot where the soil is washed away by the impetuous torrent of the river. Not many years ago an interesting relic was discovered in this burying ground,. viz., a lead seal of a Papal Bull of Nicolas IV., of date sometime between 1288 and 1292. It has on one side "Nicolas P.P. IIII." and on the other "Spa Spe," with the heads of Peter and Paul. It has been deposited in the, Museum of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh.

Below Pottie Mill, on the other side of the road, is the entrance

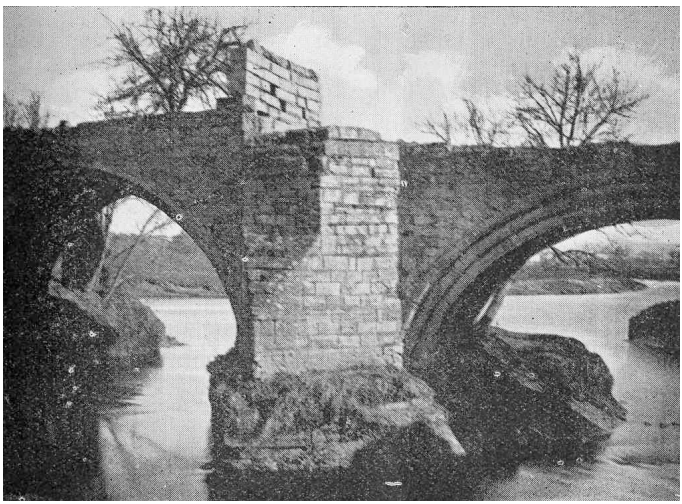
to the mansion-house of Ayton, which occupies a beautiful position at the foot of the tree-covered Trapmore Hill.

Abernethy, the old capital of the Pictish Monarchy, is not more than two miles eastward from the foot of the glen, and should not be missed by the visitor to Glenfarg. It affords a vast amount of interest, historical and antiquarian, which cannot be described here. Founded in or about 458 A.D., by King Nectan, the supreme king of all the Pictish provinces, it was the great missionary school of the early Christian centuries. Here settled the Culdees, monks, and others, who helped to overturn the altars of the Druids and to extinguish the Pagan fires which from time immemorial had lighted up the land on Beltane's eve. Here their lamp shone brightly amid the shadows of that long morning that divided the night of Druidism from the day of Christianity. Here died St. Bridget, an Irishwoman, who came with her "Seven Virgins'' to this home of the saints in the fifth century. Here lived and died the Nine Maidens of St. Donevald, who were buried at the foot of a great oak, and whose shrine was much frequented by devout pilgrims before the Reformation. Here also in the early centuries was a renowned seat of learning, even dignified with the name of a University. It was here that William the Conqueror came to see Malcolm Canmore in 1072, and received homage from him.

The most interesting memorial of the old glories of Abernethy is its Round Tower. This edifice, which is 74 feet high and 48 in circumference, with a wall of 3½ feet thick, is of ancient ecclesiastical origin. Scotland possesses only other two examples of this unique and beautiful piece of architecture: one in the island of Egilsay, Orkney. and the other at Brechin; although in Ireland there are no fewer than seventy such towers still entire, and twenty-two in ruins. On the outside of this Abernethy one is yet to be seen the Jougs, consisting of an iron padlock, a collar, and a chain, for the punishment of offenders in olden times. The guilty person was fastened in this way to the wall, there to remain as a spectacle till he had paid the penalty of his crime. The purpose for which this tower was erected is now unknown. It may have been used as a belfry, or a safe for church valuables, or a prison; or it may have been a place of sepulchre for Scottish kings, as several skulls and bones have been dug up within it.

On approaching Abernethy from the foot of the Glen, the visitor will see on his right the Castle Law, a steep, picturesque, grassy hill, rising to 800 feet. In addition to the beautiful and extensive prospect from the top, there is to be seen the foundation of a Scottish, or, as some think, a Roman Fort, almost similar to the one on the Castle Law

at Forgandenny. This Abernethy Fort, excavated in 1896-98, with the help of the Society of Antiquaries, is one of the most interesting brought to light in Scotland. The shape is an oval, of 136 by 51 feet, enclosed by a wall varying from 18 to 25 feet in thickness, and still standing to a height of 5 to 8 feet, although before the excavation was begun the whole of the structure was concealed under an almost level



Old Bridge of Earn

green sward . For water supply, those inside had a rock cistern within the walls. Several important relics were found during the excavation. It is probable that the Fort was originally a Pictish or British one, and that the Romans, when they invaded the land, took the Fort and used it for their purposes of occupation and conquest. It is beyond doubt that the Romans had a strong settlement in this quarter, and had camps, large and small, along the Ochil Hills. Immediately west of Glenfarg, there are Roman roads over the hills, Roman camps, and other signs of Roman occupation.

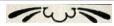
In addition, the visitor to Abernethy will find many other interesting spots around, such as the Quarrel Knowe, where it is said the Picts used to celebrate their military games; the King's armchair, the witches' grave, Abernethy Glen, and other romantic spots. He may return by way of Abernethy Glen and Newton of Balcanquhal to Glenfarg village (about six miles).

Bridge of Earn is only 2¾ miles from Baiglie Inn (which is at the bottom of the glen), and visitors cycling or driving should not fail to see this attractive village on the Strath, lying peacefully by the gentle waters of the Earn, and overlooked by the beautifully wooded Hill of Moncreiffe. Immediately to the west of the railway station, on the farm of Kilgraston Mains, is a large Spanish chestnut tree, regarding the history of which there are several traditional accounts, the generally accepted one being that it was planted on the day on which the city of Perth capitulated to Oliver Cromwell, 3rd August, 1651. The girth above the swell of the roots is 19 feet.

A visit should be made to the Pitkeathly Wells, about one mile west of Bridge of Earn. The spot may be reached by turning to the left just before entering Bridge of Earn, thus going through the old village of Kintillo, and thence turning to the right round the skirts of Kilgraston Grounds. The mansion-house of Kilgraston may be noticed in passing as the old home of the Craigies, who have risen to no little distinction in legal and military life, and the residence of the Grants, who have possessed the estates since 1790. The Pitkeathly Well house, with its famous mineral waters, used to be largely frequented by persons in search of health. When and how the medicinal virtues of these waters were discovered is not known. According to one tradition, the discovery was made through the waters being resorted to by pigeons, and according to another, by reapers, who were in the habit of quenching their thirst here. In the early years of the eighteenth century the Wells were so much frequented by crowds of people on Sabbath that the Kirk-Session of the parish took means of watching and admonishing these visitors, while the Justices of the Peace ordered them to be stopped by constables at the river. Of late years the interest in Pitkeathly has largely diminished, the water being now bottled at the Wells, and procurable aerated at Glenfarg and all other places.

CHAPTER IV

OVER THE OCHILS



"What hills are like the Ochil hills,
Unless it be the Lomond?
And whaur on earth are sweeter rills
To daunder by i' gloamin?

Wha wadna keep this rampart free,
That rises green amang us?
What ither haunt or howft hae we
When warld's cares owergang us?

It's something to escape the stoor
The fecht wi' fortune raises,
An' rin a laddie for an 'oo r
Barefit amang the daisies.

But here - streek oot your shanks at lairge;
There's no a buird to stay ye;
Nor menace o' a trespass chairge,
Nor upstart to nay-say ye."

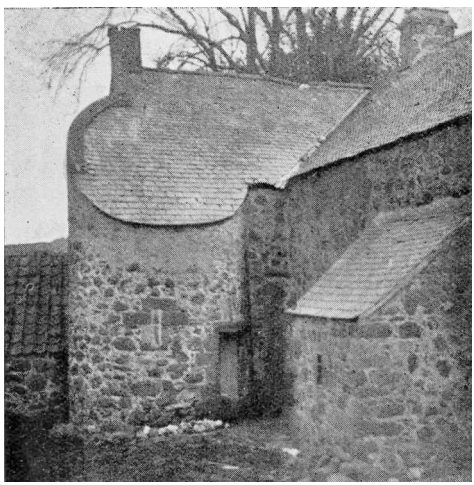
-Ochil Idylls, p. 147.

IN ascending the grassy, undulating Ochils, which lie to the north, the visitor can take a look at Old Fordel House, in which Oliver Cromwell lodged when marching on Perth. It is only one mile from Glenfarg village. The building is now in a dilapidated condition, bearing marks of being a very old structure. It has once, however, been a nobler looking house, probably with a higher tower, but constant repairs have reduced it to its present condition. It has been constructed on the same plan as the "Fair Maid's" House in Perth. The ground around bears traces that the position has been a strong and probably fortified one.

To reach the house, the visitor must proceed along the Glen Road, turning to the left at Paris Bridge (hardly half a mile out of the village). At the top of the "brae," on the left hand, he will see the

entrance to Wester Fordel House, the residence of the late Major-General Kirkland, and now of Mrs. Kirkland. A short distance farther on, on the right-hand side of the road, a cart-track goes in through a small wood and up to the old house.

When the house was erected is unknown, but it belonged in olden times to Major-General Sir John Brown, who led the Perth forces against Oliver Cromwell at Inverkeithing, and was there taken prisoner and sent to Edinburgh Castle. In its association with Cromwell, it takes us back nearly 300 years. It was in 1649 that Charles I. was executed at Whitehall, and the pressing question came to be, Who should be his successor? To Cromwell and the English Parliament that question presented no difficulty. He was in principle a Republican, and his idea was that the Government should go on with the administration in the hands of the people. But the Scots had no dislike to monarchy, and they had also a special interest in the Stuart family, as having sprung from themselves. And so they no sooner heard of the execution of the King than they proclaimed his son, Charles II., his successor. This act brought them into collision with Cromwell, now the powerful head of the English Commonwealth, who in 1650 marched an army of his Ironsides across the Tweed into Scotland. He defeated the Royalist army gathered to oppose him at Dunbar, and sometime afterwards at Inverkeithing. Thence marching northwards, he passed by the east side of Loch Leven, making a halt at Portmoak, and lodging in the house of Kirkness. From there he marched his army of Ironsides



The Back of Old Fordel House, Showing the Keep

northward to Perth in August, 1651, encamping on the way at Fordel House, in which he lodged two nights. On the south of the house there is a piece of ground named the "Captain Ward," because there his soldiers pitched their camp. Apart from its historic associations, the ground is worth visiting for its excellent view. A few years ago a Royalist bridle, stamped with a crown in brass, and in good preservation, was discovered in the bottom of the keep or tower beneath the rubbish of years. An iron cannon ball, about three inches in diameter, was also found near the place. Both these articles are in the possession of Miss Simpson, of Blairstruie.

This old house is also associated with the name of Robert Low, a very worthy Christian gentleman, who lived here and acted as a benefactor to his fellow-men through the peculiar gift of bone-setting. He had a special knowledge of dislocations, and how to reduce them, and was endowed with a muscular power which enabled him to put it into practice. Every summer for many years people flocked from all quarters to this old house at Fordel, where they were happily and speedily relieved. He had also a town-house at Perth, which was another Bethesda. His services were purely gratuitous.

Before the advent of the railway there used to be a small cave, about 18 feet long and 6 feet high, down the glen on the west side of the Farg, just below where a cart-road turns off westward to Meikle Fildie, known as Wallace's Cave; and there is a tradition of a subterranean passage to it from Fordel House. It is undoubted that William Wallace frequented our district, and found shelter in the fastnesses of the neighbouring Ochils during those troublesome times (1296-1305) when Edward I. of England attempted to destroy the independence of Scotland, and bring the whole island under his heel. His memory lingers still in the "Wallace Road," over Lochelbank Hill, and in the traditions of Glenearn Den and adjoining places. The cave referred to was removed by the railway contractors when changing the course of the Farg at this point for the construction of the line.

To save confusion to the visitor in our description of places to the north, it is necessary to state that from Glenfarg village there are no less than four roads to Bridge of Earn and Perth. These are *(1) The Great North Road*, already referred to, winding down through the narrow romantic Glen. *(2) The High Road*, often called the *"Wicks (or Weits) of Baiglie Road"*, west of the former, and crossing the Ochils immediately to the east of Balmanno Hill. It is also an old stage-coaching road. It became part of the turnpike from Queensferry to Perth by Act of Parliament in 1753, at which time it was thoroughly

repaired. It used to pass along the base of Easterton grounds, by the back of the Corbett Memorial Institute; but this part of it has now been closed, and the road is resumed about half a mile farther on at the entrance to Wester Fordel House, where it is reached from the Great North Road by turning to the left at Paris Bridge (about half a mile out of the village). A few years ago an agitation arose in the village for the opening up of this closed part of the road as a "right-of-way," and the matter was discussed by the Parish Council, but it turned out that the Great North Road trustees had sold it to the proprietors, and had bought ground from the estate of Arngask for the new road. *(3)* Farther west, the *Path of Dron Road*, leaving the High Road at Scarhill (a shepherd's cottage about three-quarters of a mile from Paris Bridge), and going along the west brow of Balmanno Hill. From Scarhill to Strathearn this road is only a foot-path at the present day, although suitable in olden times for machines. It used to be frequented by labourers journeying south to the Lothians, but it is now hardly traceable in some places. *(4) The Wallace Road*, farther west still, leaving the High Road at Lochelbank, from which it winds over the summit of the Ochils, and goes into Strathearn between Dron and Mundie hills. It is the old continuation of the High Road, before the latter was deflected down by Blairstruie, and is thus the same road that goes in by the back of the village Institute. Unfortunately, at the present day, for nearly a mile onward from Lochelbank, this highway is quite untraceable except to the most careful observer, who may discern its course here and there through the grass and whins by broken fences, loose stones, or traces of cart ruts. It passes over the Lochelbank ground, and is still found in good condition a little to the north of a small pond known as the Ganner Dub. Not many yards farther on, it leads through a gate into a field, where it seems to have been ploughed up. At the foot of the field, however, its continuation will be seen beneath an avenue of trees leading upward to Dron Hill Farm, and from this point onward it is in excellent condition. All along any careful observer will be struck with the antiquity of this road. Evidence goes to show that it dates at least from the time of the Romans, and that it was one of the old tracks from the south over the Eastern Ochils into Strathearn. The Road Trustees abandoned it and the Path of Dron Road in 1748 in favour of the Wicks of Baiglie Road. Though fast fading into the grassy and heathery wilderness, it is the best road in the district for magnificence and variety of view.

The "Wicks of Baiglie" are the heights above Baiglie (which is a farm immediately east of where the High Road emerges into the strath). The expression is generally confined to the hillsides adjoining

the High Road overlooking the strath. The lines of Hugh Haliburton, the poet of the Ochils, deserve quotation :-

"Here in the dinsome city pent,
I think upon the days I spent,
The peaceful days o' deep content,
Upon the Wicks o' Baiglie.

Toon 's bairns and bodies! I could greet
To think ye sin an' never see't ,
A very paradise complete
Up on the Wicks o' Baiglie.

O gie the student his degree,
The advocate his hansel fee,
But keep the joys that are for me
Up on the Wicks o' Baiglie.

Come round again, ye simmer suns,
And burn wi' fragrant flame the whuns,
That nod sae sweetly to the wuns
Upon the Wicks o' Baiglie."

Clochrat Law (erroneously set down in the Survey Maps as Clochridge Law), about two miles from the village, rises as a well-known landmark between the Glen Road and the High Road. Bein g 781 feet high, its summit affords an extensive view. The pleasure of reposing, in the hush of a fine summer noon, on this Ochil top of fragrant turf, has been extolled by Hugh Haliburton: "All around in the immediate neighbour-hood lies a visible dream of pastoral peace," he says , "accentuated rather than disturbed by the hurry of the town pulsating through the scene in swiftly passing trains. Here cocks are crowing an eternal Sabbath among the hills. The bleating of sheep is in one's ear. Now and again a dog barks among the echoes of the larch-wood that lifts its green spires in the fore-ground. A bee revels in the thymy fragrance, till the incense of your tobacco sends him off grumbling in a zig-zag flight."

The hill is reached from the High Road. On the way up to the summit the visitor should stop at Clochrat Farm and see the old stone fixed in the ground not many yards from the steading. It is said to be a Roman sacramental stone of much value. Unsuccessful efforts were made a few years ago to have it removed to a museum. It is about four feet long, and its upper surface contains a cavity about two feet long, three inches broad, and four inches deep. Probably if the stone

were lifted, something valuable might be discovered beneath.

On the way to Clochrat or the neighbouring hills the visitor should stop for a minute at the top of the road where it turns downward to the right (adjoining Scarhill cottage, and about 25 minutes slow walking from the village), and look around at the view. Here he will get a glimpse of the Carse o' Gowrie, 600 feet below, with the Sidlaw Hills beyond. Eastward he will see "Trevelly Castle," Abernethy Law and the eastern extremities of the Ochil range. Southward may be seen the West Lomond Hill and the adjoining Bishop Hill, and the Benarty range to the south of Loch Leven.

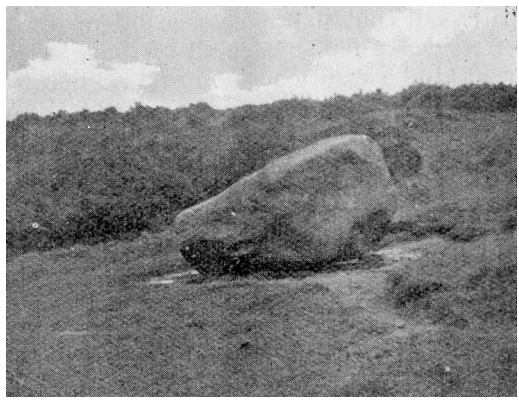
Balmanno Hill, about 2½ miles from the village, rears its head immediately west of Clochrat Law, and is 751 feet high. It is most easily reached by the "Path of Dron Road." going in by Scarhill Cottage. After passing the cottage, and going through the gate beyond, the track, which is now grass-grown, winds down to the right. At the bottom of the declivity it passes through a small wicket gate, and thence upward to Lustilaw, the site of an old village, now somewhat over-grown with whin bushes, but still marked by four or five trees, the loose stones of ruined cottages, and a fenced-in spring. Here, in olden times, was one of the four annual markets for the sale of sheep and cattle within the parish, held from time immemorial on the third Tuesday of May (O.S.). The name "Lustilaw" is said by some antiquarians to be Roman, being called after Sallustius Lucullus, a Roman officer who succeeded Agricola in Scotland. Indeed it is said that a Roman fort used to be here, probably called Fort Sallustius and that the ancient market derived its origin from the inhabitants at that early period being encouraged to bring their cattle to the place to be bought for the service of the Roman garrison.

From the site of this old village an excellent view of the chimneys and spires of Perth is obtained along with Bridge of Earn, Moncreiffe Hill, and the towering Grampians to the north. The hill immediately to the left or west is Dron Hill and the one farther west still is Mundie Hill (sometimes called West Dron Hill). Between Dron and Mundie hills will be seen an avenue of trees leading up to a farm-house. This is part of the Wallace Road, already referred to.

Proceeding northward, the visitor will notice stepping-stones over the dyke, at the left edge of the wood, into the adjoining field. From this point onward through two fields the road has been ploughed up, and he must find his way as best he can across them, or round their eastern side to a clump of trees at the bottom of the second field. At

the left hand of the clump he will find a little gate, which shuts under the action of a weight, and from here the road is in good condition along the west brow of Balmanno Hill.

On passing through this gate he can reach the Rocking-Stone by turning sharply to the right and continuing for about three hundred yards. It is a large mass of whin stone, of irregular figure, about eight feet in length and six in breadth. On firmly pressing the higher end it has a perceptible motion, vibrating about an inch, and continuing to do so for some time after the pressure is removed.[3] It is placed on a flat stone in the earth, which doubtless has a small though invisible excavation to receive its centrical prominence, and to prevent it being thrown off its balance. Neither Buchanan, who has mentioned the rocking-stone of Balvaird in his "History of Scotland," nor any other author refers to this one; but it is a remarkable monument of the mechanical skill of the Druids. It was the oracle of Dron 2000 years ago, and for many an age afterwards. Hither the Druid priests conducted their dupes to receive the decision of the gods, and to serve their own purposes of superstition and imposture.



Balmanno Rocking-stone

Let the visitor return to the road and follow it along the west brow of the hill. There is a deep dell immediately to the left, along which flows the Dron Burn; and if he descends into this dell before proceeding many yards along the road, he will come upon the Corra

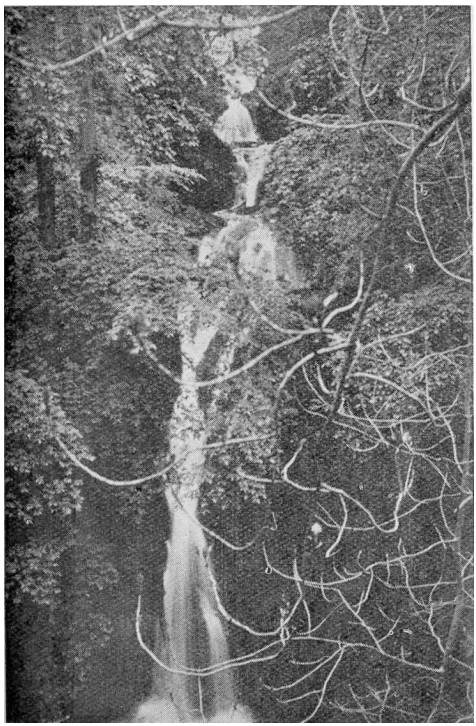
[3] Sometimes individuals have wantonly blocked the stone underneath to prevent it rocking, and it has more than once had to be cleared out.

Linn, a beautiful cascade. Then, on reaching the point where the road descends into the strath, let him leave it and ascend the hill, where he will strike the ramparts of the ancient Balmanno Camp. This important camp, like many in this district, does not seem to have been explored, or at all events written upon, by either antiquarians or historians. Its wall is more than half a mile in circumference, going round the north-west brow of the hill. It is built of stone and earth , about three feet thick, and must have been six or more feet high, as it still stands about four feet in some parts. It could not have been originally intended as a place of residence for any length of time, as the cold of the hills seems to be against such an idea, so that we must regard it as a place of defence made large enough to enclose ground for cultivation. According to one theory, it seems to have been a Caledonian fortification used by the inhabitants of the district at the time of the Roman invasion, and probably captured and used as a camp by the victorious legions. If this be so, from the ruins of this and other fortifications still to be seen in this district, it is evident that the eastern Ochils were the abode of strong and courageous tribes, and that Tacitus, the Roman historian, does not exaggerate when he refers to the constant bravery of the Caledonians, and the dread which Agricola and other Roman generals had of them.

Another theory, plausible enough, of this camp may be deduced from its name, Balmanno, which is said in the Old Statistical Account to signify "the town of the monks." According to this view of it, the fortifications seem to have been constructed as a defence against the Danish invasions, when the churches and monasteries were the special objects of attack. The Danes began their piratical invasions about the year 800, and continued them for nearly two centuries. We know that they attacked Abernethy and the district, being directed to the place on account of the shrines and costly relics, as they did also Iona and other ecclesiastical centres. What more natural, then, than the flight of the monks from Abernethy to this defensive height of Balmanno, when the Danes came up the Tay? Here they perhaps fortified themselves, carrying with them their treasures, such as crosses, crosiers, precious stones, and perhaps the relics of St. Columba. According to this theory, the Balmanno Camp would date from the ninth century.

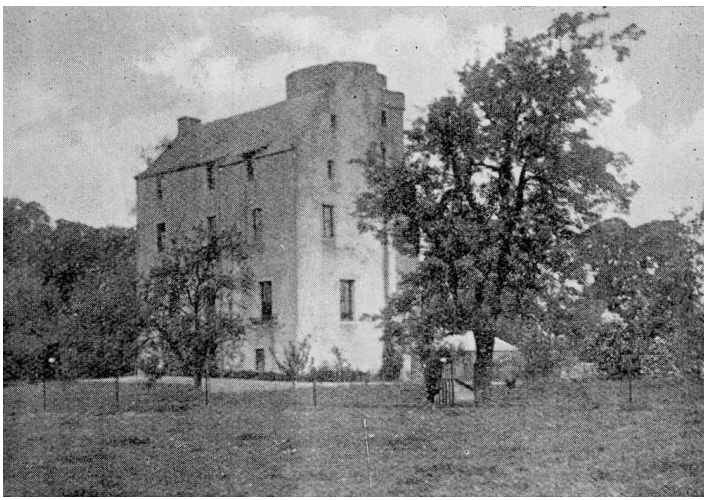
From the summit of Balmanno Hill the visitor will obtain a most magnificent view. At his feet lies the lovely Strathearn, with its villages, mansion-homes, and farms. Eastward he sees the Tay joining the ocean. Northward lie the Grampians, rising range above range, and westward beyond Crieff are seen giant heights. There are few views in Scotland to excel this one for its width and variety. No visitor should

miss it, as the summit is so easily reached. The Ram's Heuch Waterfall is a beautiful cascade on the Dron Burn, and should not be missed by any visitor to Balmanno. It is reached from the "Path of Dron Road." After leaving the brow of Balmanno Hill, the road descends and crosses the Dron Burn. The waterfall is a short distance below this spot, in a romantic chasm or gully. It may be viewed from near the top, on the east side of the stream, but it is seen to much greater advantage from the bottom. Access to the bottom of it is rather difficult, and is best obtained by ascending up the rivulet, on its west side, although there is little more than a passage for the stream. On reaching the Fall itself, the visitor enters a kind of open grotto, surrounded with rocks and shaded with trees. The precipice encloses a neat pebbly basin, into which the descending torrent throws itself. When the burn is swelled in winter, it assumes a formidable aspect, dashing into the pool below with a hideous noise which stuns the ears. The writer has no hesitation in saying that it is one of the most charming cascades in Perthshire.



Ram's Heuch Cascade

Balmanno Castle is the old baronial mansion just below Balmanno Hill on the north. It may he reached by continuing the Path of Dron Road down to the strath; or by proceeding down the Glen and turning to the left just beyond the Baiglie Inn, in which case the distance is about 4½ miles. It has been pronounced "a fine specimen,



Balmanno Castle

in perfect preservation, of the old castle and mansion house, part of it of great antiquity." The moat may still be seen, except on the east side, where it has been filled up; and near the front or east entrance of the castle there is a joug tree or pillory for the punishment of criminals. Some well- known historic families have owned the property and occupied the seat. It was built sometime between 1570-1580, and was the property at that time of George Auchinleck, who was a great favourite of Regent Morton, and was one of the Ruthven Raiders. The castle afterwards became the seat of the Murrays, baronets of Balmanno, one of whom was killed at the age of twenty-two at Long Island in the American War. The rooms have been said to be haunted by the ghostly form of Greengown of Balmanno.

Dron Church is quite near to Balmanno Castle, and may be reached in the same way. It was built about 1827, and occupies a situation of great beauty, on a slight elevation, commanding an

extensive view. This accords with the name Dron, which is a Gaelic word signifying a ridge or projection or hunch. In the south part of the churchyard is the grave of John Welwood, a celebrated minister of the Gospel in the times of the persecutions under Charles II. He is a Covenanter worthy of being commemorated. His sufferings for religion were happily shortened by his death in 1679, in the thirtieth year of his age. For fear of indignities to his remains in Perth, his faithful sorrowing friends carried him out in the dead of night, and laid him in the quiet churchyard of Dron. His memory deserves respect as one who helped to keep the flag of true religion flying in those dark "killing times," when men, women, and even children became the victims of a persecution both savage and relentless. The following inscription on his headstone, said to be carved by "Old Mortality" (Peter Paterson), tells its own tale :-

"Here lies a follower of the Lamb,
Throu' many tribulations came;
For long time of his Christian race
Was persecuted from place to place.
A Scotish prophet here behold,
Judgment and mercy who foretold,
The Gospel Banner did display.
Condemned the sins of that sad day,
And valiantly for truth contended,
Until by death his days were ended."

Adjoining East Dron Farm (not many yards from church and manse), there is the old Mill of Dron, about which the poet has sung :-

"At the fit o' Balmanno, a whin-covered hill,
Nestlin' mang trees, there you'll find the auld mill ;
If wi' peace and contentment your mind you wad fill,
Gae up to Dron Mill by the Ochils.

Ye can walk in the grove, alang Paradise Lane,
An' climb up the hill to the big 'rockin' stane,
The air is sae bracin', lost strength you'll regain
At the wee Mill o' Dron by the Ochils.

The sangs o' the birds soondin' sweet 'mang the trees,
The bleat o' the sheep borne saft on the breeze ;
A' nature sae peacefu', your mind feeis at ease
At the wee Mill o' Dron by the Ochils."

Sir Walter Scott's View, forever made famous by him in his "Fair Maid of Perth," is at Dron Hill Farm, about three miles from the village of Glenfarg, on the old Wallace Road already described. The spot is called by him the "Wicks of Baiglie," a name which is now applied almost exclusively to another locality more to the east (see page 23). This has been the means of leading many unwary tourists to the wrong point of view. At the same time, in justification of Sir Walter's use of the name, it should be remembered that in his days it may have been vaguely spread over a larger part of the heights than it is now, or be may have been misinformed by some local rustic, speaking in a general sense.

At the time Sir Walter obtained the matchless prospect referred to, he was in the course of a journey to Invernahyle, in the autumn of 1786. He was then a boy of 15, journeying on a pony. He tells us in the first chapter of "The Fair Maid of Perth" that, after a long stage from Kinross, he beheld "from a spot called the 'Wicks of Baiglie' (being a species of niche, forming a pass over the summit of a ridgy eminence), the valley of the Tay, traversed by its ample and lordly stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows or Inches, its steeples and its towers; the hills of Moncreiffe and Kinnoull faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river, studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian Mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape." He refers to the spot as "one of the most beautiful points of view, which Britain, or perhaps the world, can afford," and then goes on to say: "I recollect pulling up the reins without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift like those in a theatre before I could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince myself that what I saw was real. Since that hour, and the period is now more than fifty years past, the recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strongest influence over my mind, and retained its place as a memorable thing when much that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollection"

The particular spot from which he obtained this superb and unexpected view of the vale of Perth and the surrounding landscape

has been a matter of much dispute, principally among those who know little of the locality. The spot, as we have said, is at Dron Hill Farm on the Wallace Road. Let the visitor select a specially clear day - let him follow the High Road to its summit at Scarhill, where it turns down to the right to Strathearn. If he continues this road downward, expecting Scott's "exquisite landscape," he will only meet with disappointment. Sir Walter himself states that it "avoids this magnificent point of view, and the landscape is introduced more gradually and partially to the eye, though the approach must still be considered as extremely beautiful." Nor must the tourist enter the Path of Dron Road by Scarhill Cottage, although a matchless view may be obtained from it along the brow of Balmarmo. He must proceed by Lochelbank Farm, only a few yards from the summit mentioned, for here commences the old Wallace Road, along which Sir Walter, writing at the date of his novel (1831), states that "a footpath is left open." If he should fail to follow the course of the road, let him go straight ahead with his back to the Lomond Hills. Northward, at the foot of a field, he will see the continuation of the road beneath an avenue of trees leading upward to an old farmhouse. This is Dron Hill Farm, now uninhabited; and immediately after passing it he will reach the identical, decisive spot from which Sir Walter viewed his inimitable scene. He cannot mistake the spot, as it is the only one from which Perth is visible, and the whole landscape opens suddenly before him. If he should be somewhat disappointed at the extent of view, he must remember the circumstances under which the distinguished novelist beheld it; it was a remarkably clear day, he was elevated on a pony, and there were then no adjacent trees to obstruct the view. Let the tourist have these conditions fulfilled before charging Sir Walter with extravagance! Much of the picture is of course seen previously from some of the highest points of the Wallace Road, about a thousand feet above sea-level, but the whole of it disappears, to burst suddenly and in a grander form on the traveller's view.

Agricola's View is the name which may be applied to the extensive and sudden picture of Strathtay, which, according to tradition, burst upon his sight and that of his Roman legions in their northward march. It is handed down by early historians that as the Romans saw for the first time the Tay and its large flat strath, they exclaimed, "Ecce Tiber ! Ecce Campus Martius!" Or as it runs in the poetical tradition used by Sir Walter Scott:-

" 'Behold the Tiber !' the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

It has been a matter of discussion where the point was that they uttered these memorable words. Some have fixed it at the Moncreiffe Hill; but it should be remembered that they would see the Tay from our own Ochil range before reaching Moncreiffe. There is no doubt that Agricola and his soldiers marched from the Forth to Strathearn over the eastern range of the Ochils on several occasions between A.D. 80 and 86; and it is not improbable that the view referred to was the eastern part of Strathearn and the Carse beyond, with the shining waters of the Tay winding along, as seen from the heights of the Wallace Road or from the brow of Balmanno or Dron Hill.

That the Romans had a military colony along the Ochils - our own district included - is borne out by history. Tacitus tells us that Agricola ravaged the country between the Forth and the Tay. On the hills overlooking Strathearn he seem s to have planted forts, with Ardoch on the west as their base. Remains of such forts are still to be seen on the hills to the west of Glenfarg, one of the best preserved being at Ardargie, not far from Glenfarg. These forts were a line of defence against the Caledonians who dwelt to the north. Of the four Roman roads from different quarters leading to Perth, it is known that one of them came from North Queensferry through Kinross, and along this track the legions marched to occupy the commanding heights overlooking Strathearn.

Mundie Hill or West Dron Hill is immediately west of Scott's View, and is best reached from Dron Hill Farm. It is 954 feet high, and affords a more extensive view than that from Balmanno, already described. It is a view on which the eyes never tire of dwelling. Towards the east the Carse of Gowrie, with its fertile and specious plains, extends before the eye. It is a view of rich, level lands, through which wind in shining links the stately waters of the Earn and Tay. It is so beautifully enclosed between verdant hills, and so neatly divided into well-fenced and well-cultivated fields, that it seems to be one garden or piece of pleasure-ground. The Tay, that ancient river, whose banks the Roman has trodden, and whose waters have been so often dyed with the blood of Pict and Scot, pursues its course through the strath, past village and baronial mansion, till at Dundee and Broughty Ferry its waters swell to a majestic expanse. Northward, some very

fine views of the Fair City may be obtained; and over the trees and rocks of Moncreiffe and Kinnoull Hill stands the great Highland rampart of the Grampians, with their sharp outlines and their rugged glens, and, as Hugh Haliburton says, "Schiehallion their advance guard ." Peak after peak rises in this grand old range, like a wall of defence against all foes.

"Would ye survey scenes so imposin'
Whaur bards micht rave an' tune their prosin'?
Then northward glance thy raptured e'e
To our giant guards of liberty-
The Grampian chain,
Like billows of a stormy sea,
Congealed to stane."

Westward the sky-line is marked with the dark giant peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben More, Ben Voirlich, and the rugged features of the West Highlands. On a clear day, Edinburgh, the Bass Rock, and other places to the south may be seen. We venture to say that it is an august and imposing spectacle of grandeur unequalled in Scotland.

"Mundie" is Gaelic, signifying *the hill or moss of God*. Another derivation is sometimes given, but will not stand the test. It seems that one of the principal contractors of Cromwell's army was named Mundy. This man became embarrassed in his affairs and com mitted the rash act of suicide by hanging himself. Cromwell, it seems, offered a reward to anyone that would make the most appropriate lines of poetry on the event. Many elaborate poetical essays were given in; but amongst others a tailor, who lived at Kinfauns, is said to have started as a competitor, and carried off the prize with these short lines :-

''Blessed be the Sunday
Cursed by wordly pelf;
Tuesday now begins the week.
For Monday hanged himself."

These lines may show that Oliver was not insensible to humour, but they probably have no connection with Mundie Hill.

Glenearn Hill lies to the west of Mundie Hill, and is 973 feet high. It may easily be reached from the latter by crossing the Wylie

Burn and the intervening ground. About 1789 this hill was the scene of a volcanic eruption, which somewhat alarmed the inhabitants below. The occurrence is described particularly in the old Statistical Account. It seems that after a long spell of rainy weather the hill burst open with a loud explosion like thunder, which was heard at a distance of two miles across the valley. The spot where the ground opened was about 100 paces from the summit. Out of the chasm there came a violent and rapid torrent of earth and broken rock, which rushed down the hillside with such an impetuosity that it swept everything before it. The inhabitants of some of the houses which stood immediately below became alarmed at the noise and eruption, which was directing its full course towards them, and made preparations for flight. Happily the torrent deviated into a different tract, and after continuing to flow for ten or twelve hours, it ceased without having done any material injury. It is soothing to know that the hill has remained quiet ever since, being satisfied with this small exhibition of its plutonic powers. It is one corroboration of the opinion that the Ochil Hills are the remains of extinct volcanoes. If any of them should indulge in such sport again, we hope they will not exceed this last, almost ineffectual, attempt.

Castle Law is the hill, rising 900 feet above sea-level, which is seen lying immediately to the west of Glenearn Hill being separated from the latter by a hill-burn or "Deich," which dips to a great depth. On this conical hill is an important fort, excavated in 1891 by Mr J. W. Bell of Rossie. Under the grass grown rubbish, two concentric oval walls, about 16 feet thick, were found, with outworks for defence. As this fort is almost identical with the one on the Castle Law, Abernethy, the generally received opinion that it is an ancient Pictish or British one dismantled by the Romans. For a fort situation nothing could be better, commanding as it does one of Scotland's most charming landscapes.

Exmagirdle Castle and Church are seen from Glenearn Hill. They are situated in a lovely spot at the bottom of the hill, and may be reached from the top by the farm road on the west; or the visitor can make his way to them by following the Wallace Road down to the strath. On reaching the strath he must turn to the right, when he will come to West Dron Farm, belonging to Lord Wemyss. Here he must turn to the left and a few yards farther on must turn to the left again. Exmagirdle is a little more than one mile from West Dron Farm. Or a third route, suitable for cycling or driving, is by way of the Glen, in which case the visitor must turn to the left just beyond Baiglie Inn, and proceed by Dron Church to West Dron Farm, where he must turn to the right and then to the left. The whole distance by this last route is

about seven miles. Whether by the Wallace Road or the Glen, the scenery is beautiful; and on nearing Exmagirdle the roads are charmingly wooded. The path to the castle and church goes through Glenearn farmyard, which lies immediately to the right of the road. At the bottom of the farm-yard is a small gate leading under the trees. When inside this gate the visitor will find the castle in front of him, and the ancient church to his left.

The origin of the name "Exmagirdle," or "Ecclesiamagirdle," as it is sometimes written, is involved in mystery, some affirming that it means the Church of St. Magdalene, and others the Church of St. Adrian. Both castle and church stand on the sloping bank of a small stream, which formerly wound through a lone vale of green bracken, now laid open and cultivated. The castle, which is beautifully situated at the edge of a small lake, is said to have been the property of the celebrated Earl of Lennox, and to have been often inhabited by him. The Church, now in complete ruins and ivy-grown, was originally a dependency of Lindores Abbey, Newburgh, and bears signs of being a very old fabric. The ancient churchyard adjoining has the honour of containing the grave of one of the Covenanters, who sleeps in the south corner under a high tree, with this inscription on the long flat stone over his head: "Here lyes ane virtuous Husbandman, Thomas Small, who died for Religion, Covenant, King, and Countrie, the 1st of September, 1645."

Exmagirdle Castle

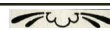
Cairn Geddes is not more than two miles from Glenfarg village, on the summit of Lochelbank Hill, 900 feet above the sea. Judging from the size of its base, which alone is left, it must have been at one time an enormous pile. The stones. were removed at the beginning of the nineteenth century for the purpose of filling drains and building dykes. It was partially opened in the centre about the same time, and a rude stone coffin was discovered about three feet from the surface. Probably, if further excavations had been made, important discoveries would have resulted. There is no history or tradition which furnishes any account of the origin of the cairn, but it is evident that under the great mass of stones were deposited the ashes of a once illustrious but now forgotten hero named Geddes. Such an immense cairn could not be the sepulchre of an ordinary individual. If Arngask means "the hill of heroism," may this sleeper in his stone coffin not have been the very "hero" from whose deeds the parish took its name? May he not have been some great and skilful general who fell in a vain effort to with stand the Roman march across our hills? Or was he laid to rest before the dawn of history, perhaps 4,000 years ago, in the great stone age?

The cairn - or rather what is left of it - is reached from the Wallace Road by turning to the left at the Ganner Dub and continuing on through the "Cloven Craigs," when it will be found on the summit to the left, not many yards from the road. There is a magnificent view from it, this being one of the highest points in the parish. Perth may be seen from the ground a little to the south.

There is no more delightful hill walk than this one through the Cloven Craigs , which affords an abundance of pure hill air, and charming surroundings of heather and rich mountain ruggedness.

CHAPTER V.

WEST TO THE MAY



TO antiquarians the chief object of interest in this western district is the Roman Camp at Ardargie. This splendidly preserved camp is only about four and a half miles from Glenfarg village along the "Deugly" Road. This road, which leaves the village between the Institute and the old bridge, is a hilly one, rising at its highest point to 840 feet. It leads across the Ochils to Forgandenny and Forteviot. A short distance out of the village the visitor will pass the entrance on his left to Glendeugly mansion-house, the residence of Mrs J. L. Boyd. The house is beautifully situated on the bank of the Farg, looking south. About one mile up the road is the "clachan," of Abbotsdeugly, once a thriving village in the olden times before the farms were laid out so much in grass.

To reach the Roman Camp let the visitor take this road, and continue it as far as the farm of Rossie-Ochil, about four miles distant. Here let him take the road to the right, and about half a mile farther on he will come to some cot-houses on the right-hand side of the road. The camp lies in the field, immediately to the left of the road at this point.

It is on the estate of Ardargie, and is beautifully preserved, as the proprietors have all along prevented it from being interfered with. It is distinctly a Roman Camp, with its walls and ditches, which are still almost entire after the lapse of more than eighteen centuries. It is situated upon a high sloping bank, looking towards the west, immediately above the May, and commanding a wide prospect of the western Ochils, and also a view of Strathearn and the great Roman road, which passed along from the main encampment at Ardoch to the mouth of the Tay. Its figure is an exact square, each side of which is about 90 yards long. On its south side it is defended by a deep hollow, through which a streamlet runs; and on the remaining three sides by deep trenches. The width of these trenches at the top is about 30 feet, and their depth is about 14.

The river May, which affords the best fishing in the district, apart from Loch Leven, is about four and a half or five miles distant. It may be reached (1) by the Deugly Road, just referred to, in which case the visitor continues straight on past Rossie-Ochil Farm, keeping the steading on his left hand; or (2) by way of Shirend. The latter is the nearer way to Pathstruie Village and to the higher reaches of the May. If the visitor takes this road he must leave the village of Glenfarg by way of the United Free Church. And in this case, if he is cycling or driving, he must go round by Newhill; but if walking, he can take the second turn to the right after leaving the village, thus crossing over the fields by way of Candy Farm to the main road, where he must turn to the right, and after continuing a short distance, take the road to the left.

The May derives its name from a Celtic term, which signifies "the broken or troubled water," and very aptly describes the appearance of the current along most of its course. Rising among the green, swelling hills, it runs a mazy course of nine miles to the Earn, which it reaches nearly opposite the parks of Dupplin. It passes for the most part along a rock-bound channel, thickly overhung with trees, and after heavy rains comes down in a swollen flood, inundating its banks. Apart from the fishing, the vale through which it pursues its way is full of romantic attraction. The chief scenes of interest connected with the stream are within the grounds of Invermay, about three miles down the valley from Pathstruie. Here the angry waters rush between high rocks clothed with foliage, and overhung with birch trees, as in those days, over a hundred years ago, when the "Birks of Invermay" became celebrated in Scottish Song. But even adjoining Pathstruie the May is sunk in a deep, stony bed, almost unseen between the over-arching boughs. It is an excellent river for fishing, as Hugh Haliburton found:-

"O fair atwee! to strangers' e'en,
The glancin' waters glide,
The benty Ochil braes between,
Wi' flocks on either side.
An' silent troots wi' sudden dart
Amang the pebbles play,
When you, wi' simmer i' your heart,
Regain the banks o' May."

Not to mention eels, salmon, smelt, and some flounders it affords in great abundance a very fine flavoured trout, about the size of a herring. The salmon spawn below a place called the Fall of

Muckarsie, where the water falls sheer down a precipice 30 feet high, three or four miles from Pathstruie. It need hardly be said that permission generally requires to be obtained for the use of this stream. Visitors should enquire at the Ardargie proprietor or some other authority before casting their rod over this excellent water.

Pathstruie, or Path of Condie, about five miles from Glenfarg, is a village built on a hill, which on one side is washed by the May and on the other by the Chapel water. It is an old and interesting "clachan," and should not be omitted by the visitor. Surrounded as it is by numerous hills and dells, there is a charming picturesqueness and ruggedness about the scene reminding us of Switzerland. It is said4 that the district used to be "peopled by a primitive, old fashioned race. A decent old man, yet remembered by some of the very old people in the district, prayed daily in his prayers that Providence might ever preserve them from skaith by the broonies and water-kelpies."

In the wood of Condie, on the banks of the May, copper was found at the beginning of the eighteenth century. And near the same place lead ore was discovered by a company, who were invited to search for it, containing in it a great quantity of silver; but unfortunately the chief person concerned in the undertaking failed, and the prosecution of the work ceased.

On the way to Pathstruie the visitor should ascend the Temple Hill (about one mile beyond Candy, or one and a half beyond Newhill, at the spot where the road turns to the left). This eminence, which was once crowned by a British or Roman Temple, affords a splendid view from its summit. There is a lovely glimpse of Loch Leven, and the hills beyond, along with the Lomonds, the Grampians, the Sidlaws, and the Carse of Gowrie and Strathearn.

About two miles on this side of Pathstruie the visitor will pass Shirend Bungalow, erected on the Indian model, in 1896, by the late Henry Eley, Esq., of Mill Hill, London, as a summer residence and shooting lodge. It lies 1,000 feet above sea- level, amid a luxuriance of hill and heather. It is beautifully finished both inside and outside.

Cairn-na-vane ("the white cairn") was once an immense collection of white stones, situated on a spur of the Ochils, on the northern border of Orwell parish, about three or four miles south of Pathstruie, beyond Middlerigg. Although now scarcely any vestige is

[4] "Autobiography of a Metaphysician" (Rev. James Skinner).

left, the cairn deserves mention owing to the traditions connected with it. In 1809 the proprietor removed several hundred cart-loads of stones from it for dyke-building; but according to history it appears to have been one of the largest cairns in Scotland. An old rhyme, still remembered in the district, alludes to a vast treasure supposed to be contained beneath it:-

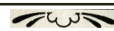
"In the Dryburgh well, beneath a stane,
You'll find the key of Cairn·na-vane,
That'll mak' a' Scotland rich ane by ane."

There is a tradition that, at some remote period, some golden keys were found in the small rivulet that runs near the cairn. When the stones were removed a rude stone coffin was found in the centre of the cairn, containing an urn full of bones and charcoal. Clay urns, full of burnt bones, have also been found on the farm of Holeton and in other places along the skirts of the Ochils. If there is any hidden wealth beneath Cairn-na- vane, it is still concealed from mortal ken, like the golden cradle of the Pictish prince at Abernethy.

Visitors who cycle will find it an enjoyable ride over the hills to this romantic spot, going by Pathstruie and Middlerigg, the total distance being eight or nine miles.

CHAPTER VI.

BY THE SHORES OF LOCH LEVEN



THERE are three roads to Milnathort and Kinross leading to the blue expanse of Loch Leven: (1) The Low Road or Great North Road; (2) The Duncrievie Road; (3) The Road by NewHill and Middleton. The first is by far the best for driving or cycling, but the others afford a better and more varied view of the surrounding country.

Taking the second road, the visitor passes through Duncrievie, a pleasant little village hardly a mile from Glenfarg. It was once much larger than now, and used to contain over a hundred inhabitants, along with a flourishing day-school. A fine view of Glenfarg village is to be had from it. If the visitor wishes a short and beautiful circular walk, let him take this road to Duncrievie, thence down the Calfford Brae to the Low Road, and back to Glenfarg.

Taking the Low Road to Milnathort, Carmore Farm will be seen up on the hill to the east (hardly more than a mile out of the village, opposite the entrance to Duncrievie House). Here on this beautiful round eminence there was a strong fort in ancient times, as the name signifies (Caermore "the great fort"). It commanded a full view of the Kinghorn Road all the way from Gullet Bridge, and a great part of the hollow of Fife to the eastward. The fort was built upon a large scale ; but unfortunately the plough long ago found its way up to it, and the fort has now been demolished and entirely levelled; there is only a strong rampart earth remaining where the plough has not touched on the south side of the hill. The men, when removing the large stones, found some burnt bones, and about two dozen blackish beads, pretty large. There are still to be seen the remains of a large cairn at the bottom of the hill near the railway, and there are evidences that a great battle was once fought here.

Almost opposite Carmore Hill, on the west side of the road, is the farm of Drunzie, where there was also a fortified position, close by

the present farmhouse, on the steep base to the eastward of it. Unfortunately, it has shared the fate of the Carmore fort, being levelled to the ground. The same relics of antiquity were found here as at Carmore, viz., bones and beads.

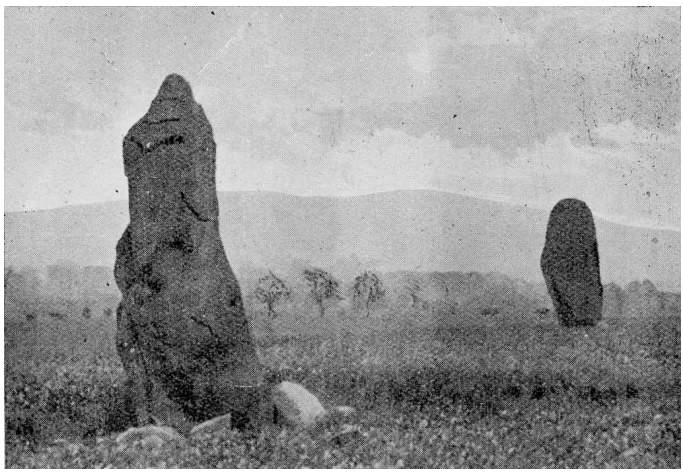
Milnathort, five miles from Glenfarg, is an old weaving town, having been the possessor of a mill from time immemorial. The name seems to be derived from the Gaelic "Mulean," a mill, and "athart," across or over, and means "The Mill over the stream." It has a branch of the Clydesdale Bank, a weekly market, and annual fair for the sale of sheep and cattle. The population is steadily decreasing, having fallen from 2,031 in 1881 to 1,133 at the last census.

Burleigh Castle, now in ruins, stands a little to the east of Milnathort, and may be seen to the left of the road when nearing the town. It is reached by the first turn to the left on entering the outskirts. It was in ancient times the residence of Lord Balfour, and was a place of great strength. It is a square, and used to be surrounded by a wall ten feet high, a deep ditch, and a redoubt; but these outworks have fast disappeared under time's destroying hand. The castle was purchased in 1768 by General Irvin, and sold by him to Mr Graham of Kinross.

It used to be surrounded by many large, old, hollow trees. Of one of these, an ash, which used to stand about twenty yards from the castle, there is a strange tradition. It is said to have concealed Lord Balfour on several occasions when he fled from justice. It seems that the schoolmaster of Inverkeithing (Henry Stenhouse), having married a girl (in 1707) whom Robert, the only son of the fourth Lord Balfour, had a regard for, and having taken her away from her father's house during Robert's absence, the latter, on his return, instantly rode down with full speed to Inverkeithing and shot the schoolmaster in his own door, as a result of which he died twelve days afterwards. Robert Balfour was apprehended, and sentenced to be beheaded, but escaped from prison by exchanging clothes with a friend, and concealed himself for some years by retreating now and then to the hollow of the old ash referred to. The tree was dismantled of its top by high winds in 1808-1809, an d was completely blown down to within a few feet of the root on Old Handsel Monday, 1822.

Two Standing Stones, the one six and a half and the other eight feet high, and each three and a half feet broad, are to be seen on the farm of Orwell, near Milnathort. They may be reached by the road which passes Burleigh Castle, the distance being one and a half miles from the town. They stand in the field on the left of the road,

immediately opposite the farm-house. They are firmly embedded in the ground, fifteen yards apart from each other. Considerable mechanical power must have been required to bring them to their present position, no similar rock being nearer than the West Lomond, two miles distant. Some suppose that they indicate a great solemn transaction entered into between the Romans and the Picts. Others regard them more correctly, no doubt, as the remains of a Druidical



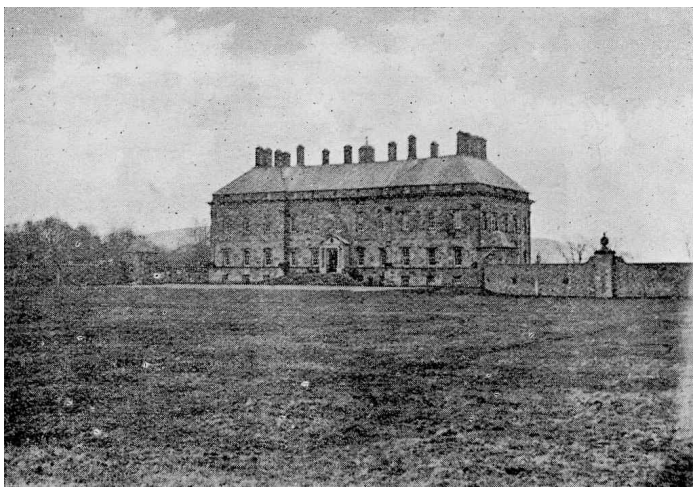
Standing Stones, Orwell

Temple or Circle. In the same field stone coffins have occasionally been turned up by the plough; and about the beginning of the nineteenth century the ground was in many places dug up by the neighbouring proprietors, when quantities of bones, much decomposed and mixed with charcoal, were discovered. All this may point to a great battle having been fought here, the standing stones being a memento of it; but the probability is that on this ground was a wide Druidical Temple, perhaps more than 2,000 years ago, within whose hallowed enclosure were laid to rest many chieftains of note and warriors of renown, whose names have now gone into utter oblivion. These cyclopean monoliths were no doubt grey with age before the Roman legions saw the British Isles or the keel of the Vikings had touched our shores.

Kinross, six miles from Glenfarg, is the capital of the second smallest county in Scotland. It is so small, indeed, as to remind one of

the story of the Englishman who was banished by an Italian king from his rather paltry dominions, and who received three days' notice to quit. He retaliated on the messenger who brought the command, saying. "Tell your king I only require twenty minutes to get outside his kingdom at any time."

Kinross, like Milnathort, was a hand-weaving place in olden times, and received a serious blow when steam-machinery was introduced. The weavers continued to work in their own houses, and the trade was allowed to dwindle away, There are now factories in the town, where the weaving of fabrics is carried on.



Kinross House

On the edge of the lake stands Kinross House, the property now of Sir Basil Templar Montgomery, late lieutenant 60th Rifles. It was built in 1685 by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, who was architect to Charles II., and who designed the Palace of Holyrood, as well as Hopetoun and Moncreiffe Houses. Kinross House was originally intended as the residence of James, the Duke of York, afterwards James VII. of Scotland, in the event of his being prevented by the Exclusion Bill from succeeding to his brother. It has once been a

grand and very elegant mansion, approached through an avenue of lofty trees, a spacious court, and by one of the noblest stair-case anywhere to be seen. Among its many felicities are the prospects around it - the level lake, with its fish-abounding waters; the noble range of the Lomonds, with the dome-like western Law, like the bastion of a Titanic wall ; and the grassy Ochils to the north.

Gairney Bridge, two miles south of Kinross, never fails to call up the most agreeable memories. Here Michael Bruce, the poet of Loch Leven, kept a school; and on the north bank of the Gairney stands Claslochie, where Magdalene Grieve, the heroine of his "Loch Leven No More," lived on her father's farm. Here also stands the famous monument raised some years ago in commemoration of the founding, at this place, of the Secession Church in 1733 under the leadership of Ebenezer Erskine.

Loch Leven, six miles from Glenfarg, has no equal among the Scottish lakes - in point, at least, of historic interest. It is a magnificent and beautiful piece of water, lapping the shore a few hundred yards from the High Street of Kinross. It attracts a great many anglers, as it abounds in splendid fish, which have been well described by Pennant and others. In addition to, vast numbers of eels, pikes, and perches, there are many different species of hill, burn, and moor trout. The trout have long been celebrated for their fine flavour and bright red colour. The area of the loch is about 4,000 acres, being about twelve miles in circumference and four in length. The fishings are in the hands of a company, "The Loch Leven Angling Association," but strangers may fish at a certain charge per day.

Not far from the western shore rises the "Castle Island," which is said to have been the ancient seat of Congal, King of the Picts, who is said to have founded the castle. A curious stone causeway or pavement is said to extend from the west shore right across to this island, which, when the loch is low, can thus be reached by wading. Here in this castle Alexander III. is believed to have lived for some time. Here the Earl of Northumberland was imprisoned from 1569 to 1572. Here Robert Pitcairn, Secretary of State to James VI., and one of the Ruthven Raiders, breathed his last. But the chief association of the castle is with Mary, Queen of Scots, who was imprisoned here in 1567, and remained in confinement for ten months. We think of Burns' lines:-

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

Here in this castle she signed her deed of abdication, becoming a Queen without a throne. She escaped in the silence of midnight, through the efforts of young Willie Douglas, who procured a boat, and rowed her to the shore. They locked the massive door behind them, and flung the keys into the water. These were found in 1810 on the loch-side among the mud. Looking at this historical castle at the present day, we can only echo the pathetic words of Bruce :-

"No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave :
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak ,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,"

In the south-east of the loch lies St. Serf's Isle, which has been the scene of events older than the union of Picts and Scots. The ruins of the Priory of St. Moak are still to be seen on it. Here different faiths have reared their sanctuaries. Now it is the old Hebrew psalm, sung by Columbite anchoret, that floats its majestic melody over the water. Now it is the vesper-hymn of mediaeval monks that steals softly over the calm surface of the lake. On this island lived Andrew Wintoun, who occupied the years of his laborious solitude in the composition of his famous History of Scotland from the Creation to the Captivity of James I. It was here that Brude, the last king of the Picts, founded a colony of Columbites; and David I., in the twelfth century, found them living on their ancient island.

Kinesswood is a quaint old village, six miles from Glenfarg, in a south-east direction, near the shores of Loch Leven. To reach it the

visitor must proceed south along the Great North Road for about two and a half miles, and then turn to the left along the Leslie Road. After passing through Wester Balgedie, and Easter Balgedie, he will come to Kinneswood. It used to be famous for its parchment-making, which was an industry commenced here as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. Great quantities of this manufacture were sent in olden times from this little village to Edinburgh and Glasgow. It is famous also as the birthplace of Michael Bruce, who sang the praises of Loch Leven, and whose poetry was not inferior to that in any language for its pathos, passion, and beauty. He died, unfortunately, at the early age of twenty-one.

Immediately to the north of Kinneswood is the Bishop Hill (1,250 feet high), in which there are in exhaustible quarries of limestone, which have been worked in a seam from 8 to 20 feet thick.

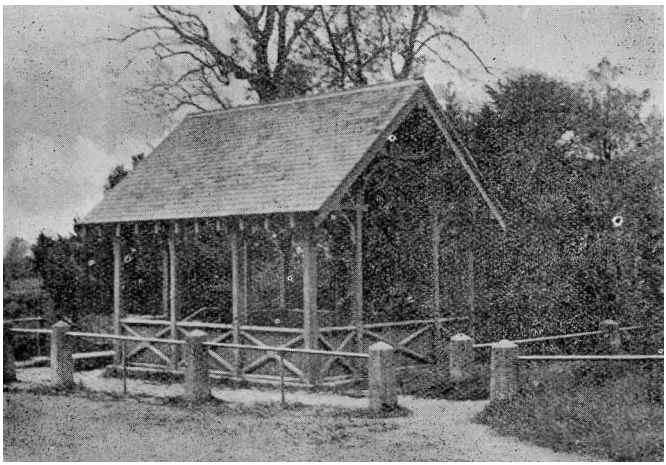
Portmoak is the name of the parish here which lies to the east of the loch. It was so named from St. Moak, whose priory was on the adjoining isle of St. Serf. There used to be a monastery here on the shore of the lake, a little north of the Leven river, but it has long since been entirely demolished.

After leaving Kinesswood, the road passes, about a mile farther on, by the side of the Parish and United Free Churches of Portmoak. This is a sacred spot to the ecclesiastical historian. It was here that Ebenezer Erskine preached eloquently for twenty-eight years, and became known far beyond the bounds of his parish. He was translated from Portmoak to Stirling, and soon afterwards formed the Secession Church. John Knox preached here in earlier times than Erskine, and dispensed the Communion; and the Covenanters were wont also to meet on these hillsides. In the churchyard which surrounds the Parish Church lie the remains of Michael Bruce and his amiable biographer, Dr. MacKelvie.

There is an anecdote told regarding Oliver Cromwell, while he rested with his army of Ironsides at Portmoak, which shows him to have been a rigid disciplinarian. One of his soldiers was in the habit of stealing milk from a poor woman who kept a cow. The woman suffered patiently for a while, but one day she followed the man and complained to Cromwell, The Protector of Britain at once made his men form up in line, and the guilty party on being pointed out was immediately shot.

Scotlandwell is an old and interesting village just beyond Portmoak Parish Church. How it received its name is not quite clear;

but at the bottom of the adjoining Bishop Hill there is a number of copious springs of excellent water, and one of these was found to be so remarkable that it is said to have been called Fons Scotiae, now Scotlandwell, and to have given its name to the village. This well at the present day is worth seeing. It is neatly enclosed with squared stones, and has a canopy over it; and the water bubbles up through



Scotland Well

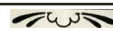
transparent sand. There used to be an Hospital near it, which was founded by the Bishop of St. Andrews in 1250 and given to the Red Friars.

In the old graveyard of this village Alison Turpie, the first wife of Ebenezer Erskine, is buried. The inscription on her tombstone is an attraction. It runs as follows :-

"The Law brought forth its precepts ten
And then dissolved in grace ;
This saint ten children bore, and then
In glory took her place."

CHAPTER VII.

EAST TO BALVAIRD AND THE LOMONDS.



BALVAIRD CASTLE, a relic of feudal times, well worth seeing, is about three miles from Glenfarg. It used to belong to the Murrays, who figure so largely in history, and Is now the property of the Earl of Mansfield, the lineal descendant of that ancient house. At one time it must have been a splendid baronial pile, as well as a place of considerable strength and importance. Even yet it is in a fair state of preservation . Above the door which opens into the principal building from the courtyard is a shield, on which two coats of arms are emblazoned. They're very indistinct, but they appear to be those of Margaret Barclay and her husband, Sir Andrew Murray. And if this be the case, the building must have been erected in the reign of James IV., about the end of the fifteenth century. It is first mentioned in a document dated 1507.

On the first floor above is the great hall, measuring 31 feet by 18 feet. Over the staircase tower there is a peculiar watch-turret, from which a large tract of the surrounding country is visible. It will be noticed that some buildings of a more recent date, 1567, have been added to the castle.

The name "Balvaird" is Celtic, signifying "The town of the Bard." This means that long before the castle was erected the spot was the residence of the old Druidical Bard, the poet laureate of his tribe. Here, on this identical eminence, when writing was unknown, the Bard sang of the deeds of the neighbouring heroes, their prowess in battle, their loves, and their romances. Here he helped to mould the Celtic language and to develop the national sentiment.

To reach Balvaird, the visitor must leave Glenfarg by the railway bridge, and afterwards take the first turn to the right and then the first to the left. This will lead him to Newton, which used to form part of the old patrimony of Balquancall of that ilk, the principal seat

of the proprietor being the tower of Balquancal, which was in existence at the close of the fifteenth century. At Newton he must turn to the left, and then take the first turn to the right.

Balvaird Castle

The well known poet of the Ochils has written a beautiful idyll on this old baronial castle:-

"Who is to-day the real laird,
Who was, in ages long ago,
This ancient castle's 'cept Ba'vaird,
I neither know, nor care to know.
But lately - Fortune will'd it so -
A pair of lovers, newly pair'd,
As up Glenfarg they chanced to go,
By chance to that old castle fared.
How sweet the summer eve was air'd
With pink wild-roses, all a-blow,
And larches, long and waving-hair'd,
In many a ridgy terraced row !
The Farg sang humbly far below ;
A lark the heaven of heavens dared,-
It drew them, and they chanced to go
To that old castle of Ba'vaird.

The lady, nestling closer, shared
The cloak that round them twain did go,
And thus the castle's frown they dared,
And scaled the battlement - when lo !
Out Rashed the moon with magic glow,
And on the instant they were laird
And lady, living long ago,
In their strong castle of Ba'vaird ! "

Edenshead, Edentown, or Gateside is 3¾ miles from Glenfarg by way of Newton. The visitor must turn to the right at Newton, thus descending by a long gradual incline to the Eden valley, which lies between the Ochils and the Lomonds. The village lies at the bottom of the incline, where the road runs into the one from Milnathort to Cupar. The village at the corner is generally known as Edenshead or Edentown, while the older-looking one across the road is usually called Gateside.

Here in ancient times there was a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the village being called of old "The Chapel town of the Virgin." The chapel, which had been founded by the monks of Balmerino for the benefit of the western part of Strathmiglo parish, stood in a den or hollow at the west end of Gateside village (where a rivulet joins the Eden), called the Chapel Den, as a well nearby was called the Chapel Well. In this neighbourhood also, near a ford on the Eden, called Merlsford (about one mile east of Gateside), tradition affirms that a great battle was fought in ancient times, the bloodshed being so great that the river ran red for twenty-four hours afterwards. Who the combatants were is now matter of conjecture. The opinion that it was the great battle of Mons Grampius between the Romans and Caledonians has been upheld by some, but this is now generally believed to have taken place further north, beyond Strathearn.

Visitors who wish a circular route may return to Glenfarg by way of Mawcarse.

The Lomond Hills may easily be reached from Glenfarg.

These isolated heights were called by the old Highlanders "Wallace's Goals," because the national hero was held to be capable of jumping from the one summit to the other. The Wester Lomond, which is the higher of the two, being 1,713 feet high, is best ascended from the Gateside direction. The visitor may take the train to Gateside station (via Mawcarse), or he may walk across to it by Newton of

Balquancal, and thence ascend the hill by an easy track. A magnificent view is to be had from the summit, ranging from the German Ocean to Ben Lomond, and from the Pentlands to the northern Grampians.

MISCELLANEOUS

Churches - Parish Church, Rev. R. K. Moncrieff, B. D., Service at 12 noon. United Free Church, Rev. J. W. Jack, M.A., Services, 12 noon and 6 p.m.

Arngask Public School - John Wilson, Headmaster.

Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages - John Wilson, The Schoolhouse.

Heritors' Clerk - John Wilson, The Schoolhouse.

Inspector of Poor - Alexander Deas, Junr., Burnbank, Glenfarg.

Post Office Glenfarg - Peter Anderson, Postmaster.

Box closes 8.55 a.m. for local letters; and 10.15 a.m, and 5.15 p.m. for outside. In all cases five minutes earlier for parcels.

Deliveries 9.25 a.m. and 6.20 p.m. No Deliveries or despatches on Sundays.

Medical Men - Dr. Mungle, Kinross; Dr. Oswald, Kinross; Dr. Gibson, Milnathort; Dr. Marshall, Milnathort; Dr. Govan, Bridge of Earn.

Veterinary Surgeon - John Hepburn, Milnathort.

Bowling Green - Open to Visitors. President, D. Macgregor, Arngask; Vice-President, William Deas, Glenfarg; Secretary, William Nicoll, Glenfarg. For terms apply at Post Office.

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Alexander Deas, Burnbank. | Jas. Macnaughton, Lochelbank.

Clerk - James Melville, Smiddyhill.

Parish Council - Chairman, William Deas, Bountree Hall.

James E. Bett, Easterton | Alexander Deas, Senr., Glenfarg.
A. Dalrymple, Glenfarg. | D. Macgregor, Arngask.
J. W.Mackie Adamson, Duncrievie. | J. B. Stephenson, Pitillock.

Clerk - Alexander Deas, Junr., Burnbank, Glenfarg.

Hall Committee - Chairman, Charles Mackarsie, Tennessee.

Peter Anderson, Post Office. | G. R. Douglas, Culmore.
Jams E. Bett, Easterton. | Rev. J. W. Jack, U.F. M anse.
William Burnie, Mayville. | D. Macgregor, Arngask.
James A. Dean, Edenmount. | R. Robertson, Temperance Hotel
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William Deas, Bountree Hall. | John Wilson, Schoolhouse.

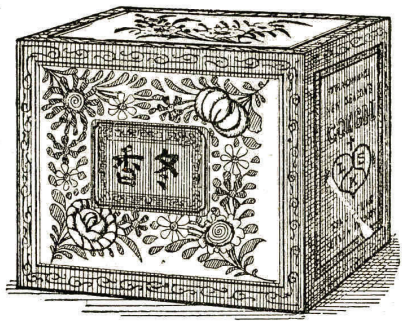
Secretary - William Burnie, Mayville.

Golf Club - Hon. President, R. R. Simpson, W.S., Edinburgh; President, William Deas, Glenfarg; Vice-President, Charles Mackarsie, Tennessee; Captain, Rev. J. W. J ack; Secretary, William Burnie, Mayville, Glenfarg: Treasurer, William Deas; Convener of Green Committee, James E. Bett. Easterton; Convener of Ladies' Committee, Mrs Burnie, Mayville. For terms apply at Post Office.

Local Justices of the Peace - Duncan Macgregor, Arngask; William Deas, Bountree Hall.

Banks - Kinross-British Linen Co. , Clydesdale Bank, and Royal Bank ; Milnathort-Clydesdale Bank.

Kinross July Fair -Third Monday of July.



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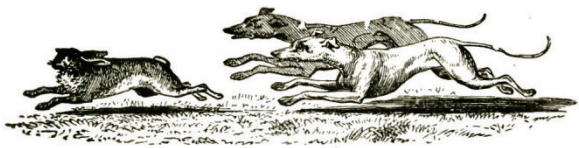

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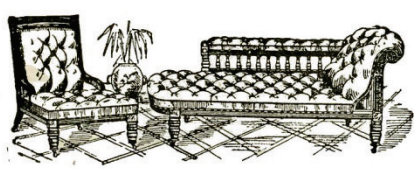

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