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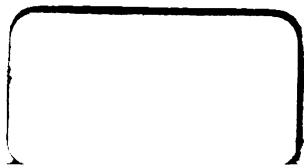
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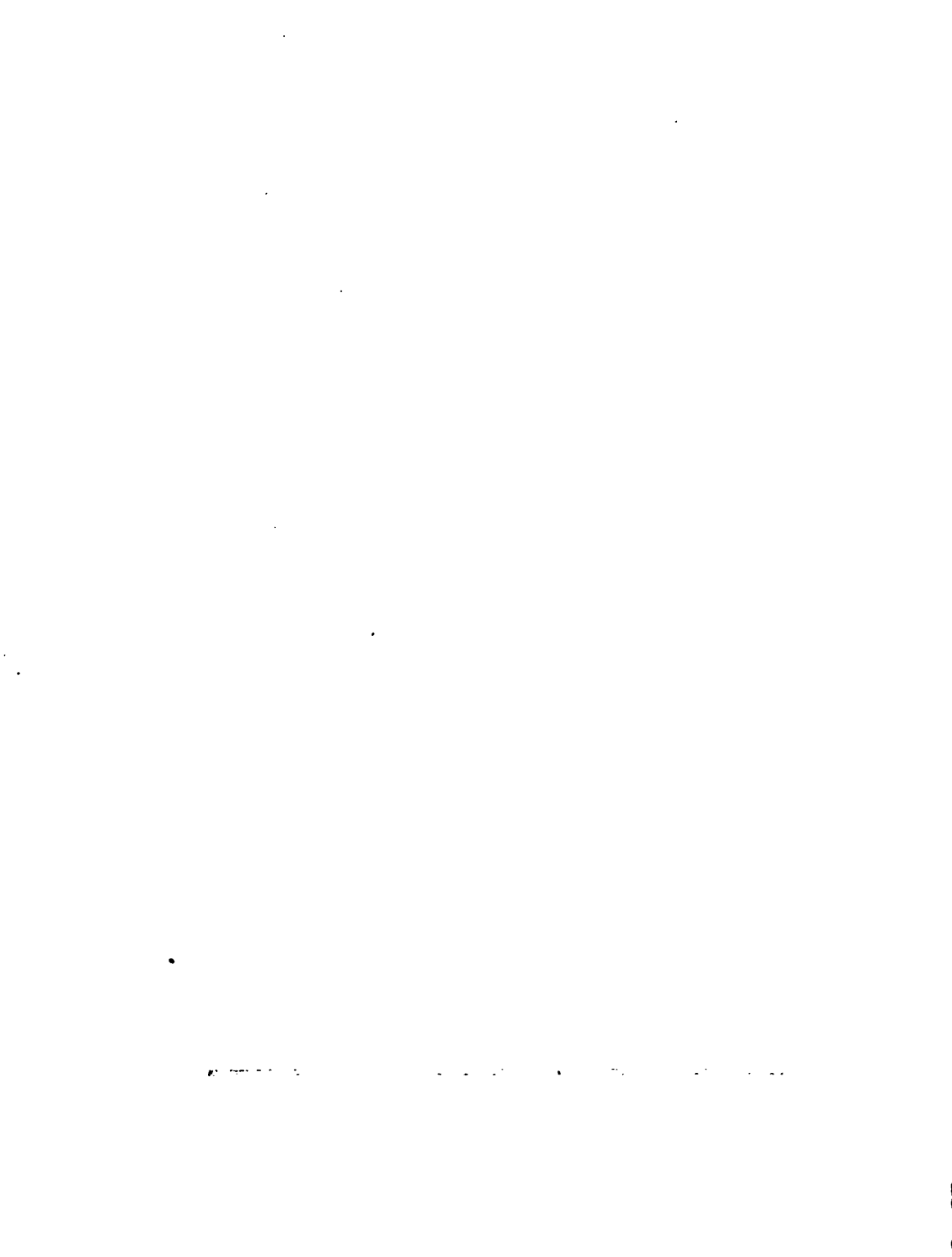


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IN THE SHADOW OF CAIRNGORM

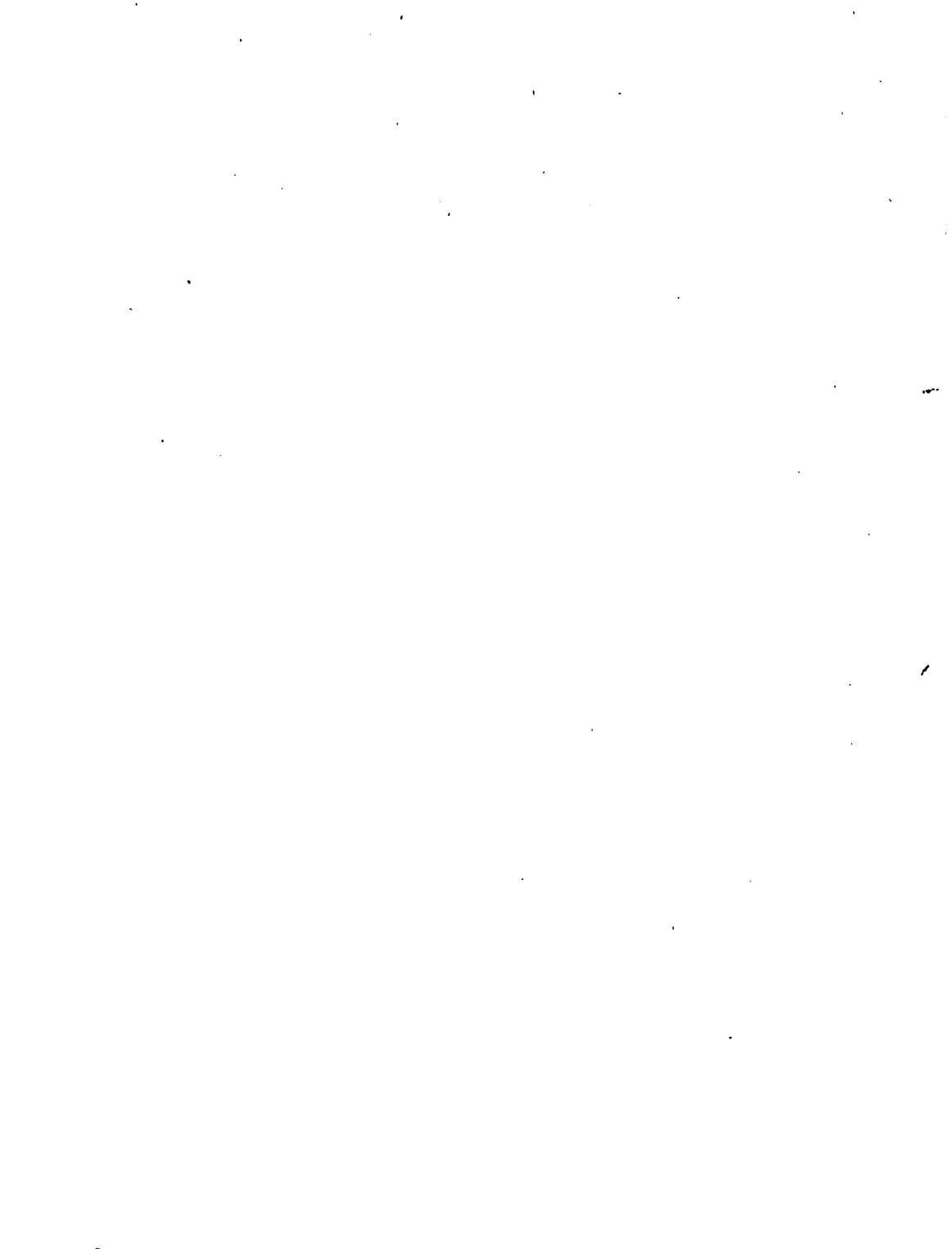


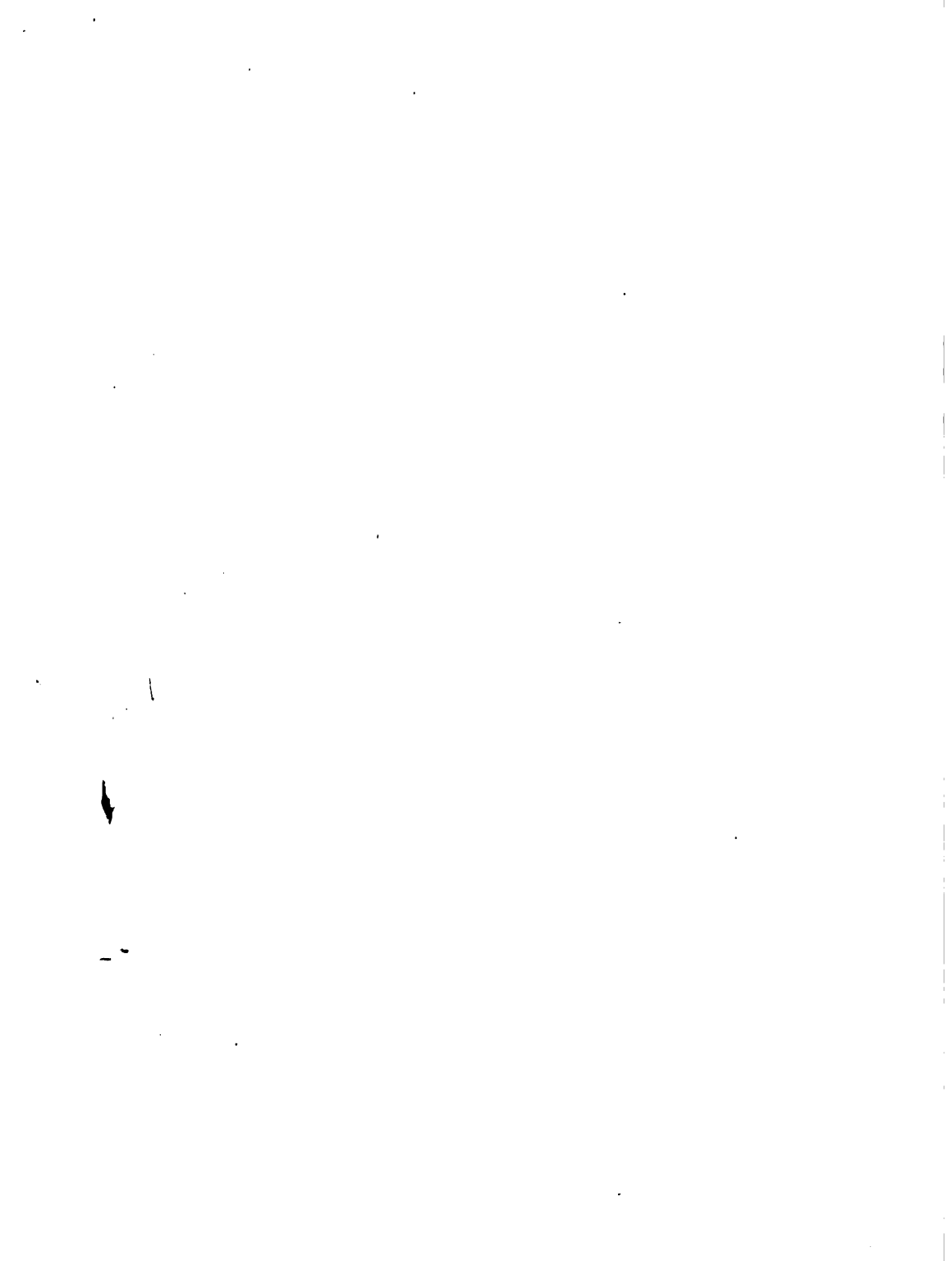
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ROBERT GRANT OF LURG.

From Portrait at Castle Grant.





IN THE SHADOW OF CAIRNGORM

CHRONICLES OF THE UNITED PARISHES OF
ABERNETHY AND KINCARDINE.

BY

THE REV. W. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D.,
MINISTER OF ABERNETHY AND KINCARDINE,

(CONTRIBUTOR TO "THE HOMILIST," "THE HOMILETIC QUARTERLY," "THE PULPIT
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Dedication.

TO THE DEAR AND HONOURED MEMORY OF MY
FATHER AND MOTHER,

WILLIAM FORSYTH,

AND

JANE IRONSIDE MACKINTOSH,

WHO FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS (1821-42)

MAINTAINED A HAPPY HOME AT

DELL OF ABERNETHY,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



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PREFACE.

My reasons for writing this book were (1) my love for Abernethy, where the best years of my life have been spent, where my children were born, and where the dust of my dearest kindred lies; (2) my knowledge of the parish and people, gathered during my own time, and from tradition, which, unless preserved by me, might have perished; (3) my desire to leave some memorial of my connection with the parish, and of my gratitude to the people for much kindness shewn to me and mine during the thirty-six years of my ministry amongst them. In pursuing my task I have received much aid and sympathy from friends, which I desire gratefully to acknowledge. To the Countess Dowager of Seafield I am especially indebted for the use of papers at Castle Grant, and for permission to make extracts from "The Chiefs of Grant."

The labour of many years is ended. To me it has been a delight to tell, however imperfectly, of bygone days, of people whom I have known and loved, and

"To speak of you, ye mountains and ye lakes,
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds,
That dwell among the hills where I was born."

MANSIE OF ABERNETHY,
Christmas, 1899.



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IN THE SHADOW OF CAIRNGORM.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF PARISH.

THE united Parish of Abernethy and Kincardine is about sixteen miles long and twelve broad. It lies along the east side of the Spey, and is bounded on the south by Rothiemurchus, the march running by the west end of Loch Morlich, past the Castle Hill to the top of Cairngorm, and on the east and north-east by the parishes of Tomintoul, Kirkmichael, and Cromdale. Abernethy was originally in Morayshire. In the Old Statistical Account (1792), it is said: "It is a little remarkable that at the south-east point of this parish, between Glenlochy and Glenbroun, the Shires of Inverness, Murray and Banff meet, so that when standing on the Bridge of Brown one may throw a stone into any of the three counties." Another version of the story was that the parsons of the three contiguous parishes used sometimes to meet on the bridge, shake hands, and drink a cup of kindness, each standing on his own ground. It is curious to find a parallel to this in Italy, at the Proto-de-Fame, where the dioceses of Trento, Verona and Brescia meet, but the point of meeting is a lake, not a bridge. So it is recorded by Dante:—

" At midway of that lake, where he who bears
Of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him
Of Brescia, and the Veronese might each,
Passing that way, his benediction give."

Another parallel may be found in the Shire Stones, near the source of the River Duddon, in England, of which Wordsworth

writes: "They stand by the wayside at the top of the Wrynose Pass, and it used to be reckoned a proud thing to say that, by touching them at the same time with feet and hands, one had been in three counties at once"—Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. In 1870 a change was made in the county marches; Abernethy was transferred to Inverness-shire, so that since then the whole parish, including Kincardine, is in the same county. But by a clause in the Act of Parliament, certain advantages enjoyed from being in Morayshire, specially the right of the public school to share in the benefits of "The Dick Bequest Fund," and the admission of children to the Elgin Institution, were preserved. Sir Walter Scott's famous lines may be said fairly to depict the main features of the parish—

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

The "brown heath" stretches for fifteen miles from Cromdale Hill by Connage, the Plottas, and Sliamore, to the wilds of the Caiplich. Where can be found finer specimens of the "shaggy wood" than in the forests of Glenmore and Tulloch, and on the rugged slopes of Craigmore and Carn-chnuic? The "flood" is well represented by the Spey and the Nethy, Loch Garten, Loch Morlich and Loch Pytoulish. For the "mountain," there is the ridge of hills that divides Kincardine, and the far grander range that encircles Abernethy, beginning with the bold peak of Sgorr-gaoidh at the east; then the Geal-charn; then Bynack rising like a gigantic pyramid from the plain of the Larig, and culminating in the snowy corries and dark-frowning glories of Glen Avon and Cairngorm. The character of the scenery in the lower grounds varies much according to the time of the year. In early summer the browns and the greens predominate; the brown of the moors, and the green of the pine-woods and the meadows, which gives rather a sombre cast to the scene. But as summer passes into autumn there is a change; the moors glow with the bloom of the heather, and the saffron of the larch, the golden

tresses of the birch, and the purple of the mountain ash, and the fields covered with yellow corn, break the monotony, and give a rich variety of colour to the landscape. Winter also, though it has generally a predominance of white, has also its infinite diversities and changes of aspect. In viewing scenery, much depends upon the standpoint. Taking the old road from the parish church to the manse, you have a magnificent view of the valley of the Spey and its "brotherhood of ancient mountains." Standing at a higher point, on the brow of the hill above Milton, you look out, as from a window, on the wide sweep of the forest from Craigmore to the Torr, and away south to Tomghobhainn and Carn-bheithir. Miss Gordon Cumming, the great traveller, said of this view that it was one of the finest "sylvan scenes" she had ever seen. From the south-east face of Rhynettan, the view is different. You see before you the valley of the Nethy, with great breadths of moor on each side, gully after gully, and terrace rising above terrace, till the ancient labours of glacier and flood are mixed and lost amid the roots of the mountains. From a still higher standpoint, as from the top of Bynack and Cairngorm, whilst the view is greatly widened, reaching to the sea and the far-off lands of Sutherland and Caithness, the aspect of the country immediately below is completely altered. The houses are few and far between, the cultivated land dwindles to strips and patches, and gloom and desolation seem to cover the vast spaces of heath and mountain. The configuration is largely accounted for by the character of the rocks, and the geological changes which have taken place in the course of the ages. Along the Spey are large alluvial deposits, forming the meadows of Garten, Coulnakyle, and Balliemore. Higher up there are mosses of great extent, as at Garten, Clachaig, and the Plottas. Then higher still there are enormous accumulations of drift, through which the Nethy, Dorback, and Altmore, have cut their way. It seems probable that the whole of the basin opposite Curr had at one time been covered by a vast lake, stretching back to the

heights of Badenoch (the drowned land), which had gradually contracted, or formed a chain of lakes as the water sank to lower levels. There are indications of this in the remaining lochs, such as Loch Insh (721), Loch Alvie (700), Loch Garten (726), and the terraces so beautifully marked at Pytoulish (674, 700, 800), and other places on both sides of the Spey. The first outlet for this lake, on this side, may have been at the pass leading to the Crasg and Glenbroun. Next there was the gorge at Lynbreck, and the narrow valley past Lynmore and Ballinluig. Lower there is the Slockd of Bachdcharn opening out on Balliefurth and Achernack. Then lower still are the terraces of Craigmore and Culriach, marking the levels at which the water stood for ages before it had made the passage by which the Spey now runs past Inver-allan and Achnagonaln. These points are all worthy of study, and something might be learnt by a comparison of their heights with those of similar terraces in Strathspey and Badenoch, or even with the mysterious Roads of Glenroy, which have been for so long a perplexity and puzzle to geologists. The Glen Roy terraces are three in number: (1) 1140; (2) 1059, *cf.* Loch Morlich, 1046; (3) 847, *cf.* Loch-an-Eilan, 840. The following valuable notes on the geology of Abernethy have been kindly furnished by Mr Lionel Hinxman, with the permission of the Director-General of H. M. Geological Survey:—

“The greater part of the area included in the parish is occupied by the metamorphic rocks—mica schists, quartz schists, and quartzites—of the Highlands. Of these rocks are formed the range of hills that runs eastwards from Loch Phitulais to the head of Glen More, Carn Bheur, the Geal Charn, and the high ground of the Braes of Abernethy, extending northwards to the Cromdale Hills. The predominant rock over this area is mica schist, varying in character from a coarse gneissose schist to a fine-grained flagstone, such as the rocks seen at the Bridge of Brown, and on Cnoc Fergan, further to the east.

“In the deep gorges cut by the Ailnack water and its tributary, the Allt Dearcaige, bands of quartzite alternate with the

mica schist. The quartzite is often deeply reddened with oxide of iron, as is denoted by the name Carn Ruadh-bruaich—the Red Brae. With the quartzite are associated bands of dark schist, containing graphite and grey crystalline limestone, which at one spot near the ford of the Ailnack becomes a white marble. Another band of limestone crops out along the course of the Allt Iomadaidh between Rynetnich and Strancamernich, and extends thence to the south-east along the slopes of the Carn Fhir Odhair. Limestone is also found near Ballantruim and Sliabhchlach, and at Speybridge.

“A coarse conglomerate of old red sandstone age covers the western slopes of Glen Brown to the south of Curr, and can be seen in the ravines cut by the burns on the hill sides at Crask.

“The granite of the Cairngorm mountains appears in the extreme south of the parish, the northern boundary of the igneous rock running eastwards from the foot of the Larig Pass, through Glen More, to the head of the water at Caiplich. It crosses Strath Nethy between Sgor na h' Iolaire and Sron Chano, the red granite of the latter contrasting strongly with the dark shattered precipices of mica schist that form the 'Eagle's Rock.'

“The Cairngorm granite is a moderately coarse-grained red or pinkish rock, composed chiefly of quartz and felspar, with a little black mica. The well-known 'Cairngorm stones' are quartz crystals, coloured in various shades with iron. They occur in cavities in the granite, but are more often found loose among the sandy debris on the mountain tops. The rock disintegrates freely under the action of atmospheric agencies, while the harder portions often weather out into huge castellated masses, like the Barns of Ben Bynac and the smaller tors on the summit of Cairngorm.

“Small isolated masses of granite appear through the schists on the Torr Hill, near Loch Garten, and on the hill above Revack Lodge, while a larger intrusion occupies the southern and western slopes of the Baddoch, in the Braes of Abernethy. The granite at the last-named locality passes at the head of Allt Iomadaidh

into a rock of a peculiar and interesting character. It has been described as an augite-diorite, and contains large crystals of augite with a beautiful silky lustre.

“Evidences of former glacial action are found everywhere throughout the district. The valley of the Nethy is filled with a vast accumulation of gravelly drift, brought down in the first instance by the glaciers descending from the Cairngorms, and subsequently rolled out and dressed into successive terraces by the torrents flowing from the melting ice. The silent process of denudation still goes on as the Nethy cuts its ever-deepening channel through these ancient deposits, bearing the waste of the mountains down to the Spey.

“Higher terraces, seen here and there far up on the hill slopes, mark the successive levels of the skinking glaciers, the interval between the ice and the hill-side having been filled up with water and ice-borne materials. These lateral moraines are conspicuous at the head of Glen More, under Mam Suim, and round the head waters of the Faishellach Burn.

“The fine sand and silt deposits along the Dorback Burn below the lodge probably indicate the site of a glacial lake, whose waters, dammed up on the west by the ice coming down Strath Nethy, may have escaped by the now dry gorge of Lynbreck.

“Glacial striæ, *i.e.*, the scratches made on the rocks by stones embedded in the moving ice, are not frequent, owing to the rapid disintegration of the surface of the granite on the high mountains and the drift-covering on the lower hills. They may, however, be observed on the top of Creag Phitinlais, near the march fence, and on Creaggowrie. In both places they point north-east, and indicate the direction in which the ice moved down the valley.”

CHAPTER II.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

THE REV. LACHLAN SHAW, in his History of Moray (1770), says: "There were Wolves in this country 300 years ago, but now there are none. There are still in this province Foxes, Badgers, Martens, Squirrels, Weasels, Whitrats, Wild-cats." He adds: "The ravenous and carnivorous wild fowls are numerous. Among them the Eagle is called with us the King of Birds. Hawks, Gleds, Stenchils, Ravens, Crows, Rooks, Magpies, &c., are numerous. The harmless wild fowls are the Swan, Caperkylic, called also the Cock of the Wood." The Wolf was at one time a terror, as appears from Acts of Parliament, and even Church Litanies. When the last Wolf was killed is a disputed question. Almost every parish in the north has its legend on the subject. Moy claims the honour for Macqueen of Poll-a-Chrocaïn, about the beginning of last century; Duthil, on the other hand, alleges that the feat was performed by a woman, the guidwife of Lochan-hully, with no better weapon than a gridiron! Abernethy also has its legend connected with *Coire Mhadaidh*, the Wolf's Hollow, in Kincardine Slugan. Of the animals mentioned by Shaw, some were extinct in his day, and some have since disappeared.

Sixty years ago the *Wild-cat* was not uncommon. It is now extinct. One of the last was killed at Eas-na-feannaige, the Water-fall of the Hooded Crow, on the Nethy, by the late William Grant, Balmeanach. Another was destroyed somewhat earlier at Sleighich. It had been preying on the poultry. One morning some ducks were missed. There was snow on the ground, and the cat was tracked to its den, which was under the gnarled roots of an ancient fir. It was dug out, killed, and laid on the bank before the house. The goodwife, Mrs Fyfe, who had

been nursing her wrath, came hurriedly out, spurtle in hand, when she heard the news, and heartily belaboured the beast, accompanying each blow with cries of mingled rage and delight. Revenge was sweet sixty years ago.

Kites, called in the country Gleds (G. *Clamham*, from the forked tail), were common. It was a pretty sight to watch them hunting the stubbles in autumn—

“Kites that swim sublime,
In still repeated circles screaming loud”—(*Cowper.*)

—and to mark the unerring skill with which they struck their prey, though it might be only some tiny mouse or burrowing mole.

Sixty years ago the *Woodpecker* might be heard at work in the forest “making stiller by its sound the inviolable quietness.”—(*Shelley.*) Nothing now remains to tell of its history but the oval-shaped holes, which may be found in some of the older trees.

Sixty years ago the *Osprey* was a yearly visitor. There is a knoll on the Alltmore, which was probably of old one of its haunts, as it bears the name of *Torr-an-Iasgair*, the Torr of the Fisher, or Fish Eagle. There were, at least, two other places in which the Osprey used to build down to the middle of the century. One of these was on the Nethy, near the Big Dam, where a pair had their nest on a solitary fir. It is said their favourite fishing-place was where the Nethy enters the Spey. James Glas (Grant), ferryman, Broomhill, used to watch them. When they had their young, the male bird came down morning and evening, and, after soaring about for a little, would make a dash at a fish, and seldom in vain. Holding its prey fast with its talons, it would rise up high in air, and sweep away grandly to its haunt in the hills. Once a curious thing happened. A young man of the name of Stewart took in hand to get the eggs for some greedy collector. The tree was hard to climb, as it was thick and branchless, but Stewart was equal to the task. Bit by bit he made his way up. The eagles at first kept aloof, but

watchful. Soon they were roused. Their screams became loud and angry. Nearer and nearer they swept in their circlings, till the poor lad could feel the swoop of their wings. At last he reached the top, and, his head just projecting above the nest, he put out his hand to seize the eggs. This was too much. The mother-bird made a fierce dash at him. Fortunately, her talons only pierced his bonnet, which she bore off in triumph. But he got such a fright that he hurried down, glad to leave the nest unharmed if he himself escaped. The other haunt of the Osprey was at Loch Morlich. The remains of the nest may still be seen on the bough of a huge fir, overhanging the water, at the south-east side of the loch. The tree is called *Craobh-na-h' Iolair*, the Eagle's Tree; but it has been deserted for some years, the birds having been shot, or scared away by persistent plundering of the nest. Loch-an-Eilan, in Rothiemurchus, is now perhaps the only resort of the osprey, and long may it find the old castle a safe retreat and home for its young.

Sixty years ago the *Badger* was not uncommon. One of its best known haunts was at Lynmagilbert, near the Forest Lodge. Here at the foot of a steep bank it had its den, from which it sallied forth on its nightly excursions. It is now very scarce—if not extinct. Probably the demand for skins to make sporrans for Highland dresses hastened its destruction.

The history of the *Hedgehog* is curious. Sixty years ago it seemed extinct. The skin of one killed in Tulloch used to hang on a passage wall at the Dell as a great curiosity, and strange stories were told of the habits of the animal, and especially of its fondness for apples. Some years later the hedgehog quietly reappeared. Since then it is not uncommon, though from its nocturnal habits and shyness it is seldom seen. There is a Gaelic saying as to the hedgehog: "*Cnuasachd na graincig*." This, says Armstrong, is "expressive of the folly of worldly-minded people who part with all at the grave, as the hedgehog is compelled to drop its burden of crab-apples at the narrow

entrance of its hole." Shakespeare in "Measure for Measure" (Act III., 1), has a similar sentiment:—

" If thou art rich—thou art poor,
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy burden but a journey,
And *death unloads thee.*"

There has been much contention as to *Squirrels*, whether they are indigenous or not. Mr Harvie Brown has considered the question with much care; but with people who knew the country well, there was never any doubt as to the matter. Three things may be stated. First, for the last sixty years it is consistent with the knowledge of persons still living that squirrels have existed continuously in Abernethy. They may have been less numerous at times, and in some districts, perhaps after severe winters, but in the old pine forests, and where cones were abundant, they were always to be found. Next Shaw (1770) says: "The Squirrel is a pretty, sportive, harmless creature; it is a kind of wood weasel, haunts the fir trees; if you toss chips or sticks at it, it will toss pieces of bark back again, and thus sports with you; if it is driven out of a tree, and, skipping into another, finds the distance too great, it turns back to its former lodge, its bushy tail serving for a sail or wings to it" There may be doubt as to the accuracy of the Rev. Lachlan's description of the squirrel's gymnastic feats, but there can be no question as to the fact of its being in his day a common denizen of the woods. Then further back still there are proofs of the commonness of the squirrel in the place-names of the parish. To give one instance, there is a croft on the Altmore, a mile above the Manse, a bright sunny spot facing the south, admired by many, which is called "*Ruigh-na-jeoraige*," the Ruigh or haunt of the squirrel, a name which can be traced back for more than two hundred years. The squirrel is sometimes very destructive to young trees, and is being mercilessly shot down; but we would miss it sadly if it were gone from our woods.

The *Polecat* or *Foumart* (*G. Tughan*) has disappeared. The last is said to have been trapped in Glenmore in 1860. The *Pine-marten* is also gone, but from its wandering habits stray individuals are occasionally seen. The *Stoat* and the *Weasel* (*G. Neas*) are still with us. So also is the *Otter*. Its track may often be seen by the Almore, and sometimes a dead salmon, from which it has taken the bite it loves best—from the back of the neck—may be found lying on the bank of the Spey. The *Fox* still holds its own, notwithstanding the long and merciless war that has been waged against him.

Shaw says of the *Capercaillie* that it is “properly in Erse (Gaelic) ‘*Capal-coille*,’ i.e., the Wood Horse, being the chief fowl of the woods. He resembles, and is of the size of, a turkey cock, of a dark grey, and red about the eyes. He lodges in bushy fir-trees, and is very shy. But the hen, which is much less in size, lays her eggs in the heather, where they are destroyed by foxes and wild cats, and thereby the Caperkylie is become rare. His flesh is tender and delicious, though somewhat of a resinous taste.” That the same high opinion of the flesh of the capercaillie was entertained by others, and that it was thought a dish fit to set before a king, is proved from official letters at Castle Grant. Thus in a letter, 22nd March, 1617, addressed by the Privy Council to the Laird of Grant, it is said: “After oure verie hairtlie commendationies. By His Majestie’s letter whiche you shall heirwith ressave, you will persaeve how eirnist his Majestie is to haif some Capercaillies and termigants sent to his Majestie, and to meet his Majestie be the way in his comeing to this cuntry, and thairfor we haif thought meete to accompany his Majestie’s letter with this of ouris, eirnistlie requeisting and desiring you to use the best means you can to gett some resounable provision and stoir of each kynd of thir foulis, and to haif thame in this toun freshe and callour, upon the xxv. day of Aprile next to come preceislie, quhich is the preceis day that we haif appointit thame to be heir, to the effect ordour may be tane for the tymous and seasounable dispatche of the same to his

Majestie to New Castell; and to the effect you may come the better speid in this bussynes, thir presentis sal be ane warrant unto you and your servandis for shoiting and slaying of thir foullis with gunnis." The Goshawk was also in request. John, second Earl of Mar, in a letter to Sir John Grant of Freuchie, dated Holyrood House, 25th July, 1623, says—"I cannot all this tyme send you my sleuth biche, for shee is presentlie with hir quhelps, bott I shall prowyd aine for you, with all diligens. I will not be contented give ye send me nott ether a Halk or a tersell of Gosalk, an ye var never so scaunt, bott ether send thaem soon or nocht, and I shall give your man his drink sillar." In another letter, 1st May, 1624, the Earl says—"I pray you forgett nott sum of your halkis to me this yeir, and the souner I gett them (efter they may be caried) the better." Then the Earl of Glencairn, Chancellor of Scotland, writes with a similar request, 13th October, 1660, for, after thanking the Laird for keeping peace in his bounds, he adds in a postscript—"If you can procure or send me one good tirsell of gooshauke with the first possible conveniency I shall accompt the same a *speciall favour*."

'The *Goshawk* seems to be now extinct, but it existed so late as Colonel Thornton's days, who says—"The forest formed by Glenmore and Rothiemurchus produces some noble fir trees, and is an asylum for stags and roe-bucks; in it are also some eyries of *Goos-hawks*, some of which I saw." In 1849, Mr St John writes—"The only place where I know of its breeding regularly is the forest of Darnaway; but I am told that they also breed in the large fir woods near the Spey"; and again, later, in "Natural History and Sport in Moray," he says—"A few years ago it bred regularly in the forest of Darnaway, and it may still do so. It also breeds in the forest of Glenmore, near Grantown, on the Spey." The Goshawk and the Peregrine may have been sometimes confounded. The latter breeds on the Ailnag, and has an eyrie on the cliffs above the Green Loch, Glenmore.

The *Golden Eagle* is still a denizen of our mountains. One of its eyries is on the Ailnag, and there is another on the cliff called *Stac na-h' Iolair*, the Eagle's Stack. Visitors may still, though rarely, be gratified by a sight of this noble bird in their rambles among the mountains. Perhaps they see it passing far overhead, and hear its scream mellowed by distance. Perhaps they watch with admiration its calm and majestic flight, till with a fresh impulse it sweeps fleetly forward, dips over a hill ridge, and is gone. Long may Hogg's words prove true—

“Where the Eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And her young ones are hatched on the high Cairngorm.”

Something may be said of such birds as are more commonly met with. By our streams the stately *Heron* may often be seen stalking in the shallows, or winging its flight to the Heronry at Carn-clnuic; or you may catch a glimpse of the *Water-hen*, as it steals in and out from the deep shady pools; or you may watch with delight the lively movements of the *Dipper* (G. *Gobhainn dubh*), as, with a cock of its dumpy tail, it flits from stone to stone, or pursues its prey, diver-like, under the water. If there be a steep sand-bank, it is sure to be haunted by *Martins*. The *Ring Ouzel* (G. *Ldn-dubh*) loves the upper reaches, and here and there one may be seen perched on a boulder, or flitting about, with ceaseless chatter, by the side of some mountain stream. It is this bird, seemingly, which Dr Paterson has denounced as a thief in that delightful book, “The Manse Garden”—“A most pestilent fellow, a moor blackbird, without any coral on his bill, sooty, tuneless, and ill-shaped, has of late years, like the old invaders of Italy, found the fruit of our gardens better than that of his native wilds, and, having once tasted the cherry, he cannot forget the flavour of it. He comes, a host, exactly at the season of ripe fruit, and never fails, with an angry chatter when he is disturbed, to intimate that you are as annoying to him as he is to you.”

The whistle of the *Plover*, the shrill cry of the *Curlew*, and the bold “burr” of the *Grouse-Cock* may be heard on our moors.

The lochs and lochans swarm with *Gulls* and *Ducks*, and sometimes a *Swan* may be seen on the Spey or Loch Garten, as on

“ Still St Mary’s lake,
Float double, swan and shadow.”

Our pine forests are for the most part rather chill and wanting in life; but now and again you may start the *Black Cock*; and where the birch and the alder grow, and in the clumps of wood and juniper, you may find abundance of *Tits*, and be cheered by the song of the *Linnet* and the *Thrush*.

Five species of *Tits* are described by Harvie Brown as frequenting Speyside. In Abernethy the most common are the *Blue Tit* and the *Cole Tit*. The *Great Tit*, the handsomest as it is the boldest, visits our gardens and farm steadings, and is often a guest at our windows in winter. The *Long-tailed* is not common, but now and again it appears in companies in our birch-woods. The *Crested Tit* is called the rarest of all, as it is so limited in its range; but in this parish it can hardly be regarded as very rare, as it is pretty generally distributed. Wherever a troop of *Tits* are seen feeding, with their companions the *Creeper* and the *Golden-crested Wren*, there will be found also one or two *Crested Tits*, and the birds themselves may often be fallen in with, in pairs, in quiet nooks by the Altmore and the Nethy and in Glenmore. The nest of the *Crested Tit*, like others of the species, is made in the holes of trees, generally decaying birches and alders. Harvie Brown describes one “in a powdery, decayed pine stump, barkless and bleached. The nesting site faced the east, but the entrance hole the south. Upon a basis of powdery dust, the nest (with five eggs) was composed of green dry moss, with a superstratum of red deer’s hair. The lining was formed of blue hare’s fur. The old nest had also feathers of the grouse in the lining, and tufts of cotton grass in the structure” (v. I., 258).

Some of the other rarer and more interesting birds may be mentioned. The *Blackcap* and *Red-poll* breed in our woods,

The *Cross-bill* frequents our firs and spruces. Its nests have been found as early as March. The *Brambling*, called by some the "Cock of the North," has been caught on the Nethy. The *Wax wing*, or Bohemian Chatterer, is an occasional visitor, and is supposed to be a premonitor of a severe winter. Two birds of this species, that had been feeding on rowan-berries, were shot in 1865 at Rivoan, on the verge of Cairngorm. The *Roller* (*coracias garrula*), very common in Palestine, has been seen once or twice, and a specimen was killed, in 1875, on the moors beyond Craigmore. The *Kingfisher* is rarely found north of the Grampians; but there is record of one having been seen some sixty years ago on the Croftmore burn, Kincardine, and another on the Nethy at Coulnakyle in 1890.

"Among the more interesting birds breeding in Abernethy," writes Mr. Hinxman, "are the *Snow-bunting* and *Dotterel*, a few pair of these birds nesting annually among the high Cairngorms. The *Greenshank* is seen about the 'forest lochans,' and the large and handsome diving duck, the *Goosander*, is increasing as a breeding species in Glenmore, where it nests in hollow trees in the woods around Loch Morlich, the nest being sometimes situated twelve or fifteen feet above the ground."

There was at one time a large rookery in the alders at Coulnakyle. Captain Macdonald, then holding the farm (1826), vowed its destruction. He hired a squad of men and boys, and set them to work. The boys tore down the nests, and the men kept up a constant fusilade, so as to prevent the rooks from settling. The war went on for some days. Now and again a bird came too near and fell a prey to the marksmen, but the most were wary, and kept at a safe distance. At last the rooks seemed to recognise that they were beaten. They held a gathering in a neighbouring field. There was much cawing and conferring, but no reporter to give their speeches. The question was in due time settled. The rooks, as if acting under orders, arose and flew towards the alders, but instead of settling on the trees, they mounted up high above, so as to be safe from all

harm. Then they went through a kind of march, sailing calmly to and fro, and doubtless casting many a longing glance on their old homes. By and by they altered their tune. The march became a quickstep, merging into a wild, whirling, commingling dance. It was, as a spectator described it, for all the world like a "Reel of Tulloch":—

"The dancers quick and quicker flew,
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleek it."

Then suddenly there was a stop — with a great caw-cawing. Then utter quietness. Out from the rest flew a leader, took his place in front, and, like an arrow from a bow, started off. The others fell into line and followed. Silently the whole body winged their flight straight for the Boat of Cromdale, where, in the fir-wood over the Spey, they established their new home, and where, unmolested, they have dwelt from generation to generation ever since. The Highlanders hold that it is unlucky to disturb a rookery; and it was noted that Captain Macdonald, some years after, had reluctantly to flit from Coulnakyle, and to make his home at Clury, which he never loved so well.

BOTANICAL NOTE.

The parish, from its central position, and as including land and water, and low and high grounds ranging from 700 to upwards of 4000 feet above sea-level, has rather a varied flora. Some of the more interesting plants may be named. The Rock Rose (*Helianthemum vulgare*), the Sol Flower of the Highlands; the Loose Strife (*Lysimachia nemorum*); the Golden Rod (*Solidago virguarea*); and the delicately-tinted Grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia pulustris*), with fine specimens of the Bird Cherry (*prunus padus*), conspicuous in June for its sprays of snow-white blossoms, may be found on the Alltmore. The Globe Flower (*Trollius Europæus*), the Cowslip (*primula veris*), the Bedstraw (*Galium verum*, *G. Boreale*), and the Briar (*Rosa inodora*, *R. eglanteria*) grow on the banks of the Spey, opposite Boat of Garten. The Sweet Gale

(*Myrica gale*) scents our bogs, while near it may be found the Cotton Grass (*Eriophorum vaginatum*), the Asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragum*), and the two varieties of the Sun-dew (*Drosera rotundifolia* and *D. Anglica*). In our woods flourish the *Goodyera Orchis*, rare in England, the Oak Fern (*Polypodium dryopteris*), and the lovely little Winter Green (*Trientalis Europæa*), one of the stars that in earth's firmament do shine. Other orchids that occur are *Listera Cordata*, among heather in woods and moors; *Orchis Latifolia* and *O. Maculata*, in moist meadows; *Gymnadenia conopsea*, *Habenaria albida*, and *H. viridis*, in dry pastures; also *H. bifolia*, in most meadows and woods. The Gromwell (*Lythospermum officinale*) grows at Nethy-Bridge, where it is said to have been introduced by the York Company in 1730. The mystic Moon-wort (*Botrychium lunaria*), the Lady's Slipper (*Alchemilla vulgaris*), and the rarer and prettier *A. Alpina* are found in our hill pastures. If a leaf of the Alchemilla be immersed in water, and examined, it will shew the most delicate rainbow tints flashing over the surface. The Bog-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), the roots of which are used for making a tonic bitter, the Yellow Iris (*I. pseud-acorus*), the Lobelia (*L. dortmanna*), and the glorious Water Lily (*Nymphæa Alba*) flourish abundantly in some of our Lochans.

The Ailnag, the Garvault, Bynack, and Cairngorm, are our finest grounds for Alpine flora. The following plants have been found in these localities: The Mountain Sorrel (*Oxyria reniformis*), Alpine Rock Cress (*arabis petræa*), Marsh Speedwell (*Veronica scutellata*), Alpine Speedwell (*V. Alpina*), Mossy Cyphel (*Cherleria sedoides*), twisted podded Whitlow Grass (*Draba incana*), and the still rarer *D. rupestris*, the Scottish Asphodel (*Tofieldia palustris*), Scurvy Grass (*Cochlearia grœnlandica*), Dwarf Cornel (*Cornus suecica*), Bladder Fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*), Holly Fern (*Polystichum lonchitis*), Spleenwort, *Asplenium viride*, *A. trichomanes*, and the *A. Ruta-muraria*, at Castle Roy and the Ailnag, Alpine Polypody (*p. alpestre*), Saxifrages (*S. Stellaris*, *S. oppositifolia*, *S. Rivularis*, *S. Aizoides*, *S. hyp-*

noides), Stonecrops (*Sedum villosum*, and the beautiful purple *S. rhodiola*), Rushes, the Three-leaved (*Juncus trifidus*), the Curved Mountain Rush (*Luzula spicata*, and the rarer *L. acutata*), Grasses (*Phleum Alpinum*, *Poa Alpina*, *Aia Alpina*, *Carex approximata*, *C. limosa*), Dwarf Willow (*salix herbacea*), and Dwarf Birch (*Betula nana*), the true Cranberry (*Vaccinium oxycocos*), also the Great Bilberry (*V. uliginosum*); Iceland Moss (*Cetraria Islandica*), and the beautiful white Lichen (*C. nivalis*); the former fruits freely on the moors at the foot of Bynack, but the latter occurs always barren; the Quillwort (*Isoetes lacustris*), and Awlwort (*Subularia aquatica*).

Among other Alpine and moorland plants may be mentioned the Mountain Bramble or Cloudberry (*Rubus Chamæmorus*), *Azalea procumbens*, *Genista Anglica*, *Silene acaulis*, *Utricularia intermedia*, *Empetrum nigrum*, *Arctostaphylos-uva-ursi*, *Ranunculus flammula*, and Herb Paris (*paris quadrifolia*), found near the Green Loch in 1883. There are certain plants which have the remarkable peculiarity of growing both on mountain tops and on the sea-coast. "As examples may be named the Rose-root Stone Crop (*Sedum Rhodiola*), which grows in various localities from 2500 feet upwards, and also near the Bullers of Buchan, on the coast; the purple Mountain Saxifrage (*S. Oppositifolia*), not scarce on the higher hills, and again occurring on rocks at Aberdour, on the coast; and the Common Thrift (*Armeria Maritima*). Possibly such peculiarities of distribution may be explained by the plants in both localities finding the competition with other plants for food and space less severe in their favourite haunts than elsewhere" (*Professor Trail*). The Thrift is called by the Celts "*Cluasag Muire*," Mary's Pillow. Our most prized and rarest plants are the *Linnaea borealis*, with its lovely pale-pink bell flowers, which grows amongst the ancient firs of Craigmor; the *Lysimachia Vulgaris*, which was found by Dr Mactier of St Andrews, near Pytoulis; the Dwarf Orchid (*Malaxis palludosa*), which grows on the Dorback; and the single-flowered Winter Green (*pyrola uniflora*), which was, till lately,

growing profusely on the south side of Loch Morlich (*p. secunda* and *p. rotundifolia*, are also found in Glenmore (see Druce). We say "till lately," for the place has been ruthlessly plundered, and few plants left. An English clergyman is said to have carried off whole basketfulls. He has merited the scorn hurled at the "British Botanist" by a certain rhymster:—

"Were it the sweetest plant that ever bloom'd,
If it were rare, and he found the spot,
He'd make it rarer; nay, it would be doom'd,
His spud would soon eradicate the lot."

CHAPTER III.

PLACE NAMES.

"WORDS are the servants of things," says Jeremy Taylor. But the words may remain when the things have passed away. Names taken from the sea may be found where the waves no longer roll. Memorials of the wolf and the wild boar may exist where these animals have been long extinct. So it is with peoples and races. The past is found in the present, and the present might be found in the past. We have an illustration of this in the early books of the Old Testament. There we find many interesting notices of the naming of places, and signs of the old giving place to the new. The patriarchs in their wanderings, and the Israelites in their march through the wilderness, and in their conquest of Canaan, often gave names to places which for some reason or other had become memorable in their history. Some instances may be quoted. *Beersheba* (Gen. xxi. 31), where Abraham made a covenant with Abimelech, is the "Well of the Oath." The mount where the ram was sacrificed instead of Isaac (Gen. xxii. 14), was called *Jehovah Jireh*, "The Lord will provide." Of *Bethel* it is said (Gen. xxviii. 19; cf. Judg. i. 23), "The name of that city was called Luz at the first." *Massah* (Exod. xvii. 7) is "The Temptation." *Achor* (Josh. vii. 26) is "Trouble." *Bochim* (Judg. ii. 5) is "The Weepers"; and *Kirjath-jearim*, which was first called *K. Baal*, was afterwards, in honour of Samson, called the *Camp of Dan* (Judg. xviii. 12). In Genesis xxvi. 18, the touching statement is made, as to certain wells restored by Isaac, "*And he called their names after the names by which his father had called them.*" Something of the same kind took place in England in the days of the Normans, and similar changes may be traced in Scotland and

the Highlands. Our parish being so far inland, and fenced round by mountains, was less exposed to such influences than others along the coast. Sigurd, Torphin, and other Norsemen, may again and again have ravaged the sea-board, but they could not have penetrated far into the glens and uplands. Malcolm IV., according to Fordun, carried off "the whole nation of the Moravienses from the land of their birth, as of old Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, had done with the Jews." But this, if not a fable, is a great exaggeration, and whatever eviction took place, could not have extended far beyond "the Laich" of Moray. Even the wave of Dalriadic Scots that swept over Argyll spent its force in the West, and broke in spray on the hills of Perth and Inverness. It never reached Speyside. At the same time our parish could not but be more or less affected by the struggles of rival monarchs, and the strifes of contending factions and clans. The influx of strangers also, and the changes in the social and industrial habits of the people, have made their mark here as elsewhere. Our parish is called The United Parish of *Abernethy and Kincardine*, and these names might of themselves furnish much scope for inquiry. The River *Nethy*, which runs from Cairngorm to the Spey, about sixteen miles, gives its name to the parish. The word is obscure. In Gaelic it is "*Neithich*," and has been variously explained. Some connect it with "*Neithe*," the God of the Waters, and others with "*Nectan*," the Pictish King, whose name is associated with the more famous *Abernethy* in Perthshire. Others again conjecture that it comes from an obsolete word, *Neith*, force, or *nimh*, venom. The Rev. John Grant (1792) says: "The meaning is not known;" but, on the other hand, Shaw, the historian, a high authority, gives the meaning as "the impetuous washy river," seemingly from the Gaelic words *feith*, a stream, and *fadhaich*, fierce, turbulent; pronounced, when taken together, "*N fheith-fhiadhaich*." The remark of Skene is worth keeping in view: "*Names of rivers, usually root-words, are sometimes so archaic that it is difficult to fix their meaning.*" Probably "*Nethy*" is from a Pictish

root, and there are traces of the same root in the Nith in Ayrshire, Abernethy and Abernethy in Perthshire, and Invernethie in Aberdeenshire. The word *Aber* has led to endless controversy. Taylor has said: "If we draw a line across a map from a point a little south of Inverary to one a little north of Aberdeen, we shall find that, with very few exceptions, the Invers lie to the north of the line and the Abers to the south of it." But this dictum cannot stand on Speyside. Facts are against it. "Aber" and "Inver" are found all up and down the Spey. There is an Invereshie in Badenoch, an Inverlaidnan in Duthil, and an Inverdrue in Rothiemurchus. Then come the parishes of Abernethy and Inverallan, on opposite sides of the Spey. Then lower down there is the parish of Inveravon, and next to it that of Aberlour. The names seem to alternate, but the Invers are undoubtedly more numerous than the Abers. Professor Rhys, in a letter to the author, says: "With regard to Aber, you have to discard all that has been said of the word by historians, who undertake to dabble in etymology without any training; for instance, trust the native pronunciation, which you say is *obair*, and not *aber*. This last has, perhaps, been imported as the spelling usual in Welsh. When, moreover, they say that *inbher* is Gaelic and Irish, and *Aber* is Welsh, that is only a misleading and half truth, for *inbher* is not only Gaelic, but also Welsh (spelled *ynfer*); and, on the other hand, *Aber* is not only Welsh, but also Gaelic (and probably Irish). . . . The only sense in which the historians' assertion is true amounts to this: *ynfer* is not a common word in Welsh, and *obair* not common in Gaelic, except in proper names of places. . . . *Inbhir* or *inver* is from *ber*, of the same origin as Latin *ferre*; and *inbhir* should be *in-put*, so to say, or the place where one river flows into another, or into the sea. The etymology of the other word is *od-ber*, and it was the *out-put*, so to say, of one water into another. From *od-ber* the oldest Welsh form of the word was *open*; later, it became *oper* and *aber*. So you see that your *obair* comes nearer the original than what the historians wish you to write as *Aber* after the Kymric fashion,

though I should by no means wish to say that *obair* may not become *abair* or *aber* sometimes, or perhaps often."

The late James Munro, one of our best Gaelic scholars, says in his "Treoraiche" (1843): "*Ynver*, Wel. *Yn mer in mhar (uisge ann an uisge)*; *Abar*, Wel. *Aber* (*awbior, uisge ri h'Uisge*."

Kincardine is also a difficult word. The name is found in Aberdeenshire, Perthshire, Ross-shire, and Moray (Pluscardin). It is usual to connect it with *Iyrchardus*, but there is no evidence that this saint, famous at Kincardine O'Neil, had anything to do with our Kincardine. In the Old Statistical Account, the word is explained "Tribe of Friends"; but this interpretation, though complimentary to the people, cannot be maintained. The word, when analysed, is found to consist of three parts: 1. *Kin*, the locative case of *ceann*, head; 2. *Card*, which has the accent, indicating the root, which may be from an obsolete word, *card*, thicket, which is found in Welsh; and 3, the suffix *an*. The meaning would be—the head of the thicket or brake. It should be noted that there are several other *Kins* in the neighbourhood. On the opposite side of the Spey is Kinchirdy (*caorunn* (?) rowan), and Kinveachy (*beith*, birch), and higher up, Kingussie, Kinraig, and Kinrara. The latter hill, with the Duke of Gordon monument on the top, stands out prominently, and is seen far down Speyside. It has been suggested that Kinrara may mean *Kin* (or *Ceann*) *dà-shrath*, the head of the two Straths.

Leaving this debateable ground, as Shakespeare has it, "We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain top." In an old Gaelic song the bard, who is supposed to be standing on the summit of Cairngorm, gives a graphic description of the view. Here is a fragment—

"Chi mi poit a Ghlinné-mhoir
Chi mi Bo-chònaich, 's *Beag-ghleann*,
Chi mi Gleann *Ennich* an fheidh,
Far am bitheadh an spreidh air eadradh."

There are several names here of interest. *Poit*, a pot; *Bo-chonaich*, the mossy bow or bend; *Begglan*, the little glen, as contrasted

with Glenmore, the big glen. The last line is specially good. It calls up a picture of old times. "Eadradh," *i.e.*, *Edar* and *Trath*, between times, is a technical term, used of the time of milking, of separating the lambs, and here, in the larger sense of the season, when the flocks were taken to the glens for summering—a time of pleasant meetings, looked forward to with eagerness by the young, and looked back upon with pensive regrets by the old; a time of simple, pastoral life and beauty, which the poets, from Virgil to Ramsay, and our own Mrs Grant of Laggan, have loved to depict. We have the phrase "*eadradh*" in the dear old lilt of *Crodh-Chailein*.

"'S n'uir thigeadh am feasgar,
'S àm eadradh nan laogh.
Gun tig mo ghaol dachaidh
N deigh bhi cosgradh an fheidh."

Cairngorm (4084) is the highest point in our parish, and is one of the best known of our Highland hills. The old name was "Monadh ruadh," red or ruddy, in contradistinction to the "Monadh-liath," grey, on the north side of the Spey. The other principal hills are *Sgorr-gaothaidh* (2602), "The Windy Sgorr," which, standing out prominently, may be said to catch every wind that blows; *Gealcharn* (2692), the white hill, probably from its quartz rocks; *Bynack* (3296), *beinn' eige*, the hill of the notch or cleft, which rises grandly like a pyramid from the platform of the Larig; and of the lower ranges, *Meall-bhuachail* (2654), the herd's hill; *Carn-Bheithir* (2656), the serpent hill; and *Creag-ghobhraidh* (2237), the goat's hill; and *Màmsuim* (2394). *Màm* is a large round hill (*Lat. mamma*, mother, breast). *Suim* is a difficult word. Duncan M'Intyre has the line, "Far am bitheadh an tuadh len suim," where it seems to mean flocks or herds. We have no end of "Tomms" and "Tomans," "Cnocs" and "Cnocans," "Creags" and "Creagans," "Lochs" and "Lochans," "Torrs" and "Torrans." *Tòrr* is a common word for a little hill of conical form, and is found not only in the north, but in the south as far as Devonshire. *Bynack* may be said to be the centre

of the region of the "Eags." The *Ailnag*, into which the Caiplich runs, is the Burn-of-the-Eag (or it may be from *ail* obs. for rock), and the tremendous rock gorge which the water has cut in the course of the ages, makes the name very appropriate. Then there are the "Eags" on the "Thieves' Road" ("Rathadnam-mearleach"). First, the *Eag-mhòr*, a long narrow gorge in the Braes west of Dorback; next the *Eag-chait*, the haunt of the wild cat, on the edge of Carn Bheithir, where John Roy Stewart is said to have hid his gun. Then there is the *Eag-garbh-choire*, on the eastern side of Cairngorm, and *Eag-coire-na-comhlach*, the corrie of the meeting, on the west. Certain of these "Eags" seem as if they marked the line of an old water course. Perhaps, where caterans drove their prey, there may once have been some "ancient river." Tennyson sings—

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O Earth! what changes hast thou seen?
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea."

And an older and greater than the Laureate has much the same idea—

"When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store."

We have several *Clachs*. On the road to Easter Tulloch there is *C.-na-Criche*, marking the old march between the counties of Inverness and Moray. There is a *C.-na-h' Uluidh*, in the fence at the east end of Balliefurth plantation, where a treasure is said to have been found long ago. Opposite Rhymore there is a stone called *C.-an-triuchasdaich*; it has a hole in it, and was, of old, resorted to for the cure of whooping-cough. There stood, some years ago, two huge granite boulders, facing each other, on opposite sides of the road to Kincardine, near Knock, which bore the name of *Clachan-peathrichean*, the sister stones; and on the old Church Road there was another splendid specimen, called

C.-na-h' analach, the resting-stone, where people used to rest and have a "crack" on their way from church; but these have disappeared, being broken up for railway use in 1862. At the top of a ridge on the west slope of Cairngorm, above Coire-chaorunn, is *C.-bàrrraig*, sometimes incorrectly called Parruig or Peter. The name is from *bàrr*, top. There is a similar boulder resting on the hill above Beglan, in Glenmore, which bears the strange name of *C. an-iurnaich*, the stone of the hellish man. Tradition says that a certain man, who had his bothy near this stone, was so notorious for malice and cruelty that he was called "Iurnach," and so gave the name to the stone. Both these boulders, the one of granite and the other of schyst, are beautifully illustrative of Wordsworth's famous lines—

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing imbued with sense;
Like a sea beast crawled forth that on a shelf
Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun itself."

The Gaelic words for a well are *Fuaran* and *Tobair*. They are noticed elsewhere.

From wells to streams is a natural transition. *Feith* is often explained as a "bog." The word means a sinew or vein, and is strictly descriptive of small streams winding their way through the mosses and bogs. Of such we have several. In Glenmore there is the *Feith-dhubh* (black); on the Nethy is the *Feith-seilich* (willows); and a stream that runs, not from a bog but a loch, to the Spey, in Kincardine, has the same name.

Next to "feith" is *Caochan*, streamlet, perhaps from "caoch," blind. Of this we have several with some descriptive adjective attached, such as *Caochan-dubh* (black); *C. fiactlach*, (jagged-tooth-like); *C. ghuib* (from *gob*, a bill or mouth); *C. nan-Easgun* (eel); *C. na-saobhidh* (the fox-den). Of "Allts" there are many, such as *Garbh-allt* (rough); *Crom-allt* (crooked); *Glas-allt* (grey);

Fionn-allt (the fair burn); *Ant-allt bàn* (white or fair); *A. iomadaidh*, *A. Clais an Eich* (hollow of the horse); *Allt-ghealaidh*, probably from *bealaidh*, broom, *A. dearcaige*, berry. Mr Macbain suggests that "allt" is properly a height or glen side, and allied to "altus" (Latin).

Some names of streams have the ending "ag," a diminutive, but which may be a contraction of "amhainn." There is a *Rabhag* that runs into Loch-Morlich, and a *Luinag* that runs out of it, and that joining the Bennie, at Coylum (*Coimh-leum*)—(leaping together), forms the Druiè. Then we have the *Dubhag* (dark), and the *Dorback*, tributaries of the Nethy. The latter is in Gaelic *Doirbag*, same as Dorback that flows from Lochandorb, and seems derived from *doirb* (do-soirbh, harsh, mischievous *Doirbheag*, is a cross, ill-tempered woman). This exactly describes its character. It has a short run, and comes down at times with great quickness and force. It is said that a farmer who had suffered much from its depredations, used to make this part of his daily prayer, "From the storms of Gealcharn, the floods of Dorback, and the wrath of the factor, good Lord, deliver us." The climax is significant. The storm was bad, the flood was worse, but the wrath of the factor was worst of all. Times are changed. The power of the factor is still great, but it is not dreaded as it used to be. The Celt is going back to the faith of his fathers, *Is treasa tuath na tighcarna*, "Tenants are stronger than lairds."

Names are often *descriptive*. In some cases they are pure word pictures, such as *Sithan-dubh-dà-choimhead*, the sithan of the double outlook; in others they mark some peculiarity of form, colour, or situation. One place is called *Lùb-Aitinn*, from the juniper growing in it richly; another is *Coire-chuilion*, from the holly, now rare in the district; another is *Tomchalltuinn*, from the hazel; another is *Culraineach*, as abounding in fern, and so on.

Names are given not only from plants but also from animals. We have *Creag-an-fhithich* to mark the haunt of the raven;

Torr-an-iasgair, the osprey's torr; and *Stac na h-Iolair*, the eagle's eyrie. We have also *Lag-mhadaidh* and *Foil-mhuc*, also *Muc-rach*, to mark where the wolf and the wild boar once had their dens; and *Creagan-chait*, *Ruigh-na-feoraige*, *Innis-broc*, *Cacchan-na-saobhidh* (den), indicating the haunts of the wild cat, the squirrel, the badger, and the fox.

Many names are given on the *principle of resemblance*. Some are taken from the bodily organs. The face, *aodainn*; the nose, *sron*; the throat, *slugan*; the breast, *uchd* (sometimes confounded with *uachdar*, the surface, top); the back, *druim*; the shank, *lurg*, and others have their representatives. Other names of a similar kind are *an diallaid*, the saddle, at the entrance to Glen-Avon; *An Crasg*, an across place; *Bathaich-frontag*, the byre of Fiontag in Glenmore; *Sabhalan-Bhynaig*, the barns of Bynack, huge granite rocks standing out like buildings; and *Mudachan Chathno*, the chimneys of the Cath-no on Cairngorm, where the rocks are worn so as to look like stalks of massive masonry, piled up on the verge of the grand shelving precipices of the Garbhallt, precipitous, black, jagged rocks, for ever shattered, and the same for ever. They are well worthy of a visit, but lying apart from the ordinary track, they are generally overlooked.

Deaths, murders, funerals, and incidents connected with social and church life are commemorated in names. The dominance of the old family of the Cummings is preserved in Castle Roy and the Mod Hill. The wars of Montrose are remembered in *Campa Choll*, Coll Kitto's Camp, and *Tobair-nan-damais*, a well near Forest Lodge, which bears this curious name from some soldiers having been seen there playing draughts at the time when Montrose and Argyll were playing hide-and-seek in the woods of Abernethy (see Spalding, vol. ii.). The Roman Catholic times have their memorials in *Tobair chailleach*, the nuns' well; *Stair na manach*, the monk's stepping stones; *Crois-parraig-an-Ailean*, a wooden cross on the old road from Glenbroun, above Dirdow, marking where Peter of the Ailan's funeral had rested; and *Baile 'n t-scipeil*, Chapelton, in Tulloch, where there are the

remains of a chapel. The Sassenachs who were engaged in the great wood and iron works of last century have left their mark here and there. There is a point in the Kincardine Slugan called *Cadhaig Nicoll*, where one of their men lost his life. The place where their forges were erected is still called *Baile ghobhainn*, Smith's town, and higher up on the Nethy is the Old Mill Croft, which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has celebrated. There is also a spring of delicious water at the foot of the bank at Aldersyde, which, to mark the kindheartedness of a certain John Crowley, who had spent some pains in fencing and decorating it, still bears his name.

Agriculture and the industrial and social habits of the people account for many names. The old name for Pytoulish was Pitgaldish. This may have been the original designation, *Pit* meaning "farm," "portion" (compare Book of Deer), *land of Galdie*. The word may have then changed to the descriptive form, *pit* being taken in its common sense of hollow (Latin, *puteus*, well). It is curious that at Pytoulish there are several very marked cup-like hollows, probably formed by boulders in the glacier age, and one of them, near the dwelling-house, has been ingeniously converted into a beautiful garden. The old people disliked the name Pytoulish as having an indelicate meaning in Gaelic, and substituted a less offensive form. This change may be compared with what is recorded as to the names of Baal and Molech, that is, Lord and King, where the old names were changed as implying homage (Exod. xxiii. 13; xxxiv. 13-14; Numb. xxxii. 38; Hos. ii. 17; Zech. xiii. 2). There is another "Pit" in Kincardine, *Pitvarnie*, from *fcarnn*, alder. The Pictish *Pit* gave place to *Baile*, and this word is found in many names. There is *Balliemore*, near the church, *i.e.*, the "Big-town," being the principal farm, which used to be the residence of the bailie or factor. Then there is *Balliefurth*, the town of the port or ferry (Latin, *portus*), where the old road to Inverallan and to Ballintomb, the gathering-place of the clan, crossed the Spey. Other names are *B.-an' tuath*, the town of the tenants; *B.-nan-*

Croitearan, the town of the crofters; *B.-an-tuim*, the town of the heap or hillock, perhaps of old a mote-hill; *B.-an-luig*, the town of the hollow; and *B.-nan-croigean*, the town of the frogs. *Cul*, back, and *Cuil*, a corner, not easily distinguished, are often used as affixes. There are *C.-bhardaidh*, the bard's croft; *Culnakyle*, from *Coille*, a wood; *Culriach*, from *riach*, grey; and so on. There are several "*Achs*"—from *achadh*, a field. In Tulloch is *The "Ach,"* as if the field there had at one time stood alone in the waste, worthy of bearing the name from its very singularity. *Achernack* (in Gaelic, *Achiarnag*) was a notable place as the seat of the Clan Allan. The derivation is difficult. It may be *Ach*, field; *iar*, west; *eag*, cleft—the field on the west of the cleft or gorge, and this exactly describes the situation. *Achnagonalan*, a little to the north, is equally difficult. There is a tradition that duels used to be fought here in a field by the Spey, and it may be that the name means "the field of the duels," from Gaelic, *gon*, a wound; or *comhlann*, a combat. Of *Loinn*, the locative case of *lann*, a meadow or enclosure, there are several examples. Some of these may be given: *Lynbeg*, *beag*, little; and lower down, *Lynmore*, from *mor*, big; *Lynamer*, from *amar*, a trough, channel, or mill-lead; *Lynma-gilbert*, which commemorates some notable Gilbert's son; and *L.-torran nam-broc*, from *broc*, badger. The Gaelic name of Birchfield is *Cùl-mhuillion*, the back of the mill. There were several other mills, as *M.-lon*, in Kincardine, from *lon*, a marsh; *M.-garroch*, from *garbh*, rough; *M. chalcaidh*, the walk-mill; and *M.-cheardaidh*, above Lettoch, once a carding-mill. The most notable was *M.-Gharlinn*—the mill of the Garlin. There are many "*Ruighs*" (an arm, slope, out-stretched part of a hill—a shieling) in the parish, indicating that the system of grazing and summering largely prevailed in the upper and hill districts. These "*Ruighs*" or shielings were generally attached to the larger farms. Thus we have *Ruigh-chailcach*, *R.-nuidh*, *R.-leothaid*, *R.-naitinn*, *R.-nirich*, *R.-nuain*, *R.-nangillean-dubh* (The Camerons), and so on. One place bears the pathetic name of *R.-briste-cridhe*, the Ruigh of the broken heart.

It is on the north side of Meall bhuachail, rugged and steep, and doubtless got the name from the difficulty of working it. Another croft in Kincardine has a similar name, *Croit na h-aimhneas*, the croft of misfortune (*am-leas*).

Eilan-eoirn, on the Nethy, may be the place where barley was first grown. The Gaelic name of Nethy Bridge is *Ceann-trochaid*—Bridge-end. When the new bridge was built (1804), the first house erected was that of the *Ceannaich*, merchant; then came the *Ceardaich*, the smithy; and then the *Tigh-osda*, the public-house. Now the place is the centre of a thriving village, with a post-office, telegraph, railway station, shops, and several handsome villas and cottages.

Wordsworth says: "Two voices are there; one is of the sea, one of the mountains, each a mighty voice," and this may be applied to our place names. Though far inland, we have names that echo the voice of the ocean, and form a link with its shores. *Cambus* is found with us, as at the seaside. *Innis*, island, is also found, as in *Inch-tomach*, and *Inch-droighinn* (thorn). There is a narrow strip of bog in Kincardine which is called the "*Caolan*," or little gut, the same word which figures in so many of the kyles of the west. One of the corners of Loch-Garten is called *Geothag*, little creek, which, Mr Macbain says, is from the Norse *gja*, a chasm; and on the Altmore there are two crofts called the Upper and Lower Plottas, words which seem to have affinity with the floddas and ploddas of Sutherland and Ross. Another word which it is strange to find at the foot of the Cairngorm is *Ros*, a headland. There is a ruined shieling near the Green Loch, which is called *Ruigh-dà-ros*, the Ruigh of the two points or promontories. An old story of this Ruigh may be given. About the end of last century there lived here a man called James Robertson. He had been in the army, and had a small pension. Being a hard man, and a woman-hater, he dwelt by himself quite alone. But he was believed to have a charm for healing sore eyes, and people sometimes came to him for help. Once a woman of the name of Macqueen took courage to call on him. She

knocked timidly at the door, and was told in a harsh voice to come in. Robertson was mending his brogues. When he looked up and saw that it was a woman, he cried in a fury, "What brought you here?" The woman trembling told her errand. He paused for a moment, and then answered with a scowl, "I'll give you an *obaidh* (charm) that you wont forget."

"Na faiceadh do shuil go bràth
'N darna te na sgladhair odhar
An te eile na sgleodhair bhàn."

The woman rushed out, glad to escape with her life, but tradition says she never recovered her sight. She was "*Ealasaid-chàm*" to the end of her days.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTES ON FOLK LORE.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, who died about fifty years ago, was a native of Glenmore, where the family had resided for several generations. Like his father, he was a wright or cooper, and was commonly called *Uilleam Saor*, William the Carpenter. William was strongly built, with good features, and dark eyes that glowed like coals under shaggy brows, and shocks of dark snaky hair. He had an irritable temper, and when badly teased, as he sometimes was by boys, he would break out into violent rages. At Christmas he used to make a round among his friends, selling cogs and tubs. On such occasions he was a welcome guest at the fireside, especially with the young, from his store of Gaelic songs and legends. William had one strange custom. There was a little grassy mound near his workshop, and to this he used to resort in the morning for his devotions. The first thing he did was to bow towards the sun, and then he said his prayers. He was once asked what he meant by bowing to the sun. His answer was *that he did as his fathers had done before him*. William Saor might therefore be called the last of our Sun worshippers, though with him the worship was simply the survival of an old custom which had lost its meaning. It may be mentioned that Sir Edwin Landseer, who was a frequent visitor at the Doune of Rothiemurchus when it was rented by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, was much struck by William's figure, and that he has introduced him into his picture of "The Bringing Home of the Deer."

Beltane, or May-day, was one of the chief days of the year. It is generally explained as *Beil-teine*, Belus, or Baal fire; but the word means, more probably, *bright-fire*, or *luck-fire*. At Beltane

the Gael used to kindle two fires, and to drive their cattle between them for purification and good luck. Hence the saying: *Eadar dà theine Bhealltuinn*, between the two fires of Beltane. Some modern authorities hold that *Beltane*, being the first day of May (*Céitein*, the first of summer), was properly the beginning of the year, and that *Earrach* (*càrr*, end). Spring, was the end of the year, when the old was passing into the new. Beltane was the day when young people used to roll bannocks, also for luck. The sunny slopes of the Nethy, and the old mill-bank at Balnagown were favourite places for the sport. The bannocks were made of oatmeal, round as the moon, about an inch and a half thick, well baked, and covered with a rich coating of cream and egg. Certain figures were cut on the surface, generally a cross on the one side, and a cipher on the other. Bannocks were baked for every member of the family. The absent were remembered as well as those present. "No distance breaks the tie of blood." The game was to roll the bannocks from a height, and when they settled, to mark which side was uppermost. If it was the side with the cross, this was a sign of good fortune; if it was the cipher that came up, this indicated that the year would be unlucky. The bannocks were rolled thrice, and when the play was over, they were broken and eaten, and the fragments left were thrown up into the air, with the Gaelic words:—

*"Seall 's do na h' uile eun beag th'anns an adhair
Ach Dobhrag an t-shleibh,
Ach gum b' ann a bhriseas ise leth-cas
Dol stigh air dorus a Maighstir fein."*

i.e., "Here's to every little bird of the air, save the snipe, but may she break her one foot going in at the door of her master." Why the snipe should have been thus singled out and put under ban is not known. One peculiar thing about the snipe is the number of names it has in Gaelic. It is called *Naosga*, *Sgreuch-an-lòn*, *gobhar-adhair*, *Croman-lòn*, *eun-ghabhrag*, *meannan-adhair*, and so on. These names are descriptive, and refer to some peculiarity in the cry, mode of flight, and habits of the animal.

It is sometimes said in derision of a man with many names, *Tha uiread de ainmeanan air ris an naosg*—"He has as many names as the snipe." There are survivals, which seem connected with Bull-worship. On New Year's Eve the old people used anxiously to scan the sky for the appearance of what was sometimes called the Candlemas Bull. It was believed that from the size and aspect of this cloud the weather for the year might be predicted. The first night of the year was called *oidche dàir na coille*, the night of the impregnating of the wood, when life was everywhere being renewed. The Church seems to have taken up this notion, and to have connected it with the birth of Christ. The old Latin legend bore that the bees woke at Christmas from their winter sleep, and hummed a song of praise. The birds, and other animals after their kind, joined in the concert. The Cock crowed *Christus natus est*, Christ is born. The Raven croaked *Quando?* when? The Crow cawed *Hac nocte*, this night. The Ox asked *Ubi?* where? The Sheep replied, *Bethlehem*; and the Ass cried *Eamus*, let us go.

On the first day of the year it was once customary to burn juniper in byres, stables, and house fire-places. This was done sixty years ago at the Dell, by Donald Cameron, grieve, a faithful old servant, who was indulged in his harmless ways. The burning of juniper may have been originally for sanitary purposes, but it had also to do with old Church beliefs. In many parts of France and Italy the juniper is used instead of the holly at Christmas (*G. Nollaig*, from *nova, nouvelles, noel*), and is hung in stables and cattle sheds. There is a legend that the Holy Family hid in a juniper bush from their pursuers when on the way to Egypt. Hence it is called by some "The Madonna's Bush." In China it is said to be an emblem of immortality. Some other plants were supposed to possess special virtues. The *Stoncrop* was set in the thatch of houses, and the *Rowan*, or Mountain Ash, was planted round dwelling-houses as a protection against the fairies. The Rowan is one of the commonest of our native trees. The fir woods teem with myriads of little

plants that have sprung up from seeds carried by birds, but few of them survive. In the struggle for existence they have no chance against the heather and the pine. But in more favourable circumstances they thrive well. Sometimes single trees are found growing among the rocks, or by the water-side, and in autumn they glow with beauty. Wordsworth has painted such a scene with much felicity :--

“ No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees, she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms ; and ye may have marked
By brookside or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn ; the pool
Glowes at her feet, and all the glowing rocks
Are brightened round her.”

Among wild animals some were loved and some were hated ; some were cherished, and others cursed. The *Wren*, the *Robin*, the *Cross-bill*, and the *Snow-bunting* were held sacred. The *Wren* was called by the Celts the *King of Birds*. According to the old legend, the Birds, after consultation, agreed to make King the one that should fly the highest. The Eagle, of course, expected to win, but the Wren challenged it to the trial. Up, up, far beyond the rest, the Eagle soared, till it was lost to sight in the brilliance of the sun. Then it cried in scorn, *Cait am bheil thu nis a Dhreathan duinn ?* “ Where are you now, little Wren ? ” But the Wren had cunningly perched on the Eagle's back, and at this call took a further flight, crying out in triumph, *Fad, fad, os do cheann*, “ Far, far above you.” So the Wren won the crown. The *Robin* was hallowed for its red breast, which had caught some of the blood from the Cross ; and the *Cross-bill* for its bill, which had been maimed by its loving endeavours to free our Lord from the accursed tree. The *Snow-bunting* (G. Gealag 'n t'sneachdaidh) was also regarded as sacred, perhaps from its whiteness. The following legend is curious :—A certain man went one day to a Saint's Well (in Duthil) for water, when

he saw a strange sight. There was a fire with a brazen pot hanging over it. The fire was made of dried horse-dung, like as is done in the East with camel-dung to this day, and the pot was filled with snow-buntings. Around the fire were seated a number of *tacharans*—spirits of unbaptized children—clothed in white. The pot took the man's fancy, and he asked for it, but was refused. He repeated his request thrice, with certain forms, and then he was allowed to take the pot, but with a curse attached that it would bring ill-fortune along with it—*Nach seasadh an coinneamh Shraspe, ach aon bhonaid, gu ruidh tre àl, dheth na thigeadh na dheigh*, "That there would not stand in the Gathering of Strathspey but one bonnet, for three generations, of those who should come after him." The man took the pot to Clury, and for long Clury was believed to be an unlucky place. In recent times, however, it is evident the ban has passed away. At Clury, as elsewhere, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." The little *Black Beetle* used to be held in abhorrence. The legend was that when the Holy Family were in flight to Egypt, the Virgin asked some people who were busy in a field to say to the pursuers, if they asked questions, that Joseph and his party had passed when the field was being sown. During the night the corn sprang up, and next day was ready for the sickle. When the pursuers came and put their question, they were answered as the Virgin directed. Then said the Captain, "We need go no further." Whereupon the Beetle rose and called out, *An dé, an dé, chaidh Mac Dhé seachad*, "Yesterday, yesterday, the Son of God passed this way." For this baseness—the many suffering for the crime of the one—the Beetle is abhorred, and whenever he puts forth his black head, he is at once crushed, with the words of doom, *A dhaolag, dhaolag, chan fhaic thu an là maireach*, "Beetle, beetle, you won't see to-morrow." In this ancient legend we have embodied the undying hatred of all true Highlanders to meanness and treachery.

The *Woodpecker* (G. *snag*: the tapper, from its light audible knock. The Creeper is called *Snàig*, from its creeping habit)

was, in the memory of people still living, common in the pine-woods. Its brain was believed to be a cure for epilepsy. Perhaps this may have been on the principle of *similia similibus*. The brain of the bird that could balance itself and keep its head at such great heights, and with so little foothold, must have had some special virtue. The Woodpecker among the Romans was the bird of Mars, and sacred to Romulus. The patch of crimson on its head has been variously accounted for. Longfellow gives the legend current among the North American Indians in the Song of Hiawatha, where the grateful hero is said to have

“ Called the Mama, the Woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree.
And in honour of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
Of the little head of Mama.
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers
As a symbol of his service.”

Charms of various kinds were in use till recently. Infants were passed through the smoke, and had a scarlet thread with three knots tied round the left arm for a protection (cf. Virgil, *Eclogue*, viii.). Little crosses of rowan, and brooches in the form of a heart, were sewn into children's clothes for the same purpose. Certain persons had Charms, believed to have been inherited, for the cure of ophthalmia, jaundice, ring-worm, and other diseases. The *Evil Eye* was greatly dreaded. This malign power descended in families. It was an inherited and not a voluntary possession. An old lady of the Clan Allan Grants is well remembered who would never enter a house or approach a child without first craving a benediction to avert all bad results. Lord Bacon, in his essay on “Envy” (from Lat. *invidia* = in and video, to look upon), says:—“There be none of the affections which have been known to fascinate or bewitch but love and envy; they both have vehement wishes: they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially

upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such there be. We see, likewise, the Scriptures calleth envy an Evil Eye." Perhaps Bacon refers to Mark vii., 21, 22, "Out of the heart of men proceedeth deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye." But there are many other allusions to the Evil Eye in the Bible. The following texts may be mentioned:—Deut. xv., 9; xxviii., 54; I. Sam. xviii., 9; Prov. xxiii., 6; xxviii., 22; also Gal. iii., 1, "Who hath bewitched you?" In this last text the Vulgate has *fascinavit*, for "bewitched," which may be compared with the famous passage in Virgil (Ecc. iii., 103), *Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos*, "Some evil eye bewitches my tender lambs." The Latins called the Evil Eye "Fascinum"; the Greeks, "Bascanion"; the Celts, "Suil-ghonaidh." It is referred to in Shakespeare. Biron says to Rosalind ("Love's Labour Lost," Act v., Sc. 2):—

"Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three:
They are infected, in their heart it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes."

And again, "There's an eye wounds like a leaden sword." Portia says to Bassanio ("Merchant of Venice," Act iii., Sc. 2), "Beshrew your eyes, they have *overlooked* me." In some parts of the country you may still hear sayings and forms of speech which imply this old belief. If praise be given, or if it be said, "I am glad to see you looking so well," it is often added, "*May I not forespeak you*," as a guard against evil consequences. There were many devices for defence against the Evil Eye. The Gaelic proverb says, *Fluich do shuil mu'n gabh i air*, "Wet your eye, lest it light on him." The spittle was supposed to have a counteracting virtue. When baiting a hook, it used to be a common thing to spit on the worm for luck. We read in the Book of Judges (viii. 21) that Zebah and Zalmunna had moon-like ornaments on their camels, doubtless as amulets or charms; and we have a survival of this custom in the crescent or half-moon still commonly used in the decoration of horses (cf. Isaiah iii., 18, "Round tires like the moon"; and Jer. xliv., 17-20, where cakes, round like the moon,

were offered to the Queen of Heaven, similar to the *minchah* in the Mosaic ritual, the *Neideh* in the Egyptian worship of the goddess Neith, and *Artemis* among the Greeks). In Roman Catholic countries the sign of the cross is used as a protection : and in Rome, where the belief in the Evil Eye is common, the hand amulet, *i.e.*, the index and little finger thrust out, with the thumb clasping the others, is the constant defence. F. Marion Crawford says, in his novel "Pietro Cherleri" :—"It is a strange fact that at the present day such things should be believed, and well-nigh universally, by a cultured society of men and women. And yet it is a fact, and an undeniable one. Let it once get abroad that a man or woman 'projects' (to translate the Italian, *jetta*) the baneful influence which causes accidents of every description, and he or she may as well bid farewell to society for ever. Such a person is shunned as one contaminated ; at his approach every hand is hidden to make the sign of defence ; no one will speak to him who can help it, and then always with concealed fingers kept rigidly bent in the orthodox fashion, or clasped upon a charm of proved efficiency. Few indeed are those brave enough to ask such an one to dinner, and they are esteemed almost miraculously fortunate if no misfortune befalls them during the succeeding twenty-four hours, if their houses do not burn, and their children do not develop the measles. Incredible as it may appear to northern people, a man or woman may be socially ruined by the imputation of 'projecting' when it is sustained by the coinciding of the very smallest accident with their presence, or with the mention of their names." The late Pope, Pius IXth, was said to have inherited this gift, which caused him much trouble. Of Omens, Fore-goes, Corpse-candles and such like, it is unnecessary to say anything. The *Corp-creadha* has been practised in the present century—in Inverness-shire thirty years ago, and in Ross-shire later still. The belief in *Changelings*, once common all over Europe (cf. Luther's "Table Talk"), existed till lately, and you may still hear old people cite instances in proof of the practice. In the "Chiefs of

Grant," a curious custom as to *Fire* is referred to as existing in Abernethy:—"When any disease broke out among the cattle of a davoch, the fires in all the dwellings of that davoch had to be extinguished. This was supposed to aid in stamping out the disease. The fires were afterwards rekindled by the rubbing of sticks against the cupples of the byres in which the diseased cattle were kept." Shaw refers to this custom.

Certain legends and sgeulachds are to be found, in some form or other, all over the Highlands. The belief in the virtues of the *White Serpent* is not peculiar to Sutherland. In Abernethy the serpent is said to have been found in the Slochd of Bachdcharn. The legend of Fingal's heroes asleep in the cave, referred to by Sir Walter Scott and others, is still told amongst us, and it is connected with *Poll-na-h' Iuchrach*, "The Pool of the Key," on the Avon, into which the key was said to have been thrown by the craven adventurer, who failed to draw the sword before he blew the horn, and therefore left the Braves in a worse condition than that in which he found them. Michael Scott figures in Gaelic tales, and the story of how he rode to Rome (through the air) on his black mare and won the secret of the proper way of counting Fastern's E'en from the Pope, was often told. The story of the adventure with the Fairies, where the man who had entered the sithan, and taken part in the dance, found when he was rescued that the reel had lasted a twelvemonth, is also common. Another weird story—told with much graphic power by Hugh Miller in his "Legends of Cromarty"—"The Wild Wife," is one of the favourite stories on Speyside. Miller connects it with Kirk-michael, in Ross-shire, but with us it has a local habitation and a name as the "Legend of the Wife of Laggan," and the Kirkyard of Dalarossie, in Moy.

As showing the connection of one part of the Highlands with another, the following incident may be mentioned. Talking with an old man, the late Peter Smith, Rinuigh, some thirty years ago, reference was made to *flittings*. Yes, he said, flittings are expensive. *Mar thuir an Leanabh Ilach*, as said the Childe

of Islay when he was eating his piece, and his stepmother made him move from one side of the fireplace to the other. *Chan eil an t-imrich is lugha, gun chall*, "The least fitting is not without loss." He quoted also other sayings of the "Leanabh," whose fame is in all the Highlands.¹ Another saying savouring of the West, obtained from the late John Stewart, Achgourish, commonly called "Gowrie," may be noted, which is significant in more ways than one:—*Seachd sgadain, sàth bradain*; *seach bradain sàth ròin*; *seachd ròin sàth na Muic Mara*; *seachd Mhuc-Mhara sàth an Cinnlan-Crò*; *seach Cinnlan Cro, sàth an Fhir-nach-Còir*, "Seven herring a salmon's feed or meal (*sath*: sufficient; cf. Lat. *sat, satis*: enough); seven salmon a seal's feed; seven seal the feed of the sea-pig, or whale; seven whales the feed of the Cinnlan Cro; seven Cinnlan Cros the feed of the Fhìrnach Coir." The last two names are untranslatable. Perhaps the first means, from the reference to the head full of eyes, or folds, the cuttle-fish or octopus. The other may mean, "He that is not good," *i.e.*, the Evil One; or, "He that ought not to be named," an euphemism for the Devil. The climax is very suggestive. There is an air of mystery about the subject, a shrinking from the actual name, as if it were too horrible to be mentioned.

Aubrey, in his book on "Hermetick Philosophy," 1696, gives a letter from a student in divinity in Strathspey concerning the second-sight,² which contains some curious stories. The following are extracts:—

"The most remarkable of this Sort, that I hear of now, is one Archibald Mackeanyers, alias Mackdonald, living in Ardinmurch within Ten or Twenty Miles, or thereby, of Glencoe, and I was present my self, where he fore-told something, which accordingly fell out in 1683; this Man being in Strathspey, in John Mackdonald of Glencoe his Company, told in Balachastell before the Laird of Grant, his Lady, and several others, and also in my Father's House; that Argyle, of whom few or none knew then where he was, at least there was no Word of him then here; should within two Twelve Months thereafter, come to the West-

¹ See Appendix, Note 1.

² *Ibid.*, Note 2.

Highlands, and raise a Rebellious Faction, which would be divided among themselves, and disperse, and he unfortunately be taken and beheaded at Edinburgh, and his Head set upon the Talbooth, where his Father's Head was before him; which proved as true, as he fore-told it, in 1685, thereafter. Likewise in the Beginning of May next after the late Revolution, as my Lord Dundee return'd up Spey-side, after he had followed General Major Mac Kay in his Reer down the Length of Edinglassie, at the Milatown of Gartinbeg the Machleans joined him, and after he had received them, he marched forward, but they remained behind, and fell a Plundering: Upon which, Glencoe and some others, among whom was this Archibald, being in my Father's House, and hearing that Mac Leans and others were Pillaging some of his Lands, went to restrain them, and commanded them to march after the Army; after he had cleared the first Town, next my Father's House of them, and was come to the second, there standing on a Hill, this Archibald said, Glencoe, If you take my Advice, then make off with your self with all possible Haste, e're an Hour come and go, you'll be put to it as hard as ever you was: Some of the Company began to droll and say, what shall become of me? Whether Glencoe believed him, or no, I cannot tell; but this I am sure of, that whereas before he was of Intention to return to my Father's House and stay all Night, now we took leave, and immediately parted: And indeed, within an Hour thereafter Mac Kay, and his whole Forces, appeared at Culnakyle in Abernethie, Two Miles below the Place where we parted, and hearing that Cleaverhouse had marched up the Water-side a little before, but that Mac Leans, and several other Straglers, had stayed behind, commanded Major Æneas Mac Kay, with Two Troops of Horse after them; who finding the said Mac Leans at Kinchardie, in the Parish of Luthil, chased them up the Morskaith: In which Chase Glencoe happened to be, and was hard put to it, as was fore-told. What came of Archibald himself, I am not sure; I have not seen him since, nor can I get a true Account of him, only I know he is yet alive, and at that Time one of my Father's Men whom the Red-coats meeting, compell'd to guide them, within Sight of the Mac Leans, found the said Archibald's Horse within a Mile of the Place where I left him. I am also inform'd, this Archibald said to Glencoe, that he would be murdered in the Night-time in his own House three Months before it happen'd."

“There was one James Mack Coil-vicalaster alias Grant, in Glenbeum near Kirk-Michael in Strathawin, who had this Sight, who I hear of several that were well acquainted with, was a very honest Man, and of right blameless Conversation. He used ordinarily by looking to the Fire, to fore-tell what Strangers would come to his House the next Day, or shortly thereafter, by their Habit and Arms, and sometimes also by their Names; and if any of his Goods or Cattle were missing, he would direct his Servants to the very place where to find them, whether in a Mire or upon dry Ground; he would also tell, if the Beast were already Dead, or if it would Die e're they could come to it; and in Winter, if they were thick about the Fire-side, he would desire them to make room for some others that stood by, tho' they did not see them, else some of them, would be quickly thrown into the midst of it. But whether this Man saw any more than Brownie and Meg Mullach, I am not very sure; Some say. he saw more continually, and would often be very angry-like, and something troubled, nothing visibly moving him: Others affirm he saw these two continually. and sometimes many more.”

“Meg Mullack, and Brownie mentioned in the end of it, are two Ghosts, which (as it is constantly reported) of old, haunted a Family in Straths-pey of the Name of Grant. They appeared at first in the likeness of a young Lass; the second of a young Lad.”

The words “*of old*” are very significant. Meg Mollach and Brownie were still hidden in the dim and distant past two hundred years ago.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAIRNS AND THEIR TRADITIONS.

CAIRN is from the Gaelic *Carn*, a heap of stones (root, *car*: hard). In its original sense, it is in common use for hills, big and little, from Cairngorm downwards. In its secondary sense it is applied to artificial objects, such as heaps of rough undressed stones of all sorts. Sometimes cairns were set up as landmarks. More often they were erected as memorials of persons, and of notable events. We find examples of the custom in the Old Testament, as in the cases of Achan, and of Absalom (Josh. vii., 26; II. Sam. xviii., 17). The custom also prevailed in our own land. Ossian often refers to it. Burns, in "Tam o' Shanter," names several cairns passed by Tam in his famous ride; and who does not remember Muschat's Cairn that figures so prominently in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian." Cairns were also largely sepulchral, and, while they may have been intended for the protection of the remains of the dead from wolves and wild beasts, they must also have had some connection with the religious beliefs of the people of those far-off times. The Gaelic saying, *Cuiridh mi clach air do charn*, "I will put a stone on your cairn," connects both worlds, and expresses not only regard for the living, but reverence for the dead. Cairns are to be found of all sizes, from the heap of stones by the roadside marking a death or murder, to the huge mass on the hilltop covering the grave of some mighty chief whose name and achievements are forgotten. In this parish they are very numerous. Hundreds may be seen on the moors and hills, and many more are hidden from sight in the deep heather and the dense woods. Of the prehistoric cairns the most notable is *Carn-na feola*, the C. of the Flesh, on the moor to the east of the Mill of Kincardine. It stands on a

terrace, commanding a wide view, and has many smaller cairns and remains of hut circles round about. As marking it out from the rest, it is surrounded by a rampart of earth. In the centre was a great heap of stones, which contained a stone cist about four feet square, covered by a flagstone. It is not known when it was opened, but thirty-five years ago there might be seen the remains of at least three interments, a man, woman, and child. Some time after the skulls, which were quite entire, were carried off. There is another cairn, with the remains of a cist, a little further east, at *Lag-ghurr*, the Hollow of Gore. There were also two fine examples of so-called Druidical circles in one of the Pytoulish fields, which were unfortunately removed as interfering with the cultivation of the land. Several of the stones may be seen lying at the roadside, and one of them has some peculiar markings. The existence of so many cairns and other prehistoric remains in the district indicate that there must have been a considerable population in these old times, and that the people, however rude, had made some advance in civilisation.

Cairns were often erected as memorials of deaths by accident or violence. We have an example of the first at the south end of the Balliefurth plantation. It is called *Carn Bean-na-Lurigin*, C. of the Wife of Lurg. Some sixty years ago Mrs Macdonald, Lurg, was returning from the carding-mill with a load of wool. At this spot the horse took fright, the cart was overturned, and Mrs Macdonald smothered under the wool. Other accidents have happened at the same place, which is popularly believed to be haunted. As an example of death by violence, the cairn at Richailleach, in Tulloch, may be mentioned. About 1772 there fell out a great dispute between two neighbouring farmers, John M'Gibbon, or Cumming, Tontiri, and John Grant, Richailleach, about marches. One day in May M'Gibbon was mending his potato fences on the hill, where some land had been reclaimed (called in Gaelic *Codhach*). Richailleach's son came to him complaining that he had ill-used his sheep. The dispute waxed hot. From words they were like to come to blows. M'Gibbon

warned Grant to keep off, but in vain. At last, provoked by his taunts and insults, he took up his gun, which he had lying beside him, and fired, meaning to scare rather than to hurt the young man. Unfortunately, the shot took effect in the thigh, and Grant fell to the ground. M'Gibbon, it is said, did what he could to staunch the wound, and then fled. Grant not returning home, search was made, and, by means of his collie, he was found lying dead in a pool of blood. M'Gibbon was at once charged with the crime, but he could not be found. He is said to have hid for some time in a hole under a tree in the *Doire-gharbh*, rough grove, near Loch Garten, and then to have left the country. Some thirty years after, the late John M'Queen, when serving in the army in Holland, went out one evening for a stroll. He came upon a band of men working at an embankment. As he stood watching them, one of them, much to his surprise, accosted him in Gaelic. "Where do you come from?" he asked. The answer was "Scotland." "What part?" "Strathspey." "Where in Strathspey?" "Glenmore, in Kincardine." The name brought up dear memories of the past, and, with a trembling lip, the old man said, *Am bheil na tre chraobhan chaorainn fathasd ann Buchonich?* "Are the three rowan trees still at Buchonich?" a farm in Glenmore. The answer was "Yes; they are standing there yet." More would have been said, but at that moment the drum beat, and M'Queen had to hurry back to camp. It is supposed that this poor exiled Highlander was John M'Gibbon. There is a cairn in Glenmore called *Carn Donull bàn Bhaile-chaolais*, C. of Fair Donald of Ballachulish. Donald was a notorious raider, and his name is still remembered in Lochaber. "His father was a Cameron, of the Glen-Nevis family; his mother was a Mackenzie; but, being illegitimate, he took the name of his mother. He had a half-brother, who was for many years ferryman at Ballachulish, and who, having lost an eye, was known as the *portair cam*, 'the one-eyed ferryman.' He was famous in his day for his powers of second-sight and as a proficient in all sorts of diablerie"—("Nether Lochaber").

Donald had made a raid into Moray without success. Passing Lurg on the way back, the party carried off a bull. It is said that the English in an excursion in Bruce's days were obliged, after much toil and loss, to retreat with no other spoil than a lame, half-starved bull, which they had picked up at Tranent. "Is this all you have got?" said Earl Warrene; "by my faith, I never saw dearer beef!" Donald Bain might have said the same, and with good reason. The raiders were pursued. They had rested in Glenmore, had roasted the bull, and were carousing merrily in the barn, when their revels were roughly stopped. The door was forced, and they were challenged to surrender. Donald cried to his men to keep to their own side of the house, for he wanted peace. But Lurg's servant, who had a grudge against him, took advantage of the confusion and shot him with a pistol. He was buried at the back of the barn, where his cairn stands to this day. In the upper part of Glenmore, lying between Allt Mor and Allt-na-Cisde, there is a ridge which bears the name of *Bathaich Fiontag*, "The Byre of Fiontag." From its commanding position it was used as a post of outlook by the watchers in the days of the raiders, as it was afterwards by John Roy when in hiding. Alan Grant of Tulloch, who acted as a warden of the marches, had an encounter here with some Lochaber men, in which one of the party fell. There are two headstones which mark his grave. The man was a Cameron, and his death led to a blood-feud. His father and brother set out to avenge his death. They came to Glenmore, but Alan was not there. They passed on, and at Caiplich they halted. The father would go no further, but the son said he would go on to the Ailnack, as he wanted to see his sweetheart. So they parted. Alan was at the time posted at the "Feith," a place near the Crags, in the Braes of Abernethy. He spied young Cameron, and went to meet him, calling out, "Hold yourself my prisoner." But Cameron pressed on. When near enough, he took aim at Alan, but his gun missed fire. Alan cried out, "It is vain for you to shoot at me, as lead has no power over me." On this

Cameron tore a silver button from his coat and thrust it into his gun, when Alan, dreading the result, fired at him, and he fell dead on the spot. The stone on which he had rested his gun was splashed with his blood, and it is said the red mark remains to this day. Like Rizzio's blood, though washed away it always re-appears. The place bears the name of *Straan-Chamronach*. Cameron's father returned home broken-hearted. Like other Celts, he poured forth his grief in song. One verse of his lament for his son runs as follows :—

“ Dh 'fhaodainn bhi cinnte, gun robh pairt don an-nair,
 Ge do ruidheadh gu luadh,
 Do ghabh mi a chead bhuan, an Caiplich dhìot.”

“ My foreboding was sure that the evil hour was following thee fast when I bade thee the long good-bye at Caiplich.” There is a cairn at Glai Bothain, below the Eagle's Cliff on Cairngorm, called Archie's Cairn. About the beginning of the century, two young men, William Fraser—commonly called “Foxie” Fraser, from his father being a fox hunter—and Archie Fyfe, Sleighich, were watching a fox den at night. Somehow Fyfe's gun slipped down the bank, and in pulling it back it went off, and the shot wounded him mortally. He lived long enough to declare that it was an accident, and that his comrade was not to blame; but all the same, there were suspicions of foul play, and Fraser soon after left the country. It is said the party who carried the corpse home threw the gun that had proved so unlucky into Loch Ghobhlach, between Alt-bheithir and Sleighich.

Cairns used to be sometimes set up *at places where funerals rested* (cf. Tylor). On the old road from Glenbroun, at the top of the ridge where Abernethy comes in sight, there is a notable cairn. What distinguishes it from others is that it has an oaken cross, which bore initials of a name and date. It is called *Crois pharruig-an-Ailean*, “The Cross of Patrick of Ailean” (G. *aile*, a plain, is obsolete (cf. Alvie, the Plain of Birches), but *ailean*, the diminutive, a green, remains as a place name). Patrick

Grant once lived at the Ailean on the Dorback, but he was obnoxious to his neighbour, Lurg, who, like Ahab of old, coveted his land. Lurg tried various means to get rid of him, but failed. Then he hired a certain notorious Peter Bain, Inchtomach, to do his dirty work. Peter was as cunning as he was unscrupulous. He got some men to waylay Grant as he was passing Loch-an-Spioraid, and then when they were carrying him off to drown him, he suddenly came on the scene and stopped them, crying out, "What are you doing to my good friend Ailan?" They said that he had a quarrel with Lurg, and that he must die. Peter pledged his word that if they let Ailan go he would see that he would do what Lurg wanted. The result was that Ailan had to give up his farm and to move to a place in the parish of Kirkmichael. When he died, he craved to be buried with his fathers. Where the funeral rested, the cross was put up, and there it stands to this day, grey and worn, battered by a thousand storms. On the old road from Glenmore by the Crasg to Kin-cardine, there are several funeral cairns. One near *Tom-namor-laoich*, the Hill of the Heroes, is called *C. an-leinibh*, the Cairn of the Infant. Another is called *C. an Tuairnear*, the Turners' Cairn. Turners were men of importance in the old time, and they are frequently named in songs and sgeulachds. There was a Peter Murray, a turner, at Lettoch so late as 1811. Near the march between Beglan and Bad-ghiuthais, there is a cairn called *C. Bean-Ruighluich*, the C. of the Goodwife of Rilulich. This was Christian Robertson, the wife of James Stewart, forester of Glenmore, a notable woman, who died about 1780. There are cairns marking the places where the bodies of the soldiers lost in the storm of 1804 were found; and at Straan-liath, above Sleighich, there are three cairns which mark where the funeral party had rested who were bearing three of the bodies from the hill. There is a *C. an Lisich* near Tontiri (old form Dundiri), on the old Tulloch road. The Lisichs were a sept of the Macphersons, probably called after some noted ancestor of the name of Gillice. The designation is in use to this day. In

Glenmore there is a stone called *Leac Staingean*, which marks one of those love tragedies which the balladists were fond of commemorating. Mary Macintyre was the flower of Glenmore. She dwelt with her mother and only brother, who loved her dearly. They wished her to marry a farmer of good position, but her heart had been given to a lover from Kincardine. Her brother suspected there was something wrong, and watched. He found that the lovers met in secret. Mary was pressed to give up her sweetheart, but would not. Neither arguments nor threats could prevail upon her. So long as he was faithful to her, she would be faithful to him. Her brother, mad with rage and jealousy, laid a foul plot. One night, when he knew there was to be a meeting, he shut up his sister. Then he dressed himself in her clothes, and took his stand at the trysting place, under the shadow of a fir tree, clutching his dirk. The lover appeared, and came forward with eager steps, but instead of the embrace he expected, he was stabbed to the heart. The murderer hid for some time in *Craigan-doire-mheann*, C. of the Thicket of the Kids. He was never brought to trial. The maiden died of a broken heart. Her spirit was said to haunt the trysting tree and the grave of her lover.

“ ‘ Yestreen I dream’d a doleful dream ;
 I fear there will be sorrow !
 I dream’d I pull’d the birk sae green,
 With my true love on Yarrow.’ ”

“ ‘ I’ll read your dream, my sister dear,
 Your dream of dule and sorrow ;
 Ye pull’d the birk for your true love,—
 He’s kill’d, he’s kill’d on Yarrow.’ ”

* * *

“ ‘ She kiss’d his lips, she kaim’d his hair,
 As oft she had done before, O ;
 Syne with a crack her heart it brak,
 On the dowie Dens of Yarrow.’ ”

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOCHS AND THEIR LEGENDS.

LAKES add largely to the beauty and interest of our scenery. They break the monotony of the moors, they relieve the gloom of the forest, and they both increase and reflect the glories of the mountains and the sky. The Lakes in this parish have been mostly formed by the action of drift. They are of various sizes. Some are mere tarns, called in the Gaelic Lochans. Thus there is *Lòchan-na-beinn*, L. of the hill, on the north-west shoulder of Cairngorm, where good-sized trout are found. Then there are *L.'n Eilan*, L. of the island, in a moor about a mile east from Kincardine Church, rich in its season with Water Lilies; *L. nan-nathrach*, L. of the serpents, in Glenmore; and *L. Uain*, Green Loch, in the Abernethy Slugan. Of the larger Lochs, the first place must be given to *Loch Morlich* (1046), not only for its size, but for the grandeur of its surroundings. It lies in Glenmore, and is about two miles long, and half-a-mile broad. The chief stream which runs into it is the Allt-more, formed by the junction of the Feith-dhubh, the Allt-bàn, Allt-na-cisde, and the other streamlets that come from the corries of Cairngorm. Loch Morlich was famous for its trout, which are of the same sort as Loch Leven, running from $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to 2, and sometimes 4 lbs., but of recent years they have decreased in number and size. This falling-off is attributed to the ravages of pike, but it is more likely due to lack of food, as when the Glen was under cattle and sheep there was a much larger supply of worms and other nourishment than there is now. There are Sithans at both ends of the lake. Those at the west are said to be the abode of *Domhall-Mòr-bad-'n t-Shian*, King of the Fairies. The sands and thickets at the east are the haunt of the *Laimh-*

dhearg, the Spectre of the Bloody Hand, which was believed to be connected with the Stewarts of Kincardine. Robin Oig, son of one of the Barons of Kincardine, was once out hunting in Glenmore. He killed a hind, and was proceeding to gralloch it. Happening to lay down his *sgian-dubh* beside him, it disappeared. Then he took the knife from his dirk, and when he laid it down it too vanished. He finished his work the best way he could, and went away wondering. Some time after he met an old man on the sands of Loch Morlich, wrapped in a grey plaid, but with one hand red and bloody exposed. It was the *Laimh-dhearg*. "Is this you, Robin?" he said. "You are too often in the Glen, slaughtering my poor innocents. Do you remember the hind you killed in *Glacan-bealaidh*; you call it *Glacan-beadidh*, but we call it *Glacan-bealaidh*. Here are your knives, but I counsel you to be more sober in the Glen in future." The distinction as to the name of the place is curious. The old name was taken from nature, from *the Broom*; the modern from some incident of life, something connected with a *Beattie*. The Red Hand was evidently a true Celt. Love of nature, fondness for animals, passionate attachment to home, yearning over the past, taking a glory from being far, are sentiments that run still in the blood of every Highlander, and will live with him till his heart grows cold.

Loch Garten lies in the midst of the fir woods of Tulloch. It is rather more than half-a-mile in length, and is 725 feet above the sea, the same level as the terrace on which the Church of Abernethy stands. Having no value for fishing, its charm consists in the solitude and quietness of the scene, and the boundless contiguity of shade from the surrounding pines. According to tradition, this Loch and neighbourhood were once frequented by a *Bodach*, or Spirit, attached to the house of Gartenmore, whose cries might be heard on the death of a member of the family. The family has become extinct, and the *Bodach* has become extinct also. Perhaps the belief arose in an ignorant and superstitious age from hearing the cries of passing

geese, or other wild fowl, which have an eerie effect when they fall upon the ear in the darkness of night or amidst the gloom of the forest. But there may be another explanation. These Lochs do at times give forth most unearthly sounds. Once, when passing through a wood in spring, three groans of a most startling kind were heard. Coming one after another, with increasing loudness, they seemed the cries of some animal in distress. But a little investigation shewed that they had proceeded from a small loch lying in a hollow, where the ice was in the throes of dissolution, and the imprisoned air was seeking escape. Lowell, in speaking of winter, refers to this phenomenon. He says—"As you walk homeward you may perchance hear *the most impressive sound in nature*, unless it be the fall of a tree in the forest during the heat of summer noon. It is the stifled shriek of the lake yonder as the frost throttles it. Thoreau calls it admirably well a whoop; but it is a noise like none other, as if a Demigorgon were moaning inarticulately from under the earth." Wordsworth has noted the sound, though his description savours of exaggeration. In "The Prelude" he says:—

"From under East Water splitting fields of ice,
The pent-up air struggling to free itself
Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves
Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main."

Loch Garten is often covered with ice, which, in hard winters, lasts long. About a hundred years ago there was a severe frost, and the loch continued frozen over till the middle of March. A crofter of the name of Smith or Gow crossed it on his way to Tulloch, and spoke rather proudly of the feat as something wonderful. He was advised not to return the same way, as there were signs of thaw. The old saying was quoted: *An uair a leumas e an Fheill-Brìghde cha 'n earb an sionnach earball ris an deigh*, "When St Bride's Fair (Candlemas) is past, the fox wont trust his tail to the ice." But counsel and remonstrance were in vain. Gow persisted. He said it was a short cut, and what he had done

once that day he would do again. But he never reached his home. Search was made, and his blue bonnet, with a bunch of birch withs, floating on the now open water, told too surely of his fate. "Once too often" has brought many to harm. Loch Garten is connected with a smaller loch to the west, which bears the ominous name of *Loch Mallachaidh*, the Loch of the Curse. The belief was common in olden time that curses might be laid upon things and living beings. The Curse of Moy is well known. There was also a curse upon the Gordons and the Grants. The tradition as to the latter is worth recording. Ballintomb was of old the gathering place of the Clan, and there the Chief used to sit in judgment. There is still a Carragh, or standing-stone, and the remains of terraced seats, to mark the spot. Once it happened that a young man, the only son of his mother, was charged with some offence, and, after trial, condemned to death. His mother pleaded earnestly on his behalf. My informant, the late Ann Cameron, daughter of the Cean-tighe head of the Kincardine Camerons, graphically described the scene. The Chief sat by himself, stern and relentless. He kept silently munching bread and cheese, while the widow knelt and poured out her cries at his feet. At last the poor woman, seeing that all was in vain, burst into a passion of tears and imprecations. She prayed that the wrath of heaven might fall upon the merciless, and that his house might never be without a "fool." Loch Mallachie is the source of the Mullin-garroch Burn, which runs into the Spey opposite Boat of Garten Station. The curse, which is said to have come from a disappointed bridegroom, was believed to follow the water, and to fall specially on newly-married people. So strong was the faith in its potency, that even in the last generation there were persons who would rather go far round than cross the stream on their wedding day. It is curious that a superstition of the same kind exists in England. There is a bridge called Gold-brook, in Suffolk, that is said to have at one time borne the inscription, "Cursed be the wedding party that passes this bridge." The inscription has disappeared, but the tradition is so well known

that a bridal party will take a circuitous route rather than pass over the bridge.

There is a small loch in the plantation of Balliefurth called *Loch-na-h-Ulaidh*. It is said to contain a treasure, guarded by some dragon or other monster. Efforts have been made to find it, but in vain. Tradition says that one daring man set to drain the loch, but, just as the water began to run, fire came out of the ground and slew him. His grave is marked by two broom bushes! Another version of the legend connects the treasure with a stone, which still stands in the dyke at the east end of the plantation. Long ago, it is said, a man in Ireland dreamt of a treasure to be found in a certain place in Strathspey, which he saw in his dream. He set out in search. After much travel, he came to Achnack, where he fell in with a man, called Alan, casting divots, with whom he had some talk. The appearance of the place, with the stone standing on the moor, and the burn running past, agreed with what he had seen in his dream. He asked Alan to assist him, and they soon unearthed the treasure. The Irishman went on his way, and Alan hurried to Achnack with the news. "You fool," said his mistress, "why did you let him go? After him, and if you bring back the gold I will marry you." Alan set off, overtook the Irishman at Castle Roy, and, with one blow of his flaughter-spade, killed him. He returned, married the lady, and took her name. His own name being Alan, a Cameron from Lochaber, called in Gaelic *Alain-nam-foide*, from his trade as a turf-cutter, the family came to be known among the Grants as the Clan Alan! This is one of those stories, not uncommon, that seem to have been constructed to account for a name. Legends as to treasures or "ulaidhs" are common. There is hardly a parish but has its story of some man who had become suddenly rich by finding a hoard that had been hidden in time of war or trouble. It was the same in the East in ancient days. The custom was for rich men to divide their goods into three parts. One they employed in commerce or for necessary

support; another they turned into jewels, which could be easily carried about, and were always valuable; and a *third they buried*. The place where the money was buried was kept secret, and, in consequence, from deaths and changes, the knowledge of it was often lost, or it was afterwards found by chance (cf. Jer. xli., 8; Matt. xiii., 44). There is a Greek story that Mardonius, defeated at Plutza, left great treasures buried under his tent. Polycrates, a Theban, bought the ground, but could find nothing. He consulted the Oracle at Delphi, and got the enigmatical reply, *παντα λιθον κινει*, "Turn every stone." He did so, and prospered. Another story is told by Gibbon ("Decline and Fall," i., p. 28). Julius Atticus, of the family of Herod, though claiming descent from gods and heroes, "must have ended his life in poverty and contempt had he not discovered an immense treasure buried under an old house, the last remains of his patrimony. According to the rigour of the law, the Emperor might have asserted his claim, and the prudent Atticus prevented, by a frank confession, the officiousness of informers. But the equitable Nerva, who then filled the throne, refused to accept any part of it, and commanded him to use without scruple the present of fortune. The cautious Athenian still insisted that the treasure was too considerable for a subject, and that he did not know how to use it. '*Abuse it then,*' replied the monarch, with a good-natured peevishness, '*for it is your own.*'" Gibbon states in a note that Hadrian afterwards made a very equitable regulation, which divided all treasure-trove between the right of property and that of discovery.

Loch Pytoulish is a beautiful little lake, partly in Kincardine and partly in Rothiemurchus. It is 674 feet above the sea, the same height as Loch Dallas, behind Kinchirdy. Its environment is rich in memories of the past. To the west is the Callart, a rocky height, which till lately was densely covered with larch. It stands now cold and bare. Dr John Brown, of "Rab and His Friends," in speaking of a similar hill that had been recently cleared, said, "it looks like a plucked fowl"; and this is exactly

the present appearance of the Callart. At the east end, near the march, is *Lag-nan-Cuimcanach*, where Shaw of Rothiemurchus, the captain of the clan in the combat at the Insh of Perth, 1392, waylaid a party of Cummings and slew them. The remains of their graves may still be seen in the hollow. There is an island in the loch, which appears when the water is low. It is evidently artificial, and probably was used as a place of defence. Perhaps it had a crannoge as part of the structure, or it may have been connected with the Stone Fort on the hill above (*Creag Chaisteal*). On the east side of the loch there is a well-defined terrace, with the remains of hut-circles and cairns. It is about 30 feet higher than the lake, and makes, with the surface of the water, as striking a parallel as the famous Roads of Glenroy. This terrace, which many mistake for a road, and others at a higher level (700, 800, 900), may be traced for miles on both sides of the Spay. It was in Loch Pytoulish that Colonel Thornton killed the monster pike, of which he gives so glowing an account in his book. The loch was said to have been of old one of the haunts of the Water Kelpie. Once upon a time the Baron's heir and some other boys were playing by the loch side. One of them cried out with surprise, "Look, the pretty pony!" They went to see. It was a palfrey, gaily caparisoned, with saddle and bridle bright with silver and gems, feeding quietly in the meadow. The boys tried to get hold of it, but could not. They were allowed to come close, and then, with a toss of its head, it was off. Thus frolicking, they drew nearer and nearer to the loch. At last they caught it by the bridle, when, with a wild shriek, it rushed for the water. The lads struggled hard, but their hands were glued fast to the bridle, and they could not loose them. But the Baron's son, who had his right hand free, drew his dirk and gashed his fingers till he gained release. He alone escaped; the others perished in the waters. This legend, like most of these old world tales, is not without its moral. It teaches our Lord's lesson, that things are not what they seem, that it is dangerous to grasp at unhallowed pleasures, and that

it is better to part with a right hand or a right eye rather than, by self-indulgence and sin, to lose the Kingdom of Heaven. Mr Ellice, in the "Place Names of Glengarry," tells a similar story of a place near Ardochy, on the Garry, which is called *Eilean-na-Cloinne*, the Island of the Children. In this case, it is said, eight children were playing on a Sunday near the Kelpie's Pool. The Kelpie came out, and seven of them clambered on his back for a ride. But the eighth, more cautious than the rest, put out his hand and touched the beast with his finger, when he found, to his dismay, that it was glued fast. Quick as thought, he seized a sickle that lay on the grass, and cut himself free. The others perished.

 " This is peace,
 To conquer love of self and lust of life,
 To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
 To still the inward strife ;
 For love, to clasp Eternal Beauty close ;
 For glory, to be Lord of self ; for pleasure,
 To live beyond the gods ; for countless wealth,
 To lay up lasting treasure
 Of perfect service rendered, duties done
 In charity, soft speech and stainless days :
 These riches shall not fade away in life,
 Nor any death dispraise."—ARNOLD'S " Light of Asia."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WELLS AND THEIR WITCHERIES.

THE Gaelic words for a well are *fuaran* and *tobar*. They are usually regarded as synonymous, but they may be distinguished. *Fuaran*, from *fuar*, cold, is the well in its natural state, as it springs sweet and pure from the bosom of the earth. *Tobar* marks the well where there has been the choice and handiwork of man, or some association of ideas with names and incidents of human life. There is a somewhat similar difference between the English words *well* and *fountain*, which Wordsworth brings out in his poems "The Fountain" and "A Complaint." The names of wells are often descriptive. Thus we have *Fuaran buidh*, near Lynamer, where the iron gives the water a rich yellow tinge. At Tontiri there is a well called *F. ròmach*, from its rough, shaggy sides. On the west shoulder of Carn Rhynettan, near the Tulloch road, there is a well bearing the curious name of *F. ghoile* (boiling). The water lies on a bed of finest sand, and from the centre there springs a little jet, which rises to the height of a few inches above the surface. The boiling goes on ceaselessly, but the jet at times rises with more force than at others. It is a miniature geyser. We find the same form of description in the Bible, compare Judges vii. 1, the Well of Harod, or "Trembling." There are other wells with similar descriptive names, such as *F. fontag*, the fair well; *F. mò.-leac-an-lorganaich*, the big well of the tracker's slab, in the Garvalt; and, a little higher up, *F. mhòr gharbh-uill*, which well deserves the epithet big, as it is some ten feet across, and the rush of water from it is like a mill stream. This well is sometimes called the source of the Nethy, but this is a mistake. The source is higher up, in Coire-na-spreidh, about a mile from Loch Avon.

The names of wells are often commemorative or connected with incidents in social life. There is a *F. Bharbara* in the wood above the Public School. Barbara has been for long a favourite name in the Highlands. The oldest part of Castle Grant is called "Babie's Tower." Saint Barbara was regarded as the type of true womanhood, and her shrines are still much frequented in Roman Catholic countries. There is a *F. Catair-na-dàlach* near the Green Loch, and a *F. Ealsaid* near Rhynettan, but nothing is known of either the Kate or the Elizabeth whose names are thus handed down. Near the Green Lochan there is a well called *F. ghamhainn*. It is very deep, about sixteen feet, and got its name from a stirk having been drowned in it. At Ribhoan there is a well which bears the name of *F. nam-poit*, which takes us back to the time when "summering" was still the practice, and the shelling pots were buried in the bogs till the next season came round. On the east side of Ben Bynac there is a fine well, often used as a luncheon-place by sportsmen and passers by, which is called *F. nan-Grandach*, the Well of the Grants. Tradition says that early in the history of the Clan a party of Grants on an expedition to Deeside halted here, and that this gave rise to the name. There is a well at Sleighich, on the old drove-road to Castleton, which is said to have crossed from one side of the stream to the other. The explanation given of this strange phenomenon is that the well had been polluted by some hides having been washed in it, and that it had therefore shifted to a purer site. A similar story is told of a well in Garten, which, instead of shifting, dried up. Hugh Miller, in his "Legends of Cromarty," gives an instance of the same kind, and says, "We recognise in this singular tradition a kind of soul or naiad of the spring, susceptible of offence, and conscious of the attention paid to it."

On the old road to Glenmore, by the Crasg, there is a well called *F. Bharain*. It is fenced with flags, and the tradition is that the Barons of Kincardine used to rest here on their hunting expeditions. Near the top of Cairngorm is the "Marquess Well."

From its position it is well known, and it is a favourite resting-place for parties on their way to or from the summit. This well may claim to be the highest in Great Britain. There is a spring on Ben Nevis 3602 feet above the sea, and one on Ben Alder 3650, but the "Marquess Well," which is only about 150 feet below the summit, must be nearly 4000 feet. The water from this well falls into Allt-na-Cisde, but in times of strong thaw and flooding part is said to find its way into Ciste-Mhearad. The well is called after a Marquis of Huntly; but which Marquis? That is hard to say. It may have been the first Marquis, who won the Battle of Glenlivet in 1590, and who pressed the Marquis of Argyre so hard in his flight across the hills. There is an Argyle Stone in Rothiemurchus, and there may have been a Huntly Well on Cairngorm. Or it may have been the second Marquis, who made the chivalrous reply to the Covenanters, "You may take my head from my shoulders, but not my heart from the King." But most probably it was the last Marquis, who frequently resided at Kinrara, where he entertained Prince Leopold right royally in 1819, and who was fond of resting at this well on his excursions to the hills. Howe'er it be, the name is now fixed, and will remain as a link with the past, and a dear reminder to many of visits to Cairngorm, and of happy hours spent with friends who may never meet again. Wells are also named for their sanctity, or for the special virtues which they were supposed to possess. *Tobar-Fettle*, on the Grantown and Tomintoul road, was probably named after some saint. Near the Church of Kincardine, there is a well called *Tobar Thomhaldidh*, no doubt after some Celtic saint. There is another well called *Tobar-na-Caillich*, the Nun's Well; and a well in the Braes is called after the Virgin. On the old Church road at Milton there is a fine spring called *Tobar Donaich*, the Lord's Day Well. In former days, when people were more leisurely and social in their ways than in this fast age, this well was a great place of resort between sermons on the Sabbath, and especially at Sacrament times, when the services were longer than they are now. The

most notable of the medicinal wells is in the moor above Lurg, called *Fuaran-Claise-nan-Cràinean*, the Well of the Furrow of Bones. It is of the same kind as the famous sulphur Wells of Strathpeffer, and was at one time much frequented. Some held that it had similar virtues to St Fillan's blessed Well:—

“ Whose springs can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the craz'd brain restore.”

A certain Caliph once asked a holy man what he should do to show his faith. The answer was, “*Dig a Well.*” John Crowley, one of the York Company people (1730), seems to have been of this mind. There is a delicious spring, at the foot of the bank, near Aldersyde, which he had fenced and adorned, and which still bears his name. As Dean Stanley has said of the Moorish Wells of Grenada, “Even so it is with the good deeds of those who have gone before us. Whatever there has been of grateful consideration, of kindly hospitality, of far-reaching generosity, of gracious charity, of high-minded justice, of saintly devotion, these still feed the stream of moral fertilization, which will run on when their place knows them no more, when even their names have perished.” A certain Abernethy boy, who had been away for more than forty years, when he re-visited the parish, found many changes. The home of his youth was occupied by strangers. The old familiar faces were gone. He could find no one to talk to of the former days. Sad at heart, he turned his steps to the Crowley Well, one of the dear haunts of his boyhood. Here was no change. The water gurgled forth clear and sweet as ever. He drank, and was refreshed, and in his heart he gave God thanks.

“ All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.”

CHAPTER VIII.

LANDS AND LANDHOLDERS.

BACK of the thirteenth century, all is dark. The first name that we come upon is "James, the son of Morgund," who is mentioned in a transaction as to land with Andrew Bishop of Moray, in 1226. This Morgund is said to have been a son of Gillocher, Earl of Marr, but nothing is known of his connection with Abernethy.¹ There is an entry in the "Registrum Moraviense" of later date, 1376, which is of some interest. It is as follows:—*Quod a tempore mortis Cristini McCrath usque ad tempus quo Dominus Alexander intravit ad Baroniam de Abernethy, nihil est locutum; i.e.,* "But from the time of the death of Christine McCrath to the time of the entry of Lord Alexander o the Barony of Abernethy nothing is related." This only lifts the curtain for a moment, and then lets it fall. Darkness reigns again. Christine McCrath is as much a mystery as James, the son of Morgund. But it is significant that Alexander, Lord of Badenoch, is named as proprietor of the Barony of Abernethy. The tradition of the country is constant that of old the Comyns held sway in Abernethy, with Castle Roy as their stronghold. They were a Norman family, and, like many others, are said to have come over with William the Conqueror. William Comyn, or Cumming, about 1210, married, as his second wife, Marjory, heiress of Buchan, and thus seems to have succeeded to the rights and powers of the Celtic Mor-maors under the title of the Earl of Buchan. His son, Walter, was Lord of Badenoch and Kincardine (1229), and he probably held Abernethy also. In 1234 we find him settling a dispute with the Bishop of Moray as to Church lands in Kincardine. He was succeeded, in 1257, by his nephew, John, called "The Red," and he by his son, John,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3.

“The Black,” in 1274. This latter, John’s son, the nephew of Baliol, was the Comyn whom Robert Bruce so foully slew at Dumfries in 1306. Bruce was inveterately hostile to the Comyns, and once he was firmly seated on his throne, he took means to break their power and to divide their lands among his own followers. The Earldom of Moray, reaching from the Spey in the east to Glenelg in the west, he gave to his nephew Randolph, who thus became Lord and feudal superior of all the smaller Barons who had held lands in the district. Randolph died in 1332. The Lordship of Badenoch was bestowed by Robert II., in 1371, on his son, Alexander, but Abernethy seems to have been held by the Comyns for some time after. It was finally resigned by John Comyn, at Montrose in 1381, into the hands of King Robert in the presence of his court. This fact is stated in a Charter of the Lands of Abernethy granted by King Robert to his son, Alexander, Earl of Buchan, dated at Perth, 7th October, 1384. Alexander is the man so well known, on account of his strength and ferocity, as *The Wolf of Badenoch*. In Gaelic tradition he bears the nobler name of *Alasdair Mòr mac-an-Rìgh*, “Alexander the Big, Son of the King.” These old Comyns have left a bad name in the North. It was common to condense into a phrase or proverb the popular estimate of the character of families and clans, and for the Cummings the word was *Foill*, “Cunning.” The Gaelic proverb is very emphatic:—

*Fhad a bhitheas craobh 'sa choille
Bithidh foille 's na Cuiminich :*

“So long as there is a tree in the wood there will be guile in the Cummings.”

In the able and elaborate “History of the Grant Family,” by the late Sir William Fraser, it is shown that the original country of the Grants in the north was Stratherrick; that their earliest possession in Strathspey was Inverallan, 1316; and that they were not finally established at Freuchie, now Castle Grant, till about 1493. But there is some reason for believing that their

first holding in Strathspey was at Congash, in Abernethy. In 1281-1298 Gilbert of Glencairny granted to Duncan of Feryndrawcht in free marriage with his daughter, and to their heirs, the East davoch of the lands of Conynges in the holding of Abernethy with the homage and service of his tenant of the davoch of Wester Conynges, with all right and lordship competent to the granter or his heirs in any case whatsoever, both in the said davoch of land, and in the tenant thereof, namely, the davoch which Cecilia the daughter of the deceased Sir William Rufus, Knight, then held of the said Gilbert, in feu and heritage, for homage and service, to be held by the said Duncan and Marjory and the heirs of their bodies in free marriage, as freely as any one in the realm of Scotland held or possessed any land by gift of any Baron. Witnesses Archibald, Bishop of Moray, Henry, Bishop of Aberdeen, Sir Reginald le Chen, Sir William of Dolays, Knights and many others. (This charter is printed in "The Chiefs of Grant," Vol. III., p. 7). Then in a Retour dated 25th February, 1464, Duncan Grant, Knight, is declared heir to his grandfather, Gilbert of Glencairnie, in the lands of Kunnyngais (Congash). The land had been held for some time by the Crown, and in a second Retour, 7th February, 1468, it is stated that Gilbert had died about thirty years before, and the Sheriff was directed to take security for £60 of rents due, the rental being 40s annually. Then in 1489 John Grant, who had succeeded to his grandfather, Sir Duncan, in 1485, was infested into the half of Freuchie, the two Culfoichs, *the two Congashes, and Glenlochy*, including Aldcharn, all in the Shire of Inverness. The infestment was completed on the 17th June at Freuchie, and Congash, upon the soil and *messuages* of the same, which implied that there were mansions or manor houses at both Freuchie and Congash ("Chiefs of Grant," Vol. III., p. 37). There have been great changes since then. Freuchie has become the Castle, and Congash has sunk into the farm-house.

In 1501 James IV. bestowed the Earldom of Moray on his natural son, and on the same day a separate grant was made of

the Lands and Lordship of Abernethy, which had, on failure of heirs, reverted to the Crown. From the Earl of Moray the Laird of Grant obtained the Lands and Lordship on feu, at a fixed rent of £40 Scots, and this arrangement continued, as the receipts show, from 1516 to 1578. After a time the nominal was converted into a real possession. In 1609 James Stewart, second Earl of Moray, Lord of Doune and Abernethy, son of "The Bonnie Earl," entered into an agreement with John Grant of Freuchy, granting to him by charter "the Lands and Lordship of Abernethy with the Manor place thereof, woods and all other pertinents irredeemably, and without any condition, provision or obligation of reversion or redemption whatever." For this the Lairds of Freuchie were to continue to pay annually to the Earls of Moray the sum of £40 Scots, the same sum as they had been paying all along. This Charter was confirmed by James VI., 17th June, 1609. Traditions as to the Lords of Moray still linger in Abernethy. There is a hillock, a little to the east of Castle Roy, called *Torran Mhoid*, "The Mote Hill," and it is said that Lord Moray reserved it so as to secure the title of Lord of Abernethy. The Laird of Grant pressed to have it along with the rest of the lands, but Lord Moray said, "No, though you were to cover it with golden guineas, I wouldn't part with it." This is still believed by many.

About the middle of the 16th century the Grants had a closer connection with Abernethy than ever afterwards, as from 1566 to 1582, Duncan Grant, younger of Grant, resided at the Manor House of Coulnakyle. There is much difficulty in redding the marches between the Church and the laity as regards land and power. The following facts may be noted:—In 1364, Alexander, Bishop of Moray, was invested by King David II. with powers of Justiciary within the districts of Strathspey and Badenoch, and two years later these powers were further confirmed. These lands were afterwards consolidated into a temporal Lordship or Barony under the name of the Barony of Strathspey. In the Rental of the Bishopric of Moray, compiled in 1565, Strathspey

is named^d as one of eight Baronies paying rent to the Bishop. From Laggan, in Inverness-shire, to Arndilly, in Banffshire, the Bishop had jurisdiction. The rent was £187 3s 9d, besides payment, in some cases, of cattle and grain. In 1539-40 there is agreement between James Grant, the Third Laird of Freuchie, and Patrick, Bishop of Moray, by which certain lands were feu-farmed to the Laird and seven other persons of his name

The history of the Grant Family can be but briefly sketched—

I. According to Sir William Fraser, Sir DUNCAN GRANT was properly the FIRST of FREUCHIE (1434-1475). He was the son of John Grant, Sheriff of Inverness, and Matilda of Glenchairnie. This Matilda was, according to tradition, a Cumming, and there are many curious legends concerning her. But Sir William holds that he has proved that she was really not a Cumming, but descended of Malise, Earl of Strathearn, "the proud Noble who claimed the foremost place in the Battle of the Standard on 22nd August, 1138." "From this point of the pedigree" (1434), says Sir William, "down to the present day, all is clear, each link in the long chain of ancestry being attested by authentic evidence."

II. Sir Duncan was succeeded by his grandson, JOHN GRANT, Second of Freuchie, called "The Bard," who held the estate for the long period of 42 years (1475-1482), and during that time acquired Tullochgorm, Mulben, Urquhart, Ballindalloch, and other lands. He entered into a matrimonial contract in 1484 with Margaret Ogilvie of Deskford, and between the families similar alliances afterwards took place, ending at last in the union of the titles and estates in 1811. It was in Sir John's time that the term "Clan" first came into use. The consolidation of the Clan under the name of Grant was gradually carried out. In 1527 there are Tribal agreements in which the Clan Grant is named, one drawn up at Dilmorar (Dalvorar), within the parish of Strathawin, 8th October, 1527, between the Grants and the Farquharsons. Ten years later (1537), in an instrument narrating the induction of a minister to Duthil, some 70 of the parishioners are named, almost all bearing Celtic names, "Macs" of all sorts. But in 1569 we find another document in which all the names, 47, are Grant. This indicates the transition period. An example illustrative of the change may be given from the family of Gartinbeg. In 1537 John is called John McConquhy. In 1581 his son is designated Duncan Grant, son and heir to umquhill John Mak Connachie Grant. The same course was adopted by other old families, doubtless for prudential reasons, and this may account for many of the septs into which the Clan was divided.

III. The Third in the succession was JAMES, called SEUMAS-NAN-CREACH, "James of the Forays" (1528-1533). Shaw says that he got this name because of his "bold and daring character, which, in conformity with the genius of the times, led him to resent any injury or insult offered to his Clan by ravaging the territory of their

enemies." The King, James V., seems to have had great confidence as to his capacity in this way, for he issued a royal mandate, in 1528, to him and others, dooming the Mackintosh Clan to destruction, no creature to be left, "except preistis, wemen and barnis" (the women and children were to be shipped to Norway) and again, in 1534, he wrote to him, "praying and charging him, with his kin, friends and partakers, to pass with his Lieutenant General upon Hector Mackintosh cawand himself Captain of the Clau Chattan, and others his accomplices and partakers, and inward them to slachter, hership and fyir &c. taking their goods to himself, for his labour." Happily, these savage commands were not carried out, and the Mackintoshes remain a powerful Clan to this day.

IV. JOHN GRANT, the "Gentle," son of James, held the estates from 1533 to 1585. He took a prominent part in public affairs, and was a member of the famous reforming parliament that established the Presbyterian Church in Scotland (1560). Betwixt him and his people there seems to have been strong attachment. In 1584 the Chief complained that he had been "mishandlit," and the Clansmen at once replied that they would support "their Chief and Maister against all invaders not only with their goods, but with their bodies."

V. The next Laird was JOHN (1585-1622). He was the son of Duncan, younger of Freuchie, who died before his father at Culnakyle (1582). In this Laird's time there was much trouble from Clan fights and raiders. Tytler says that after the murder of the Earl of Murray, the "Bonnie Earl," the strife "spread, like the moor-burning of their own savage districts, from glen to glen, and mountain to mountain, till half the land seemed in a blaze." The King's Commissioners reported that the lawless, broken Highlanders of the Clan Chattan, Clan Cameron, Clan Ranald and others had sore "wrakit and schakin' the north countrie," and that murders, house-burning, spuilzies, &c., went on "with far greitar rigour nor it war with foreyne enemyis." In 1594 Argyll was defeated by Huntly at Glenlivat, and John Grant of Gartinbeg, who commanded the Grants, is said to have contributed to this result by withdrawing his men early from the battle (left wing). It was by this Laird, as already stated, that Abernethy was acquired from the Earl of Murray. The lands of Tulloch were acquired later from George, Marquis of Huntly, in exchange for the lands of Blairfindy and others in Strathavon. "In the deed of Excambion," as Shaw states, "Huntly reserved a servitude upon that part of the woods of Abernethy which lie westward of Star-na-Mauach (the Monk's Bridge), at the foot of the hill of Rymore, for repairing the House of Gordon Castle and Blairfindy, which servitude was abolished by a Decree Arbitral settling the marches betwixt the Families of Gordon and Grant recorded in the Books of Session 21st December 1771."

VI. Sir JOHN GRANT, only son of John of Freuchie, was the next Laird (1622-1637). He married Mary Ogilvie, daughter of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Findlater, by whom he had a family of eight sons and three daughters. His seventh son, Mungo, was the first of the Grants of Kinchirdy. Sir William Fraser says that Sir John "wielded a salutary influence in the pacification of feuds among his neighbours, but

that he was greatly harassed in his own country, by turbulent spirits of his own name, for whom the Government held him in a measure responsible.' Robert Grant of Lurg, his uncle, acted as his Chamberlain, and is highly commended in a letter, 24th January, 1631, for his "great care and diligence in holding Courts, and purging the Countrey of kuaverie and pyckerie"; and he is earnestly exhorted "to go on in that good course, that our countrey be not any longer evill spoken of by any of our neighbours." Sir John was one of the first to recognise the value of the woods on his property. In 1631 he entered into a lease of the woods of Abernethy and Duthil with Captain John Mason, acting for the Laird of Fullibardine, for the sum of £20,000 Scots.

VII. Sir John was succeeded by his eldest son, JAMES (1637-1663). This Laird was first on the side of the Covenant, and afterwards on that of the King. He took part in the plundering of Elgin, but was saved from the awkwardness of spoiling the House of his friend, Lord Findlater, at Cullen, this duty having been committed to the Farquharsons, who carried it out "without mercy." Sir James married (1640), at Elgin, Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of James, Earl of Murray. The ceremony was performed, without proclamations, by Mr Gilbert Marshall, Minister of Cromdale, and for this the Synod of Moray suspended him "from his chairge for the space of three Sabbaths." Lady Grant lived and died a Roman Catholic. It is said the Crucifix was carried, for the last time in Strathspey, at her funeral at Duthil, 30th December, 1662. In 1663 Sir James went to Edinburgh "to see justice done to his kinsman Allan Grant of Tulloch, in a criminal prosecution for manslaughter, and although he was successful in preserving the life of his friend, he could not prolong his own. He died there that year, and was buried in the Abbey Church of Holyrood" (Shaw).

VIII. The next Laird was LUDOVICK GRANT (1663-1716). In 1671 he married Janet Brodie, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Brodie of Lethen. She was a zealous Protestant. Lorimer mentions in his MS. Notes that "the people of Murray say it was Janet Brodie that first introduced the Bible into Strathspey, owing to her having a greater strictness in Religion than was common there before; and by the figure which all her children made in the world, it is evident that she gave them a good education." In 1685 Sir Ludovick was fined £42,500 Scots by the Commissioners for Church Disorders, "in respect the Lady Grant confesses two years and one halfs withdrawing from ordinances; having and keeping an unlicensed Chaplain; hearing outed ministers preach several times," and for his and his Lady's "delinquencies, singularities and disorders." This heavy fine was ultimately remitted, but it cost the Laird much trouble, and some £24,000 (Scots) to obtain the remission. The Laird in the end became a strong supporter of King William, and joined in the campaign of Mackay. He was one of the Lord Commissioners for the Plantation of Kirks, and it was probably by this Commission that so many Kirks, such as Insh, Rothiemurchus, Kincauldine, Inverallan, and Advie, were suppressed on Speyside. There is a touching story told, in a MS. of Anecdotes at Castle Grant, of the Laird's last days. It is stated that a Gathering of the Clan took place at Ballintomb in

1710, when the men appeared armed, wearing whiskers, and in plaids and tartans of red and green. The Laird presided, and made a speech, in which he said that as he was now old, and no longer fit to command them as formerly, he devolved the leadership upon his son, who "they saw promised as well, if not better than ever he did." He expected, therefore, they would maintain "the same good character with regard to courage and unanimity which they bore when he commanded them." Then turning to his son, he said, "My dear Sandy, I make you this day a very great present, viz., the honour of commanding the Clan Grant, who, while I conducted them, though in troublesome times, never misbehaved, so that you have them this day without spot or blemish. I hope and beg that you will use them as well as I did, in supporting their public and private interests, agreeable to the laws of liberty and probity as are now happily established in our land. God bless you all."

IX. Sir Ludovick was succeeded by his second son, ALEXANDER (1716-1719). He served with distinction in the wars of Marlborough, and rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. In the first Jacobite rebellion he rendered great service to the Government, but was very ungraciously treated in return. It was his youngest sister, Margaret, who was married to Lord Lovat (1716). The wedding was celebrated in Strathpey and the Aird in grand Highland fashion, with much feasting, and bonfires blazing on the heights.¹

X. The next Laird was JAMES (1719-1747). He loyally supported the Government during the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. Prince Charles made an earnest appeal to him (22nd August, 1745), but the letter was handed unopened to the Secretary of State. Yet though Sir James himself stood by King George, some of the ablest of his clansmen, such as Colquhoun Grant of Burnside and the Grants of Glenmoriston, fought on the Prince's side. Sir James was a member of Parliament for a quarter of a century. It is said that the family of Grant is one of four Scottish families that could claim an unbroken succession in Parliament for seven generations. Sir James married Ann Colquhoun, daughter and heiress of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss, and had by her five sons and five daughters. Sir James took much interest in his forests. He is said to have been the first to introduce larch and spruce into the country; and in correspondence with his son, he refers repeatedly to the steps which had been taken for this purpose.

XI. Sir LUDOVICK GRANT succeeded his father (1747-1773). He married Lady Margaret Ogilvie, eldest daughter of James, fifth Earl of Findlater and Seafield, and by this marriage the Ogilvie estates ultimately came (1811) into the Grant family. Sir Ludovick resided much at Castle Grant. He was a great improver. He took means by proclamations and by the appointment of foresters (three Grants for Abernethy, who received the farm of Rhynettan valued at £100 Scots, as salary, with the common addition of Welders and Hens, and half the fines for stolen wood, also 1/ sterling for every man who got warrant for timber for his house) for the protection and increase of the woods. He also encouraged the cultivation of kale,

¹ See Appendix, Note 4.

turnips, and potatoes, and the use of lime, with improved methods of husbandry. He commuted the custom as to Tythes by which every removing tenant had to leave to the incoming tenant the tenth part of his corn, which belonged to the Heritor, a custom which, Lorimer says, was introduced during the stress and trouble of the great famine in King William's time, 1695-1701, when many tenants died and much land was unpossessed. Then to assist poor tenants to take farms, the Heritor advanced corn or money to the value of the tenth part of what might grow in a year on their respective farms, and this they were bound to leave to their successors. Lorimer says that Sir Ludovick within seven or eight years had settled 200 tenants on new grounds. He calculated that these would increase in 20 years to 1000 people, who would "cultivate more land, and enable him (the Landlord) to spare in case of great necessity, and indeed it should only be *great necessity*, a hundred men or two for the army and navy, besides increasing his Rent roll by 2 or £300 a year." Then he adds, in the spirit of Goldsmith, "So that an Improver in this way is one of the greatest Patriots of the Kingdom. He acts quite contrary to the Plan of those who inclose large Farms, and turn out Cottagers, who produce children the pillars of the State. These people may be called *Depopulators* rather than Improvers." Sir Ludovic was also zealous for the social and moral improvement of his people. He reduced the number of Ale-houses, holding that 7 or 8 were sufficient for all Strathspey. He said, "They are generally the pest of the Tenants' morals. In them they spend their time and money, make quarrels and idle bargains, and occasion great dissolution and vice of every kind." Mr Patrick Grant of Duthil, in the statistical account of his parish, fully confirms this opinion, but laments how Ale was giving place to Whisky, "*a beverage which seems fit only for devils.*" It was by Sir Ludovic that the Strathspey Academy, at Crondale, was projected, and to him also belongs the honour of having founded the Village of Grantown. Sir Ludovic was ably supported in his various schemes by his son, the Twelfth

XII. Laird of Freuchie, commonly called "THE GOOD SIR JAMES" (1773-1811). He was remarkable, not only for his justice and benevolence, but for his patriotic spirit. Residing as he did, like his father, mainly at Castle Grant, he was brought more into touch with his people, and was able to take more direct and personal interest in all that concerned their welfare. Shaw, who must have known him well, speaks of him in the highest terms. "He was affable and courteous in his deportment; distinguished for his charity, hospitality, and beneficence; of a generosity that anticipated the wishes of his friends and exceeded the expectations of strangers; and of exemplary attention to all the offices of religion. He was dignified without pride; affable without meanness; and courteous without deceit. At different periods he represented the Counties of Moray and Banff in Parliament. In 1793 he levied the first Regiment of Fencibles Infantry, and in the year following the 97th Regiment of the Line." General Stewart of Garth is equally laudatory. Sir James married, in 1763, Jane Duff, only child of Alexander Duff of Hatton, by Lady Anne Duff, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Fife, by whom he had seven sons and six daughters. He died on the 18th February, 1811, and was succeeded by his son,

XIII. LEWIS ALEXANDER (1811-1840). His life was marked by singular and affecting reverses. Educated at Westminster and Edinburgh University, he studied for the Bar, and was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1788. His first case was in January, 1789, before Lord Henderland. He spoke for an hour. The Judge complimented him highly, and Mr Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," who was married to his Aunt Penuel, wrote to Castle Grant, with "joy and pride," of his "appearance," the "elegance and animation of his style," and his high "prospects in public life." It was then what might be called "the Burus season" in Edinburgh, and young Mr Grant seems to have entered with much zest into all the excitements and gaieties of the time. He says in his letters that he was on "intimate terms with Adam Smith and all the philosophers"; and again, that "his head was in a perfect whirligig with balls, dinners, and suppers, and speeches and law papers." Probably he suffered, as others did, from what his friend Corriemony called "the dissipation of the age." In the General Assembly of 1789, Mr Grant spoke with much ability in the contest between Professor Dalziel and Dr Carlyle of Inveresk ("Jupiter" Carlyle) for the Clerkship. Dr Carlyle, no mean judge, wrote that his speech was "the most admired" of all,—that it was a "consummate specimen of popular eloquence." In 1790 Mr Grant was elected member for Elgin and Nairn, and in the famous Warren Hastings Debates he made his first speech, which drew forth the commendation of Fox. Up to this time all had been bright and full of promise, but suddenly darkness fell, and the career which began so well was stopped, and the fond hopes cherished by loving friends were blighted for ever. In 1791 Mr Grant had to withdraw from public life. For some time he was under medical care. During this period his mind seemed entirely engrossed with what he called "*his case*," and he wrote endless letters, full of rambling and confused complaints and arguments, couched in legal phraseology. Then he appears to have settled down, and for many years he lived a life of quiet retirement, chiefly at Cullen House, and Grant Lodge, Elgin. He was fond of whist, which he played with much skill, and sometimes, if his partner pleased him, he would present him with one of his silver counters, which bore the Grant Arms. James, 7th Earl of Seafield, having died in 1811, his nephew, Sir Lewis, succeeded to the peerage and estates. He died 26th October, 1840, and was succeeded by his brother,

XIV. FRANCIS WILLIAM (1840-1853). Colonel Grant, as he was commonly called, was born 6th March, 1778. He entered the military service when only 15 years old. After holding appointments in the 97th or Strathspey Regiment, and the Fraser Fencibles, he was in 1799 made Lieut.-Colonel in the Colonsay Fencibles, or Colonel McNeill's Regiment, with permanent rank in the Army. This Regiment was bound, if required, to serve abroad, and in 1800 it was sent to Gibraltar. When stationed there a call was made for Volunteers to join the army of Sir Ralph Abercromby, and Colonel Grant used to relate, with pride, that when the Regiment was paraded his men answered to the call to a man. But their services were not required; the French were defeated at Alexandria, 21st March, 1801, and the Regiment was

ordered home and reduced. Colonel Grant was elected to the Inverness Burghs in 1806; to Elgin in 1807; and to the United Counties of Elgin and Nairn in 1833, which seat he held to 1840. He had been a member of Parliament for 38 years. The Rev. Dr Nicoll, of Mains and Strathmartin, said of Colonel Grant. "He is naturally shy, and *it is not easy to get the better of natural shyness*; but he is one of those who improve greatly on acquaintance, and whom you like the more you know them. . . . He is a man of the strictest honour, integrity and virtue." This was written when Colonel Grant was only 26; and this was the character which he maintained all through life. For about 30 years he acted as Curator for his brother, the Earl, and administered all the affairs of the estates with much prudence and success. He was one of the largest planters in Scotland; and it is recorded, in the Annals of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, that at the date of 1847 he had planted over £223 acres, and 31,686,482 young trees, Scots firs, larches, and hard-wood. He also did much to improve the policies of Cullen House and Castle Grant, in which he was greatly assisted by his accomplished Lady. Colonel Grant was twice married. His first wife was Mary Ann, only daughter of J. C. Dunn, Esq. When his eldest surviving son, Francis William, came of age (1835), there were great rejoicings in the country. Mr Grant, "The Master," as he was always called, was at the time travelling abroad, but when he returned the festivities were renewed, and a public dinner was given him at Grantown 3rd January, 1838. He also visited some of the Gentlemen of the country, and spent some happy days at the Dell. The following extracts from private letters will show how much he was charmed with the country and the people, and especially with Abernethy. Writing to Mr Forsyth, Dell, from Cullen House, 18th December, 1837, he says:—"I look forward with much delight to my visit to Strathspey, and although it will not be so long as I could wish, I will stay as long as I possibly can." Then when the visit was past, he writes from Milton Brodie, 21st January, 1838:—"The people down here are talking a great deal about our doings, and I am praising Abernethy up to the skies for dancing and everything that is good. I cannot repeat to you too often how very much I feel indebted to yourself and to Mrs Forsyth for all your kindness to me, for I must say, and *I hope you will let it be known*, that a happier fortnight I never spent. If I omitted calling on any one, it was not that the wish, but that the time was wanting. I only hope that you and Mrs Forsyth have not suffered from your exertions. I trust that you will keep me in the remembrance of the people of Abernethy, and keep alive *the Kilt, Games, and Highland Fling*, for next summer I hope to see all in perfection. Remember me to all my friends, and your neighbours, at Rothiemoon, and particularly to *Lewis Grant*, as I depend upon him to throw the hammer next time far beyond the Mason of Grantown." [Thomas Stewart and Grigor Burgess, Grantown, had carried off the first prizes at the Games]. Mr Grant was M.P. for Inverness-shire for three years (1838-1840). He was universally beloved, and his sudden death came as a great shock to all who knew him. His mother died 27th February, 1840, and "The Master" and his

brother hurried down from London to attend the funeral. He arrived at Cullen House on the 10th March, and his servant found him dead in his bed next morning. He seemed to have passed away gently in sleep. The mother and the son were buried in the Mausoleum at Duthil on the same day, and so mournful and affecting a ceremonial had never before taken place in Strathspey. The next Chief of Grant was

XV. JOHN CHARLES (1853-1881). He was born 4th September, 1814. At the age of fourteen he entered the Navy as a Midshipman, and for some time served under Sir John Franklin, but retired on the death of his elder brother. He succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his father, 30th July, 1853. The same year he was elected one of the representative Peers of Scotland, which position he held till 1858, when he was created a Peer of the United Kingdom, with the title of Baron Strathspey of Strathspey. Lord Seafield, like his father, was a man of a shy and retiring disposition. He had his own convictions, but he did not choose to mix in the conflicts of political life. He preferred a quiet life upon his estates and amongst his own people. "In all relations of life he was good and true. He was loyal to the principles of his House and the history of his Clan. He was an Elder of the National Church—a Presbyterian of Presbyterians—which counted for much in a country where there is too often for the general well-being and union of classes a religious separation that divides ranks and sympathies." "He possessed in a large degree the spirit of justice, kindness, and liberality; and it was his sincere wish, as it was his constant endeavour, that every one of his numerous dependants should be happy and comfortable. He did not like changes on his estates, and when in the administration of these, any tenant objected to a renewal at a liberal valuation, no one regretted the fact more than the landlord. If any tenant fell into arrears, in the payment of his rent, great consideration was shown by Lord Seafield, who granted indulgence after indulgence till better times came to the unfortunate tenant. Lord Seafield's improvements upon his estates took a very practical form, the erection of new steadings and farm-houses, the reclamation of waste land, and the construction of roads. He also enlarged the extensive plantations made by his father"—(Sir W. Fraser). Thus, whilst adding to the amenity, he largely increased the value of his estates. Sir W. Fraser states that during the 27 years of Lord Seafield's possession, the sum expended in improvements amounted to upwards of half a million pounds sterling. It is easy to see how the expenditure of such an enormous sum must have contributed largely, both directly and indirectly, to the comfort and advantage of his tenants. "In other things, also, Lord Seafield was thoroughly sensible of the responsibilities of his high position. As a holder of many ecclesiastical preferments, he was always careful and conscientious in the exercise of his duties as patron, till the Act of 1874 abolished the exercise of these patronages" (Sir W. Fraser). Lord Seafield married, on 12th August, 1850, the Honourable Caroline Stuart, youngest daughter of Robert Walter, eleventh Lord Blantyre. His death took place at Cullen House on the 18th February, 1881, when he was succeeded by his only son,

XVI. IAN CHARLES GRANT OGILVIE (1881-1884). Earl Ian's life, though brief, was bright, and enriched by many good deeds and the charm of a delightful personality. At his birth there were great rejoicings over the estates; and when he came of age the rejoicings were renewed with still greater zest and splendour. A banquet, followed by a ball, was given to the Strathspey tenantry and friends in a magnificent pavilion erected in front of the Castle, and a portrait, with an address with about a thousand signatures, were presented to the young Chief. The Master replied in very felicitous terms. He said:—"Sir Patrick Grant and Gentlemen, I would that I knew of, or could for the occasion coin, a word of stronger, deeper meaning than gratitude; but even were there such a word, it would not in the very least express the very half of what my heart feels to you all for this magnificent token of good-will and affection—affection to me, as the son of your Chief. The liberality and unanimity of the whole proceeding are all but unprecedented, and show how the Grants retain the old Clan feeling, even to having my portrait painted by a P.R.A., himself a Grant, and with Craigellaclie introduced into it, to remind me always 'stand fast.' What you have done, and what Sir Patrick has to-day said as spokesman for Strathspey will, please God, make me more earnestly strive to pass my life so as best to repay the love of my parents, and the anxiety the Clan have felt that I should follow in their footsteps, and endeavour to be a worthy inheritor of our grand old name—a name made famous by so many. . . ." And nobly and well did he strive to act up to this high ideal. Born of a great house, with great traditions, one "to whom a thousand memories called," it was his ambition to make for himself a noble name.

"The world that cares for what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."

But with Lord Seafield there was not only promise, but performance. Modest, gentle, kind-hearted, courteous; faithful to his convictions, he earnestly endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to discharge all the duties belonging to his position. It could not be said of him that his titles were borne without desert. And more and more, as he gained confidence and experience, the hopes of his friends were raised and the future grew brighter with the promise of honour and usefulness. It seemed as if he was to be a power for good amongst his people. All the more painful was the shock, and all the more poignant the grief caused by his early and unexpected death. Lord Seafield died in London, after a short illness, 31st March, 1884. The funeral took place from Castle Grant on the 9th April. When Lord Seafield's father was interred, it was winter, and the storm without harmonised with the gloom within; but when the son was carried to his long home, it was spring; the time of the singing of birds was come, and all around were the signs of reviving life and gladness. It was all the sadder, at such a time, to think how a life so precious, and so rich in promise, had been cut short. Lady Seafield, by her son's will, succeeded to all the estates, and she has proved herself worthy of this high trust. By her abundant charities; her generous treatment of her tenants, to whom once and again

in bad years she has given large reductions of rent ; and her steadfast support of all measures fitted to promote the social and religious interests of her people, she has shown that it was her aim to follow in the steps of her husband and son, and to fill up what had by them been left behind of good works to be done.

Lady Seafield has caused a handsome marble tablet to be placed in the Parish Church, and in other Churches on the Estates, with the following inscription :—

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR JOHN CHARLES OGILVIE GRANT,

7th Earl of Seafield, K.T.

Born 4th September, 1815. Died 18th February, 1881.

And his only child,

SIR IAN CHARLES OGILVIE GRANT,

8th Earl of Seafield.

Born 7th October, 1851. Died 31st March, 1884.

Generous supporters of the Church, and devoted to the true welfare
of their people.

CHAPTER IX.

TRADITIONS OF THE ORIGINS OF FAMILIES.

ABERNETHY, from its central position, is nearly connected with several other districts. This has led in the course of time to a large infusion of people from various clans. Gordons have come from the east, Stewarts, Murrays, and Robertsons from the south, and Mackintoshes, Macphersons, Macdonalds, and Camerons from the west. Cummings, Mackays, Mackenzies, and Macgregors, and other clans have also had their representatives, but the predominant name has for long been that of Grant. Sometimes a family or sept is called after its founder. Thus there are Grants who are called Gabies, after a Gabriel of Lurg. There are Macrobies (Glenloch) from Robert, Macjockies (Tulloch) or Maccooks, from Jock or John, and Macconachies (Gartenbeg) from Duncan, and so on. Other families obtained their name from some peculiarity in appearance, showing the persistency of colour and features. Thus there are *Odhar*, or dun Grants; *Dearg*, or red Grants; and *Ciar*, or grey dusky Grants. The Stewarts of Kincardine were noted for their florid complexion and red hair. Sir Walter, the first of the house, was called the *Ridir ruadh*, red knight, and the last, three hundred years later, was always known as John Roy, or red. In other cases families were named, and so discriminated, from some remarkable incident connected with their origin. Of these some examples may be given.

THE GRANTS OF THE TROUGH.—The legend as to this race is found in Chapman's MS. History of the Grants, and seems to have been taken from there, with additions and variations, by Sir Walter Scott and others. The story, as told in the "Tales of a Grandfather," is as follows :—"The Farquharsons of Deeside, a

bold and warlike people, had taken offence at and slain a gentleman of consequence, named Gordon of Brackley. The Marquis of Huntly summoned his forces, to take a bloody vengeance for the death of a Gordon, and that none of the guilty tribe might escape, communicated with the Laird of Grant, a very powerful chief, who was an ally of Huntly, and a relation, I believe, to the slain Baron of Brackley." A terrible massacre of the Farquharsons followed. About a year after, the Laird of Grant was a guest at Strathbogie Castle. When dinner was over, Huntly said that he would shew him some rare sport. He took Grant to a balcony, from which he saw all the remains of the feast flung into a long wooden trough, such as were used for swine. "While Grant was wondering what this could mean, the master cook gave a signal with his silver whistle, on which a hatch, like that of a dog kennel, was raised, and there rushed into the kitchen some shrieking, some shouting, some yelling—not a pack of hounds, which in number, noise, and tumult they resembled, but a huge mob of children, half naked, and totally wild in their manners, who threw themselves on the contents of the trough, and fought, struggled, bit, scratched and clamoured, each to get the largest share." Grant asked an explanation of the strange sight, and was told that the little wretches were the children of the Farquharsons, who had been slain the year before. The Laird, greatly shocked, said, "My sword helped to make the poor children orphans, and it is not fair that your lordship should be burdened with all the expense of maintaining them. You have supported them for a year and a day, allow me now to take them to Castle Grant, and keep them for the same period at my cost." The result was that the Laird got half the lot, whom he dispersed among his clan, and brought up decently, giving them his own name of Grant.

Sir Walter connects the story with the murder of Gordon of Brackley by Farquharson of Inveray, commemorated in the well-known ballad "The Baron of Brackley." This tragedy took place in 1666. There was another murder of a Brackley by the

Mackintoshes as far back as 1592. Browne, in his History of the Highlands, says—"The Baron was much addicted to hospitality, and, unsuspecting of any bad design against him, he entertained the hostile party in his best manner, but they afterwards basely murdered him." Perhaps there may have been a mixing of these two events, and of others, as often happens, in the ultimate form of the legend. The tradition of the country is that *Seumas-nan-Creach*, James of the Forays (d. 1553), was the hero of the story, and that the Farquharsons who settled in Strathspey were called, some M'Finlay Roys, others M'Jameses, and so forth. Some of their descendants remain to this day, and are known as the "Race of the Trough," G. Sliochd-an-Amair.

THE ATHOLL STEWARTS.—This story is given as narrated by the late William Cameron, Tomgown, Tulloch. Some three or four hundred years ago there were two Atholl men, a Stewart and a Robertson, who had twelve sons each, "under bonnets." The King heard of them, and wished to see them. They set out for Scone. At the gate they disputed as to precedence. The Stewarts claimed to go first, as the King was a Stewart. The Robertsons said they were as good men as the Stewarts, and would not yield. From words they came to blows. The fight was long and bloody. At last but two Stewarts and one Robertson were left alive. Robertson swam the Tay, and roused his clan. The Stewarts had to fly. They crossed the hills to Badenoch, but found no rest. On they came to Rothiemurchus, but still they were not safe. At Coylum they were hard pressed, and thought it best to separate. The one took the low road by the Spey, and the other took the high road by the hills through Tulloch. At Rothiemoon there lived a man who was a turner by trade. He had but one eye, and was called *An Tuarncar Càrn*. He was busy at his work. Stewart told him his story. "My life," he said, "is in your hands; save me, if you can." The turner said, "Change coats with me, and get up into my place." This was done. Then the turner went out, and started across the Nethy. The Robertsons, coming up, saw him running, and

followed hard in pursuit. At Achernack they came up with him. But, to their disgust, they found that he was old and one-eyed, and not at all the man they sought. They asked angrily why he had run from them. He answered, why had they run after him. He was only in a hurry to do his errand. Then they left him, and turned back. At Rothiemoon, where there was a village ale-house, they rested, and amused themselves by shooting at a mark. The lad of the loom was made to fetch their arrows. He did this for a while, and then said he was tired of fetching and carrying like a dog every time one of them shot. Let them shoot all their arrows, and then he would bring them back in one bundle. This they did. Then Stewart had them at advantage. The result was that they let him off. Stewart married the turner's daughter. His descendants were called *Sliochd-an-tuarn-car-chàm*, the Stewarts of the one-eyed turner. One of the race, who died lately, was a landed proprietor in the Laich of Moray. The other Stewart kept by the hills. At Landichen he met a farmer driving out dung to his field, with a white mare, in a *lòban*—the rude wicker cart of those days. He craved for help—"My life is in your hands." The farmer told him to lie down, and then emptied the contents of the cart over him. Soon after the pursuers came up. They asked the farmer if he had seen such and such a man pass. His answer was, "He was here a little while ago. You might seek him yonder by the Laggan-dubh." They set off in haste, and were seen no more. Stewart was taken to Landichen, and in due course married the farmer's daughter. His descendants were called *Stiubhardaich-an-lòban*, the Stewarts of the Lòban, or otherwise *S. an-laìr-bhàn*, the Stewarts of the White Mare. They are said to have held the farms of Landichen and Lethnachyle for three hundred years. The head of the family, as appears from Session records, was generally an elder of the Church, and some of their descendants have done good service to their country. The late Mr John Stewart, who died at Springfield, near Forres, in 1847, and whose career is traced in another chapter, was one of them.

THE CAMERONS OF KINCARDINE.—Donald, fifth Baron of Kincardine, who lived about the beginning of the 16th century, married for his second wife a daughter of Lochiel. The lady craved as her tocher, not money, but men. Her father complied with her request, and gave her twelve of the choicest young lads of the clan as her body-guard. They accompanied her to Speyside, and most of them are said to have settled in the country. They were called in Gaelic *Na Gillean maol dubh*, the black, bonnetless lads. But probably the epithet *maol* should not be translated bald or bonnetless, but may rather have been given them from the appearance which they presented by wearing flat steel caps. Tradition says that they were commanded by the famous Lochaber hero, *Taillear-dubh-na-tuaighe*, the Black Tailor of the Axe, but this seems a mistake. The dates do not agree. At the same time, it may be taken as certain that the Taillear must have visited his kinsfolk at Kincardine in his expeditions. His name and deeds have been always cherished in the north, and to this day he is spoken of as the notable warrior who defeated The Mackintosh (*Chuir ruaig air Mhic-an-Toisich*). Probably it was because of his renown that he came to be claimed as the Captain of the Bonnetless Lads. His name would add some lustre to the band, and give a kind of reflected glory to their descendants. The Bonnetless Lads must have been men of wile and worth, and with plenty of grit. They were not only able to hold their own amidst the Stewarts, but they spread out to Tulloch and Garten and Abernethy, and not a few of their descendants remain to this day, holding good positions in the country. It is said the Baron's lady did not live long. Her heart pined for her old home, and she may have said, as many have sadly said since, "I'll may be return to Lochaber no more." When she was on her death-bed she was troubled at the thought of lying so far from her kindred, and her pride could not brook the getting of the second place beside her husband. The Baron, to pacify her, gave his word that she should be buried in Lochaber ground. The lady died, and the Baron fulfilled his promise by

building for her a special tomb, which he carefully laid with earth fetched all the way from Lochaber. In a manuscript of the beginning of last century, it is said that her tomb was then a remarkable object in the churchyard. But gradually it wore away, and only the tradition remained of its existence. Recently, however, some light was thrown upon the matter. In 1885 a granite obelisk was erected to the memory of the Stewarts of Kincardine, and in digging for the foundations, the tomb was discovered. It consisted of a narrow space, sufficient for a single grave, enclosed by a wall of masonry, and at the depth of about three feet, a skeleton was come upon—doubtless that of the lady. The skull was in singularly good preservation, beautifully formed, and with all the teeth entire. Some fragments of wood and a nail or two were also found, and what was a touching relic, a spur covered with rust. Perhaps the spur had belonged to Sir Donald, and he may have placed it beside his lady as a token of his love and devotion. A rare plant grows in the churchyard, the Dwarf Elder (*Sambucus Ebulus*), which is called the Lady's Flower. It is said to have come in the earth taken from Lochaber.

The families of Achernack, Gartinbeg, and Tulloch belonged probably to the original inhabitants, and took the name of Grant when the Laird of Freuchie became supreme in the country. In the Gartenmore MS., 1747, it is said that it was the custom of the chiefs to oblige "all the farmers and cottars that got possessions on their grounds to take their names. In a generation or two, it is believed that they really are of that name, and this not only adds to the number of the clan, and keeps it up, but superinduces the tie of kindred to the obligation and interest of the former." There was a John McConquhy or Macconachie Grant at Gartinbeg in 1537, and from him came the Grants of Kinveachy, Balintomb, Inverlaidnan, and Delrachny. James Grant, advocate (1686), who obtained a Nova Scotia Baronetcy in 1688, and afterwards purchased the lands of Dalvey, was of this family. The present representative of the Dalveys is Sir Ludovic James Grant, Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh.

The family of *Achernack*, Clan Allan, had their first home at Dunan, near Castle Grant, which was sold to John Grant of Freuchie in 1589. There is a bond of service by James Grant of Achernack to James Grant of Freuchie in 1655. This James Grant was Chamberlain of Grant, and it was he who arrested and took to Edinburgh (1660) the famous raider "The Halkit Stirk." In 1777 the Chieftainship, with all rights appertaining, was by deed and in presence of the Lyon Depute, transferred by "Neil Grant, eldest lawful son of the deceased John Grant in Lincolne, and nephew to Duncan Grant of Achernack, who died in the month of October last without male issue," to his cousin, Dr Gregory Grant, physician in Edinburgh. The motto of the Achernack Grants was "Stand Sure" (Craigrevack). The two-handed sword that belonged to Achernack, as Chamberlain, is in the possession of Miss Grant, Achernack Cottage, Forres, the last surviving member (aged 98) of the family of Colonel Grant of Achernack.

THE GRANTS OF KILGRASTON, in Perthshire, are descended from Robert Grant of Glenlochry in this parish. In 1620 (30th April), Donald Grant M'Alister vic Robie, grandson of Robert, renounced the Wadset of Glenlochry with M'Eagle's croft, mill and mill lands thereof, in favour of John Grant of Freuchie, for the redemption money of 500 merks, and on the following day received from him a wadset of an annual rent of £40 Scots to be uplifted from the lands of Glenlochry. He was succeeded by his son Alister. Then followed Gregor, John, Patrick; and then another Patrick, who married Beatrix, daughter of Donald Grant of Inverlochry, and was father of John Grant, who studied for the English Bar, was afterwards Chief Justice of Jamaica, and on his retirement purchased the estate of Kilgraston. John Grant having no issue, was succeeded by his brother Francis, who became the progenitor of the Kilgrastons. Two of his sons attained high eminence, the one in art, the other in arms—Sir Francis Grant, who was President of the Royal Academy, and General Sir James Hope Grant, G.C.B., who distinguished himself greatly in China and India.

LURG.—The first of this family was Robert Grant, a younger son of Duncan Grant, yr. of Freuchie. In 1620, he obtained from his brother John, fifth of Freuchie, who succeeded his grandfather, a lease of the lands of Clachaig, which included Lurg. In 1628 he was appointed by his nephew, Sir John Grant, Bailie of the Grant Baronies, and joint Chamberlain of his estates, and held these offices till his death in 1634. He was succeeded by his son John (1634), who married Margaret, daughter of William Mackintosh of Kyllachie, who survived him, and afterwards married Robert Grant of Elchies. The next Lurg was William, who married Helen, daughter of Archibald Grant of Ballintomb. He had a wadset of Clachack, and paid cess for Rothiemoon. In 1709, with consent of his eldest son, he disposed his estates to his second son Robert. He was a man of much shrewdness and ability, and was commonly called *Stacan*, or the Stubborn. His portrait is at Castle Grant. His sister Lilian married John Grant of Burnside, and his daughter Ann married John Grant of Kinchirdy, and is said to have had seven sons and seven daughters. The present representative of the Kinchirdy family, grandson of John Grant, is Colonel Gregory Colquhoun Grant, late Session Judge, Kurrachee-Sinde. Robert was succeeded (1772) by his eldest son, Lieut.-Colonel John Grant, and he by his son, Lieut. John Grant. The latter fortunes of the family are summed up significantly in the Gaelic lines still current in the country—

*Rinn an t-Seanar dùn,
Thog am Mac tùr,
'S mhùn an t-Ogh E.*

i.e., the grandfather made a pile, the son built a house, and the grandson spent all. The grandson made himself obnoxious by his zeal in recruiting, and his dissolute life. He died in the Sanctuary at Holyrood, 21st December, 1821. There are two anecdotes of old "Stacan" worth preserving. On one occasion he had a quarrel with Balliemore, and, it is said, wounded him severely. For this he was fined, and, when paying the money, he

said, with grim humour, *Bu chòir dhomh a chnàmhaig fhaighean do phaigh mi an eiric*, I should surely get the remains since I have paid the ransom. There had for long been a keen dispute between Lurg and others as to the site of the mill, which was at last settled by the mill being set up in the Garlin. "Stacan" was much vexed at this, and one day that he was visiting a neighbour, who was on his death-bed, he said to him as a message to his father in the other world—*Innis dha 'm athair, ciomar tha sinn uile gu leir, agus gu bheil Muilinn na-h' abhainn ruadh bleith min 'sa Gharlinn*, Tell my father how we all are, and that the Mill of the Redburn is making meal at the Garlin. Mrs Grant of Laggan tells that such messages by dying people to departed friends were not uncommon in the Highlands. There is a curious story of the kind told of the late Rev. Rowland Hill. Once, on a preaching excursion, he suddenly exclaimed, "I must go to Cambridge, and see the widow of an old clergyman, who is living there, for I have a message to leave with her." He was asked if the message was important, and replied, "Yes, sir, I want the old lady, who will soon be in heaven, to give my love to Johnny Stittle, and to tell him I shall soon see him again." Hill's message, though marked by his usual oddness, was somewhat more spiritual than that of "Old Stacan."

CHAPTER X.

THE KIRKS OF ABERNETHY AND KINCARDINE.

CHRISTIANITY was probably introduced into Strathspey from Iona in the sixth century, though there are reasons for believing that it had been known earlier in some districts in the Highlands (cf. Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," p. 32). The South of Scotland was deeply indebted to St Ninian, St Kentigern, and St Cuthbert, but we in the North gratefully acknowledge St Columba as our Chief Apostle. It was by him and his disciples that "the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion" were brought to our fathers. There is a Church of Columba at Kingussie, and one of Adamnan at Insh, where the old Celtic Bell still remains as a venerable relic; and the Churches of Rothiemurchus and Cromdale were dedicated to Celtic Saints. In this parish there are names and legends referring to these ancient days, but the rude stone fonts which lie near the Church doors at Abernethy and Kincardine are almost the only relics which remain.

Kincardine Church is called by the old people "*Eaglais Thomhaldidh.*" A well near the Church is called "*Tobar Thomhaldidh,*" and a ridge of land in Wester Tulloch bears the name of "*Imir Thomhaldidh.*" There is a curious legend connected with the latter place, which is found in other forms in other parts of the Highlands. It is said that long ago the Lairds of Kincardine and Tulloch disputed as to the site of the Church. The one wanted it built on his land, and the other was as determined that it should be erected on his. Stones were brought and laid down in Tulloch, but in some mysterious fashion they found their way before morning to Kincardine. This happened several times. At last it was accepted as a sign from heaven, and the Church

was built at Kincardine. But the bit of land at Tulloch was held sacred, and it bears the Saint's name to this day. Who Tomhaldidh was is not known. Probably he was one of Columba's missionaries sent out from holy Iona, and the fact of his name having been attached to the Church and sundry other places shows how much the people revered his memory. "O how great was the fervour of all religious persons in the beginning of Holy Institutions. How great their devotion in prayer; how great their longing for virtue . . . Their footsteps yet remaining, testify that they were indeed holy and perfect men, who, fighting so valiantly, trod the world under their feet" (De Imitatione, B. I., Ch. 18). But if the gospel came first from the West, it was from the East and North-east that it was afterwards proclaimed. Troublous times came upon Iona, Again and again it was ravaged by the Norsemen (A.D. 795, 802, 805). At last, dreading utter ruin, the See and sacred relics were removed to Dunkeld (850). What advantage may have resulted to Strathspey from the seat of religious government being nearer, at Dunkeld instead of Iona, is not known. The Bishopric of Moray is said to have been founded by Alexander I. in 1107. The Cathedral Church was first at Birnie, a seat of the Culdees (1184), then at Spynie (1203), and then at Elgin, where the foundations of the magnificent edifice erected there were laid by Andrew, the 7th Bishop, on the 19th of July, 1224. The Cathedral was richly endowed and equipped, and from it, "The Lanthorn of the North," the light radiated not only over the Laich of Moray, but to the far off glens and straths of the Uplands. The See of Moray was anciently divided into four divisions—Elgin, Inverness, Strathbogie, and Strathspey. The *Decanatus* or Deanery of Strathspey embraced the Churches of Cromdale and Advie, Kingussie and Insh, Duthil, Inveran, Abernethy, Kincardine, Rothiemurchus, Logykenny, and Alvie" (Reg. Mor. 361). One of the earliest notices of the Church at Abernethy is in a Donation by Richard, Bishop of Moray, who died in 1203. In 1226 there was a contention between the Church and the pro-

prietor or feuar of the lands in Abernethy, the former being represented by Andrew, Bishop of Moray, and the latter by James, the son of Morgund. The dispute regarded a piece of land at Coningas, and another piece at Abernethy, and also as to the sum paid to the Crown in the name of Cain teinds by the predecessors of James. The matter was finally settled; James and his heirs were to be freed from all exactions made by the Bishops of Moray or the Dean and Canons, and in return bound himself to provide *a suitable manse near the Church, with a croft extending to one acre convenient thereto, and also to pay one mark yearly in token of the agreement being firmly and perpetually observed.* There had been a Papal interdict in 1217, which must have greatly hindered all good work; but it was removed in 1218. Andrew, Bishop of Moray, seems then to have vigorously bestirred himself in the interests of the Church. He not only settled the dispute as to land at Abernethy, but about the same time, 1226, he made a grant constituting two prebends "for the farther diffusion of Divine Worship," assigning to each of them a Church and Manse, with a salary of ten marks, the mark being then about equal to one chaldar of grain. One of these prebends was at Kingussie or Insh. Abernethy seems therefore to have had the priority, and to have been from the first the most important centre, and this may account for its afterwards being made the seat of Presbytery. In 1229 there is reference to both Abernethy and Kincardine in a grant by Bishop Andrew (Shaw). Walcott (Scot. Mon., p. 374) states that in 1460 a Collegiate Church was founded at Abernethy (Morayshire) by George, Earl of Angus, and he has been followed in this by Rankin and others. But the statement is erroneous. Walcott is notorious for inaccuracy, and his references are often, as in this case, irrelevant and unreliable. The error arose from confounding two parishes of the same name, and assigning to Abernethy in Morayshire what properly belonged to the more famous Abernethy in Perthshire. It is hard to have to relinquish the honour, unchallenged for long; but truth must be upheld. The Rev. D.

Butler in his learned work (1897) has made the facts abundantly clear ("The Ancient Church and Parish of Abernethy," p. 270-295). The history of religion in Abernethy for the next two or three hundred years is very obscure. But there are some relics and memories of those dark days. There is a well in the Braes called "The Well of the Virgin," and another in Kincardine called "The Nun's Well"; there is a farm in Tulloch called "Chapelton," from a Chapel, the site of which is still recognisable, and on the road leading to it, at the foot of the Torr hill, there is a place called in Gaelic "*Staoir-na-Manach*," the Monk's Bridge. Shaw says "there was a Chapel in Coninges, in the east of the parish, and another two miles above the Church on the bank of Nethie." The site of the Congash Chapel was in a field to the east of the house, near the old road, where there are the remains of a cemetery, probably pre-historic, and two remarkable sculptured stones.¹ The other Chapel may have been at Lethnachyle, to the east of the Dorback, where, according to tradition, the earliest settlement took place, and where, on the hill called *Tom-na-cairbhe*, there are remains of cairns, hut circles, and an old burying-ground. As to Chapelton, it is touching to picture the good Monk plodding his weary way from time to time through wood and moor, to hold service in the heights of Tulloch, and, finding the morass at the Torr almost impassable, taking pains to construct one of those rude crossings that served for bridges in those ancient days. His kindly deed was but an earnest of the many beneficent things that should be done by the Church, and though his own name is forgotten, the record of his work remains. As to the period from the Reformation to the Revolution Settlement, little information can be given. There is a letter from Archbishop Spottiswood to the Laird of Grant (16th June, 1616), which shews the desolation of the Kirks of Strathspey at this period. The Archbishop writes that, as he was informed, "all exercise of religion" was wanting, and that "atheism, idolatrie and every sorte of wickedness" prevailed.

¹ See Appendix, Note 5.

Then he boldly charges the Laird, though he was "not a professour with them," with being responsible for this sad state of things, especially by his "abstractinge the rentis of the Kirk from their right use, and applying them to his own privat' ends," and he warns him that there was "no sinne equal to that of murthering soulls, and that his conduct was unsufferable." He had been urged to bring him to question, but he chose rather to "admonish him by letter hoping that he would not be so irreligious as to contemn all his warnings." The Archbishop concludes by "desyring the Laird, with the advys of the Bishop of Murray, to take order for providing his Kirkis with stipendis, competent, as he wold haif God Almychtie his blessinge and be well estemit of, with them that love the Lord Jesus," but threatening "more strict and rigorous dealings" if compliance were refused. What the effect of this courageous letter was is not known, but the evils complained of would be so far remedied by the Act of Parliament of 1617, by which stipends were secured from the Teinds. Later still (1628), Dr John Forbes, leader of Aberdeen doctors, has a passage of much significance as to "the present condition of the Church of Scotland" (*Theologiæ Moralis*, Lib. VIII., 3-13, as quoted by Professor Cooper)—"Some men will tell you that there remains abundance to the Church for all religious purposes. But this is monstrous impudence tempered with bitter sarcasm; after ye have robbed the Church, and devoured it like a dragon, and filled your belly with delicates (Jeremiah li., 34), to speak of its calamity and poverty as wealth and plenty is a savage joke." "What shall I say," he goes on, "of the Highlanders of Mar, Strathavon, Strathspey, Atholl, Badenoch, Lochaber, and other similar districts? . . . Parishes formerly manageable have now, to our shame be it said, at the bidding of men's service, been so united, now to this one, now to another, that the poor solitary pastor, however much he may attempt, can accomplish nothing." Shaw speaks to the same effect. He says "in the year 1650 the country of Lochaber was totally destitute, and no Protestant ministers had before that

time been planted there. And when the number of ministers increased, very few of them understood the Erse (Gaelic) language, and *teachers were settled in the Highlands who were mere barbarians* (1st Cor. xiv., 11.) *to the people.* Through want of Schools, few had any literary education; and they who had would not dedicate themselves to the ministry when the livings were so poor as not afford bread." Principal Robertson, in a sermon preached before the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, in 1750, gives an equally sad picture of the Highlands. He says—"Here society still appears in a rude and imperfect form. Strangers to industry, averse from labour, inured to rapine, the fierce inhabitants scorned all the arts of peace, and stood ready for every bold and desperate action. Attached to their own customs, from ignorance and habit, they have hitherto continued a separate people, and though the religion established among them be the same which we enjoy, its progress hath been imperfect, and the fixed pastors were never able to surmount the disadvantages of their situation or the obstinacy of their people."

Of the long and bitter strife, and the ups and downs between Episcopacy and Presbytery, there are no records in our parish. Shaw divides the time from the Reformation to the Revolution into seven periods:—I. 1560-1572—Presbytery was the government of the Church. II. 1572-1592—During which a sort of Episcopacy ruled. III. 1592-1610—Strictly Presbyterian. IV. 1610-1638—Episcopacy again dominant. V. 1638-1662—Presbytery again revived. VI. 1662-1690—Government by Bishops restored, and great persecutions. VII. 1690—Presbyterian government restored and established by Act of Parliament, and the General Assembly met for the first time since 1652.

The Synod of Moray met at Forres, June 23, 1702, and erected themselves into three Presbyteries—the united Presbytery of Inverness and Forres, the united Presbytery of Elgin, Aberloure, and Abernethie, and the Presbytery of Strathbogie. The number of ministers increasing, Aberlour and Abernethie were separated

from Elgin, 1707, and made a distinct Presbytery. Then, in 1709, Aberlour and Abernethy were disjoined, and made two Presbyteries, and so they have continued. At the Revolution the Laird of Grant was very zealous to have legal ministers planted in his own estates. John Stewart at Cromdale, Suene Grant at Duthil, and James Grant at Abernethy, refused or neglected to take the oaths to Government, and were summarily ejected, and their churches shut up. One deplorable result of this action was that the church of Abernethy was without a minister for the long period of nineteen years—1689-1709!

The church at Kincardine is very old. The walls date from long before the Reformation, and, as proof of this, there is in the south wall a little lancet window which antiquaries have declared to be a "leper window," sometimes in England called "a squint," by which persons not free to enter might obtain a glimpse of the celebration of the Mass.¹ Chapman, in his MS. History of the Grants, tells of a terrible tragedy that was enacted in this church. The story is that, in the 15th century, the Laird of Grant or his son was murdered by the Cummings when on a visit to the Barons of Kincardine. The murderers were pursued, and took refuge in the church. The Grants, with their friends, the Stewarts, shrank from desecrating the holy place, when one of their number solved the difficulty by shooting a burning arrow into the heather-thatched roof. The building was soon in a blaze, and all the Cummings perished save one, a man of gigantic stature, who forced his way out, but was afterwards killed by the blow of a two-handed sword, "which sword," says the chronicler, "to this day lies in the representative of Clan Cheran's house." The church was recently (1897) restored at a cost of upwards of £330, the Heritors contributing £130, the remainder being raised by grants from the Baird Trust and the General Assembly's Highland Committee, and subscriptions from the parishioners and friends.

The church of Abernethy is a modern building. It was erected about a hundred years ago, and in 1874 it was repaired

¹ See Appendix, Note 6.

and remodelled at the expense of the Heritors, from plans by Mr A. M. MacKenzie, architect. The old custom was for the parish minister to serve both churches, the service being at Abernethy for two Sabbaths, and every third Sabbath at Kincardine. The evils of this were great, and in 1866, through the efforts of the present incumbent, an arrangement was made whereby Kincardine was made a royal bounty station, and since then divine service has been maintained regularly in both churches.

The patron saints of Kincardine and Abernethy are St Catharine and St George. These are not Celtic Saints, and their names must have been introduced in later days through changes of property. There are several Saints of the name of Catharine, Catharine of Sienna (1347), Catharine of Bologna (1381), Catharine of Genoa (1447), but *our* Catharine was the most famous of all, Catharine of Alexandria, who was martyred about 307 A.D. It is said she was put to death on a wheel of fire, and the wheel is always placed beside her in her pictures as a sign of martyrdom. Catharine was called by the Greeks "The Ever Pure." The Philosophical Society of Paris took her as their Patroness, and she has been held, all over Christendom, as a pattern of wisdom and piety. In one of the Madonnas in the National Gallery (London) by the famous painter Ambrogia Borgogne, there is a beautiful picture of Catharine. She is represented on the right of the Virgin, her hand is stretched out, and the Child Jesus is represented as placing the mystic ring of matrimony on her finger. In her left hand she holds the palm of martyrdom. On her head is a golden diadem, from under which her hair streams in wavy locks below her waist. At her feet is a wheel with hooked spikes, the emblem and witness of the sufferings she bore for Christ. Her face is exquisitely mild and sweet.

St George is the patron saint of Abernethy. St George was properly of Lydda, in Syria. He is said to have been of good birth, to have served as a military tribune under Diocletian, and to have been martyred in 303. Multitudes of Christian Churches

have been dedicated to him in the East and the West. Richard the Crusader did much to make his fame known in England, and in the time of Edward III. he was made patron saint. Since then no name has been better known or more popular. Spenser made him his hero as the Red Cross Knight; and in many a fight, from Acre to Agincourt, and down to our own day, the cry of "St George and Merry England" has roused men to deeds of valour, and led to victory. The legend of St George and the Dragon can be traced to the sixth century. It was probably due to two causes—the coincidence of the martyr's fame with the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, and the transference to him of the myth of Perseus and Andromeda. What connection St George had with Abernethy is not known. Probably the Church was originally dedicated to some Celtic saint, and the change to St George introduced in honour of some local magnate.

But it may be asked, What are these old names to us? That depends very much on ourselves. It is the fact, however it may be accounted for, that these names stand connected with our parish. They have done so for hundreds of years. We have had no choice in the matter. But recognising the fact, we may turn it to some good use. Suppose we look on St Catharine, with her palm-branch—sweet, gentle, self-sacrificing, faithful unto death—as the type of true womanhood; and St George, strong and brave to do the right, to redress the wrongs of the weak and the oppressed, slaying the dragon of evil with the lance of truth, as the type of noble manhood; and that the young men and maidens amongst us from year to year strive in the name of our common Lord and Master to follow their example, then these names would become once more inspiring and helpful in the battle of life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUCCESSION IN THE CHURCH, WITH NOTICES
OF THREE NOTABLE PARSONS.

OF Romanism there is little trace in our parish, and even Episcopacy, which had been the established religion so late as the 17th century, is almost forgotten. There are few notices of the earlier Ministers. William de Gawbruth appears to have been Rector at Kincardine in 1464, and David Watersun in 1468, as their names are found as witnesses at these dates. John Glass was reader and exhorter "in the Irische toung" in 1567. After that the succession is well preserved.

1.—1580—*William Farquharson*. 2.—1585—*Patrick Grant*, presented to the parsonage by James VI.; translated to Advie after 1589, but returned 1624; appointed by the Synod to get a helper 1663. 3.—1663—*Colin Mackenzie*, A.M., translated to Contin. 4.—1642—*Roderick Mackenzie*, A.M., translated to Gairloch. 5.—1656—*John Sanderson*, A.M., was obliged to leave from ill-health. 6.—1670—*Colin Nicholson*, A.M., ordained helper 1670; translated to Kirkmichael 1685; deprived by the Privy Council 7th November, 1689. 7.—1686—*James Grant*, A.M., translated from Urquhart; deprived by the Privy Council 7th November, 1689; died 1693. 8.—1709—*William Grant*, ordained 19th May, 1709; died 27th June, 1764, in his 96th year, and 56th of his ministry. 9.—*John Grant*, A.M., 1765-1820. 10.—*Donald Martin*, A.M., 1820-1838. 11.—*James Stewart*, A.M., 1838-1862. Born at Dalvey, Cromdale; educated at Aberdeen; settled at Abernethy under the Veto Act. Notable for his scholarship and literary tastes. Was much esteemed in the parish, and a monument erected to his memory. His eldest son, William Henry, retired as Surgeon from the Navy in 1895. 12.—*William Forsyth*,

A.M., D.D., licensed at Forres 29th July, 1846. Minister at Ardersier 1846-1853; at Dornoch 1853-1863. Translated to Abernethy April, 1863. The only Minister of the Free Church is the Rev. Walter Ross, who was appointed in 1862, and has served since then with much faithfulness and efficiency.

Mr WILLIAM GRANT (1709-1764) was settled in troublous times. Part of the Session Book of his ministry remains. It was remarkably well kept, and shows that the Minister and Elders were strict in preserving order, and stern in punishing offenders against Church law. Mr William preached regularly in Gaelic (then called Irish), and in English, and the texts of his sermons are always recorded. Sometimes, instead of the ordinary service in the church, the day was devoted to catechising, a custom still in use in England. Twice or thrice in the year Divine Service was held in outlying districts, such as Glenbroun and Glenmore. In 1715 we find Mr William complaining to the Baron Bailie of "the heathenish custom of calling fidlers to like-wakes, and other barbarous uses," whereupon the Bailie "statute and ordained that no fidler, housekeeper or any other person, within the said parish be employed in fidling or dancing, or any other barbarous and sinful customs or playes at the walking of dead people, under the failzie of £10 Scots, ilk person in all kine coming *toties quoties*, to be uplifted by the Session's Collector after convictione by and altour being liable to Church censure, and that ilk ane of them be liable in the failzie of £3 money foresaid t.g. they shall disobey the Church censure, to be like-ways uplifted by the said Collector, and appoints this act to be intimate from the pulpit of the Minister." The York Company were at Coulnakyle in Mr William's time, and, according to Burt, though he has not the courage to give the name, he (Mr William) was able to make some profit by cashing the orders of the Company, and charging 1s per £1 upon money changed by him. Shaw says that he had a mortgage on Congash. His portrait is at Castle Grant. Mr William appears to have had one son, Ludovick, minister of Archattan, and four daughters.

Grizel married William Grant, Advie; Ann, m. Alexander Grant, Barrack-master, Fort-Augustus; Margaret, m. Lewis Grant, Lettoch; and Christina, m. Evan Grant, Fort-Augustus.

Mr JOHN GRANT, M.A., 1765-1820.—Mr John, as he was called according to the custom of the times, was a native of Duthil, of the family of Milton. He was of a long-lived race, his father, Sweton Grant, dying at the age of 86, and his mother, Elspet, at the age of 72. His first charge was Arrochar, in Argyllshire. In 1765 he was presented by the Laird of Grant to Abernethy, and was admitted on the 26th September of that year. He died on the 21st January, 1820, so that his pastorate extended over the long period of 55 years. Mr John was a man of kindly heart, and of much shrewdness and practical ability. He was always zealous for what he considered the interests of his people, and he seems to have done much to establish law and order and to encourage education in the parish. The marble tablet which was set up in the Church to his memory shows the high estimation in which he was held by his parishioners. There are some anecdotes still current which illustrate the character of this worthy man, and throw light upon the times in which he lived. Mr John, like Zaccheus, was little of stature, though he had broad shoulders and a good figure. Once when examining a man who had been ballotted for the Militia, and whom he wished, for his mother's sake, to get off, he objected to his being passed, saying, "Too short, too short." The man's pride was hurt, and he answered sharply, "Ye needna say that, Mr John, you're no one of the Philistines yersel'." During the severe seasons of 1783-84 many of the people were in great straits for food, and it was reported that there had been thefts of potatoes, and even sheep, in the parish. Mr John was much vexed. The next Sunday he referred to the report, and said it grieved him to hear such things said of his people. The times no doubt were hard, and when want pressed and the children were crying for bread and there was none, he did not wonder if things were done which in better days would not be

thought of. "Well, if any of you are starving," said the minister, "I have a good stock of potatoes at Croftcroy, and you are welcome to a share of them; only I would rather *give* them than that you should *take* them." And, added the good parson, "God forbid that I ever hear again of any of you stealing from some poor devil as ill off as yourselves." Mr John was at one time called to perform a baptism in Tulloch. When he asked the child's name the answer was Solomon. Now it so happened that the parson, no doubt for good reasons, had a dislike to the name, so he muttered "We have had too many Solomons." "Well, Mr John," said the father, "call him what you please." The parson at once said, "I baptise thee John," and John he was to his dying day. It is curious to find a parallel to this incident in the Far West. Professor Bryce, in his book on the "American Commonwealth," when shewing the force of party spirit, mentions that a certain clergyman at a baptism in New England asked the child's name. The father replied "Thomas Jefferson." "No such un-Christian name," said the clergyman hotly. "I baptise thee John Adams." Human nature is much the same on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr John was for some time chaplain of the 97th Regiment, and he always took much interest in military matters. On one occasion he set out to visit Glenmore, and perhaps to do a little in the way of recruiting. He was dressed in the bravery of tartans. Passing Chapelton he found Allan Grant before his door cutting sticks. Allan gave a glance at the parson, and then went on with his work. Mr John was offended, and said, "You don't seem to know me, Allan." Allan looked up, scanned the parson from head to foot, and then said quietly, "It would be no wonder, Mr John, if ye did not know yourself in that dress." It is said the parson never put on the trews and plaid again. Many of Mr John's parishioners were serving in the army during the French War, and as these were not the days of newspapers, and letters were rare, he used some times after sermon to give information to his people as to the progress of the war. One Sunday he had been telling, with

much satisfaction, that Buonoparte was dead, and that there would soon be peace. The report turned out incorrect, so the next Sunday he was quite downcast. "O my friends," said the parson, "it was not true what I told you last Sunday. The scoundrel Buonoparte is alive yet, and doing as much mischief as ever." Mr John was fond of music, and did what he could to improve the church psalmody, which had been in a wretchedly low state. He had employed a teacher of repute from Argyllshire, of the name of Campbell, and his success was considerable. Mr John was anxious to start a class in Kincardine also, and he arranged that Mr Campbell and some of his best scholars should attend there when he next preached, and, said the good parson, "you'll get my own seat," which was a large table seat in front of the pulpit. The church was crowded. After prayer, Mr John said, "We have a professor of church music with us, and a good class, so, instead of a sermon, we shall occupy ourselves in the praise of God." Now, there was sitting near the pulpit a certain John Stewart, farmer, commonly called "the Baddan," who had a strong, harsh voice, which he was fond of letting be heard, and Mr John, turning to him, said very pointedly, "And you, John, will please keep silent, and not give us any of your *bo-heas*." Mr John and the Laird of Rothiemurchus were great friends. Once, when visiting at the Doune, he took a stroll by the Spey before breakfast. Near the Druie, he came upon a lot of men busy buckling their floats. They had left their coats and some of their tools a good way behind. The parson, talking to one of them, remarked that it was foolish in them to leave their things out of sight—they might be stolen. "No, no," said the floater, "we're all honest folk here, but," he added with a sly chuckle, "if we were down the way of Abernethy. —." The parson did not wait to hear more, but hurried off, highly offended. Mr John did much for the improvement of the Cure. He got the Church restored, he obtained a new manse, and he was at considerable expense in laying out the garden and grounds, and in planting the waste places of the glebe. One of his sons was

studying divinity, and the old man hoped that he might be his successor. We may imagine him watching the improvements, and saying to himself as he planted tree after tree—"If God please, my son will yet walk in the shade of these trees, and tell to his children who planted them." But this dear hope was blasted. One day the sad news came from Aberdeen that his son had died suddenly. Mr John never recovered from this heavy stroke. One of the last glimpses we get of him is very touching. Under his supervision a new school-house had been erected, of which he was very proud. In his last winter, when very feeble and not able to go far about, he used to visit the school, not above a quarter of a mile off, and sit down by the fire, watching the classes with much eagerness. When a boy or girl did well, the parson had a word of praise, and when passing out he would pat the little ones on the head, and bid them good-bye with his blessing. Mr John married (1775) Christina, daughter of James Grant of Clurie, and had four sons and one daughter—Peter, Captain in the Hon. East Indian Company, died 1810; James Augustus, Chief Secretary to the Government, Bombay, and Senior Judge of the Court of Circuit, Guzerat, long familiarly known at Nairn as "Viewfield;" George, Captain in Bombay Infantry, died 1819; Sweton, Student in Divinity, died 1810; and Helen, who married Alexander Grant of Dellachaple, died 1865, represented by Major John Grant, Dellachaple, Garmouth.

DONALD MARTIN, M.A. (1820-1838).—Mr Martin was a native of Skye, of the old family of the Martins of the Beallach in Kilmuir. He was educated at Edinburgh, where during his four sessions he resided in the house of Lord Macdonald as the favoured son of his father, who was agent to Sir Alexander, the first Lord Macdonald. His first charge was Kilmuir, to which he was admitted 5th October, 1785, in succession to Mr Donald Macqueen, who figures so prominently in Johnson's Tour. Here, 7th February, 1788, he married Ann, daughter of Norman Macdonald of Scalpay. Three of her brothers rose to high rank in the army, General Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B.; General

Archibald Macdonald, and General Sir Alexander Macdonald, R.A. A fourth brother, Matthew Hume, was the father of the present Lord Kingsburgh, Lord Justice Clerk, who has in many ways shown the soldierly instincts of his race. In 1808 Mr Martin was translated to the Chapel of Ease, Inverness, and in 1820 he was presented to Abernethy, where he was inducted on the 15th August of that year. From his high reputation as a clergyman, his coming was hailed with much satisfaction. But there was one drawback. "He is but a ladie" (laddie) said a contentious critic, objecting to a certain minister on the score of his youth. Mr Martin might have been objected to on the ground of his age, for he was 71, but no voice was raised in dissent. On the contrary, his settlement was in the truest sense harmonious. Perhaps there is no parallel case on record in the Church. But though Mr Martin had passed the threescore years and ten, his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. He had come of a race remarkable not only for strength of body, for as he used to say he was the youngest and the weakest of seven brothers, but also for strength of character. He had much of the soldier spirit, and seemed born to command. His unfeigned piety won the respect, and his earnest discharge of duty and his unswerving rectitude soon gained him the confidence and the attachment of his people. He was an able Gospel preacher, and in Gaelic an orator of the highest order. The Churches that had been for some time scantily attended were crowded. A solemn awe pervaded the congregation, and many who had lived carelessly, or who had contented themselves with a cold morality, were turned to God and to a godly life. Mr Martin was also most zealous in pastoral work. He distributed Bibles (in connection with the Strathspey Bible Society formed in his time), he held diets of catechising, and he established Sabbath Schools, in which he took much delight. He also called out men of earnest piety to be elders, who greatly helped him in his evangelistic work. As the result, the religious tone of society was raised, and the spiritual condition of the people greatly

improved. It is said that Mr Martin had been rather hard and worldly in his early days. The death of his wife (1803) was a turning point in his career. Mrs Martin was held in much esteem, not only on account of her birth and accomplishments, but for her unfeigned piety, as is recorded on her tombstone—"raised by the love and friendship of a sorrowful husband" she had "through a short life of thirty-two years served with unwearied assiduity the interests of Christ and of the poor." When Mr Martin saw that his wife was dying, he was much distressed. Holding her hand, he said with a faltering voice, "Annie, dear, are you not sorry leaving me?" With a heart tender but true she answered, "That is not what troubles me, but that I am leaving children without a father and a minister without grace." This terrible word went like an arrow from the bow of the Great King straight to the mark. From that time it was noted that Mr Martin was a changed man, and that his preaching had taken a higher character. It was like the crisis in Dr Chalmers' life. Sometimes to his intimate friends Mr Martin would confess how the world had been too much with him, and that he owed his better spirit, under God, to his saintly wife. In 1826, when there was almost a total failure of the crop, Mr Martin preached a powerful sermon, exhorting the people to consider their ways, and warning them that the bad harvest was a judgment of God, and that if they did not repent worse things might come upon them. Next day he happened to meet Captain Macdonald, Coulnakyle, an old sailor of rather a jovial temper. Captain Macdonald jocularly said—"Parson, that was a terrible sermon you preached yesterday, but your doctrine might be applied to yourself. See, your crop (pointing to Croft Croy) is the worst in the parish, and if your argument be good, you yourself must be the greatest sinner!" The parson, in whom the "Old Adam" was not dead, was at first disposed to resent this attack, but restrained himself and answered mildly—"Whether the crop be the worst or not is no matter, *I am the greatest sinner, but I have obtained mercy.*" Mr Martin used to make

Saturday a rest day, a wise custom which other ministers might imitate. Generally he spent part of the time at Grantown, visiting friends and doing business. Once when driving to the village he was accosted by an Irish woman, who asked charity. He gave her sixpence. The sight of the silver, when she only expected copper, touched her heart, and she cried with much fervour, "God bless your Rivirence, and may you be in Abraham's bosom this verra nicht." "Thank you, my good woman," said the parson, "but you need not have been so particular as to the time." This saying is somewhat like that of another Irish woman to a minister who had given her a pair of shoes, "God bliss your Rivirence, your sheen I'll be in Heaven afore ye." Once a parishioner called upon Mr Martin about the baptism of a child. He was a man notoriously ignorant and careless, and the minister took advantage of the opportunity to speak to him seriously. He put several questions, with very unsatisfactory results. At last, in the hope of quickening his conscience, he said, "Man, do you know what people you belong to?" The man had now his chance. The answer came quick and clear. "Yes, Mr Martin, I belong to the good old stock of Tullochgorm." What followed is not known, but Mr Martin seldom failed to turn such opportunities to account. There was a striking instance of this in the case of one of his elders. William Forsyth, Culreach, was a quiet, honest living man, but he had shewn no personal interest in religion. Indeed, he was more notable for strength than for piety. One hot summer day, when the Church was very full, Mrs Grant, Birchfield, who sat in the front seat of the west gallery, suddenly fainted. She was a big heavy woman, said to be over 20 stones, and there was difficulty in lifting her out. But William stepped forward, caught her up in his arms, and carried her out, as if she were a baby. Other extraordinary feats of strength by him are still spoken of. One week William lost his reckoning. He thought it was Saturday, and set out to the moss to bring home some peats. When busy he heard what seemed the

Church bell, but he set it down to fancy and went on with his work. When passing the manse on his way home he met the herd boy, the late John Grant of Glenloch, who said sharply, "The Sabbath is no a day for carting peats." "You little rascal," he answered, "what are you saying?" But he had his doubts. Shortly after he met some people going to Church, and he knew that it was the Sabbath. The shock to his simple mind was severe. He at once unyoked his horse, left cart and peats by the roadside, and returned home with a sad heart. Next day he was early at the Manse and told his tale to the minister. Mr Martin spoke to him as only a true minister could do, and was the means, by God's blessing, of winning his soul to Christ. Some time after he made him one of his elders, and he continued to his death to bear the character of a humble and sincere Christian. Mr Martin had three sons—Donald, who became a Captain of Artillery, and died at Naples; Norman, who died at Demerara; and Sir James Ranald, whose distinguished career in India and London as a physician and sanitary reformer is well known. Two of Mr Martin's grandsons rose to high distinction—Major-General Andrew Aldcorn Munro, who was brought up at the Manse of Abernethy, and Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, Bart., K.C.B., whose father, Robert Stewart, was of the old family of Clachglas in Kincardine.

CHAPTER XII.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

SCOTLAND'S indebtedness to the Church for education has been often acknowledged. Before the sixteenth century much had been done by the establishment of Universities and otherwise, but the people had not been reached. The light only gilded the high places, the glens and the valleys were still in shadow. When the Reformation took place, the fervour as to religion, was also shown as to education. Indeed, the two things were held as vitally connected, as may be seen in the Catechism in common use, which bore on its face the significant title, "*The A.B.C. and the Shorter Catechism.*" John Knox's devout imagination as to the application of the Teinds was unfortunately not carried out, but notwithstanding much was done for the education of the people. The First Book of Discipline (1560) drawn up by Knox maintains the duty of the State to be "most careful for the virtuous education and godly upbringing of the youth of the realm," and direction is given as to how this was to be done, "also that provision be made for those that be poor, and not able by themselves nor by their friends to be sustained at letters, and in special *these that come from landward.*" It is significantly added that no father of "whatsoever state or condition," was to be allowed to bring up his children "according to his own fantasie," but all "*must be compelled to bring up their children in learning and virtue*" Seven years after, the Scottish Parliament ordained that all schools to Burgh and Land, "and all Universities and Colleges be reformed, and that all teachers both public and private be tried by the Superintendents or Visitoures of the Kirk." This shows that considerable progress had been made. In 1616 the Privy Council ordered the estab-

lishment of a school in every parish. This Act was confirmed in 1633, with the very important condition that power was given to the Bishops, with assent of the majority of the parishioners (if the Heritors, *i.e.*, landed proprietors, refused to act) themselves to plant the school, and impose a land tax for its support, right of appeal to the Privy Council being given to the Heritors. The General Assembly was strenuous in its endeavours to have the Acts of Parliament carried out. In 1616, the subject was dealt with at a meeting held in St Nicholas Church, Aberdeen, and from 1638 onwards there is constant reference in the Acts of Assembly to "the settling of schools." Thus, in 1642, it is enacted "that every parish have a reader, and a school where children are to be bred in reading, writing, and grounds of religion according to the laudable Acts of both Kirk and Parliament made before." Further, in the same Act, "it is recommended to His Majesty and Parliament to put in execution the means formerly appointed for schools of all sorts, and to find out further means for so good a case, *especially that children of poor men* (being very capable of learning and of good genius) may be trained up according as exigence and necessity of every place shall require." Then in 1704, there is an Act which not only shows the strong desire that existed to bring education within the reach of all children, but also the growing conviction that some compulsion would be required for this purpose—so far anticipating the ideas of our own day: "And application is appointed to be made to the Parliament and Privy Council, and those in the Government for obtaining their authority to get said schools erected, and *obliging parents to put their children thereto.*" In how far education was free in those times is doubtful, but it is evident that it was desired, on the part of the State and of the Church, to remove all obstacles and to place the schools within the reach of the poorest of the people. In an Act passed by the General Assembly in 1705, it is required that "the poor be taught upon charity, and that none be suffered to neglect the teaching of their children to read." Three periods may be noticed in the progress of education in our parish.

I. THE SCHOOL IN EARLY TIMES.—In 1658 there was a petition to Parliament from the Presbytery of Strathspey, and heritors and wadsetters of the parishes of Abernethy and Kincardine, “being unite,” and of the parishes of Glencharin and Rothiemurchus, “being also unite,” for leave to appropriate vacant stipends for the erection and maintenance of schools. In this petition it is stated that these parishes had been vacant, without ministers, the one for five, and the other for three years, “ilk ane thereof fywe hundrethe merkes yearlye, and so the people of the respective parochines frustrat of the benefit of the word and Sacraments;” and it is urged that the “parochiners of the said parochines being bot poor, and the rent thereof within the samen of little value, and lying farr in the Highlands from anie burgh or in cuntrey for the education of their children, they not being able to plant or prowyd for aine schoolmaster,” the vacant unpaid stipends could not be “more piouslye nor better disposed upon nor for planting and prowying of some maintenance for aue school in ilk ane of the said parochines.” The petition was signed by James Grant of Freuchie, and among others by James Grant of Achernack; Mungo Grant of Conningeis (Congash); James Grant of Tullich; and J. Grant of Gartenmore. It was also signed by John Sanderson, the minister at Abernethy, and Moderator of the Presbytery of Strathspey. What the result was is not known. The tradition is that the school was originally erected in the church-yard, that it was moved to Croft Croy, and ultimately fixed in its present site. The building would be of a very humble kind. Even a century later there was little advance. This appears from a deliverance of the Presbytery of Abernethy, in 1748, with reference to the parish of Kirkmichael. The minister represented that the school had been for long in “a moveable and ambulatory way, and had been set up in no less than ten different towns in the parish. . . . The custom had been for those that had children to be taught to contend for having the school at their own door, and they commouly gave an old house to master and scholars until

they got their turn served, and then they begrudged this pitiful accommodation, and it was withdrawn." He stated further that for some years past he had allowed a room in the manse for a school, as no other place could be obtained. After hearing parties, it was found that different opinions existed as to where the school should be placed, but "a good number insisted that it should be erected in the kirk-yard, as was usual in most other country parishes." Leaving the question of site to be settled afterwards, the Presbytery took the opinion of sworn tradesmen as to the probable expense of the plan submitted to them, which was as follows:—"That the house be thirty-six feet between walls in length, and twelve in breadth, with a partition for the schoolmaster's room, and three windows, one whereof to be glazed. and the other two to have timber brods; two doors and two locks; two lums of timber; two writing tables, and four forms for the scholars to sit on." It was also ordered that if the school was built in the church-yard "the whole walls and gavels were to be of stone and mortar." In the Abernethy Session Book there are references to fines being applied to payment of teacher and to the repair of the school. In 1739, at a meeting held at Garroline, Malcolm Grant was entered schoolmaster and session clerk, at twenty merks yearly, Scots, "being his due to be paid out of the penalties imposed upon delinquents." In 1750, James Stuart in Riemore is appointed to cut and lead all the timber necessary for the school-house, and to bind and set up the couples at his own charges for his fall in fornication. This school was in Kincardine, where William Clark appears to have been schoolmaster at the time.

II. THE SCHOOL UNDER THE ACT OF 1803.—By this Act the Heritors and Minister had the power of settling the Schoolmaster's stipend, which might be revised once in 25 years; the minimum was the value of $1\frac{1}{2}$ chalders, or £16 13s 5d, and the maximum 2 chalders, or £22 4s 5d. They also fixed the School fees; but "poor children" recommended by them were to be taught free. The Presbytery of the Bounds had also considerable

powers as to examination of the Teacher, and superintendence. The first Teacher appointed under this Act was William Macdonald (1804-1845). Mr Macdonald was a native of the parish, and was educated at the Academies of Elgin and Inverness. He was an able and efficient teacher. From a reply to Queries by a Committee of the House of Commons, 1838, the following facts have been gleaned. The accommodation was—One room and a kitchen, with bed-closet, all in the flat over the schoolroom.



OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

The salary was £25 13s 3d. The average attendance, 1836-37, was—Males, 61; females, 30; the ages being from 5 to 20, but some older. The fees were—English, 2s; with Writing, 2s 6d; with Arithmetic, 3s; English Grammar and Geography, 1s; Mathematics, 5s to 10s; Latin, 5s, all per quarter. Book-keeping from 5s to 10s per sett. The hours were from 10 to 5 in summer, and from 10 to 3 in winter, with an hour's play. The scholars were taught in classes, with the exception of beginners, who

were taught separately. No monitors were employed ; but assistance was sometimes obtained from advanced scholars. The examination by the Presbytery was in March, when prizes were given to the most deserving. Luther's master, Trebonius, used to take off his hat when he entered his school-room. "I uncover my head," he said, "to honour the Consuls, Chancellors, Doctors, Masters, who shall proceed from this school." Mr Macdonald might have acted in the same way. In the prize list for 1829, when 87 were present out of 103 upon the roll, the following names occur, and their after course, so far as known, is indicated:—James Allan, Manse, afterwards merchant in South America ; Duncan Grant, Broomhill, brewer in England ; James Grant, Rhymore, Minister of the Free Church ; John Fraser, Nethy Bridge, solicitor ; F. W. Grant, Rothiemoon, staff surgeon ; James Macdonald, Coulnakyle, retired as Major-General from the Indian service ; his son is the present Sir Claude Macdonald, Her Majesty's representative in China ; James Forsyth, Dell, for thirty years Manager of the Wolverhampton & Staffordshire Bank ; and among those who were ranked as A.B.C.'s, Donald Macdonald, Coulnakyle, Surgeon-Major, India ; Andrew A. Munro, Manse, retired Major-General, India ; William Forsyth, present parish minister. It is interesting to note how many of the prizemen went forth to seek their fortunes in the world, and almost all with good success.

III. THE SCHOOL AS IT IS NOW.—In 1838, 1845, and 1861 Acts were passed which led to considerable improvements as to schools and education. In our parish the master's salary was increased, and in 1871 a new school-room was built more in accordance with modern requirements. Then in 1872 came Lord Young's Act, and this Act, with some amendments, is the law under which education has been since administered. While the old Parochial School system had much that was excellent, it cannot be denied that in some respects it was deficient. In our parish, as in many others, there was not sufficient provision for the scattered population, though something was done by General

Assembly and adventure schools,¹ and this evil had to be remedied by the establishment of additional schools at Tulloch, Dorback, and Glenbrown. The Public School at Abernethy, which took the place of the Parish School, was also improved by the addition of a class-room, and the appointment of a female teacher, while an excellent house was provided for the master. In these and in other respects many improvements have been effected. There have been losses as well as gains under the new system, but the gains predominate. Comparing the present with the past, the following things may be noted. There is better provision of education as there are more schools and under stricter registration, and by enforcement of the compulsory clauses of the Act, a larger and more regular attendance has been secured. Then, it may be said, there is fairer treatment of the scholars, as not only the clever, but the dull have their chance. Justice so far as possible is done to all. Further, from the better accommodation, the more systematic teaching, and the more liberal equipment and appliances, work is carried on under more favourable circumstances, and more effectively. And as another very important matter, *Education is now free.*² Mention has been already made of the fees charged in 1838, and from this it will be seen what a heavy burden fell upon parents, especially where there were large families. This burden has been removed. So far as the law is carried out, there is now a place for every child, and every child in its place. Wordsworth's "glorious time" may be said to have come, excepting, perhaps, as regards religion, when "this imperial realm" has bound

"Herself by statute to secure
 For all the children whom her soil maintains,
 The rudiments of letters, and to inform
 The mind with moral and *religious* truth—
 Both understood and practised—so that none,
 However destitute, be left to droop
 By timely culture unsustained, or run
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced

¹ See Appendix, Note 7.

² See Appendix, Note 8.

To drudge through weary life without the aid
 Of intellectual implements and tools,
 A savage horde among the civilised—
 A servile band among the lordly free.”

The following is a list of the Schoolmasters who have taught at Abernethy. so far as known :—Lachlan Shaw, 1711, afterwards Minister at Kingussie, Cawdor, and Elgin, the historian of Moray; Patrick Grant, 1730; Malcolm Grant, 1749; Francis Lauder, 1752; George Dempster, 1754; Duncan Cameron, 1760; John Vass, 1780; William Pirie, transferred to Grantown, 1803, taking with him the Cock-fight Crown, which was never returned; William Macdonald, 1804-45; James Grant, 1845-70; Donald Grant, M.A., 1870-76, now Minister of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire; George Sorrie, M.A., 1876-80, now Master of the Grammar School, Stonehaven; Andrew Steele, M.A., 1880, the present Teacher, assisted by Margaret Taylor, certificated Mistress. For four years, 1892-96, the school was recognised as a Central School for Secondary Education, and a grant of £40 was made to it annually by the Inverness-shire Secondary Education Committee. During this time an additional Master was employed, and under pressure from the Department and H.M. Inspector, the School Board were put to large expense in enlarging the accommodation, but the grant, having been withdrawn, the staff had to be reduced. The highest grants earned were, in 1896, £191 13s 6d. Last year, 1897, with a lower attendance, owing to a decrease in the number of children within the school limit, the grants obtained were £139 11s 6d.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCRAPS FROM AN OLD SESSION RECORD.

THE Session Records of our parish are very imperfect. It is said that some of them were destroyed by an accidental fire, and others seem to have been lost during the vacancies which occurred from the deaths of ministers. There are no records referring to the period when Episcopacy was the form of Church Government, and the Session minutes during the pastorates of Mr John Grant and Mr Martin have not been preserved. But two quarto volumes exist of minutes kept when Mr William Grant was minister, the one running from 1731 to 1749, and the other from 1749 to 1761, and they are extremely interesting and valuable as throwing light upon the social and religious condition of the parish, and the life and work of the Church in times of much disorder and difficulty.

ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.—There is no mention of the Manse, but the state of the Church is frequently referred to. A meeting was held on 14th August, 1743, when, besides the Minister and Elders, there were present “the following Gentlemen, viz., John Grant of Ballimore, Lud. Grant of Lettoch, Duncan Grant of Achernick, Lewis Grant of Badenidin and John Grant Yr. of Gartenmore.” After consulting as to the repair of the Church, and how to “make it water-tight again winter,” the following curious resolution was unanimously adopted:—That “*each Gentleman and Tennant repair the breaches or holes above his own seat, seeing it is now too late in the year to have the Church fully repaired.*” It was further ordained that the work should be done before the second Tuesday of September, and authority was given to the minister to employ tradesmen to make the repairs, where not executed at that date, at “the expenses of

such as might be deficient." On July 21, 1748, a special meeting was held, of the Session and Gentlemen, for the Division of the Kirk of Abernethy. It is stated that complaints had been made by "severalls," "Gentlemen and Tacksmen," that "they had no Room or place in the Church allotted to them to build pews or seats, in order to attend ordinances," and the meeting took steps to apportion space to each, according to their rent. Alex. Fraser, mason, at Culnakyle, was employed to make out a plan, and from his report it was found that "the share falling to every hundred pounds Scots of Rent was two foot five inches and three-eighths." The Division was made and recorded with much care. The part referring to Lurg may be taken as a sample. "The said Division began at the East Gavel of the Church on the North side where Lurgg's seat lyes. The Rent of Lurg Clachack and Ellon being four hundred and sixty four pounds Scots money. The Session and said Factor appointed nine foot three inches square measuring from the Gavel of the Church for the purposes of the above lands." Next came "the Upper and Lower Congeshes, rent £375 16s, cess included, and Aldcharn," rent £109 8s; then the two achterparts of Balliemore; two achterparts of Balnaglack; Croft of Balliemore; the achterpart of Buchcharn; and the achterpart of Badeniden; rent in all, £430 8s; and so on with Culnakyle, Rothiemoon, Gartenmore, and the rest. Nine foot square was left for the pulpit and the minister's seat. The conclusion is:—"The above Division being made by the said Session and Factor, having the Laird of Grant's order for that purpose, they therefore appoint the same to stand firm; and orders all the Gentlemen and Tacksmen of the said parish to possess their respective proportions as above determined, and to build seats for their own convenience, otherwise such as will not build seats and frequent the ordinances, their seats and Room in the said Church will be given to others to build seats thereon: *And Further* the said Session appoints all the parishioners to provide and carry to the Church-Yard Heather, and other material necessary for completing the

Reparation of the Kirk, and this by appointment of Session is intimated to all the parishioners after Divine Worship this thirty and first day of July one thousand seven hundred and forty eight years." These appointments do not appear to have had much effect, for at a meeting held at Rothymoon, July 9th, 1756, there is the following entry:—"The Session and above Gentlemen appoints with respect to the Kirk the possessors of every Davoch of Land within the parish of Abernethy to thatch their own respective shares of the said Kirk within the space of Twenty-four Days hence, otherways such as will not thatch their own shares" would have the work done at their expense.

THE KIRK SESSION.—Elders were appointed from time to time as required. At a meeting held at Lethnachyle, December 1, 1745, "John Stuart son to the deceast John Stuart sometime in Lenachyle was chosen Elder in room of his said father, and also appointed Treasurer." Then on December 7, 1746, "the names and designations of the following persons were read from the pulpit before the Congregation: viz. James Grant in Revack, John Stuart in Lenchyle, James Grant in Tulloch, John Mackintosh in Achgourisk, and John Grant in Criftnahawn," as chosen for the Eldership; and objections being called for, and none offered, "they were elected in the usual manner before the Congregation," and took their seats with the other Elders. October 5, 1740, there is notice of the appointment of Donald Cameron, in Gartenmore, as Ruling Elder to the Synod of Murray, which was to meet at Elgin on the 21st October. He was ordained to repair to and attend the Synod, and "to do everything as beseemeth his character, as he shall be answerable to us." Then on November 9th it is stated that as the said "Donald Cameron was obliged to attend the Synod, upon a certain affair that concerned their bounds, which did put him to some charges besides the loss of business at home, therefore they appoint their Treasurer to give him Eighteen pence Scots out of the Box, which is to be paid in again out of the first and readiest penalties imposed upon delinquents." The Elders were,

on the whole, very regular in attendance ; but not infrequently, during winter and spring, there is the touching entry, "There was no Session this day by reason of the Cold."

CHURCH SERVICES.—The usual services were two—Gaelic (called Irish) and English, and the texts are always given. In summer there were sometimes double services ; thus, Abernethy, May 27, 1739, it is minuted that there was a lecture in Irish in the forenoon from Acts i. 1-5, then English, Matt. xvi. 26 ; and in the afternoon, Irish lecture on Acts i. 5-8, and English, Titus ii. 11. The same order was followed the next Sunday at Kincardine. Occasionally services were held in outlying districts, such as Glenmore and Glenbroun. Lenchyle, January 14, 1750, it is stated that the minister thought proper to preach here this day, upon account of some old persons who could not come to the parish kirk. The amount of the collection is always entered. At Abernethy it ranged from 6s to 15s Scots each Sunday. The following significant note is made April 8th, 1739:—"There was no sermon in the Church this day because the Congregation did not convene by reason of the Great Storm." Vacancies are recorded at times on the ground that the minister was absent assisting at Communion in other parishes. The Lord's Supper was observed once a year ; but there are years in which no notice of its observance is entered. Intimation was made beforehand of the day, and the Elders were carefully designed for their several duties. Thursday, 21st August, 1760, tokens were distributed, and the Elders were appointed to take the collections, "John Stuart in Lenchyle at the Church Door ; John Grant in Gartenmore at the Isle Door ; Johu Burges at the Easter Loft Door ; Donald Cumming at the Door of Bellymore's Desk, and John Stuart at the Garten Loft Door." On the Thursday, Mr Patrick Grant, Minister of Cromdale, preached in Irish from Isaiah liii. 3 (1st clause), and in English from James iv. 8 (1st clause). Collection, £1 16s. On the Saturday, called the "Preparation Day," the same minister preached in English from Isaiah liii. 11, and Mr George Grant, Kirkmichael,

in Irish, from Psalm xxxv. 3. On the Sabbath the "Action Sermon" within the Church was by Mr William Grant, Minister, from first Epistle of John 2d chapter and 12th verse. The Action Sermon in Irish, without Church, from the Tent' by Mr George Grant, Minister at Kirkcaldy, in 3rd chap. and 16th verse. Sermon in Irish within Church, about 12 o'clock, by Mr Andrew Grant, Minister of Duthil, Psalm 34th, verse 17th. Monday was the Thanksgiving Day, when the Minister of Duthil preached English, Matt. xvi. 28, and Mr George Grant preached Irish, Revelation iii. 12. On the Monday the Elders made their report—total sum since Thursday, £2 3s 0½d.

The Communion of 1782 was one of an extraordinary kind. It was observed on 25th August. There seems to have been a large assemblage of people. Besides the action sermons in English and Gaelic, there were two services "without Church" in Irish, and it is noted—"There was no sermon in the Evening of the Tables, from 19 to 10 o'clock, fearing the Communicants and others would be late at their respective tables." The collection on this occasion was £20 5s 0d, of which £10 5s 0d was given to strangers. There are notices of national fasts, as for George III., and of thanksgivings, ordered by the Synod; also of special collections for Aberdeen Infirmary, and for the congregation of New York in their distressed circumstances.

It is curious that there is no reference to the Rebellion of 1745, save in some cases of discipline, it having been a common practice for women to father their illegitimate children on soldiers, who were out of the country; and in one case the father given was said to have been "slain at the Battle of Culloden." The sermons at Abernethy on the 27th April, the first Sunday after the battle, were in Irish, from Judges vii. 7, to the end of the chapter. There was no English service. The next Sabbath, at Kincairn, the text was Irish, Proverbs xvi. 15. It is perhaps significant that there was no session on either day, by reason of the absence of the Clerk and the Elders. It was

common to have "crying" of lost cattle and sheep in the church-yard after service. Kincairn, 17th November, 1745:—"There was this day proclaimed by the Ground Officer of this place, a two year old she-foal, black colour, which remains in the custody of James Stuart in Glenmore, Fiscall, and is without any visible mark." Kincairn, August 7, 1748:—"Proclaimed in the Church yard by John Baillie, Ground Officer, a four year old black Wedder, tarr'd above the tail, being in the custody of James Grant in Rishalloch." This custom of proclaiming continued down to a late period. Funerals sometimes took place on Sundays. Kinchardine, 22nd July, 1759:—"William Macdonald in Glenmore was this day Rebuked and Exhorted sessionally for breach of Sabbath, viz. for his giving more Liquor than what is ordinary given to the people that attended and accompanied his Wife's funeral upon Sunday to this Kirkyard."

MANAGEMENT OF THE POOR.—Collections were taken every Sabbath for the poor, and the amount for each day was entered in the minutes. The accounts for Abernethy and Kincardine were kept separately, with a treasurer or thesaurus for each; in 1750, James Grant in Revack for Abernethy, and John Stuart in Tulloch for Kincardine. The treasurer had also charge of the fines imposed on delinquents, which constituted a considerable part of the revenue of the Session. Ordinary meetings of Session were held in church, after service, but the meetings for the division of the funds were special, and were held on a week-day, according to intimation, sometimes at Garlin, and sometimes at Rothiemoon and Belnagown. The following is an example:—"At Bellnagown, Aprile 8, 1742. After prayer met in Session with the minister, Ludovick Grant of Tulloch, James Grant in Revaick, Gregor Grant of Toberay, James Stuart in Lenchyle, and Donald Grant in Belnatomb, elders; and the following gentlemen, viz.:—Lewis Grant in Badenidden, Ludovick Grant of Lettoch, John Grant, yr. of Lurgg, Alexander Grant in Corrachuillie, and James Mitchell in Rothiemune. This meeting being appointed by the Session to consider the case of the poor within the united parishes

of Abernethy and Kinchardine. The Session finding that there was collected for the poor since the last distribution twelve pounds Scots, finding also that five pounds six shillings and eight pennies were given out at severall times to indigent persons within the said parishes, and others recommended by the Synod and Presbyterie, so that there remains now to be distributed six pounds thirteenth shillings and four pennies. The Session finding that they have recovered from Robert Glass in Achnagonallen the fourty merks Scots, being the principal sum lent him severall years ago, with ten merks Scots of Ca rents . . . and considering the number and necessitous condition of the poor within the said parishes at present, do think it necessary to distribute the above fifty merks amongst them rather than give it out for interest." Classified lists of the poor are then given.

First, a List of *such of the poor as are either confined to yr. Beds by sickness or Cripples or Blind, or have children not exceeding two or three years of age to maintain*:—1, Isobell Grant in Bellnagoun, confined to bed, 15s; 2, Jean Leslie, a Cripple, 15s; 3, Marjory Michallach, confined to her bed, 15s; 4, Janet M'Intosh in Clachaig. wt. fatherless children, 15s; 5, Isobell Stuart, a blind in Lenchyle, 12s; 6, Janet Grant, a Cripple, Milntown, 12s; 7, Barbara Grant in Rinaforack, confined to bed, 15s; 8, Anna Stuart in Belnagoun, confd. to bed, 15s; 9, Janet Gregorach there, do., 12s; 10, Margaret Grant in Belnaglack, a blind, 15s; 11, Katharine Cumming in Gartenmore, a blind, 18s; 12, Isobel Beannach in Belnagoun, a blind, 12s; 13, James Ratrie in Tulloch, wt. motherless children, 18s; 14, Donald Shaw in Kincairn, and Anna Grant, his spouse, both confined to their beds a long time ago, £1 10s; 15, Elizh. Brachader in Congesh, confind. to bed, 12s; 16, Robert Glass in Achnagonallen, w. motherless children, £3; 17, John Grant in Belnaglack, a poor, sickly man, 12s; 18, Mary Gregorach, his spouse, confd. to bed, 12s; 19, Elspet Grant, his daughter, a Cripple, 12s; 20, Duncan Gregarach in Clachack, w. moy. less Children, £1 0s 4d; 21, Elspet Grant in Drume, w. two young children, 15s; 22,

Christan Grant in Muckroch, spouse to Lach. Bain, 18s; 23, Alexander Mitchell in Tulloch, 18s; 24, Mary Cumine, yr., with her five fatherless children, 15s; 25, John Fraser in Belnagown, and his spouse, with their children, 12s; 26, Wm. Gregorach in Tulloch, w. motherless children, 15s; 27, Janet Grant in Cluchaig, a Cripple, 15s.

2. The next list is of "such of the *poor as can travail to seek their bread*:"—1, Janet Stuart in Belnagluck; 2, Janet Clerach in Milntown; 3, Isobell Ross in Rothiemune; 4, Janet Camron in Miln Croft; 5, Isobel Porter; 6, Marjory M'Intosh, widow in Rothimune; 7, Elspet M'Intosh in Clachack; 8, Helen Grant in Milntoun; 9, Margaret Grant, her sister; 9, Janet Fraser in Gartenmore; 10, Janet M'Pherson alias M'Huistan in Kincairn; 11, Mary Clark in Clachglass; 13, Cath. Grant, Daughr. to Peter More, in Corrachullie; 14, Madge Gregorach in Cullavailen; 15, James Mitchell in Tulloch, his Relick; 16, Angus Turner in Clachglass; 17, Angus Cameron in Rimore; 18, John Ross in Tulloch and his spouse; 19, Janet Grant in Easter Tulloch; 20, Elspet. Grt. in Garten, spouse to John Lisach; 21, M'Ercher, a Dumb boy, in Gartenmore; 22, Wm. Barron in Bellnagowan; 23, John M'Intosh, weaver in Corrachullie; 24, Donald Dow Camron in Garlyne; 25, Duncan M'Irvine's Relick; 26, Janet Grant in Culouillen; 27, Margt. M'Intosh in Clachack; 28, Wm. Stuart, a poor boy in Garlyne; 29, Margt. Fraser, widow, in Milntoun. These got from 6s to 18s each. It is added that Donald Calder, Taylour; John Macdonald in Croft; and Alex. Gow at Garlyne got six pence to be divided equally amongst them.

A list is also given of "*such as are Dead, whose Interment had been paid for*:"—Ludovick Nairn, a stranger, 12s; Anna Campbell in Belnaglack, £1 04s; Isobell M'Intosh in Clachack, £1 10s. In some years the poor of Abernethy and Kincardine are classified separately.

From these lists it would appear that there was a deplorable amount of poverty in the parish. In 1740 the condition of

things was specially severe, and the minister called a meeting, which was held at Garlyne on the 10th June, to consider "the lamentable state of the poor and the scarcity of maintenance for their relief." He proposed that the parish "should be stented to pay an peck of meal out of each aughten part yr for their present relief," but the gentlemen present would not agree, and the "pious design," "after many admonitions and entreaties," had to be abandoned. There are many notices of charity given casually or in urgent cases. For example, it is minuted 30th August, 1741, that "this day's collection was given to inter William Gregorach, who died within the bounds of this parish;" 17th November, 1754—"the collection was given to Anna Mackay, a gentlewoman in Inverness, who by fire and accident was reduced to poverty and straits;" and in the minute of May 18, 1756, there is the curious entry—"A sixpence of this day's collection was given to three English men wounded by the Spaniards." Certificates were granted to persons who had fallen into poverty from accidents. March 29th, 1741, is minuted—"The Session appoints a testificate for John Burges, Smith in Croftcroy, having his house, tooles, and instruments, &c., consumed to ashes by accidentall fire; also appoints testificates for Alex. Stuart in Conger and Janet Grant. spouse to Archibald M'Donald in Croft," but the reason is not assigned. Persons who held such certificates went begging in other parishes, and thus the balance was so far adjusted as regards charity given to strangers.

DISCIPLINE.—It has been said that the evil which men do lives after them. This holds true, though in a sense different from what Shakespeare meant, as to Session Recor s. While there is much that is good recorded in these old books, the evil certainly predominates. The minister's texts are carefully noted, and then comes a woeful comment in the cases of discipline. Sunday after Sunday it is the same; the black calendar runs on without stop. Almost at every meeting there are two or three cases to be dealt with, and then besides there

was the frequent horror of rebuking of offenders before the congregation. Two things strike one forcibly in reading these records—first, the vastness of the claims of the Church in supervising the conduct of the people, and then the ineffectiveness of the methods pursued for this purpose. In the present day the complaint is often made that the Church has lost power, and that discipline is not carried out. This may be true; but whatever may be done in the way of reform, there will be no disposition to go back to the rude and repulsive ways of our fathers. The cutty stool is gone forever. In our parish the last instance of public rebuke was in the days of Mr Martin. The usual notice had been given. Then the ladies of the congregation concerted what they would do. So when Mr Martin called upon the culprits to come forward, Mrs Grant, Birchfield, and Mrs Macdonald, Coulnakyle, from the galleries, and Mrs Gordon, Revack, and Mrs Forsyth, Dell, from the body of the church, rose and walked out. This silent protest had the desired effect.

Some illustrations of discipline may be given. The commonest offences were breaches of the Seventh Commandment. Of these, ordinary cases were dealt with by the Session, and fines and censures imposed, but cases of an extraordinary kind were referred to the Presbytery. Sometimes with the contumacious the assistance of the civil powers had to be obtained. May 24, 1741.—“The Session appoints Donald Grant, ground officer, to repair to Glenloch, and apprehend the persons of John Stuart and Janet Cumine, servants to John Grant in Glenloch, for their contumacy, according to his order from the Baillie of the Regality of Grant.” January 17, 1748.—“The Session taking under consideration the contumacy of the following persons, viz.:—Isobel Clerach in Milntown, Margaret Sinclair in Lettoch, Janet Fraser in Achnagonallen, and Christen Stuart in Corrachuillie, do think fit to make application to the Civil Magistrate, in order to banish them out of the parish, as all of them give up fathers to their children that cannot answer the charge laid

against them." Another and earlier minute, February 24, 1740, explains as to "banishment"—A list of 10 women, "strangers, who came from other countries," who, for their misbehaviour and contumacy, had been banished by order of the Baron Baillie, is given, and it is added "that if any person or persons within this parish shelters, harbours, or gives a night's lodging to any of said vagabonds, after the 16th day of March next, he or they for so doing shall be lyable in payment of five pounds Scots each night, *toties quoties*, and the same being intimated this day by the minister from the pulpit, certifying as said is." Fines were sometimes applied to the *making of Bridges*. May 29, 1741.—"The Session appoints the penalty due by Thomas Burgess, Soldier, for his fall . . . to be paid to John Grant Maclachlan in Rothiemune for the bridge built by him at the Laigh Miln of Abernethy, the said penalty being five pounds Scots." Similar appointments are made December 8, 1745, for a bridge "upon Burn which runs by William Davidson in Pytoulis his house," and a bridge upon "The Burn of the Miln of Tulloch"; July 20, 1751, for "Bridges upon Dorback, at Newton of Ellon, Nethy at Croft, and Altyewly at or about Lurg," it being stated "that Bridges upon these places, were not only usefull and necessary for the parishioners, but also for Strangers, the above places being upon the public roads." The money was given on the following conditions:—"That the said Delinquents may not be employed in the Work and that the Bridges may be worth the money"; Croft Croy, 20th March, 1760, "penalty allowed for putting a Bridge on the Altmore under the Minister's house," the Manse then stood in the hollow, opposite the Sunday Well, below Milton; August 11, 1761, the penalties paid by James Grant, Surveyor of the Window Lights at Culnakyle, £20; James Stuart, in Connage, £10; and Lewis Grant, son to Rynethan, £10, were allowed "for putting a Bridge on Nethie at Breas of Cullawullin," and a like sum was allowed to Ludovick Grant of Lettoch "for putting a Bridge over Dorback, opposite to his house." *Sabbath-breaking*.—In 1749, William Roy, in Lyngarrow,

was dealt with for "cutting and bringin home timber upon Sunday"; 10th February, 1753, "John Grant, Souldier in Capt. Fairburn's Company, Andrew M'Culloch in Rothiemune, Jr., and Robert Finlay, weaver in Achernack," are delated for rioting on Sunday, and were subsequently referred to the civil judge, the Session reserving the question of breach of the Sabbath; March 1, 1756, "James M'Bean in Torgarrow and Donald Smith in Croftmore, were delated for "profaning the Sabbath-day by selling Timber" to John M'Gillivray in Clury, and Donald Cummine, sometime in Tulloch, and afterwards examined and fined. *Defamation* was sometimes dealt with. Kincairn, January 10, 1748, John Cameron, in Gartenmore, complains that "Satirs were made upon him, and upon Donald Cameron his brother, implying curses and imprecations, which were rehearsed in William Fraser in Achtergaudach his family." After inquiry the Session wisely referred the whole matter to the Baillie of the Regality. On July 5, 1748, Marjory Cattanach, spouse to John Grant, Bellnaglach, was, after trial, found guilty of being "a Scandalous *Calumniatrix*, and Iyer, as also malicious," for defaming an unmarried girl, Anna Grant, and was ordered "to compear before the Congregation in this place on Sunday, the 17th curt., and to stand in the place appointed for Delinquents, and there to be censured, and rebuked that others may fear hereafter to asperse the characters of any honest person." *Lykwakes* were often attended with disorders. Kinchardine, 22nd May, 1757, it was delated that "at Donald Lisach's in Inchbruach's Lick-walk, which was on Friday and Saturday nights, the 13th and 14th curt., there was Violing, Dancing and such like heathenish enormities"; January 15, 1758, "Compeared James and Donald McIntosh, Violers in Rymore, and confessed their error in playing at the Viol at Donald Lisach's Lick-walk." The Session, after admonition, granted them absolution on the condition that "the one of them will be Cationer for the other that they will not be guilty of a like crime again, under the fuilzie of Twenty pounds Scots." The most serious cases

recorded were an alleged case of poisoning at Bochonich in 1743; the complaints of William Davidson, Pytoulish, 1753, of the slandering of his wife, Marjory Grant, by James Macbain in Torgarrow; and of Thomas Stuart in Cotterton, 1756, of vile and opprobrious language being used against his wife by Anna Maculloch and her children; and the petition of John Stuart in Clachglas, 1746, as to himself and his wife, Marjory Stuart, being slandered. These cases were investigated with much care, and, after reference to the Presbytery, were settled by the punishment of the offenders. The last case recorded was one of child murder:—"Clachglass of Kinchardine, 16th August, 1761.—The Session having received the following dismal and shocking Report viz., That a male child lately born, was found yesterday by the Fishers drowned, anent the house of Kinchirdy in Spey in the Pool commonly called Pool Marstack The Session taking this affair under consideration have appointed a meeting at this Place on Wednesday next the nineteenth current to make all the search possible, as far as Law will, for the Mother of the said child, by calling all young women unmarried, under fifty years, and Maidens above fifteen years, That they may be seen and searched, if there be any New milk in their breasts, whereby any of them may be suspected to be the mother of the said child, and appoint the Minister to Intimate this from the pulpit after Divine Service this day." Here the Session-Book ends, and the curtain drops upon this delicate ordeal.

CHAPTER XIV.

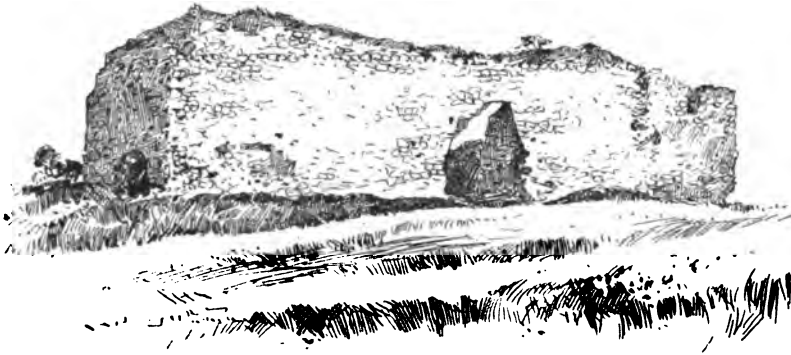
THE OLDEST CASTLE IN SCOTLAND.

DAMASCUS is called the oldest city in the world. Its history can be traced back to the days of Abraham, whose steward was Eliezer of Damascus (Gen. xv. 2). The oldest inhabited house in England is said to be what is locally known as the Jew's House, at Wallingford, which dates from the reign of Edward I. (1272-1307). It is curious to compare England with the United States. In the latter the oldest inhabited house is said to be that of William Van Rensselaer, opposite Albany, New York. According to a plate set up by the Albany Memorial Society, it was erected in 1642. The front walls still show the two port-holes, through which the early inhabitants used to shoot the Indians. In Scotland there are houses that have a hoarier antiquity than even the Jew's House. Dunvegan claims to have been continuously inhabited since the 14th century; Dunrobin (Sutherland) since the 13th; and Redcastle (Ross-shire) since 1179. From war and siege, and the long result of time, these castles have undergone great changes, the old is merged in the new, and the original plan cannot be discovered. But it is otherwise with Castle Roy, which, though a ruin, and uninhabited for hundreds of years, still retains its first form and character. In M'Gibbon and Ross's learned work on "The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," it is given as the earliest type of castle, and it is on this ground that we claim it to be the "Oldest Castle in Scotland." But before describing Castle Roy it may be well, for the sake of comparison, to refer to another so-called castle in our parish. On the hill above Loch Pytoulish there is an outstanding Crag, called *Creag Chaisdeall*. It faces the west, and commands a wide view both up and down the Strath. The

sides are steep and rugged, and the only access is from the south-west. On this height there are the remains of an ancient fort. It is now but a great heap of stones, the haunt of rabbits; but on examination the plan can be so far made out. The diameter is about 27 feet, and the thickness of the walls about 11 feet. The material is the schist rock of the district. There are no marks of tools or mortar, and the walls seem to have been built after the fashion of the pre-historic cairns, such as those at Miltoun of Kincardine and Loch-nan-carragh, near Aviemore. Probably the fort may have been used as a watch-tower or signal post, but there are no indications of fire or vitrification. On the moor below, as in other places near, there are the remains of cairns and hut-circles, and on one massive slab there are four cup-marks. This fort is allied to the Brochs. Castle Roy, on the other hand, seems to hold a place between the Brochs and the Norman Castles. The time of Norman settlement and colonisation in Scotland was about 180 years, from the accession of David I. as Prince of Cumbria in 1107, to the death of Alexander III. in 1286. During this period numerous castles were built in the north. The first were probably of the Castle Roy type, the Broch being enlarged and modified somewhat after the fashion of a Roman Castrum, of which there is a fine specimen at Richborough; afterwards they were developed into more elaborate structures. "The general idea of the 13th century Castles (in Scotland) is that of a large fortified enclosure. The plan is usually quadrilateral—but more or less irregular, so as to suit the site. . . . The curtain walls are about 7 to 9 feet in thickness by 20 to 30 feet high. The angles are frequently provided with round or square towers, and no doubt these and the curtains had parapets with embrasures for defence, and rampart walks all round the walls. . . . The entrance gateway was always wide, and seems to have been generally provided with a portcullis. There is sometimes also a postern door." Castle Roy (*Ruadh*, red) belongs to the simplest type of these old fortresses. It stands on a height, from 10 to 15 feet above the

level of the surrounding fields, about 200 yards north of the present Parish Church. There is a trend in the ground to the east, separating it from the rocks of the Craggans, and below, towards the Spey, are wide meadows, still sometimes flooded, and in old times probably an impassable morass.

“The walls are 7 feet thick, built with strong rubble work, and are still from 20 to 25 feet high. The enclosed space measures 80 feet from North to South by 53 feet from East to West within the walls. The entrance is by a door-way, 8 feet wide, in the north wall, the inner pointed arch of which still



CASTLE ROY.

remains. There is a square tower, at the North West angle, and the remains of a large window near it, which has also a pointed arch in the reveal; but it seems doubtful whether these are not later additions. The East angle of the enclosure is complete, without any appearance of a tower having ever existed there. At the South-East angle the wall is broken away, as if for the purpose of adding a tower similar to that at the North-West angle, but apparently no tower has ever been built there. The recess in the wall at the South-West angle, which is on the ground level, seems to have been used as latrines. There is a projecting garde-robe over this in the upper part of the wall, but

no appearance of any tower at this angle either. The building seems to have been simply a large enclosing wall of great height, and was no doubt well defended from the parapet, for the purpose of sheltering the vassals and their property. There were probably wooden or other buildings within the enclosure, with roofs supported against the curtains, but no trace of these now exists" (M'Gibbon and Ross, Vol. I., p. 66). It may be mentioned that Lochindorb Castle has towers at the four corners, and is altogether of a more advanced type than Castle Roy. The stones of which Castle Roy was built must have been got from the neighbourhood. They are of small size. There is no trace of chisel or tool upon any of them. The lime employed was probably taken from Achnagonaln quarry, and there is the remains of a rude lime-kiln near the road-side, about a quarter of a mile to the east, where the stones may have been burnt. The mortar seems to have been mixed with charcoal, and is of singular strength and cohesiveness. The walls seem to have been built in stages, and the lines are well marked on the south side, showing that each stage was about 20 inches in depth. From the evenness and plumb of the wall, and the indications of its having been built by stages, it might be conjectured that the stones had been laid in a wooden frame, which was raised by degrees as required. There is an old Gaelic saying, *Is ann mu 'n seach*, or, *uidh air uidh, thogar an Dun*, "It is turn by turn the fort is built," which favours this opinion. Tradition says that there was a crypt or vault in the central court; and there were old people alive 60 years ago who alleged that they had seen the opening and steps leading to this underground apartment. They said it was the cause of accidents to cattle, and that, therefore, it had been filled up. There are other traditions of the kind common to old castles, as that a treasure or *Ullaidh* is hidden within the walls, but as the plague is hidden there also, it would be unsafe to search for it. Another legend is that there was a secret underground passage leading from the castle to the church. A strange old world story is told connected with the

Mote-hill. It is said that one of the Baron Bailies, at Balliemore, had taken earth from the churchyard to put upon his fields. This gave great offence, and the Bailie had to discontinue the practice. Some time after, when sitting on the Mote-hill, he was stricken with apoplexy and died. The people said it was a judgment of God ; that though he had given up taking the earth with his hand, he had gone on doing it in his heart.

Castle Roy is believed to have been built by the Comyns, and may have been their residence in the Lordship of Abernethy. It seems to have been still in use in the sixteenth century, as it is named, along with the castles of Tarnua and Hall Hill, in the Charter of the Earldom of Moray obtained by George, Lord Chancellor, 13th February, 1548.

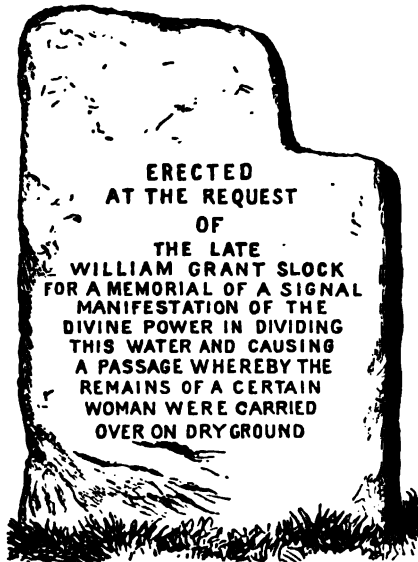


CASTLE ROY—INTERIOR.

*CHAPTER XV.***HOLY MARY OF LURG.**

WILLIAM GRANT, Slock, in the parish of Duthil, was a man who bore a high reputation for sanctity. He was one of the strictest of the sect called "The Men," and was not only venerated for his piety, but believed by many to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy. When on his death-bed, it is said, he had great searchings of heart. In particular there was one thing which troubled him much. It had long been borne upon his mind that the miracle of the passage of the Spey should have been commemorated. He himself had made preparations for this, as David had done for the building of the Temple, but he had not been able to carry out his purpose. As he was about to depart, he left it as a charge with his friends that they should do what he had left undone; that they should take the stone which he had chosen, and, having had a suitable inscription cut upon it, they should have it erected at the spot on the banks of the Spey where the miracle had taken place. He is also said to have predicted that two broom bushes would spring up beside the stone and spread out till they had covered it over, and that it would be a time of trouble for Scotland when this happened. This dying charge was in due time faithfully carried out. The stone was prepared, and with much seriousness, as if it had been the Ark of the Covenant, was carried to the Spey and set up in the place appointed 9th March, 1865. It is said that the consecration ceremony was very solemn. There was praise and prayer, and the stone was set apart for all time, like the memorial stones of the Jordan, to bear witness to the miraculous passage of the Spey. "It is right, however, to record," says Sir Arthur Mitchell ("The Past in the Present," p. 253), "that the ceremony

is not always described as in every respect solemn. It is alleged, for instance, by some that the cart on which the stone was conveyed from Slock to Garten was old and rickety, and broke down by the way; that the horse which was harnessed to it was frail and not equal to its work except under constant stimulation; and that the people followed the cart smoking their short black pipes. Whether these things are wholly or partially true, or not true at all, it is certain that the erection of this memorial stone was



seriously and earnestly gone about as a pious act. Luckily, in the very year of its erection (1865) I saw the stone, and then made the sketch of it which is here given."

As might have been expected, this extraordinary event, occurring in the middle of the 19th century, within a mile of a railway station, in a district where education was advanced, and where the gospel was preached every Sabbath day, caused much excitement and contention. It was talked of in every company;

it was debated at every fireside ; it was discussed in the newspapers, not only in the local papers, but even in the *Scotsman*. Duthil was fast gaining an unenviable notoriety. Instead of being, as its people fondly called it, "The Glen of Heroes" (*G. Gleann-chearneach*), it was in danger of becoming the "Glen of the Men of the Stone," with their worse than Popish mummeries and superstitions. The result was that an Anti-Stone party was formed, and one day, to the surprise of the country, the sacred stone had disappeared. It had been ruthlessly broken up, and the fragments thrown into the Spey. This daring deed was done, under cloud of night, 19th February, 1867. The secret has been well kept. To this day the names of the perpetrators are not known. This seems appropriate. The stone had been erected in memory of one who was delicately called "*a certain woman*," and it was fitting that the stone destroyers should remain modestly concealed as "*certain persons*." So much as to the story of the stone, and now something as to the legend with which it was connected. The following version is taken from the *Inverness Courier*, April, 1865 :—

"In the beginning of the thirteenth century, a certain lady of the family of Mackintosh of Kylachy (a branch of the Mackintoshes of which the late Sir James Mackintosh was the representative, and the best it ever had) was married to one of the eighteen sons of Patrick Grant of Tullochgorum, and grandson of the first Laird of Grant. The laird gave Patrick the farm of Lurg, in Abernethy, as a marriage gift. After many years of domestic happiness Grant died, and was interred in the churchyard of Duthil, and soon after his lady followed him to the grave. The latter, on her deathbed, expressed a wish to be buried in the same tomb with her husband. Her friends represented the impossibility of complying with her desire, as the River Spey could not be forded. 'Go you,' said she, 'to the water-side, and if you proceed to a certain spot (which she indicated,—a spot opposite the famous Tom Bitlac, the residence of the once famous Bitlac Cumming), a passage will be speedily effected.' On arriving at the river side, at the place pointed out, the waters were instantly divided, and the procession walked over on dry ground ! The story goes on to say that the people, on observing an immense shoal of fish leaping and dancing in the dry bed of the stream, were tempted to try and capture some of the salmon which thus found themselves so suddenly out of their natural element ; but the angry waters refused to countenance the unmerciful onslaught, and returned once more to their channel. That the men thus engaged should have escaped with their lives was considered almost as great a miracle as the former one, and a 'Te Deum' was sung

by the entire multitude for their miraculous deliverance from the perils of the waters. The funeral attendants continued their journey until they reached the summit of the rock immediately above the present farm of Gartenbeg. Here they rested, and erected a pole some thirty feet long, with a finger-board on the top pointing to the particular spot where the passage was accomplished. Not a vestige of this pole is now to be seen."

This version of the legend bears, on the face of it, many inaccuracies. First it errs as to dates. "Bitlac Cumming" lived not in the thirteenth, but the fifteenth century. Her name was properly Matilda; she was the daughter of Gilbert of Glencairnie, who died about 1438. This was long before there were Grants at Tullochgorm or Lurg. The first Grant at Tullochgorm was Patrick, about 1600; and the first Grant of Lurg was Robert, not Patrick, younger son of Duncan, yr. of Freuchie, who received a grant of the land in 1613. The story of the eighteen sons of Tullochgorm is apocryphal, and is probably a wrong version of the tradition that there had been eighteen "Patricks" at Tullochgorm. There are also mistakes as to the heroine of the story. She is called "a certain lady of the family of Kylachy." Sir Arthur Mitchell, who investigated the matter carefully, says:—"Other versions say she belonged to the Mackintoshes only by marriage, her first husband being the Fear-Kyllachie, and her second the Fear-na-Luirgan. She appears, indeed, sometimes as a spinster; sometimes as once a wife, sometimes as twice; sometimes as a Strathdearn, and sometimes as a Duthil, woman; now as having lived in the thirteenth, then in the fourteenth, then in the sixteenth, then in the seventeenth century—most frequently, I think, in the sixteenth or seventeenth; sometimes as a Mackintosh; sometimes as a Cumin; sometimes as a Macdonald; occasionally as a Grant; but generally as *a certain woman*, without a name. In short, the tradition has no fixed form, and the measure of its variations is exceeding great." In Abernethy the invariable tradition is that she was called Mary, and that she was a Mackintosh of Kylachy. Now it is the fact that John Grant of Lurg (1634) was married to a daughter of Kylachy, but her name was

not Mary, but Margaret. She had a daughter called Mary, who married Patrick of Tullochgorm about 1668. This may account for the confusion as to the names. Mary is a sacred name, and might have been put in place of Margaret, the original "certain woman" of the story. Margaret of Lurg survived her husband, who died 1653, and had as her second husband Robert Grant of Easter Elchies; but she still retained some connection with Lurg, as she engaged in litigation with Catharine Stewart, the other dowager, in 1654, and is mentioned as paying cess for Clachaig and Lurg in 1667. Probably she survived her second husband and had returned to Lurg. Assuming this to have been the case, what more natural than that she should have expressed a wish, when on her deathbed, to be buried with her fathers in the sacred ground of Dalarossie; and if the Spey were in high flood at the time, and this were urged as a difficulty, what more likely than that she should have said not to be afraid, that the Lord would open a way. Then, supposing that by the time of the funeral the flood had subsided, and that the Spey was low and easily fordable, what more probable than that this should have been spoken of as something remarkable, a fulfilment of the holy lady's prediction, and that the natural event should in course of time have been magnified into a miracle! There is a story told of the Lady of Lurg which agrees with the popular conception of her character. In Notes by Sir Æneas Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Bart., written about 1774, it is said, in the section "*Attendants on a Chief*" :—"The Laird took always with him on his travells the son of a Gentleman, of the name, who might happen to be in reduced circumstances; he was a Companion to the L^d, delivered messages, wrote letters, and gave orders." It so happened that Lurg's son was chosen for such a post—to travel with the young Chief of Grant. When he was leaving, his mother gave him good counsel, and said to him that she had put a Bible in his valise, and that she begged of him, as he loved her, to read it often. This he promised to do. In due time he returned. When his mother was unpacking his clothes, she came upon the Bible, and, taking it in her hand, she said to her

son that she hoped he had kept his promise. He answered that he had. She then opened the book, and shook it, when out there dropped two £5 notes, to the sorrow of the mother, and to the shame of her graceless son.

Legends are seldom pure invention. They have generally some basis in fact. But in the case of the Miracle of the Spey, wofully little can be found to account for so wonderful a story, or for the strong hold which it has taken of the imagination of the people.

"I happened to be inquiring into this legend about the time of the Paray le Monial pilgrimage, and I could not help seeing in Holy Mary a Duthil edition of Marguerite Marie Alacoque. The Church set her seal on Marguerite's devotion, and recognised, proclaimed, and recommended it to the faithful. What else did the men of Duthil do but a like thing for another Marie? The journey to Garten with the miracle stone was in many respects a counterpart of the pilgrimage to Paray. Very different, it is true, was the ceremonial. Only the rough sons of industry formed the rude procession from Slock. There were no lords and ladies among them. No elegance—no polish—no refinement—no saying of the joyful and the sorrowful and the glorious mystery of the Rosary—no repeating of paters, or of aves, or of litanies of the Sacred Heart—no singing of Magnificats or Te Deums attended the consecration on Speyside of the undressed miracle stone, with its vulgar inscription, as they did the consecration at Paray of the English people to the Sacred Heart. The two pilgrimages, however, were identical in one grand respect—they were both the result of earnest religious convictions. Rough though the proceedings were in the one case, and polished in the other, there was no difference between them when regarded as the outcome either of intellectual or emotional operations. The polish of the Paray ceremonial marked neither a higher order of intellect nor of religious emotion. It marked nothing but a higher general culture, not a higher nature or constitution. The absence of æstheticism and refinement at Duthil resulted from no inferiority either of intellectual powers, or moral qualities, or religious feelings. Those who put up the rude miracle stone on the Spey were the same people, and lived at the same time, and were under the influence of the same kind of religious belief, as the pilgrims to Paray.

"Perhaps I should go further, and call to mind that they were the same people as their countrymen and neighbours, who went neither to Garten nor to Paray. Beyond question it would be incorrect to regard them as inferior in mental power to those living round about them, and I doubt if they ought to be considered as in reality more superstitious. Is it not true, to a greater extent than we like to acknowledge, that all of us yield, in our different ways, to superstitious feelings even at times when we are able to recognise their true nature?"—"Past and Present," p. 255-256).

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE DAYS OF THE BARON BAILIES.

It is hard to form a right judgment of the public characters and events of the present day. Ignorance, prejudice, and other things are against us, and however much we try to be fair, we may fall into mistakes and injustices. Even with the daily newspapers to help us, we are often perplexed, for, though they should agree as to the facts, which is far from being always the case, they may differ widely as to the interpretation to be put upon them. If this be true of the present, we need not wonder if our difficulties are vastly increased, when we have to deal with the past, especially the far past. Here the light is dimmer, the path is more uncertain, and such guides as present themselves are not always or altogether to be trusted. The Days of the Baron Bailies in our parish may be said to extend from 1694, when the Regality of Grant was erected by Royal Charter (28th February), to 1748, when the Regality Courts were abolished. As to the character of these times, we have first of all the general testimony of history. Burton says that (1698-1748) "the Scottish Bench had been profligate and subservient to the utmost conceivable extent." If this was the case in the high places, what could have been expected in the lower Courts? Burt says (Vol. II., 149, Jamieson's Edition), "The heritable power of *Pit and Gallows*, as they call it, which still is exercised by some within their proper districts, is, I think, too much for any particular subject to be entrusted with." He then shews how it may lead to "injustice and oppression, through the 'partiality' of the Chief and 'the private resentment of the baily.'" He had been often told, for he had not been accustomed to attend these Courts himself, of one Bailie in particular, who seldom examined any

'but with raging words and rancour (a very Jeffreys), and if the answers made are not to his mind, he contradicts them by blows, and one time even to the knocking down of the poor wretch who was examined." As to the pride of the Bailies, Burt says—"When he travels, in time of snow, the inhabitants of one village must walk before him to make a path to the next, and so on to the end of his progress; and in a dark night they light him from one inhabited place to another, which are mostly distant, by carrying blazing sticks of fir." Then we have the evidence of tradition. No doubt tradition is not to be depended upon, but it certainly gives the impression made upon the mind of the people, and it must be taken into account in forming our judgment of the times. In this parish there are several places connected with the doings of the Bailies. There is the *Drowning Pool*, at Ballimore, where, it is said, witches and other women criminals used to be put to death. Then there is the *Gallows Tree* near Lynstock. This venerable fir still stands, though it must be over 300 years old. At a height of 12 feet from the ground there is a strong projecting bough, and it is said that it was from it the fatal cord or wuddie was hung. There are marks of graves at the foot of the tree, tradition says of two brothers, as stated by the Rev. Mr Grant, and therefore the tree is sometimes called "The Tree of the Brothers." But it is said that the usual place of interment was in a plot of ground opposite the Causair Smithy, where bones have been found. Another hanging place was at *Tom-a-chrochair*, Hangman's Hill, which may have been used when the Courts sat at Rothiemoon, where there was a *Toll-dhubh*, Black Hole, or prison, the hearthstone of which is still to the fore. Other traditions exist connected with Achernack and Congash. Then we have with regard to our parish two very important sources of information, one largely incorporating tradition, and the other dealing with facts, viz., the Old Statistical Account (1793), by the Rev. John Grant, and the Court Books of the Regality of Grant, in five volumes (1690-1729), preserved in the Record Office, Edinburgh. Before quoting Mr

Grant, it may be well to consider how far he was a competent witness. Mr Grant, as stated in Chapter XI., was a native of Duthil, and born in 1739. His father, who died in 1795, aged 86, was of the old family of Milton, and his grandfather or great-



THE GALLOW'S TREE.

grandfather appears to have himself acted as a Bailie (1704). Mr Grant would have been able therefore to obtain information at first hand. Then Mr Grant was settled at Abernethy in 1765, only 17 years after the abolition of the Regality Courts, and

there must have been many people then alive who could speak from their own knowledge of the Bailies and their doings. Besides, Mr Grant was minister of the parish for 56 years, and during that time he had ample opportunity for enquiry and examination. It has been endeavoured by Dr Scott of the Fasti and others to impugn Mr Grant's veracity and trustworthiness. It has been said that he was Chaplain of the 97th Regiment, and that having several sons in the army during the Peninsular War, he was in the habit of reading the newspapers to his congregation when anything of importance occurred regarding the progress of events and so on. There is in this a mixture of truth and error. Mr Grant *was* for some time Chaplain of the 97th Regiment, and the report that he at times read extracts from the newspapers in Church is, no doubt, correct, but he had *no* sons in the army during the Peninsular War. The two sons of his in the service were Peter, Captain in the H.E. Indian Company, who died in 1810, and George, in the Bombay Infantry, who died in 1819. Mr Grant may have been a poor preacher, and rather of the type of minister common at that time, both in England and Scotland, described by Wordsworth:—"He was often the patriarch of his parish, its ruler, its doctor, its lawyer, its magistrate, as well as its teacher, before whom vice trembled, and rebellion dared not shew itself. The idea of the priest was not quite forgotten, but there was much, much even of what was good and useful, to obscure it. The beauty of the English Church in this time was its family life of purity and simplicity: *its blot was quiet worldliness*" (River Duddon). But whatever view be taken of Mr Grant's statements, and although some of them may be regarded as exaggerated or even incredible, we are bound to give him the credit of sincerity and of courageous utterance of what he believed to be truth. With respect to the rapacity of some of the Bailies, for no doubt there were good and bad men amongst them, and some may have from greed and malice greatly abused their power, Mr Grant is supported by Mr Lorimer. In his MS. Notes, 1762, he says:—"The Baillie had

the escheat or the whole goods of the person condemned, and as *the Laird of Grant took none of the fines nor escheat, his Baillic Knockando laid the foundation of his fortune by such means.*" In another place he says that Delrachney's father was Lord of Strathspey for 40 years, that he made as much money as to be able to lend the Laird 22,000 merks. He also got an advantageous wadsett and a tack of Inverladnan for 76 years. Altogether he and his father are said to have made £3000 or £4000 by the family. With these preliminary remarks, we give Mr Grant's account, and some extracts from the Regality Books,¹ leaving our readers to form their own opinions:—

"We will mention the blessings we enjoy by the abolition of the Jurisdiction Act of 1748. That delegation of feudal power was dangerous in the extreme, because it was generally abused. When we consult the traditional history of the country for a century and upwards past, and the extraordinary conduct of some of these despots, the bailies of regality, and the precariousness of life and property, often within their jurisdiction, one is excited to grasp with fondness the government that has annihilated their dangerous power. They often punished crimes by committing greater ones themselves. They often, no doubt, tried by jury, but some of them at other times in a summary, arbitrary, and extraordinary manner. A few instances will be enough to mention in case the reader should imagine that these things were lately done in Tippoo Sultan's dominions. One of them lived in this parish named Robert Grant, commonly called Bailie More. It is said he used to hang people for disobliging him. He seldom called juries. He hanged two brothers on a tree within 1000 yards of this town, and buried both in one grave on the roadside. The grave and stones above it are still visible. Another, named James Grant, commonly called Bailie Roy, who lived long in this parish, hanged a man of the name of Steuart, and after hanging him set a jury on him and found him guilty. The particulars are too long to be inserted here. The bailie had many reasons for being in such a hurry. The man was, unluckily for him, wealthy, and abounded in cattle, horses, sheep, and goats, all of which were instantly driven to the Bailie's home. Steuart's children set a-begging, and his wife became deranged in her mind and was afterwards drowned in a river. It is not very long since. This same Bailie Roy, on another occasion, hanged two notorious thieves, parboiled their heads, and set them up in spikes afterwards. At another time he drowned two men in sacks at the Bridge of Billiemore, within a few hundred yards of this manse, and endeavoured to compel a man from Glenmore, in the barony of Kincardine, to assist him and the executors he had with

¹ See Appendix, Note 9.

him in the business, which the man refusing to do, the Bailie said to him—‘If you was within my regality I would teach you better manners than to disobey my commands.’ This Bailie bought a good estate. There was another of them, called Bailie Bain, in this country, who became so odious that the country people drowned him in Spey, near the church of Inverallan, about two miles from hence. They took off his boots and gloves, left them on the bank, and drove his horse through a rugged place full of large stones. The track in the sand, boots, &c., discovered what had become of him, and when a search had been made for him down the river a man met the party near the church of Croindale, who asked them what they were searching for. They answered, ‘For the bailie’s body,’ upon which he said, ‘Turn back, turn back, perhaps he has gone up against the river, for he was always acting against nature.’ As their power was great and generally abused, so many of them enriched themselves. They had many ways of making money for themselves, such as (1) the bailie’s darak, as it was called, or a day’s labour in the year from every tenant on the estate; (2) confiscations, as they generally seized on all the goods and effects of such as suffered capitally; (3) all fines for killing game, blackfish, or cutting green wood were laid on by themselves, and went into their own pockets. These fines amounted to what they pleased almost. (4) Another very lucrative perquisite they had was what was called the Herial Horse, which was the best horse, cow, ox, or other article which any tenant on the estate possessed at the time of his death. This was taken from the widow and children for the bailie, at the time they had most need of assistance. This amounted to a great deal on a large estate. This practice was abolished by the late Sir Ludovick Grant in this country in the year 1738.”

The following extracts from the Court Books of the Regality of Grant are mainly taken from a pamphlet by Wm. Cramond, LL.D., F.S.A., Cullen:—

“Followes the courtis and actis, sentances and process of the Right Honoll. Ludovick Grant of that ilk holdine be L. Collonell Patrick Grant, Tutor of Grant, his baylie, be vertue of his comissione and letter of Bayliarie efter mentioned. Court of the piroshine and Lordship of Abernethie holdine at Culnakyll, the 2nd of January 1690, be the tutor of Grant, Baylie; David Blair, notar and clerk; John Maktourich, officer; and Grigor Grant in Abernethi, procurator phiscall. Suits called, curia legitime affirmata. The said Bailie did elect and charge David Blair, notar publict, to be clerk to the said Court, who gave his cath *de fiddi*, and did continue said John Maktourich, officer, and said Grigor Grant, procurator phiscall, they being creat members of court befor the preceeding baylie. The said bailie presented his commission of bailiarie.

“*Stealing Cows*—2nd January 1690.—Allaster Bayne, in Bellifurth, guilty of stealing or at least concealing of the coves pertaining to John Grant, alias Mak-allaster Vickandro, in Cromdall. Unlawed in 50 lib.

"*Stealing Sheep*.—David Makallaster, in Glenlochic, pursued at the instance of Alexander Grant, in Burnside of Cromdale, for reparation of three wedders. He was found guilty as after a heastie daker Alexander Grant found in the defender's house ane fresh mutton bouk, and the defender would not produce hyd and heid. To pay £9 Sc. for said wedders with his tasquill and expenses, and to pay £50 Sc. of unlaw to the fiscall.

"*Sheep-stealing, &c.*—John Grant and Donald Macgressack, in Cougrass, unlawed in 50 lib. the peice for theft for stealing from John Maknokater, in Glenlockie, five heid of sheip. Thomas Troup, in Tullich, 50 lib. for striking and blooding of William Grant. John Mulloch, in Cougrass, 50 lib. for theft from Allaster Fraser. James Murray, in Achernach, 50 lib. for stealing two wedders from John Gow, in Cromdail.

"3rd January 1690—*Stealing Wool*.—Duncan Roy, in Garthinmor, against Helen Taylor for stealing of ane seekfull of wooll that he had hid in the tyme the Highland army went down Speyside. It weighed 4½ stone. She is ordained to pay it at 14 merks the stone, also tasquill money and 50 lib. of unlaw.

"*Breach of Arrestment*—27th November 1690.—Findlay Beg Fraser, in Tulloch unlawed 10 lib. for breach of arrest.

"*Stealing Plough Irons*.—Donald Makrobie and John Makulister, big, in Tulloch, 50 lib. each for stealing of plough irons.

"*Receipting Stolen Wool*.—William Macandachie, moir, his wiff in Lyngarrow, 20 lib. for receipting of wool from her dochter, stolen by her from Duncan Roy, in Gartenmore.

"*Selling Wood*—5th January 1690.—Thomas Mackenzie, in Culenakyll, 50 lib. for meddling with the Laird of Grant's woods and selling thereof without warrand.

"*Pagment of Rents*.—The baill wadsetters, tacksmen, and tenants of the parishes of Abernethie, &c., to pay the duties, kaynes, customes, and casualties due to Ludovick Grant of that ilk for crop 1691.

"Court of the parishine and Lordship of Abernethie holdin at Culenakyle, 25th November 1691.

"*Assaults*.—Alexander Grant in Culdorach fined 50 lib. for beating and blooding of James Bayne. James Cruishank, maltman in Ballachastell, convict in 50 lib. for beating and abusing James Cassiles in Achabrondach and his wife within ther own hous in silence of night, also 50 lib. for beatting and abusing James Sheid and his man, who lodged in the said Cassiles' hous.

"*A raid on Decside*.—An action by the Laird of Monaltrie against Allaster Makgrigor, vig., and Thomas Gedderer and John Mackachall in Clachey, &c., for reparation of eight sheep or 40s, the peice of the remainder of ane greater number stolen be the said tenants from James M'Kphersone, in Monaltrie, his man, upon the month of December 1690. The baillie ordains them to pay the sums demanded.

"*Stealing Socks*.—Donald Roy Fraser, aged 16 or 17, stole a sock from Issobell Grant in Belimore, also a sock from Achernickes plough. An assize of fifteen persons held, all surnamed Grant, namely, Patrick Grant of Tulochgoraune, William Grant of

Lurg, Grigor Grant of Gartinmore, Duncan Grant of Mullochard, John Grant of Dell, Duncan Grant of Letoch. [The others are *in not of So-and-so.*] The assize finds him guilty, and refer him to the bailie, who ordains that the said pannell his lug be nailed with ane irone nail to ane post, and to stand there for the space of ane hour with entymatione, and then allowes him to break the grip nailed without drawing of the nail, and this he gives for doome, and lykways unlaues Patrick Grant, in Curr, his maister, in 50 lib. for recepting of the sock.

“Stealing a Horse, 11th December 1693.—John Stewart, roy, in Achnaconan fined £50 for stealing of Glengarik’s horse, confest it was ill counsell caused him doe it.

“Lugs nailed for Burning Heather.—(James Grant of Galloway, bailie.) Alexander Gardner, alias Murray, Patrick John Dow, milart, his son, Patrick Barron, son to David Barron accused for burning heather adjacent to the backside of the Craigmore of Abernethie, whereby much fir wood was burned. An assize sat on them. They are ordained to be taken to the gallows of the moor of Belintomb and their lugs nailed to the said gallows.

“Wages fixed by the Court, 13th November 1696.—Na man to give or any workman to receive for his wages a day mor than 2s of money or ane hadish of meal.

“A Man and his Daughter scourged at the Gallow Tree for Theft.—Patrick Bayn in Rienacleych and his dochter convict of theft. His friends became security for his good conduct for three years, and, that he at the close thereof, appear in court. Bailie Grant (of Galloway) ordains him to be taken immediately from the court to the gallow foot upon the moor of Belintome and tyed thereto be the executioner with hemp cords and his bodie maid naked from the belt upward and then to be scourged by the said executioner with ane scourge by laying upon his body 24 strypes to the effusion of his blood and then to be lowsed and let go, and Margaret Bayn, his dochter, shall be also taken forth to the gallow foot and tyed thereto immediately by the said executioner with hemp cord and her body made naked from the weast upward and then to be scourged with thratie (!) strypes be the hand of the executioner till her blood run downe and then to banish the said Margaret from Strathspey not to return under pain of death.

“Three Men Hanged for Stealing Cows and Sheep—2nd September 1697.—For stealing cows and sheep Gilanders MackGilanders, Thomas Mackienloch Innes, his man, and Donald Mackrobie, to be carried to the pit of Castle Grant, there to remain till Tuesday next the 7th inst., and upon said Tuesday morning to be brought to the Gallowhill of Bellintome, and all three hanged upon the gallows of Bellintome betuix two and four in the afternoon till they be dead, and decerns Gregor Dow to be bound to the gallows the time of their execution, and to have his left ear cut off and to be scourged and banished.

“Two Thieves Hanged—17th August 1698.—John Barron, son to David Barron in Abernethie, broke the house of John Fraser, stole his cheese, and committed other thefts. William M’Candachie, taylior, commone theiff, sornor and vagabond. An assize find both guilty, that they are common thieves and have been trading in theft

a long time bygone, and can find no suretie. Both to be hanged on the 20th August on the hill of Bellintome.

"*Hunting with the Halkit Steir.*—Margaret Bayn, dochter to Patrick Bayn, sometime in Inchstomach, brought from the prison at Castle Grant, as she who was apprehended within Strathspey for several delinquencies, especially for haunting with the Halkit Steir and Glendry broken men and Keithren. To be brought to the Regality Cross at Granttown to-morrow, 14th inst., and bound thereto, and her bodie maid bear from the belt upward, and scourged by the hangman with thratie strypes, and one of her ears cutt off, and she to be then banished out of Strathspey for ever.

"*Aquavite to be brewed and served to the district*—June 1703.—All the tenants to carry their bear for malt to the malt kiln at Castle Grant, and to get 8 merks for it each boll, to be sold at 16d. the pynt. None to import malt out of any place but the four parishes. No aquavitie to be imported to the four parishes, and the brewers to brew aquavitie of the country malt, and to serve the four parishes at reasonable rates.

"Court of the lands and lordship of Abernethie held at Culenakyll 9th March 1704 by William Grant of Lurg, bailie of the said lordship.

"*Tailors' and Wrights' Wages fixed.*—It is statut by the bailie, with consent of the gentlemen of the country, that the day's wages of tailors shall be from 4s the best tradesmen and the meaner for 2s Sc. and their meat, and 5s a day to the best country wright, and the transgressors to pay £5 of unlaw, both giver and receiver.

"*Assaulting a Woman.*—Donald Dow in Bellamor unawed £10 for striking and blouing Elspet Grant in Lettoch.

"*Assaulting a Man.*—Patrick Grant in Badiniden unawed in 40s for striking Donald Roy, taylor in Bellamor.

"*A rendezvous in Highland garb.*—Court of the lands of Tulchane Skeiradvey, holdin at Delay 27th July 1704. By order of the Laird of Grant, yr., the bailie ordains the haill tenants, malenders, tradesmen, and servants within the said lands that are fencible men shall provide, and have in readiness against 8th August, ilk one of them, Highland coats, trewes, and short hose of tartan of red and green set bread sprunged, and also with gun, sword, pistol, and durk, and with these present themselves to ane rendezvouze when called upon 48 hours advertisement within the country of Strathspey, for the said Laird of Grant or his father, their hosting and hunting under failie of £20 Sc., ilk ane, and the maister to outrig ther servants in the said coats, trewes, and that out of their fees.

"*Ilk ane to his own Shealing*—30th May 1706.—Ilk tenant to keep their own glen in due time of the year under failie of £5 and all in the glens shall heat in inbringin ther beasts to ther own proper shealings ilk nicht and nocht wrong ther neighbour's shealing or particular pastur.

"*Breach of Sabbath*—20th November 1706.—John Stewart Roy in Comgess fined £20 for bargaining upon the Sabbath Day. 20s Sc. to be given for ilk fox killed.

"*Equivalent of Customs*—25th April 1711.—Ilk two-year-old custom wedder to be rentalled at £2 3s 4d Sc.; one-year-old wedder, 30s; ilk custom goose, 10s Sc.; hen,

2s 6d Sc. : ilk pultrie, 13l Sc. : stone of brew tallow, 23 Sc., &c. Cattle bear also to be paid by those liable.

School Meal.—The school meal of Duthil is a peck of victual ilk 18 pint betuix Yuill and Candlemas yearly, and the payment to be to the respective millards of the several millis. Four constables appointed for Duthil parish to see to carry out the act anent grinding and shealing, and five constables for the Lordship of Abernethy. For the schoolmaster of Abernethy, all to pay a peck the saughten pairt, the milwards to collect it and to be accountable to the schoolmaster for payment of half a boll meal.

Foxes and Eagles.—Payment to be made for ilk fox killed 40s Sc. : ilk young fox, 20s; every eagle, 20s. Ilk 1-14th part of land to pay 13s 4d, and ilk meander 6s 8d as a fund.

Peeling Trees—16th July, 1714.—No peeling of growing birch trees to be allowed.

Price of 14 pyntes aquarite at 16s, and barreil of wyse 10 pyntes, price 20s, and ane drinking horn at 4s.

Moor Burning.—None to take upon hand to make any moor burn in hill or dale, moss or muir, efter the 1st March until the cornes be shorne under the penalties contained in the Act of Parliament.

Unringed Swine.—Unringed swine straying to be killed, and no scabbed horses to be permitted to go about.

James Grant, in Riewore, late forester of the woods of Abernethie, fined £100 Sc. for breach of trust in not delivering up to the Laird of Grant money for wood sold to the people.

Killing Kipper Fish—20th October 1722.—Wm. Duncan, one of the sawmillers of Abernethie, and Alexander Cuming, one of the Englishmen's servants, at Culhaskyll, being taken two days ago killing kipper fish, are fined £50 Sc. each. Several tenants of Belintomb and Allachy fined £3 Sc. each for cutting wood, &c.

Stealing of Fir, Birch, and Fruit Trees, and Lime.—Petition by the Hon. James Grant of Grant, that the fir woods in Abernethie and Glencherneck are dayly cutt stollen, and carried away by tenants in Strathspey without any warrand, and that the birch woods are wholly destroyed by peeling of the bark thereof at their pleasures, and leaving of the timber peiled standing rotting in the woods, and against the breaking of orchards, gardens, destroying of fruit trees and stealing of fruit, and against stealing lime from the lime kiln and house of Castle Grant by night and by day, and anent the great hurt and prejudice done to the fir woods of Strathspey by cutting and destroying standing trees for to be candle fir to all the inhabitants. Also that all bear to be malt ought to be sent to the malt kiln of Castle Grant. The petition is granted. Penalty for stealing lime—1st fault £10 Sc., 2nd fault £20 Sc., 3rd fault, scourging. For stealing wood—To pay the value also, £10 for the first, £20 for the second, and £40 for the third fault, and if not responsall for payment to be imprisoned 8, 15, or 30 days for the first, second, and third faults, and to live upon bread and water during the said space, and at the end of said month to be scourged.

All conform to Act of Parliament, and the willfull contraveners of the said Acts, and destroyers and cutters of growing woods shall be punished thereafter to death as thieves.

"*An ablach Sheep*—December 3rd 1725.—Alexander Grant in Dul presented in court ane wedder's skin and head found by dackering in the house of John Roy in Badenaden. He said it belonged to himself in respect he found it as ane ablach beside the fir wood, 6th December. James Grant of Auchnakyle is become cautioner and surety for John Roy in Badenaden, now in the pitt of Castle Grant, for the alleged theft of wedders, under the penalty of 500 merks.

"*Killing Deer*—9th December.—Roderick M'Kenzie, servitor to Gregor Grant yr. of Gartenmore, confessed that he shot a deer in the laird of Grant's forestry, and brought it to his master's house, that he killed a roe in the same place and a deer in the Duke of Gordon's forest. He and his master are fined £50 Sc. each.

"*Receipt of Theft*.—William M'Culloch in Cunakyle unlawed £50 Sc. for receipt of spoiled goods taken from Duncan Grant, Cullnafey, and another £50 Sc. for eating and receiping kipper fish in forbidden time.

"*Sheep destroyed by Foxes and Eagles*.—The gentlemen tenants and others in the regality of Strathspey represent they sustain continual and daily losses by the foxes and eagles killing their sheep, and entreat the judges to fall on proper methods for preventing said damages by stenting a fund on all the country people, and by offering rewards for those destroyed, therefore in April and May next the gentlemen and tenants in the four parishes of Strathspey shall pay a sufficient year-old wedder or 2s stg., and each melander [cottar] that has sheep ane sufficient lamb or 12s Sc. For a fox or eagle killed £2 Sc. each to be paid.

"*A Mill Removed*—31st July 1728.—The mill of the Braes of Abernethy to be transported to Clachag."

CHAPTER XVII.

COULNAKYLE AND ITS MEMORIES.

THERE is more historical interest connected with Coulnakyle than with any other place in our parish. Castle Roy had its story, but it is lost in the mists of the far past. Balliemore had its Bailies, Rothiemoon its Tolbooth, Balnagown its George's Fair, Lurg, Achernack, and Gartenmore their Cadets of Grant, and Tulloch its songs and traditions of fight and forays; but all these were incidental and fragmentary. With Coulnakyle it is different. It has not only a name, but a history. Here Edward of England may have flaunted his banners; here the trumpets of Claverhouse have sounded; and here Montrose and Mackay have pitched their tents. Here Chiefs of Grant have dwelt; here Baron Bailies have held their courts; here the managers of the York Company resided; here tacksmen like Captain Macdonald, sportsmen such as Richard Winsloe, and "summer visitors," changing from year to year, have had for a time their home. Coulnakyle has been a centre of life and interest for more than six hundred years. Long may it continue so. Coulnakyle is named in the Register of Moray as far back as 1226. In a Feu Disposition by Patrick, Bishop of Moray, to James Grant of Freuchie of the lands of the Barony of Strathspey, dated 24th February, 1539, "the lands of Cannocawill" are mentioned as part of the Barony. Then in the marriage contract between Sir John Grant of Freuchie and Mary Ogilvie, daughter of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Fyndlater, 11th December, 1613, "the lands of Culnakyle in the tenandry of Fynlarg regality of Spynie" are designated. In a contract of excambion by Sir John Grant of Freuchie, 27th October, 1627, among other lands named are "the lands of Culnakyll and Auchnahandett, with

the teindsheaves thereof in the tenandry of Fynlarg, diocese of Moray, and shires of Elgin and Forres and Inverness held in feu of the Bishop of Moray."

For seventeen years in the sixteenth century (1565-1582) the Manor-house of Coulnakyle was occupied by Duncan Grant, younger of Freuchie. He came to Coulnakyle while Queen Mary was still a prisoner at Lochleven. Here he brought his young wife, Margaret, daughter of William Mackintosh of Dunachton, by whom he had five sons and two daughters. This lady survived him, and had an eventful history, marrying for her second husband Alexander Gordon, younger of Abergeldie; and for her third, William Sutherland of Duffus. She was alive in 1627, when, as Lady of Duffus, she granted a discharge for 600 merks to Sir John Grant of Freuchie. Duncan, younger of Freuchie, from his love for our parish, and from his residence within its bounds, was commonly called "Duncan of Abernethy" or "Duncan of the Woods." He was a man of much shrewdness and energy, and took an active part in punishing raiders, and in establishing law and order in the country. He also added considerably to the possessions of the family. In 1569 we find him associated with his father in a Commission of Justiciary, by King James VI., for the trial of George M'Yntagart and others, who in the October and February before had raised fire and committed oppressions on the lieges in Rothiemurchus and Glencharnich. To this commission is attached a notarial instrument declaring that "ane rycht honorabill man, Duncan Grant, Sone, and apperand air to ane rycht honorabill man, Jhone Grant of Frewchy," had taken the oath *de fideli* in the Burgh Court of Elgin on the 2nd September, 1569, "before thir witnes Jhone Hay in Allanboy, Farchar Robertson in Allachy, Jhone Rutherford, William Young, and Thomas Kar, Burgessis." In 1750, Duncan took part along with his father in a contract of marriage between his sister, Barbara, and Colin Mackenzie, the young Chief of Kintail. The year following, another matrimonial contract was entered

into for uniting Helen Grant with Donald, the son of Angus M'Alastir of Glengarry. Such alliances were highly politic, as they not only secured the friendship of these chiefs, but also served to protect the Laird of Freuchie's lands of Urquhart and Glenmoriston. In 1578 Duncan came into possession of the lands of Ardneidlie, Keith, which had belonged to the Earls of Huntly, but had been disposed to the family of Baillie, and sub-feued by them to the Meldrums of Eden. We get a glimpse of the strange doings of those times from the document relating to the dispolement of the lands. In it Meldrum says he had been informed "be sinister report and informatioun" that John Grant of Freuchie and Duncan Grant, his son and apparent heir, were "participant of the spoilzies of horse, nolt, and scheip" from the lands of Ardneidlie and others, about midsummer and September respectively in the year 1578. Acting upon this information, Meldrum had raised a summons against the Grants, which had been duly executed, but he now declared that "because it is cleirlie knawin to me sensyne that they ar innocent, and na way was participant of the said spoilzies," he therefore not being willing to "trowbill thame be the law for the samyn," renounces all action against them in all time coming. Duncan Grant died in 1582, and was buried in the family burying place at Duthil. His eldest son John succeeded his grandfather as Laird of Grant. Of his other children, James had Ardneidlie; Patrick, Easter Elchies; and Robert, Clachaig aud Lurg. His will, of which only a much mutilated copy remains, was made at Abernethy on the 19th February, 1582, and an inventory of his moveables was made on the 1st May of the same year, after his decease. These documents are interesting, as showing what were the possessions of an elder son residing in a Highland manor-house in the 16th century. It is stated that the "frie gear" amounted to £2181. The stock, corns, and plenishing are given in the inventory, from which it appears that the young Laird was possessed of "Ky three scoire xix," "queakis tua zeir auldiss xiiij; zeir auld scho beastes ellevin; of

steris of thre zeir auld is fyftein ; and of twa zeir auld stottis ten ; of hie steres of zeir auld is sax ; of drawin oxin in the plewis thre scoir and sax, price of the pice v lib ; of scheipe and wedderis twentie four scoir and ten ; of lambs ten scoir and tua, of wairk hors twa, with ane, &c." The "insyght geir" contained among other articles, "xx pair blankaitts ; xxiiij pair scheitis ; xxiiij coiddis, four sewit coverings, tua Flanderis werdownis, with xij pellit coverings, tene feddir beddis, xij bolsteris, sax quhytt plaidis. *Item* three silver peicis extending to xxx unce of silver, ane disson silver spunis, extending to auchtein unce ; ane sailt failt extending to aucht unce of silver, four disson plaittis, with xvij truncheoris, with vj poittis, and ox panis, ane brewin calderon, thret speittis, thre krewkes. *Item* aucht chanlairis, thre stand of neprie."

Coulmakyle continued to be occupied as the manor-house after Duncan of Freuchie's death. Sir W. Fraser gives a copy of a man rent, between John Grant of Freuchie, elder son of Duncan, who had succeeded his grandfather, and John Dow M'Gregor, brother of Alister M'Gregor of Gleystay, which was executed at Coulmakyle on the 20th June, 1592. In this bond John M'Gregor, "for diverse guid deid is done, and to be done to him, be the said Johne Grant, and for the auld friendscheip and kyndnes betwix their predecessouris, and for the causis following, is bound and oblist, and be the tenour heirof buides and oblissis him and his forsaidis and promisis faythfullie to concur, assist, fortifie and serve the said Johne Grant, his airis and accessouris and sall lealie and treulie tak an fauld and treu pairt with him and his forsaidis, in all actionis, questionis, querralis, debaittis pursuitt or defence that the said Johne Grant and his forsaidis hes or hapins to haif ado aganes quhatsumever person or personis our Souverane Lord and his autoritie, and my Lord of Argyll onlie exceptit." John Grant of Freuchy binds himself in like manner, the King and Lord Huntlie only excepted, but it is curious that as to "actionis," there is the qualification "honest," and as to "doing the same as to his own kin and friends," the

words are added, "but fraud or gyll." The witnesses are William Gordon of Geych, Patrick Grant of Rothiemurchus, Patrick Grant of Ballindalloch, Gregour M'Gregour, son to umquill Owen M'Gregour, and John Dow M'William M'Gilliechallum. The latter could not write, and the words are added after his name—"With hand at the pen led by Mr William M'Gregour, Notar Publict, at my command." There must have been a great gathering at the old manor-house on this occasion, with much hilarity. But the end was not so pleasant as the beginning. Freuchie's intercommuning with the Macgregors brought him into trouble. He obtained a royal remission in 1613 of fines imposed for resetting, but a year later he was tried by a Court Arbitral for "his unlauchfull and wilfull resitt of any of the Clan Gregour, since they were declarit rebellis and fugitives" (1610), and, "being fund guyltie and culpable," first, for his own part, and, secondly, for his Clan, he was fined the sum of 16,000 merks. The fine was promptly paid.

During the wars of the 17th century Coulnakyle was occupied now and again by the contending forces, and the country round suffered much, both from friends and foes. When Montrose made his hurried march from Aberdeen, in 1644, he found his passage barred at Fochabers. Moray was in arms against him, and the Spey was impassable. He, therefore, made his way up Speyside. In the quaint words of Spalding, 18th September, 1644. "he draws himself to the Wod of Abernethie, and their lyes he." Coulnakyle was his headquarters; but he was soon compelled to shift. Argyle was hard in pursuit, and, as Spalding says, Montrose "leaves the Wod of Abernethie and to the Wod of Rothiemurcouss saiffie goes he, and thair remanes a while." Argyle followed, and, as he passed on, "plunderit pitifullie." After the splendid victory of Inverlochy, 2nd February, 1645, Montrose returned to Morayshire. At Elgin he met the Laird of Grant, and gave him an assurance of indemnity, certifying to him and his Clan "that after they shall clearlie instruct and gratifie their said losses ('prejudice and skaith through the

armies marching through their bounds') they shall have reparation and repayment thereof forth of the first and readiest of his Majesty's rents or other casualties within the kingdom of Scotland at a convenient occasion hereafter; providing always that they continue their fidelity and loyalty in his Majesty's service." The "convenient season" never came. The Laird's zeal waxed cold as Montrose's fortunes waned. He sent some men to the army, but Montrose alleged that they were "bade and feu . . . like to Jacob's dayes," and that they also played the run-away when it suited their interests. At other times he complained bitterly that he had not received adequate support. Then came the Battle of Naseby, 14th June, 1645, the triumph of the Covenanters, and the order from King Charles for Montrose to disband his forces. Montrose was in Strathspey at the time, and his reply, written with a sorrowful heart, is dated 2nd June, 1646. There can be no doubt that Montrose did much, by his gallantry and devotion, to sustain the Stewart cause in the north. "Give me leave," he said in his letter to King Charles from Inverlochry, "after I have reduced this country, and conquered from Dan to Beersheba, to say to your Majesty, as David's General to his master, come thou thyself, lest this country be called by my name." The influence of Montrose's campaigns, strengthened by his heroic death, may be seen in the "risings" of 1715 and 1745. In the times of the Commonwealth there seems to have been quiet in Strathspey. Glencairn, in his brief struggle, had, at one time, like Montrose, to seek shelter in the Forest of Abernethy (1653), but there is no record of his doings.

In the Wars of Mackay and Dundee, Coulnakyle became again a point of importance. Mackay, being hard pressed, made a rapid march from Inverness to Speyside. He fixed his camp at Coulnakyle, where he was joined by two troops of Livingstone's Dragoons. The place was well chosen. At the rear was the Spey, the Nethy guarded the right, and woods and marshes protected the front and the centre. "A summer dwelling of

Grant's," says Mackay, "where there were some meadows and fields of corn proper for the nature of the party, whose strength was most in horse." But though the Laird of Freuchie gave help, Mackay and his men seem to have had a hard time. The weather was cold, the supplies were scanty, and many horses died. Disaffection began to work. The General kept on the alert. Scouts were sent out, and a careful watch kept, with outposts of dragoons in the woods, and foot soldiers along the Nethy. In the beginning of June, Captain Forbes of Culloden, with some sixty of the Grants, joined Mackay, bringing the intelligence that the Castle of Ruthven had capitulated to Dundee. They also brought proof that some of Mackay's men were in league with the enemy. Mackay found it necessary therefore to break up his camp. He left at night, and retreated to Balveny, but five days later he was back again at Coulnakyle, and comfortably esconced in the Laird's "summer dwelling!" Dundee retired southwards, and a smart skirmish took place on the moor of Grainish. The battle of Killiecrankie, fought 27th June, 1689, ended the chivalrous career of Dundee. In the end of the year the tide of war again rolled towards Strathspey. General Buchan, who was now in command for King James, marched his forces through Badenoch, and reached Coulnakyle on 29th April. The "summer dwelling" was again occupied. After a council of war, the army moved next day down to the Haughs of Cromdale. This move was against the advice of the Highland officers, and led to disaster. Taken by surprise in the early morning by the forces of Sir Thomas Livingstone led by the Grants, Buchan and his men were severely handled, and some four hundred slain or taken prisoners. The well-known Ballad, which strangely mixes and confuses the battles of Auldearn and Cromdale, commemorates this defeat.

"We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us cam':
A bloody battle then began
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

“The English horse they were sae rude,
They bath'd their hooves in Hieland blude,
But our brave Clans they boldly stood
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale.

“But, alas! we could no longer stay,
For ower the hills we cam' away;
And sair do we lament the day
That e'er we cam' to Cromdale.”

Two incidents may be mentioned in connection with the battle, not hitherto recorded. A Highlander, who was known as “Tremearbag,” was one of those who fell. His gun, Spanish, with long barrel, and fluted curiously carved stock, came into the possession of the Stewarts of Glenmore. Charles Stewart of Knock refers to it in his hunting songs. It is now in the hands of one of his descendants.

Another victim was some nameless Highlander, who fell at his post at the Ford, near the Church of Cromdale. His grave was in the corner to the south of the road, “where the grass long grew rank and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field,” like Balmaphapple's grave at Prestonpans. It is now obliterated.

Dundee's death may be said to have rung the knell of King James's cause, but the fatal blow was given at the battle of the Boyne (July 1, 1690). The following letter from General Mackay to Cluny, for which we are indebted to Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, is interesting, as shewing the pressure that was brought to bear on the Chiefs of Clans, and the heavy exactions that were made upon their people. Mackay had written from Elgin, 6th May, 1689, and again on the 21st May, but still more urgently the month following:—

“Sir,—Sir Thomas Livingstone having already acquainted you, that I was to call for Sheep and Coves, for the use of the army, when I encamp in Badenough. I doubt not but they are already provyded, so I desyre that you may have two hundred Coves, and six hundred Sheep at Rivan in Badenough again Sunday at twelve o'clock being the 29th instant, and you shall have redy money for them. If

you fall in this, I assure you, I will turne the army loose upon the country, who will not spare neither houses nor coves. Take this advertisement from, sir,

“Your assured friend,

“At the Camp att Coulnakyle,
“The 27 June 1690.”

“H. MACKAY.

The Manor-house was still in use in the days of the Baron Bailies and the York Company, but gave place, about 1770, to a new house built by Sir James Grant. This was usually occupied by some of the Grant family. Marion, daughter of Sir Ludovick, died at Coulnakyle, 28th February, 1807, and Lewis Alexander Grant is entered as residing there when the census of 1811 was taken. In 1818 it was occupied by Captain James Macdonald, at a rent of £213 6s 6d, but the farm probably included then more land and pasture than is now possessed. Captain Macdonald had a family of two sons and four daughters. His eldest son, James, retired from the Indian Service as Major-General, and his second son, Donald, died in India as Surgeon-Major. General Macdonald had also two sons in the Military Service. One of them, Major Dugan, was accidentally killed by a fall from his horse in Hyde Park, and a monument to his memory has been erected in the Parish Church. The other, Sir Claude Macdonald, is Her Majesty's present representative in China. When the letting of grouse moors began, Coulnakyle was occupied as a shooting lodge. Amongst other tenants was an English gentleman, Mr Richard Winsloe, who took a fancy to the place, and made it the home of himself and family for several years (1838-1846). Mr Winsloe's sons all became soldiers, the eldest in the Queen's Service, and the other in the German Army. The record of their services is remarkably brilliant.

1. Colonel R. W. C. Winsloe, retired from command of the Royal Scots Fusiliers in 1887. Served in the Crimea, 1855-56 (medal and clasp, and Turkish medal); Zulu Campaign, 1879, severely wounded at Ulundi (medal and clasp, Brevet of Lieut.-Colonel); Transvaal Campaign, 1880-1; commanded troops at Siege of Potchefstroom (wounded; mentioned in dispatches); Burmese Expedition, 1886-7; in command of the Royal Scots Fusiliers and Thayetmgo district (mentioned in

dispatches ; medal) ; A. D. C. to Her Majesty, 1882-90 ; Jubilee medal, 1887 ; clasp, 1897 ; reward for distinguished service.

2. Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred, born at Coulnakyle ; 1st Lieb Huzaren Regiment (Germany), and Equerry to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz. Served in Austro-Prussian War, 1866, and Franco-German War, 1870. Besides other orders and medals for distinguished service, received the Iron Cross. Is now dead.

3. Colonel George ; commanded the 16th German Lancers, 1887-90 ; served in the Austro-Prussian, and the Franco-German Wars. Besides other honours, has received the Iron Cross.

4. Lieutenant Herbert, of the 22nd German Dragoons. First officer killed in the Franco-German War at Nieder-bron, in Alsace, July, 1870. Monument erected to his memory.

5. Major Edward Von Winsloe, late Captain in the 22nd German Dragoons ; now Major on the Staff and Hof Marshal to H.S.H. the Prince of Schaunberg Lippe. Served in the Wars of 1866 and 1870-71, and, besides other honours, has the Iron Cross.

6. Major Arthur, Major in the 9th German Dragoons. Served in the War 1870-71. Amongst other honours has the Iron Cross.

7. Captain Frederick, 7th German Lancers. Served in the Franco-German War. Many orders and medals for distinguished service.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE SOCIAL LIFE OF LAST
CENTURY.

LETTERS may become history. Now and again, from desks, and cabinets, and charter-rooms, and even from ruins of ancient cities, as, for example, the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets, Egypt, 1500 B.C., correspondence is brought out which throws light on the past, and puts us in touch with people who have long passed away. The following extracts are mainly taken from letters in "The Chiefs of Grant." Mr Donald Mackenzie, minister at Aberlour, in a letter to the Laird of Grant, dated 25th May, 1716, gives a touching account of the evils brought upon Strathspey by the rebellion of 1715. He says that when in Badenoch he had used his "utmost skill and industry" to dissuade his friends from taking part in

"The pernicious design, proposing that if they stood firm to the Government, they and Strathspey being their nearest neighbours, might establish such a barrier as would considerably weaken the rebels, and defend the country from their incursions till the King's troops would come for their relief. But when I found all my essays to no purpose, with deep regrate I considered the melanchollick situation of your country, being surrounded on all hands by superiour numbers in arms against the Government and then nothing appear'd but that they must either join in the conspiracy, or fall a sacrifice to the first eruptions of their fury.

"Can any deny the imminent hazard to which your country was expos'd, being I may say, inclos'd with powerful numbers engag'd in the rebellion, haveing the Earl of Huntley on the East, the Earl of Marr, and Marquis of Tullibardin on the South, the Earl of Seaforth and the Mackintoshes on the North, and all the Highland Clanns on the West, besides a number of private gentlemen with their followers interjected on all sides, particularly in Murray? Does any man pretend that none in that confederacy had any bloody inclinations towards you and your friends, or thought that they had the opportunity long'd for of retrieving their disasters at Crombdale Hill with interest? Under such circumstances, not to admire the providence of God in their safety, were an unaccountable complication of ingratitude and stupidity."

The following extracts from correspondence between Mr James Grant, younger of Grant, and his factors, are interesting, as shewing the state of agriculture in the country, 1764 :—

“ You are to acquaint the tenants that I am extremely desirous they should all begin to improve, at least some parts of their grounds with lime, which, by the confirm'd and repeted experience of all the Highlands of Scotland—is found to be the best of all manures. . . . I know that all country people, whose minds are not enlarg'd by proper education, are great enemies to all innovations, which they think will ruin them. This I am well assured, was the case with regard to Kail or cabbages, which was introduced into the Highlands not above 100 years ago. When the Heretors, who had seen the advantages of Kail in England and Holland, proposed to their tenants to plant them in their yards, they first resisted, and when the Heretors planted them, they pull'd 'em out by the roots, till the Heretors at last compell'd 'em by fines in their Baron Courts to allow them to grow, and now they could not live without them.” Then later he says :—“ As I am desirous of introducing the use of lime universally into Strathspey, let me have your opinion of the best method of doing this. I should think there should be quarries broke up at convenient places, and in the most accessible places, and that immediately after the bear-seed is closed, the tenants should enter upon making roads from the quarries to be so contrived as best to suit every farm. I want to destroy as much as I can the bad custom of carrying loads on the backs of horses, and in place of that, to introduce wheel-carriages both to the mill and the moor, and would have therefore good roads made out to both and so contrived as to meet or join in one another, and rendered as convenient as possible for all the tenants.”

In 1776, Mr Grant, yr. of Corrieemony, advocate, writing to Sir James Grant, with reference to Urquhart, says—“ There are about 1700 acres of arable ground in your estate, each of which, with the grass annexed to them, is undoubtedly worth twenty shillings sterling. . . . Your estate of Strathspey is still further removed from its value than your estate of Urquhart.” Mr Grant recommended the appointment of Mr James Macgregor as factor for Strathspey, and he says as to this :—Forres, 28th September, 1778—“ The farm of Balliemore is esteemed one of the best in Strathspey, and it will be of capital importance to you that it be in good hands. . . . I see many advantages to be derived from Mr Macgregor's possession of that farm, during your pleasure ; it will be of great importance that he be near the

woods. I am afraid some examples must be made by criminal prosecutions against wood stealers. Your wood sells cheaper at Inverness, after being floated down to Garmouth, than Rothiemurchus's wood sells at Rothiemurchus." The result was that Mr Macgregor was appointed factor, and resided at Balliemore. He appears to have met with considerable difficulties, as is often the case when a stranger has to effect changes in the way of justice and reform. Mr Grant writes, 1780—"I find that Mr Macgregor has incurred the odium of many people on the banks of the Spey, not on account of any part of his conduct in regard to his own patrimonial interest, but merely on account of his fidelity towards you, and the dutiful execution of the trust you have reposed in him." The malevolent feeling against Mr Macgregor shewed itself after a rent collection, 1779, when he was stabbed in the side by a man, Allan Grant, who was tried for the offence at Inverness, and punished. Lorrimer says in his notes that limestone began to be used after the rebellion of 1715. Strathspey men saw in Fyfe the good effects of lime, and took to the practice themselves. As to *improvements*, he says—"The old Highlanders cultivated very little ground; they lived on milk, cheese, a little flesh of sheep or goats, and on the blood of their cattle, and, most of all, on the plunder and booty they took from one another, and from the Lowlanders, and, lastly, in shooting deer and roes." He also says that "of old it was reckoned unlucky for a son to plough one foot more ground than his father."

James, second Earl of Fife, gives a lively account of a visit paid to Strathspey, in a letter to Lady Grant:—

"Mar Lodge, August 17, 1784.

"DEAR LADY GRANT,—I had a great mind to see a country I had gon through about a few years after you was born. I came to Belivard the 11th, just as the sun had got behind the *Mar hills*. I directly walked down to Castle Grant. There was just light enough to shew me that Sir James had don a great deal to cultivate the grounds and cover the moors, hedges and a new road to the house. . . . I then found light enough to carry me to the inn, where a very civil Mrs Cumming, with a very stupid husband, gave me a good chicken and a clean bed. At six next morning

I set out pass'd the industrious city of Grantoun: the inhabitants mostly broken windows, and in bed with shut doors. A little from it my guide told me was Lady Grant's tea house and garden. I almost dropped a tear to see it so forlorn. I proceeded to Abernethie—John Grant the Minister—a fine situation, a Kirk standing betwixt him, and Factor MacGrigor, which must have cost Sir James much money, the doors open, and all the large windows broke. I wished the minister set on the stool and the factor in the pillory. I proceeded forward, and at a place called Lettoch, on the road, a man knew me, and forc'd me into his house. The face I remember'd perfectly, Sir James's old Servant and Sister Ann's maid. I was more than I can express surpris'd at the elegant cleanness of their little habitation and the farm wonderful. The man cannot be too much encourag'd. He worry'd me to eat and drink, but having breakfast at Belivard my stomach was uncivil and would receive nothing. From thence I proceeded through hills and glens and got to Mar Lodge by four o'clock. I resolv'd the first day I rested from shooting to give you an account of my journey, and to express my wish that Lewis Grant in the early part of his life may be a little us'd to Strathspey views and climate. It will turn out wonderfully for his interest. If he knows nothing of it before he is of age, I am afraid after that period he will not relish it."

The sarcastic notice of the neglected state of the Parish Church indicates a condition of things which was sadly common in those days. Tennant said that the Scotch not only believed that our Lord was born in a stable, but act on the assumption that he should be worshipped in one. Burns indignantly exclaims—"What a poor business is a Presbyterian place of worship—dirty, narrow, squalid, stuck in a corner of old Popish grandeur, such as Linlithgow, or how much more Melrose." But things were just as bad in England. Cowper in one of his papers in the "Connoisseur," 1756, "Letters from Mr Village," says—"The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence, and I could not help wishing that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements by enclosing his gooseberry bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half-an-acre of his glebe land into a bowling green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpose of sheltering his parishioners from the weather during their attendance on divine service. . . . The noise of owls, bats, and magpies makes the principal part of the church music

in many of these ancient edifices ; and *the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories by the various colours by which the damp has stained them.*"

The following quotations are from "The Old Statistical Account," by Rev. John Grant, and are interesting for comparison with the state of things at the present time :—

"The Crops here are, barley, oats, rye, potatoes, chiefly the small black oats ; on some farms pease, and a good deal of white oats. The Crops here are often precarious, and frequently misgive to a very distressing degree. There are only five farms in the parish in any degree of improvement. On these are good houses, offices, and some good enclosures, limed and prepared with green crops for grass, which answers well." . . . "The produce of the parish is corn and potatoes ; it never maintains its inhabitants, and often, when a failure happens in the crop, falls far short. Some often buy meal for six months in the year. After a pretty strict calculation, it is found, that only about 6 firlots of meal grow, at an average of years, in the two parishes, for each person in them." [The population was then 1769.] . . . "Men Servants get from £2 10s to £3 in the half-year ; women 18s and £1, and some more ; men labourers generally 1s the day ; women 6d, when engaged for the day for peats." . . . "There is a class of people much neglected, at least little attended to, not only here, but in most countries in the Highlands, i.e., *The Cottagers*. They not only have their houses from subtenants, but sometimes from the subtenants of subtenants ; and few of them allowed to keep a milch cow, or a horse, even for paying for them. This, in a country where there is not constant employment for such, by daily labour, must of course keep them miserably poor, and force them often to beg, or tempt them to pilfer. If heritors were to assign small spots of land for them in central places, near the principal farms, from which labour might be expected most ; and let each of them have a house and garden, and about two acres of ground for corn and potatoes, this would maintain a cow, and perhaps a small horse, and they might join about ploughing their spots. Four or six would be enough together ; crowding a number of poor people together might defeat the design. This might answer well for small tradesmen, such as country shoemakers, tailors, weavers, &c., and promote their comfort, honesty, and usefulness to the neighbourhood."

Mr Grant seems to have anticipated the modern cry of "Three acres and a cow." Unfortunately, his wise and kindly suggestions were not acted upon, and now the number of cottagers or cottars, especially in connection with farms, is smaller than ever, much to the loss of the country.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE BARON'S CHAIR.

At the upper end of Kincardine, there is a projecting crag, on the face of Pytoulish hill, which is called "the Baron's Chair." From this vantage ground there is a wide outlook. No fairer scene can be found in all Strathspey. Immediately below is Loch Pytoulish, bounded by the meadows of Guislich and the romantic height of the Callart. To the west are the sombre forests of Duthil, backed by the broad Monaliadh. Southward is the grand entrance to the Strath, with Tulligru and the Ordbain on the left, Craigellachie and Kinrara on the right, the rich haughs of the Dell and the Doune in the centre, with the Spey sweeping past, and Loch-'n-Eilan and Loch Alvie sparkling like jewels in the rich setting of the woods and mountains, while behind the hills of Badenoch and Lochaber rise dimly in the distance. Loch Pytoulish bounds the lands of the Barony, which lie along the Spey to the eastward. First there is a moor ending in clumps of oak and hazel, beyond are the birch-clad heights and warm hollows of Pytoulish, with the sunny fields and pastures of Drumclune, Clachglas, and Achgourish stretching away towards the dense woods of Garten and Tulloch. Then to the east are the hills of Craigowrie, with the grand pass of the Sluggan leading to the forest of Glenmore, famous for its loch, and pines, and hunting grounds. For three hundred years the land was possessed by a branch of the Royal Stewarts, and tradition says that the successive Barons loved to repair to this spot, and to look abroad with pride and delight on their fair inheritance. Cicero said of Ulysses, that he loved Ithaca, not because it was broad, for it was small and not big, but *because it was his own*. Touchstone, in the play of "As you like it," has a

similar sentiment. "An ill-flavoured thing, Sir, a poor virgin, but *mine own*." So might the Barons have said of Kincardine. We can imagine one and another sitting in the chair and musing sometimes in joy, sometimes in sorrow; and it may be at times pacing to and fro, like the Baron of Bradwardine with offended pride and indignation, "measuring and re-measuring with swift and tremendous strides the length of the terrace" at Tully-veolan.

Walter, the first Baron, was the third (natural) son of Alexander, Earl of Buchan, better known as "The Wolf of Badenoch." He got a charter of the lands of Kincardine from King Robert the Third at Perth, in the tenth year of his reign (1400). This Walter was knighted for his valour at the battle of Harlaw (1411), and was called "*an Ridir ruadh*," or Red Knight. He married Isobel Fenton in 1436. The pedigree of the family, as given by Duncan Stewart in his History of the Stewarts (1739), is as follows:—1, Walter; 2, Alexander, married Mary, daughter of Maulean; 3, James, m. daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh; 4, Donald, m. daughter of Lochiel, said to have died 1518; 5, Donald, m. daughter of Laird of Macgrigor and widow of the Laird of Mackintosh; 6, James, m. daughter of the Laird of Grant; 7, James, m. daughter of Rose of Kilravock; 8, Walter, m. Margaret, daughter of Robertson of Calvin or Clunie, ancestor to Robertson of Lude. He had three sons, John, James, and Robert. John m. Janet, sister of Mackintosh, commonly designed Sheriff Bane. 9, James, who succeeded, m. daughter of Shaw of Dell, representative of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus, and by her had Donald, 10, who m. first, his cousin, Marjory Stewart, d. to Robert Oig, and second, Barbara, d. of John Shaw of Guislich, and by her left an only son, well-known by the name of John Roy. Stewart says—"Robert, third son of Walter, had a son called Robert Oig, who married a daughter of the famous Angus Williamson, tutor of Mackintosh, and by her had three sons—Alexander, John, and Angus. Alexander was father of Bailie Stewart, late Collector in Inver-

ness; and Angus had several sons, one of them Commissary John Stewart in Edinburgh. Most of the Stewarts in Strathspey, Murray, and Inverness are come of Kincardine, and some of them are settled about Kelso. There is one near Newcastle who has a fine estate." It will be seen from this pedigree that the Kincardine Stewarts married well. Perhaps their royal blood made up for their lack of broad lands. As Burton says—"These Stewarts went forth like others, wandering unfortunates, with no hold upon the world but that which their heads and hands and perhaps the lustre of their descent gave them, and in the end they rooted themselves as landed lords and princes." So it was with the Stewarts of Kincardine. For ten descents they held their place and prospered fairly. But then came evil times. The family fell into difficulties. Poverty came like an armed man. Shaw says that they "continued in good repute till about the year 1683. John Roy, the last Baron (a silly ignorant man), was in a manner cheated out of his estate by his brother-in-law, Alexander Mackintosh, Sheriff Bain, who made him sell it to the Marquis of Huntly for a very trifle, and the family is extinct." A MS. genealogical account of the family (about 1720), somewhat mutilated, gives a different account—"John, who succeeded him (Walter, his father), married a daughter to the Laird of Grant, by whom he had Patrick, who was a weak man, and married a sister to Alexander Mackintosh of Connadage, called Sheriff Bain, which Sheriff, being an artfull, treacherous man imposed upon the weakness of Baron Peter, his brother-in-law, and in place of a Factory which he pretended was to doe the Baron great services, he betrayed him to sign a full and formall disposition of all his Estate, which disposition he soon after assigned to the Duke of Gordon, who now possesses Kincardine in virtue of said disposition. This Peter had children by Sheriff Bain's sister, but all are dead and extinct." That the Barons had been in pecuniary difficulties is undoubted. Lorimer says in his notes that Laird Lewis was pressed by his friends to buy Kincardine, but that he refused out of a point of honour *that he would not*

take advantage of his neighbour's distress. The Gordons were not so scrupulous. There is a tradition in the country that certain of the Kincardine Stewarts who had prospered in America remitted money for payment of the debt upon the estate, but that it was appropriated by Sheriff Bain, who alleged that he had invested it in houses till the mortgage fell due, and that the houses had been destroyed by fire. Shaw says that the family became "extinct," and this was true as regards Kincardine; but they had, and have still, representatives both at home and abroad. Colonel John Roy Stewart of the '45, and Sir John Stuart, Count of Maida, belonged to the family. In our own time, the late Rev. H. C. Stuart, Vicar of Wragby, claimed to be a lineal descendant. He stated that his grand-father came from America, where his ancestors had found a home, and that the late Sir John Stuart was a cousin, whose sister married into a branch of the Tweedale family; that his father was in India (where he himself was born) with the Marquis of Tweedale, who was his intimate friend. Mr Stuart gave his pedigree, taken chiefly from papers in the Charter Chest of Stuart Hay of Newton Hall, as follows:—Starting from the 9th in Duncan Stewart's Book—Walter had three sons, John, James, and Robert. 10. Robert had a son, Robert Oig Stewart. 11. Robert Oig had three sons, Alexander, &c. 12. Alexander was father to John, a merchant in Inverness. He married twice. By his first wife he had two daughters, Margaret and Marion. Margaret married Captain Wedderburn, and Marion a Mr Reid. By his second marriage, to Christina Macleod, d. of Macleod of Macleod, he had seven sons, John, Henry, Francis, Patrick, Norman, Allan, and William, and one daughter, Anne. John was the father of Sir John Stuart, who died unmarried. Anne married Richard Hay of Newton. John, the eldest son, was a Colonel in the Guards, and afterwards Superintendent of Indian Affairs in America. 13. Henry, the second son, was father of Charles Swede Stuart. 14. Charles Swede was father of Henry William; 15, and Henry William was father of Henry Cumber-

land Stuart, late vicar of Wragby. Mr Stuart had a great love for the land of his fathers, and visited Kincardine several times. Sir Bernard Burke tells that in searching out the pedigree of the Fyndernes, he visited the village of Fynderne, near Derby, but could find no trace of the family. No stone of the Hall remained. The Church contained no brasses or records. At last he fell in with an old man, and questioned him. "Fyndernes," he said, "we have no Fyndernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them, we have Fynderne Flowers." The old man then led him to a field where there were faint traces of terraces. "There," said he, pointing to some garden flowers growing wild, "there are the Fynderne Flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey the Crusader from the Holy Land, and do what we will we cannot get them to die." So it was with the Stewarts of Kincardine. Their memory and their name is gone. There are, indeed, some memorials. The names of places associated with their history remain. There is the site of the Baron's House, with one old apple-tree to mark where a garden had been. There are also *Straan-nan-Laogh*, the little Strath of the Calves; *Cat-nan-Caorach* and *Cat-nan-Gobhair*, the Cot of the Sheep and the Cot of the Goats, telling of their flocks and herds. There is also *Cuil Bhardidh*, the Bard's Croft, where the Bards who sung their brave deeds dwelt. There are also *Tom-Mhoid*, where they held their Courts, and *Tom-na-Croiche*, the Gallows-hill, where justice was executed. And to mention but one more, there is *Lag-nan-Cusbaircan*, where the archery buchts stood. But there is no stone, no coat-of-arms, no memorial tablet of any kind, to mark that such a family had ever held sway in the district. What brings them nearest, and what touches our feelings most, is the plant in the Churchyard called the Baron Lady's Flower—the Dwarf Elder. Mr Stuart, when he visited the home of his ancestors, was much distressed that there was no proper memorial of the Kincardine Barons, and he resolved to have this want supplied. His early death prevented this, but through the kind offices of Miss Winn, of Nostell

Priory, the wish which he had fondly cherished was carried out. In 1885 a granite monolith was erected in the Churchyard where the Barons buried their dead. The monument bears at the top the motto, "Dominus lux Nostra," and on a polished shield, the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Walter Stuart, grandson of Robert II. of Scotland; and his family, who possessed the Barony of Kincardine--1374-1683. Also of H. C. Stuart, vicar of Wragby, one of their descendants, who died 16th September, 1884. To fulfil his wish this memorial is erected."

CHAPTER XX.

JOHN ROY STEWART.

JOHN ROY (*Ruadh*, red), as he was commonly called, was one of the men who came to the front in the rising of the "Forty-five." Scott, in "Tales of a Grandfather," calls him "a most excellent partisan officer." Chambers, in his "History of the Rebellion," says "he was the *beau-ideal* of a clever Highland officer." His courage and resource, his devotion and trustworthiness, his gift of song, and the culture and military skill which he had acquired from service at home and in France, made him a great favourite with Prince Charlie. He used to call him "The Body," and loved to consult him. Besides, there was the tie of blood, and the subtle force of sympathy. Both were exiles, and disinherited. Both were fighting in the same cause, and animated by the same hope. When the Prince came to his kingdom, then John Roy and others would get their rights. The "auld Stewarts back," Scotland would be Scotland again. In "The Lyon in Mourning" a touching account is given of one of the last meetings of the Prince and John Roy. The Prince, after his many wanderings, had reached Badenoch, and was in hiding in "The Cage." He sent for John Roy, and, when he heard that he was at hand, "he wrapped himself up in a plaid, and lay down, in order to surprise John Roy the more when he should enter the hut. In the door there was a pool, or puddle, and when John Roy was entering the Prince peeped out of the plaid, which so surprised John Roy that he cried out, 'Oh, Lord! my master,' and fell down in a faint." This simple incident brings out vividly the relation in which they stood to each other, the kindly humour and cheerfulness of the Prince after all his trials, and the unfailing love and loyalty of his follower.

John Roy was the son of Donald, grandson of John, the last of the Barons of Kincardine. His father was twice married. His second wife was Barbara Shaw, daughter of John Shaw of Guislich, a descendant of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus. It is said she was fifty-three years old when she married, and John was her only child. Motherhood at such an age is rare, but not incredible. Constance, daughter of Ruggiere, King of Sicily, was more than fifty years when she was "married to Emperor Henry VI., and by him was mother to Frederick II." (See notes, Dante's Paradise). John Roy was born at Knock, Kincardine, in 1700. He received a good education, and his position in society and residence in France and Portugal gave him a higher culture than was common in his native strath. He was for some time Lieutenant and Quarter-master in the Scots Greys. In his songs he refers to this regiment, and in one addressed to his comrade and friend, Nathaniel Grant of Delrachny (Duthil), he speaks of the service they had seen, and of their hopes of preferment in the "Black Watch," which was being raised in 1730. But these hopes were dashed. John Roy applied for a commission, and was refused. Irritated by this rebuff, he soon after retired from the King's service. An interesting glimpse is got of him at this time in a letter from Lord Lovat to the Laird of Grant, dated, Drumsheugh, near Edinburgh, 25th October, 1733—"Your son, Kathron, dined with us yesterday, with poor John Roy Stewart and Lachlan Grant, and we drank heartily to old Castle Grant, and to all the fast friends of Craigelachy, and the downfall of their enemies." Another still more significant incident occurred some time later. In the trial of Lord Lovat, Sir John Strange put this question to Chevis, one of the witnesses—"I desire you will please inform their Lordships whether you remember the time when Roy Stewart broke out of Inverness gaol." The answer was—"In 1736." He was then asked "Who was Sheriff at that time?" and the reply was "My Lord Lovat." The inference evidently being that Lovat had connived at the escape. According to the same witness,

John Roy had gone straight to Lovat's house, after the feat of breaking the gaol, and had stopped there about six weeks. Then comes the following amusing but, for the old Lord, rather damaging revelation:—"I desire the witness may inform your Lordships, whether during the time that the noble Lord at the bar, and Roy Stuart were together, they diverted themselves with composing anything and what." Chevis answered "They did, in composing burlesque verses, that when young Charles came over, there would be blood and blows." Q.—"You have not mentioned it in a poetical manner; pray can you recollect the lines?" A.—"When young Charlie does come o'er, there will be blows and blood good store." Q.—"I beg that you will acquaint their Lordships whether the verse that you mention is a translation or whether this is the original language in which it was composed?" A.—"It was framed in Erse, and this is the substance of one verse." It appears that John Roy went shortly after this to France, which was a kind of Cave of Adullam for discontented Scots. One Charles Stuart, another witness in the Lovat Trial, said that he met him at Boulogne, and that he was going to Rome, and expected through my Lord Lovat's influence to get the post that Colonel Allan Cameron had (State Trials XVIII. 588-9). Another witness still, John Gray of Rogart, may be cited. He was asked, "Did you know John Stewart, commonly called Roy?" His answer was, "I have been acquainted with him when he was Quartermaster in some of the Dragoons." He was further asked, "Did you see him among the Rebels?" and replied, "I saw him at Stirling." What cloathes had he on?" "He goes always very gay. Sometimes he had Highland cloathes, and at other times long cloathes." John Roy, having cast in his lot with the Jacobites, took an active part in the fighting in Flanders. He was in the battle of Fontenoy, 11th May, 1745. The night before, he, with another Scot, made a visit to the English camp, and spent a happy hour with Lewis Grant of Achterblair and other friends. Next day they met in bloody strife. It was on the 19th August, 1745, that

the "Bratach Bàn," "the White Banner," was unfurled at Glenfinnan. The news of the rising soon reached France, and many a brave soldier, whose heart was in the Highlands, came hurrying home to take part in the struggle. Among these was John Roy. He joined Prince Charlie at Blair in Athole, and brought with him letters with offers of service from several men of note, but they proved of little value. As is common in times of excitement, the promise was better than the performance. At Edinburgh, where John Roy had been formerly stationed with the Scots Greys, he had no difficulty in raising a regiment. It was called "the Edinburgh Regiment," and though mainly made up of recruits from the mixed crowd that thronged the grey Metropolis of the North, it contained not a few men from Perthshire and Speyside, who added much to its strength and mettle. John Roy did good service at Prestonpans, where his friend Colquhoun Grant of Burnside also distinguished himself. Grant had brought down an English officer, and taken possession of his horse. When the Dragoons broke and fled, he and others followed hard in pursuit. Mile after mile was passed. At last the strange sight was seen of a party of Dragoons galloping up the High Street, pursued by a solitary cavalier. The Castle gave them shelter, and Grant, when he was stopped, stuck his dirk in the gate in defiance, and withdrew unscathed. He afterwards settled down as a respectable W.S. (Writer to the Signet) in Edinburgh. John Roy also took part in the skirmish at Clifton, when the cry "Claymore," "Claymore," struck terror into Cumberland's men. The next notice we have of him is at Falkirk. Some of his old Dragoons were there under Colonel Whitney. Whitney recognised his friend, and cried out "Ha! are you there? We shall soon be up with you." Stewart shouted in reply, "You shall be welcome. You shall have a warm reception." The words were hardly spoken when the gallant Colonel was struck by a chance shot, and fell dead from the saddle. The battle of Falkirk was indecisive. Both sides claimed the victory.

“Says brave Lochiel, ‘Pray have we won ?
I see no troop. I hear no gun.’
Says Drummond, ‘Faith the battle’s done,
I know not how or why, man.’”

In the retreat northwards, John Roy was of great service, not only from his skill and resource, but from his intimate knowledge of the country. His Regiment is noticed in almost every Order, as specially singled out for patrol and scouting. “The guard of Roy Stewart’s men are desired to make frequent patronils out of the town on the roads that go to Cullen and Keith. One of the officers are desired to be always with the patronil, who will strictly examine every one they meet either going or coming, and if they stop any suspected person will send him to my Lord John Drummond.” When stationed in Strathbogie, an attempt was made to surprise John Roy, but he was too old a soldier to be taken unawares. He retired to Fochabers, and from there with Parthian cunning he made a sudden back stroke by night, cutting off a party of Campbells, and some thirty dragoons, and carrying terror into the town of Keith. John Roy commanded the Edinburgh Regiment at Culloden, which formed part of the first line that bore the brunt of the battle. It was said of him afterwards by one of Cumberland’s captains that “if all the Highlanders had fought as well as the officer with the red head and the little hand, the issue might have been different.” He himself poured forth his grief in a “Lament for the Brave who had fallen on Drum Mossie Muir,” in which he attributes the defeat to the absence of the Macphersons and many of the best men, and the fierce blinding storm that blew in the faces of the Prince’s soldiers. He also not obscurely hints at treachery. His faith in Lord George Murray had been shaken, and he knew that others of the Highland Chiefs shared this feeling. Long afterwards his son, referring to a reverse in America, expressed the old sentiment, “From April battles and Murray generals good Lord deliver us.” John Roy seems to have gone at first to Gorthleg. He also attended the gathering at Ruthven Castle.

Then when the scattering came, he sought refuge in his own country. The pursuers were soon on his track. He was outlawed and large rewards offered for his apprehension; but like his Prince, though often in peril, he was never betrayed. One of his hiding-places was a cave in the face of Craig-odhríe, which still bears his name. From the loophole of this retreat he could look far and wide. Doubtless he often spied the red-coats in search of him, but he never lost heart. In his own vigorous, though somewhat rude verses he could say—

“The Lord’s my targe, I will be stout,
 With dirk and trusty blade,
 Though Campbells come in flocks about
 I will not be afraid.

“The Lord’s the same as heretofore,
 He’s always good to me ;
 Though red-coats come a thousand more,
 Afraid I will not be.

“Though they the woods do cut and burn,
 And drain the lochs all dry ;
 Though they the rocks do overturn
 And change the course of Spey ;

“Though they mow down both corn and grass,
 Nay, seek me underground ;
 Though hundreds guard each road and pass—
 John Roy will not be found.”

In one of his songs he speaks of himself as seated under a waterfall, Slugan-an-Eas, with his badly-sprained foot held in the flood. He was weary and sad, but he cheers himself with the thought that still there was hope. Another time he was in hiding in Glenmore, where he had friends. A party of soldiers having got a hint from an Irish informer, were on his track. They had sat down to rest, with their drum on the path, when by came a fair-haired boy carrying a cog of milk. “What is your name?” they asked. He said “Peter Bell.” “Where are you going?” “To my father, who is working in the wood,”

As he stood talking to them he began to look at and handle the drum, as if curious about it. One of the soldiers said—"That's a pretty cog" (it was rimmed with silver). "What will you take for it?" "I will give it for this bonnie thing," he answered. They feigned to agree; but he had no sooner got hold of the drum than he made the woods ring with the notes of a well-known Gaelic air—

" Buaidh thap leat Ian Ruaidh,
'S tric a bhuail thu campaid."

And then with the quickness of lightning he turned to another tune that meant warning—

" Bith falbh, 's na fuirich,
Bith falbh, bith falbh!
Na tig a nochd tuillidh,
Tha 'n toir a tighinn thugad;
Na tig a nochd tuillidh,
Bith falbh, bith falbh!"

" Be off, and stay not,
Away, away!
Come not again to-night,
The pursuers are near;
Come not again to-night,
Away, away!"

John Roy heard the sounds, and cried out—"Whatever drum that is, *the beat* is Peter Bell's," for he had taught Peter himself.

After this narrow escape, John Roy fled to Nethyside. He passed a night at Balnagown, where there was a wedding. Eighty-four years after, an Abernethy lady, Marjory Stewart, died at Grantown in her 101st year, who used to tell how she had been present at the marriage, and had danced with John Roy. There are some alive still who remember her. From Balnagown John Roy went to Bad-an-Aodinn. There one day, resting in bed, and making merry with a child to whom he was singing and telling stories, a girl, Mary Grant, Achernack, rushed in crying that the red coats were coming. With ready wit the

gude wife cast an old ragged plaid about John Roy, and gave him a staff; and so in the guise of a beggar, cripple and bent, he crept along the hillside till he got within the shelter of the forest. His next place of refuge was at Counage, on the other side of the hill from Bad-an-Aodinn. In a wild, lone gorge at the foot of the cliff, shaded by birches and hazel, there still lies a smooth slab, under which he used to shelter. There, wrapped in his plaid, with his broad-sword by his side, he would lie, with the bracken for his bed and the music of the brook for his lullaby. A little girl fetched him food, and when a good report was brought he would climb the hill to Connage, and spend a happy hour with his friend John Stewart. But this could not last long. Tidings were brought to him that the Prince was in Badenoch, and that he was wanted. He gave his sporran as a keepsake to John Stewart, and set out. Kincardine, Glenmore, the Iolarraig, and the haunts he loved so well were passed, with the sad foreboding that he should see them no more. He joined Prince Charles, as already mentioned, at Ben Alder, and from there the party, on the 14th September, moved to Corvoy, then to Altnacarrig, Glencanger, and Borrodale. On the 20th September they embarked on board a frigate that had been waiting for them, and sailed for France. John Roy never returned. The Rev. John Grant, in the old Statistical Account of Abernethy (1792) says that he died in 1752, and adds in his shrewd, pithy way—"By this means his talents were lost to himself and to his country. He had education without being educated; his address and his figure showed his talents to great advantage. He was a good poet, in Gaelic and in English."

CHAPTER XXI.

STORIES OF CULLODEN.

PROFESSOR CREASY has a notable book on "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," from Marathon to Waterloo. None of those named by him were fought in Scotland, but we have had our decisive battles also, though they have been limited in their sphere and influence. Three may be mentioned. Bannockburn established the independence of the nation; Harlaw settled the unity of the people; and Culloden fixed the succession to the Crown. There are some mistakes made as to Culloden, which may be noticed. It is often called a battle between the English and the Highlanders, but this is not correct. There were Highlanders in both camps. The Campbells were as enthusiastic on the side of King George as the Camerons were on that of Prince Charlie. Besides, even clans were divided, some members being Royal and some Jacobite. The question at issue was really dynastic—Whether the Stewarts or the House of Hanover should hold the throne. Another mistake often made has regard to the condition of the contending forces. There was, in truth, nothing like equality. The Royalists had the advantage, not only in numbers, but in position and preparedness. They were well organised, well equipped, and well fed, whereas Prince Charlie's men were in all these respects woefully deficient. There is a tradition in the North that a council of the Highland Chiefs was held some time before the battle, when much dissatisfaction shewed itself. Suspicion of Lord George Murray was expressed, and strong words were spoken against him. Keppoch swore that if he got leave he would have the head off the traitor, while others cried that he should be deposed, and Colonel Roy Stewart, the most capable and trusted officer in the army,

appointed commander in his place. But nothing was done. It is known that Colonel Roy Stewart strongly urged that the passage of the Spey should be defended, and that he advised that the army should be withdrawn from Culloden to a stronger and more strategic position, where they might rest till the absent men had returned and they were reinforced by the Frasers and Macphersons, who were hastening to their support. Had this wise counsel been taken, the result might have been different. As it was, the Prince's army fought at great disadvantage, and from first to last they were ill-commanded on the fatal field. The fiery onslaught at the beginning was grand; but, like the charge of the Lancers in the Valley of Death, though magnificent, it was not war. The Duke's first line was swept away, but the second stood firm, and, before their steady fire and the storm of grape shot, the clansmen fell in hundreds. Courage and devotion were in vain against such odds. In a few minutes all was lost. The battle became a rout and a massacre, followed by butcheries and brutalities, which have covered the name of Cumberland with infamy.

“There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath,
For, one to two, our foes we dared,
For freedom or for death.
The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay;
The die was risked, and foully cast
Upon Culloden Day.”

It is well known that many of the Highlanders took part reluctantly in the rising of 1745. This held true of the Frasers. Old Lovat, though liked, was not trusted. He was thought to have more cunning than truth, and more ambition than principle. This view proved correct. Lovat died a traitor's death, and the light which has been since thrown upon his character shews that it is not without just cause that he has been classed in a recent book as one of the “Twelve Bad Men” of Britain. It is

told of one of the Frasers, from the Aird, that he was going to Culloden with a heavy heart. When the fight drew on, he prayed earnestly, "Good Lord, don't let me kill anyone this day, and don't let anyone kill me." What he may have done when his blood was up is not known, but he himself escaped scatheless. His simple prayer was heard. Many high hopes were dashed at Drummosie, and many a brave young Donald who had followed his Prince with unselfish devotion met his doom on that fatal field. After the battle, one Highlander was found lying dead with his Gaelic Psalm-Book open in his hand, and a bloody mark at the 9th verse of the 44th Psalm. The words in the English version are, "But Thou hast cast off, and put us to shame, and goest not forth with our armies." The Gaelic expresses still more pathetically the wail of the dying Highlander:—

" Ach rinn Thu nis ar tilgeadh dhiot,
'S naraich Thusa sinn,
'S mach le'r n'armailtibh, 's ar feachd
Chan eil Thu fein dol leinn."

The late John Maclean, Inverness, called the "Centenarian," had seen this Psalm-Book. Mr Maclean was a member of the West Church, and much respected. He used to attend Church and take part in prayer meetings when he was over a hundred.

Colonel John Roy Stewart, of Kincardine, had two nephews at Culloden—Donald and James. Donald, from being pock-pitted, called "Donull breac," was a major in the French service. At Culloden he was severely wounded by a sabre-cut in the head, and fainted from loss of blood. While he was lying helpless one of Cumberland's troopers came past and made a grab at his powder-horn, which was very handsome, and hung by a massive silver chain. The chain got into the wound, but the trooper cared not. He was bent on plunder, not mercy, so he tugged away till he had secured the coveted spoil. But though he knew it not, he had saved Stewart's life. The shock roused him from his swoon. By and by help came, and he was borne off the

field. Being in the French service, he was treated with some consideration, and visitors were permitted to see him in prison. After a little, a plaid of the Campbell tartan was smuggled into his cell—it is said in a jar of butter—and by the connivance of friends he effected his escape. He made straight for Kincardine, where he was warmly welcomed. But he was still in danger. The red coats were scouring the country, and Kincardine, as the home of his uncle, John Roy, was being watched with special care. Major Donald therefore crossed the Spey, and took counsel with the good minister of Alvie, Mr Gordon. The minister was quick-witted and benevolent. He was about to start for Edinburgh to attend the General Assembly, and he took Stewart along with him, ostensibly as his Ruling Elder. From Edinburgh he made his way to Leith, and from there he escaped to France. With other Jacobites, he passed many years of sorrowful exile at St Omers. The following extract from a letter written by Wm. Robertson, of Lude, to his father, dated “31st January, 1784,” gives a touching glimpse of life at St Omers, and of the latter days of the old Jacobite:—“Since my last I have got acquainted with several people, particularly a Mr Howard, cousin to Lord Carlisle, Mr Meadows, eldest brother of the General, my old Commander, and several others whose connections you may not have heard of. But here, talking of acquaintances, I must not so slightly pass over two of my grandmother’s friends—that is, gentlemen who were ‘out,’ as they say here. They are both Stewarts, but Marquis Stewart, by his grave deportment and formal address, besides his great alliances in Strathspey (which has the honour of his nativity), claims the precedency. The Marquis is a half-pay Captain in the French service, and has lived here for about thirty years in exactly the same routine. His hair in the morning being dressed in a methodical curl with a huge bag behind. The hat, as it were by instinct, finds its place on top. Then, slipping both hands into an antiquated muff, forth issues the great Marquis—on one side hangs the ‘Croise de St Louis,’ from the opposite button dangles the necessary cane. It is well known the

Marquis would rather be crucified than eat flesh of a Friday, and it is confidently reported that he shaves himself with thirteen different razors upon the same occasion, regularly paraded for that purpose. Had the Prince been King of Great Britain, the



"THE MARQUIS OF STRATHSPEY."

*From Photo., by the Rev. Mr Meldrum, Logierait, of pen-and-ink sketch
by Mr W. Robertson, St. Omers—1784.*

Marquis was undoubtedly to have been Lord Chamberlain." Major Donald used to correspond with Mr John Stewart, Pytoulish (Kincardine), and in one of his last letters he made kindly inquiries after old friends, such as George Smith, James M'Intyre, who had been "out," like himself, in the '45. Of both

these there are stories to tell. Colonel John Roy Stewart joined the Prince at Blair of Atholl. At Perth he found a detachment of the Scots Greys, in which he had served as Lieutenant and Quartermaster, and he induced some five or six of his old comrades to join the Prince's standard. One of these was George Smith, Croftmore, a farm in the Barony of Kincardine, the ancient heritage of John Roy's ancestors. Smith was noted for his strength and courage. After Culloden he remained for a time in hiding, and then enlisted again in the Royal service. His regiment (the 89th Highland, Colonel Morris), was sent to India, and shortly after (1761) an inspection was held at Bombay. Smith stood in the front rank at the left hand. The Inspecting Officer came slowly along, and to Smith's horror he proved to be his old Captain of the Scots Greys. He said to himself, "I am done for; he will recognise me. challenge me as a deserter, and I shall be shot." Nearer and nearer came the officer, carefully scanning one after another of the men. At last he stood face to face with Smith. It was a terrible moment. The officer, as he dreaded, recognised him. Fire flashed from his eye, and he seemed about to denounce him; but kinder feelings prevailed, and with a stern aside, "I know you, but you're in the right place again," he passed on. It was like life from the dead. Smith retired from the army with a pension. He lived at Kincardine to a great age. When he died he was said to be the oldest pensioner in the British Army. The late John Stewart, catechist, Abernethy, remembered him well, and it was from him the above story was obtained. John Stewart told another story of Culloden which is worth recording. Lord Balmerino, after the battle, made his way to the Doune of Rothiemurchus. Here he had communings with the Laird, who advised him to give himself up. This he resolved to do, and forthwith set out for Castle Grant. When a little beyond the Church of Kincardine, he was overtaken by a messenger carrying his sword, which he had left behind. Balmerino thanked the man, and said, "Take it back to the Doune, I have no further

use for it." The words were ominous. Balmerino surrendered to the Laird of Grant, and was by him handed over to the authorities at Inverness. Everyone knows the story of his trial and conviction, and the heroic fortitude with which he bore his cruel fate. "Fourteen Colours taken at Culloden were brought to Edinburgh. On Wednesday, the 14th June, at noon, they were brought down to the Cross, Prince Charles' own standard carried by the hangman, and the rest by chimney-sweepers, escorted by a detachment of Lees' regiment. There, in the presence of the Sheriffs, and with great pomp of heralds and trumpeters, they were, by the command of the Duke, burned by the hands of the common hangman." The Colours of John Roy (Colonel of the Edinburgh regiment), the green flag of Kincardine, was saved from this foul indignity. It was brought from Culloden by its brave bearer, James M'Intyre, commonly called "Fear bàn Bheaglan," and cherished by him for long as a precious relic. Once every year, on the anniversary of the raising of the Prince's standard at Glenfillan, he used to take it to the top of Cairngorm, and there unfurl it with much pride. He wished, he said, to give it fresh air. When on his death-bed he sent for his friend, John Stewart, of Pytoulish, and gave it to him, saying, "John, I have sent for you thinking you are the fittest to take charge of what I myself got charge of 40 years ago. It is my dear John Roy's banner. That bravest of men gave it to me on the fatal field of Culloden, with his command that nothing but death should separate us. I have kept it ever since, hoping long that its true owner might have use for it, and for me; but I am now going the way of all flesh. I can do no more. I entreat you, as I have no children of my own, to come when I am gone and to take delivery of the dear flag from my wife, and I earnestly beg that you will treat it with all reverence and care as is due to the gallant soldier to whom it belonged." The old Colours, holed with balls and hacked by swords, dim and faded with age, was long preserved by Pytoulish, and before his death was presented by him, with other Jacobite relics, to the Duke of Gordon.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STORY OF A HIGHLAND GLEN.

GLENMORE, as the name indicates, is a glen of more than ordinary size. It lies at the foot of Cairngorm, facing the west, and not only includes several miles of moorland and forest, but also great stretches of the mountains on each side. From Abernethy it is entered by the romantic pass of the Green Loch, and from Kincardine by the Slugan of the Eas or waterfall, a ravine of about two miles in length, which, with its long sloping braes, its frowning cliffs, and its wealth of firs and birches, forms one of the finest passes in the Highlands. Glenmore may also be reached from Rothiemurchus by the road crossing the Druie at Coylum (*Coimh-leum*, the leaping together, i.e., of the Luinag and the Bennie, which meet a little above the bridge), and passing up by *Ri-'n-shraoich* where there is a mineral spring once largely frequented, and then along by the west side of Loch Morlich. The scenery is very grand. To the southwest are the Ord Bain, with Loch-an-Eilan; then there are the woods of Rothiemurchus, the splendid cone of the Iolarig, and the steep frowning glories of Glen Einnich and the Braeriachs. Further on there are the gloomy pass of the Larig-gru, and the stupendous precipices of Ben-mac-dui. On the eastern side are the hills of Tulloch, terminating in the massive *Mcall-bhuachail*, the herd's hill; while in front, casting its shadows far and wide, is the lofty Cairngorm. Across the lower part of the glen stretches a great plain of firs, interspersed with glades and mosses, and here and there, shewing among the younger trees, huge pines—some standing, some fallen—the relics of ancient forests. The glen is well watered. The Altmore is the chief stream. It is fed from the west by the Caochan-dubh, and the

burns that run from the Leacan, the Lochan, and the Snowy Corrie, and from the east by Allt-na-cisde, Allt-bàn, Caochan-ghuib, and the Feith-dhubh.

The first glimpse we get of Glenmore is as a Royal Forest, but it was well known earlier as the hunting ground of the Stewarts of Kincardine. Robin Oig, son of one of the Barons, was famed as a hunter. Returning one day from the Glen, he met a party of fairies on their march with pipers. The music was the finest he ever heard. He listened entranced. As they passed by he noticed that the pipes were of silver, sparkling with jewels. Throwing his bonnet among the little folks, with the cry, "Mine to you, yours to me," he snatched the pipes. The procession moved on, and the music pealed out sweeter than ever. Stewart hid his prize under his plaid and hurried home. But when he looked, lo! he had nothing but a broken spike of grass and an empty puff-ball! By an Act of the Scottish Parliament, 1685, ratification was granted in favour of George Duke of Gordon, &c., "of all and hail the Marquisat, Earldome, and Lordship of Huntlie." This Ratification, which was in effect a Crown Charter, comprehended the Forests of Badenoch and Kincardine, "with the hail rights, privileges, profits, and casualteys belonging to any fforest within the said kingdom." The lands of Kincardine appear to have been for some time in the hands of the Crown, and the Act contains a Resignation by Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, His Majesty's Advocate, to the Duke of Gordon, "of all and hail the Barony of Kincardine, comprehending therein the particular towns, lands, fforests, milnes, woods, fishings, and other after specified." Glenmore is thus designated, no doubt, in the terms usual in such legal documents, "The Forest and Woods of Glenmore, Hills and Glens belonging thereto, with castles, towers, fortalices, manor places, houses, biggings, yards, orchards, woods, parks, sheilings, grassings, outsetts, insetts, tofts, crofts, parts, pendicles and pertinents thereof, and teynds, both parsonage and vicarage of the said Lands lying within the parochine of Kincardine and

Sheriffdome of Inverness." Later, we find the Glen occupied by several tacksmen and their dependents. In 1740 the following persons were designated by the Kirk-Session as in a condition to contribute to the relief of the poor, viz., John Stuart in Badyewish, John Stuart in Bochonich, George Grant of Tullochgorm for Beglan, William Davidson in Ri-aonachan, and James Stuart in Reluig. But besides these there were several other families of smaller tenants and cottars. The population during last century might be counted as about a hundred. Being so secluded, they must have lived rather a lonely life, especially in winter. But they had their diversions. Besides the incidents of births, deaths, and marriages, and the common work in the fields and woods, there were two things which must have helped to break the monotony of the months. One was the visits of raiders from Lochaber. The Thieves' Road traverses the glen, and now and again bands of raiders passed to and fro, bringing news of the outer world. Sometimes also there were fights between the Caterans and their pursuers, with exciting incidents which would furnish talk by the fireside during the long winter nights. Another interesting event was the visit of the parson.

Glenmore is in the parish of Kincardine, and in the old time the minister of Abernethy had to serve both the Church of Abernethy and that of Kincardine, preaching in the latter every third Sunday. The people of the Glen attended Church well, though they had to walk from three to six miles. But besides the ordinary Sunday services, they were favoured occasionally with special services. The following entries, among others, occur in the Session Book :—"Glenmore, July 13, 1740.—Lecture, Irish, in Matthew 6 and 19 to the end of the chapter. Collected for the poor, £0 4s 6d." "Glenmore, June 27, 1756.—Lecture in Irish, 1 Peter, chap. 2nd, from the beginning. Sermon in English. Psalm 73rd, verse 28th. Collected for poor, £0 4s 0d." It appears that meetings of Session were also sometimes held. "Glenmore, 8th July, 1753.—Lecture in Irish in the 2nd chap. of the Ephesians, first 12 verses. Sermon in English in the

4th chap. of James, 8 v. Collected for the poor, £0 6s 6d. After prayer, met in Session with the minister, William Davidson, Pytoulis, John Stuart in Tulloch, James Grant in Richailleach, Elders; James Grant, Rinaitin, and Patrick Grant in Glenmore, Gentle," and dealt with a case of discipline. Again, 30 June, 1754, a similar meeting was held, when Finlay Kennedy, servant to Patrick Grant, Ri-aonachan, was publicly rebuked before the congregation. In connection with this case, there is the following suggestive entry:—"The Session appoints John Stuart, Treasurer, to give the Bill imposed upon Finlay Kennedy for his sin, to James Macdonald, who teaches some children at Kincardine, for his encouragement" Dora Wordsworth, in her delightful Notes on Travelling in the Highlands, shews how much these ministerial visits were appreciated. She says as to Glenfalloch, August 28th, 1711:—"If it were not for these Sabbath day meetings, one summer month would be like another summer month, one winter month like another—detached from the goings on of the world, and solitary throughout; from the time of earliest childhood they will be like landing places in the memory of a person who has passed his life in these thinly peopled regions." About the end of last century some important changes took place in Glenmore. Messrs Osbourne and Dods-worth purchased the woods from the Duke of Gordon, and for upwards of twenty years they employed a large staff of men in the cutting and manufacture of timber. It is said they spent £70,000 in the payment of labour alone. These were the years of plenty. But it was not all contentment. There were some who resented the intrusion of the Sassenach and the destruction of the woods. Their hearts were in the past. One bard marked the changes with biting sarcasm—

"Sud an gleannan rioghail fallainn, ann an fanadh làn daimh,
 Mo mhollachd do na phannail, a chuir thairis a bhàrrachd.
 'Nàite an crònan anns an doire gu farrumach mar babhaisd,
 'S es beus dhuinn nis anns gach baddan. Slachdarnis ghallda."

Which may be translated—

“Yonder’s the little glen kingly and sweet, haunt of the
full-grown harts,
My curse on the bands of men that have robbed it of its
glory.
Now, instead of the song of birds and the murmur of the
deer in the thicket,
Our ears are stunned by the crash of falling trees and the
clamours of the Sassenach.”

When the English company left things reverted to their old condition. The prosperity that had existed was but temporary. According to the census of 1831 and 1841, there was a large falling-off in the population of Kincardine, and this was very marked in Glenmore. Shortly after the glen was converted into a sheep-run, and subsequently into a deer forest, and the people passed away for ever. It is no wonder if Glenmore, with its romantic scenery and legends, should have had a fascination for the poets. Hogg and Wilson refer to it, and Scott makes it the scene of “The Bard’s Incantation,” composed, it is said, in the autumn of 1804, when making a wild ride through Ettrick, at a time when invasion by the French was threatened:—

“The Forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak tree,
And the midnight wind to the mountain deer
Is whistling the forest lullaby.
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

“There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak,
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake waves dashing against the rock:
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood,
His song was louder than the blast
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past,

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,
 Minstrels and bards of other days !
 For the midnight wind is on the heath,
 And the midnight meteors dimly blaze ;
 The Spectre with the Bloody Hand
 Is wandering through the wild woodland ;
 The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
 And the time is meet to awake the dead !

“ Souls of the mighty, wake, and say
 To what high strain your harps were strung
 When Lochlin plough'd her billowy way,
 And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?

“ O, yet awake, the strain to tell,
 By every deed in song enroll'd,
 By every chief who fought or fell
 For Albion's weal in battle bold.
 From Coilgach, first, who rolled his car
 Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
 To him, of veteran memory dear,
 Who, victor, died on Aboukir.

“ By all their swords, by all their scars,
 By all their names, a mighty spell !
 By all their wounds, by all their wars,
 Arise the mighty strain to tell !
 For, fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
 More impious than the heathen Dane,
 More grasping than all grasping Rome,
 Gaul's ravening legions hither come.

“ The wind is hush'd, and still the lake,
 Strange murmurs fill my tinkling ears,
 Bristles my hair, my sinews quake
 At the dread voice of other years,
 When targets clashed and bugles rung,
 And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
 The foremost of the band were we,
 And hymned the joys of liberty.”

“ Would you wish to know what is now the look of Glenmore ?” asks Christopher North. “ One now dead and gone—a man of wayward temper, but of genius—shall

tell you ; and think not the picture exaggerated, for you would not if you were there. . . . It is the wreck of the ancient forest which arrests all the attention, and which renders Glenmore a melancholy—more than a melancholy—a terrific spectacle. Trees of enormous height, which have escaped alike the axe and the tempest, are still standing, stripped by the winds even of the bark, and like gigantic skeletons throwing far and wide their white and bleached bones to the storms and rains of heaven ; while others, broken by the violence of the gales, lift up their split and fractured trunks in a thousand shapes of resistance and of destruction, or still display some knotted and tortuous branches stretched out in sturdy and fantastic forms of defiance to the whirlwind and the winter. Noble trunks also, which had long resisted, but resisted in vain, strew the ground ; some lying on the declivity where they had fallen, others still adhering to the precipice where they were rooted, many upturned, with their twisted and entangled roots high in the air, while not a few astonish us by the space which they cover and by dimensions which we could not otherwise have estimated. It is one wide image of death, as if the angel of destruction had passed over the valley. The sight, even of a felled tree, is painful ; still more is that of the fallen forest, with all its green branches on the ground, withering, silent, and at rest, where once they glittered in the dew and the sun, and trembled in the breeze. Yet this is but an image of vegetable death. It is familiar, and the impression passes away. It is the naked skeleton bleaching in the winds, the gigantic bones of the forest still erect, the speaking records of former life and of the strength still unsubdued, vigorous even in death, which renders Glenmore one enormous charnel house."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STEWARTS OF GLENMORE.

THE Massacre of Glencoe was one of the blackest crimes in Scottish history. It has stained the fair name of William III., and has covered the men who were directly concerned in the barbarous deed with infamy. Major Duncanson, under instructions from his superior officers, issued the following order to Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, 12th February, 1692 :—
 “You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword under seventy.” Let Scott describe the result ;—

“The hand that mingled in the meal,
 At midnight drew the felon steel,
 And gave the host's kind breast to feel
 Meed for his hospitality !
 The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand
 At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
 That bade destruction's flames expand
 Their red and fearful blazonry.
 Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
 Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
 More than the warrior's groan, could gain
 Respite from ruthless butchery !
 The winter wind that whistled shrill,
 The snows that night that cloked the hill,
 Though wild and pitiless, had still
 Far more than Southron clemency.”

But there was one man who, to his infinite credit, kept himself clear from complicity in these horrid barbarities. Robert Stewart, of the house of Fincastle, was a subaltern in Argyll's Regiment. Being a man of known ability and courage, he was chosen as one of those to go to Glencoe, but when he understood

Wick of W. Vinchardine January 16. 1743

These are declaring that the bearer hereof, Robert, Stuart, late Forester of Wyltonmore lived these forty years by past in this parish of W. Vinchardine in a married State, During which time he behaved himself civilly and honestly, free of any offence or scandall: so that he may be received to any Company or Society as an honest man: Given in presence at the Appointment of our Kirk-session, Day Month, year and place above by

That the above is of our own
witness by James G. and J. P. Malcolm. Grant ssp. Th

what he should have to do, he refused to take part in the work. He was urged and threatened, but he would not consent, and in the end he threw up his commission and fled to the North. The Duke of Gordon gave him protection, and as he could not make him an officer, he appointed him keeper of his Forest in Glenmore. This was a position of some importance in those days, and the salary and advantages were considerable. In an Act of James VI. as to Forest Law, it is declared of Keepers of Forests that they should have power and jurisdiction to convene before them the transgressors of said statutes, and to try them by an inquest, and to execute the said Acts against them, to wit, the "slayers and shooters of Deer, Roe, and Wild Fowl, being landed men, under the pain of five hundred merks, and being unlanded, a hundred merks, &c." Robert Stewart married, and had a large family. Five of his daughters became wives of respectable tacksmen in the district. He is said to have lived to be over a hundred. The accompanying certificate, given to him by the Kirk-Session, and attested by the civil authority, marks his character and worth. Stewart was succeeded by his eldest son James. He was well-educated, shrewd, and capable, and was able to save money. His neighbours, seeing how much better off he was than they were, jumped to the conclusion that he had found a "treasure." The story was that a certain man called "The Claddach" had dreamed of a pot of gold hidden under a marked stone; that he told his dream to Stewart, who laughed, and said, "Who minds a dream?" But he himself quietly sought the stone, and secured the treasure. In reality Stewart owed his success to his own thrift and industry. It is curious how much similarity there is in these stories, indicating probably a common origin in the East. Grimm tells of a man who dreamt that if he went to a certain bridge, and waited there, he would become rich. He went day after day, but nothing happened. At last he met a merchant, who asked him what he was looking for. He told his story. The merchant said, "Dreams are but froth; I, too, dreamed that under yonder tree lay a kettle full of gold, but

who minds such things." The man said nothing, but at night he dug under the tree and found the treasure. Stewart's wife was Christian Robertson, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. His daughter Mary married Stewart, Knock, the representative of the Barons, and he gave her a tocher of £100, a considerable sum in these days. He and his sons were great favourites of the Gordons, and before his death he saw them in possession of the three choicest farms in Kincardine—John at Pytoulish, Charles at Knock, and Patrick at Achgourish. In his last years he was well known in Strathspey and Badenoch as the "*Fear Liath*," from his venerable appearance and long white beard. In the old Statistical Account, he is thus referred to:—"James Stewart, Keeper of the Duke of Gordon's Forests and Game, is 93 years of age, a blooming, correct, sensible man, and comes to Church the coldest day in winter." Stewart died on Christmas day, 1795. He was crossing the Altmore to visit his son, when his foot slipped on an ice-covered block, and the fall caused his death. By his will, executed 24th September, 1795, he left the sum of 400 merks for the poor of the Barony, the interest of which was paid for some years by his son, and on his death the principal was handed over to the Kirk-Session. In 1846, the money, then amounting to £70, was, under a mistake, transferred to the Parochial Board, and so while the ratepayers benefited in an infinitesimal way for the year, the poor of Kincardine lost their rights for ever.

John Stewart, Pytoulish, was one of the finest-looking men on Speyside. He was said to resemble his grandfather, who, according to tradition, was counted the third best man in the North Highlands. He was both a great hunter and a great fisher. In the valuation of Kincardine, he is entered as holding Pitgaldish and Clachglas, at a rent of £20 3s 1d; the mill at £2 17s 9d, and the salmon fishing of Pollmarstack at £2 4s 5d. His brother Charles had Knock and Riluir at £19 12s, and his father (to whom succeeded his brother Charles), had Achgourish at £14 8s. Milntown, Lag of Clune, Croftmore, Bellimore, Pitvernie, and

Culrannach, Lynmore, and Riaonachan, comprehending also Belnapool, Culvardy, Badyuish, Buchonich, Beglans, and Quarter Kern, were possessed by Messrs Dodsworth and Osbourne at a rent of £67 10s. The whole valued rent of Kincardine was £125 13s 2d, making the teind only £25 2s 7d. But the deer forest appears to have been left out of the valuation. John Stewart was a J.P., and in 1797 Sir James Grant of Grant appointed him a Deputy Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, an honour rarely conferred save on large landed proprietors. He was present at the grand reception given by the Marquis of Huntly to Prince Leopold in 1819, and was introduced to the Prince by the Marquis as an *old rebel*. Pytoulish replied that if *he* was a rebel, there might be doubt as to the loyalty of his Grace himself, as he had always been his faithful follower. His grand-daughter, Miss Mackintosh of the Dell, Rothiemurchus, was also a guest at Kinrara, 7th September. The Spey was in high flood at the time, and it was with much difficulty that she and some friends were able to cross at the Doune ford. The next day Prince Leopold made a visit to Rothiemurchus, and called at the Dell, when he asked specially to see Miss Mackintosh, the young lady who had risked her life to attend the ball. There was an English visitor at Kinrara, who was very ambitious to kill a stag. He spoke to the Marquis of Huntly, who said, "O, you must see Pytoulish as to that." He answered that if he had the Marquis's permission he would take Stewart in his own hand. The Marquis said, "You may try, but I'm mistaken if you don't repent it." The Englishman set out to Glenmore, where he met Pytoulish, who at once challenged him. He replied rather haughtily, "What is that to you? I come from Kinrara." "If you do," said Pytoulish, "you will have a letter from the Marquis." "No, he had no letter." "Then, if you have no letter, you have no right to be here, and must give up your gun." He refused, but in a moment Pytoulish had him on his back in the heather, and took his gun from him. He went back with an angry complaint, but

the Marquis only laughed, and said, "Did I not tell you how it would be?" Pytoulish's marriage was quite a romance. Mary Grant of Kinchirdy, g. great-grand-daughter of Mungo, fifth son of the Laird of Grant, was a winsome young lady, and had many wooers. The parson of Abernethy was a suitor, and was said to be favoured by her father, but the lady herself leaned towards the gallant Highlander. The parson had been preaching at Kincardine, and stopped overnight at Kinchirdy. He was roused by some stir in the morning, and, looking out at the window, he was surprised to see what seemed a wedding party passing up the other side of the Spey. The secret was that Pytoulish had carried off the young lady. At the ford he and his brother made a king's chair, with their hands locked, and bore her safely across. The parson of Duthil was in the secret, and the marriage took place at once. This sort of marriage was not uncommon in the Highlands in the old time. Pytoulish had one son and two daughters. His son, Robert, entered the army, and died in the West Indies. There was some mystery about his death, and his father long hoped against hope that he would reappear. The eldest daughter, Margaret, married Duncan Mackintosh, Dell, factor to Rothiemurchus, who was of the sept of Mackintoshes, called *Sliochd-a-ghobhainn Chruim*, the race of the bandy Smith. His other daughter, Mary, married Lieut. James Stewart, of the 78th Highlanders. Charles Stewart, Pytoulish's brother, also married, and two of his sons served with distinction in the Peninsular war. Alexander was a Lieutenant in the 42nd Highlanders. At the siege of Burgos he led one of the forlorn hopes. When the party reached the breach Stewart waved his sword, and calling out *Dia leinn*, God with us, the famous watchword of Gustavus Adolphus, he dashed forward. His comrades were almost all killed, but he escaped with a severe wound. John rose to the rank of Captain in the 53rd Regiment, and retired on half-pay. He was called the *oichear mór*, the big officer, from his great size. It was said

he had no equal in Strathspey for strength. There are two boulders that lie near the gate of Achnack, *Clachan ncart*, which were used as tests of strength. One man out of ten might lift the smaller over the dyke, but not one in a thousand could do this with the other. The big officer could toss them both over, one after the other, with ease! Pytoulsh lived to a great age. The last year of his life he made a pilgrimage to Glenmore, where he had lived so long, and which he loved so well. He reached *Sithan-dubh-dà-choimhead*, the Sithan of the double outlook, above the Green Loch, by sunrise, and after spending some time looking before and after, he came to Ri-luig to breakfast. Then taking the south side of Loch Morlich, passing the Rabhag, the Osprey's tree, and the Black banks where he had often fished, he crossed the Luinag at the Sluce and made his way slowly home. Some months after he died. He and his wife were interred in the church-yard of Kincardine, where the Stewarts of the Barony and of Clachglas also lie. The Stewarts of Glenmore were, for their time, well educated. There is an Inventory extant of the contents of the Repositories of James Stewart, Achgourish, dated 15th January, 1796, which not only shews that he was a man of some means, but which also bears the signatures, along with that of the Rev. John Grant and others, of his three sons, all written in a clear good hand.¹

¹ See Appendix, Note 10.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GOLDEN GROVES OF ABERNETHY.

THE "York Buildings Company" were remarkable for enterprise and daring. They took in hand the raising of the Thames water for London, and engaged in various other great schemes. How they came to Speyside is hard to say. Two hundred years ago Abernethy and Strathdown must have been as little known in London as Lapland and Kamskatca. The probability is that the adventure was due to Aaron Hill, the poet. He had travelled much, had written many books, and held a good place in London society. Besides, he was well known for his "sanguine belief in his own gifts, both for literature and speculation." In 1713 he had a scheme as to the wool trade. In 1718 he started a colony in Georgia, and he had a share in various other enterprises. Probably he had seen the report by Captain John Mason, who had a lease of the Woods of Abernethy for 40 years, to the Commissioners of the Navy in 1704 as to the size and quality of the trees in Abernethy as "likeliest to serve His Majesty's Government." Perhaps he may have met the Laird of Grant in London or Edinburgh, and heard from him of the vast resources of his country, and the possibilities of fortune-making in these fields and pastures new. At anyrate, he seems to have come north in 1726, and to have reported so favourably to Colonel Horsey and the "York Buildings Company" that they were induced to enter upon the scheme. In 1728 they obtained Royal Licence "to trade in goods, wares, and merchandise of the growth and produce of that part of the kingdom." Their first object was wood manufactures. By an indenture dated 5th January, 1728, between James Grant of Grant, Esq. (afterwards Sir James Grant, Bart.), on the one hand, and the

Governors and Company of Undertakers for Raising Thames Water in York Buildings on the other, James Grant, Esq., sold 60,000 fir trees of the best and choicest of the fir woods besouth the River Spey, belonging in property to the said James Grant, and lying in the united parishes of Abernethy and Kincardine, with power to them to cut, sell, transport, and to their own use and behoof, apply the said trees at their own charge and risque "within 17 years, and that every tree wounded by them shall be deemed one of the number hereby sold." . . . They were to have free entry, and to be protected by the Baron Bailies "from every manner of insult, oppression, theft, bad usage, to the utmost of their power." No other person or persons were to be allowed to cut any of the said fir woods, "except for the upholding Tenements Houses, and labouring the ground according to the use of the country and for upholding the Duke of Gordon's Dwelling-houses, according to the tenor and conditions of the infeftments by his Grace to the family of Grant." The price was £7000 sterling, to be paid in instalments, the first £1000 on or before August, 1729. The Company further obtained use of the sawmills upon the Nethy, with leave to build as many more as they might deem necessary. They had also a Tack of Coulnakyle, with the mains and meadows, at a rent of £25 yearly. All differences and disputes were to be referred to Robert Grant of Lurg as oversman. But more than this, and to make all sure, a bond was given by Colonel Samuel Horsey, of Mortclach, and John Ewer, of the parish of St Martin's, Westminster, goldsmith, by which they bound themselves to pay the penal sum of £14,750 failing the fulfilment of the deed. And all this was done regularly in the Scotch form. The company duly took possession. They made a brave start. Could we look in upon the gentlemen at Coulnakyle in the autumn of 1728 we should find them in the highest spirits. The Laird of Grant has been most hospitable. They have found the people of the country friendly, and ready to help them in their enterprises. Even the Duke of Gordon has not forgotten them. He sent an order to Robert Stewart, his

forester in Glenmore, to supply them with a stag, and this has been done. We may imagine Colonel Horsey and his friends at table, with Captain Burt as one of the guests. Aaron Hill may have improved the occasion, after the manner of Goldsmith—

“ Thanks, dear Duke, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never roamed in a forest or smoked on a platter.”

Excited by the good fare, and the accompanying viands, they would talk with much confidence of their schemes and prospects. Hill would quote his own lines:—

“ High on the mountains of her northern shore
The gummy pine shall shed her pitchy store;
Tall firs, which useless have long ages grown,
Shall freight the seas and visit lands unknown,
Till the check'd sons of Norway's timbered State
Learn love by force, while we disarm their hate.”

He would also hint at “subterranean riches” rivalling those of Mexico and Peru. So sanguine was he that, with the bright fancy and hopes of a poet, he used to date his letters to his wife from the “Golden Groves of Abernethy.” But Burt, who was of a more practical matter of fact turn, was not so confident. He would suggest caution and enquiry. In his letters, he says—“None of them (the trees) will pay, for felling and removing over rocks, bogs, and precipices, and conveyance by rocky rivers, except such as are near the sea coast, as I believe the York Building Company will find in the conclusion”—(Vol. I., 283). Colonel Horsey and Aaron Hill were not satisfied with the manufacture of wood. They heard that in the Hills of Strathdown iron was to be found, and they conceived a grand scheme for turning this to profit. There was iron in the Lecht, but no wood. At Abernethy there was wood, but no iron. Why not bring them together? And this was what was done. Works were erected on the Nethy, smelting furnaces at Balnagown, and a mill for forging and other purposes higher up, near Causair, where the foundation beams, with their cross-bindings and broad-headed

iron nails, may still be seen in the bed of the river. Houses also were built for the workmen, with pleasant gardens, on the Straanmore. Some scores of men, with 120 horses ("garrons"), were employed in carrying the iron ore in panniers from the hills of the Lecht, beyond Tomintoul, and many others were engaged in driving wood and working the mills. Pillars, 9 ft. and 16 ft. long, were cast, some marked with a cross and date 1730, others with the letters *Benj. Lund*, and heaps of pig iron were prepared for exportation. Other enterprises of a similar kind at Poolewe, in Ross-shire, and at Glengarry, Inverness-shire, had failed, but it was hoped that the Abernethy works would be a great success. The manufacture and export of wood went on, for a time, at a great rate. Aaron Hill, with his inventive mind, effected a great improvement in the mode of floating timber on the Spey. Instead of the clumsy and dangerous way of guiding the raft by means of a "curragh" (wicker boat covered with skins holding one person), he brought into use solidly-built rafts, managed by two men, with long oars, one sitting at each end. The following quotation from a case in the Court of Session, 1784, gives a fair account of the proceedings of the Company:—"This operation upon Sir James Grant's woods was considered as a matter of such publick concern that the Company applied for and obtained a premium by Act of Parliament for furnishing masts and other timber of such dimensions as were not to be found in any other part of Great Britain. The York Building Company finding this part of Sir James Grant's Estate a most eligible situation for carrying on other articles of trade and commerce, they erected a furnace for casting iron and several forges for making it fit for the uses of the country and for exportation. They made into charcoal immense quantities of wood, which was used in their furnaces and forges. In short, they carried on works in this part of the country to such extent and magnitude that they sent from England a gentleman of the name of Stephens (of that rank and condition in life that he had been in Parliament), with a suitable salary for superintending

the works. He acted as their agent and chief manager, and such was the credit and influence of the Company, at least for some years, that the notes of hand of this Mr Stephens passed for cash, just as current as the notes of the Bank of Scotland or Royal Bank do at this day."

But although there was great activity and lavish expenditure of money, the Company were unable to fulfil their engagements. Rents were not paid, debts and difficulties increased, and at last there was a complete collapse. The Rev. John Grant says in the old Statistical Account:—"Their extravagances of every kind ruined themselves and corrupted others. They used to display their vanity by bonfires, tar barrels, and opening hogsheads of brandy to the country people, by which five of them died in one night. They had a Commissary for provisions and forage at a handsome salary; and in the end went off in debt to the proprietors and the country. But yet their coming to the country was beneficial in many respects, for besides the knowledge and skill which were acquired from them they made many useful and lasting improvements. They made roads through the woods. They erected proper sawmills. They invented the construction of the raft, as it is at present, and cut a passage through a rock in Spey, without which floating to any extent could never be attempted." In 1735, Sir James Grant of Grant raised an action in the Court of Session against Solomon Ashley, Esq., Governor of the York Building Company, and others. The summons is dated and signetted 13th July, 1735; Islay Campbell Advocate for the Complainers, and Patrick Hamilton Advocate for the Defenders. Decree of Horning was issued in 1740. The case dragged on, but no decided advantage seems to have been obtained. In 1780 the claim was renewed by Sir James Grant of Grant, as against Mrs Martha Grove and others, creditors of the York Buildings Company, but this action also seems to have come to nothing. A hundred years have passed, and what remains? Colonel Horsey and his allies are forgotten. Aaron Hill,¹ though he wrote much, is only

¹ See Appendix, Note 11.

remembered as one of the poets satirised by Pope in the *Dunciad*, and as the author of the famous epigram :—

“Tender-hearted stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains,
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.
 ’Tis the same with common natures,
 Use them kindly they rebel,
 But be rough as nutmeg grater,
 And the rogues obey you well.”

These lines are said to have been written with a diamond on a window pane in a border inn on one of his excursions to Scotland. Probably they express his experiences in dealing with the men of Abernethy. Hill must have been fond of the “nettle,” for he has another epigram addressed to a lady, in which it is introduced.

“Revenge, you see, is sure though sometimes slow.
 Take this—’Tis all the pain I’d have you know.
 There’s odds enough yet left betwixt our smart,
 I sting your finger, and you sting *my heart*.”

It may be also noted that Aaron Hill was one of the first to call attention to Gaelic poetry. His “*Ronald and Dorna*,” by a Highlander to his mistress, is marked “From the Gaelic.” And what of the works? As Edie Ochiltree asked, “And a’ the bonny engines, and wheels, and the coves and sheughs down at Glen Witherskins yonder, what’s to come o’ them?” As at Glen Witherskins, so at Abernethy, there was scattering and plundering. Where once there were the rush of waters, and the roaring of furnaces, the clanging of hammers, and the stress and bustle of a vast enterprise, there is now silence. The only remains of the great Company are the foundations of the mills, the empty watercourse, some beams and pillars of cast-iron at the Dell and Nethy-Bridge, and the spring at Aldersyde that bears the name of John Crowley.

CHAPTER XXV.

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

THE things we are accustomed to we do not appreciate as we ought. What comes without effort is accepted without thought. Thus it is with our roads; we take them as we do our common mercies. It is hard to imagine a time when things were otherwise—when in the Highlands there were not only no railways or telegraph wires, but no stage-coaches, no carriages, no roads; and when travel from place to place was difficult and even dangerous. Cockburn, in his "Memorials," tells of the discomforts in his day; and Lord Lovat, of the '45, gives an amusing description of a journey south from the Aird, and of the breakdowns and the mishaps by the way. He says:—"I brought my wheel-wright with me the length of Aviemore, in case of accidents, and there I parted with him, because he declared my chariot would go safe enough to London; but I was not eight miles from the place, when on the plain road, the axle-tree of the hind-wheels broke in two, so that my girls were forced to go on bare horses behind footmen, and I was obliged to ride myself, tho' I was very tender, and the day very cold (31 July). I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulled there by force of men, where I got an English Wheel-wright and a Smith, who wrought two days mending my chariot; and after paying very dear for their work, and for my quarters two nights, I was not gone four miles from Ruthven, when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnaceardach." Here repairs were again made, but at the hill of Drummond further trouble arose. This time the fore-axle-tree gave way, and "wrights and carts and smiths" had to be brought to the assistance of the unfor-

tunate travellers. Drumuachdar was then as hard to cross as the Alps.

The Romans were the great road-makers. Their roads started from the golden pillar in the Forum at Rome, "traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the Empire." Gibbon says:—"The public roads were accurately divided by milestones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for obstacles, either of nature, or of private property." . . . "They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse, but their primary object had been to facilitate the marching of the legions, nor was any country considered as completely subdued till it had been rendered in all its parts pervious to the arms and the authority of the Conqueror." The Appian Way, made by Appius Claudius, A.U. 441, was called the "Queen of Roads." The Romans made roads through England and the south of Scotland; and they are said to have even penetrated to the far north. In our parish, on the line from Braemar to Burghead, there are traces here and there, as at Lynbreck and Congash, of what are marked in the Ordnance Maps as Roman roads. But it is very doubtful if the Romans had anything to do with them. They are more likely to have been old cattle tracks, or roads made by the Church. In the Reg. Moraviense, mention is made of the "Via Regia" in the time of Alexander II., 1236; and again, in 1253, there is reference to the road running from the Standing Stones, at Finlarig, to Findhorn. Cosmo Innes says that more progress was made in Scotland in the reigns of Alexander II. and Alexander III. than till the Union of 1707. The Via Regia is often referred to in charters, with the right of way and pasturage that pertained to it, and there seems to be a trace of it in the old road at Tulloch, south of Staor-na-mannach, which is still called *Rathad an Righ*, "The King's Road." In road improvements England was before Scotland, and the south of Scotland before the north. The first great advance in the Highlands was made by General

Wade. Great trunk lines, with branches in different directions, were executed by him. By 1770, it is said, he had made some 800 miles of roads, and about 1000 bridges. His plan was to go right on, up hill and down dale, with as little deviation as possible. In travelling from Blair Athol to Kingussie it is possible at some points to mark the old and the new roads. Wade's roads, with his round arched bridges, may be seen well up on the hill. Lower down is the coach road, made by the Commissioners of Highland Roads and Bridges, winding along the glen, while the Highland Railway holds on its course, sometimes on the same side of the glen and sometimes on the other. The road from Castleton to the coast, made by Wade, passes through our parish; and interesting bits, with remains of bridges, may be seen between Dirdow and Grantown. The bridge over the Spey is one of Wade's bridges. Originally it had the usual steep fall at the north side, but the road having been raised to the level of the arch, the peculiarity is not now so perceptible. At the Abernethy end stands a slab, partly mutilated, with the following inscription:—"A.D. 1754. 5 Companies of the 33rd Regiment, Honourable Lord Charles Hay, Colonel. Finished." This bridge suffered from the great flood of 1829 (cf. Lauder). The new roads were not at first popular. Both chiefs and clansmen disliked them. Tennant says:—"These publick works were at first very disagreeable to the old Chieftains, and lessened their influence greatly; for by admitting strangers among them, their Clans were taught that the Lairds were not the first of men." Buckle, in his "History of Civilisation," speaks to the same effect:—"Roads were cut through their country, and for the first time travellers from the South began to mingle with them, in their hitherto inaccessible wilds." The people, on the other hand, not only complained that they brought in strangers, but that they broke up their old customs. They said that the rough, stony ways were not suited to their unshod horses, and that they preferred the grass and the heather. It is curious to find objections of the same sort rife in Asia Minor in the present

day. Professor Ramsay says:—"The surface of the new roads is not suitable for the feet of the animals, which carry goods, for the small, loose stones annoy them. Hence the Muleteers prefer the old narrow tracks, which are better adapted to the animals' feet." In a work on the Highlands, by the Rev. Alexander Irvine, of Rannoch, 1802, we have a statement which strikingly illustrates the old state of things:—

"The Braes of Perth and Inverness shires have no communication; hence in winter many lives are lost. . . . You would think that, like the ancient barbarians of the north of Europe, the Highlanders delighted in being separated by frightful deserts. A person is astonished to see the natives scrambling with beasts of burden (there are no carts) over precipices that would frighten a stranger. It will require a day to travel over those rugged surfaces only 12 miles by any person but a native. The common rate is at a mile an hour. From Inverness to the Point of Kintail what a road! if it can be so called, for it is hardly agreed upon by travellers which is the line, every one making one for himself. If you cross over to the islands you are every moment in danger of straying or perishing. The paths, such as they are, take such oblique and whimsical directions, not even excepting General Wade's roads across the Grampians, that they seem hardly to have been drawn by rational beings. Our sheep follow better lines; they tread round the side of the hill, and when they ascend or descend they select the easiest and safest track. I suppose the Highland roads in general have remained in those perplexities and curvations which they had when the boar and the wolf contended with the natives for their possessions, and when each tribe traced the wary maze, to attack, or escape the incursions of, one another."

After General Wade, the great road-makers were Telford and Mitchell. Southey, after referring to Telford's grand work of bridging the Menai Straits—

"Structure of more ambitious enterprise
Than minstrel in the age of old romance
To their own Merlin's magic lore ascribed,"

goes on to describe his achievements in his own native land:—

"Where his roads,
In beautiful and sinuous line far seen,
Wind with the vale, and win the long ascent.
Now o'er the deep morass sustain'd, and now
Opening a passage through the wilds subdued."

It was by Telford that the present bridge at Abernethy, which came in place of the old bridge higher up, and the new road to Boat of Garten, was designed. Much was done by the Lairds of Grant for the improvement of the parish roads. It is said that in Sir James's time 130 miles of new roads were made, and the good work, under the Parish Council, is still being carried on. In the beginning of the century, Grantown bridge was the only one between the two Craigellachies; now, counting the railway bridges, there are nine bridges in this district spanning the Spey. The Highland and Speyside Railways were opened in 1863. If roads and bridges form an important factor in the civilisation of a country, much more may this be said of railways. The benefits they have conferred are incalculable. One signal advantage is the influx of "summer visitors," who leave much money in the country, and whose kindly intercourse with the people, and generous help of the poor and needy, deserve grateful acknowledgment.

- " Ha ! we start the ancient stillness,
Swinging down the long incline ;
Over Spey, by Rothiemurchus,
Forests of primeval pine.
- " ' Boar of Badenoch,' ' Sow of Athole,'
Hill by hill behind we cast ;
Rock and craig and moorland reeling,
Scarce Craig-Ellachie stands fast.
- " Dark Glenmore and cloven Glen Feshie,
Loud along these desolate tracts,
Hear the shrieking whistle louder
Than their headlong cataracts.
- " On, still on—let drear Culloden,
For Clan-slogans hear the scream ;
Shake—ye woods by Beaully river ;
Start, thou beauty-haunted Dhruim.
- " Northward still the iron-horses !
Naught may stay their destined path,
Till they snort by Pentland surges,
Stem the cliffs of far Cape Wrath.

- “ Must then pass, quite disappearing,
From their glens the ancient Gael?
In and in, must Saxon struggle?
Southron, Cockney more prevail ?
- “ Clans long gone, and pibrochs going,
Shall the patriarchal tongue,
From these mountains fade for ever,
With its names and memories hung ?
- “ Oh ! you say, it little recketh, —
Let the ancient manners go,
Heaven will work, through their destroying,
Some end greater than you know !
- “ Be it so ! but will Invention,
With her smooth mechanic arts,
Raise, when gone, the old Highland warriors,
Bring again warm Highland hearts ?
- “ Nay ! whate'er of good they herald,
Whereso' comes that hideous roar,
The old charm is disenchanting,
The old Highlands are no more !
- “ Yet, I know, there lie, all lonely,
Still to feed thought's loftiest mood,
Countless glens, undesecrated,
Many an awful solitude !
- “ Many a burn, in unknown corries,
Down dark linn the white foam flings,
Fringed with ruddy-berried rowans,
Fed from everlasting springs.
- “ Still there sleep unnumber'd lochans
Craig-begirt 'mid deserts dumb,
Where no human road yet travels,
Never tourist's foot hath come !
- “ If e'en these should fail, I'll get me
To some rock roar'd round by seas,
There to drink calm nature's freedom
Till they bridge the Hebrides.”

—“ *A Cry from Craigellachie*,” by the late Prof. Shairp,
“ *Odds and Ends*,” 1866.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE THIEVES' ROAD, WITH INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

THE caterans were the thieves that came from the hills. They had their home in the Central Highlands, from whence they made raids in all directions on their richer neighbours. They are often referred to in Acts of Parliament. As far back as 1389 there is an Act—"Contra omnes malefactores viros, *Kethranicos*, &c." The Litany of Dunkeld is said to contain the following clause—"A cateranis, et latronibus, a lupis, et omnia mala bestia, Domine libera nos," where the caterans are put first, as more to be dreaded than either wolves and other wild beasts! In legal phraseology they are variously designated as loons, robbers, rievors, sorners, Hieland thieves, and in one signal case the band is graphically described as "ane infamous byke of lawless lymmars." The following extract is from a precept to Sir John Grant, 1635:—"That there is a number of disordered and broken lymmars of the Hielanders that of late hes brokin louse, and in troupes and companies comes down to the in-countrie and to other parts and bounds next adjacent to the Hielands, where they have committed cruill and barbarous murders, and slaughters and manie stouthes, reiffs, heirships, and deprivations upon our peaceable and good subjects." There had been complaint of the slackness of the Laird in dealing with the Macgregors and other raiders, and he had excused himself on the ground that he had no proper commission, but this was now supplied, with *caution* "to follow and pursue thame with fire and sword." There were great differences among the caterans. The bulk of them were simply thieves, but there were amongst them men of a higher stamp, who, though they

would have scorned to take part in common theft, held it no crime to make reprisals on their foes, or to replenish their folds and coffers by plundering their enemies. What Leyden says of the Border moss-troopers might be applied to the caterans—

“ Here fixed his mountain home, a wide domain,
And rich the soil had purple heath been grain ;
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.”

Mr Lorimer, in his notes, has some curious remarks in *defence of spreachs*. He imagines the raiders as saying—“We are the descendants of the first natives, and original proprietors of all this kingdom, both Highlands and Lowlands. The land all belongs to us, consequently the grass on that land, and consequently the cattle that is fed on that grass. The Lowlanders are Sassenach (this is a corruption of *Saxons*), or Englishmen, who have come and taken our country from us, and, by taking their cattle or corn, we only take what belonged, or ought now to belong, to us.” This is the very argument which Scott puts into the mouth of Roderick Dubh :—

“ Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey.
Ay, by my soul, while on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain,
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.”

The Raider also quotes from the Apocrypha the answer of Simon to King Antiochus (Maccabees xv. 33-34) :—

“ We have neither taken other men's land, nor holden that which appertaineth to others, but the inheritance of our fathers, which our enemies had wrongfully in possession a certain time. Wherefore we, having opportunity, hold the inheritance of our fathers.”

And he further strengthens his case by referring to the customs of the Greeks, as narrated by Thucydides—“Robbery was

honoured, provided it was done with address and courage, and that the ancient poets made people question one another as they sailed by, 'If they were thieves,' as a thing for which no one ought to be scorned or upbraided." Principal Sir W. Geddes has kindly verified the reference to Thucydides—*ἤρπασον, καὶ τὸν πλείστον τοῦ βίου ἐντεῦθεν ἐποιοῦντο, οὐκ ἔχοντός πω αἰσχίνην τοῦτον τοῦ ἔρπον, φέροντος δέ τι καὶ δόξης μᾶλλον*. He says—"The passage, Book I., 5, is a famous one, and suits the modern Klephts, as well as ancient Ætolians." Another friend, Mr G. Harvey, Grantown, has supplied a note with translation :—

"In speaking of the early Greek tribes, Thucydides, in the introduction to his History of the Peloponnesian War, describes them as migratory, procuring a precarious subsistence, and with no common name or interest, and the fifth chapter of his first book, which contains the passage quoted by Sir Wm. Geddes, and here underlined, might be translated as follows, keeping as literal a rendering as possible :— 'For of old the Greeks and such of the barbarians [*i.e.* non-Greeks] as were on the seaboard of the mainland or were in possession of islands, when once they began to cross over in ships from one to the other, betook themselves, under the lead of their strongest men, to piracy [or robbery] to enrich themselves and maintain their dependents [*lit.* weaklings]. They would swoop down on towns unfortified and peopled like villages [*i.e.* exposed] and would take to pillaging them and thereby would procure the bulk of their subsistence [or livelihood]. This practice [employment] did not yet [*i.e.* in those early times] entail any discredit but rather brought reputation. Even in our own days some of those who live on the mainland exhibit [this trait], as they take credit for doing this [*i.e.* plundering] well, and in the old poets voyagers are everywhere alike questioned whether they are pirates [buccaneers, rieviers] [on the assumption] that those to whom the enquiry is put would not disown the practice, nor would those who sought to know regard it as a reproach. They pillaged each other on the mainland, and to this day in many parts of Greece they live in the old way among the Locri, the Ætolians, and the Acarnanians, and in that part of the mainland; and the bearing of iron weapons [*i.e.* arms] has continued with the mainlanders from their old practice of piracy.'"

The 'Thieves' Road (*Rathad-nam-Mearleach*) can be traced from Lochaber to the East Coast of Scotland. In this parish it hugs the hills. Entering from the heights of Rothiemurchus, it skirts the south side of Loch Morlich, passes out at the Green Loch, then by the Sleighich, the Eag-mhòr, and the Crasg, into the lowlands of Banff and of Moray. It was a rule with the

caterans to return by a different way than that by which they had come. They generally made their raids when there was good moonlight. They were also watchful of opportunities. Their spies, who were resident in the country, or on friendly terms with the people, gave them information, which they turned to good account. Once upon a time the men of Tulloch were away at Forres for a millstone. They had to roll it along by means of a pole thrust through the hole in the centre, and this took time, and had to be carefully done. In their absence a Lochaber band made a raid, and carried off much spoil. When the Tulloch men found what had happened, they hurried off in pursuit. Next day being Sunday, the Rothiemurchus men turned out from church and joined them. The Camerons were found near Loch Ennich, and, after a sharp encounter, they were driven off, and the spoil recovered. One man only fell in the fight—who is known in tradition as *Fear-na-casan-caol*, the man with the spindly legs. Weddings and other festivals sometimes afforded a chance for a foray. At the marriage of *Fear Dal-na-poit*, in the 16th century, there was a great gathering. All went merrily, but next morning the folds were empty. There was at once a call to arms—

“Ho! gur e 'n latha e, 's mithich bhi 'g eiridh
 Mhnathan a ghlinne, nach mithich dhuibh eiridh.
 Ho! gur e 'n latha e, 's mithich bhi 'g eiridh
 Mise rinn a mhoch eiridh, 's agaibh 's tha feum air!
 Ho! gur e 'n latha e, 's mithich bhi 'geiridh
 'S Ian dubh biorach, a 'gioman na spreidh.”

Grant of Achernack commanded the party. They found the Lochaber men resting at the Slochd of Bachdcharn. The assailants had the advantage of the hill. They pressed their foes hard, and at last compelled them to retreat. Achernack, who was a good archer, slit the Lochaber Captain's nose with an arrow, from which he got the name of *Ian Dubh biorach*. Ian vowed revenge. Some time after, Achernack met the priest of Finlarig at the mill of Drummullie, and had a keen dispute with

him as to which should be first served. The priest won, and Achernack said he would remember it to him. Ian Dubh heard of this. He came at night to Finlarig, entered the house by a window, and stabbed the priest to the heart. There was great indignation for this cruel murder. Achernack's threat was remembered, and he was arrested by order of the Bishop of Moray and taken to Elgin, where, it was said, he was put to the torture. Some time after Ian Dubh was caught, and condemned to be hanged, but before his death he confessed to the murder of the priest. On this the Laird of Grant obtained the release of Achernack, and as some compensation for the wrongs done to him, the Bishop settled upon him the lands of Muckrach. Such is the tradition as to how the Grants got Muckrach. The contentions between the clans frequently led to raiding. The chiefs connived at such expeditions, as they got advantages from them in various ways. The famous Raid of Moyness, 1645, affords an illustration. This raid is described in the following letter from Mr Grant, factor, Heathfield, dated 13th December, 1810:—

“When the Strathspey men, commanded by Grant of Lurg, came near where the Camerons and the cattle were, one meikle or big Lawson, one of Mr Lawson of Balliemore's ancestors, was sent to the Camerons to desire them to leave the cattle to prevent bloodshed. On his way back to his own party, with the answer he got, one of the Camerons let fly an arrow and shot him dead, upon which the conflict began. The Camerons were worsted, and the cattle taken from them. The Strathspey men, in their way after the Camerons, and as they passed by Kylachie, Mr Mackintosh of Kylachie made offers of himself and his people to accompany them, but they declined his assistance, excepting that of one man of the name of Grant he had, who was a famous bowman. He went with them and acted valiantly. Of the Strathspey men, there was one Grant of the old Ballindalloch family, who in that affair behaved most cowardly. As a punishment for his conduct he was obliged every Sunday, after sermon, at Inverallan, during a year, to stand up and say, in the face and hearing of the congregation, ‘*I am the man who behaved most cowardly on such an occasion,*’ and opposite to him the other Grant who had gone along with them from Kylachie, stood up and said, ‘*I am the man who behaved valiantly on that occasion.*’ I know none of the offspring of these two Grants now in the country. This anecdote and piece of history I had two nights ago from my brother, the minister of Duthil.”

The Laird of Grant complained to Lochiel of the misconduct of his people, and received the following characteristic reply:—

“ALLAN CAMERON of LOCHIEL to Sir JAMES GRANT of FREUCHIE.

“Glenlocharbeg, 18 October, 1645.

“RYCHT HONORABIL AND LOVING CUSENE,—My hearty commendationes being remembrit to your Worship. I have received your worshipis letter concerning this misfortun accidente that never fell out houses the lyk before in no man's dayes; be prased be God, I am innocent of the samming and my freindis, both in respect that they got within your worshipis boundis, bot to *Morrayland, quhair all men take their prey*, nor knew not that Moynes was ane Graunt, but thocht that he was ane Morrayman, and if they knew him, they would not stirre his land more than the rest of your worshipis boundis in Straspy; and, sir, I have gotten such a losse of my freindis, quhilk I hope your Worship shall consider for have aught dead alredie, and I have 12 or 13 under cure, quhilk I know not quho shall die or quho shall live of the samming. So, sir, whosoever hes gotten the greatist loss I am content that the samm be reparat to the sight of freindis that loveth us both alyk; and ther is such a truble heir amongst us, that we can not look to the same for the present tyme, quhill I witt who shall live of my men that is under caire. So not further troubling your worship at this tyme, for your worship shall not be offendit, at my freindis innocencie. So I rest yours,

“ALLAN CAMERON of Lochyll.”

Raiding continued to the middle of the last century. After Culloden, the practice was put down with a strong hand. A central authority was established at Inverness, with local officers. When a robbery was reported a detachment was sent out at once from the nearest garrison, the country was scoured, the culprits arrested, and judgment inflicted with stern severity. It is said that in the first five years after 1746 more thieves were hanged in Inverness than in the previous quarter of a century. But the practice lingered later, for the Rev. John Grant says (O. S. A.) that he remembers when the people of this country kept out a watch in the summer months for protecting their cattle, and these watches kept up by a round of duty, and relief at certain periods.

The following letter from the famous Rob Roy is interesting, as referring to “lifting cattle,” and the way of tracking the raiders:—

"ROB ROY to Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM GRANT of Ballindalloch, as to certain stolen cattle.

"Innerlochlarig, in Ballquidder,
"May the 26, 1726.

"MY DEAR COLONELL,—I cannot express myself how much we that are M'Gregor's are obliged to you. Yow are always reckoned a great man in their books; but your last behaviour at Aberdeen will make them adore yow as one of their litle gods upon earth. When our letter came here from our friends in the north to show their friends here your acting so much for them, that we cabal'd for twenty-four hours drinking your health and Captain Grant's. So, in short, I doe believe that there is none of your friends in this country but what would venter their lives for yow without asking questions.

"How soon I got your last letter I went to my Lord Broadalbaine's tennente, I having got formerly intelligence that they receipted some of your country catell of the same mark and irons. After being exaimined, one of them declares that he got a brown blackish cow with a burning iron upon her hip in exchange of another cow from Donald Bane Begg. There is nothing remaining of the cow but the half of the hyde that the burning iron was one. This man is a son-in-law of Donald Bane Begg's. There is one Donald M'Grigor declares he got at the same time a large brown cow from Donald Bane Begg in payment of mony he owed him. This Donald M'Grigor likewise declares that Donald had cows alongs with the cow he bought that had irons on verry like the irons I produced him, which was the irons sent to me be Cluery with Grigor Roy. I know it was Cluery's cows and yours that Donald Bane Begg had, so that I think shame to put hard, tho' it were in your power and mine, to any of my Lord Broadalbaine's tennents. While as yow have the actors with yourself, I doe not doubt if yow put hard to Donald Bane but he'll find Cluery's cow alive yet. I doe really think that ye should cause him pay the honest gentleman's cows. Doe with your own lady's cow as you think fitt; but sure Donald Bane was the stealler of her. Were he in this country I would make him pay bo'h, otherways I would make him string for it. When ye send the horse, challanged in your country, belonging to my Lord Broadalbain's tennant, be sure to send a sure hand with him that will carry back to yow the mare that was challanged in my Lord Broadalbain's ground. Yow may assure yourself that there is nothing that yow will ask in reason in this country but what will be granted. I would send Grigor with the answer of your letter, if it were not that he is going in pursuance of a horse stolen from Robert Grant (Lurg). He swears that he will never face Straithspey till he have him, or payment for him. I trouble yow with no more at present, only that I offer my hearty service to yourself and lady; and I am, dear Sir,

"Your own,

"RO. ROY.

"Colonell WILLIAM GRANT of Ballindalloch—Huse."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CEANNARD NAN CEARNEACH—THE CHIEF OF
THE CATERANS.

AMONG the raiders some stand out as more famous than others. Patrick Macgregor or Gilderoy (*Gille-ruadh*, the red lad), whose name has passed into song, and whose life has been invested with the glamour of romance (cf. "Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen," by Captain Charles Johnson) was well known in our parish. Tulloch was one of his haunts. Mr John Hay, Edinburgh, writing to the Laird of Grant, 30th June, 1639, says—"It seems your Baillies has been better acquaint with Gillroy than you have allowed, els I cannot think he would have been so weel used, and so often, and long lying lodged, and entertained, on your bounds. It is to be suspected, and may be perchance provin that James Grant (Carron) has had no worse usage, so that I think your friends hes wronged you, in that sort, as never honest gentleman of your coate is lyke to suffer more be their doings than you." Gilderoy with five others were hanged on the 29th July, 1638. Thirty years after, Patrick Roy Macgregor, another notorious freebooter, was also put to death. Lord Pitmeddie gives the following graphic sketch of this desperado—"He was of a low stature, but strong made, had a fierce countenance, a brisk hawk-like eye. He bore the torture of the boots with great constancy, and was undaunted at his execution, though mangled by the executioner in cutting off his hand." It was sometimes ordered that the right hand should be cut off before the execution. James Grant of Carron (*Seumas-an-tuim*), above referred to, had also accomplices in the district. Ample powers were given to the Laird of Grant to deal with him, and 5000 merks were offered for his apprehension, but for a time all

endeavours to lay hold of him failed. It was said afterwards, in depositions before the Privy Council, that never were ten men employed against James Grant, but five sent him information privately of what was going on. He was at last apprehended and taken to Edinburgh, but he managed to escape. Nothing daunted, he resumed his old ways, and after many strange adventures he is said to have died quietly in his bed about 1639. Allister Grant of Wester Tulloch was one of Carron's chief allies. He was the son, or perhaps the brother, of John Grant, *alias* MacJockie, who with his two sons, Patrick and John, were condemned to death in 1637. The first glimpse we get of him is in company with John Grant of Carron, nephew of James, at the slaughter of Thomas Grant of Dalvey and Lachlan Mackintosh in 1628. Having been denounced as a rebel and put to horn, he fled to Ireland. He seems to have found friends there, as Lord Antrim wrote a letter or certificate on his behalf to the Laird of Grant. In 1631 a commission was issued to Sir John Grant for his apprehension, and power was given, should Allister "flee to strengths," "to pass, follow, and perseu him, raise fyre, and use all kinds of force and warrlyke ingyne that can be had." Sir John was successful, and Allister was apprehended and lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, 1631. The trial was postponed from time to time, but it came off on the 4th August, 1632. Allister was charged, at the instance of John Grant of Ballindalloch and others, with the triple crime of participation in the raid of Inverernan, November, 1628, when he is said to have taken away kine, oxen, horses, ewes, and other plenishings; an attack on Ballindalloch, 23rd April, 1630, of purpose to have harried and spuilzed the same, when he slew John Dallas; and thirdly, the slaughter of Thomas Grant of Dalvey and Lachlan Mackintosh, on the lands of Rothiemoon, August, 1628. He was found guilty on all the counts, and sentenced to death; but the execution was postponed by Act of Council, 31st July, 1632, and it is doubtful if it was ever carried out. The raider who made the deepest impression on our people was the man who was

called by way of eminence the "Ceannard" or Chief. There is some mystery about him. His proper name is not given, but he is always spoken of in the letters of the Privy Council by his Gaelic nickname, "An Gamhainn Cirinn," or its Scottish equivalent, "The Halkit Stirk." Names there have always been. They were necessary to mark and identify individuals. Surnames, like many other things, good and bad, are said to have come in with the Normans. In the Highlands, where clan names were so common, it was often found convenient to give individuals, and especially notable men, some designation, or nickname, by which they might be distinguished from others. The nickname was generally given for some peculiarity of feature. Among the Macgregors, *Ian dubh biorach* got his name from the sharpness of his nose, which had been sliced by Acher-nack's arrow. Patrick Macgregor was called *Parraig donn an t-shugraidh*. It is said he had, like Diarmid, a mole or beauty spot (ball-seirce) on his cheek, which caused any maiden who looked upon it to fall in love with him. Probably the man had a certain charm of manner. His power proceeded not from the magic of his skin-spot, but from the magnetism of his personality. The "Gamhainn" may have belonged to a family which bore this sobriquet, as there were such in Lochaber, or he may have received the title from his own well-known strength and stubbornness (cf. the custom as to names among the North American Indians, and the mention in the Old Testament of such designations as Oreb, The Raven, and Zeeb, The Wolf—Judges vii. 25). The term *cirinn* means white-face (cir-fhionn), and was given from some mark on the forehead. Though the man's proper name is not mentioned, there is little doubt but he was a Macdonald or Macdonell from Lochaber. In 1660, August 29th, the Commissioners of Estates gave special orders to the Laird of Grant for "the preservation of the peace of his country," and the letter contains the following very significant postscript:—"Sir, be pleased to take spetiall notice of Gavine Cirinn alias Halket Stirk, and use all possible means to apprehend his person and

send him to the Committee." The Laird was successful in apprehending the Gamhainn, and he sent his Chamberlain, James Grant of Achernack, to Edinburgh with a letter intimating this to the Chancellor, and with instructions to represent the danger of reprisals from Macranald, and all the tacksmen of the name of Macdonald in Lochaber. He was also to crave that "surety should be taken of Macranald and all the branches of his house, with the rest of the people of Lochaber, Glengarry, Badenoch, Rannoch, Glencoe, Glenlyon, Glengaule in Strathearn, and Strathnairn, that the Laird (of Grant) and all his kin, and his tenants should be skaithless, and in the meantime to direct letters to Glengarry and the Heritor of Glencoe because the Halkit Stirk had many friends in these two places." The reply is dated 9th October, 1660:—"The Committee of Estates haveing heard your letter read in their presence, are very sensible of your good service in apprehending the Halkit Stirk, and doe render to you hearty thanks for your care therein, assuring you that they will be very desyrous to protect and maintain you and your followers for doing so good a work to His Majesty and the peace of the kingdome, and will be very ready to resent and repare any wrong or injury that shall be done to you or your followers upon this accompt, giving you notice that they have directed ane warrant to the Magistrates of Aberdeen to receive the Halkit Stirk from you that he may be conveyed along till he come to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh." Having received this warrant, the Laird despatched the Gamhainn with a strong guard to Aberdeen, and from there he was conveyed by stages to Edinburgh. But his "many friends" did not forget him, and even the Laird of Grant, perhaps at the solicitation of his tenants, interested himself in his behalf, for he sent his Commissioner again to Edinburgh to discuss various matters with the Lord Advocate, and "*to speak for the Halkit Stirk to see if he will be releavit upon good securitie.*" The intercession for the Gamhainn seems to have been successful. So far as can be discovered from the Records, he was not brought

to trial, but "relevit upon good securitie." There is an entry in the Books of Regality of Grant, 1698-1703, which corroborates this, showing that Margaret Bayn, Inchtomach, was charged with "haunting with the Halkit Steir" and others, and punished by scourging (p. 146). The tradition in the country is that the Gamhainn resumed his old trade, and that he was severely wounded in a fight at Ri-daros, near the Green Loch, and had to be left behind in Glenmore in care of the Stewarts. It is said that Mrs Stewart was one day bringing him food, accompanied by her son. The Gamhainn, who no doubt had an eye for manliness, said, "That's a pretty lad, it's time he was sent to school." Mrs Stewart answered that he had been to school at Ruthven, and had got on well. "O," said the Gamhainn, "it was not the school of the white paper I was thinking of, but the school of the moon" (*Cha'n e sgoile a phaipair gheall bha mi ciallachadh, ach sgoile-na-geallaich*).¹ We find a parallel to this in Rob Roy's offer to his kinsman, Professor Gregory, Aberdeen:—"I have been thinking what I could do to show my sense of your hospitality. Now, here you have a fine spirited boy of a son, whom you are ruining by cramming him with your useless book-learning; and I am determined, by way of manifesting my great good-will to you and yours, to take him with me, and make a man of him" (Scott's Introduction to "Rob Roy"). Before his death, the old raider made a sort of confession of his sins. His last words were that "he had never taken anything from the poor, that he had been kind to the widow and the fatherless, and that he had always gone far away for spoil." Here again we find something of the spirit of Rob Roy, of whom Sir Walter says:—"He was the friend of the poor, and, to the utmost of his ability, the support of the widow and the orphan. Kept his word when pledged, and died lamented in his own wild country, where there were hearts grateful for his beneficence, though their minds were not sufficiently instructed to appreciate his errors."

¹ See Appendix, Note 12.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GROUSE AND DEER.

It is only within the last sixty years that the letting of shootings has become common. Before then they were preserved, but not let. Shooting was one of the "sylvan amusements" at Charlieshope—"Guy Mannering." Mrs Rebecca, maid to Mrs Margaret Bertram, says—"They were very decent folk the Dinmonts My Lady liked the Charlieshope hams, and the cheeses, and the muir-fowl that they were aye sending." The Earl of Glenallan, in "The Antiquary," is represented as saying of Captain Macintyre, "he shall have full permission to sport over my grounds." In "St Ronan's Well" there are references to the same state of things. "We found the place much to our mind; the landlady (Mrs Dodds) had interest with some old fellow, agent of a non-residing nobleman, who gave us permission to sport over his moors." One of the earliest notices of the more strict preservation of game in the north may be found in an advertisement in the *Aberdeen Journal* in 1766. It is as follows:—"The Right Honble. the Earl of Fife intends strictly to preserve his game on his lands in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, and hopes that no person or persons will hunt thereon, with gun, dog, or net, without his Lordship's leave, otherwise they will be prosecuted in terms of law." Another interesting advertisement, referring to game, appeared in the *Journal* thirty years later:—

"At a meeting of the Northern Shooting Club, held at Aberdeen, the 22d of December, 1796, Present Dr George Skene of Berryhill; Major-General Hay of Rannes; Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk; J. D. Horn Elphinston of Horn [14 other names]—Dr Skene in the chair—The Meeting being informed that great

quantities of hares, partridges, and other game had been killed during the present season, especially in the vicinity of Aberdeen, and being resolved to exert themselves for the preservation of the game, which the present severity of the season requires them more particularly to attend to—resolved to recal, and they do hereby recal all shooting licences granted by any of them preceding this date; and in order to the more effectual detection of poachers and others infringing the Game Laws, the Northern Shooting Club hereby offer a reward of Three Guineas, over and above the statutory penalties, to be paid to any person or persons informing against poachers or others destroying or killing game without leave, and particularly during the present inclemency of the season; to be paid by Dr Dauney, advocate in Aberdeen, upon conviction of the offenders.

GEORGE SKENE, Chairman."

Captain Dunbar, in documents relating to the province of Moray, states that Sir Archibald Dunbar (born 1772), when a young man, used to go yearly to the Bridge of Dulsie and shoot all round without let or hindrance. But more liberty would have been allowed him, as a landed proprietor, and among friends, than would have been permitted to others. This seems evident from a letter from the Earl of Fife to Sir Archibald, printed by Capt. Dunbar, in which his lordship says—"I beg leave to assure you that I hope you will use no ceremony to hunt, shoot, or sport on any grounds of mine." Things were much in the same way in Strathspey: Shootings were preserved, but not let, and permission to shoot was granted, under certain conditions, by the proprietor. The following was the form used on the Grant Estates, in Strathspey—"Colonel Grant presents his compliments to —, and allows him permission to shoot this season, in terms of the prefixed regulations, to which he is requested to pay particular attention. Cullen House, the 14th August, 1832." The form is printed, and the blanks as to name and date are filled up in the handwriting of the late Colonel Grant of Grant, who was then acting as curator for his brother, Lewis Alexander, Earl of Seafield. The regulations are as follows:—

"COLONEL GRANT, in order to preserve the GAME on the Seafield Estate, has found it proper to establish the following Regulations, which he expects that every Gentleman obtaining leave to shoot or course will strictly observe.

- "1. No shooting or coursing is permitted on any part of the Grounds or Moors of the Estate situated within six miles of Cullen House, Castle Grant, or in the vicinity of Lochindorb.
- "2. The Black Game, Pheasants, Red Deer and Roes are not to be killed, at any season, or on any part of the Estate, without special instructions.
- "3. It is expected that no Gentleman who has leave to sport, will exceed the bounds of moderation in the number or quantity of Game he may kill.
- "4. No Permission to shoot or course is to extend beyond one season.
- "5. It is to be always distinctly understood that a Permission to sport is to be used only by the individual named therein and not by any other person (whether friend or Gamekeeper, &c.), for him."

In Abernethy there were four gentlemen who obtained the privilege of shooting—Captain Gordon, Revack; Captain Macdonald, Coulnakyle; Captain Grant, Birchfield; and Mr Forsyth, The Dell, and during the season they spent many a happy day on the moors. Captain Grant, Congash, was then factor for Strathspey. He was a rigid Tory, and was very slow to recognise the need of changes and improvements. When there began to be talk of the letting of moors, he would not at first hear of such a thing, and afterwards, when a certain Abernethy gentleman said to him that he could get a tenant for him, he said lightly, "You may have as long a lease as you like of Abernethy moors for £50 a year." Happily for the proprietor, the offer was not accepted. In a few years things completely changed. Moors were taken readily, and rents went up by leaps and bounds. The moor which was let to Mr Boyd in 1835 for £80, now (including the Deer Forest) brings in twenty times as much! Coulnakyle, the old manor-house, was the first shooting lodge, and was occupied by various tenants. It was about 1840 that the rage for big bags began. Mr Richard Winsloe was then tenant of the Abernethy moors. He was a keen and successful sportsman. When he chose, he could easily make, by steady shooting, 100 brace, on the Twelfth, to his own gun, but he was never ambitious to beat the record, or of having his doings trumpeted in the newspapers. It will be observed that in the

THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
ASSOCIATION OF
FILE FOUNDATIONS

James Stewart

Gordon Castle August 11th 1728

Upon sight hereof you will go
to Mr Stewart & bid a Dist & immediately carry the same
to Culnachie for Colonel Kerke, for doing friends of this
Glenmore

Shall be your reward

For James Stewart Stewart

of Glenmore

permission to shoot on the Grant estates, red deer and roe are excluded, and that they were not to be killed "without special instructions." This difference, as marking the higher character of the sport, seems to have always existed. Deer were very strictly preserved, and the penalty for poaching was severe. Glenmore was erected into a Royal Forest in 1685. In 1728, James Stewart was Keeper of the Forest, and the accompanying letter addressed to him by the Duke of Gordon, shows both the courtesy of the Duke and the strictness of the regulations as to game.

The Deer Forest of Abernethy was established in 1869. It includes about 26,000 acres, one-fourth of which is wood, affording fine shelter in winter. The number of stags killed in the season is from 60 to 70, averaging 14 stone each, weighed with heart and liver included. Royals are not infrequent, and in 1892 a fine 14-pointer—18 stone—was killed. The Forest of Glenmore was formed in 1859. It extends to some 15,000 acres, including the west face and corries of Cairngorm. The yield of stags is from 50 to 60.

The gain to landowners by the letting of shootings has been great. Ratepayers also have profited, from the large proportion of rates paid by the shooting tenants.¹ Whether there have been equal advantages morally and socially, is another question, as to which opinions differ. In thought of the desolation wrought in our glens, many will sympathise with the poet, when he sings—

"The auld hoose is bare noo, a cauld hoose to me,
The hearth is nae mair noo the centre o' glee,
Nae mair for the bairnies the bield it has been :
Och, hey ! for bonny Kinreen.

"The auld folk, the young folk, the wee anes an' a',
A hunder years' hame birds are harried awa—
Are harried an hameless whatever winds blow :
Och, hey ! Kinreen o' the Dee."

(Idylls and Lyrics by William Forsyth.)

¹ See Appendix, Note 13.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEMORABLE YEARS.

SOME years stand out from others, and are remembered and talked of when the rest are forgotten. The world has its eras, nations have their epochs, and communities have their memorable years. "What are the events," says the Antiquary, "which leave the deepest impression on the common people? These were not such as resemble the gradual progress of a fertilising river, but the headlong and precipitous fury of some portentous flood. The eras by which the vulgar compute time have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion." One of the memorable times that used to be spoken of in our parish was *The Famine of King William* (Gort Rìgh Uilleam). This famine was like "the seven bad years" of Egypt, for it lasted from 1695 to 1702, and was "very grievous" and "consumed the land." According to tradition, the condition of the people was very piteous. Each winter their straits became worse, till the poor were driven to eat the lichen from the rocks and the nettles from the church-yards. Lorimer says "many tenants died, and the lands lay unpossessed."

Another memorable year was *The Pease Year*, 1782 (Bliadhna-na-peasaraich). It got this name from the fact that the people had to depend almost altogether on pease meal, imported from abroad.

The years 1814, 1815, 1816, were years of much distress. The crops almost entirely failed, and there was great destitution. Even in the low country there was scarcity, and people who went down to "the Laich," like Jacob's sons to Egypt, to buy corn, returned empty. Sir James Grant did much in these hard

times for the relief of his tenants. Meal was imported, and sold out at reduced rates from the Castle Grant granaries; while assistance was given freely to the poor. Seed corn was also supplied. In 1815 prices of grain rose rapidly. In January wheat cost 52s 6d the quarter, in May it rose to 76s, in August to 82s, and in December to 103s. In June, 1817, it reached the extraordinary height of 111s 6d. The prices of other grain were correspondingly high. 1816 was the year of the *Earthquake*. One curious belief exists that several infants were on the occasion stricken with paralysis.

The year 1826 was memorable as the year of *The Short Crop* (Bliadhna-bharr-ghoirid). There had been a sharp storm in November, followed by intense and prolonged frost. On old new year's day there was a thaw. Then drought set in. Month after month passed and no rain fell. The grass was burnt up, and the corn was so short and stunted that in many cases it could not be cut, but had to be plucked up. The story is told of Charlie Fraser, Boat of Garten, a noted character, that when he had thrashed the few sheaves brought into the barn, he was heard to say—"There you are again, and there's no more of ye than when ye went out!" Some more recent remarkable years were 1863, when there was a remarkable frost on St Swithin's day, 15th July; 1865, when there was one of the longest and heaviest snow storms since 1795, the snow lying on the ground from two to three feet deep, and lasting from December to the end of March, interrupting all labour, and causing much privation to man and beast; 1872, which was the wettest year on record. The early promise was good. Never was there prospect of richer crops, but disappointment came. The harvest failed. It might be said, with Shakespeare—

"The ox hath, therefore, stretched his yoke in vain;
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard."

In 1881, there was intense and long-continued frost, reminding old people of 1809, the year Mr Patrick of Duthil died, when, owing

to the depth of the frost, it was necessary to keep up large fires in the church-yard before the grave for the parson could be opened. There was also a remarkable frost in 1895, which was severely felt over the whole country. The years 1846 and 1849 were notable for disastrous floods. On the morning of Saturday, 8th August, 1846, there was an outbreak of thunder and rain. At breakfast-time there came a lull. Then, shortly after, the rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied by the most appalling thunder.

“Since I was a man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard.”

This fall lasted only about two hours. When the sky cleared the scene was extraordinary. On the hills every gully was a torrent, and every cliff a waterfall. The streams rose with marvellous rapidity, carrying destruction along their course. The bridge at Congash, and five others in this parish were destroyed. The potato disease broke out immediately after, and many people connected it with the thunderstorm. The flood of 1849, by which the old bridge at Inverness was carried off, was very destructive. The Nethy undermined and swept away some 50 to 60 feet of the gravel bank at the Causair, and made a new and straighter channel, abandoning the old course, which, in the form of a gigantic S, it had followed previously, by the Dell Island and Heather Brae. In February, 1893, there was an alarming ice-flood. The Nethy and Dorback had been covered with thick ice, which gave way suddenly.

“Resistless, roaring, dreadful down it comes
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild.”

This happened at night, and the darkness added to the confusion and terror. At Nethy the bridges were choked, and some of the houses flooded, but, though there was considerable damage to property, no lives were lost. 1804 is memorable as the year of the loss of the soldiers on the Larig. About the end of

December seven militiamen left Edinburgh on furlough. They rested at Castleton, and, as there was heavy snow on the hills, and signs of an approaching storm, they were urged to wait for an improvement in the weather; but, eager to reach home, they would not be persuaded. They started on the morning of old Christmas Day, some of their friends escorting them for a mile or two. Soon snow began to fall, but they pressed on bravely. In the Valley of the Avon they met the full fury of the tempest, and they found it hard to keep together and make way. It was here, near Lochan-a-bhainne, they made their great mistake. In the gloom and stress of the storm, they took the wrong turn, following the Glasalt instead of breasting the Lurig. Gradually their strength gave way, and they were separated, or sank to the ground overpowered, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Donald Elder and Alexander Forsyth alone escaped. They fought their way over the hills till they reached the Drum, where they found shelter. Their comrades, John Tulloch, Donald Cameron, Donald Ross, Peter Mackenzie, and William Forsyth perished. The body of John Tulloch was found in a moss-hag at Ruigh-allt-an-fheidh, near the junction of the Glasalt and Uisge-dubh-pollchoin. Peter Mackenzie came by Carn-tarsuinn, and his body was not recovered till some 18 months after. It is said that Cameron of Caolachie was looking on the hills for a lost horse. He saw something white at a distance, which he took for the bones of the carcass. But when he came near he discovered it was the remains of poor Mackenzie. The body was a ghastly sight, as the flesh was torn and the head severed from the trunk. Cameron never recovered from the effects of the shock. One pathetic incident is remembered. The two Forsyths stuck to one another. At last the younger grew faint, and lay down, saying, "I can do no more." His brother, seeing he was lapsing into unconsciousness, took him on his shoulders, and gallantly struggled on. The rest and warmth revived him, and when his brother set him down he was able to make his way alone. He escaped, but his brother, who

had so nobly tried to save him, perished. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The three bodies first found were buried in the Church-yard of Abernethy, a little to the right of the gate. It is said that, before the coffins were lowered, Mr John (the parson) threw some silver into the grave, as if to purchase the ground for the strangers.

Another sad loss from a snowstorm occurred in 1826. The Tomintoul market used to be held on the Friday before Martinmas, and as the weather was often cold and stormy at that time, it was known as the *Feill-shuar*, the Cold Market. In 1826 there was a great gathering from all the parishes round. The morning was fair, and business went on briskly, but in the afternoon the sky darkened, and snow began to fall. At first it came down gently in light flakes, but soon there was a change. The snow fell as if in masses, and a tempest of tremendous fury burst upon the town. The square was soon cleared, and people driven for refuge to the houses. For hours the blizzard raged without intermission, and there was great anxiety as to the people who had set out for their homes, and who might have been caught by the fierce wind and blinding drift amidst the wilds of the mountains. Next day the storm continued, and as the village was crowded with strangers, there soon arose a cry of scarcity; both food and water failed. It was a terrible time, but the sad results of the storm were only discovered by degrees. Donald Cameron, Culdunie, had, as was his custom, attended the market for the sale of quick-fir. He left early, and had got beyond Bridge of Broun before the storm broke upon him. He pressed on up the hill, turned off by the old road, but near Lynebeg his strength failed. He took off the empty panniers, put them on the ground beside his horse, and lay down between them. Here he and his horse were found dead together. John Tulloch and his wife made their way by the Lecht till they were near home. Then Tulloch gave way. His wife sat down with him under a rock, and tried by rubbing and every kindly art, even putting his chill hands into her bosom, to restore him.

By God's mercy she succeeded. With some words of love and good cheer they parted—he to seek help and she to await what doom might be appointed for her. Her husband soon returned, but too late. His dear wife was frozen to death. The words of Thomson, slightly altered, may be quoted—

“ Alas! nor child, nor husband more shall she behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up the sense,¹
And o'er her inmost vitals, creeping cold,
Lays her along the snow, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.”

Another couple, Alexander Grant, Lynbeg, and his wife, were more fortunate. They had struggled on through the blinding storm, but had lost all traces of the road. Coming upon what seemed a wall, they took shelter there for a little. Then the wife said, “I think I know where we are—this is the lime-kiln of Sliabh-chlach.” Her husband answered, “It cannot be.” She shrewdly replied, “Let the horse go, and he will find his way.” This was done. The poor brute floundered on, the couple holding to his tail, and in a little, to their unspeakable joy, he brought them to their own door. It was a wonderful deliverance. While they thanked God, they could sing, as never before, “We were like them that dream. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” There were other hairbreadth escapes on that awful night. The story is told of one party, that they were in great straits, and one asked another, “Do you know where we are?” The answer was, “No more than I know the night I am to die.” “Well, as to that,” said her companion, “there can be no doubt, for it is this very night.” But after all they escaped, and Mary Grant, “Mallag Ratmhoine,” as she was called, lived to marry and to see her children's children.

*CHAPTER XXX.***THE GREAT FLOOD OF TWENTY-NINE (1829).**

MUCH has been written of the Flood of '29 by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and others, but something of interest may yet be added bearing on Abernethy. The Dell house stands near the verge of a broad dale or haugh. To the south and east lies the farm land, bounded by the Nethy. On the north is the garden, which slopes towards a hollow, through which runs a tiny stream, fringed with birch and alders, probably an old bed of the river. On the night of Monday, the 3rd August, two boys, of the ages of seven and four, my elder brother and myself, were sleeping in the nursery, which was in the west wing of the house. It had rained without ceasing for two days, and the gloom was terrible. Our parents being from home, we were thrown upon the care of servants, who did their best for us, telling us stories by the fireside and lulling us to sleep with the sweet lilt of Crochailean. But our rest was rudely broken. I have a vivid recollection of my nurse, Kirsty Ross, coming in early in the morning, while it was yet dark, catching me up and carrying me out in her arms, and the strange sound of her feet plash, plashing in the water still lives in my ears. The explanation was that the Nethy, driven across by the Dorback, had broken the bulwarks below Tomghobhainn, and swept down in great force through the fields, not only filling the hollow to the west of the house, but flooding the lower apartments to the depth of about a foot. The maid servants had been sitting up all night in fear and trembling, and when the water burst in they had hastened to take us children from the nursery to the main house, which stood on a higher level. Another memory is very clear. When we had been dressed and fed, with the light hearts of child-

hood we began to amuse ourselves with the waters. Standing on the step at the parlour door, we caught at the sticks and bits of wood that came floating about in the passage that led to the lower wing, piling them up like logs, or building them into liliputian rafts. We said we were *playing at floating*. When the waters had subsided, we were taken to the kitchen, and were much surprised to see two or three English sheep in the back corner. Sween Robertson, one of the farm servants, had found them taking refuge on a hillock amidst the waste of waters, and with much difficulty had succeeded in bringing them to a place of safety. Later still, my nurse carried me out into the garden, and shewed me the dark muddy stream rushing past in the hollow, fearful to look at, and the cuts and gashes made in the walks and the ruin wrought in the plots by the cruel flood. As I have mentioned, our father and mother were from home. They had gone to the Dell of Rothiemurchus to visit our grandfather, Mr Mackintosh. The following account is taken from a note-book of my father's, and is of special value, as written at the time by an eye-witness:—

“For three days rain had fallen without intermission. The rivers rose rapidly. On Tuesday, 4th August, the Drue broke out and overflowed the lands round the Dell, even threatening the house. We were exceedingly anxious about our own home, and home concerns, and left early in the morning in our gig. We found the road at Pytoulish partially covered, and the stream, strange to say, running from the Spey into the Loch, instead of, as usual, from the Loch into the Spey. This shewed the enormous rise of the Spey. The bridge at Croftmore was also covered, and the Kirk of Kincairn surrounded by water. The sweep of the river past Kinchirdy was magnificent. What was usually still, deep water, was now turned into mighty surges, rolling on in awful majesty; and the roar was terrible. When we came to the Mains of Garten we were astonished to see the meadows one sheet of water, the houses of Caolachie surrounded, and the public road submerged. Further progress seemed impossible; but we got the help of two lads, who went before us on horse-back, and piloted us round by the old road above Croftronan. One of them, Sandy Gow (Smith), had a narrow escape. His horse stumbled into a hole made by a cross current, and, between the rush of the water and the struggles of the horse, he was like to be smored. We found the road at Tomchrocher overflowed, and the view from one of the heights was very impressive. Spey had been converted into an

immense lake stretching from Boat of Garten to Inverallan, skirted on the one side by Tullochgorm and Curr, and on the other by Birchfield and the Culriacha, while here and there Tombae, Broomhill, and Coulnakyle stood out as islands in the midst of the waters. When we arrived at Bridge of Duack, about 8.30 A.M., we observed a cottage, that of Alex. Mitchell, tailor, a little above Nethy-Bridge, swept off. This was a sample of the destruction going on. The road between the two bridges was flooded, but, guided by our brave lads, we got safely through. When we turned in the direction of the Dell, our difficulties increased. The Nethy was fast cutting into the land, and the air was dank and heavy with the smell of earth from the falling banks. Hardly had we climbed the hill at old Bridge End, when the very road over which we had passed was swept away, and we shuddered at what might have been our fate. The saw-mill at Straan-beg had been carried off a little earlier. The Nethy, forsaking its old course by the foot of Balnagoun, had made a new and straighter channel, carrying off the mill. Down it sailed for some distance, quite entire—a wonderful sight—and then, coming into contact with a bulwark, it was dashed to pieces. The state of things was becoming more and more terrible. People were to be seen in all directions, some looking on mournfully dejected, nay, even stupid; others helping neighbours or busy removing their effects to places of safety. Only one house had as yet fallen, but others were in danger. The Nethy having cut through the land to the west of the bridge, and gradually undermined the foundations, the west arch fell in about 10 o'clock with a great crash. It was hoped that, the water having thus got freer scope, the cottages on the Coulnakyle side might be saved; but a clump of alders below the bridge threw a strong current to the east side, and three poor cottars had their dwelling-houses, and much of their belongings, swept away. This happened between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. The work of destruction had now been going on for hours. The bonnie banks of Nethy were broken up, and the little haughs, with gardens and cornfields lying here and there, had been laid waste. The mischief was not limited to the lower districts, as the vast quantity of all sorts of property seen floating down the stream plainly shewed. Nethy was at her greatest height about 10 A.M. of Tuesday. The river was noticed to rise and fall more than once in the course of the morning. This was probably owing to outbursts of rain on the hills, and the alterations caused by the shorter run of the Dorback. At times there were terrible thunderings and appalling noises in the mountains, as if some convulsion of nature were impending. Though much land and property were destroyed, providentially no lives were lost. At the same time, the shock and trouble of these dark days were hurtful to many, and injured their strength beyond recovery."

Mr Forsyth goes on to tell of the depredations of the Nethy and its tributaries, and also of the loss of timber and the breaking down of banks and bulwarks; but this part of his notes need not

be quoted. He modestly refrains from telling how he reached his home; but this has been done by the graphic pen of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder:—

“Unable to proceed in the gig, Mr Forsyth walked up the river-side, large masses of the bank tumbling every now and then into the torrent. After getting near the corner of his garden, where a rill two feet wide and two inches deep was wont to run, he found his further progress arrested, and his house surrounded by a broad and powerful current of so great a depth as to be quite unfordable. He saw the back of his house about 60 or 70 yards from before him. In it were his children; and he had no means of knowing what might be the extent of the operations of the river beyond. A half-rotten paling, that had as yet resisted this sudden foreign flood, appeared dipping from either bank into the stream before him. What it might be in the middle he did not know, for there it was already submerged. The hazard was tremendous; but, goaded on by his anxiety, he took his determination. Poising a long ladder on the quivering poles, he made a desperate adventure. By God's providence he achieved it, and found all safe in the house, though the water was a foot deep in it.”

Sir Thomas then explains how the breach in the Nethy bulwarks had been made by the Dorback, and how the newly-created river had played havoc with the turnips and other crops of the Dell. He also describes Mr Forsyth's mode of embankment:—

“Three rows of strong piles are driven down, sloping slightly to the river, and are left above the ground to the height of the intended embankment. Two feet intervenes between the rows of piles, as well as between the piles of each row, and the piles of the different rows cover each other individually, as rear rank men do those in the front rank. Young fir trees, with all their branches on, are then laid diagonally across between the piles; but differing from Colonel Mackintosh of Farr's plan so far, that instead of the points of the brush being turned down the stream, they are laid so as to oppose it, by which means they arrest the sand and mud brought down by the river, and each successive stratum of them is covered by it in its turn. Six inches of gravel is laid over each layer of brush, between the piles, and whole fir tree logs are placed along between the rows over the gravel. These layers are repeated till the work is of sufficient solidity to the mass, which speedily assumes all the appearance of a natural bank. I saw this embankment, which in a few days excluded the water, and perfectly withstood the appendix flood of the 27th August.”

The sufferings and losses caused by the Morayshire floods excited much sympathy, and a committee was formed at Elgin,

with Mr Isaac Forsyth as convener, to raise funds for the relief of the poorest class of sufferers. Reports were obtained from the nineteen parishes in the county, and aid granted according to the exigencies of the particular cases. The sum of £67 was allocated to Abernethy, which was divided among the following persons:—1st Class—Lewis Grant (aged 47); John Grant (67); May Glass (62); Elizabeth Grant (62); Roderick Mackenzie (47); Alex. Mitchell (32); Wm. Reid (45); Ann Grant McEwan. 2nd Class (crofters)—Duncan Murray (50); Alex. Riach (80); James Riach (60); James Macdonald (70).

CHAPTER XXXI.

COUNSELS TO YOUNG MEN.

THE words of the wise are worth remembering. They never lose their value. Circumstances alter, but truth abides, and it is as necessary for the making of character and the moulding of life in the present as in the past. Our "Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association" was started in 1880, and it still lives and prospers. When the Association was being organised, the President wrote to some men of light and leading, asking words of counsel and sympathy. His request was kindly responded to, and the letters then received were read with much care, and have been cherished ever since with gratitude and pride. We feel honoured in giving them a place in this Parish record.

"But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
'Tis strange the shortest letter which man uses,
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link of ages."

—BYRON.

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
"1st January, 1881.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is at any rate an encouragement to me in the opening of the New Year to find that a minister of Christ believes I am able to be useful to the youth under his charge. But I have little hope myself of being heard in anything, for, on the whole, my messages are depressing to the worldly ardours of our day, and not glowing enough to kindle the heavenly ones. But it seems to me that if you could persuade your young

Halbert Glendinnings to set themselves first to get a pure and noble conception of Scottish life as it might be lived in Scotland, and then to found all their literary and other studies on a faithful desire to embellish their Scottish homes, and to stay in them, and make their days long in their own land,—not rich nor powerful in other people's lands,—you would get at a rule and system of reading, not to say of thought, which in itself would be extremely delightful, and open into higher walks for all who felt qualified for them. Perhaps if your little society were at first to acquaint itself accurately with the mineralogy and flora of its neighbourhood, it would be found a good beginning for all else. If you were to tell me more definitely your wishes and difficulties, I might perhaps make a more pertinent answer.—Believe me, always faithfully yours,

“J. S. RUSKIN.”

“24 HILL STREET, EDINBURGH,
“4th February, 1881.

“DEAR SIR,—You are doing the right thing. The hope of the age is in the young men, and they must learn both to instruct and to amuse themselves in a rational way; otherwise the steam that is in them will puff itself off unprofitably, or what is worse, dangerously. In the association and the co-operation of the intelligent part of the community for moral and intellectual culture we find our only safeguard against the evils which are inherent in every form of democracy; and towards democracy, in some shape or in some degree, the governments of the world are everywhere tending.—Ever yours,

“J. S. BLACKIE.”

“*Buaidh agus Piseach !*”¹

¹ *Buaidh agus Piseach*—literally, Victory and Prosperity, a phrase used to express “Good Luck to you !”

“UNIVERSITY, ST ANDREWS,

“15th February, 1881.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to know that you see your way to establish a reading-room for your young people. There is probably no way in which you could more benefit them. In two directions, at least, your exertions can go—1st, To enlighten the young as to the natural world in which we live, which encompasses us on every side, and which extends from the dust beneath our feet to the remotest stars that telescope can reach, and beyond. 2d. To help them to know the world of men, what human life has been in past ages, and what it is now, with some thought of what it may be here and hereafter.

“This is the benign influence of literature, that it enables those who study it to know the best thoughts that have been thought by the best men throughout all the ages, and to converse across the gulfs of time with those men, know their characters, share their confidences, sympathise with their hopes and fears and aspirations.

“And this, by reading good books, a young man may do in the remotest glen of the Monaliath as well as in Edinburgh or London—perhaps better, because of his freedom from distraction. I trust that you will be successful in your good undertaking, and that you may be guided to select good books, and, if periodicals, only the wholesome ones. For there are some of these last which are not wholesome altogether. Also, I hope that amid wider aims you will not neglect anything that will help the young men to study local history, to know the past of their own neighbourhood and to respect it, and to cultivate a knowledge of whatever is best in Gaelic poetry and song. I have sometimes observed that a little knowledge—the first beginnings of education—tends to make young men despise these local matters, as though they were trivial and of no account. This is a great mistake, as all see who have attained to a more thorough knowledge and genuine insight into the truth of history and of human nature.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

“J. C. SHAIRP.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

"OUR HALBERT GLENDINNINGS."

HAVING written to Mr Ruskin with reference to a lecture, with the above title, to be given to our Young Men's Association, he was kind enough to reply as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

"4th February, 1881.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I should like to give my day to the answering your letter. All I can do is to answer what I may, before I open the others on my breakfast table. This will be an indulgence rather than a duty, for your deeply interesting letter and its enclosure move every corner of heart in me, that is fullest of old—and coming—days. Forgive my going abruptly into what I would ask you to do. First—at your lecture—to bid those of your audience who have leisure enough, and faculty, to read with extreme attention every word of 'The Monastery' and 'Abbot,' gathering from them the gist of what Scott tells, or represents to them there, of Scottish life. Broadly, they will find these tales to contain the story of two Scottish shepherd boys, who, their father having been killed in civil war, leave their widowed mother, the one going into the Army, the other into the Church—the first that he may marry a beautiful young lady above his own rank in life, and the other that he may forget her. The result of this conduct of theirs, for their *country*, is that the first spends his life in a vain struggle for what you Scotch clergymen have ever since called Antichrist; and the second, so far as his best bodily and mental strength can go, is instrumental in getting the Queen of Scotland beheaded by the Queen of England, and a few years (put in the number, please, in your lecture) the King of England beheaded by a farmer of Huntingdonshire. Possibly both their pieces of life-work *may* have been good for the Scottish and English nations, but they are both beyond a doubt questionable goods. While had Halbert and Edward stayed with their widowed mother, and both married a maid of the moor or the mill, quite without question they might in that station have promoted (every hour of their lives) the strength and vital happiness of their country.

"*Must* they in that line of life and conduct have remained country 'bumpkins,' and led less happy lives than they found in the castle and the cloister? Is Dandie Dinmont—is even Cuddie Headrigg—a less *respectable* person than Halbert Glendinning? Are either of them less happy than Edward? These questions will you help your audience to put and to answer? You will be doing, it seems to me, your clergyman's most sure duty in such sermon.

"And now I pass to your enclosure. I have underlined a sentence in it—strongly underlined its last word.

"Will you read it to your audience, and ask those of them who, after the above questions have been considered, still desire to be gallant Colonels, and marry Mary Avenels—what they are to do when the entire frontier has been pacificated? and when, by Republican destruction of all chateaux, Mary Avenels have become as much myths as the White Lady.—Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

"JOHN RUSKIN."

The enclosure referred to by Mr Ruskin, with the underlined sentence, is given further on. One of our most notable Halbert Glendinnings was MALCOLM FRASER. Here is the record of his birth and baptism:—"Malcolm, son to Donald Fraser and Janet McIntosh in Bellifurth was born ye 15th and baptised ye 22nd of May, 1732. Witnesses Duncan Cameron and John McIntosh there." Malcolm was educated at the Abernethy School, which was then taught by Malcolm Grant. He was for some time in the service of the minister, Mr William Grant, and afterwards went south to friends at Delford, near Edinburgh. His father was killed at Culloden, but this did not deter young Malcolm from becoming a soldier. The 78th Highlanders were raised by the Hon. Simon Fraser, son of Lovat of the '45, and in this regiment Malcolm obtained a commission, 1757. War with France was then going on, and the 78th were ordered to America. Malcolm fought with his regiment in the famous battle won by Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, 1759, where he was wounded. He was again more severely wounded at the siege of Quebec, 1760. Some time after, with many of his comrades, he retired from active service, obtaining a grant of land from the Government, and settling in Canada. But in 1775, when the Revolutionary War broke out, he again joined the King's forces, and became Captain and Paymaster in the 84th Highlanders. He obtained promotion, and ultimately retired with the rank of Colonel. Malcolm Fraser appears to have been twice married—first, about 1754, to some bonnie lassie from Nethy side, who died early; and secondly, in another land, perhaps

with more of worldly prudence than the ardour of youthful love, to a Canadian lady of some fortune. Colonel Fraser spoke Gaelic, English, and French, and knew some Latin. He held several important public situations at Quebec, and was Seigneur of Mount Murray, Islet du Portage, and other localities. By his second wife he had ten children—1, Angelique, married to John M'Laughlin; 2, Alexander, Seigneur of River du Loup, Temisconata, and Madawaska, and five other Seignories; 3, Joseph, surveyor, Seigneur of Islet du Portage; 4, Dr Simon, Seigneur of Clause; 5, Julia, married Commissary Patrick Langan, Seigneur of De Ramsay and Bourcheinn; 6, Honourable John Malcolm Fraser, Legislative Councillor, and Seigneur of part of Mount Murray; 7, Dr William, co-Seigneur of Mount Murray; 8, Mrs Belaire, only surviving child, 1871, aged 85; 9, Honourable John Fraser, Seigneur of Villeray; 10, Ann, wife of Joseph Belanger, merchant at Murray Bay. Colonel Fraser died 14th June, 1815, at Mount Murray, and was buried at Quebec in the St John's Burying-Ground. The above information as to the family was obtained in 1871 from the late Honourable John Fraser de Berry, son of Dr Simon, Chief of the Frasers of the Province of Quebec, who stated that at that time Colonel Fraser's descendants numbered more than 150, and that most of them spoke French, and were Roman Catholics. Doubtless, in the interval since then, they have greatly increased.

Another of our Halbert Glendinnings was PATRICK MACGREGOR. His father, James, married Mary Grant of Tullochgorm, and was for some time factor of Strathspey, and resided at Balliemore. He was held in repute as a man of ability and enterprise, who did much for the improvement of agriculture in the district. Patrick entered the medical service, and was appointed surgeon to George IV. He was ultimately rewarded with a Baronetcy, and settled in England. The present representative of the family is William Gordon Macgregor, Leyton, Essex, 4th Baronet—born in 1846.

The STUARTS of Lethnachyle (now called Lainchoil) were one of our oldest families (chap. IX.) Donald and John were

the family names. In 1739 there was a John, who was an elder of the Church. His son John married Marjory Stewart of Lynchurn, who died at Grantown, 7th November, 1830, aged 101. Their son Donald married Janet, younger daughter of Robert Grant, Wester Lethendry, Cromdale, and had three sons, John, Robert, and Peter, and two daughters, Barbara and Marjory. Marjory died at Grantown in 1844, aged 72, and Barbara married Alexander Smith of Archiestown Cottage, Knockando, father of the late Dr Stuart Smith, of the 55th regiment, and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. The fortunes of the sons were very diverse. Patrick went into the army, and was for some years Fort Major at Belfast, Ireland. John and Robert went to North America. Robert was in the service of the North West Company, and came quickly to the front from his ability and courage. One day, going down the Columbia River, his canoe was upset, and he and the three men with him were thrown into the water. They succeeded in getting upon a rock, but this was but temporary relief. Stuart was a powerful swimmer, but none of the others could swim. He bade them be of good cheer—that, if God permitted, he would save them. Then, taking one of them on his back, he struck out for the shore, which with difficulty was reached. He was now safe, and he had rescued one of the men, but this was not enough so long as the others were in danger of perishing. So he dashed again into the water, and brought the second man ashore. The tremendous effort told upon him, and, if he had listened to the voice of self, he would have said, “I have done what I could; to try again would be to throw my life away.” But the man on the rock, alone amidst the surging billows, appealed to him. The third time he plunged into the river, and again he reached the rock. Resting for a little, he set out for the shore. But alas! his strength failed, and, after a brave struggle, he and the man he bore sank down in the mighty waters and were seen no more. John, the elder brother, was more fortunate. He found employment in the Hudson Bay Company. Being a man of

much shrewdness and of indomitable pluck and perseverance, he soon rose to high position, and did great service in establishing trading ports and exploring the country. The Stuart Lake and Stuart River, which has recently been so often noticed in connection with the Klondyke Gold Country, are called after him. Mr John Stuart was for some years chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He died at Springfield House, Forres, in 1847, having directed in his will that he should be "interred in the tomb of his ancestors in the Parish Church-Yard of Abernethy, south-east corner of the Church."

Early in the twenties there were four James's, born in the parish, whose fortunes are worthy of notice. JAMES STEWART was the son of Lieutenant J. Stewart, 78th Regiment, Pytoulish. He became a cotton planter in South America, and died at St Joseph, Mississippi, in 1896.

JAMES FORSYTH was the son of William Forsyth, Dell of Abernethy, for twenty years manager of the Seafield Woods and Wood Manufactures. He entered the Caledonian Bank as Clerk in 1839. In 1845 he went to Ceylon, where he was employed for five years as a coffee plantation manager. His health failing, he returned home, and in 1854 he entered into the employment of the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire Banking Company. In 1864 he was appointed manager, which office he held till 1895, when the Bank was amalgamated with the Birmingham and District Companies Bank. On his retirement he was presented by leading men in Wolverhampton and neighbourhood with a handsome silver bowl, a purse of 400 sovereigns, and an illuminated album and address.

JAMES CHARLES GORDON was the eldest son of Captain Gordon, Revack, by his first wife, Margaret Knight. He entered the Queen's service, as Ensign in the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, in 1839; subsequently he sold out, and in 1847 he was appointed to the 4th Bengal Native Infantry. He served in the Punjab in 1849, and died at Wazirabad in 1852. Two of his brothers also served in the army—Robert, who rose to be second in command

of the 2nd Sikh Infantry, and died at Dhurmsala in 1860; and Benjamin Lumsden, born 1833, who entered the Madras Artillery, 1852, and in 1863 joined the Royal Artillery. He served through the Indian Mutiny, receiving the medal with clasp. He also served in the Afghan war, 1879-80, and commanded in Lower Burmah in the Expedition of 1886-87, receiving the thanks of the Government and the medal with clasp. He commanded the Burma District during the Chin Lushai Expedition in 1890, and was specially mentioned in despatches, and granted the Distinguished Service Reward. He retired as Lieutenant-General in 1890, and was made K.C.B. in 1898.

JAMES DAWSON MACDONALD was the eldest son of Captain Macdonald, Coulnakyle. He was educated at Abernethy, Grantown, and Aberdeen, and obtained a Cadetship in 1836. He served in the Gwalior and Rajpootana Campaigns. He was quartered at Neemuch when the Mutiny (1857) occurred, and his escape, as he used to tell, was due to the loyalty of two Sepoys, who, alone of 1000 men, remained faithful to their colours. Alas! they sealed their devotion with their blood. General Macdonald afterwards tried to discover their families, but failed.

"Soon after the mutiny, the Government resolved to raise a corps of Meenas, and the carrying out of this resolution fell to Captain Macdonald. The Meenas are described in official documents as a lawless hill tribe, by nature turbulent, independent, and vagabond. Plunderers by profession, they had long been known as daring and expert robbers. Sir William Sleeman pronounced them irreclaimable, and according to him they pursued the crime of dacoity more systematically than any other Indian tribe. But they were tall, handsome, athletic, and brave; and, though well known to be bloodthirsty and revengeful, they were believed to be sensible of kindness, obedient to their leaders, and proud of their descent. Out of this raw material there was raised a force about 1000 strong, now known as the Deolee Irregulars, but long spoken of more familiarly as 'Macdonald's Meenas.' Many inspecting generals have said that no body of men so well illustrates the Indian irregular system as this Deolee force, which is, moreover, believed to afford 'the only instance of native Indians trained into skilful tank-diggers, gardeners, carpenters, builders, and artists, as well as loyal and smart sepoy,' not inferior in drill and discipline to any native regiment of the line. They built not only a Hindoo temple

for themselves, but a handsome Christian chapel for the Europeans resident in the station. Their chief works of utility, however, consisted in the erection of such things as tanks, wells, durbar-rooms, guard-rooms, and hospitals. General Macdonald had an extraordinary influence over the minds and affections of these men, yet he might perhaps be called eccentric in his management of them. He regarded them as he regarded his own Highland ancestors—Highland robbers, as he knew them sometimes to be called. They became a Meena clan, of which he was the chief. Looting, and lying, and insults to women he punished with merciless severity; but he had no irksome punishments, and no wearisome rules as to all sorts of petty details. He had a judicious way of letting the men alone. They were dressed like French Zouaves, but they wore the Glengarry cap. He thought all Highlanders must love the bagpipes, so the music of the force was played, and well played, on that instrument. His six pipers wore plaids of Macdonald tartan. The penants from the dronea were embroidered in Edinburgh, and carried on them the Macdonald crest. The force marched to the 'Pibroch o' Donuil Dhu,' and the piper-in-chief bore the name of Fassifern. General Macdonald entered thoroughly into the ways and feelings of his men, and in return they proved faithful to him and jealous of the honour of the corps to which they belonged. It is a common story that when exhorted by an eloquent missionary to embrace Christianity, they informed him that they were ready to be converted on the spot if the Colonel Sahib would pass the order."—*Daily Scotsman*.

General Macdonald died in London, 25th December, 1879. He left three sons—Dougan, Major in the 91st Highlanders, was accidentally killed by the fall of his horse in Hyde Park in 1893; and Claude, after distinguished service in India, Egypt, and Africa, is now Her Majesty's Representative in China.

Abernethy can claim two distinguished soldiers, who, though not born amongst us, were by family and residence nearly connected with the parish, and delighted to call themselves "Grandsons of the Manse."

Field-Marshal Sir DONALD MARTIN STEWART, Bart., G.C.B., is the son of the late Captain Robert Stewart of Clachglas, Kincardine. Captain Stewart was married at the Manse, in 1821, to a daughter of the then minister, the Rev. Donald Martin. He was of the Stewarts of Fincastle, but his family had resided for several generations at Kincardine. Some time after his marriage he removed to Dyke, near Forres, and Sir Donald was born there in 1824. He was educated mainly at Dufftown and

Elgin. In 1839 he gained a bursary at King's College, Aberdeen, and passed through the classes of 1839-40 with distinction. In 1840 he obtained a cadetship through his uncle, Sir Ranald Martin, the great Indian surgeon. His career was for a long time confined to Regimental Staff duty, and he was deemed one of the smartest adjutants in the Bengal Army. During the Mutiny he came to the front, and gained much honour for his heroic conduct in carrying despatches to Delhi. He went through the Siege of Delhi, the Capture of Lucknow, and the subsequent Campaign in Rohilcund. He commanded a Brigade in the Abyssinian Campaign, and was appointed to the command of the force which invaded Southern Afghanistan in 1869. On the occupation of Candahar he administered that province with marked sagacity and success. He subsequently commanded the Army in Northern Afghanistan until the evacuation of Cabul and the withdrawal to India. His splendid victory at Ahmedkeyl, his disinterestedness in giving place to General Roberts, who won much fame by his glorious march from Cabul, and his distinguished services as Commander-in-Chief in India, and as member of the Indian Council, are well known. Sir Donald is at present Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

Major-General ANDREW ALDCORN MUNRO spent the first fourteen years of his life at the Manse, receiving his principal education at the Parish School. He was for some time apprenticed with the late Dr Creyk at Grantown, being succeeded by another Strathspey man, who served with much distinction in India, China, Sierra Leone, and Paris during the Siege, and was honoured with knighthood in the Jubilee year—Surgeon-General Sir Charles Gordon. General Munro had always a grateful recollection of his early days, and he shewed his strong attachment to Abernethy by generous remembrance of the poor, and by giving handsome prizes for the encouragement of Secondary Education. General Munro went to India in 1846, when he was 20 years of age. After spending some years in the army, he was transferred to the Civil Department of the

Punjab Commission in 1855, where he served for 25 years under some of the most distinguished Frontier Officers—as Sir Herbert Edwardes, Colonel Taylor, C.B., C.S.I., and Major James—rising through all the grades to the higher. The following notice of his services is taken from the *Punjab Gazette* of 2nd December, 1880, where it was published by order of the Hon. the Lieut.-Governor Sir Robert Egerton. This is the enclosure referred to by Mr Ruskin, and the sentence underscored by him is given in italics :—

“On the occasion of the retirement of Colonel Andrew Munro, the Lieutenant-Governor desires to place upon record his high estimation of the services of this officer, whose long and honourable career has been spent in most arduous and responsible post of frontier administration. Coming to India in 1846, Colonel Munro was appointed to the Punjab Commission in 1856 ; he became Deputy Commissioner in 1859, and at various times in the course of the next twelve years held charge of every border district from Hazara to Dera Ghazi Khan. In 1863, when Deputy Commissioner of Peshawar, he was present throughout the Ambeyla Campaign, for his services in which, as Political Assistant to Colonel Reynell Taylor, C.B., he received the special thanks and acknowledgments of Government. He became Commissioner and Superintendent of the Derajat Division in 1871, and, with short intervals of special political duty, has held this important office ever since. In the reorganisation of Frontier Militia, the new arrangements for the better administration of the Tank Valley, the enforcement of tribal responsibility for guarding the passes, and in other important measures introduced within the past few years to secure the peace of the Derajat border, and improve our relations with its wild hill clans, and also in the final settlement of Khelat affairs, and the events which led to the appointment of a British Agent at Quetta, Colonel Munro’s long experience, sound judgment, and thorough knowledge of border tribes, Biluch and Pathan, have proved of the utmost value and assistance to Government. *His career covers a period in which the work of the gradual pacification of the frontier has made notable progress ; wild and independent clans have been taught to respect and fear Government, and our own subjects, once lawless and turbulent, have settled down into quiet and peaceful cultivators.* This happy change has been due to the ability and unwearied zeal with which the policy of Government has been carried out by a succession of distinguished officers, among whose names that of Colonel Munro will be remembered with honour, both by the Government he has so loyally served, and by the border tribes, whose affairs he has so long and so ably administered.”

Our parish has continued to give some of its best blood to other lands. We have sent bankers to England, farmers to

Ireland, and parsons to every county in the Highlands. We have sent settlers to Canada and the United States, shepherds to Fiji, stock-keepers to New Zealand, gold diggers to Australia, diamond merchants to Africa, doctors to the army and the navy, and soldiers to fight our cause in all parts of the world. Wherever men speaking the English tongue have toiled and bled, there might be found Halbert Glendinnings who claimed kin with us, as having been born on the banks of the Nethy, and brought up under the shadow of Cairngorm. True, all who have gone forth from us have not prospered. Some have been cut off by disease, some have fallen in battle, and some have become the victims of folly and sin, or like ships that foundered at sea, have been never more heard of.

“ Some sink outright,
O'er them, and o'er their names the billows close,
To-morrow knows not they were born.
Others a short memorial leave behind
Like a flag floating when the bark's engulfed :
It floats a moment and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives—a thousand are forgot.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PARISH CHARACTERS.

It is a common remark that the kind of people called "Characters" are becoming fewer and fewer. This seems the natural effect of education, and of the constantly increasing intercourse between all parts of the country. As Tennyson sings, "The individual withers, and the world is more and more." Even in our remote Highland glens the change is felt. The old "Characters" that gave romance and interest to a district are dying out, and they have no successors. In our parish we have had to lament the passing away of not a few of this class within the last sixty years. JOHN FRASER, Tulloch, commonly called "The Doire," might be taken as representing the "Bards." He belonged to the Balliefurth Frasers, and claimed kin with the late Colonel Malcolm Fraser of Quebec. He received a fair education, and when a young man paid a visit to his cousins in Canada, but he soon returned. Having learnt the trade of an upholsterer in London, and being an excellent workman, he might have done well if he had settled in one of the towns; but he was never happy save when his foot was on his native heather. Again and again he came back, from working excursions, to his "humble hut" in the wilds of Tulloch; and there he spent his latter days, struggling against poverty and the growing infirmities of age with a sturdy spirit of independence. He was remarkable for his strong attachments. Nothing vexed him more than the changes which were being introduced into the country for the advantage of sportsmen and strangers without regard for the people. He mused much on these things, and as the fire burned he would pour forth his feelings in indignant letters to sundry high personages, and, at times, in passionate bursts of song.

His eccentricity had a dash of genius, and his poetical pieces, mostly in Gaelic, had very considerable merit. "The Doire" had a great fund of local traditions and stories, and was a good genealogist. The changes in the country in his time had been so great, that he used to say "he had lived in two worlds." During his stay in England he had acquired a certain air of distinction. His accent was good, and his talk intelligent, "with something of a lofty utterance dressed." His stately step would have attracted notice anywhere. Latterly he kept a donkey, which he called his "Jerusalem pony"; and, as he always wore a black coat and hat, and had a grave and reverend aspect, he might have been taken for some Rabbi on his travels. Once, when slowly riding past Nethy Bridge, some schoolboys tried to frighten the ass, but "The Doire," quietly patting him on the cheek, said, "Friend, don't be disturbed; it's only your brother." One of his poems was entitled "The Child of Destiny." It told his own story. The moral was that of the old poet Daniel: "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man."

It was customary at one time for tradesmen of various kinds to go round amongst the people, stopping for work here and there as they were required. Thus there were the cobbler, the saddler, the jobbing tailor, and so on. One of the best representatives of the latter class was NIEL GRANT, of Glenbroun, who claimed to be the Cean-tighe of the Achernack family. He had served in the army (42nd Regiment), and was stationed for some time at Gibraltar. Subsequently he started business in London as a master tailor, and was doing well; but his health gave way, and he had to seek new strength in his native air. One of Niel's favourite haunts was the Dell. Here he had an attic to himself, where he plied his trade, making and mending the boys' clothes with great zest and skill. In the evening he always had visitors, and charmed them, especially the young folks, with his tales of soldiering, and of the wonders of Gibraltar—the impregnable fortifications; the mysterious caves,

and the strange monkeys that lived on the upper part of the rock, and which were said to have come across, under sea, from Barbary. At times he would relax to have a turn at his favourite game of draughts, of which he was a master; but his greatest delight was an excursion with "the boys" on the Saturday to troll on the Spey for pike—"Jack," as he called them in the English way—or to fish for trout on the Dorback or the Nethy. Nights with Niel were much liked, and it is worth noting the beneficial effect which the society of such a man, who had travelled and seen something of the world, but was unchanged in his integrity, modesty, and love of home, had upon the young people and others with whom he came in contact.

MURDOCH MACKENZIE, Garlin, was a weaver, but his chief trade was in midwifery. Hence he was called *Murrach-nam-ban*. He was said to have a "gift," which had come into the family far back from the Fairies, for some service rendered to them. When called in, he pretended to relieve women in labour by taking their pains on himself. He would stroke the patient's hands, and then lie down in front of the fire, and roll and roar as if in agony. His sufferings seemed to increase as things reached their climax. Many people had faith in him, and he was sent for from far and near. But some had doubts as to his sincerity. It was said he had been seen tickling his throat with a feather, and using other arts to bring on the appearance of sickness and labour. One curious story is told of him. He had been called in a bad case to Glenmore, and was making his way there riding on his white pony. The husband who had summoned him was eager, and urged him again and again to make haste, lest his wife should be dead before they reached. Murdoch at last lost patience, and turning upon the man in a rage, he said, with one of his horrid grimaces, "*On you be the pains.*" According to report, the poor man had to lie down in the heather in great distress, and the spell was not taken off till the woman was delivered. Pennant in his *Tour* (1712) refers to

a similar belief that prevailed at one time in the west. "nothing less than that the midwife had the power of transferring part of the primeval curse from the goodwife to her husband. I saw," he says, "the reputed offspring of such labour, who kindly came into the world without giving her mother the least uneasiness while the poor husband was roaring with agony in his uncouth and unnatural pains."

The *Pensioners* were formerly an important class. Many a long winter night was enlivened by their talk, and many a youthful heart stirred to martial ardour by their tales of "moving accidents by flood and field." Among others well known were Sergeant RATTRAY, 78th Regiment, DUNCAN GRANT, elder, 79th Highlanders, who had a medal with six clasps for services in the Peninsular War; and Sergeant ROY (GRANT) of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, who had served under Abercromby and Moore, and thought them better soldiers than Wellington. Sergeant Roy was one of the men who helped to carry Moore from the field of Corunna, and the tears used to run down the veteran's cheeks as he told of the death of his beloved General. He was also present when Abercromby received his fatal wound. Dr Brown, in "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," gives an interesting reminiscence of the glorious victory of Alexandria. When the dying General was being carried on a litter to the boat of the Foudroyant he was in great pain. "Sir John Macdonald (afterwards Adjutant-General) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled, and said—'That is a comfort; that is the very thing. What is it, John?' 'It is only a soldier's blanket, Sir Ralph.' 'Only a soldier's blanket, Sir,' said the old man, fixing his eye severely on him. 'Whose blanket is it?' 'One of the men's.' 'I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is'—and everything paused till he was satisfied. 'It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42nd, Sir Ralph.' 'Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night,' and wearied and content, the soldier's friend was moved to his death-bed."

Another pensioner, who lived at a later date, was JAMES GRANT, Rivoan, of the 79th Regiment. He enlisted at a Figgat Fair, in 1804, when only 16. His first engagement was at Copenhagen, 1807. Subsequently he served throughout the Peninsular War, and received a medal and three clasps for Corunna, Busaco, and Fuentes d'Onor. In the latter battle he was brought to the ground by a ball in the leg, but he managed to get upon his knee, and to discharge his musket at the French. This he used to call his farewell shot. On coming home, he married and settled at Rivoan. His wife, Elsie Grant, was one of the great beauties of the parish. The others were Margaret M'Intyre, wife of John Black, Clachaig, and Jane Blair, wife of Grigor Cameron, Tulloch. Mr Martin used to say of the latter pair that they were the handsomest couple he had ever married, and during his pastorate of upwards of fifty years he must have married hundreds. Marriages were then performed in Church. Rivoan died in 1876. He was then, perhaps, the oldest pensioner in the British Army—1812-1876.

The *Beggars* were another class, belonging to the olden time. There were not a few of them who made their rounds from time to time, and at certain farms they knew that there was a bed for them in the barn, and a welcome at the kitchen fire. GILBERT STEWART was one of them. He claimed a certain respect from his name, and from having been an old soldier. He lived to be over 100, and latterly had to be carried about in a cart or barrow. CAPTAIN FERGUSON was a grey-headed tar. His distinction was that he had fought under Nelson, and that he had a silver plate on his head to cover a hole made by a bullet. KING JOHN was another curious character. He dressed fantastically with a hat decorated with peacock feathers, and used to carry a wooden sword. Another character, better known in the low country, was MAD CHALMERS. He dressed decently, with long hair hanging in curls, and speckled buckies fixed with pins on his collar. He claimed to be of the same spirit as John

the Baptist. One day when holding forth, he was interrupted by another wanderer, Eppie Laing, who cried out, "I see noo what the Almichty never seed." Chalmers shook his head at such impiety, but Eppie answered, "It's true at ony rate, for I see my ain equal (you're a feel, and am anither), a thing the Almichty never seed." "Wonnerfu' woman!" said Chalmers. Another beggar of a somewhat different type was a man whose name was not known, but who was called after one of his songs, "Philip O'Sogan." He used generally to come to the Dell on a Saturday, and stayed over Sunday. He was well educated, and always had some books. He claimed to be a poet, and used to say that now that Burns and Ramsay were gone, he was one of the only Scottish bards left! It was a peculiarity with him to dislike heat, and he used to keep as far back as possible from the fire-place, sitting upon a meal girdel, but when he sang he stood on the floor, and made the rafters ring with "Fye let us all to the Bridal," and other songs. He spoke remarkably good English with a good accent. Once on a cold wintry day he was offered a dram by the mistress of the house, and asked how he would take it. His answer was, "In its pristine purity," which became a saying in the country. Another time he was asked if he would have some gooseberries. "Thank you, madam," he said, "I should like much to have some, they are considered a good aperient." And to give one reminiscence more of poor old Philip. On a certain Sabbath he was seen by the lady of the house reading a newspaper, and she gently reproved him, but Philip answered calmly, "Madam, I cannot see that there is any more harm in my reading a newspaper on Sunday than in your giving orders to your cook as to the dishes for dinner." PETER MACKINTOSH, called Peter Bain, was a celebrated piper and violin player. He came of a family eminent for musical talent. His father, born in Tulloch, gained the office of piper to Sir James Grant at a public competition, and others before him had a reputation as musicians. Peter, therefore, had

the advantage of good training, and not only possessed a wonderful stock of excellent tunes, but could play them in a style which Niel Gow or Wandering Willie, "the best fiddler that ever kittled thairn wi' horse-hair," could hardly have surpassed. None that heard him in his prime can forget the spirit and magic power of his "Tullochgorm," "Highland Donald kissed Katie," and other favourites. Some sixty years ago there were few Highland parishes that could boast of such society as Abernethy, and there was much pleasant intercourse between all classes. Peter used to get a boll of meal annually from each of the principal families, and for this he made due return by playing at Harvest Homes and other festivities, and by giving a "spring" to the young folks now and again on a Saturday evening. On special occasions Peter showed wonderful tact in the tunes he selected. When the gentlemen came in from dinner he would play "The Bottom of the Punch Bowl." In compliment to Captain Gordon, he would give "The Bonnie Wife o' Revack," and to gratify Captain Macdonald, Coulnakyle, he would strike up "Mullochard's Dream." He always finished with the Gaelic air, "Mhuintir mo ghaol, thugaibh am bruach oirbh" ("Dear people, it is time to take to the hill"), which agrees with the Scottish tune "Good Night." Peter was a man of an honest and kindly heart. He had the appearance of simplicity, but behind there was considerable shrewdness and a sort of dry humour which flashed out sometimes in sayings still remembered. At the time of "the rejoicings" on the late Master of Grant visiting the country, a ball was given at the Dell in his honour. When the Master retired, a party of Highlanders with torches, and Peter as piper, escorted him to the house. He asked for a last reel on the green, and when this was over he bade all good-night, and turning to Peter, with that graceful courtesy which won all hearts, he said, shaking his hand warmly, "Peter, you have done well; I am much obliged to you." Peter's heart was full. He tried to

answer, but words failed. He could only say, "Sir, sir," and then with a gasp, "I canna speak!" The Master used to say it was the best speech he ever heard. The scene realised the words of Shakespeare:—"Only my blood speaks to you in my veins," and "Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity in heart, speaks most, to my capacity." Peter lived to be upwards of 80, and died in 1873. His life was quiet and inoffensive, and his latter days marked by genuine if unobtrusive piety. There are some Abernethy boys still surviving, in whose hearts his name will awaken kindly thoughts and dear memories of home and of the happy days of "Auld Lang Syne."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GRANTS' RAID TO ELGIN.

It was a sweet spring day, the 12th of March, 1820. The Parish Church was vacant, for Mr John had died in the month of January. Mr Peter Grant, Balintua, Baptist minister, commonly called "Peter Brachtair," was holding an open-air service at Straanbeg, a little meadow lying between the Nethy and the high bank that borders the Dell Road. There, under the shade of a great fir, the preacher stood, and round about and beneath him the people were gathered together. Mr Grant was an able and popular preacher, and in Gaelic was considered a master. His sermon, as usual, was highly evangelical, and though long, it was listened to with rapt attention to the end. The last psalm was being sung, to the dear sacramental tune of Coleshill, and the voices of the great congregation, rising and falling with each line, made grave sweet melody, all the more solemn and impressive, as accompanied by the music of the waters, and the murmur of the wind among the trees. But before the close, it became clear that something unusual had happened. There were signs of distraction. At the outskirts of the crowd, people might be observed eagerly conversing, and in some mysterious way the excitement spread all round. When the benediction had been pronounced, freedom was restored. There was an immediate buzz of talk. Groups were formed here and there, evidently discussing some news of great importance. Let us join one of these groups. "What has happened?" said Robert Murray, Causair, to Serjeant Roy. The Serjeant, as already noted, had fought in Egypt and Spain, and was a man of mark in the parish. His answer was, "I'll tell you all about it as we go along. You know that there has been bitter strife for a long

time between the Grants and the Duffs as to politics, and it has come to a head about the election of a member of Parliament for the burghs. Elgin is the returning burgh this time, and things are in a bad way. The Whigs are just mad. Grant Lodge is in a state of siege, and Lady Anne is in danger of her life. The rascals have already kidnapped good Bailie Taylor, and shipped him off to Sutherland, and in their desperation they may do worse. Word has gone forth, therefore, to call out the Clan. There was a letter this forenoon from Congash to Mr Forsyth of the Dell, and the big Dubhlach has been out ever since, on Mr Forsyth's horse Marquis, warning the Abernethy men. The order is to meet at Nethy Bridge at 6 o'clock. It makes my old blood warm to think of it." "And are we to take guns and swords?" "No, no; nothing of that sort, only sticks; so we had better be off to dinner, for we have a long tramp before us." "Yes, but not as bad as Corunna!" "Little *you* know of Corunna, and yet there were weak women who went through all the horrors of that time."

Before six o'clock, some 150 men had mustered at Nethy Bridge. Captain Grant, Birchfield, and Mr Forsyth explained to them how things stood, and gave them words of counsel as to their behaviour. Then in silence, as became the Sabbath, the start was made. Past the church, and down by Balliefurth and Achernack, they marched steadily on. At Spey Bridge they were joined by some men from the Braes and the east end of the Parish. Through Cromdale and Advie they passed in the darkness, and by the time they had reached the Drum of Carron, it was near midnight. At Aberlour they rested, and had some refreshment. Then as the clock struck twelve, and the Sabbath was past, Mr Forsyth said to Peter Bain, "Peter, you might now give us a tune to cheer us." Peter was nothing loth, and struck up "The Haughs of Cromdale." Then having mustered again, they marched down the street to the spirit-stirring strains of the "Highland Laddie." The unwonted sounds startled many of the townsfolk from their

slumbers. Windows were drawn, doors cautiously opened, and faces were seen here and there peering out, in wonder and alarm. Telford's iron bridge, then one of the wonders of the Strath, was crossed, and as they halted for a minute under the shadow of the rock, they made the woods ring with their battle cry, *Stand fast, Craigellachie!* Then on they went through Rothes, and the Glen, and down by Longmorn, till they could see the towers of the Cathedral and the smoke of Elgin rising near. On the outskirts of the town they were met by friends, who took them round by the quietest way to Grant Lodge. The time was critical, and it was considered prudent to avoid the principal streets, and to guard against giving provocation to their opponents. Two incidents may be mentioned as indicating the temper of the Elgin people. One young fellow was loud in his menaces and jeers, swinging his staff in the faces of the Highlanders. At last, a man called "Allie Meenie" stepped out, snatched his stick from him, and sent him staggering into the gutter. At another point, as John Grant of Lynbreck used to tell, an old wife stood by the roadside, crying "Lord Fife for ever!" Provoked by her pertinacity, one of the Highlanders gave her a push, bidding her be quiet. She stumbled and fell, but getting up quickly, she shouted louder than before, "Lord Fife for ever! Lord Fife for ever!" "Well done, Cailleach," some of the men cried, for they could not but admire her courage.

The Cromdale men had been the first to arrive about 3 A. M., then later came the Abernethy men, and last the men of Duthil, and when they were all mustered, there must have been more than 600 on the ground. It was a brave sight, and Lady Anne's heart swelled with pride and delight. Here were 600 men, and others were on their way from Glen-Urquhart, strong and resolute, ready, if need be, to fight to the death for their beloved Chieftainess. But happily no fighting was needed. Enough had been done. The demonstration made was sufficient, and would not be forgotten for many a day. The men, therefore,

were hospitably entertained, thanked for their devotion and good services, and counselled to return quietly to their homes. But two bright incidents must not be left out. Lady Anne had a young Highland lady of much grace and beauty staying with her at Grant Lodge, Miss Christina Macleod of Drynoch, who in the August following was to become the wife of Mr Charles Gordon of Forres. When the first of the Highlanders appeared there was tremendous noise and shouting in the town, and Lady Anne misapprehending the uproar, feared that it was the Elgin roughs who were coming, and almost fainted. But Miss Macleod, whose quick ear had caught the sound of the pipes, soon cheered her, saying, "Don't you hear the pipes, it's your own people. Hurrah!" Miss Macleod could speak Gaelic well, and Lady Anne, with the instinct of a true Highlander, asked her to say something to the men before they left. When she came out they all stood up, and when they heard this charming lady address them in the dear tongue of their fathers, they burst into cheers. Only a fragment of Miss Macleod's speech has been preserved, but it is significant. With sly humour, she ended with the words, "Now, men, take care, or the Elgin shoemakers will prick you with their awls!" At this there were shouts of laughter, and ringing cheers repeated again and again. All that night and morning Elgin was in a state of fear and trembling, and there was good cause. "How great a fire a little spark kindleth." And had it not been for wise restraint and prudent management on both sides, the spark might have fallen where combustibles were plenty, and a fire broken out, which in its ravages would have rivalled the sack of Elgin by the Wolf of Badenoch four hundred years before.

But if the anxiety in Elgin was great, the excitement in the glens was equally great. Take a sample. Peter Bain's wife was of the nervous, timorous sort. She was out and in at the house of Rothiemoon, with every fresh bit of news that came to hand. One time her cry was, "There's not a man left on Nethy side, they're all away." "Well," said Mrs Grant, "it's in a good

cause." Next, it was, "The armoury is off from Castle Grant." "Better that than to have our men without guns and swords," was the reply. Then it was in a voice of despair, "The Duffs have got the soldiers from Fort-George. Ochon! it will be as bad as Culloden!" But this was too much. "Out of this," said the brave good-wife, "and look to your own house and bairns." And then, as a parting stroke, "Peter, poor man, will be sore needing something good when he comes, he will be tired enough with his short legs!" And it was true. It had been a tremendous tramp, and it was said there were never so many sore heels in Abernethy as that night when the men came home from Elgin.

The story of the Grant Raid was long remembered in Strathspay. It was ably defended by K. K. (Captain Patrick Cruikshank) in the newspapers; it was commemorated in song,¹ and it formed a favourite subject of talk at all *Ceilidhs*. But year by year leaders and men passed away. Robert Murray, Torniasgar; John Macdonald, Balnagown; Peter Cameron, Old Bridge End; Alex. Cameron, Badnaodinn; and Alex. Grant, Lynebeg, were the last of the "Cearnachs" who survived. They, too, are gone, and now not one remains who had taken part in that famous expedition.

¹ See Appendix, Note 14.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DAY ON CAIRNGORM.

“WE will, fair Queen, up to the mountain top” (Shakespeare). There are several ways of reaching Cairngorm from Speyside. One is by the Rothiemurchus road ; another is by the Slugan of Kincardine, and a third is from Nethy-Bridge. Each has its advantages. We prefer the last. Without dwelling on details, we will note some points of interest by the way, and some of the outlying nooks of the hill worth seeing. Half-a-mile above Nethy-Bridge is the Iron Mill Croft, celebrated by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.¹ At the Dell the Nurseries may be looked at, with the Summer Seat, the ingenious work of Mr Stephen, which is built up of 112 different kinds of wood. The road runs through the woods for about two miles, and then turns to the left, joining the old Glen Road a little above the Forest Lodge. Rhynettan (1325) affords a fine view of the course of the Nethy from the dark gorge of the Garvault, down through deep clefts in the drift, and winding ways among the muirs and mosses. Between the Cromalt and the Nethy, the roofless house of Inchtomach stands, sad and solitary, on its sunny knoll, bearing witness, like Rinuigh, Rinirich, Rivoan, and other abandoned homesteads, to the days that are gone. Inchtomach was long held by the Andersons, and the last tenant was Donald Anderson, a tall and handsome Highlander, who used to carry the Abernethy Standard at the Castle Grant Gatherings. A little beyond Rivoan is Loch-an-Uaine. This romantic lochan lies in the “Slugan” or throat of Glen More, at the entrance from Abernethy. The hills rise steeply on each side, but with more breadth on the right, where the road passes. The hill on the right is called Creag

¹ See Appendix, Note 15.

Loisgte (the Burnt Hill), and that on the left Creag nan Gall (the Lowlander's Hill). These names are descriptive, and, doubtless, refer to forgotten incidents of the past. The lochan is oval in form, and about 600 yards in circumference. It has neither inlet nor outlet, but is fed from underground sources. The water is of a delicate green colour and exquisitely clear. Looking down from the bank, some 10 or 12 feet, one can watch the tiny trout swimming about, and wonder at the strange gathering of logs-



INCHTOMACH.

and roots, the relics of ancient forests, that lies in the bottom. Between the banks and the water there is a strip of ground which in an August day may be found gay with violets, bluebells, and St John's Wort, with here and there thistles, dandelions, and wild strawberries. If the day be calm, all above and around is reflected on the surface of the water with wondrous beauty. The tufts of grass, the patches of purple heath, like clots of blood, the pines standing singly or in clumps, the ledges of rock, with the

masses of loose stones sloping downwards from the cliff, the clouds, the blue sky, and the glorious sun are all there—

“For not a feature in those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.”

So sings Wordsworth of St Mary's Lake. Scott has a similar passage; so has Shelley in his poem, “The Recollections,” but with a subtlety of thought and felicity of expression beyond either of the others. When one looked, as Coleridge has it, “with head bent low and cheek aslant,” the beauty of the scene was marvellously enhanced. The colours took a more delicate tint, the sun shone with more chastened radiance. Things were in a manner transfigured. It became difficult to distinguish between the seeming and the real. The mind itself was caught as if in a spell. Fancy ruled. Now the thought was of our rude forefathers, and we listened as if for the horn of one of the old barons of the glen, or the wild shouts of the caterans as they drove their prey through the pass or turned fiercely on their pursuers. Anon, other thoughts arose. The scene seemed a glimpse of fairyland, and we felt as if it would have been no surprise to have heard the fairy maidens liting “Crochailan” as they milked the deer, or to have seen “Donald More” himself with his elfin band sailing their skiffs on the lake or holding gay revels on the green. The question is often asked—What causes the greenness of the water? In the “Survey of the Province of Moray” (1798) it is said:—“The rocky banks rise around to a great height, and are closely clothed with the ever-verdant pine, *by the reflection of which the water is always seen of the deepest green colour in every possible situation.*” It is strange that a man so shrewd and intelligent as the Rev. Mr Leslie should have committed himself to such an opinion. The explanation is not a bit better than the old belief that the water is green because the fairies washed their clothes in it! Some twenty years ago Sir Robert Christison gave his opinion, as the result of enquiry, that pure water was colourless, but Tyndall and Aitken have proved,

by various experiments, that this is a mistake. The colour of distilled water is blue-green. At the same time, owing to matter held in suspension or solution, the colour may be greatly varied. The Lake of Como is of a deep blue; the Maggiore is greener. Brodick Bay takes a green hue from the grains of yellow sand, whereas Loch Lomond is of a brown colour. In Australia a gum tree cast into the water will soon tinge it of a fine blue. It may be well to notice that there are three other "green" lochs in the Cairngorm district. One is on Ben Muich Dhui, another on Cairn Toul, and the third on Cairngorm of Derry. The latter is the one referred to by William Smith, Rynuie, Abernethy, in his fine hunting song (Gaelic) "Allt an Lochain Uaine."

From Rivoan there are two routes to Cairngorm—one by the Garvaul, the other by the Garbhchor. The latter is the better. The way by the Garvaul is long and dreary, cramped and confined; but on the hill there is freedom and openness, bracing air, and a delightful play of light and shade. We feel the truth of Stevenson's saying, "There are days when thus to climb out of the lowlands seems like scaling heaven." At Eag-Garbhchor in a sheltered hollow, may be seen the remains of a shepherd's bothy. A little beyond is a huge boulder, which is said one stormy winter night to have shifted its position, and to have moved higher up! Doubtless it has been a great traveller in its time, and this may have been only one of its erratic turns. Foxes haunt the Garbhchor. When driven from there, they used to cross by Cor-na-spreidh to Bynack, and when they found no rest there, they sought refuge in the impregnable fastness of *Caochanna-Saobhaidh*, near the Glasalt. The Eagle's Cliff (*Stac-na-h' Iolairc*) is a bold, roughly channeled cliff on the south side of Maim Suim (2395), facing Cairngorm. Eagles have built there from time immemorial. Once when passing we observed some goats feeding near the foot. Our collie barked at them, when they took refuge among the rocks, bounding from ledge to ledge with wonderful agility. They soon reached a height from which they could look down, as if with contempt, on the dog leaping

and barking harmlessly far below. The scene called up Coleridge's line :—

“Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest ;”

and Wordsworth's beautiful picture, “The Eagle's Birth-place” :—

“Familiar with forgotten years that shows
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,
Upon its bleak and visionary sides
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.”

Near this, at *Glaiic-bhothain*, is Archie's Cairn. Some eighty years ago, two men, Archie Fyfe and Sandy Fraser, commonly called “Foxie Fraser,” were watching a fox den. Archie's gun went off accidentally, and he was mortally wounded. There were suspicions of foul play on the part of his comrade, but without good reason. The gun was regarded as unlucky, and the party carrying the corpse to Sleighich threw it into Loch-ghobhlach. As you ascend the hill, two curious effects may be noticed. One is the altered appearance of Ben-meadhon. At a distance, the paps on the top seem quite close together, but now they not only look larger, but seem to have drawn farther apart. The other is, that the higher you rise the more you come into sight and companionship of the great Bens. Those who seek may find a lesson in this. The path is now for some distance along the watershed. At one place there is a pretty steep bit of climbing, where the rocks rise like crow-steps on an old Scottish gable, but for the most part the ascent is easy. The chimneys of the Cath-no (*Mudachan Chadha-no*), lie a little off the track, but should not be passed by. These are huge masses of granite seamed and worn so that they resemble chimney stalks. They stand at the top of the stupendous cliffs that rise wall-like from the deep bed of the Garbh Allt,

“Precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever.”

At one time there were four or more "stalks." Two are said to have fallen in the great earthquake of 1816, and at the same time the others lost something of their height.

Another interesting point is Margaret's Corrie (*Cisd Mhearad*) This corrie lies on the south east shoulder of the hill, away from the sun. It is notable as one of the places where snow lies longest. Even in the hottest summer it does not altogether disappear. A small stream runs in at the top, and gradually wears a way for itself. From the force of the water below, and the melting of the snow above, the channel is widened, till a sort of tunnel is formed some ten feet in height and more than a hundred feet in length. Once when there in the month of August, we were able to enter at the bottom, and pass up and out at the top. The gloom and the chilliness and the closeness of the overarching snow gave quite a sepulchral character to the place, corresponding to its name of "Margaret's Coffin." Who Margaret was is not known. One story is that the corrie was the haunt long ago of some wretched hag who had been driven from society for her crimes, and that here she herded a flock of goats and found a grave. Another legend connects the place with the Witch of Moy, commemorated in Moritt's Ballad. It is curious that there is a corrie in Badenoch with the same name and similar traditions. The path beyond this is covered with smooth, elastic turf, pleasant to walk on as a Turkey carpet. Further on there are reaches of coarse sand, channelled here and there by the snow torrents. Then there are loose masses of granite lying about in wild confusion. The vegetation is scanty. Here and there are tufts of grass and dwarf willow, with patches of thrift and sometimes broad carpets of moss campion gay with its pretty purple blossoms. This is the favourite haunt of the ptarmigan. They may be seen running about among the rocks and boulders, and if started, they shift to some other part of the hill, or make a splendid flight across the Garbhault to Bynack or Benmeadhon. Sometimes there comes a sudden change of temperature. Snow or hail falls, and the effect of the sunshine

on the glittering slopes is very beautiful. Or mist may gather, boiling up white and sulphurous from the corries, and wrapping the mountains in gloom, while now and again the peaks of Carn-toul and Bynack stand out like giants glaring fiercely at the strangers who invade their territories. We remember Wordsworth's saying "I would not give the mists that spiritualise our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy." Sometimes under favourable circumstances the Spectre of the Brocken is seen. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder describes such an appearance ("Edinburgh New Philosophic Journal, 1831.") "On descending from the top (of Ben Muic Dhui) at about half-past three P.M., an interesting optical appearance presented itself to our view. We had turned towards the east, and the sun shone on our backs, when we saw a very bright rainbow described on the mist before us. The bow, of beautifully distinct prismatic colours, formed about two-thirds of a circle, the extremities of which appeared to rest on the lower portion of the mountain. In the centre of this incomplete circle there was described a luminous disc, surrounded by the prismatic colours displayed in concentric rings. On the disc itself, each of the party (three in number), as they stood about fifty yards apart, saw his own figure most distinctly delineated, although those of the other two were invisible to him. The representation appeared of the natural size, and the outline of the whole person of the spectator was most correctly portrayed. To prove that the shadow seen by each individual was that of himself, we resorted to various gestures, such as waving our hats, flapping our plaids, &c., all which motions were exactly followed by the airy figure. We then collected together, and stood as close to one another as possible, when each could see three shadows in the disc; his own as distinctly as before, while those of his two companions were but faintly discernible." The Marquis's Well is a favourite place for luncheon. The behaviour of people at the top of the hill varies greatly. Some are quiet, others noisy. Some are disappointed, while others seem as if they could not be satisfied

with seeing. The deeper feelings of the soul in such a scene are strikingly described by Wordsworth—

“ Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle. . . . No thanks he breath'd, he
proferr'd no request ;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love.”

With a clear sky, the view from Cairngorm is wide and varied. In the north sparkles the Moray Firth, with the Ord of Caithness, Ben-Bhraggie in Sutherland, and Ben-Wyvis in Ross-shire, rising proudly beyond. To the west the peerless Ben-Nevis is dimly visible. From the east southwards there is a “ multitudinous show of mountains,” among which Loch-na-gar, Carn Toul, Ben-Macdui, and in the far distance Ben-y-Gloe are notable. Ben-Macdui is about four miles south. It is connected with Cairngorm by a broad, grassy ridge, dipping in the centre, abounding in springs and brooks. Once when passing the savage corries of Cor-an-t' Shneachdaidh and Cor-an-lochan with a friend, we had a curious experience. We had stopped to “ roll the stone, in thunder down the mountain,” when we were surprised to hear the sound of a pipe. We looked, but could see no sign of life. “ Where should this music be? I' the air, or the earth ?” The strain went on. At last we discerned a figure perched on the opposite ridge, just on the sky-line, seemingly a mile off.

“ This is above all strangeness,
Upon the crown of the cliff, what thing was that ?”

We whistled loud and shrill, and waved our hats. The musician bowed in return, and then went on with his music. By far the grandest sight at Ben Macdui is

“ The grisly rocks that guard
The infant source of Highland Dee.”

“The vicinity of some of these summits (Cairn Toul and others) to Ben Muic Dhui,” says Mr Hill Burton, “has something frightful in it. Standing on the western shoulder of the hill you imagine that you might throw a stone to the top of Brae Riach. Yet between these two summits rolls the river Dee; and Brae Riach presents, right opposite to the hill on which you stand, a mural precipice, said to be two thousand feet high—an estimate which no one who looks on it will be inclined to doubt. Brae Riach, indeed, is unlike anything else in Scotland. The object that at a distant view it most resembles is Salisbury Crags, near Edinburgh, which may serve for a model of the mighty mass, such as one sees of a mountain in a Dutchman’s garden” “Seldom is the cleft between the two great summits free of clouds, which flit hither and thither, adding somewhat to the mysterious awfulness of the gulf, and seeming in their motions to cause certain deep but faint murmurs, which are in reality the mingled sounds of the many torrents which course through the glens, far, far below.” The Queen in her “Highland Journal” has expressed similar sentiments, with Her Majesty’s characteristic simplicity and naturalness. “*Never* shall I forget this day, or the impression this very grand scene made upon me; truly sublime and impressive: such solitude!”

The descent to Loch Avon may be made from Ben Macdui by the Garbhuisge, or from Cairngorm by the Coire domhain burn, or other of the torrent beds. On the Feith Buidhe there is a narrow gully, broken by ledges and falls. On the left side, among the shelving rocks, there is a hole or “pot,” about six feet deep, in which the late James Grant, Rivoan, found quite a treasure of Cairngorm stones. When Grant discovered the “pot,” it was full of sand and the *debris* of granite and spar. On clearing this out he obtained great spoil of crystals of all sizes and degrees of purity. Amongst them was one stone of enormous size, upwards of 50 lbs. in weight, which was afterwards purchased by the Queen for £50. Sometimes, especially

after heavy rains, crystals may be picked up on the surface of the ground, but these, though good as specimens, are seldom of any value. The best stones are got by digging and blasting. Experts can tell from the kind of rock and the veins of quartz where they are likely to be found. Various places are pointed out, such as the Garten and the Sleighich quarries, where valuable finds have been made. There is a strange story told about the finding of a beryl or aqua marine stone. Some sixty years ago a certain woman, who was called *Cailleach-nan-Clach*, "The Carlin of the Stones," came to Abernethy from the Lowlands of Banff. She said she had dreamt of finding a precious stone in the hill. Perhaps she had heard the legend of the crystal that shepherds had sometimes seen sparkling brilliantly in the cliff above Loch Avon. Be that as it may, having had her dream, she could not rest; so one summer she set out for Cairngorm. Long she sought, but in vain.

"Time pass'd on, while still her lonely efforts found
No recompense. Derided, and at length
By many pitied as insane of mind."

But, strange to say, her quest was at last successful. She found a splendid beryl. It was about the size of a wine glass, and of rare beauty. Through the good offices of the parish minister, a purchaser was found, the late Mr Winsloe, Coulnakyle, and the widow's purse was filled, and her heart made to sing for joy. But the finding of the crystal took such hold of her mind that the searching for stones became a passion. Year after year she returned, making her home at one of the nearest crofts, and often passing nights alone in the Shelter Stone. It was a surprise to tourists and visitors to come suddenly on this weird woman digging at the foot of some precipice, or searching the bed of some winter torrent. Once the late Lord R. and a party fell in with her in Glen Avon. Lord R. said he wondered she had courage to go about in such a wild place alone. She answered, "Why should I be afraid? I never see anything worse than

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THE SHELTER STONE—GLEN AVON.

myself, and God is as near me here as in the plains." This reply recalls the famous saying of Howard: "The way to heaven is as near from Grand Cairo as from England," and the sweet words of Monica, Augustine's mother, when dying at Ostia, far from home and her own people: "Nothing is far from God." The Cailleach found many stones, but never again one like the beautiful beryl. One summer she was missed from her accustomed haunts. Let us hope that she had found "the pearl of great price," and entered into rest.

Loch Avon is the glory of Cairngorm. It lies in a deep dark hollow in the mountains, and is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and little more than a furlong in breadth. "Loch Avon," says Hill Burton, "is like a fragment of the Alps imported and set down in Scotland." The Shelter Stone ("*Chlach dhion*") is at the upper end of the loch. It consists of a huge block, that falling from the Sticil, the bastion crag above, had rested on two other stones, and thus formed a sort of cave beneath. The stone is about 44 feet in length, 21 feet in breadth, and 22 feet in height. It is calculated to weigh 1700 tons. The space available for shelter is small, and can accommodate only five or six persons. Cordiner says "It chills one's blood to enter it." But it is much frequented in summer, and is fragrant with the memory of Hogg, Wilson, Dick Lauder, and many other distinguished men. Once we found it a welcome retreat. It was a calm sultry day in July. About noon, when entering the Glen at the Diald (saddle), we heard the rumble of distant thunder. Gradually the peals became louder and more distinct. Looking back from the loch side we saw a dense black cloud which filled the valley of the Avon. It came up slowly and majestically, the lightning flashing forth now and again and the thunder following fast. We stood a while awed and entranced. Then we made haste for the Shelter Stone. Just as we reached our haven the storm overtook us. The thunder cloud seemed to dash and break against the massive beetling brow of the Sticil. The gloom and the turmoil became fearful.

“ From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder,
Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now has found a tongue.”

The rain fell in torrents. We remembered the words of the Psalm, “The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth. The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.” By and by the rain ceased. The air grew sweet and calm, and the lake gleamed in serene beauty. But still

“ The cataracts blow their trumpets from the deep,
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng.”

The return from Loch Avon may be by the Larig. The Barns of Bynack, huge granite masses, resembling barns or granaries, are well worthy of a visit. They bear testimony to the tremendous denudation and changes that were wrought in ancient times by the combined agencies of frost and fire and the waters of primeval seas. About Bynack, often in the moor between Big and Little Bynack, and lower down by the Nethy herds of deer may be seen. It is a pretty sight to watch the movements of a herd when started—first their outlook, then their clustering together, and then their gallant flight, with a loud clattering of hoofs and horns, led by the antlered monarch of the glen. Some might be inclined to moralise like the melancholy Jaques as “the herd jumps along by him and never stays to greet him.” “Ay, sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. ’Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?” Then says the second Lord to the Duke—

“ Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what’s worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign’d and native dwelling-place.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PARISH MUSIC.

STRATHSPEY has been called "the native country of the sprightly dance" (Captain Fraser of Knockie), and yet little can be discovered as to the early musicians and music of the country. Mr Thomas Newt, in his *Tour in Scotland* (1791), has some interesting remarks on Highland music. He says—"Strathspey is celebrated for its reels, a species of music that happily unites gaiety with grace, moving now with measured step and slow, and now at a quick and sudden pace. Music, in general, was divided by Macrimmon the piper, principal of the Musical College in the Isle of Skye, into four parts: Music for love, music for sorrow, music for war, and music for meat. By the last of these he must have meant Reels, among which the Strathspey is as highly distinguished among the Reels of the North Highlands, the Islands, and Perthshire, as the plaintive melody of the Southern Counties is among the slow tunes that arose in the other parts of the Lowlands of Scotland. With regard to the first composers, or even performers of Strathspey Reels, there are not any certain accounts. According to the tradition of the country, the first who played them were the Browns of Kincardine (Abernethy), to whom are ascribed a few of the most ancient tunes. After these men, the Cummings of Freuchie, now Castle Grant, were in the highest estimation for their knowledge and execution of Strathspey music, and most of the tunes handed down to us are certainly of their composing. A successive race of musicians, like the people of the same caste in Hindostan, succeeded each other for many generations. The last of that name famous for his skill in music was John Roy Cumming. He died about 30 years ago, and there are many persons still alive who speak of

his performance with the greatest rapture. The Cummings of Loudon, known as the authors of several mechanical inventions, and descended from the Cummings of Strathspey, are said to inherit in a high degree the musical powers of their ancestors." It is so far confirmatory of this statement, that we find an Alexander Cumming acting as piper and violer to the Laird of Grant in 1653. His wages were 20 marks Scots yearly, and, in his agreement, he bound himself "by the faith and truth of his body to give bodily service and attendance" as required. From a letter of John Donaldsone, Notary Public to the Laird of Grant, dated 28th December, 1638, we learn that at that time the Laird had a clarshear, or harper, as well as a violer, in his service, and Donaldsone complains that they had injured one another in a "*drunkin tuillie*." Tradition says the Grants always liked to have a Cumming servant in the house of Freuchie, and it is said that the hearthstone of the old Cummings, who originally possessed the castle, was preserved in the kitchen. This was for good luck. Then as to the Browns, it is curious to find one of the name, who was a noted musician, in the service of the Grants about the beginning of last century. He was the comrade of Macpherson, the famous freebooter, commemorated by Burns; but while Macpherson was condemned and hanged (1700), Brown escaped. Macpherson is represented as bitterly complaining of this injustice, in the ballad (Herd's Collection, 1776)—

" Both law and justice buried are,
 And fraud and guile succeed,
 The guilty pass unpunished
 If money intercede.
 The Laird of Grant, that Highland saunt,
 His mighty majestie,
 He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
 And lets Macpherson die."

Our Parish has produced not a few good musicians. The composer of "*Tullochgorm*," *Righ-nam-port*, is said to have been a Dallas from Kincardine. His fiddle was long preserved at

Kinchirdy, and was exhibited at the British Association meeting in Aberdeen, 1859. Later, Mr Donald Grant, Tulloch, called from his lightness of foot *Donull na h'iteag*, "Donald the Feather," published a collection of Highland music, containing 121 pieces, of which 40 are said to be "old," or "very old," though, unfortunately, the original Gaelic names are not given. Two sons of Grant, Francis and John, were also distinguished performers on the violin, and the former published some music of his own composition, which promised well, but he died young. The following tunes are claimed as having a local habitation and name, connecting them with our parish, but who their original composers were is unknown. It is said it was an Englishman, rescued as a child by Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, from the hands of Watt of Harden, that was the composer of both the words and music of many of the best old songs of the Border. Of him Leyden said—

" He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung."

So it may have been elsewhere.

Rhynettan's Daughter, "*Nighean a Bhodaich ann Rinaitinn.*"—This Strathspey is given by Captain Fraser. He says he obtained it by his father from General Fraser of Lovat. It was well known in our Parish, and was a great favourite of the late Rev. Mr Martin, who was a fine performer on the violin. Most of the Highland Reels and Strathspeys (see Captain Fraser's Notes) were wedded to verse. It might be some incident of love or war that was sung, and this gave special interest and charm to the song. Often, also, there was a correspondence or likeness of sound and movement between the words and the music which added to the effect. In the tune called "*Tha Biodag air Mac Thomais*," you seem to hear the very clink and clatter of the dancer's ornaments—

" Tha biodag air, a' gliogarsaich,
Oscionn bann na briogaise,
Nam faiceadh e mar thigeadh i,
Gur math gum foghnadh sgian dha !"

On the road to Glenmore, near the Red Burn, there is a cairn called "*Barbara's Cairn*." It has a story. Barbara Grant of Rhynettan was a great beauty. Her fame was widespread, and she had many wooers. One of them was a noted Cameron from Lochaber, who came again and again to plead his cause, but in vain. Barbara gave her heart to a lad of Nethyside, and the day was fixed for the wedding. The Cameron, in despair, laid a plot. He came with his men one Sunday when all but the bride were at church, and carried off the maiden and much spoil besides. Her strait was great, but she did not lose hope. Now and again she tore bits from her shawl, and dropped them by the way, that they might help those who would soon be following the trail. Then at last, gathering courage, she secretly took off her shoe, which had a high heel of hard wood, and, watching her opportunity, she struck the man who was leading her pony with all her might under the ear. The man fell dead on the spot, and in the confusion Barbara escaped. Her friends by this time were on the track of the raiders, and great was their joy when they met the bride. But they were not satisfied with her rescue. They roused the country, pursued the raiders, and overtook them in Badenoch, where they put them to flight and recovered the spoil. There was a merry wedding at Rhinettan, and the cairn and the tune remain to this day memorials of the event.

The Reel of Tulloch.—Tulloch, meaning knoll or height, is a common name in the Highlands. Owing to this, and the reel being so popular, it is claimed by several localities. Our parish seems to have the best right to it, both on the ground of tradition, and from the existence of the Gaelic song relating to the Tulloch tragedy, although it is only fair to state that in the ballad the air is said to have been composed by a Macgregor from Glenlyon. *Ishbel dhubbh*, black-haired Ishbel, was the only daughter of Allan Grant of Tulloch. It is said that at her birth all the guns in the house went off together. The night when Joan of Arc was born (1412), the cocks crowed all the night long.

This was regarded as a good omen ; but it was otherwise with Ishbel. The going off of the guns was held to presage bloodshed and death, and the midwife cried out, "Wretch ! put her between pillows" ("*A bhraidaig ! cuiribh eadar chluasagan i*"). But Ishbel was spared, and grew up a handsome, strong-minded woman. She had a lover among the raiders, John Dowgar Macgregor. Black John, because of his misdeeds, was outlawed. An endeavour was made to arrest him in his own country, but it failed. He then fled to Tulloch. Ishbel stood his friend, and put him to hide in the ox byre. She also smuggled as many guns as she could get into the place, saying she would help to load them, and that he was to keep his back to her and shoot away. Black John was tracked by an officer and twelve men, who surrounded the byre. Helped by Ishbel, he made a brave defence. One of Ishbel's brothers was with the party, and this so incensed her that she kept saying, "Hold at the man with the red waistcoat"—that was her brother ; but Black John was wiser, and let him alone. According to the song, John killed or wounded the whole party, and he was so elated with his success that he cried, "Love, since I have done this brave deed, haste to give me a draught of beer, that I may dance the Tullichan !" and then he breaks out into praise of the tune. Tullochgorm and Seann Trews and the Cutach-chaol-dubh were good, but they could not come near the Tullichan. It was the delight of all gatherings, and old and young felt its charm and stirring power. It is said that Black John was shot some time after, near Ballindalloch, and that his head having been brought to Ishbel, the shock caused her death. She was buried at Kincardine, and a plain slab, without any inscription, marks her grave. The men killed at Tulloch were buried under the knoll called "Torrán Mhortaidh" (The Knoll of the Murder). This is the story according to tradition, but the facts, as found in the records of the Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, are somewhat different. The fight took place on 25th December, 1636. The soldiers were commanded by Commissary John Stuart, and the only persons

alleged to have been killed were the Commissary and Donald M'Inleith, one of his men. John Grant, alias M'Jockie, and his two sons, Patrick and John, were delated at the instance of Sir Thomas Hope and Elspet Stuart, relict of John Stewart, for the resetting of John Dowgar and other Macgregors, and for the murder of the two soldiers, and were duly tried. The Decreet contains some matters of interest which are worth noting. The Macgregors are called that "unhappy race." John Grant and his two sons are charged with "keeping divers trysts and meetings" with John Dowgar and other rebel Macgregors, and with "furnishing them with meat and drink" within the house of John M'Phadrick Grant, alias M'Jockie, elder. In particular they are charged with intercommuning with them in the month of May, 1636, "within an ale house in Rimoir, and in the barn thereof"; also in the July following, "within the wood of Tullichie"; and here comes in an amusing glimpse of the scene: "Maister Collin M'Kenzie, Minister, forgathering with you, and said John Dowgar, in the said wood, in the said Minister's coming from the Kirk of Kincardin, when you stayed and conferred for the space of ane hour, and *took sneising and tobacco together.*" The gravest part of the complaint is that John Grant and his two sons, "being hoddin with swords, targets, and gunns," had "assisted and taken plaine pairt with John Dowgar and his complices, rebels and fugitives, against John Stewart, Commissioner," when "the said Commissioner, with Donald M'Inleith, one of his company, was treasonably slain." When the assize was held, the Grants were acquitted of the charge of murder, but were found guilty of resetting the Macgregors, and of not giving "concurrence and assistance" to the Commissioner. Final sentence was pronounced on the 14th July, 1637, when the three prisoners were, by command of the Secret Council, and by the mouth of James Graunt, Deemster of Court, adjudged to be taken to "the Borough Muir of Edinburgh, and Execution place thereof and then to be hanged untill they be dead, and thereafter to be hung up in iron chaines within

the said place of execution whill they rot and consume, their whole moveable goods to be escheated and inbrought to his Majesty's use—which was given out for doom."

Other Parish tunes are:—"The Deserts of Tulloch"; "John Roy Stewart," a fine Strathspey, called after the famous soldier; "The Bonnie Wife of Revack," in praise of Captain Gordon's first wife, Margaret Knight, a noted beauty; and "Mrs Forsyth of the Dell," by the late Mr Sweton Fraser, Achernack; "K. K.," by the late Major Patrick Cruickshanks. "Mhuinter mo ghaol," the Highland "Good-Night," might also be claimed. One other tune deserves special notice, "*Cairngorm.*" Neil Gow gives it in his collection, and calls it a Lament. Captain Fraser also gives it, and says that it used to be sung to the "Pursuit of the Deer." It is a sweet and plaintive air, very touching and suggestive. To Highlanders at home it would call up happy memories of sport and adventure; to Highlanders in foreign lands it would speak of the dear country they should see no more, and of friends and kindred from whom they were parted for ever.

"From the dim sheiling and the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OUR BARDS, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WORK.

"IN old times, every nation had bards before writing was common. Men naturally relish stories of their own species, and it enhances greatly the pleasure to have such stories put into such a measure as to be accompanied with music; a plain song of that kind was agreeable, it was enchanting when the voice was accompanied with the harp or other musical instrument. It required an ear, a voice, and skill in instrumental music to excel in such a performance, talents which fall to the share of few, hence the profession of a bard was in great request, and an essential member at every festival and in every meeting for amusement" (Lord Kames, 1772). The bards were an important class from the days of Ossian downwards. Every clan had its clan bard, and every parish had its parish bard. The old order has changed, and only place names, such as *Baile-Bhaird*, near Castle Grant, *Cuil-Bhardaidh*, in Abernethy, and such like, with some songs and poems, remain as dim memorials of days that have passed away. But though the bards as a class have been long extinct, the spirit of bardhood lived on, and shewed itself at divers times, as circumstances called it forth.

Colonel JOHN ROY STEWART was the best known of our parish bards. His life is sketched in chapter XX. Most of his poems are in Gaelic. His lament for Lady Mackintosh, not the brave lady of the '45, as is commonly said, but her predecessor, Mary, daughter of Sir John Menzies of Menzies, is marked by an "intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates," and his two poems on Culloden, "*Catha Chullodair*," glow with love for Prince Charlie, and indignation and passionate grief for the wrongs and woes

inflicted on his followers. His songs, some of which are still popular, shew that he had much of the light and festive humour and broad sympathies of Burns. It may be said, why not give translations? Captain Macintyre, in the *Antiquary*, was pressed by Oldbuck to give a sample of the songs of Ossian, which he praised so highly. He tried, and made a "wretched interpreter," as he himself admitted. Others have done better, but all have been free to confess with the gallant captain that they have found it "difficult, if not impossible, to render the exquisite felicity" of the original.

WILLIAM SMITH was born at Rinuigh, a croft high up among the hills, far from the busy haunts of men. He was of a family noted as deerstalkers. Mr Donald Shaw, in his 'Highland Legends,' says of him, "He was a man of bold and resolute disposition, and of active and powerful frame of body. He was capable of enduring any amount of exposure and fatigue, and long carried on his lawless avocation in open defiance, as it were, of the keepers of the forests, and without any dread of fine or punishment at the hands of the administrators of the law." Smith served for a time in the Strathspey Fencibles. Then, after some years of unsettledness, he joined the army, and died at Portsmouth. His songs deal chiefly with love and hunting. They are marked by simplicity, tenderness, happy descriptions of nature, and a rollicking delight in the chances and charms of a poacher's life. His best and best known poem is that entitled "*All-an-Lochan Uaine*," or the Stalker's Dream. William's brother Lewis succeeded to the croft, and lived to a great age. He was also a famous hunter. It was he that killed the Big Hart of Glenmore, which graced the baptism feast of the heir of Rothiemurchus (1799). Another time he was out with "William the Captain's Son" (Captain Lewis of the Doune). They found a hind at the Sithans, near the west end of Loch Morlich. Grant said to Lewie, "Take you Macalpin (the gun), as you are the best shot." He said, "No, shoot yourself." Grant took aim, but at once lowered his gun, saying, "It's not a hind, but an old

woman with a mutch." "Nonsense," said Lewie, "try again." He did so, with the same result. When he aimed it was an old woman he saw, when he lowered his gun it was a hind. "This is witchcraft," said Lewie; "put a silver button in your gun." He did so, and took aim, but before he could pull the trigger, he fell down, saying "I'm a dead man." The hind disappeared, but Grant died two days after!

ROBERT GRANT was the fourth son of Mr Charles Grant, farmer, Rothiemoon. He had excellent abilities, and early shewed a taste for music and song. When companion to Lord Seafield (1830-9) he took an active part in local politics, and wrote some clever pieces, in prose and verse, in support of his Tory friends. One squib, "Bauff Whigs awa!" was often sung at the convivial meetings of the period. Mr Grant acted for some years as factor of Glen-Urquhart, and died at Rothiemoon in 1858. We give one of his songs ("The House o' Grant"), with Gaelic translation, executed with much taste and fidelity by another Rothiemoon man, the late

MR DONALD GORDON. Gordon when a young man travelled as a pack-merchant. This gave him a large acquaintance with the Highlands. Afterwards he kept a small shop at Rothiemoon, and latterly, for several years, he acted as one of the post-runners between Grantown and Forres, walking a distance of 22 miles every day. He was a man of an original and ingenious turn, and an enthusiastic Highlander. He not only played the violin well, but was a skilful maker of violins. He not only loved to don the Highland garb, but deftly manufactured belts and brooches and other Highland dress ornaments. He not only spoke the ancient tongue with rare sweetness and mastery, but he had much of the character of the seanachie and bard, and wrote papers on local traditions, and original poems, which found a welcome and fit place in the "Cuairtear," and were widely popular. It is known that he had been long occupied with a work on the "Bards of Strathspey," with biographies and

traditions. This was a congenial task, and one for which he was eminently fitted. Dr Norman Macleod of St Columba wrote to him in kindly and encouraging terms, and offered his assistance as to the publication of the book. At last the work was finished, and sent to Glasgow, but unfortunately the firm entrusted with it failed, and, in the confusion, the MSS. were lost. This was a heavy blow and sore discouragement. The labour of years was gone. Failing health and lack of leisure made it impossible to repair the loss. The modest, simple-minded Highlander made no complaint, but it was easy to see that he never was the same man again. He died 1852, as he had lived, a humble Christian.

THE HOUSE O' GRANT.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw,
 I dearly lo'e the North ;
 For there gang lads, sae blithe an' braw,
 The wile o' sense an' worth ;
 An' lasses fair, wi' heavenly air,
 Wha ilka heart enchant.
 Oh ! sic a race as this we'll trace
 In a' the name o' Grant.

In southern climes let others stray,
 By burnie, brae, or grove ;
 Gi'e me the lang, but mirthsome day,
 On Highland hills to rove.
 Tho' tempest lour, a canny hour
 At e'en ye ne'er can want ;
 An' aye ye'll find a welcome kind
 Beneath the roof o' Grant.

Nae muckle gowd, nae muckle gear,
 Nae titles proud I crave ;
 I wadna be a gartered peer,
 I wadna be a slave.
 But be my lot a Hielan' cot,
 Wi' scrip nor fou nor scant,
 Wi' friends sae free as heart can be,
 Just like the Laird o' Grant.

CAISTEIL GRANND.

De na hùile taobh, o'n seid a ghaoth,
 Se'n Airde Tuath mo mhiann
 N' sin tha lasgairean thug barr
 'N seadh, 'n gradh, 'san sgiamh,
 A's cailleagan, tha aoidhil, tlàth
 A thàladh chridh s' gach àm,
 'Se leithidibh sin do ghineil ait
 Don' cleachd bhi sloinneadh Grannd.

Biodh cach air ionrad fad mu dheas,
 Taobh doire, bruach na alt,
 Thoir dhomhsa n' la tha fad ach ait,
 Am measg nan Gaidheil' s' nam Beann ;
 Ged sheideadh stoirnean, falbhidh n' sion,
 S' bithidh fasgadh measg nan' Gleann,
 Is gheabhar beath, 's caidridh shuan,
 Fo uachdar Chaisteil Grannd.

Or no earras cha neil uam,
 Ni mo tha urram ard,
 A bhith m' àrd-Earla s' mi nach iarr,
 S' cha mhiann leam bhi am thraill.
 Ach a bhi chòmhuuidh m' bothan glan,
 Le sporrann nach làn na gann,
 A measg nan cairdean caoimhineil sin,
 S' cho saor ri Tighearn Ghrannnd.

The following translations are also by Mr Gordon, the first being from Sir Walter Scott, and the other from "A Welcome to the Master of Grant," by the late Rev. James Stewart, Abernethy:—

Pibroch of Donuil Dubh,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Piobrachd Dhomhnuil Duibh,
 Piobrachd Dhòmhnuiil,
 Duisg do ghuth borb as ùr,
 Gairm Clann nam Mòr-bheann.
 Tionailibh, tiugainnibh,
 Eisdibh an t-òrdugh !
 Thigibh 'n 'ur cath-uidheam,
 Ceathairne 's Mor-dhaoine.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter,
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ;
Come with your fighting gear—
Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster !
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master !

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather ;
Wide waves the eagle's plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set,
Pibroch of Donuil Dubh,
Knell for the onset !

Thall bho gach gleannan,
Gach monadh 's sgòr-bheann,
Tha phìob-mhòr 's a bhratach
Air faich Inbhir-Iòchaidh,
Thigeadh for bhreacan
Gach cridh' fìor gu sunndach
Gach cruaidh-lann, 's lamhan
Bhios làidir gu'n giùlain.

Fàg gun bhuachail a ghreigh,
Na treudan gun fhasgadh,
Fàg gun adhlac nam mairbh,
Bean-na-bainnse aig an altair.
Fàg am fiadh, 's an t-òg dhamh,
Gach liòn agus bàta !
Thigibh le 'ur cath-airm,
Gach claidh-mòr 's targaid.

Thigibh mar gaoithe thig,
'Nuair reubar na coilltean.
Thigibh mar thuinn 'nuair bhios
Feachd-mara claoidhte.
Greasaibh, a's tiugainnibh,
Thigibh na's luaidh,
Gach uachdaran, iochdharan,
Tighearna 's tuathanach.

Nach luath tha iad tional,
Nach faic sibh a chòmhdhail.
'S mòr luasg ite 'n fhìr-eun,
'Si measgt le fraoch cro-dhearg.
Tilgibh gach breacan
Gach lann biodh an òrdugh.
Piobaireachd Dhomhnuill Duibh
Triall thun na còmhraig.

On our rock-crested mountains the beacons are blazing,
They lighten our vales and they redden the sky ;
And the voices of thousands glad shouts are uprising,
And Freuchie's green banners are waving on high.
The gay gallant sons of the clear Nethy sally
From the glens and the dales of their forests so green ;
And the Gael of Glenchearnaich, from their verdant sweet valley,
By the banks of the dark winding Dulnan convene,

O'er the broad Haughs of Cromdale the Slogan comes swelling,
 And mingles its notes with the roar of the Spey ;
 Yet it sounds no alarm—no summonses knelling
 To the red battlefield from our homes far away.
 No—we hear not the accents of sorrow or sadness ;
 The cheeks of our maidens are not faded or wan ;
 But their hearts bound with joy, and their eyes beam with
 gladness
 To honour the “ Roof Tree ” and hope of their clan.

While stands fast Craigellachie, high, rugged, and hoary,
 Unscathed by the tempests that sweep round its head—
 As long may that flame-crested rock be our glory—
 May we follow wherever its banner be spread.
 May our chieftain's escutcheon bear honour's bright blossom
 'Mong gentles and nobles—may he stand in the van ;
 And enshrined, and beloved, and endeared to each bosom,
 Be ever the “ *Roof Tree* ” and hope of our clan.

Tha tein-eibhinn a' lasadh an nochd air 'ar Sleibhtibh,
 'S e deargadh nan speur agus soilseachadh Ghleann ;
 'S tha ard-ghuth nam miltean, r' a chluinntinn gu h-eibhinn,
 'S tha uain'-bhratach Fhraochaidh 'ga sgaoileadh ri crann.

Thionail laochraidh og ghaisgeil air bruach Neich nam brais
 shruth,

Bho shrathanan dreachail an coilltean dluth gorm ;
 Agus gaidheil Clann-chearnaich, bho an gleannanan tlachdar,
 'S bha 'n comh-dhail aig Tuilnean nan lub 's nan sruth dorch.

Thar dailean Spe'an Crom-dhaile tha i siod tighinn le nuallan,
 'Si measgadh a fuaim-cheol 'an toirm uisge Spe—
 Ach cha ghairm th' ann na caismeachd ga ar iarraidh o ar
 suaimhneas,
 No dh' fhagail 'ar dachaidh gu cath 'an tir chein.

Cha chluinnear ri mulad, ri tuireadh, no bron sinn ;
 Tha aghaidh 'ar n oighean gun seargadh gun chaoil ;
 'S ann tha 'n cridheachana plogadh le h-aobhneas is solas
 'Thoir onair do'n Ceannard is dochas an Treubh.

Mar sheasas Creig-eallachaidh nan liath sgorr gu daigheann,
 Gun chaireachadh le stoirmean tha 'g iadh m'a ceann—
 Co fad 's a 'se 'n lasair-chreig ard sin 'ar cath-ghairm—
 Gu 'n lean sinn a bratach gach taobh sam bi sreann.

Gu robh sgiath-airm 'ar Ceannard a' giulan ard-onair
 Measg Mhaithean is Uaislean ri'n guailibh san streup ;
 Air a ghleidh, is air a shaoradh, gu h-ionmhuinn le sonas,
 A choidh gu robh Ceannard is dochas 'ar Treubh.

There were others of our people who did their part as Bards. Charles Stewart, Knock, wrote hunting songs, which were at one time popular. Lewis Macpherson, Tulloch, was famous for his gift of romancing, somewhat after the manner of Baron Munchausen. "Tom Bill" was the author of a clever satire that made a great sensation sixty years ago. Donald Shaw, Achgourish, published "Legends of Glenmore" in 1859; Daniel Grant, late of Bachdcharn, "Spiritual Songs" (2nd ed.); in 1862; and James Horne, Fae, "Poems," in 1865. But the man best known, and whose writings have had the widest and the most salutary influence, was Mr Peter Grant, Baptist Minister. He was affectionately spoken of throughout the Highlands as *Parraig Grannd nan-dran*, "Peter Grant of the Songs," and well deserves the first place among our Bards. Mr Grant was born at Balintua, near Congash, where his father had a small farm, on the 30th January, 1783. It was a hard thing in those days for the poor to get education, but Peter was a thoughtful boy, with a great love of knowledge, and he made the best of his opportunities. Gaelic was his mother tongue, but after some years he acquired English, which he spoke with correctness and fluency. Two or three striking incidents in his life may be noted. Once a friend visited his father's house, who sang some of Dugald Buchanan's songs in the evening. Peter was but a boy, and he sat in a corner, drinking in both words and music with delight. Some time after he got a copy of the book, which he used to ponder over when out in the fields herding, and soon he had it all by heart. Another time he had gone to Grantown, when he was drawn to a quiet

nook—then a gravel pit, now the site of the Baptist Chapel—where certain of the good people called “Missionaries” were holding a Gospel meeting. Mr Grant had been for some time Precentor in the Parish Church, but he was not satisfied with the preaching of the minister. He yearned for something better, and now he felt that he had found it. He used often in after life to tell how the words of the Psalm which was being sung when he drew near, had touched his heart—

“ For God of Sion hath made choice,
There He desires to dwell ;
This is my rest, here still I'll stay,
For I do like it well.”

The preacher was Mr Lachlan Mackintosh, one of Mr Haldane's converts. It is said that Mr Haldane made Mr Mackintosh a Christian, and that Mr Mackintosh made Mr Haldane a Baptist ! This was a turning-point in Mr Grant's life. He was soon after baptised, and joined the Baptist Congregation at Grantown, of which he became Pastor in 1826. Mr Grant was an able minister. He was, as one said, “ a plain, pointed, and powerful preacher of the Gospel,” and during his pastorate of 41 years he was honoured to do much good, not only in Strathspey, but in other districts where he had preached in his evangelistic tours. Mr Grant was early impressed with the evils in society, and the dangers to which the young were exposed. Like Luther, he did not see why Satan should have the best of the music, and he resolved to do what he could to bring about a change for the better. His “ *Dan Spioradail*,” Spiritual Songs, were published in 1809, when he was in his 26th year. It is curious that the Highland people, while they strongly object to hymns in church, have no hesitation in using them in their homes. So it came about that Mr Grant's hymns were soon sung all over the Highlands. He lived to see his little book in its 10th edition, and it must have often cheered his heart to know that by its humble means he had been able to commend the love of God and the glorious

Gospel to thousands, at home and in the Colonies, who had never seen his face. Mr Grant, though a strict Baptist, lived on friendly terms with ministers of the Old Church, and took an active part with them in promoting Sabbath Schools, Bible Societies, and other schemes of Christian usefulness. In the preface to the 6th edition, 1842, he says to "the Lord's people of all denominations, who had been praying and using means to enlighten the dark places," "be not weary in well-doing; your labour has not been in vain in the Lord. I can testify from personal knowledge that a wonderful reformation has taken place on the manners and morals of the people in general; besides, I hope many are truly converted." Mr Grant died on 14th December, 1867, in his 85th year. His last meeting with his people was very touching. Old and feeble, he could not give the usual address, but, leaning on his staff, he said, as it is told in like manner of the beloved disciple, "Little children, love one another." Some days after he passed in peace to that *Eternal Rest* of which he has sweetly sung in one of his songs.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FOREST FAIRLIES.

ABERNETHY has for ages been famous for its pine-forests. The remains of great trees in our mosses, and the blocks, sometimes three, one on the top of the other, found in improving land, tell of the glory of the past, and so far as is known, though there have been changes, there has been no break in the continuity from the most ancient times. Long ago, the lower parts of our parish seem to have been swamps and morasses, the haunt of wild beasts, and the home of savage desolation, while the higher grounds on the slopes of the hills were occupied by the people. The hut circles and the marks of furrows on the moors show this. It is now nearly the reverse. The lower grounds are cultivated, while the higher have been given up to wild animals and to sheep. About the year 1760, we find Sir Ludovick Grant greatly concerned as to the state of the woods. In an advertisement by himself, and his eldest son James, yr. of Grant, to their tenants, he says that the woods are of great value, and that their destruction would be of the greatest loss to him, and to his vassals and tenants, "yet within the last half century, through the malice and negligence of evil-minded and thoughtless people, the best and greatest part of said woods have been destroyed and rendered useless both to Heritors and Tenants" by burning of heather and otherwise. To prevent such practices, it was intimated that they (he and his son) "were determined to put in execution the several salutary laws made against stealing, cutting, and destroying woods, and raising of Muir-burns; and likewise against the Destroyers of Deer, Roes, and Black-Cock, and other game within their Estates." The advertisement then gives warning that any person found guilty of the crimes set forth

would be duly punished, and it is significantly added, "the said person shall also forfeit any favour that they might otherwise have expected of the said Family." This may refer to promises of land and such like for service rendered. The Barou-bailies were required to send in lists of persons convicted. New Foresters were also appointed, and strict instructions given to them. "Whereas the very greatest abuses of every kind for many years have been committed in all my Woods of Strathspey, by stealing, cutting, barking, and otherwise destroying them to such a degree that if some effectual remedies are not provided against such villanous practices in time coming, they must all be soon ruined," and for these reasons they were enjoined to take all due measures to protect the property that was being so wantonly and wickedly destroyed. These measures seem to have been so far successful, but it was many years before the evils complained of were thoroughly stopped. In 1819, the Woods and Wood Manufactures on the Grant Estates were placed under the charge of the late Mr William Forsyth, The Dell, and by his management, extending over twenty years, great improvements were effected, and large annual profits secured.

Roads have been made passing through the woods in various directions. There are also walks and cross-paths on Craigmore and the Torr. It is easy, therefore, not only to saunter about at one's own sweet will, but to walk or drive for miles and miles through the vast wilderness of woods. What will be seen depends mainly on the seer. Some complain of the dulness and want of life, but to the "quiet eye" there is always a rich "harvest." Sometimes a tree may be observed, standing out from the others, eminent for its size and height, or remarkable for some other peculiarity. A little beyond the Dell gate, near the Moss, there is a tree called "The Queen." It is a splendid specimen of the ancient pine. About a mile further on to the right there are two or three trees of an unusual kind. The normal habit of the fir is to grow up straight and stiff, but these have the droop and bend of veritable "weepers." Another "fairlie" is the variegated

fir, so called from the golden tinge of the needles or leaves. Of this rare kind there are some specimens in the forest. The biggest trees remaining are to be found at Carn Chnuic, Sleighich, and Craigmore. One of these in the last named locality bears the name of "Peter Porter." The Grants at the port or ferry of Balliefurth were called "porters," and it is said that one



"WEEPING" FIRS.

of them of the name of Peter had taken a contract to cut down a certain number of trees on Craigmore, but that when he came to tackle with this giant of the wild, he shrunk from the task. It would not pay. So the tree stands to this day, bearing his name, and an object of admiration to hundreds of visitors from year to year. It is 80 feet in height, 14 feet in girth, with huge branches and wide spreading cable-like roots, and must be about 300 years old. Perhaps the largest fir of which we have record was that called "*Maighdean Coire-chunglaich*," at Baddan-bhuic, in Glen-

more. The following notice is taken from the *Journal of Forestry and Estate Management* for September, 1877 :--

Through the kind interest which Sir Robert Christison, Bart., takes in all things arboricultural, the public have now an opportunity of seeing, in the National Industrial Museum of Science and Art in Edinburgh, a curious relic of the ancient forest of Glenmore, and of judging of the quality and valuable properties of the



"PETER PORTER."

native Scots fir timber. At the request of Sir Robert, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon has sent for exhibition in the Museum a plank of Scots fir, 5 feet 7 inches wide at the bottom, which was presented in 1806 to the then Duke by the person who purchased and cut down the whole of Glenmore forest. It bears its rather curious history on a brass plate affixed to its face, of which the following is a verbatim and literal copy :—

"In the year 1783 William Osborne, Esq., merchant, of Hull, purchased of the Duke of Gordon the Forest of Glenmore, the whole of which he cut down in the space of 22 years, and built during that time at the mouth of the River Spey, where never Vessel was built before, 47 Sail of Ships of upwards of 19,000 Tons burthen. The largest of them, of 1056 Tons, and three others but little inferior in size, are now in the service of his Majesty and the Honble. East India Company. This Undertaking was completed at the expense (for Labour only) of above 70,000£.

"To his Grace the Duke of Gordon this Plank is offer'd as a Specimen of the Growth of one of the Trees in the above Forest by his Grace's

"most obedt. Servt

"W. OSBOURNE.

"Hull, Sept 26th, 1806."

Sir Robert Christison has, with his usual accurate criticism, examined this plank, and reports to us as follows regarding the tree from which it had been taken :—

"The tree must have been 19 feet in girth at the bottom of the plank, and 16 at top, 6 feet 3 inches higher up. I can make out 243 layers on one radius ; seven are wanting in the centre, and seven years at least must be added for the growth of the tree to the place of measurement. Hence the tree must have been about 260 years old. The outer layers on this radius are so wide that it must have been growing at a goodly rate when it was cut down."

The marks of burning may be observed on the bark of some of the oldest trees. Great fires sometimes broke out, from accident or malice. Mr Thomas Baylis, one of the York Company, wrote to Sir James Grant, 12th August, 1731, complaining of a fire that had been maliciously raised to the east of Balnagown, and which had been very destructive. He says that not only had the Company lost much wood, but that it cost them "43 bottles Ferrintosh and 39 of Brandie," given to the men who were employed in stopping the conflagration. It is probably this fire that is referred to in a Gaelic rhyme of the period.

"Soraidh slan do'n t-Shearsonach
Chuir teas ri Culfacoille,
S' dh' fhuadaich mach na Sassanaich
A dh' fhiaraidh 'n leasach bheurla,"

i.e., "Hail to the forester, who set heat about Coulnakyle and drove out the Sassenachs, to seek the better English." Rev. Lachlan

Shaw mentions another great fire that occurred in 1746. The tradition as to this fire is, that a certain smith who had his forge at the verge of the forest was complaining one day of the trouble he had with horses that went astray in the dense woods. A Lochaber man who heard him said, "*Make me a good dirk, and I'll take in hand to save you from such trouble.*" He agreed. Next day the forest was in a blaze, and a wide clearance was soon made. The Cameron disappeared for a twelvemonth, but then he came quietly and claimed his dirk. This gave the name *Tom-ghobhain, i.e.,* Smith Hill, to the place. Another great fire is referred to by Sir Walter Scott (Letter to Lord Montagu, 23rd June, 1822), when the Laird of Grant is said to have sent out the Fiery Cross for help. Five hundred men assembled, "who could only stop the conflagration by cutting a gap of 500 yards in width betwixt the burning wood and the rest of the forest. This occurred about 1770, and must have been a tremendous scene."

The woods are on the whole marked by lonesomeness, but now and again signs of animal life appear. Perhaps a robin pops out from a juniper bush, as if claiming acquaintance; or a squirrel crosses the path and nimbly climbs some fir tree near, from which it looks down upon you with mild surprise; or a startled roebuck bounds into the thicket, and you watch with delight its graceful movements, and perhaps remember the beautiful promise, "The lame man shall leap as an hart." In winter red deer may often be seen singly, or in groups quietly feeding in the glades. Black game are numerous, and sometimes the rare and singular sight may be obtained, as at the grass parks at Rhiduack, of the cocks strutting and fuming, with tails erect, in all the bravery of their spring plumage. It is interesting to watch them. They not only strut like turkeys, but they prance and leap in a sort of dance, and with a curious cluck, and have sharp fightings for supremacy. Black game do not pair like others of the grouse species. There is an old pipe tune which refers to this curious custom, "*Ruidhle na Coilich dhubh, 's*

dannsa na tunnan, air an tulaich laimh ruinn"—the reels of the black-cocks, and the dancing of the ducks on the sunny knolls near by. Sometimes on a winter day or in early spring, on the outskirts of the forest, or where the birches and firs intermingle, you may come upon a company of tits feeding. It is a pretty sight. The tits are fond of society. Generally several kinds go together. There may be the common "blue," and the rarer "long-tailed," and the still rarer "crested," and along with them creepers and golden wrens. They have their different habits and ways. One perhaps carefully scans a stump, another clings with tenacity to a twig, while others are perched about in all sorts of attitudes, some near the top of a tree, others swinging on the branches, and others again hanging on in some wonderful way to the bending sprays, but all seeking their food with patient care. They make the air lively with their twittering and their brisk activities. But if you stand and watch, you will soon lose sight of them. Having tried one tree, they are off to another, and so they pass on, seeking pastures new. Perhaps a creeper that has been paying special attention to a decaying birch, winding round and round, and stopping here and there for tit-bits, seems left behind. But no. He sees that he is alone, and quickly rejoins his friends. What a sweet picture of companionship! What a delightful lesson of cheerful content and industry!

"The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure;
 But the least motion that they made,
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.
 If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be nature's plan,
 Have I riot reason to lament
 What man has made of man."—*Wordsworth.*

In the pine forests in our northern climate there is a marked difference between one season and another. Visitors who roam

the woods in summer speak with rapture of the play of light, the rich colouring, and the sweetness of the scented air, but let them come back in winter or spring, and they will find a woful change. No doubt the woods, even in time of snow, have their charms, but they are then more picturesque than salubrious, and when the thaw comes, and the air is dank and cold, and when passing through you get a bath that chills you to the marrow, it will perhaps be realised that the woods are not always a safe and pleasant haunt, that they can breed colds, catarrhs, and rheumatisms, as well as throw out sweet scents and healing odours.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OLD HIGHLAND ARTS AND INDUSTRIES.

It is said that in India certain arts were confined to certain families or castes, and that as these families died out, the arts were lost. The same thing has happened, though in a different way, in the Highlands. When the people were divided into clans, and lived by themselves, many arts and industries were in use amongst them, which, from social changes and the progress of commerce and civilisation, have passed away. The *making of cloth* was once largely practised. First the wool was prepared in the carding-mill, then it was spun into thread, then it was dyed, and various kinds of bark and lichens were employed to produce different dyes, then it was woven, loom weavers being then common, then it was "waulked," and when all was finished, it was turned to use as required. These operations were mostly carried out by women, and they used to lighten their labours by song. It was said of the Roman matron, "Domum mansit, lanam fecit," well rendered by Robertson of Struan, "She keepit weel the hoose, and birlit at the wheel." This was true also of the Highlands in the olden time. The wheel was found in every house, and pleasant it was to see matron or maiden plying her task by the fireside with simple grace and joy.

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

Fuel had to be provided, and this was chiefly taken from the mosses. Peat may be said to be arrested coal. It is found in abundance in the cold north. Before the days of railways the

people were largely dependent upon it for their fire. *Mossing*, which was in May or June, was a lively stirring time. The cutting was done by men from a bank with spades, and the carrying by women and boys in light barrows. First the peats were set up two and two together. Then when well dried they were put in little heaps, and afterwards built up into stacks, or carted home for use. The *making of charcoal for smithies* was a more complicated business. David Laing, Causair, who came from Kinloss in 1806, used to make his coal at Plotta, near the old Tomintoul road, as the moss there was found most suitable for the purpose. Calm weather was chosen for the work. First three or four pits were dug, and these were built up with dry peats to a height of 5 feet above the surface of the ground, leaving an air-hole in the centre, and then carefully thatched. Fire was applied by the vent. Soon a kind of sough was heard, and then the vent was covered with small peats and dust. The fire spread from windward. The heaps were closely watched, and wherever the fire threatened to break through, the weak places were strengthened by divots and gravel. But no pressure or undue weight was applied. Soon the heat became intense. The heaps were allowed to burn for about a week. Then the charcoal was taken out, and carted to the smithy, where it was carefully husbanded. The work of the bellows and the anvil could not go on without it. Hence the Gaelic proverb, "*An uair a theirigeas gual, sguiridh obair*," When coal ends, work stops.

Tar was much used in former days, not only for sheep and cattle, but for carts, then made entirely of wood, and for domestic purposes. It was made in this way. First a pit was dug in firm mossy ground, with a round hole at the bottom about 18 inches deep, to hold a cask or jar, covered with a flag resting on stone supports, so as to let the tar run in from above. The pit was then filled with cut quick-fire, rich with resin, and covered with divots packed close with moss. The fire was lighted from the top, and allowed to burn slowly for two or three days. The resinous

sap oozing out dropped into the central hole. When carefully done, the tar thus obtained was of the finest quality. The *quern* was still in use sixty years ago. Another important implement was the *knocking-block*. In most parts of the Highlands it was made of stone, but in Strathspey, where wood was plentiful, it was generally made of wood. The mode of manufacture was simple. First, a fir tree, well matured, was chosen, and a piece sawn off of the proper size. Then holes were bored in the centre with an auger (G. *Tora*), and the wood cut out with a chisel (G. *Gilb*) so as to form a cup-like hole of sufficient depth. Then the hole was smoothed and hardened by burning peat-coals inside, care being taken by means of a damp cloth to prevent the wood from being burnt or cracked. The mallet was also of wood, with the point rounded, and generally studded with nails to make it the more firm and durable. The block was called in Gaelic "*An Cnap Eorna*," the Barley Block, and often for shortness the *Cnap*, or *Cnolag*. The mallet was called *An leangaidh*, the tongue—probably from its shape, but perhaps with a cunning reference to the purpose to which it was applied. It was sometimes called "*An slachdan*," the Beater. The block was worked as follows:—Some barley was put into a dish and damped with water. It was then rubbed with the hand, and when so far cleaned and moistened it was put into the block and beaten with the mallet. The operator, usually a woman, was seated, and carried on the process very methodically—first giving a stroke downwards upon the barley, and then a lighter stroke on the side of the block to shake off any grains that might have adhered to the mallet. So on she went, with a sort of musical rhythm, often with the accompaniment of song, till the grain was loosened from the husk. The next step was to winnow the grain, which was done with a fan (*an dallanach*). The barley was then put into a dish with warm water, and carefully worked about with the hand, till it was perfectly smooth and white. It was then fit for use, and was called "*Cnots*," pronounced "*Grots*." Perhaps this may be the origin of the English word "*groats*." A speci-

men of a knocking-block and mall, from Lynamer. Tulloch, was presented to the Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. Stone blocks are common, but a wooden block is a great rarity.

WOOD MANUFACTURE.—For long this was the chief industry of our Parish. In winter the men were employed in felling trees in the forest, and in bringing the logs with horses to the river bank, and to the saw-mills. There were dams or reservoirs on the Nethy, and, by letting off the water from them, the river was raised sufficiently to admit of the logs that had been laid down at convenient points being floated to the Spey. The men employed in this way were called "Floaters." The scene on a floating-day was very picturesque and lively. From thirty to forty men met at the appointed place, each of them with his "cleek," a wooden pole with a two-pointed head of iron, fitted for pushing or hauling. The logs had been rolled into the bed of the river, and, when the rush of water came, the utmost endeavour was made to keep them afloat and moving. From pool to pool the men plied their task. Sometimes a block took place. Two logs got fast across a stone, or in some narrow place; then others were caught and heaped up. In a second or two there was a huge pile, jammed and locked together in seemingly inextricable confusion. But the men knew their business. Some stalwart lad dashed in, fastened his cleek in the log that formed the key of the lock, tugged and strained till he got it free, and then in a moment the huge pile broke up, and the channel again was clear. At the Dell intack, Benjamin Lobban might be seen standing near the sluice, and deftly picking out such of the finer logs as he fancied, to be sawn into deals. But the bulk of the logs were taken to the mouth of the Nethy (Broomhill), to be made up into floats or rafts for Garmouth. These floats were formed after the improved pattern by Aaron Hill. They were made up of logs fastened together, with, perhaps, a cargo of deals, and were managed by two men, one at each end, with long oars. When the floats were buckled, and the Spey was of proper size, one after another would start

on their 40-mile voyage. For the first four miles the water was sluggish and the progress slow. Beyond Kirkton the river runs more quickly, and there are strong streams here and there, all the way to Ballindalloch, so that the pace was more satisfactory. The fork and shallows at Advie, and the rapids at Dalgarvan and Dundurcas, had to be carefully watched. Mishaps and losses happened at these places, but the men had attained, by long experience, to such skill and expertness that accidents were very rare. The cruives, or braes, used by the Duke of Gordon's fishermen, sometimes gave trouble. Once a well-known floater, of the name of Clarke, was asked by a watcher how he got over the brae. "Never better, never better," was the cheery reply. The fact was the worthy floater had carried his float right through, making a big gap in the brae! The best floaters would make the trip to the sea in about twelve hours. Starting early in the morning from Broomhill, they would be able, not only to get to Garmouth by the evening, but to reach Rothes on their home journey before night. The number of tenants employed in this industry in Abernethy was about 90, and their earnings were considerable—often more than enough to cover the rent of their farms. In 1839, 91 tenants were paid the sum of £452; and in 1840, 95 tenants received among them £636. It is evident that great advantages to the tenants accrued under the system, and the landlord had not only the satisfaction of giving employment in a way that encouraged industry and thrift, but also of obtaining a safe and easy settlement of rents. The old system was abolished in 1843, and now the manufacture of wood is mostly in the hands of strangers.

With reference to some of the old industries, such as dyeing, spinning, carving, and others, it may be observed that they were practised when work was slack, and filled up leisure hours which might otherwise have been spent idly and unprofitably. In the Black Forest, in winter, men are busy manufacturing wooden clocks; in the Tyrol, in making and painting dolls; and in Switzerland, in various forms of wood-carving. These industries

are *supplemental* to the ordinary work of the place, and do good in many ways. Something of this kind is much needed in the Highlands, and the efforts being made, as by the Highland Industrial Association, to establish such crafts, are deserving of every encouragement. It is desirable also that our system of compulsory education, which is becoming harassing and oppressive to small farmers and labourers, should be somewhat modified, and that it should be recognised that boys and girls, above 12 years of age, who are employed agriculturally, are really receiving a technical education, which may be of more advantage to them in after life than much of the learning of the schools.

CHAPTER XL.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

VIRGIL, in the second *Georgic*, gives a charming picture of the husbandman's life:—"O! too happy husbandmen," he says: "if they only knew their blessings. For them, of herself, far from the clash of arms, the earth, all righteous, pours from her soil an easy sustenance." Then he shows that though they have not the noble mansions and the manifold luxuries and pleasures of the rich, they have what is still better:—"Yet a life secure and quiet; a life that is free from guile, and enriched with various treasures; yet hours of ease in open fields, grottoes, and living lakes, and cool Tempe vales, and the lowing of kine, and soft slumber beneath the trees are not wanting; theirs are the woodlands and the haunts of wild beasts, and youths inured to toil and accustomed to little; the sacred rites of the gods, and fathers held in reverence." Cowper, Thomson, Burns, and others of our poets have also sung of the pleasures of a country life. Ruskin says:—"To watch the corn grow or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things that make men happy."

The object of this chapter is to give a sketch of home life in our parish as it was lived in the first quarter of the century. The old people were careful to keep up old customs. The week between Christmas and the New Year was regarded as in a sense sacred. No labour was done, unless looking after the beasts, and other works of necessity and mercy. To give a survival of this old belief. Said Lachlan Macbean to his neighbour Thomas Grant, on Christmas morn (1800), "*M bheil sibh deas Thomais?*"—"Are you ready, Thomas?" that was, to go to the games.

"*Chan eil, Lachlain ; gun toireadh Dia maitheanas domh, b' éiginn domh greim chuir air no bròg mu'n burrain mi falbh*"—"No, Lachlan, may God forgive me, I had to put a stitch in my brogue before I could go out." "*Dia, eadar misc 's do chuideachd*"—"God be between me and your company," was the reply. Even such simple work as mending a shoe was regarded by these old folks as putting a man under ban, so that his company for the day was not desirable. It was a happy time. Kindly greetings were heard everywhere. "*Bliadhna mhaith uir dhuibh*"—"A good New Year to you," was what one said to another as they met. Out of doors the time was spent in target-shooting, playing ball (camag), and other games, the young taking an active part, and the old looking on, with kindly interest, and many a backward glance to the days that had been. In the house the feast was spread, and friends met and made merry together. Scott says—

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year,"

and this agrees with the Gaelic proverb, "*Ollaig dhon gun bhrògh, m' nach maireadh i dhuinn gu feill Brìde*"—"Christmas poor and sapless, that did not last to the fair of St Bride (1st February)." No doubt the time had its temptations. Evil was mixed with good, but that, alas, is the common danger wherever people come together. The Rev. Mr Martin used to speak of Christmas as "*An Ollaig dhubh*," "the black Christmas," perhaps it was from his experiences in Skye and Inverness rather than Abernethy. The time for beginning work in the fields depended upon the weather. Sometimes in open seasons the plough would be going in January or February, but usually little was done before March. The old saying is *Biodh e fuar na biodh e blath, bi glic as cuir do shìol sa Mhàrt*," "Be it cold or warm, be wise and sow in March." Another common word is "*A chiad Mhàrt leig seachad ; an dara Màrt ma 's eadar, an treas Màrt cuir sa pholl*." "The first March (Tuesday) let pass, the second if need be, the third sow in the pool." This was according to the old style, and the third

week of March would be the first week of April new style. When the sowing was over, *mossing* began, an important time before coal had been introduced, and when people were dependent on peats for fuel.

The *School Examination* was an important event. It was generally held about the end of March. Some have spoken in derision of these examinations, but there can be no doubt that, as a rule, they were of the highest advantage and had a salutary effect both upon the master and the children. In our parish, prizes obtained by subscriptions from parents and friends were always given to the most deserving scholars, and in this way not only were life and emulation kept up, but many a good book circulated when books were rare, fitted to exert a healthy influence upon the young.

Fastern's E'en (G. Là Inid), though it had lost its meaning as the evening before the first day of Lent, was notable as the time for the annual *Cock-fight*. Probably this was a survival of the carnival revels which used to be held at that season in Roman Catholic days. It is said that cock-fighting came from Greece, and that it owed its origin to a speech by the great soldier Themistocles. It was very popular in England from the days of Henry II. It is said to have been introduced into Scotland about the beginning of the eighteenth century by a fencing master named Mackric, and spread rapidly. With the milder manners of our time it has been abolished, but it continued in the Highlands till recently, and there are people still living, the writer being one, who took part in these contests in their youth. In this parish the custom was observed in the following way:— Lists were made out the day before Shrove Tuesday. Tickets were then drawn from a bonnet, for which each boy paid fourpence. Next day the competitors assembled with their friends, girls were excluded. The end of the school was fitted up for the fight, and the head scholar generally presided. He called out No. 1, No. 2, and those who held these tickets set down their cocks. Perhaps two combats went on at the same time. When

all the cocks had their turn, judgment was given. *An Rìgh*, the King, was the cock that had vanquished the greatest number. Then came the *Bhàn-rìgh*, or Queen, then the *Ballach*, or Knave, and last the *Saighdearan*, or Soldiers. The cocks that were killed, and such as did not fight and were declared *fùgias*, became the perquisite of the Dominie. The entry money also fell to him. The owner of the King was duly crowned with a tinsel crown, decorated with ribbons, and used to be *kirked* on the Sunday, and also to claim certain privileges in the School, such as interceding on behalf of culprits for some time after (till *Donaich na Càisge*). The last cock-fight in Strathspey is said to have been held at Cromdale about 1837.

The two principal *Fairs* were George Fair and Figgat Fair. The former properly belonged to Abernethy, and used to be held at Balnagown, and in earlier days in the churchyard; but when the new village of Grantown was established, it was transferred to it. These fairs were largely frequented. They broke the monotony of the year, and old and young flocked to them, some for business, all for pleasure.

Baptisms, Weddings, and Funerals diversified life then, as they do still. Baptisms were at the homes, but marriages were generally performed in church. Down to the beginning of the century. Lykwakes were common. Sir Æneas Mackintosh says in his notes:—"The body is dressed and laid out, as in other countries; during the night all the deceased's Relations and acquaintances convene to watch the Body, and this ceremony is called Late Wake; a good fire is put on (if in winter), plenty of whisky and snuff goes round, the young folks play at several Country Games, while the graver sort tell tales of Ghosts and Hobgoblins, every word of which they believe. As late as the year 1740 Music was introduced, and the nearest Relation began the dance. It must have been really ridiculous to see a Widow taken to dance, with tears in her eyes." This agrees with the custom still in use in Spain, as shewn in Philip's famous picture of the "Gloria." One of the *games* common

in Strathspey was called *Marbhadh a Bhodaich*—Killing the Bodach. It was played in this way:—First a stout pin was fixed in the floor. This had a bonnet placed on it, and was called the "*Bodach*." The challenger stood at the further end of the room. Two short sticks were given him. Taking one in each hand, he bent forward till they reached the ground, and he could rest his weight upon them. Then he called out to the "*Bodach*" that he was coming. Carefully poisoning himself, he lifted one stick and made a step forward; then he did the same with the other, and so on. Some one of the bystanders asked him, "What did the '*Bodach*' do to you?" The answer perhaps was, "He murdered my father," or such like. This led to further dialogue. There was ample scope for wit and satire. Under the convenient form of the "*Bodach*," popular feeling as to ordinary persons and things, even as high as lairds and factors, found an outlet. Perhaps the first who tried the adventure failed. Others also came to grief. At last, in spite of inequalities in the floor, and all the flouts and jeers that could be brought to bear on him, the hero of the night makes his way close to the "*Bodach*." This was the crisis. Face to face with his victim, he addressed him by name, proclaimed his crime, and poured out on him his wrath and scorn. Then deftly raising his right hand, he smites him to the ground, amid the shouts and laughter of the spectators.

Funerals were decently conducted, but sometimes they were marred by excess in the use of whisky. The people came from great distances, perhaps in cold and stormy weather, and it was thought mean and unkind not to treat them liberally, but this was sometimes carried too far. On one occasion of a funeral, the men were assembled in the barn, and being served with refreshments. Already two rounds of whisky had been given, and one of the attendants asked the master if he should give any more. "Wait till I see," he replied. Then he went and listened at the door, and came back saying, "Give them another round, for I like to hear a loud buzz among them before we

start, like bees in a hive before they swarm !” There has been a great improvement as to the conducting of funerals ; there is not only sobriety, but more of solemnity, and there is almost always prayer at the grave as well as in the house.

The *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper* was usually dispensed in July. The services began on the Thursday, as fast-day. On the Friday a prayer meeting was held, but the custom of “speaking to the question” was not in use. Saturday was the preparation day, and Monday was set apart for thanksgiving. The Sabbath was the great day of the feast, “*Latha mòrna-cuilin*.” The congregation would be very large, as not only did all parishioners able to come out attend, not a few coming who were seldom seen on other Sundays, but also many people from all the parishes round. The services were in both Gaelic and English, the Gaelic being in the church-yard and the English in the church. All the tables were served in the church. The minister had always the aid of two or three of his brethren Mr Kennedy, Redcastle ; Mr Fraser, Kirkhill ; Mr Maclachlan, Moy ; Mr Shepherd, Kingussie ; and Mr Grant, Cromdale, were the ministers who usually assisted Mr Martin. Their services were greatly appreciated. The week was a holy week, like the Passover among the Jews. It was looked forward to with hope, it was passed through with sacred awe, and it was remembered with thankfulness, as a time of refreshment and blessing from the Lord. By many its hallowed influence was felt through all the year.

The *Harvest* was a time of much anxiety. When all went well there was gladness, but if frost came early, and the season was cold and inclement, the hearts of many were made sad and fearful. The corn was cut with the hook—it was before the day of reapers, though scythes had begun to be used—and a pleasant thing it was to see a band of shearers at work, and to watch their progress from day to day, till the last sheaf was cut, and the “Clyack” was carried home, to be set up in some honoured place till the next season, as a token of rest and hope. The

harvest closed with *Harvest Home*, when master and servants, old and young, feasted and made merry together. Nor was the "joy of harvest" seen only in the home gatherings, it was also shewn, in a higher manner, in the Church, when the people came together to render thanks unto the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works.

The historian Lecky tells us that *Sea-bathing* was brought into repute by a book on consumption, by Dr R. Russell, published in 1750. Cowper refers rather slightly to this new custom in his poem on "Retirement":—

" But now alike, gay widow, virgin wife,
 Ingenious to diversify dull life,
 In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
 Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys;
 And all, impatient of dry land, agree
 With one consent to rush into the sea."

Highlanders were great believers in the virtues of salt water, and going to the Coast, "*dol thun na Machair*," was an annual excursion with many. It was thought a good thing if even a day could be spent by the sea-side, or even a single dip got in the sea!

The *Killing of the Mart* was a great day in the farm-houses. Much had to be done, in cutting up, in salting, in making white and black puddings, in preparing the tallow for candles, the horns for spoons, and the skin for brogues and waistcoats. There was always "fullness" in the house at such a time, and while friends were remembered, the poor were not forgotten.

The winters were long, and often severe. What work was done was mostly indoors. Then might be heard the cheerful sound of the flail in the mornings, and the busy hum of the spinning wheel at night. When supper was past there would be a pleasant gathering by the fireside. Perhaps some neighbour came in, and the news of the place was talked of, or some casual guest, like Josie Watt, enlivened the evening with his whistle and

his songs. Many of the country girls were good singers, and some may remember how eagerly they listened, in the days of long ago, to the good old ballads of Sir James the Rose, the Trumpeter of Fyvie, and the Baron of Brackley. Crodhchailan was seldom left out, and on Sabbath evenings the hymns and spiritual songs of Dugald Buchanan, and our own Peter Grant, were often sung. There are two Gaelic sayings, which may be cited to illustrate the custom of our fathers at their "ceilidhs," or social meetings. The first is, "*A chiad' sgeul air fear-an-tighe, 's gach sgeul gu làth air an aoidh*"—"The first story from the host, and tales till morning from the guest." This saying is one, like not a few others, that forms a link with the East, and the days of the Arabian Nights and the good Haroun Alraschid. Another is, "*Am fear a th' anns a chùil biodh a shùil air an teine*"—"He that's in the corner let his eye be on the fire." "That is a pleasant reminiscence," says Sheriff Nicholson, "of the old Highland life, calling up a picture of a cosy gathering round the central peat fire, when stories were told, riddles proposed, or songs sung. The person in the corner, where a heap of peats was piled, was bound to keep his eye on the fire, and throw peats on when required." (Gaelic proverbs, p. 17).

"*Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini.*"

"This life of yore the antique Sabines lived, and Remus too, and his brother; so I ween brave Etruria grew, and Rome became the mistress of the world."

CHAPTER XLI.

OWER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

"THE hills are almost totally covered with dark heath, and even that appears checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness, a little diversified now and then by a stream rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility." Such is Dr Johnson's picture of a Highland landscape. Captain Burt writes to the same effect, and calls the hills "monstrous excrescences," "rude and offensive to the sight," "of a dismal gloomy brown," "and, most of all, disagreeable when the heath is in bloom." He says that "if an inhabitant of the south of England were to be brought blindfold into some narrow, rocky hollow, enclosed with these horrid prospects, and there to have his bandage taken off, he would be ready to die with fear, as thinking it impossible he should ever get out to return to his native country." Our Gaelic poets, from Ossian downwards, had a higher idea of Highland scenery, and they have found many in these last days to agree with them. Shelley says—

"I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

Currer Bell tells us that her "sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the bleakest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden. She found in the bleak solitude many and dear delights, and not the least and best loved was—liberty."

Dora Wordsworth writes—"I can always walk over a moor with a light foot ; I seem to be drawn more closely to nature in such places than anywhere else, or rather I feel more strongly the power of nature over me, and am better satisfied with myself for being able to find enjoyment in what unfortunately to many persons is either dismal or insipid." Sir Walter Scott writes to Washington Irving (Introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel")—"I like the very nakedness of the land ; it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamental garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills," and then he adds, in words that cannot but touch the heart of all true Scotsmen, "and *if I did not see the heather at least once a year I think I should die !*" Dr Johnson used to say, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street"—let us take a walk now and again to the moors, to Connage, Sliamore, or Lurg, and if we know anything of their secret, instead of being "astonished and repelled," we shall be sure "to find enjoyment," and return invigorated in mind and body.

" And what comes next ? a lovely moor
Without a beaten way,
And grey clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

—George Macdonald.

As we look around, one thing that strikes us is the number of terraces. They are very marked in the line of the Nethy, and speak powerfully of the far-off days of ice and glaciers. Another thing very notable is the wonderful effects of water power. We see this in miniature in the tiny stream that "trickles under moss, whose liveliest green betrays the secret of its silent course." We see it still more clearly in the deep channels cut by the streams through the mosses, but we see it on the grandest scale in the ravines made by the rivers through the drift and gravel in the course of the ages. Habakkuk (iii. 9), sees in this

the hand of God, "Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers." In many places on the moors and hillsides we may observe cairns and hut circles, the latter generally near a spring, memorials of our rude forefathers.

The plant that thrives best in the moors is the Heather. It is hard and wiry, and adapted to the moors as the camel is to the desert. Other plants have no chance against it, save in specially favoured spots. Everywhere we find the struggle for existence. As Mr Grant Allen says—"The very fact that plants can hardly move at all from the spot where they grow makes the competition in the end all the fiercer. They are perpetually intriguing among stones and crannies to insert their roots here, and to get beforehand on their rivals with their seedlings there; they fight for drops of water after summer showers, like the victims shut up in the Black Hole of Calcutta; they spread their leaves close in rosettes along the ground, so as to monopolise space, and kill down competition; they press upwards towards the sun, so as to catch the first glance of the beautiful rays, and to grasp before their neighbours at any floating speck of carbonic acid. This is no poetic fancy. It is sober, and literal, biological truth." Besides the Heather, or Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*), and the two heaths (*Erica cinerea* and *E. tetralix*), there are many other plants worth noticing. Here you may find the *oldest* of plants, the *Lycopodium*, which dates back to the geological period called the Silurian. Of this there are two varieties, the Stags' Horn Club Moss (*L. clavatum*) and the finer and rarer Alpine (*L. Alpinum*). Club mosses were formerly thought good for eye complaints. The yellow dust from the seed burns rapidly, and was at one time used for producing imitation lightning on the stage. Here also you may find the *curiousest* of plants, the Flesh-eating Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*). Like the Butterwort and Venus Fly-trap, the Sundew has the power of feeding upon insects. When a fly alights on the leaf, it is held fast. The hairs or tentacles bend slowly inward towards it, and on touching it they pour out an acid fluid, that acts like digestive juice, enabling the plant to absorb the dissolved matter as food.

This curious process is well described in the quaint lines by Mr Alfred Knight—

“ You really mean it ? Yon round-leaved plant of modest
size
Eats little moths and ants and flies ?
Why, yes, I've seen it ! . . .
Those clammy paws are gins and snares ;
The gems that crown those ruddy hairs
And look like drips of morning dew
Are baits, ye insect world, for you,
And hide a purpose dire and bloody.
Ye thirsty strollers,
O'er each honeyed flow'r and stem and leaf
Which each for you its dewdrop wears,
If ever you should come to grief
On yonder hairs,
How vain your dolours !
They'll hold you with their balls of glue
Till they have made a meal of you.
Then shun, ye little insect bands,
The Drosera, whose pepsin glands
Do work for stomach, claws, and molars ! ”

Here also you may find the *usefulest* of plants—the *Grass*, in various forms. The Cotton-grass (*Eriophorum*), with its white, silky, cotton-like heads, is conspicuous in the miry places. This plant sends out at first a dark shoot, called in Gaelic *Ceann dubh*, black head. At this stage it is sweet and juicy, and deer come from far to feed upon it. In Sutherland it is found very useful, and supplies sheep with nourishment when other food is scarce. Mr Dixon, in “ Field and Fern,” says :—“ The Cotton plant or mossy grasses in the lower ranges lie very little above sea level, and tide the sheep through the winter and spring months, when those on the Border hills are generally hid in snow wreaths on the summits. This plant is, in fact, as much the making of Sutherland as its prototype is of Manchester.” Mr Ruskin has the following beautiful passage as to the “ Grass of the Field ” :—
“ Follow but for a little time the thought of all that we ought to

recognise in these words. All spring and summer is in them, the walks by silent scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of the herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation, the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks and soft blue shadows, when else it would have struck on the dark mould or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills; thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet softening in their fall the sound of loving voices."

Here in the moor you may also find the *beautifullest* of our plants. Tastes differ. Some would put one flower first and some another. Linnæus knelt before the gorse or broom when he first saw it in its golden splendour. Burns also sings its praises as more loved than the flowers of foreign lands—

"Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen,
And where, lightly tripping among the sweet flowers,
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean."

But perhaps with most the Fox-glove has the pre-eminence. The proper name is *Folks-glove*, that is, the Glove of the Fairies. In Gaelic it is called *Lus mòr*, for its height and stateliness, and *Meuran-na-mnathan sith*, "Fairy Thimbles." It was believed to be peculiarly sensitive to the presence of these good folk, and its frequent bendings and bowings were regarded as salutations made to them. The Fox-glove does not grow amongst the heather, but in gravel banks and sunny places by the streams.

The moors are largely frequented by birds, especially in summer. Here you may watch the curious flight of the peewit, and listen to the shrill cry of the curlew, the whistle of the plover, and the sweet song of the lark, now rarely heard in our fields. Grouse are common. Once when crossing a moor in winter a curious thing happened. There was a very strong

breeze, and a covey of grouse that had been started flew down the wind close to the ground with amazing swiftness. A little ahead there was a wire fence, and it seemed likely some of the birds had come against it. This turned out to be the case. One bird lay at the foot of the fence quite dead, and following on two more were found, stiff and frozen, that had come to grief previously. What we see and what we feel in moorland rambles depends mostly on ourselves. "We receive but what we give." Memories and associations will vary with various minds.

"I cross'd a moor with a name of its own,
And a use in the world no doubt;
Yet a handsbreadth shines alone of it,
Mid the blank miles round about.
For I picked up in the heather,
And there I put aside in my breast
A moulted feather—an Eagle's feather—
Well, I forget the rest."

Once in the Cathedral of Antwerp a grand funeral service was being performed. When the procession had passed out, I picked up a spray of heath that had fallen from the coffin. It spake to me then of the dear homeland, but now it has another voice, and tells of friends that have passed away, and glorious things to be seen no more.

CHAPTER XLII.

WEATHER SIGNS AND SAWS.

THE weather is an unfailing subject of interest. No wonder. Everybody is concerned. Life and work, health and pleasure, and all the goings on of humanity are affected by the weather. This holds true not only of individuals and families, but of communities. The rise and fall of prices, the movements of trade and commerce, the action of governments, the peace of nations, and the comfort and wellbeing of peoples of every country and clime are influenced by the weather. It is reasonable, therefore, that there should be much talk and guessing, and conferring as to a matter of such universal importance. It is reasonable, also, that signs and forecasts should have been established from observation and experience, and handed down from generation to generation. It is with such traditional opinions or judgments that we are to deal. We do not pretend to treat the subject scientifically; nor do we presume to speak as one versed in modern meteorology, with its daily "forecasts" and "warnings," and its yearly reports of percentages of "complete success" and "partial failure."

Our fathers were great observers of *The Clouds*. The Bull-Cloud was anxiously looked for on the last night of the year; and the aspects of the clouds, morning and evening, were carefully scanned at all seasons. Bynack, lying to the south and standing up prominently from the Larig, was watched. If the hill was cloud-capped in the morning, this was regarded as a sign of rain. "*Tha currachd air a' bheinn; s'id an t-uisge 'tighinn,*" "The ben has its night-cap on; that's the rain coming." Similar sayings are common. "When Ingleboro wears a hat, Ribblesdale will hear o' that." "When Cheviot ye see put on his cap, of rain ye'll have a wee bit drap."

The sea is forty miles off, and not seen save from the hills; but the clouds, rising from the sea, are often well marked. One kind bears the curious name of *Banff-Bailies*. These white clouds rise in the north-east—big, bulging, protuberant, towering high, but often toppling over into confused masses. In the drought of summer their appearance was hailed as a sign of rain. Another well marked cloud is that commonly called *The Mackerel Sky*. It takes the form of a line of small clouds, stretching across the sky generally from south-west to south-east, speckling it like a shoal of fish or a flock of sheep. It is regarded as a sign of good weather. There are two forms of the saying as to this cloud—one of the hills, the other of the sea-shore. "*Breac-mhuiltein air an athar*," says the hillsman; "*Breac-rionnaich*," says the mariner; but in both cases the forecast is the same, "*Latha math màireach*," "A good day to-morrow." After stormy days, with rain, an opening in the clouds to the west (*over the garrison*, Fort-Augustus, as was said in Abernethy), or in the north-east, if the clouds are moving southward, was regarded as a good sign. This is well put in the saying: "*Tha làrach buain-fhòid air an athar; ni e latha math màircach*," "There's a mark of turf-cutting in the sky; 'twill be a fine day to-morrow." The belief as to a red sky in the morning being indicative of storms, is tersely expressed in the saying: "*Dearg sa mhaduinn, fearg mu 'n cadail*," "A rosy morning, a wrathful evening."

The *Winds* were carefully watched. There is an old saying as to the direction of the wind on the last night of the year—

"Gaoth deas, teas 's toradh;
 Gaoth niar, iasg 's bainne;
 Gaoth tuath, fuach 's gaillionn;
 Gaoth near, tart 's crannadh,"

"South wind, heat and produce;
 West wind, fish and milk;
 North wind, cold and tempest;
 East wind, drought and withering."

The East wind was variously regarded, probably according to the locality. Its effects might be adverse in one place and favourable in another. Kingsley, in Devonshire, stands up for it boldly: "'Tis the hard grey weather breeds hard Englishmen"; and then, at the end of his ode, he says:—

"Come; and strong within us stir the Viking blood,
Bracing brain and sinew; blow, thou wind of God!"

This is like the words of the shepherd who reproved Lord Cockburn: "What ails ye at the east win'? It freshens the grass; it slockens the yowes—and its God's wull." In the West Highlands it is said, *Gaoth near, meas air chrannibh*, "With East wind, fruit on the trees." In Wales the East wind is called the *Wind of the Dead men's feet*. This beautiful and touching expression arose from the custom of burying people with their feet to the east, to wait the Lord's coming, and at the resurrection to meet Him face to face. But with us the East wind bears a darker name. It is called *Gaoth na maoinn*, "Wind of the mearns," and *G. na seicean*, "The wind of the skins." This latter name is very significant. It brings up a picture of sore distress: blasted grass, starving flocks, and famine-stricken households. The rafters, once bare, are now crowded with skins, telling how death has been busy in the flocks and herds. Another wind that was disliked was that called the *Strathdearn Pipers*, which made a whistling noise through crevices in the doors and windows in a way that foreboded a coming storm.

The *backing* of the wind, turning north and west, was regarded as a bad sign; but the movement of the wind, along with the sun (*deasail*), was looked upon as a favourable prognostic. There is a saying which marks the three coldest winds, *Gaoth roimh 'n aiteamh, 's gaoth troimh tholl; 's gaoth nan long tha dol fo sheol: na tri gaothan a b' fhuair dh' fairich Fionn riamh*, "Wind before thaws, wind through a hole; wind of ship when hoisting sail: the three coldest Fingal ever felt."

The behaviour of animals was thought to be significant, as they were supposed to have some secret premonition or knowledge of coming changes of the weather. It was said of the *Bee*: *Tha 'n scillean fo dh'ion; thig gaillion 's sian*, "The bee keeps close; storm and showers are coming." Of the *Cat*, it was said, *Tha 'n cat san luath; thig frasan fuar*, "The cat's in the ashes; it's going to rain." The *Leech* was supposed to be specially weather-wise. It was believed to keep the bottom of the bottle, in which it was kept, in calm weather; to move restlessly before wind, and to cling to the side, near the top, before rain or snow. The Gaelic proverb is, *Tha 'n deala snamh; thig frasan blath roimh fheasgair*, "The leech is swimming; warm showers will come before evening." Grouse coming down to the low grounds, and wild fowl shifting to the coast were regarded as signs of a severe winter. Plants also were noted. The shutting-up of the flowers of the daisy, the wood-sorrel, and the pimpernel was held to be sign of approaching rain. It was said, *Tha t-seamrag a pasgadh a comhdaich roimh thuiltean doirteach*, "The shamrock is folding her clothing before heavy rains." The *Moon* was much studied. Changes of weather, for good or bad, were thought likely soon after full or new moon. One saying was, *Ceo 'n t-sheann sholus; cath 'n solus ùr*, "Fog with the old moon; drift with the new." It might be said that the old belief referred to by Virgil was universally cherished: "*Iipse Pater statuit quid menstrua Luna monerit*," "The Great Father hath ordained the monthly warnings of the Moon."

The *Seasons* were characterised by special names. Spring began with the *Faoillteach*, corresponding with February. The word is supposed by some to mean the Wolf month (*faol*, a wolf); but others, with more probability, derive it from *faoladh*, joyful. Some time in this month three warm days were supposed to come in exchange for three cold days lent to summer. Hence the saying, *Tha tre là Iuchair san Faoillteach, 's tre là Faoillteach san Iuchair*, "There are three of the Dog-days in February, and three days of February in the Dog-days." Then came a week

called the *Feudag*, or plover, probably so called from the chill, whistling winds then prevalent. After the *Feudag* came the *Gearran*, or gelding, which was the worst by far of the two.

“ Is mise an Fheadag lòm, luirgneach, luath ;
 Marbhain caora, marbhain uan.
 Is mise an Gearran bacach bàn,
 'S cha mhi aon bhonn a 's fhearr ;
 Cuiream a bhò anns an tóll,
 Gus an tig an tònna thar a ceann.”

“ I'm the Plover, bare, leggy, and swift ;
 I will kill both sheep and lamb.
 I'm the Gelding, lame and white,
 Not one bit better ;
 I'll put the cow in the hole,
 Till the wave comes over her head.”

After the *Gearran* came the *Cailleach*, or Old Woman, which lasted a week in April. She is described as a wicked wretch, trying hard to beat down every green thing with her beetle (*slachdan*). Then came the three days of the ewes (*tre la nan oisgean*), which the Highlanders held were mild days given in mercy for the sake of the ewes and lambs. “ After the withering *Cailleach* comes the lively *Sguabag*, the Brushlet, or Little Blast, and thenceforth the Spring goes on merrily—*Suas e 'n t-Earrach*, ‘Up with the Spring.’ Last of all came the pleasant *Cèitein*, foretaste of Summer, supposed to include the three weeks up to the 12th May, followed by the cheery note of the Cuckoo on Yellow May-day—‘*La buidhe Bealltuin*’—when the powers of cold and darkness have been overcome once more, and the world is gladdened by the returning reign of Light and Warmth.”—(Nicholson's “Gaelic Proverbs,” p. 414).

The wearing away of the snow on the mountains was noted. Burt describes “the deep, wide, winding hollows ploughed into the sides” of the hills, and says: “When the uppermost waters begin to appear with white streaks in their cavities, the inhabitants who are within view of the height say, ‘*The Grey Mare's tail*

begins to grow,' and it serves to them as a monitor of ensuing peril, if at that time they venture far from home, because they might be in danger, by waters, to have all communication cut off between them and shelter or sustenance" (Vol. I., p. 284). Humboldt tells that on the Andes the people mark time by saying, "*The Cross begins to bend*"; that is, the constellation called the Cross. With us the coming of summer is noted by a sign, not from the heavens but the earth, the state of the great snow wreath on Cairngorm, called the *Cuidhe Crom*, "The bent or crooked wreath." It is said, "*The Cuidh-Crom begins to break.*" The break commences at the middle, extending upwards, and to each side, till the whole wears gradually away. It is counted a late season if the *Cuidh-Crom* does not break in May, and if the whole wreath has not disappeared by the middle or end of June.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GOATS AND GOAT-MILK.

IN our churchyard there is a tombstone to the memory of Norman Macleod, Chamberlain to the Earl of Cromartie, who died at Achernack in 1715. This is a stranger's grave. Mr Macleod had crossed the firth to Abernethy to drink goat-milk. The first season he seemed to benefit much. The next he returned, but it was not to recruit but to die. Others have been more fortunate. The late Mr Robert Urquhart, town clerk, Forres, was delicate in his youth, and threatened with consumption. He came for two or three summers to Lettoch, and the goat-milk and bracing air quite restored his health. He grew up to be a robust, active man of business, and lived to be over 90 years of age. In books referring to the last century, the virtues of goat-milk is frequently noticed. Thus, in the "Lives of the Haldanes," it is said, "It was customary in those days (1776), as it now is in Switzerland, to resort to places in the country to drink goat-milk and goat-whey." Sir Walter Scott has several references of the same kind. Goats were once very numerous in our parish. In Glenmore, Tulloch, and the Braes, they were kept in large flocks, and carefully managed. But the keeping them has been given up. Except at Achgourish, in Kincardine, they are now seldom seen save in twos and threes about some of the outlying houses and crofts. The habits of goats are peculiar. Their independence, their sure-footedness, their power of foraging for themselves and for their young, and their love of the plants and herbs of the hills, prove that they were mountain born; while their horns, which they can lay back on their shoulders, and their thick strong fleeces, which somehow never seem to tangle, or get fast in thorns, as so often

happens to silly sheep, show how they have come in the course of the ages to arm themselves against the difficulties and dangers of their surroundings.

Goats were considered very valuable. Their horns and skins were turned to varied uses. Their grease was held as a cure for sprains. Their flesh was classed as venison, and that of kids was regarded as a delicacy. But it was their milk that was most valued. It was believed to possess special virtues from the herbs which the goats fed upon, and it was much relied upon for the strengthening of weak constitutions, and for eradicating the tendency to consumption. The Gaelic proverb classes goat-milk, with garlick and May butter, as a cure for all diseases—

“ Is leigheas air gach tinn, creamh 's ìm a mhaigh,
Ol 'an fhochair sid, bainne ghobhair bàn.”

Another saying is—

“ Bainne nan gobhar fo chobhar 's e blàth,
'S e a chuir spionnadh 's na daoine a bha.”

“ Goat-milk, foaming and warm, that was what gave strength to the men that were.” Goat-milk was also used as a cosmetic—

“ Sàil-chuaich 's bainne ghobhar
Suath ri d' aghaidh
'S cha'n eil mac-rìgh air domhain,
Nach bi air do dheaghaidh.”

“ Wash thy face with lotion
Of goat-milk and sweet violets,
And there's not a king's son in the world
But will run after thee.”

The Latin name *capra*, and its English derivative *capricious*, would seem to indicate that goats were considered wilful and wayward. However this may have been, they were certainly remarkable for affection to their young. The kids were hid in the heather after the way of roe-deer, but they came to be fed.

They were tenderly cared for, and showed intelligence early, in this being different from calves and lambs. The Gaelic proverb says:—"Ma's dubh, ma's odhar, ma's donn is toigh leis a ghobhair a meann:" "Be it black, or dun, or brown, the goat loves her kid." The love of their young lasted to two or three generations. This was shown in the way the different families ranged themselves in their folds at night. First at the top was the mother, then came the rest lying behind in the order of their birth—*Am mathair*, the mother; '*n nighean*, the daughter; *an t-ogha*, the grand-child; *am fionnogha*, the great-grandchild; and *an dubh ogha*, the great-grandson's grandson. Goats used to have names given them, to which they answered when called at milking time—*Sineag*, Jenny; *Annag*, Annie; and so forth. Thus Theocritus makes the shepherd Lacon say, "Ho! Curly-horn (Idyll 5), ho! Swift-foot, leave the tree and pasture eastward where ye Bald-head see." Virgil, in the Third Georgic, specially refers to goats. He shows how much they were prized, and how carefully they should be fed and tended. "I direct that the goats be bountifully supplied with leafy arbutus, and fresh water from the streams; and I wish the pens to be turned from the wind to face the wintry mid-day sun." Then he says, "In the heat of noon see that they carefully seek a shady dell, where a mighty oak, Jove's tree, stretches its huge branches from an ancient trunk, or where a dark grove of thickly planted holm-oaks casts forward its holy shade. Then once more give them liquid running water, and again let them feed even to the setting sun: when the hour comes that the cool evening freshens the air, and the dewy moon gives the lawns new life; when the shores echo to the voice of the halcyon, and the bushes are alive with the song of the goldfinch"—(Globe Translation). "*It domum, satura, venit Hesperus, ite Capilla*"—"Go ye home, go, my goats, for you have browsed your fill, and the evening star is rising"; so says the Goat-herd in the 10th Eclogue. But even then his care did not end, for Virgil declares "he who loves milk should *with his own hand* bring lucerne and lotus in abundance, and salt herbs to their cribs."

Goats are believed to eat serpents. It is said they leap upon their heads with their four feet together as they find them basking in the sun, and stamp out their life. Then they eat them tail foremost, with a curious crooning noise. This habit is referred to in the Gaelic proverb—

“Cleas na goibhre 'g ith' na nathrach,
Ga sior itheadh, 's a sior-thalach.”

“Like the goat's way with the serpent,
Still eating, and still complaining.”

The agility and sure-footedness of the goat are well known. The following curious problem on the subject has been proposed for the solution of mathematicians:—

“Supposing a goat, following a new path, has to take a leap so as to alight on a pinnacle or narrow crag overhanging some abyss. First of all he must estimate the distance to be traversed, and having got it, whether by trigonometry or by some capricious method of his own, he has next to compute, to the fraction of an ounce, how much propulsive force is required to project the body (the exact weight of which he has to take into account) precisely that distance and not an inch further. Moreover, he must take into the calculation whether the spot he wishes to reach is above or below the starting point; and plainly his brain, when it sends for motor impulses to the numerous muscles involved, must beforehand reckon and apportion to each its share in the task. At the same moment he must also estimate the exact proportionate amount of muscular force which will be required to each of his limbs on his new and precarious foothold. Of course, one need scarcely say that the whole process goes on without reaching the consciousness of the goat, or anything that could ever by courtesy be called his mind. But, nevertheless, it is obvious that in some way or other the calculation is made, and is completed in a time and with an unerring accuracy which completely put to shame the mathematical triumphs of the human intellect.”

Wild goats seem now to be recognised as on the same footing as deer. In Glenmore and in Ardnarff, in Ross-shire, the killing of wild goats with splendid horns were reported in the sporting news of 1898. Sometimes droll incidents have taken place from the ignorance of Sassenachs, and the confusing of goats and deer. Colonel Thornton tells an amusing story of this kind. His friend, Mr Whittaker, had wished to see a roebuck, but had

failed to find one. Then, he says, we got a he-goat, and set it in an out-of-the-way spot among the rocks, and by talking, excited Mr Whittaker's imagination, and when the news was brought that a fine roe-deer had been seen, he set out full of ardour. The stalk was conducted with much caution. Flat on his face, crawling over the rough stones, drenched in the wet places, at last the animal was sighted, and Whittaker "judiciously and precipitately fired." Believing the deer to be mortally wounded, he rushed up to seize him, but he was roughly repulsed, and called out for help. Then when help came, great was his mortification and shame to be told that it was not a deer at all but only *a shaven goat*. Colonel Thornton nearly fell off a steep rock in his convulsion of laughter. There was much chaffing and joking, but the gentleman, it is said, took all "with such pleasantry of temper" that he disarmed the satirical remarks of the company. There is a tradition of a similar mistake in our parish. A certain English sportsman supposed he had killed a fine stag. He was asked "Had it horns!" "Yes," he answered, "as long as my arm!" But it turned out to be one of Donald Fyffe's herd of goats, for which, however, ample compensation was made.

Goat-milk still enjoys a high reputation. In Rome, at certain seasons, the goats are brought down from the hills, and every morning people come to drink their milk, which is considered as an excellent blood purifier. In London, at Kensington, goat-milk is advertised for sale in the shop windows. Probably if proper arrangements were made in our parish—say near Nethy-Bridge—for a goat farm, and supply of milk and whey, it might prove an additional attraction to the place. Perhaps the greatest honour conferred on goats is that of being chosen as the pets of the Cambrian regiments. It is a fine sight to see a shaggy he-goat marching along with the stately Drum-Major, bearing on his forehead the proud motto, in Welsh, "*Gwell angan na Chwilydd*"—"Better death than shame."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE THREE JOHN MORES.

At Castle Grant there are portraits, life-size, of two famous Highlanders. The one is that of a piper, who is represented in full dress, the streamers of his pipes bearing the Grant arms, with the motto "Stand fast." In the background is a view of the Castle. This is said to represent the Champion Piper of the time, who was not a Grant, but a Cumming. The other picture is that of a stalwart Highlander brandishing a claymore, with a shield in his left hand. Alan Hay Stewart was of opinion that this is a portrait of Rob Roy; but the family tradition is that it represents Alastair More, one of the Clan heroes. Both pictures are by Waitt, and are dated 1714. But our business is with the Johns, or Ians. One of these belonged to *Duthil*. It is said that some time in the 15th century there was a fight between the Mackintoshes and the Grants. The Mackintoshes had made a foray and carried off cattle. They were pursued and overtaken in Slochd-muic, near Loch-chearnach. A fight took place, in which the Grants got the worst. Their Chief was badly wounded, and John More, the Duthil hero, carried him off the field and bore him for refuge to the parish church. Here he died, and was buried, and, according to tradition, it was in this way that the Church of Duthil became the burying-place of the Family of Grant.

Cromdale, or Advie, had also its John More. He is known as *Ian-na-lite*, "John of the porridge," and was famous for his great strength. He was the *Ceann-tighe*, or head of the branch of the Grants called *Clann Chiaran*, whose motto is *Stand fast, Craig Chrocain* (Ballindalloch). None of John's feats are recorded, save his emiunee as to the porridge, but he left many descendants.

Latterly the family were represented by Charles Grant, of Rothie-moon, who had five sons. The eldest, James, was for some years companion to Earl Lewis, and in 1830 was presented to the parish of Cromdale, where he laboured with much ability and acceptance for 26 years. He died in 1856, and the tombstone erected to his memory by his parishioners and friends bears testimony not only to his worth and services, but also to the singular charm and loveableness of his character: "*A man greatly beloved.*" The second son, John, was in stature worthy of his progenitor of Advie. He stood 6 feet 4 inches high, a stalwart, handsome man. He was painted by Mr Macleay, in his portraits of the Clans for the Queen, as the representative of the Grants. The other sons were Lewis, Robert, and Francis. "Mr Lewis," as he was called, resided all his days in Abernethy, and had been closely associated with all the movements which gave life and interest to the society of Nethy side. In his youth he was remarkable for strength and agility, and took a foremost place in all manly sports. For forty years and more no social meeting would have been held complete from which he was absent. He was one of nature's gentlemen. His manly presence, his kind-heartedness, his store of tradition and story, and his gift of song, made him a welcome guest with all classes. For the young he had a singular charm. He and they seemed to have a mutual attraction, and were always happy together. Mr Lewis had much of the old clan spirit. He had drunk it in with his mother's milk. But, though his devotion to his Chief was strong and true, it never degenerated into servility. When the old feeling broke out with such fervour in the days of the late Master of Grant (1835-38), Mr Lewis, then in the prime of his youth, took an active part, and at later times, when attachment to the House of Grant found expression, he was proud, so long as he was able, to take his place as the head of the Abernethy Men. For some years, owing to old age and failing health, and from his living in a more remote locality, he had withdrawn almost altogether from society. He died in 1885. Almost his

last words were, "I am going home." The graves of a household are generally, as the poet sings, "scattered far and wide, by mount and stream and sea;" but it is not so with the family of Rothiemoon. Father and mother, and their five sons, once the pride of Nethy side, lie together in the quiet churchyard of Cromdale.

Abernethy.—Tradition says that the Baron of Kincardine dreamt one night of seeing a white bull in his cattle-yard. He consulted a wise woman, and she interpreted that his daughter was to bear a son to the Laird of Grant. Some time after there was a great hunting party in Glenmore, which was attended by the Heir of Grant, then a mere youth. It was followed by much feasting and carousing. In due time the Baron's daughter bore a son, who was called John, after his father, John 2nd of Freuchie, called "The Red Bard." John was brought up at Kincardine. He was a man of great stature, and famous for his strength and valour. It is said that his father, and also his kinsman, The Mackintosh, were incarcerated at Edinburgh, under some charge, and that he went to visit them. At the time an English Billie, or prize-fighter, was in the town, and could find no man to match him. The Town Council were concerned about the honour of Scotland, and offered a lippie of gold to any one who would beat the Englishman. John heard of this, and offered to fight the Billie. The encounter took place in the High Street. The Englishman stood upon his defence in the usual way, but John, regardless of science, made a rush, caught the Billie in his arms, and cast him to the ground with such force that he was killed on the spot. The Magistrates were delighted, and offered John payment, but he said "No." Like his namesake, Johnnie Scott, of the Border ballad—

" 'I'll none o' your gold,' brave Johnnie said,
 'Nor none o' your other gear;
 But I will have my own fair bride,
 For I have won her dear.' "

So he would not have the gold, but said, "Give me, instead, what I can carry out of the Castle prison." This was agreed to: then John said, "Bring out the Laird of Grant." This was done, and the Laird put on his back; then he said, "Bring The Mackintosh now, and put him on the top of the Laird." This also was done, and John bore them both beyond the gates, and gained their freedom. For this, it is said, his father rewarded him by a grant of the lands of Glenmoriston, in Urquhart (1509). As he was passing Moy, on the way to his new home, The Mackintosh paid him high honour. He made twelve of his men lie down in the Burn of Moy to form a bridge, and John walked over them, pipers playing, and men shouting his praise. This curious ceremony seemed a survival of the customs of the East, and may be compared with the Doseh, or Treading Festival, which used to be held at Cairo in celebration of the birth of Mahomet, 60 dervishes lying with their faces to the ground, and the Sheikh of Sandeyeh riding over them slowly, amid loud cries of "Allah."

Ian Mor was duly installed as Laird of Glenmoriston, and took an active part in the doings of the time. Mr Mackay, in his "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," says (p. 112): "The death of John Grant, first of Glenmoriston—or 'of Culcabock,' as he was better known in his own day—occurred in 1548, his brother of Corriemony having predeceased him in 1533. A man of great energy and prudence, whose counsel was much sought by his neighbours, he attained to a position of great influence and power, and in the end died the proud proprietor of Glenmoriston, Culcabock, Knockintional (on which the Inverness Barracks now stand), The Haugh, Carron, Wester Elchies, and Kinchurdie, in Strathspey, and the holder of less substantial rights in the Western Highlands. His first wife was Elizabeth or Isabella Innes, daughter of Walter Innes, and grand-daughter of Sir Robert Innes of that Ilk, by whom he had one daughter, Isabella. Divorcing her, he entered into union with Agnes, daughter of William Fraser, son of Thomas, fourth Lord Lovat.

This lady and himself were within the forbidden degrees of affinity; and so, with the object of removing the impediment, and giving their children the status of legitimacy, he obtained, in 1544, a papal dispensation absolving her and himself from the crime of incest, enjoining on them 'a salutary penance,' granting liberty to solemnise their marriage in face of the Church, and declaring their children legitimate, whether born or to be born. Of the union thus sanctioned by the Pope, there was at least one son, Patrick, who succeeded his father in his whole possessions, except Carron and Wester Elchies, which were respectively left to Iain Mor's natural sons, John Roy, and James." The present representative of the Bastard of Kincardine, and the 12th Laird, is Iain Robert James Murray Grant of Glenmoriston.

CHAPTER XLV.

VOLUNTEERING—OLD AND NEW.

THE Honourable Artillery Company are said to be the oldest Volunteer force in Great Britain. They have an unbroken record running back to the old Fraternity of Artillery or Gunners of the Tower, who received a charter of incorporation from Henry VIII. in 1537. At various times, and notably during the great struggle with Napoleon and the French, the patriotic spirit shewed itself strongly in the formation of Volunteer Corps. Sir Walter Scott well describes this outburst of national enthusiasm (1804) in his novel of "The Antiquary." In a note, he says: "Almost every individual was enrolled either in a military or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to resist the long-suspended threats of invasion which were echoed from every quarter. Beacons were erected along the coast and all through the country to give the signal for every one to repair to the post where his peculiar duty called him, and men of every description fit to serve held themselves in readiness on the shortest summons." Strathspey was not behind in this crisis, and the man to lead was not lacking. "At a period when many of the Highland proprietors, actuated by a violent frenzy for improvement, were driving whole districts of people from the abodes of their forefathers, and compelling them to seek for that shelter in a foreign land which was denied them in their own; when absenteeism and the vices of courtly intrigue and fashionable dissipation had sapped the morality of too many of our landholders, Sir James Grant escaped the contagion, and, during a long life, was distinguished for the possession of those virtues which are the surest bulwarks of the peace, happiness, and strength of a country. Possessed of

extensive estates, and surrounded by a numerous tenantry, his exertions seemed to be equally devoted to the progressive improvement of the one, and the present comfort and enjoy-



SIR JAMES GRANT.

ment of the other. On the declaration of the War in 1793, Sir James was among the first, if not the very first, to step forward in the service of his country with a regiment of

Fencibles, raised almost exclusively among his own tenantry"—(Kay's "Portraits"). Rev. John Grant (O. S. A., 1793) says, with some pride: "It is peculiar to this parish to have two heritors who have got each a Fencible Regiment, the Duke of Gordon and Sir James Grant, and who have not only raised them in three weeks and a few days, but have each of them super-numeraries for additional companies in forming a considerable part of second battalions, if Government should need them; and all recruited in an easy, discreet, and smooth manner, without force or compulsion. Men so pleasantly got, and so content when well used, cannot miss of giving satisfaction to their officers, and may be relied on by the nation."

The Grant Fencibles were assembled at Forres in the end of April, 1793, inspected by Lieutenant-General Leslie on the 5th June, and marched southward in August. They were quartered successively in several of the most important towns, and disbanded in 1799. Everywhere they gained praise for their manly appearance and good conduct; but one unfortunate incident marred the perfectness of their service. At Dumfries, in 1795, a spirit of discontent had been awakened amongst the men, as they distrusted some of their officers, and dreaded that there was a design to entrap them into foreign service. There had been some trouble with tinkers, and, in arresting them, several men were badly hurt. Shortly after, a soldier in the ranks made some jocular remark, which was resented by the officers, and he was arrested and threatened with corporal punishment. This was regarded as an affront. The men could not endure that such a stain should "attach to themselves, and their country, from an *infamous punishment* for crimes, according to their views, not in themselves infamous in the moral sense of the word" (Colonel Stewart). The result was that some of the soldiers banded together and released the prisoner. Sir James Grant was, unfortunately, absent. He hurried south, but was too late to prevent the tragic issue. The regiment was marched to Musselburgh, and there five of the men, Corporal James Macdonald,

and Privates Charles and Alexander Mackintosh, Alexander Fraser, and Duncan Macdougall, were tried for mutinous conduct, and, being found guilty, were condemned, one to corporal punishment, and the other four to be shot. The sentence was executed at the Links of Gullane on the 16th July, 1795, in the presence of the Scotch Brigade (afterwards the 94th Regiment) and the Sutherland, Breadalbane, and Grant Fencibles. It must have been a sad and distressing scene. The four men, when set before their countrymen, were told that only two were to suffer. Macdougall was reprieved, and the Mackintoshes were to cast lots as to which should suffer. The fatal lot fell on Charles, and he and Fraser were forthwith shot. Fraser was from Abernethy, and it is said that at the first he was only severely wounded, and that he cried out, in Gaelic, in his agony, "Surely there is some Fraser present to put me out of pain." The response came quick, but few knew who had fired the friendly shot.

The Fencibles were followed by the Strathspey Battalion of Volunteers, or The Armed Association, as it was called. The first meeting was held at Grantown, 24th July, 1798. In Abernethy there were two Companies, the Eastern and the Western. The Eastern was commanded by Captain Robert Lawson, Balliemore, with Alexander Carmichael, Congash, and John Dunbar, Glenloch, as Lieutenants. It numbered 79 men, entered according to the Davochs of the parish—Congash, 9; Glenloch, 3; Achnagonaline and Lainchile, 11; Drum and Muckrach, 11; Ballifurth, 11; Lettoch, 22; Balliemore, 12. The Western Company had 80 enrolled, and the officers were James Grant, Birchfield, Captain; and John Grant, Lettoch, and John Grant, Gartenmore, Lieutenants. The Sergeants were Ronald Macgregor, Grantown, Drill Sergeant; Charles Grant, Coulnakyle; Charles Grant, Lurg; William Grant, Rothiemoon; Alexander Cameron, Dibonig; and John Smith, Gartenmore. There was a third Company in Kincardine. It was at first commanded by Mr John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus, and

subsequently by Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Dell. Mr John Stewart, Pytoulish, was one of the Ensigns, and his commission, dated 9th January, 1799, runs as follows :—

“ George the Third, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., to our trusty and well-beloved John Stewart, gent. Greeting :

“ We do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be Second Lieutenant to the Kincairn Volunteers, whereof John Peter Grant, Esq., is Captain, but not to take rank in our Army except during the time of the said Corps being called out into actual service. You are, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Second Lieutenant by exercising and well-disciplining both the inferior officers and soldiers of that Company, and we do hereby command them to obey you as their Second Lieutenant; and you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from your Captain, or any other your superior officers, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, in pursuance of the trust hereby reposed in you, &c.”

The commission is signed at the top by the King, and at the end by the Duke of Portland. The Volunteers were disbanded in 1814, and a vote of thanks was passed to them in the House of Commons, to which the following letters refer :—

“ THE DOUNE, 20th August, 1814.

“ DEAR SIR,—I have the utmost pleasure in transmitting a copy of a letter I have received from the Lord-Lieutenant accompanying the thanks of the House of Commons to the Strathspey Volunteers; and I have to request that you will take steps to make this communication as generally known as possible to the officers and privates lately comprising your Company.—I have the honour to be, with great regard, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) “ J. P. GRANT.”

This letter is addressed Duncan Mackintosh, Esq., late Captain, Strathspey Volunteers, The Dell. The circular from the Lord-Lieutenant is as follows :—

“ CASTLE GRANT, 4th August, 1814.

“ It is with the greatest pleasure that I obey the command of the House of Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, intimated through their Speaker, by transmitting you the annexed vote of thanks in order to it being communicated to all the members of the late Strathspey Volunteer Battalion.”

The resolution of the House of Commons is dated 6th July, 1814, and is to the following effect :—

“ That the thanks of this House be given to the officers of the several Corps of Yeomanry and Volunteer Cavalry and Infantry which have been formed in Great Britain and Ireland during the course of the war for the seasonable and eminent services which they have rendered to their King and country.”

There is also a similar vote of thanks to the non-commissioned officers and men of the several corps. A Silver Cup, with the Mackintosh arms, was presented to Captain Mackintosh by the Kincairn Volunteers for his services ; and a massive Silver Bowl was presented to Captain Lawson, Balliemore. The latter bears the following inscription :—“ Presented by the Eastern Abernethy Volunteer Company to Robert Lawson, Esq., their Captain, as a testimony of their regard for his zealous attention to their Discipline and Welfare. 15 May, 1802.” This cup had a somewhat curious history. It was left by Mr Lawson to his nephew, Lieutenant-Colonel Carmichael,¹ whose father was a Lieutenant of the Company, and by him it was bequeathed to the Parish Church as a Baptism Bowl, and it has now the additional inscription :—“ Bequeathed to the Parish Church of Abernethy by Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Carmichael, who died at Forres, 1844.” Thus the old prophecy (Isaiah ii., 4) may be said to have been fulfilled in the spirit, if not in the letter : “ They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.”

The modern Volunteer movement was begun in 1859, in consequence of a circular letter from Colonel Jonathan Peel proposing a National Volunteer Association, and by the end of the year many thousands were enrolled in all parts of the kingdom. In June, 1860, the Queen reviewed 18,450 volunteers in Hyde Park ; and in August, over 20,000 were reviewed by Her Majesty at Edinburgh. In 1864 the Volunteer force was estimated at 165,000, and it is now over 220,000. Abernethy,

¹ See Appendix, Note 16.

with Duthil, was the first to form a Company in Strathspey (1860-1), and the officers were Captain Duncan Menzies and Lieutenant J. Stewart. This Company has been well maintained, and has gained honours for shooting and efficiency. It has for some years been under the command of Major Cumming-Curr. In 1888 a Church Parade was held in the Parish Church of Abernethy, when there were present 61 men from Grantown, and 42 from Abernethy and Duthil. The Rev. Mr Forsyth conducted a special service for the occasion, preaching from 1st Timothy, vi. and 12th. He concluded with a brief address to the following effect:—"Volunteers—The name is significant. It implies that you serve not for hire but for love. Your Companies are made up, not of strangers, but of neighbours and friends. You meet not only in the field, but at the fireside, and in the common business of life. Though soldiers, you do not cease to be citizens. Besides, you form part of one great force, drawn from all ranks of society—subject to the same discipline, animated by the common feeling of love to our dear fatherland. How then can you best fulfil your duty? It is by each of you being true for himself to his country and his God. First, each must do his part to the best of his ability in the ranks. Then each must strive to live an honest and pure life in his own home. And, further, you must each of you carry into society a high standard of right, resolved that come what will you will always keep to the truth, support the weak, be the redresser of wrong, and the champion of woman, and do your best to hold up to reverence the idea of a chivalrous and noble manhood. Are you willing, in the name of Christ, to consecrate yourselves to this cause, to take part in this glorious campaign? If so, be of good courage. 'Stand fast.' 'Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold of eternal life.'"

CHAPTER XLVI.

RISE OF A HIGHLAND VILLAGE.

IN the Library at Castle Grant there is a picture of some significance. It represents a noble of the time of George II. sitting in a chair, and holding in his hand the plan of a village, which he is eagerly examining. The noble was Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, and the village was Grantown. The picture is a prophecy. By an Act of James VI., 1609, Cromdale had been erected into a burgh. The terms of the edict are curious and suggestive—"We, understanding that the toune of Cromdaill lyes in ane wyld and barbarous pairt of oure said Kingdome of Scotland, far distant from the sea, about the quhilk thair duellis and remains ruid people wanting civilitie and guid maneris—thairfoir we to the intent that the inhabitants of the saidis boundis may be maid the mair riche and civile, we of oure nationall inclination quhilk we have to reduce oure people to civilitie and guid maneris, and for policie and decoration of oure said realm of Scotland, have maid, constitute, erectit, and creatit all and hail, the said toune of Cromdaill, with all and sindrie houssis, biggingis, tenementes, waist places, yeardis, aikeris, toftis, croftes, by and in the territorie of the said toune, in ane free burgh and baronie, with special free and plaine powar to the said complainer, his aires, baillies, ane or mar within the said burgh, with persanes of counsull, clerkis, servands, and all other officeris necessary within the samyu for rewling and governing thairof, &c." The site of the burgh was the moor on which the house and offices of the Mains Farm now stand. Here was the village with ale house and cottages, in one of which the late Sir James Macgregor was born. Here were the court-house and jail, the remains of which, called the *Toll-dhubh* (Black-hole)

may still be seen at the back of the old school-house; while a little above, to the left of the old road, was *Tom-na-croiche*, the hanging hill. Cromdale did not succeed as a burgh. Its fall is said to have been brought about by a fight at one of the fairs between two factions of the Grants, in which lives were lost. Be that as it may, Sir Ludovick resolved upon a change. There had been a village near the gate of Castle Grant, no doubt of the sort depicted so graphically in the opening chapters of Waverley. but it was in a low condition. Sir Ludovick looked farther afield. He was ambitious and far-seeing, and had an eye to the possibilities of the future. About two miles south of the Castle, and at a lower level, there was a wide moor, part of one of the gravel terraces, common in Strathspey, called the Feith-mhòid. Bounded on the west by the heights of Dreggie, sloping on the east to the mosses and fir-woods of Anagach, and on the south opening out into the birch clad knolls of Kirkton, the meadows of Ballintomb and Ballieforth, and the far-stretching pine forest of Abernethy, with the Spey gleaming in the midst, and the Cairngorms as a grand back-ground, it formed a model site for a Highland village. If Sir Ludovick shewed much judgment in the selection of a site, he shewed no less resolution and skill in the carrying out of his scheme. It was a great advantage that Grantown was not built at haphazard, but according to a fixed plan. The main idea was a long street with a wide central square or mercat place, and strips of land, called "tenements," attached to the houses. It was called New Grantown to distinguish it from the old village, and it still bears this name among the Gaelic people—*Am Baile-Ur*. The first advertisement as to the erection of the town was published in 1764, and the first house was erected in 1766. The progress was at first slow. From a plan made in 1768 by Mr Alex. Taylor, it appears that at that time only about sixteen feus had been taken up. The names of the first feuars are as follows, beginning at the north-west corner of the square:—No. 9, Delmany, manufacturer, where Macdougall & Co.'s estab-

lishment now stands; 10, Minister of Abernethy; 11, Mrs Grant of Duthil; 12, Altcharn; 13, left out for a road or street; 14, 15, Mullochard, manufacturer; 16, John Grant, weaver; 17, John Burges Taylor; 18, William Lyon; 19, James Grant, clerk, Castle Grant; 21, John Clark, mason; 22, James Innes, schoolmaster; 33, 34 (south side of square, at the east end), James and Archibald Houstans; 35, John Mackenzie, vintner; 36, John Hastan, merchant; 37, Brewery Company; 38, left out for road or street; 39, Lady Anna Duff; 40, Minister of Cromdale; 45, Angus Cumming, piper. Alexander Fraser had a house and smithy on the moor to the north of the road to the Castle, and James and John Birnie, James Grant, officer, John Mackenzie, vintner, David Rose, John M'Grigor, and Allan Grant had houses on the Upper and Nether Faemoit, further to the south. In the notes to Mr Taylor's plan, it is stated, among other advantages, that "there is a considerable part of the moor ground lying south and south-east from New Grantown, plowed in by Mr Grant's oxen, and still continuing to plow more, which, as it is well adapted for lime, will soon be of singular use to the town, both for corn and grass." It is interesting to think of Mr Grant's oxen patiently toiling, where now the nimble golfers ply their task, and bright-eyed maidens make the air merry with their glee!

In 1768, a second advertisement was issued, setting forth the advantages of the village, from its central position and surroundings, and inviting "persons of circumstance, manufacturers, and others," to take up feus. "Ther's nine annual mercats or Fairs holds at Grantown, for Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Tissiker, Wool, &c., and Weekly Mercats. Its central for the South Country. Badenoch and Strathern Dealers, or Drovers in the Low Country, as it is not above 18 miles either from Inverness, Fort-George, Nairn, Forres, Elgin, Keith, or Strathboggie and good patent Roads to each of them. The Mercats are and will be for some time custome free. There is established a good schoole, for teaching Latin, English, Writing, Arithmetick, and

Book-keeping, and two Weemen Schools for Sewing and Knitting of Stocking, and a fine new Church is to be built within the Town."

Sir James Grant completed what his father had so well begun, and this policy of unity of aim, and continuity of action, has been a characteristic of the family to our own time. It is said that Sir James spent more than £5000 on Grantown. He made roads, built bridges, and erected a Town house and jail. He also did much to foster various industries, such as baking, weaving, dyeing, wool-combing, and brewing, "to keep people from drinking spirituous liquors," and so forth. He also projected a school or asylum for the education of children, where not only ordinary education, but instruction in arts and trades might be given, in this anticipating the technical education of the present day. With regard to this latter scheme, he consulted Lord Kames, who was considered a great authority on education. Lord Kames suggested that a preferable mode of giving technical instruction would be the bringing to the town "the best artists that work in such things, for which there was a demand in the Highlands, wheel-wrights, plough-wrights, house carpenters, smiths, masons, weavers, &c.," and he promised aid from the Annexed Estates Fund to provide for apprenticing children to such trades (Letter 31st August, 1767). Lord Kames' advice seems to have been taken. The Rev. Lewis Grant, in the O.S. Account (1792) says that in twenty years Grantown had increased to a population of from 300 to 400 inhabitants, and that there were in it "bakers, shoemakers, tailors, weavers of wool, linen, and stockings, blacksmiths, wrights, and masons, and twelve merchants who kept regular shops," and "as good tradesmen as any in the kingdom." In marking the progress of Grantown, he makes the suggestive remark that "herein was irresistible proof how far the country at large was capable of improvement."

Sir James gave special attention to education. The endeavour to establish a Strathspey Academy at Cromdale did not succeed. It was therefore transferred to Grantown. The first school was

a low building, with one long room, the master's desk at the north end, with the writing desks and forms in front. This gave place to a much larger building, divided into four sections, with ample space for classes and drilling in the centre. It had a bell tower, which gave it quite an imposing appearance. The plan, it is said, was supplied by Mr Gill, Postmaster. In this school much good work was done, under the Rev. John Wink, Mr James Weir, M.A., and other successive masters. The present splendid building, with its admirable staff and equipments, is the product of the School Board.¹

The Speyside Charity School, commonly called "The Hospital," was established by a Deed of Covenant, dated 10th August, 1795, from bequests made by Dame Jane Grant and Dr Gregory Grant of Burnside. Various benefactions have been since made to the institution. The female school was established from bequests made by the late Captain Grant, Congash, and others. In 1890 it was transferred to the School Board of Cromdale. The Parish Church of Inverallan was originally at Kirkton, and the remains of the foundation are still to be seen in the Churchyard. In 1803 a new church was built at Grantown. It was for some years occupied as a Royal Bounty Station, but in 1869 it was erected into a parish *quoad sacra*. In 1886 the present handsome church was built in the place of the former Parish Church. On a brass slab within the church there is the following inscription:—"This Church was erected to the glory of God by Caroline Stuart, Countess of Seafield, in memory of John Charles, 7th Earl of Seafield, K.T., 26th Chief of the Grants, who died 31st March, 1884. Presented by her to the Church of Scotland as the Parish Church of Inverallan. Consecrated to the public service of God, 1st May, 1886. The Rev. John Thomson, D.D., Minister. Alex. Smith, Architect." Besides the church, Lady Seafield erected and endowed the "Ian Charles Hospital," which was opened 19th May, 1895, and has proved an immense benefit to the country.

¹ See Appendix, Note 17.

The Highland and Speyside Railways were opened in 1863, and since then Grantown has made great progress, and the number of visitors coming to the town in summer and autumn is very large, and increasing every year. The contrast between Grantown as it was in the first half of the century, and as it is now, is very striking. Sixty years ago, the square was the place where the fairs and trysts were held, and at George and Figgat Markets, it presented a gay and lively appearance, from the lines of tents and the crowds of people. Now it is better kept, with a broad roadway, bordered by ornamental trees, and open spaces on each side, with seats, and pleasant runs for children. Sixty years ago, the houses were mostly of one storey, and many of them thatched with heather: now the dwelling-houses are handsome and substantial, and provided with all modern comforts. Sixty years ago, there was but one bank, the National, well known as 'Culfoichs.' It was next the Charity School, a little dingy hole, with hardly room for two people to stand together, and where the attention of the agent was divided between the bank and the shop, with which it was connected. Now there are three banks—the National, the Caledonian, and the Royal, with excellent accommodation and ample business. Sixty years ago, there were but few shops, and the trade, chiefly in cloth and groceries, was of a very limited kind. Now there are hotels, large and well equipped, and establishments such as those of Macdougall & Co.'s, A. C. Grant, G. Anderson, and others, well lighted and spacious, and with supplies of cloth, ironmongery, house furnishings, and all sorts of goods, equal to what could be obtained in any of our large towns. Sixty years ago letters were few, and newspapers fewer, the mails being brought by a postrunner from Forres. Now there is a large post-office, with three deliveries daily, and the Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and other newspapers are received by the morning mails. There is also telegraphic communication and despatches daily to different parts of the country. Sixty years ago it was managed as part of the Grant estate under a Baron Bailie, now it has been erected into a burgh with the new

designation of Grantown-on-Spey, and the Provost and Councillors have already made some improvements, and much more is expected of them, as they come to the full knowledge of their powers and duties. Sixty years ago Grantown was a "quiet habitation," with little signs of life and progress, now it is visited by thousands, and, amply provided as it is with shops, hotels, villas, and lodging-houses, with churches and schools, with Parish Council and Town Council, with railroads and telegraphs, and the attractions of a Christian Institute and a beautiful Golf course, with free access to the woods and mountains, it is no wonder that its popularity is growing from year to year, and that it promises to reach and rival the fame of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."



FROM FRESCO, BY LANDSEER.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A HIGHLAND LAIRD OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE name Rothiemurchus, though uncouth in appearance, is really a word picture. It means "the plain of the Great Pines." This description has held true from time immemorial. We have incidental proof of this so far back as the fifteenth century. In a deed of date 1464, the Kirklands of Rothiemurchus were declared to be held of the Bishop of Moray, by Alex. Keyre Mackintosh "reserving the King's forensic service, due and wont, and *paying a fir-cone* (unum germen abiegnum) to the Bishop at the manor place of Rothiemurchus if asked." One of the witnesses to the Instrument is William de Gawbrath, Rector of Kincardyne. Rothiemurchus is also notable for the vicissitudes of the landholders, Cummings, Shaws, Mackintoshes, Dallases, and Grants, having successively held the property. According to tradition, the Grants got Muckrach in the sixteenth century from the Bishop of Moray, in compensation for the wrongs done to Grant of Achernack, and from there they moved to Rothiemurchus. This tradition is so far confirmed by the stone which stood for long above the door of "the Dell," but which in 1879 was removed, and placed over the eastern entrance of the Doune House. It bears the initials P. G., for Patrick Grant, and I. G., for Jean Gordon, and two shields of arms surmounted by the motto "IN GOD IS AL MY TREST," with the date 1597. Patrick Grant of Muckrach, afterwards of Rothiemurchus, was the second son of John Grant of Freuchie, and Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Atholl. He is designed of Rothiemurchus in a summons of date 1570. In 1575 he received a charter from his father of the lands of Rothiemurchus, and in 1579 he received a Crown Charter of Resignation

of the same lands, in which he is designed of Rothiemurchus. By his wife, Jean Gordon, he had two sons, Duncan and John. The latter succeeded to the property. He married Margaret Dunbar, daughter of the Dean of Moray. His son James succeeded him about 1651, and married Grizzel Mackintosh of Kyllachie, commonly called "Grizzel Mhòr." They had three sons. Patrick, the eldest, succeeded his father, and William, the second son, became Laird of Ballindalloch. It seems to have been the custom with the Grants of Rothiemurchus, as with other families, to give distinguishing titles or by-names to the heads of the House. One was called "The Spreckled Laird," probably from being pock-pitted. Another was termed "The White Laird," probably from his fair complexion, and another, the one with whose history we have to do, bore the name of "Macalpine." Some say this title was given him by the famous Rob Roy, but the Grants, as well as the Macgregors, claimed to be of the royal line of Alpin. At anyrate, there was something significant and honourable in this Laird being thus specially distinguished. It seemed to indicate that in him the characteristics of the ancient race had found a true representative. There had been friendly intercourse between the Macgregors and the Grants of Rothiemurchus for generations. In 1592 Patrick Grant joined with John Grant of Freuchie in a mutual bond of man-rent with John Dow Macgregor. He died in 1617. In 1623 his son John was fined 2000 merks for "resetting, supplying, and inter-communing" with the Clan Gregor. In Macalpine's time Rob Roy visited the Doune, and a letter written by him to Ballindalloch in 1726, quoted elsewhere, shews the kindly relationship between the families.

Macalpine was born in 1660, succeeded in 1677, and died in 1743. He was twice married. His first wife was Mary Grant (1734), daughter of Patrick, Tutor of Grant of Grant. His second wife was Rachel Grant of Tullochgorm. He was a man of much ability, shrewd in the management of affairs, remarkable for wit and repartee, and holding a high place as a Highland Laird,

whose House was a centre of light and hospitality. Pliny might be said to have described him, "*Erat homo ingeniosus acutus acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et follis, nec canderis minus.*" When Simon Lord Lovat married Margaret, fourth daughter of Ludovic, Laird of Grant (1717), there were great doings in Strathspey. Macalpine and other gentlemen of the Clan accompanied the Frasers on their home journey. A Gaelic song describes the march. It has the quaint refrain—

" We will go home, come away home,
We will go home to the Aird,
Leave we the Grants of the porridge,
We are the Frasers of the kail."

At Castle Downie Lovat made a great feast, with music and dancing. Tradition says that when the Strathspey men took the floor they made quite a sensation. The Frasers crowded round, they peeped over each others' heads, they even climbed to the rafters to gaze. Never before had they seen such grace and agility. The following verse of a Gaelic song refers to the dancers :—

" Bha aon dhiubh dha 'm bu stoidhle an Tullich,
Fear eile, 's Mullochard,
'S cait am facas riabh air ùrlar,
Bheireadh air an triuir ud bàrr."

" There was one they styled ' the Tully,'
Mullochard, and another,
To trip it with these matchless three,
Where could you find a brother?"

The reel was an unfortunate one for "Tully." The bush of a wheel had been set in the floor, opposite the fireplace, for the roasting of an ox, and in one of his capers, his foot caught in the hole, and down he came, breaking his leg in the fall. The morning after the wedding one of the attendants came round to make a collection, after the old custom, for the bride. When Macalpine was applied to, he answered with biting sarcasm—

"Had *my* daughter married the cattleman, I would have kept her at least seven years from begging." This saying got wind, and led to the discontinuance of the practice. The "Baidse," as it was called, was collected no more. In due time, a son was born to Lady Lovat, and another great feast was held at the baptism (18th May, 1719). Lovat played one of his pranks on the occasion. The chief guests were seated at a round table, and in the course of the repast, a huge pie was produced. Macalpine was asked to cut it up. When he had opened it, out flew a pigeon, and the Laird naturally put his hand up to guard himself. Lovat cried out, "Macalpine has scrogged his bonnet." Macalpine answered fiercely, "If so, a traitor shall 'scrog' opposite him," and he stood up and drew his sword. But nothing came of it. Lovat was too prudent a man to quarrel, and apologised. Macalpine and Lovat had another encounter at Castle Grant. They were playing cards together. Macalpine affected to be puzzled. Lovat called out, "Play, play." Macalpine, after a pause, said significantly, "Lovat, my cards would suit you better, *a knave between two kings.*" Another time at Castle Grant, the Laird made a curious comment on the dancers. He said, "It was the drollest reel he had ever seen. First there was the man of the law, and then the man of the Lord, and next the two greatest drunkards in the country!" Macalpine did not like lawyers. It is said that part of his dinner grace was—"From lawyers and doctors, good Lord deliver us." He was very zealous in keeping up the old customs and ways. The Laird and the parson in those days lived on good terms. Rothiemurchus being joined to Duthil, it was the duty of the minister of Duthil to hold service there every third Sunday. On one occasion the parson had stayed over night, and the next day he and the Laird went out for a stroll. They were walking arm in arm, when the parson stumbled. The Laird exclaimed, in Gaelic, "God and Mary be with you." The parson was shocked, and said, "God with *me* and Mary with *you*; what better was she than my own mother?" Macalpine quietly replied, "We shall

say nothing as to the mothers, but *great is the difference between the sons.*" Macalpine was a great hunter, and there are frequent references to his skill and exploits in the Gaelic songs of the period. He was very successful in the management of his extensive forests. Mr Lorimer, tutor to the Laird of Grant, says in his notes, "Rothie is his own overseer and forester. *Asuch in that.*" This was written shortly after Macalpine's death, but it marks the wise and effective system which he had established.

In "The Memoirs of a Highland Lady," Mrs Smith has the following reference to her great-grandfather :—"Macalpine ruled not only his own small patrimony, but mostly all the country round. His wisdom was great, his energy of body and mind untiring. He must have acted as a kind of despotic sovereign, for he went about with a body of four-and-twenty picked men, gaily dressed, of whom the principal and the favourite was his foster brother, Ian Bain, or John the Fair, also a Grant of the family of Achnahatnich. Any offence committed anywhere, this band took cognisance of. Macalpine himself was judge and jury, and the sentence quickly pronounced was as quickly executed, even when the verdict doomed to death. A corpse with a dagger in it was not unfrequently met with among the heather, and sometimes a stout fir branch bore the remains of a meaner victim. I never heard the justice of a sentence questioned. Macalpine was a great man in every sense of the word, tall and strong made, and very handsome, and a beau; his trews (he never wore the kilt) were laced down the sides with gold; the brogues on his beautifully-formed feet were lined and trimmed with feathers; his hands, as soft and white as a lady's, and models as to shape, could draw blood from the finger nails of any other hand they grasped, and they were so flexible they could be bent back to form a cup which would hold a tablespoonful of water. He was an epicure, as indeed are all Highlanders in their own way. They are contented with simple fare, and they ask no great variety, but what they have must be of its kind the best, and cooked precisely to their fancy. The

well of which Macalpine invariably drank was the Lady's Well at Tullochgrue, the water of which was certainly delicious. It was brought to him twice a day in a covered wooden vessel, a cogue or lippie."

The Gaels have some curious sayings as to choosing a wife. Cormac's advice to his son was as follows—"Na tagh Binneagag, no Grincagag, no Gaogag, no ruadh bheag, ro ruadh mhòr, no ruadh mhàsach; ach Ciarag bheag air dhath na luch, na sir, 's na seachain i." The meaning of some of the terms is obscure, but the preference as to complexion is given to olive over red. Macalpine had a way of his own. The story as to how he chose his second wife is as suggestive as amusing. Knowing that Grant of Tullochgorm had some strapping daughters, he made a call on the old gentleman and told him what he had in view. The girls were brought in for inspection in the order of their ages. When the eldest appeared, Macalpine said, "Now, supposing you had a tocher of gold as big as Craigowrie (a hill on the opposite side of the Spey), what would you do with it?" She answered that she would get lots of dresses and jewels, and have a fine house in Edinburgh. This did not please the Laird. The second was brought in, and the third, with like unsatisfactory results. The Laird then said, "Have you not another daughter?" "Yes," was the reply; "but she is out with the cows." "Fetch her," said Macalpine. She was brought in, and the same question put to her as to the others. She did not answer quickly, but paused a moment, with downcast eyes, as if in deep thought. Then looking up, she said sweetly, "That is too hard a question for me. I would take the advice of my husband as to what to do." Macalpine was jubilant. "That's the lass for me," he said.

"So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been,
Cophetua swore a royal oath,
This beggar maid shall be my queen."

But though Macalpine got a young and pretty wife, it is said the marriage was not to the liking of his family. Lady Jean, the next Laird's wife, was systematically unkind to the widow, and slighted her four young ones. This, with other unkind usage, bore hardly on Lady Rachel. Mrs Smith tells that "once after the service of the kirk was over she stepped up, with her fan in her hand, to the corner of the kirkyard where all our graves are made, and taking off her high-heeled slipper, she tapped with it on the stone laid over her husband's grave, crying out, 'Macalpine! Macalpine! rise up for ae half-hour and see me richted!'" Macalpine died at the great age of 92, in 1743, and was thus saved the perils of Prince Charlie's year and the dark days of Culloden.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS."

IN our churchyard there is a stone with the inscription—
"Erected by John Grant in Manchester to the memory of his father Donald Grant, late square-wright at Nethy-Bridge, who died 24th Sept., 1824, aged 52 years." This Donald was a first cousin of "the Grants of Manchester." His son John was taken into their employment, but died early. Another son, James, was being educated to succeed his brother, but was accidentally drowned while bathing in the Boat Pool at Cromdale in 1837. The only other connection of our parish with the Grants was through Mr John Grant, grandson of "Parson John," who acted as manager of the Estates of the Grants for many years, and who now resides at Dellachaple, Garmouth. The story of the Grants is quite a romance. William Grant, the elder, occupied the farm of "The Haugh" at Elchies of Knockando. He also engaged in "droving," buying cattle in the country, and taking them to the south for sale. This trade was precarious. When prices were good, it paid well, but in bad seasons, and when there was a sudden fall in the markets, it might be attended with serious losses. The year 1782-3 were notably bad years, already referred to as the Pease Years. According to one account, William Grant went south with a drove, but failed to sell at Falkirk. He crossed the border, but found no market. He pressed on to Lancashire, and there, weary and disheartened, he stopped for a night. In the morning he stood with his son William, a lad of fourteen, on the Top o' the Hoof, overlooking the fair valley of the Irwell, and, charmed with the sight, he said, "This is paradise. Here I would like to have my home." It seemed a vain wish. When Warren Hastings was a child, he had "wild

fancies and projects" as to recovering the estates of his fathers. Once, when only seven years old, as Macaulay tells, the boy lay "one bright summer day on the bank of the rivulet, which flows through the old domain of his house, to join the Isis. There, as three score and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Dalesford." And he succeeded. William Grant's position was very different. He was a poor Highlander, in sore straits; he was a stranger in the land, which for him had no associations or hopes, and the wish, which rose from his heart, though natural, seemed a vain fancy, a castle-in-the-air, dim and unreal, and soon to die away and be forgotten. And yet, strange to say, the wish came true. In that very land he settled; there he and his sons found a home, and there by honest industry they built up a large and prosperous business, so that in time they came to rank among the merchant princes of Manchester, and their names were enshrined with honour, as "the Cheeryble Brothers," in the immortal pages of Charles Dickens. There is another version of the story, equally romantic. We give it as it has been handed down in the family of the Mackenzies of Achvochkie. The Grants, as already mentioned, got into difficulties from bad seasons, and failure in trade. In 1783, they resolved to try their fortune in England. They had little means, but they started with a horse and cart, and a stock of provisions. The first night they put up at Achvochkie. Next morning the goodwife, Mrs Mackenzie, was up early baking oat-cakes for them, which, with other supplies, were added to their stock. The journey was long and toilsome. By the time they reached the valley of the Irwell, their slender supplies were exhausted. Starvation in a strange land stared them in the face. That night, as they sought rest on the top of the hill, where the monument now stands, William Grant and his wife knelt down beside their cart, and prayed that of God's mercy their children might be spared and bread sent to them.

Next morning two gentlemen out shooting came upon the party, and, hearing their tale, gave Mrs Grant two sovereigns. This seasonable help they regarded as a direct answer to their prayer. They never wanted afterwards. William Grant got employment, and his wife started a little shop, by which she added to the earnings of the family. In the days of their prosperity, William and his sister came to Speyside, visited their friends, and sought out their father's creditors, settling all their claims in full, with interest, in the most generous manner. Mr William Grant himself, the elder of the brothers, gives an account of the settlement in the Irwell Valley, in a letter to a friend, fifty-six years after the event, which, although it leaves out details as to their early history, is extremely interesting. It is as follows:—

"SPRINGSIDE, May 17, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,—Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favour of the 10th. My father was a dealer in cattle, and lost his property in the year 1783. He got a letter of introduction to Mr Arkwright (the late Sir Richard), and came by the way of Skipton to Manchester, accompanied by me. As we passed along the old road, we stopped for a short time on the Park estate to view the valley. My father exclaimed, 'What a beautiful valley! May God Almighty bless it! It reminds me of Speyside, but the Irwell is not so large as the river Spey.'

"I recollect Messrs Peel & Yates were then laying the foundation of their print works at Ramsbottom. We went forward to Manchester and called upon Mr Arkwright; but he had so many applications at the time that he could not employ him. There were then only Arkwright's mill, on a small scale, and Thacary's mill in Manchester. There was a mill on the Irwell belonging to Mr Douglas, two belonging to Messrs Peel & Yates, the one at Radcliffe Bridge, the other at Hinds; and these were the only mills then in Lancashire. My father then applied to a Mr Dinwiddie, a Scotch gentleman, who knew him in his prosperity, and who was a printer and manufacturer at Hampson Mill, near Bury. He agreed to give my father employment, and placed my brother James and me in situations, where we had an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge both of manufacturing and printing; and offered me a partnership when I had completed my apprenticeship. I declined this offer, and commenced business for myself on a small scale, assisted by my brothers John, Daniel, and Charles, and removed to Bury, where I was very successful; and in the course of a few years [in 1800?] I removed to Manchester, and commenced printing in partnership with my brothers. My brother Daniel

commenced travelling through the north of England and almost to every market town in Scotland. In 1806 we purchased the print works belonging to Sir Robert Peel, etc., situated at Ramsbottom. In 1812 we purchased Nuttall factory. In consequence of the death of Mr Alsop, the work-people had been long short of employment, and were very destitute. We ordered the manager to get new machinery, of the first-rate construction, and greatly extended the building; and before we began to spin or manufacture, we clothed the whole of the hands at our own expense; prepared an entertainment for them, and observed that the interests of masters and servants are bound up together; that there are reciprocal duties to perform, that no general or admiral could be brave unless he was supported by his men; that we knew how to reward merit, and would give constant employment and liberal wages to all our faithful servants; and I am happy to say that they, as well as those at our printing establishment, with very few exceptions, have conducted themselves with great propriety.

"In 1818 we purchased Springside, and in 1827 we purchased the Park estate, and erected a monument to commemorate my father's first visit to this valley, and on the very spot where he and I stood admiring the beautiful scenery below. There is a fine view from the top of the tower in a clear day, and the Welsh mountains can be descried in the distance.

"We attribute much of our prosperity, under divine Providence, to the good example and good counsel of our worthy parents. They expressed a wish that I would build a Sunday school, and erect a church to worship God in, according to the ritual of the Church of Scotland, as a tribute of gratitude to Him for His great kindness to the family. I cheerfully complied with their request, and both have been finished years ago. We have done business, on a large scale, at all the places you have named, exporting our goods and receiving the productions of those countries in return: but trade for some years has been very unproductive—profits being so small, and the risk great, that we have been very much inclined to retire on the moderate fortune we have acquired with great industry, were it not to give employment to our work-people; but we feel unwilling to throw our servants out of employment at a time when many are only being worked three days in the week."

William Grant, sen., as already mentioned held the farm of the Haugh, Knockando, so well known, in later days, as the residence of Mr Macconachie, the famous bone-setter, always familiarly called "Haughie." He had for his neighbour Alexander Smith, father of the present Lord Strathcona, who was his first cousin. His wife was Grizel or Grace Mackenzie, who was born at Tombreck of Inveravon, and whose great-grand-nephew,

Mr William J. Mackenzie, is now editor of *The Northern Scot* newspaper.

Mrs Grant was a woman of rare strength of character and goodness, and the success of the family was largely due to her. As was meet, her sons held her in much honour, and cherished her memory dearly. Dickens has brought out this well in the account which he gives of the birthday festival of the “Brothers” to their confidential clerk, “Tim Linkinwater”:—“Brother Charles, my dear fellow, there is another association connected with this day which must never be forgotten, and never can be forgotten by you and me. This day, which brought into the world a most faithful and excellent and exemplary fellow, look from it the kindest and very best of parents—the very best of parents to us both. I wish that she could have seen us in our prosperity, and shared it, and had the happiness of knowing how dearly we loved her in it, as we did when we were her poor boys—but that was not to be. My dear brother—*The Memory of our Mother.*” Rev. Mr Elliot says that, “as a matter of fact, that mother’s word or wish, to the end of her days, was the law of her sons.” He also states, as mentioned in the biography by the Rev. Franklin Howorth, that the brothers “*seldom passed their mother’s picture without an inclination of reverence or an exclamation of gratitude.*”

Mr William Grant died at Grant Lodge, Ramsbottom, 29th June, 1817, aged 84; and his wife four years later, 16th May, 1821, aged 79. Of their sons, William, the eldest, died in 1842. The following is the inscription on a marble tablet in St Andrew’s Church:—“Sacred to the memory of William Grant of Spring-side, Esquire—the Founder of this Church. Born at Elchies, Morayshire, Scotland, on the 15th April, 1769. Died at Spring-side on 28th February, 1842. Distinguished by vigour of understanding, spotless integrity of character, and true benevolence of heart. He lived a benefactor to his species, and died universally lamented.” To his brother Daniel, his brother’s

death was, as Mr Elliot says, a supreme bereavement. "The irrepressible sprightliness indeed still scintillated about the lithe and agile form, but the very genuineness of the man—the moral transparency—the *ειλικρίνεια*, as the Greeks call it—made it impossible altogether to conceal the consciousness of how much had gone from him. A mellowing sense of solitude, with its deep 'deciphering oracle within,' henceforth went with him through the busy haunts of men." Daniel died 12th March, 1855, aged 75 years, and less than two months after, on 6th May, 1855, John, the last of the brothers, passed to his rest. William was undoubtedly the business man of the family. One of his pet maxims was "Good masters make good workmen;" and his favourite counsel, "Always be civil. Civility's cheap. Always be civil."

The generosity of the Grants was proverbial. Once, it is said, a member of a well-known Liverpool firm called at the office at a time when they were in hard straits for money. "How much do you need?" asked Daniel. "From £6000 to £8000." Daniel at once signed a cheque for £10,000, for which he would take no formal security. "No, no," said the worthy man. "Take them with you! take them with you! A thing of honour! a thing of honour! Pay when you can! pay when you can!" In Smiles' "Life of James Nasmyth," it is stated that Nasmyth, when beginning business, had an introduction to the Grants. He called at the office in Cannon Street, and was asked by Daniel to take "tiffin" at the house in Morely Street. The first thing Daniel did was to present him to "his noble brother, William," as he always affectionately called him. Some talk took place as to Nasmyth's age, means, and prospects. He said he had but £63 to start with, and William replied, "What! that will do very little for you when Saturday nights come round." "But," he whispered, "keep your heart up," and added that if he wanted money to pay wages, he would find £500 at his credit in Cannon Street, and no security! Thus it was that the Grants helped many young men both in Lancashire and in their own

country. One other anecdote may be given as illustrative of the benevolent spirit of these good men. Once a certain rival trader wrote a pamphlet, in which the Grants were spoken of in calumnious and abusive terms. William read it, and said the man who wrote it would be sorry for it some day. This came to the ears of the libeller, who took it as a threat. In the ups and downs of trade the pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and Grant was his chief creditor. He was advised to call upon him, but he said, "I need not go to *him*; I can expect no favour from *him*." "Try him," said some one who knew him better. So he went to Mr Grant and told his sad story, and asked his signature to a paper already signed by others of his creditors. "Give me the paper," said Mr Grant, and after he had glanced at it, he said, "You wrote a pamphlet about me once," and without waiting for a reply he handed back the paper, having written something upon it. The poor bankrupt expected to find *libeller* or *slanderer* or such like. But no; there was only the signature. "I said you would be sorry for the writing of that pamphlet," the good man said. "I did not mean it as a threat. I meant that some day you would know me better, and see that I did not deserve to be attacked in that way." And he not only freely forgave him that debt, but did much to help him and his family in their time of need. "Don't lose heart; I'll stand by you," he said, and he was as good as his word.

CHAPTER XLIX.

VISITORS TO STRATHSPEY.

It has been said that the Highlands were discovered by Sir Walter Scott. This is only in part true. Scott did more than any other man to make the Highlands known to the world, and by the magic of his genius he has invested the land and the people with imperishable interest and renown. But other great men had spoken of the Highlands before him. The English poet Wordsworth and his sister Dora visited the Trossachs in 1803, seven years before "The Lady of the Lake" was published, and had penetrated as far as Glencoe and the shores of Loch Leven, and it is to this journey that we owe the beautiful poems of "The Blind Highland Boy," "Stepping Westward," "The Solitary Reaper," and others. Still earlier, in 1773, the great English lexicographer, Samuel Johnson, made his famous tour to the Hebrides, by which he not only gave, as he believed, the death-blow to Macpherson and Ossian (though in this he was mistaken), but threw a flood of light on the character and customs of the Highland people. But neither of these came to Strathspey. Johnson travelled by the East coast, and Wordsworth by the West, and to both Strathspey was unknown and unvisited. Sir Walter, also, though he makes Glenmore the scene of one of his poems, and otherwise indicates some acquaintance with the country and its legends, never appears to have entered it. He was much in the Highlands of Perth and Argyll, but he never crossed Drumuachdhar. He could make the gallant Dundee say: "There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth," but he himself saw them only in imagination, or dim in the distance, like the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. One of the earliest visitors of whom we

have record was the penniless pilgrim Taylor, the "Water Poet" (1618). He gives the following description of a visit to Castle Grant (Hindley's "Taylor," p. 56):—"From thence we went to a place called Balloch Castle, a fair and stately house, a worthy Gentleman being the Owner of it, called the Laird of Grant, his Wife being a Gentlewoman honourably descended, being sister to the Right Honble. Earl of Athole, and to Sir Patrick Murray, Knight; she being both inwardly and outwardly plentifully adorned with the gifts of grace and nature; so that our cheer was more than sufficient, and yet much less than they could afford us. There stayed there, four days, four Earles, one Lord, divers Knights and gentlemen and their servantes, footmen and horses; in every meal, four long tables furnished with all varieties; our first and second course being three score dishes at one board, and after that always a banquet; and if I had not foresworn wine till I came to Edinburgh, I think I had there drunk my last." Another poet who visited the country was Aaron Hill. He was connected with the York Company, and was a frequent guest at Coulnakyle. Hill was one of the victims of Pope in the "Dunciad." Some rather sharp letters passed between them, which led to a modification of the lines complained of. Hill's *name* does not now appear, and the reference to him is rather complimentary than otherwise. Book II., 295:—

"Then * * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far-off among the swans of Thames."

But the noblest of our poet visitors was Robert Burns. Mr Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," introduced Burns in the following letter:—

"EDINBURGH, 24th August, 1787.

"MY DEAR SIR JAMES,—This will be delivered to you by the Bard of Airshire, Mr Burns, of whom you have heard a good deal, and with whom Louis was acquainted here. He is also charged with a Box directed for Miss Grant, I presume

Miss Eliza, which came some time ago, in the English Stage Coach, and was omitted to be sent by McLaren. It consists of such light materials as poets sometimes present ladies with. Mr Burns is accompanied in his northern tour by Mr Nicol, with whom I have not the honour of being acquainted, but Louis, I presume, has a very feeling remembrance of him. You will find Burns not less uncommon in conversation than in his poetry, clever, intelligent and observant, with remarkable acuteness, and independence of mind, the last indeed to a degree that sometimes prejudices people against him, tho' he has on the whole met with amazing patronage and encouragement. Louis will show him the Lions of Castle Grant; and as he is an enthusiast about the *fortia facta patrum*, let him not forget, as in the case of Lord Mombello, to show him the large *Gun*. — Yours most affectionately,

“HENRY MACKENZIE.

“SIR JAMES GRANT of Grant, Baronet,
“Castle Grant, per favor of Mr Burns.”

The Louis referred to in this letter was the Laird's eldest son, of whom a sketch has been already given. Burns made a tour of twenty-two days, his furthest stretch being about ten miles beyond Inverness. In a letter to Rev. John Skinner, he says, we travelled “many miles through a wild country, among cliffs grey with eternal snows, and gloomy savage glens famous in Scottish music, till I reached Castle Grant, where I spent half a day with Sir James Grant and family.” We may conceive how the heart of the bard would glow, as he passed places familiar to him by name, but which he had never seen before. First came Rothiemurchus, with its “Rant,” which was one of his favourite tunes; lower down Tullochgorm, famous for its Strathspey, and to him still more endeared by Skinner's spirit-stirring song; and, on the other side of the Spey, the woods of Abernethy, one of the haunts of Macpherson, the brave raider, whose death he has immortalised—

“Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, sae dantonly gaed he,
He play'd a tune, and danc'd it roun, aneath the gallows tree.”

But, alas! he does not seem to have been in the vein for song. Only, in his notes he has the significant entry, “*Strathspey, rich and romantic.*”

John Wilson, "Christopher North." visited Strathspey more than once. He was at Tomintoul in 1815, and again in August, 1816. He describes it as a "wild mountain village," and of one of the markets held when he was there he says, "Drinking, dancing, and swearing and quarrelling going on all the time." It was here that he had a fight with the Caird :--

"A stalwart tinkler wight seemed he,
That weel could mend a pot or pan ;
And deftly he could throw the flee,
Or neatly weave the willow wan'."

Wilson crossed, on foot, from Tomintoul by Tomdow to Strathspey, and stayed over the Sunday with friends—the Misses Grant. On the Monday he ascended Cairngorm, in company with Mr Alex. Grant, and it is said he lost the MS. of one of his poems on the hill. This put him in a bad temper, to which he gave vent in a fierce magazine article. Tennant, Campbell, Garnett, and Newt refer to Strathspey in their books. The Honourable Mrs Murray's "Guide to the Beauties of Scotland" describes a visit to Rothiemurchus (1799), and an ascent of Cairngorm, where she seems to have visited "Coire Meararad," which she calls "Margaret's Coffin."

Mr John Ruskin, Professor Shairp, and Professor Blackie visited Strathspey, and have spoken of it in their characteristic way. Ruskin's grand passage on the Rock of Craigellachie is often quoted. There are three kinds of visitors that may be referred to. First, *Missionaries*. Of this class "the Haldanes" may be named. "During five summers, beginning with that of 1797, Mr James Haldane had devoted himself to long and laborious itinerancies for the purpose of preaching the Gospel." In 1802 and 1805 he visited Strathspey. He was then in the prime of manhood, wore a blue coat braided in front, with hair powdered and tied behind, and had a clear and powerful voice, with an earnest and impassioned delivery. At Aviemore he preached in the wood, in the midst of a snow storm. At Gran-

town and other places he held meetings, and made a deep impression on many. Mr Peter Grant, Baptist minister, gives the following account of Captain Haldane's visit to Grantown ("Lives of the Haldanes," p. 344):—"The novelty of a field preacher, especially a gentleman, attracted multitudes. In a short time the whole country was astir. . . . I was young, and had little concern about my soul when Mr Haldane visited this place. All that I remember is having heard and seen himself and John Campbell preach at Grantown on a market day. They took their station a little out of the village, where a Church has been since built. Almost the whole market gathered to hear. At first they thought to drown his voice by laughing and sporting, but in a short time his powerful and commanding voice overcame all uproar, and a solemnity prevailed to the end of his discourse. Some have since acknowledged to me that they received their first impression (of religion) on that occasion. . . . Another circumstance not to be forgotten is that he induced my father-in-law to set up a Sabbath School, especially to teach the people to read the Scriptures in the Gaelic language." This is said to have been the first Sabbath School established in Strathspey.

Of the class of *Sportsmen*, Colonel Thornton—"Sporting Tour in the Highlands of Scotland, 1804"—may be said to have been the pioneer. His preparations were most elaborate. Like Agricola, he invaded the country by sea and land. His stores were brought to Findhorn by a schooner, and from there carried inland; while he himself, taking Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Lomonds in his way, met his stores at Raits, in Badenoch, which he made the centre of his operations. The Colonel was a man of catholic tastes. He shot, he fished, he hawked, he fared sumptuously in his tent with the gentry, and he not only kept a diary, but had an artist to illustrate his work with sketches of the country. Some of his feats in shooting and fishing were most remarkable. He tells us that the Duke of Hamilton, one of the best shots in Scotland, "had had good sport, having

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COLONEL THORNTON'S MONSTER PIKE

killed three brace of birds" in a day's shooting. But he himself got far above this, 20 to 30 brace of grouse often falling to his gun; which, considering that he used a flint-lock gun generally with a single barrel, was very fair shooting. Colonel Thornton was wonderfully successful in fishing. In Loch Lomond, between five and eight in the morning, he killed five salmon, one of them being 42 pounds weight. His most remarkable exploits in Strathspey were in killing pike. In the Spey, near Aviemore, and in the Lochs of Pytoulish, Glenmore, and Alvie, he secured some monsters of extraordinary size. One of these is said by him to have been 5 feet 4 inches in length, and was calculated to weigh 48 lbs.! Colonel Thornton speaks of Mr Stewart, Pytoulish, as accompanying him in some of his expeditions, and a retainer of his, who had been present at the killing of the great pike of Loch Pytoulish, in his old age when working as threshing man at the Dell of Rothiemurchus, used to delight the youngsters by a thrilling account of the adventure. The sportsmen who have since invaded the country are beyond reckoning.

A third class who may be mentioned are visitors who come for health or pleasure. Amongst these we have had many men of distinction. President Grant, of the United States, came to see the land of his fathers. Admiral Hobart Pasha, whose first wife was a daughter of Dr Grant of Kinchirdy, whom he won when he commanded the "Bulldog" in the Mediterranean, in 1847, twice visited Strathspey, and was once (1849) the writer's guest for a week. Dr James Martineau has for several years made his summer home at Polchar, Rothiemurchus, and his friends Jowett, Harrison, and Swinburne visited him there in 1873. The beloved Dr John Brown ("Rab and his Friends") spent a month at Coulnakyle in 1874. Mr Robert D. Holt, of Liverpool, held the Dell Shootings for fifteen years, and during that time Mr Herbert Spencer and other eminent men were guests at the Dell. Mr Spencer was fond of fishing. One season, when he came north, he told Mr Holt that he had been studying the habits of the salmon, and that he had discovered

they, fishers, were all wrong as to their fly-hooks. They should be reversed in form as to the head, and he showed, with some pride, some flies which he had got made in this new shape. Mr Holt smiled, but said nothing. Next day Mr Spencer got the best water, and at luncheon he was asked as to his luck. Alas! he had not had a single rise, while Mr Holt had got two nice fish. No more word was heard of the philosopher's new style of salmon flies. Mr John Bright was also a keen fisher, and used often to visit at Tulchan, in the time of Mr Bass. In 1886 he came to our parish to see his brother-in-law, Mr Duncan Mac-laren, Edinburgh, then staying at Achnagonaln. It was a *red-letter* day on which I met him. I had seen Mr Bright many years before in Sutherland, and had correspondence with him, but this was the first time it had been my privilege to be together with him in private. Mr Mac-laren was very deaf, and the burden of conversation fell upon Mr Bright. He was in high spirits, and talked of many things, but chiefly on Scottish subjects. He had interested himself in behalf of the widow of a Scottish literary man, whose case I had brought before him, and this led to his speaking of the minor Scottish poets. He said he should like to see a book with short biographies and specimens of these poets. I mentioned that something of the kind was being done in a London newspaper that claimed to be the organ of the Democracy. On this he said that the strongest thing he knew in English poetry on Democracy was in Shelley. He thought he could give the passage. He began, but failed at first. Pausing a moment, he began again, and then went on without stop or stumble to the end. It was grand to see the "old man eloquent" declaiming this favourite passage. His eye kindled, his cheek flushed, his voice gained force and richness, he seemed ten years younger than when he started.

"THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY."

37. "Men of England, heirs of glory,
 Heroes of unwritten story,
 Nurslings of one mighty mother,
 Hopes of her and one another!

38. "Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you!
39. "What is freedom? Ye can tell
That which slavery is too well,
For its very name is grown
To an echo of your own.
40. "'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell,
For the tyrants use to dwell.
41. "So that ye for them are made,
Loom and plough and sword and spade,
With or without your own will, bent
To their defence and nourishment.
42. "'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak—
They are dying whilst I speak."

And so on for several stanzas. Mr Bright spoke also very fairly, of the Church Question (Scotland), and his last word, when bidding good-bye, was—"Disestablishment or no, *be tolerant, be tolerant.*"

Queen Victoria passed through the east end of our parish on her return journey from the romantic visit to Grantown in September, 1860. In "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," Her Majesty has the following entry:—"We passed over the *Spey* by the *Bridge of Spey*. It continued provokingly rainy, the mist hanging very low on the hills, which, however, did not seem to be very high, but were pink with heather. . . . The first striking feature in this country is the *Pass of Daldhu*, above which the road winds—a steep corrie with green hills. We stopped at a small inn, with only one house near it. . . . Further on we came to a very steep hill, also to a sort of pass, called *Glen Bruin*, with slate hills

evidently of slate formation. Here we got out and walked down the hill, and over the *Bridge of Bruin*, and partly up another hill, the road winding amazingly after this—up and down hill." Had the day been favourable, Her Majesty might have seen to the east the Haughs of Cromdale, and at the head of the gorge John Roy's cave; and passing along the shoulder of *Sgor-gao-thaidh* she might have obtained a splendid view of the country to the west, with Ben Nevis dimly visible in the far distance. The Bridge of Bruin is the eastern boundary of the parish, and a little beyond there is a dark gorge, with a very fine example of water-worn rocks, where

" Deep, deep down, and far wjthin,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn."



LINN OF INKÉ—BRIDGE OF BROWN.

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CHAPTER L.

THE SITHEAN OF THE DOUBLE OUTLOOK.

AT the entrance to Glenmore, a little south of the Green Loch, there is a conical hill, called "*Sithean dubh-dà-choimhead*," the black Sithan of the two outlooks. The name is descriptive. It appeals to memory and imagination, and brings the scene before us as in a picture. Standing on this height, you can look on the one side to the great glen opening out before you, with its far-stretching fir woods, mixed with birch and juniper, its well-watered glades and sheltered nooks where the deer love to feed, and its grand back-ground of snowy corries and rugged cliffs, and lofty mountains whose tops seem lost in the clouds. On the other side you look as through a cleft in the sky, across the moors to the strath of the Nethy, with its green fields and smiling homesteads, and the many signs of life and civilisation. This is the double outlook, which has charmed many an eye in the course of the ages. Something of the same kind happens now and again in human life. We come to some height, from which, as from a vantage ground, we can look before and after, and ponder the thoughts that arise from the prospect. Solomon tells us how in his time there were some who said, "The former days were better than these." This is a common saying even still, but it is the result more of sentiment than reason.

Macaulay in his famous chapter on the progress of England (Vol. I.) endeavours, with much ingenuity, to account for the belief—"It may at first sight seem strange that Society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our

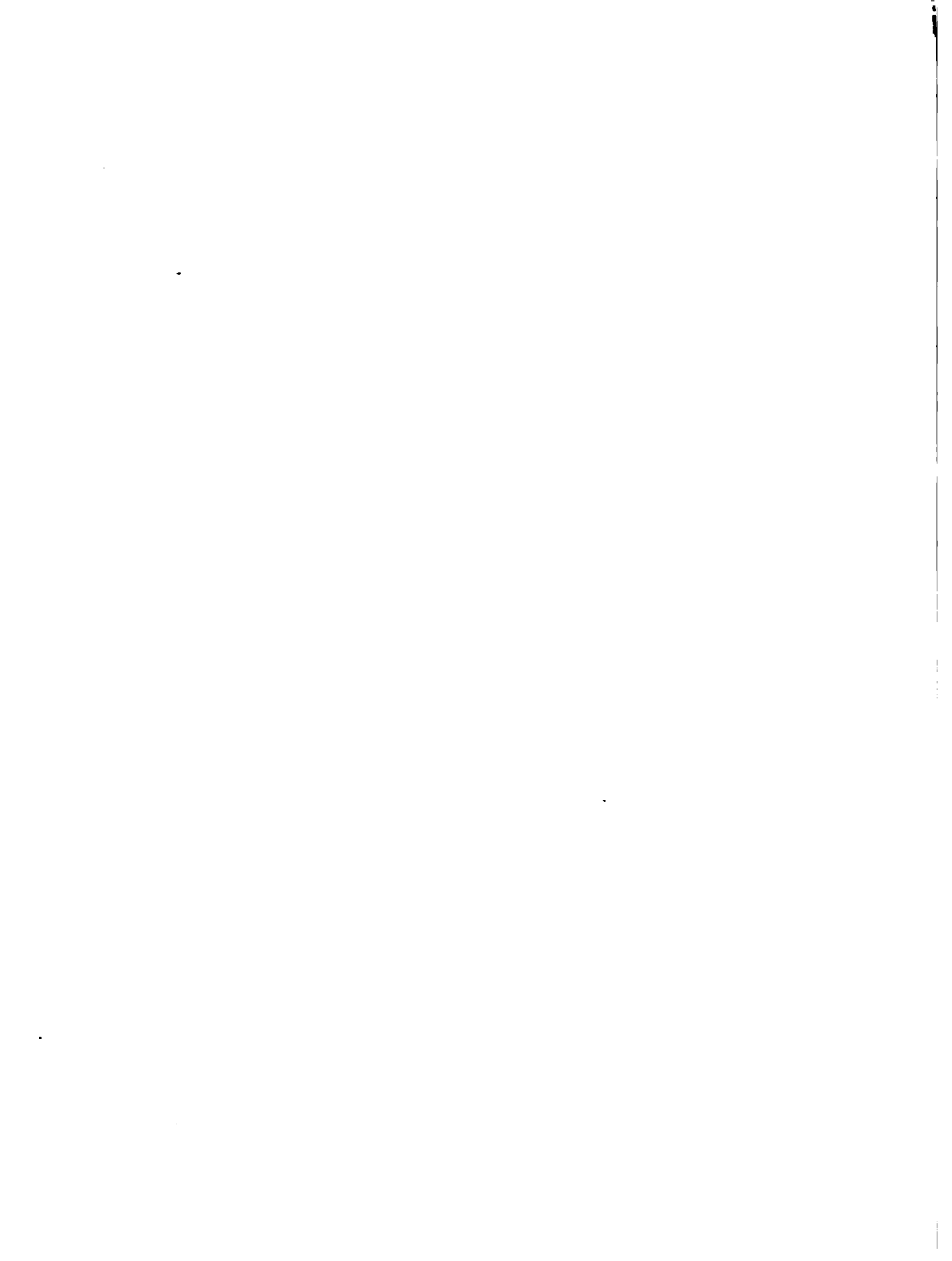
impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to over-rate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to continue to labour, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favourable estimate of the past."

As to ourselves, there should be no delusion or mistake. In what is set forth in this book alone, there is sufficient evidence to enable us to come to a right decision. "The former days were better." But which days? "The days" of *barbarism*, when "wild in woods the noble savage ran?" No. "The days" of the *Caterans*, when rapine and murder were common? No. "The days" of the *Baron Bailies*, when life and liberty were at the mercy of irresponsible power, and deeds were done, as Parson John has told, rivalling the atrocities of Tippoo Sultan? No. "The days" of *ecclesiastical strife*, when the Parish Church was vacant for nineteen years, and, according to Archbishop Spottiswood, "atheism, idolatrie, and every sort of wickedness" prevailed? No. "The days" of last century, when, as Lachlan Shaw records, there was no School (legal) from Keith to Ruthven, and the bulk of the people were still sunk in ignorance and superstition? No. Perhaps if the Elders were asked, they would say, "The days of Mr Martin" were the best, "the Golden Age" of Abernethy. At that time there were several families of good position in our parish, who gave a higher tone to society, and there was much of the spirit of good neighbourhood and brotherly sympathy among the people. At that time there was virtually no "dissent," and the people went up together in unity to worship in God's house. At that time there was a marked

revival of religion, and Sabbath-schools, Bible Societies, and other benevolent agencies were brought into active operation. But granting this, it may still be held that "the present," and not "the former days," are on the whole the best.

There have been losses, but there have also been gains. There have been changes for the worse, but there have been also changes that are greatly for the better. The environment of the people is improved. Houses are better, and home comforts are increased. Education is free, and has been brought within the reach of all. Books and newspapers are common, and facilities for intercourse and travel have been multiplied. The management of the poor, of schools, and of parish business is in the hands of the people. Opportunities for culture and advancement have been gained, while the Bible is still taught in our schools, and the Gospel of Christ is preached in our churches. In these and in other ways there has been decided improvement, and if the people of the present time are not equal to or better than their fathers, it must be their own fault—they cannot rightly throw the blame on circumstances. We cannot go back to the past. Our duty is to make the most of the present. If each of us were to do his part in his own place, living a Christian life in peace and charity—if we were all, old and young, to "stand fast" in truth, and "serve one another in love"—then we might hope that God would bless us more and more, and that our dear parish would be a praise in the land, and the old glory be restored.

"Look not mournfully into the past—
It comes not back again.
Wisely improve the present. It is thine.
Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and
with a manly heart."



NOTES AND APPENDICES.

NOTE 1—P. 42.—Nether-Lochaber wrote, in answer to an enquiry:—"The Leanabh Ileach' is in truth of wide celebrity. I have again and again met with his sayings in every corner of Gaeldom—from the farthest north to the near neighbourhood of Perth, and to the Mull of Kintyre. He was not a Beaton, but a MacPhee, and although all his wise sayings are attributed to him while he was still a 'leanabh' (a child), the tradition is that he lived to a great age. He was a dwarf and slightly deformed, and it is a fact, account for it as we may, that deformed dwarfs are celebrated in the folk-lore of most countries for the point and pungency of their sayings."

NOTE 2—P. 42.—"MEARAD AN DA-SHEALLADH" (MARGARET OF THE TWO SIGHTS).—Margaret, or Meg, was the grandmother of the late Sergeant Rattray, Lynamar. She got the name from the following strange incident:—She was in the service of a gentleman in Badenoch, and had charge of an idiot daughter, who was usually tied up in an attic. One day Meg was baking, and the idiot was beside her. The poor girl begged that she might be set free for a little, and said she would requite Meg for her kindness. Meg got the father's permission. The idiot was delighted, but a few moments after she sank down dead. Meg returned to Tulloch, took ill, and was supposed to have died. Preparations were made for the funeral. The body was placed in the coffin, and, when the time came, the carpenter was nailing down the lid, in the rough way common at that time. Nail after nail was driven in, when suddenly the man stopped in terror, for he had discovered some movement in the coffin. The lid was hastily torn off, and then Meg was seen alive, with her eyes open. One of the nails had pierced her nose, and this had roused her from her swoon. She was asked what she had seen, and she said that she had seen her idiot friend, who had come to her and shaken her, crying out, as if in a frenzy, "Wake, wake, or they'll bury you alive." Meg had two daughters, one of whom married a Rattray. She was a great snuffer, and she used to amuse her grandchildren by letting them put her snuff quill into the hole in her nose, saying they were playing the fiddle.

NOTE 3—P. 64.—Mr Skene, "Celtic Scotland," vol. I., 474, has the following note:—"There is a curious document called Letters-patent, by William

the Lyon, in 1171, recognising the right of Morgund, the son of Gylleclery, to the Earldom of Marr, and that of Moray, first printed by Selden, but its authority is too doubtful to be founded on. See Acts of Parl., vi. 13."



INCISED STONES—LONGASH.

NOTE 1—P. 71.—The traditions as to Lord Lovat's wedding, and also much beside, were obtained from the late Ann Cameron, whose father, William Cameron, Rothiemoon, was called the "Cean-tighe," being the lineal descendant of the Captain of the Camerons, who came to Lochaber with the

Baron of Kincardine's bride, in the sixteenth century. Ann had an extraordinary store of legends and traditions. She was in features a true Cameron, and she had what is regarded as a special sign of pure blood, "the Cameron thumb."



INCISED STONES—CONGASH.

NOTE 5—P. 90.—There are two incised stones in the old Chapel Burying-ground at Congash. There was another chapel, where there are still the remains of graves, on the hill behind Lethnachyle, and there was a third at

Chapelton, in Tulloch, the site of which is still discernible. There are many prehistoric remains in our parish, such as hut circles, cairns, and carraghs. A stone axe was found at the Dell in 1826, when digging a drain, at a depth of four feet, and was presented by Mr Forsyth to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. It is now in the Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. Flints, in the form of chips and arrow-heads, have been found at Clachaig, at the angle where the Dorback joins the Nethy, where they lie on the gravel; and at Craigmorc, where a streamlet runs to the moor of Balnabalach. They appear to have been carried, and deposited under water. Flints have also been found at Fadnaoduin, Lethnachyle, Balintnim, and in other places, where there may have been manufactories in ancient times. Stone axes have been found in two or three places.

NOTE 6—P. 93.—LEPER-WINDOW.—Examples of these low skew windows may be seen in the chancels of many old churches in England. Miss Agnes Lambert, in an article on leprosy, 1884, says that a similar arrangement is to be found in North America, in rude wooden buildings of modern date. She describes one "chapel so arranged that a window, obliquely traversing the wall on each side of the partition which divides the two rooms, enables the patients of either sex to witness the celebration of the mass without meeting."

NOTE 7—P. 112.—Mr John says, in the O.S.A.:—"There are two schools in the parish, and a Catechist from the Royal Bounty. The parochial salary is 200 merks, and a good school-house. The Society's salary in Kinchardine is £9, and one of the best school-houses in the Highlands." The teacher was Mr John Ross, a devout man, who did much good, both in the school and as catechist. He died in 1851.

NOTE 8—FREE EDUCATION.—In a letter from me, inserted in the "Inverness Courier," 2nd December, 1874, it was suggested that a Conference of School Boards should be held to consider the bearing of the new School Act on education in the Highlands. The matter was taken up by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, with characteristic energy, and at his instance a meeting was held at Inverness, on the 21st January, 1875, which was attended by upwards of forty representative members of School Boards. Various important resolutions were adopted, and amongst them were two motions made by me, one claiming more liberal grants for school buildings, etc., and the other recommending that it should be in the discretion of School Boards to give free elementary education to all children between the ages of five and thirteen. In July, 1886, a Conference of Scottish teachers was held at Inverness, at which I read a paper on Free Education, which was afterwards published in the "Poor Law Magazine," August, 1886. When the Report of the Education Committee for 1888 was given in to the General Assembly, I

proposed the following addition to the deliverance:—"That the Committee be instructed to give special consideration to the Local Government Bill for Scotland, presently before the House of Commons, with the view of supporting the proposal of Her Majesty's Government for applying part of the Probate Duties in furtherance of free education, while at the same time guarding the interests of secondary education." The motion was seconded by Dr Jamieson, of Aberdeen, and led to an interesting debate. Ultimately it was agreed to without a division. The General Assembly thus gave their approval to Free Education.

NOTE 9—P. 142.—The late Sir William Fraser gives the following interesting information in a letter, 8th August, 1896:—"The Regality Court Books of Grant, to which you refer, are not at Castle Grant, and this is the history of them: When I was engaged on the Grant Book, I ascertained that the Records of the Regality had been produced in a litigation in the Court of Session, and were discovered by a clerk specially employed to overhaul what are technically called the 'Unextracted Processes of the Court.' This was about forty years ago, and was quite unconnected with my department in the Register House at that time, although it ultimately came to me as Deputy Keeper of Records. The Regality Records of Grant, so found, were transferred to the department known as the Historical Department of the Register House. On one of the visits of the late Earl of Seafield to me there, I specially pointed out to him the Regality Records, and he said that they ought to be at Castle Grant. Had his Lordship lived, his wish might have been carried out, but his lamented death occurring so soon afterwards, no proceedings were taken, and the Regality Records still remain in the Library of the Historical Department, where, I have no doubt, you would be allowed to inspect them, according to the rules established in reference to searching the Public Records connected with proposed publications. Rev. Dr Forsyth."

NOTE 10—P. 197.—INVENTORY OF THE CONTENTS OF THE DECEASED MR JAMES STUART OF ACHGOURISH'S REPOSITORIES (AM FEAR LIATH):—

"At Achgourish, 15th January, 1796. Met here this day Lieut. James Cameron, in Kiarara; Duncan M'Intosh, at Doun of Rothiemurchus; Mr John Stuart, in Pytoulish; and Mr Charles Stuart, in Knock; also James M'Gregor, in Aldnacardoch; Patrick Stuart, at Achgourish; and Margaret M'Gregor, his spouse, to unseal and open the repositories of the deceased Mr James Stuart, of Achgourish, which were accordingly unsealed and examined, in our presence, and in which was found the following Deeds, &c.:—

"1st. Disposition and Settlement of said Deceased Mr James Stuart, dated Achgourish, the 24th day of September 1795.

"2nd. Bill, William Stuart, in Tomdow of Gartenmore, due to the said deceased Mr James Stuart, which Bill is dated the 5th April 1794, and payable at Mart. 1794, containing the sum of Four hundred and seventy merks Scots money.

"3rdly. Mortification Deed for Four hundred merks for the poor of the Barony of Kincairn, dated 28th March 1795.

"4thly. Bond mentioned in the Disposition granted by the late George M'Pherson of Invereshie, which Bond is in the possession of Mr John Stuart, in Pytouliah.

"5thly. Cash found in the Repositories, Ten pounds, three shillings and seven pence Sterling; also two pieces of Spanish silver, one resembling a Dollar, and the other a half-crown piece.

"The Revd. John Grant of Abernethy having come in and examined with us, the foregoing named and designed persons, the said Repositories—All of us here attest that the foregoing Deeds and Cash was all that was found in said Repositories, except some old papers which appeared to us to be useless. It is also attested by us, that the said Deed of Settlement above mentioned, and the Cash also above mentioned, were just now delivered to above mentioned Margaret M'Gregor: also the above Deed of Mortification with the Bill containing four hundred and twenty merks, above narrated, were instantly delivered to the Revd. Mr John Grant of Abernethy—implementing the intention of the said Deed—in testimony whereof we have signed these Presents, place and date foresaid. John Grant; Jam: Cameron; Duncan M'Intosh; John Stuart; Charles Stuart; James M'Gregor; Patrick Stewart; Margaret M'Gregor."

The above document is interesting, as shewing the condition of a Kin-cardine tacksman, and the state of education of his compeers, in the end of last century. The signatures are all in the handwriting of the persons signing.

NOTE 11—P. 202.—Aaron Hill was fond of scribbling on inn windows. He wrote the following on a window of an inn on the first stage north of Berwick:—

"Scotland, thy weather 's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife;
So termagant, awhile her bluster tries,
And when she can no longer scold—she cries."

NOTE 12—P. 221.—The moon was called Macfarlane's Lantern. See note z., "Waverley." The motto of the Hardens was, "Reparabit Cornua Phœbe"—

“O leeze me on her bonny light!
 There's nought sae dear to Harden's sight.
 Troth, gin she shone but ilka night
 Our clan might live right royallie.”

Falstaff says to Prince Henry (1 Henry IV., 1, 2)—“Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.”

NOTE 13—P. 225.—Mr John Smith, factor for Strathspey, has kindly furnished me with the following particulars as to Local Rates paid by Agricultural Tenants and Shooting Tenants (1898-9):—

PARISH OF ABERNETHY—Population, 1350.

Approximate Rental.

Lady Seafield	£6000
House Proprietors	1000
		£7000
No. of Shooting Tenants	3
No. of Agricultural Tenants	133
Average Rent payable by Agricultural Tenants, £20.		
Rents paid by 3 Shooting Tenants, £3420, the Rates on which		
are	£174 11 3
Rents paid by 133 Agricultural Tenants, £2740, less $\frac{1}{4}$ (£1713)		
—£1027, on which the Rates are	52 8 5
		£122 2 10

That is to say, for every shilling of rates paid by an agricultural tenant, a shooting tenant pays 3s 4d.

NOTE 14—P. 262.—“THE GRANT'S RAID TO ELGIN”:

Ye Highland lads, sing loud huzzas,
 'S bidhibh subhach greanar,
 Tha onair mòr 's cliù as ùr,
 Tigh'nn air an teaghlach Ghranntach;
 Craigellachie will shout with glee,
 Gus am freagair enoic 's coiltean,
 O bidhibh ait, a Gaidheal ghasda,
 Gach òigear agus maighdean.

For now a toast we have to boast,
 Fhad's dh'ara's sruth na beauntan,
 Gum beil Miss Grant air àrdachd rang
 'S air "stilig" nis na Bain-Tighearn.
 Oh, who would not drink out this toast,
 Cha'n 'eil iad 'n so air am planntaig,
 Nach deanadh a h-òl do burn an loin
 Air slainnte an òg oigh Ghranntach.

It's well our part to join one heart,
 Gu cliù a chuir an geill dhuibh
 Oir 's e a rùin a thighinn car ùine
 A' thamh measg luchd na féile.
 The lads so clean, with tartans green,
 'S ann asda dh'earbs' i 'n cairdeas,
 O b'e an rùin bhi tarraing dlùth
 'Nuair bhiodh na Goill 'ga sàrach.

When the Chief of Grant abroad did rant,
 Bha feum air gaisgich Ghaidhealach
 Gu dhol air ball am feadh nan Gall
 ('humail ceart na meirlich ;
 With bonnets blue, and hearts so true,
 Rinn iadsan Eilginn sguabadh
 'S na Goill gu dlùth ruith anns gach cùil
 Gun toil, gun surd gu bualadh.

The river Spey will sooner dry,
 'B fhuas Cairngorm a' thionndadh,
 Na iadsan buaidh thoirt air an t-sluagh
 Tha shuas an glac nam beanntann.
 Now, here's adieu, Miss Grant, to you,
 Do dheagh dheoch slàinnte 'sa' Ghàilig.
 'S mu bhios feum air daoine Srathspè,
 Cha thréig iad thu 's cha 'n fhàillig.

And Colonel Grant we'll not forget,
 Tha nis aig onair dùbailt,
 'S lion a n-àird mo ghlain gu bàrr
 'S òlaidh mi dha cùpan ;

Long may he man the Highland Clan
 Le onair 'aighear 's aillteachd,
 Is bidh ainm air luaidh le cliù 's buaidh,
 Air machair 's air Gaidhealtachd.

When times began to take a turn
 'S dar bha sinn air ar sàrach,
 Chuir e gu deas thun 'n-taobh-deas
 A cheannach biadh gu 'r n'àrach ;
 Both corn and meal he did retail
 Do na h-uile bha 'an òiginn,
 'S e is barail leinn gun do chaomhain e roinn
 Bho bàsach air na slèibhtean.

When meal was dear and far from here
 'S an t-airgiod bhi gle ghann duinn,
 'S nach robh siol-cuir an taoibhs' do 'n mhuir
 A rachadh 'chuir 's na beanntan ;
 And when with frost our crop was lost,
 Bha sgreud ro chruidh 'sa Ghàil'ideachd,
 Le cridh' blàth thug e gun dàil
 Bhàn beagan do na mhàl dhuinn.

Who would not then all join as one
 Thoirt cliù dho 'n Choirnal bheusach,
 'S bidh chreag ud shuas 'cur fuaim a nuas
 'S bidh Carngorm ag eisdeachd ;
 The forests round will hear the sound
 S' nì iad fuam bhios fuasach,
 'S thig Ne'ich bhàn na tonnan bàn
 'S i 'g éigheachd ri Spè bhi gluasad.

Let mirth abound and health go round
 Deoch slàinntè do Chaiptein Grannda,
 'S e chuir air luaidh air moch Diluain,
 'S e mach air leathad nam beanntan ;
 By four o'clock he made a smoke,
 'S bha biadh an sin 'san àm sin,
 Bha mac na brach' an sin 'gar baid
 Le aighear 's còd' 's dannsadh.

I don't incline the rest to name,
 Do uaillsibh ghaod Shra-Spè dhuibh,
 Cha 'n urrainn mi an innseadh le brìgh
 Na 'n cliù a chuir an geill dhuibh :
 But they are true, and hardy too,
 Is gaisgich iad an éigiinn ;
 'S iad chumadh ceann ri clann nam beann
 Is Grandach na'm biodh feum orra.

High are their bens and deep their glens,
 Tha slàinte ri fhaighinn annta
 O 's e mo rùin air maduinn ciùin,
 An siubhal air latha samhraidh ;
 They're full of joy, no cares annoy,
 Tha fiadh 's laoigh ann moran,
 'N coileach dubh 's a' chearc gu-gu,
 'S a' mhadainn binn ag orain.

By crystal springs the cuckoo sings
 O 's ait leam bhì ga h-eisdeach,
 'S an smèorach binn do chèol do linn
 A measg nam preas 's nan geugan ;
 By rising sun through every den
 Bidh 'n tunnag fhiadhach 's a h-àl ann ;
 O 's e mo rùin gus an dùin mo shùil
 Bhi seinn air cliù na Gàildeachd.

NOTE 15—P. 263.—THE IRON MILL CROFT.—The beams and framework may still be seen in the bed of the river.

“There seem to have been upright posts in some of the beams, probably to support a platform. The sluices for conveying water to the works appear to have been between these upright posts. The whole timber is perfectly fresh, and the morticed ends of the beams are carefully numbered with the axe. The haugh above (to the right) must have formed a reservoir for supplying the machinery with water.”

“The excavations of the river Nethy, on the Iron-Mill Croft, are extremely interesting to the geologist. We have here the history of the operations of a river for exactly a century. At this time, 100 years ago, the English Company were pounding iron-ore with their ponderous hammers, moved by active machinery, in the bed of the river Nethy. These actors move off the stage, and the river, in some of its floods, soon obliterates all traces of them or of their works, by filling up its bed with rounded masses of stone, mingled

with gravel, and so, by shutting itself out of one channel, compelling its stream to seek another, considerably to the westward. But floods succeed floods; and the quieter portions of each successive inundation spread over the ground, where, by degrees, they deposit a deep and fertile soil, forming a rich haugh land, the surface of which is six or eight feet above the level of the ground the works stood on. The greater part of this beautiful flat is subjected to tillage, whilst the seeds of some neighbouring alder trees find their way into a portion of it, and spring up into a grove. The trees grow till they become tall and majestic; and agricultural labour goes on, till the Iron-Mill is as much forgotten as the face and figure of John Crowley, who worked it; when comes the flood of the 3rd and 4th August last, tears off the shroud that covered it, and brings all back again to light, save the busy human beings who once animated the scene."—Sir T. D. Lauder, p. 202.

NOTE 16.—P. 341.—The following is the inscription on the tombstone of Colonel Carmichael, in the Church-yard of Cromdale:—

"LIEUT.-COLONEL LEWIS CARMICHAEL,
Born at Kinrara, June 26, 1792;
Died at Forres, August 8, 1844.

Entering the Army in 1809 as an Ensign in the 59th Regt. of Foot,
he served his country 34 years with distinguished honour.

At Vittoria, San Sebastian, Nivelle, Nive, and Waterloo he earned the
reputation of a zealous and intrepid officer;

and at the Assault of Bhurtpore, for a feat of extraordinary valour,
he was officially thanked by the General in Command,

Sir Jasper Nicolls.

His efforts in contributing to restore order in Canada during the commotions
in 1838, &c., were duly appreciated and acknowledged by the
Local Government,

and by all the well-affected in that Colony.

As a man he was kind and generous, devoted to the interests of his country,
beloved by his companions-in-arms, and esteemed by all who knew him.

After a short but painful illness, which he bore with Christian submission
to the Divine will,

he died in the hope of a blessed resurrection.

This Monument

his sorrowing Sisters have erected to an affectionate and lamented Brother.
1845."

NOTE 17.—P. 337.—Before the appointment of "The Ministers' Widows' Fund," vacant stipends fell to be administered by the Presbytery of the bounds. In this way a sum of £200, from the parishes of Abernethy, Crom-

dale, and Duthil, was held by the Presbytery of Abernethy (1724). It was for some time placed at interest in the hands of the Cuthberts of Castlehill, Inverness, but that family falling into difficulties, the money was like to be lost. Eventually, through the good offices of the Laird of Grant, the money was recovered, and it was then deposited with the Laird (1737), who paid £10 yearly of interest to the Presbytery. For some years this sum was given in aid of the salary of the master of the Strathspey Academy, first established at Cromdale, and afterwards at Grantown. When the new Education Act came into operation, the Presbytery claimed the £200 from Lord Seafield, but, after some correspondence, an agreement was made by which the Presbytery relinquished their claim, on condition of Lord Seafield giving over free the buildings and site of Grantown Grammar School to the School Board of Cromdale. By this agreement the parish of Cromdale benefited exclusively, which was not fair to the parishes of Abernethy and Duthil, from which undoubtedly the larger part, if not the whole, of the money had been originally obtained. By the arrangement for the transference of the Female School to the School Board of Cromdale these parishes were again the losers, as no proper compensation was made to them for the rights and privileges which they had possessed.

APPENDIX I.

GAELIC AND ENGLISH SONGS.

I. THE HIGHLAND MAIDEN'S LAMENT FOR HER LOVER, 1637.

Rìgh ! gur mòr mo chuid uhlaid,
 Gar am fuiling sibh dhomb a luaidh,
 'S mi bhi 'g iarraidh nan caochain
 Mu na daoine a dh' fhalbh uainu.
 Do Phadruig 's do Ian, dh' fhag sud snigh' air mo ghruaidh,
 Ach is truagh a Rìgh! nach do thill sibh,
 An Gleann Sith na'm Braigh Mharr,
 Mun deach sibh Dhuneidinn a lorig ar n' airm.
 Ort cha ghabh an droch la,
 Cuir na cathadh, na sian chruaidh,
 Is tric a shiubhail thu monadh' Atholl

Ri latha ceothaich, gun ghruaim.
 Is tric bheum do lamh teinne
 Aig ceann Loch Earraicht ud shuas.
 Leis a ghunna nach diultadh,
 Is leis an fhudar chaol chruaidh.
 Is tu sealgair Coire Chaorach,
 'S Coire Laogh nan damh donn
 A's ann an Eidhlig a Chuillionn,
 'S tric a dh' fhuilich do lann.
 'S tric rinn do lamh sithionn,
 Os ceann ruigh an Allt bhan,
 'S bhiodh bus dearg air do chuilean,
 A tighinn bho uilinn nan allt.
 Ach deanar cumha c'a sgith mi—
 Deanar cumha cha sgith mi—
 Gus an dean sibh dhomh leabaidh
 Far nach bog leam, 's nach cruaidh.

II. TULLOCH TRAGEDY.

'O THULAICHEAN gu Bealaichean,
 'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Tulaichean;
 'S mur faigh sinn leann 's na Tulaichean,
 Gu 'n òll sinn uisgè Bhealaichean.

Bu Ghrigarach do rircamh,
 O Ruadh shruth ann Gleannliomhunn,
 A rinn an ceol tha riomhach;
 Ris an canar leinn na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

B' ann an Tigh na Sraidè,
 A thug iad ionnsuidh bàis air,
 'S mur bitheadh è ro ladair,
 Bha ochdnar nàmh ro mhurrach air.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ach labhair Iain-Dubh-Gearr riubh,
 Bha mise ann 's a cheardaich,
 'S cha chrom mi sios mo cheann duibh,
 Ge d' thionndadh sibh uile rium.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

'N sin bhuail iad uil' air còladh,
 'S ge d' bha Iain Dubh na ònar,
 Cha b-ann d' am buannachd toiseach,
 Bha fuil mu' shroin na h-uilè fir.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

'S 'n uair thaisg e suas a gheur-lann,
 'S a dh' ioc e mheud 's a dh' eigh è,
 Thug e 'n sin Sra Spé air,
 'S bha té ann a chuir furan air.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Chuir iad cuideachd ladair,
 An deigh Iain Duibh Mhic Phadric,
 'S 'n uair shaoil leo è bhi 'n sàs ac',
 'S e bàs bh' air a chumadh dhoibh.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Oir thainig fios an uaigneas,
 Do 'n t-shabhal, 's è na shuain ann,
 "Tog ort, Iain Duibh, 's bidh gluasad,
 'S tàr as cho luath 's a 's urra dhuit."
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

'S e thuir a leannan ciatach,
 "A ghaoil, cuir ort! 's bidh treunmhor,
 Is dhuit bithidh mise feumail,
 Oir eiridh mi gu 'd chuideachadh."
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

"Thoir uidheam dhomh gu surdail,
 Is lionaidh mi gu dlùth dhuit;
 'N sin cumsa, ghraidh, do chùl rium,
 'S do shùil air na h-uilè fear."
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Sheall e cia lion bh' ann diubh,
 Mu 'n rachadh e gu 'n ionnsuidh;
 Bha dà fhear dheug, a's ceannard,
 Co teann air 's a b' urra iad.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Chum e riu a bhòtach,
 'S bha Iseabal 'g a chònadh,
 Cha do thàr iad gus an eolas,
 'S ann leon e gu h-ullamh iad.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ghearr e leum gu h-èatrom,
 Gu 'n ionnsuidh, agus fraoch air,
 Cha d' fhag e ceann air h-aon diu,
 Thoirt sgeul air an turas ud.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Mo bheannachd air an t-shealgair,
 Annad chuirinn earbsa,
 'S tu rinn an gnìomh neo-chearbach;
 'S tu dhearbhadh a bhi urramach.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Thuir Inis Dubh, 's e tionndadh,
 " 'O n' rinn mi 'n gnìomh bha shannt orm,
 Ghaoil, grad thoir deoch do 'n leann domh,
 'S gu 'n danas' mi na Tulaichean."
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Gach breitheamh fad na tirè,
 Mu labhras iad an fhirinn,
 Do 'n thig do cheol a filean,
 Dhiubh 's e 'n rìgh na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Tha Tulach-gorm is Seann-triubhas,
 Ro ainmail ann 's an am so,
 Is ge do tha, cha samh' iad,
 Do m' annsachd, na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ge math a Chutach-chaol-dubh,
 'S gach ceol ata ri fhaotain,
 Cha d-thig iad mar fhad glaidhe,
 Do m' ghaolsa, na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

B' e 'n t-aidhear is an t-aoibhneas,
 'N àm cruinneachadh ri cheile,
 'Nuair chluinneamaid na teudan,
 Ga 'n gleusadh do na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Air fèillibh, no aig bàinnsibh,
 'N uair theid an deoch nan ceannsa,
 Gu 'n eirich fonn air seann daoine',
 A dhannasadh nan Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Na 'm bithinn mar bu ghluath leam,
 'S Mac Ailpàin a bhi laimh rium,
 Bu bhinn leam bhi ga èisdeachd,
 'N uair thàreadh air na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ge d' tha mi leth cheud bliadhna,
 'S mo chiabhagan air liathadh,
 Cha tugainn fein mo bhriathran,
 Nach iarraim na Tulaichean.

'O Thulaichean gu Bealaichean,
 'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Tulaichean;
 'S mur faigh sinn leann 's na Tulaichean,
 Gu 'n òl sinn uisge Bhealaichean.

III. JOHN ROY STEWART'S SONGS.

LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O! GUR mòr mo chuis mhulaid,
 'S mi ri caoine na guin a ta 'm thir,
 A rìgh! bi laidir 's tu 's urrainn,
 Ar naimhdean a chumail fo chis
 Oirne 's laidir diuc Uilleam,
 'N rag mheirleach tha guin aige dhuinn;
 B' e sud salchar nan steallag,
 Tigh'n an uachdar air chruineachd an fhuinn.

Mo chreach Tearlach Ruadh, boidheach,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig rìgh Deòrsa nam biasd ;
 B' e sud diteadh na còrach,
 An fhirinn 'sa beul foipe sìos ;
 Ach a rìgh mas a deoin leat,
 Cuir an rìoghachd air seol a chaidh dhinn,
 Cuir rìgh dligheach na còrach,
 Bì linn na tha beo os ar cinn.

Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaoileadh 's air sgapadh 's gach àit,
 Aig fìor bhalgairan Shasuinn,
 Nach no ghnathaich bonn ceartais na 'n dail ;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad baiteal,
 Cha b' ann da 'n cruadal na 'n tapadh a bha,
 Ach gaodh n-iar agus frasan,
 Thigh 'n a nìos oirnn bhar machair nan Gall.

'S truagh nach robh sinn an Sasunn,
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaidh sa bha,
 'S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dìchioll ri seasamh n'a b' fhearr ;
 Ach 's droch dhraoidheachd a's drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne mu 'n deachas na 'n dail,
 Air na frithean eolach do sgap sinn,
 'S bu mhi-chomhail gu'n d' fhairtlich iad oirnn.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghlè-gheal,
 Tha na 'n laigh' air na sleibhtean ud thall,
 Gun chiste gun leintean,
 Ga 'n adhlaicheadh fhein anns na tuill ;
 Chuid tha beo dhiu 'n deigh sgaoileadh,
 'S iad ga fògar le gaothan thar tuinn ;
 Fhuair a Chuigs' a toil fein dinn,
 'S cha chan iad ach " réubaltaich " ruinn.

Fhuair na Gaill sinn fo 'n casan,
 'S mor a nàire 'sa masladh sid leinn,
 'N deigh ar dùthcha 's ar 'n àite,
 A spùilleadh 's gun bhlathe againn ann ;

Caisteal Dhuinidh 'n deigh a losgadh,
 'S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun mhiagh;
 Gu 'm b' e 'n caochala' goirt e,
 Gu 'n do chaill sinn gach sochair a b' fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m' shùilean,
 Gu 'm faicinn gach cùis mar a tha,
 Mur spùtadh nam faoilleach,
 'N am nan luidhean a sgaoileadh air blàr;
 Thug a chuibhle car tionndaidh,
 'S tha ioma fear aim-cheart an càs;
 A Rìgh seall le do chaoimhneas,
 Air na fir th' aig na naimhdean an sàs.

'S mo mòr eucoir 'n luchd orduigh,
 An fhuil ud a dhortadh le foill;
 Mo sheachd mallachd aig Deorsa,
 Fhuair e 'n lath' ud air ordugh dha fhein;
 Bha 'n da chuid air a mheoirean,
 Moran giogan gun trocair le foill;
 Mheall e sinne le chòmra',
 'S gu 'n robh ar barail ro mhor air r'a linn.

Ach fhad 'sa 's beo sinn r'ar latha,
 Bi'dh sinn caoidh na ceathairn chaidh dhinn,
 Na fir threubhach bha sgairteil,
 Dheanadh teugbhail le claidheamh 's le sgiath;
 Mur biodh siantan n' ar n' aghaidh,
 Bha sinn shios air ar n' aghairt gu dian,
 'S bhiodh luchd Beurla na 'n laidhe,
 Ton-air-cheann, b' e sid m' aighear 's mo mhiann.

Och nan och! 's mi fo sprochd,
 'S mi 'n dràsda ri osnaich leam fein
 'G amharc feachd an dù-Rosaich,
 'G ithe féur agus cruineachd an fhuinn;
 Rothaich iargalt a's Cataich,
 Tigh'n a nall le luchd chasag a's lann,
 Iad mar mhiol-choin air acras,
 Siubhal crìochan, charn, chlach, agus bheann.

Mo chreach! tìr air an tainig,
 Rinn sibh nis clar reidh dh' i cho lom,
 Gun choirce gun ghnàisich,
 Gun siol taght' ann am fàsach na 'm fonn,
 Prìs na circ air an spàrdan,
 Gu ruige na spàinean thoirt uainn,
 Ach sgrios na craoibhe f'a blà dhiubh,
 Air a crionadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo 'na choille,
 'S eigin beanntan a's gleannain thoirt oirnn,
 Sinn gun sùgradh gun mhacnus,
 Gun eibhneas, gun aitneas, gun cheòl,
 Air bheag bidhe no teine,
 Air na stùcan an laidheadh an ceò,
 Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,
 Ag eisdeachd ri deireas gach lè.

ORAN EILE.

O! gur mis' th' air mo chràdh,
 Thuit mo chridhe gu làr,
 'S tric snighe gu m' shàil o m' leirsinn.
 O! gur mis', &c.

Dh' fhalbh mo chlaistinneachd bhuam,
 Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,
 Gu mall na gu luath ni 's éibhinn.
 Dh' fhalbh mo, &c.

Mu Phrionns' Thearlach mo rùin,
 Oighre dligheach a chruin,
 'S e gun fhios ciod an taobh a theid e.
 Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,
 Bhi 'ga diobairt 's an uair,
 'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag éiridh.
 Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,
 Ga 'n ro mhath chinnich an t-àl,
 Chuir iad sinn' ann an càs na h-éigin.
 Siol nan cuilean, &c.

IN THE SHADOW OF CAIRNGORM.

Ged a bhuannaich sibh bliar,
 Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,
 Ach gun ar shluaghan bhi 'n dàil a chéile.
 Ged a bhuannaich, &c.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuainn,
 Dheth gach finne mu thuath,
 'S bu mhiosd sinn' e ri uair ar féuma.
 Bha iad iomadaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sròil,
 Bu ro mhath chuireadh an lò,
 Gun duine dhiubh chòir a chéile.
 Coig brataichean, &c.

Iarla Chromba le shlòigh,
 Agus Bàrasdal òg,
 'S Mac-'Ic-Ailein le sheoid nach geilleadh.
 Iarla Chromba, &c.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
 Buidheann ghiobach nan lann
 'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
 Clann-Ghriogair, &c.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
 Iad-san uile bhi bhuainn,
 Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh.
 Clann-Mhuirich, &c.

A Chlann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil,
 'Ga 'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,
 Mo chreach uile! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh.
 A Chlann-Domhnuill, &c.

An fhuil uaibhreach gun mheang.
 Bha buan, cruadalach, ann,
 Ged chaidh ur bualadh an am na téughbail.
 An fhuil uaibhreach, &c.

Dream eile mo chreach,
 Fluair an laimhseacha' goirt,
 Ga 'n ceann am Frisealach gasda, treubhach.
 Dream eile, &c.

Clann-Fhiunnlaidh Bhraigh-Mharr,
 Buidheann ceannsgalach, ard,
 'Nuair a ghluaidhte "*aubhans*" 's iad dh' eireadh.
 Clann-Fhiunnlaidh, &c.

Mo chreach uile 's mo bhron,
 Na fir ghasd' tha fo leòn,
 Clann-Chatain nan srol bhi dhéis-laimh.
 Mo chreach uile, &c.

Chaill sinn Dòmhnall donn, suaire,
 O Dhùn Chromba so shuas,
 Mar ri Alasdair ruadh na feile.
 Chaill sinn Dòmhnall, &c.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an àigh,
 'S cha bu ghealtair e 'm blàr
 Fear sgathadh nan cnamh 's nam feithean.
 Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd;
 Bu mhath aluinn an dreach,
 Cha bu phàigheadh leinn mairt na 'n éirig.
 'S ann thuit, &c.

Air thus an latha dol sìos,
 Bha gaoth a cathadh nan sian,
 As an adhar bha trian'ar leiridh.
 Air thus an latha, &c.

Dh' fhàs an talamh cho trom,
 Gach fraoch, fearann a's fonn,
 'S nach bu chothrom dhuinn lom an t-sleibhe.
 Dh' fhàs an talamh, &c.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
 Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ceann,
 Mhill sid eireachdas lann 's bu bheud e.
 Lasair theine, &c.

Mas fìor an dàna g'a cheann,
 Gu 'n robh Achan 'sa chàmp,
 Dearg mheirleach nan raud 's nam breugan.
 Mas fìor an dàana. &c.

'S e sin an Seanalair mo
 Gràin a's mallachd an t-sloigh,
 Reic e onoir 'sa chòir air eucoir.
 'S e sin an, &c.

Thionndaidh choileir 'sa chleòc,
 Air son an sporain bu mhò,
 Rinn sud dolaidh do sheoid rìgh Seumas.
 Thionndaidh, &c.

Ach thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n cuairt,
 Car bho dheas na bho thuath,
 'S gheibh ar 'n eas-caraid duais na h-eucoir.
 Ach thig cuibhle, &c.

'S gu 'm bi Uilleam Mac Dheòrs',
 Mur chraoibh gun duilleach fo leòn,
 Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoirean géige.
 'S gu 'm bi Uilleam, &c.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
 Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhac,
 Gun fhuaim clàrsaich, gun lasair chéire.
 Gu ma lom, &c.

Gun sòlas, sonas, no seannas,
 Ach dòlas dona mu d' cheann,
 Mur bh' air ginealach Chlann na h-Eiphit.
 Gun sòlas, sonas, &c.

A's chi sinn fhathasd do cheann,
 Dol gun athadh ri crann,
 'S eoin an adhair gu teann ga réubadh.
 A's chi sinn, &c.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheòidh,
 Araon sean agus òg,
 Fo 'n rìgh dhligheach 'ga 'n coir duinn géilleadh.
 'S bidh sinn, &c.

URNAIGH IAIN RU AidH.

AIG taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgith,
 Tha 'n Chriosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh,
 Na cheatharnach fhathasd gun sith,
 Sa chas air tuisleadh sa 'n tìm gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhnich na Cataich a'm dhàil,
 Mu 'n slanaich mo lùigheannan truagh,
 Ged thig iad cho tric a's is àill,
 Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh rinn 'eadar do Phàl,
 'S a lùighean air fàs leum bruaich,
 Seachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pàp,
 Ga chuir ris na phlàsd mu 'n cuairt.

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gràs,
 'S urrainn creideach dheanadh slan ri uair;
 Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun dail,
 Gu'n toir sinn air ar naimhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fìor,
 Tha 'n dràs anns gach tòir mu 'n cuairt,
 Gach fear gleusda bha feumail do 'n rìgh,
 Bhi ga 'n ruith feadh gach frith air an ruaig.

Bodaich dhona gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
 Ach gionach gu ni air son duais,
 Gabhail fàth oirnn 's gach àit ann sa'm bì—
 Cuir a chuibhle so' 'Chriosda mu 'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i deiseal an dràs,
 'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras buai',
 Tha 'm earbs' as an targanachd bha,
 Gu 'n tig armailt ni stà dhuinn thar chuan.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gràs,
 Mur Mhaois 'nuair a thraigh a mhuir ruadh,
 'S gu'm bidh Deòrsa le 'dhrealainibh bàit,
 Mur bha 'n t-amadan Pharaoh 's a shluagh.

'Nuair bha Israel sgith 'san staid ghràis,
 Rinneadh Saul an là sin an rìgh.
 Thug e sgiùrsadh le mìosguinn a's plàigh,
 Orra fein, air an àl 's air an nì.

Is amhuil bha Breatuinn fo bhròn,
 O 'na thréig iad a chòir 's an rìgh;
 Ghabh flaitheas rinn corruich ro-mhor,
 Crom-an-donaia! chaidh 'n seòrsa 'n diasg.

ARìgh shocraich Muire nan gràs,
 Crom riumsa le baigh do ehluas;
 'S mi 'g umhladh le m' ghlùn air an làr,
 Gabh achanaich araid bhnam.

Cha'n 'eil sinn a sireadh ach còir,
 Thug Cuigs agus Dheòrsa bhuainn;
 'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's treoir,
 A's cum sinn bho fhoirneart sluaigh! AMEN.

CUMHA DO BHIAINTIGHEARNA MHIC-AN-TOISICH.

CRA iad na dée 's na Duilean tréun,
 Theid leamsa sa'n sgeul' bhroin?
 Tha ghealach fòs, 's na reultan glan,
 'S a ghrian fo smal gach lò,
 Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
 Dha 'm beil na'm broinn an dedò,
 Gach luibh, gach feur, gach nì 's gach spreidh,
 Mu'n tì rinn boisge mòr.

MAR choinneal chéir, 's i lasadh treun,
 Mar earr na grein ro nòin,
 Bha reul na mais, fo shiontaibh deas,
 A nis thug fras an mòr,
 Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuinn:
 'S le mulad dhruigh na neoil,
 'S e lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-aighe tinn,
 'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le dedìr.

Mu'n ribhinn àilt nan ioma gràs,
 A choisinn gràdh an t-slàigh,
 Mo bheud gu bràth do sgeula bais,
 An taobh ud thall de'n Gheòp,

Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuil dait,
 'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ròs,
 'S e do chuir fo lic a chlaoidh mo neart,
 'S a dh' fhag mi 'm feasd gun treòir.

Do chorp geal, seang, mar lili bàn,
 'Se 'n deis' a charadh 'n sròil,
 A nis a ta gach neach fo chràdh,
 'S tu 'n ciste chlàr nam bòrd,
 A gheug nam buadh is aillidh sruadh,
 Gur mis tha truagh 's nach beò,
 Do chuimhn' air chruas, ri linn nan sluagh,
 Gur cinnte' dh' fhuasglas deòir.

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nan each seang,
 'S nam bratach srannmhor sròil,
 Gun aobhar gàirdeachais ach cràdh,
 Mu ghràdh 's nach eil i beò,
 A ribhinn shuaire a b' aillidh sruadh,
 O Chaisteal Uaimh nan còrn,
 An gallan réidh o cheannard treun,
 An t-sloinne Mheinnich mhòir.

ORAN DO MHC AILPUN AN DUN, A BHA THAMH AIG AN AM ANN AN
 TULLOCHGRU.

GREAS a ghiulla 's bi gluasad air an uair 's na dean fuireach
 Thoir soiridh 'n Fhir Ruaidh, dh' ionnsuidh Uachdran na Tulaich,
 Agus innis do 'm Thighearna gum bheil mi feitheamh air cumanta
 Anns gach cas 'm bi feum air, ma theid e na mhonaidh.

'N aile chunnaic mi 'uair thu, 's cha b' fhuathach leat gunna
 Agus mudan air uachdar, dhol a chuairteachadh monaidh.
 'S nuair a dheanadh thu stradadh air an leacain bu luimne,
 Bhiodh fuil air damh cabrach, "nuair a leagadh thu t-uilinn.

Fhuair thu urram nan crìochan-s' air son iasgar, 's sealgair,
 'S mu fhuair, gur tu b' fhiach e air son do ghniomh anns an àm ud,
 Bu leat tachdair na h-amhainn, 's cach 'nan luidh ga dearmad
 'S cha bhiodh miann air na mnathan o'n 's tu b' aithne a mharbhadh.

Calpa cruinn ann an osan shiubhladh faiche agus garbhlach,
 B' e do mhiann anns an fhrith paidhir mhiol-chonna dearbta,
 'S nuair a dheanadh thu fuasgladh air a chruachan san anamoch,
 'S fada chluinnte do langan gan cuir nan deannal air falbh uat.

'S nuair a dheanadh thu leagadh ri luchd-na-seich dearga,
 Bi thu fhein le do Spainteach ag iarraidh fath orr 's 'gan leanmhuinn,
 'S mu se 's gun deann iad ort crasgadh leis na madaidh gan fhearr-ruidh,
 Caogaidh thusa 'n t-suil mhaisench, 's air meud an astair, bi sealg leat.

IV. WILLIAM SMITH'S SONGS.

BURAG NA LAIRIG.

Rìgh gur mòr mo chuid churam,
 'S mi bhi 'm bùrag na Lairig
 Tha 'n t-uisge orm ar drughadh,
 'S mi fo stuchdan nan ardbheann.
 Tha 'n t-uisge, &c.

Gu bheil mùdan math craicinn
 Air Nic Ailpein ri fhasgadh,
 Gu bheil, &c.

Gheibh mo bhrathair Nic Ailpein,
 Na 'm 'acllais 's mi cailte.
 Gheibh, &c.

Mar ri sud 's mo bhiodag
 Laidir, liosarna, bharachaoil,
 Mar ri sud, &c.

Cha dirich mi brughach,
 'S cha shiubhal mi carr,
 Cha dirich, &c.

'S cha mharbh mi fiadh tuille
 Ann an Coire, na Garbhlach.
 'S cha mharbh, &c.

MARBHRAUN DO DHITHIS SHEALGAIREAN AIN'IAL BHA FUIRACH ANN 'N
RUIDHNAVIDH.

AN diugh 's mòr mo chuis iargainn,
'S mi bhì cuimhneach nar fialachd,
Thug nar mulad da thrian de mo threoir dhiom.

Do na mhonadh cha teid mi,
Bho nach fhaic mi sibh fhein ann,
Cha dean e ach deuchainn, 's bròn domh.

Cha teid mi Choire Ruaridh
Bho nach tig iad ga 'm ghluasad,
Na fir churant bhiodh a ruaig nan damh crocach.

Bho nach faic mi a tighinn
Luchd a thogail mo chridhe,
Dheanadh lamhach air sithionn na mòr bheann.

'S beag an iognadh mi liathadh
Gu bheil mulad ro chianail
Bho chionn da fhichead bliadhna 's cor orm.

Bho 'n chaidh U'illeam a null bh' uainn
Air chuan nan tonn du-ghorm,
Dh-fhag sud acain gam chiuireadh an comhnuidh.

Bho nach d' thainig thu dhachaidh
Thabhairt sgeul mar a b' ait luinn,
'S thabhairt ruaig air fir-chabraich na mòr-bheann.

'S n'am dhuit dìreadh nan stucan,
'S gunna glensda air do ghualinn,
Gu'm biodh pudhar air ùdlaich na croice.

Bhiodh do luaidh air an giulan
Le Nic Ailpein 'ga stiuradh,
'S fuil an cridhe na spùd air a mhòinteach.

'S nuair a chruinnicheadh Sir Seumas
A chuid ghaisgeach ri cheile,
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram air threunaid 's air bhoichead.

Suil ghorm mar an dearcag,
 Gruaidh dhearg mar an Corcair,
 Beul is binne, 's blasd bho 'n tig orain.

'S mor mo mhulad 's m' euslan,
 Bho 'n a dhealaich thu fhein ruim,
 'S bho'n a thaig iad an céis nam bord thu.

'S tha mo mhulad fas dubailt
 Bho'n chaidh Luthais a dhùnadh
 Ann an ciad fo'n uir 's gun deo ann.

Na shineadh 'sa chlachan
 Far nach dean mi chaoidh fhaicinn,
 D' fhag sud mi cuslanach brònach.

'Sa liuthad oidhch' agus maduinn,
 'Sinn gun sgios, us gun airneal,
 Ann am frith nan damh bras bha sinn comhla.

An Ceanna na Bruaich, is Coir' Ruaridh,
 Agus Dubh Ghleannan gruamach,
 Far am fuighte fear ruadh a chinn chrocaich.

'S n'àm dìreadh na Laraig
 Cha'n fhacas riamh barr ort,
 Dol a shealg a ghleann Aithfhionn nam mòr-bheann.

'S beir an t-soraidh so uamsa
 Gu bun Meall-a-Bhuachaill,
 Dh' fhios nan treun ghaisgich chruaidh thun a chomhnuidh.

Sliochd nan conspullaich gleusda,
 Mu'n do dh' aithris mi sgeula
 Gur ait 's gur eibhinn leam beo iad.

'S mòr m' aiteas bhi luaidh air
 Sibh thoirt dachaidh an dualchuis,
 Cha phrabairean truagh na seoid ud.

Ge b' e thairneadh nar feasaig,
 Agus fearg oirbh eiridh,
 Cha 'n fhulair dha leigh bhi ga chomhnadh.

Luchd dhireadh na sleibhtean
 Le 'n cuilbheira gleusda
 Nach mearachdaich leuda na h-òirleach.

'N àm dhuibh crasga nam fuar-bheann,
 'S thighinn dluth do 'n a ghreigh uallach,
 Gu 'm bicdh fuil an fhir ruaigh air a dortadh.

'Nuair a theannadh sibh dluth air,
 'Sa chaoga sibh an t-suil ris,
 Gam bu ghoirid an ùine bhiodh beo aig.

'Nuair thairneadh sibh an rudan
 'S a loisgeadh am fudair,
 Bhiodh an anail a bruchdadh mar cheo as.

ORAN SEILGE MHIC AILPEIN AN DUIN.

FHUAIR mi naidheachd an dé, bho shealgair an fheidh,
 Chuir clach eadar mi féin 's mo bhròg,
 'S mi bhi 'n Garbh-choire Dhe, ann an aros an fheidh,
 Far an cuireamaid feum air lòn.
 'S mi an Garbh-choire, &c.

Troimh sneachda nan speur, seal mu 'n eireadh a ghrein
 Air mo bhreachdan ga fheileadh orm.
 Troimh sneachda, &c.

'Nuair theid Mac Ailpein do'n ghleann, 's nighean 'n Tuairnear na laimh,
 Bith fuil air damh seang na croice.
 Nuair, &c.

Dar shiubhlas Mac Caidh, le bhrod chu mòr bàn,
 Agus crith air a bhraing 's e falbh.
 Dar shiubhlas, &c.

Gu 'm bheil mulad orm féin, nach d' rinn sinn bonn feum,
 Chualas langan an fheidh 'sa cheo.
 Gu'm bheil, &c.

'Nuair thig Mac Ailpein bho'n a bheinn, 's na shuidh 'san tigh *h-einse*,
 Aig a ghillean bhiodh pighinn ri òl.
 'Nuair, &c.

'Nuair a thigeadh thu an Dùn, far an suidheadh a chuir,
Chluinnear sunnd na do rùm air ceol.

'Nuair, &c.

Bhiodh do chupachan làn, cuir suas deochan slainte,
Fion dubh-fhilt bho 'n Spaint gan òl.

Bhiodh, &c.

LOVE SONG.

Thug mi greis 'm oige an Arm Rìgh Deorsa,
A mach as m' eolas am measg nan Du-Ghall;
Ach tha mi nis air toirt ri goraiche,
A siubhail moiteach 's dìreadh Stùc-bheann.

LWINNEAG.

Och! mar tha mi 's mi siubhail fàsaich,
Us damh na craic air cur a chùl rium:
Nach bochd mo chàramh 's mi nochd gun fhàrdaich,
'Us ged rach mi do 'n Àiridh cha neil mo rùn ann.

'S moch an diugh rin mi eiridh,
Ach 's moiche dh-fheumainn mar bithinn ciùrrta,
Se mac na h-eilde le langan eibhinn,
'G-iarraidh cheile rinn mo dhùsgadh.

Tha mo chaileag 'dol a phosadh,
Fear gun eolas le moran cùinne,
Se dh-fag mi deurach thu 'bhi ga d' eigheachd,
Le lagh na cleire gu ceile ùmaidh.

Nach cuimar comhnard mo chruinneag bhoidheach
A dol an ordugh gu stol a phùsidh,
Se toil a càirdean 'rinn i an dràsta,
Na 'n robh mi laimh ri cha d-rinn i 'n cumhnant.

Ma 'se lughad m' fheudail thug ort mo threigsinn,
'S gun do ghabh thu breunan, 's gum bi do rùn air,
Bi mis' am aonar a gabhail orain,
Gu cridheal ceolmhor gun bhàròn 's gun smuaircan.

Ach 's truagh rach robh mi 's mo leannan dualach,
'Sa bhadan uaine an 'sa 'n goir an smùdan,
'Sa 'n doire luacharach 'sa 'm biodh an ruadh-bhoc,
'S am fraoch mu'n cuairt dhuinn na dhuala du-ghorm.

BEITIDH DHONN BHOIDHEACH.

“ Mo Bheitidh dhonn bhoidheach 's tu 's boidheche sa'n tìr,
 Anns a chlachan Di-domhnuich t-'fhalt 'n ordudh an cìr,
 Nuair shuidheas tu mu'm choinneamh, 's 'nàm cromadh do chinn,
 Cha bhiodh cuimhne air a “ Pharson ” le do rosg-shuilean mìn.

LUNNEAG.

Bhean-an-tìghe na biodh sproic ort, thoir am botul a nuas,
 Uisge-beatha math fearail 's na biodh earail ri luaidh,
 Deoch-slaime mo chaileag is math leam mu 'n cuairt,
 'Us gu'n olainn i thairis, làn barrach na cuaich.

Ach tha mìs air mo chùaradh, le sgeul 'chuala mi an dé,
 Fear eile bhìdh ga d' bhuaireadh le buaile do spreidh;
 'Se 's fearr le do chairdibh 's cha n'e is tàire leat fein,
 'Us gar 'bu ghil' e nan rocas gheibh fear stòrasach speis.

Ach ged tha thu 'g am fhagail, o'n tha mi gun spreidh,
 'Us gur e lùigean is fearr leat 'charamh ort bréid,
 Bitheas es' na shuain air a chluasag gun fheum,
 Agus mise gu h-uallach dol mun cuairt do na feidh.

“ O ghaoil na toir cluais do 'n sgeula 'chuala tu an dé,
 Cha toir mi dhuit fuath, air son buaile de spreidh;
 Threiginn 'm athair 's mo mhathair 's mo chairdean gu leir,
 Chuirinn cùl ri fear airg'deach, 'us leanuinn sealgair an fhéidh.”

“ Bhradag gun nàire, thuir 'màthair 's i leum,
 An treigeadh tusa fear fàrdaich chumadh sàbhailt thu fein,
 Aig am biodh crodh agus caorich air gach taobh do na bhèinn,
 'Us leanadh tusa fear-fuadain' bhiodh cuairtach an fhéidh.”

Ach 's truagh nach robh mi 's mo chuachag 'n-aite fuadain leinn fein,
 Ann an gorm ghleann am fasaich far an rànadh na feidh,
 Gun fhios do ur cairdean, gun ghàbhadh, gun bhèud;
 'Us ged thigeadh am fuachd ort, chumainn uaite e le béin.

ALLT AN LOCHAN UAINE.

Aig allt an Lochan Uaine,
 Bha mi uair a thamb,
 'S ged bha 'n t-aite fuar,
 Bha 'n fhardach fuaasach blath,
 Ged thigeadh gaoth 'o thuath orm
 'Us cathadh luath o'n aird,
 Bha Allt an Lochan Uaine,
 Le' fhuaim ga m' chuir gu pramh.

LUIÑNEAG (CHORUS).

Mo chaileag bhoidheach chuach-bhuidhe,
 Na biodh ort gruaim no greann,
 Ged tha mi dol as 'm eolas
 Ma's beo dhomh thig mi ann,
 'S nuair bhios damh na croice
 Ri boilich anns a' ghleann,
 Cha d-thoirins blas do phoige
 Air stor nan Innsean thall.

Oidhche dhomh 's mi a' m' aonar
 'S mi chomhnuidh anns a ghleann,
 Am bothan beag na'n sgor,
 Far an cluinnear boilich mheann.
 Air leam fhein gun cuala mi,
 Fuar ghuth os mo cheann,
 Ag innseadh dhomh 'bhi seolta
 Gun robh an tòir 's a ghleann.

Dh' eirich mi le buaireadh,
 'Us thog mi suas mo cheann,
 Gach paidreag 'bha mu 'n cuairt domh,
 Chuir mi mu'm ghuaillnibh teann,
 Bha " Nighean a Chornail " shuas uam,
 A choisinn buaidh 's gach am
 Ghaoil thuirt i " na biodh gruaim ort
 Ma 's ruaig e na bi mall."

Shiubhail mi gach aonach,
 O Laoighe gu Carn-a-Mhaim,
 'Us bheachdaich mi gach caochan,
 Nach bitheadh daoine ann,
 Ach mu 'n d' eirich grian 's na speuraibh,
 'S mu 'n d' fheuch i air aon bheann,
 'Ghrad dh' aithnich mi san uair sin,
 Gun robh 'm "Madadh Ruadh," 's a' ghleann.

Labhair mi le caille,
 'Us dh' eisd mi ris gach allt,
 Mar fhreagrach iad d' a cheile,
 'Us iad gu leir gun chainnt,
 Labhair mi ri m' Uachdaran,
 'Thug uisg a' cruas nam beann;
 Le comhnadh 'n Fhir 'chaidh cheusadh,
 Cha bhi mi fein a 'm fang.

[TRANSLATION.]

At the burn of Lochan Uaine
 I sheltered once from harm;
 Although the place was cauldrie
 My shiel was wondrous warm;
 Though down the mountain gorges
 Came wind and drifting storm,
 The burn of Lochan Uaine
 To soothe me had a charm.

CHORUS—

My bonnie gold-curled maid! again
 Be blithe, show no dismay,
 For though I go beyond my ken
 I'll come another day.
 When antlered stags across the glen
 Are roaring for the fray,
 I would not give thy kisses then
 For the Indies far away.

In the glen one night abiding,
 With bleating kids around,
 In the rough-built little sheiling
 Methought I heard a sound
 That seemed to counsel caution
 As it passed along the ground,
 And warning gave that searchers
 My lone retreat had found.

Uprose I then bewildered,
 My head remained not low,
 And all my poor belongings
 I bundled tight to go;
 O'erhead the "Colonel's daughter" *
 That vanquished every foe
 Said, "Be not thou affrighted,
 In fleeing be not slow."

I tramped by every streamlet
 From Lui to Carn a' Mhaim,
 Well marking lest pursuers
 Might at them bide their time.
 The sun into the heavens
 Had not begun to climb;
 I was ware of "red dogs" † watching
 Ere it shone on peaks sublime.

I hearkened how, all speechless,
 Burn unto burn replied,
 And to the One who rules me
 With fitting words I cried—
 To Him that brought the waters
 From the rocky mountain side;
 And me, through Him that saved us,
 No evil shall betide.

A. Gow, Edinburgh, in "The Cairngorm
 Club Journal."

* His rifle, referred to as the "Colonel's Daughter," as it was a present from the laird of Rothiemurchus.

† "Red dogs" = foresters.

V. THE LADS WHO WERE LOST ON THE HILL.

Good people give heed and mark as you read,
Let sighing be mingled with sorrow;
The life of frail man is only a span,
For none can see into the morrow.

Eighteen hundred and four is the year we deplore;
Highland soldiers trustworthy and steady,
Lay in Edinburgh town of fame and renown,
To fight for their king ever ready.

Soon moving afar in the interests of war,
When dearest relations must sever;
Perhaps never more see their own native shore,
But leaving old Scotland for ever.

Seven men got their passes to see friends and lasses;
Tho' the journey was long, rough, and dreary,
For the Dee and the Spey they all marched away,
At home to spend Christmas so cheery.

With courage enough they all started off,
Tho' winds cold and biting were blowing;
Arriving at Perth 'midst frolic and mirth,
The weather resulted in snowing.

Pursuing their way by night and by day,
Through forest and fell, cheery-hearted,
They view from Braemar the mountains afar
By which from their friends they were parted.

And now to proceed was dangerous indeed,
But love cannot linger with patience;
'Midst tempest and snow they decided to go,
They must see their dearest relations.

Fatigue they could bear and willingly share
For a sweetheart, perhaps for a mother;
But snow falling fast o'erpowered them at last,
And one yielded after another.

John Tulloch, they say, was the first to give way,
Next young Donald Cameron, so clever;
The sleet and the snow at last laid them low,
But I hope they are blessed for ever.

Two brothers Forsyth, both loving and blithe,
One sank with the cold or with frenzy;
Then followed the loss of brave Donald Ross,
And the next to succumb was Mackenzie.

While death seized the five, still two did survive
To tell the sad tale to another;
Donald Elder so lythe, Alexander Forsyth,
Who in grief helped to bury his brother.

On hill and in glen they searched for the men,
And each to his home then was carried;
In Abernethy Churchyard sad sobbing was heard
Among friends when the bodies were buried.

Lord-Lieutenant James Grant sent linen not scant
For shrouds the dead bodies to cover;
And many long days this shall be to his praise,
When all earthly trials are over.

And there was a man of a neighbouring clan,
Who, to cheer and enliven their senses,
Sent whisky and wine, and every thing fine,
And bore all the funeral expenses.

Eighteen months pass'd away ere the last lad, they say,
Was found by his friends, broken-hearted;
Down in a low green his red coat was seen,
But his head from his body was parted.*

The dead are away and mixed with the clay,
No more on this earth will we meet them;
But true Christian faith is stronger than death,
So in glory we all yet may greet them.

* The body was lying on a sheep track, and the constant passing of the sheep had rotted off the head.

So now to conclude this sad tale as I should,
 Let us hold on to Christ as the centre;
 Gain Heaven by His blood, which leads us to God,
 For none but the righteous shall enter.

N.B.—The above version is from that published by Mr Stewart, Bookseller, Grantown.

VI. RUIDHLE MOR SHRA-SPE.

LUINNEAG—O! Pharruig bàn, seid suas gu brais,
 'S e d' shiunsar grad chuir 's sinn air chas,
 Strann suas gach crann, 's thoir dhuinn le blas,
 Ruidhlean mòr Shra-Spè.

Thoir Tulach-gorm dhuinn, rìgh nam port,
 Na Tulaichean, 's Drochaid Pheairt,
 'S gun danns sinn dhuit le 'r n' uile neart,
 Ruidhlean mòr Shra-Spè.

Droch shiubhal air jigs, quadrilles, and waltz,
 Tha peasanan toirt nall a France,
 Our Queen, God bless her! likes to dance
 Ruidhlean mòr Shra-Spè.

Faicibh nis air feur, 's air faiche,
 Daoine 's mnathan còr gun spraic',
 A leum, 's clapadaich am bàs
 Aig Ruidhlean mòr Shra-Spè.

Seallaibh na gillean cridheil òg,
 Stri ri caileagan ma 'm pòg,
 'S le aidhear leum ris a's 'm brog,
 Aig Ruidhlean mòr Shra-Spè.

A's caileagan tha aoidheil tlath,
 Mìre, mànràn, a's fala-dhà,
 A's ceusadh cridhe fear na dhà,
 Aig Ruidhlean mòr Shra-Spè.

A Pharruig bàn, 's maith, maith rinn sibhs',
 'S tha sinn ro sgith, Fhìr dh-orduich mise,
 Gu luath cuir cuach mu'n cuairt duinn nis,
 Do dheargan glan Shra-Spè.

An' noo we'll break up wi' a toast,
 A's Phadruig cuir 's a phiob na clòd,
 Hip, hip! hurrah! "Our Noble Host"—
 Iarla Mhòr Shra-Spè.

ROBERT GRANT, Rothiemoon.

VII. MAIRI BHAN OIG.

The story of this song is curious. In Aberdeen, about 1840, an Abernethy lady asked some of her young friends for a song to the air of "Màiri bhan oig." Two or three were sent to her. One was signed with seven dots, the corresponding letters being marked so as to let the name of the writer be known. He was called "The Knight of the Seven Dots," and afterwards rose to distinction in the Church. Another was that here given, which was written by William Forsyth, well known in future years as the editor of the "Aberdeen Journal," and the author of "Idylls and Lyrics," and other poems. Mr Forsyth had visited Abernethy the year before, and his heart warmed to the Highlands.

Though no son of the hills, though I wear not the plaid,
 Nor the bonnie plumed bonnet o' blue,
 In truth I do love thee, my own Highland maid,
 With a heart ever tender and true.
 Though I know not thy mountain-land music so sweet,
 Nor the tongue that thy forefathers spoke,
 Love has taught me ae lesson I'll ever repeat,
 And the words o't are Mairi bhan oig.
 Love has taught me ae lesson I'll ever repeat,
 And the words o't are Mairi bhan oig.

Thy light foot makes music, thy voice hath a spell
 Like the songs that the shepherd lads hear,
 Floating softly and sweet down the shadowy dell,
 Where the fairies are milking the deer.
 I read in the young flowers that loveliest be
 Some traces o' thy sunny look,
 And the birds of the greenwood seem singing of thee,
 Oh! where is sweet Mairi bhan oig?
 And the birds of the greenwood seem singing of thee,
 Oh! where is sweet Mairi bhan oig?

The rose loves the woodland, the lily the dale,
 The daffodil loves the green glade,
 Some proud sunny knowe loves the bonnie blue bell,
 And the violet the sweet mossy shade;
 The heath loves the hill, and the gowan the lea,
 The green ivy loves the rude rock,
 And fain would I get ae sweet flower to love me,
 Guess its name—my own Mairi bhan oig.
 And fain would I get ae sweet flower to love me,
 Guess its name—my own Mairi bhan oig.

Its nae the red rose, though her lip has its hue,
 Nor the lily, less graceful than she,
 Nor the violet that lends to her een their deep blue,
 Nor ivy that trusts to the rough rock so true
 Its shelter frae every rude shock.
 'Mong the flowers in their beauty, all jewell'd with dew,
 Thou art peerless, sweet Mairi bhan oig.
 'Mong the flowers in their beauty, all jewell'd with dew,
 Thou art peerless, sweet Mairi bhan oig.

Oh! dark this fair earth, and drear without thee,
 A place full of sorrow and toil;
 Care flees like the sun-driven clouds frae thine e'e,
 And sadness maun melt in thy smile.
 So truly I love thee, Oh! happy I'd be
 Though placed on some shadowless rock,
 If alone, all alone, in that desert with thee,
 With thee, my sweet Mairi bhan oig.
 If alone, all alone, in that desert with thee,
 With thee, my own Mairi bhan oig.

APPENDIX II.

MEN AND DOGS.

The following extracts are from "Neighbours," chap. 1., in "Selections from the Writings of the late William Forsyth," author of "Kelavane," "Idylls and Lyrics," etc. Mr Forsyth was a frequent visitor at the Manse. Once we had a debate as to the comparative merits of collies and retrievers—my colley, "Fraoch," representing the former, and Mr Forsyth's "Cæsar" the latter. Hence the article. The Gaelic was supplied by me:—

"Some togs speaks nothing but Gaelic, and some speaks nothing but English, and other some speaks Gaelic and English poth. But as for your hunting togs they are Sassanach to the pone, always excepting a teer hound here and there, and not many. Teer hounds speaks very little indeed. But they does a great teal of hard work with their head up and their muzzle porin' ta wind as silent as a horse.' These remarks were made by old John Roy, my friend Alistair Stewart of Tennaberie's shepherd.

"John Roy had a famous breed of colleys. They would be priceless in these days when colleys have become fashionable. John's dogs had a pedigree nearly as old as John's own, which extended to somewhere about 'Ossian's days,' as he was in the way of saying.

"The race was represented, at the time I speak of, by a notable dog, Fraoch (heather), an honest, kindly, sombre, severe looking animal, very gentle and very grave. To Fraoch life was a serious thing; some dogs smile occasionally, if not with their face, at least with their eyes, their ears, and the turn of the head, but no man could say he had ever seen Fraoch smile. If you made an attempt to warm him up into a sportive mood, he would look up for one instant with a certain sense of responsibility in his eyes, fan you gently with his tail out of pure politeness, and, turning his side to you, look about him as if counting his sheep. His whole demeanour said very clearly, Ay, ay, you are very good, and its all very kindly meant, but I have got other things to attend to. So he had, indeed his sheep were never out of his mind. He treated them just as his master did; and, generally speaking, seemed to regard his master as a sort of sleeping member of the firm, and himself as the managing partner. He looked for no instructions; he did not wait for any, but acted according to his own judgment. He might have been left to look after hundreds of sheep and not one of them would have been lost.

"If John Roy had a famous breed of sheep dogs, Sandy Marr had as famous a breed of retrievers, and John and Sandy were just at that moment deeply engaged in a contest over the respective merits of the two breeds, the

most sagacious of all the canine race. John was speaking of his dogs' linguistic attainments, and was in sober earnest about their speaking two languages, meaning simply that the dogs knew what was said both in Gaelic and English. In some points John's dogs were wonderfully like their master. They certainly had not blue eyes, they were a soft brown-black, but there was the same quiet, trustful look in both. Dogs' eyes! There are, you will observe, a quiet, single-minded, simple, trustful, earnest, kindly kind of men who have dogs' eyes—believing eyes that never doubt, but have with all a latent fire in their calm depths that few would care to provoke. Both master and dog had the same light elastic springing gait, the same handsome form, and, over all, that indefinable resemblance which habit and the dog's sympathies and distant imitations sometimes produce between a dog and his master.

“When we came near, Sandy, a square built middle-sized man, dressed in a very dark green tartan, took three ‘draws’ of his pipe, patted his dog's head, and nodded acquiescence. John, whose eyes were travelling round the horizon from under his broad bonnet, continued—‘The whole preed has poth tongues and all the signs and the whussels, which comes to pe four languages, leastways the father of her had very goot Gaelic, and a great deal of it, put no English to speak o’. Put poth came the same to the moder—so that explains a goot teal. An’ as for the whussels and the signs, I tont think there is no creature half so clever as a goot colley tog. She is a shepherd by nature though she had never seen a tuft of woo’, she would take her place at the head of the first flock she came to and guide them to green pasture, and take care o’ them, and count them ofer an’ ofer.’

“‘John's colleys are famous dogs, I'll never deny that, but a colley is no the clever cevilised dog that a true retriever is.’

“‘A true retriever! Och, an’ what might she be?’ said John, somewhat contemptuously. ‘A cross, Sandy, a pit mere mechanical tog, made out of three other togs, an’ maype four. No, no, Sandy Marr, my poy, the colley's ta pure tog an’ ta only pure tog, and the ten times purest of all togs—come down from all antiquity without no cross or change. I tare say king Tavid had his colleys when he keepit his father Jesse's sheep in the plains of Bethlehem, an’ a goot breed of togs too, I mak na doubt, though teil a petter nor Fraoch, Tavid though he was.’

“‘The best thing will be to try your dogs,’ said I. ‘I know the qualities of Sandy's dog and all the breed. I have one of them that goes by the same name—a dog so honest as to be incapable of dishonesty. But John's dogs I only know by their character and their look, and both these are beyond question.’

"Go on, John Roy," said Alistair Stewart to his shepherd, "the sheep are well scattered for showing how the bitch works."

"The sheep were scattered over the area of a mile square, and John at once sent his colley to move them.

"Feuch, Fraoch, feuch" (see, Fraoch, see), said John, pointing to the furthest sheep.

"Fraoch looked in the direction indicated, and then sideways up to his master's face, asking more definite instructions.

"Mach rompa" (out before them), said John, and away went the dog, taking a circuit so as not to disturb the body of the flock, and, getting ahead of them, sat down facing us.

"As sin leo" (out of that with them), shouted John. I thought Fraoch out of hearing, but she rose and wore round the stragglers rather hurriedly towards the body of the flock.

"Air tathais" (gently, more slowly), shouted John, and Fraoch held back at once, seeming to let his charge go at their leisure.

"Stad" (stop), cried John, and the dog paused. "Gle mhaith" (very well), said the shepherd, and the dog once more sat down on his haunches, in an attitude of vigilance—indeed he always sat when he could with his attention divided between his master and his charge, never for a moment afraid of offending.

"We'll be trying the tistant signals now," said John, moving northward along the face of the hill. We accompanied him, while Fraoch sat still like a flecked stone on the opposite brae face. John, putting the tips of his fore and third fingers to his lips and the tip of his tongue between them, gave a shrill, piercing whistle, at which the dog rose to attention; he then sounded a series of modulated notes, like military bugle calls, all of which the dog obeyed when made more distinct by signs with the crook and an occasional stamp of the foot.

"Now she'll be taking them all over the hill side to rest, you see," said John. With that he sounded a few notes like the bugle-call for skirmishers to extend to the left—supplementing the whistled orders by sweeps with his crook—at once Fraoch took a circuit to westward, giving mouth at short intervals like orders, and in the space of two minutes the flock were taking ground in close order to the right—the flock once fairly on the move, Fraoch kept them moving, every now and then giving a glance towards her master.

"Another whistle as a caution, and another bugle call given by the shepherd on his fingers, and Fraoch halted her flock, and was once more seated on her haunches in a commanding position.

"We then went back to the hut to be within ear-shot.

"Air aghart" (go on), shouted John, and Fraoch was at once on her feet urging her flock still eastward.

“ ‘Naire, Fraoch, 'naire ’ (take care, Fraoch, take care), said the shepherd. But Fraoch did not know what he meant, she looked about, went up and down to see that none were behind, then stood gazing towards us waiting for more explicit instructions.

“ ‘Cuir rompa ’ (put before them), shouted John, and once more Fraoch stretched out ahead, and round to their front.

“ ‘Thoir leat iad, Fraoch; dhachaidh leo ’ (bring them with you, Fraoch; home with them).

“ And without more ado the intelligent creature was running hither and thither, barking and driving the whole flock before her. Indeed the movements were like the inspection of troops. Fraoch had complete command of the flock, and the shepherd, as reviewing officer, had complete command of Fraoch.

“ ‘Now, will that be enough, think ye,’ said John, and on our expressing our perfect satisfaction, he stopped Fraoch on the way. He called out, ‘Gle mhaith, Fraoch, stad! Stigh gu mo chois ’ (very well, Fraoch, stop! In to my foot), and the order was no sooner given than Fraoch, looking round the flock to see that they were all right, came trotting down the hill and through the hollow, and sat down at John’s foot with an eye on her distant charge.

“ ‘Gle mhaith, Fraoch (well done, Fraoch), good lass,’ said John, and as Fraoch looked up with a pensive gratification in her mild, melancholy eyes, John handed her a crust of bread, which was no doubt welcome.

“ ‘Now, Sandy, said I, ‘are you satisfied of Fraoch’s abilities? Let’s see how near Cæsar can come to her.’

“ ‘Oh, it’s beautiful to see a colley at work. Ye may amaist say that Fraoch has four tongues—Gaelic, English, the whussel, and the crook. But John, ye see, stands there like a great semaphore signal post, wi’ the crook for his signal arm, on the hill side, and the field o’ vision is open, and the dog has his daily duty clear, and the instinct comes down from the Bible days as John tells us. But look ye noo to Cæsar. It’s a’ very weel for them as hae choice o’ dogs to quarter their pointers and keep their retriever at heel. But this pair dog o’ mine does a’ my wark, be it on a turnip field or a heather muir or a Highlan’ tarn, or for rough shooting in wast country swamp. He has a setter’s nose and a smooth English pointer’s strength, an’ a’ his ain intelligence, docility, an’ sweetness o’ temper. He has na the ‘point’ by descent, ye see, but he learn’t it in a week’s time, and when he hears a neighbour pointer barks wi’ the best. He had a prood way wi’ him frae the first, an’ winded a’ his game like a deer hound, never rakin’ for a fool scent.’

“ ‘Noo ye see the Point in a dog is a marvel. It mair than equals ony feat o’ Fraoch’s. It is the balance between instinct and duty. Ye might preach a gweed practical discoorse vera fit for a Highlan’ poopit on the pointer’s

pointin', or the setter's settin', or the barkin' o' either. I canna say when flushin' dogs were first taught to 'set' at their game for their master instead of springing at it for themselves. It wæs first the setters when fowlers used a net. The point is a dog caught on the spring at his game, and a' his faculties turned to his master's service at the sacrifice o' his ain pleasure. A true sportsman cares far, oh, very far less for the killin' o' his birds than the workin' o' his dogs. A pointer kens as well as you do yersel' when you shoot his bird, and is pleased—nay even when you fire at it an' miss he is pleased; an' away he goes beatin' up the wind, leavin' to the retriever to search oot the game an' bring it home. Wi' flushin' dogs the point has become an instinct, or the elements o' an instinct. It is not merely art engrafted on nature, but it is art transfused into nature, sae to speak. But this pair doggie o' mine had nae sic preparative for his education. It is his instinct to fetch and carry, but a few days with a check cord and a scent bag taught him to point as stiff as a wooden figure, and draw his game like a dog of six years' experience. The 'point' is a moral spectacle—ay, it is so, it's the fair balance between passion and repression, and the dog becomes catalyptic till his master raises the game. His nature is to flush the birds an' seize ane o' them at a spring, but his education tells him to leave the capture to his master, and when the birds are brought down he kens the purpose is served, and the pointer begins ranging again. But my dog first quietly picks up the bird, brings it in, and then begins ranging. Ay, ay, it would be a fine thing if we could all learn to point and not to flush—a fine thing for ae body an' a' body—but flush we will oot o' that selfishness, conceit, and self-will that a higher nature than his own has conquered in the dog. True, Cæsar has had to learn to point and to retrieve as well, and he does many a harder day's wark than me, and is content to sleep wi' little supper sometimes aneath the half o' my coat on a hill side, when we lie as close as we can to keep ane anither warm.'

"'Ye speak o' countin',' continued Sandy, warming on a favourite subject; 'weel here's ane, twa, three—here's seven shillings. See, Cæsar, my gude lad. Now will ye just put on my glive, John, an' scatter the siller as wide an' far as you can amo' the heather wi' thae wind-mill airms o' yours, an' nae let the dog see you.'

"John did as he was bid, going away a little distance and sowing the coins broadcast with Sandy's glove on his hand.

"'Seek, seek, Cæsar, seek,' cried Sandy, and away went the dog to find the money. He soon brought in one piece and then another, but on advancing a little further he halted at the point, having scented game ahead.

"'Hie on,' cried Sandy.

"The dog did as he was bid, and up sprang a brace of grouse. Cæsar looked back, and seemed inclined to spring at the birds.

“ ‘Ware chase,’ shouted Sandy, ‘seek, boy, seek.’

“The dog did so, and in a few minutes had the seven shillings laid down at Sandy’s foot.

“ ‘Now,’ said Sandy, ‘that dog has as many virtues as wad set some folk up in a fair way to saintship. I dare say ye ken that I hæe my temptations where game is concerned, and have been afore twa or three justices i’ my time—“What’s bred i’ the marrow ye canna tak’ oot o’ the bane”—and while I submit to the first man that ca’s me by name on challenging me to stand, I’ll raturally keep oot o’ sicht an I can. Sae Cæsar an’ I hæe had to hide wi’ little to hide us and wi’ half-a-dozen keepers beatin’ roon an’ roon for us. He kens what he’s doin’ at sic times, an’ lies close an’ silent. I hæe been wae for him when we had baith to lie in a moss pot, wi’ oor noses side by side, barely aboon the water for breath, at the back o’ a rashen buss, till the keepers were tired o’ searchin’. Puir beastie, he an’ I hæe wearied twa or three o’ them oot aft’ner nor ance, an’ syne risen an’ shaken oorsel’s an gaen awa hame, or maybe lain doon to sleep in oor wet coats in a safe place. I hæe ken’d dogs o’ his breed do remarkable things. I mind the Duke o’ Leeds, when he lived at Huntly Lodge, in the last Duke o’ Gordon’s time, had a dog they ca’d Turk—the great-great-grandfather o’ Cæsar there. When his Grace wis fishin’ sax or seven miles up the Deveron he wad send Turk hame for his sheltie, and the twa came trotting up the water together, the dog leadin’ the pony by the rein. It was said he sometimes wanted to mount him, but the sheltie wadna hear o’ that. Weel, Turk kent the way to open a’most ilka door in Huntly, an’ geed frae hoose to hoose to get what wis gain’ when the Duke was frae hame. Ae nicht the Duke had left his gloves somewhere on the moors where he had been shooting, and sent Turk back for them frae the lodge. The Duke had gone over thirty miles o’ ground that day, and the puir dog came back at breakfast time neest mornin’ wi’ the gloves an’ a bit flaskie that had been left the week before on the moor. Poor Turk—his master left Huntly Lodge for Kincardineshire soon after, and when the dog died he was buried like a Christian in the Kirkyard o’ Dunnottar—so they say, and they say he got a head-stone wi’ an inscription—but I doubt that.’

“Sandy was eloquent on the merits of the dogs that he had known, and when Alistair Stewart and I left the two friends they were deep in a profound discussion on the immortality of dogs, the spirit, whatever it may be. Sandy had no doubt about the matter, but John Roy was an elder in the kirk, and could not give direct countenance to such doctrines. But he went the length of saying that it would be a comfort to him if he could hope to meet his old colles again in a better world, where creation groans and travails no more, ‘for,’ he said, ‘he had mair affection for these puir beasts than he could weel justify.’

"Alas, the fate of one of the two men was thoroughly linked with his poor dog, even to the end. John Roy is still an elder of the kirk, and has a fine flock of his own, but his colley saved him one winter night from perishing with some of his sheep in the snow. Sandy Marr was an example of a noble nature turned away by never learning the lesson which his dog taught in his 'point.' He never found that nice balance between impulse and repression, which, in his eyes, made the work of the pointer dog a lesson to mankind. He was a Bohemian to the end; and one morning in the end of the shooting season, many years ago, he was found stark and cold, with his poor dog licking his face, and howling piteously over him. His old tartan coat was lying beside him. He had taken it off to wrap about his companion, as he had done on many a cold night before to keep the poor dog warm. He who cared for neither cold nor wet, nor pain nor hunger, had, on that cold night, thought more of his dog than of himself; and the wail of the poor animal on that lone morning over his dead master brought some wayfarer to the spot where he lay. Alas! poor Sandy."

APPENDIX III.

AN INVERNESS MERCHANT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Bailie John Stewart was of the family of Kinchardine. He was the son of Alexander, son of Robert Oig, who married a daughter of Angus Williamson, as noted in chapter XIX. Alexander settled in Inverness, and his son, John, continued his business there as a merchant. The following notes are from a paper read by Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, to the Gaelic Society (1898):—

"The Bailie's business book, so far as preserved, begins 1715, when he is carrying on business in Inverness on a large scale, and in correspondence with London and the other principal cities in Great Britain, as well as with the principal ports on the Continent. On 8th Sept., 1749, he writes that he is 73 years of age; he was therefore born probably in 1676. In 1715 he was married to his second wife—Christian, daughter of Macleod of Drynoch, and a niece of Macleod of Macleod—and had a large family. He began business before the close of the 17th century, for in June, 1718, he refers to a bill transaction entered into by him '20 years ago, or at least 18.' He was first elected a Town Councillor on 20th Sept., 1703, and was made a Bailie on 22nd Sept.,

1713, and Dean of Guild in September, 1715. He appears on the town's records for the last time on 6th September, 1716. His letter-book shows that he continued trading till 1752—perhaps later—for the last letter-book is imperfect. The business he conducted was, as has been said, very extensive; nothing, in fact, seems to have come amiss. He bought corn and sent it to London, Newcastle, and the Continent; meal to the West Coast, from Sutherland to Ardnamurchan; salmon, herring, codfish, and pickled beef to London, Cork, the Baltic ports, Belgium, Holland, France, Spain, and to the Mediterranean ports as far as Leghorn; Ballachulish slates he sent to England, and lead from Glenelg to the Continent. He imported wines, spices, iron, salt, clothes, timber, barrel staves, onions, sugar, tea, brandy, tobacco, indigo, household goods of all kinds, bricks from London, coals from Newcastle. He was also an extensive shipowner. The names of some of the vessels of which he was owner or part owner were:—The Good Success, the Alexander, after his father; the John, after himself; the Christian, after his second wife; the Helen, the Margaret, the Marjorie, and the Janet. The Christian, the ship of his old age, having been seized for debt at Leith, he terms 'The poor Christian.'

"There was then no bank in Inverness, consequently we find that bills—bills by Highland and Lowland merchants, and Highland chiefs and lairds—went to all parts of the kingdom in payment of the Bailie's obligations, and even to the Continent. Each merchant was a kind of bill discounter. Among the Bailie's correspondents was Provost Coutts of Edinburgh, whose son started banking in London as Coutts & Co., and his brother's firm, Marjoribanks & Coutts, merchants, Dantzick. It was in the form of bills that money was generally remitted, but it was sometimes forwarded in notes and specie. For example, on 18th February, 1718, he sends an express, i.e. special messenger, to Banff with the following in payment of balance of price of a cargo of meal sent to the West Coast:—'A bank note for £5 ster., 67 guineas [gold], 5 shillings in silver, and 22-3d in copper, sealed in a little purse, all sterling money £75 12s 22-3d.' In June of the same year he sends the following money to Lord Moray in Edinburgh by express, i.e. special messenger:—In gold, £157 stg., all in guineas and half guineas except 5 Luidores.' His remittances were sometimes sent in carefully sealed bags by the posts, who then walked all the way to Edinburgh.

"Stewart acted for many years as factor for Lord Moray, and in that capacity collected the rent, which was, as a rule, paid in grain; sold the grain, and sent the proceeds south. This gave him much trouble, and considering that the salary was only 200 merks—about £11 2s 3d—one is not surprised to find him complaining of the duties, and the remuneration therefor. The Earl was a man of mercantile instincts, and somewhat exacting,

and it was sometimes difficult to recover the rents and dues, especially after the troubles of 1715. On 21st April, 1716, Stewart wrote his cousin, John Stuart, Commissary of Inverness, and the Earl's agent in Edinburgh, thus:— 'I think the Earle should give down to his tennants of Pettie a year's custom money, which is no great matter, in consideration of their losses which they will not recover on heast, and I wish you'd advise this. I long for the return of our express to know further of our Porteus roll affair.' Part of his duty as representing one of the heritors was to see the law carried out as to planting of churches, and as a loyal Episcopalian he did not like this. Mr Alexander Denoon, the Episcopalian minister of Petty at the Revolution, continued after that event until 1706, when he was deposed for swearing, drunkenness, and other faults. He ignored the sentence and stuck to his church until he died of cough, asthma, and heartache, in 1719. Between 1706 and his death, there was much litigation—and the sympathies of John Stewart, the factor, and John Stewart, the Commissary, were evidently with him. In 1716 the Bailie complains of the 'verie small wages' he has from the Earl, and on 26th July, 1717, he threatens to resign if he does not get 'better conditions—having just spent 8 days at Castle Stewart on the Earl's affairs.' He, however, continued to act as factor, and I cannot trace when he resigned.

"Stewart's letters show that the chiefs and lairds of the north were not at all above business. On the contrary, they were much engaged in buyin gaud selling, and Stewart did much business with them. He bought corn and meal from the Earl of Moray, the Earl of Findlater, Lord Banff, Lord Deskford, the Earl of Caithness, and others, and sold the corn in London and the Continent, and sent the meal as a rule to Gairloch, the Isle of Skye, Gleneig, Strontian, and Fort-William. In the Highlands he did business with Sir Robert Pollock, Governor of Fort-William, and his son, Walter Pollock, who carried on business as a merchant at the Fort, with the Laird of Gairloch, the Laird of Cadboll, Macleod of Macleod, Macleod of Drynoch, Sir — Macdonald of Sleat, Macdonald of Kinlochmoydart; Barisdale; The Mackintosh, Lord Reay, Lord Strathnaver, Lord Seaforth, and others. These paid always by bill, and frequently they floated about among Stewart's creditors, unpaid for many years. As a rule, bills by Highland lairds were made payable at Crieff market, whither they went with great droves of cattle. Sometimes the Bailie attended the market for the purpose of collecting his debt. A bill by The Mackintosh to him for £15 was protested in 1716 for non-payment, and the obligation was unpaid as late as 1738—after The Mackintosh's death. We also find long standing obligations by the Laird of Culloden; the Lady Lochiel; Macleod of Drynoch; the Laird of Mackinnon; Lord Strathnaver; the Laird of Cadboll; Macgillivray of Dalcrombie; and the Bailie's good cousin, Colonel John Roy Stuart. John Roy's bill was for £17 14s, and was

granted probably in 1736, when he escaped from Inverness prison. It was still unpaid when that hero was fighting for Prince Charlie in 1745-46. In November, 1743, Roy was living at Buloigne, and the Bailie wrote him two letters asking him to send him brandy in part payment. The brandy never came, and the probability is that the bill was still unpaid when on 4th November, 1749, a reference to 'his cousin, John Roy's widow, at Buloigne,' shows that the soldier bard was no more.

"The salmon which he sent abroad was purchased from Lord Newry, Lord Lovat, Lord Seaforth (Loch Duich), and various proprietors on the West Coast. As a rule the fish was cured by the lairds. On one occasion the Bailie, in company with his brother-in-law, leased the salmon fishings of Loch Duich, and lost by the adventure. He granted bills to Seaforth for the rent, which were for years unpaid, and at last Seaforth arrested a large quantity of cured salmon in Kintail, which ensured a settlement. The herrings were principally purchased from the Laird of Coull, proprietor of lands in Lochbroom (who caught and cured them), and from the Laird of Gairloch; while the Beaully Firth also yielded a supply. Large quantities of cod were at this time sent from Gairloch to the Continent. Barrels for all sorts of fish were furnished by the Bailie and his partners, who brought cargoes of staves from Norway and other parts of the Continent. But notwithstanding an extensive trade for upwards of 50 years, the Bailie never made money, and was in great poverty before the end of his life. Numerous heartrending appeals to children and friends appear in his letter-book. In 1741 he was in great difficulties, being sued by various people, including the man in Edinburgh who sent him his newspaper, and his wigmaker. In December, 1741, he was charged with a horning, and caption threatened. In reference to this he writes that he can't possibly pay, 'was I to be hang'd as well as imprisoned. Still, I care not to go to a stinking gaol at this time of year in my old days.' Again, on 29th January, 1742—'All the diligence in Scotland cannot squeeze money out of me at present.' In July, 1743, he is 'prodigiously straited' for pressing demands, and for the maintenance of his family. In August he is due four people, and dunned to death. In 1749 'swarms of small creditors on his back.' He was a Jacobite, but, so far as the letters show, he took no part in the Risings of 1715 and 1745."

APPENDIX IV.

ROLL OF CAPTAIN LAWSON'S ARMED ASSOCIATION
COMPANY IN THE PARISH OF ABERNETHY.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	PLACES OF RESIDENCE.
1.	Robert Lawson	Captain	Ballymore.
2.	Alex. Carmichael	Lieutenant	Congash.
3.	John Dunbar... ..	Ensign... ..	Glenlochty.
1.	Nathaniel Grant	Qr.-Mr. Sergt....	Ellaneorn.
2.	Duncao Grant	Sergeant	Backarn.
3.	Paul Stewart	Do.	Drum.
4.	Peter Stewart	Do.	Ballinluig.
5.	John Grant	Do.	Backarn.
1.	William Grant	Corporal	Connage.
2.	Alex. Murray	Do.	Culriach.
3.	Norman Meldrum	Do.	Glenlochty.
4.	Gregor Burgess	Do.	Drum.
5.	John Murray... ..	Do.	Croftmaquain.
DAVOCH OF CONGASH.			
1.	Peter Stuart	Private	Inchbrock.
2.	James Grant	Do.	Mains of Congash.
3.	James Findlay	Do.	Do.
4.	Archibald Grant	Do.	Topperpital.
5.	Donald Anderson	Do.	Mains of Congash.
6.	Grigor Grant	Do.	Lynmore.
7.	Grigor Grant	Do.	Mains of Congash
8.	John Grant	Do.	Do.
9.	Allan Grant	Do.	Topperpital.
DAVOCH OF GLENLOCHTY.			
1.	*Duncan Dunbar	Private	Glenlochty.
2.	*James Dunbar	Do.	Do.
3.	*John Macdonald	Do.	Do.
DAVOCH OF ACHNAGONALINE AND LAINCHILE.			
1.	Alex. Grant	Private	Reavack.
2.	Donald Grant	Do.	Achnagonaline.
3.	Donald Grant	Do.	Lainchile.
4.	Donald Macdonald	Do.	Do.
5.	Peter Grant	Do.	Coulnafia.
6.	Alex. Grant	Do.	Do.
7.	James Grant	Do.	Lantichen.

* At a great distance from the places of drill

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	PLACES OF RESIDENCE.
8.	Duncan Grant	Private	Lantichen.
9.	*William Grant	Do.	Do.
10.	Alex. Macdonald	Do.	Lagandow.
11.	James Macpherson	Do.	Toj eraie.
DAVOCH OF DRUM.			
1.	Alex. Burges	Private	Drum.
2.	Alex. Macbain	Do.	Dell.
3.	Robert Grant	Do.	Do.
4.	Robert Grant	Do.	Drum.
5.	Donald Fraser	Do.	Ballintuim.
6.	Duncan Cameron	Do.	Muckerach.
7.	James Cameron	Do.	Do.
8.	James Grant	Do.	Ellan.
9.	†Donald Stuart	Do.	Stranchamnerich.
10.	‡James Macpherson	Do.	Litteratin.
11.	†William Stuart	Do.	Knockamachernie.
DAVOCH OF BALLIFURTH.			
1.	John Grant	Private	Auchernich.
2.	Peter Grant	Do.	Do.
3.	Alex. Riach	Do.	Do.
4.	Alex. Grant	Do.	Do.
5.	Charles Symon	Do.	Ballifurth.
6.	Thomas Grant	Do.	Do.
7.	Peter Grant	Do.	Boat of Ballifurth.
8.	Thomas Stewart	Do.	Polliechristian.
9.	Alex. Maclauchlan	Do.	Ballifurth.
10.	‡Peter Mackintosh	Do.	Backucharn.
11.	Peter Macpherson	Do.	Boat of Ballifurth.
DAVOCH OF LETTOCH.			
1.	John Robertson	Private	Lettoch.
2.	James Murray	Do.	Do.
3.	Alex. Cruickshank	Do.	Do.
4.	James Macdonald	Do.	Sawmill.
5.	Allan Grant	Do.	Dell.
6.	John Robertson	Do.	Dell.
7.	William Robertson	Do.	Sawmill.
8.	William Robertson	Do.	Do.
9.	Duncan Macpherson	Do.	Do.
	§James Roy Smith	Do.	Do.
10.	Ewen Cameron	Do.	Newtown.
11.	Peter Stuart	Do.	Do.
12.	John Grant	Do.	Conage.
13.	Donald Grant	Do.	Do.
14.	Dun. Robertson	Do.	Corrichulie.

* William Grant has a deformity in one of his legs.

† At a great distance from the places of drill.

‡ To be exchanged for James Wilson, servant in Ballifurth.

§ Did not appear.

IN THE SHADOW OF CAIRNGORM.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	PLACES OF RESIDENCE.
15.	Peter Grant	Private	Corrichulie.
16.	*Alex. Macdonald	Do.	Do.
17.	John Robertson	Do.	Plota.
18.	James Murray	Do.	Croftmaquain.
19.	James Nairn	Do.	Garluie.
20.	Malcolm Fraser	Do.	Do.
21.	Angus Grant	Do.	Sawmill.
22.	John Grant	Do.	Do.

DAVOCH OF BILLIMORE.			
No.	NAMES.	RANK.	PLACES OF RESIDENCE.
1.	Donald Forbes	Private	Ballimore.
2.	Donald Cameron	Do.	Do.
3.	James Cruickshank	Do.	Do.
4.	Malcolm M'Grigor	Do.	Do.
5.	Alex. Cruickshank	Do.	Do.
6.	James Findlay	Do.	Do.
7.	Donald Grant	Do.	Culriach.
8.	Donald Gordon	Do.	Do.
9.	†Peter Grant	Do.	Rynachatinhan.
10.	Alexander Robertson	Do.	Manse.
11.	John Allan	Do.	Do.
12.	Chas. Cameron	Do.	Do.

ROLL OF THE WESTERN ABERNETHY ARMED
ASSOCIATION COMPANY.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	PLACES OF RESIDENCE.
1.	James Grant	Captain	Birchfield.
2.	John Grant	Lieutenant	Lettoch.
3.	John Grant	Ensign	Gartenmore.
1.	Ronald Macgrigor	Dr.-Sergeant	Grantown.
2.	Chas. Grant	Qr.-Mr.-Sergt.	Culnakyle.
3.	Chas. Grant	Sergeant	Lurgg.
4.	William Grant	Do.	Rothymoon.
5.	Alex. Cameron	Do.	Debonig.
6.	John Smith	Do.	Gartenmore.
1.	Lewis Smith	Corporal	Rynuie.
2.	Donald Stewart	Do.	Birchfield.
3.	William Blair	Do.	Gartenmore.
4.	John Clarke	Do.	Clachraig.
1.	Charles Fraser	Private	Boat of Gartenmore.
2.	William Fraser	Do.	Do.
3.	William Gordon	Do.	Mulingaroch.
4.	Lewis Gordon	Do.	Do.
5.	James Grant (1)	Do.	Croftnatraven.
6.	Alex. Grant	Do.	Do.

* A Militiaman.

† At a distance from the places of drill.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	PLACES OF RESIDENCE
7.	Murdoch Macgillivray	Private	Gartenmore.
8.	William Meldrum	Do.	Do.
9.	Duncan Ross (1)	Do.	Do.
10.	James Cameron (1)	Do.	Do.
11.	John Blair	Do.	Do.
12.	John Cameron	Do.	Do.
13.	Duncan Cameron	Do.	Do.
14.	Alexander Cameron (1)	Do.	Do.
15.	William Tulloch	Do.	Girtenmore.
16.	Alex. Tip	Do.	Sliach.
17.	Duncan Ross (2)	Do.	Girtenmore.
18.	James Grant (2)	Do.	Tomdow.
19.	Donald Cameron	Do.	Mains of Tulloch.
20.	James Cameron (2)	Do.	Do.
21.	John Rattray	Do.	Do.
22.	Peter Fraser (1)	Do.	Rychallich.
23.	John Grant (1)	Do.	Ryvoanvoir.
24.	Grigor Grant	Do.	Tulloch.
25.	William Grant (1)	Do.	Do.
26.	William Grant (2)	Do.	Do.
27.	Symon Grant...	Do.	Do.
28.	Nathaniel Cameron	Do.	Do.
29.	Ewen Smith	Do.	Rynitin.
30.	Donald Grant	Do.	Tulloch.
31.	Donald Fraser	Do.	Crofts.
32.	James Fraser..	Do.	Rymore.
33.	James Grant ...	Do.	Do.
34.	Thomas Fraser	Do.	Do.
35.	Peter Fraser (2)	Do.	Auondorach.
36.	William Fraser (2)	Do.	Do.
37.	John Geddes	Do.	Straninrie.
38.	William Ross...	Do.	Auchderganach.
39.	Alex. Fraser (1)	Do.	Cuchaninlupe.
40.	Peter Stuart (1)	Do.	Rynirich.
41.	James Grant (4)	Do.	Tomichrochar.
42.	William Grant (3)	Do.	Rothymoon.
43.	William Grant (4)	Do.	Do.
44.	Murdoch Macpherson	Do.	Do.
45.	James Taylor	Do.	Birchfield.
46.	Andrew Macpherson	Do.	Do.
47.	Alex. Meldrum	Do.	Ryoug.
48.	Alex. Fraser (2)	Do.	Rothymoon.
49.	Donald Mackintosh	Do.	Rytuck.
50.	Malcolm Grant	Do.	Bridge End of Nethy.
51.	John Grant (2)	Do.	Do.
52.	John Grant (3)	Do.	Rothymoon.
53.	James Grant (5)	Do.	Culnakyle.
54.	William Forsyth	Do.	Do.
55.	Robert Grant	Do.	Do.
56.	John Maclauchlan	Do.	Do.
57.	Alex. Cumming	Do.	Do.
58.	James Macpherson	Do.	Do.

No.	NAMES.	RANK.	PLACES OF RESIDENCE.
59.	Charles Hay	Private	... Ryinloit.
60.	John Watson... ..	Do.	... Ballagowan.
61.	John Fraser	Do.	... Clachaig.
62.	James Grant (6)	Do.	... Do.
63.	William Cruickshank	Do.	... Do.
64.	John Cruickshank	Do.	... Do.
65.	William Fraser (3)	Do.	... Do.
66.	John Anderson	Do.	... Do.
67.	James Anderson (1)	Do.	... Do.
68.	Archibald Macpherson	Do.	... Do.
69.	Alex. Gillies	Do.	... Do.
70.	James Gillies... ..	Do.	... Do.
71.	Alex. Cameron	Do.	... Lurgg.
72.	Peter Grant	Do.	... Do.
73.	Symon Fraser	Do.	... Do.
74.	James Allan	Do.	... Do.
75.	James Cameron (3)	Do.	... Do.
76.	Alex. Anderson	Do.	... Inchtomach.
77.	James Anderson (2)	Do.	... Do.
78.	James Grant (4)	Do.	... Boughlehaynack.
79.	Peter Stuart (2)	Do.	... Tonchirie.
80.	Angus Macbain	Do.	... Sawmiller.

(Signed) ROND. MACGREGOR, Drill Sergt.,
17th Sept., 1798.

APPENDIX V.

LEDGER OF RENTAL OF ABERNETHY, CROP 1817.

NAMES, &c.	REST OF 1817.	PAYMENTS.	ARREARS RESTING.
The Heirs of Lt.-Col. L. Grant for Auchernich, etc.	£85 8 10½	£85 8 10½	—
The Heirs of George Grant for Ballifurth	42 15 6	4 6 0	£220 1 8
The Heirs of Jas. Macgregor for Ballimore	84 11 9	—	169 3 6
Angus Macarthur, Badeniden	22 3 8½	34 16 5	—
Donald Gordon, Culriach, etc.	16 8 4	16 8 4	66 11 8
Alex. Murray, Culriach, etc.	15 8 4	1 10 0	31 5 0
Wm. Forsyth, Culriach, etc.	14 8 4	10 0 0	24 16 8
Alex. and John MacLachlan, Culriach, etc.	12 8 4	4 14 8	38 18 7½
Robert Grant and Margt. Macdonald, Mains of Glenbrowne	15 18 6½	13 19 6	33 11 7½
John Stewart, pt. of do.	15 17 0½	6 3 6	16 3 9½
Lewis Grant, Midtown of Glenbrowne	11 15 4½	9 3 0	—
Donald Stewart, Curr of Glenbrowne	12 15 4½	12 15 4½	—
Robert Grant, Platka, Impt. (upper)	8 6 10	6 16 7	4 17 1
The Heirs of Major Chas. Grant for Crnak	6 6 10	4 15 0	7 18 8
Duncan Grant, Lettoch	5 19 8	5 19 8	—
Angus Grant, Mur. Mackenzie, and others, Garlyne	60 14 0½	54 18 0	26 10 1
Lewis Grant, pt. of Garlyne	14 2 0½	10 2 5½	15 1 7½
John Macgillivray, Mill Croft of Garlyne	4 7 0½	3 10 0	5 5 7
James Murray, Croftmacquenn, etc.	5 13 4	4 3 0	7 3 8
Donald Nairn, Mill and Mill Croft, Garlyne	20 13 8	17 13 0	35 8 0
James Riach, Croft of Garlyne	3 14 8	4 15 6	7 9 4
Catherine Grant, Small Croft of do.	1 11 6	5 10 0	0 14 7
Duncan Cameron, for a House above Mill of Garlyne	1 0 0	—	1 0 0
Donald Grant, for a House in Sleichmore	0 6 6	—	0 19 6
Donald Grant, Culdunie Impt.	0 6 6	—	0 19 6
Alex. Macarthur, Mains of Corrychullie	1 13 2	3 3 0	1 16 6
Alex. Macbain, there	15 8 7½	17 4 1	45 15 9½
James Grant, Lynbreck	25 13 0½	20 0 0	51 16 11
John Forbes, Connage	15 8 8	—	41 6 0
Robert Grant, a Lot near Blairgorm	48 10 8	42 11 6	14 9 10
	0 6 6	—	0 14 0

NAME, &c.	REST OF 1817.	PAYMENT.	ARREARS RESTING.
Mary Grant, a Lot near Blairgorm	£0 5 0	—	£0 10 0
Wm. Macdonald, a Lot near do.	0 6 6	—	0 14 0
John Fraser, for a House in Blairgorm	0 6 6	—	0 7 6
Elizabeth Macpherson, for a House in Culdunie	0 5 0	£0 5 0	0 15 0
John Stuart, for a House in Blairgorm	0 6 6	—	0 14 0
Donald Grant, for a House there	0 6 6	—	0 13 0
Duncan Cameron, mason, a Lot in Blairgorm	0 6 6	0 13 0	0 18 0
Wm. Macdonald, a Lot there	0 6 6	—	0 10 0
Margaret Cameron, a Lot there	0 5 0	—	—
Capt. James Macdonald, Coulnakyle, &c.	213 6 6	213 6 6	—
Rev. John Grant, for Croftroy, &c.	28 0 6	28 0 6	—
Allan Grant, Upper Dell	11 8 0	—	29 4 0
Capt. Cumming, as Maur. of Woods for Lower Dell	29 15 7	—	29 15 7
James Grant, Lynatock, &c.	18 0 4	15 7 0	36 12 4
Christian Warren, a House in Causer	0 5 0	0 15 0	—
Margaret Macdonald, a House there	0 5 0	—	0 10 0
Hugh Rose, a House there	0 6 6	—	0 19 6
James Grant, a House there	0 6 6	—	0 19 6
David Laing, a Lot near Lynstock	0 6 6	—	3 19 6
Nathaniel Grant, Ellancorn, pt. of	1 6 6	—	22 1 4
Robert Macdonald, Ellancorn, pt. of	11 0 8	—	—
Alex. Grant, Croft at Bridge of Nethy	10 14 8	10 14 8	—
James Macdonald, Balmogown	1 13 0	—	3 6 0
Peter Grant, Iron Mill, Haugh	9 16 8	—	9 16 8
Mr Robert Lawson, for pt. of Meikle Mosdow	1 11 6	1 11 6	—
Peter Grant and A. Robertson, for pt. of do.	12 19 0	12 19 0	—
John Ross, for pt. of do.	8 3 0	—	24 1 4
Captain John Grant, Culvullin, &c.	1 13 0	1 13 0	—
Charles Grant, Rothymoon, pt. of	31 18 11	31 18 11	—
Wm. Grant & Andy, do., pt. of	48 8 8	48 8 8	48 8 8
Nathaniel and John Cameron, Rynettin	34 8 8	—	44 9 0
Duncan Murray, Stranmore	24 17 0	24 17 0	—
Wm. Anderson, Sawmill Croft at Nethy	1 14 8	—	1 14 8
Duncan Ross, Widow Ann Grant, Rydluch	2 5 0	—	4 10 0
Donald Grant, for a House and Garden at O. B. of Nethy	4 5 4	4 5 4	—
Elizabeth Balfour, for do. and do. there	0 11 6	—	1 3 0
	0 5 0	0 10 0	0 5 0

NAME, &c.	RENT OF 1817.	PAYMENTS.	ARREARS RESTING.
Isobel Grant, for a House and Garden at O. B. of Nethy	£0 5 0	—	£0 10 0
Donald Stewart, for do. and do. there	0 6 6	—	0 19 6
James Macdonald, Mains of Lurg, etc.	213 12 11	—	213 12 11
Alex. Gillice, Lyngarry	15 11 8	£31 3 3	15 11 8
* James Anderson, Lapp-na-dhainh	8 10 8	8 10 8	8 10 8
Archibald Macpherson, Clachaig	18 5 4	18 5 4	—
John and William Cruickshank, pt. of Clachaig	19 18 10	8 0 0	86 13 9
John Clark, pt. of do.	16 5 4	27 19 2	7 16 10
John Black and James Cameron, pt. of do.	25 10 8	23 19 8	26 19 9
Angus and Duncan Grant, Ballintuin of do.	11 6 4	7 14 0	26 16 1
* Alexander and Donald Anderson, Inchtomach	13 11 8	13 11 8	3 11 8
* Peter Grant, Lynnaegilbert	6 15 2	6 15 2	13 10 4
* John Grant, Boglechaynac	4 6 4	4 6 4	—
John Grant, Lower Drum	19 5 4	—	57 16 0
Alex. Grant, Upper Drum	19 5 4	—	62 10 0½
James Grant, Mid Drum...	17 5 4	17 14 0	89 3 0
James and Archibald Cameron, pt. of Muckersach	31 12 6	10 2 0	63 5 0
Donald Fraser, Ballintuin of Muckersach	15 13 8	8 10 0	55 4 10
James Grant, Ellan	13 19 6½	—	69 15 8½
John Macdonald, Toberai	15 11 8	15 11 8	15 11 8
Duncan Robertson, Upper Deil	31 0 5	—	47 0 10
John and James Macpherson, Leitteraitten	8 9 2	—	25 7 6
Donald Stuart, Straancamronich	6 6 8	—	21 3 1
Duncan Cameron, Mains of Gartenmore	59 6 5	19 0 0	115 13 9
Gregor Grant, Craintuesain	6 12 8	6 12 8	—
John Blair, Cottartown of Gartenmore, pt. of	10 6 8	—	32 7 6
George Cameron, do. do., pt. of	10 6 8	—	31 4 6
John Smith, Croftroman	18 12 0	14 16 0	14 8 0
Wm. Meldrum and Bar. Smith, Rabreck	18 18 10	1 2 6	57 4 11
Murdoch Macgillivray, Croftmore, etc.	11 1 10	17 1 10	16 3 8
Wm. Stewart's widow, Tomdow	22 10 4	19 10 4	13 10 4
Alex. Cameron, Cullachie, pt. of	16 9 4	19 11 4	4 4 4
John Cameron, widow, do. pt. of	15 9 4	—	15 9 8
Chas. and Wm. Fraser, Boat and Boat Lands, Gartenmore	14 0 4	7 0 4	14 0 4
James Grant, Croftnabaun	16 12 0	—	43 13 6
Wm. Gordon, Mullangarroch	18 13 8	14 4 0	23 3 4

NAMES, &c.	RENT OF 1817.	PAYMENTS.	ARREARS RESTING.
James Grant, Croftloan	£21 12 6	—	£66 8 3
* Alex. Fyfe Sleich	4 6 4	£2 16 4	4 6 4
James and Donald Cameron, Mains of Wr. Tulloch	51 15 9	40 2 0	43 7 6
Wm. Grant, Tomcanlùn	6 18 4	5 0 0	8 16 8
Donald Fraser, Croft of Wester Tulloch	13 12 0	25 3 0	2 1 0
Alex. and Robert Cameron, Dellbog	21 9 4	25 12 6	54 11 6
Peter Fraser, Ruchallich	14 5 4	10 0 0	18 10 8
* Lewis Smith, Ruinaithe	14 11 4	—	51 11 4
James Grant, Rynvoanvoire	5 6 6	5 6 6	10 13 0
Wm. and Allan Grant, Er. Tulloch, pt. of	18 17 4	18 17 4	—
John Grant, do., pt. of	15 12 4	—	36 17 0
Donald Grant, sen. and jun., pt. of	12 12 0	17 5 0	20 13 0
Allan Stuart, Balmeanach of Er. Tulloch	12 2 0	—	27 14 7
Paul and Donald Stuart, Tontirte	12 11 2	22 2 4	7 11 2
James Mackenzie, Tontirte	12 11 2	12 1 2	—
* Alex. Fraser, Doir, Impt.	5 6 4	—	5 6 4
James Grant, Mains of Rymore	21 15 10	15 0 0	6 15 10
James Fraser, Rymore	25 16 6	25 16 6	—
Duncan Shaw, Aondorrach	14 12 0	14 19 0	4 0 0
Thomas Fraser, Cullachly of Rymore	18 13 8	19 0 0	4 13 8
John Grant, Croftchorish	3 8 3	3 14 0	—
* Evan Smith, Rynerrich	6 18 4	6 18 4	6 18 4
* Peter Stuart, Rynerrich	9 8 4	7 2 0	11 4 8
John Grant, Achdeganach	14 1 8	11 15 0	33 9 9
* Alex. Rattray and Simon Grant, Bog of Rynerrich	4 14 8	2 7 6	11 15 2
* Simon Fraser, Kichanloop	5 6 10	—	10 13 8
Alex. and Chas. Grant, Rynannan	8 2 4	6 2 4	2 0 0
James Rattray, Lynammer	9 8 4	9 8 4	9 8 4
Peter Fraser, Ruinaithe	4 6 4	4 6 4	—

NOTE.—The above Rental is from a copy in the handwriting of the late Mr W. Duffus, Grantown. It is interesting for comparison, and as showing changes in occupation. It should be kept in view that in 1817, and down to about 1860, the tenants had the right to the hill pasture, and were able to keep a considerable number of sheep. There were also, on the larger farms, crofters and others that paid rent to the farmers.

The farms and crofts marked * are now included in the Dear Forest.

APPENDIX VI.

PARISH STATISTICS.

In the moral statistics published by the "Inverness Society," 1826, the following is reported as to Abernethy:—Population in 1821, 1908; families, 412; in 1824, 1909; families, 395. Under 8 years of age, 406; above, 1503; above 8 years who can read, 1146; from 8 to 20 years who cannot read, 100; above 20 years who cannot read, 257. Families in which no person can read, 59; families in which one or more can read, 336. Holy Scriptures in use—Bibles, 650; Testaments, 173. Families having Bibles, 326; families without Bibles, 69. A Strathspey Auxiliary Bible Society was instituted in 1815. From the fourth report, submitted to a meeting held at Grantown, 4th September, 1821, it appears that Colonel Grant of Grant, M.P., was the Patron; the Rev. Donald Martin, Abernethy, President; Mr William Mackenzie, Treasurer; and Messrs Lachlan Mackintosh, Grantown, and Peter Grant, Congash, Secretaries. The entire sum collected from the beginning was £118 14s, of which a certain amount was expended annually in the distribution of Bibles and New Testaments in the district. In 1836 the Religious Association of the Presbytery of Abernethy was established. Its object was the "Promoting Religious Knowledge in conformity with the Standards of the Established Church of Scotland." The report of the proceedings, 1839, shows that £57 10s 10d had been collected. Of the Abernethy Branch, Rev. Mr Martin was President, and Mr Wm. Forsyth, Dell, Secretary and Treasurer. From the minute of a meeting of the parishioners held in the church on the 25th April, 1837, it appears that £9 13s had been collected, and that 150 copies of the Holy Scriptures—110 in Gaelic and 40 in English, had been obtained for distribution in the parish. There is no record of the proceedings subsequent to 1839. The failure of the crops for the three previous years, and the great distress had, as stated in the Presbytery's report, "compelled a suspension of operations for the present."

NOTE AS TO POPULATION.—In year 1801, pop. 1769; 1811, p. 1709; 1821, p. 1968; 1831, p. 2092. This was the highest known. Since then there has been almost a steady decrease. Year 1841, p. 1920; 1851, p. 1871; 1861, p. 1928. This temporary rise was owing to the railway works. Year 1871, p. 1752; 1881, p. 1530; 1891, p. 1354. In the last 30 years there has been a decrease of 574, and this decrease would have been greater but for the rise of the village at Nethy-Bridge. The chief reasons for this decrease seem to have been—1. *Emigration* to the colonies and towns; 2. *Forestry*—Glennmore, in which from 12 to 15 families resided, was turned into a sheep-run, and subsequently into a deer forest; the forest of Abernethy was established in 1869; 3. *Industrial and Social Changes* as to the wood manufacture and the removal of crofters and cottars. The change as to cottars is especially marked in such farms or districts as Achernack, Rothiemoon, Garlin, Elaneoirn.

APPENDIX VII.

DISTINGUISHED CAREER OF AN ABERNETHY MAN.

John Stuart was born at Leancoil (or Lenachyle) in 1767. He was the son of Donald Stuart of Leancoil and of his spouse Janet Grant, daughter of Robert Grant of Wester Lethendry, in the Parish of Cromdale. At an early age he got a commission in the Royal Engineers, but as two of his uncles were partners of the North-West Company—then the largest fur-trading corporation of Canada—he was induced to enter the service of that Company, and with that view proceeded to British North America. He was a man of much intelligence, great firmness of character, and indomitable perseverance, and for upwards of 40 years was connected with that Company and with the Hudson's Bay Company, with which it coalesced in 1821. He was one of the principal partners of the North-West Company, and in 1821 became a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Throughout the whole of his residence in North America he was most actively engaged, having been in charge of several districts from the Pacific Coast to Hudson's Bay. In 1808 he accompanied Simon Fraser (whose name he gave to that river) down Fraser's River almost to the Pacific. He subsequently surveyed the river to its mouth, making a chart of it, which is given in the very interesting work "Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry, 1799 to 1814," edited by Dr Elliot Couze, and published in 1897. Stuart's Lake and Stuart's River, in New Caledonia, now a portion of British Columbia, are named after him, and also Stuart or Stewart River in the Yukon. Mr Stuart retired from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1839, and died at Springfield, Morayshire, on the 14th January, 1847. Not a little of the success of the North-West Company was due to his energy and unceasing efforts. He was a man of much generosity of character and unbounded hospitality, and was greatly respected by all his friends both while actively engaged in North America, and when he retired to his native country. He married while in America, and had two sons, Donald and John, who both died comparatively young, the former having been a Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 78th Regiment of Highlanders, and one of those who took part in the Crimean war.

Mr John Stuart's brother, Robert Stuart, was also a partner of the North-West Company, and one who doubtless, but for his early death, would have made a foremost place for himself in that Corporation. The story of his heroic death is told in Chapter XXXII. p. 243.

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