

The Ghosts of Tulloch Castle, Scotland

by Rachel Keene [<http://www.rachelkeene.co.uk/ghostsoftullochcastle.html>] used with permission



I was travelling through Scotland on a road trip to the very north with my fiancé John in July 2004, and wanted to find somewhere special to stay for a night of paranormal investigation – so I booked a night at Tulloch Castle.

I chose Tulloch as I had heard mention of the “Green Lady” but there was no further information known to me, and as a clairvoyant medium, I wondered if she might communicate with me so as I could find out whom she was and why she lingered.

Upon arrival at the castle in the early evening sunshine, I was aware of lots of layers of what is known as residual energy before I entered. Residual energy is the imprint of events and strong emotion left behind by occupants and visitors during the castle’s history, it is as if the stone itself and the very fabric of the building and the ground is steeped in recordings of these events and emotions.



Reception Area

As I walked past the Dungeon I felt I must investigate it later, the energy I felt was that of years of people being imprisoned there – and worse! We checked in and were delighted with the warm atmosphere and traditional feel that made us feel so welcome. We were especially impressed with our room at the top of the castle, room 7. With its four poster bed and tartan carpet, we felt we had landed in luxury after so many hours travelling!

I sat in the chair before the huge stone fireplace, and relaxed for five minutes before I intended to open up and see who was in residence spirit-side - but already a spirit had other plans!

Without being consciously open psychically, you would never pick up on some of the events that I felt, saw and smelled about the place as a medium! If you are not spiritually aware, the place feels homey, warm and a wonderful place to be! But let’s just say for those of us with psychic ability, the place is tremendously active with spirit and residual energy of events long past!

I became aware of a tickling sensation on the top of my head, like someone was playing with my hair for a moment, stopping, then doing it again. I immediately checked my head for a spider – then heard a giggle! I looked behind me, no-one there, so I tuned in – it was the lovely and playful spirit of a small blonde boy, no older than six or seven years of age, and he was hiding between the chair and the fireplace (a gap of less than 2 feet) after playing with my hair! I said hello, and he played with my hair again, this went on for a few minutes until he left the atmosphere.

I felt he was a Davidson, his attire was of that era – I also felt that he comes back often to Tulloch in visitation as he had fond memories of the place and had in fact grown to adulthood when he lived there before he passed away. He was at peace and was literally popping in for one of his visits!

We stayed a while in the room, as I tend to pick up more during the hours of darkness than in the daylight. I intended to have a walk about later on when the castle was quieter. I asked the helpful staff if there were reports of activity of the paranormal kind in our room before, and we were told no, but in the room next door (8) there had been. I asked if I could roam the castle – and was graciously allowed to do so, and was accompanied at around 10.45pm by Julie and Jo R initially, with more staff joining us as time permitted around midnight. I arranged to meet Julie in reception and so John and I proceeded down the corridors and stairways – looking down corridors on the way to see what I could feel, if anything.

Before we got to reception though, I encountered 2 spirits, one of which was who I perceived to be the “Green Lady”. We were at the far end of the corridor outside our room (7), when I was stopped in my tracks by a “guard” named Edmund or Edwin going back to the 16th century! We carried on down the stairs, and about halfway down I felt a sharp but not malevolent push in my lower back as I descended and came to a landing, this was about level with the corridor leading to Room 15.

I decided to have a walk down the corridor – and I became aware of the sad energy of a lady in a long dark silk dress on the right, looking out of the window down to the courtyard below, who was literally mad with grief, anger and sorrow. I asked her name, but she didn’t answer, she just stayed absorbed in sorrow although she knew I was there. I stayed a few moments and gently asked her a few more questions, but all I heard from her was “Why?” repeated over and over as she looked out of the window. I asked her if she wanted to move into the light, and she vanished.

I proceeded down the corridor and got a chill outside room 15 and later outside room 19. I carried on down to reception, and John went to the Green Lady bar to find Julie. As I waited, I noticed a man in very dirty tartan walk past the wood paneling into the area where the stone fireplace is. I sat in a carved chair in the corner, and soon saw the same man appear leaning on the newel post of the staircase, looking directly at me saying “You’ll no be sitting there long lassie!” I was a bit unnerved but smiled at him, he gave me the emotional impression that I was sitting in his house! He didn’t give me a name but he was smallish, wiry build, long straggly brown hair with a reddish tinge, long beard and a dirty white shirt and tartan sash, kilt to below his knees and ragged fabric or animal skin tied round his legs and roughly made boots of the same. I couldn’t even tell the true colour of the tartan it was so dirty!



Green Lady Bar

We walked through the reception area to the dining room – and I was stopped in my tracks in a wood paneled corridor between the two. I was picking up on the energy of a past event again, two women, one older in her late twenties or so, and one in her late teens. I felt the fear of the younger woman, she was in a dark gown, (Julie asked if it was green, I couldn’t say for sure if it was dark green or not) and I felt she was being coerced into entering what is now the dining room to meet a man of power who awaited her arrival, she didn’t want to go, was saying so to the other woman, but she was telling her she must go, had no choice, and was pushing her into the room. When I later saw the painting of Catherine Davidson, I recognised her as certainly older in the portrait, but nonetheless the same girl who was coerced into that room.



Green Lady Painting

In the dining room itself I felt a woman of that same era had been injured, possibly Catherine.

The Dungeon and Cell

As soon as I entered the Dungeon I felt ill, and became aware of people being literally left to rot in there at some time long ago in the earliest days of the castle, 12th or 13th century. The “smell” although not real in the present day was overpowering and made me feel physically sickened. These were people who had attempted to take the castle by force and had been captured, although not all of the raiders were caught and imprisoned there. There was a lot of residual energy and scenes of torture being played

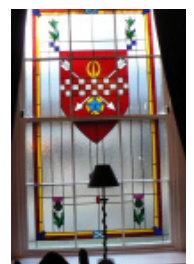
back to me like a recording, but thankfully no active spirits remain in the room, just residual energy of the nastiness that once went on.

I picked up on the residual energy of a nasty piece of work who was only supposed to be a jailer, but enjoyed torturing people further once the “official” torturers had left the dungeon! I’ll spare you the gruesome details but whatever tortures you can imagine pretty much went on at that time.

The adjacent cell was tiny and at one time had so many people in it that you could not literally move in there, men packed in like sardines and just left. I was quite glad to leave that room, and was happy to hear that weddings are held in there now, which helps to neutralize the residual energy and will in time leave an overall celebratory feeling in there instead !

To The Main Castle

We proceeded upstairs, firstly to a long room with stained glass windows down the left side of the room. On the way in, I became aware of a man being thrown through a window by others ! As we entered the room I was immediately aware of a past event unfolding in front of me. I saw a long oak table along the far wall, with a range of grisly looking “men in power” sitting behind it in a row. The central figure was a man with an unkempt beard, he was addressing a boy aged about 18 who was kneeling some distance away from the table, held down by two guards. The man seated behind the table was some kind of “laird” in the midst of a feud with another family, and the men surrounding him were also family. He was screaming at the boy to tell him what he knew, and why he had betrayed them – but the boy knew nothing, I could feel this to be true from the pure terror and fearful emotion coming from the boy. The laird was so enraged at what he perceived to be the boy’s refusal to speak, he had the men thrust the boy’s arm in the fireplace behind us.





The scene faded from me at this point as I looked into the fireplace, and my attention was then drawn to the area on the right, a large nook which I was aware had been a chapel or area of worship for a priest – who was corrupt too! So much intrigue and secrecy associated with the room, much plotting was done here I felt, by many groups of people over the Middle Ages especially.

The Breakfast Room

A beautiful oak-paneled room, with tables all set out ready for the guests the following morning. My fiancé John sat at the back of the room well back from any tables and shot some video footage of the group (by now there were quite a few of us!) as we talked. I became aware of a little elderly lady bustling about, trying to straighten tablecloths and tutting away about how standards were so much stricter in

her day! What I didn't realise at the time was as John was filming, a table cloth close by to him suddenly caught as if in a draught, and moved as she moved past him. He has this on camera, he showed me afterwards! She was at least 80 years old as I saw her, she wore a floor length black everyday dress for Victorian times, a white apron and a white lace trimmed cap. Her hair was up in a bun under her cap, and she was a very strict housekeeper in her day. She wouldn't give her name as she didn't approve of me being in the room so late at night and possibly disturbing the tables' layout for the following day, so after a few minutes we left her. Julie asked me if she could be the old lady pictured in the dungeon – I asked which picture she referred to, as I hadn't seen it and so we went back to the dungeon – and there on the wall was a picture of an elderly lady who was indeed the lady I had seen upstairs! I can honestly say I did not see the picture in the dungeon earlier, I had been too distressed with the scenes of torture unfolding in front of my eyes to notice pictures!

We proceeded to the Great Hall, and Julie asked me to look up at the huge oil painting of the family and asked what I felt, was there anything unusual? I told her I felt that someone had literally been "painted out" of the scene, and that there was terrible sorrow and scandal involved in the reason why. Julie confirmed this was indeed the case... but that story I will leave for you to discover when you visit Tulloch in person, and you will learn exactly why room 15 gave me a chill! (c) Rachel Keene 2005 - 2006 Used with permission.

