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Dear John

I must apologise for taking so very long in getting this information to you but I have had problems with my computer and am now on UK leave since my return from Iraq. It has been hard to settle down to anything but I have at last done it.

I have only put photos of Grange on the CD but intended to put a lovely photo of Robert Hamilton Bruce (the man who built and owned Grange) and his family. I will send this to you by email as soon as I can get my home computer sorted out as the photo is on that computer and not my laptop, which I am presently using.

I have taken some information from a book written by my great aunt (Catherine Anne Hamilton Bruce 1895-1978) which I hope you find interesting.

*Passage taken from 'A Family Patchwork'. A book written by my great aunt Catherine Hamilton Bruce (sister of my grandmother)*

#### Dornoch Days

Though I was born in George Square, I moved to Dornoch when still in my long clothes \* and I think I am right in saying that the Grange was now ready. A large house standing on that wind swept field with a wicket gate leading to the Links. To it had been moved my father's collection and inside it was rather like a museum.

It was that year that the Hacons built 'Oversteps' and moved to Dornoch. Mrs Hacon was then 18 and a very beautiful girl. Her husband, who was at the bar, fell in love with her picture. At that period she was living with a cousin and they were both in their artistic circle which included Rickets and Condor. There is a portrait of her in the Dublin National Gallery.

My father built another house over the way to prevent villas going up, and he called it Abdin. He started to buy land and went to the council and managed to get the burn, that so charmingly runs through Dornoch, cleaned up.

Many interesting people came to stay at Grange. My mother remembered Henley standing on the links with the wind blowing his mass of hair and beard, also his habit of shaking hot ash off the end of his cigar into delicate Japanese bowls while he wrote 'The

Song of the Sword' in the smoking room. Barrie, a small pale man, was another memory of hers.

The Holes were of course old family friends and Mr Hole – the artist – made some lovely etchings of the pictures in my father's collection.

My father laid out the Grange garden with the help of two village boys. The soils was good for bulbs and the daffodils and tulips made a fine show.

My sister Margaret and I used to run barefoot over the grass of the links to the golden sand of the shore where we would look across the Firth to see if it was raining in Tain.  
.....

Dornoch folk did not have the Gaelic but in walking distance at Embo they spoke it and it was from there that the fishwives came to sell their fish at Dornoch.

There was a little group of cottages on the links called Littleton and here lived Mrs Mackay, a gentle upright woman with trembling hands which held ones own with a grip of friendship.

It was at Dornoch that we put out flags for the relief of Mafeking and I remember being taken to the top of the village, where the memorial to another war now stands, to wait for the boys coming home from the Boer war. They marched from the Mound playing their pipes, but Alec, one of the boys who had helped my father to make his garden, had been killed.....

\* Long clothes indicates that Catherine under one year old when she moved to Dornoch.

After selling Grange, the Hamilton Bruces retained a small cottage in Dornoch which they used as a holiday home. They then moved to Penicuik, Edinburgh to another house built by Robert Hamilton Bruce which they called 'Grange Dell'. This remained the Hamilton Bruce's home for many years and it was from there that Catherine Hamilton Bruce set up the 'Trefoil Foundation' in Penicuik.

My grandmother died in her 20's and so my mother was brought up by her aunt Catherine and grandparents. When Catherine died most of the items of furniture from Grange, that Catherine had treasured for many years and which included several paintings by artists such as Turner, were given to the National Gallery, put into Falkland Palace (where Robert Hamilton Bruce was brought up) and also Gladstone's Land in Edinburgh.

I am sorry the 'story' is bitty, but my great aunt was not the greatest of writers. She simply wanted to record her memories for the future family. However, I hope you have found it useful.



Incidentally there is a family tomb in the Dornoch cemetery where my great great  
grandparents and my grandmother are buried. Catherine was cremated but had her ashes  
scattered there

With kind regards

Anne Hamilton Bruce

PS: the full family name is Hamilton-Tyndall-Bruce but it is a mouthful and we have  
seldom used it.

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Hamilton Bruce (the man with hair and wavy hair) and his family. I will send this  
to you by email as soon as I can get my home computer sorted out as the photo is on that  
computer and not my phone, which I am presently using.

I have taken some information over a book written by my great aunt (Catherine Anne  
Hamilton Bruce 1875-1978) which I hope you find interesting.

George's wife was 'A Family Portrait', a book written by my great aunt Catherine  
Hamilton Bruce about her family.

Though I was born in George Square, I moved to the town when still in my long clothes  
and I don't remember it as being that the George was low-lying. A large house standing  
on the site of George Square with a wooden gate leading to the fields. To it had been moved  
my father's collection and inside it was rather like a museum.

It was not until that the Haines built 'Overings' and moved to Dornoch. Mrs Haines  
was then (I think) a very beautiful girl. Her husband, who was at the bar, fell in love with  
her person. He then paid for her to travel with a cousin and they were both in their  
middle thirties which suited the Haines and Cousin. There is a portrait of her in the  
Dornoch Museum gallery.

My father built another house over the way to prevent water going up, and he called it  
'Aldon'. He started to buy land and went to the council and managed to get the town, that  
is 'Aldon' was through Dornoch, cleared up.

Many interesting people came to stay in George. My father's neighbour Henry  
was sitting on the bench with his hand blowing his nose of hair and beard, also his habit of  
shaking his head off the end of the street. My father's neighbour Louis while he was 'The