

he River Tweed is one of the most beautiful in Scotland, associated with salmon fishing and a certain countrified cloth, and fringed with towns that ring with the sound of gentle Scots accents. Sir Walter Scott and John Buchan had homes along the river, and William Wordsworth and JMW Turner enshrined it in their work.

But the history of the Tweed (which means border in Celtic) is not as meek as its waters, for this region produced some of the meanest fighters in Scots history. Reivers were rife here – raiders whose daring exploits terrorised landowners and smallholders from as far north as Edinburgh to as far south as Lancashire. Apolitical, faithless and blind to allegiance, the reivers had one aim – to take what was not theirs. The countryside they roamed is peppered with pele towers and fortified houses, which were built in the hope of buying a little security from the reivers' attacks.

Of the few tower houses that remain standing in the Scottish Borders, Neidpath Castle has charted this journey from battle-field to site of tourist pilgrimage as closely as any other. In its very beginnings, Neidpath (once known as Jedderfield) was the fulcrum for one of Scotland's most notorious soldiers and some of its bloodiest battles. Today, this dramatic building,

which looms over the Tweed on the outskirts of the town of Peebles, is the scene of weddings and parties, a location for films and a backdrop for photography shoots.

Chatelaine of this contemporary, more peaceable version of Neidpath is Lulu Benson, whose husband Matthew is a property consultant. The castle came into the family through Matthew's mother Elizabeth, a farmer, whose ancestors inherited it in 1810 and whose antecedent Jean Douglas is said to haunt the place to this day. It was Jean who inspired *The Maid of Neidpath*, Scott's poem about lost love.

Neidpath was built in its earliest form around 1190 by Sir Gilbert Fraser, an ancestor of Sir Simon Fraser, a suitably ruthless cohort of Sir William Wallace. It was Sir Simon, known as 'The Patriot', who cornered 10,000 English in the valley of Roslin, ambushed and slaughtered most of them, making sure that there were enough sufficiently shell-shocked survivors to go and spread the news of the horror they had witnessed and of the savagery of the Scots foe. For his troubles, he was executed – in 1306, a year after Wallace – and his castle burnt to the ground. The barony and the lands passed to the Hay family (later the Marquises of Tweeddale) who rebuilt Neidpath, then occupied it for over 300 years. During their time, Mary Queen of Scots is said to have stayed with them for a spot of hunting. She came alone on her first visit in 1563 ▷



Built in its present form in the 14th century on the site of an earlier castle, Neidpath is an imposing stone tower house that overlooks the River Tweed just outside Peebles

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Chutney festival at Neidpath. By now, she and Matthew had moved into the old Sawmill, which sits in the lea of Neidpath and Barns Tower. Peter – who had become part of their lives when he organised their wedding – came into his own as a set designer for the castle. 'Peter is a fantastic party organiser, a styling impresario, a magician,' says Lulu. 'He has that gift of walking into a room and making people feel better and places look better.'

Ask Lulu what her current job is and she hesitates over an answer. She runs Neidpath as a venue, Barns Tower as a holiday let and the estate as a living enterprise. She has a large family – Bensons, Ushers, Fairbairns and the rest – who converge regularly, for Christmas in particular. When they cannot all fit into the Sawmill, they spill over into Neidpath, decorating trestle tables with tealights, holly and long lines of oranges before settling into venison stew under the gaze of the amazing batik panels depicting Mary Queen of Scots created 20 years ago by the artist Monica Hannasch, a friend of the family. In that same room, on Christmas night, the tables will part to make way for sleeping bags, which eventually the dozens of cousins will fill.

Boxing Day is just as exuberant, a chance for locals, staff and friends to pile into the vaulted hall and reel. Kilts or turbans, anything goes – the Neidpath parties are the stuff of legends.

The Tweed may meander past Neidpath more peaceably than it once did – but if you wish to listen to the echoes of history, to marry or film or photograph or stay in the most romantic of apartments, with Lulu in charge and Peter on tap, you can \Box

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