Another grateful feature is the national feeling which asserts itself here and there. We have already alluded to hymns on historical events, and the Hymnos Akathistos, the Hellenic *Te Deum*. There are many others which support the contention that the Church was a centre of national life in the Byzantine Empire. The hymns on St. Constantine are perhaps the most striking example. An ancient verse on the Exaltation of the Cross runs as follows :—

> Thou that of Thine own will wast raised aloft on the Cross,
> Unto the kingdom new, which is called after Thy name
> Show Thy compassions' abundance, Christ our God.
> Cause to rejoice in Thy strength
> Our Imperial faithful lords,
> Victory granting to them
> Over all of their foemen.
> Thee on their side may they have
> Weapon pacific, invincible trophy.

There are many other matters, such as the music of these hymns, and their adoption in other Christian countries, to mention only the chief, which invite attention ; but space does not allow us to do more than to refer to them before passing from this interesting and little known subject.

William Metcalfe.

Art. VI.—EARL-MARISCHAL AND FIELD-MARSHAL.

Some Letters of the Last Earl-Marischal.

AMONG the Jacobites of the eighteenth century there are no more interesting figures than the two brothers Keith, the last Earl-Marischal of Scotland, and he who became the trusted Field-Marshal of Frederick the Great. Their story combines all the romance with which high descent, youthful enthusiasm, and great sacrifices enhance the misfortunes of the votaries of a fallen cause, with the respect that attends on

the courageous carving out of a new career in foreign lands, on intimate association with the greatest practical and literary intellects of the age, on high character and honourable bearing in all vicissitudes, on a soldier's death, and on restoration to lands and honours for unique service in exile to the native land, too late, alas! to do more than gild with a last ray the clouded sunset of an ancient line.

No Scottish house, amid all the glorious traditions of Highland clans and Lowland families, has a more honourable record than that of Keith. For 700 years complete it held the proud position of Marshal of Scotland; its titles of honour—first lordship and then earldom—were unique in being taken not from territorial possessions, but from the high office of State it never demitted, and there is honourable pride in the explanation of its annalist that, if, in comparison with others, the Keiths were few in the number of cadet families, and behind in the boast of a 'pridefu' kin,' the reason was that 'Having been in every action, and by virtue of their office of Marischal present at and attended by their friends in every battle, the males were seldom allowed to increase to any considerable number.'

From the day when the Danes were broken at Barry, and the royal fingers of Malcolm II. traced in the blood of Camus, their commander, on the virgin shield of Robert Keith, the lines which became the three pallets on the bloody chief, to the misty morning when James Keith, *pugnans ut heroas decet*, fell with an Austrian bullet in his heart, the Keiths were ever to the front in the sternest stress of battle, and their chaste and simple shield showed none of the stains of treachery and dishonour that dim the lustre of other proud bearings to those who know the past.

A curious old tradition makes the Lowland house of Keith of kin to the Clan Chattan of Badenoch, and narrates how the race fought the Romans in the Hercynian forest, and came by Katwyck on the Rhine, and Katwyck on the coast of Holland, to their first settlement in Caithness, from whence they were driven to a refuge in the Highland hills. Mythological as this may be, there are other curious traditions of common origin between certain Highland clans and Lowland houses (for

example, the Forbeses and Mackays), but whether the first Keith was of the blood of Clan Chattan or a Norman knight from the South, his descendants were Scotsmen to the core. Sir Robert Keith, uncle of the 'good Sir James of Douglas,' was a steadfast adherent of King Robert Bruce, stood by him in the fight at Inverury which reduced the North, and led the Scottish cavalry in the well-timed charge which scattered the English archery at Bannockburn. The eldest son of the time fought at Otterburn, and took Ralph Percy prisoner, while one of his sons 'commanded the horse, and made great slaughter of the Highland rebels' on 'the red Harlaw.' Another eldest son, who died before his father, 'fought most valiantly at Flodden field, where he left Sir William Keith of Inverugie, and Sir John Keith of Ludquharn, with other friends.' But it was not only on these and many another stricken field that the Keiths proved their quality. The family character embraced the gift of sound judgment, and to the house of Keith alone belongs the high honour of devoting a large proportion of what it gained from the spoils of a corrupt Church to the service of higher learning, and linking its name with a distinguished university. Of the Earl-Marischal of James III's days, it is said: 'He was of a calm temper, profound judgment, and inviolable honesty, always for moderating and extinguishing divisions, and from the ordinary expressions he made use of in giving counsel, he was called 'Hearken and take heed.' His son made the decisive declaration in Parliament which secured the adoption of the Confession of 1560, and his grandson, who went on the embassy to Denmark to bring Queen Anne to Scotland, was the founder of Marischal College in Aberdeen, and the author of the haughty inscription placed on its walls, on the Tower on the lands of Deer, and on his houses in Peterhead, 'They say, what say they? let them say.'

The earliest possessions of the family were probably the lands of Keith Marischal in East Lothian, but although at one time the 'Earl-Marischal's fortune exceeded any possessed by a Scots subject,' and included lands in the seven shires of Haddington, Linlithgow, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin,

and Caithness, the country with which it was to be most intimately associated was the coast of Kincardineshire and the lowlands of Aberdeenshire. The services of Sir Robert Keith to King Robert at Inverurie were recognised by the grant of the neighbouring lands of Hallforest, the nucleus of the future Earldom of Kintore. Sir Robert's grandmother had been Marjory Comyn, a daughter of the first Comyn, Earl of Buchan, and Marjory, the heiress of Fergus, the last Celtic Earl, and upon the forfeiture of their representative, the king bestowed upon Keith 'the greatest part of his cousin, the Earl of Buchan's, lands.' The chief mediæval stronghold of the family was the great castle on the impregnable cliff of Dunottar, but the region most closely entwined with their later fortunes, and most eloquent with associations of their fall, is that lying in the north-east of Aberdeenshire, to which the letters which follow mainly relate.

In the extreme north-east corner of Scotland, where the Keith Inch, on which once stood a castle of the Earl-Marischal built on the model of the palace of the King of Denmark, juts out into the deep blue and green of the wide North Sea, stands the red granite town of Peterhead. The sharp eye of Cromwell's officers fixed upon it as the place 'most commodious for a port to all the northern seas,' and now the great bay to the south has its southern shores covered with the walls and stores of a great prison, and is being slowly converted into a huge harbour of refuge. To the north the coast trends away in a succession of sandhills, with a rock and a dangerous reef here and there, to Rattray Point and Kinnaird Head. Inland lies the broad expanse of Buchan, once described by Dr. John Hill Burton as 'a spreading of peat-moss on a cake of granite,' but now all chequered with fields, dotted perhaps more closely than any other part of Scotland with the substantial buildings of small farms, and dominated, if the word can be used of so modest an elevation, by the heather-covered hill of Mermond, with the white horse on one flank, and the white stag on another. About two miles from Peterhead the Ugie flows through the sandhills to the sea, and near its mouth could be traced the foundations of an old forgotten

castle. Ascending the stream, one comes on a scene of quiet beauty, hidden in the folds of the surrounding ground, and rich in its memorials of past greatness. The stream winds in a little valley, wooded here and there, and at one spot forms a horse-shoe round a ridge of higher land. On this ridge stand the ruins of Inverugie Castle, and behind there rises a rounded hill with a trimmed and flattened top, a few steps up which take you out of the sheltered valley, and give you full command of all the country round. This hill was the Castle hill, the Mote hill, or Gallows hill, on which justice was done in the days of the heritable jurisdictions, and certainly those who enforced it took care that the culprit's 'latest look of earth and sky and day' should be a generous one. Inland he would see the green meadows by the banks of Ugie, the heather ridges of Mermond and Ludquharn, the wooded knolls overlooking the sheltered vale ten miles away, where the monks of Deer guarded their old Gaelic Book, handed on from the foundation of St. Columba, and said Masses for the soul of their own founder, a Comyn, Earl of Buchan, while on the other hand stretched the long line of golden sand, rose the smoke of the small town of Peterhead, and glittered the encircling expanse of the German Ocean. On the other bank of the river, and up a little way from Inverugie, the great square pile of ruined Ravenscraig, raised on a rock where the river flows through a narrow rocky gorge, stands clear against the sky, the top still showing above the growing trees, and between the earlier and later castles the river sweeps along under a wooded bank, with a large stretch of level land on its other side. Both castles belonged to the Keiths or their ancestry. The old proprietors of the 'Craig of Inverugie' were the ancient Norman family of Cheyne—hereditary sheriffs of the county of Banff—which accounts for the parish of St. Fergus and Fetterangus in Aberdeenshire being for long a detached part of Banffshire—one of whom married Isabel Comyn, a sister of the Marjory who married the Earl Marischal's ancestor. In 1380 the line of the Cheynes came to an end in an heiress, who married a younger son of the Knight Marischal, and this line of the Keiths of Inverugie again ended in an

heiress in the sixteenth century. She married her chief, and the Inverugie estates in the parish of St. Fergus were consolidated with the other property of the Earl Marischal. In the seventeenth century, when Dunottar was made a prison for the Covenanters, and its dungeon became known as the Whigs' vault, the later Castle of Inverugie, built, or at all events largely added to, by the Keiths, became the favourite residence of the family.

The displacement of property which followed the Reformation largely increased the possessions of the Keiths. The lordship of Altrie was formed for a second son out of the lands of the Abbey of Deer, and soon fell by inheritance to the Earl, while he succeeded the monks of St. Mary as superior of Peterhead. But there were those who shook their heads, and recounted with awe the tale of the countess's vision, who had dreamt that she watched a body of men in the habit of the monks of Deer come to the rock of Dunottar, and begin to pick at it with pen-knives, and when she brought her husband to jeer at their folly, behold the castle was a ruin, and all their rich furniture tossing on the tempestuous sea. The legendary saying of the rhymer acquired a new significance:—

> 'Inverugie by the sea
> Lordless shall thy lands be;
> And underneath thy ha' hearthstane
> The tod shall bring her bairnies hame.'

The Earl retorted with his scornful motto carved on his college and elsewhere, and more than a century had yet to pass before the doom fell. With cadets of their name around them, at Ludquharn, Clackriach, Bruxie, and other old Buchan mansions, the family of the chief seemed to sit secure in their grand castle on the banks of the Ugie.

When Queen Anne died the Earl Marischal was a young man, and his brother James a lad of eighteen. Local tradition long retained the memory of the affection the two brothers showed for each other in their boyish days in Buchan, and which never failed down to the day of Hochkirchen. Their father had opposed and in his place protested against the

Union. Their mother, a Drummond of the high house of Perth, was an enthusiastic Jacobite, and it was probably owing to her influence that they, come of a house that had been reformers, and in the civil wars belonged to the moderate Covenanting party, threw their fortunes into the scale of the Stuarts. 'Woman,' was her reply to the old servant who expressed regret, 'if my sons had not done what they did, I would have gone out myself with my spindle and my rock,' and among all the Jacobite songs there is none that speaks more eloquently of a sad heart and unconquerable mind, than that attributed to her—

'I may sit in my wee croo' hoose,
At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;
I may think on the day that's gane,
And sigh and sab till I grow weary:
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
A foreign loon to own or flatter;
But I will sing a ranting song
That day oor king comes ow'r the water.

. . . . . .

A curse on dull and drawling whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver.
My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an Earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again
That day oor King comes owre the water.'

For the last time the old towers of Inverugie looked down on a Keith setting out for war, when the Earl Marischal, at the head of a squadron of horse largely raised among his friends and neighbours the Buchan gentry, after drinking King James's health in the castle yard, rode away to the inconclusive fight of Sheriffmuir, and the conclusive jealousies and indecision of the Earl of Mar's camp. Before the collapse of the rising the Earl made his way to Inverugie to secrete his most precious belongings and dismiss the old servants of his house. It is said that, when, riding away for the last time, he reached the bend of the road, where the castle was lost to view, he halted,

turned round, and after a deep sigh, again turned his horse's head, gave him the spur and went off at a fast trot. Many years after, as an old man, he was to come again thus far, and no farther.

The Earl found his way to the Court of St. Germains, and he and his brother obtained commissions in the Spanish service, and were actively engaged in the rising of 1719, so sharply nipped in the bud by General Wightman. On this occasion James Keith made his escape from Peterhead.

Henceforth for many years the lives of the two brothers were spent in foreign armies and at foreign courts. To the honour of this younger Keith, his steadfast Protestantism barred his way to promotion in the service of Spain, but like many another northern Scot, he found his opening in that of Russia, and the story is a famous one of how, when negotiating a treaty with a grave Turkish Pasha, after business was concluded the attendants were ordered to withdraw, and the Pasha, addressing him in broad Scots, revealed himself as the son of the bellman of Kirkcaldy. At Ockzakoff he received the wound by which his old companion in arms, serving under the banner of Austria, recognised his body on the field of Hochkirchen. It is said that among the causes which led to his quitting the Russian service was the desire of the Empress Elizabeth to raise him to a perilous height by making him her consort on the throne, and with pardonable pride his Scottish biographer observes that the alliance would have been no disgrace to her, for he could boast of a lineage far more ancient and famous than she. In 1747 he entered the service of Prussia, was at once made Field-Marshal, and ere long acquired perhaps a greater confidence from Frederick the Great than any of his native generals.

James Keith was one of the finest examples of the highest type of the Aberdeenshire Scot.

'A man,' says Carlyle, 'of Scotch type: the broad accent with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation and its sly twinkles of defensive humour, is still audible to us through the foreign trappings. Not given to talk unless there is something to be said, but well capable of it then. Frederick, the more he knew him, liked him the

better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Frederick likes especially to hear him, though they differ in regard to the worth of the Russian troops.'

And at Zorndorf and Kunersdorf Frederick had a rough demonstration of the soundness of Keith's judgment as to the fighting qualities of the slow and steady Muscovite infantry.

'Sagacious, skillful, imperturbable, without fear and without noise, a man quietly ever ready. He had quelled once, walking direct into the heart of it, a ferocious Russian mutiny,—or uproar from below. He suffered with excellent silence much ill-usage from above withal—a man fiery enough and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. "Tell Monsieur,"—some general who seemed too stupid or too languid on this occasion—"Tell Monsieur from me," said Keith to his aide-de-camp, "he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (*qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme*)."'

To this day Scots abroad are known, men of good metal and stern fibre from whom sentiment is not to be expected, men not given to paying compliments, who never pass the statue of Marshal Keith in Berlin without raising the hat, but never, perhaps, to a brother Scot has a better memorial been raised than the words in which Carlyle records the close of his career:—

'Croats had the plundering of Keith: other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead general into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognizing him there—like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, as in starlight, piercing and sad, from twenty years distance,—is well known in books. On the morrow, Sunday, October 15th, Keith had honourable soldier's burial there—"twelve cannon" salvoing thrice, and "the whole corps of Colloredo" with their muskets thrice; Lacy, as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honours, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garnison-kirche: far from bonnie Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him in the imagination of some few. "My brother leaves me a noble legacy," said the old Earl Marischal; "last year he had Bohemia under ransom, and his personal estate is 70 ducats" (about £25). In Hochkirch Church, there is still, not in the graveyard as formerly, a fine modestly impressive monument to Keith; modest urn of black marble on a pedestal of grey, and in gold letters an inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: *Dum in prælio non procul hinc Inclinatam*

suorum aciem Mente manu voce et exemplo Restitutebat Pugnans ut heroas decet Occubuit D. xiv Octobris. These words go through you like a clang of steel. Friedrich's sorrow over him ("tears," high eulogies, "*loua extrêmement*") is itself a monument. Twenty years after, Keith had from his master a statue in Berlin. One of four : to the four most deserving : Schwerin, Winterfeld, Seidlitz, Keith, which still stand in the Wilhelm's Platz there.'

But perhaps as expressive, though brief, was his brother's answer to the request for materials for his biography—*Probus vixit, fortis obiit*—words now engraved on the pedestal of the statue presented by the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany to the town of Peterhead.

After the battle of Glenshiel had crushed the abortive rising of 1719, the Earl Marischal made his way to Avignon, and was employed in the service of the exiled King. But to him as to Bolingbroke the service of a phantom King, and make-believe Government, was irksome, and an index of his feeling is afforded by his dislike to wear the Garter conferred by the Chevalier, on the ground that such honours became ridiculous when he from whom they were derived was not in a position to make them respected. His Protestantism proved a bar to his as to his brother's elevation in the Spanish service, but he lived for long at Valencia having 'many kind friends in Spain, not to mention the sun.' The wound of his brother at Ockzakoff took him to Russia, and his knowledge of the world led him to dissuade Prince Charles Edward from placing any reliance on the promises of France, and to a breach between him and the exiled Court. He took no part in the rising of 1745, where the Prince found his absence 'a great loss,' and wrote that he would 'rather see him than a thousand French.'

After a residence in Venice he joined his brother at the Court of Frederick the Great, who sent him as Ambassador to Paris, and subsequently to Madrid, and made him Governor of Neuchâtel where he extended his hospitality to Rousseau.

Ultimately on acquiring information of the Family Compact between the two branches of the house of Bourbon, he communicated his knowledge to the elder Pitt. This great service was recognized by the removal of his attainder, and in Sep-

tember 1761, he found himself again in Edinburgh. Succeeding to the Earldom and estate of Kintore, he repurchased his old estates from the York Buildings Company, amid the tumultuous cheering of those who attended the public sale.

Sometime after the purchase, the Earl went to revisit Inverugie. The good people of Peterhead headed by the Magistrates came out to meet him, and after a banquet in the town he started in his carriage, attended by the St. Fergus farmers on horseback, and a large assemblage from Peterhead, for the Castle. So enthusiastic were the old tenantry of his family that one old man is said to have set fire to his house to make a bonfire, and to have thrown his money on the top declaring that he would 'thack it wi' gowd.' But when the top of the hill from which the Castle could be seen was reached, the carriage was stopped, and the Earl standing up gazed on the roofless tower, with one black rafter bare against the sky. Then he signed to the coachman to turn the horses, and drove away never to return.

The Earl Marischal seems very soon to have determined to sell the St. Fergus estates. He stayed for some time at Keithhall, but he had grown too long in warmer climes to take root again in his harder native soil. It is indeed said that he had invited Rousseau to come and reside with him at Inverugie, but the changed condition of all things at home, the worries of a landowner's position new to its obligations and duties at his time of life, and probably some financial difficulties determined him to dispose of the reacquired remainder of his Buchan property, portions of the original estate having already been sold before his restoration. The following letters relate mainly to this final sale and to his relations with the purchaser. They are highly honourable both to seller and purchaser, to the exiled peer and to the successful judge, and they form a remarkable illustration of how unjustly reputations suffer among contemporaries, and upon what a frail foundation popular judgments as to the conduct of men are often based.

The purchaser, James Ferguson, who became Lord Pitfour while the transaction was going on, was a distinguished member

of the Scots bar. He had acted as Counsel for the Jacobites at Carlisle in 1746, had an extensive practice in the Courts, and was much relied upon as a sound adviser. His professional brethren had conferred on him the highest honour in their power by electing him Dean of Faculty, and among the portraits of Scottish judges delineated for posterity by Ramsay of Ochtertyre there is none more pleasing than the character he presents of this 'amiable and able man.' His own paternal estate lay in the parish of Old Deer and the lands of which the Earl Marischal intended to dispose, stretched along the Ugie from its marches to the sea. Of the purchase now made Ramsay says :—

'It was a very desirable purchase on that account, yet it got him a great deal of ill-will. He was accused and by none more loudly than by his old friends and neighbours of having taken advantage of Lord Marischal's ignorance to get a scandalously good bargain; yet after having been more than thirty years in the family, in times when prodigious rises took place in other estates, it does not appear to have turned out a very lucrative bargain. Whether that has been owing to humanity or indolence is of little consequence; but it goes far to acquit Lord Pitfour and his son of any felonious purpose of immediate lucre. And their moderation towards the people of that estate does them the more honour, that some of the first families of the Kingdom were during this period, racking their rents, with unfeeling greed inattentive to consequences.' The Earl Marischal 'considered himself as under high obligations to Lord Pitfour for the zeal and professional skill he had displayed in his complicated affairs. . . . In one point of view this transaction must be regretted, because to a person of his sensibility, far advanced in years, nothing could make up for the wound it gave his popularity both at Edinburgh and in the North. It was indeed observed that after making the purchase he seldom went to Pitfour.'

The letters now printed, which were recently discovered among a batch of Aberdeenshire family papers, prove conclusively that Ramsay was right in discrediting the justice of the popular talk, while the testimony he affords indicates that the Earl Marischal was successful in securing the considerations to which he in his letters attached importance. Less frequent visits to the North on the part of an old judge, never very robust, and with but ten years to live, may be accounted for by the distance of his home, by the difficulties of travel for

old men in the Scotland of last century, and by the fact that his son, who subsequently became the 'Father of the House of Commons,' had taken over the management of much of his estate affairs. Be that as it may, the letters speak for themselves as to the nature of the transaction, and the undiminished regard of the Earl Marischal for his old advocate and his family. They are flavoured with the Earl's pleasant north country humour, and remind us of Sir Robert Murray Keith's description of his relative:—'His taste, his ideas, and his manner of living are a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the kingdom of Valencia.'

The first letter contains the Earl's communication to the Dean of Faculty suggesting an offer by him.

EDINBURG, 8th November, 1763.

SIR,—It is very possible there may be bidders for my estate soon to be sold. A part of it lying contiguous to your estate in the north may be to you a convenient purchas. I wish you would inform yourself as well as you can of the nature of the whole of mine (excepting that which lies in the Merns) and then let me know how many years purchas you will give for the whole. By this I shall know how far I can offer; and as there has been made proposals to me already, I am glad not only to make you the first offer, but also that if severall offers should be made to me, I am resolved that you shall have it cheaper than any one that I may know (shew?) My esteem and regard for you.

MARISCHALL.

To Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour.

The next congratulates him on his elevation to the Bench, and shews that after the conclusion of the sale, there was no *arrière penseé* in the Earl's mind.

KEITH HALL, 30 April, 1764.

SIR,—I was told yesterday by Mr. Leith that you are named Lord of Session. I rejoice with the publick that the Court has made so good a choice. I saw your son a week since at Slains. By what he said I hope you shall not have reason to repent your bargain with me, and I shall be glad to have had the good fortune to be of some use to a man of such merit. I have also reason to like the bargain for I am so ignorant of country business that I should have found more trouble than profit in managing my affairs myself. I ever am with particular esteem and regard,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

MARISCHALL.

The following does not bear the year, and may also be of 1764 when the Earl Marischal was in Aberdeenshire. It is evidently addressed to Mr. Ferguson, younger of Pitfour.

'L^{d} M—ll's kind compliments to Mr. Ferguson. He hopes by the 12th June he may be towards Harwich. He shall stay at Edinburgh only to have advice of L^{d} Pitfour on what you know and spoke of.

Reid was with me about the fishing. I gave the general answer referring to you with which he was satisfied.

ABERDEEN, 17 May.

The next relates to a piece of land afterwards part of Pitfour, which apparently was not sold along with the rest of the Marischal property on account of over rights over it.

EDINBURGH, 22 May, 1764.

SIR,—If the lands of Gavil sometime possessed by the deceased Thomas Forbes in wadset and now by the relict of George Hay, should come to sale I shall be very willing that you make the purchase in the manner and way as you yourself shall judge right. I ever am with particular regard and friendship,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

MARISCHALL.

To Mr. James Ferguson of Pitfour.

The following addressed 'To John Mackenzie, Esq., of Delveen,' is specially interesting, written as it is by one who knew the great world so well, who in the society of Frederick the Great and Voltaire sighed for youthful summers among Macphersons and Macdonalds, who through long years had been the most distinguished of these Scottish exiles.

'Whose hearts were mourning for the land
They ne'er might see again,
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain loch and glen;
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf
Where they would gladly be,'

and who though, by the force of age and habit compelled to go 'a little nearer to the sun, is found remembering early winters on the banks of Dee and Don.

Potsdam, 27th May, 1765.

Sir,—I have the favor of yours and tho Mr. Keith will take the trouble of my affairs shall allways count on your friendship and assistance when necessary. The money being paid to the company I hope mine as first creditor will soon be paid after adjusting the clear claims.

I agree with you in your fears that my nephew has not gained in winning some bets at Newmarket. I wish it may not draw him in. Newmarket and White's are two dangerous places, especially for young folks. He is very fond of shooting, it were happy that he took a liking to the Highlands. Were I of his age I would certainly pass my summer among Macphersons and Macdonalds, and my winter on the banks of Dee and Don, without ever seeing White's or Newmarket, which I never saw.

I am with particular regard,
Sir,
Your most humble and obedient Servant,
Marischall.

The following is endorsed 'E. Marischal's letter to Mr. Ferguson, 7th June, 1765.' It may very probably have been addressed to a Mr. Walter Ferguson, a writer in Edinburgh.

"It is very probable that there may be folks who say I might have made a better bargain in selling my estates in Buchan by parcels: it possibly might be so, yet it would not have been an easy matter to me, considering both my want of knowledge and my time of life. In making the first offer to Lord Pitfour I had in view to serve a good man who never in his life failed to serve those he thought deserving; to clear myself of long bargaining with diverse people in selling by parcels; and also I meant to give the old tenants of my family a good humane man for master who, I daresay, will not rack them but deal justly by them as he has always done by every one. If it should happen that Lord Pitfour has made even a better bargain than he expected make him my compliments and tell him I am glad if it be so, and that I do not repent of my bargain. Adieu, I am ever with the greatest regard and friendship,

Sir,
Your most humble and obedient Servant,
Marischall.

Potsdam,
7th June, 1765.

I wrote last winter to the toune of Peterhead that I had got a . . . for them, but had no answer. Desire Mr. Ferguson to enquire if my letter came to hands. You may enquire of Mr. Arbuthnot, Bankier, if Mr. Ferguson be not in Edinburgh.'

The following is unaddressed, and it does not appear who the correspondent was.

POTSDAM, 7 December, 1765.

SIR,—It is allways with great pleasure that I hear from you or of you, so the accounts of your health be good. I wrote to you before my compliments by Mr. Douglas, and having no answer concluded you was in France or perhaps in Italy sunning yourself. I have writ to Hamburg and count you will in a short time receive the china. My estate in the North lay so much out of your way, and I supposed you so little used to country affairs that I could not think of troubling you. I believe L^d^ Pitfour made a good bargain, yet if I had not dealt with him I should have made a worse one : I knew nothing myself how to dispose of a large tract of land estate of which the value was different. I should have been quite in a wilderness, or rather quite bewildered ; it is much easier to find an Alexander the Great than another Alexander Forester, and I was forced to go in the hands in which I found myself ; and I again repeat that my bargain was better with L^d^ Pitfour than it would have been without him. *I do not care to tell all I saw,* but of him I do not complain for without him I should have made a worse bargain. I saw it plainly : to one I offered a very small part which lay convenient for him, he offered 20 years purchase though I bought at the roup for thirty ; to another I offered a considerable piece of land at the price I bought it which he also declined. I made the two offers from the regard I had for the characters of the two gentlemen ; who did not find my offers reasonable. Don't say a word of this, I tell it only to you ; that you may see how folks think when their own private interest intervenes and both wanted to buy and had desired it of me. My conclusion is to add to a particular disinterested man all the good opinion I withdraw from others and that therefore I am more than I can express your most humble and obliged servant,

MARISCHALL.

The next from Potsdam, is touching in the highest degree, when one remembers, the blighted youth, the great position lost, the death of the 'brother beloved,' the long exile, the restoration when honours and lands, and native air had alike lost their savour. Classic philosophy and Christian resignation have rarely surpassed the old Earl Marischal's 'Few have so good a lot.'

à my lord
My Lord Pitfour
à Edimbourg en Ecosse
par Londres.

POTSDAM, 7th July, 1767.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of yours in which you told me you was setting out on the Northern Circuit. This was partly the occasion of my delaying thanking you for your obliging care in my concerns in which I hope both you and your son will continue to advise Mr. Keith. I shall leave to him to continue the necessary steps in making forthcoming my grant: the company will chicane as long as they can but I count on justice by the Barons of Exchequer and shall patiently wait.

My health is not bad. No ailing but old age by which I grow daily weak and infirm, without pain, few have so good a lot. My respects to my Lady and best compliments to your son, believe me, ever with great regard and particular friendship,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,
MARISCHALL.

The last is a note of thanks and compliment to Mrs. Ferguson of Pitfour, herself a Murray of Elibank, and is racy in its allusion to the peculiar features of Old Edinburgh, where the Judge's Town House looked across the High Street to the tower of St. Giles.

L[d] Marischall presents his respects to Lady Pitfour, thanks her for the present of very fine table linnen, he sends her a cassolette to burn lavender water or other sweet waters, though not so necessary as formerly in Ald Reeky. His best compliments to all the family. POTSDAM, 31st July, 1770.

When in Scotland in 1764, the Earl Marischal was urged by Frederick to return to Prussia. 'I cannot allow the Scotch,' wrote the King, 'the happiness of possessing you altogether. Had I a fleet I would make a descent on their coasts to carry you off. The banks of the Elbe do not admit of these equipments,'—a later Hohenzollern has thought otherwise—'I must therefore have recourse to your friendship to bring you to him who esteems and loves you. I loved your brother with my heart and soul; I was indebted to him for great obligations. This is my right to you, this my title.' At Berlin the Earl ulti-

mately settled, the King building a villa cottage for him at Sans Souci. There he lived, a young woman a Turkish foundling saved by his brother at the sack of Ockzakoff refusing to marry away from him, and even there, wrote his kinsman, 'the feats of our barelegged warriors in the late war accompanied by a pibroch in his outer room have an effect on the old Don which would delight you.' At last on 28th May 1778, he passed away, never losing in his illness his sweetness of temper, and, with a touch of his old jocular humour, offering to the British Minister to convey any commissions he might have for Lord Chatham who had died a fortnight before. And still the ruin of Inverugie remains the best monument of his ancient race, and emblem of his shattered fortunes, and the rock of Dunottar typifies no less faithfully the soldier brother who stood as firm in the stress of battle.

Art. VII.—THE TWO GREATEST OF SCOTTISH CATERANS.

THE directors of the Highland Railway, solicitous for the welfare of their passengers, show at one of the best known, and not least important of their stations, a special thoughtfulness, which is, perhaps, not so much appreciated as it deserves to be by the tourist rushing to find health and golf at Nairn, or the sportsman bent upon demonstrating the temper of English stoicism by facing the discomforts of a soaking Twelfth of August upon a Scottish moor. The traveller who has been surfeited with the leafy riches of Perthshire scenery, has rushed through the Pass of Killiecrankie with the fervour of Macaulay's prose, if not with the roaring fury of the Highland clans, and has panted up the ascent to Dalnaspidal, relieved as it is from absolute dreariness by the brawling Garry, is glad to rest for a few minutes at Kingussie Station, stretch his legs on the platform, and drink the cup of tea which is offered for his acceptance. During the brief respite from the