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The University of Southern Mississippi

ANTRIM TO AYRSHIRE

by Eric Jude Hatcher

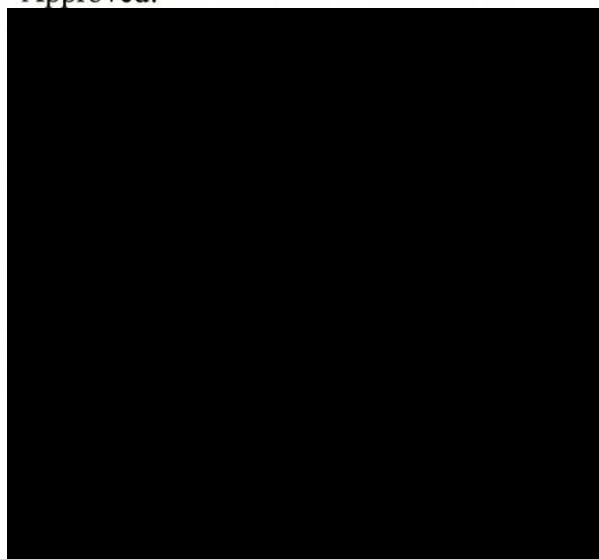
by

Eric Jude Hatcher

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate School
of The University of Southern Mississippi
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Approved:



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December 2010

ABSTRACT

ANTRIM TO AYRSHIRE

by Eric Jude Hatcher

December 2010

In the summer of 2007, I visited Scotland during a personal vacation. During that trip, I kept a private journal that later became the source of an interest in the genre of travel writing. In this thesis, I present a discussion of the genre, as well as, build a framework into which my writing can be placed.

Home and the Other

II. EVOLUTION OF TRAVEL WRITING

Classical Epic: Travel among the Mythical

The Pilgrimage: Journeys through the Scriptural Past

The Grand Tour: The Unnarratable, Unrivaled Present

The East Becomes Real: Merchants and Missionaries

Old Meets New: Voyages of Discovery in the West

Travel Fictions: Reality Becomes Fiction

The Eighteenth Century (1660-1800): Emergence of Voice

The Grand Tour: Finishing School Abroad

Emergence of the Self

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The East Becomes Real: Merchants and Missionaries

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Later I was a little drunk myself. . . . I was very good fellowship. I remember
 while it did not wake a kind of hope in human nature. If we could get back to
 this heaven, simplicity, intelligence, friendliness, for my sake it is thought, and
 was a joy. . . . (Cervantes 234)

Beginning in the late 1970's, and continuing through the 1980's, my mother undertook
 the challenge of researching her family genealogy. A lack of personal family records forced her
 to rely on church records, all of them leading to the same dead-end: during the 1800's. At the
 same time, my father's efforts were remarkably my paternal ancestry, and despite having access
 to family bibles and other personal records, they were only able to find information to the
 beginning of the nineteenth century. All additional their research throughout the 1980's and
 1990's, but little new information was found.

The summer of 1997 presented me with the opportunity to study in England for six
 weeks. After traveling through much of southern England, I found in myself a renewed interest
 in history, specifically my ancestral origins. I spent much of the next two years searching
 through microfilm copies and online records, published histories of colonial America, and
 electronic resources on the internet trying to fill in the framework created by my mother during
 her research. What was originally a list of names and dates became a picture of growing families
 and generations, including their occupations and movement through the geography and history of
 America. I was able to bridge the Atlantic Ocean and trace many of the various lines to their
 European homelands. One line—the Blair and Ly's families, whose members are presented as a
 detailed narrative in Appendix B—would become the inspiration behind a journey through
 Lowland Scotland and Northern Ireland. And there were many others: the Highland Smolliers;
 the Lowland Gibbons and Lindsay; the Blair and Peders of the Ulster Plantations; the

CHAPTER I

FEELING RATHER THAN THOUGHT:

THE DISCOVERY OF SELF IN MODERN TRAVEL WRITING

Later I was a little drunk myself . . . from mere good fellowship. I remember wandering round the village listening to the laughter and the music among the little glowing fires and thinking that, after all, the whole journey was worth while: it did reawaken a kind of hope in human nature. If one could get back to this bareness, simplicity, instinctive friendliness, feeling rather than thought, and start again . . . (Greene 234)

Beginning in the late 1970's, and continuing through the 1980's, my mother undertook the challenge of researching her family genealogy. A lack of personal family records forced her to rely on church records, all of them leading to the same dead-ends during the 1850's. At the same time, my father's sisters were researching my paternal ancestry, and despite having access to family bibles and other personal records, they were only able to find information to the beginning of the nineteenth century. All continued their research throughout the 1980's and 1990's, but little new information was found.

The summer of 1997 presented me with the opportunity to study in England for six weeks. After travelling through much of southern England, I found in myself a renewed interest in history, specifically my ancestral origins. I spent much of the next nine years searching through microfilm census and military records, published histories of colonial America, and electronic resources on the Internet trying to fill in the framework created by my mother during her research. What was originally a list of names and dates became a picture of growing families and generations, including their occupations and movement through the geography and history of America. I was also able to bridge the Atlantic Ocean and trace many of the various lines to their European homelands. One line—the Blair and Lyle families, whose members are presented as a detailed narrative in Appendix B—would become the inspiration behind a journey through Lowland Scotland and Northern Ireland. And there were many others: the Highland Snoddies; the Lowland Gibsons and Lindsays; the Blairs and Pedens of the Ulster Plantation; the

Montgomerys, Campbells, and so many more—all of whom I would discover in my studies of my ancestry.

Throughout the period of my research, I gained an intellectual knowledge of the various events and locales pertinent to each ancestor, but their personal nature and meaning was absent. I knew where on a map the various families of my ancestors lived, but I had no personal connection to those places. Their existence was to change in 2007 when I was able to travel to Scotland and Northern Ireland and experience the landscape and villages firsthand. I planned a personal tour, intentionally bypassing traditional tourist destinations in favor of sites with direct connection to my family. As a supplement to the many pictures I knew I would take, I decided to keep a journal, noting mundane details and experiences that would not be captured in the photographs.

This thesis is the result of the journal I kept during my 2007 trip. In researching my personal attempt at a travelogue, I found myself reading primary and secondary sources that detailed the historical precedent and theoretical approaches to the genre of travel literature. Chapter II discusses a brief history of the genre, tracing its evolution from earliest times through the end of the nineteenth-century. Chapter III investigates modern travel writing by examining three twentieth century authors of greatly different styles. Chapter IV is a personal attempt at a travelogue—covering my travels in Scotland and Northern Ireland—incorporating some of the features discussed in the first two chapters. Finally, two appendixes present the historical and genealogical perspective of my travels.

Home and the Other

By the end of the twentieth century, three categories of travel had emerged, each embodied by the particular person undertaking the journey: the explorer, the tourist, and the traveler (Krist 594). The explorer—all but extinct in the modern age—hopes to find untouched areas of the world to document. The tourist stumbles through cities hoping to pack as much as possible into as short a time as possible. The traveler visits the same locales as both, but looks

inward for their meaning. With this separation of motive behind travel, a similar change occurred in the literature it produced.

Of greatest interest to me is the role of travel in self-discovery. By placing oneself into physically unknown places (the Other), the modern traveler attempts to adjust by relating the unfamiliar to the familiar. Although this adaptation will suffice during short trips, long voyages eventually require the traveler to leave the familiar (Home) behind and embrace the oddities they are encountering. This process takes on more importance when the traveler chooses to record his experiences, whether for personal reflection or public consumption. Every decision—What do I include? What do I leave out? How do I describe a particular object?—will affect the traveler's experience, both in the immediate and in the future. Experiences initially seen as fleeting almost always take on greater import in the context of subsequent events. Only through repetition can a pattern be recognized; and only through recognition can discovery be made. As Matthew Graves wrote, "The search for the new, the unexpected, is an integral part of the travel experience, but it is not the novelty of place that counts in a travel narrative so much as the capacity for reinvention of the writer" (56).

As travel relates to the reader, the modern travel book cannot simply detail places visited and things seen. The modern travel writer must engage the reader with a story of adventure and intrigue, whether physical, emotional, or spiritual. "The new travel books are not our guides to places remote; nowhere is remote anymore. They are instead metaphors of a quest for ground zero—a place where values are discovered along the way" (Blanton 29).

Classical Types: Travel among the Mythical

Travel literature has seen many forms during the past few thousand years, each becoming more personal and reflecting more of the authors' experiences than just the landscape through which they traveled. Although there is some disagreement among critics on an actual "first

CHAPTER II

THE EVOLUTION OF TRAVEL WRITING

As far back as the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, travel has been a part of literature. The long journey of Gilgamesh and Enkidu to the Cedar Forest, in search of the monstrous Humbaba, is well known, as is the hero's epic voyage in the second half of the poem in search of eternal life. However, what is considered travel writing by the modern reader did not emerge as an independent genre until authors began to include direct descriptions of places visited, things seen, and experiences felt. This shift from the detached third-person observer to an immersed and authoritative first-person narrator marked a significant change in writing; no longer was the writer, and by extension the reader, separated from the story: the writer and story merged, providing a quality of realism not previously present; the reader became a vicarious companion sharing the journey.

No matter the destination or path, all travel begins at Home, including geographical, ethical, spiritual, and social assumptions and prejudices. Whether writing informal letters to family, formal reports to sponsors, or an organized book relating details of the journey, all travelers (and travel writers) are presented with the challenge of how to view and, hopefully, understand the Other that will be encountered. They are also faced with the task of interpreting what is seen for a reader who may never have first-hand experience with the landscape. The simplest way of connecting the reader to the experience was to compare the Other to Home in both literal and allegorical ways. Unfortunately, the minute or trivial comparisons often invoked a judgmental nature that made the subject (the Other) seem inferior to the native Home.

Classical Epics: Travel among the Mythical

Travel literature has seen many forms during the past two thousand years, each becoming more personal and reflecting more of the authors' experiences than just the landscape through which they traveled. Although there is some disagreement among critics on an actual "first

book,” most agree that travel literature was born out of the epic of the Classical Age and late antiquity. The Homeric epic *Odyssey* (about eighth century B.C.), although it is a third-person story containing characters from Greek legend and mythology, cannot be denied to contain a large portion of travel; after all, it tells of Odysseus’ attempt to return home after the end of the Trojan War.

Three hundred years later, Herodotus (*The Histories*) and Ctesias (*Indica*)—written during the fifth century B.C.—record the geographical, political, and historical details of the various cultures in the Mediterranean, modern-day Middle East, and India. Finally, *The Periplus of the Erythraean Sea* records and describes the various ports—and trade goods available in each—around the Erythraean Sea (Indian Ocean). Although the works present only information learned on the journey, rather than the journey or traveler, the reader can find the early seeds of what would eventually emerge as the genre of travel literature.

The Pilgrimage: Journeys through the Scriptural Past

Nearly one thousand years later, we come upon *Peregrinatio Aetheriae*, or *Pilgrimage of Aetheria*.¹ Taking the form of a letter to friends or colleagues back home, the *Peregrinatio* relates the visitation of biblical locales by Egeria while on pilgrimage in the Holy Land during the fourth century A.D. In the letter, she records for her *sorores* (or sisters) the various biblical places and locales she visits. However, “her experience as a traveler bears a striking resemblance to the act of reading: the Holy Land in all its physical and cultural fullness is for her only a map of its former self. . . . her descriptions tend to render that other, sacred time and not her own;” Egeria is not seeing the Holy Land of her present, but the Holy Land at the time of Moses, David, Solomon, and Jesus (Campbell 25).

¹ The letter comes to us as a fragmentary copy, and is also known as *Peregrinatio ad loca sancta* (*The Pilgrimage to the Holy Lands*) or *Itinerarium Egeriae* (*The Travels of Egeria*). In addition, the historical identity of Egeria (a name given to her by scholars) is unknown; other names and identities attributed to the traveler are Aetheria and Saint Sylvia. Finally, the actual date of Egeria’s travels is disputed, but many agree on a date between the close of the fourth century and the second decade of the fifth century (393-417 A.D.). Despite the many unknowns, the *Peregrinatio* has become valuable in the study of travel writing because it is one of the earliest surviving first-person records of travel.

Three hundred years after Egeria's travels through the Holy Land, we come to the *De locis sanctis* of Arculf. After being shipwrecked off the Western coast of the British Isles, he came to stay at the Iona Abbey, located on the island of the same name in modern-day Scotland. During his time at the abbey, Arculf related to Adomnán (Abbot from 679-704) his experiences during a nine month pilgrimage to the Holy Lands. The conversations ultimately produced *De locis sanctis*, a three book description of what Arculf saw while in Palestine, including Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and other pilgrim destinations. Arculf's account differs from Egeria's *Itinerarium* in a very significant way: the reader encounters a true description of the environs of the Holy Land rather than a simple narration of sites visited and the historical events that took place in them. Egeria sees the sites through the filter of the biblical events that occurred in them; Arculf sees the landscape before him. "The emotions that move [in *De locis sanctis*] are wonder and nostalgia, as opposed to Egeria's awe and carefully maintained focus on the vanishing but living past" (Campbell 37). The importance of *De locis sanctis* in its own time is attested by the many copies that spread throughout western Europe during the middle ages, and the continued interest—popularly and critically—through the twenty-first century.²

The Grotesque: The Unnarratable, Unvisitable Present

Before continuing, it would be helpful to take a short, but required, detour into the Grotesque. The infancy and adolescence of travel writing brought an increase in the reporting of the reality of the lands around the Mediterranean Sea, but the perspective was still one deeply seated in the past. During the same period, writings about the East continued to include the legendary and unnatural wonders of myth, including dog-sized ants that collect gold; cannibalistic natives who never sleep; and geographical oddities such as perpetually shrouded mountains or barren lands separating the known world from the Earthly Paradise of Adam and Eve. Interest in

² Recent publications include various articles during the 1980s and 1990s as well as Thomas O'Loughlin's *Adomnan and the Holy Places* (January 2008).

the Grotesque continues today, with tabloid articles about extra-terrestrial beings and merfolk, and electronic distribution of pictures purporting the discovery of giants.

One major development of note within travel writing during the latter half of the first millennium was the movement of the traveler out of the Past and into the Present, although it was a Present that still included the fabled wonders of the East.³ Dating from about 1000 A.D., *The Wonders of the East* presents a collection of seemingly unrelated descriptions of unusual animals and plants. Classification of *Wonders* into a particular genre presents difficulties. The work is not in narrative form as is expected of most travel writing; the reader must infer travel from the work's simple presentation of the existence of creatures and plants. Interest in *The Wonders of the East* derives from the method of presentation, specifically that fact that the wonders are described in the present tense: "There is . . .," "These are . . .," "They have . . ." No longer is the author or reader viewing a landscape and its inhabitants separated by time; they exist simultaneously.

The East Becomes Real: Merchants and Missionaries

Despite the appeal of the grotesque, I return to what is seen as traditional travel writing of merchants and missionaries. Although travelers ventured eastward in search of spices and souls, their contribution to travel writing was the demystification of the East. The eyewitnesses of the Crusades⁴ (including Fulcher of Chartres, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, and Jean de Joinville) returned with accounts of the reality they encountered; the people of the East, and their customs, were no longer something to be imagined or created by the writer. Of specific interest to my discussion of travel writing are the *Itinerarium* of William of Rubruck and *Il milione* (or *The*

³ As pilgrims and explorers visited and wrote about the lands and cultures on the fringe of the known world, the legends found themselves, rather than destroyed or disproved, moved into the lands that had not yet been reached: "'The East' is a concept separable from any purely geographical area. It is essentially 'Elsewhere'" (Campbell 48).

⁴ The Crusades of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were primarily attempts by western Christians (Roman Catholics) to win military control of the Holy Lands from Muslims. Additional campaigns were fought against Eastern European peoples, Jews, and eventually other Christians after the Schism between the Eastern Orthodox and Latin Rite churches.

Travels) of Marco Polo, two works which “however little else they have in common, they harmonized the two chief tones of travel writing—the journey and the journey’s setting—more effectively than anyone else had before them” (Campbell 121).

Written in 1255, the *Itinerarium* recounts the travels and experiences of William of Rubruck during a missionary journey among the Tartars during the final two years of the Seventh Crusade (1248-1254). Unlike Jean de Joinville’s *Vie de Sainte Louis* (1309), which is concerned only with the Crusade as it pertains to the life of King Louis IX of France, William’s account was written to describe his journey, including the geography and culture he encountered during the two year mission. He describes the mundane detail that previously has been absent from travel writing: care of livestock, size and structure of houses and beds, preparation of food and drink, clothing and footwear materials. Rarely does William give personal opinion, except as disgust at social habits or a theological judgment, as in the “abominable and filthy custome” of a son taking as wives his father’s widows, excepting his own mother, as part of his inheritance; or wondering “what deuill caried the religion of Mahomet” the thirty day journey through the desert to Bulgaria. In the *Itinerarium* we find not a narrative “of a place or of a culture, but of an event: it begins at the beginning of his journey and ends at the end of it. . . . In William we have finally found a traveler-author who speaks in his own voice, from his own real position in the practical world” (Campbell 113).

Widely circulated, translated, and reproduced,⁵ *Il milione* can be seen by the modern scholar as “the collaborative effort of a whole culture, enacting by its means its discovery of the Orient” (Campbell 92). It remained an authority for at least two hundred years, being a primary source of Columbus’ research before his first voyage in 1492. The long-standing success of *Il milione* can be attributed to its bold rendering of a reality encountered by the persona of the First

⁵ The popularity of the work is attested by the nearly 150 extant manuscripts. Ironically, errors in transcription, as well as scribal additions, have caused no two to be identical in content. There have been three major attempts to collating the various manuscripts: Giovan Battista Ramusio in 1559, Sir Henry Yule in 1871, and Luigi Foscolo Benedetto in 1928.

Traveler “created by Marco Polo, Rusticello, and a host of translators, redactors, and editors over a period of centuries” (Campbell 95). Unlike previous travel works, Polo’s account reports only what he directly saw; he is made aware of other regions and kingdoms, but does not include them because he did not directly visit or see them. One of the greatest accomplishments of *Il milione* is Polo’s success in “not revising or replacing old images but filling in blanks where even blanks have not been previously imagined” (Campbell 102).

Old Meets New: Voyages of Discovery in the West

The Age of Discovery brought such a wealth of information that it was no longer possible to address all that was not Home in a single volume, and so the travel writer was required to move away from comprehensive works. Editors were required to limit their scope to a single subject: history, geography, memoirs. More importantly travelers began to include their personal experience in their works. In addition, the Age of Discovery brought written accounts of travel more tailored to their intended audience than in previous times. While presenting a realistic and factual account of the journey and what is encountered, the traveler must also be able to demonstrate to his sponsors that the journey (and their investment) was successful—even if they were dismal failures—and that sponsorship must continue. Examples of explorers writing for specific audiences include Christopher Columbus, Bartolomé de las Casas, and Walter Raleigh. The journals kept by Columbus during his four voyages (1492-1502) described the newly discovered West Indies as if they were the Paradise that had been lost to mankind since the fall of Adam and Eve; the wondrous treasures—gold, spices, flora and fauna—and innocent natives living among them. Fifty years later, the Dominican priest las Casas recorded in *Brevísima relación de la destrucción de las Indias* (1552) his personal observations of and reactions to the events during the forty-two years of European presence in the West Indies, likening them to a second loss of Paradise. Finally, Walter Raleigh encountered an empty natural landscape while traveling through South America and turned to close description and narrative to relate his experiences (*The Discovery of Guiana*, 1596).

The acceptance of the reality of the New World led to the need to describe it; unfortunately, with no European basis for comparison, travelers and writers in North and South America encountered as much difficulty in finding words as they did new discoveries. Repeatedly, they report that the landscape simply could not be described. However, it is not truly the landscape which cannot be described; it is the writer and reader who have no frame of reference from which to draw an analogy.

Travel Fiction: Reality Becomes Fiction

The five hundred years between the First Crusade (1095) and Raleigh's travels through Guiana (1596) brought about the exploration and realization of the true nature of the world. Maps reflected the physical aspects of the globe, and the Earthly Paradise of Adam and Eve became removed to a more spiritual realm. Ironically, the emergence of the realities of the East and the actuality of the West brought a counter-emergence of the wonders of legend and mythology. Never was the supernatural East destroyed, it was simply pushed farther into the unexplored Other. The genre had not yet broken from the tradition of inclusion of the marvelous that all literature about the East was expected to include.

Published in the third quarter of the fourteenth century, *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville* presented a compilation of truth and fantasy as it had been encountered by a millennium of pilgrims, Crusaders, explorers, missionaries, and merchants. It purports to recount thirty-five years of travel (1322-1357) through nearly all of the known East and Africa including Turkey, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Libya, Ethiopia, as well as Jerusalem and India. After living so long in the East, the author begins to see it as Home and the veil of supernatural is lifted. Ironically, Mandeville's existence and the genuineness of the journey have long been disproved: itineraries and descriptions were borrowed from other travel accounts of the time. Regardless of its reality, the value of the *Travels* still remains an example of what travel writing would become.

One hundred fifty years later, Thomas More published *Utopia* (1516), a parodic journey to a newly discovered island that would have great influence on English travel writing through

the end of the sixteenth century.⁶ More's work secured in the mind of future writers the need to distinguish truth from fiction. Through *Utopia*, More worked to establish a recognizable division between fictional and nonfictional in travel literature.

By the opening of the eighteenth century, traveler's tales had become a literary genre well-known enough to spark satire and parody. Perhaps the best known to current audiences is *Gulliver's Travels* (1726, revised 1735) by the Irish writer Jonathan Swift. In this purely fictitious work, Swift was free to invent lands and nations to suit his purposes; once Gulliver left England, there was no need to adhere to known geography. By situating Gulliver in completely foreign worlds, Swift was able to comment on European society, government, religion, through the simple explanations and descriptions given by Gulliver to his hosts. *Gulliver's Travels* succeeded in breaking the genre of travel writing out of the real world, and is now seen as a forerunner of the modern novel.

The Eighteenth Century (1660-1800): Emergence of Voice

Following the adventurous explorers and travelers were men and women who, by contrast, limited themselves to the cities and nations of Europe or the colonies in North America. Many of the latter travelers wrote their accounts for an audience interested in both intellectual and imaginative discussions, allowing for the traveler's personality to connect with the destination and the reader, a narrative no longer strictly in the third person, but the more immediate first; so much so, that "a great many eighteenth-century wanderers took advantage of their opportunity and stretched or sliced or varnished the truth" (Adams 9).

⁶ There is disagreement over the etymology of the More's term "Utopia" (Latin: *Ūtopiā*). One side states that it is derived from the Greek words *ou* (οὐ), "not", and *topos* (τόπος), "place," with the suffix *-iā* (-iā) that is typical of toponyms; hence *Outopia* (Οὐτοπία; in Latin *Ūtopia*), "no-place-land." A second side views the origins from the Greek *Εὐτοπία* [*Eutopiā*], meaning "good place;" the prefix *εὐ-* [*eu-*], means "good." There is a third side that states that More had the Greek *Εὐτοπία* ("good place") in mind when coining *Ūtopiā* ("no place"), intending it to be a pun. In early modern English, *Utopia* was spelled "Utopie," which is today rendered *Utopy* in some editions. In English, *Utopia* is pronounced exactly as *Eutopia*. Time, and English pronunciation, has caused the two to become confused under the single term "utopia." This is something that More himself addresses in an addendum to his book, "Wherefore not Utopie, but rather rightly my name is Eutopie, a place of felicitie." (More 171)

In time, three variations of voice among authors emerged: (1) wholly truthful, whether serious or lighthearted; (2) founded in truth, but with slight embellishments allowed; and (3) free to embellish, or create *ex nihilo*, the adventure to suit the intended audience (Adams 9).

Joseph Addison (*Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, etc. in the Years 1701, 1702, 1703, 1705*), an early model of eighteenth century travel writing in England, is an excellent example of the first voice: “characterized by its sobriety, the relative absence of narrative elements, and the concentration on the sites and artistic monuments of Italy” (Porter 29). Addison finds much pleasure “in seeing the fields, towns and rivers that have been described by so many classic authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions” (Bohls 5-7). The emphasis in writing can be seen moving from the simple discussion of the cities visited and monuments viewed to the author’s own experiences while traveling. In a contemporary sense, it was the difference between reading a memoir of visiting Paris and a *Frommer’s Guide* to the city.

The second voice, what can be called “Veiled in Truth,” was based on actual voyages, but there was no guarantee given the reader that the author made the complete voyage or that the timeline presented was real. Journeys were shifted backwards or forwards in time to insert the traveler into historical events; visitors to the American colonies would exaggerate the accounts of their travels and experiences; the sequence of events would be rearranged—and borrowed from other writers—to better suit the narrative. To mask the fictional aspects, memoirs were often written later in life so that errors could be attributed to faulty memories. Regardless of the veracity of the work, the popularity of travel writing ensured that there would be an audience willing to purchase the latest book or pamphlet.

Of the third voice, the most common was the Fireside Traveler: “the one who never leaves his home, the one who sits cozily at his desk by the fire and journeys wholly by imagination. . . . Because they knew so well the techniques and materials of authentic voyage literature, such writers have frequently been successful in getting their imitations accepted as real.” Unlike “the imaginary travel accounts, such as the fantastic [and] the utopian”—which we

have already discussed—the Fireside accounts are written for, and intended to fool, the general reader (Adams 80-1).

Possibly the most enduring of the fireside travelers was George Psalmanazar and his *An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa* (1704) and *Memoirs of ** ** , Commonly Known by the Name of George Psalmanazar; a Reputed Native of Formosa* (1765). A Frenchman by birth, Psalmanazar assumed many aliases while traveling in Europe before settling on the persona of a native of the island of Formosa (modern-day Taiwan).⁷ A gifted student of languages, Psalmanazar “invented a false language for his adopted country,” “converted” from pagan Formosan to Christianity, and eventually arrived at Oxford “to teach Formosan to future missionaries” (Adams 93). He soon became a popular social figure, and finally published his *Description* to help the English understand all aspects of life on Formosa: history, politics, religion, festivals, and language. He also addressed the actions of the Jesuit missionaries, telling of the expulsion of the Christians from the island forty years prior. Despite (or due to) much debate over his veracity, Psalmanazar remained popular in society for at least two decades and in 1729, Jonathan Swift referred to his “friend” from Formosa in *A Modest Proposal*. Eventually, Psalmanazar was discredited and two years before his death recanted, trying to make amends for his actions (Adams 94-7).

The Grand Tour: Finishing School Abroad

Often lasting years and following a standard itinerary, the Grand Tour of Europe was seen by British society as a rite of passage into adulthood and gave opportunity to young men of means for exposure to classical and contemporary European culture. The traveler departed from England, visiting first Paris and Geneva before crossing the Alps and entering Italy. Once in Italy, he would visit Turin or Milan, Florence, Bologna, Venice, and Rome. The traveler would

⁷ During the seventeenth century, the Dutch (1624-1662) and Spanish (1626-1642) established colonies on opposing ends of the island to protect trade interest from interference of the other. The Spanish were ousted in 1642 by the Dutch military; the Dutch were eventually defeated by Koxinga, a loyalist to the Southern Ming Dynasty of China, in 1662.

then recross the Alps, visiting Vienna, Prague, and Berlin before returning to England through Holland. Although typically undertaken for pleasure, the educational opportunities of the Tour were well known, including exposure to language, society, politics, art, and culture. By the mid-eighteenth century, the practice of the Grand Tour was being questioned. The arguments centered on the actual value of the experience: "The rational design of travelling is to become acquainted with the languages, customs, manners, laws and interests of foreign nations; the trade, manufactures and produce of countries; the situation and strength of towns and cities. Instead of which, we have brought home . . . [clothing and fashion,] dancing, gaming and masquerades." (Bohls 14-5). By the beginning of the nineteenth century, the usefulness of the Grand Tour seemed centered only on such trivialities as the physical condition of destinations and ruins. Despite the detractors, comprehensive descriptions of the Grand Tour intended to serve as a guide for travelers were published throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth century; ultimately, the collapse of the traditional Grand Tour would not occur until the outbreak of World War I made travel in Europe unsafe.

Emergence of the Self

As the Age of Enlightenment (1660-1815) came to an end with the close of the eighteenth century, the objectivity of scientific observation began to be replaced with the subjectivity of Romanticism (1780-1850). Travel accounts shifted from the description of people and places to that of their effect on the traveler. "By the early nineteenth century, travel writing had clearly become a matter of self-discovery as well as a record of the discovery of others" (Blanton 15). Throughout both periods, the public desire for travel memoirs and stories prompted writers of all genres to explore travel in their works. Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812-1818) is a particularly famous example. Byron's titular alter ego explores the scenery of Romantic Europe, always viewing the landscape through very personal eyes, as in this meditation on the Swiss Alps:

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture: I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshy chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the sould can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain. (Canto Three (LXXII) ll. 680-8)

Europe re-opened for travel after World War I, but the war's effects on travel and the traveler would forever change the genre. Soldiers had been forced to view first-hand the realities of human nature; romantic tales of war could no longer be separated from the horrors seen in the trenches. Once the almost exclusive purview of the upper-class, travel destinations were experienced by the middle- and lower-class as soldiers were shipped across Europe either in rebuilding the cities on the continent or while returning to their homes. Travelers were forced to turn inward, each in a personal way. No matter how literal the intended journey, nearly all modern travel writing finds the author on a personal journey of exploration and discovery. In the next chapter, I will explore the primary characteristics of modern travel writing and the emergence of the self and self-discovery in travel during the twentieth century.

CHAPTER III

THE JOURNEY INTO SELF:

THREE TWENTIETH-CENTURY TRAVEL WRITERS

Reflecting on the building of the Suez Canal, Whitman observes in *Passage to India*, the discoveries that lie ahead for the modern traveler are not those of new lands, but of insight into the discoverer himself:

Passage indeed, O soul, to primal thought!
Not lands and seas alone—thy own clear freshness,
The young maturity of brood and bloom;
To realms of budding bibles.

O soul, repressless, I with thee, and thou with me,
Thy circumnavigation of the world begin;
Of man, the voyage of his mind's return,
To reason's early paradise,
Back, back to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions,
Again with fair Creation. (*Passage to India*, ll. 166-175)

Like all genres of literature, travel writing has experienced ebbs and flows in its popularity, but unlike other genres, it has reinvented itself with each reemergence. The numerous challenges of the twentieth century—political, familial, economic, and environmental—inspired more personal motives in traveling; no longer were travelers content visiting traditional destinations and touring antiquated monuments. Casey Blanton writes in her casebook *Travel Writing: The Self and the World*, “By the late twentieth century the Sistine Chapel would be thronged with 11,000 tourists a day, making authenticity questionable and travel a sort of required pilgrimage to the repositories of culture. The travel writers who resisted this experience . . . instead sought complexity, authenticity, and new ways of seeing” (Blanton 23). The change in destination required a change in understanding and interpretation. Travel books began to dramatize the engagement between the traveler and the world. Simple descriptions of the landscapes seen or the structures visited were no longer sufficient; travel writers had to provide their readers with an experience of personal connection not present in the genres before.

In this chapter, I will discuss three authors from the twentieth century: Graham Greene, Peter Matthiessen, and Bill Bryson. These writers show the different levels of the interiority that becomes increasingly common in the twentieth century, as the author turns his gaze from the physical sight of his journey into the metaphysical insight of the self. Each travelled during a different time; each travelled with a different motive. Greene visited Liberia during the 1930's, intent on experiencing the unspoiled nativity of Africa. Forty years later, Matthiessen explored the Tibetan Plateau in search of the rare snow leopard. In 1995, Bryson retraced his steps through Britain twenty years after his arrival. The only physical commonality between the three excursions was the use of native modes of travel: Greene and Matthiessen by foot with porters and Sherpas, Bryson on public transportation. The authors' internal journeys, however, share similarities in personal reflection of the landscapes they encountered. All three writers travel in search of the unknown or elusive; however, all three discover something untended. Greene, in his rushed attempt to traverse the jungle, only learns of the journey's value after reflecting on it months later; Matthiessen fails to see the snow leopard, but experiences the spirituality contained within Nature that he previously only had read about; Bryson encounters a greatly changed landscape that fails to live up to his memories.

Lost Nature and Found Life: Greene's *Journey Without Maps*

Graham Greene set out on a four week walking tour of Liberia in 1935 hoping to explore and relate to the uncharted interior of the country and its inhabitants (many maps of the time simply have a large void and the label "cannibals"). Entering from Sierra Leone, he traveled southeast on the native paths or roads connecting villages, took a detour through French Guinea, and finally turned southwest towards the coast and civilization. His account—based on a diary kept during the trek—was published a year later as *Journey Without Maps*.⁸

⁸ A word about the structure of the book: After reserving eighty pages to the various and numerous preparations of gear and paperwork required for the journey, Greene devotes 120 pages of extreme detail to his journey southeast through the northern jungle, French Guinea, and back into Liberia. The final one hundred pages—the journey south from Bapalai—glosses over much of the details that engross the reader in

Although Greene would not learn or accept the real reason until the journey was completed, he shows the impetus for the journey—to find “one’s place in time, based on a knowledge not only of one’s present but of the past from which one has emerged”—to be an excuse even before entering Liberia (Greene 8). Like his German guide—a student who was “the only one who knew exactly what it was he wished to learn, who knew the exact extent of his ignorance” and was Greene’s escort across the border into the Republic of Liberia—Greene challenges his readers to follow him blindly despite his acknowledged ignorance (Greene 58-63).

Of greatest presence in *Journey* is Greene’s obsession with reaching his destination. The journey from Kpangblamai to Duogobmai took over eight hours of continuous walking, during which Greene would not allow himself to consider stopping early. Not only did he leave his carriers and a female cousin more than an hour behind him in a quickly darkening jungle, he caught up with the two messengers he had sent three hours before that morning’s departure. His writing shows no concern for the others in the party; in fact he is irritated that a meal was given to them before setting out, thinking the porters will work harder if they have the promise of food awaiting them at their destination. He likens them to children, ignorant and easily distracted (Greene 135-37). After only one night’s rest in Duogobmai, Greene is insistent on leaving on the next leg of the journey: “nothing would induce me to stay . . . I was still planning my journey by European time: the listlessness, the *laissez-faire* of Africa hadn’t caught me. . . . I wasn’t confident enough to see the journey as more than a smash-and-grab raid into the primitive . . .” (Greene 140). Ironically, it is the same day that brings the first real comment on the effect of his journey on the native inhabitants of the country:

I felt rather absurd with my two companions, climbing up out of the forest, over the crest of a small cracked hill covered with round huts while the natives came to the door and stared at the sight of the first white man they’d seen for months.

Part II, with large sections dedicated to unrelated topics including the Liberian National Anthem. Greene’s writing presents a traveler who has lost interest in the remainder of the journey and just wants it over.

One really needed to be a minor prophet to emerge suddenly like this, almost unaccompanied, with two harps and a monkey⁹ (Greene, 137-38).

In relating the experience of travelling from Kpangblamai to Duogobmai, Greene states rather matter-of-factly his intention of not slowing the trek, regardless of the circumstance.¹⁰ Upon reaching Pandemai, he is told that Duogobmai is “too far,” but Greene insists that it is “only about five hours from here. I know. The white doctor at the Holy Cross told me” (Greene 141). About mid-day, Greene reached a village where he chose to eat lunch. While complaining about the heat, he expresses irritation that he must wait for his porters to arrive who are nearly an hour behind him. After lunch has been eaten, he reassures the porters that they are only three hours from their destination. “Three hours went by and there was no sign of Duogobmai. . . . Another village offered hospitality I wouldn’t take” (Greene 143-45). Promising only three more hours, Greene convinced the porters to continue. After four, they reached a village and learned that there was at least one additional village before reaching Duogobmai—a village that, when finally encountered, “lifted itself on the skyline at the green tunnel’s end: the sky was grey, the huts so black that quite suddenly one realized how close night was” (Greene 146). When they finally do reach Duogobmai, darkness has taken hold of the jungle, and reality temporarily takes hold of Greene: “It was quite dark: there was no moon. . . . I was anxious: I couldn’t imagine how my cousin and the carriers could get across the long hammock bridge in the dark, avoiding all the gaps where the creepers had given way. I sent Amah with the lamp down the hill to see if he could find them.” But this reality is short lived, as he falls asleep in the hut to be awoken an hour later by the voice of one of the porters informing him that the party has arrived, but that half of

⁹ The harps were played by his two companions; the monkey had been a gift from the chief of a village Greene has visited earlier on the journey.

¹⁰ Until his conversation with Dr. Harley at the Methodist mission in Ganta, Greene has been required to rely on a translator to communicate with anyone with first-hand knowledge of the terrain. Led by the assumption of laziness on the part of his hired porters, he dismisses the translator’s report of distances between villages. Strangely, on numerous occasions, the assumed exaggerations are proved to be accurate when the party arrives near or after dark after eight or ten hour days: “He said that [Duogobmai] was more than a day’s march from Pandemai. But I couldn’t speak the language, and Babu, whom I trusted, couldn’t speak any English, and Alfred I believed to be a liar. But liars sometimes speak the truth” (Greene 138).

the carriers refused to cross the bridge. His cousin is safe in Duogobmai, but he makes no mention of her; instead, he lists the items he must do without: "no beds, no mosquito nets, no lamps, no torches, no food, and . . . no [water] filter" (Greene 149-51).

It is almost a week of arduous hiking through the jungle before Greene is able to recognize any influence the country has had on him. In the village of Zigita, near the border with French Guinea, he and his company are entertained by the village women who dance for them to the music of rattles. "They were cheerful and happy, and we were happy too, as they slapped and rattled and laughed and pranced, and we drank warm boiled water with whisky and the juice of limes, and the timelessness, the irresponsibility, the freedom of Africa began to touch us at last" (Greene 160). Strangely, four days later Greene finds himself boring of the journey. The monotonous forest—"an endless back garden of tangled weeds"—providing little to look at or study; the absence of animal life—"a few monkeys, a snake or two . . . was all the life in the dead forest"—made the trek almost unbearable. He resorted to "try in vain to occupy the mind, to think of things to think about." Ultimately, "the senses were dulled and registered only acute boredom. I suppose there was some beauty in the forest, but the eye had long ceased to be aesthetic" (Greene 189-93).

Halfway through his journey, Greene is still clinging to the writer's eyes and sees the people he encounters as characters, not as individuals. After crossing the Mani River from French Guinea back into Liberia, Greene encounters Wordsworth, a dark-skinned Liberian who was "intent on joining that odd assortment of 'characters' . . . one collects through life, vivid grotesques, people so simple that they always have the same side turned to one, damned by their unself-consciousness to be material for the novelist, to supply the minor characters, to be endlessly caricatured, to make in their multiplicity one's world" (Greene 202).

Two weeks into the trek, Greene reaches the Methodist mission in Ganta. While there, he is able to speak, without a translator, to Dr. Harley (a physician with ten years work in Africa). It is only then that he begins to face the true challenge he has set before himself and accept that his

plans must be changed. Sinoe, his original destination, was still four weeks away; the hurried pace and physical requirements had begun to take their toll, and "walking for six or seven hours through the dreadful monotony of the forest, I could not bear." Despite the realization of possible failure, he also was "discovering in myself a thing I thought I had never possessed: a love of life" (Greene 204-6).

During his time at Zugbei, Greene is able to visit the Sacred Waterfall. It is in his visit to and description of the falls that he fails to meet the challenge that presents itself to all travelers: "to prove his self-worth by means of an experience adequate to the reputation of a hallowed site. If he is a writer, he will be in the even more exposed position of having to add something new and recognizably his own to the accumulated testimony of his predecessors" (Porter 12). Expecting nothing more than "a thin trickle of water over a few boulders" the group "came out into a dell full of the sound of water, which streamed under feathers of foam over a fall sixty feet deep" (Greene 216). They had been followed by the entire village, but he only comments on the bare breasts of the girls and the weapons of the men. He relates the tale of the last human sacrifice at the falls, but does not offer his usual commentary or judgment on the falls or their previous role. Where he previously dedicated pages to his feelings and memories of rats in the village huts, he offers only a single page on the falls, fails to describe the return to the village, and literally moves on: "We said good-bye to Dr. Harley in Zugbei" (Greene 216-7).

By the time Greene has turned south and begun making his way towards the coast, the physical demands of the journey have overtaken him, but he is still not willing to slow or stop: "I thought even then that the scene was beautiful, but the thought did not alter my impatience to be gone. The spell would only work after many months" (Greene 218):

I remember wandering round the village listening to the laughter and the music among the glowing fires and thinking that, after all, the whole journey was worth while: it did reawaken a kind of hope in human nature. If one could get back to

this bareness, simplicity, instinctive friendliness, feeling rather than thought, and start again . . . (Greene 234).

Eventually, his physical exhaustion becomes mental exhaustion—"I couldn't write more than a few lines in my diary; I hope never to be so tired again"—but with the breakdown of mental barriers comes "a passionate interest in living It was like a conversion" (Greene 262-3). And when finally reaching the coast, Greene accepts the value of the experience: "If I had not been so tired . . . civilization might not have seemed quite so desirable in comparison with what I was leaving" (Greene 276).

Whatever literary or social value *Journey Without Maps* held for its original audience, for the twenty-first century reader it provides a window into a time and consciousness when authors did not censor their thoughts or writings. He never shies from invoking racial stereotypes to record his impressions, as in his description of the chief of Koinya:

He was a man of great dignity, a little below the average Mandingo height with a black beard and a scarlet fez and a country robe and that Semitic expression in the dark eyes above the hooked nose of being open to the commercial chance. (Greene 176)

What begins as an objective description of the man's physical appearance quickly becomes a derogatory allusion that has no further effect than to degrade the chief in the readers' eyes. A few days later, in recording a dance—inspired by the increasing light of the half full moon—performed at the town of Galaye, Greene focuses on a "moron dwarf . . . dropped . . . into the ring with a couple of piccaninnies of three years old who were as tall as he, and he swayed a great inflated head, like a blister a pin would burst . . . and then howled and wept to be released" (Greene 187-8).

Graham Greene's *Journey Without Maps* presents an early example of the form twentieth-century travel writing would soon take. Exploration could no longer be a simple

physical journey through remote lands and landscapes. The narrative was becoming required to reflect not only the journey, but its effect on the traveler.

Discovering the Spirit: Matthiessen's *The Snow Leopard*

Peter Matthiessen is invited to join a 1973 expedition to northeastern Nepal; the expedition's goal was to study the bharal, or Himalayan blue sheep. Matthiessen enthusiastically agreed, seeing the journey as "a true pilgrimage, a journey of the heart" and hoped to catch a glimpse of the rare and near-mythic snow leopard (Matthiessen 3). Setting off at the end of September with a party of just over twenty, the expedition would spend three months hiking at altitudes over 10,000 feet, at times near 15,000 feet. In many ways, Matthiessen embodies what Dennis Porter, researcher of the influence of travel on literature, records in *Haunted Journeys*: "the most interesting writers of nonfictional travel books have managed to combine explorations in the world with self-exploration. They submitted themselves to the challenge of travel and, in the process, managed if not always to make themselves over, then at least to know themselves differently" (Porter 5). What Matthiessen finds in the desolation of the Tibetan Plateau is an intense and personal respect for life and nature that he had only previously known through his study of Buddhism.

The first aspect of Matthiessen's book that the reader notices is its unusual structure, which can best be described as schizophrenic entries in present tense: memory, native filth and flora, religion, conservation, history, and the physical trek itself are all described intermingled in an almost stream of consciousness style. Digressions are sparked by the sight of prayer flags, cairns, or the native population. During the first quarter of the book, the digressions tempt one to skim the journal entries for those that apply only to the physical journey, but I soon realized that it is in those very digressions that his respect for the spiritual and cultural beliefs of the Buddhists of the region—and their relationship to the surrounding nature—is found. After a week of

entries, the style settles into a more narrative form, but digressions still abound.¹¹ Interestingly, there are times when the disconnectedness of Matthiessen's narrative abilifies the objects he is encountering, e.g. "It is October now; the orchids disappear. Across the river, ghostly waterfalls . . . flow down out of the clouds." It is the elevation and the ecology that are changing, but his description makes time the source (Matthiessen 32).

Unlike Greene, the majority of whose journal focuses on the practical details of the journey, Matthiessen records his inner thoughts and feelings, relating much that he encounters to his own personal experiences: "I think of the corpse in Gorkha Country, bourne on the thin shoulders in the mountain rain, the black cloths blowing; I see the ancient dying man outside Pokhara; I hear again my own wife's final breath" (Matthiessen 22).¹² He is also aware of himself and the various roles he inhabits in life—"One 'I' feels like an observer of this man who lies here . . . ; another 'I' is thinking about Alex [his son]; a third is the tired man who tries to sleep"—lamenting the loss of innocence and instinct through maturity, relating it through the comparison of a child's wild, free paintings to the stiff, pinched "pictures" of the painter (Matthiessen 41-2).

When the party is forced into two days of rest due to a change in porters, Matthiessen is able to reflect on the people and culture into which he has immersed himself. He compares the native Tibetans to the peoples of greater Asia and North America: the shared physical features of dark skin and black hair; the commonality of textile and material in clothing; the ornamental similarities of turquoise and silver. He is engrossed by the shared symbols of the sun, moon, thunderbird, and sacred eye, as well as the Eastern source of North American traditions: "one

¹¹ The reader wonders if he is being presented with unedited journal entries interpolated with historical or spiritual digressions. Certainly Matthiessen cannot include from memory the great amount of details regarding Buddhist teachings and history and the various religious practices among the natives.

¹² The thread of his wife's death is woven throughout his narrative, emerging as he encounters people or circumstances that bring her to mind. The largest occurs in the entry of October 11: inspired by the sight of a crow in a natural bowl on the plateau, he relates the finding and purchase of a thirteenth century bowl intended to be a present that becomes forgotten when she takes ill. It is only days before her death that he gives the bowl to her, surprised that she is able to remember seeing it years before (Matthiessen 76-8).

remains faced with an uneasy choice between eerily precise archetypal symbols and the existence and perpetuation of a body of profound intuitive knowledge that antedates all known religions of man's history" (Matthiessen 55). Strangely, the reflection is situated in the narrative amidst the everyday mundane of bathing and laundry, jarring the reader out of and back into the present.

Of final interest to the present discussion is Matthiessen's description of Nepal's natural purity and beauty that permeates throughout *The Snow Leopard*. The second week of the journey has brought the party above 12,000 feet and beyond the reach of man into nature. As they travel along narrow paths and through deep ravines, each turn and hilltop reveals the stark reality of nature: "I emerge in a new world and stare about me. A labyrinth of valleys mounts toward the snows. . . . Far below, over dark gorges where no sun has reached, a griffon [vulture] circles in the silence" (Matthiessen 92). Despite the physical and mental demands the trek has placed on him, Matthiessen is still able to recognize and appreciate the great pleasures present in the small things in life. He comments on the flowers, grasses, insects, and butterflies that thrive along the line between snow and thaw; he pauses to take in the presence of wildlife clinging to survival in such harsh surroundings.

The effect of sun and light here is so marked that south slopes with north exposure are locked in snow right down to the river, while on the north side, facing south, the slopes are open. Thus one bank of the Saure [River] is a sheet of white, while across the torrent, a few yards away, the warm grass swarms with grasshoppers and skinks. (Matthiessen, 103)

Ultimately, he is moved to tears for the first time in two decades by the beauty of nature and the primal relaxation he has found (Matthiessen 115).

Despite its untethered structure, *The Snow Leopard* presents an exploration of Nepal that has historical and anthropological value. Matthiessen also discovers a respect for the natural and spiritual worlds that give his personal beliefs a more personal meaning and, although he does not encounter the snow leopard, he does find a deeper meaning to his role in the circle of life.

Remembering the Past: Bryson's *Notes from a Small Island*

In 1995, Bill Bryson, an American-born journalist and author, undertook what he described as a grand tour of Britain before returning to America after twenty years on the island: "I had insisted on having one last look at Britain—a kind of valedictory tour around the green and kindly island that had for two decades been my home" (Bryson 5). Considerably more casual and less demanding a journey than Greene's and Matthiessen's, Bryson places obstacles in the path of his journey. He chooses to travel only by Britain's public transport—a system of buses and trains that connects virtually every city, town, and hamlet throughout the entire island. Another distinct difference from the previous two exemplars, Bryson is travelling through a country in which he has lived for two decades and writing for an audience with intimate knowledge of his subject. He is not required to describe locales for an ignorant reader; he must present a unique perspective on what his reader already knows, and that perspective is of an outsider looking, not into, but through the country's past.

Bryson begins his "serious business of investigating Britain, examining the country's public face and private parts," the same way he entered in March 1973: by crossing the English Channel by ferry to Dover, England (Bryson 22). He is greeted by a very different city: neighborhoods of Georgian houses had been replaced with brick apartment blocks; the once-quaint Market Square was now a tourist piazza; "I didn't recognize anything" (Bryson 27).

Travelling to London, a city in which he lived for eight years, he discovers sprawling suburbs—some composed of entire cities swallowed up by the growing city—of which he had never been aware. But once he begins exploring the landmarks of the city, he describes a home away from home:

It has more history, finer parks, a livelier and more varied press, better theaters, more numerous orchestras and museums, leafier squares, safer streets, and more courteous inhabitants than any other large city in the world. (Bryson 34)

London is not an Eden, however. The changes that modernized the city during his time in Britain overshadowed all that made it a city to admire: steel and concrete building towering over the historic stone façades; removal of the familiar red telephone boxes; admission charges to the numerous public museums.

During his visit to Windsor Great Park, Bryson takes the reader on a leisurely stroll through the forty-square mile park's "deep primeval woodlands, bosky dells, wandering footpaths and bridleways, formal and informal gardens, and a long, deeply fetching lake," as well as four hundred years of British history. He relates the story of Henry VIII riding his horse to the summit of a hill so the king could hear the cannons from the Tower of London announce Anne Boleyn's death; Bryson's brief encounter with Princess Diana while riding bikes in the park with his child; the public uproar over Prince Philip's attempt to remove an avenue of ancient oak trees during the 1980s. He describes the wildlife in the park, free to roam wherever they pleased; the Valley Gardens and Virginia Water Lake, "steaming softly in the autumnal morning air;" "Fort Belvedere, the country home where Edward VIII made his famous abdication broadcast" (Bryson 53-5). Through Bryson's words, the reader finds himself enraptured with the surroundings, peering through groves of trees, inhaling the fragrance of flowers and freshly manicured lawns.

Upon reaching the village of Virginia Water, Bryson guides the reader through his first seven years as a permanent resident of England. Expecting only to be in the country for a short time after touring Europe during the summer between his sophomore and junior years in college, he was encouraged to apply for a custodial position at the nearby Holloway Sanatorium. Despite being hung-over and uncertain of exactly what forms he was signing, he received employment as steward of Tuke Ward, a ward "inhabited by long-stay male patients in a state of arrested insanity who, mercifully, seemed to look entirely after themselves." His days consisted of wandering around the ward, peeping into drawers and cupboards, learning the secrets of loose brewing tea leaves, and "having a private world skidding championship along the well-polished corridor that

ran between the patients' rooms." Only later did he learn that most of the patients were "superficially lucid but, underneath, crazy as an overheated dog" (Bryson 58-61).

As an American, Bryson has the advantage of seeing British society as an outsider; yet because he has lived within that society so long, he has become intimate with its character and nuances. During his twenty years of immersion, he unknowingly completed an informal study of the "charms of the British," noting their happiness and ease of pleasure. He sees the British as the happiest people on earth, embodied with tireless, dogged optimism and unable to prevent being overtaken by a "smile or laugh over some joke or pleasantry[, but] . . . they like their pleasures small." He took great comfort on discovering he had come "around to their way of thinking and [he had] never been happier." In seeing a married couple wrapped in winter clothing and blankets sitting on the porch of their beach house in Highcliffe being buffeted by the wind, Bryson notes, "They both looked very happy—or if not happy exactly, at least highly contented" (Bryson 78-80).

Despite this great appreciation for British society, Bryson notices its shortcomings as well. While walking through Salisbury, he notes the unfortunate encroachment of modern architecture into the historic appeal of small towns and villages and expresses despair that the town center of Salisbury had been marred by the renovations to an original building that installed sheets of plate glass on the ground floor of an original structure housing a travel agency:

It was just awful. I stood before it and tried to imagine what combination of architects, corporate designers, and town planners could have allowed this to be done to a fine timber-framed seventeenth-century building, and could not. And the thing was that it was really not a great deal worse than many other frontages along the street. (Bryson 84-5)

Bryson then calls on the population to protest through withholding their patronage from those businesses that feel compelled to destroy what he sees as an integral part of British society and life.

After travelling about 250 miles from Dover on the eastern coast to Axminster on the Cornwall peninsula, Bryson turns northeast towards Oxford and the interior of the island. It is here that he rents a car so he may explore the Cotswolds, a range of hills in west-central England between Oxford and Gloucester. However, the adventure he undertakes is one that has little to do with the landscape and everything to do with the vehicle: the array of control knobs and stalks; the confusingly labeled switches; the circular dial with “two pointers on it, one of which advanced very slowly and the other of which didn’t appear to move at all. I looked at it for ages before it finally dawned on me—this is true—that it was a clock” (Bryson 141). Wanting to travel north out of Oxford towards Woodstock, Bryson blames the car for a number of wrong turns that has him heading counterclockwise around the city and through the suburbs of Botley, Hinskey, Blackbird Leys, and Cowley “before taking me twice around a roundabout and flinging me, like a spacecraft in planetary orbit, back toward town” (Bryson 139).

Bryson then moves into the English Midlands, visiting the dock city of Liverpool and lamenting its state: “I’m exceedingly fond of Liverpool. . . . But it does rather feel like a place with more past than future.” He takes a ferry tour of the River Mersey, reminiscing about the cities hey-day during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; the docks and shipyards through which virtually every “commodity you could care to name passed . . . on its way to being made into something useful. So, too, no less significantly, did some 10 million people bound for a new life in the new world, drawn by stories of streets paved with gold and the possibility of accumulating immense personal wealth.” The reader is brought to Albert Dock—whose warehouses and dock buildings have been renovated into offices, housing, and restaurants—where Bryson expresses a longing for life in the past when ports were active places, with hundreds or thousands of workers moving cargo, and innumerable sailors and passengers excited by the beginning of a journey, or relieved to have safely returned home (Bryson 211-13).

Upon entering Cumbria, where he is to meet with friends for a weekend of walking and hiking through the Lake District, Bryson tells of his first experience of hiking through the English

landscape. Initially taken aback by the number of walking guides available in bookstores—“where I came from, people did not as a rule require written instructions to achieve locomotion”—he quickly discovers the great appeal of exploring the challenging geography Britain had to offer. Invited for an amble up Haystacks,¹³ he is woefully unprepared for the physical requirements of ascending the slopes. After what he imagines as hours of climbing, during which his companions show no signs of true exertion or fatigue, he discovers the appeal:

And then, just as I was about to lie down and call for a stretcher, we crested a final rise and found ourselves abruptly, magically, on top of the earth, on a platform in the sky, amid an ocean of swelling summits. I had never seen anything half so beautiful before. “Bugger me,” I said in a moment of special eloquence and realized I was hooked. (Bryson 251-52)

He closes the chapter by telling the reader of his years-long habit of walking through the English countryside whenever the opportunity presents itself. Fortunately, the countryside is the one thing that has remained virtually unchanged in Bryson’s time in England.

The modern era has provided the travel author with great advances in travel, but also placed the challenge of finding unexplored territories to visit. Bryson’s *Notes from a Small Island* answers that challenge by turning the journey inward, inspired by the desire to explore places and memories of personal interest. No longer were travel writers required to look to the physical unknown or unexplored for adventure; they could look to themselves.

¹³ The Haystacks is considered a hill, with an elevation just under 2,000 feet, with a number of mountain lakes at its summit.

CHAPTER IV

ANTRIM TO AYRSHIRE: A TRAVEL JOURNAL

In 1995, Casey Blanton suggested “the modern travel book . . . features the following: a narrator/traveler who travels for the sake of travel; a narrative organization that owes much to fiction; a commitment to both literary language and a personal voice; and thematic concerns of great moral and philosophical import” (Blanton 30). That same year, Bill Bryson published *Notes from a Small Island*, a travelogue relating his experiences while completing a “grand tour of Britain” before returning to America after a nearly twenty year absence (Bryson 5). Bryson muses on his early experiences in Britain, his family and friends, and the social and economic changes that had occurred during his twenty years in Britain. In the summer of 1997, I was introduced to travel writing while sitting in the Atlanta airport as I was waiting to board my flight to London for a study abroad program, I picked up Bryson’s *Notes*. Little did I realize that I would have it completed before landing. Six weeks later, I purchased Bryson’s *The Lost Continent*—published in 1989 after visiting a myriad of small towns across the United States—while waiting to board my return flight. In a geographic irony, I read it in its entirety before landing in Atlanta.

Upon my return to America, I discovered a renewed interest in history, specifically my mother’s ancestral origins. During the late 1970’s my mother began researching her family genealogy, but continually encountered dead-ends in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Twenty years later, I took upon myself the task of continuing her research. Using newly published census and church records, as well as electronic access to world-wide resources, I was able to extend her research into America’s colonial period and ultimately to follow immigrants across the Atlantic Ocean into the British Isles, France, and Spain. By 2006, I had assembled a family tree that followed most lines over a dozen generations to the late sixteenth century and some lines over twenty generations into the fourteenth century. I found ancestors who were original settlers of New France and Louisiana. I discovered present-day family names were not

original.¹⁴ Most intriguing to me was that my assumed English heritage was actually Scottish and Scots-Irish. I became engrossed in identifying the location of villages and tracing my ancestors' movement through the Scottish landscape and history.

Ten years after my first trip to the United Kingdom, I again found myself there, but this time it was not an organized experience. A lifelong member of the Boy Scouts of America, I had always had the desire to attend a Scout Jamboree. Upon receiving my insurance money after the destruction of my apartment and loss of all my belongings during Hurricane Katrina (2005), I decided to reserve some of the money for a trip to the World Scout Jamboree being held outside London during the summer of 2007. Before going to London and the Jamboree, I would travel through Lowland Scotland and Northern Ireland, visiting the towns, villages, and hamlets where my ancestors had lived 400 years prior. My journey, the details and destinations of which were to change as the trip progressed, brought me through the foothills of the Scottish Highlands from Edinburgh to Glasgow via Stirling. An unplanned and leisurely trip by train to Fort William and the Highlands or Argyll, would be followed by a rigorous and time-sensitive journey through the rural landscapes of Ayrshire and Galloway, that would bring me not only through the lands of my ancestors, but through time as well. From Scotland, I would follow those same ancestors into Northern Ireland and the natural wonders of the island. Much like Bryson, I hoped to experience the landscape and locales of Scotland by travelling on foot or by public transport. And like Bryson, I was continually greeted by reactions of dismay or disbelief:

Everyone I saw said, "Gosh, you're brave!" when I revealed that I was planning to travel around Britain by public transport, but it never occurred to me to go any other way. (Bryson 47)

¹⁴ In a nine year period during Isaac Birt's (my maternal third great-grandfather) lifetime the family name changed from BIRT to BURKE. From Isaac's birth in 1835—through his father's death in 1853—up to the baptism of his first son, Wilson, in 1857, civil and church records refer to the family as Birt (variously spelled Birtt and Burt). In August 1859 he is recorded as Isaac Burg on the baptismal certificate for his son Louis. Then in 1860 the family is listed as Birtch in the Census of Natchitoches Parish, LA. Finally, in 1862, enlistment papers in the Confederate army record his name as Burke.

If I was going to see the landscapes that my ancestors inhabited and travelled, I had to experience it the same way: with frequent and sometimes unplanned stops and with the hardships of climbing hills and crossing fields on foot.

I knew I would be taking pictures of everything I saw, but I also knew I would have to keep a journal of what those pictures were. The journal—kept in two simple four by six inch ruled notebooks—was intended to serve only as an informal record of my journey, useful in identifying the subjects of my pictures or the source of a receipt or bar coaster. What began as fragmentary entries of times, locations, and bus numbers quickly became a record of the feelings and impressions my journey evoked in me. Short notes jotted down while standing at a bus stop or waiting for the check at a restaurant grew into sentences and, eventually, paragraphs of thoughts and observations about what I was experiencing and how those experiences were affecting me. By the end of the first notebook, the mundane details were gone, and the journal had become a record of self-discovery and reflection. Never did I expect my intended journey of literal exploration would take on an internal and spiritual aspect that would consume my experiences and memories.

Three years after my journey, I returned to my journal and pictures while doing further genealogical research. Many of the details had slipped from my memory, but rereading the notes and reflections, and looking through the pictures inspired me to write a more complete record of my journey. In the following pages, I present my first attempt at travel writing, and like Graham Greene in his *Journey without Maps* (1936), I only truly discovered the depth of my travels “during the writing of the book, not during the journey itself” (Blanton 64).

In reviewing the diary, I found that various levels of editing were required. Some entries required a modest amount of material to be added to explain the situation or location; others could be included verbatim from my original notes. The italicized passages provide narrative bridges between the selections of the diary presented here. Asterisks denote ellipses in the journal. An invaluable source for the added material was the catalog of pictures I had taken during the trip.

They enabled me to supplement my original notes with descriptions based on my own photographs, rather than those of others. Background information regarding historical events and people was taken from various sources, including textbooks and professional publications.

with nearly all international travel. I arrived overseas with only one bag and found a certain hour day before I could allow myself to sleep. After less than four hours in Edinburgh, I became too tired trying to find the hotel, wound up with a 1000-year-old room with no electricity.



Fig. 1. Map of Travel Route Followed during Summer 2007

I know nothing of how digital agents were created or how to use them as an understanding of the process, but what I wanted to do was to develop an application for the students in terms of how to use the various settings. Rather than trying to capture the low-angle images of the Lowland, Highland (including the islands), Speyside, and Inverclyde—I decided to focus on the Lowland and the Central Highlands, Aberdeenshire, and Highland.

* * *

My travels in Scotland and Northern Ireland began at 9.00 a.m. local time—3.00 a.m. body time—on Monday, 16 July 2007 in Edinburgh after thirteen hours of travel. As happens with nearly all international travel, I arrived overcome with jetlag and facing a sixteen hour day before I could allow myself to sleep. After less than twenty-four hours in Edinburgh, I became lost twice trying to find the hostel, wound up with a seventh-floor room with no elevator, developed a blister the size of a quarter on the bottom of my foot, and despite being exhausted, spent most of my first night reading through guide books because I could not sleep. By midnight I was almost regretting the trip and was having serious thoughts about just going home. Three hours later, I was finally able to fall asleep. Unfortunately, the extreme, late night caused me to sleep until 9.00 a.m. and almost miss the only morning bus to Penciland and the Glenkinchie Distillery.¹⁵ By Tuesday night, I had identified a large part of the challenge I was experiencing trying to settle into the rigors of travel: the size and international population of Edinburgh was making it difficult to feel as though I were in another country. I could have been in Los Angeles, Nashville, Dallas/Fort Worth, or Atlanta, just as easily as Scotland. I resolved to set my focus on the promise of the Scottish countryside I would soon be travelling through and by bedtime felt much better about the coming days.

* * *

Wednesday, 18 July: Doune Castle and the Stirling Nightlife

After two days in Edinburgh, I travelled to Stirling by bus, a trip that took about two hours. After checking into the hostel and dropping off my backpack, I walked to the bus stop and only had to wait about ten minutes for the next bus to Doune and Doune Castle. I must admit that

¹⁵ I knew nothing of how distilled spirits were created and hoped to gain an understanding of the process, but more importantly I wanted to develop an appreciation for the subtleties in flavor and aroma among the various bottlings. Rather than trying to compare the four major regions of Scotch—Lowland, Highland (including the Islands), Speyside, and Islay—I decided to focus on the Lowland distilleries: Glenkinchie, Auchentoshan, and Bladnoch.

my interests in the village and castle were purely popular: the castle and surrounding lands had been the primary filming location of Monty Python and the Holy Grail. My visit was to consist primarily of reenacting vignettes from the film. Only after I arrived and began to explore the castle did my interest and intent change.

* * *

Despite a late start from Stirling, the bus arrived at Doune on schedule. The driver was extremely helpful with directions from the bus stop, although I felt fairly silly when I learned that I simply needed to turn around, walk about one tenth of a mile and then follow the signs. Unsure of how long I might spend in the castle—or what food might be available in the gift shop—I stopped at a local shop for breakfast before walking up the drive to the castle.

Built during the late fourteenth century by Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany (a direct ancestor of Brice Blair of Ballyvallagh, my ninth great grandfather), the castle has been used as a hunting lodge, dower house, prison, and garrison. Expecting only great halls and a central courtyard, I was amazed at the number of small rooms within the castle. In addition to at least four cellars below the exterior walls, the Lord's Tower was comprised of three levels with two or three rooms on each. The individual rooms were only about 12'x18' but the prospect of having a relatively private room had an indefinable appeal. Standing in the combination hallway and stairway, I could not help but wonder if the small rooms—high above the ground and with a single access point—encouraged the conversion of the castle into a prison.

Standing on the parapet, I had a view across the courtyard and southern wall of about 120° of the northern edge of the Scottish lowlands to the south. Knowing some highlights of the area's history, I found myself overwhelmed by conflicting visions: the pristine medieval pastures and fields surrounding the castle, and the destructive medieval armies laying siege to the same land. Despite the encroachment of modernity, the landscape was simply beautiful, and encouraged my looking forward to experiencing the landscape first-hand during the walk back through Dunblane to Stirling.

Before setting off, I decided to seek out a bit of food and write a few postcards. Over lunch at the Red Lion, I had a wonderful conversation with two Scottish gentlemen. Although I recorded notes about the subjects discussed—the Scottish weather, Hurricane Katrina, politics, and society in general—the details of the conversation have since left me. My only memory was being surprised to learn that—despite American impressions to the contrary—many who live in Scotland consider themselves Brits and they are almost all veterans of the Queen's army.

On my way out of Doune, I found myself approaching a rather nondescript church. The stone façade and tile roof could have belonged to any building in the area—only a simple cross on the roof hinted at its function. Adding to its mystique, the church was almost entirely hidden behind shrubs, bushes, and vines growing atop a stone retaining wall. It was only after passing it that I discovered that it was a Catholic parish, and then only because of a simple “Catholic Church” sign attached to the driveway gate. Although the gate was open, I found the church and rectory doors locked; the mystery of the church was to remain.

My route to Dunblane followed Doune Trail, an old railway line that had been converted to a walking trail. It was some of the most beautiful landscapes I had ever seen. The trail cut through rolling pastures, bordered on the north by a low stone wall behind which was a forest of pine and fir trees. The pastures were filled with wild flowers and grazing sheep. It was along the trail that I saw my first Scottish thistles. Although I had seen images of them many times, it wasn't until now that I was struck by the inherent contradiction of the flower: the needle-thin, yet delicately soft, deeply-colored petals set atop the rigid and spiny, thorn-like bracts. I considered picking one as a memento of my trip, but decided that it would not survive the coming days.

Doune Trail ended just after crossing over the Ardoch Burn¹⁶, a small stream that joins the River Teith near Doune. I was not sure how far I walked, but I found myself stopping so often to take pictures it took me nearly two hours to reach the village of Dunblane, the halfway

¹⁶ The term “burn” is used in Scotland, northeast England and some parts of Ireland to refer to courses of water ranging in size from large streams to small rivers.

point back to Stirling. [The trail covered about three and a half miles.] While in Dunblane, I discovered my plan of hiking back was no longer an option. The blister I developed in Edinburgh popped and I could not afford to aggravate it with an additional nine miles of walking.

After returning to Stirling, and thinking about the day's activities, I realized that the walk from Doune forced me to accept a big truth . . . I would not be able to walk the Antonine Way¹⁷ from Stirling to Glasgow as planned. The weight of my pack wasn't really the issue; it was the blisters I kept getting on my feet. No matter how many layers of socks or moleskin I put on, my boots seemed to find a new place to rub.

* * *

Located just down the hill from the Stirling hostel, No.2 Baker Street was a local pub. Arriving early in the evening, I easily found a place to sit; however the pub only had tables with seating for groups of six or more. I felt guilty taking an entire table for myself, but was quickly joined by five guests, four Scot ladies and an Englishman. They were attracted to the table by Leon, a plush toy lemur that my friends and I take on our trips.¹⁸ Terry, one of the ladies, took an immediate liking to him. She spent almost the entire night playing with Leon: using him as a marionette; having friends kiss him when they came by the table; and pretending that she and he were sharing a beer; she even tried opening a tab for him! At one point, I stepped away from the table, and when I returned she had set him on my chair holding his tail between his legs in a

¹⁷ The Antonine Way follows the remains of the physical boundary between the Scottish Highlands and Lowlands from the Firth (or Sea) of Forth to the Firth of Clyde created by the Antonine Wall built during the second century A.D. to extend the northern boundary of Roman control on the British Isles. Unlike the well-preserved Hadrian's Wall, which was built completely of stone, the Antonine Wall was comprised of turf placed upon a stone foundation, allowing for more severe erosion to occur.

¹⁸ A simple stuffed toy intended to be a plaything for children, Leon has become an integral member of my group of friends. Within the United States, he has received beads during Mardi Gras in New Orleans and sat on the steps of the Capital Building in Washington, DC; internationally, he has visited the jungles of Costa Rica, kissed the Blarney Stone in Ireland, and been inside the Vault in the London Hard Rock Café. As a joke, we created a passport for him from scrapbooking supplies, only to have it stamped by the immigration desks of three of the seven countries he has visited.

compromising position. I will never cease to be amazed at what people will allow themselves to do when a stuffed animal is present!

I was originally drawn to No. 2 Baker Street because every Wednesday night they host an open session for musicians where anyone can come and play along to traditional Scottish music. On this particular night, there were many violins, some woodwinds, a couple of acoustic guitars and an electric bass. I immediately fell in love with the modern twist on the long-standing aural tradition. Although private lessons and instruction have been available for centuries, these public gatherings of musicians—called consorts—encouraged the informal exchange of traditional songs and melodies as well as helping younger musicians develop their own individual playing style. In total about a dozen songs were played, and I was able to video one of them.

Thursday, 19 July: Stirling, Day One

I woke up about 6.00 a.m. to what I thought was a slight mist outside, but I emerged to discover it was just low-hanging fog. With the extra day in Stirling that I gained by cancelling the trip along the Antonine Way, I was able to take my time exploring the city and its environs, not rushing to try to see everything. My original plan was to go up the hill to Stirling Castle and then to Old Town Jail on the way back, but tours of the castle did not begin until 9.30 a.m.; I decided to buy a ticket for the hop-on/hop-off city tour bus. On the bus, I would be able to ride around the entire city; getting a clearer idea of what all there was to see. Also, while buying some coffee, the mist turned into rain, so being under cover was welcome. I had to admit, the rain itself wasn't too bad; it felt like a winter day in Louisiana. If I hadn't known better, I would have thought I was back home during December, not in Scotland in the middle of July!

* * *

The tour bus was a great idea. I was able to discover quite a few places that my guidebook did not mention, the Back Walk along the Old Town Wall being the most intriguing. It also prompted me to change my plans for touring the city. Instead of going to Stirling Castle, I

spent the day touring the eastern side of the city, including the Wallace Monument, erected in the nineteenth century as a memorial to William Wallace.¹⁹

While waiting in the lobby for my turn to ascend the tower, I was struck by a single stained glass window in the monument's ground floor. A crowned red lion of Scotland stood on its haunches atop a stylized crown. It held a sword in one forepaw and a golden rod in the other; around the lion were the letters IN DE EN SE. The location of the window implied discreetness, as if to hide it from English visitors.

The viewing gallery's 360° view of the surrounding landscape, including Stirling Castle and the city itself, made the 246 steps it took to get to the top of the tower worth it. My ancestors would have never had such a grand view of the landscape on which they lived. At the same time, they would have been spared the public relations and political controversy over the "Freedom" statue of William Wallace. Sculpted in 1996—shortly after the release of Mel Gibson's film *Braveheart*—the statue was intended to celebrate the life of William Wallace and the period of Scottish history that saw them win their independence from England in 1314. Instead, it came to symbolize the perceived commercialization of Scottish history. Resembling the actor's portrayal of Wallace, instead of the historical figure, the statue was often vandalized, eventually leading to a security fence having to be erected around the statue.²⁰

During the return walk to the hostel, I visited the Church of the Holy Rude. Built between 1414 and 1530, the current church replaced the original built in 1129—and later destroyed by fire—when the Roman Catholic Parish of Stirling was founded. The final years of

¹⁹ William Wallace (1272-1305)—best known to modern audiences through the 1995 film *Braveheart*—was as a leader of the Scottish resistance during the First War of Scottish Independence. He was made a Guardian of Scotland—the *de facto* heads of state in Scotland during the Second Interregnum (1296-1306)—after the victory at the Battle of Stirling Bridge in September 1297 and served in that capacity until his defeat at the Battle of Falkirk in July 1298, at which time he resigned. He was executed for treason in August 1305 by Edward I, King of England. Then, as now, he was considered a patriot and national hero.

²⁰ The sad irony of having a statue entitled "Freedom" placed behind a security fence was not lost on the many visitors to the Wallace Monument, as well as the monument's governing board, who declined to renew the lease for display. Ultimately, the statue was returned to the sculptor, who has it on display in a garden at his studio.

the new church's construction occurred during the tensions between Henry VIII and the Church of Rome, eventually leading to Henry's break from Roman Catholicism in 1534. Although it had remained a truly beautiful building with wonderful stained glass windows and an overpowering grandeur, as a Catholic I could not get over feeling that it was just a building. The absence of the Eucharist left it feeling empty, the echoes of footsteps suggesting abandonment instead of contemplation. Worst of all, no divine presence could be felt in the art adorning the walls.

After supper, I walked the Old Town Wall on my way back to the hostel. A majority of the wall had been removed, but what remained was very impressive. Boulders the size of my PT Cruiser formed the base and then it continued upwards for another twenty to thirty feet of man-sized rock. I could not imagine building it, let alone attempting to break it in a siege! The condition of the wall reminded me of a comment that Bryson made in his *Notes from a Small Island*:

It sometimes occurs to me that the British have more heritage than is good for them. In a country where there is so astonishingly much of everything, it is easy to look on it as a kind of inexhaustible resource. Consider the numbers: 445,000 ancient or historic buildings, 12,000 medieval churches, 1.5 million acres of common land, 120,000 miles of footpaths and public rights of way, 600,000 known sites of archaeological interest. . . . [T]he stockpile of ancient dwellings, barns, churches, pinfolds, walls, bridges, and other structures is immense almost beyond counting. There is so much of it everywhere that it's easy to believe that you can take away chunks of it—a half-timbered frontage here, some Georgian windows there, a few hundred yards of ancient hedge or drystone wall—and there will still be plenty left. In fact, the country is being nibbled to death. (Bryson 84)

I did not know the circumstances that led to the wall's demise, but the loss of such an item so integral to the city's history seemed a great shame and led me to wonder how many future

generations would be able to experience firsthand such an example of the threats and dangers faced by the city before it was completely gone?

Friday, 20 July: Stirling, Day Two

I woke up early this morning and had a chance to reflect on all that happened yesterday while getting ready for the new day's excursions. What was most striking was that I had a wonderful and active day, but was not exhausted as I had been at the end of all the others. The weather was the coolest by far; the high only reaching about 55°F with a strong wind. It felt nice, but I felt chilled most of the day, and even got a little cold a few times. I decided to wear one of the long-sleeved shirts I packed, just in case the weather was just as cool. After all, that's why I brought them.

By 6.00 a.m. I was in the Stirling Railway station looking for coffee and breakfast. Virtually everything was closed; coffee houses didn't open until 7.00 a.m., most stores not before 9.00 a.m. or 9.30 a.m. A kiosk of the WH Smith bookstore was open, but my only choices were milk or soda; warm Coke that early in the morning did not sound too appetizing, so I decided to go with milk. It was somewhat eerie to be in a town when it was this quiet. The only people out and about were commuters on their way to another city. Also, with terrorism the way it is, there were very few places to just sit and rest.

Despite the aggravation the day before over Stirling Castle not opening until 9.30 a.m., I completely forgot and did another thirty minutes of research trying to find out what time tours began. With two hours to waste, I decided to just sit and slowly enjoy my coffee. A thought was sparked in my mind: there are probably as many definitions of *caffè americano* as there are Americans. Every cup I had got so far was different, with each stronger than the previous. I started to think I would be having espresso by the time I reached Belfast.

After stopping at a TESCO to buy some snacks for the day, I decided to walk back to Stirling Castle a different way and came upon St. Mary's Church thirty minutes before mass. While waiting for mass to begin, I sat in the church, listening to morning prayers and admiring

the work and care that went into the building's construction. My attention was immediately drawn to a large painting of the risen Christ above the altar. From there, my eyes were drawn to the great domed ceiling and finally the arched pillars lining the walls all along the pews. The décor was simple, with only two devotional candle stands and the Stations of the Cross. Outside, crevices and corners of the brick-red stone façade were highlighted by layers of green moss, giving the entire structure a patina that invokes feelings of the passage of time. I was not able to take any pictures inside, but trusted that my memories and God's graces would sustain me.

While at lunch, I took a moment to reflect on all that had happened during the morning and over the previous five days. I realized that I had learned more about myself than I ever could have imagined. I had discovered a respect for history that can only be found through first-hand experience; I had begun to find the patience I lost to Hurricane Katrina; and I had found a new sense of humbleness through my feet. Sitting in the coffee house at 7.15 a.m., I was uncertain how active I would be able to be. My knee had been acting up and my boots were still intent on creating new blisters. My time in St. Mary's refreshed me spiritually and physically. My feet were tender; my knees were sore, but nothing like they were before I went in. For the first time in years, I was able to kneel without pain. Slowly, I was becoming truly thankful for all the gifts that God had given me, but most of all for the graces he was showing to me then. He had truly blessed this trip for me and I only asked that I would be able to remember those blessings for years to come.

* * *

The two things I left for myself today—Stirling Castle and Bannockburn—were both somewhat disappointing. As impressive as Stirling Castle and its surrounding buildings were, after a while, all castles look alike. Most interesting was the exterior color of the Great Hall. Rather than the natural, rough grey stone one expects, the walls had been plastered and limewashed to appear as they originally did when completed in the sixteenth century. The process produced a smooth surface with a distinct tan color. Another benefit of the limewashing

was the thin layer of surface crystals that captured and reflected sunlight in such a way that the building appeared artificially lighted and could be seen from miles away.

Within sight of Stirling Castle were Stirling Bridge and the fields around the Bannock Burn.²¹ Although the lands and buildings had changed since the battles that were fought in 1297 and 1314, the visitor could still experience firsthand the landscape that hosted and influenced two of the greatest battles in Scottish history: William Wallace and Andrew de Moray leading less than 2,500 men in victory against an English army four times greater; and Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland, defeating Edward II, King of England. The two battles acted as bookends to the first War of Scottish Independence.²² The open lands, broken only by hedges and low stone walls, were surrounded by the River Firth to the northeast and the Bannock Burn to the south. A simple semi-circular monument marked where the Scottish army closed the U-shaped battlefield from Stirling Castle in the north to the banks of the Bannock Burn in the south. Whether Scottish or English, there was no way for a soldier to flee the battlefield. Unfortunately, very few of these

²¹ Differentiated only by a grammatical space, Bannock Burn and Bannockburn are actually three distinct geographical features or locations. Bannock Burn is a stream that flows through the village of Bannockburn before joining the River Forth. The burn gave its name to the village, which ultimately provided the name for the fields upon which the Battle of Bannockburn was fought.

²² After the death of Alexander III, King of Scotland in 1286, the Scottish throne passed to his four year old granddaughter, Margaret. *De facto* rule passed to the Guardians of Scotland, who arranged the marriage of Margaret to Edward of Carnarvon (son of Edward I, King of England). Her death in 1290 left more than a dozen rivals for the Scottish Throne. The Guardians of Scotland requested Edward I to rule on the rightful claimant. Arriving with his army, Edward forced the Guardians to recognize him as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and for all Guardians and Scottish nobles to swear allegiance to him.

During 1291, meetings were held in which claimants presented their cases; after four months, only four claims were proven to be substantial, including John Balliol, Lord of Galloway, and Robert Bruce, 5th Lord of Annandale. In November 1292, Balliol was named and crowned King of Scots; one month later he swore allegiance to Robert I, who considered Scotland to be a vassal state. Two years later, Balliol was ordered to provide troops and funds for the English invasion of France. Instead, Balliol negotiated a treaty with King Philip IV of France, stating that if the English invaded France, the French would support a Scottish invasion of England. In 1296, Edward I invaded Scotland, defeating the Scots at Dunbar and forcing Balliol to abdicate the throne. By the end of 1296, Edward had subdued most of Scotland, moving the Coronation Stone from Scone Abbey in Scotland to Westminster Abbey in London, and requiring Scottish nobles to pay him homage.

Almost immediately armed resistance to Edward and the English occupation broke out, led by William Wallace and Andrew de Moray. Victory at Stirling Bridge in September 1297 sparked the nobles to support Scottish independence, ultimately leading to victory at the Battle of Bannockburn in June 1314 and the crowning of Robert the Bruce (grandson of Robert Bruce, 5th Lord of Annandale) as King of Scots.

details and emotions could be found in the presentations at the Bannockburn Visitor's Center. Viewing the simple diagrams and reviewing the short essays, the visitor could not help but be overcome with the impression that the intended audience was between eight and twelve years old. The memorial was impressive; the natural landscape was grand; but they stood in stark contrast to the remedial history lesson presented for explanation of such an historic event.

Returning to the hostel from Bannockburn I passed a church minutes after a wedding had concluded. All that remained outside were a few guests visiting with each other while waiting for their cars to take them to the reception or home, and a lone piper in formal dress. Although he was playing a tune unknown to me, I felt drawn to stay until he had finished, listening to the tune and saying a prayer for the couple and their families. After all of the guests had departed, he turned and walked down the sidewalk, away from the church, all the while still announcing the new union through the tune. I turned and left myself, but continued to hear the pipes for many blocks until they faded completely because of distance and geography. As I continued away from the church, I began to wonder if the tune was traditional, recognizable by the city's inhabitants, and serving as an historic announcement of the wedding.

While returning to the hostel, I was overcome by aggravation and recorded in my journal: "I've gone up this damn hill at least three times a day since I got here. And it still manages to wear me out each time. As I leave in the morning, I'm going to take a picture of the bricks in hopes of learning the incline." The incline turned out to be only about six degrees, but at the time I could not help feeling that it was much worse.

Friday, 21 July: Glasgow

Although I woke up after only six and half hours of sleep, I felt refreshed and ready to get on my way to Glasgow. Unfortunately, it was 5.00 a.m. and the front door would not be unlocked for two hours. After packing my gear, I went downstairs to the common room, planning to review train tables and my guidebook looking for things to do in Glasgow. Church

bells tolling 7.00 a.m. woke me from an unintended nap. After gathering my backpack and my slightly cob-webbed mind, I headed to the train station and Glasgow.

We were on our way by 8.15 a.m., but as I left Stirling I couldn't help wondering if I would ever be able to return. A city of about forty thousand, it was a beautiful place where history could be seen as well as felt. Walking through the streets, I was reminded of New Orleans, where old world and new world met side by side. The mixture of architectures and accents gave it an international feel; the university lent a welcoming attitude and atmosphere everywhere. If it weren't for those hills!

We reached Glasgow in about an hour, and I was able to rent a locker to store my backpack—and save a three mile roundtrip hike to the hostel—while I went to the second of my planned distillery tours. George Square, and the bus stop, was just outside the bus station. After boarding the bus, I met a very nice gentleman from Toronto who was also going to tour the distillery. We enjoyed a very light conversation about our travel experiences, agreeing that the more rural areas of Scotland held a greater appeal. The forty-five minute bus ride was over before we knew it, and we disembarked looking forward to an interesting tour.

Sitting in the gift shop at Auchentoshan Distillery before my tour began, I found the atmosphere of the distillery much more formal than that of Glenkinchie in Edinburgh. Arm chairs and end tables were all around, invoking images of gentlemen smoking pipes or cigars while making business deals over glasses of scotch or brandy. The tour and tasting lasted two hours, and I must admit that my first impressions could not have been more wrong. The tour was very informal, the guide extremely friendly and willing to answer any questions we had. Auchentoshan distinguishes itself from other Scotch distilleries by triple distilling its whisky. All of the distillery's bottlings, ranging in ages from twelve to twenty-one years, were available for tasting. The deep, rich color and multi-layered aroma of the Three Wood, aged in former bourbon oak and sherry barrels, quickly became my favorite. [Upon my return, I was very happy to discover that the Three Wood was available in the United States.]

After the distillery tour, I headed back into the city and managed to get off the bus at the wrong stop. I was very close to Argyll Arcade, so I walked through on my way to the hostel. Although I was expecting outdoor stalls similar to the French Market in New Orleans rather than the rows of indoor jewelry stores, I was able to find matching lockets for my sister and niece that will make nice keepsakes for years to come.

Finding directions to the hostel was very simple: "Take the 44 or 44A bus from Bath Street to Woodlands Road. It's just up the hill." Finding the hostel was not as simple. After more failed attempts than I want to admit, I finally found the correct stop for Line 44/44A. However, the stops going away from the hostel were on Renfield Street; the stops going towards the hostel were on Hope Street. And adding insult to injury, the route had three different lines, each with a 44 bus!

After an hour of misdirection and parts of Glasgow I had not intended to see, I finally reached the hostel. After checking in, I left my backpack in the room, gathered my journal, and went back out into the city.²³ I don't remember if I thought about being able to find my way back, or was just trusting on faith, and the goodwill of others, to ensure my successful return to the hostel. I walked around the city a bit, visiting George Square and Kelvingrove Park. Despite their being built within fifty years of each other, the contrast between the two was most striking: George Square occupied a single city block, paved with red asphalt giving it a sterile feel; Kelvingrove Park was over seventy-five acres in size with countless trees and flowerbeds, welcoming the visitor into a natural refuge. Although it was after work, I encountered more people milling around the stark, noise polluted George Square than in the quiet, relaxing Kelvingrove Park.

²³ In a similar fashion, upon reaching Hazlitt's Hotel in London, Bryson "dropped [his] rucksack on the bed, extracted a small notebook and a pen, and hit the streets in a spirit of inquiry and boyish keenness" (Bryson 33).

* * *

In true Scottish cliché, it began to rain while I was eating supper. I decided to return to the hostel and look over the various attractions Glasgow had to offer. Unfortunately, I discovered that they were mostly commercial: shops, cinemas, and theme parks. I planned to attend mass at St. Andrew's on Sunday morning but wasn't sure if there was much to do in the city afterwards. I asked at the front desk about taking a train through the Highlands to Fort William; the daily train departed about 9.00 a.m. and returned about 5.30 p.m. Although each trip would take three hours, I would have five hours in Fort William and my time on the train would be through the landscape of the Highlands. And the day of rest on the train would better prepare me for the two busy hiking days in Galloway ahead of me.

Saturday, 22 July: Glasgow

Much to my surprise, Glasgow was a very easy city to walk. There were some hills, as in every city, but they weren't everywhere, and were not inclines nearing fifteen degrees as in Stirling! And my ten year old question had finally been answered: in America, walking on the right-hand side of the sidewalk allows the pedestrian to face oncoming traffic. When I was studying in London during the summer of 1997, I became curious if the flow of traffic (left-side driving) influenced on which side pedestrians walked, but everywhere I went in London the flow of pedestrians was on the right-hand side of the sidewalk, which meant that you could not see vehicles that may be approaching from behind you. My time around Glasgow early in the morning allowed me to observe an interesting dynamic. Natives on the British Isles walked on the left side of the sidewalk; but as the tourist population emerges from hotels and early morning shopping, all pedestrian traffic shifted to the right-hand side. I wondered if the residents are aware of the shift.

While walking around the city, I learned that Scotland has about as many Christian churches as America; I had seen Baptist, Pentecostal, Church of Scotland, Church of Scotland

(Presbyterian), Church of Scotland (Episcopal), Free Church of Scotland, and Roman Catholic. I was sure there were more; I guessed I just hadn't been on the correct streets.

* * *

St. Andrew's—The Metropolitan Cathedral Church of Saint Andrew—was, quite simply, beautiful. Built in 1816, the cathedral had a grand altar above which were three stained glass windows: St. Patrick, the Crucifixion of Christ, and St. Andrew. Atop the altar was a simple Celtic cross, flanked by statues of St. Andrew (holding his cross) and St. Patrick. The choice of St. Andrew, patron of Scotland, was easily understood; but the choice of St. Patrick, patron of Ireland, was puzzling. Why was he given such a place of honor? Was it to represent the many Scots who have made Northern Ireland their home?

The side altars were of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. Not as grand as the traditional high altar, they still impressed the visitor and parishioner with a sense of the devout. Along the side walls were the Stations of the Cross, simple in design, but painted in great detail with gold-foil backgrounds. In the nave were the crucified Christ and the Pietà. Although I was able to take pictures of the station plaques, as well as the altar, they were not able to capture the true beauty of the church. Although a renovation and restoration are scheduled to begin in 2008, I could not imagine how much more beautiful it may become.

The joy of being in a foreign land, but being able to follow the order of the mass and participate in the Eucharist, showed me a Catholic Church I had never experienced. Mass was a wonderful hour of music and prayer with specific mention of visitors and travelers. I realized that we are never prepared for the blessings God has for us.

After lunch, I visited the High Kirk of Glasgow, also known as Glasgow Cathedral or St. Mungo's. Built as the seat of the Bishop of Glasgow during the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, it had become home to a parish of the Presbytery of Glasgow within the Church of Scotland (Presbyterian). The grounds and building were beautiful, but like the other protestant churches I had visited, they felt empty. With the exception of the tomb of St. Mungo, I could find no

plaques, inscriptions or tombs that pre-dated the Reformation; even the stained glass windows were nineteenth century. The almost barren look of the kirk made me begin to wonder about the commonplace details of the Scottish Reformation. When the churches were stripped of their icons and relics, were the tombs also removed? If so, what were their final dispositions and were they treated with the respect due all human remains?

* * *

By the end of the day, my impressions of Glasgow had been confirmed: it was a shopper's delight. If a visitor was interested in spending hundreds of pounds on clothes, jewelry, or shoes, Glasgow was the city to be in. If you were interested in history, you had to go elsewhere. Speaking with the others staying in the hostel, they also had the same impression. A young couple from Holland saw all they wanted in one day; a tourist from Germany was using Glasgow as a central point for various excursions outside the city and had no plans to tour the city itself. Perhaps it was our ages; perhaps it was our interests. Either way, Glasgow had little to offer any of us.

Sunday, 23 July: Argyll and the Southern Highlands

After a quiet start to the day, the couple from Holland and I left the hostel and made our way to Queen's Street Station. We were travelling the same overall route, but in opposite directions; they had begun in Ireland and were on their way to Stirling and Edinburgh. Before parting ways, we took pictures of each other and finally had formal introductions: his name was Ralph, her name was Paula. Not the names I was expecting.

The train to Fort William was delayed, and so I bought some coffee and took some time to read over my journal entries and look over the pictures I had taken so far. The entries in my journal showed me just a small part of the challenge of travel writing. Experiencing so many things at once, I found it impossible to know what to record and what to leave out. Using a digital camera, I was able to take pictures without concern of processing or printing costs, but looking at them I soon became overwhelmed by the number and range of images and had to stop.

Looking at the two, I learned that although I had tried to write down a short note or comment about everything, I found pictures that I could not identify their subjects. I also found notes in the journal and wished I had taken a picture to help capture the memory. I soon realized that there was as much recorded in my journal as was not.

We got underway about thirty minutes late, but I wasn't concerned. Fort William was the fifteenth stop on my three-hour tour of Argyll and the southern Highlands, so I decided to just "sit right back," relax, and enjoy the scenery. The landscape was nearly impossible to describe; unfortunately, neither could the landscape be photographed. The trees along the rail tracks blocked most of the views from a seated position, and I could not stabilize the camera well enough while standing. Moving north out of Glasgow—a city of over half a million—we entered the sparsely populated lands along Loch Lomond and the Trossachs National Park²⁴ towards a city of barely ten thousand. The expanses of virtually empty land, broken only by streams and small lakes, continued on to the horizon of glacier-cut mountains and valleys. The lush green slopes of the hills and mountains were broken only by the white silhouettes of grazing sheep, or the dark green needles of the various firs. I shuddered to think of how it would have looked five hundred years before when still covered by virgin forests with only time and the elements having been on them. It was humbling to think of the beauty of God's creation.

Near Rannoch, we passed the ruins of a stone house on the valley floor. The roof had long fallen away, but the mortared brick walls and chimneys appeared to be standing strong. The surrounding lands had returned to such a natural state, that I would be hard pressed to say where the old house's yard ended and where the open fields began.

Although Fort William was a popular tourist center for people interested in hiking the surrounding hills, I felt I was doing enough walking already and so decided to set out around the

²⁴ The Trossachs National Park, centered on Loch Lomond, covers an area of over 700 square miles. It includes nearly two dozen individual lochs and over forty mountains over 2,500 feet in height. It is a popular destination for visitors wanting to hike, boat, cycle, or horseback ride.

city for photographs. I found a city built on terraces, each with a distinctive view of the surrounding mountains and loch.

After walking up the southern terraces, I began my way back towards the town center. On the way, God showed me another example of His graces: St. Mary's Catholic Church. A modern church, the exterior was of rough hewn stone, the interior was of sheetrock and wood trim. Despite the simple decorations, His presence through the Eucharist filled me with peace.

Before leaving Fort William, I decided to stop and try to experience the city as it moved around me. Whatever it was in the past, the city had become a resort destination filled with bed and breakfasts and outdoor supply stores. The natural surroundings were beautiful, but everything within the city felt temporary and "put on" for visitors.

While sitting at the rail station, I had a very nice conversation with a young woman from London. She was in Fort William to visit childhood friends whom she had not seen in six years. The conversation prompted me to think about all of the friends I have lost touch with over the past thirty years: Patrick in Pineville; Shane and Chad in Vidrine; everyone from the Louisiana School for Math, Science, and the Arts; and my four or five generations in Hattiesburg. It was very strange and disturbing to contemplate how easily we are able to move on with our lives and almost never think of those who once meant so much to us. I had often asked God to bless women I have dated and help them to forgive any wrong I may have done them, but seldom did male friends come to mind. Until now. Before allowing myself to be distracted by the city, I expressed a short prayer asking that they remain in my thoughts for years to come.

I also learned that civilian help is universal. Two workers from ScotRail were removing an old newspaper machine and having a fair amount of difficulty with a part that never was intended to be removed. At least four men stopped to watch and offer advice and/or commentary on the workers' efforts. The workers were very polite and only laughed along with the men, but I'm sure privately they just wanted to be left alone.

Monday, 24 July: Ayrshire

Today I left for Ayrshire, Dumfries, and Galloway—the family history portion of my journey. Although I had already visited places tangentially associated with my ancestors, this region was directly attached to my family history: the Gibsons and Lindsays have inhabited Dumfries for generations; the Blairs, and Pedens had been in Ayrshire for centuries before moving to Ireland to escape the Covenanter Persecutions of the seventeenth century; other family lines include Montgomerie, Campbell, Semple, Stewart, and Boyd, all from the same region. Of all my Scottish ancestors, only the Snoddy line is from the Highlands.

After a bus ride of about an hour from Glasgow to Beith, I took to the landscape and began hiking my ancestral lands. From Beith, I backpacked the four miles around Kilbernie Loch via Glengarnock.²⁵ I found the small villages I was hoping to see overgrown with industry. Other than modern neighborhoods, there was little to see; I was able to catch only a glimpse of the loch beyond a newly built industrial park. Fortunately, the weather was lovely, with a noontime high of about 70°. It was the warmest day so far, but then again, I'm no longer in the foothills of the Highlands.

As buses were less frequent, my travel schedule had become much tighter. Although I would have preferred to hike through more of the region, travelling sections by bus allowed me to see and experience a greater quantity of Scotland. And although quantity is rarely better than quality, modern Ayrshire was one of the exceptions. While riding through Ayrshire, a three hour bus ride from Kilbernie to Ayr, I could not help but be reminded of Evangeline Parish: pasture land, livestock, and small communities. Twentieth century houses lined the streets, each with a front garden and satellite dish. Virtually everyone under the age of thirty was covered in gaudy homemade tattoos. We all spoke English, but the stronger, and more authentic, accents made communicating a challenge. In a small way, the people took away from the landscape. The one

²⁵ Margaret Cunningham—Brice Blair's great-grandmother, and my twelfth great-grandmother—was born in Glengarnock in 1506.

positive impression I walked away with was the strong sense of community among the people. Despite being from separate villages and towns, many knew each other well and each stop of the bus brought familiar greetings or farewells.

* * *

A layover of a couple of hours in Dumfries gave me the opportunity to explore the seventeenth century home of my Gibson ancestors.²⁶ After a late lunch of flavorless fish and soggy chips, I explored the town. Although little jumped out and said, “Look at me!” the townscape along the river was inspiring. Situated on the east side of the River Nith, Dumfries was a beautiful town with much eighteenth century stone and brick architecture. The afternoon was overcast, with occasional breaks in the clouds allowing rays of sunlight to spotlight small colonies of gulls nesting on sandbars or feeding on the river. Unfortunately, nothing of the seventeenth century town my Gibson ancestors knew seemed to survive.

While walking to the bus stop, I passed the Robert Burns²⁷ Memorial Statue (1882) and Greyfriars Kirk²⁸ (1868). Both monuments were erected during the latter half of the nineteenth

²⁶ A sept of Clan Buchanan, the Gibson family has lived in the Dumfries and Galloway region for centuries. During the Wars of Scottish Independence, Clan Buchanan fought at the Battle of Bannockburn, supporting Robert the Bruce and hoping to secure their lands. Dumfries was home to three generations of my Gibson ancestors during the seventeenth century before the family immigrated to Virginia via northern Ireland about 1720.

²⁷ Robert Burns (1759-1796), considered to be the national poet of Scotland, lived in Lowland Scotland—Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire—his entire life, except for the fourteen months from November 1786 through February 1788 he spent in Edinburgh. Memorials and landmarks can be found all around southern Scotland, as well as the world. His most commonly known composition is “Auld Lang Syne,” sung in many countries to celebrate the beginning of the New Year. The memorial statue was erected in 1882, to give a more public memorial to Burns than the mausoleum in St. Michael’s churchyard completed in 1813.

²⁸ This history of Greyfriars Kirk in Dumfries is a complicated one dating back to the thirteenth century. The site of the current kirk was originally home to the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Bride located in Maxwell Castle, as well as a convent ministered by members of the Franciscan Order of Greyfriars. The castle and chapel were demolished in 1719, but by 1727, the New Church—referred to as Greyfriars by the town’s inhabitants—had been built on the site and served as the Burgh Church within the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. By the 1860’s the New Church had fallen into disrepair and the decision was made to clear the site and rebuild the church in its entirety. Using stones from the original castle, chapel, and convent, along with new stone, the current Greyfriars Kirk was completed in 1868. In 2004, the Presbyterian Church abandoned the church as a parish, and four years later sold the property into private hands. As of 2010, Greyfriars Kirk—rededicated to St. Bride—has been leased to an Anglican congregation, but is also available to all denominations for services or weddings.

century, the smooth white marble of the Burns statue stood in stark contrast before the rough hewn red stone of Greyfriars. Adding to the contrast was the care shown to each: the kirk—abandoned by the Presbyterian Church in 2004—was covered by a thin layer of green moss and black smog; the statue—presumably under the care of the town—appeared almost pristine. As I waited for the bus that would take me to Wigtown, I began to wonder if the physical contrast may be seen as a representation of spiritual contrast. After my trip was completed, I looked into the religious and/or spiritual beliefs of Burns. Although I could not find a consensus, the prevailing attitude suggests that he would best be described as agnostic. A deeply religious youth, he had great respect for faith, but struggled to find an agreeable denomination or an appropriate place for it in his own life. The irony of appearance became evident: the once organized and structured kirk standing disheveled and unkempt; the uncertain and questioning poet revered and spotless.

Tuesday, 25 July: Minnigaff and Wigtown

Last night I arrived in Minnigaff to discover that the Internet had located the hostel on the wrong side of the river. Luckily there was a bridge nearby, and I was able to find the hostel with little difficulty. After checking in and starting my laundry, I met the only other person staying in the hostel, Crystal and her travelling companion, a stuffed toy dog named Pluto. It was refreshing to meet another lone traveler who took security and joy in sharing experiences, even if it was with an inanimate toy. After he and Leon were introduced, we went our separate ways: they to explore the village, I to rest from the hurried day. Ten hours later, I awoke to find my laundry folded and stacked neatly on the bedside dresser. During breakfast I learned that the hostel manager, Andy, had taken pity on me and stayed up late to finish it. By the end of my stay in Minnigaff, Andy had become an invaluable source of information and guidance, even taking time out of his day to drive me to the harbor in Stranraer thirty miles away.

* * *

By the time I was ready to set off for Wigtown, the sky, overcast and misty when I first woke up, had cleared and become a deep shade of blue that I had never seen before. Only rarely

did I see a cloud, and then it raced across the sky as if it knew it should not have been there. The modern-paved road cut through rolling hills dotted with occasional farmhouses; the stonewall pasturelands' only inhabitants were grazing sheep and cattle. The natural beauty of the Galloway region of the Scottish Lowlands quickly tempted me to never return from my trip. I began to wonder if I could slip into the landscape and never be found.

Before exploring Wigtown, I walked the mile to Bladnoch and the two hundred year old scotch distillery located there. Arriving just minutes after the 11.00 a.m. tour had begun, I had the opportunity to explore the distillery's surroundings at a leisurely pace before the noon tour. The sounds of wind blowing through the trees and water cascading through the rock-lined riverbed created a barrier from the modern world. When the tour began, I found the scotch whisky equivalent of an American micro-brewery, with people who were not simply employees, but a family who had a vested interest in creating a way of life. Originally established in 1817, the distillery had been sold to a whisky conglomerate with no interest in continuing the label and was out of production for a number of years. About a year prior to my visit, the Bladnoch name and property had been purchased by private investors interested in reviving the scotch. Because the distillate must be aged for a minimum of three years before it could be legally called Scotch, the new owners were rationing their supply until the new production matured in 2010. The visit and hospitality made my last day in Scotland memorable, and I could think of no better way to end my time there.

As I returned to Wigtown, I found myself leaving dreams of an ideal life for the realities of history. While researching my family history, I learned of the Covenanters in Scotland²⁹ and

²⁹ Seventeenth century Scotland saw the emergence of violence after a century of religious conflict between the Anglican Church of England and the Presbyterian faithful in Scotland. Originating as oaths or bands among the faithful in the mid-sixteenth century to affirm the Presbyterian faith as the sole religion of Scotland, the adherents were strengthened under the National Covenant of 1581 (renewed in 1590 and 1596) to oppose Roman Catholic attempts to regain a position among the Scottish faithful.

When James VI King of Scotland became James I of England in 1603, he faced the considerable challenge of uniting the British Isles under a single monarch and, more importantly, a single faith. Twenty years later, Charles I—sharing his father's belief in the Divine Right of Kings—ascended to the throne,

their eventual persecutions under the English monarchs.³⁰ One of the most grievous events during the persecutions—referred to as “The Killing Time”—was the May 1685 executions of Margaret Wilson (age 18) and Margaret McLachlan (age 68). Covenanters who would not recant their faith, the two women were chained to stakes on the Solway Firth and drowned as the salt water tide rose (Stell 149). The traditional site of the executions was just outside of Wigtown and marked by a simple upright stone known as the Martyr’s Stake Monument. Unlike many monuments whose impressions come from overwhelming size, the Martyr’s Stake was striking because of its simplicity: a single upright pillar fixed atop a four foot platform of water-worn stones. Standing beside the monument, one was struck by the isolation of the marshes. Other than the town of Wigtown a quarter of a mile to the west, there was virtually nothing to break the flat landscape except the surrounding hills five to ten miles away. Its small size set against the relative vastness of the now dry salt marshes only served to emphasize the loneliness and fear the women must have felt while waiting for the tide to slowly rise and finally die. But to die such a death would have been for them a glorious victory for their faith and their God.

* * *

I took nearly 1,900 pictures during my ten days in Scotland, but I knew that they would only be reminders of my travels and experiences. I found a landscape that welcomed me to

inheriting not only the crown, but the tensions over religious practices. Charles I tried to impose a new Episcopal liturgy on the Scots in 1637. Refusing to recognize the king as head of the church, and hoping to keep the new liturgy and structure out of Scotland, the Presbyterian Scots entered into a covenant to maintain their form of worship. The next ten years saw England, Scotland and Ireland fall into civil war over religious and political beliefs.

In 1640, the Covenanters had defeated Charles I and become the rulers of Scotland; in 1649 Charles I was tried and executed and the Commonwealth of England established the following year. The English Parliament immediately turned their attention towards subduing Scotland, and in 1652 the Covenanters were defeated and Scotland came under the control of the English Parliament. The Commonwealth was short-lived and Charles II was restored to the throne in 1660. In 1662, Charles II declared the Scottish oaths illegal, restored the Episcopal bishops, and began over twenty years of political and military persecutions towards the Covenanters, who took their faith underground and met in secret conventicles. The persecutions finally ended in 1687.

³⁰ Although some of my Blair and Peden ancestors were Covenanters, they had left the Galloway and Ayrshire regions for Northern Ireland or America during the 1620s, decades before the persecutions began.

explore not just it, but also myself. A trip undertaken to give me an opportunity to learn about my ancestral homeland, the real journey became one of personal discovery in which I learned more about myself than I could possibly have imagined: a newfound patience, humbleness, and depth of faith.

Wednesday, 26 July: Belfast

My travels thus far had been by bus, foot, and train; within the next forty-eight hours, I was to add car, ferry, taxi, coach, and plane to the list. I had originally planned to travel from Minnigaff to Stranraer by bus, but Andy, the hostel manager in Minnigaff, insisted on driving me to the port. During the drive, we had a lovely discussion of Scottish history, as well as literature and culture: Twain and Steinbeck, the Covenanters, Decimal Day³¹, and The Troubles.³² It was much more interesting than staring at telephone poles and electrical wiring during a forty-five minute bus ride. Andy recommended that I not take Leon out while in Belfast. Although The Troubles were politically over, gangs were still active and anything that would draw undue attention should be avoided.

* * *

I decided to sit at the rear of the ferry so I could watch the land as we moved away from Scotland. Rather than being able to watch the landscape, I saw a constant stream of passengers who approached the door to the balcony, but failed to read the signs: "This balcony door will be

³¹ Decimal Day (15 February 1971) saw the United Kingdom decimalized their currency. The old system consisted of pounds (£), shillings (s), and pence (d), with one pound comprised of twenty shillings, and one shilling comprised of twelve pence, or one pound comprised of 240 pence. The new system simplified things by removing the shilling division, and having each pound comprised of one hundred new pence (abbreviated "p" to differentiate it from the old pence (d), it quickly became nicknamed the "pee"). Viewers of classic British television shows can still hear references to items priced under the old system: "Three and six, please" (written "3/6" and meaning three shillings and six pence).

³² Generally dated to the late 1960s through 1998, "The Troubles" refers to a time of ethnic, political, and religious conflict in Northern Ireland. Although the conflicts were multi-faceted, the principal issue was the status of Northern Ireland: many Protestants wished to be a part of the United Kingdom; many Catholics wished to be united with the Republic of Ireland. Often the opposing sides turned to violence, resulting in over 3,500 deaths, over half of whom were civilians.

unlocked approximately 10 minutes after departure.” Instead, they would walk up to the door, press the lever, and then walk away in disgust at the locked door.

* * *

I had planned to spend two days and nights in Belfast, but after only a few hours in the city I could not help thinking it was a mistake. It was a large city with many stores and shops, but no history that I could see. The city gave the impression of having given up their history and charm in favor of department stores, chain restaurants, and office blocks. The view from my room at the hostel was of nineteenth century churches and homes being overwhelmed by mechanical cranes erecting concrete and steel skyscrapers. Finally, and most aggravating, the people I encountered were—with some exceptions—distant and unfriendly. They stared at me as if expecting me to acknowledge them, but a polite “Hello” or head nod caused them to lower their eyes, turn their heads, or hurry away down the sidewalk. I had felt this way a few days prior in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and I had felt this same way years before in Washington, Dallas, and London. I came to realize that I truly dislike big cities, and knew I would not be able to survive another day on a concrete slab!

Although I had spent half the day wandering around the city, I didn’t realize until I was back at the hostel that I had taken less than two dozen pictures. There was no way I would be able to survive a second day in Belfast. That night while asking the hostel attendant about possible day trips outside Belfast, I learned that Counties Antrim and Larne—the Irish homes of many of my Lyle ancestors—would not hold my interest for the five hour layover between buses. Investigating alternatives, I found a coach tour to the Giant’s Causeway and around the northern coast which passed through the city of Larne. Once again, my original plan changed for the better.

Thursday, 27 July – The Northern Irish Coast

I woke up about 6.00 a.m. after a restful night, but with a somewhat stiff neck. The bed was comfortable, but the mattress and pillow didn’t give the best support. Overwhelming my

senses was the rancid smell of mold. It wasn't the room, because the odor wasn't always present; it had to be the body odor of another guest. It was not the simple odor of a hard day's work, but the smell that only comes from long periods of not washing or cleaning. I was never able to identify who was the cause, but was thankful to discover he had checked out before my final night in Belfast.

Even taking my time showering and getting ready for the day, the coach tour would not be leaving for over three hours, so I decided to walk around the city, hoping to loosen my neck and maybe find an open café for coffee and breakfast. Thirty minutes later, I was still looking. About 7.15 a.m., I found a Starbucks, but it didn't open for another forty-five minutes. A Starbucks that didn't open until 8.00 a.m. . . . I never thought I would ever see such a thing. Americans would have been forcing their way in by 6.15 a.m. and demanding service. Also, post offices would not be open until 9.00 a.m., so I still had quite a bit of time to waste.

Lunch on the tour would not be until mid-afternoon, so I decided to have a sit-down breakfast . . . a meal that became a lesson in patience. Mine was the fourth order placed, yet it still took over half an hour for simple French toast and coffee to be brought to the table. All the while, I saw at least half a dozen later—and much more complicated—orders delivered. Despite the delay in eating, breakfast was very tasty and filling. With just under five hours until lunch, I felt well prepared for the day.

After buying stamps and a few snacks for the trip, I bought my ticket, boarded the coach, and started looking at the itinerary for the day. Carrick-a-Rede and Giant's Causeway were two included stops and a side trip to the Old Bushmills Distillery was available. I decided three hours at Giant's Causeway would be a bit too much, so I would add another distillery to my list and see if Irish whiskey was prepared any differently from scotch whisky.

Our whirlwind tour of the Northern Irish Coast left Belfast at 10.00 a.m. and it was three hours before I could record the first entry in my journal. We traveled through the interior of the island until reaching Larne, and then took the A2—also known as the Coast Road—arriving at

Carnlough, about fifteen miles away. The contrast created by the road was dramatic: on our left, and just beyond the window, were the steep hills and glens of the Irish mainland; on the right, barely the width of a country lane away, was the beach and North Atlantic Ocean.

As we rounded the cape near Ballygalley, the ocean mist cleared enough to allow us to catch a glimpse of Scotland. Until that time, I never thought about how close the two islands really were. For a few moments, I was overcome with thoughts of how my ancestors would have lived, each day being able to see their former homes across the sea, but knowing they may never be able to return. Most certainly, they would never have thought that three hundred years later, one of their descendants would return to Scotland as a Roman Catholic trying to reconnect with his past.

We stopped at the village of Carnlough for a few minutes to allow those interested an opportunity to take pictures of the bay and harbor before returning to the road on our way to Carrick-a-Rede. By the time we had reached the rope bridge at Carrick-a-Rede, we had been through so many glens—valley, mountain, etc.—that I was suffering from an overload of landscape and color. The slopes of nearly endless and rarely broken fields—covered by grass, naturally lain boulders, sporadic herds of sheep and occasional stone fence—invoked the impression of having travelled back in time. Only the paved roads and power lines reminded me that I was viewing the twenty-first—and not the fifteenth—century.

We arrived at the Carrick-a-Rede Rope Bridge about noon. A simple rope suspension bridge spanning the fifty or so feet from the main island to the small Carrick Island, the bridge had become primarily a tourist attraction. Historically fishermen had used bridges to access the small island to fish for salmon in the north Atlantic, but due to declining fish populations, fishermen no longer use the island. Although I took pictures, I knew this would be an excellent opportunity to record video. The views of the ocean, as well as the Scottish island of Islay, were simply breathtaking. The ocean breeze added to the excitement of what seemed to be standing on

the edge of the earth; the crashing of ocean waves against the rocks sixty feet below was the only sound able to subdue the rushing wind.

After the three Lowland distillery tours I enjoyed in Scotland, I was looking forward to the Irish perspective on whiskey making. Unfortunately, the Old Bushmills Distillery only provided me with a new definition of “disappointing.” We were greeted in the Visitor’s Center by signs saying “No Indoor Pictures Please,” leaving only the exteriors of nineteenth century red brick buildings and the bar. While on the tour, we were hurried through the various stages, rarely slowing down for questions or details about the distilling or aging process. After the tour, we were limited to a single dram, despite the distillery having a library of nearly a dozen different bottlings. Finally, there was nothing in the gift shop unique to the distillery; the keepsake catalog even reminded you that everything was available online. I spent £6.54 during my two hours at the distillery: £5 for the tour and tasting, £1 for a single postcard, and 54p for the stamp. The message I wrote to myself: “Just remember . . . it only cost £5!”

After the distillery tour, we rejoined the tour group at the Giant’s Causeway. A truly beautiful example of God’s and nature’s work, the six-sided columns of basalt formed after volcanic eruptions millions of years ago cooled and contracted. Millennia of erosion have caused their color to change, each column being black at the water’s edge, then fading through grey, red and finally brown. The sight of the columns, disappearing into the North Atlantic, inspired myths regarding its creation: most common is a confrontation between the Irish warrior Fionn mac Cumhaill and the Scottish giant Benandonner. Bitter rivals, one or the other built the causeway to allow for battle, but upon seeing Fionn’s size, Benandonner ran in terror, breaking up the causeway behind him to prevent Fionn’s pursuit. The natural beauty of God’s creation I have seen on this trip has left me speechless many times, and I again pray that my pictures are able to show the beauty I cannot describe.

On the ride back to Belfast, I had the opportunity to speak to another passenger on the coach tour: Claire. From Châteauroux, France, she was not quite eighteen and was visiting

friends in Northern Ireland before beginning her college studies. I do not remember much of our conversation, but I recorded in my journal that she seemed very mature. She had forgotten her camera in France, and so I offered to send her copies of my pictures when I had returned to the States. I took one picture of her at the coach station when we arrived back in Belfast, wishing that I had met her in the morning and gotten pictures of her at Carrick-a-Rede and Giant's Causeway. After returning home, I discovered that I did in fact have some pictures with her in the background, including video of her crossing the bridge at Carrick-a-Rede.³³

* * *

As the last day of my ancestral journey came to a close, I found myself excited about London and the Boy Scouts Jamboree. I had been looking forward to attending an international gathering of scouts since my first days as a tenderfoot scout and the day was about to arrive. But sitting in the hostel packing, I reflected on how much this trip had become so much more than a prelude to a two day Boy Scout campout. I learned more about myself than I ever could have imagined. I rediscovered aspects of myself lost in Katrina. I believe I am a better person because of this trip . . . not because of anything I did, but from the blessings and graces given to me by God. I will always be grateful for this experience, even when it has faded from my memories.

³³ In the years following my trip, Claire and I have become good acquaintances, trading occasional emails and online messages. In the spring of 2010, she was approved for a year abroad in the United States and will be studying in Arkansas from August 2010 until May 2011.

APPENDIX B

ANTRIM TO AYRSHIRE (1750 to 1450): GENEALOGICAL ESSAY

Although it is typical to relate history by moving forward in time, this genealogical essay is otherwise. The focus of the information is to show from where my ancestors came, and so it is necessary to present the narrative in reverse order.

First Generation

1. Ann Elizabeth (Annie) LYLE

Second Generation

2. Maher Shalal Hasbaz (Robert) LYLE Sr. was born on 14 March 1737 in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland. Bible records call him a "Scotchman by birth," but this is assumed to refer to his Scotch ancestry rather than his place of birth, for the same Bible says he was born in Ireland.

In various sources, the name of the son of David Lyle and Mary Blair is given as Robert. However the names and dates of birth for all of Robert's sons are the same as those for Maher Lyle found among numerous Bible records preserved by descendants of Maher and Elizabeth Lyle in Georgia. Also, according to descendants interviewed early in the twentieth century, Maher is known to have been a nephew of the three Lyle men—Matthew, Daniel and John (sons of 16. James Knox LYLE Sr.)—who lived at Timber Ridge, VA. The corresponding facts have led researchers to believe that Robert began to go by Maher sometime after immigrating to the Colony of Virginia.

Family papers record that Maher Lyle served as a private during the Revolutionary War and was present when General Charles Cornwallis surrendered to General George Washington at Yorktown; however no record of service for Maher (or Robert) Lyle has been found and neither he nor Elizabeth lived long enough to apply for the pension offered in 1832. When Elizabeth, then living in Winn's District, Jackson County, Georgia, was awarded land during the Georgia Land Lottery of 1827, the grant reveals that she was the widow of a Revolutionary War Soldier. Additionally, there is a record in Campbell County, VA, at a court held September 1782, which records that Mahershalalhasbaz³⁴ Lyle proved he furnished Christopher Irvine, Commissioner of Provost Law and Lyle's neighbor, with 275 Grass Beef during the American Revolution.

He died on 30 January 1814 in Jackson County, GA.

3. Elizabeth (Betty) GIBSON was born on 13 February 1740/41 in Virginia. She died on 15 January 1831 in Jackson County, GA.

Maher Shalal Hasbaz (Robert) LYLE Sr. and Elizabeth (Betty) GIBSON were married in 1763 in Virginia and had the following children:

³⁴ The unusual name, Mahershalalhasbaz, is found in the Old Testament, Book of Isaiah, "Moreover the Lord said unto me, Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen concerning Mahershalalhasbaz" (8:1-4). Literally translated, the name means "the spoil speeds, the prey hastens," but metaphorically, the name is better translated "Memories are here created, that will return to be remembered again and again, and will keep returning like time spent with a woman in love."

- i. Elizabeth LYLE was born on 13 February 1764. She married Robert COLEMAN.
- ii. Sarah A. (Sally) LYLE was born on 14 October 1765. She married Thomas DRAPER.
- iii. David LYLE was born on 15 May 1767.
- iv. John LYLE was born on 24 March 1769. He married Elizabeth WOMACK. He then married Elizabeth FINLEY. He died in 1851.
- v. William Crawford LYLE was born on 21 December 1770. He married Elizabeth BORING (born 1784; died 1863). He died in 1860.
- vi. Judath LYLE was born on 24 November 1772. Some sources record a birth year of 1792, but this is very unlikely as it would require Elizabeth to have been 52 at Judath's birth. She died in 1800.
- vii. Dilmus [Dilmers] LYLE was born on 23 June 1774. He died in 1847.
- viii. Maher Shalal Hasbaz (II) LYLE Jr. was born on 17 August 1776. He married Elizabeth [Unknown].
- ix. James LYLE was born on 22 May 1778. He married Phadia [Unknown]. He died in 1860.
- x. Thomas LYLE was born on 15 February 1780.
- 1 xi. Ann Elizabeth (Annie) LYLE was born on 12 December 1782 in Virginia. She died in 1846 in Shottsville, Marion County, AL.
- xii. Charles L LYLE was born on 23 January 1784 in Spartanburg, SC. Some sources record his birth month as June. He died in 1862.

Third Generation

4. David Locke LYLE was born in 1715 in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland. He died about 1746 while en route to America.

5. Mary Lyle BLAIR was born in 1717 in Ballyvallyagh, County Antrim, Ireland. She died about 1753.

David Locke LYLE and Mary Lyle BLAIR were married on 27 December 1735 in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, and had the following children:

- 2 i. Maher Shalal Hasbaz (Robert) LYLE Sr.

6. John (I) Frederick GIBSON³⁵ was born in 1708 in Clogher, County Tyrone, Ireland. Other sources list a birth year of 1715 (and birthplaces of Ulster, County Tyrone, Ireland or North Farnham, Richmond County, VA). He died in 1762 in Frederick County, VA.

7. Elizabeth CALL was born in 1708 in North Farnham, Richmond, VA. She died about 1750.

John (I) Frederick GIBSON and Elizabeth CALL were married on 7 August 1728 in Frederick County, VA and had the following children:

³⁵ The Irish Gibsons were originally from the Dumfries area of Scotland and were a sept of Clan Buchanan. Clogher is a small village in County Tyrone, Northern Ireland, situated on the River Blackwater, eighteen miles south of Omagh.

- i. William GIBSON was born on 24 November 1729.
- ii. Randleigh GIBSON was born on 29 May 1731.
- iii. Ann GIBSON was born on 5 January 1731/32.
- iv. Mary GIBSON was born on 8 March 1733/34.
- v. Priscilla GIBSON was born on 6 June 1737.
- vi. Joseph GIBSON was born on 25 February 1738/39.
- vii. Winnie GIBSON was born on 26 February 1739/40.
- 3 viii. Elizabeth (Betty) GIBSON.
- ix. Judith GIBSON was born in 1742 in Bedford County, VA.
- x. John (II) GIBSON was born on 28 November 1748 in Frederick County, VA. He served as a Private under Captain Robert Ada in Colonel Charles Lynch's Regiment during the American Revolution and, after receiving a veteran's land grant of 2,000 acres, he moved to Union County, SC in 1784. He died on 16 September 1837 in Union County, SC.
- xi. Thomas GIBSON

Fourth Generation

8. Robert (ii) Snoddy LYLE was born in 1701 in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland. Robert Lyle was employed as a linen lapper (one who takes care of the linen and sees to the packaging). The family lived on a farm owned by Ann Jane Locke, his wife, located in Torreagh. They also lived on a place called "Pullendoes" owned by Thomas Locke, about a mile from Ballyvallaugh near the Blairs. Fannie Locke, Robert's sister-in-law, made her home with them. Family stories related that Reverend John Wesley, the father of Methodism, visited Robert Lyle and preached to the people in his fields. He died in 1745 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland.

9. Anne Jane Baxter LOCKE was born after 1700.

Robert (ii) Snoddy LYLE and Anne Jane Baxter LOCKE were married on 27 December 1735 in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland and had the following children:

- 4 i. David Locke LYLE.
- ii. Samuel (ii) LYLE was born about 1725 in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in 1796 in Rockbridge County, VA. He married Sarah MCCLUNG (daughter of William MCCLUNG).
- iii. Mary LYLE married William CRAIG.
- iv. Sarah LYLE married Samuel DONALD.
- v. Daniel LYLE
- vi. Martha LYLE married John ARMSTRONG.

10. Samuel (I) BLAIR of Ballyvallaugh was born in 1667 in Ballyvallaugh, County Antrim, Ireland. Samuel owned 400 acres of freehold land. When he first married, he built a home by the waterside near the flax mill built by his grandfather, Brice. He later abandoned it for a better home he built nearby on higher ground. This later house was still in good condition, even though much altered, as late as 1900. In the first house, his daughter Esther was born. She was living in the other house when she married Matthew Lyle in 1731. The ruins of the first house remained about 1900. Six of Samuel's children came to America about 1735. He died on 20 March 1754

in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He was buried in the Raloo cemetery.³⁶

11. Martha Campbell LYLL was born in 1695 in Ballyvallah, County Antrim, Ireland. She died on 2 May 1729 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland.

Samuel (I) BLAIR of Ballyvallah and Martha Campbell LYLL were married in 1710 and had the following children:

- i. Samuel (II) BLAIR was born on 14 August 1712 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He died on 5 July 1751.
- ii. Esther BLAIR was born about 1713 in Ballyvallah, County Antrim, Ireland. She died before 1774 in Timber Ridge, Augusta County, VA.
- iii. William BLAIR was born in 1715 in Ballyvallah, County Antrim, Ireland. He died on 26 May 1788 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He married Mary REA.
- 5 iv. Mary Lyle BLAIR.
- v. Daniel BLAIR was born in 1720. He died in 1808. He married Margaret MCCULLOUGH.
- vi. Martha BLAIR was born in 1726 in Ireland. She died on 12 August 1821 in Lexington, Augusta County, VA. She married John PAXTON (son of John-James PAXTON and Elizabeth ALEXANDER) in 1742.
- vii. Nancy BLAIR married David Robinson.
- viii. James BLAIR
- ix. John BLAIR

12. James (II) GIBSON was born on 16 October 1687 in Dumfries, County Dumfries, Scotland. He immigrated about 1720 to Virginia. He died about 1764 in Bedford County, VA.

13. Margaret Eleanor CORRIE³⁷

James (II) GIBSON and Margaret Eleanor CORRIE were married on 27 November 1706 in Dumfries, County Dumfries, Scotland and had the following children:

- 6 i. John (I) Frederick GIBSON.
- ii. James (III) GIBSON was born about 1717 in Clogher, County Tyrone, Ireland.
- iii. Randolph GIBSON was born about 1721 in Clogher, County Tyrone, Ireland. He died in 1794 in Pendleton District, Fairfield County, SC. Some sources record his name as Randall.

³⁶ His personal coat of arms is on his tombstone: "On a saltire five mascles, in the chief a mullet, in the base a garb, in the flanks each a crescent all within a treasure. Crest: a stag courant. Motto: *Amos Probos* ('I Love the Virtuous')." Samuel was the second son (crescent) of Daniel, who in turn was the third son (mullet) of Brice. It is possible that Brice was also a second son (crescent). Traditionally, the garb represented that "the harvest of one's hopes had been secured."

³⁷ Corrie is a surname derived from a Gaelic word signifying a narrow glen. It is the name of an old parish, (conjoined in 1609 with Hutton), and of a river and lochlet in the district of Annandale, Dumfriesshire. The lands of Corrie, forming the southern division of the united parish of Hutton and Corrie, were, in the twelfth century, held by a family, vassals of Robert de Bruce, who, from them, took the surname of Corrie. In the Ragman Roll is the name of Walter Corrie of this family.

- iv. Archibald GIBSON was born in 1723 in Ireland.
- v. Elizabeth GIBSON was born in 1732 in Lancaster, Lancaster County, VA. She married John CANDLER.
- vi. Jane GIBSON was born about 1733 in Lancaster, Lancaster County, VA. She married [Unknown] TILLISS.
- vii. Catherine GIBSON was born in 1735 in Lancaster, Lancaster County, VA. She married [Unknown] HALE.
- viii. Hannah GIBSON was born in 1736 in Lancaster, Lancaster County, VA. She married William COOK.
- ix. [Daughter] GIBSON was born in Lancaster, Lancaster County, VA. She married Josiah GIBSON.
- x. Joseph GIBSON was born in 1745 in Lancaster, Lancaster County, VA.

Fifth Generation

16. James Knox LYLE Sr. was born in 1681 in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland.

17. Margaret SNODDY was born about 1682 in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland. She died in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland.

James Knox LYLE Sr. and Margaret SNODDY were married about 1700 and had the following children:

- 8
 - i. Robert (ii) Snoddy LYLE.
 - ii. Elizabeth LYLE was born about 1707 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. She married [Unknown] BEGGS.
 - iii. Jenny LYLE was born about 1709 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. She married [[Unknown] OGILVIE.
 - iv. James LYLE Jr. was born about 1710 in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland.
 - v. Matthew LYLE was born about 1711 in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland. He immigrated to the Virginia Colony about 1740. Matthew Lyle was one of the primary movers for the establishment of the Presbyterian Church in the Valley of Virginia. The first Timber Ridge church was of logs and stood on land given by Matthew Lyle and Thomas McSpadden. He died in April 1774 in Timber Ridge, Augusta County, VA.
 - vi. David LYLE was born about 1717.
 - vii. William LYLE was born about 1719 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He married Margaret WHITE. He died in 1798 in County Antrim, Ireland.
 - viii. John LYLE was born about 1720 in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland. He married Jean OWNES (daughter of William OWENS and Mathilda KNOX). He died on 14 February 1758 in Timber Ridge, Augusta County, VA.
 - ix. Daniel LYLE was born about 1725 in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland. He married Paxton [Unknown] about 1750 in Timber Ridge, Augusta County, VA. He died in 1783 in Timber Ridge, Augusta County, VA.

18. Thomas LOCKE was born about 1680 in Ballyvallagh, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in 1753 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland.

19. Sarah Alexander BAXTER

Thomas LOCKE and Sarah Alexander BAXTER were married and had the following children:

- 9 i. Anne Jane Baxter LOCKE.
 ii. Fannie LOCKE

20. Daniel BLAIR of Ballyvallah was born about 1634 in County Antrim, Ireland. He died on 5 January 1703/4.

21. Janet (Ganet) DRUMMOND was born about 1639. She died on 1 May 1703/4.

Daniel BLAIR of Ballyvallah and Janet (Ganet) DRUMMOND were married about 1664 and had the following children:

- 10 i. Samson BLAIR of Ballyvallah was born in 1665 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in 1750.
 ii. Samuel (I) BLAIR of Ballyvallah.
 iii. James (ii) BLAIR of Ballyvallah was born about 1668 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He married Martha RANKIN.
 iv. Nancy BLAIR
 v. Phoebe BLAIR
 vi. John BLAIR of Ballyvallah
 vii. Jenny BLAIR married Samuel BRYSON.
 viii. Elizabeth BLAIR married David HILL.

22. James LYLL of Toreagh was born in 1645 in Toreagh, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in 1723 in County Antrim, Ireland.

23. Martha CAMPBELL was born about 1649 in County Antrim, Ireland. She died before 1723 in County Antrim, Ireland.

James LYLL of Toreagh and Martha CAMPBELL were married in 1670 in County Antrim, Ireland and had the following children:

- 11 i. Mary LYLL was born about 1670 in Ireland. She married John LYLE from Ayrshire, Scotland.
 ii. Bella LYLL was born about 1680 in Ireland.
 iii. John LYLL was born about 1684 in Ireland. He married [Unknown] ANDERSON.
 iv. Martha Campbell LYLL.

24. James (I) (John) GIBSON was born about 1662 in Dumfries, County Dumfries, Scotland.

25. Elspeth LINDSAY ³⁸

³⁸ The Lindsays are descended from Danes who had come to England between the 6th and 9th centuries. After the Norman conquest of 1066, Baldric de Lindsay became a tenant under the Earl of Chester in England. In 1120 Sir Walter Lindsay was a member of the council of David, Earl of Huntingdon, who became King of Scotland. Sir Walter Lindsay's successor, either his son or brother, came to Scotland with

James (I) (John) GIBSON and Elspeth LINDSAY were married in Scotland and had the following children:

- 12 i. Robert GIBSON was born about 1685.
- ii. James (II) GIBSON.
- iii. Archibald GIBSON was born about 1688 in Dumfries, County Dumfries, Scotland.

Sixth Generation

32. Samuel LYLE of Browndodd was born about 1650 in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in 1685 in Browndodd, County Antrim, Ireland.

33. Janet KNOX was born in 1636 in Knoxtown, County Antrim, Ireland.

Samuel LYLE of Browndodd and Janet KNOX were married and had the following children:

- 16 i. James Knox LYLE Sr.
- ii. Mary LYLE married Hugh McConnell.
- iii. Isabella LYLE married [Unknown] TAYLOR.
- iv. Janet LYLE married [Unknown] COHAIN.
- v. Robert LYLE

34. William SNODDY³⁹ was born about 1625 in Scotland. He died in Ireland. The Snoddy family moved from Scotland to Ireland about 1652.

the new King. William Lindsay acquired the lands of Crawford in Lanarkshire, Scotland. Later, he gave some of his Ayrshire lands to the Dryburgh Abbey.

During the English Civil War of the 17th century, the Clan Lindsay were Royalist supporters of King Charles Stuart of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The death of the Clan Lindsay Chief and 16th Earl in 1652 was the last of that line to be Earl of Crawford, and the Earldom was passed into the hands of King Charles. However another line of Lindsays received a new title, held by John the 1st Earl of Lindsay who was also already the 10th Lord Lindsay of Byres.

³⁹ The Snoddy name is listed as a member of Clan Sinclair, a Norman clan of County Caithness, in the northern highlands of Scotland.

Various legends tell of the origins of the Snoddy name. During the First War of Scottish Independence (1296-1314), a Scotchman, being a prisoner of war, took advantage of a snowstorm to break jail and escape. Having to change his name to escape recognition, he called himself "Snoda" in honor of his escape. Over time, the name became "Snode" and later Snody and Snoddy. Another version of the legend places the escape during the reign of Charles I (1625-1649) of England. The barbarous Claverhouse were sent to Scotland. They killed prisoners on sight, cut off women's ears, split noses, made children walk on hot ashes, burnt houses, churches, towns and caused general destruction. The edict was given that all Protestants should be killed as soon as captured. A prominent Presbyterian named Fergus was captured. Being so prominent to be killed at once he was sentenced for "day after tomorrow." He planned to escape on "tomorrow night" - but a severe snow storm arose so he escaped during the day of "tomorrow." He fled to Ireland and there in order to hide his identity and in memory of the day he escaped, he called himself in broad Scot - "snau da", which we in English have made "Snoddy" meaning "a snow day."

35. Jane ADAMS

William SNODDY and Jane ADAMS were married about 1680 and had the following children:

- 17 i. Margaret SNODDY.

38. David BAXTER

39. Sarah ALEXANDER

David BAXTER and Sarah ALEXANDER were married and had the following children:

- 19 i. Sarah Alexander BAXTER.

40. Brice (I) BLAIR of Ballyvallah was born in 1599 in Cumnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. He died about 1654 in Ballyvallah, County Antrim, Ireland.

Although his ancestry is cloudy, it is believed that he is the son of John and Isobel Boyd Blair. He was heir to the Blair lands but for some reason was passed over at age 10 in favor of his uncle Bryce [son of 160. John (IV) BLAIR]. In 1624, the younger Bryce married a farmer's daughter, Ester Peden. They became Covenanters and, fearing for their lives, fled to Ireland in 1626, settling in Larne on the Irish coast.

Reasons to believe he is a part of the Blair of that Ilk family include: 1) many families—Campbell, Gibson, Lindsay, Corrie, Lyle of Browndodd and Lyll of Toreagh—involved in future marriages are from the same regions and involved in many of the same historical events; 2) eighteen years before Brice travelled to Larne, Hugh Montgomery (1st Viscount of Montgomery, born 1560, died 1636) established a plantation in Counties Down and Antrim which was settled by Scots from Ayrshire. Perhaps Brice fled to the protection of family already in Ireland; 3) finally, and most telling, his grandson, Samuel (I) Blair (b 1667 in County Larne) uses the Blair of that Ilk coat of arms, with various charges, implying a belief at the time that they were members of the Blair of that Ilk family.

41. Esther [Hamilton] PEDEN was born in 1600 in Cumnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. Some sources record her as the daughter of Margaret Hamilton (daughter of James Hamilton 4th Earl of Arran and Margaret Douglas Lady of Morton), but the connection has not been verified. Esther was the aunt of the much celebrated and persecuted Covenanter, Alexander Peden (1626-1686). Alexander was also known as the "Prophet Peden." There is a monument honoring him in his native town of Old Cumnock, Scotland.

In 1625 Brice and Esther fled the persecution the Covenanters were experiencing in Scotland and moved to northern Ireland⁴⁰ with their small daughter Nancy. When they arrived in Ireland, Brice

⁴⁰ The move to Ireland occurred during the period of Irish history known as the Plantation of Ulster. Established on lands conquered by the English during the Nine Years War (1594-1603), the plantation was an attempt to colonize what was considered underpopulated and undeveloped pastureland. Although movement had been occurring for centuries, it was not until about 1600 that a significant population immigrated to Ireland, with the initial population being mostly Presbyterian lowland Scots. Although Scottish Viscounts Hugh Montgomery and James Hamilton of Claneboye established a settlement in Ireland in 1606, the official plantation under royal control did not begin until 1609. Hugh Montgomery and

made his way to an influential kinsmen, Lord Edmonstone at Redhall (near Carrickfergus), and the Reverend Edward Brice at Ballycarry. Reverend Brice was one of the pioneer clergymen of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland and is believed to be a first cousin of Brice Blair.

From Lord Edmonstone, Brice obtained four hundred acres of land in Ballyvally where he built a home and passed the remainder of his life. This land is situated a few miles west of Larne and not far from the village of Raloo. A part of it was still in possession of a descendant as late as 1900. Near his home, Brice Blair built a flax mill, one of the first, if not the first, in Ireland. The ruins of the home and mill were still distinguishable in 1900.

Because of Brice and Esther's move from Scotland to the north of Ireland their descendants became known as Ulster Scots in Ireland. In America they are referred to as Scotch-Irish or Scots-Irish. This does not mean, as many presume, that the Scots intermarried with the Irish for the Irish abhorred the Scots who had usurped their lands.

Brice (I) BLAIR of Ballyvally and Esther [Hamilton] PEDEN were married in 1624 and had the following children:

- i. Nancie BLAIR was born in 1624 in Scotland. She died on 21 April 1691. She married Patrick CRAWFORD and had one child: John CRAWFORD.
- ii. Brice (II) BLAIR was born in 1627 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in Magheramorne, Ireland. He married Jane REA and had three known children: Brice (III), Elizabeth, and Randal.
- 20 iii. Abram BLAIR was born in 1628 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland.
- iv. Daniel BLAIR of Ballyvally.
- v. John BLAIR was born in 1637 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland. He married Elizabeth SHAW and had one child: James.
- vi. Randal BLAIR was born in 1640 in Raloo, County Antrim, Ireland.

44. John LYLL of Toreagh ⁴¹ was born in 1615 in Toreagh, County Antrim, Ireland.

45. Florence MONTGOMERY was born in 1619 in Toreagh, County Antrim, Ireland.

John LYLL of Toreagh and Florence MONTGOMERY were married in 1640 and had the following children:

- i. Jane LYLL was born in 1642 in Toreagh, County Antrim, Ireland.
- ii. Thomas LYLL was born in 1643 in Toreagh, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in 1729.
- 22 iii. James LYLL of Toreagh.
- iv. David LYLL was born in 1648 in Toreagh, County Antrim, Ireland.

Brice Blair were both third great grandsons of Earl Hugh Montgomerie and Helen Campbell; Hugh through a male line, Brice through a female line.

⁴¹ "Of several Lyll families in County Antrim, Ireland, was one having residence at Toreagh. Tradition relates this family traces to Ayrshire in Scotland and came to Ireland about 1606. The location and date are suggestive it was one of those Scotch families settling on lands of Sir Randal Macdonnell in the vicinity of Larne. Through marriages the Lylls of Toreagh became connected with the Lyles of Browndodd and the Blairs of Ballyvally." ("Junkin/Jenkins of County Antrim Family Home Page" <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/j/e/n/John--Jenkins/index.html> accessed 30 January 2007)

48. Robert (I) GIBSON⁴² was born in 1640 in Dumfries, County Dumfries, Scotland. He died in Dumfries, County Dumfries, Scotland.

Robert (I) GIBSON had the following children:

- 24 i. James (I) (John) GIBSON.
- ii. Robert (II) GIBSON was born in 1665.

Seventh Generation

64. Robert (i) LYLE of Browndodd⁴³ was born about 1620.

Robert (i) LYLE of Browndodd married [Unknown] CLOTWORTHY and had the following children:

- 32 i. Samuel LYLE of Browndodd.
- ii. Daniel LYLE of Browndodd was born in Larne, County Antrim, Ireland. He died in America.
- iii. Amelia Clotworthy LYLE of Browndodd married [Unknown] MCCONNELL.

66. John KNOX was born in 1597 in Ireland. He died in 1637.

67. Sally LOCKE was born in 1604 in Ireland. She died in 1636.

John KNOX and Sally LOCKE were married and had the following children:

- 33 i. Janet KNOX.

80. John (V) BLAIR was born in 1574 in Ayrshire, Scotland. He died in January 1604.

⁴² The Gibsons were a sept of Clan Buchanan and Clan Cameron (as Gibbon). From very early times, the family was seated in Galloway in southwestern Scotland, which is part of the council area of Dumfries and Galloway. The patronymic name originated in England and means "son of Gibb." This is a shortened form of the name Gilbert, which was introduced into England by followers of William the Conqueror after the Norman Invasion of 1066. The Norman name was originally found as "Gislebert" or "Guilbert," and is composed of the Old Germanic elements *gisil*, meaning "promise" or "noble youth," and *beraht*, meaning "bright" or "famous." The Gibson name is found most frequently in the northern counties of England and in Scotland. *Recte et fideliter*, or "just and faithful," is the family motto.

⁴³ Norman in origin, the Lyle name is derived from "d'Lisle" meaning "of the island." Over time, the Lyle family—originally a sept of the royal Clan Stuart (Stewart)—became Presbyterians and subsequently driven from Scotland by the Earl of Montrose because of their religious affiliation.

Sir Robert (I) Lyle (1391-1444) was raised to the peerage as Lord Lyle by James II (King of Scotland, 1437-1460). Robert (II) Lyle, 2nd Lord Lyle, was sent as ambassador to England in 1472, he is said to have been present at the murder of James III at Sauchieburn in 1488. However, he appears to have been appalled at the actual murder of the king and joined the Earl of Lennox and other nobles to take up arms to avenge the king's death. The fortunes of war did not favor them and Lord Lyle was forfeited in 1489. The estates were restored shortly after and Robert (II) Lyle enjoyed high status for the rest of his life. The title is now extinct.

81. Isabel BOYD was born in 1577 in Ayrshire, Scotland. A second marriage to Dugald CAMPBELL about 1612 is recorded; children of Dugald and Isabel were Grizel (Isabella or Elizabeth) (b c. 1613), Mary (b c. 1615) and Margaret (b c. 1617), all in Scotland.

John (V) BLAIR and Isabel BOYD were married about 1595. There is a record of a marriage contract dated 5 July 1589; John would have been 15 and Isabel 12. They had the following children:

- 40 i. Grizel BLAIR was born in 1597 in Ayrshire, Scotland.
- ii. Brice (I) BLAIR of Ballyvallah.
- iii. Anna BLAIR was born in 1601 in Ayrshire, Scotland.
- iv. Margaret BLAIR was born in 1603 in Ayrshire, Scotland. She married John Crawford.

Eighth Generation

134. David LOCKE was born in 1566 in Ireland. He died in 1604.

135. Mary WYLIE was born in 1571 in Ireland. She died in 1604.

David LOCKE and Mary WYLIE were married and had the following children:

- 67 i. Sally LOCKE.

160. John (IV) BLAIR was born in 1547 in Ayrshire, Scotland. He died in 1609.

161. Grizel (Grace) SEMPLE was born in 1551 in Ayrshire, Scotland. She died in 1573 in Blair, Ayrshire, Scotland.

John (IV) BLAIR and Grizel (Grace) SEMPLE were married on 8 February 1573 in Ayrshire, Scotland and had the following children:

- 80 i. Bryce (i) BLAIR was born in 1573 in Ayrshire, Scotland. He was often styled "of Lochwood" during his father's life, afterwards "of Blair" or "of that Ilk."
- ii. John (V) BLAIR.
- iii. James BLAIR was born in 1576 in Ayrshire, Scotland. He married Annabella Stewart.
- iv. Robert BLAIR was born in 1578 in Ayrshire, Scotland.
- v. Jean BLAIR was born in 1580 in Ayrshire, Scotland.
- vi. Margaret BLAIR was born in 1582 in Ayrshire, Scotland.
- vii. Alexander BLAIR was born in 1584 in Ayrshire, Scotland. He married Elizabeth COCHRANE about 1600, and assumed the surname of COCHRANE as a choice in the marriage. Their son became the first Earl of Dundonald.
- viii. Grizel BLAIR was born in 1584 in Ayrshire, Scotland.

162. Lord Thomas (V) BOYD of Kilmarnock was born in 1544 in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

He joined with his father in the association on behalf of Mary, Queen of Scots at Hamilton on 8 May 1568 and at Langside on 13 May 1568. In 1579 he had leave to travel in France and other parts of Europe due to his health and again in 1583. He was with his father in the Raid of Ruthven, and after the counter revolution was at Stirling with other of the rebel Lords, which place he was called upon to deliver up, and to enter into ward at Aberdeen—which he did—on pain of being charged with high treason, 10 May 1584. The following year he was again in rebellion, being put to the horn and denounced as a rebel.

On 17 December 1591 he resigned his whole estate into the hands of the King, from whom, on 12 January 1591-92 he obtained a new charter thereof, "erecting the same into a free lordship and barony, to be called the lordship and barony of Kilmarnock," to himself for life and his son in fee, with a long remainder to heirs, whereby he became Lord Boyd of Kilmarnock. By the same charter, the town of Kilmarnock was erected into a free burgh of barony with a weekly market.

He appears to have been subject to ill-health, as three more passes of leave to Europe are recorded for him. He died in June 1611.

163. Margaret CAMPBELL was born about 1550 in Loudon, Ayrshire, Scotland.

Lord Thomas (V) BOYD of Kilmarnock and Margaret CAMPBELL were married and had the following children:

- 81 i. Isabel BOYD.
- ii. Robert (VIII) BOYD died in 1597.

Ninth Generation

270. William WYLIE was born in 1534 in Ireland. He died in 1572.

271. Janet BLACK was born in 1540 in Ireland. She died in 1572 in Ireland.

William WYLIE and Janet BLACK were married and had the following children:

- 135 i. Mary WYLIE.

320. John (III) BLAIR was born in 1502 in Ayrshire, Scotland. John received a charter under the Great Seal -- "Johanni Blair de eodem"-- of the land of Dalquhone in Ayrshire on 12 August 1540. He also received a charter of the land of Bogtown, Holmhead, and two-thirds part of the mill of Cathcart in Renfrewshire on 12 March 1544.

321. Margaret CUNNINGHAM was born in 1506 in Glengarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

John (III) BLAIR and Margaret CUNNINGHAM were married on 23 November 1546 in Ayrshire, Scotland. The marriage of John and Margaret occurred towards the end of a century-long feud between the Clan Montgomery (John's mother) and Clan Cunningham (Margaret's family clan) that began in 1448/49 when the office of Baillie in Cunninghame (long held by the Cunninghams) was awarded to a member of the Montgomery clan. John (III) BLAIR and Margaret CUNNINGHAM had the following children:

- 160 i. John (IV) BLAIR.

- ii. William BLAIR was born in 1549 in Ayrshire, Scotland.
- iii. Jean BLAIR was born in 1551. She married Alexander Cunningham.

322. Robert SEMPLE was born in 1505 in Semphill, Renfrewshire, Scotland. He died in 1576 in Renfrew, Renfrewshire, Scotland. Some sources record a marriage to Elizabeth CARLISLE (b c. 1520 in Cayhurst, Buckshire, England).

323. Isabel HAMILTON was born in 1518 in Sanguhar, Dumfries-shire, Scotland. She died on 13 November 1604 in Renfrew, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

Robert SEMPLE and Isabel HAMILTON were married on 7 April 1538 and had the following children:

- i. Jean SEMPLE was born in 1543. She died in 1592.
- 161 ii. Grizel (Grace) SEMPLE.

324. Lord Robert (VII) BOYD of Boyd was born in 1517 in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. The 5th Lord Boyd, he was a Scottish nobleman and took a prominent part in Scottish politics during the troubled time which followed the death of James V in 1542. At first he favored the reformed religion, but afterwards his views changed and he became one of the most trusted advisers of Mary, Queen of Scots, whom he accompanied to the battle of Langside in 1568. During the queen's captivity he was often employed on diplomatic errands; he tried to stir up insurrections in her favor, and he was suspected of participation in the murder of the regent Murray. He enjoyed a high and influential position under the regent James Douglas, earl of Morton, but was banished in 1583 for his share in the seizure of King James VI, a plot known as the Raid of Ruthven. He retired to France, but was soon allowed to return to Scotland. He died on 3 January 1589 in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland⁴⁴.

325. Margaret COLQUHOUN

Lord Robert (VII) BOYD and Margaret COLQUHOUN were married and had the following children:

- 162 i. Lord Thomas (V) BOYD of Kilmarnock.

326. Sir Matthew CAMPBELL of Loudoun

327. Isabel DRUMMOND

Sir Matthew CAMPBELL of Loudoun and Isabel DRUMMOND were married and had the following children:

⁴⁴ His death was memorialized in an epitaph in the Low Kirk of Kilmarnock. It reads: "1589: Heir lyis godlie Noble wyis Lord Boyd / Quha Kirk and King Commin weil decoir'd / Quhilke war (quhill they yis jowell all enjoyed) / Defendit, counsailed, governd, be that lord / His ancient hous (oft parreld) he restored / Twyis sax and saxtie zeirs he lived and syne / By death (ye third of Januare) devoird / In anno thrys fyve hundreth auchtye nyne." Trans.: "1589: Here lies godly, noble, wise Lord Boyd / Who church and king very well celebrated. / Everyone was (while they this jewel all enjoyed) / Defended, counseled, governed, by that lord. / His ancient house (often periled) he restored. / Twice six and sixty years he lived and then / By death (the third of January) devoured / In the year thrice five hundred, eighty-nine."

163 i. Margaret CAMPBELL.

Tenth Generation

640. John (II) BLAIR was born about 1476 in Ayrshire, Scotland. He died in 1567.

641. Elizabeth Helen MONTGOMERIE was born about 1480 in Ayrshire, Scotland.

John (II) BLAIR and Elizabeth Helen MONTGOMERIE were married about 1500 and had the following children:

320 i. John (III) BLAIR.

642. William CUNNINGHAM⁴⁵

William CUNNINGHAM had the following children:

321 i. Margaret CUNNINGHAM.

644. William SEMPLE was born about 1473 in Semphill, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

645. Margaret MONTGOMERIE was born about 1478 in Eglinton, Ayrshire, Scotland.

William SEMPLE and Margaret MONTGOMERIE were married and had the following children:

322 i. Robert SEMPLE.

646. William HAMILTON was born in 1504 in Cambuskeith, Ayrshire, Scotland. He died in 1569 in Sanguhar, Dumfries-shire, Scotland.

647. Katherine KENNEDY was born in 1498 in Maybole, Ayrshire, Scotland. She died in Mure, Treviso, Veneto, Italy.

William HAMILTON and Katherine KENNEDY were married and had the following children:

323 i. Isabel HAMILTON.

648. Lord Robert (VI) BOYD of Boyd was born in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. Robert Boyd, 4th Lord Boyd, was the son of Alexander Boyd, and grandson of Robert Boyd, 1st Lord Boyd. Robert was confirmed in the possession of the estates and honors of his grandfather in 1549. In 1580 he received a grant of land at Bedlay, near Chryston, from his kinsman James

⁴⁵ According to tradition, Malcolm III, King of Scots, rewarded Malcolm, son of Friskin with the Thanedom of Cunninghame in 1059. The first known Cunningham was Warnebald Cunningham and then his son Robertus Cunningham. Warnebald was granted the lands of Cunninghame by Hugh de Morville about 1115. Robertus received the lands of Cunningham between the years 1160 and 1180. The Clan Cunningham were well settled in their lands and the parish of Kilmaurs by the late 13th century. The Clan Cunningham fought for King Alexander III of Scotland at the Battle of Largs in 1263. As a result, for this service Hervy de Cunningham, the son of the Laird of Cunningham received a charter from King Alexander III of Scotland confirming all of their lands.

Boyd of Trochrig, the protestant Archbishop of Glasgow. He built Bedlay Castle on these lands soon afterward. He died about 1557 in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland

649. Helen SOMERVILLE

Lord Robert (VI) BOYD of Boyd and Helen SOMERVILLE were married and had the following children:

324 i. Lord Robert (VII) BOYD of Boyd.

650. George COLQUHOUN was born in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

651. Margaret BOYD

George COLQUHOUN and Margaret BOYD were married and had the following children:

325 i. Margaret COLQUHOUN.

652. Hugh CAMPBELL was born in 1502 in Loudon, Ayrshire, Scotland.

653. Margaret STEWART

Hugh CAMPBELL and Margaret STEWART were married and had the following children:

326 i. Sir Matthew CAMPBELL.

654. Sir John DRUMMOND

655. Janet STEWART

Sir John DRUMMOND and Janet STEWART were married and had the following children:

327 i. Isabel DRUMMOND.

Eleventh Generation

1280. John (I) BLAIR was born about 1440 in Ayrshire, Scotland.

1281. Beatrice MORTOUN was born about 1444 in Ayrshire, Scotland.

John (I) BLAIR and Beatrice MORTOUN were married and had the following children:

- 640 i. John (II) BLAIR.
 ii. Egidia BLAIR was born about 1495.
 iii. Elisabethae BLAIR was born about 1509.

1282. Earl Hugh (I) MONTGOMERIE of Eglinton was born about 1460 in Eglinton, Ayrshire, Scotland. He was 2nd Lord Montgomerie and served as Justice General of Scotland during the minority of James V, and a Vice Regent of Scotland. Of Hugh, *Burke's Peerage* records, "Hugh Montgomerie, 1st Earl of Eglinton, so created between 3 and 20 January 1506/7, PC; fought

against James III Battle of Sauchieburn 1488 on behalf of the rebellious Prince James, who as a result became James IV and granted the Earl in 1488 the Island of Arran for life, also custody of Brodick Castle; Constable of Rothesay Castle 1489, Bailie and Justiciary of Bute 1489 and Cunningham 1499 (the latter formerly held by his grandfather); this caused a feud with the Cunninghams of Glencairn during which Eglinton Castle was burnt by the Master of Glencairn." He died in June 1545.

1283. Lady Helen CAMPBELL of Argyll was born about 1460 in Eglinton, Ayrshire, Scotland. She was a daughter of Colin CAMPBELL, 1st Earl of Argyll and Chief of Clan Campbell.

Earl Hugh (I) MONTGOMERIE of Eglinton and Lady Helen CAMPBELL of Argyll were married on 21 April 1478 and had the following children:

- 645 i. Margaret MONTGOMERIE.
- 641 ii. Elizabeth Helen MONTGOMERIE.
- iii. John MONTGOMERIE died on 28 April 1520.
- iv. Isabel MONTGOMERIE was born about 1508 in Eglinton, Ayrshire, Scotland. She married John MURE (b 1504 in Caldwell, Scotland). They had at least one child: William MURE (b 1534 in Glanderston, Renfrew, Scotland).

1290. This is the same as person number 1282 (Earl Hugh (I) MONTGOMERIE of Eglinton).

1291. This is the same as person number 1283 (Lady Helen CAMPBELL of Argyll).

1296. Alexander BOYD

1297. Janet COLVILLE

Alexander BOYD and Janet COLVILLE were married and had the following children:

- 648 i. Lord Robert (VI) BOYD.
- 651 ii. Margaret BOYD.

1298. Sir John SOMERVILLE

Sir John SOMERVILLE had the following children:

- 649 i. Helen SOMERVILLE.

1302. This is the same as person number 1296 (Alexander BOYD).

1303. This is the same as person number 1297 (Janet COLVILLE).

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