Caledonian

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Failte !

Welcome to this Candlemas newsletter!

Scottish Thrift

Article and photos by Ken Shilling

People say the Scots are 'tight' with their money, but in my experience, they are simply being careful. My grandfather, Roderick Heggie, used to say, 'Look after the pennies and the pounds will look after themselves' and he certainly was careful with what he had. Nevertheless, as I have found with many of his fellow Scots, he was also very generous. A new ten-shilling note was given to each grandchild at Christmas and that was a lot back then.

Grandad served with the Seaforth Highlanders in World War I. Because of his height, coming in at only 5-feet 2 inches, he did duty with the ambulance and saw much heavy fighting in the deserts of the Middle East. Returning to Scotland after the war, the family moved from Fife and took up residence in an apartment at 46 Hilltown, Dundee.

The family had grown to two boys and three girls and times were tough. To ease the household expenses, the kilt that was part of grandad's uniform was opened out and made into dresses for each of the girls.

This photograph of four of the Heggie children was taken in the back court at 46 Hilltown. The girls are all wearing their dresses made from the army-issue kilt. Isabella is on the left, Rachel is on the right behind my mother, Agnes, in the front. Roderick jnr, the eldest, has the chair while the youngest, Robert, is still only a baby so has missed out for this picture opportunity.

This photograph has become an important family treasure as it reveals so much about my Scots family.

Remembering the Mull of Kintyre, 1978

Article and photos by Beverley Richardson

‘Far have I travelled and much have I seen
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green
Past painted deserts, the sunset’s on fire
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre…’

I was burnt out. Four years of teaching English, History and French in a tough state secondary school had left me exhausted. After years of study, I’d been rewarded with a permanent job and regular payslips. I’d married and my husband and I had bought our first new car. We’d built a house. What next? Children? Surely, not yet. What we needed was fun.

Yes! We would take leave without pay, offer our house to friends for a short stay and set out on an adventure.

With neither mobile phones nor access to a world wide web, we plotted our journey on roadmaps and with the assistance of a travel agent, booked a Bedford van through a company at Winchester, south of London, paid for on arrival with American Express travellers’ cheques. Because the Deutschmark had risen in value post-World War II to become the dominant currency in Europe, we both undertook a short course in conversational German, imagining we would meet hordes of cashed up Deutchlanders in the camping grounds and tourist destinations we’d planned to visit.

Our journey would begin with a week’s stay in a London bed sit. Then we would cross the English Channel on a vehicular ferry and wander anticlockwise around the continent of Europe for three months. This would be our first experience of the international world. My husband would record the journey highlights with his Pentax slide camera while I would keep a journal filled with notes and postcards bought along the way.

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Our flight to Heathrow Airport on Singapore Airlines lasted 27 hours, stopping over at Singapore, Dubai and Rome for refuelling and for the setting down and taking up of passengers. On arrival, flattened by jet lag, I lay on the lumpy mattress in our cheap accommodation and slept for 12 hours. Our one up and two down, managed by The Irish, included a breakfast starting with a pot of tea, accompanied by fried eggs on toast, tomatoes and baked beans; solid preparation for the exhausting days of sightseeing ahead.

Stepping out into the world’s centre of pop culture, I thought I was living a dream. London in springtime was enchanting: cool and damp, with garden beds of budding tulips. The city was awake after a freezing winter and we had escaped the end days of an Australian summer.

My favourite pop group, The Beatles, had disbanded and lead singer, Paul McCartney, sang on the radio with his wife, Linda, in his new band, Wings. In 1977 he’d written an anthem of love to his estate, High Park Farm, in Scotland on the Kintyre Peninsular where he was raising his children. An instant success, the song played on radios and jukeboxes across every national border, and at every stop we made. Featuring the Great Highland Bagpipes, it reminded me of my childhood when, on

Anzac Day, I'd followed the McEwan Pipe band stepping it out down the Pacific Highway, Belmont, leading a procession of veterans and uniformed children. I'd been intoxicated by the symbolism and music: red, green and black tartan swinging from the hips of straight-backed Scots striding down the centre of the blocked off road to the beat of the drums and pipes.

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Recovered and replenished, I set out on my first day to reacquaint myself with the monarch I'd first met in kindergarten; the middle-aged lady in a floral dress and matching hat, handbag and shoes; she who, on a visit to Australia, had driven past in her black Rolls Royce, waving a white gloved hand. I visited Westminster Abbey where she had married her prince, stood before her palace and saw the Beefeaters at the gate barring tourists from her gardens. I viewed the crown jewels in the Tower of London and took The Tube out into the suburbs to visit Hampton Court, the palace of her distant relative, King Henry VIII. At each end of the journey, we explored the mother country over which our Queen ruled.

Pipes and drums: Anzac procession, Pacific Highway, Belmont

We barely noticed the weather: thought it odd Londoners carried umbrellas, even when mornings shone bright. Invariably, by early afternoon, rain clouds covered the soft blue sky. After having taken possession of our red Bedford camper, we awoke the next morning in Winchester Park to the sight of ducks encircling our van, swimming in sheets of water, the ancient Cathedral appearing to sink into a newly formed lake and the tombs of kings, queens, maids and knights on which we'd leant taking brass rubbings the day before, in danger of subsidence into a muddy bog.

In all, we spent six weeks travelling around the United Kingdom. At this early stage of life, I knew little about depression but as each day brought another grey sky with rain, my mental state, at first exultant, shifted to a yearning for the clear air and blue skies of my home. Perhaps this is why I identified with McCartney's song in which he wrote about leaving a place he loved and of his longing to return.

'Dark distant mountains', 'valleys of green', deserts and fiery sunsets represent the unfamiliar, the alien, places McCartney saw but did not learn to love, as expressed in his ode to the Mull of Kintyre. But these landscapes were familiar to me, places stored in the core of my heart: the Great Dividing Range separating the New South Wales coast from the Outback; the vast Jamieson Valley in the Blue Mountains, the Nullarbor Desert of South Australia and the fireball summer sun sinking below the horizon at Lake Macquarie, where I grew up. For me, it was the built environment of Europe, that drew me in day after day, and was the unfamiliar.

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Paris in springtime exuded its charm: the sight of a boy and a girl kissing under a magnolia tree, its pink and white blossoms falling, carpeting the ground: I wished I was that girl, her long hair adorned with a coronet of spring flowers, leaning into her lover's embrace, her gossamer dress floating above layers of white net petticoats: I grew to love this City of Love. Parking the van at Camping Internationale de Maisons-Lafitte sur la Seine, each day we immersed ourselves in French culture, riding the Metro into the city where we climbed the stairs of the Eiffel Tower and looked down on the Trocadero Gardens, called in on the Mona Lisa, smiling from her frame in the Louvre Museum, climbed the white stairs of the Eglise de la Madeleine and sank into the holy silence of Notre Dame de Paris. Then it was on to savour the thrill of driving free on unfamiliar roads in countries where people spoke languages foreign to our own.

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The journey south: we passed into clear air and sunshine. Driving down the back roads of France brought to mind the conflicts that had reduced the fields to a few broken trees in a landscape of mud. I wondered at how the French had rebuilt, the white farm buildings, green meadows and roads lined with poplars, testament to their love for their homeland. Stopping at markets in country towns, we bought baguettes and charcuteries, tomatoes and cucumbers, then spread our picnic blanket on the riverbanks, rivers whose names I'd taught from the French culture books I'd used in my lessons - the Loire, the Garonne, the Dordogne, and the Rhone. Further south we passed through the Pyrenees Mountains to the French-Spanish border where the armed, black uniformed Guardia Civil ordered travellers to hand over their passports for inspection then unpack and repack their vehicles. Basque Separatists and the Bader Meinhof Group had begun their summer bombing campaigns throughout Europe, destroying the Hall of Mirrors at the Palais de Versailles before we could visit this former residence of King Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette.

On we travelled, down autobahns, on roads and cobblestone streets, to board yet another vehicular ferry at Brindisi, in southern Italy, where we slept overnight on the deck with our fellow travellers, waking at dawn as the ship berthed at Piraeus in Greece. Changing direction, we set out to explore countries north of the Mediterranean where a myriad of fresh experiences awaited. In Yugoslavia we saw poverty that could not be hidden from the travelling public: elderly women by the roadside in national dress, a tethered donkey by their side, offering a photo opportunity for a few dinars; roads that degenerated into axle breaking potholes when hidden by tunnels through the mountains, bridges over river beds that had not been built, glamorous white hotels along the Adriatic coast with stinking, malfunctioning sewage systems facing the road. This was a country destined for civil war. Conversely, nations little affected by World War II, rich countries that had quickly recovered, offered pleasant, comfortable experiences in what are now called Internet hotspots: mountain areas such as Mount Olympus and Mont Blanc, canalled cities and walled cities, cities seeming to float on water, palaces and cathedrals. We drank beer in Munchen, ate black forest cherry cake in the Black Forest, savoured pizza in Venice and pork schnitzel with potato salad in Austria.

Towards journey's end, we stopped at the Mull of Kintyre. Overjoyed at the sight of a green meadow leading down to the North Atlantic Ocean, I gathered a posy of Scottish wildflowers, arranged them in an egg cup, set it on a fence post and took a picture. We were on the way home. Our hearts were glad, tired of the Old World, longing for the aerial view of Sydney as the plane circled over Botany Bay, the Opera House and the Harbour Bridge. The journey to Europe was life changing for my husband and me. Returning home with new skills and knowledge, we were now ready to commit to raising a family. Life's journey was calling: within 12 months we celebrated the arrival of our first son. I look back on this trip with gratitude for the memories I can draw on when in a melancholy mood and thankful for the song Mull of Kintyre which was the catalyst for our diversion to this beautiful place in the world.

Castles in Scotland

Article and photo by Ken Shilling

How many castles can you find in Scotland? The answer lies in the thousands, giving the producers of the hit TV show *Outlander* a wealth of possibilities for filming locations. From *The Scots Magazine* for June 2024, we read that in Aberdeenshire alone, there are 263 castles. They range from the ruined marvel *Dunnotar Castle* near Stonehaven, to the royal residence, *Balmoral*. If castles are your thing, then Aberdeenshire has enough to satisfy the most demanding tourist.

Construction at Castle Fraser in Aberdeenshire began about 1450 and this magnificent building contains many odd features that reflect the turbulent times in those past days. These include a Laird's Lug, hidden trapdoors, secret staircases and a spy hole! Today the National Trust for Scotland maintains this building which makes for a magical venue for weddings and other important events. More information about this historic building can be found at nts.org.uk/visit/places/castle-fraser and Wikipedia.

Traditional Scottish Hats

Article by Lea Harris

The rich heritage of culture in Scotland is frequently honoured through various customs, including the designs of Scottish hats. The hats, with their distinctive styles and historical significance, are a key part of Scottish identity. Traditional Scottish caps are more than just a simple headpiece; they are an enduring connection to Scotland's past and the culture.

Traditional Scottish hats have a great cultural significance. They are a symbol of Scottish heritage, and symbolise pride in the ancestry of one's family and a connection to Scottish customs. They are also a major part in Highland attire that is typically displayed at special occasions like weddings, *ceilidhs* and Highland games.

Although traditional Scottish hats are still worn, they have been adapted to meet contemporary fashion trends. Nowadays, Scottish hats are not just for occasions, but they are also integrated into everyday attire, adding an element of Scottish design to modern fashions.

In this article, I look at three of the most well-known Scottish hats: the Tam o'Shanter, the Glengarry bonnet, and the Balmoral/Kilmarnock bonnet. Also given is a brief description of the Trews bonnet, the Caubeen, and the Bunnet.

Tam o'Shanter

A tam o'Shanter (in the British military often abbreviated to ToS) or 'tammie' is a name given to the traditional Scottish bonnet worn by men. The name derives from Tam o'Shanter, the eponymous hero, of the 1790 Robert Burns poem.

Image from https://claymoreimports.com/

The tam o'Shanter originated in the 16th century as a flat bonnet that was commonly worn by men and servants in Scotland. The earliest versions were blue and were made by bonnet-makers in cities like Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. The tam o'Shanter was embraced by Scottish farmers and labourers as a symbol of cultural identity and practicality.

The tam o'Shanter is a flat bonnet, originally made of wool hand-knitted in one piece, stretched on a wooden disc to give the distinctive flat shape, and subsequently felted. The earliest forms of these caps, known as a blue bonnet from their typical colour, were made by bonnet-makers in Scotland. By the year 1599 five bonnet-makers' guilds had formed in cities around the country: Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth, Stirling and Glasgow. At the end of the 16th century, it was said that the Scottish caps were the normal fashion of men and servants, and they remained so throughout the 17th century.

The later tam o'Shanter is distinguished by the woollen ball or *toorie* (pompom) decorating the centre of the crown; the name itself did not enter common usage until the early 19th century, subsequent to the popularity of Burns' poem. The term came to denote a hat, usually associated with Scottish military regiments.

Before the introduction of inexpensive synthetic dyes in the mid-19th century, the Scottish knitted bonnet was made only in colours easily available from natural dyes, particularly woad or indigo (hence 'blue bonnet'). Since that time the tam o'Shanter has been produced in a wider range of fabrics, such as serge, as single colours, as well as tartan. Women have also adopted a form of this hat, known as a 'tammy' or 'tam'.

In the First World War, a khaki Balmoral bonnet was introduced in 1915 for wear in the trenches by Scottish infantry serving on the Western Front. This came to be known as the 'bonnet, tam o'Shanter, later abbreviated among military personnel to 'ToS'. It replaced the Glengarry – which was the regulation bonnet worn by Scottish troops with khaki field dress at the start of the war. Originally knitted, the military tam o'Shanter subsequently came to be constructed from separate pieces of khaki serge cloth.

Today, the Royal Regiment of Scotland and Scottish regiments of the Canadian Army continue to wear the ToS as undress and working headgear. The various battalions of the Royal Regiment of Scotland identify themselves by wearing distinctive coloured *hackles* on their bonnets. The *hackle* is a clipped plume or short spray of coloured feathers that is attached to a military headdress, with different colours being associated with particular regiments.

Tam o'Shanters are also worn by some Police Bands, in academic dress and as a fashion accessory.

Glengarry Bonnet

The Glengarry bonnet is a traditional Scots cap made of thick-milled woollen material, decorated with a *toorie* on top, frequently a rosette *cockade* on the left side, and ribbons hanging behind. It is normally worn as part of Scottish military or civilian Highland dress, either formal or informal, as an alternative to the Balmoral bonnet or Tam o'Shanter.

Glengarry worn on parade (Royal Regiment of Scotland, 2011) – image from Wikipedia

Traditionally, the Glengarry bonnet is said to have first appeared as the head dress of the Glengarry Fencibles when they were formed in 1794 by Alexander Ranaldson MacDonell of Glengarry, of Clan MacDonell of Glengarry. The first use of the classic, military glengarry may not have been until 1841, when it is said to have been introduced for the pipers of the 79th Foot by the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Lauderdale Maule. It was only in the 1850s that the Glengarry became characteristic undress headgear of the Scottish regiments of the British Army. By 1860, the Glengarry without a diced border and usually with a feather had been adopted by most pipers in regiments. The diced bands on Glengarries were either in red, white and blue for royal regiments or red, white and green for others. The *toories* on top could be red, royal blue or black, according to regiment.

The Glengarry continued to be worn in dark blue by all regiments of the Scottish Division up to their final amalgamation into the Royal Regiment of Scotland in 2006. In parade dress, it was worn by all regiments except the Black Watch, who wore the blue Balmoral bonnet, and musicians of some regiments, who wore feather bonnets in full dress. The blue Glengarry currently worn by the Royal

Regiment of Scotland has red, green and white dicing, a red *toorie*, black silk *cockade* and the regimental cap badge surmounted by a blackcock (*Tetrao tetrix*) feather.

The Glengarry is worn by male members of staff at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, the King's Official residence in Scotland.

The correct method of wearing the Glengarry has changed since the end of the Second World War. Prior to 1945, Glengarries were generally worn steeply angled, with the right side of the cap worn low, often touching the ear, and the side with the capbadge higher on the head. The trend since the end of the war has been to wear the Glengarry level on the head, with the point directly over the right eye.

Balmoral/Kilmarnock Bonnet

A modern Balmoral in black wool – image from Wikipedia

The Balmoral bonnet (or Balmoral cap, and formerly called the Kilmarnock bonnet) is a traditional Scottish hat that can be worn as part of formal or informal Highland dress. Developed from the earlier blue bonnet, dating to at least the 16th century, it takes the form of a knitted, soft wool cap with a flat crown. It is named after Balmoral Castle, a royal residence in Scotland. It is an alternative to the similar and related (informal) Tam o'Shanter cap and the (formal or informal) Glengarry bonnet.

Originally with a voluminous crown, today, the bonnet is smaller, made of finer cloth, and tends to be dark blue, black, or Lovat green. Ribbons originally used to secure the bonnet tightly, are sometimes worn hanging from the back of the cap. A regimental or clan badge is worn on the left-hand side, affixed to a silk or grosgrain ribbon cockade (usually black, white, or red), with the bonnet usually worn tilted to the right to display this emblem. The centre of the crown features a *toorie*, traditionally red. Some versions have a diced band (usually red and white check) around the lower edge's circumference.

As worn by Scottish Highland regiments, the blue bonnet (common civilian headwear) gradually developed into two military forms. One was the Balmoral/Kilmarnock bonnet complete with ribbon cockade and small *toorie*, around 1744. The other was a taller, stiffened felt cylinder, often decorated with an ostrich-plume *hackle* sweeping over the crown from left to right.

In the 19th century, the taller version of the military cap evolved into the extravagant full dress feather bonnet. Meanwhile, the plainer, flatter form continued in use, as an undress cap, until the mid-19th century. By then known as the Kilmarnock bonnet, it was officially replaced by the Glengarry bonnet, which had been in use unofficially since the late 18th century and was essentially a folding side cap version of the cylindrical military cap. The name 'Balmoral', as applied to the traditional headdress, appears to date from the late 19th century. Balmorals were described in 1842 as having become common civilian headwear 'worn pretty generally by ploughmen, carters and boys of the humbler ranks'.

In 1903, a blue bonnet in traditional style but with a stiffened crown was adopted briefly by some Lowland regiments as full-dress headgear. After the Second World War, while all other Scottish regiments chose the Glengarry, a soft blue Balmoral was adopted as full-dress headgear by the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) and was worn with the green no 1 dress jacket and with khaki no 2 or service dress. As part of the amalgamation of the Scottish regiments in 2006, the military Balmoral was done away with; all battalions of the Royal Regiment of Scotland now wear the Glengarry. The Balmoral is still widely used as a part of a uniform in the Army Cadet Force, including its pipe band.

Trews Bonnet

The Trews Bonnet can be described as a tiny round hat that is worn in conjunction with the traditional Scottish dress called the Trews. It is usually constructed of tartan and gives a touch of class to the overall outfit.

Caubeen

Caubeen is a classic Irish and Scottish hat that has a distinctive shape that slopes. It is frequently linked to military regiments such as The Irish Guards and the Royal Regiment of Scotland.

A British army caubeen with a cap badge and green hackle - image from Wikipedia

Bunnet

The word ‘bunnet’ is a common Scottish term used to refer to various caps, such as berets and flat caps that are commonly seen in Scotland. These hats are typically worn in a casual and more everyday look.

References:
https://scotlandkiltcollection.com/
Wikipedia

Do you know the answer?

See last page to find out if you’re right

Where did President Eisenhower of the United States have a residence in Scotland?

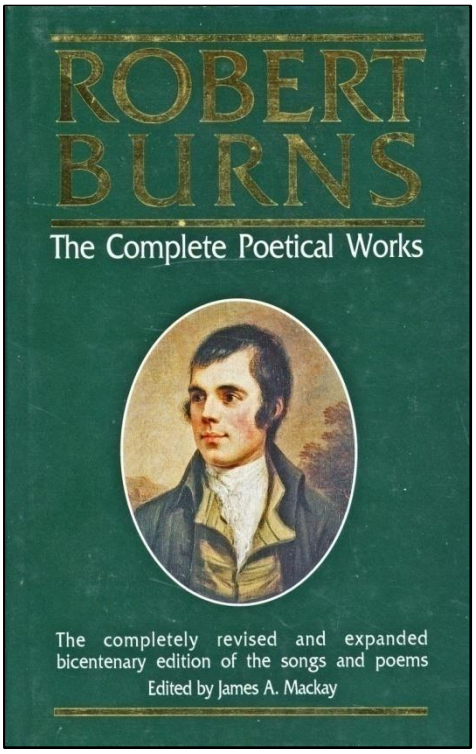
- Culzean Castle, Ayrshire
- Glamis Castle, Angus
- Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh
- Edinburgh Castle

Some Notes on Robert Burns

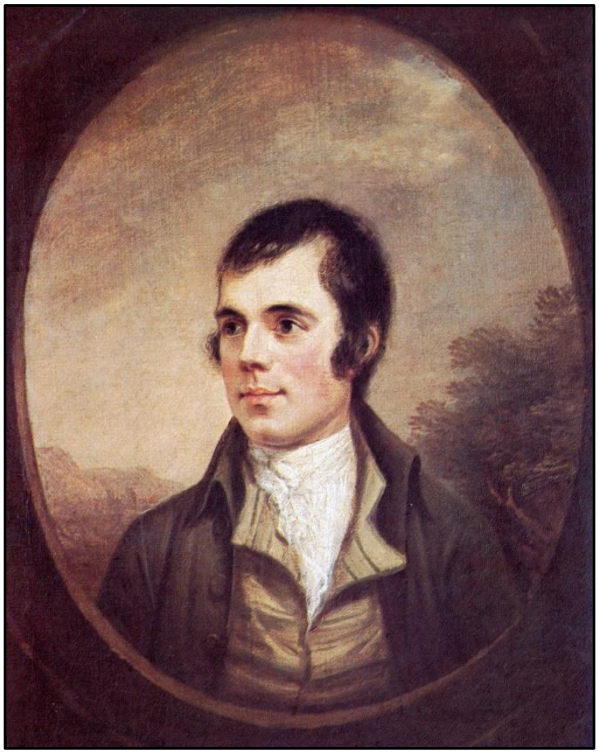
Article written by Ken Shilling based on notes gathered together
by long-time Society member, Alison Morris

The first extract is from the book *Rambles Through the Land of Burns*, chapter 18, written by Archibald R. Adamson and published in 1879.

> … Closeburn is reached. Stretching away on the east side of the line are Closeburn Hills amid which is the fine waterfall, Crichope Linn, and a cave which tradition states was used by the Covenanters. Sir Walter Scott seems to have been aware of its associations, for in 'Old Mortality' he portrays it as the hiding place of the Balfour of Burnley.
>
> Burns was familiar with Closeburn. He used to visit an inn at Brownhill, and made the landlord, whose name was Bacon, the subject of an impromptu effusion. His friend, Kirsty Flint, also resided in Closeburn. She was well acquainted with old music and ballads, and nothing delighted the poet better than to hear her sing her songs – indeed, he generally got her to 'lilt' over any new effusion before giving it to the world.



The cover of *The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns* published by Alloway Publishing as the 'Bi-Centenary Edition Completely Revised', in December 1993



The portrait of Burns painted by Alexander Nasmyth in 1787 adorns the cover of the book. This painting can be viewed in the National Galleries of Scotland in Edinburgh

Alison found another extract in *Burns-lore of Dumfries and Galloway* by James A. Mackay which was published in 1988.

> Kirsty Kirkpatrick, who resided in a cottage in Closeburn, frequently played hostess to Burns on his visits to the village. She had a beautiful voice and sang many of the traditional airs which Burns used for his songs. As she sang, Burns sat back in the large armchair by the fireside and listened

carefully for any grating word or phrase. Then the urchins, gathered round the door, to the sneck of which the poet's horse was tied, would hear: 'No, Kirsty, that sounded ill. I maun change that word. Try this now! Ah! That's better' Thus they went through stanza after stanza until the song was completed, and every harsh word or phrase had been removed. Kirsty lived intil 1838, to boast of the part she had played in perfecting some of Burns's best loved songs. After her marriage to William Flint, she moved to Dinning where the friendship with the Burns family was strengthened.

The Burns connection to Dinning is explained in another passage.

Dinning lies about five miles north of Ellisland. … Gilbert Burns, brother of the poet … removed from Mossgiel to Dinning in 1798 where he spent two years. On getting a better offer … he moved to East Lothian as farm manager. As the lease had not expired, it was transferred to John Begg, husband of Isabella Burns, the poet's sister. … The poet's widowed mother lived at Dinning with Gilbert until his move. … Kirsty and William Flint had a house at Dinning after moving from Closeburn on their marriage.

The final passage is an article containing many interesting stories and was written for the *Dumfries and Galloway Advertiser* of 5 January 1974 by Robert Kinloch. It was titled *When Burns Came to Closeburn*.

Robert Chambers in his edition of the Life and Works of Burns, quotes the following: 'There lived in Closeburn a respectable woman … Christina Kirkpatrick. She had a masculine understanding; and was well acquainted with the old music, the songs and ballads of Scotland; and having a fine voice and good ear, she sang them remarkably well.

Burtns was accustomed, after composing any of his beautiful songs, to pay Kirsty a visit, that he might hear them sung by her.'

It would seem, however, Kirsty was able to do more than illustrate the songs. Because of her extensive knowledge of the old Scottish airs, she could often suggest some other tune than the one Burns had originally chosen. In some cases, Burns acknowledged Kirsty's choice to be superior and more suitable to the words of the poem.

Kirsty married a mason named Flint and Burns is said to have attended the wedding, presumably in Closeburn. In this connection a story was later circulated to which some editors have taken strong exception.

The story goes on as follows: A guest began to sing 'Ye banks and braes around the Castle o' Montgomery,' the poem by Burns called 'Highland Mary' commemorating his love for Mary Campbell. Burns was greatly upset, the singing re-opened the wound caused by Mary's death. To soothe the poet, Kirsty sang 'Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon.'

William Stewart, son of a publican in Closeburn, was factor of the Closeburn estate when Burns got to know him. The acquaintance (and it seems to have quickly developed into a warm friendship) began when Burns wrote Stewart from Mauchline on March 31, 1788, asking about labourers for Ellisland. 'I am an entire stranger in your country; and Heaven knows shall require advice enough.' Part of the poem, 'You're welcome, Willie Stewart,' of the year 1789 gives some indication how close the two had become:

You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half sae welcome's thou art.
Come bumpers high express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it;
The tappet hen, gae bring her ben
To welcome Willie Stewart.

This lyric was originally inscribed on a crystal tumbler which later came into the possession of Sir Walter Scott and was preserved at Abbotsford.

Many of the meetings with Stewart and his daughter Polly (Burns wrote a poem on her as well 'Lovely Polly Stewart') took place at Brownhill Inn near Thornhill. This inn was kept by one Bacon, a brother-in-law of Stewart. Much has been said about verses supposed to have been written by Burns at Brownhill … verses which were later destroyed on the grounds they did the poet's reputation no good. How far Stewart encouraged Burns in the writing of such verses must ever remain a matter of conjecture All that is known for certain is the well-known:

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer
And plenty of bacon each day in the year.
We've a thing that's nice and mostly in season,
But why always bacon – come give me a reason?

Harmless but witty enough, especially because Bacon, the landlord, was thrusting himself too much on his customers.

It has usually been thought Burns' connection with Closeburn came to an end when he left Ellisland in 1791. This hardly seems likely in view of a letter written by Burns to Stewart on January 15, 1795. 'This is a painful disagreeable letter – and the first of the kind I have ever wrote: I am truly in serious distress for three or four guineas. Can you, my dear sir, accommodate me?'

Such a request seems to imply that they had remained in terms of closest friendship and this in turn surely infers visits to Closeburn and Dumfries. It only remains to say: Stewart sent the poet three guineas the following day.

Another extract Alison collected was from *The Burns Encyclopedia* and concerned Christian (or Kirstie) Flint, who lived from 1765 to 1836.

A mason's wife in Closeburn, Dumfries. According to Chambers, Burns used to give her his newest songs to sing over, and if any word sounded harsh or grating, he would change it in favour of a better.

Professor Gillespie of St Andrews University recorded in 1829 in the Edinburgh Literary Journal that he used to see Burns's horse tethered outside her door, and listen to the songs she was singing for him. He continued: 'The songstress was a Mrs Flint. She was neither pretty nor witty, but had a pipe of the most overpowering pitch, and a fine taste for a song.'

A last item concerns Ellisland Farm.

Poet Robert Burns was 29, in the prime of his life and at the peak of his powers, when he came to Ellisland Farm in Dumfries and Galloway, Scotland. Some of Robert Burns' best-loved nature poems were inspired by the tranquil setting of Ellisland Farm.

During his stay at Ellisland he produced some 130 ~ about a quarter ~ of his songs and poems, and 230 of his 700 letters.

It was while living at Ellisland that he composed one of his most famous works, Tam o' Shanter, in 1790.

Burns' genius is recognised around the world, his most well-known song sung around the planet every New Year's Eve. He gave *Auld Lang Syne* to the world in 1788.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And auld lang syne!

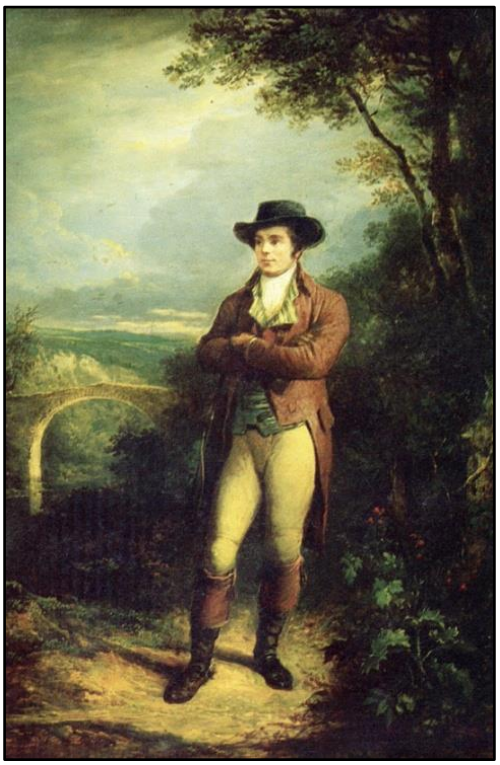
And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.



Alexander Nasmyth painted this portrait of Robert Burns in 1828. It is held by the National Galleries of Scotland, Edinburgh.

Superstitions and Traditions

Article by Lea Harris for the Scottish Open Day held on Saturday 12 August 2023

As in numerous countries, there are many superstitions and traditions that originate from Scotland. The Scots have been fascinated with superstitions for centuries. Here are just a few for your enjoyment.

Black Sheep

One of the most commonly used idioms in the English language is 'the black sheep of the family'. It originates from a traditional superstition among Scottish farmers and shepherds. As the colour black is strongly associated with Satan in Scotland, the birth of a black sheep is said to foretell a disastrous end for the remainder of the flock. If a sheep gives birth to twins with black faces, the shepherds will have a poor lambing season ahead.

Guising

Many traditions surrounding Halloween derive from the Celtic festival of Samhain where it was believed the boundaries between this world and the other world became permeable, allowing spirits and demons to cross into our world more easily. The Celts thus began the practice of guising or putting on a disguise so they could slip past the spirits unrecognised and undisturbed and offering tokens of food to appease them – a precursor to our modern-day trick or treating.

Dookin' for Apples

The tradition of 'dookin' for apples, where children attempt to retrieve apples from a bucket of water using only their mouths is thought to be a reference back to the days of the druids. According to ancient druid lore, apples were considered to be a sacred fruit.

Oh baby

Scotland has many superstitions surrounding childbirth, as until fairly recently giving birth was a dangerous ordeal for many women. Up until the 1950s, Scottish midwives, or 'Howdies', would be dispatched to the home in the event of a birth, and enact certain rituals to ease the process, such as unlocking all doors and windows, and ensuring that nobody in the home is sitting with their arms and legs crossed to help the baby into the world.

Rowan Trees

The planting of a rowan tree on your property was believed to ward off witches. Considered sacred by the Celts, it is said to offer protection from mischievous spirits. 'Howdies' or midwives used to cook its berries into a herbal remedy for expectant mothers to help their unborn child.

Selkies from the Sea

Selkies can change from a seal at sea to a human form on land by casting off their seal skins or so the folklore tells us. In many selkie stories, one such is forced to stay on land when their seal skin is stolen and hidden. The origin of the selkie folk tales lies in Orkney where both harbour and grey seals can be found around the shores.

Goin' Fishing

Fishing communities in the Outer Hebrides and East Neuk in Fife are well-known for their strict seafaring codes and customs. If a fisherman passes a minister or a girl with ginger hair on his way to the harbour, he might refuse to go to sea that day as it was considered a bad omen. Any mention of a pig or rabbit is also strictly forbidden on a boat as they are the bringers of bad luck – if you mention the creatures, call them a 'curly tail' or a 'bob tail' instead.

Shoes on the Table

The origin of this superstition is said to have begun in the coal mines of the north of England where, after a miner's death, his boots would be placed on the table as a mark of respect. It quickly spread to Scotland where it soon came to be believed that placing your boots on a table while still alive would invite death upon your family.

White will set you right

While purple heather blooms in abundance on the hillsides, white heather is a lot less common, but is supposedly very, very lucky indeed. The origins of this lie in a Celtic legend dating from the 3rd century. Malvina, daughter of legendary warrior-poet Ossian, cried after finding out her lover had died in battle, her tears supposedly turning purple heather white. Malvina declared, 'Although it is the symbol of my sorrow, may the white heather bring good fortune to all who find it.'

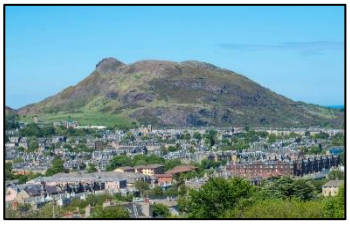
A Sterling Gift

Known as the practice of 'handselling', it's considered lucky to place silver, often a coin, in a new born baby's hand. This would supposedly bring great wealth to them in later life. The way the baby reacts to the silver is also meant to foretell his or her relationship to money in later life. If they grab it tightly, they will be frugal with their finances; if they should drop the silver immediately, they will be a spendthrift. In modern times, silver spoons are sometimes gifted at Christenings.

First-footing

Still widely practiced across Scotland, the practice of first-footing takes place as soon as the clock strikes midnight on Hogmanay. According to local lore, the first person to walk across your threshold as soon as those bells ring should be a tall, dark man bearing gifts of salt, whisky, shortbread, coal and a black bun – anything less will result in a year of bad luck, especially if you are instead greeted by a blond man bearing an axe. Afterwards, guests of any sex and hair colour may enter your house without consequence to exchange gifts and party the night away.

Feel renewed with May dew



On 1 May, it was traditional for young ladies to wash their faces in the morning dew. In Edinburgh in years gone by, you'd often see ladies flock to Arthur's Seat for the ritual, which promised good fortune along with vitality and beauty for the year to come. It's a pagan custom which has been observed in Scotland for hundreds of years.

Hare today, gone tomorrow

The field hare is known as a bad omen around the world, yet to see a black hare is considered good luck – and in Scotland a white hare is even better luck. If you see a hare running along the road it is said to be running away from a soon-to-be fire; and the left foot of a hare is a good luck charm against arthritis.

Swans a-swimming

Swans are protected birds in the UK and it is considered unlucky to bring them to harm. Furthermore, a swan cannot hatch its eggs unless there is a storm and if, in Scotland, you see three swans flying together, it's looked upon as a sign of a disaster waiting to happen.

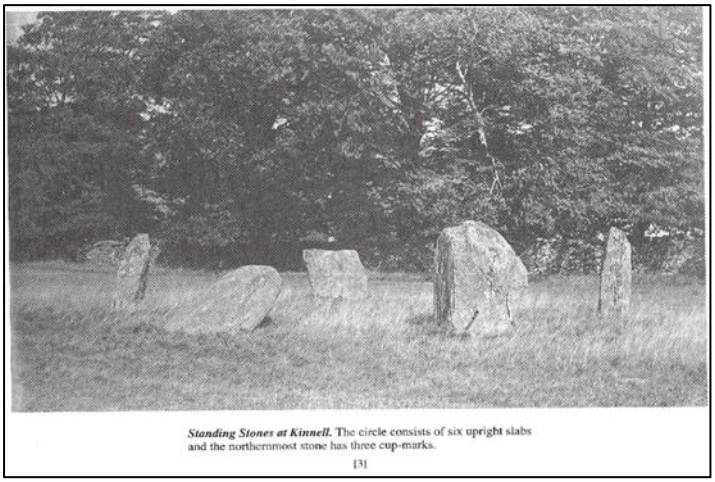
A Scots canary is a singer greater than all other birds and to harm it in any way causes the person to lose their voice. The strange markings on its eggs have led people to believe it is the Devil's Bird.

Clan McAlpin

The McAlpins of Killin

Article and photos by Kim Gray
(Old Killin photos from Kay Riddell (1993), Killin: In Old Photographs)

The story of my McAlpin ancestors (Gaelic: *MacAilpein*) begins in the gorgeous wee village of Killin, at the head of Loch Tay, historical district of Breadalbane in the heart of Scotland. It is an ancient place where relics of the Bronze Age materialise in stone circles and Celtic folk tales tell of brave warriors and dramatic clan rivalries. Throughout my life as a sixth generation Australian, I have been fortunate to hear many tales about our convict and settler ancestry, and about our maternal Scottish connections. During the decades my mother dabbled in family history research and made contact with cousins also interested in our genealogy, the name 'Killin' kept popping up in anecdotes about travelling to Scotland. Photos were passed around showing the famed Falls of Dochart, images of a beautiful stone bridge, like something out of a fairy tale, pictures of ancient burial grounds and of a little white kirk with a very old baptismal font. This tiny hamlet on the other side of the world took on an almost mythical character, a place I may visit someday when I had the resources and time to do so. I didn't understand back then why this village seemed to hold such a special place in the hearts of some family members or indeed, what a bittersweet experience visiting the village would turn out to be.



Standing Stones at Kinnell. The circle consists of six upright slabs and the northernmost stone has three cup-marks.
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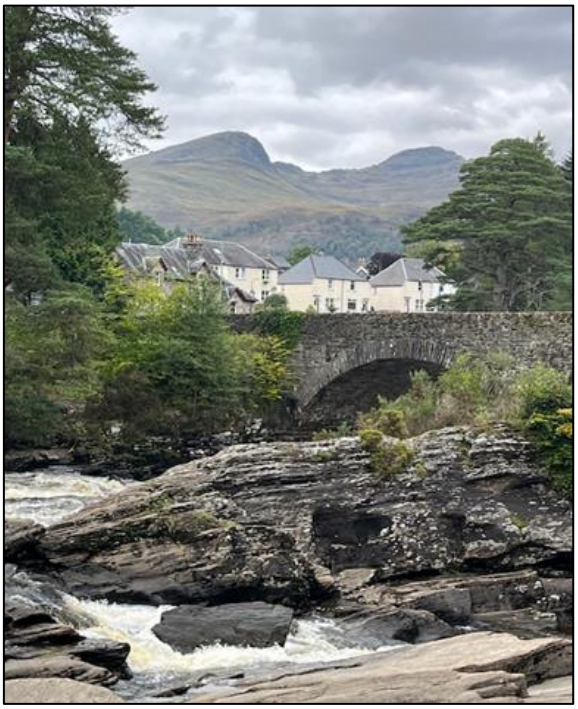
Visiting Killin was just a part of our broader road trip throughout the UK and Ireland. In posts home, my husband David and I waxed lyrical about the amazing scenery, history and *craic* of Ireland, from the Neolithic burial mounds of Brú na Bóinne and more recent historical tales of the Troubles in the north, to spectacular coastline and hearty pub lunches in the pretty villages of County Kerry and Cork in the south.

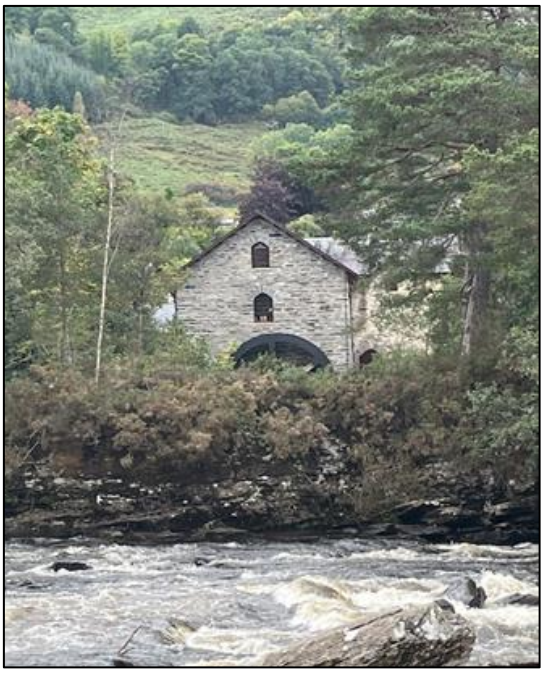
In Scotland, we enjoyed a few days exploring the majestic city of Edinburgh before heading north to Inverness in the Highlands, on the trail of my 5x great grandmother, Ann Grant (nee McLean) whose daughter, also Ann, born in Urquhart in 1771 travelled with her convict-soldier partner, Donald Kennedy on the *Royal Admiral*, arriving in Sydney in 1792 and settling in Castlereagh, NSW. Our days around Inverness were spent marvelling at the ancient ruins of Clava Cairns, experiencing the pathos of Culloden Moor and the grandeur of Urquhart Castle on beautiful Loch Ness, owned by the Grants (1502-1912). I wondered whether the Grants of Urquhart Castle were connected to my 5x great grandparents, William and Ann Grant both born at Urquhart. But the fascinating tales of the Grants, Kennedys and McLeans from Inverness will be stories for another day.

We continued on the famous NC500 to explore more of the Highlands, loving the wild beauty and ruggedness of the landscape, enjoying our walk in Corrieshaloch Gorge National Park, our haddock wrap at the Seafood Shack, Ullapool, and we were so grateful for all of our friendly hosts in remote bed and breakfast stops, such as Laide in Wester Ross and Uig on Skye. Travelling on the Jacobite Steam Train from Fort William to Mallaig was another highlight, as was driving through beautiful Glencoe Pass. But it was only on entering Killin in September 2023, on a chilly overcast autumn day, finally walking across the ancient stone bridge and out onto the rocky ledges where the tumbling waters of the Falls of Dochart had flowed for millennia, that I felt the emotional pull of this place. The emotion was obviously heightened because I remembered how my mother and her cousin spoke about their journeys to Killin in the 70s and 80s – and because I had just received a phone call from home advising that my Mum, age 97, had been placed in palliative care.

The family stories about Killin included tales of visiting ‘Innis Buidhe’ – the Yellow Island - the ancient burial ground of the Chiefs of the McNab clan, just downstream of the bridge.



And stories about our ancestor, my 3x great grandfather, Peter McAlpin, born in 1768, the 11th child of Peter McAlpin and his wife, Katharine McLean. Peter (snr) worked at the Chief of Clan McNab's estate, *Kinnell*, and Peter (Jnr) and all his siblings were born either at Kinnell or the 'Bridge end of Dochart'. Only seven of the 12 children are known to have survived infancy. Peter McAlpin (Jnr) trained as a blacksmith as his father had done but at an early age joined the army and by the age of 26 had attained the rank of sergeant, joining the 91st Princess Louise Argyllshire Highlanders at Stirling Castle. In 1795, Peter's regiment along with the 98th, embarked on a joint expedition to South Africa to battle the Dutch. Peter spent seven years at the Cape of Good Hope and during this time met his wife to be, Elizabeth Elton, when the store ship HMS *Buffalo* she was sailing on with her mother, Sarah Elton and step-father Frances Wheeler, arrived in Cape Town to leave stores and pick up cattle for Sydney Cove in October 1798. When their ship sailed, Elizabeth stayed in Cape Town and married Peter in December the same year at the Garrison Church, Cape of Good Hope – Peter was 30 years old and Elizabeth just 19. They remained at the Cape until Peter was invalided out of the regiment, along with a large number of other soldiers in April 1802, returning to Killin to visit family before travelling to Stirling so Peter could work as a blacksmith. Peter had worked as an artificer for the Royal Engineers so may have worked as a master blacksmith at Stirling Castle on his return (Phillips, 1991). It would be another ten years or so until Peter and Elizabeth made the long journey to Australia.



Killin's ancient stories are indeed captivating. The legends about St Fillan, an Irish, Gaelic speaking priest who settled here in the 8th century live on in Breadalbane. Gillies (1938), *In Famed Breadalbane*, writes about the spread of the Christian religion with the establishment of Celtic monasteries at the Strath of Dull and in Glendochart. He tells of the tradition of two missionaries, St Adamnan, the biographer of St Columba, and St Fillan, who crossed Druimalban together into Perthshire where they decided which area each should adopt. The Celtic monastery at Dull, dedicated to Adamnan, was believed to later become a 'seat of learning, the endowments of which were afterwards transferred to the University of St Andrews'.

St Fillan is remembered for his ministry in Breadalbane and for the meal-grinding mill he first built in Killin in the 8th century. Both the mill that now stands proudly near the falls, built in 1840, and the bridge nearby, were constructed entirely of local stone from the river and tweed was woven here until around 1939. The building later housed the Breadalbane Folklore Centre. St Fillan's legacy can also

be seen through his relics which served public functions long after their importance as symbols of ecclesiastical offices. Gillies mentions the crozier, or staff with its beautiful filigree-work acquired by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland and placed in the National Museum in 1877. Another is the tradition around St Fillan's bell which was regarded as important enough to be used at the Coronation of King James IV in 1488. Apparently, the bell lay on a tombstone in the Churchyard of Strathfillan for centuries exposed to the elements. St Fillan was a healer and his healing stones, once kept in the mill, now reside in the Parish Church at the other end of the village.

Killin Parish church or little white kirk, holds a special place in the hearts of McAlpin clan members who have visited the village. The kirk was built in 1744 to replace an earlier church which had resided for centuries nearby on the river Lochay, within the grounds of the old graveyard. Tradition places the earliest church and graveyard at Killin near the monolith known as Fingal's stone, the burial place of Fingal, renowned Celtic warrior. The historic churchyard, which sits behind the Killin Hotel, is currently undergoing restoration but on our visit, we were able to wander through the rusty antiquated gates onto the newly mown lawn surrounding the old gravestones.

Ceremony at Fingal's Grave. The name Killin is derived from the Gaelic for Fingal's cell, and it is believed that Fingal was born in Killin and is buried here. This ceremony in 1899 was to mark the occasion of resurrecting the tombstone at Fingal's Grave.

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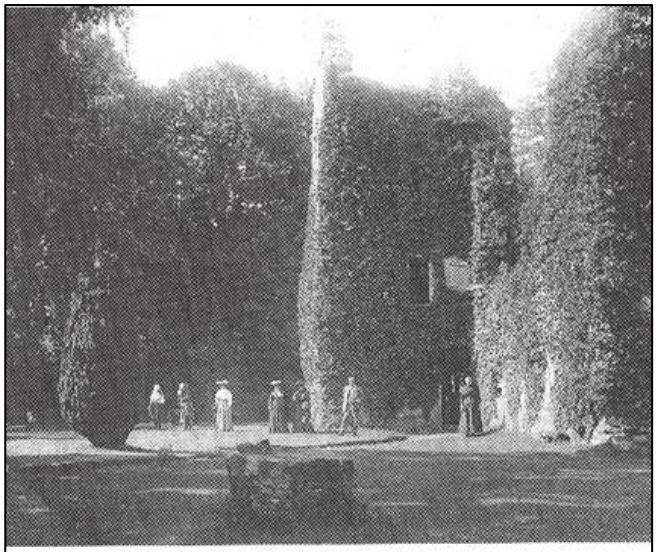
The earliest listing of the McAlpin name (sometimes spelt McAlpine, McAlpan, McCalpine and McKalpine) in the Old Parochial Registers in Killin and Kenmore, Perthshire, dates back to 1643 and there are 26 baptisms of McAlpin children before the first baptismal entry for Peter McAlpin and Katharine McLean. The McAlpin name (Gaelic: *MacAilpein*) can be traced back much further in Scottish history with Kenneth MacAlpin 810-858, son of Alpin,

King of the Picts, and believed by some to be the uniter of the Picts and the Scots, and the first King of Scotland.

On 9 December 1749, Peter and Katharine 'at Bridge End of Dochart had their lawful children twins baptised the eldest called Donald and the youngest Margaret'. This entry appears to be the first listing twins in the old parochial registers of Killin (Phillips, 1996). Some 19 years later, Peter (Jnr), like his siblings, was christened in the kirk by Reverend James Stewart who earned his place in the history books for his work translating the New Testament into Scottish Gaelic, published in 1767, the year before Peter was born. Rev. Stewart's work in overcoming the long-time suppression of the local Gaelic language and his devotion to the parish for over 50 years was commemorated in a polished granite monument of a Celtic cross by the Gaelic Society of Perthshire and on his tombstone in the parish churchyard.

Our impromptu visit to the little white kirk fell on what seemed to be a special day for the parish – we arrived to find a number of parishioners setting up tables for a community luncheon. They welcomed us, took time out from their busy day to chat and asked if we'd like to join them for the meal, but as we had another commitment, we had to regretfully decline their very kind invitation. It was a poignant visit however as we were also able to see an ancient relic holding personal significance - the stone font where Peter, his siblings and many others of the McAlpin clan were baptised. The baptismal font which now sits in a prominent position within the kirk adorned with children's toys, had been found half buried in the old graveyard. In his 1938 book, Gillies mentions the significance of the ancient font and believed it to be the only seven-sided font found in Scotland, at that time.



Finlarig Castle, the home of the Campbells built c1523 on the site of a prehistoric fort.

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By the time Peter was born mid-18th century, the dramatic clan rivalries of past centuries were on the wane – the Battle of Culloden had occurred some 20 years before. But the legends and relics of those early times live on. Clan Campbell was once considered the most powerful clan in Breadalbane with lands from Argyll to Kenmore. Finlarig Castle c. 1523, now a ruin, owned by Sir Duncan Campbell, was built on a mound, once the site of a prehistoric fort. It was here that a meeting of the Scottish Parliament was held at a time of Civil War in 1651 but they failed to form a quorum with only three members attending. In the old *Guide to Places and Events of Interest – Around Lovely Killin* (no date), it tells of a not so lovely site - nearby the castle is a pit with a be-heading block where persons of noble birth were executed in 'Black Duncan's time' – 'common' people were hanged on an oak tree!

On 15 August 1811, Peter, Elizabeth and their children, Sarah (6), Peter (2) and William Glas (just 10 months), set sail on the store ship *General Graham* finally arriving in Port Jackson on 29 January 1812. Elizabeth's mother, Sarah Elton had written to her daughter asking them to join her in the colony, but sadly on arrival they discovered that she had died earlier that year. Peter's skills as a blacksmith enabled him to set up a successful business and purchase property along Dyarubbin, Hawkesbury River, at first in Windsor, later moving to Richmond. The records show how the Darug people resisted the invasion of their land fiercely and that during the period between 1794 and 1816, Dyarubbin was the site of one of the longest and most brutal frontier wars in Australian history (Karskens 2020). It's important for me to acknowledge this history, alongside our colonial version, particularly when I'm aware of how my ancestor Peter and subsequent McAlpin generations were able to prosper in Australia, originally on land grants taken from the people of Dyarubbin and beyond.

William and brother Peter

Susannah and Elizabeth Dawes

Joseph Snr

Intriguing snippets about my ancestors' interactions with the Traditional Owners are scattered through family members' accounts and other historical records but of course, they are a partial colonial version of a much more complex story. From a young age, my 2x great grandfather, William Glas McAlpin, called by his parents 'Billy', became involved in expeditions, the first where he joined a party led by Archibald Bell and Aboriginal guides, 'Cocky' and 'Emery', mapping out what is now known as the 'Bells Line of Road'. Later William Glas's sister, Sarah married Thomas Eather, and in 1826 William, at age 16, joined his brother-in-law Thomas and 'some friendly Aboriginal guides' (Phillips 1991) on the track over steep ranges between Richmond and Colo, down to Putty and Howe's Valley and onto the fertile plains of the Hunter Valley. Some weeks later they returned, this time with Sarah and son, Thomas (Jnr), on a bullock arriving many days later at Cockfighters

Creek. Sarah McAlpin has been recorded as the first white woman to travel over this track and settle in Bulga. In 1833, William Glas (age 22) married his childhood sweetheart, Susannah Onus (age 17) and around 1841 William and Susannah decided to permanently move to Bulga where they remained for the rest of their lives.

A fascinating piece of history said to have occurred on the McAlpin property (Phillips 1991), can be found in *The Eather Manuscript – The History of Bulga 1820-1921* by A.N. Eather, documenting the last combined *Bora Ceremony* held in 1852, an initiation ceremony attended by between 500 and 600 Indigenous men and boys, the last gathering of tribes 'from as far away as Mudgee and Goulburn'.

William Glas, or 'Billy Mac', the second son of Peter and Elizabeth McAlpin from the wee village of Killin, was known in his later years as 'Old Mac', the grandfather of Bulga, for his generosity and contributions to the community over many years including the building of Bulga Public School. His wife Susannah is recorded in the Singleton Argus, 19 April 1879 as laying the foundation stone for the new school and afterwards, '*the toasting and cheering being over, Mr Dawes produced his violin, and for an hour and more after, the dancing of quadrilles, Scotch reels, etc., gave a lively and novel finish to a very enjoyable day ...*'

Peter McAlpin lived into his 80s passing away in Richmond with his family around him in 1850. Sadly, his wife Elizabeth had died in 1817 leaving four young children - Peter married again in 1821 to Eleanor Blake, a convict woman who had been assigned some years earlier from the female factory at Parramatta. William Glas, like his father, lived a long life – he died in Bulga in 1902 at age 92. William's youngest son, my great grandfather Joseph, born in 1849 in Bulga, and at one time the publican at the Caledonian Hotel in Singleton, married Elizabeth Jane Dawes on 24 June 1873 (coincidentally also my birthdate many decades later). Tragically, my great grandmother Elizabeth passed away a very short time after giving birth to her second child, my grandfather, Joseph Eclipse McAlpin (name suggested by the doctor because there was an eclipse of the moon when he was born). Joseph (Jnr) who was reared by his aunt Eliza Dawes, married Lilian Mary Chapman in 1915 - they had three sons, Robert, Richard and Ronald and their fourth child, a daughter, my mother, Gwen born in 1925. Peter and Elizabeth McAlpin who dared to seek a new life on the other side of the world now have thousands of descendants with thousands of stories – all living very different lives to their ancestors' lives in the pretty little village of Killin.

Dedicated to Mum, Gwendolene Lilian Weir (nee McAlpin) who died 30 September 2023 and her cousin, June Maisie McAlpin Phillips who died too young, 21 January 1997.

McAlpin family c. 1960, Gwen second from left

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The next meeting of the Newcastle Family History Society Scottish SIG will be held on Tuesday 11 March 2025 at 1 pm in the Society's rooms.

Newcomers are always welcome.

If you would like to submit an article or pictures for a future issue of the *Caledonian,* please send them to nfhspresident@gmail.com

Where did President Eisenhower of the United States have a residence in Scotland?

Answer

The correct answer is Culzean Castle, Ayrshire

In 1945 when the owners of Culzean Castle in Ayrshire donated it to the National Trust for Scotland they requested that the top floor be given to General Eisenhower as a thank you from Scotland for America's support during World War II. General Eisenhower and members of his family stayed there on several occasions.

Our next *Caledonian* will be the Whitsunday issue on 28 May 2025

17 Fun Facts About Edinburgh

- Edinburgh replaced Scone as Scotland's capital in 1437
- Edinburgh's Royal Mile stretches beyond its name at 1.12 miles long
- Edinburgh is one of the most haunted cities in the world
- Edinburgh chose the mythological unicorn as Scotland's national animal in 1369
- Edinburgh drained a sewage-filled lake to create Princes Street Gardens
- Edinburgh's Balmoral Hotel clock runs 3 minutes fast to help travellers catch trains
- Edinburgh Castle sits on a 700-million-year-old extinct volcano
- A hidden window above Edinburgh Castle's fireplace let rulers eavesdrop on guests
- The Honours of Scotland are the oldest surviving crown jewels in the British Isles
- The Edinburgh Fringe Festival is the largest arts festival in the world
- Edinburgh was the first city in the world to establish a fire brigade
- Edinburgh's most iconic failure cost £16,000 to abandon in 1829
- Edinburgh's Old Town and New Town are UNESCO World Heritage Sites
- J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter books derived from Edinburgh, Scotland
- Edinburgh hosts the largest literary festival in the world
- Edinburgh's Waverley Station is the only train station in the world named after a novel
- Edinburgh Zoo is home to Sir Nils Olav, a knighted king penguin

From Beauty of Scotland Facebook page