



FOUNDATIONS for RECOVERY

APPENDIX B DUNURE CASTLE

- .1 Archaeology
 - .1 T Addyman 1996
 - .2 T Addyman 2000
 - .3 WOSAS Site report 1
 - .4 WOSAS Site report 2
- .2 Structural Report
- .3 Archive reference



UK Government



5

10 NOV 1994
26937
cf 2.00

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS AND
ARCHAEOLOGICAL AREAS ACT 1979

Entry in the Schedule of Monuments

89

1994

Re: The Monument known as
Dunure Castle and dovecot

in the Parish of Maybole and
County of Ayr

Search Sheet No: 83381

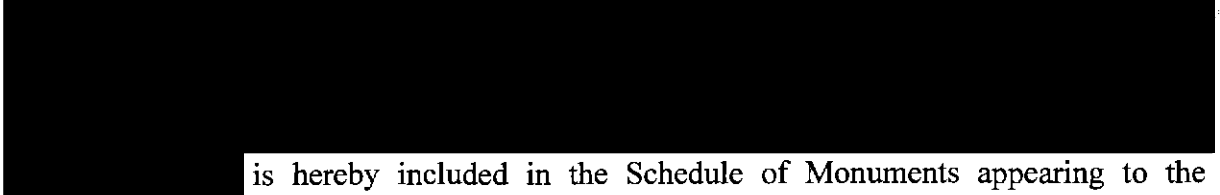
Solicitor
to the
Secretary of State
for Scotland
New St Andrew's House
Edinburgh

FAS 7333

MDO03841

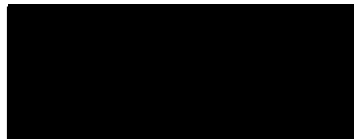
THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL AREAS ACT 1979
ENTRY IN THE SCHEDULE OF MONUMENTS

The monument known as Dunure Castle and dovecot comprises the substantial remains of a medieval castle spanning the 14th-17th centuries, and an associated 16th-century dovecot to the E. The area to be scheduled includes all the upstanding castle walls, the associated archaeological levels, and the dovecot, but excludes all railings and fences. The area to be scheduled also includes an area around, in which traces of activities associated with the monuments' construction and use may survive. The area measures a maximum of 120m NE-SW by 100m. The monument, which lies in the Parish of Maybole and the County of Ayr as shown outlined in red on the Plan annexed and executed as relative hereto and which



is hereby included in the Schedule of Monuments appearing to the Secretary of State for Scotland to be of national importance compiled and maintained by him under section 1(1) of the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act 1979.

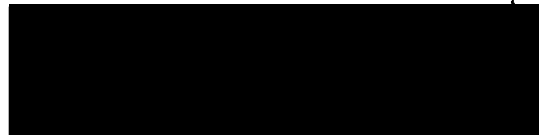
Given under the Seal of the Secretary of State for Scotland.



Assistant Secretary
Date 10 OCTOBER 1994

Historic Scotland
20 Brandon Street
Edinburgh
EH3 5RA

Register on behalf of the Secretary of State for Scotland in the Register of the County of Ayr.



Solicitor, Edinburgh, Agent

REGISTERS OF SCOTLAND
GENERAL REGISTER OF SASINES
COUNTY OF AYR

MDO03641

Fiche. 1660 Frame. 6
Presented and Recorded on 10 NOV 1994

6

Scheduled Monument

Dunure Castle and dovecot

SM6105

Status: Designated

Documents

Where documents include maps, the use of this data is subject to [terms and conditions \(https://portal.historicenvironment.scot/termsandconditions\)](https://portal.historicenvironment.scot/termsandconditions).

The legal document available for download below constitutes the formal designation of the monument under the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act 1979. The additional details provided on this page are provided for information purposes only and do not form part of the designation. Historic Environment Scotland accepts no liability for any loss or damages arising from reliance on any inaccuracies within this additional information.

Type	Legal Documents
Title	SM6105_Legal Doc https://portal.historicenvironment.scot/document/600011997

Summary

Date Added 10/10/1994	Local Authority South Ayrshire	NGR NS 25239 15822
Supplementary Information Updated 11/06/2015	Parish Maybole	Coordinates 225239, 615822

Type
Secular: castle; doocote, dovecote, pigeon loft

Description

The monument comprises the substantial remains of a medieval castle spanning the 14th-17th centuries, and an associated 16th-century dovecot to the E.

The castle occupies a rocky coastal promontory. Its remains consist essentially of two elements: an upper ward of irregular shape at the seaward end of the

promontory, containing a once-tall tower and associated buildings, and a lower ward on the landward side, containing ranges of buildings on two or more storeys. The structures in the upper ward are very ruinous; the buildings in the lower ward, whilst dilapidated, are more entire with several stone vaults intact. The dovecot to the E is of the circular beehive type.

The area to be scheduled includes all the upstanding castle walls, the associated archaeological levels, and the dovecot, but excludes all railings and fences. The area to be scheduled also includes an area around, in which traces of activities associated with the monuments' construction and use may survive. The area measures a maximum of 120m NE-SW by 100m, as marked in red on the accompanying map.

Statement of National Importance

The monument is of national importance because it represents the substantial ruins of a significant medieval castle belonging to one of the most powerful of Ayrshire families, the Kennedys. The upstanding castle remains, dating probably to the 14th ' 17th centuries, present a good example of the changes in noble residential accommodation through the Middle Ages. The archaeological potential of the monument is also particularly high. The monument is also a very powerful architectural element in the open landscape of this part of the Ayrshire coastline.

References

Bibliography

RCAHMS records the monument as NS 21 NE 8.

About Scheduled Monuments

Historic Environment Scotland is responsible for designating sites and places at the national level. These designations are Scheduled monuments, Listed buildings, Inventory of gardens and designed landscapes and Inventory of historic battlefields.

We make recommendations to the Scottish Government about historic marine protected areas, and the Scottish Ministers decide whether to designate.

Scheduling is the process that identifies, designates and provides statutory protection for monuments and archaeological sites of national importance as set out in the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act 1979.

We schedule sites and monuments that are found to be of national importance using the selection guidance published in [Designation Policy and Selection Guidance \(2019\)](#)

Scheduled monument records provide an indication of the national importance of the scheduled monument which has been identified by the description and map. The description and map (see 'legal documents' above) showing the scheduled area is the designation of the monument under the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act 1979. The statement of national importance and additional information provided are supplementary and provided for general information purposes only. Historic Environment Scotland accepts no liability for any loss or damages arising from reliance on any inaccuracies within the statement of national importance or additional information. These records are not definitive historical or archaeological accounts or a complete description of the monument(s).

The format of scheduled monument records has changed over time. Earlier records will usually be brief. Some information will not have been recorded and the map will not be to current standards. Even if what is described and what is mapped has changed, the monument is still scheduled.

Scheduled monument consent is required to carry out certain work, including repairs, to scheduled monuments. Applications for scheduled monument consent are made to us. We are happy to discuss your proposals with you before you apply and we do not charge for advice or consent. More information about consent and how to apply for it can be found on our website at www.historicenvironment.scot.

Find out more about scheduling and our other designations at www.historicenvironment.scot/advice-and-support. You can contact us on 0131 668 8914 or at designations@hes.scot.

Images

There are no images available for this record.

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Abridged version with sections relating to the castle

DUNURE

Historical and Geographical Assessment of Dunure and Fisherton in
the setting of North Carrick, Ayrshire



Introduction

The accompanying information is intended to give a comprehensive background, which will place Dunure in its Ayrshire setting of the ancient district of Carrick.

Dunure's geology and geography have played a significant role in determining what mankind has been able to do with the environment, depending on the particular culture, the technological achievements, the political climate, the personal ambitions of individuals and the will of the community. All of these within a delightful landscape, enhanced by interesting wildlife and wonderful views, have combined to make Dunure a very special place, whose heritage of Castle and Harbour is worth preserving; and, since we in Dunure are a vibrant, forward-looking community, worthy too of enhancement.



Fig 1: An aerial view of Dunure Harbour, the Castle and Castle Park in 1977

This photograph clearly shows the castle standing to the edge of the raised beach above the cliff edge. Beyond this lies the line of off-shore rocks which makes access for boats onto the shingle beaches so difficult at high tide and impossible at low tide. Indeed this necessitated the development of the harbour, the protective breakwater and North Dyke along the side of the harbour and the foreshore. Later development of the village took place above the old raised beaches whose cliffs are clearly marked by the line of trees.

The Setting

The village of Dunure, with its castle, sits on the coast of the Firth of Clyde in the historic district of Carrick, part of the county of Ayrshireⁱ.



Fig 3: Dunure Village

Along with its northern extension of Fisherton, Dunure is backed by the Carrick Hills whose summits, running from Brown Carrick, 278m (913ft) and 287m, Black Top Hill, 225m (739ft) and Knoweside Hill, 281m (923ft), form an arc running parallel to, and about 2km inland from, the coast.

The village faces north-westward and commands a fine view of the Firth and beyond. On a clear day the panorama embraces the Antrim Coast of Ireland, Ailsa Craig, Southern Kintyre, Arran, North Kintyre, Cowal, Bute, the Cumbraes, the Renfrew Heights and the north Ayrshire coast. The peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben More can also be seen in the far distance. The view is renowned for its fine sunsets and one is very much aware of the annual apparent movement of the sun, which sets over the north of Arran at the summer solstice and south of Ailsa Craig at the winter equivalent. (See Figs 2a & 2b)

On the farther side of the Carrick Hills lies the historic town of Maybole and the castle of Cassillis; to the north lies the ancient burgh of Ayrⁱⁱ; while to the south lies Culzean Castle. These, along with the Firth of Clyde, provide the historical setting for many of the events which have influenced the growth of Dunure and Fisherton.

The latter is the location of the original church of Kirkbrideⁱⁱⁱ, the Victorian church of Fisherton, which was built in 1843, Fisherton Primary School and earlier school house, the Smithy and also the iron-age hill fort of Dunduff which predates the newer castle.

ⁱ Today the southern part is known as South Ayrshire.

ⁱⁱ Celebrating its eight hundredth anniversary as a burgh, this year, 2005.

ⁱⁱⁱ Remains of a Celtic Cross slab were found within the ruins in 1927. It is similar to a cross found in Northern Ireland and dated to the 10th century. See Dunure WRI Ed. Forsyth

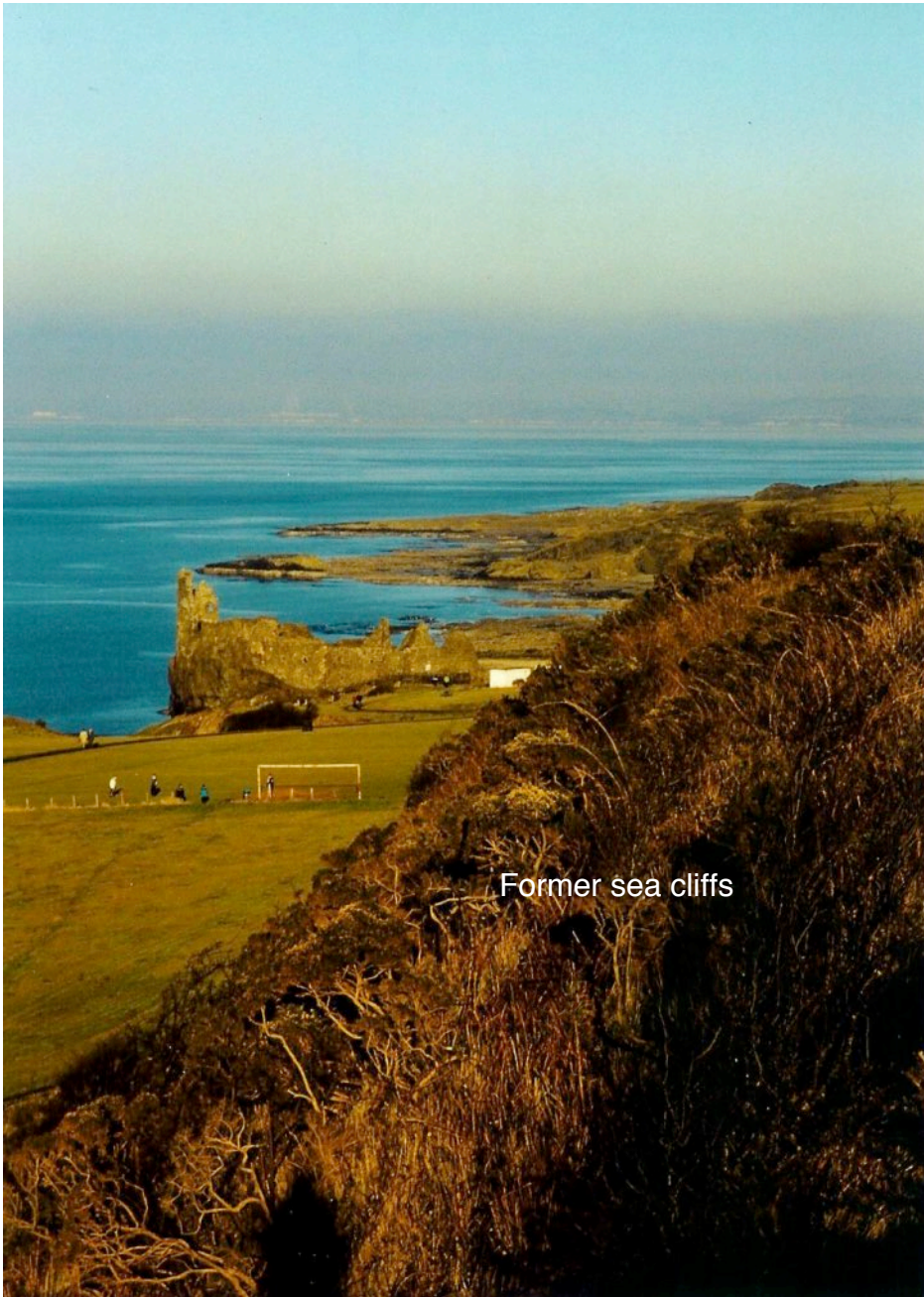


Fig 9: Castle park the upper raised beach

To the south of the football pitch good examples of the upper and lower raised beach can be seen. (see Fig 10)
The lower raised beach also provided ground for the creation of the harbour area, the Seaview cottages and Dunure House. (see Fig 3 on page 5)

Where the beaches are boulder-strewn, the stones were removed to allow small boats to be drawn up (see Fig 14 below) and a further example can be seen on the shore close to the castle on the large-scale OS Map of 1856 (see Fig 15 below). There are many examples of these cleared areas to the north of the village, in the stretch of coast between Mulrhu Point and north of Drumbain.



Fig 14: Cleared foreshore

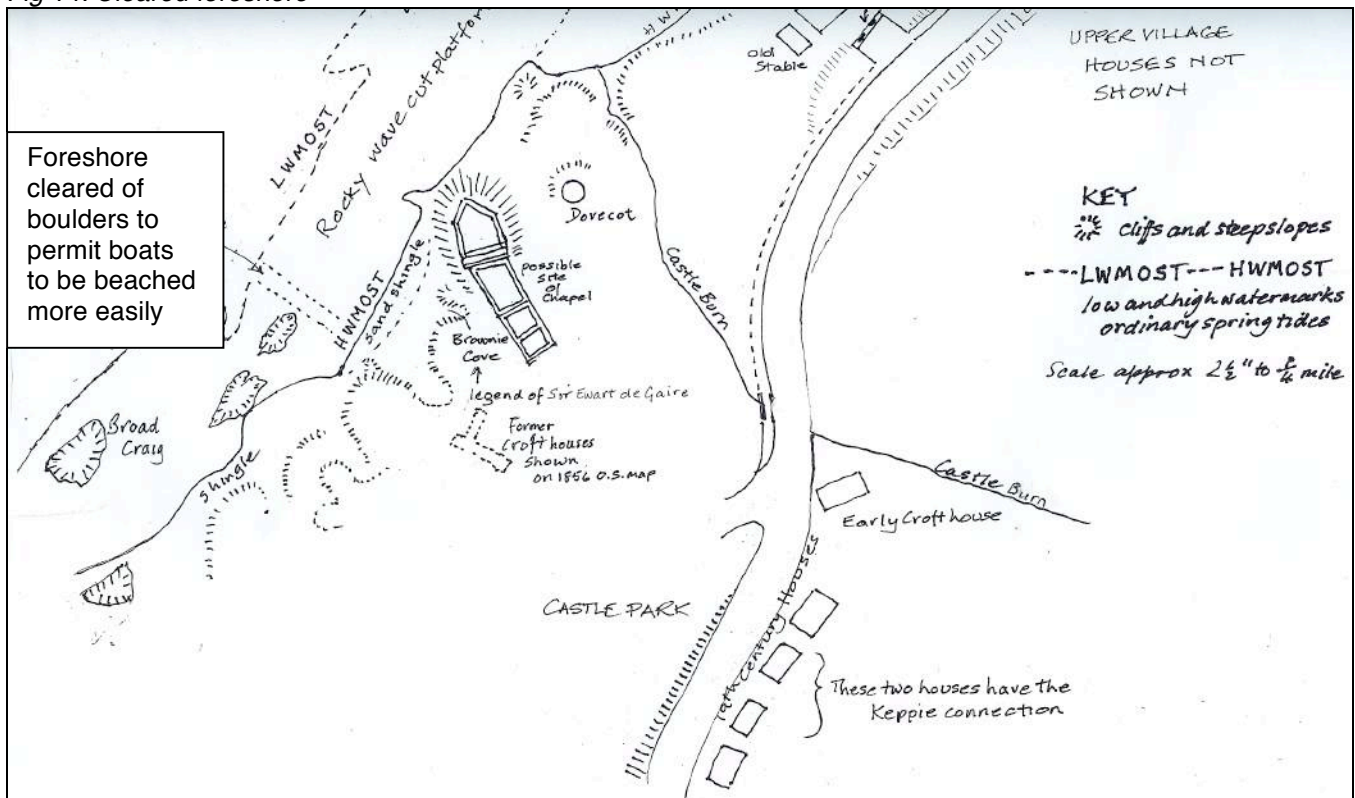


Fig 15: Map of Castle Park based on 1856 Ordnance Survey Map (with additions)

Newark Castle^{xvii} post-dates the foundation of Dunure. It does not appear on Gordon's 1636 map but the main tower predates that, for it is 16th century. It does appear on Blaeu's map, by which time some of its later 17th century additions were in existence. It did have defensive significance and formerly had a moat^{xviii} and on the Armstrong map of 1775 has obviously acquired considerable significance, by which time Dunure Castle was a ruin^{xix}. Newark also belonged to a branch of the Kennedy family and it was here that Mure of Auchendrane fled after the aforementioned murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy.

Dunure Castle and the Kennedy Family

The castle was originally built on the rocky volcanic eminence which projects above the coastal cliffs and the upper raised beach (*See Fig 21 below*). The earliest part of the castle has been dated to the 13th century prior to the Scottish Wars of Independence, the first part of which started in 1297. This places it within the period when there was considerable Viking influence, which extended from the first half of the 9th century until the Battle of Largs in 1263. The lands of Dunure were, around the end of the 12th century, under the control of Walter de Champenais, but they later fell into the hands of the Kennedy family. John de Kennedy acquired the Castle and the Barony of Dunure, and later, in 1361, another John Kennedy acquired the lands of Cassillis. Kennedys from Dunure fought at the battle of Largs. At this battle Alexander III defeated the Vikings and this brought about the end of their influence in Southwest Scotland.



Fig 21: Dunure Castle and dovecot from the south. This clearly shows the tower walls on the rock far left, and the later 15th century section in the middle and the 16th century section on the right. Beyond is the dovecot.

^{xvii} See Appendix 1 Place Names

^{xviii} Tranter (1986)

^{xix} See Appendix 2 The Armstrong Map

The seaward end of the Castle was rebuilt in both the 14th and 15th centuries, by which time there was a high tower house with a slated roof and fine sandstone features, such as window arches and the handsome fireplace which can still be seen in the outer wall (see Fig 22 below). RLS probably viewed the clachan through one of the two windows on the right – see page 38.



Fig 22: Fireplace at Dunure Castle (14th/ 15th century)

Dunure Castle, marked on Mercator's map of 1595^{xx}, was obviously of considerable importance, being one of only a dozen places mentioned in Carrick. By the 1654 publication of Blaeu's map it was given marked prominence, surrounded by treed policies. It is known that a wall existed round the castle policies enclosing the outbuildings and the dovecot. The latter has been dated to the late 15th or early 16th century and the pigeons would have provided winter meat.

In the mid to late 15th century the castle was further extended onto the raised beach and at a still later stage in the late 16th century a chapel almost certainly existed on the northeast side. (see Fig 23)

^{xx} See Appendix 2



Fig 23: Dunure Castle from the northeast

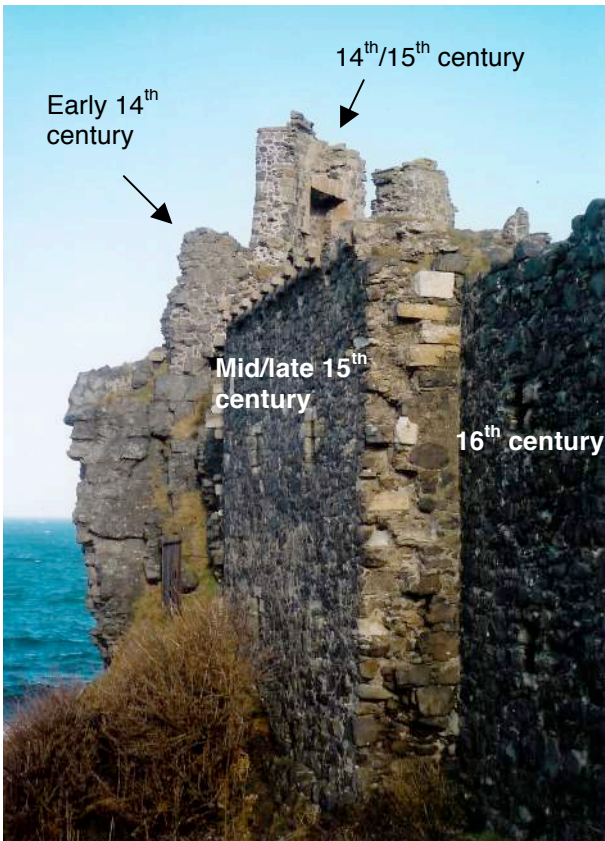


Fig 24: Close-up of the south walls of the Castle. This clearly shows the height of the basalt rock on which the original castle was built. The face of the 'Old Man of Dunure' can be seen at the top of this cliff.

During the late 16th century the castle enjoyed its heyday. The Kennedy family had risen to national prominence. Kennedys had fought with Wallace when he took Turnberry Castle from the English. There is a quote in Blind Harry's poem to this effect:

"Off Carrik men Kennady's slew thai also"^{xxi}

They had fought with Bruce at Bannockburn and later married into the royal family in the reign of Robert III when Sir James Kennedy married the King's daughter, Mary. He was created a lord in 1458. The third Lord was created an Earl before he was killed at Flodden in 1513.

The fourth Earl, Gilbert, fought for Mary Queen of Scots at Langside in 1568, but in previous happier times at the beginning of her reign he hosted the Queen and the retinue during her royal progress round southwest Scotland. She stayed longer at Dunure (three nights) than at any other place. The records show that having left Ayr, she resided for the 3rd, 4th and 5th August 1563.

They also show that she enjoyed her visit, commenting favourably on the weather. The record of her expenses kept by her French equerry still exist (*see Appendix 5*)

Sadly the later career of Gilbert was marred in 1570 by the deplorable episode in the Black Vault of Dunure, in which he attempted to obtain the right to the revenues from the Lands of Crossraguel Abbey^{xxii} by inveigling Alan Stuart, the Lay Commendator, who held the benefice *in commendam* of the Abbey.

Alan Stuart (or Stewart) was held for many days in Dunure Castle during which he was tortured twice by roasting him above a slow fire, or "roasted in sop"^{xxiii} until he agreed to sign over the documents. (One version indicates that he refused to sign before witnesses and a notary.) He was eventually rescued by Kennedy of Barganny who besieged the castle when serious damage was inflicted and the chapel was destroyed. Alan Stuart records that "my flesh was consumed, and burnt to the bones" and was later "unabill of his leggis" (unable of his legs). No reprisal was taken by the authorities, other than mild censure, to punish Earl Gilbert for this illegal deed.

Over the end of the 16th century the castle was abandoned and plundered and this continued into the 17th century. By 1696 the Castle was in a very ruined condition but even in the 18th century, old prints show that the front towers were much more substantial than they are today. Lobbying by the local community in the 1970s to stabilise the castle bore no fruit, one councillor even stating that if he had his way the Castle, as a symbol of our feudal past, should be bulldozed into the sea. Happily that did not occur.

In the late 1990s, thanks to joint funding from South Ayrshire Council, the Heritage Lottery Fund, Historic Scotland and Enterprise Ayrshire, the weaker parts of the castle were strengthened, and the stonework was re-grouted with lime mortar. Much of the interior, apart from the seaward end at the base of the tower, was excavated and a number of interesting finds came to light substantiating the prestigious nature of the castle. It will be interesting to see what comes to light if the foundations of the earliest part of the castle are excavated in the future.

Unfortunately the dovecot was not stabilised but, thanks to the efforts of the community council who pointed out the unstable nature of the building and lack of a protective door, South Ayrshire Council produced funding to strengthen the small tower, re-grout the walls with lime mortar and insert a strong metal door (*see Figs 25 and 26*).

As a footnote, one resident of the castle still manifests herself. The White Lady walks inland from the castle across the park and the line of her walk takes her through the more northerly of the two houses rented by John Keppie (*see page 40*). One family, resident in the house, found that a certain room had a strange atmosphere and they refused to use it. It was kept empty: and that was before they had heard the story of the White Lady!

^{xxi} Blind Harry, **The Life of the Noble Champion of Scotland, Sir William Wallace, Knight**, Finlayson, 1925

^{xxii} See Appendix 2: Mercator's Map

^{xxiii} See Bibliography - Tranter, Nigel



Fig 25: Refurbishing dovecot in 2003



Fig 26: The new metal door and the new rendering of lime mortar and local shingle

The Harbour

Though their interest in the castle had long since ceased, the Kennedy family still owned the lands and Barony of Dunure. At the close of the 19th century Thomas Kennedy was keen to develop the area on a commercial basis by establishing a harbour to export the coal from the Dailly coalfield, to import lime and timber and to set up small industries such as limekilns, a boatyard, a tannery, a saltworks and a glassworks.^{xxiv}

The letter written by Thomas Kennedy's great-great-grandson in 1973 explains that the plan was over-ambitious and that Kennedy fell into financial difficulties. However the harbour was constructed with fine jetties. A northern protective extension, now called the North Dyke (on which the timber yard, building slips and even a dry dock had been envisaged) was built and a small lighthouse tower constructed. Houses were built alongside the harbour^{xxv}, and limekilns built to the south west. Limestone and chalk were imported from Ireland and lime produced in the kilns to be used for liming the fields and as a source of lime mortar for building. The new farm houses and steadings would have required large amounts of mortar.

Local tradition records puffers exporting coal. The tidal nature and clay bottom of the new harbour would have been ideal for puffers to beach, and off and onload at low tide, and gave them access to part of the coast which because of its rocky nature they had not used previously. The point in the harbour wall where coal was delivered from the road can still be seen, though it was walled up long ago. There is a Coal-Pit Road on the hill behind Fisherton Primary School which also supports the tradition.

However the coal trade never developed. It was not even required when sail and oar power were replaced by more modern boats because they were not steam-driven but relied on diesel and paraffin.^{xxvi}

Presumably the difficulty of transporting from the Dailly coalfield, together with competition from the Ayr coalfield whose production could easily be shipped from Ayr Harbour,^{xxvii} prevented further development.

What Kennedy had not included in his proposals as local industry, namely fishing, did indeed become the prime function of the harbour.

^{xxiv} See the Plan and Letter in Appendix 4

^{xxv} The builder of the harbour, one John Eaglesham, lived in one of these houses at the top of Harbour Road.

^{xxvi} Information supplied by Donald Gibson

^{xxvii} Export of coal to Ireland still exists today

Literary and Artistic Connections

Poets and Novelists

The earliest references to the district of Carrick occur in historical poems written about William Wallace and Robert the Bruce. Two of Scotland's most famous early poets, John Barbour (1316–1396) and Harry the Minstrel (or "Blind Harry") who lived in the following century and died close to its end, refer to this part of Ayrshire.

John Barbour's "The Bruce, Book V" is introduced by the Latin inscription *Hic Rex Robertus Applicat Navigio Ad Carrick*, which, loosely translated, means "In Which King Robert Makes His Way By Ship To Carrick".^{xxxiii}

In Blind Harry's poem "The Wallace"^{xxxiv}, there are two references to Carrick, one referring to Turnberry and the second:

"Off Carrick men Kennadys slew tha als"

Reference to "An Anthology of Carrick"^{xxxv} shows three poems by Elizabeth Ramsay of Lagg Cottage, which is situated two miles north of the village. In 1914 she produced "A Garland of Verse with Prose Writings". Victorian values were much to the fore in her writing. This is illustrated in her poem "Life and Work":

"Life is work and work is life then let's be up and doing.....

Then let us work while work we can

Ere youth and strength may leave us

Let's grasp the sunshine of today,

And do the duty nearest"

Lizzie Ramsay was born at Dunduff Farm at 1850 and she received a basic education at the old Fisherton School. (see Fig 37) The anthology records that in May 1912 she was presented with a silver tea service and a purse of sovereigns by members of Dunure Burns Club.

William Lennox, who was Superintendent of the Poor in Ayr, wrote a letter in verse in 1932 "To the Miller of Dunure", one James Dow, and a second poem "The Fairy Lady of Dunure", a ballad relating to the legend of the laird of Dunure Castle, Sir Ewart de Gaire. He fell in love with a lady, according to the legend, in the reign of Alexander III, long before the Kennedys owned the castle. He met the fairy lady in the cove immediately to the south of the castle. Later a baby was born to his fairy bride but when the abbot of Crossraguel came to baptise the baby

"the baptismal water fair o'er them he threw

When away in a stream of blue vapour they flew,

With a sound the most frightful and wild"^{xxxvi}

James Dow, the tenant of Dunure Mill, was himself a poet and also president of Dunure Reading Society and Agricultural Club. One of his poems, written in the mid 19th century, is entitled "Lines written in Kirkbride Churchyard" and another "The Ode on Newark Hill".^{xxxvii}

William Murdoch of Fisherton, Dunure, wrote a poem "The Wreck of the Danish Barque 'Valkyrien' and the Steam Tug 'Iron Duke'". This double shipwreck, which occurred off Mulrhu Point, describes the bravery of several local men who, despite the stormy conditions on the exposed rocks, saved the lives of 9 Danish and 5 Scots sailors. The descendants of several of these heroes still live in the village and their names are recorded in the poem (see appendix 7).

Wordsworth and Keats both travelled up the coast and their works included reference to Ailsa Craig, as did work by Sir Walter Scott. Strangely, though Burns was born just across the River Doon, about which he wrote so movingly, he did not make romantic reference to the spectacular views of the Firth, or to the wild coastline. "Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig"^{xxxviii} is apparently his sole reference to the area.

^{xxxiii} Finlayson, 1925, page 15pp

^{xxxiv} *ibid*, page 20pp

^{xxxv} *ibid*, page 286pp

^{xxxvi} *ibid*, page 230pp

^{xxxvii} *ibid*, page 212pp

^{xxxviii} from Burns' poem and song "Duncan Gray"

William Shaw, on the other hand, writing in the early part of the 20th century, was more romantically-inclined with his poem “Sunset on Carrick Shore”^{xxix} where the first verse reads:

The sea was calm, the setting sun
In splendour all untold
Had thrown a bridge across the deep
That shone like burnished gold.

(see Fig 38 facing)

The novelist S R Crockett (1860-1914), in his novel “The Grey Man” makes reference to Bargany, Culzean, Cassillis and Greenan. He refers to the “shoulder-bent shoremen who came over the edge of Brown Carrick” – almost certainly from the Dunure coast.^{xi}

Robert Louis Stevenson has recorded his impression of the village itself, as he saw it on a winter’s day in 1876 (see Fig 39 facing):

“He told me I was to turn down beside the school-house for Dunure. And so, when I found a lone house among the snow, and heard a babble of childish voices from within, I struck off into a steep road leading downwards to the sea. Dunure lies close under the steep hill: a haven among the rocks, a breakwater in consummate disrepair, much apparatus for drying nets, and a score or so of fishers’ houses. Hard by, a few shards of ruined castle overhang the sea, a few vaults, and one tall gable honeycombed with windows. The snow lay on the beach to the tidemark. It was daubed on to the sills of the ruin: it roosted in the crannies of the rock like white sea-birds; even on outlying reefs there would be a little cock of snow, like a toy lighthouse. Everything was grey and white in a cold and dolorous sort of shepherd’s plaid. In the profound silence, broken only by the noise of oars at sea, a horn was sounded twice; and I saw the postman, girt with two bags, pause a moment at the end of the clachan for letters.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of Dunure that none were brought him.

The people at the public-house did not seem well pleased to see me, and though I would fain have stayed by the kitchen fire, sent me ‘ben the hoose’ into the guest-room. This guest-room at Dunure was painted in quite aesthetic fashion. There are rooms in the same taste not a hundred miles from London, where persons of an extreme sensibility meet together without embarrassment. It was all in a fine dull bottle-green and black; a grave harmonious piece of colouring, with nothing, so far as coarser folk can judge, to hurt the better feelings of the most exquisite purist. A cherry-red half window-blind kept up an imaginary warmth in the cold room, and threw quite a glow on the floor. Twelve cockle-shells and a half-penny china figure were ranged solemnly along the mantel-shelf. Even the spittoon was an original note, and instead of sawdust contained sea- shells. And as for the hearthrug, it would merit an article to itself, and a coloured diagram to help the text. It was patchwork, but the patchwork of the poor; no glowing shreds of old brocade and Chinese silk, shaken together in the kaleidoscope of some tasteful housewife’s fancy; but a work of art in its own way, and plainly a labour of love. The patches came exclusively from people’s raiment. There was no colour more brilliant than a heather mixture; ‘My Johnny’s grey breeks,’ well polished over the oar on the boat’s thwart, entered largely into its composition. And the spoils of an old black cloth coat, that had been many a Sunday to church, added something (save the mark!) of preciousness to the material.

While I was at luncheon four carters came in — long-limbed, muscular Ayrshire Scots, with lean, intelligent faces. Four quarts of stout were ordered; they kept filling the tumbler with the other hand as they drank; and in less time than it takes me to write these words the four quarts were finished — another round was proposed, discussed, and negatived — and they were creaking out of the village with their carts.

The ruins drew you towards them. You never saw any place more desolate from a distance, nor one that less belied its promise near at hand. Some crows and gulls flew away croaking as I scrambled in. The snow had drifted into the vaults. The clachan dabbled with snow, the white hills, the black sky, the sea marked in the coves with faint circular wrinkles, the whole world, as it looked from a loop- hole in Dunure, was cold, wretched, and out-at-elbows. If you had been a wicked baron and compelled to stay there all the afternoon, you would have had a rare fit of remorse. How you would have heaped up the fire and gnawed your fingers! I think it would have come to homicide before the evening — if it were only for the pleasure of seeing something red! And the masters of Dunure, it is to be noticed, were remarkable of old for inhumanity. One of these vaults where the snow had drifted was that ‘black route’ where ‘Mr. Alane Stewart, Commendatour of Crossraguel,’ endured his fiery trials.^{xli}

^{xxix} Finlayson, 1925, page 380pp

^{xi} Crockett, S R, **The Grey Man**, Chapter 11

^{xli} Stevenson, R L, ‘**A Winter’s Walk in Carrick and Galloway**’, Illustrated London News, Summer 1896

Appendix 1 : The Place Names

The earliest names are probably pre-celtic:

Ayr seems to be derived from the river on which it stands and the name occurs widely elsewhere in Britain and Europe – for example the Aire in Yorkshire and the Aare in Switzerland.

The River Doon has similar echoes with the Don in England and in the Ukraine.

The Clyde is derived from the name “Cluda” another celtic river name.

The celtic language in the form of P-celtic, also known as Welsh or Brythonic Gaelic, has left its legacy in the south-west of Scotland; to be followed later by Q-celtic, coming from Ireland and introduced into Dalriada (modern Argyll) by the Irish invaders who later gave their name Scotii to Scotland.

Many gaelic place names survive locally:

Carrick Carrraig, gaelic for hilly

Mulrhu comprising Meall, meaning a lump, and Rudha, meaning a point of land in the sea or promontory

Dunure from dun, meaning a fort and lubhar, (pronounced Yoo-hur) meaning yew trees. Odhar an alternative meaning a grey fort, satisfies the appearance of the harling which covered the castle in earlier times like the dovecot roughcast; some of which can still be seen

Many of the farm names also have gaelic derivations:

Drumbain and Drumshang from Druim (a ridge); Largs from Lairg, meaning a sloping hill face; and Port Shuchan and Port Rorie, where port indicates a haven or landing place.

Old Norse names, from the period between 830 and 1263 AD when the Vikings exerted a strong influence in southwest Scotland, can also be found:

Goatfell and Brodick in the island of Arran, derived respectively from Geita and Fjell meaning “goat mountain” and Breda or Brod and Vik (a bay). On the Carrick coast, the prefix “Turn” (as in Turnberry) may be old Norse for a town.

Old English then imposes itself – Fisherton, Kyleston, Burton and Perryston include the suffix derived from “toun” for a homestead or farm. Elsberry (later the Heads of Ayr) and Turnberry include the suffix derived from “burha” meaning fort. Turnberry may mean the “tower fort”. Other English names are Newark (from neowe and weorc) and Bracken Bay which is self-evident.

Appendix 2 : Dunure on the Map

Mercator 1595 (*see facing page*)

The district of Carrick is shown bounded by the River Doon – identified by L. Doon complete with its island castle – in the north; and the River Stinchar shown on the map as “Ardstin Flu” (“Flumen” means river). In the middle of the district lies the River Girvan (unnamed on map).

The total number of places mentioned, in addition to those above, is eleven, of which one is Dunure Castle (shown as “Dunuger ca”). To the south of the River Girvan lies Bargany, Blairquhan (“Blaquhen ca”), Ardstincher (“Ardstin sel”), Carleton Port and Castle (“Cailtoun”), and, at the mouth of the River Girvan, Gudeen ca.

North of the Girvan lie Crossraguel Abbey (shown as “Crosregal”), Cassillis (“Cassillis ca”), and Dalrymple Wood (“Darumpel wod”), which is still extant, and Arduntoun (unidentified on the modern map). Off the coast lie Ailsa Craig (“Ailsa”) and Arran (“Arren”) and the Firth of Clyde (here named as “Dunbritan fyrth”).

In the late 16th century Dunure Castle was therefore regarded as being very significant. It is interesting that Maybole is not even mentioned.

Robert Gordon 1636 (*see facing page*)

This is a hand-produced map containing considerable local knowledge.

Along the coast, reading from the north, lie the Heads of Ayr (shown as “Elsberry head”), Dunure Castle, Croy (“Camcroy”), Culzean (the site of which shown as “Koif C”). This was the original name for the medieval tower house on that site. The true Culzean lay elsewhere but the Kennedys transferred the name to the new property. Turnberry (“Turnbery Head”) is also marked.

Fisherton (“Fisshertoun”) is named, as are Largs Farm (“Lairgs”) and Carrick Hill (“Carrikhill”), with pleasingly drawn hills lying to the southeast. The watershed can be identified by the streams and, on the east side, the following places are mentioned: Garryhorn (“Gadyhorn”), the farms of Beoch (“Buyak”), Knockdon (“Knockdom”) and Grange Mains (“Grange”), Brockloch Burn (“Breckloch”) and the Gadyhorn are shown joining the River Doon (“Dun flumen”). Cassillis (castles) is shown, also Maybole (“Minnibol”) and to the south Baltersan (“Baltersa”) and Crostraguel Abay.

On the western side of the watershed run the Carwinshoch Burn and the Mill Burn at Dunure Mains. Both are correctly shown but not named on the map.

The following settlements - Tonrach, Ardachie, Ranock and Hiltoun - cannot easily be related to present day sites, but Dunoyne is close to a hill fort or “dun”. South of the Croy Burn lie Kilbryd (is this Kirkbride placed too far south?) and Thomastoun – a medieval keep of the 16th century, though the original building is connected to Thomas Bruce (brother of Robert the Bruce), dating to the 13th century.

Johan Blaeu 1654 (*see facing page*)

These maps show material obtained from Timothy Pont's map. They comprise the first atlas of Scotland, are coloured and have different symbols to identify castles, houses, churches and farms. The hills are shown by beautiful relief drawings.

Dunure Castle is given great prominence and is shown surrounded by treed policies. This may be artistic licence but we know that there was a considerable enclosed area around the castle incorporating outbuildings.

The mill of Dunure (shown as "Mil of Dunuir") is marked with a star to the south of the Castle on the Mill Burn, while to the north lie Kirkbride ("Kirkbryd"), the original church, Drumbain ("Drumbam"), Fisherton ("Fishertoun"), Dunduff also with policies, Carrick Hill ("Karrikhil"), Heads of Ayr ("Elsberry head"), Largs ("Lairgs"), Kyleston ("Kylestoun"), Perryston ("Pyriestoun"), Carwinshoch ("Torwinshak"), Newark Castle ("New-wark"), Burton ("Bartoun"), and Greenan ("Grynen") are all shown on the map today. However the following: "Kirkklad", (possibly Ladywell), "Knockrawel", and "Macgilbstoun" cannot be positively identified. On the eastern side of the Carrick Hills lie Beoch ("Buyack"), Craigskean ("Kraigskiach") and Sauchrie House and Burn ("Sauchry").

Carwinshoch Burn and the Mill Burn are located but not named.

Herman Moll's Map 1714 (*not illustrated*) **The North Part of Great Britain called Scotland**

This is a handsome map with county boundaries coloured; relief and woodland symbols are indicated. The coastline is much more accurate than on previous maps. Though it is a much smaller scale (about 20 miles to the inch), it shows some interesting additions and detail, especially in the "Firth of Clyd". Ailsa (Craig) is shown together with "Here Solan Geese are found" (the gannetry is still a major feature of the Craig). "Here is plenty of Cod and Ling" is printed between the Carrick coast and Arran.

The River Doon (Dun R.) along with Loch Dun are shown, as are Cassillis ("Casils"), Culzean ("Kerf C"), Kirkmichael ("Kirckmichels"), Trochrague ("Trotheraf") and the Girvan ("Girven") River. Among these few places Dunure Castle is indicated and named.

The Armstrong Map (A&M Armstrong) 1775 (*see facing page*)

This is a black and white printed map. The coast has become reasonably accurate with the Carrick Hills centrally positioned so that the drainage pattern is shown with a fair degree of accuracy.

Dunure is now shown as a ruin with adjacent crofts while Newark is now indicated with substantial policies and woods, as also is Cassillis (not shown on facing page). But by far the most significant is Culzean ("Cullean") and the caves beneath the castle receive mention as "Predigious Caverns".

Among the farms which still exist are Croy, Drumshang, The Mains, Auchaninch (now a cottage), Kirkbride, Drumbains together with the ruin at Dunduff, Fisherton, Largs, Genoch ("Ginnock") and Greenan with both castle and house being marked. On the coast, the Heads of Ayr are now shown, no longer as Elsberry Head and, beside Dunure, saltings and weddas are marked. What the latter indicates is not clear. To the south of the Carrick Hills Knowe Side is mislocated, Garryhorn is marked and large policies are shown beside Sauchry.

For the first time, reasonably accurate roads are shown (further detail is mentioned under **Communications** above)

Appendix 3 : The Plan of Dunure Castle

The Development of Dunure Castle

Simplified plan based on the plaque on the Castle Wall based on the archaeological investigation by Addyman & Kay Ltd Building Historians and Archaeologists

Scale
0 5 metres



KEY

Phase

- 5 late 16th C
- 4 mid late 15th C
- 3 late 14th early 15th C
- 2b early 14th C (hallhouse)
- 2a early 14th C (wing)
- 1 late 13th C
- Basalt bedrock

Castle from the South



Appendix 5 : Mary Queen of Scots Expenses Book

Mercredy iii^{me} jour dudict mois, la Royne disner a St Jehan d'era,
coucher et soupper a Duneura* chez le Conte de Casel.

Pour une bolle ung frelllet demye pecque avoine pour la
disnee de xviiij hacquenees estans a la paille, autres
hacquenees estans a l'herbe et vj mulletz araison de vi s
viiij d la pecque. cvj s viij d

Pour paille pour lesdits xviiij hacquenees et vj mulletz
araison de xiiij d pour ladicte demye journee. .
xxviiij s

S[omme] davene en argent cvj s viij d
S[omme] de paille xxviiij s

Jeudy v^{me} jour dudict mois, la Royne disner tout le jour a
Duneura chez le Conte de Casel.

Avene despencee cedit jour pour les hacquenees et mulletz
. Neant
Paille pour lesdits hacquenees et mulletz Neant
S[omme] de ce jour

Vendredi vj^{me} mois, la Royne chez Mons. le Conte de
Casel a Duneura

Avene Neant
Paille Neant
S[omme] de ce jour Neant

Samedy vij^{me} jour dudict mois, la Royne disner a
Duneura, soupper et coucher a Ermelan**.

Avene et paille Neant
S[omme] de ce jour Neant

* Dunure

** Ardmillan – in the possession of another branch of the Kennedy family.

Appendix 6

Robert Louis Stevenson

Essays of Travel

A Winter's Walk in Carrick and Galloway — A Fragment — 1876

At the famous bridge of Doon, Kyle, the central district of the shire of Ayr, marches with Carrick, the most southerly. On the Carrick side of the river rises a hill of somewhat gentle conformation, cleft with shallow dells, and sown here and there with farms and tufts of wood. Inland, it loses itself, joining, I suppose, the great herd of similar hills that occupies the centre of the Lowlands. Towards the sea it swells out the coast-line into a protuberance, like a bay- window in a plan, and is fortified against the surf behind bold crags. This hill is known as the Brown Hill of Carrick, or, more shortly, Brown Carrick.

It had snowed overnight. The fields were all sheeted up; they were tucked in among the snow, and their shape was modelled through the pliant counterpane, like children tucked in by a fond mother. The wind had made ripples and folds upon the surface, like what the sea, in quiet weather, leaves upon the sand. There was a frosty stifle in the air. An effusion of coppery light on the summit of Brown Carrick showed where the sun was trying to look through; but along the horizon clouds of cold fog had settled down, so that there was no distinction of sky and sea. Over the white shoulders of the headlands, or in the opening of bays, there was nothing but a great vacancy and blackness; and the road as it drew near the edge of the cliff seemed to skirt the shores of creation and void space.

The snow crunched under foot, and at farms all the dogs broke out barking as they smelt a passer-by upon the road. I met a fine old fellow, who might have sat as the father in 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' and who swore most heathenishly at a cow he was driving. And a little after I scraped acquaintance with a poor body tramping out to gather cockles. His face was wrinkled by exposure; it was broken up into flakes and channels, like mud beginning to dry, and weathered in two colours, an incongruous pink and grey. He had a faint air of being surprised — which, God knows, he might well be — that life had gone so ill with him. The shape of his trousers was in itself a jest, so strangely were they bagged and ravelled about his knees; and his coat was all bedaubed with clay as tough he had lain in a rain- dub during the New Year's festivity. I will own I was not sorry to think he had had a merry New Year, and been young again for an evening; but I was sorry to see the mark still there. One could not expect such an old gentleman to be much of a dandy or a great student of respectability in dress; but there might have been a wife at home, who had brushed out similar stains after fifty New Years, now become old, or a round-armed daughter, who would wish to have him neat, were it only out of self-respect and for the ploughman sweetheart when he looks round at night. Plainly, there was nothing of this in his life, and

years and loneliness hung heavily on his old arms. He was seventy-six, he told me; and nobody would give a day's work to a man that age: they would think he couldn't do it. 'And, 'deed,' he went on, with a sad little chuckle, ' 'deed, I doubt if I could.' He said goodbye to me at a footpath, and crippled wearily off to his work. It will make your heart ache if you think of his old fingers groping in the snow.

He told me I was to turn down beside the school-house for Dunure. And so, when I found a lone house among the snow, and heard a babble of childish voices from within, I struck off into a steep road leading downwards to the sea. Dunure lies close under the steep hill: a haven among the rocks, a breakwater in consummate disrepair, much apparatus for drying nets, and a score or so of fishers' houses. Hard by, a few shards of ruined castle overhang the sea, a few vaults, and one tall gable honeycombed with windows. The snow lay on the beach to the tidemark. It was daubed on to the sills of the ruin: it roosted in the crannies of the rock like white sea-birds; even on outlying reefs there would be a little cock of snow, like a toy lighthouse. Everything was grey and white in a cold and dolorous sort of shepherd's plaid. In the profound silence, broken only by the noise of oars at sea, a horn was sounded twice; and I saw the postman, girt with two bags, pause a moment at the end of the clachan for letters.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of Dunure that none were brought him.

The people at the public-house did not seem well pleased to see me, and though I would fain have stayed by the kitchen fire, sent me 'ben the hoose' into the guest-room. This guest-room at Dunure was painted in quite aesthetic fashion. There are rooms in the same taste not a hundred miles from London, where persons of an extreme sensibility meet together without embarrassment. It was all in a fine dull bottle-green and black; a grave harmonious piece of colouring, with nothing, so far as coarser folk can judge, to hurt the better feelings of the most exquisite purist. A cherry-red half window-blind kept up an imaginary warmth in the cold room, and threw quite a glow on the floor. Twelve cockle-shells and a half-penny china figure were ranged solemnly along the mantel-shelf. Even the spittoon was an original note, and instead of sawdust contained sea-shells. And as for the hearthrug, it would merit an article to itself, and a coloured diagram to help the text. It was patchwork, but the patchwork of the poor; no glowing shreds of old brocade and Chinese silk, shaken together in the kaleidoscope of some tasteful housewife's fancy; but a work of art in its own way, and plainly a labour of love. The patches came exclusively from people's raiment. There was no colour more brilliant than a heather mixture; 'My Johnny's grey breeks,' well polished over the oar on the boat's thwart, entered largely into its composition. And the spoils of an old black cloth coat, that had been many a Sunday to church, added something (save the mark!) of preciousness to the material.

While I was at luncheon four carters came in — long-limbed, muscular Ayrshire Scots, with lean, intelligent faces. Four quarts of stout were ordered; they kept filling the tumbler with the other hand as

they drank; and in less time than it takes me to write these words the four quarts were finished — another round was proposed, discussed, and negatived — and they were creaking out of the village with their carts.

The ruins drew you towards them. You never saw any place more desolate from a distance, nor one that less belied its promise near at hand. Some crows and gulls flew away croaking as I scrambled in. The snow had drifted into the vaults. The clachan dabbled with snow, the white hills, the black sky, the sea marked in the coves with faint circular wrinkles, the whole world, as it looked from a loop-hole in Dunure, was cold, wretched, and out-at-elbows. If you had been a wicked baron and compelled to stay there all the afternoon, you would have had a rare fit of remorse. How you would have heaped up the fire and gnawed your fingers! I think it would have come to homicide before the evening — if it were only for the pleasure of seeing something red! And the masters of Dunure, it is to be noticed, were remarkable of old for inhumanity. One of these vaults where the snow had drifted was that ‘black route’ where ‘Mr. Alane Stewart, Commendatour of Crossraguel,’ endured his fiery trials. On the 1st and 7th of September 1570 (ill dates for Mr. Alan!), Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis, his chaplain, his baker, his cook, his pantryman, and another servant, bound the Poor Commendator ‘betwix an iron chimlay and a fire,’ and there cruelly roasted him until he signed away his abbacy. it is one of the ugliest stories of an ugly period, but not, somehow, without such a flavour of the ridiculous as makes it hard to sympathise quite seriously with the victim. And it is consoling to remember that he got away at last, and kept his abbacy, and, over and above, had a pension from the Earl until he died.

Some way beyond Dunure a wide bay, of somewhat less unkindly aspect, opened out. Colzean plantations lay all along the steep shore, and there was a wooded hill towards the centre, where the trees made a sort of shadowy etching over the snow. The road went down and up, and past a blacksmith’s cottage that made fine music in the valley. Three compatriots of Burns drove up to me in a cart. They were all drunk, and asked me jeeringly if this was the way to Dunure. I told them it was; and my answer was received with unfeigned merriment. One gentleman was so much tickled he nearly fell out of the cart; indeed, he was only saved by a companion, who either had not so fine a sense of humour or had drunken less.

‘The toune of Mayboll,’ says the inimitable Abercrummie, ‘stands upon an ascending ground from east to west, and lyes open to the south. It hath one principals street, with houses upon both sides, built of freestone; and it is beautified with the situation of two castles, one at each end of this street. That on the east belongs to the Erle of Cassilis. On the west end is a castle, which belonged sometime to the laird of Blairquan, which is now the tolbuith, and is adorned with a pyremide [conical roof], and a row of ballesters round it raised from the top of the staircase, into which they have mounted a fyne clock. There be four lanes which pass from the principall street; one is called the Black Vennel, which is steep,

declining to the south-west, and leads to a lower street, which is far larger than the high chiefe street, and it runs from the Kirkland to the Well Trees, in which there have been many pretty buildings, belonging to the severall gentry of the countrey, who were wont to resort thither in winter, and divert themselves in converse together at their owne houses. It was once the principall street of the town; but many of these houses of the gentry having been decayed and ruined, it has lost much of its ancient beautie. Just opposite to this vennel, there is another that leads north-west, from the chiefe street to the green, which is a pleasant plott of ground, enclosed round with an earthen wall, wherein they were wont to play football, but now at the Gowff and byasse-bowls. The houses of this towne, on both sides of the street, have their several gardens belonging to them; and in the lower street there be some pretty orchards, that yield store of good fruit.’ As Patterson says, this description is near enough even to-day, and is mighty nicely written to boot. I am bound to add, of my own experience, that Maybole is tumbledown and dreary. Prosperous enough in reality, it has an air of decay; and though the population has increased, a roofless house every here and there seems to protest the contrary. The women are more than well-favoured, and the men fine tall fellows; but they look slipshod and dissipated. As they slouched at street corners, or stood about gossiping in the snow, it seemed they would have been more at home in the slums of a large city than here in a country place betwixt a village and a town. I heard a great deal about drinking, and a great deal about religious revivals: two things in which the Scottish character is emphatic and most unlovely. In particular, I heard of clergymen who were employing their time in explaining to a delighted audience the physics of the Second Coming. It is not very likely any of us will be asked to help. if we were, it is likely we should receive instructions for the occasion, and that on more reliable authority. And so I can only figure to myself a congregation truly curious in such flights of theological fancy, as one of veteran and accomplished saints, who have fought the good fight to an end and outlived all worldly passion, and are to be regarded rather as a part of the Church Triumphant than the poor, imperfect company on earth. And yet I saw some young fellows about the smoking-room who seemed, in the eyes of one who cannot count himself strait-laced, in need of some more practical sort of teaching. They seemed only eager to get drunk, and to do so speedily. It was not much more than a week after the New Year; and to hear them return on their past bouts with a gusto unspeakable was not altogether pleasing. Here is one snatch of talk, for the accuracy of which I can vouch-

‘Ye had a spree here last Tuesday?’

‘We had that!’

‘I wasna able to be oot o’ my bed. Man, I was awful bad on Wednesday.’

‘Ay, ye were gey bad.’

And you should have seen the bright eyes, and heard the sensual accents! They recalled their doings with devout gusto and a sort of rational pride. Schoolboys, after their first drunkenness, are not more boastful; a cock does not plume himself with a more unmingled satisfaction as he paces forth among his harem; and yet these were grown men, and by no means short of wit. It was hard to suppose they were very eager about the Second Coming: it seemed as if some elementary notions of temperance for the men and seemliness for the women would have gone nearer the mark. And yet, as it seemed to me typical of much that is evil in Scotland, Maybole is also typical of much that is best. Some of the factories, which have taken the place of weaving in the town's economy, were originally founded and are still possessed by self-made men of the sterling, stout old breed - fellows who made some little bit of an invention, borrowed some little pocketful of capital, and then, step by step, in courage, thrift and industry, fought their way upwards to an assured position.

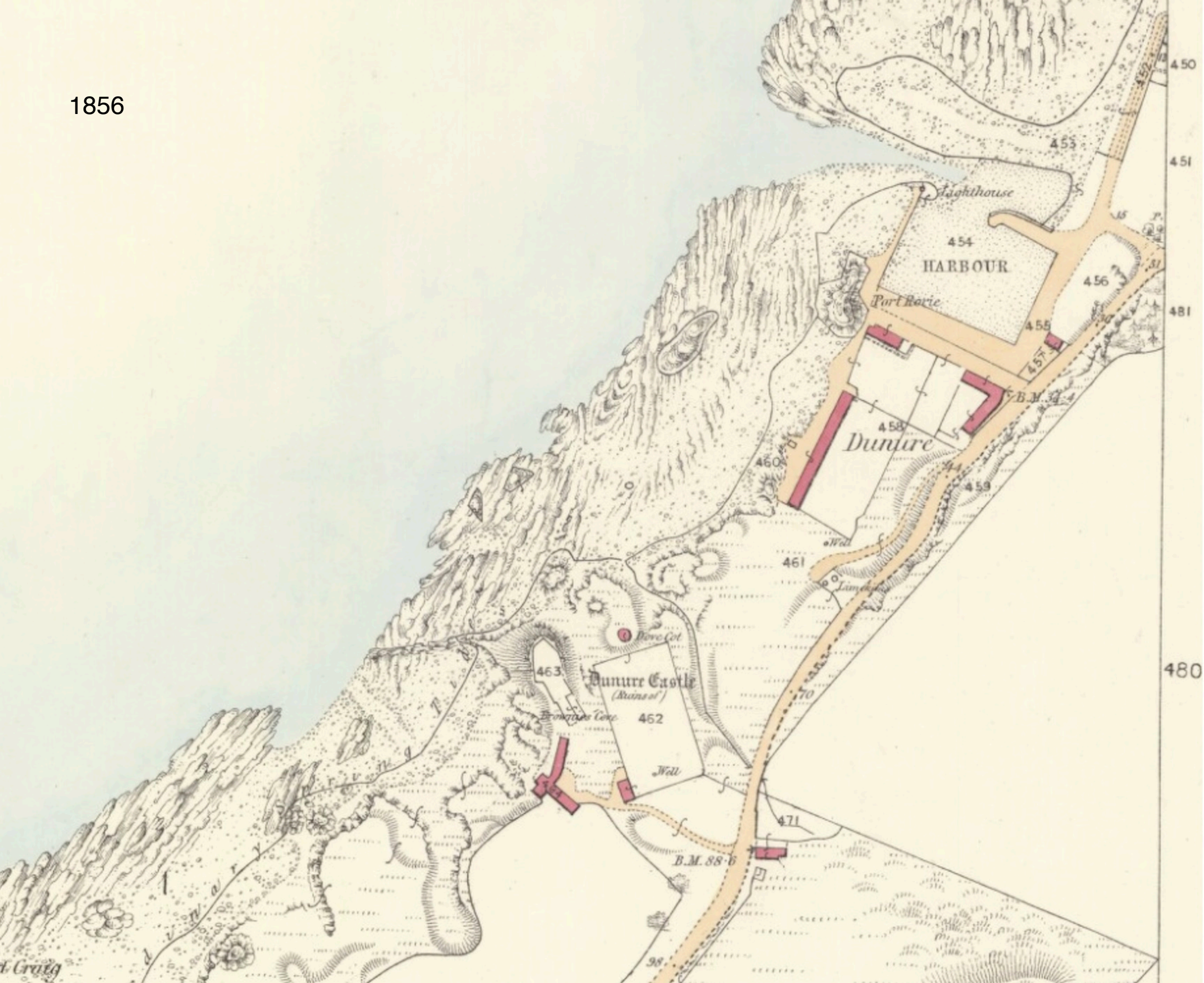
Abercummie has told you enough of the Tolbooth; but, as a bit of spelling, this inscription on the Tolbooth bell seems too delicious to withhold: 'This bell is founded at Maiboll Bi Danel Geli, a Frenchman, the 6th November, 1696, Bi appointment of the heritors of the parish of Maiyboll.' The Castle deserves more notice. It is a large and shapely tower, plain from the ground upwards, but with a zone of ornamentation running about the top. In a general way this adornment is perched on the very summit of the chimney-stacks; but there is one corner more elaborate than the rest. A very heavy string-course runs round the upper story, and just above this, facing up the street, the tower carries a small oriel window, fluted and corbelled and carved about with stone heads. It is so ornate it has somewhat the air of a shrine. And it was, indeed, the casket of a very precious jewel, for in the room to which it gives light lay, for long years, the heroine of the sweet old ballad of 'Johnnie Faa' - she who, at the call of the gipsies' songs, 'came tripping down the stair, and all her maids before her.' Some people say the ballad has no basis in fact, and have written, I believe, unanswerable papers to the proof. But in the face of all that, the very look of that high oriel window convinces the imagination, and we enter into all the sorrows of the imprisoned dame. We conceive the burthen of the long, lack-lustre days, when she leaned her sick head against the mullions, and saw the burghers loafing in Maybole High Street, and the children at play, and ruffling gallants riding by from hunt or foray. We conceive the passion of odd moments, when the wind threw up to her some snatch of song, and her heart grew hot within her, and her eyes overflowed at the memory of the past. And even if the tale be not true of this or that lady, or this or that old tower, it is true in the essence of all men and women: for all of us, some time or other, hear the gipsies singing; over all of us is the glamour cast. Some resist and sit resolutely by the fire. Most go and are brought back again, like Lady Cassilis. A few, of the tribe of Waring, go and are seen no more; only now and again, at springtime, when the gipsies' song is afloat in the amethyst evening, we can catch their voices in the glee.

By night it was clearer, and Maybole more visible than during the day. Clouds coursed over the sky in great masses; the full moon battled the other way, and lit up the snow with gleams of flying silver; the town came down the hill in a cascade of brown gables, bestridden by smooth white roofs, and sprangled here and there with lighted windows. At either end the snow stood high up in the darkness, on the peak of the Tolbooth and among the chimneys of the Castle. As the moon flashed a bull's-eye glitter across the town between the racing clouds, the white roofs leaped into relief over the gables and the chimney-stacks, and their shadows over the white roofs. In the town itself the lit face of the clock peered down the street; an hour was hammered out on Mr. Geli's bell, and from behind the red curtains of a public-house some one trolled out — a compatriot of Burns, again! — 'The saut tear blin's my e'e.'

Next morning there was sun and a flapping wind. From the street corners of Maybole I could catch breezy glimpses of green fields. The road underfoot was wet and heavy — part ice, part snow, part water, and any one I met greeted me, by way of salutation, with 'A fine thowe' (thaw). My way lay among rather bleak bills, and past bleak ponds and dilapidated castles and monasteries, to the Highland-looking village of Kirkoswald. It has little claim to notice, save that Burns came there to study surveying in the summer of 1777, and there also, in the kirkyard, the original of Tam o' Shanter sleeps his last sleep. It is worth noticing, however, that this was the first place I thought 'Highland-looking.' Over the bill from Kirkoswald a farm-road leads to the coast. As I came down above Turnberry, the sea view was indeed strangely different from the day before. The cold fogs were all blown away; and there was Ailsa Craig, like a refraction, magnified and deformed, of the Bass Rock; and there were the chiselled mountain-tops of Arran, veined and tipped with snow; and behind, and fainter, the low, blue land of Cantyre. Cottony clouds stood in a great castle over the top of Arran, and blew out in long streamers to the south. The sea was bitten all over with white; little ships, tacking up and down the Firth, lay over at different angles in the wind. On Shanter they were ploughing lea; a cart foal, all in a field by himself, capered and whinnied as if the spring were in him.

The road from Turnberry to Girvan lies along the shore, among sand-hills and by wildernesses of tumbled bent. Every here and there a few cottages stood together beside a bridge. They had one odd feature, not easy to describe in words: a triangular porch projected from above the door, supported at the apex by a single upright post; a secondary door was hinged to the post, and could be hasped on either cheek of the real entrance; so, whether the wind was north or south, the cotter could make himself a triangular bight of shelter where to set his chair and finish a pipe with comfort. There is one objection to this device; for, as the post stands in the middle of the fairway, any one precipitately issuing from the cottage must run his chance of a broken head. So far as I am aware, it is peculiar to the little corner of country about Girvan. And that corner is noticeable for more reasons: it is certainly one of the most characteristic districts in Scotland, It has this movable porch by way of architecture; it has, as we shall see, a sort of remnant of provincial costume, and it has the handsomest population in the Lowlands. . . .

1856



E

1909

